

# BLUE RIDGE ENTERPRISE.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL FOR HOME AND FARM; GIVING RELIABLE INFORMATION OF THIS NEW COUNTRY.

VOL. II.

HIGHLANDS, MACON COUNTY, N. C., DEC. 11, 1884.

NO. 47.

### DID YOU KNOW

THAT THE  
**HIGHLANDS SASH AND DOOR  
FACTORY**  
PROPOSES TO FURNISH  
Windows,  
Doors,  
Store Fronts,  
Mouldings of all Patterns.

Also planing, matching, sawing,  
etc., at the lowest rates. Parties  
needing work in my line will do  
well to get my prices before pur-  
chasing elsewhere. Orders promptly  
filled and work guaranteed equal to  
the best.

**HIGHLANDS SASH AND DOOR  
FACTORY.**  
W. C. TROWBRIDGE,  
Proprietor.

This Space Belongs  
TO  
RIDEOUT.

### NEW STORE.

Having paid for my goods,  
I feel that I can sell as cheap  
as the cheapest. I

Therefore  
Ask a continuance of the liberal  
Patronage already given me,  
and would here return my  
sincere thanks for  
the same.

If careful and prompt attention  
to the wants of my customers  
entitle me to their trade,  
I propose in this way  
to secure it.

ANY ONE NEEDING PATENT MEDICINE  
WOULD DO WELL TO GIVE  
ME A CALL BEFORE PUR-  
CHASING ELSEWHERE.  
AS I PROPOSE SELLING AT COST!

I PROPOSE KEEPING ON HAND A  
TOLERABLY FAIR STOCK OF  
FAMILY GROCERIES. I HAVE  
ALSO A GOOD STOCK OF  
BLIND BRIDLES, SADDLE BLANK-  
ETS, ETC.

Save embarrassment by  
not asking for  
CREDIT.

A. BAXTER WILSON,  
HIGHLANDS, N. C.

### IMPROVE YOUR STOCK!

NOTHING IS SO PROFITABLE IN  
FARMING AS KEEPING THE  
BEST OF LIVE STOCK.

HOUGHTON FARM  
—SELLS AT FAIR PRICES—  
Jersey Cattle, Southdown Sheep  
and Essex Swine.

REFERENCES GIVEN TO  
NORTH CAROLINA PURCHASERS  
OF OUR STOCK.

SHEEP and SWINE shown by C. T.  
KERR at N. C. STATE FAIR at  
Raleigh, were bought of  
HOUGHTON FARM.

PURE BRED MALES A SPECIALTY,  
with which to grade-up common stock.  
ADDRESS—HENRY E. ALVORD,  
MANAGER, MOUNTAINVILLE,  
Orange Co., New York.

P. P. McLEAN MILLS,  
Cowee, Macon Co., N. C.

Are just finished. Constructed  
of the VERY BEST  
material.

"FRENCH BURNS" FOR WHEAT,  
"ESOPUS BURNS" FOR CORN,  
"DUTCH ANONOR BOLT-  
ING CLOTH,"  
AND  
"EUREKA SMUTTER, BRAN NEW  
FROM SILVER CREEK, N. Y.

Guaranteed to excel both in quantity and  
quality of MEAL, and EQUAL if not  
excel, both in quantity and quality  
of flour, any and all mills in  
Western Carolina.

In connection with the above is a first  
class BRENNING CIRCULAR SAW  
MILL, with a capacity for  
7,500 feet per day.

Orders for FLOUR or LUMBER promptly  
filled.

In these mills, the people's interests are  
carefully protected, and satisfaction guar-  
anteed.

P. P. McLEAN,  
PROPRIETOR.



## J. & P. COATS

### BEST

SIX-CORD SPOOL COTTON

YOU CAN BUY IT OF  
ROBERT L. PORTER,  
Franklin, N. C.



### WORLD'S EXPOSITION

New Orleans, La.

United States Government.

\$1,500,000,  
\$500,000,  
\$200,000,  
\$100,000,  
\$100,000.

From \$5000 to \$25,000.

Approved by the State of North Carolina.

Approved by the City of New Orleans.

Approved by the Louisiana State Government.

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Approved by the Louisiana State Government.

### DO YOU KNOW

THAT  
LOHILLARD'S CLIMAX  
PLUG TOBACCO

with Red Tin Tag; **ROSE LEAF** Fine Cut  
Chewing; **NAVY CLIPPINGS**, and Black,  
Brown and Yellow **SHAGS** are the best and  
cheapest, quality considered.

### Mischief Makers.

[BY M. E. C.]

O! could there in this world be found  
Some little spot of happy ground,  
Where village pastimes might go round  
Without the village tattling!  
How doubly blest that place would be,  
Where all might dwell in liberty,  
Free from the bitter misery  
Of gossip's endless prattling.

If such a spot were really known,  
Dame Peace might claim it as her own,  
And in it she might fix her home  
Forever and forever!  
There like a queen might reign and live,  
While every one would soon forgive  
The little slights they might receive,  
And be offended never.

The mischief makers that remove  
Far from our hearts the warmth of love,  
And lead us all to disapprove  
What gives another pleasure.  
They seem to take one's part, but when  
They've heard our cases, quickly then  
They soon retail them all again,  
Mixed in a poisonous measure.

And then they've such a cunning way  
Of telling tales. They whisper sly,  
"Don't mention what I say, I pray,  
I would not tell another."

Straight to your neighbor's house they go,  
Narrating everything they know,  
And break the peace of high and low,  
Wife, husband, son and brother.

Oh! that the mischief-making crew  
Were all reduced to one or two,  
And they were painted red or blue  
That every one might know them.  
Then would our village sure forget  
To rage and quarrel, fume and fret,  
And fall into an angry pet  
With things too much below them.

For 'tis a sad degrading heart  
To make another's bosom smart,  
And plant a dagger in the heart  
We ought to love and cherish.  
Then let us evermore be found  
In quietness with all around,  
While friendship, peace and joy abound,  
And angry feelings perish.  
—Seed Time and Harvest.

### Rats and Mice.

We are often asked the best way of  
catching these vermin, especially rats,  
which are more difficult to manage than  
mice. The best treatment with both is,  
to keep them out. In building a house,  
the possibility of their entering should be  
kept in mind, and the precaution of prop-  
erly cementing the cellars should be taken.  
In old houses, where these creatures  
have made themselves at home and found  
run-ways for many years, the task is  
more difficult. Yet here, care is needed  
to keep them out. With ingenuity and  
patience all that are in the house may be  
trapped. When the house is once free of  
them, it will not remain so long unless  
precautions are used to prevent rats and  
mice from entering. They come in through  
open doors and windows much more fre-  
quently than by burrowing. When once  
within an old house they find abundant  
hiding places, and often passages from  
one part of the house to another made by  
their predecessors. Still much may be  
done to circumvent them. All visible  
holes through partitions and doors should  
be stopped by pieces of tin. Old fruit  
cans, with the solder melted off answer  
for the purpose. The tin may be cut with  
a pair of old shears and tacked over the  
holes, first pinning with an awl places  
for the tacks. Where there is a hole  
through plastering, or between stones of  
the cellar wall, these may be effectually  
stopped with Plaster of Paris mixed with  
coarsely broken glass. They can not  
work through this. It is well to make a  
study of the ways of these animals and fol-  
low them up. Of course, after interfering  
with their runs and holes as much as pos-  
sible, it is desirable to catch those that  
are in the house, as poisoning is not advis-  
able in the dwelling. Even the most wily and  
cunning old rat may be caught, if his sus-  
picious are overcome by food in a trap  
arranged not to spring. After he has learned  
to feed in the trap regularly, it may be set.  
When a rat has been caught, the trap  
should be soaked in water for some days,  
else others will avoid it. Trapping rats  
requires tact.—American Agriculturist.

### Looking for Home Comforts.

[ST. PAUL, DAY.]

"Why, Mary, have you come back to  
be a hired girl again? I thought you  
left us to get married and have a house of  
your own."

"So I did, mum."

"Well, what have you come back for?"

"Well, ye see, mum, John's done purty  
well, an' we kep' a hired girl, too, and  
I'm kind o' tired av the way of life. I  
thought I'd like to come back an' be boss  
again for awhile."

Mrs. Cyrus H. McCormie, of Chicago,  
Ill., sent to Rev. W. P. Jacobs the other  
day a check for \$1,200, donated for the  
purpose of erecting another building for  
the orphans of the Thornwell Orphanage,  
of Clinton, S. C.

### YERDICT FOR DEFEND- ANT.

The Only Correct Version of  
a Historical Dialogue.

[SEED-TIME AND HARVEST.]

"George," said his father with a coun-  
tenance more in sorrow than in anger.  
"George, some one has cut down my fa-  
vorite cherry tree. Do you know any-  
thing about it?"

Young Washington did not quail before  
his father's accusing glance. He looked  
him straight in the eye, and an expression  
of honest resolution gleamed in the clear  
eyes and frank countenance.

"My father," he said, "I will not de-  
ceive you. I do know something about it,  
but that is not the issue at all. You  
have, in effect, charged me with being  
privy to the destruction of your favorite  
tree. Now, the question is, since you  
have filed information and laid this  
charge against me, what do you know  
about it?"

"I know you have a hatchet," replied  
his father sternly. "I know what a boy  
with a hatchet is liable to do. I know  
that some one has cut down my favorite  
cherry tree."

"Stop right there," interrupted the fu-  
ture father of his country. "You say this  
was your tree?"

"I do."

"How came it yours?"

"I planted it."

"Now, sir, are you certain it was not  
on this farm before you came here?"

"No, sir, it was not."

"Then why did you say so?"

"Why did I say what?"

"That's right; evade, quibble, crawl  
out of it somehow. All right. If you  
don't want to answer a fair, plain, simple  
question you don't have to."

"But, I didn't say it was on the farm  
when I came here."

"Oh, very well, deny it; is there any  
other retraction you would like to make?"

"I don't retract anything. I merely de-  
clare that I never said that tree was on  
the farm when I came here."

"Oh, well, father, don't get excited  
and talk loud. You may go back on  
your entire statement if you wish. Per-  
haps you will next try to make us be-  
lieve that this farm wasn't here, either,  
when you came."

"Why of course it was here. I don't—"

"Didn't you say a moment ago that it  
wasn't?"

"That was the tree!"

"Ah, yes; you turn it off on the tree  
now. You've been talking about the  
tree all this time, then?"

"Why, certainly I have."

"Then you just admitted that it was  
here when you came?"

"No, my son; that was the farm."

"But not half a dozen questions ago  
you admitted that. You said in these  
very words, 'Why of course it was here,  
did you not?'"

"I said those words, but I was speak-  
ing of the farm."

"And yet you said but this very mo-  
ment that you had been talking about the  
tree. It is useless to continue this exami-  
nation. My father, of all human voices  
lying is the commonest, and I doubt not  
it is the worst. It blunts our moral sen-  
sibilities; it leads us to distort and exag-  
gerate simple statements of facts; it blurs  
our powers of intelligent observation, un-  
til even a man of ordinary scholarship and  
intellect development is unable to tell  
whether he is talking about a farm or a  
cherry tree. The complaint is dismissed,  
I doubt very much if you can even estab-  
lish the fact that you ever owned a tree.  
Go to the nursery, and if you intend plant-  
ing a tree in the place of the one you  
imagine you have lost, you had better  
take a man with you to show you the  
ground, lest you might plant the tree in  
your hat. You may go."

Sadly the old man turned away, but he  
told the man who helped him plant the  
new tree that if he had a hundred boys he  
wouldn't let another one of them study  
law.—Robert J. Burdette.

### Gossamer Flannels or a Buf- falo Coat.

[TERRITORIAL ENTERPRISE.]

Captain Zaeh, a Plute who is said to  
have kicked up his heels and cavorted over  
the alkali plains of Nevada for more than  
eighty summers, being questioned in re-  
gard to the weather of the coming winter;  
said: "You see um this winter he be one  
way of two. If he take warm road he be  
more warm as any winter in long time; if  
he take cold road he be worst winter ever  
you dam see. He no be like common win-  
ter—he be big hot or big cold."

"Jones," said Dean, "is a great Chris-  
tian; he will lie and swear like a pirate."  
"Did you ever hear him swear?" asked a  
bystander. "Yes, he called me a damned  
fool the other day." "Well, you don't  
call that lying, do you?" "No, it ain't  
lying, but it's swearing, just the same."  
And then Dean wondered why everybody  
laughed so loud.

### Capital Errors.

Far too much money is spent in  
buildings. Formerly a barn needed  
a roomy threshing floor, whereon to  
swing the flails. No such thing  
is needed now. Two rows of posts  
some beams, girts and braces, and  
a tight roof and walls are sufficient.  
An excellent cow stable, with all the  
modern improvements, can be built for  
\$5 per cow, and how much better to  
have 100 cows in \$5 stalls, than 5 cows  
in \$100 stalls.

Another capital error—because a waste  
of capital—is to keep poor horses and  
cows. A \$50 horse is not worth one  
fourth as much as one that is worth \$100.  
It will eat as much and cost as much for  
harness, and will neither do as much work  
nor live so long. A \$20 cow that makes  
three pounds of butter in a week costs as  
much for everything, labor and utensils  
included, as one worth \$100 and makes  
ten pounds a week.

Another error is to work poor land.  
Many a man has broken his back and lost  
his heart on a poor farm which he has  
suffered to run down by bad management.  
He has spread his labor and capital over  
100 acres, when by confining himself to  
twenty-five or thirty he might have be-  
come happy and rich. The way to re-  
pair such a capital error is to begin with  
one field and get that into good condition,  
and let the rest lie, and so on through the  
farm: One rich field will then make it  
easy to enrich another or two; and while  
the beginning is slow, it is downhill work,  
and as the end is nearly reached progress  
is fast and easy.

The worst of all capital errors is for the  
farmer to neglect his own improvement and  
cultivation. A man who has \$10,000 in  
a farm and stock may easily have twice  
as much in himself and make his work  
pay 10 per cent. on his value. He is the  
greatest part of his capital and it is the  
greatest of all errors to misuse himself.—  
N. J. H. in N. Y. Tribune

### Whoa! Whoa! p!

"Whoa! Whoa! p!" exclaimed a broad  
shouldered emigrant, as he drew up in  
front of a saloon in Bloomington in an  
early day. "Dad, let's go in an' have a  
little corn-juice." Just then a man came  
out of the leg place head over heels, and  
another man after him, striking him with  
his fist at every revolution.

"Enough! Enough!" yelled the van-  
quished individual.

"Ye-oop!" shouted the victor; "I'm  
the best man in Illinois!"

"Whoa! Whoa! p!" cried the old  
man in the wagon, "John ain't we in Ee-  
lony?"

"Yes, pap!"

"Well, we can't stand that kind o' talk.  
Git out an' whale 'im John." John came  
from the wagon and soon had the bully  
begging for mercy.

"I'm the best man in Illinois," shouted  
John.

"Whoa! Whoa! p!" called the old man,  
as his bleared eyes flashed fire and his  
paleled hands twitched nervously.  
"Somebody hold this 'ere team." A  
stranger volunteered to do so and the old  
man walked up to his exultant son and  
said:

"John, yer fargit that yer old man's in  
Ee'lony," and he gave him a sound  
thrashing, while the bystanders applaud-  
ed.

"I'm the best man in Ee'lony," the old  
man yelled, cracking his fists together, and  
jumping up and down and no one diaped  
his word. As they went in the young man  
said:

"You're right, dad, an yer boy comes  
next."

### How a Lady Should Mount.

The most graceful way for a lady to  
reach the saddle, and the one that is  
taught in the best riding schools says the  
American Horsewoman, is by the assist-  
ance of a gentleman. The rider's edu-  
cation will not be complete until she has  
learned this method of mounting, which,  
when, accomplished easily and gracefully,  
is delightful to witness. In it the rider  
will have three distinct points of support,  
namely, the shoulder of the gentleman,  
the united palms of his hands, and her  
hold upon the pommel. The stirrup  
having been placed across the shield of  
the saddle in front of the pommels, the  
lady, holding the reins and whip, with its  
point down, in her right hand,—which  
must rest upon the second pommel,—  
should stand with her right side toward  
the horses left about four or five inches  
from it, her left shoulder being turned  
slightly back. Then taking a firm hold  
upon the second pommel with her right  
hand, she should with her left hand lift  
her riding-skirt enough to enable her to  
place her left foot fairly and squarely into  
the gentleman's palms, which should be  
clasped firmly together. This done, she  
should drop the skirt, place her left hand  
upon his right shoulder, bend her knee  
and give the word "ready" or a signal,  
and at once spring from her right foot up  
and a little toward the horse. The gen-  
tleman at the same moment, must raise

### The Panther and the school- Boy.

BY REV. J. H. B.

For the Enterprise:

Not many years ago the author of this  
piece was going to a school taught four  
miles N. E. of Franklin. The school  
was three miles from his father's house,  
which distance he traveled morning and  
evening. Two mountains or hills, to  
cross. One morning, before [it] was good  
light, he hurried off to school. On the  
first hill, without thinking what he was  
doing he stopped to pound a large tree  
with his boot-heel. To his great sur-  
prise a shrill noise was heard, as he  
thought above him, he looked in that di-  
rection, repeated the blow, and heard the  
sound in the other direction. He then  
gathered a club and struck the tree, try-  
ing to look both ways, and found the an-  
imal was in the tree. He then stepped  
below the tree, which had lost over half  
of its top, leaving quite an opening 7 or 8  
feet above the ground. The animal made  
its escape into the remaining branch of  
the tree. The boy set his basket by and  
got him a withe as the boys say to "twist  
it out," climbed the tree, dropped his feet  
in the hollow, trunk, and would have suc-  
ceeded in getting his vermin in reach of  
his knife but his holt broke and it went  
back. This accident perhaps, saved the  
boy's life. He thought it might be a pan-  
ther, and climbed down the tree. The boy  
is living yet. So it is in life, often, time  
when we fail we succeed.

### Insurance Rates.

The visit of Walter D. Wellbren, of  
the Southeastern Tariff Association, to  
Greenville, S. C., has had a beneficial  
among property holders for the fire in-  
surance companies which are included in  
that insurance organization have issued a  
new set of rates, which are regarded as  
exorbitant even by the local insurance  
board in this city. The increase, how-  
ever, exempts dwellings, the higher rates  
being confined to the business portion of  
the city. The advance is about 75 per  
cent. over the present rates of insurance.  
The new rates have been put into imme-  
diate operation. The local board,  
which is composed of agents representing  
the companies in the Southeastern Assen-  
sation, made an earnest protest against  
the extortionate rates, but in vain. They  
will, however, renew their efforts to secure  
a reduction to a reasonable basis. Busi-  
ness men are very much incensed over the  
advance, and declare that they will either  
place their insurance in the North or take  
the risk of having no insurance, rather  
than be imposed on. The city is amply  
provided with apparatus for the exting-  
uishment of fires, and fire wells are  
convenient to the business portion of the  
city, and the authorities hope to erect  
water works, but even the latter addition-  
al safe guards, it is said, will not influ-  
ence the association in the reduction of prices.  
—State Chronicle.

### Ray and Anderson.

The trial of Ed W. Ray, the notorious  
Mitchell county murderer was commenced  
in the Caldwell Superior Court last week.  
It is probable that the trial of his compan-  
ion in crime, Anderson, will not come off  
until next term. It is thought that Ray  
will only be found guilty of manslaughter.  
Ray is a relative of Joseph Garland, now  
serving a term of imprisonment here for  
violating the State laws regulating the li-  
quor traffic.

LATER—Ray was convicted of man-  
slaughter and sentenced to the peniten-  
tiary for twenty years.

### Home-icide.

Mr. Leroy Morrow, who lives in Meek-  
lenburg county a few miles from Beattie's  
Ford in this county, shot and almost in-  
stantly killed John Withers, colored, on  
Thanksgiving day. Withers was attempt-  
ing to strike Mr. Morrow with a rail and  
came into his yard for that purpose. Af-  
ter having repeatedly ordered him to leave  
and seeing that he was bent on doing him  
an injury, Mr. Morrow shot him with his  
pistol.

From the Charlotte Observer we learn  
that a coroner's inquest was held on Sat-  
urday and that the jury returned a ver-  
dict of justifiable homicide.—Lincoln  
Press.

Cleveland's popular majority in all the  
States something over 100,000.