

THE HIGHLANDER

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R. GOLDIE, Proprietor.

Japan clover (*Lepediza striata*) has made its appearance on the street between Mr. Cleaveland's store and the post office.

The article "Colorado and the Blue Ridge Compared," by Dr. O'Farrell, will appear in our next number.

Commissioner Patrick is moving in the right direction. He will visit several fairs in Pennsylvania and other Northern States this fall to advertise the advantages of North Carolina.

EARLY RED TOP TURNIP.—We have been handed a basket of this variety grown by Mayor Hill. The seed was sown 1st of July on new ground. Mr. Hill has several acres of these fine turnips at Horse Cove, and says every farmer in Highlands township can have just as good if they sow this variety at the right time on new land. This land was only plowed twice, and the turnips were grown amidst a good crop of corn, pumpkins, &c.

On Wednesday evening, 9th inst., an accident happened to Mr. B. W. Wells which, fortunately for him, was not nearly so serious as it might easily have been. In driving down the hill at the other side of the mountain, a strap broke in the harness, causing the buggy to come upon the old mare in a way which started her to run. The buggy was upset, and the mare broke away from it. Mr. Wells was pitched out, and when the buggy turned over, one of the wheels struck him on the leg, and he seriously sprained and bruised his left shoulder in falling. Notwithstanding his disabilities (Mr. Wells has lost an arm), he was in town on horseback the other day.

HIGHLANDS AS A HEALTH RESORT.

Communication from E. W. Williamson, Esq.
No. 717 Walnut st., Philadelphia,
Sep. 7, 1885.

Mr. R. GOLDIE,
Dear Sir:

I have your bright little paper before me, and if you will give me space, I want to say a word about my experience of your "land of the sky," and the good a mouthful of its pure, bracing air, sweet water (I had drank a great deal of mud here), and its lovely scenery did for a run-down invalid. I spent the month of June in the neighborhood of the village, made many friends, and came back to the "low country" of Philadelphia regretfully, and with an abiding and very pleasant memory of my visit.

Mountain scenery, mountain air, and mountain climbing, were new experiences for me.

Accustomed only to our slightly rolling country, to see around me a wilderness of mountains—Short-off—the Cowee range—Whitesides, with its sharp peak, like the ruins of an old feudal tower, looming up against the sky—Sagee—Black Rock—Big Terrapin—Buzzard Rock—Fodder-stack—all in sight from my terrace standpoint—looking down upon the lovely Horse Cove, a thousand feet below me, the misty clouds floating over it beneath my feet—the low country, beyond the mountains, looking, at evening, so much like the distant sea, sometimes placid, sometimes with a line of raging surf I almost seemed to hear pounding on the beach—tumbling whitecaps breaking over the surface—sometimes showing

capas and headlands—never twice the same, but always the sea—I felt as if I had got into another and a grander world.

I had been, for months, fighting an obstinate and exhausting disorder, and had at last about brought it to bay, and myself to such a state of weakness, that the prospect of a mile-long walk, even over our level streets, would have fairly made my hair stand on end.

When I left Philadelphia, in answer to a kind invitation to try the effect of a few weeks of "mountain," and absolute rest from business, I could hardly lift myself and impedimenta together up the steps of the car.

When I reached my destination—after a final day's ride from Walhalla, over the mountain road which, to speak mildly, is not quite as smooth as could be desired—instead of being in the state of collapse I had feared, I found myself actually stronger than when I started, and could lift myself and the aforesaid impedimenta without any uncomfortable tendency to double up at the knees.

That much, even then, the air had done for me. In two days after, I was climbing the mountains, and kept it up through the rest of the time, interspersed with daily "stepping-over" to and from the village as a volunteer committee to look after its prosperity in general and the new board walk in particular, and especially to watch the progress of the new church, in which I felt a strong interest. And I did it all without fatigue and with constantly improving strength and health.

My blessing on your mountains! That month of Highlands sent me home a stronger, more vigorous, and more alive man than I had been for years; and I have been singing its praises ever since at every opportunity.

I forgot to mention how I enjoyed a visit to the Cullasaja and Amala—(do help me out with that name) Falls; but my "word" is already growing into wordiness, and I can't dwell on them.

I find only one thing to complain of. Perhaps you will kindly have that corrected in case I should ever again visit Highlands.

I had confidently expected to kill sundry rattlesnakes—which my inexperienced fancy imagined were to be heard ringing their "ground-bells" in all directions—and bring home all their tails. The sober fact is that, in all my wanderings, I neither saw nor heard a single one, nor indeed a snake of any kind except one dead one on the road, and he, she or it was not a rattler. In that matter I feel injured. Perhaps I might have felt still more injured if I had got into a fight with one. Perhaps I should have run away ingloriously. I have a good deal of "discretion," and it might have overcome my valor. Who knows?

Yours truly,
EDW. H. WILLIAMSON.

CLEAR CREEK CORRESPONDENCE.

CLEAR CREEK, Sep. 10, 1885.

Among the great number of people called "Bud" in this locality, there is one to whom that delectable and euphonious appellative clings, who for a long time has awakened the echoes about Scaly, Brushyface and Queen mountains, with the detonating symphony that occasionally issued from the small end of his long rifle, which carries a ball large enough for a mountain howitzer, and fulminates equal to a piece of field artillery. This Bud has obtained an enviable notoriety as a marksman whose collimation is as true as the "needle to the pole." He recently met with an accident that was sad indeed for one of his fame. After hearing a talk about the gyascutus, he sallied forth in the mountains, filled with imaginings of that wonderfully constructed animal. Before he started out, Mr. Mack Wilson requested him, should he find it, to bring in a certain little six months old shoot of his, that was perfectly wild. Bud finally espied what he thought was the little hog, and dashed at it, intending to capture it; but the wild animal also seemed to be in a rage, and also scooted for Bud. He turned pale with fright, threw down his gun, broke the stock, ran swiftly away—advising, as he sped by the cottages, that no woman ever hereafter travel by herself while such ferocious wild animals were in the forest. Bud's wonderful adventure and hair-breadth escape from the terrible gyascutus was the world's eighth wonder for about two days, when an eye witness to the affair leaked out the fact that it was nothing more nor less than Mr. Wilson's little hog that met and vanquished the hero, who had slain many a polecat without flinching. How sad the thought, "Will Bud survive the shock?"

CHEOPS.

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T. BAXTER WHITE,
Agent,

A GOOD ASSORTMENT

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WILLIAM PARTRIDGE, Prop.

CASH PAID FOR GRAIN.

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Health Resort for Winter and Summer.

Altitude nearly 4,000 feet—The Land of the Sky.

The health-giving power of our pure air, spring water, and grand scenery, has no equal, Winter or Summer. Invalids who go to Florida in winter seeking health, will do well to stop here and get it; also better fare at less than half the cost.

Our table is supplied with the best the markets afford, cooked with the best of skill.

We have kind and attentive waiters, and take pleasure in caring for our guests. The sick receive special attention.

Terms low.

JOSEPH FRITTS, Proprietor.

Farm in Iowa For Sale.

160 acres—well watered—good stock farm—12 acres trees. Will sell or exchange for property in Highlands or vicinity. Apply at THE HIGHLANDER office.

R. GOLDIE.

J. H. DURGIN, Carpenter and Builder,

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J. JAY SMITH, MANUFACTURER OF SASH AND DOORS,

FLOORING, CEILING, SIDING, &c.,

HIGHLANDS, MACON CO., N. C.

Feed and Livery Stable,

SYLVA, JACKSON COUNTY, N. C.

First-class Transportation to all Points of Interest

REGULAR HACK LINE
FROM WEBSTER TO SYLVA.

A. M. PARKER,
Proprietor.

J. M. ZACHARY, Surgeon Dentist.

THE HIGHLANDER'S CORNER.

We will send a copy of THE HIGHLANDER to any native of the mountains who wishes to have it, for one year free of charge, who feels he or she is unable to pay for it.

News correspondents at all the post-offices wanted for THE HIGHLANDER.

Farm produce and cordwood taken on subscription to THE HIGHLANDER.

Job Printing of all kinds done at THE HIGHLANDER office.

All postmasters are respectfully asked to act as agents for THE HIGHLANDER.

THE HIGHLANDER will be sent to country post offices for one year—six copies for \$5, cash in advance.

Blank Deeds and Mortgages for sale at THE HIGHLANDER office.

Let Me Assure You That

RIDEOUT & CO.

In Highlands, Corner of
MAIN AND FOURTH STREETS,

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HEAD-QUARTERS

For Hats, Georgia Checks,

JEANS,

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Boots and Shoes.

Besides, constantly on hand, a general line of

DRY GOODS,

AND THE BEST OF

GROCERIES.

WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED FROM

RICHMOND, Va.,

A full Fall and Winter
Supply of the Best

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Virginia Brogan

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Napoleon Boot,

ALL AT LOWEST PRICES!

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H. M. BASSCOM,

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Hardware, Stoves, Tinware,

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BOOK & JOB PRINTING

At THE HIGHLANDER Office.