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AT CÆSAR'S HEAD

TO GET THERE FROM NEW YORK CITY.

nd Scenes on the Less Lengthy ore Enjoyable Trip Taken by the ar Humorist—Advantages of a of Language.

pyright, 1892, by Edgar W. Nye.]

BUCK SHOALS, N. C., August.

ave just completed a trip to Head, returning via Brevard. of the most delightful and soul ing trips one can well imagine. Head is situated at the summit r's Head mountain, an outlying the Blue Ridge mountains, in lle county, S. C., and is 4,600 ve the level of Arietta street, nsville, Staten Island.

LOOKING AT THE SIGN.

aving New York city for Cæsar's on cross the Cortlandt Street l take the first right hand road. Head is so called because of a shaped rock at the summit of ntain which bears a striking re- ce to nothing that has ever been ore in the history of the world, cred or profane.

y speaking, it is hardly a moun- rather an inclined plane ter- g abruptly in a precipice 4,600 , from which one may see the South Carolina and objects as Governor Tillman.

s more than 200 miles apart may distinctly by means of the un- eye.

sar's Head there is a clean and ious hotel with a capacity of ts. I know of no more delight- to remain in during the hot July and August. It is not an life, but it is healing, soothing vating. It is very rare that one pot so nearly ideal, even in this ountain country of the Blue

little crime is found here at Head and malaria cannot exist. springs occur here, as they are within a few yards of all sum- els. They contain protoxide of lorine, magnesia, silicic acid and merican water.

is a daily mail at this hotel, lp and a pack of cards. The meter never rises above 70 degs., not even during the terrible July, this year.

espiratory organs seem to take a erest in their job here, and the blood may be observed to man- he cheek of the invalid. The from Greenville is twenty- iles; from Hendersonville, twen- iles; from Fletcher station on & D. R. R., thirty-two miles; rope, 5,532 miles via Asheville. asy way to go is to wire Hen- ille for a team and take the nd and Danville road to that aving the team ready and pro- ith a large lunch. Diseases of gs, throat and nervous system y relieved.

k my own team and added a attached to a saddle horse, but ot advise this course for others. n is designed more for ornamen- ing down the mall at Ticktown, er thirty miles up a mountain ese glossy steeds have not life to even stab feebly at a fly with eformed tails. Also the saddle Dandy loped in the phaeton a al of the way and tried to follow of hounds at Buck forest. Noth- be less dignified than a saddle itched to a phaeton riding to or seeking to follow the bound- up a sourwood tree.

arted from Fletcher armed with made from memory by Dr. r. Our course was mainly south, e course of the French Broad ward its head. We crossed Mud sullen torrent which looked e the Chicago water supply, and n through the musical woods. was fringed with flowers and the berry season being contin- m May to September. Then f other kinds are plenty every-

on we passed a mission school, oor of which sat a big, plain boy rge, comprehensive bare feet. ted us pleasantly with his thumb ose, making some mystic sign e could not understand. Pos- was a sign of distress and meant needed a handkerchief. School en up at the time and we got a f knowledge as we passed the

on reached the French Broad nd followed its banks closely for ours. It is a majestic river with mental fringe of beautiful trees lemn and dignified carriage that e respect and esteem of the be- never allow my farming here in North Carolina to interfere with my club life. As soon as I see that agriculture is getting too much of a hold on me I go to New York, where I engage board and try to think of something else.

At Calhoun we paused for refreshments and allowed the horses to rest 3½ hours. Calhoun is a quiet hamlet consisting of a house and barn. The house contains a store also, and in this store almost everything from a thrashing machine to the little mammoth pill for tired feeling may be obtained. As we started gayly away we learned that we had fourteen miles yet ahead of us of mountain road with which we were not familiar. Soon after this we began to inquire about the route and distance. We got a great deal of information, such as it was. The psalmist said in his haste that all men were liars. If he would travel in the mountains here he could take all summer for the statement and make a typewritten copy of it also.

The road from Calhoun is said to be very wild and beautiful. We traversed the most of it after dark and in the midst of a terrific mountain storm, so it struck me at the time as rather monotonous and "hit a-raining." Half the time one would have to pause and say, "Mr. Speaker, where was I at?"

Those who have never traveled by diligence up the Jones' Gap road in the darkness and terror incident to a mountain tempest and with no knowledge of the road, while on the left a bottomless canyon sends up a never ending thunder from a white and angry torrent concealed somewhere in its bosom, will agree with me that, clothed in outing flannels which have caught the golden sunset coloring of the red clay and been soaked with the gummiest of mud, searching for the right way, yet prone to wander into by and forbidden paths or fall over a brink or chasm, it is a solemn moment.

We were told that in two miles we would encounter a signboard which would tell us the way, and there we must turn to the right. We were also told that the signboard was eight miles away and that we must turn to the left. One kind friend said it was eleven miles and that the main bridge was washed away. He would keep us, however, if we could put up with his humble fare and rather pronounced views regarding the existence of a "literary hell." Literal hell was doubtless the term he desired to use. We afterward learned that he was not a man of his word. The bridge was not in bad repair. Also, there is no bridge. The Jones' Gap road is a marvel of engineering. It was laid out by Solomon Jones, who is still living. His method of laying out a mountain road was to employ a large sow in winter time which, by driving gently down the hill, would naturally select through the snow the gentlest descent and the easiest grade. As a result of this method, the Jones' Gap road is well planned and the descent from Cæsar's Head as gradual as it is from Queen Victoria to the Prince of Wales.

As the thunder boomed louder and the torrents of rain beat in upon us and injured our costly and beautiful clothing, a signboard of some kind glimmered in the uncertain flash of lightning that split the drenched and inky world. It was then that I duplicated the experience of Mr. Burdette years ago. I got out into the pelting storm, and with the icy torrent running down my frapped spine I climbed the post and waited for another flash. I had tried to light a match, but the place where I generally strike a match was all wet, so I gave it up.

The lightning did not make any remarks for a long time, but remained where it was, looking roguishly down on me as I clung trembling to the guidepost, wiping my spectacles on the tail of my coat. Finally a glare of intense light tore open the somber robes of night and lighted up the silent guidepost. It went on to say: "Facial blemishes, warts, eczema and superfluous hair removed without publicity at your own homes. Also, cash paid for hides, pelts and furs."

We have now traveled some thirty odd miles over two or three still odder roads and "hit a-raining." My spirits were greatly depressed and my outing

ON CÆSAR'S HEAD.

flannels were a sight to behold. Our carriage has a fringe around a canopy top, and even long after the rain ceased this wet fringe, which had been full of dust, shed mud all over us as the vehicle jostled over the stony roads and jarred the soiled water in our ears and down our spines.

Yet we were not cast down. I think that at such a time one should still be gay, especially if on a picnic or excursion. Before starting on a picnic we should have decided fully to be merry under the most adverse circumstances, so as to mislead spectators. Did you ever see a group of straw riders who out and filled with hot lead. This is the proof of refinement. This is the difference between the thoroughbred and the "hoy pulloy." The barbarian swears and hops about on one foot when he hits his crazy bone against the gothic end of the pew while taking his accustomed place, but the refined and high church communicant clinches his teeth, leans his head forward, smiles a peritonitis smile and bites his hymnal till you can read on it the name of the man who made his teeth.

So we moved calmly on with a subdued gayety and now and again a little burst of chastened, English humor, till at half past 9 at night the welcome lights of the hotel at the summit loomed up in the darkness. No hotel was ever more welcome. No landlord ever looked more angelic, and how we slept! An apprentice in the business could have robbed me of my all. A plain woman in middle life could have come in and carried me away to her eyrie without waking me, but through some strange oversight it was not attended to.

In the morning the view burst upon us as it would if we had been brought there by enchantment. I wish that I had a command of language and I could make a nuisance of myself by taking up a column of valuable advertising space here with a description of the unlimited view. A friend of mine, who has a wonderful command of language, and who is a great reader, being a regular subscriber to The Century Magazine, said yesterday, rather tersely, it seemed to me, that it seemed to him the scene beggared description.

This flow of language with him seems to be a sort of gift, and he has strengthened it a good deal by a careful course of reading. He has read all the standard works, he says, and is a good grammarian. I was with him eight days on a trip once, and he spoke so correctly, even when under the influence of liquor, that it was almost a relief to hear the driver violate a rule of grammar now and then in pronouncing a curse on his mules.

Bill Nye

His Way.

She (anxiously)—Have you asked papa, Reginald?

He—Yes.

She (nervously)—What did he say?

He—He didn't say anything, but I know he gave his consent, for he looked at me in a sort of a pitying way, don't you know!—Life.

Doubtful Success.

Imagination sometimes creates difficulties, and sometimes, but not so often, it helps to overcome them. A maiden lady, living at a fashionable watering place on the western coast of England, is said to have had a great curiosity to see Napoleon.

When he was a prisoner on board the Bellerophon, tossing in Tor bay, she braved the dangers and discomforts incidental to a trip in a small fishing boat on a windy day in order to get a look at the captive, who had "whipped the world."

On returning to shore late in the evening, exhausted but rejoicing, she was asked by a less enterprising friend if she had really seen "the monster."

To this question the enthusiastic spinster replied by lifting up eyes and hands of fervent gratitude to heaven, and exclaiming:

"Yes, thanks for the sight! At least," she continued, dropping her voice to a doubtful mutter, "I believe I almost saw his coattails."—Youth's Companion.

Horrible Selfishness.

A.—Who was that elegant gentleman with whom you were talking yesterday?

B.—He is a wealthy young man from Boston.

"He seems to be very much of a gentleman. I wish you would give me the pleasure of an introduction to him."

"Not much. I'm going to try to borrow some money from him myself."—Texas Siftings.

More Than She Wanted.

Cross Old Dame (getting out of 'bus)—You stupid fool, I told you plainly where to set me down and you have brought me half a mile farther.

Conductor (making the best of it)—Yes, mum, but by the look of you I thought as you liked plenty for your money.—Pick-Me-Up.

A Useful Bird.

Paul (from the hammock)—Hattie, the boys are teaching your parrot to swear horribly.

Hattie—Please bring him into my room at once, dear; I have broken my suspender.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Not So Bad After All.

Champ—How is Winter getting on?

Waggle—Well, when last I saw him he hadn't a shirt to his back.

C.—Poor fellow! Where did you see him?

W.—Bathing!—Tit-Bits.

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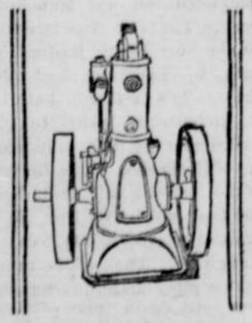

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