



Linville River, near Pineola and Linville, North Carolina

YOU will search the world in vain for a country of greater natural beauty and for a more delightful and invigorating summer climate than that of the mountain resort region along the East Tennessee and Western North Carolina Railroad and the Linville River Railway. These lines, popularly known as "The Narrow Gauge," represent one of the most difficult railway engineering feats to be found in Eastern America. With their thoroughly rock-ballasted roadbed and with rolling stock of the best design, including parlor car service, they compare most favorably with the better standard roads throughout the South. Starting at Johnson City, Tenn., at an elevation of 1,624 feet above the sea, these lines make an ascent of about 2,400 feet within a distance of forty-four miles, attaining at Montezuma, N. C., the highest elevation of any passenger railroad in the eastern half of the continent.

The trip from Johnson City, Tenn., to Boone, N. C., the eastern terminus of the lines, compresses into about four hours the greatest variety of natural scenery to be found in the Western Hemisphere, in so narrow a compass. Between Johnson City and Elizabethton, Tenn., the route traverses

"Happy Valley" on the Watauga River—a region whose surpassing loveliness has been immortalized in song and story. From the banks of the historic Watauga associated with the names of Boone, Jackson and Johnson, and of Campbell, Shelby and Sevier, the heroes of King's Mountain, undulating fields of blue grass and alfalfa, like a sea of green, roll back to the distant mountains.

East of Elizabethton we leave the Valley of the Watauga and following the valley of the Doe past Valley Forge, Tenn., suddenly enter a new world as different from the one we have left as if they were separated by a thousand miles. Below us the crystal waters of the Doe River leap from rock to rock in silvery cascades of entrancing beauty. The gorgeous colors of the mountain flora—rhododendron, kalmia and azalea—are mirrored from the quiet surface of the intervening pools. There darts a rainbow trout; yonder a water fowl patiently awaits his prey. Above us tower the majestic mountain peaks, clothed in the refreshing green of summer or brilliant in the rich tints of autumn.

Suddenly the scenery changes. Beauty gives place to grandeur as we enter the Canon of the Doe, near Pardee