

# Sylvan Valley News

Our County—Its Progress and Prosperity the First Duty of a Local Paper.

J. J. MINER, Manager.

BREVARD, TRANSYLVANIA COUNTY, N. C., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1905.

VOL. X—NO. 38

Transylvania Lodge No. 143,

Knights of Pythias



Regular convention every Tuesday night in Masonic Hall. Visiting Knights are cordially invited to attend.

HILARY B. BRUNOT, C. C.

Brevard Telephone Exchange.

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Sunday—8 to 10 a. m., 4 to 6 p. m.  
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Entry No. 2452.

R. W. Burgess, J. A. Young & Co. enter and  
claim 2,000 acres of land, more or less, in Hog-  
back Township, on the waters of White Water  
river and others. Beginning at a white oak, a  
corner of Grant No. 554 and runs thence S 8  
poles to a chestnut, a corner of Grant No. —;  
thence W 41 poles to a stake near a marked  
white oak; thence S 825 poles to a stake in the  
South Carolina line; thence with said line N 71  
deg E 2,000 poles to a stake; thence S 370 poles  
to a stake; thence W 750 poles to a stake; thence  
N 100 poles to a stake; thence W 204 poles to a stake  
in the line of Grant No. 557; thence S with said  
line 400 poles to its corner; thence W 204 poles to  
the beginning. Entered May 17, 1905.

R. W. BURGESS,  
J. A. YOUNG,  
signed.

Entry No. 2446.

State of North Carolina, Transylvania county:  
J. C. Wike enters and claims six hundred and  
forty (640) acres of land in said county, in Hog-  
back township, on the waters of Toxaway river,  
beginning on a stone, corner of the Jesse Owen  
tract, and runs so as to adjoin the lands of John  
Fisher's heirs, the lands of the Toxaway Co.,  
and others, and include vacant land. Entered  
March 27, 1905. This June 14, 1905.

M. W. GALLOWAY, Entry Taker.

I, M. W. Galloway, Entry Taker for Transylva-  
nia county, certify that the foregoing are true  
copies of entries made, as will appear by refer-  
ence to the entry book in my office.

M. W. GALLOWAY,  
Entry Taker.

## The Editor's Outing.

### What One Sees, Learns and Enjoys by Getting Away from Home.

Leaving Brevard at 7 a. m. Sept. 1st, for the express purpose of meeting a brother at the home of his son in Petersburg, Va., we arrived at our destination at 7 a. m. of the second. Soon after leaving Salisbury our train ran into a severe thunder storm and all the way through Virginia our journey was wet. Arriving in Petersburg it was still raining and from the depot to 332 E. Washington street our street car ride and walk of three blocks was in the rain, and we learned that wetness had been a prevailing condition in that section nearly all summer. Those who feel inclined to grumble about Brevard weather will please take notice that this is not the only watery climate on earth.

PETERSBURG.

This is a quaint old town of about 27,000 inhabitants, at the head of navigation on the Appomattox river. Like the James river at Richmond the Appomattox is a rapid, rocky stream above Petersburg and it has been costing the government about \$11,000 annually to keep the harbor clear of the sand and silt washed in by the stream. The United States has now undertaken to give the river a new bed 200 feet wide with an outlet some 2 or 3 miles below the harbor so that the wash from the river will not fill up the harbor entrance. The contract for this river diversion has been let to the Atlantic Dredging Co., of which Chas. A. Miner is Secretary and Treasurer. He has been in Petersburg in charge of the work nearly a year and it will take another year to complete it. The government appropriation for the work is about \$700,000, and with the improved machinery the dredging company are using there is little doubt that some of this vast sum will remain with the contractors. The rains this summer have delayed the work, but at the time of our visit it was progressing nicely.

Petersburg is an old town—it was old when the revolutionary war was in progress. We saw dates on buildings as far back as 1735. It has one of the oldest cotton mills in the south, and while our visit to the mill town was made on Sunday, its advantages in point of comfort for its operatives were so striking that they claim a short notice. Every residence in the town of Matoaca (named for the mill) is a comfortable cottage surrounded by at least a quarter acre for yard and garden. Every house has some flowers growing in front, and some fruit trees which were loaded down with an immense crop. We saw pear trees here, every limb propped to prevent breaking, and then the fruit dragged the ground. After leaving behind us the barren fruit trees in Transylvania the great

loads of fruit all the way from Richmond to Petersburg was an eye-opener. And we ate the most delicious, melting pears every day we remained in town. Compared with the crowded premises of the modern mill town of the south this looked almost home-like.

We were shown through one of the oldest tobacco factories in the United States—J. H. Meclin & Son—using the heaviest modern machinery and selling its entire output in England. Not a pound of its product is ever put on the market in this country, but it has for 40 years catered to the English taste. We brought a sample of its product home and must say that we haven't a very exalted opinion of the English taste that would select such tobacco for smoke timber.

No mention of Petersburg which omitted the peanut industry would be complete. On every hand evidences of the manufacturing, selling, roasting and wholesale handling of this crop are manifest. From the showing made by factories and dealers it would seem that this is the wholesale market of the whole world for peanuts.

The old battlefield, fortification and crater which the yankees blasted into it have gone into the field of commercialism, and visitors are charged 50 cents for the privilege of looking at these historical landmarks. If Petersburg had the "get up" of any modern city it would buy this historical ground and open it as a public park. It is a shame that an old soldier of the sixties, no matter on which side he fought, cannot visit his old battle-fields without paying a bonus to some one who was in neither army but who sees a chance to make money by charging admission.

Petersburg has one of the oldest churches on the continent, the brick of which it was built having been shipped from England. It is no longer used as a place of worship but is kept open for visitors. Its cemetery has been enlarged in recent years until a hundred acres are now enclosed. Many of its monuments and tombstones were there before our nation was born and some of them were broken and battered by yankee shells when shelling the confederate position half a mile distant. The old Blanford church was erected in 1735 by the church of England.

A few streets in Petersburg have been modernized by the erection of up-to-date buildings, but the impression forced upon us was that the student of ancient history would find here much data of interest.

Travel from Petersburg to Richmond, 20 miles, has been modernized by the introduction of electricity and a trolley car traverses the distance every

hour. We took in the trolley and our next article will give some of the things of interest seen in Richmond.

Old Sol as a Weather Maker.

Scientific men in general have not been in accord with those students of solar physics who profess to trace a connection between changes observed on the sun's surface and the weather upon this earth. The fact that one observer asserts that sun spots favor high temperature and another declares that they do exactly the opposite has led hymen to dismiss their claims with a smile. But Professor W. J. G. Lockyer, reviewing the subject in Nature, reconciles these differences by explaining that the earth is a large affair and may accommodate two sets of phenomena at one and the same time. He says:

Up to the present time those who have been attempting to explain variations of weather on the supposition of solar changes have been looking for the effect of solar action as either increasing or decreasing simultaneously the rainfall over the whole earth. The consequence has been that a study of a great number of statistics has shown that in some regions the rainfall varies directly with the number of sun spots and that in others the variation is inverse, while, again, in other parts there seems to be no apparent relation at all. In fact, these deductions, though quite correct, have led to the conclusion that the solar connection is of a very questionable character, as it was considered impossible for such opposite results as the first two just named to have their origin in one solar change. The now recognized existence of this barometric seesaw shows that the sun's action must have a double effect on our atmosphere and this of an opposite nature. Such a result is quite natural, and it is curious that use has not been made of it before.

When it be considered that the amount of air in our atmosphere is a constant quantity, a greater piling up of it on one side of the earth must necessarily mean a diminution in the antipodal regions. If greater heating power of the sun takes place, then the atmosphere must also be heated to a greater extent, and consequently more intense upcurrents of warm air are formed, resulting in more pronounced low pressure areas. There must, however, be a compensating effect somewhere, and this is found on the opposite side of the earth when the previously heated air arrives, descends and creates an area of excess pressure.

The professor further declares that the sun's action on certain regions is more powerful than upon others and that the atmosphere of certain regions is more potent as a factor in moderating the sun's influence in some regions than in others. It would seem from this review that the solar students are on the right track to solve the fascinating riddle of the relation between weather vagaries and solar activity.

Corruption Not Chronic in America.

A writer in the French Economist, discussing the relative merits of American methods and institutions, reaches the firm conclusion that the United States is not profoundly and universally demoralized. He says that public corruption has always been the weakness of republics and despotisms and continues:

It is not easy for these governments to protect themselves against professionals who look upon politics rather as a profitable than an honorable career and know how to flatter the sovereign, whether he has a thousand heads or only one. It is satisfactory, however, to see that despite their cleverness in cajoling the people these professional politicians are generally obliged, to whatever party they belong, to give place and leave a nomination for honest men whenever political office of the first importance is in question. Some presidents of the United States may have been surrounded by bad influences, but all have been men of strict integrity. All that is wanting in Americans is the exercise of great energy and perseverance if they would apply through their whole political organism the elevated standard of morality which they have always adhered to in the choice of their chief magistrates.

In the main this writer believes that our institutions have many points of superiority, and the old world is advised to turn to the new for instruction.

Our negotiations with Russia and China over immigrants and tariffs show that, while greater controversies are being fought, our ordinary diplomats must continue to dip.

Desertions from the army and navy are said to be due to the monotony of the life in time of peace, leaving the public to draw the conclusion that while the American makes a very poor holiday soldier he can be relied upon when activities begin.

## WASHINGTON CHAT.

Mayor Woodward of Atlanta, has sworn off. He will never get drunk again, that is real drunk.

In order to fight the beef trust New York and Nebraska butchers have secured "little octopi" of their own.

Secretary Shaw might be right in thinking that "now" is the time for him to have a presidential boom if he is to have one at all.

The Russian soldiers who cut off their "trigger fingers" to keep from facing the Japanese, extend an invitation to one and all to come and kick 'em.

The sportsman-statesman in Washington with a hammerless shotgun, is just now rejoicing over old Virginia's bumper crop of partridges.

Since he has adopted a wig and bicycling, John D. Rockefeller may drift next into the the cigarette habit. He would look fifty years younger.

New Orleans has learned the lesson although it had learned it several times before, that the "time to fight" yellow fever is "before" it arrives.

The American hen has a right to "cluck and cackle." The past year with her eggs and her chickens she produced \$250,000,000 of the wealth of the country.

A woman, the thirteenth child and born on the thirteenth day of the month, recently died in Arkansas at the age of 105. Might have known something would happen to her.

Jas. Caldwell, member of Parliament, has killed more bills in the British House of Commons, than any other member. It is a proud distinction, and it is a pity that every legislature in the U. S. is not the proud possessor of a "Caldwell."

Chief Justice Fuller recently suffered shabby treatment at a London hotel by being taken for an itinerant musician. The most loyal of the friends of our Chief Justice have long been of the opinion that Mr. Fuller needed a hint to cut his hair and now he has it.

Attacked by a Mob

and beaten, in a labor riot, until covered with sores, a Chicago street car conductor applied Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and was soon sound and well. "I use it in my family," writes G. J. Welch of Tekonsha, Mich., "and find it perfect." Simply great for cuts and burns. Only 25c at Z. W. Nichols' drug store.

The republicans who object to depriving the negro of his vote in Virginia and North Carolina may point proudly to the shining example of Philadelphia where the republican machine has not deprived "no living man" of his ballot but for years have allowed 50,000 dead people to keep on voting.

Chamberlain's Pain Balm.

This is a liniment remarkable for its great power over pain. It quickly allays the excruciating pains of rheumatism and makes sleep and rest possible.

For sale by Z. W. Nichols, Brevard and O. L. Erwin, Calvert.