

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, OCTOBER 27, 1905.

VOL. X—NO. 43

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Our Beautiful Sunset.

We live in cloud land. Who could count the changes of the day? Always a canging picture of immovable mountains clothed in silver mists of purple haze. Soft amethyst lights or rosy shades banked by blue or gray or black. Sometimes a bold intimidating black cloud rolls up in stormy grandeur from behind a sun-crowned mountain peak. We see flash after flash on long zig-zag lines blaze out in sudden fury and hiss away into blackness. We hear the heavy roll of distant thunder though the sun shines in our own neighborhood. But suddenly the dark cloud overtakes us, blotting out the sunshine, a gust of rain sweeps down the valley, there is a patter of rain drops on the roof—great drops falling in a rollicking, rolling, rattling clatter, then a more gentle shower, a flash, a groan, a clap, then a sunbeam, and the storm-cloud with the fire and wind and rain has slipped away over the mountain. The storm is over, at least our part of the storm. The trees shake their dripping boughs, now sparkling with a thousand iridescent lights. Rain drops touched by fairy fingers, become beads of rainbow-lights, strung from bough to bough.

Over in the west where the sun steals away in the night is a mountain now of fire—or is it a mountain of gold? The lights change so quickly. A moment before it was surely gold; a consuming fire over a mountain of snow, at least one short sighted mortal said it was snow, but it was only a white cloud floating along with a cargo of gold.

When day performs the marvelous rite of turning into night, how still it always is. Even in the busiest city there is a certain quietness that marks the hour, but here it is a stillness that thrills you with the power of silence—the silence which is golden, the silence that makes you speechless and thoughtful. You note the changing clouds, the rifts of blue, deep and intense. The red dying into pink and the rose shading into tints soft as the inside of a sea shell.

It slowly grows darker. A belated bird is flying swiftly homeward. His mates are chirping softly in nearby trees which rustle an accompaniment to their good night lullaby. And now we see a star; a silver gem in a sky of gray. All alone it glitters, brilliant, beautiful and unattainable. It moves in a world of its own, immovable from its appointed course. No rosy lights can touch its solemn beauty. It seems to be beakoning to something higher than the changing lights of gorgeous clouds—the clouds that even now hang rose tinted in the distant west over the mountains, now capped with purple, adding to the silence of the night, the majesty of the evening.
C. R. B.

Now that the yellow fever germs are overworked and resting now and then, the New Orleans doctors say that they "have the situation in hand."

Sorrows and Joys.

Frost and Flower Gardens—Brevard a Metropolis—Sweet Potatoes and 'Possum.

It was Monday morning that the hearts of the News force were filled with sadness when they beheld their once beautiful flower garden, with its choicest flowers drooping and deadened by frost. Since early spring the garden has furnished the rarest and sweetest flowers for our table. Our neighbors have been made glad by them, and they have blushed and smiled for a thousand strangers from all over the Southland. Dainty children's hands have plucked them; some have found place upon the bosom of sweet women, while other have been pinned upon the coats of strong men. They have blossomed and have passed away and nothing but the blackened and drooping vines are visible to tell of their departed glory, but a thousand memories linger in a thousand hearts that would be glad to testify of their sweetness and their beauty.

The planting and care of these flowers was nothing more than a labor of love, and so well have we been repaid by seeing them scatter gladness and joy in our midst that we have resolved to improve our garden year by year as long as the lot remains without a building. We gathered seeds from the choicest of our flowers this year, and have them labeled and carefully put away, and next year we hope to add to them many others that we have not yet grown, so we shall endeavor to do our part in beautifying Brevard.

While gazing upon our garden with its flowers all gone and with our hopes for its future brighter than ever before, we are brought to think of our town. Each day brings its changes and the years add to its greatness. Soon the frame structures on Main street will be torn away and steel skyscrapers will take their places. Our court-house will be removed and in its place a modern structure with imposing columns and a grand dome will be erected. At the place (?) where our children now assemble for instruction will be erected a beautiful, well lighted, ventilated, and convenient school building, and within its walls thousands of rosy cheeked children's hearts and minds will be developed and our homes will be made happier and the commonwealth stronger. Street cars will ply our streets, electric lights will turn darkness into day, factories will send their smoke to the skies, (every vacant lot will be a flower garden.) and Brevard will be a metropolis in the midst of a beautiful and fertile land.

These and a thousand other thoughts came crowding into our mind as we stood in our garden, when Mr. J. J. Shipman drove up and handed us a sack of sweet potatoes to be given to the Editor. We informed him that the Editor was out of the State on business, but that we would see that the potatoes were cared for. We found upon counting them that

there were only fourteen in number, but such potatoes! Half a dozen of them weighed more than sixteen pounds. One of them would fill a medium sized pot. They were carefully put away, but it wasn't thirty minutes before our "devil" had one of the largest of them roasted and the whole office force was busily engaged in devouring it. We will never forget Bro. Shipman and his wonderful potatoes and when the Editor returns we will be sure to call his attention to the gift.

We would like to give our readers more of our thoughts and doings and regret that time will not permit, but if some of our readers will now finish up the good work by bringing in a real fat 'possum to mix with our potatoes we will put his name in the paper, call him a hero, and remember him all the rest of our days.

THE PRINTERS.

New Cure For Cancer.

All surface cancers are now known to be curable by Bucklen's Arnica Salve. Jas. Walters of Duffield, Va. writes: "I had a cancer on my lip for years that seemed incurable till Bucklen's Arnica Salve healed it and now it is perfectly well." Guaranteed cure for cuts and burns. 25c at Z. W. Nichols drug store.

CONTROL OF WATERWORKS.

How a New Jersey Town Profited by Municipal Ownership.

The report of Charles W. Powers, superintendent of the water department of Bloomfield, N. J., shows that municipal ownership of waterworks is profitable, says the Municipal Journal and Engineer. Since January the department made fifty-one house connections at an expense of \$1,123.02 and received for the work \$2,053.65, giving a profit of \$930.63. For the six months previous the water rents were \$20,500, which rose to \$22,000 for a corresponding period after the installation of water meters.

The first three months of the year the town consumed 81,500,000 gallons of water, which was lower than the amount consumed for the corresponding period in several years. The second three months of the year showed a consumption of only 68,000,000 gallons, lower than the amount of water the town would have had to pay for under contract with the local company, as the minimum amount that could be purchased was 75,000,000 gallons each quarter. This saving represents the price of 7,000,000 gallons of water for three months of the year.

The Same Old Tune.

"Senator Lodge was expected to give the keynote of the Massachusetts Republican campaign in his recent speech at the Middlesex club affair," says the Boston Post. "He did it, pitching it for the same old tune. The men of Massachusetts, he said in effect, must not speak out loud about the tariff and reciprocity for fear of offending Ohio and Pennsylvania and possibly disturbing Mr. Roosevelt himself."

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the city of Toledo, county and state aforesaid and that said firm will pay the sum of One Hundred Dollars for each and every case of catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886. A. W. Gleason, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

WASHINGTON CHAT.

After bating his trap 32 times, Odell has at last "caught a candidate" for Mayor of N. Y.

President Ramsey of the Wabash railroad, will probably learn that a minority stock-holder has no more rights than a policyholder.

If the New Orleans people really want an early frost, they should invite Vice-president Fairbanks. He can produce shivers at any time.

If it were as easy to find a book publisher as it is to find a book-maker there would be less gambling and more prosperity among poor writers.

Mr. Fairbanks avoids the "limelight" with true Vice-presidential persistence. He denies that he is to build a theatre at Springfield Ohio.

The more the inner workings of the Portsmouth peace conference are examined the larger does the part played by Theodore Roosevelt appear.

Alabama has a neat surplus in her treasury. The Alabama "legislature" does not "meet" so often as other State's legislatures. A suggestive thought.

The recent revelations of the methods of the big insurance companies would seem to prove that "assurance" is a better name for them than insurance.

We might pity poor Rasuli, the Moroccan bandit. If he had been born in New York and educated in Wall Street his natural talents would have made him a "captain of industry."

All army officers including those who are total abstainers, favor the return of the canteen, on the simple principle that it is better for a man to drink an adulterated staff at home than to drink drugged rot-gut in a brothel.

Judge Parker, a far off but not unfamiliar name, is evidently still uncomfortable over his unproved statement of election bribery as is shown by his grasping at straws unrelated evidence discovered twelve months after the fact.

President Roosevelt has shown the Southerners how keenly he was interested in them and they showed "Ted" that he was the "only thing." His southern receptions were the most heartily of any he received on his different visits.

If the war of economy which has struck the Public Printing Office in Washington will have an effect to expurgate the verbose surplusage of Congressional speeches as printed in the Congressional record, the country will be much benefited.

Senator Bailey of Tex. and Senator Beveridge of Ind. were born on the same day of the month, but a year apart. They have been "closer together" than that however. Once "when they nearly landed on each other in the Senate, and "once" when they did it in magazine fashion.