

THE HIGHLANDER,

MACON COUNTY AND WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA ADVERTISER.

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HIGHLANDS, MACON COUNTY, N. C., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1885.

No. 9.

Mr. Horace Kibbee is authorized to receive subscriptions and transact business for THE HIGHLANDER.

THE WEATHER.—We have had dark weather since last Friday, and steady, quiet rain since Sunday morning. Miss Chapin informs us that 2.5 inches of rain fell between two P. M. Wednesday and two P. M. Thursday.

A party of noted scientific men from the north, on horseback, rode up to the Highlands House on Wednesday. The weather being unfavorable, their excursions in this neighborhood were limited. They left for Asheville yesterday.

LOOK OUT FOR THE CARS.—A notice appears in the *Keowee Courier* that application will be made to the South Carolina legislature for a charter to build a railroad from the seaboard to the mountains via Aiken and Walhalla.

Mr. A. Mooney, a soldier under Gen. Scott in Mexico, and again a soldier in the war of the rebellion, writes from St. Paul for THE HIGHLANDER. He was stationed at Charlotte during the late war, and has a love for the old State. He finds the climate in the North runs too much to extremes for comfort. Highlands, we fancy, would just suit him.

"SILVER" and "OFFENSIVE PARTISANS"

Ex-congressman Horace F. Page, of California, hits the mark a few times in the following report of his conversation:

"Of course the silver question will come up in Washington this winter, but no bill will be passed. The West is almost a unit in favor of keeping silver just where it is. I don't think the standard will be raised either. It is impossible to fix the value in gold of a silver dollar. It varies with the price of gold. One week 88 7/8 grains of silver make a dollar worth 100 cents and the next week it would only be worth 90 cents. Later it would go up again. If we try to keep silver up to the gold standard, then we will have to change the size of our silver dollars with every fluctuation of the market. The South and West are for silver, while the East is opposed to it. The people of the East are money-lenders and wish to make it scarce. The West people are borrowers and wish to keep plenty of money in the market. That's all there is to it. I am not in favor of civil-service reform in its present form. Mr. Cleveland's greatest mistake has been in removing officials because they were 'offensive partisans.' If he would come out and say frankly when making a removal, 'Here, I want your place because you are not in harmony with my administration,' he would have no trouble."

"President Cleveland has it within his power to secure the election of Hoadly and a Legislature which would insure the selection of a Democrat for John Sherman's seat."

So says a newspaper correspondent, writing from Ohio. Is it really the case that the president has such power? Are the voters really free men, or are they the mere tools of office-seekers and office-holders? Do the people have votes just for the use and convenience of aspirants for office? Is party machinery invented and worked by the officials for their own purposes; and is the Press their obedient humble servant?

Meteorological Observations at Highlands for the week ending Sep. 29, '85.
Miss Mary Chapin, Observer.

Date	Temperature	Barometer	Relative Humidity	Wind	Remarks
Sep. 23	43.8	60	49	77.7	Clear
24	43.2	65	36	79.5	Clear
25	52.8	67	88	69.3	Clear
26	56.2	61	52	74.8	Fair
27	56	60	54	89.8	l.r. Cl'd'y
28	55.5	56	54	97.7	55 Rain
29	57	61	53	87.8	l.r. Cl'd'y
Week	53.1	67	86	82.4	

We should greatly rejoice if each of our delinquent subscribers would send us a lock of his hair; we should then know that he is alive; but this painful suspense, how can it be endured?—*Western Reporter.*

CLEAR CREEK CORRESPONDENCE.

CLEAR CREEK, Sep. 28, 1885.

Mr. Jonathan Ford has recently harvested the finest crop of hay, to the land cultivated, of any farmer that we have yet seen in this region. The yield was unusually large, as he obtained eleven heavy two-horse-wagon loads of cured hay from something near an acre cultivated. He sowed Hungarian grass (*Setaria Italica*), which is of strong, rank growth, with erect culms, two to three feet high, with numerous long, broad leaves, and a terminal, spike-like, nodding panicle, 4 to 6 inches long, and often an inch in diameter. The panicle is composed of a great number of small, closely crowded branches, each of which consists of a small group of several clusters of spikelets, at the base of each of which there springs two or three bristles which sometimes give the head a bristly appearance. Its value as a fodder plant is owing to its abundant foliage and large quantity of seed. While its growth varies in different localities, yet it is generally ready for cutting in sixty days after sowing the seed. It is useless to sow it on poor land and expect a good yield, yet it is one of the cultivated grasses adapted to this climate. Mr. Ford also has an exceptionally fine crop of buckwheat that he is satisfied will make not less than 100 bushels, and as he has about four acres sown, the yield certainly seems good. He also has a small parcel of new ground in Irish potatoes that are just as fine as could reasonably be desired, besides very fair corn for the locality. This shows the value of judicious farming here. There is no use in sowing June bugs in the Fall with the expectation of realizing therefrom a full crop of sparrows in the spring; for the failure of all such ventures has caused many an honest rod of kindly disposed old mother Earth to be unsparingly sulphurized.

After a ten months sojourn in the land, we came just as near as we wished, to the first old residenter that we had seen in all his glory, on last Thursday. It had nine rattles and a button, was between three and four feet long, and seemed to be surcharged with deadly venom; for when W. S. Neely transfixed it with the tine of a pitchfork, it set its music-box to going and struck at the fork-handle, when enough of yellowish virus was ejected to kill every man in this township. Its fangs were three quarters of an inch long. Well may the citizens dread the *Crotalus* and remain indoors at night, for we can assure them that he is not only an ugly customer, but a dangerous snag to run upon in the dark.

W. S. Neely measured a plant of tobacco which grew in the midst of the largest of his crop, and found it to be five feet eight inches high, and five feet across the top of the plant—that is, from tip to tip of the top leaves. Who beats this in Macon? CHEOPS.

OBSERVATIONS DURING ONE YEAR.

Communication from Rev. Mr. Brender.

Not quite twelve months ago I came through Highlands on my way to Cashiers Valley, where I have had "head quarters" to the present, but traveling all the time over this mountainous country.

During the past year, we have passed through dark clouds, but not so bad as reported abroad. The Revenue men have had a little trouble, and one or two men have been killed. I think quite a reformation is taking place. Men who have been trying to run their little one-horse stills are learning that they cannot sell their whiskey to rocks and trees, but have to sell it, if at all, to men, in whose mouths are tongues, that will tell if offended in the least. Then the poor unfortunate seller must be dragged off to Asheville to give an account. When he is released, perhaps he has lost ten times as much as he made with his still. I am sorry for his family and pity him. We now hope for better things. I have seen very few drunken men in the past year. Hearing of the illicit distilling in these

parts before I came, I have been agreeably disappointed, and yet there is room for improvement.

From the town of Highlands to the Balsam Mountains, a plateau of thirty-five or forty miles, elevated from three to four thousand feet, with its sublime scenery, pure air and water, we find many who are happily situated to spend their lives until death shall call them to a better home. These men have taken advantage of their surroundings. With a small capital and earnest labor, they have grown the grass and clover for their stock, enough corn to do them, with some rye and wheat and garden vegetables—all that heart could wish. Others, for lack of these things, are not doing so well. It is the people that make the country, not the country the people.

This country is undergoing a change. Men should be wide-awake, and not tend the land too long in corn and wheat before seeding to grass and clover.

We have had two or three white frosts—nothing hurt much. The fodder in a few places is bitten. If farmers would plant earlier in the Spring, there would be very little danger from frost in the Fall. The wise man will succeed where the fool has failed. More anon. Your friend,

JOS. H. BRENDEL.

Highlands, Sep. 28th, 1885.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH SOUTH.

I have recently held two or three meetings of interest. One on Cullowhee mountain, about fifteen miles from Highlands—14 conversions and 9 accessions. I will preach at Broadway school-house, five miles from Highlands, to-morrow. At Broadway, we held a meeting some time ago, which resulted in 7 or 8 conversions and 9 accessions. Others will join and perhaps all be baptized to-morrow. The churches are looking up in this part. May they go onward and upward.

J. H. BRENDEL,

P. C. M. E. Church South.

VISITORS IN HIGHLANDS.

ARRIVALS AT HIGHLANDS HOUSE SINCE LAST WEEK.

L. Allen, Dunalen, N. C.; I. L. Lyons and wife, Master Geo. J. Lyons and sister, Miss Lyons, J. C. Lyons, jr., Master Ed. Jonas and Miss Jonas, New Orleans; Miss Heustis, Alabama; M. A. Cooper, Brevard, N. C.; R. A. Jacobs, Franklin, N. C.; C. S. Sargent, T. C. Olmsted and H. S. Codman, Brookline, Mass.; Charles Eliot, Cambridge, Mass.; W. A. Stiles, Deckertown, N. J.; G. A. Jacobs, Cullasaja, N. C.

"OLD SI'S" SUDDEN CONVERSION.—The latest sensation in Atlanta, Ga., grows out of the announcement of the conversion of Mr. Samuel W. Small a brilliant journalist and author of the "Old Si" stories. A great crowd assembled in the Artesian Well Monday evening to hear Mr. Small preach his first sermon. He told of his conversion and his determination to do better, and announced that he would preach next Sunday in some church in the city. In his talk he said: "When thousands of the good Christians were praising God in the great tabernacle in which Sam Jones and Munhall were preaching, I was being spiritually consoled elsewhere, but with the help of God I will quit that habit, which has almost caused my ruin, and teach others to abhor the evil paths which I have trod." He spoke earnestly.

HIGHLANDS MARKETS.

Oct. 1, 1885.

Wheat \$1.20. Corn, new, 50c to 60c; old 90c. Rye 65c. Flour \$3.50 to \$3.75. Butter 15c to 20c; gilt edged 35c. Eggs 12 1/2c. Potatoes 35c to 40c. Onions 60c. Beeswax, 15c to 20c. Apples 35c to 50c. Chickens 8c to 15c. Wool, bright and clean, 30c. Bacon 10c. Peaches 40c to 50c. Sweet potatoes 50c to 75c.

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