

WASHINGTON CHAT.

Correspondence News.

George B. Cortelyou has been sworn in as Secretary of Commerce.

A wireless telegraph system across the Pacific is projected.

"No cloture" but physical exhaustion is the practice of the senate this session.

The construction of the Panama canal is almost assured.

Miss Roosevelt is having an opportunity to learn how enjoyable and comprehensive is southern hospitality.

New York is at last making a praiseworthy war on the "get rich quick" concerns.

The unspeakable Turk is getting civilized too fast. He has repudiated his debts and invested his savings in guns and ammunition.

A house of representatives quarreling over the White House laundry bill is picayune statesmanship.

The women of Kansas recently came within one vote of securing the same rights as men, even to sitting in the electoral college.

It has become a question whether Senator Quay is for statehood or for blockade.

Mr. Balfour aptly says that the task of embittering the relations between nations is an easy one.

Some one should give the trusts a pointer. It is not decorous for their stocks to go up just after the passage of an anti-trust program.

Another farewell tour by Patti will at least make many antiquated concertgoers feel young again.

There are many overhead wires which could be buried without any loss to the robbers.

MY CAT AND I.

The wind blows shrill and the night is chill
And the black clouds hide the moon,
And the raindrops splash on the window sash
In a lazy, lonesome tune;
But the fire burns low, with a rosy glow,
As the sifting cinders die,
And we sit and dream in its cosy gleam—
My old gray cat and I.

The smoke-wreaths curl from my pipe and whirl
Aloft in the dusky gloom,
And the buzzing burr of the cat's soft purr
Hums low through the rafters room;
And the raging rout of the storm, without,
May scream in the chimney, high,
We're blithe to-night, by the fire's warm light—
My old gray cat and I.

The squire may stand by his hearth so grand,
In his palace rich and old,
But his haughty breast has a deep unrest,
For he fears for his bonds and gold;
No wealth have we, so our hearts are free,
And our cot is warm and dry,
We feel no care, in our easy chair—
My old gray cat and I.

From its well-worn hook, in the chimney's nook,
I take my fiddle down,
And snugly in, 'neath my grizzled chin,
I cradle its breast of brown;
And the strain that rings from the crooning strings
Bids grief to the four winds fly,
While the sweet notes swell, we know so well—
My old gray cat and I.

For Puss, old chum, whate'er may come,
You're still a comrade true,
Through shine or rain you ne'er complain,
So here's good health to you;
The best of luck, my ancient buck,
While old Time hurries by,
Till this world ends we'll be fast friends—
My old gray cat and I.
—Joe Lincoln, in L. A. W. Bulletin.

Cheedle's Past

CHEEDLE has lately acquired a past. Out of his imagination he has built up a lurid conception of his sinful bachelor self which frightens him. The other day I tried to reassure him, quite unsuccessfully.

"My dear Cheedle," I said, "you have nothing whatever to reproach yourself with."

"Ah, if I could only believe that!" he sighed out. "But you know as well as I do what sort of a life I used to lead."

"Cloistral?" said I.

"Fiendish!" said he. "I was a devil of a fellow."

"Why, we used to call you a saint," I said.

"O, in irony, you mean?"

"No, in all sincerity. Of course we didn't let you know. We thought it might offend you."

"Now, my dear Wroughtnigh," said he, "let me give you a word in season."

"Thanks. But—as the servant's say—I never accept valuable things."

All men are not like your husband, you know."

"Why don't you get married, too?" "Marriage would not alter me," said I, gloomily.

"It has altered Josie."

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Cheedle. It has not altered him in the least."

She grew pale. "What do you mean?" she gasped.

"I know him so well, you see."

She half arose. "You mean to tell me—"

"A saint, Mrs. Cheedle," I cried, earnestly; "an angel in trousers."

"Don't be absurd," she said, laughing.

"I assure you, Mrs. Cheedle," said I, "that a more innocent man than your husband does not walk this earth."

Extraordinary as it may appear, she was greatly annoyed. "Nonsense!" she said, sharply.

"There is no more vice in him than in a kitten," said I. "He was always like that."

"Of course, you are his friend. You would be sure to say so. It's loyal and nice of you, but I—you can't deceive me."

Evidently no man is a saint to the woman who loves him!

"I have no wish to do so," said I. "There is no need."

"My dear Mr. Wroughtnigh," said she, with thinly veiled impatience, "do you honestly maintain that Josie is any better, morally, than the average man?"

"Incalculably better," said I.

"Then you are mistaken."

"Really, I think not. We used to call him the Saint."

"The Saint! How absurd!"

"It was a saying among us: 'As innocent as Cheedle!'"

"Nonsense!" she said, again, flashing angrily. "I don't believe it!"

I bowed and was silent.

"All men are more or less alike," said she.

I did not reply.

"Oh, was I rude? I beg your pardon. Do be nice, Mr. Wroughtnigh."

"You asked my opinion of Joseph Saunders Cheedle. I gave it," said I, honestly.

"But you may be mistaken, Mr. Wroughtnigh."

"Of course," said I, "I admit that you don't mind, Mrs. Cheedle, we change the subject."

She looked at me for a few seconds. I don't think duller afternoon. I or two later. His pelling.

"Good God, man! have you been saying that?"

"How should I be stung to exasperation?"

"Were you doing that?"

"Of course, I was."

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Cheedle, I really bear no malice."

Transylvania Railroad Company.

General Offices Brevard, N. C.

SUMMER SCHEDULE In Effect Sunday, Oct. 19, 1902.

Standard Time		STATIONS:	
No. 1 Daily	No. 2 Daily	No. 1 Daily	No. 2 Daily
A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
5 10	5 10	Lv. Hendersonville	Ar. Brevard
5 35	5 35 " " " "
5 55	5 55 " " " "
6 15	6 15 " " " "
6 30	6 30 " " " "
6 45	6 45 " " " "
7 05	7 05 " " " "
7 25	7 25 " " " "
7 45	7 45 " " " "
8 05	8 05 " " " "
8 25	8 25 " " " "
8 45	8 45 " " " "
9 05	9 05 " " " "
9 25	9 25 " " " "
9 45	9 45 " " " "
10 00	10 00 " " " "

Connects with Toxaway with Turnpike Line for the Resorts of the Sapphire Country—At Hendersonville with the Southern Railway for all points north and south.

J. F. HAYS, General Manager.
FLEMING RAMSAUR Superintendent.

THE Southern Railway.

Announces the opening of the Winter Tourist Season.

And the placing on sale of EXCURSION TICKETS

To all prominent points in the South, Southwest, West Indies, Mexico and California,

Including

St. Augustine, Palm Beach, Miami, Jacksonville, Tampa, Port Tampa, Brunswick, Thomasville, Aiken, Charleston, Augusta, Pinehurst, Asheville, Atlanta, New Orleans, Memphis and

The Land and the Sky.

Spinning Car Ferry.

Get ready: Railway.

at for full details.

J. & T. A. Asheville, Gen. Pass. Agt.

Gen. Manager, Pass. Traf. Man., ton, D. C.

MAN'S

Ring

Best improvement of

rt of penmanship,

writer a splendid

weeks by the use of

used by prominent

ta and Board of

Europe and America

assorted sizes and

1.00. Single sample

ring a single ring,

or man, woman or

Supply Co.

451 PHILADELPHIA.

Location Everywhere.

PUT

DOUBLE POCKET

TYPE APPARATUS

comes with the strongest

finished in different colors

(over decorations, meetings)

Photographs. Views of art

only \$1.00. Sent every

letter head. AGENTS WANTED

tereoscope Co.

ST BUILDING.

PHILADELPHIA.

BREVARD

fine Shops

and your money abroad

can get lower prices at

Columns

turned work.

Window Frames

similar machine

and see me before

's away.

ck's & King,

RICK, Manager.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

ENTS

DE MARKS

DESIGNS

COPYRIGHTS

and description may

be obtained free of charge

by sending a communication

to the American

Handbook on Patents

for securing patents,

which may be obtained

at the American

Patent Office, in the

Department of

Commerce, 500

Washington, D. C.

at Some