

Keep Your Eye on the Vote.

Oak Grove Baptist is Still Leading.

While "wars and rumors of wars" may shake the eastern hemisphere from center to circumference; while conflagrations may destroy cities, and statesmen disappear from the arena of usefulness, the Church Painting Contest is still the "paramount issue" in this mountain section. This is the third week, and the results are all that we could have expected, but there is yet little indication as to which will win. We learn that the students of Broad Valley Institute have decided to make an effort for the prize, and our readers need not be surprised to see that school in the lead by another week.

Votes are deposited in a locked box as they come in, and the key is in the possession of Superior Court Clerk T. T. Loftis, to be opened only after the contest closes. No changes can be made after votes are polled. All contest subscriptions begin with Feb. 1st.

Oak Grove Baptist, Tiptop	591
Methodist Church, Brevard	386
Brevard Baptist	247
Union Church, Toxaway	196
Broad Valley Institute, Eeon	128
Presbyterian Church, Davidson River	64
Catheys Creek Baptist	48
Presbyterian Church, Brevard	32
English Chapel, Davidson River	32

Uncle Zeke.

"Train up your boys in the way they should go," but by all means don't train them in the way you came. All fathers tell their boys how different things were when they were young, but just let five or six old chaps get around the stove to talk over old times and watch them look about to be sure the boys are not within earshot before they turn loose. In the Sunday school books the good boys die young, and I suppose that is the reason there are so few good old men, but a few of us escaped, and the boys, like them, should be good while they are young, for the day cometh when they will also sit by the stove and swap yarns. So young men be good, but don't die before your time comes and be a walking corpse on the face of the earth, but crowd all the fun possible into the game, for the time is not far off when all the fun you will get out of it is thinking of the fun you once had.

I don't know as the world owes me anything for fun, for I believe I kept all accounts pretty closely collected, and now I would prefer that some of those accounts be stowed away in the archives of the past, to be covered with the dusty cobwebs of forgetfulness, and if Brother Douglas or Brother Moore should question me about them I might depart a little from the truth and say "I never done it." I suppose all men who did not get into the Sunday school books have some accounts on life's ledger they would be glad to use an eraser on, and they do well to advise the young men to never open. The practical joke that is forgotten in a day will come back in after years, and oftentimes affords more amusement than at the time it was enacted. Practical jokers have their fun, but there are times when the laugh is turned on a fellow, as I learned once on a time.

In the eastern states railroad companies fence their right of way. When a young man I secured employment with a contractor on a road in southern New York, and for a time we made our homes ten miles from town, with the family of Uncle Hi Sawyer. Uncle Hi was a long, lean, old yankee, homely as a stump fence, rough as a corn cob, but with a heart as big as an ox and brim full of good-natured fun. Dancing was my besetting sin, but it was here the old man drew the line, and dancing was an abomination. We changed quarters going into town and one day the contractor expecting the inspector on the works sent me over the road to see that the gaps were all closed, etc. When I reached the Sawyer farm I could not resist dropping in for a call. The old man was away from home, but the young people said if I would stay over we would have a dance. I knew Uncle Hi would be against it, but it was worth an effort. The young people from the neighborhood were invited

and all was ready when the old man returned. After supper I had him cooped, trying to work into his good graces. He stood it all right till a young man with a fiddle under his arm walked in, then he kicked. We smoothed him down and started the dance and kept it up till midnight when we proposed to stop, but Uncle Hi said "we come to dance and we must dance it out." When we stopped the dance the sun was peeping in the windows. I did not get away that day, as the old man toted me over the country from one place to another, arriving home about sundown; and then I learned there was another dance on foot for the night which lasted till four o'clock in the morning. I turned in for sleep only to be aroused for an early breakfast, and I put in another day with the old gent. But late in the day I missed him and he did not show himself until after supper. He said he had been over to call on neighbor Johnson. The poor man was in a bad way and everybody worn out with watching, and he thought it my Christian duty to go and watch with the sick. It was a bitter dose, but I said I would try and stand it, and Uncle Hi went along to start me off right, and he so impressed me with the responsibilities of my position I was sure the man would die if I failed to dose him every hour. I attended strictly to business, nearer dead than alive, until near daybreak, when the relief came and I went over to Uncle Hi's and turned in and slept until supper time. As I tumbled into the room the old fellow was laughing enough to split his sides, and then I learned that I had been nursing a good, sound, healthy sleeper, and dosing him with sugar and water. Uncle Hi had it on me.

I got back to town the fifth day and had to do some tall talking to square myself with the boss.

Zeke's Valentine.

In my mail of Monday, February 15, I found the following letter and a neat little handkerchief with "I love U" worked in the corner. Caroline never gets left, even on Valentine's Day.

ZEKE.

HARDSCRABBLE, Feb. 14.
Deare Zeke:—Will U B sure an cum home next friday. Ikie run a sliver in his big to, Liz an her bo has had a fus and she wants you to bring her a Green ribbin for her hair; John Slims folks is got the hoopin cof and Kate Grunts baby is sick. Rashuns is short and I hav got the roolin pin tied up, I send U this little Valuntime to show u that my luv for u haint never growed cold ner flickered a bit, I don't much like fer u tu go off among so meny wimmen but u jist look at this letter and think of
Caroline

Notice to Taxpayers.

As all taxes for 1903 are past due, and I am forced to levy for collections, all those in arrears will take notice that they will save expenses by calling and settling at once. This is the last call.
J. C. KING,
Tax Collector.

New Way of Advertising.

New Firm.

New Prices.

We invite the attention of the people of the county to our stock of goods and especially want them to compare our prices with those of others. We have a good stock of general merchandise. We intend to advertise by selling our goods at such low prices that people will have to trade with us. "High quality and low prices" will be our motto.

Jenkins & Duckworth

Phone 20.

Pickelsimer Building.

Brevard Banking Company

STATEMENT JANUARY 2, 1904.

Capital	\$15,000.00	
Surplus	2,767.08	
Deposits	80,851.54	\$98,618.62
Loans	\$53,306.29	
Furniture	567.51	
Cash in other banks and in vault	44,744.82	\$98,618.62

J. F. HAYS, President.

THOS. H. SHIPMAN, Cashier.

NOTICE.

Weilt's Cash Store—Clearance Sale of Odds and Ends of Shoes, Dry Goods, Notions, etc. Will continue until March 27th, '04. We have big bargains. Overcoats must go now below cost.

Yours truly,

W. P. WEILT.