

Commissioner's Sale.

North Carolina—Transylvania County.

By virtue of the power given me as commissioner by the Superior Court of Transylvania County in a certain decree issued by the Clerk of said Court on the 7th day of December, 1903, in a special proceeding entitled Harriet Revis, Administratrix of J. E. Revis, deceased, vs. Joe Revis et al., I will sell, subject to cover, rights of Harriet Revis, widow, on the 7th day of March, at the first Monday in March, 1904, at the court house door in Brevard, N. C., at 12 o'clock m., to the highest bidder for cash, a 1/2 acre parcel of land lying in Hozlak Township, on the waters of Bear Camp creek and Coley's creek and being the land formerly owned by J. E. Revis. First tract lying on the waters of Bear Camp creek and bounded as follows: Beginning on a black oak and running with 45 deg east 127 poles to a stake; then south 50 deg west 127 poles to a stake; then north 50 deg west 127 poles to a stake; then north 50 deg east 127 poles to the beginning of the same tract and conveyed by deed from S. W. Red and wife to J. E. Revis on the 27th of Dec., 1876, and recorded in Book of Deeds No. 6, at page 34 of the deed records of Transylvania county. Second tract being State Grant No. 89, granted to J. E. Revis on the 18th day of Dec., 1874, and bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a large maple on the South Carolina line, between the Dodge Path, and runs north 5 deg west 1.0 poles to a stake; then south 5 deg west 3.7 poles to a stake; then north 5 deg west 100 poles to the beginning, containing 100 acres more or less. Sale made for the purpose of creating assets in the hands of the administratrix with which to pay debts. This January 17, 1904. WELCH GALLOWAY, Commissioner.

NOTICE TO NON-RESIDENTS.

North Carolina, Transylvania County, In the Superior Court, before the Clerk. W. W. Gravelly, et al., vs. J. B. Gravelly, J. M. Gravelly, M. J. Gravelly, and husband Gordon Gravelly, John B. Gravelly, Pen Ba Cain and husband Tom Cain, Ben Galloway, Steven Galloway, Earl Redmon, Mott Redmon, Lewis Redmon, Will Redmon, Bunyan Redmon, Lizzie Ellis and husband M. J. Ellis, Tu for Finley and husband Alexander Finley.

The defendants above named will take notice that an action entitled as above has been commenced in the Superior Court of Transylvania County before the Clerk for a sale and division of the lands of the late J. C. Gravelly and Margaret Gravelly, of Transylvania County, and lands lying on the head waters of East Fork of the North Broad river, and the said defendant with further take notice that they are required to appear at the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of Transylvania County—this day of February, 1904, and answer or appear to the said plaintiffs who will there be filed a bill of account or the relief there demanded will be granted to said plaintiffs as their petition may show. Clerk Superior Court. This 14th day of January, 1904.

NOTICE.

Having qualified as administrator of W. C. Fisher, deceased, late of Transylvania County, N. C., this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said W. C. Fisher to exhibit them to the undersigned on or before the 15th day of August, 1904, or this notice will be filed in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment. This August 12, 1903. RHODA E. FISHER, Administratrix. W. W. ZACHARY, Attorney.

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two coats to the gallon, that's what
THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINT will cover. And on a good surface it will cover more than that. No paint will do better, and very few paints will do as well. Maximum covering capacity, easiest spreading qualities, longest wear, and greatest economy are what we claim for S.W.P. It's the one safe paint to use. Always gives satisfaction.
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Hardware, Furniture and Paint Supplies.
Call and see our complete stock.
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At Cross Purposes

Mrs. C.—Very well! I shall tell them not to admit him.
Flor.—You are too late, my lady. He is coming up the stairs.
Mrs. C.—Those electric bells!
(A servant announces "The Hon. George Hilton.")
Mrs. C.—My dear Mr. Hilton, how good of you to keep your promise!
Flor.—And a promise made in the park, too.
Hil.—I am most pleased to find you in. Ah, that beautiful Persian kitten!
(Coaxing it.)
Tit.—Mew, mew!
Mrs. C.—And you love kittens?
Hil.—Well, love is rather a strange word.
Flor.—Of course it is. How absurd you are, mother dear!
Mrs. C.—Yes, love is a strange word, Mr. Hilton.

Mrs. C.—He hasn't called yet. He can't be going to disappoint us! And I told them to say I was not at home to anyone else.
Flor.—How nice of you, mother dear!
Mrs. C.—My dear child, you are very good to say so, even when there is danger of our not admitting Frank Romer.
Flor.—I don't care for Frank Romer.
Mrs. C.—Don't you, really? Then you needn't have given him four dances at the county ball.
Flor.—Now, Madame Propriety, don't throw stones, or I shall bring you to book for dancing two sets of Lancers, and—yes, actually—one waltz with the Honorable George at that self-same ball. At your age, too! I'm quite ashamed of you. When he calls this afternoon I shall give him a good scolding.
Mrs. C.—Florence, you are too flippant.

Flor.—So is Tittums, and so are you. We're all flippant? Aren't we, Tittums?
Tit.—Mew! mew!
Mrs. C.—When George Hilton arrives perhaps you would not mind leaving us alone for a few minutes?
Flor.—I was just about to ask you whether you couldn't find some pretext for being called away.
Mrs. C.—I?
Flor.—Well, you know, it's difficult when the dragon is present.

Mrs. C.—The dragon—difficult! What on earth do you mean?
Flor.—I mean that he might feel awkward even before you, dearest. Give me ten minutes.
Mrs. C.—You absurd child! Ha, ha, I begin to see. And so you actually have the effrontery to presume that our expected caller is coming here to propose for your hand?
Flor.—Well, what else could I assume? If not, why all this planning and scheming to get him here alone?
Mrs. C.—Florence, I am a widow.
Flor.—Yes, and a very respectable one. You'll be antique presently.

Mrs. C.—I am on the sunny side of forty.
Flor.—The days are getting terribly short, don't you think?
Mrs. C.—My glass tells me that I am still not devoid of attractions.
Flor.—Matronly attractions.
Mrs. C.—You yourself need a father's advice and counsel.
Flor.—A husband's.

Mrs. C.—No, a father's. I hope to be able to present you with such a father in—
Flor.—George Hilton?
Mrs. C.—The same.
Flor.—You absurd mother! Now I begin to understand. And so you actually have the effrontery to assume—
Mrs. C.—Silence, will you!
Flor.—No, I won't!

Mrs. C.—To have one's child turn upon one! It's unnatural!
Flor.—That a mother should try to mar her daughter's prospects—it's abominable.
Mrs. C.—A mere chit like you! Young enough to be his daughter!
Flor.—And you might have been his mother!
Tit.—Mew, mew!
Flor.—What does it want, the dear?
Mrs. C.—Your kitten thinks it's tea time. You can have yours in the breakfast-room.

Flor.—I shall have mine here.
Mrs. C.—So you insist?
Flor.—I do insist.
Mrs. C.—You will spoil the game for us both.
Flor.—I didn't know Mr. Hilton was a pheasant!

Hil.—I'm so sorry, and I heard you danced so well, too.
Flor.—Why weren't you there?
Hil.—Because I don't care for dancing now. Mr. Romer dances well, doesn't he?
Flor.—Pretty well.
Mrs. C.—Now that's not fair, Florrie. You never dance a second time with a bad dancer, and with Mr. Romer you—
Flor.—Mother, there's a spider in your hair.
Mrs. C.—A spider! O!
Hil.—I don't see it.
Flor.—It's off now.

Mrs. C.—Mrs. Crumhington, I want you to do me a favor.
Mrs. C.—It is granted.
Hil.—It may seem a great liberty to take on so short an acquaintance.
Mrs. C.—Had not Florence better leave the room?
Hil.—Why should she? My favor concerns her as much as yourself.
Flor. (aside)—I said so!
Mrs. C. (aside)—I knew it!
Hil.—Do you love this kitten very much?
Mrs. C.—As if one would be so foolish as to love a kitten!
Flor.—Of course not. It's a pretty plaything, that's all.

Tit.—Mew, mew!
Hil.—I know some one who is dying to possess such a kitten as this.
Mrs. C.—He may have this one with pleasure.
Hil.—Then you would really not mind parting with it?
Mrs. C. (aside)—What has this to do with it? (Aloud) Not in the least. Anything to oblige you, dear Mr. Hilton.

Hil.—How delightful of you! Then I will send Tittums out to Australia, if I may, by the very next boat. I hope you won't mind the voyage, Tittums!
Tit.—Mew, mew!
Mrs. C.—Send her wherever you like—to the north pole or the equator. And now, what is your favor? I am dying to grant it.
Hil.—You have granted it.
Flor.—What, Tittums?
Hil.—Yes, Tittums! Don't you think that's quite enough to ask for one afternoon, your generous beings?

Mrs. C.—So that's all?
Hil.—Quite!
A strained and desultory conversation follows for about five minutes. Hilton rises to go.
Mrs. C.—Good day, Mr. Hilton.
Flor.—Would it be too inquisitive to ask who is your Australian friend?
Hil.—Not at all. I hope to introduce her to you both some day.
Mrs. C.—Her!
Hil.—Yes, Miss Calthorpe—my fiancée.

Mrs. C.—Your fiancée!
Hil.—Didn't you know I was engaged? Well, it is rather a secret, but I don't mind telling you. She's the sweetest girl in the world, and I'm the luckiest man!
Mrs. C. (jelly)—How charming! Good afternoon.
Flor.—Really, Mr. Hilton, it seems terribly ungracious, but I don't think I could part with Tittums. She is my own little kitten, and has wound herself round my heart. Haven't you, darling?
Tit.—Mew, mew!
Hil.—As you please, Miss Crumhington; but I wish you hadn't raised my hopes to dash them. Good afternoon. (Exit.)

Flor.—Raised his hopes to dash them, indeed!
Mrs. C.—My dear, the man's a beast!
Tit.—Mew, mew!—black and white.

Cheap Settlers' Tickets.

On the first and third Tuesdays of each month till April, 1904, the Frisco System (Saint Louis and San Francisco Railroad) will sell reduced one-way and round-trip tickets from Birmingham, Memphis and Saint Louis to points in Arkansas, Kansas, Missouri, Oklahoma, Indian Territory and Texas. Write W. T. Saunders, Gen. Pass. Agt., Atlanta, Ga.

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BREVARD, N. C.

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somewhere within the circle of its influence

Free of Cost to Winner

The question of what building shall be painted will be decided by the votes of subscribers to the News, as follows:

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" " " 6 months " " 16 " Each copy of the paper during the contest will contain a coupon good for one vote.

When these coupons are voted they are deposited in a locked ballot-box, the key of which is in the possession of Superior Court Clerk T. T. Loftis, and the box will not be opened until the contest closes. No changes can be made after vote is cast.

Contest opened Feb. 1 and will close April 30 at midnight. A disinterested committee will count the ballots and declare the winner as early in May as possible—date to be published later.

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