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Brevard, N. C.

## Buttercups And Daisies

By Kate M. Cleary

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Jocelyn glanced at the tiny clock on her dresser.

"Seven ten!" she said. "I'll have time to answer that letter after I get the dishes washed!"

Her task was accomplished with brisk dexterity. To be sure, there were not many dishes to be washed—one cup, one saucer, one spoon, one plate, one knife, one fork.

"Quite an old maid's outfit!" she said, with a little grimace as she rinsed out the diminutive teapot and set it on the shelf with the china. "Now to tell Ned, dear old Ned, that—that oh, how would a girl in a story refuse to marry a man that was quite the best fellow she knew, only—only!"

She read Edward Ford's letter through again, as though seeking some suggestion as to the most delicate and decisive manner in which she could decline his proposal.

It was a charming letter—simple, manly and straightforward. He loved her—he had always loved her. She must know that. There never had been another girl for him. There never could or would be while life lasted, whether she made him happy or bade him wait or—even should she answer no. He had wanted to speak when she came up to work in the city, but had not felt free to do so, having others dependent upon him. But now that his dear mother's sufferings were ended and that his sister had married and possessed a home of her own he was able to follow the dictates of his heart. The old place needed a mistress. It was very beautiful just then, he added. The syringa hedge was white with blossom. You couldn't see the road for the clematis and seven sisters rose across the porch.

The girl, sitting at the window of the lodging house, looked out at the dirty Nottingham lace curtains of the lodging house across the street and then afar over a wilderness of irregular brick walls and smoking chimneys with eyes grown suddenly wistful. How she hated it all! Even if she could keep this fresh and dainty—this tiny room she called her own!

Maplewild! The big, comfortable country house, set back in rich orchard lands! She used to laugh at the quaint, prim, low coiled rooms, with their air of rigid order, of sedateness. Now she fancied them as a sweet, cool refuge. If there were only some fresh swisses and silkoline draperies around, and magazines, and a lot of light, cretonne pillows, what an ideal home it would be! She would do the dining room in yellow, as it was on the north side of the house, and—

The clanging gong of a fire engine passing in the street below startled her from her dream. She straightened up with a little jerk and glanced around the shabby little room, with the crude paper, the aggressive carpet, the cheap pine furniture, and her trunk in the corner. It was here she was going to remain—here. She had no intention of marrying Ned Ford. So she hastily dipped her pen in the ink bottle on the window sill, steadied her portfolio on her knee and began to write:

Dear Ned—I have your letter, and I'm sorry, sorry, so sorry you wrote it! Not that I don't want you to be fond of me. I do. It seems sometimes as if I'm millions of miles away from every one who ever cared a pin for me. But it isn't any use your loving me—that way. Don't think there's any one else. There isn't. Two men have asked me the same question since I've been earning my living in town. But I couldn't care for either the tiniest bit. And I do care for you—only, not in the way I ought to if—

She shot a look at the little clock—jumped to her feet.

"Seven ten, still!" She grabbed her hat, hastily put it on, adjusted her veil with a glance at the pretty, pale face that looked back at her from the glass with quite a frightened expression, and caught up her gloves.

"Mercy! I must have forgotten to wind the clock. I was so tired last night. I'll be late as sure as fate!"

The cars were crowded, and she had to stand all the way to the store. She was late and was not only docked, but received a reprimand from the head of the department. There was a convention of some sort in town, and the great establishment was thronged with sight-seers and shoppers. The heat of the day increased, and what with the close, sultry warmth, the worry over the episode of the morning and the incessant demands upon her attention a splitting headache began to torture the girl. She found it hard to retain her usual calm courtesy of manner when a fashionably dressed woman upon whom she had been waiting announced loudly and with a suspicious glance in her direction that she had missed her pocketbook.

"I had it a moment ago. I just laid it down here!" she explained to the floorwalker who had hurried up. "This young lady was waiting on me!"

"It may have been taken to the lost and found department. If you will come with me, madam."

She reluctantly accompanied him. And when a few minutes later she re-passed the counter carrying her reclaimed property the look she sent Jocelyn Duane was as vindictive as though she still harbored doubt of her innocence.

"Pleasant life, this!" the girl murmured. Being independent was not all it was cracked up to be she was deciding when a gentle voice spoke, "Gloves—5 $\frac{3}{4}$ !"

"Yes, madam! What shade do you pre?"

"Goodness," cried the new customer, "if it isn't Jocelyn Duane!"

A plump little woman, holding a plump little baby, sat beside the counter. The wholesome tan of the country was on her cheek, and the joy of living shone in her soft brown eyes.

"Why, Mary Andrews!" Jocelyn greeted her gladly. "It does seem good to see any one from Maplewild! I heard you were married soon after I left. And this is your child? What a darling!"

"Isn't he!" said the mother proudly. "John thinks there never was such a boy. He came up to the convention, and of course we had to come along. You look awfully stylish, Jocelyn—and pretty. You're prettier than ever. But—my, you're thin!"

"How is every one at Maplewild?" Jocelyn asked hastily, busying herself with the gloves.

"Blooming—all that are left. We've had some deaths, you know. Poor Mrs. Ford is gone. They do say that Ellie Moore would willingly be mistress of Ned's fine old house now!"

"Ellie Moore!" repeated Jocelyn. She flushed hotly. There was a queer ache in her throat. What right had Ellie Moore—or any other girl—

"She's a rich girl—and not bad looking! Tan, please! How queer it seems to be buying gloves from you! Yes, those will do. I must hurry. This young man is getting impatient. I suppose you'll never condescend to come to Maplewild again, Jocelyn?"

Jocelyn laughed in a sudden, breathless, happy fashion.

"Perhaps I shall!" she said. When she opened the door of her ugly little room that evening a miracle of loveliness met her gaze. In the pitcher on the window sill was an immense bunch of daisies and buttercups—a blaze of snow and gold.

"A splendid looking young gentleman brought them," the maid said when questioned. "He said I was to put them in water in your room. And he left a card with writing on."

Jocelyn's tired face glowed as she read the penciled lines:

I couldn't bear to read your answer. I followed my letter in person. Will call at 8 this evening.

Jocelyn went to her portfolio, took out a half written sheet of note paper and tore it into minute pieces. Then she knelt down by the window and laid her hot cheek against the cool velvet of the flowers. And all the dull, monotonous, dreary present fell away from her. She was not an independent young working woman. She was a happy girl again among the fields at home—loved, admired, protected.

Such magic had they wrought!

And when she dressed herself in her prettiest gown of blue and silver it was a girl with starry eyes and rose red cheeks who smiled proudly back at her from the mirror.

"Ellie Moore," she said—"Ellie Moore, indeed! The very idea!"

She looked so radiant and so lofty when she swept into the parlor that the stalwart young fellow striding across the room to meet her felt his heart sink.

"Jocelyn," he said, "I've come for my answer."

She smiled tenderly and touched the blooms thrust in her belt.

"Oh, Jocelyn!" he whispered, his eyes kindling. "Oh, Jocelyn—dearest!"

**The Worst Wind of the World.**

"What is the worst wind of the world?" said the captain of a trading ship that pokes her nose in almost every spot of the world during her curious wanderings. "Well, I'll tell you first of other winds, so as to lead up to it artistically. I've been through a Kamechatka, which is what they call the storms of that country, and I've seen it blow drifts fifty feet high in an hour. I put in three days in a typhoon, which is the great-grandfather of all the hurricanes. It blew every sail out of the bolt ropes and swept the deck so clean that it looked as if it had been scraped. Down in St. Vincent, in the West Indies, I lay on the beach during a West Indian hurricane, the black storm that sweeps over the Caribbean, and I had to dig my hands into the earth to hold tight.

"But worse than all these is the wind that they call the woolly, or the willy, or the willy willy, according to locality. You get it at its best in the strait of Magellan, but a great part of the country around the southern end of the south temperate regions enjoys its blessings."—New York Press.



Open the door and let me in  
To those great bargains when they begin.

Every morning by 6 o'clock you will see on that union platform in front of T. W. Whitwire's general store great crowds of people dancing, playing and singing

"Open the door and let me in  
To the great bargains when they begin!"

Now I wish to say it is not the good looks of myself or clerks that draws these great crowds—it's the quality of goods I handle. You can't get better dress goods, ready-made clothing in men's, boys' and children's suits, the same in overcoats, also cravette rain coats, in any town than at my place in Brevard. Another thing that causes the rush is the line of men, women and children's shoes and overshoes I carry. Nothing in town to half-way compare with them. Men's fine hats, shirts and ties as nice as a pin.

My grocery trade has been up to the dot this summer and I have no reason to believe but what it will continue this fall. Good, healthy stuff that has stood the test will sell any time in the year. My stock of everything in general merchandise is about one-third larger than ever before. Now we want everybody to trade with us and get our free stamps. Several have received their premiums and they are well pleased. Come join in the chorus—"Open the door and let me in."

Respectfully,

**T. W. WHITWIRE**

To My Friends and Customers . . .

And I feel that you should all be that.

I want to tell you of some things I like and some I don't like, and I want you all to notice carefully. I like when I serve my customers to the best of my ability for them to appreciate it and pay me according to the service they expect. I like for my customers to anticipate their needs and not wait until the meal is on the table to order coffee or some other article and then expect it delivered at once, for oftentimes it is an impossibility to do so. I like to serve people who know what they want and who know how to appreciate a kindness when they receive one. I like promptness on both sides and all the time. And I do like money and would like to give some people credit for good large amounts.

But I don't like to tear down my goods and cut samples for people who are not regular customers and who at the time don't expect to buy—especially when others are waiting. I don't like for any one to tell me they can do so and so somewhere else, as I am not doing other people's business. I don't like for people to go somewhere else and spend their money and then come to me for credit. I don't like for people to tell me they can do a thing when they don't mean to or can't do it. But if you are honest and want to do right and are willing to live and let live, come along and I will promise to treat you better than those who feed you on taffy with one hand while they gouge you with the other. Respectfully,

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