

Sylvan Valley News

Our County—Its Progress and Prosperity the First Duty of a Local Paper.

MINER & BREESE.

BREVARD, TRANSYLVANIA COUNTY, N. C., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1905.

Dunns Rock Lodge No. 267

A. F. & A. M.
Meets Friday on or before the full moon in each month, at 2 p. m. Visiting Masons are cordially invited to meet with us, sptly
WM. MAXWELL, Sec'y.

Conestee Lodge No. 237,

I. O. O. F.
Meets every Monday night at 8 o'clock. Visiting brothers are cordially invited to visit us.
T. D. ENGLAND, N. G.

Transylvania Lodge No. 143,

Knights of Pythias
Regular convention every Tuesday night in Masonic Hall. Visiting Knights are cordially invited to attend.
W. E. BREESE Jr., C. C.

Brevard Telephone Exchange.

HOURS:
Daily—7 a. m. to 10 p. m.
Sunday—8 to 10 a. m., 4 to 6 p. m.
Central Office—McMinn Block.

Professional Cards.

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Rooms 7 & 8, McMinn Bld'g, Brevard, N. C.

W. B. DUCKWORTH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Investigation of Land Titles a Specialty.
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ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
Offices in McMinn Block, Brevard, N. C.

WELCH GALLOWAY,
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Satisfaction Guaranteed in all Operations. \$29⁰⁰

The Ethelwold
Brevard's New Hotel—Modern Apartments—Open all the year.
The patronage of the traveling public as well as summer tourists is solicited.
Opp. Court House, Brevard, N. C.

Galloway, Duckworth & Co.,
REAL ESTATE DEALERS,
Rooms 3 and 4, McMinn Block, Brevard, N. C.
Buy and sell all kinds of Real Estate.
Collect rents, and attend to property when owner is absent.
Farming and Timber Lands a Specialty.

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BUILDERS' HARDWARE
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Mowers, Rakes, Corn Cutters
and Grain Drills.
Cor. Main and Caldwell BREVARD, N. C.

Treasures of Brookmere
By MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS
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"Jessamine, come in at once!" Mrs. Brookmere called acidly from the west porch. As her granddaughter rose obediently, but with a little impatient sigh, her companion, Austin Wills, whistled softly, then said:

"Jessamine! What a wax Madam Brookmere must be in! You're always Sunbeam and Fairy and Bright Eyes when she's in a good humor."

"That is to say when the Beveridge thing is around," Jessamine said, with a shrug. "She is in a wax—she always is when you come—and she feels in her bones when you are coming."

"H-m-m! I ought to be flattered, but I'm not the least bit," Austin answered, also rising and catching Jessamine's hand. She looked aghast, but he kept sturdily at her side until they were facing Jessamine's dragon. Then he said, with his best flourish: "Oh, Madam Brookmere, I have brought this young person to tell you why she can't possibly come in. She is to go rowing with me. We will be back by late tea time. The afternoon is too heavenly to be wasted on land."

"Jessamine, go upstairs and fetch my embroidery. Be sure you don't forget my glasses," madam said, as though the young man had not spoken. Jessamine made to obey, but Wills held her back. He lifted his hat to the elder lady, turned and walked off, saying over his shoulder: "Send the maid up, madam. It's bad luck to turn back. I can't allow Miss Jessamine to risk spoiling our cruise."

"Oh, what will she do to me?" Jessamine cried as they hurried away. Madam had been too paralyzed by Wills' audacity to say a word. Austin drew Jessamine's hand farther over his arm and smiled down at her, saying: "I hope it will be 'out of my house, ingrate!' Then, you see, you will have to come to my house whether or no."

"Mercy, you do take a lot on yourself!" Jessamine said, pulling away her hand, her eyes dancing wickedly. "I begin to fear, Mr. Wills, that you have taken our little affair seriously."

"Isn't it to be taken seriously? Really you lift a weight off my conscience," Wills interrupted in her own tone; then, after a chuckle: "Jess, I must lecture you—point out the sinful folly of your course. Here you might be, by taking pains and showing yourself properly devout and submissive, Mrs. Beveridge—possibly Mrs. Bishop Beveridge—I really believe the gentleman has it in him to go high ecclesiastically, he's so suave and silken, just the sort to worm himself into the minds of rich churchmen, not to mention their check books. Yet you are passing him up—passing up the chance of a lifetime—for the sake of—"

"A very commonplace sinner," Jessamine broke in.

Wills gave her a look of pained surprise. "I was going to say 'for the sake of having your own willful way,'" he protested.

It was early afternoon, and the long, smooth river reach, flecked with sun and shade, mirrored perfectly the summer world either side. Jessamine lunged over the boat side, staring at her own image. Austin watched her with happy eyes, but after a little he drew her upright, saying softly: "Vanity, thy name is Jessamine. I can't have another case of Narcissus and his image upon my conscience."

"Really! Have you a conscience?" Jessamine retorted.

"Pirates even have consciences—about some things," Austin answered, shipping his oars and letting the boat drift toward the other bank. "For example, it goes against their consciences to let treasure manifestly within reach go to some other fellow. That other pirate, Beveridge, shan't have the treasure of Brookmere."

"What is the treasure of Brookmere?" Jessamine asked demurely. "How much is it worth? And how are you going to save it from clerical clutches?"

"Let me see. I believe the Brookmere rating is about three millions," Austin answered reflectively, but with a twinkle of the eye, "handy millions at that," he went on, "all in gilt edged securities. If you were more than a baby, Jess, you would see a little beyond the end of your nose. Blis-

op-to-be Beveridge did want you—in fact, he still wants you, being a man of taste, for all his sins."

"Thanks!" Jessamine interrupted. Wills shook his head at her.

"He wanted you rather badly, but not so badly as he wanted the Brookmere money. And that he means to have—in spite of our teeth. Madam is only sixty and young for her years!"

"You can't mean he is trying to marry her?" Jessamine cried, aghast.

Wills nodded. "That's his present laudable aim. Therefore he would like nothing better than to have us openly defy madam. Our elopement would be a trump card for him. Now, although we are not mercenary, neither are we destitute of common prudence. Three millions, or even one or two, might come in handy a heap of times. Moreover, we owe madam a certain duty. We can only discharge it by meeting guile with guile. That means, in plain English, you have got to turn from your evil way of preferring my company and smile instead upon the bishop to be!"

"I don't understand. How will that help?" Jessamine asked in bewilderment.

"He is mighty near committed to madam. Wait until he is quite committed, then do your best to take him away from her. You can do it, never fear. He's human, if he is a preacher, and no mere man yet born of woman is able to stand against you!"

"Thank you again," Jessamine said, tossing her head. "Oh, I want that clump of cardinal flower," leaning as she spoke toward the shelving shore.

Wills shook his head. "Snakes!" he said laconically, speaking very loud; then, in a low aside: "There's where we quarrel, Jess. Insist upon getting out. The bishop to be is coming down the path."

"Oh, Mr. Beveridge," Jessamine called eagerly, "do come and pick some flowers for me. I want to pick them myself, but I find I am a prisoner," with a withering glance at Wills.

Beveridge ran down to the water's edge. "Won't you let me rescue you?" he cried, holding out his hand. "Jump! I promise you shall get nothing worse than a pair of wet feet by it."

"She needn't have even them," Wills said boorishly. "If you'll agree to see her to the house I'll be glad enough to put her ashore. Not in the humor for walking myself and still less for botanizing."

Half an hour later Mrs. Brookmere was surprised and, if truth must be spoken, not wholly pleased to see Jessamine sauntering home, her hands full of scarlet bloom, with the Rev. Bewly Beveridge at her elbow. Now the minister had been madam's own companion all through the earlier afternoon, and, though he had not said much—quite too little to make madam aware of her own state of mind—he had looked unutterably things. She had found the looking pleasant—she was of the women made to be married, childless, although she had buried three husbands, and still possessed of an alert and lively vanity. She liked to see her name at the head of lists of patronesses, especially missionary and rescue bands. Further, flattery was meat her soul loved to feed on. The Rev. Bewly had found that out at about the second minute and acted upon the knowledge. Indeed, his mind was pretty well made up to marry her before the interview ended. But then he had not seen Jessamine in this mood. Jessamine upset his calculations; she fairly swept him off his feet.

Madam was sadly puzzled throughout the next week. Wills haunted the house as much as ever, though Jessamine openly flouted him, at the same time smiling sly propitiation at the bishop to be. He also was in a maze. Jessamine's encouragement was too elusive to warrant giving over his pursuit of madam, yet sufficiently unsettling to make him at times distrust Wills glared at him and ostentatiously ignored him. It was that which gave him the strongest hope. Wills must be jealous—madly jealous. If only Beveridge had never begun to court that old woman! She was in the beginning eager to play fairy godmother. It was sickening to feel that he had disturbed this pious purpose, making the lady feel that she was not too old to inspire grand passion number four. Presently he began to see light. He would have it out with Jessamine—ask her plumply to be Mrs. Beveridge, and, if she said "yes," go to madam for her blessing, along with an apocryphal tale of a distant wooer ready to sue for her hand. He could make it appear he had been finding out her mind toward a fourth marriage. It would go hard with him, but that somewhere he

would find a man to make good. Indeed, providentially he already knew the man—a college president, poor and pious, entitled to write half the alphabet after his name in honorary distinctions, with children all safely married, and much in want of a good home. So he went straight to Jessamine, begging her to sing to him. The music room was at the very end of the house, thus well apart. There was small chance of interruption. All the rest were busy with games or flirting or walking the flower garden under a white moon.

Jessamine went with him, was high headed and joyous. At the of the parlors she waved him for running back herself upon so grand he did not understand. Ever it was, she did it very. He had hardly found the wanted when she was beside him and began to sing very

watched her with but breath coming hard at made to rise he put her and gathered her ing hoarsely: "Jessamine you make music for me unless you do my life will be wasted."

"You—you are not in earnest!" Jessamine said, slipping from his arms and averting her face. "You, who are so great, so wise, so good, need another sort of wife—somebody who can help you. I—I should be only a burden."

"A blessed burden, and I shall rejoice to carry," Beveridge said, trying to take her hand. She drew away from him, saying as though in despair: "You—you are playing with me. You really want grandmother!"

"Grandmother! Oh, you jealous darling! How dare you name anything so preposterous?" Beveridge said, catching both her hands. "Grandmother is the most estimable of old ladies, but even if I knew she would take me I could not think of marrying her—not for all the money in the world."

"H-m-m! You've been trying to do it for a very moderate part of the money," grandmother said, stepping through the French window upon Austin Wills' arm. After one look at her the Rev. Bewly Beveridge stepped out through the same window. He knew the treasures of Brookmere were wholly lost to him, no matter how they were reckoned.

Capital punishment is not Russia's barbarism. The assassin of De Plehve got off with a life sentence and his accomplice with twenty years. Great and good men in this country have pleaded for the abolition of the gallows and the electrical chair, yet there is a strong underlying sentiment in favor of capital punishment for attempt to assassinate the president.

Piped the pessimist: "I don't approve of these costly public improvements. Good money is wasted and the people robbed." Observed the optimist, "Sorry to hear you run on like that, for I was just going to ask you to go halves on a fat public contract that's just been awarded me." Chuckled the convert, "Oh, that's different!"

The Wilkesbarre cat which is raising a family of rabbits adds to the popular suspicion that the rabbit of commerce and of the restaurants is a not too remote relative of the feline family.

It is reported that the Swiss bride of Gladstone Dowie, formerly known as the "unkissed," has left him. Perhaps if his early education in the art of love making had been more extensive his honeymoon would not have been so short.

Santa Claus must have had a crowded hour at the home of that Mormon witness who testified before the senate investigating committee that he had so many children that he couldn't remember their number.

Wood alcohol has claimed ten more victims, these in Kentucky. The "revenues" must have been unusually successful lately in closing moonshine stills.

One beneficent result of recent frenzied finance is that a good many "small speculators" have learned to keep out of Wall street.

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Mr. Hamilton also reviewed the establishment of the claims departments of the railway companies, crediting them with having done much to appease popular wrath over unavoidable accidents. The railroads have learned that it pays to settle just claims promptly and amicably rather than to fight all claims without discrimination. The old system, he said, raised great prejudice against the railroads, the minds of jurors even were predisposed against the railroads, and the political aspirant had to give promise of antagonism against them whether they were right or wrong.

Of the railway hospital service Mr. Hamilton said:

The maintenance of hospitals by the railroads is calculated to bring about a better feeling and, on the railroad's point of view, prevents the victim of an accident from falling into the hands of unscrupulous lawyers and makes the matter of a just settlement of damages more easy of adjustment. Under this system the railroads give every aid and assistance to the injured and thereby establish friendly relations between the public and the railroad.

Never in the history of New York city's charitable institutions have there been so many unemployed men to care for as at present. This is a pity; but, just the same, there was good land within a few hours' ride of the metropolis untilled the past season because the unemployed couldn't be hired to work it at living wages for the year round.

Just as the agitation for pure food laws is on in this country many merchants and manufacturers in Germany are protesting against the stringent and arbitrary regulations in force there to safeguard the purity of foodstuffs, medicines and liquors. Complaint is made that the wording of the law is at fault.

Oxford university in rejecting the proposal to exempt candidates for mathematical and natural science honors from the compulsory study of Greek retains its reputation as the headquarters of conservatism.

Mother's Favorite.
The soothing and healing properties of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, its pleasant taste and prompt and permanent cures have made it a favorite with people everywhere. It is especially prized by mothers of small children, for colds, croup and whooping cough, as it always affords quick relief, and as it contains no opium or other harmful drug, it may be given as confidently to a baby as to an adult. For sale by Z. W. Nichols Brevard and O. L. Erwin Calvert.