

Sylvan Valley News

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

MINER & BREESE.

BREVARD, TRANSYLVANIA COUNTY, N. C., FRIDAY, APRIL 21, 1905.

VOL. X—NO. 16

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.
W. M. 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.
D. B. HANCOCK, N. G.

Transylvania Lodge No. 143,

Knights of Pythias
Regular convention every Tuesday night in Masonic Hall. Visiting Knights are cordially invited to attend.
WELCH CALLOWAY, 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.

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

W. B. DUCKWORTH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Investigation of Land Titles a Specialty.
Rooms 1 and 2, Pickelsimer Building.

ZACHARY & BREES
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
Offices in McMinn Block, Brevard, N. C.

WELCH CALLOWAY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Practices in all the courts
Rooms 9 and 10, McMinn Block.

Miscellaneous.

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.

J. A. MILLER
BUILDERS' HARDWARE
and Building Materials.

Dressed Lumber Plastering Hair
Laths Cement
Shingles Lime
Sash Ready Roofing
Doors Glass
Blinds Putty
Locks Sash Locks
Hinges Window Lifts
Window Pulleys Sash Cord and Weights

McCormick
Reapers and Binders
Mowers, Rakes, Corn Cutters
and Grain Drills.

Cor. Main and Caldwell BREVARD, N. C.
Administrator's Notice.
Having qualified as administrator of R. S. McKelvy, deceased, late of Transylvania county, N. C., this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned on or before the 15th day of February, 1906, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment. This 15th day of February, 1905.
W. H. MCKELVY, Administrator.

WHEN CUPID PERCHED

By Ruby Douglas
Copyright, 1905, by Ruby Douglas

"On your left you see the home of the late Cornelius Vanderbilk," bawled the man through the megaphone as the big electric coach rolled up Fifth avenue.

Like an awkward squad obeying "left dress" the occupants of the sightseeing coach turned in the direction of the great red mansion. Suppressed expressions of awe were clearly depicted on their faces.

Georgia Winterton, perched on the end of the back seat, smothered a laugh and prayed that the man would not relate the story of the late owner's life.

A young man, clearly impressed by Georgia's prettiness and the natty fashion in which she carried her blue serge suit, swore softly to himself at the appearance of a few flakes of snow on his coat. He was afraid they would multiply and drive the very attractive young person below with her fellow women passengers.

"Before you behold Central park," the guide yelled, impressed with his own importance in imparting such a startling piece of information.

"No one would ever have guessed it," commented Georgia mentally, trying her veil more closely about her face. The wind was turning chilly.

One by one the women sought the inner recesses of the coach and Georgia was the only girl on top. Secretly the man beside her admired her pluck in braving the now fast falling snowflakes. He fancied she must be from the west, where a snowstorm is a common occurrence, deserving a notice.

"The zoo," called the man with the megaphone, pointing to the section of the park inhabited by animals, birds and waterfowl.

An energetic little flurry of wind and snow blew the ends of Georgia's veil across the young man's face.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," apologized Georgia, with a dazzling smile. "My veil wants to interfere with your sightseeing."

"Don't apologize; but won't you exchange seats with me? It is not so windy here on the inside," he said, rising and proffering a steady hand.

"Thank you," Georgia replied, making the change, with a frank smile of relief.

Through the megaphone the man was imparting wonderful bits of information about the park. He told them everything they had known for years, things they had learned in their geographies at school and things that had been told them by every one who had ever visited the city. When they came to anything really interesting the man was silent, saving up his breath for the next world renowned object for inspection.

Miss Georgia was wondering if the young man was properly impressed by the sights. The young man was speculating as to whether she was highly entertained by the valuable information bawled from the horn. Finally a negative answer to his soliloquy came to him intuitively.

"You know this park is right in the center of the island," he said.

"Yes," Georgia was politely interested.

"It seems truly wonderful to think of all this greenness—it's green in summer, you know," laughed the man, noting his own brilliant statement. "In the heart of so great a city as New York."

Georgia feigned enlightenment.

"Oh, do you live here?" she asked, appeasing her conscience with the belief that sightseeing gave certain privileges among fellow tourists. It was for their mutual education that they were conversing.

"No—Pittsburg—but I've been here often before. My sister went to school back there on Fifth avenue, at Mrs. Finisem's."

"Oh, no! So did I! What?"—Georgia hesitated. She had been about to ask him the name of his sister, and that—well, that was equivalent to asking his own name. Even a mutual sightseeing expedition would not excuse that.

The man observed her hesitation and misconstrued her meaning. Perhaps she did not want to know his name.

"You might have known Bess," he said tactfully. Without directly ask-

ing her he had thrown out a lead which she could follow if she chose.

"Bess Burruss?" asked Georgia, unable to suppress her delight at having found the brother of the girl whose address she had been wanting for days.

"The same," replied the man.

"Oh, I know a man who is dreadfully in love with her, and she would not promise to write to him, believing he was—oh, a man who said pretty polite things to every girl, and that he did not mean them at all."

"Ah, ha! I believe my sister had some lovelinking sprinkled in with her educational retouching," laughed the man.

Now, how was he going to find out her name? Perhaps his sister had spoken of her. But no, surely he would have felt a thrill had she done so. Surely he would have felt the proximity of his fate. How he loved snowstorms and sightseeing parties! How jolly grateful he was for three hours to kill before taking his train for Pittsburg. He had happened along by the Flatiron building just in time for the sightseeing coach to suggest itself as a time killer.

They had forgotten all about the man with the megaphone.

"You—you are visiting here?" asked the man.

"Oh, I live in the city!" Georgia watched the interrogation mark plant itself in the man's eyes. Why was she on a sightseeing coach if she lived here? But he said not a word.

"I just came out for a look," said the girl. "I have often wondered what it was like when I've watched these cars roll along filled with open mouthed strangers."

"Was I open mouthed?" asked the man.

"No."

"I'm just killing time till train time," he said.

"And you'll remember me to your sister when you get there?" Georgia suggested, with mischief in her eyes.

"Just remind her of the girl whom I met on the touring coach?" he laughed. "She'll know definitely who you are," he added, with good humored sarcasm.

"Morning-side park!" cried the man. "Columbia college?"

"Isn't he a wonder?" asked Georgia, seizing the opportunity to box his question.

"Perhaps he isn't lonely in his wonderfulness," said the man briefly.

Georgia looked at him. "No? Well, well, I'm Georgia Claire Winterton—Georgia for short. Let me impress upon you the fact that at Mrs. Finisem's school we did not learn to talk to strange men on sightseeing coaches in snowstorms, but—"

"But what?"

"Well, you see, my veil blew in your face, and I had to apologize, and—then—neither of us was a bit interested in the returns from the megaphone, and—well, we drifted into the acquaintance. Didn't we?"

"We did," said the man emphatically. "And so soon as I can get home Bess will write to you, and I fancy you'd like her awfully if you knew her better."

"Oh!" Georgia elevated her finely marked brows.

"Grant's tomb!" yelled the man. "Any one who wishes to may get out and inspect it. General Grant's body lies in the tomb, and that of his wife."

But Georgia and Bess Burruss' brother were drifting.

"And I shall certainly tell her that the young man—"

"My cousin, Jack Clayton,"

"That Mr. Clayton never says pretty things unless he means them."

"Thanks. That's very good of you. And now, as our house is just below here, would you ask that man to drop me?"

"Oh, I say, we've got Wall street and the Battery yet!"

"I wasn't after sights—just a new sensation, and I've had it."

The man from Pittsburg tried to look into her eyes. She was gathering her skirts in her hand. The big sightseeing coach was stopping before a granite mansion.

"And when I come to New York again may I—"

"I really think you ought to look Jack over—just in a brotherly way. He lives with us. Goodby."

Now that his horses have been barred from the Newmarket track because he had the temerity to bid against the king in an equine auction sale, Mr. Croker finds that living in a monarchy has its disadvantages.

Cuba's Bright Outlook.

Frank Steinhart, United States consul general at Havana, in a report to the state department makes some interesting statements regarding the progress of the new republic of Cuba. The receipts of the government for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1904, were \$20,112,241.10 and the expenses \$17,220,558.10. The balance in the treasury, including \$2,963,639.37 on hand July 1, 1903, was \$5,860,372.37. Payments of interest had been met on the \$35,000,000 of bonds floated to pay the army of independence and on the \$3,000,000 Cuban junta bonds issued during the revolution, the total public debt of the island, and the bonds were selling above par.

The exports of the island for the calendar year 1903 were \$78,486,499 as against \$64,948,894 for 1902. Returns for the fiscal year have not yet been completed. Of the exports \$61,134,902 went to the United States.

Cuba has now 573 miles of public railways and a great number of plantation railways, which import a large amount of American steel and railway supplies. The Havana electric railway operates a mileage of 48.22 and gives excellent service. The telegraph service is extensive and good, the rates being about the same as those of telegraph companies in the United States. Telephone lines are in operation in all the larger cities and towns. Three cable lines connect the island with the outside world, and one runs around the island. Steamships of twelve companies stop regularly at Cuban ports.

The cleanliness indicated and enforced during the period of military occupation is strictly adhered to, and the sanitary condition of the country is constantly improving. The water systems of the large cities are satisfactory, particularly that at Havana, which carries the purest water to the city from the springs of Vento, nine miles distant, through the magnificent Isabela II. aqueduct.

Life and property in Cuban cities and towns are well protected by the municipal police forces. The maintenance of safety in country districts and along highways is intrusted to the rural guard, a fine body of men, well mounted and equipped and numbering 1 chief, 163 officers and 2,885 men. It is planned to increase the number of men to 4,000.

Flattery of Our "New Generation."

The studied neglect on the part of Europe for all things American is a bygone and one we can well afford to let be a bygone if Frau Bertha von Suttner of Austria represents the best opinion over the water. Frau von Suttner was the Austrian delegate to the peace congress last year and since her return to Europe has been opening the eyes of the continent to some truths about American people, their ideals and institutions. She says:

The new generation which is growing up over there, with their slender, tall, muscular figures, their minds thirsting for knowledge, their refined manners—what this generation will show the world is certain to justify the expressions used recently with regard to the United States by some foreign writers—the land of the future, the land of unlimited possibilities, almost the land of impossibilities overcome.

The good qualities praised by Frau von Suttner are not of recent development. However, it would be foolish to look back to the past if our youngsters are to be estimated with common sense and fairness across the water. Better late than never.

There is nothing suspicious in the fact that the title of "general" is so often brought before the public eye in one way or another these days. There were over 2,000 generals commissioned in the Federal army alone during the civil war. The Confederacy was not stingy about general commissions either. Then there are the regular army, the Spanish war volunteers, the provisional army of the Philippines and the militia of all the states. Every two or three years each of the forty-five new state administrations appoints two or more staff officers with the rank of general. The title sticks upon whom it once lights, the same as "colonel" and "judge" in the south, but with better reason, for as a rule it is legitimate.

THE CHILDREN OF DREYFUS.

Singular Manner in Which They Discovers the Truth About Their Father.

A pathetic incident connected with the Dreyfus trial is given by the Paris correspondent of London Truth.

Among the anxieties of the wife of the persecuted man not the least was her fear that her children should learn the terrible fate of their father. To prevent this, during all the years of his imprisonment, she kept them under her own eye, not allowing them to go to school or play with other children, teaching them herself and going with them in their walks. The eldest boy, who was nine years of age, never saw a newspaper.

But while they were at the seaside the boy found on the beach a torn kite made of old newspapers. He read them and went to his nurse.

"Ah, now I know why my papa is so long gone!" he said, showing them an article headed: "Facts of the Dreyfus Affair."

"There are many Dreyfuses in Paris," the woman stammered.

"But not many Capt. Alfred Dreyfuses whose wives are named Lucie. I know now why she cries at night!" cried the boy, sobbing. "She should have told me so that I could go to help my father."

In the sufferings of this man, so great that the world has stood aghast before them as at a new horror in history, God gave him the steady, faithful love of his brothers, his wife and his children.

THEATRICAL "JONAHES."

Some Instances That Seem to Give Good Evidence for the Superstition of Actors.

The world has heard much of many theatrical superstitions, but little is known by the public of the painful fact that there is many an excellent actor who is regarded in deep, sober earnestness by managers, authors and actors alike as a "Jonah" and a bird of ill-omen, says the Chicago Journal.

It is not, of course, possible to mention names, but half a dozen well-known men might be instantly named who are not now, and have not been for years, allowed on any account to appear in any new piece or at the inauguration of any new management, and their names have been ruthlessly crossed off when they have inadvertently crept into benefit announcements. One of the hardest-headed authors of eminence in this country only recently was horrified to find the name of one of these actors connected even with the revival of a play of his, and he insisted upon the engagement being canceled at once.

There is no getting over the fact that some of these men, good actors though they are, have never yet been connected with a play that has made a hit or believed a run.

Prightful Suffering Relieved.
Suffering frightfully from the virulent poisons of undigested food, C. G. Grayson, of Lula, Miss., took Dr. King's New Life Pills, "with the result," he writes, "that I was cured." All stomach and bowel disorders give way to their tonic, laxative properties. 25c. at Z. W. Nichols' drug-store, guaranteed.

Music at Home.
"Do you play any instrument, Mr. Jimp?"
"Yes, I'm a cornetist."
"And your sister?"
"She's a pianist."
"Does your mother play?"
"She's a zitherist."
"And your father?"
"He's a pessimist."—Chicago Record.

About Rheumatism.

There are few diseases that inflict more torture than rheumatism and there is probably no disease for which such a varied and useless lot of remedies have been suggested. To say that it can be cured is, therefore, a bold statement to make, but Chamberlain's Pain Balm, which enjoys an extensive sale, has met with great success in the treatment of this disease. One application of Pain Balm will relieve the pain, and hundreds of sufferers have testified to permanent cures by its use. Why suffer when Pain Balm affords such quick relief and costs but a trifle? For sale by Z. W. Nichols Brevard, and O. L. Erwin Calvert.