

# 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 28, 1905.

VOL. X—NO. 17

## 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.  
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.  
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 GALLOWAY, 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. CASH,**

**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 & FREES**

**ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW**  
Offices in McMinn Block, Brevard, N. C.

**WELCH GALLOWAY,**

**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  
Laths  
Shingles  
Sash  
Doors  
Blinds  
Locks  
Hinges  
Window Pulleys  
Plastering Hair  
Cement  
Lime  
Ready Roofing  
Glass  
Putty  
Sash Locks  
Window Sigs  
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 filed in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediately in bar of their recovery. This 15th day of February, 1905.  
W. H. MCKELVY, Administrator.

## BEYOND THE DEPOT

By Kate M. Cleary

Copyright, 1905, by Kate M. Cleary

The stranger stopped and courteously lifted his hat.

"Can you direct me?" he began, then broke off to remark: "You're in trouble. Can I help you?"

The girl dabbed hastily at her eyes.

"No; oh, no!" And then, an arch look sparkling up at him from under the rainbow of her wet lashes, "Unless you can prevent my stepmother from taking boarders?"

A quizzical responsiveness flashed into his keen eyes. He put down his suitcase and wiped his hot forehead. The grassy bank by the roadside where the girl sat looked restfully tempting.

"I've never been called upon to exercise my powers of persuasion or intimidation in that particular respect," he assured her gravely. "I might try, though. Do you mind if I sit down a few moments while you state the case in its entirety?"

She knew he was laughing at her, and she laughed too. She switched her pink dainty skirts closer, which is a woman's way of giving permission.

He tossed his Panama hat on the bank and sank down beside her. He looked long and lithe. His features were fragrant, and there was a tinge of red in his straight brown hair. But his gray eyes were handsome and had laughter-loving lines about them.

"And why does this presumably estimable woman insist on taking boarders? And what kind of boarders honor her establishment? And—why do you object?"

"One question at a time, if you please," she explained demurely.

"Well, why does she take boarders?"

"In the hope that some one of them may marry Harriet."

"And who is Harriet?"

"Her daughter."

"Oh! And do none of the individuals honored by such a hope reciprocate her ambition?"

His companion wistfully contemplated the tip of her shoe.

"No," she sighed; "not one, so far."

"And why?" he asked.

"Because," she confessed forlornly, "they fall in love with me!"

"All of them?" he exclaimed.

She flashed on him a battery of dusk brilliant eyes.

"Why not?" she countered question.

"Ah, very true!" acknowledged the young man. "They couldn't help themselves, I'm sure. Poor devils!"

"Don't waste any pity on them," she advised coolly.

"I don't, really. I'm thinking of the next victim. You see, in the midst of life we are—or are apt to be—in love!"

She laughed, swinging her pink sunbonnet by the strings.

"But you haven't told me," he went on, "what kind the boarders are."

She made a comical little grimace and shook her head.

"Assorted ages, sizes, professions—what dry goods men call a job lot. But they're all distinctly eligible. Mrs. Maureath wouldn't take any other."

An odd smile crept around his mouth.

"And how many are there at the house now?" he persisted.

"Four," she answered.

"And each of the four in love with you?"

She hesitated conscientiously.

"I'm not quite sure about the beloved," she replied truthfully. "I'm afraid he considers me frivolous. His dear departed was not frivolous. From his confidences I infer that she was depressingly proper and most maddeningly industrious."

She looked down at the slim, pink fingers idly swaying the sunbonnet and again shook her head.

"But the others?" he prompted.

"Oh, two of them are very far gone indeed!" she replied briskly. "And Harlow—he's coming."

He saw the corners of her lips twitch suspiciously.

"You seem to have diagnosed their cases pretty plainly," he remarked grimly.

She disclaimed credit with an airy wave of the hands.

"Oh, that's nothing when you're used to it," she declared.

"And how about Miss Harriet?" he demanded.

"You've never seen Harriet or you wouldn't ask. Oh, here she comes!"

She is looking for me. I won't go in and can cherries this glorious day!"

She was on her feet and in a flash had scrambled up the bank and had taken refuge behind a clump of wild plum bushes. The stranger saw a very fat girl coming down the path. She waddled along quite breathlessly. Her large round face was an other monotone in line. Her tow colored hair was piled up under one of the lace draped baby hats suitable only to faces the daintiest, the most piquant, and it gave to her countenance the ludicrous suggestiveness of a frilled cheese. Uncomfortably tight appeared the gown of foulard silk that constrained her ample charms. She peered from side to side as she advanced.

"Maureen!" she called. "You're wanted. Ma wants you. Mauree-n!"

When she had disappeared there was the glimmer of a pink gown. Maureen ran down into the path.

"I must go home, I suppose. There's the new man's room to put in order. My stepmother has no need to take boarders. Papa left her well off, but she thinks it's the only way to get Harriet married."

"The traveler sprang up and lifted his suitcase.

"She'd have a better chance of that," he averred positively. "If she'd do something else first."

"What's that?" They were walking along the tree embowered way together.

"Exile, banish, annihilate you!"

She laughed gaily. "Oh, I'm not really formidable in that respect, for I don't intend to get married."

"No, ever?" he queried, leaning forward that he might look into the small, serious face.

"Oh, perhaps when I'm very old—twenty-nine or thirty; not before," she decided resolutely. "And only then!"

"Well?"

"He's so adorable I can't help myself. I love here. Goodby. You go on to Mr. Brown's, I suppose. They are expecting a cousin. It's the second house to the right."

The young man laid his arm across the gatepost, barring her way.

"Wait a minute. I don't see what you had to cry about today," he remarked irrelevantly.

Eyes, dimples and smiles all dazzled him.

"I don't know either," she admitted.

"Why—what—are you coming in here?"

"For—he was keeping right on by her side.

"I certainly am. I'm the new man, who took an earlier train than I had intended. My name is Cedric Farrell. And I'm going to stay here, too," he concluded saunteringly, "until you've reconsidered your rash decision."

Her delicate face was on fire. "My—my—what decision?" she faltered.

"Not to be married for a long, long time."

"And do you think you will succeed?" she asked tremulously.

He flung up his head with the victorious air of a man going confidently into battle.

"I think I will," he answered quietly.

"I'll try hard enough. Don't you think it's possible, Maureen?"

"All things are possible," murmured a little laughter shaken voice from the depths of the pink sunbonnet. "But—but you mustn't call me Maureen yet."

"I won't," promised this audacious young man promptly. "I won't if you prefer not, darling!"

"Well, I never!" she panted.

"Of course you never!" he cried joyously. "I knew you had never or you wouldn't be so!"

There was a swirl of crisp pink skirts as she fled by him into the house. He laughed as he followed her and kept on laughing.

The St. Louis police report that the city contains but forty-eight persons who are destitute of proper food, clothing and fuel. There should be at least 100,000 St. Louisans in the grip of want to maintain the average of persons in this country alleged to be in distress by Mr. Robert Hunter in his book, "Poverty." Evidently the world's fair brought the good things of life within the reach of the lowliest in that favored city.

The "devil wagons" at large throughout the land cannot "move on" too quick toward the Florida beach automobile racing course. There they may smash one another to pieces with impunity, and the ocean will obliterate the debris, while sane people shout good riddance.

## Predicting Frost.

The coming of a white frost, that enemy of the farmer and gardener, no man can forecast to a certainty. Preventives of disaster have been devised, some of them of value, but there is need of an instrument as accurate in its indications as the barometer. An ingenious device for foretelling early in the evening whether there is to be or not to be a frost during the following night has been perfected by a French meteorologist. In a recent number of *La Nature*, published in Paris, this instrument, called a "pago-scope," from the Greek *pago*, frost, and *skopein*, to discover, is thus described:

It carries two thermometers, one wet and the other dry, fixed on the same board, which also bears a tablet divided by horizontal lines corresponding to degrees of the dry thermometer. In front of this is a pointer whose point traverses a graduated scale corresponding to the indications of the wet bulb thermometer.

To utilize the apparatus, some time before sunset it is fastened to an isolated post about twenty inches above the surface of the ground. After about half an hour the dry and wet bulb thermometers are in equilibrium, and the observation may be proceeded with. To make it, after noting the temperature marked by the wet bulb thermometer the movable pointer is brought to the corresponding figure on the scale to which it points. Then, reading the temperature as indicated by the dry thermometer to see whether or not frost is to be expected in the course of the night, it is only necessary to see in what point the horizontal line corresponding to this temperature meets the movable pointer.

If this point of intersection is found within the zone colored red on the tablet, frost is certain; if it is in the green, no frost is to be feared; if it is in the yellow zone, there is danger of frost.

The pago-scope accomplishes its purpose by ascertaining whether the point where the deposition of moisture from the atmosphere begins is near and whether the temperature is sufficiently low to congelate it. The grower of plants will be the more zealous about protecting the tender shoots from the weather if he knows with reasonable certainty that there is danger in the air.

## Save the Battleflags.

Veterans all over the country would do well to take a hint from the action of congress in the matter of the battleflags and provide for the preservation of all the regimental flags now in existence. Some flags were deposited with the state authorities at the close of the war, but in many cases the regiments retained their flags, and they have passed into the custody of regimental associations. Recently a handful of the survivors of a New York regiment requested the return to them of the flags deposited with others at Albany in 1865.

Complaints have been made of the neglect of the old flags by state custodians, and while the veterans are alive it goes without saying that they will preserve the banners they fought under to the best of their ability. But the duty must eventually fall into other hands, and the present is the time to prepare for the future. After the veterans their descendants will be the best guardians if not the best custodians of the noble relics, and a battle flag association for the whole country with state branches would seem to be the method for securing attention to the flags, whether they remain in private or public custody. Sons and daughters of veterans have a personal interest in the matter, and if they take it up now in co-operation with war survivors their existing organizations will have a common duty to perform and another tie to bind the orders together.

## No Escape.

The following telephone conversation is reported to have been heard between a certain well known young financier and a society woman whose functions are considered somewhat boring:

"Is this Mr. —?"

"Yes."

"This is Mrs. —. Won't you give us the pleasure of your company at dinner on Monday?"

"I am so sorry, Mrs. —, but I have an engagement for Monday."

"Can you come Tuesday, then?"

"Why, it is most unfortunate, but I have a partial engagement for Tuesday also."

"Well, how about Wednesday?"

"Oh, hang it, I'll come Monday!"—Harper's Weekly.

## Express of China Is a Marvel.

The empress dowager of China is described by an English lady, who has spent the greater part of her life in the celestial empire, as a much more remarkable woman than most Europeans suppose. She is an ardent painter, and her pictures are said to be admirable specimens of Chinese art. Strange as it may seem, her majesty is also said to be fond of wrestling, and frequently indulges in this rather virile form of exercise. She is well read, is fond of European music, and has some skill as a pianist. She is said both by her friends and enemies to be absolutely without any sense of fear, and, needless to say, her life has been attended an infinite number of times.—Chicago Times-Herald.

## Potato Pie.

This is a most "tasty" adjunct to roasts with good gravies. Line a pie-plate with good pastry, fill with well-mashed potatoes (well seasoned with salt, butter and cream) whipped until light, put on a top crust, and bake as an ordinary pie. Serve with the roast, cutting as a pie, and putting one spoonful or two of gravy on each piece.—Woman's Home Companion.

## WHERE THE KING COMMANDS.

**Military Powers of Europe Which Are Under the Personal Control of the Sovereign.**

In Germany, in Austria, in Italy and in Russia, four countries which may be described as military powers in the fullest sense of the word, the sovereign is in each case the active commander in chief of the army, and finds time to fulfill his duties as such. He has as his principal military adjunct and lieutenant a chief of staff, who works in thorough unison but on a footing of complete equality with the minister of war, the sovereign, jealous of his prerogatives as generalissimo, being on guard to see that there is no usurpation of authority on the part of the minister. The chief of the general staff of the German army is Gen. Count Schlieffen, who now fills the place occupied for nearly 40 years by Von Moltke. There is no minister of war for the empire. But each one of the sovereign states constituting the confederation known as the German empire has its own minister of war who works in unison with Gen. Count Schlieffen, chief of the general staff.

## Frightful 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' drugstore, guaranteed.

## MOTHERS AND THEIR BABES.

In Spain the infant's face is swept with a pine tree bough to bring it good luck.

Ethiopian mothers attach bits of the evil-smelling asafetida to the necks of their offspring.

Romanian mothers tie red ribbons around the ankles of their children to keep them from harm.

Among Vosges peasants children born at new moon are supposed to have a sharper tongue than those born under the last quarter.

Weish mothers, to insure the safety of their babies, put a pair of tongs or a knife in the cradle. In some parts of England the same practice prevails.

## 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.