

Sylvan Valley News

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

J. J. MINER, Manager.

BREVARD, TRANSYLVANIA COUNTY, N. C., FRIDAY, JULY 13, 1906.

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Transylvania Lodge No. 143,

Knights of Pythias

Regular convention every Tuesday night in Masonic Hall. Visiting Knights are cordially invited to attend.
T. W. WHITMIRE 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.
Investigation of Land Titles a Specialty.
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ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
Offices in McMinn Block, Brevard, N. C.

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
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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.

R-I-P-A-N-S Tabules
Doctors find
A good prescription
For mankind

The 5-cent packet is enough for usual occasions. The family bottle (60 cents) contains a supply for a year. All druggists sell them.



In "The Land of the Sky,"
Near the Sapphire Country.

Oldest in the State. Business, shorthand, typewriting, penmanship, and English courses. 1900 graduates in positions. Half or more of your railroad fare paid. Plenty of good board at \$2.50 to \$3.50 per week. No vacations enter any time. Special course by mail if you ask for it.

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Principal,
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Rocky Mountain Tea Nuggets

A Busy Medicine for Busy People.
Brings Golden Health and Renewed Vigor.
A specific for Constipation, Indigestion, Liver and Kidney Troubles, Pimples, Eczema, Impure Blood, Bad Breath, Stomach Bowels, Headache and Backache. It's Rocky Mountain Tea in tablet form. 35 cents a box. Genuine made by HOLLISTER DRUG COMPANY, Madison, Wis.
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NYE AT THE PHONE.

HE EXPRESSES AN OPINION BORNE OUT BY STUBBORN FACTS.

He Goes Fishing For Trout In the Fruitful Streams of North Carolina—He Relates the Story of How He Killed His First Fish.

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SAPPHIRE, N. C., MIDSUMMER, 1895.

The star of empire is moving in this direction at present, and the untrodden wilderness echoes the telephone "Hello!" and as these echoes run together they express my opinion of the average telephone. Short distance telephones work better for me than city telephones, however. I generally get the central office all right, and "central" places me in connection with the boiler works, I say: "No; do not give me the boiler works. I want you to give me the Astor House." And while I am reading the rules and things they claim that I was presented with the Astor House, and then it was returned unclaimed to the owner.

I never got a message of my own over a telephone to its destination, and the only message I ever got straight from any one else was a request to pull my front teeth out of the instrument and give it back to the company. Yes; a sweet voiced girl old enough to have been my father said that to me in a large city over the wires once in the purple past.

I am fishing here for trout and restoring tired nature by wading in the ice cold streams by day and making arrangements by night for kind neighbors here to meet me along the streams with trout on the following day.

Since I came here all the youth and middle aged have had made for each a canvas bag to put trout in. Formerly a little willow stringer was run through the gills. But Mrs. Jacobs, our landlady, noticed that some of our trout had been strang, and as I carried a creel—I think it is—she occasioned some adverse criticism by calling attention to this.

The "stringer" is now almost discarded in the region of the Sapphire.

My physician advised me to come here, and fearing that I might overtax myself he came along, and when he thinks I have done enough he takes me away to a spring by the mountain brook, where the wild thyme blows or the mint or something that has medical properties in it, and out of a large carboy of fluid extract of some kind marked "Poison" and "For Medical Purps Only" he makes a sort of infusion or treaturate that shows what rapid strides the practice of medicine is making.

Trout here are very plentiful indeed. Even the bear, the wolf, the panther and the serpent scoot around the uplands yet, and I was told that salt placed in a retired spot would bring the bear in great quantities, as they were very fond of salt.

Maybe this is not true. A neighbor who had been selling me what eggs I used on the farm for two years told me that my hens needed corn soaked in brine, and that I would find this a good thing, as it would have a tendency to keep them out of the garden. It did keep them out of the garden, but not out of a future state.

We farmers believe too readily what is told us. We are not conservative enough, especially when we go to town. Politically, too, I

can say, for one, that in trying to believe everything that was told me I have two or three times "over-het" myself.

Perhaps it might interest the true sportsman if I were to tell you how I killed my first trout here. I have a beautiful rod, which was a gift from a great manufacturer of these artistic implements. My line is a perfect dream, and I borrowed a sweet little nickel reel of a young lady here whose kindness I shall never forget while reason continues to usurp her throne.

I have a volume of flies, some of them with yellow bosoms and blue feet, while others have a more hectic complexion, with moth patches on them. Some are called coachmen. I used at first a fly that I made myself according to a recipe of Mr. Seth Green's. If I could have thought of it in time and handed in my design previous to the creation, some of my friends think it would have been adopted.

It is a cross between the snake feeder, or dragon fly, and the infant buzzard. But it frightens a dumb animal so to to look at it, and it makes such a plunk in casting it, and I took one that I bought at our store at home. Attaching this to six feet of strangulated "leader," and that again to the line, I looked carefully to my reel and rod, put on a pair of wading boots, and the first day got mired.

That evening we played six hand euchre.

On the following day I cast my fly a few times, but got no results until I put on a tall acrobatic worm. Long before evening I got a rise. Trout here rise readily to the worm I was so surprised at the attack of the trout that I almost forgot to play him, but coolness soon comes to the true sportsman.

Noticing that the stream did not give much room for playing the speckled beauty, as he is called, I threw him into the top of a dead tree, resolved to dash out his brains, or, failing in that, to sell my life as dearly as possible. It did not kill him at once, but while debating whether I should climb the tree with my hunting knife and dispatch him or not a lucky thought came to me, for fortunately at such a time I am almost sure to have my wits about me, and it occurred to me that I would remain at the foot of the tree until he died from exposure.

I realize that in giving the above description there is little of interest to the coarse youth who simply feeds a trout what he likes best to eat and then jerks him out and sells him to the true sportsman, but by any one who has for years talked and thought of nothing but angling and meantime lived on salt mackerel and canned salmon I know that every line will be read with interest.

This is a most beautiful country, and so full of game and fish, having been preserved for over five years, that it will soon be full of people. Many precious stones are found here and rich minerals of every description. A large basin between the mountains will be flooded and an artificial lake thus made. A railroad is almost completed to Brevard, a morning's ride from Sapphire, and very soon this wild and delightful solitude will also have the choo choo cars scaring the

Fierce old bear
From his lair
Everywhere!

Four beautiful waterfalls, each over 100 feet high, are within a comfortable walk from the Sapphire Board of Trade building, and one that is over 200 feet high is

within easy distance. One can hardly say enough or be fairly intelligible in trying to give these mountains their due, and to be extravagant would be impossible.

The ride even by carriage, or voiture, is not at all difficult, and the quarters here are already very comfortable. The all pervading bloomer and leather legging are already here, and the merry, mocking laugh awakes the slumbering echoes where time and solitude for centuries have had it all their own way.

I cheerfully speak of this beautiful region in unstinted terms of praise because it is not for sale. It has not yet even a fancy hotel throwing out inducements to the hectic but wealthy wanderer who has spent all his health getting wealthy and who is now spending all his wealth getting healthy.

The ruby is found here; also gold and silver. The celebrated corundum discoveries are all about here. The beryl and the amethyst are, too, owned in perceptible quantities.

The razorback hog may be seen roaming through the woods here and there, stopping himself on a shag bark hickory and putting a feather edge on his back, so that he can cut his way through life.

The people are pleasant and obliging. They talk freely to one and give all the information in their power. Along the road one stops to get a drink of water at one of the countless springs and ask the distance. Every one is kind and gets the coolest water possible, tells you the distance to the place you want to reach and always throws in some original estimates. He hates to get monotonous, and so he gives you something new and startling every time regarding distances. He is like the man who corresponded with President Jefferson for a time, but broke off the correspondence because Jefferson was such a d—d monotonous speller.

Brevard and the upper French Broad valley are the coming fields for the farmer. The railroad will reach Brevard in September, and the vast fields of corn and grain are waiting for it, holding their breath, as it were. Formerly all these crops have been toted over indifferent roads to Asheville, 30 miles away.

A good way to visit this country is to start from Asheville by diligence and reach my house for dinner at 12 o'clock, where a good meal is served at \$9 per plate; horses fed on home grown hay at \$1 per plate. Then Brevard can be made by evening, where a good hotel, surrounded by night blooming dogs, may be found. Brevard has a lively paper called The Hustler and offers a first class point for some one to start a good religious weekly also. Corn whisky may be obtained by going out of town toward Sapphire a few rods and turning to the left. Whistle three times, and a man with a dissipated air will come and show you the way.

Corn whisky is the curse of this country.

On the hellward road we find:
First—The juice of the corn.
Second—The razor.

Third—A thickest grave in the valley or a tomb beneath the shadows of the gallows and a red hot future by the fireside of the gifted but unprincipled adversary of souls.

It has caused more laughs and dried more tears, wiped away diseases and driven away more fears than any other medicine in the world. Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea.—35 cents, tea or tablets. Z. W. Nichols.

Who Will Be Postmaster?

There have been persistent rumors for several months past that E. A. Aiken was a candidate for the postmastership of Greenville, S. C., and it was also rumored that he was "dead sure" of the appointment. The following from the Greenville News seems to set that rumor at rest, but at the same time seems to inject a new element into the postoffice question in Brevard. "Gus" has been a very energetic and efficient revenue officer, and is undoubtedly entitled to promotion, yet the government seldom removes a man from one department in order to give him a better job in some other. However there is no telling what the radical pie-counter may bring forth. This is what the News says:

Capt. John G. Capers was asked by a News reporter if he had heard a rumor to the effect that a change in the postmastership of the city was contemplated in favor of Raiding Deputy E. A. Aiken. Captain Capers said he had heard the rumor only since his return to the city, but that there was "absolutely no foundation for such a perfectly absurd suggestion." "In fact," he said, "Aiken's ambition must be in an entirely different direction, that is, if he really wants to be a postmaster, and his friends must mean Brevard, North Carolina instead of Greenville, South Carolina. Postmaster Young, of Brevard, N. C., died a few weeks ago, and his place has not been filled as yet and Aiken probably is eligible for the postmastership over there, for he was born and reared within a stone's throw of Brevard, N. C. It has been his home and residence during all of his strenuous life, unless, indeed, he has very recently moved his family over on this side of the line. It is possible," he continued, "that I might endorse Aiken for postmaster across mountains, over in North Carolina, where he came from, but the green grass in the political pasture in South Carolina is thin and short and our home raised boys are entitled to whatever grazethere is in it."

The question arises—with Gus in the race who will be postmaster in Brevard.

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with local applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics know, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props.
Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggist, price 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Chamberlan's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.

This is a perfectly reliable medicine for bowel complaints, and one that has never been known to fail even in the most severe and dangerous cases.

For sale by Z. W. Nichols Brevard and O. L. Erwin Calvert.