

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, AUGUST 3, 1906.

VOL. XI—NO. 31

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.

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

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

GASH & GALLOWAY,
LAWYERS.
Will practice in all the courts.
Rooms 9 and 10, McMinn Block.

D. L. ENGLISH
LAWYER
Rooms 11 and 12 McMinn Block,
BREVARD, N. C.

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.

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

The 5-cent packet is enough for usual occasions. The family bottle (50 cents) contains a supply for a year. All druggists sell them.



W.S. Shockey
Principal,
ASHEVILLE, N. C.

HOLLISTER'S
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 Bowls, Headache and Backache. It's Rocky Mountain Tea in tablet form, 35 cents a box. Genuine made by HOLLISTER DRUG COMPANY, Madison, Wis.
GOLDEN NUGGETS FOR SALLOW PEOPLE

Write Quick FOR A
Big Bargain
To better advertise the South's Leading Business College, just a few scholarships are offered in each section at less than cost.
DON'T DELAY. WRITE TODAY.
GA-ALA. BUSINESS COLLEGE, Macon, Ga

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF MEDICINE
RICHMOND VIRGINIA
STUART MCGUIRE, M. D., PRESIDENT.
This College conforms to the Standards fixed by law for Medical Education. Send for Bulletin No. 11, which tells about it.
Three free catalogues—Specify Department, MEDICINE—DENTISTRY—PHARMACY

The Prodigal's Return.

A Transylvania Boy Tells of a Week's Visit to the Old Home.

Editor Sylvan Valley News:

I have just returned from a week's vacation. That per se is very uninteresting and commonplace to the readers of the Sylvan Valley News, but I have been to an uncommon place. I have visited "the place where I was born." Still that does not signify anything, for all of us have visited uncommon places, including the place where we and others were born, and thought it not very remarkable. But again, I have been to a region where you are always welcomed with the glad hand and sparkling eye, petted, humored and loved while you stay, and wept over (and upon), and bidden the parting benediction of "Goodspeed" when you go, "where you know everybody and everybody knows you," where everyone "speaks a word to the weary" and heavy hearted, the fair country our great Creator must have touched last and most lavishly of his goodness when he rested from the labor of moulding a world, and "saw that it was good." I refer to that beautiful unequalled land whose boundaries inclose the county of Transylvania.

It is novel and truly thrilling to return to scenes you left when only a boy, after having been housed in a pulseless conventional city year after year until you have quite grown into a sort of mechanical contrivance that says "Howdy-do" in a phonographical drawl, and shakes hands with the warmth and enthusiasm of a jew store dummy. It is so calming to leave the hard noise-some streets and feel your feet again sinking into the cool green meadow. How quickly the old environment steals back upon you like the "dim notes of some sweet song," bringing recollections of a hundred careless romping days you squandered over the fields and along the streams, until enraptured by the picture, your old hollow eyes fill fuller and fuller, and then break over in one good, long, old-time sob of joy.

It is now grown dark. As you pass through the gate, after fastening the chain behind you, the house dog announces your coming in so vicious a manner, that you halt and talk lovingly to him. This does not appease his anger, however, for he advances toward you cautiously and seems bent on attaching himself to some portion of your anatomy, until one of your big consins looms up in the doorway and with a resounding "Begone!" and an angry stamp of his foot sends the brute scampering away and you are permitted to approach in safety. You slip past your protector, who scrutinizes you suspiciously, and into the house. The family are at supper, and as you drop your baggage to the floor, they regard you for a few moments with a stare of bewilderment, which seems to ask, "Where have I seen that face before?" then gradually they note "the favor." "It's Clarence—Kate's boy—whoop!" The spell is broken and for several minutes a scene of commotion ensues which would rival a Comanche war dance. Finally you are pushed into a chair at the table in a state of excitement and commanded to "help yourself," and between mouthfuls questions are directed at you, touching in substance, the whole of your life since

you left home. You arise at last, however, fully satisfied.

There are several youngsters here—your cousins—whom you never saw before. One of them especially invites your attention. He is the freckled faced chap of perhaps ten years who has been watching you closely ever since you entered the house and who seems more deeply interested and pleased than the rest. "Don't be bashful Clarence, shake hands with your Uncle Clarence." You are surprised. You know now why he is so fascinated. He thrusts a round fat paw into yours with a very sheepish look on his face, and as you give it a squeeze you feel somehow that he likes you immensely. He is your companion from that hour until you leave.

That night, in anticipation of coming fan your dreams are wonderfully sweet and you awake to drop into a life of complete idleness.

After breakfast you ask Clarence if fishing is as good here as it used to be. He promptly informs you that he knows a place where all you have to do is to drop your hook and pull 'em out. Soon you are on your way to the creek with Clarence chattering and skipping along before you. He strikes through a cornfield which seems at least half a mile across, when after struggling through a dense cane brake, you emerge into a soft, shady, grassy plot at a point where the creek bends, and the water is deep and blue. Your friend is not long in demonstrating an angling dexterity far superior to yours, for before half an hour has passed he has landed three and is getting another nibble, while you are jerking vigorously at imaginary bites which are nothing more than the ripples playing around your cork. At last a cautious victim really does take a bona fide taste of your bait which so excites your fancy that you give the pole a prodigious yank lodging your hook in a limb fifteen feet above your head and then sit there in a state of helplessness and watch the contortions of the red-worm which is still attached to your line. Your namesake has been watching your futile efforts from the corner of his eye, and nearly dying for a chance to explode, but he, nevertheless, turns a serious, very sympathetic and enquiring face toward you. You tell him that you are not much struck on fishing anyway and believe you will rest, and while he continues to land them at short and regular intervals you crawl back upon the grass, stretching out just as flat as you possibly can and lose yourself in meditation. O how lazy you have become! You lie there listening to the hum of the bees and thousands of other insects while the rippling of the creek around a stone at an uncertain distance lulls you to drowsiness. Through half closed lids you gaze up into the soft willows above you. A brown thrush alights upon a twig, and after picking his feathers in a businesslike manner, begins his old mocking roundelay. It has been years since you saw him, but he is the same old familiar friend you used to know. Your eyelids are nearly closed and you are feeling sleepy, sleepy, and O, so completely satisfied. Your thoughts now begin to wander in a haphazard manner. You recall the life you have just left; it does not please you. You condemn the man who loves work, and the man who advocates the strenuous life should be chloroformed or hanged, and after you have committed all such fools to a violent death and

all consciousness is ebbing away into a deep sleep, you are aroused from your lethargy by an army of ants which seem intent on exploring your person. Arising with some show of animation you start for home carrying a portion of your friend's catch for him.

That afternoon as you sit on the front porch talking with the home folks, an old lady drives up to pay a visit. She is over eighty years of age; well known all over the country for her many womanly qualities and cheerful spirit, and as she alights and remarks on the weather you note that she does not appear to be a day older than when you last saw her. She at once manifests a curiosity on seeing you. When she is told who you are she smiles over her glasses at you and exclaims, "Why lawzy massy, is this Kate's boy! He freckles just like his ma, don't he? Come here sonny and let me hug you. He's got Kate's eyes, pine blank, and her mouth, but his nose—Kate's nose warn't that big; must o' took that from his daddy's side of the house." And as she continues to remark on your personal appearance and pat you on the shoulder, you feel for the world just like a great big cry baby. She talks with you all that afternoon and tells you more about your own folks than you would ever have learned from any other source.

Another fine morning, supplied with a bucket, you and your pal wander off to pick blackberries for pies. Your hands are yet tender which prevents you from making my great headway. You are getting along, though reasonably well, eating two berries for every one deposited in the bucket, when "whoop!" you but into a "yaller jacket's" nest and charge for the clearing, dragging fifteen yards or more of "pizen oak", in your wake. The following morning your condition is pitiable, but much doctoring starts you on the mend and you begin to smile pleasantly through the salve and take on more hope. Again you lurch out into the happy-go-lucky life without hindrance or restraint. They all seem crazy over you and nothing which they can do is good enough for you. You are still unparadoxably lazy and no-account. Everything is so interesting that you feel that you would never tire of such a life.

These incidents and a multitude of others comprise the pleasures of your vacation and you are rapidly developing into a lover of the soil when lo! your week is ended and you must depart. This is the time you dreaded. O how disappointing—this bitter-sweet of life. But you realize all things must have an end. You have had a good time; you must go back to work now.

It is Monday morning; the good-byes have been said and promises to write and to deliver messages to Kate as soon as you see her. Accompanied by your little nephew you walk toward the depot in silence. You hate to leave him; he hates much worse to see you leave; he has had the best time of his life. You bid him goodbye and step lively aboard, the engine puffs and begins to move, you lean out of the window and as the train gains greater momentum at each puff you look back and wave to the little figure standing disconsolate on the platform.

Everything has passed like a dream. The time was so short, but it has left an impression that will cling to your memory with a freshness that cannot be dissipated by fleeting years, and while man small continue to cherish his "Home, Sweet Home."

THE PRODIGAL.

No new pictures of Mrs. Harry Thaw have been discovered for three days.

The New Mexico statehood question has been shaken out of the limelight by a series of earthquake shocks.

When Mrs. Leslie Carter is hard up for more advertising she may back out of the matrimonial harness again.

Now they are talking about projecting the beautiful auburn whiskers of J. Ham Lewis into the Thaw case.

Mr. Dupont broke into the Senate just in time to keep the powder trust from being busted by Theodor L.

A cry has arisen in Atlanta for Jerome and Folk as the next Democratic candidates for President and Vice-President. If the ticket were reversed much might be said for it. Even then it would be a shame to have a great statesman like Folk mix with such a lump of hot air and shams.

Old maids would be scarce and hard to find,

Could they be made to see,
How grace and beauty is combined
By using Rocky Mountain Tea.

—Z. W. Nichols.

Southern converts to Secretary Taft's counsel are not rolling along fast enough to make much noise.

Maybe Justice Brewer will change his mind about the "power of the government" after it has had a brush with the Standard Oil Co.

Unnecessary Expense.

Acute attacks of colic, diarrhoea and dysentery come on without warning and prompt relief must be obtained. There is no necessity of incurring the expense of a physician's service in such cases if Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy is at hand. A dose of this remedy will relieve the patient before a doctor could arrive. It has never been known to fail, even in the most severe and dangerous cases and no family should be without it.

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

The Washington Post originates the idea that possibly Harry Thaw was suffering from "emotional insanity" when he married the girl.

The separation of H. H. Rogers from a million and a half ought to have been good for some frenzied remarks by Tom Lawson, but he seems to become strangely quiet of late.

How's This?

We offer one hundred dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.
F. J. Cheney & Co.,
Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all his business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

Walding, Kinnan & Marvin,
Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.