

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, JUNE 7, 1907

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Transylvania Lodge No. 143,



Knight 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.
Rooms 1 and 2, Pickelsimer Building.

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

D. L. ENGLISH
LAWYER
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BREVARD, N. C.

THOMAS A. ALLEN, Jr.,
DENTIST.

(Bailey Block.)
HENDERSONVILLE, N. C.

A beautiful gold crown for \$4.00 and up.
Plates of all kind at reasonable prices.

All work guaranteed; satisfaction or no pay.
Teeth extracted without pain.
Will be glad to have you call and inspect my offices, work and prices.

The Æthelwold

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.

HOTEL BREVARD.

Cor. Main and Caldwell Sts.
BREVARD, N. C.

Remodeled and newly furnished.
Under management of experienced hotel caterer. Central location, wide verandas, livery connected. The Best at reasonable rates. Write for particulars.

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 (50 cents) contains a supply for a year. All druggists sell them.

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CORRECT SURVEYS MADE
Maps, Plots and Profiles
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Only the finest adjusted instruments used. Absolute accuracy.

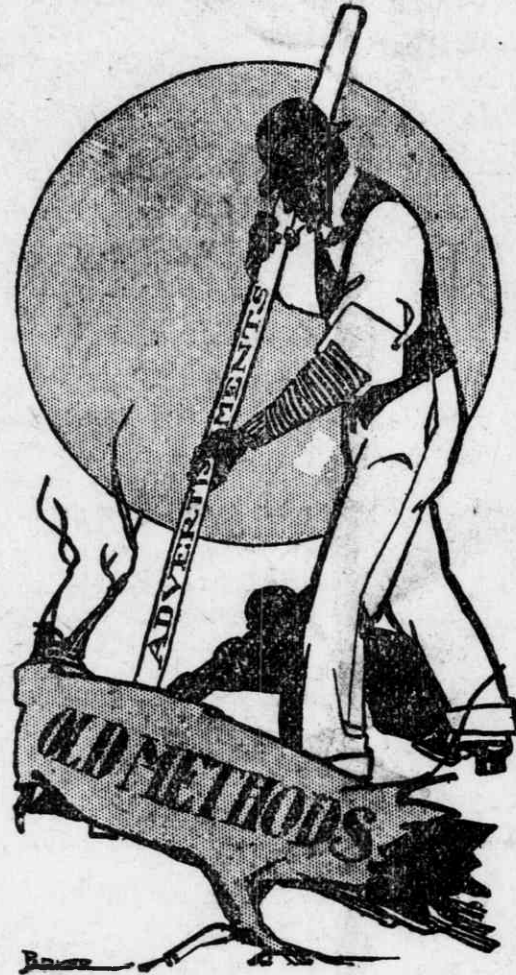
P. O. Brevard, N. C.



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 \$4.00 to \$5.00 per week. No vacations. Enter any time. Special course by mail if you ask for it.

In "The Land of the Sky," Near the Sapphire Country. W. S. Shively, Principal. ASHEVILLE, N. C.

Why a Backbone Beats a Wishbone.



"Trouble with most fellows," says Uncle Si Simlins, "is that their backbone is mostly all wishbone."

Uncle Si's sage sarcasm applies to people in every town. Some of us in this town might study it with profit.

You wish you could succeed in business. You wish you could do as well as your neighbor who does succeed. You are overworking your wishbone. Give your wishbone a rest. It's tired,

YOUR BACKBONE NEEDS EXERCISE. IT'S BACKBONE THAT DOES THINGS—NOT WISHBONE. STRENGTHEN YOUR BACKBONE AND GO UP AGAINST COMPETITION.

Marshall Field had competition, but his backbone gave him the nerve to advertise big in newspapers when advertising was not known to be such a Necessity of Business Life as it is now universally recognized. John Wanamaker had the same sort of backbone.

Their backbone backed up their wishbone.

Backbone builds business by booming business.

Business is boosted by backbone.

And the backbone of business is newspaper advertising.

COURT CARDS AND CUPID.

By COLIN S. COLLINS.

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"Jack o' Spades," Culbert called him that first morning he had gone to work in the Buckley building. Protests to the effect that his name was John Symonds were of no avail. His name was Jack, and he was as black as the ace of spades, so the name clung.

At first he was angry, but one could not remain angry long with Kingsland Culbert, and in the end Jack wound up by paying him a hero worship that at times threatened to cost the man his position; for with Culbert in the elevator it ran express to the next to the top floor, no matter what the other passengers might threaten.

But Jack had gained the position through having saved Buckley's little girl from a runaway accident, and he merely smiled tolerantly at the complaints and suggested that perhaps the elevator had become unmanageable.

Until Edith McQueen came, Culbert had reigned alone, but after that he was relegated to second place, the only instance wherein, according to Een Hodgman, the queen outranked both king and jack in the pack.

Miss McQueen was employed by Hodgman & Pettit, whose office was on the third floor, and it was Culbert's habit to drop off at their offices on his

way out to lunch and pick up the girl. He had obtained the position for her, and it was understood that they were engaged, though no golden band announced that fact.

Then there came the day when Jack noticed that Miss McQueen had been crying when she came in. Culbert did not arrive until late and his face was drawn and very white. He did not even smile when he nodded to Jack. When he went out to lunch, he stayed twice as long as usual, and when he did return it seemed to Jack that he had had more than the one cocktail he usually allowed himself.

Miss McQueen did not go out to lunch at all, and when her employers had ridden down to lunch together, Jack slipped into the office to ask if he could bring her in something. There he found her with her head upon her arms. Her eyes glistened with tears as she raised her face at the sound of his entrance.

"Don't you want a cup o' tea, Miss Queenie?" he pleaded. "It's sho' good for the headache."

She shook her head with a wan little smile and Jack slipped out again. That night the car passed Culbert's floor twice before it stopped for him. A king had been deposed.

But he was reinstated again because of his evident suffering. After that first day he did not repeat the cocktail episode; indeed, he seemed oblivious to lunch time and never by any chance used the elevator when Miss McQueen might happen to be going out or in.

Jack pondered the situation, but there was only one conclusion possible in his limited experience. There had been a quarrel and both were too proud to speak first.

It grieved him because they were good friends of his, these two, and their quarrel hurt him as much as it seemed to hurt them. More than once he was tempted to speak to one or the other and tell how the other suffered, but a certain delicacy held him back, and he could only miserably wait the turn of events.

Then came Jack's scare. It was a dull afternoon, and he let the elevator drop slowly down. At the ground floor he threw open the door to look up at a huge policeman; not Charlie, who had the beat and who sometimes came in to get warm, but another man, a stranger.

Though he had never had direct dealings with the police, Jack was afraid of them. To him they were not guardians of the peace. They were men who arrested people. When the big man demanded to know which office Miss McQueen was in, refreshing his memory as to the name from a formidable looking document, Jack's heart sank.

"I want to see her about a stolen watch," he added, and Jack's misery was complete. The little chateleine she had worn had been replaced lately by a more elaborate affair of gold with a long chain. It must be this one that was wanted.

There was only one thing to be done. Hadn't Mr. Culbert got the janitor out of jail that time he had trouble with his wife? Jack ran the car up to the sixth floor and with a vague "To the left" shut the door and dropped down to the third.

He burst in upon Miss McQueen with a face gray with horror and excitement. She rose uncertainly at his call and came into the hall.

He fairly dragged her into the car and shot up to the top floor. Through the lattice guard he could see the officer descending the stairs. Some one had told him where the girl worked, and he was going after her.

Panting with fear, he stopped at the seventh floor and pushed Miss McQueen into Culbert's office, closing and locking the door after him. Culbert looked up wearily from the desk.

"What's the matter, Jack?" he demanded, with a formal bow to the girl.

"Dar's a policeman after her," he explained. "She done stole a watch, and he's after her."

"What are you talking about?" Culbert cried. "Miss McQueen a thief. Impossible."

"He done say he want to see her about a watch that was stole," insisted Jack. "Ah done hear him."

"A policeman wishes to see me?" asked the girl. "About a watch?" Jack nodded. "I think I can explain," she went on, turning to Culbert.

"When—when it happened I stopped wearing your watch and used mother's. I left yours on the bureau, and when I came home it was gone. I made a complaint to the police, and I suppose they have caught the thief and wish me to identify my property."

"But what have I to do with it?" he asked.

"I don't know," she replied. "Jack just came after me, his face livid with fear. I supposed that something terrible had happened, that perhaps—"

"I was in trouble," Culbert suggested, supplying the break. "I have been tempted to, but it seemed cowardly to kill myself. What I cannot understand is Jack's chain of reasoning."

"Ain't lawyers for to keep people from goin' to jail?" the boy demanded. "And ain't you the bes' lawyer?"

"You cannot expect me to answer 'no' to that," laughed Culbert.

"Dat's it," explained Jack. "I brung her up here to save her."

The two threw back their heads and laughed, and in that laugh the misunderstandings were forgotten. Culbert tucked her under his arm in the old familiar way and unlocked the door.

"I guess I'll go down with you and see the officer," he said. "It looks important to have your attorney."

He threw open the door, and Jack slipped out. There was a soft but significant sound that brought a grin to Jack's face, and then the two followed him into the car.

The big policeman grinned at Jack in most friendly fashion when the interview concluded, and he stepped into the car. On the up trip Culbert slipped a bill into his hand.

"There's a piece of wedding cake goes with this," he said, "but that comes a little later. This is a time, my boy, when the Jack of Spades captured the Queen of Hearts and the King of Idiots."

"Yessir," assented Jack, wondering what it all meant. He knew about the wedding cakes and ten dollar bills. The rest was Greek, but satisfactory because his king and queen were pleased.

CONCERT TOUR.

The Oxford Orphan Asylum Singing Class of 1907 will start upon its eastern trip the first of May. The second or western tour will, probably begin the last of July, after several weeks interval of rest by the Class at the institution in Oxford.

The excellence of these entertainments is known to the people of North Carolina.

The work of our orphans' homes appeals both to the heart and to the judgment. It merits our sympathy and support. Interest in this cause is already great and is growing.

The patronage accorded these concerts each year has been increasing. They have been a true success and we bespeak for them even enlarged success this season.

It is easy to understand from this season why Tennyson's Queen of the May died of consumption contracted in playing the part only one time.

Chance for Sylvan Valley News Readers.

In order to test the Sylvan Valley News great circulation and its superior advertising value, we have made arrangements with Brevard Drug Co., the popular druggist, to offer one of his best selling medicines at half-price to anyone who will cut out the following coupon and present it at his store:

COUPON.

This coupon entitles the holder to one 50¢ package of Dr. Howard's specific for the cure of constipation and dyspepsia at half-price, 25¢. I will refund the money to any dissatisfied customer.

BREVARD DRUG CO.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

Dr. Howard's specific for the cure of constipation and dyspepsia is not an unknown remedy. It has made many remarkable cures right here in Brevard and so positive is Brevard Drug Co. of its great superiority in curing dyspepsia, constipation, sick headache and liver troubles that it will, in addition to selling it at half-price, refund the money to anyone whom it does not cure.

If you cannot call at his store, cut out the coupon and mail it with 25 cents, and a 50 cent box of the specific will be sent you by mail, charges paid. Do not put it off. "Oge today is worth two tomorrow." Jn 7-21

A Southern paper announces that the President will next attack the dynamite trust. This ought to cause a big blow out.

Having found out where he stands, Senator Foraker refuses to sit down and keep quiet.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.