

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, DECEMBER 20, 1907

VOL. XII—NO. 51

TRANSYLVANIA LODGE

No. 143, K. of P.



Meets Tuesday evenings 8.30., Castle Hall, Fraternity building.
A hearty welcome for visitors at all times.
E. L. GASH, 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.
Rooms 1 and 2, Pickelsimer Building.

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,
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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.

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Brevard's New Hotel—Modern Appointments—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.

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Only the finest adjusted instruments used. Absolute accuracy.

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Write at once and learn why we secure best positions, and best salaries for our graduates.
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Oldest in the State. Business, Shorthand, Typewriting, Penmanship, and English courses. 1300 graduates in positions. Half or more of your railroad fare paid. Plenty of good board at \$2.50 to \$3.00 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.
H. S. Shookley
Principal.
ASHEVILLE, N. C.

Mr. William Dollar, Good Citizen.

In a certain western town lives a gentleman whose name is William Dollar. They call him Dollar Bill when they get funny. But Mr. Dollar is a dignified, enterprising, good citizen.

Not every Dollar Bill is a good citizen. Many of them are prone to ignore the claims of their own community and run away to a big city to be spent. Many millions of Dollar Bills have left the smaller towns for the overgrown cities this present year of our Lord.

How many Dollar Bills have gone out of THIS TOWN—left home and gone to some big city, never to return?

Every time a Dollar Bill leaves town it takes a two-cent stamp with it, for it goes to a Mail Order Store. That helps the postmaster a little, but it doesn't help the local merchant. It means just so much less trade for him.

Which means just so much less cash circulating in this community.
Which means just so much more social and business stagnation.
Which means the stunting of the town's growth just to that extent.

If you could figure up the Dollar Bills that leave town in this secret manner, like taking French leave—which you can't—you would know just how much the town is stunted by indulgence in this mail order stunt.

If these Dollar Bills were really good and enterprising citizens they would stay at home and circulate around, helping things along.

How many of YOUR Dollar Bills take the midnight express out of town on the Envelope Route?

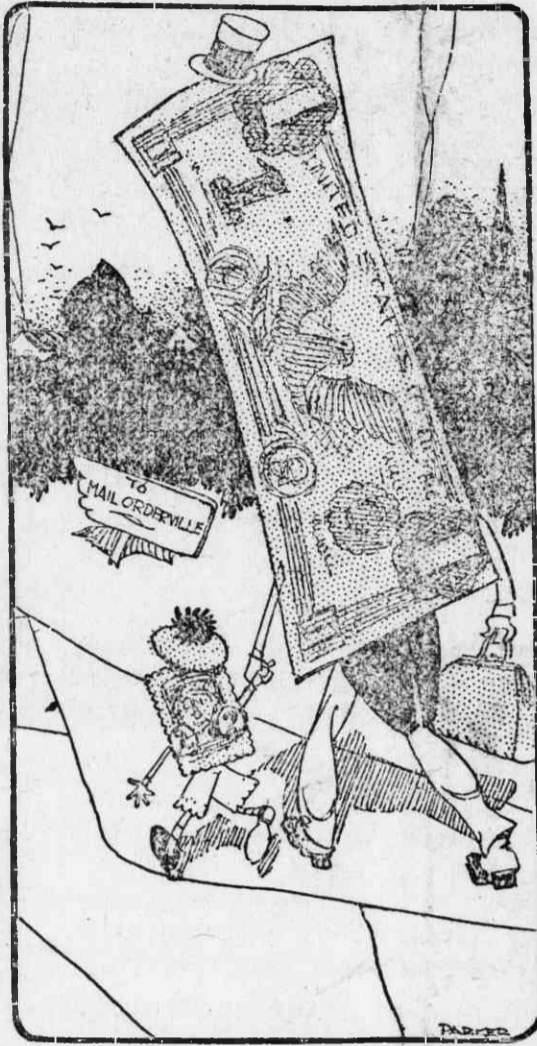
He Sure Was a Man!

When William Allen rose up in the early seventies and surprised the country by being elected governor of Ohio on the Democratic ticket one of the obstacles he triumphed over was the charge of being an old man. He addressed a great meeting at Mozart hall in Cincinnati the night following the day in which this ill advised charge had been brought against him by a responsible Republican leader. Strong, vigorous and well preserved as he was, and retaining unlooked that quality of voice which had designated him as "Foghorn Allen" when he was in the senate, he was still politician enough to use it for all it was worth to him. After stating the charge in all its heinousness he straightened himself to his full height of more than six feet and, beginning in a loud voice, asked, "Am I a man?" The next question was in a voice pitched a scale higher and asked, "Do I look like a man?" But the third, in which he put out all of his tremendous vocal power, thundered to shake the roof in roaring, "Do I talk like a man?" The audience was thrilled. Such high physical power in a man of that age appealed to it irresistibly.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Fascination of Burglary.

"My champion burglar," said Mr. Holmes, the police court missionary, "is a bookbinder by trade, who has been in jail on and off for half a century."

Mr. Holmes' ramifications with this chronic breaker of the law constitute an instructive scene from his work. He behaved to the erring bookbinder quite as a trother; the man had the



entree of the house and enjoyed the friendship of the family. How was he in the habit of repaying this hospitality? By going out to burgle. Twice Mr. Holmes set him up, but in vain. The only charm that life has for this extraordinary being is the opportunities it vouchsafes for committing burglary.

"Why on earth don't you leave off burglary?" Mr. Holmes asked him once. "Mr. Holmes," was his reply, "there's no fascination in the world to equal it. The silence of the night, the element of danger, the need of keeping every sense on the alert—it's grand."—Cassell's Journal.

Ohio's Pioneer Town.
Marietta was founded in the spring of 1788 by New Englanders, chief among them being General Rufus Putnam of Massachusetts, Samuel Holden Parsons of Connecticut and James M. Varnum of Rhode Island. The town was named after the unfortunate Marie Antoinette.

Not Too Crazy.
Jones, the tailor, is informed that one of his clients has suddenly gone insane.

"Oh, the poor fellow! But he'll pay my bill at least, won't he?"

"Oh, he isn't quite insane enough for that."—Paris Journal.

An Apt Illustration.
Miss Kinky—What does white folks mean when dey talks about paintin' de lily? Mr. Jackson—Dat's about de same as butterin' de po'k chop.—Kansas City Times.

Calvert breezes.

Editor Sylvan Valley News.

Fine weather.

Lewis' hog weighed 797 lbs net.

Compliments to American Citizen.

Who wrote on the schoolhouse? A thing.

Mrs. Houston Moore can out knit the band.

Joe Whitmire has a beard like a porcupine.

Happy to meet you on paper this time, L. M. O.

Who sprinkled the fence for the girls to get over?

Ask Oscar Lyon who is to be married during the holidays,

Tom Meece is taking lessons in feeding from Uncle John.

Florence Moore snow bound last week. "Shy dat 'possum, Obie."

James Owen and family attended church at Pine Grove last Sunday.

Mrs. Estey Hoxie is fast recovering her health from her long sickness.

Mrs. Alexander left for Texas and other points in the west last week.

We notice Uncle John has several Baptist hides nailed on his smoke house.

Ranzie says of course Mont remembers the time he sang, "I am a fool about you."

Erwin is taking stock at the store to see what is left. One good thing, Sharp can smile.

Uncle John is a wheel-horse in the woods when he leaves his axe and saw at home.

Two lots sold last week on McMinn avenue at Cherryfield for private residences.

Give the children plenty of fun, sugar, taffy and butterscotch and you won't need a doctor,

Austin Alexander, from Canada and the west, is visiting at his old home on McMinn avenue.

Lewis says Sharp's baby has lungs like a brass band. But then Lewis is a cross old thing.

Cousin Bill Whitmire is well and happy again and he and the Captain are learning the banjo.

Oscar eats up his books, so he keeps out of school. Use the mush paddle and send him to school.

Henry Garren left for California last week but will return later. No place like this old North State.

W. Baxter Owen, of Jackson, was a caller last week and later sold two yearling mules for \$165.

Wade A. Henderson and wife, from the southwest, were visiting his mother in Macon county last month.

Leo Hogsed at last has left, wife, babies and all. Gone to see the Golden Gate and will try raising oranges.

Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Galloway, of Jackson, spent several days with her daughter Mrs. Milford Moore last week.

And next we will get the road when we need it. Then watch us vote and—well, that office must have a change.

Our (not your) hustling cobbler Lanning is in Brevard to take the place of the other cobbler, but not Cherry cobbler.

John Mason called last week from Ninive, N. C. He claims all mineral on Mason's creek also on Patterson's creek.

Rev. F. M. Jordan, D. D., organized a new church at Pine Grove

Gap. The regular pastor will be Rev. I. Henderson.

Milford Moore went hunting last week and got a mountain boomer. Boy, go over and see the red fox hide at the Captain's.

J. K. Lanning has opened up his shoe and boot shop at Brevard. We miss an honest, hard working man. Give him a trial.

W. B. and Miss S. Owens, of Webster, N. C., stopped over night with us the past week. Come again, bring your friends.

The man who is out on bail and sneaks off from the officers and law is guilty. Hunt him up, put him in jail and give him the road.

Joe Galloway is to give a husking and in the evening a promenade with lunch to all who may come on Dec. 28. He specially invites all.

We hear that Brooks, Erwin and Paxton are to open a store at Cherryfield with Boren as clerk. Go in, boys, I love a Mississippi boat race.

"I got a cousin vot was drowned only his life was saved by a hero." Say George, don't make such a loudness, you scare der boarders away.

The Survey lines set by Hardin last week between Thomas and Moore was a loss to Thomas. He loses his buildings. Some one said "Like an Indian he was going to take to a tree."

J. J. Miner's Editorial in the Sylvan Valley News of a former issue, on "Our Financial System" of the government is a pure and simple gathering of facts and should be read by all.

Mount Moriah students had a grand time mountaineering on Thanksgiving. Under the tutelage of Miss Davis the school is in advance of any school ever taught at Mount Moriah.

Sign the petition folks, and the postoffice at Calvert will be doubled up with the crossing postoffice. On the 15th of Jan. 1908, the old station at Cherryfield will be moved to the crossing.

The honor roll of Pine Grove school for the past month were: Phoebe, Allen, Coleman and Carrie McCall, Norman and Fred Moore. I bet a little strap oil would have helped the boys.

It was great sport last week to see Rev. F. M. Jordan and wife, W. H. Nicholson and wife and Capt. M. R. Gleason and wife hunting rabbits. They got 15 heads. Great luck, but then these old gents have young wives.

Remember the Sylvan Valley News this Christmas. Pay up and subscribe for another year. Most people say you can't read or write when you don't take your county paper. Maybe you are stingy and read your neighbors'.

We hear that a gentleman from a distance is going to give the Garren heirs and relations \$300,000.00. There are about 600 heirs and each of them must give the gentleman \$10 a piece, then he will order London, England sold, and if the London people won't do that why then the gentleman will have the United States declare war. The Captain says for you Garrens to put your spare money in the Brevard banks and stop chasing—well let London alone.

Here's Good Advice.

O. S. Woolever, one of the best known merchants of LeRaysville, N. Y., say: "If you are ever troubled with piles, apply Bucklen's Arnica Salve. It cured me of them for good 20 years ago." Cures every sore, wound, burn or abrasion. 25c at T. B. Allison's drug store.