

YESTERDAYS (By Quattnerfax.)

"I speak today no word of buried hates, But, of set purpose, turn with mournful eyes To the dark days when malignant Fates Unloosed the bonds which bound the league of States And flung a tempest o'er troubled skies, Which spread and deepened as each angry flash Was followed by thick darkness and the thunders clash."

A boy seven years old was sitting in the a. b. c. class of the public school of his native city, the teacher was standing in front holding in her hands an abacus, she was teaching the youngsters how to count, but the lesson was never finished, suddenly was heard a boom, and yet another and another, the windows rattled, it was the Grand old Palmetto State announcing her secession from the Union. Down the main aisle of the hall came the principal, she approached the teacher and both women threw their arms around each other and after a moment, turned to the surprised youngsters and told them that the school was dismissed, then with a hop skip and several jumps they were out in the streets in a jiffy, they found the men hurraing, throwing up their hats and shaking hands with every body, and every one wearing a Palmetto cockade, but the women were standing in the doorways silent and grave. Wonder if the shadows of coming events were anticipated by them. Time rolled on and soon troops were pouring into the City and marching and counter marching. There was a certain warrior who attracted the attention of the boy, for this fellow was wonderfully rigged out in his regimentals, more gold braid than a whole army corps now wears, huge boots gauntlets nearly to his elbows, his hat and plume were immense. But to see him stand on the corner and twirl his mustache. His sword was forever getting between his legs and tripping him up, and how fierce he would scowl at the boy for laughing at him, but the boy would laugh and run away, sure to be on hand to guy the tin soldier the next day.

On April 12th quite a number of ladies were gathered at the house of the boy's mother and as many as 25 sewing machines were rattling all day. They were sewing U shaped flannel bags, to hold the powder for the muzzle loading guns used at that time. The booming of the guns at the battle of Fort Sumter were plainly heard. Some times one louder than the others would cause the windows to rattle and some one would call out "some body's darling is gone now". Then the machines would seem to pause, and then renew the rattle as the fair sewers would weave a prayer in every stitch for the safety of the boys who wore the Grey.

The next day the old city went wild with joy. Banners and flags were every where, and the people were rejoicing, because the war was over, as they thought, and the Yankees whipped. But the boy hunted for the little tin soldier. His feathers were all ruffled, and he was certainly cussing mad. He now, would not have a chance to lead his men to victory. Crushing his handkerchief and throwing it on the ground, he exclaimed that he knew the blankety blank Yankees would not fight. But he found out later that they did, (but he didn't).

One day a river steamer came to the wharf, and a rough pine box was borne ashore, through a line of men, who stood with uncovered heads. For it contained a youthful hero, whose life blood stained the new grey uniform he had on. He was the first of many who were to come.

The people did not mind the shelling very much, they could afford to be brave. Were not their loved ones at the front. The women did not tolerate slackers in those days, nor did they wear dresses cut with a C in front nor with a V in the back, neither did they chew gum. No man would dare puff tobacco smoke in the face of any woman of the old school.

One day there came a louder roar than all the others. Gen. Gilmer was firing the Swamp Angel (As they called it) from behind Battery Wagner. There was a rushing sound as if an express train rumbling over head, and soon the crash and the explosion was heard all over the City. The next morning the out going trains were crowded to the limit. The boy went up to see the fun, and found the little soldier. He had doffed his uniform, and was in citizen clothing. Some one asked him where he was going, he replied, he was going to get a place for his family. Are you leaving your family behind amid the shelling? He said he would send for them in a day or two, and the boy laughed out loud. The tin soldier never smelled burnt powder, for he managed to play safety first and se-

ured a boom proof place during all the war. But after the war, he was great at memorial anniversaries. He could shed tears over the valor of the men who wore the grey, and the noble self sacrifice of the women, but the boy always wanted to plug him with an ancient egg. The boy refused in one of the upper towns in the State, inhabited by old men crippled and children. The boy found that the bravest of the brave were those who remained at home working and praying for their loved ones at the front.

The boy remembers well a certain day in October, a miserably cold rain was falling, but the women were going about from house to house. The village seemed to be full of intense yet suppressed excitement. The boy wondered why. That night, just after dark, there was a mysterious noise down the street. A door would open, and the light would flash into the street, and a woman's cry would come out of the darkness. Then another door would open, and again the light would appear, and still another cry. In rapid succession the doors would open and the cries would come nearer. Soon there appeared in the gloom a horseman galloping along, and calling out as he passed. This is what the boy heard him say, "Hampton's Legion is cut to pieces", Every household in that Hamlet had either a brother, husband, father, lover or relative in that band of heroes. When Herod slew the children or when the angel of death passed over Egypt sacred history records the wails of the mothers, but that little hamlet was heart broken that night. The boy's mother called her little ones and heard their evening prayers, and boy found his trundle bed and left the village to its grief.

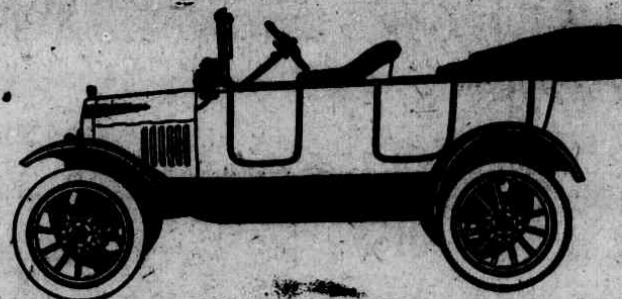
One Spring day, household cares seemed to have been forgotten, for the people gathered in little groups all along the street and they wandered from group to group seeking information which all desired and none could give. Newspapers were few and far between, and were printed on all kinds of paper, wrapping paper or even wall paper, in fact on any thing that could be had. That evening, the boy's mother told him to go and get the mail and be sure to hurry back. The boy found an unusual crowd at the office, but being a small fellow he wriggled through the crowd and was hurrying out when he found himself grabbed by a crippled soldier, who shouted, "I've got him", and in spite of the boy's struggles, held him fast, telling him that he would make it all right with his mother for detaining him. The people immediately formed a compact mass around, and the boy was placed on a box. Even after nearly sixty years, the boy still can see that crowd as they all gathered expectantly in front of him. There was no pushing. All seemed to want each other to hear as well as himself. The women wore their mantillas, their clothes were all neatly darned for they had on all they owned and no way to replace any thing. Eager, anxious to hear, yet dreading to hear, they stood, hardly breathing, their anxiety was depicted on their faces. The boy remembers well a certain one, who stood near him, she was a bride of a little more than a year. Her dark hair and eyes were intensified by the palor of her face, several women were very solicitous about her as they kept close to her.

This is what the boy read aloud: "A great victory has been won, but at a tremendous cost. The following is the list of the dead, wounded and missing." As the name of some loved one was read out, a suppressed moan would be heard and a cry of "God have mercy". Another would say, "it can't be so", or, "my John, my precious Bill", but no one allowed their sorrow to interfere with the hearing of others. The boy was watching the beautiful bride and when he read out the name dear to her above all others, he noticed her give a start and gasp, her eyes closed and nature was kind to her for she swooned. It was then the noble women forgot their sorrows and hastened to minister to their stricken sister, and bore her tenderly away. When the sun arose the next day the souls of the young mother and babe had gone to meet their war or husband and father. The boy was just scooting home when he heard some one calling him, it was an old negro man, a family butler, type long since gone forever, "little massa, please sir wait a minute I was scared I could not catch you, please sir enty you read that mass Bob was kilt? Please sir see you aint mak no mistake, please sir look and see again sir, that paper aint got it right, I tech young mass Bob to ride, shoot and swim and no 500 yankees can kill mass Bob, please Sir ghen me dat paper it will sure broke old miss' heart." Then suddenly he called out, "run young mass run don't let old Miss catch you". The boy looked and saw coming towards him one of the grand old moth-

(Continued on Page Three)

FORD

The Universal Car



\$415 f. o. b. Detroit

Announcing a further reduction in the price of FORD CARS:

Mr. Edsel B. Ford, President of the Ford Motor Company, gives out the following statement: "Another reduction has been made in the list price of all types of Ford Cars and the Ford truck to take effect immediately. The list prices, F. O. B. Detroit, are now as follows:

Table listing Ford models and prices: Touring Cars (\$415.00), Runabout (\$370.00), Coupe (\$695.00), Sedan (\$760.00), Chassis (\$345.00), One Ton Trucks (\$495.00), Tractor (\$625.00).

"The big reductions last fall were made in anticipation of low material costs which we are now getting the benefit of, and this fact together with increased manufacturing efficiency and the unprecedented demand for Ford cars, particularly during the past three months permitting maximum production, have made another price reduction possible immediately. "Ford business for April and May 1921 was greater by 56,633 cars and trucks than for the same two months in 1920; in fact, the demand has been even greater than the supply, so that our output has been limited, not by unfiled orders, but by manufacturing facilities. "During May we produced 101,424 Ford cars and trucks for sale in the United States alone - the biggest month in the history of our company - and our factories and assembly plants are now working on a 4000 car daily schedule for June. "The Fordson Tractor is still being sold at less than the cost to produce on account of the recent big price reductions, and it is impossible, therefore, to make any further cut in the price of the tractor." Can you afford to go without a car any longer when Fords are selling at these new low prices? There is no reason now why you should delay purchasing a Ford car, Ford truck, or Fordson tractor. We will gladly advise you concerning the delivery of a Fordson tractor or the particular type of car in which you are interested. Just phone us or drop us a card.

BREVARD MOTOR COMPANY

C. H. KLUEPPELBERG, Manager

Ford Cars Ford Service Ford Parts Fordson Tractors

NOTICE OF ENTRY:

Harold Hardin enters and claims 30 acres of land in Little River township on Laurel Creek adjoining the lands of Frank Coxie heirs, J. H. and C. W. Pickelsimer and others: BEGINNING on a stone, Coxie heirs corner and runs with their line South 50 degrees West 64 poles to a stake; then still with said Coxie heirs line South 100 poles to a stake; then still with their line South 30 degrees West 44 poles to a stone their corner; then East 40 poles to a stake in W. S. Ashworth's line; then with his line North 32 poles to a stake at J. H. Pickelsimer and C. W. Pickelsimer's South west corner; then with their line North 203 poles to a stake their corner; then still with their line North 49 degrees East 62 poles to a stone their corner in W. S. Ashworth line; then with said W. S. Ashworth line West 24 poles to the beginning. Signed: HAROLD HARDIN. ROLAND OWEN, Entry Taker. Entered June 6th, 1921, 6-10-42a.

WHEAT - HEARTS: AT ALL GROCERS.

NOTICE OF SALE

Under and by virtue of the Power of Sale contained in a certain Deed in Trust, bearing the date of August 20 1920, executed by M. L. Buchanan to D. L. English, Trustee, for the use and benefit of T. A. English, which said Deed in Trust is registered in Book No. 45 at Page 68 et. seq. of the Record of Deeds in Trust for Mitchell County, North Carolina, said Deed in Trust having been executed to secure the purchase money of the real estate described therein, and evidenced by three certain promissory notes bearing even date therewith, and due and payable February 20th, 1921, August 20th, 1921, and February 20th, 1922 respectively, each of said notes bearing interest from date, interest payable semi-annually, and said Deed in Trust providing among other things, that, if the said party of the first part should fail to pay the aforesaid sum of money or any part thereof promptly as it or any part thereof should become due, or should fail to pay the interest that accrued thereon, or any part thereof, promptly as said interest become due, or should fail to pay the taxes assessed against said land, etc., then at any time before such default was made good, and after five days notice of an intention so to do, the party of the third part might declare the whole of said debt, and interest, other moneys etc. secured by said Deed in Trust instantly due and payable etc. and default having been made in the payment of the first note above mentioned, as well as the interest on all of said notes, and the five days notice having been given as provided in said Deed in Trust, and said default not having been made good, and the whole of said debt having been declared due and payable, and demand having been made upon the undersigned Trustee by the holder of said notes to sell said property to satisfy said notes, interest, etc. Now, therefore, the undersigned, Trustee, as provided in said Deed in Trust, will, on Monday, the 27th. day of June, 1921, at 10 o'clock M. at the Court House Door in the Town of Brevard, Transylvania County, State of North Carolina, as is pro-

The Rose Cafe and Brevard Cafe

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The best place in town to get a square meal or a good lunch. Our country friends are invited to try us when in town and be convinced.

W. Y. THOMASON

vided in said Deed in Trust, as aforesaid, sell to the highest bidder for cash, by public auction, the following property, to wit:

All that Lot of land, lying and being in Mitchell County North Carolina, adjoining the lands of George Green et al. being lot Na. 1, of Block no. 49, as shown on the Map of the Town of Spruce Pine, said Map made by Robert Gray, Civil Engineer in 1903, which said lot fronts fifty (50) feet on Locust Street so called, and turn back (runs back) of even width ninety (90) feet to an Alley, and contains forty-five hundred (4,500) sq. feet more or less.

Said sale to satisfy said debt of \$1,500.00, interest, costs of sale, etc. any surplus to be paid to the said M. L. Buchanan.

This the 26th day of May 1921. D. L. ENGLISH, Trustee. 4t. 6-3-21

WHEAT - HEARTS: DELICIOUS AND NOURISHING.

TRUSTEE'S SALE:

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain deed of trust made by W. J. Smith and wife Letha Smith to the undersigned trustee, dated the 7 day of January 1919, and recorded in Book 12 page 289 of the record of Mortgages and Deeds of Trust of Transylvania County, N. C., to which said deed of trust reference is hereby made, and default having been

made in the payment of the principal and interest due by the notes secured by said deed of trust, whereby the power of sale has become operative. The undersigned trustee will on Monday, July 11, 1921, between twelve and one o'clock noon, sell for cash at public sale to the highest bidder at the Court house door in Brevard, Transylvania Co., N. C.

The following described lot of land lying and being in Brevard Township, and described as follows. First lot Beginning in the middle of the public road leading from Brevard to Island Ford bridge and at the margin of McCall Alley and runs North 25 degrees east 90 feet to the line of Lot No. 7; thence with the line of lot No. 7 north 65 deg. east 205 feet to corner of Lot No. 9; thence South 16 deg. east 120 feet to a stake in McCall alley; thence South 69 1-2 deg. west with the margin of McCall Alley 180 feet to the beginning. Containing all of lot No. 8.

Second Lot; Beginning in the south east corner of Lot No. 8 and runs north 69 1-2 deg. east 34 feet to a stake in Kilpatrick street; thence with the margin of said street north 5 deg. west 116 feet to the corner of Lot No. 19; thence south 65 deg. west 53 feet to Lot No. 8; thence with the line of Lot No. 8 south 16 deg. east 120 to the beginning containing all of Lot No. 9.

G. C. KILPATRICK, Trustee. July 8th . C. Gal.

Philip's Bakery

Who is in need of Fresh Bread Cakes, Pies, Rolls, and all other Fresh Baked Pastry try us. Bread one-day old is now sold for nine cents a loaf. It is our intention to deliver Bakery goods as soon as we are established in our new building.

Philip's Bakery