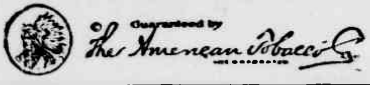




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Tickets will be sold on the above dates and passengers will use the following schedule:

Leave Asheville . . . . . 4:10 P. M.  
Arrive Washington, . . . 7:40 A. M.

Tickets on going journey are good only on SPECIAL TRAINS via the Baltimore & Ohio or Pennsylvania Railroad, as follows:

Via E. & O. R. R. leave Washington 7:30 A. M., August 26.

Via Pennsylvania R. R., leave Washington 7:40 A. M., September 1 and September 15.

**ROUND TRIP FARE FROM ASHEVILLE**—\$33.97, plus 8 per cent War Tax.

For fares from other stations in Western North Carolina, inquire of local agents, or see blue flyers.

**FINAL LIMIT:** Passengers must reach original starting point on return trip before midnight of the ninth day, which includes date of sale.

**STOPOVERS:** Stopovers will be granted on application to Conductors, within the final limit of tickets, at the following points, on return trip:

**B. & O. R. R.**  
Buffalo, Rochester, Geneva, Mauch Chunk, Ithaca, Philadelphia, Washington.

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J. H. Wood,  
Division Passenger Agent,  
42 Haywood Street, Asheville, N. C.

**CHERRYFIELD NEWS**

(written for last week)  
We are having fine weather up and around here now.

Mrs. Oat Bryson is very ill, and we are hoping for her speedy recovery.

Mr. Bennett from Shelby has just finished a three days Sunday school institute at the Mt. Moriah Baptist church. Everyone that heard his lectures on Sunday school were helped.

We are all sorry over the death of our friend, Miss Katy Brooks. Every one loved Katy that knew her.

Mr. Julian Thomas from Fulton, Cal., is visiting his sister, Mrs. E. C. Glazener, and friends.

A crowd of boys and girls left the other day for Marris Hill College. Cherrifield now furnishes four of the seven students from this county who are now in Marris Hill College.

Julian Glazener and wife are in from Raleigh on a visit. Mr. Glazener finishes at the N. C. State College this coming year in an agricultural course.

**CARD OF THANKS:**

Cherryfield, N. C. Sept. 6, 1921.  
We wish to thank our many friends for all kindnesses and favors shown us during the sickness and death of our wife and mother. We are very thankful, yours  
OATUS BRYSON AND FAMILY.

**MR. BOWSER IS BRAVE**

**But the Police Do Not Praise Him.**

By M. QUAD.

(© 1921, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Mr. Bowser was going over to the store on an errand the other evening when he met a man named Jones, with whom he had a slight acquaintance.

Mr. Jones was walking by fast and seemed very much excited, and it was perfectly natural that Mr. Bowser should ask:

"What's up, Mr. Jones—Is any of the family sick?"

"No, Mr. Bowser, but I was going to the police station, and I wish you would go along with me."

"Why do you go to the police station?" queried Mr. Bowser.

"Say, I made a great discovery, and an awful tragedy may be close at hand!"

"Tragedy?"

"Yes, one of the worst tragedies that ever happened in this town. I am glad I met you. You will tell me what to do."

"I can always tell a person what to do!" pompously replied Mr. Bowser. "Go right ahead and tell me about the discovery."

"It is like this," said Mr. Jones. "I was waiting for the car, about six blocks down the street, when I saw a man sneak into an alleyway, between the cobbler shop and the grocer. He carried something under his arm and he carried it mighty carefully. My suspicions were aroused at once."

"That's right," said Mr. Bowser, "as he put it down on the shoulder. 'Always have suspicions. Go on.'"

"The man ran out of the other end of the passage, and I went in to see what he had been up to. I found a box in there, which he had left. It was about the size of a cigar box and wrapped up in brown paper. I did not dare to lift it up, but I got down on my knees and listened to see if there was any clockwork inside. I didn't hear anything like a clock, but I did smell something which gave out an awful smell."

"Most certainly," was the reply. "They give out a smell of sulphuric acid. That's the way the police find them."

"It was the same kind of a smell that hair dye gives out, but it can't be hair dye."

"No, sir—no, sir! It's an infernal machine! It has been planted there to blow up the country and the grocer, and we must thwart the Irish design. If that bomb, or infernal machine goes off, it will tear down buildings by the dozen and break windows by the hundreds."

"We will send the police right up there!" said Mr. Jones.

"No, we won't do anything of the kind! We will remove that bomb and carry it to the police station!"

"But, excuse me, Mr. Bowser, I don't want to get blown all to atoms and I presume you don't."

"See here, Mr. Jones," said Mr. Bowser, as he swelled out his chest. "This calls for a brave act. It calls for nerve. It calls for presence of mind. I am just the man to fit the place. You can take your stand across the street, and I will go into the passage and bring out that box. I have



"He Found the Cigar Box."

accomplished just such acts, dozens of times, and shall accomplish this!"

"If you do, you are a true hero," said Mr. Jones.

"Well, I have been called that many times, whether I deserved it or not. If I sacrifice my life it will be in the cause of the public. Only one life will be lost and, whereas if the bomb is left to explode, it may kill thousands. Come right along, Mr. Jones, and point out the place."

"By George, Mr. Bowser, but I wish I had your courage! I am not exactly a coward, but I would not handle the box, if anyone was to offer me a million dollars!"

The two walked down the street and at length, Mr. Jones pointed out the passage. It wasn't so very dark in there, as an electric light, near the street, shed some of its beam. While Mr. Jones went across the street Mr. Bowser stood for a moment, peering and smelling. Cold chills passed over him and he felt the perspiration start on his scalp. If he had been there he would have backed out. Mr. Jones was watching him. "That was heroic work indeed, and the reward could give Mr. Bowser a fortune."

praise. They might even publish his full-length picture.

Drawing a long breath, he entered the passage and, midway of it he found the cigar box. It was reposing on the ground as sweetly and softly as a young lamb. No one, to look at it, would dream that it contained the lives of hundreds or thousands of people. It would blow that grocery a hundred feet high, and the grocer would never again sell butter at 70 cents a pound. It would, at the same time, send the fragments of that cobbler shop four blocks long and the old cobbler who had raised his prices three times would never raise them again. In fact, he would be raised himself and when the fragments of his anatomy came down, the most expert doctor of surgery could not patch them together.

There was the Robin Hood club across the street. There would be about 50 Robins roosting inside and smoking their cigarettes and drinking their champagne. In one instant they would be wiped off the earth, and their blood mixed with brick and water.



"The Captain Hadn't Any Questions to Ask."

There was a church, two blocks down. How many miles in the air the spire of that church would sail when the explosion took place it was hard to estimate.

Other things would happen. The force of the explosion might even reach Mr. Bowser's residence and throw Mrs. Bowser down and stand the cook on her head. The box must be removed at whatever cost.

As Mr. Bowser stooped over to pick it up, he might have murmured: "Now I lay me down to sleep," but, at any rate, he got the box and appeared carrying it with the greatest care. He crossed over to Mr. Jones and received the praise he deserved. Both of them took a long smell of the box. It certainly smelled of sulphuric acid, or the stuff which makes hair dye give out such a beautiful odor.

"Now for the police station," said Mr. Bowser, and they walked on.

The box was being held at arm's length, when they entered the station and walked up to the sergeant's desk. Mr. Bowser was, of course, spokesman. He was breathing very hard when he said:

"Sergeant, I have found a bomb or an infernal machine, and I wish to leave it with you!"

The sergeant looked up in a careless way and pointed to the captain's room. Mr. Bowser and Mr. Jones entered and told their story. The captain hadn't any questions to ask. He carelessly felt for his pocket knife and cut the string and removed the paper. Then he pried up the lid of the box and looked in. An overpowering odor gushed out and he had to turn away his head as he said:

"Say, you boobies, you ought to be locked up for a week for playing such a trick."

"What is it?" asked Mr. Bowser, as he advanced and took a look for himself.

There were six eggs in the box. One of them had become broken. These eggs were anywhere from six to ten years old.

Mr. Bowser and Mr. Jones got out as soon as they could and that ended the tragedy. Mr. Bowser didn't boast to Mrs. Bowser of his courage when he got home, and the papers didn't publish a single line about it.

**Raised Rare Orchid From Seed.**

The lizard orchid has been saved from extinction by the efforts of a cottager in Kent. He has proved that it is amenable to cultivation from seed. At one time this rarest and most beautiful of British orchids was thought to have entirely disappeared, and the finding of a specimen in Kent after a lapse of many years caused quite a sensation among botanists. Since then only isolated specimens have been found at considerable intervals. Now, however, a cottager named Fox, living at Adisham, near Canterbury, has succeeded in raising a number of plants from seed sown under natural conditions, and has a score or so of plants in bloom.—London Mail.

**Square Pegs.**

Secretary of State Hughes said at a dinner, apropos of the army of office-seekers that is infesting Washington: "Political appointments should be made carefully. The average political appointment reminds me of an anecdote:

"Louis XV once appointed as royal librarian a certain gay blade named Bignon.

"The appointment was most unsuitable, and when M. d'Argenson, Bignon's uncle, heard of it, he said:

"Excellent, my boy! At last you'll have an opportunity to learn to read."

**Piedmont Pressing Club**

H. C. HARDIN, Manager.  
Brevard, N. C.

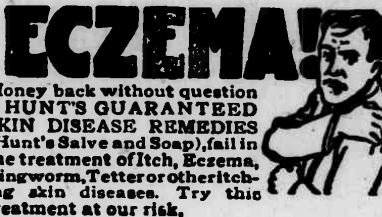


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**NOTICE OF SERVICE OF ALIAS SUMMONS BY PUBLICATION:**

In the Superior Court, North Carolina, Transylvania County R. T. Allison vs Ida Mae Allison.

By order of His Honor Thos. J. Shaw at the July-Aug. term of the Superior Court of Transylvania county, N. C., for the issuing and publication of notice of alias summons in the above stated cause:

Therefore, the defendant above named will take notice that an action entitled as above has been commenced against her by the plaintiff in the Superior Court of Transylvania County, N. C., for the purpose of solute divorce from the bonds of securing from said defendant an ab matrimony now existing between them; and the said defendant will further take notice that she is required to appear at the office of the clerk of the Superior Court of Transylvania County, N. C., on the 21st day of September 1921 and answer or demur to the complaint of the plaintiff which will be deposited in the office of the said clerk for the relief demanded in his said complaint.

This August 16th, 1921.

N. A. MILLER, Clerk Superior Court Transylvania County, N. C. 4-t-Sept. 16. D. C.

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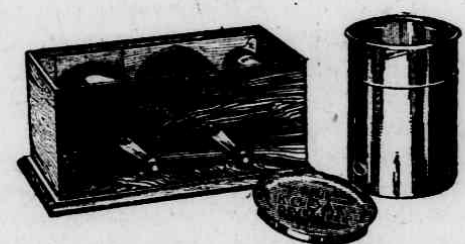
On Saturday, Sept. 10, 10 a. m.

All Household and Kitchen Furniture belonging to Mrs. J. R. Boone. SALE BEGINS promptly at 10 a. m. at her residence.

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