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NOTICE OF MORTGAGE SALE

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain deed in trust executed on the 4th day of February, 1921, by Rachael A. Dougherty and William Wallace Dougherty, recorded in book of mortgages and deeds of trust no. 14 at page 6 of the Transylvania records, to secure the indebtedness therein named, and default having been made in the payment of said debt and interest, and having been requested so to do by the payee in the note secured by said deed in trust, I will sell at public auction, for cash, at the court house door in Brevard, N. C., at 12 o'clock M. on October the 15th 1921, all the following described pieces or parcels of lands lying and being in Brevard, township of Brevard and county of Transylvania, and BEGINNING on a stake standing on margin of south Broad street, as extended, said point being at west side or margin of the side walk, corner of lot No. 4 as shown on plat of subdivision dated January 8th, 1912, registered on Book No. 28 at page 600, deed records of Transylvania County, N. C., and runs thence with the east margin of said South Broad Street and with the west margin of said sidewalk, south, six degrees east 130 ft. to a stake on said margin of said street and sidewalk, said point being corner of lot No. 6 as shown on said plat mentioned above; then with the line of lot No. 6 as shown on said plat south eighty-nine degrees east 150 feet to a stake; thence North 89 degrees east 100 feet to an iron stake; thence North 2 degrees west 123 feet to an iron stake or post thence North 89 degrees west 100 feet to a stake or post corner of lot no. 5 as shown on said plat above mentioned; thence with the line of lot No. 4 as shown on said plat above mentioned, North 89 degrees west 156 feet to the point of BEGINNING. The foregoing being the same property fully described in a deed from George McC. Hixon to Rachael A. Dougherty by deed dated 6th day of December, 1919, and now known as "NAVAJO," together with the contents and furnishings therein contained.

This sale being made to satisfy the debt, interest and costs of sale.
 This the 9th day of September, 19-19.

E. W. Ewbank, trustee

Piedmont Pressing Club
 H. C. HARDIN, Manager
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MRS. BOWSER'S STORY

Mr. Bowser Is Going to Write One to Beat It.

By M. QUAD.

(© 1921, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"Mrs. Bowser!" It was Mr. Bowser who spoke, and in such a deep, bass voice as made the piano tremble on its legs.

Mrs. Bowser looked up inquiringly. "A great mystery hangs over this house. That mystery is also full of deception. I want it solved, right away. I want to know what has been going on in my own house."

"State your case," replied Mrs. Bowser, but in tones that showed she was somewhat frightened.

"You ran in to see Mrs. Green a few minutes last evening. While you were absent I picked up a magazine of the piano. I am not much of a reader of such things, as you know, because their contents are mostly gush, and I just wanted to look at the pictures to while away the time. On opening a magazine I found a letter. It had been opened. It was addressed to 'Miss Jean Carew,' at our street and number, and pulling forth the letter, I found it was from the editor of the magazine. He had accepted a story and sent a check for \$30 in payment. Do you know any young lady named Jean Carew?"

"Why—why, I was going to tell you all about it," said Mrs. Bowser. "The editor of the magazine said he wanted stories. I thought that I could write one to suit him, and so I sat down and dashed off one. I did not wish to send my own name as authoress, and so I took Jean Carew. You see, he accepted my story and sent me a check, and I was going to ask you to get it cashed for me. Is there any great mystery about that?"

"Mrs. Bowser, let us look into this thing. In the first place, you wrote this story without saying anything to me about it. In the next place, you took another person's name, and thereby deceived the editor and the public. In the next place, I have read your story, and it is the most nonsensical thing I ever read. It is all mush and gush. The editor must have gone crazy to accept such a story. You have swindled him out of \$30 and you should send the check right back!"

"Why, Mr. Bowser, you talk very strange!" exclaimed Mrs. Bowser. "The editor of the magazine is supposed to know what is good and what is bad. He thought this story of mine good enough to publish, and was worth the check he sent me. I don't praise it much myself, but I don't think you ought to condemn it as you do. Mrs. Green and two other ladies read it, and it brought tears to their eyes."

"Bosh—nonsense! A woman would shed tears over most anything. Your story had a hundred faults. There is no plot and no strength. You did as well as you could, but I am not going to have it known that the wife of Samuel Bowser is writing such gush for publication. It shows a weak brain, on your part, and laxity on mine. People will ask why I don't forbid you. Hereafter all the stories



"Finds a Box of Gold."

written from this house will be written by me. Any checks coming in will be placed in my hands."

"Well, if you can write a story, why don't you write one?" was asked.

"Why don't I? I am going to write one. In the next two hours, and the check for it will be at least \$200. There will be strength and vitality all through it, and it will all be true to human nature. You probably spent three months getting your plot, while my plot has jumped into my brain in less than three minutes. Look at what you call the plot of your story! A girl gets a legacy. Instead of opening a department store or going into the tea business, she pays a visit to the poorhouse. There she meets an old grandma, whose only son sent her there to be off his hands. Your heroine's heart is touched. She takes the old lady out and puts her in the cottage, and tells her that for the rest of her life she need do nothing but sit in a rocking chair and eat fried eggs three times a day."

"And what is your plot?"

"Why, a girl, in digging a ditch, finds a box of gold. She has heard that the same tribe of Indians are searching for gold. They have no theories by meetings. They are searching around. She buys a man's dollars' worth of Bibles and begins

to write a team and driver, and she drives to the headquarters of the Pawnee tribe. The chief of the tribe is a gentleman named "Kicking Horse." He is willing to accept the Bibles and hymn books, but he is also willing to accept the fair hand of our heroine. He makes this known to her. He cannot have her hand. It is promised to a pawnbroker's assistant in Boston, and she is a girl who never goes back on her word. Old Kicking Horse gets mad, and he gives her an hour to think it over. In the morning, if she does not marry him, he will roast her a beautiful brown at the stake. Isn't that a mighty good plot, so far?"

"It's very thrilling," answered Mrs. Bowser, "but go on."

"When night comes," continued Mr. Bowser, "Old K. H. goes to the maid's tent and demands that she either marry or marry. If you were writing this story, you would have about a barrel of tears at this point, and your poor maiden would faint away and remain unconscious for about three weeks. See how I do it. Quicker than lightning she draws two automatics from her pocket and points them at the naked breast of old K. H. and, in tones which cannot be mistaken for love tones, she says:

"You are standing on the verge of the grave! You go! Turn your face

to the west and walk right off! About three miles away is a tree. Walk to that tree. I shall be close behind you all the way, and if you do not keep your arms above your head I will fire 18 bullets into the back of your neck. Tell your people not to attempt to rescue you. Now, get along with you!"

"Isn't that natural, Mrs. Bowser?"

"Very much so," she assented.

"We now turn to the pawnbroker's assistant. Not hearing from the girl by postal card, he gets anxious and fretful. He hires a flying machine and goes West in search of her. He arrives in the Pawnee country just as she is walking old K. H. across the plains. The machine comes to a stop beside her. He smiles and extends his hands. She jumps in beside him, and before old K. H. knows anything about it they are five miles away and speeding for Boston, where they don't lose ten minutes in getting married. It is such stories as this, Mrs. Bowser, that will rebound to the credit of our house. I go to write it! Do not come into the library on any excuse whatever. I will finish this story so I can mail it in the morning. You may go upstairs now."

Mrs. Bowser went upstairs, laughing to herself all the way, and Mr. Bowser sought the library. He opened a fresh bottle of ink and got down about 200 sheets of paper.

At midnight, not having heard from him, Mrs. Bowser softly descended the stairs, and softly opened the library door. Mr. Bowser sat in the chair asleep. He had simply written:

"By thunder! What ails my brain tonight!"

Mrs. Bowser gave him a shake and he followed her upstairs to bed. He was asleep in about three minutes, but the old story gripped him and he called out:

"Do your worst, you savage monster! Never will I marry a Kicking Horse! Never, never, never!"



"Walk to That Tree!"

Lucky Philadelphian.

As the luckiest man, honors go to Nicholas Murphy of Philadelphia. Murphy walked into a moving train between Boothwyn and Ogden streets, on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. The locomotive cylinder tapped him upon the shoulder and Murphy described a loop, alighting on his feet. Then he sank to the ground. When a foreman of a gang of laborers rushed to where he was, Murphy sprang to his feet and ran away, thinking he would be arrested for trespassing upon the railroad. He had escaped injury, and the worst damage done was to the temper of the conductor of the flyer, which was delayed ten minutes.

Care of Peonies.

If you want a big crop of peonies next spring, prepare for it right now. These plants are heavy feeders, but they don't like fresh manure. Probably the best fertilizer to use is bone meal. A handful is none too much for a single plant, and should be scattered around the plants to be a

NO. 100 — TRUSTEE'S LAND SALE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain Deed in Trust executed by Collins Loyd and Belsie Loyd on the 18th day of September, 1913, registered in Book 6 at page 580 of the Deed in Trust records of Transylvania County, N. C., to secure certain notes therein mentioned;

And whereas there remains one of said notes unpaid, and notice having been given to the maker, that payment must be made or the lands would be sold to satisfy same; and the default not having been made good, after the five days notice was given.

Therefore, the undersigned trustee will sell to the highest bidder for cash at the Court House Door in the town of Brevard, N. C.;

ON SATURDAY, OCT. 22, 1921, at 12 o'clock M. all the following described tract of land, situate in Brevard township, Transylvania County, N. C., adjoining lands of C. M. Sinfard and others and bounded as follows:

Beginning on a beech on the north side of a branch, the beginning corner of the L. C. Neill tract, and runs with the east line of said tract, North 3 1-2 degrees East 5 1-2 poles to a stake; then North 86 1-2 degrees W. 117 poles to a stake, a corner of the C. H. Robinson tract; then with the line of the C. H. Robinson tract, S. 3 1-2 degrees West 55 1-2 poles to a stake in the south boundary line of the L. C. Neill tract; then with the south boundary line of said tract, South 86 1-2 degrees East 117 poles to a stake, the southeast corner of the L. C. Neill tract; then North 3 1-2 degrees East 50 poles to the beginning, containing 40 acres, more or less.

Sale made to satisfy said indebtedness, principal and interest, cost and expenses of sale.

This Sept. 17th, 1921.

WELCH GALLOWAY, Trustee.
44 to Oct. 21, W. G. c.

NOTICE — LAND SALE BY TRUSTEE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain deed in trust executed by W. M. Meece and wife, Kannie Meece to the undersigned trustee to secure a certain note therein mentioned payable to the Brevard Banking Company, which deed in trust and note is dated Jan. 12, 1920, and which became due Sept. 1, 1920, which deed in trust is registered in Deed Book No. 13 at page 75 of the Trust Deed records of Transylvania County, N. C.

And whereas, said note remains unpaid, and the holder having demanded that the said trustee give the notice required, and said notice of five days having been given to makers, and the default not having been made good, the payee in said note having demanded that the power of sale given be executed:

Now therefore, the undersigned trustee will sell to the highest bidder for cash at the Court House Door in the town of Brevard, N. C., ON SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1921, at 12 o'clock M. all the following described boundary of land, situate in East-toe township, Transylvania County, N. C., bounded and described as follows:

BEGINNING on a spanish oak, the Néalus Powell corner, and runs South 5 degrees West 112 poles to a stake in the road leading from Pine Bottom to Toxaway School House; then with said road, North 66 degrees East 12 poles to a stake in said road; then N. 34 degrees East 44 poles to a red oak on the west bank of said road; then South 83 degrees East 118 poles to a stake in the public road leading from Toxaway Baptist Church to Laurel Fork; then North 6 degrees East 16 poles to a red oak; then North 65 degrees East 60 poles to a small black pine on a ridge; then North 63 degrees East 16 poles to a white oak on the south side of Flat Creek of Toxaway river; then North 35 degrees degrees East 42 poles to a red oak, J. D. Morgan's corner; then North 19 degrees West 16 poles to a chestnut stump on the bank of the road; then North 8 degrees East 168 poles to a spanish oak, crossing the public road; then North 48 degrees West 43 poles to a white oak at the fork of a branch; then up with the right hand prong of said branch, North 57 degrees East 32 poles to a white pine at the fork of a branch; then up and with the right hand prong of said branch, North 57 degrees East 32 poles to a white pine; then North 8 degrees East 11 poles to a stake at the fork of said branch; then North 58 degrees East 13 poles to a large poplar in said branch; then North 43 degrees East 76 poles; to a white oak between Isaac Camp branch and the Grave Yard; then North 65 degrees West 82 poles to a black pine; then North 46 degrees West 30 poles; small maple; then North 60 de-

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greens West 11 poles to a chestnut; then South 33 degrees West 4 1-2 poles to a spanish oak stump; then South 55 degrees West 44 poles to a cucumber; then South 30 poles to a maple, Ed Hendrick's corner; then South to a stake in the J. E. Galloway line; then with said line, South 32 degrees West to a black pine; then South 46 degrees West 24 poles to a white oak; then South 21 degrees W. 22 poles to a white oak on the bank of Flat Creek of Toxaway river at the ford; then South 44 degrees West 126 poles to the beginning, containing 379 acres.

Sale made to satisfy said indebtedness, cost and expenses of sale.
 This Sept. 27th, 1921.
 WELCH GALLOWAY, Trustee.
 9-20-44 Oct. 21 W. G.



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