

The Key West Advertiser.

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE INDUSTRIAL AND COMMERCIAL INTERESTS OF KEY WEST, FLORIDA.

VOL. XX. NO. 7.

Price Five Cents.

KEY WEST, FLORIDA, APRIL 17, 1909.

The Advertiser Publishing Company.

"The Luxury of the Rich"

By Charles Johnston

FOR any one who has imagination, there is a curious and wonderful story behind a "luxurious" bill of fare. Let us begin with the wines; and let us assume that they are genuine, for one can usually have the authentic thing by paying the price for it. The wines on a richly decked table really represent the work of hundreds of French peasants, with their wives and children, who, in the midst of a lovely country, early and late, with loving and tender care watch the growth and ripening of the fruit of what is one of the most beautiful and decorative plants in the world. Millions of these thrifty, simple people depend for their well-being and comfort on the constant demand for wines, and for the best and purest, and therefore the most extensive wines. The rich do not compel these people to work; nature compels them to work. What the rich do is to influence the direction in which they shall work, and to bring within their reach all kinds of commodities in exchange for their work.

So other things on the same table represent the well-being, the family comfort, of shepherds in the hills, perhaps, of our west, or of Wales or Scotland; or the wealth of fishermen on the rivers of Maine or along our New England coasts; or down south, in the Gulf, or in the oyster beds at the mouths of our rivers; or, again, the earnings of the hunters along the fringes of the sea marshes, or among the woods and hills, or on the prairies; vigorous, adventurous men, with a warm love of every changing aspect of natural beauty, who are thus able to lead half-wild lives under the fair dome of heaven. It is just this putting in motion of a huge army of folk, scattered over widespread regions, carrying out exacting tasks, that makes the cost of an expensive banquet; and the rich man is simply the factor determining in which of a score of directions a constant stream of resources shall flow, bringing the power to work, and recompense for work, to a varied army of good people all over the world.

The basis of the whole thing is that the richest man in the world cannot spend a penny except by paying some one for something.—Harper's Weekly.

.. The Berliner ..

Unpleasant Qualities on the Surface,
Admirable Ones Below.

By Robert Haven Schauffler

WHEN I speak of the Berliner I do not mean the highest stratum of Berlin society; for the gentleman and the gentleman are fairly constant types the world over. I mean the son of a middle-class family, fresh from the provinces, saturated with Prussianism, the person whose origin is recognized by the stiff, upright carriage, the high-crowned hat, the monocle, the straight, determined chin, a daunting glance, a right noble pose, a rapid stride, are all the mode. An upturned mustache has recently been de rigueur, and one notices with joy that even the bronze mermen on the Heydt bridge possess the imperial "string-beard."

The Berliner inclines to military standards in appearance and character, very much as official Berlin does. A smooth, determined chin, a daunting glance, a right noble pose, a rapid stride, are all the mode. An upturned mustache has recently been de rigueur, and one notices with joy that even the bronze mermen on the Heydt bridge possess the imperial "string-beard."

One of the Berliner's most trying characteristics is his superiority. He has known the latest joke at least 10 years. Do not try to tell him anything or to strike from him the least spark of enthusiasm, for news is no news to him; he was born blase. His eleventh commandment is, "Let not thyself be bluffed," his life motto, "Nil admirari." In conversation he instinctively interrupts each fresh subject to deliver the last word upon it, and to argue with him is to insult him. There is something cutting in his speech. Perhaps Voltaire's influence on the great Frederick, the critic king, started this dreadful habit, which seems to grow with indulgence. It is a curious coincidence that the first performance of Goethe's "Faust" should have been given in Schloss Monbijou, the home of the Hohenzollern museum, for it would almost seem as though the Berliners had modelled their daily speech after the caustic, sneering, telling style of the engaging villain in that drama. They have little humor, but much wit of the barbed, barracks variety. And their target is the universe.

Because their unpleasant qualities are on the surface and their admirable ones are below, the Berliners do a grave injustice to the rest of Germany. Many foreigners go first to the capital, are repelled by the people they first meet, and hasten on to France or Italy with the idea that all Germans have corrosive tongues and manners of a drill sergeant. Whereas there is no wider difference in temperament between the people of Naples and those of Warsaw than between the citizens of Munich and the citizens of Berlin.—The Century.

What Shall We Do with 5,000,000 Women?

By "Amused Teacher"

WHEN President Woodrow Wilson in his talk before the Southern society generalized on the logical nature of women's minds he evidently was not acquainted with the arguments of the president of the National society for the Civic Education against woman suffrage.

In deploring the entrance of women into the industries she thinks "the time has come when we must consider, and consider seriously, whether this movement has not gone far enough." For the sake of the argument let us decide to agree with her, but let us pretend that we want to be practical, though of course we really don't.

Would this home-loving lady (who seems to have plenty of money to stay at home on) mind telling us what she would have us do with the five million working women we already have on our hands—I mean are going to have when we have decided they have gone far enough?

Those whose savings seem to make the venture safe might be put to bed and strapped down if they can't be made to behave any other way. The hundreds of thousands of women whose husbands cannot support them might be killed off in some humane manner. The women who have parents to support could be disposed of in the same practical fashion. And the "bachelor maids" with no one but themselves to support and no account now—a gentle application of chloroform and all would be over, with no one the worse. Only the widow is left, and she—but she can usually dispose of herself, and we forego advice.

No Tightwad.

"If you pay cash the watch will cost you forty marks less."
"What do I care for forty marks—charge it!"—Fliegende Blaetter.

England eats between 30,000 and 40,000 tortoises every year.

Art Values.

Artist—I would like to paint that old Rosinante of yours. How much would you charge me for two hours a day on him?"

Farmer—One dollar, and in ten days you can keep the horse.—Fliegende Blaetter.

"I've Shovelled the Money Out—How Shall I Get Out Myself?"



—Cartoon by W. A. Rogers, in the New York Herald.

Prisons Everywhere Are Overcrowded

More Criminals and Paupers Are Now Confined in State and County Institutions Than Ever Before—Hard Times and Undesirable Aliens Are Chiefly Blamed.

New York City.—Never before in the history of the State of New York have there been so many criminals behind prison bars as there are at present. The State prisons are overcrowded, and the workhouses are congested, and the inmates are in each other's way.

Prison officials and criminologists assign two reasons for the crowded condition of the penal institutions—the hard times prevalent for the last two years and the influx of undesirable aliens to the big cities of the State. Unable to obtain work these men drift to crime and eventually land in prison.

Sing Sing Overcrowded.

There are more than 2000 convicts in Sing Sing Prison, originally built to house but 1600; the prisoners are doubled up in cells, lodged in out-houses and the chapels and some are said to sleep in the main office of the prison. In order to accommodate the horde of convicted men recently sent from this city—and they have been going in weekly batches of a score or more—Warden Frost has been compelled to place cots in the beautifully decorated Protestant and Catholic chapels.

A batch of sixty-five was transferred to Clinton Prison against the protest of the officials of that institution, who say they have no room to spare. Numbers of Sing Sing convicts—short term men—in order to make room for the new arrivals, are sent daily to the site of the new prison now being constructed on the west bank of the Hudson, near Iona Island, and kept there in shacks under the watch of keepers. These men are employed in the building of the new structure.

The same condition is reported by the warden of the penitentiary on Blackwell's Island. The census there recently showed 1119 men and eighty-three women in cells. This is far above the average census, and the rate at which the courts are sending prisoners there has alarmed the penitentiary officials. They are in a quandary where to confine the prisoners. As in Sing Sing, the problem of employing all the convicts is puzzling the officials of the penitentiary, and steps are being taken to put a number of them at work erecting new buildings on the various islands owned by the city and used for city purposes.

Reports from the Elmira Reformatory state that that institution is overcrowded, and transfers are being made daily to the up-State penal institutions in order to relieve the overcrowding.

Most of the Elmira recruits come from this city, and with the six Courts of General Sessions working daily the number of youths committed to the reformatory weekly from this county averages twenty-five. An average of ten a week are committed there from the Brooklyn criminal courts. A batch of seventeen was transferred from the Tombs recently to Elmira, making a total of 110 sentenced from this county during the month of March.

Workhouses Are Congested.

It is in the workhouses on Blackwell's, Hart's and Randall's Islands that the increase of poverty is apparent. Hundreds of prisoners—men and women—are housed in these institutions, all committed from the police courts of this city and Brooklyn, many of their own volition. The census recently showed that in the workhouse on Blackwell's Island there were 1025 men and 579 women serving terms ranging from five days to six months, all for trifling offenses.

Hart's Island institution housed 653 men and thirty-seven women, and at Riker's Island 282 males were housed. Besides, there are scores of prisoners committed to the workhouse who have been transferred to the different detention prisons scattered throughout the greater city to do the cleaning. According to the figures of the Commissioner of Correction obtained recently, there was a grand total of 3014 prisoners at present regularly committed to the workhouse.

From all over the State the same reports are received—crowded prisons, thickly tenanted workhouses and an ever increasing demand for admission to almshouses.

The overcrowded condition of penitentiaries and prisons in New York State is not peculiar to this State. Special dispatches subjoined indicate that similar conditions prevail in many other States. New York prison officials attributed it to two circumstances—the hard times and the influx of undesirable aliens.

Courts Less Lenient.

Boston.—Massachusetts County and State reformatory and prison institutions are crowded at the present time as they have not been for years. The authorities attribute this condition to the establishment of juvenile courts, leading to the arrest and conviction of many petty lawbreakers who heretofore have escaped with a reprimand. Besides, they say, the courts of late have in very many instances imposed sentences where previously they had put the accused on probation. The probation plan has not worked out as satisfactorily as it was hoped.

Hard Times Blamed.

Philadelphia.—For the last five years the penal institutions of Pennsylvania, both State and county, have been inadequate. The crowded conditions in the Eastern Penitentiary, in this city, were relieved somewhat a few days ago when a score of Federal prisoners were removed to the new Government prison at Atlanta. The hard times have been the cause for an increase in petty crime, but it is not believed that there is any greater proportion of alien criminals than formerly.

Maryland Like New York.

Baltimore, Md.—All the penal institutions of the State and city are more crowded than ever before with minor offenders. It is attributed by the officials largely to hard times and the presence of foreign undesirables. In a report to the Governor recently it was stated that while there are fewer cases due to the enforcement of the anti-cockade law, there is a large increase in police court cases. The State penitentiary now has more inmates than it has had at any time within five years. One of the city police magistrates last week let off a number of petty offenders, saying he did not want to add just now to the number of prisoners who are crowding the city jail. The House of Correction is filled to overflowing with offenders committed from all parts of the State. Bay View Asylum, the city almshouse, is so packed with paupers, sane and insane, that vigorous protests are being made against the conditions prevailing there.

AN ENGLISH COMIC.



Editor—"My dear sir, we can't publish stuff like this. Why, it's not verse at all—it's an escape of gas."
Poet—"Ah, I see—something wrong with the metre."—The Sketch.

New President of Panama.
Senor Don Jose Domingo de Obaldia, who has been elected President of the Republic of Panama to succeed President Amador, was until lately Minister from Panama to the United States, having been appointed

An Eveless Eden.

One of the odd sights of the city may be seen each school morning over on East Fifteenth street. There you may find a building with about 1600 occupants and not a single woman among them. It is Stuyvesant High School. From clerk to principal every position is filled by men, and when they are all assembled with their 1500 boys in the auditorium the absence of shirt waists and hair ribbons is as impressive as it is conspicuous.—New York Times.

Telephone Supporter.

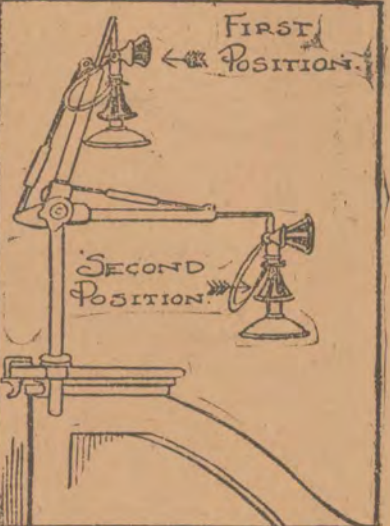
An exceedingly useful and practical telephone supporter for business use has been designed by a Massachusetts man. Instead of placing the apparatus at the side of the desk, as is usually done, it is supported on a bracket on the top of the desk. Whether sitting or standing, the user



SENOR DOMINGO OBALDIA

at the creation of the republic in 1903. He is a native of Panama, sixty-three years old, and was in Bogota and in the United States until his twenty-fourth year, when he returned to Panama and became connected with the large business interests of his father. Senor Obaldia is one of the largest stock raisers in Central America and exports horses, cattle and mules. He was Governor of Panama when it belonged to Colombia and is a conservative in politics.

Senor Obaldia defeated President Amador's candidate for President, Secretary Arias. Obaldia was Amador's choice until, when acting as President in the absence of Amador, he instituted policies which estranged his chief.



can always swing the 'phone to the position most desired. He does not have to change his position. If he desires to talk while standing, 'phone can be reached as conveniently as when sitting at the desk. With the ordinary bracket the 'phone is always on the same level.—Washington Star.

ON THE ROAD.



Agent—"Say, old man, I'd like to have you take a look at this complete, up-to-date encyclopedia I have here."
Uncle Josh—"Wa-al, I reckon 'twouldn't do ye no good. I ain't much of a hand at buyin' newfangled contraptions, and I don't s'pose I could ride the durned thing if I had it."—Judge.

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AN INDEPENDENT NON-PARTISAN JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

Subscription \$2.00 a year, \$1.00 for six months.

Advertising rates made known on application.

This paper will not be responsible for opinions expressed by its correspondents unless editorially endorsed. JAS. T. BALL, Manager.

Many will find consolation in the fact, thinks the Philadelphia Ledger, that the published picture of "Pennsylvania's handsomest man" portrays him as bald as an apple.

Japan, unwilling to wait for the success of the new anti-rat virus, is importing 5000 cats from this country to attack the rodents. The rat is the most widely distributed of human pests, asserts the Boston Transcript. To keep its numbers down seventy-five men are carried on the pay roll of the city of Hong Kong alone.

France stands alarmed at an increase of something like ten per cent. in four years in the cost of food, clothing and other necessary supplies, says the Pittsburgh Dispatch. Milk is thirteen per cent. higher, meat twenty-seven per cent., cheese sixteen per cent., oil twenty-five per cent. The price of rice has doubled. Rents follow the upward trend.

If the laws of the State make all persons incompetent who had talked with a witness or with any one who had talked with a witness, and a newspaper that prints verbatim testimony is to be regarded as having talked with a witness, clearly juries, argues the New York Globe, are not often to be found among the literate or those interested in matters of any public concern.

A writer in the Spectator quotes with approval Taine's saying that the stranger about to visit London for the first time should approach it from the sea. "It would be a puzzle," he writes, "to say which is the more impressive in its way—the endless wharves and docks, ugly as they are, when one comes up the river to the Pool, or that urbane sweep of the river between Westminster and London Bridge."

Blackfriars, where one has left the serious shipping behind and looks from Westminster Bridge (Wordsworth's point of observation) and takes in the multiplicity of towers, pinnacles, spires and St. Paul's dome, making a lofty background to the delicious curve of the Embankment and the fine long front of Somerset House and the refined solidity of Waterloo Bridge."

Vivisection which does not include the helpless or the unwilling cannot be criticised, declares the Boston Post. When a man offers himself upon the altar of science for experiment, he takes his place beside the benefactors of humanity. Dr. Henry Head, of the London Hospital, six years ago gave his hand up to nerve experimenting. The intricate problem to be clarified was that of the function of the tiny telegraph wires that carry messages from the body to the brain. The most competent nerve specialists in England assisted in this vivisection, which has now come to a triumphant end. If vivisection would only confine their experiments to their own bodies, there would be no need to formulate laws regulating the practice. The value of legitimate human experiments has never been questioned.

The Public Service Commission of New York have held a "ladies' day" when many women appeared, handsomely attired and carrying a variety of suggestions concerning the management of subway details. Complaints of what the subway fails to do were voiced and advice was offered to the effect that polite guards, destination signs, electric annunciators and similar appliances likely to interpret the subway's usefulness to all patrons would be appreciated. One man who heard the women speak, notes the Boston Transcript, attempted to wring from a witness the admission that if smaller hats were worn by them the comfort of all in the subway would be increased. But the lady would admit nothing, indicating that she and her companions were there to be heard, not to confess, and so the hearing went on. The account of this unusual sort of "ladies' day" will be read with interest in other cities having subway complications of their own, and may possibly lead to the holding of similar conventions elsewhere.

COURAGE.

BY EMMA PLATTER SEABURY.

There are some hopes so long deferred,
Which reach so far above the years,
And seem but dimly through our tears
With vision that is strangely blurred
We scarce can separate from fears.

There are some patient lives that wait
Their promise yet fulfilled to be,
A boon vouchsafed, perhaps to thee,
And watch the phantom sails of fate
Gleam near, then drift far out to sea.

There are some hearts that throb in vain
For some lost song of joy they've heard,
Some melody, their chords have stirred,
Lives o'er in memory's refrain
Like carols of a vanished bird.

C hope deferred! O soul that waits!
O aching heart! in life all one,
Thy spirit's march is but begun;
The storm that rends and devastates
Reveals the glory of the sun.
—Youth's Companion.

THE DELEGATE.

By SUSIE BOUCHELLE WIGHT.

Although grandmothers may be at a discount in some homes, they certainly were not at Alice Mason's, and they did not reside upon a shelf, either. The sunniest room in that beautiful new house, the coziest corner by the fire and the most inviting chair belonged by right of love and reverence to Grandmother Parker, and when that dear old white-haired lady spoke her gentle mind, she was sure of affectionate attention. So when young Mrs. Mason came in, flushed and excited, from a gay afternoon at a friend's reception, she paused with a smile at hearing Grandmother Parker's call from the library.

"Come here a minute, my dear, before you go up to change your dress. I have such lovely news for you! Soon after you went out the minister came in, all worried and anxious. He said things about the decline of hospitality in the city, and asked if we would not take delegates. You know the conference convenes tomorrow night, and although the list has been published in the paper, some of the people are making excuses, and he is sadly put to it to find homes for the preachers. He seemed timid about asking, because we were newcomers, but I told him that I was sure that it was nothing but inadvertence that had kept you from asking for delegates, and that he might send you two, provided they were two of a kind, as you have only the one guest-chamber. Won't it be nice to have delegates, deary?"

"I don't know, grandma," faltered Alice, a little aghast. "I've never had the experience."

"To be sure—to be sure. I am always forgetting that you don't know anything about real home-life, spending all your days wandering about over the world with parents that by rights should have been Gipsies. But when your mother was a little girl, and we lived in Brooksville, we used to have such exciting times when conference delegates came."

President Taft has tossed another

these men are doing a great deal of good—and the bishops and the other leaders are always delightful men. I shall drive them in the carriage to the church, and I'll have James wait there to bring them home after the sessions."

The looked-for ring at the door cut short her hospitable plans, and in another moment she was looking upon her delegates—but not upon a bishop.

They very evidently were from the country. A tall, lank, white-bearded patriarch entered, and upon his arm was a chubby-faced young woman, hardly as old as Alice herself. The old man's clothes revealed the signs of long service and many careful brushings and spongings. The wife made, ill-fitting frock was of pearly gray with pink trimmings, and her hat was white, with a wealth of white flowers wandering over and under it. There was not a perceptible pause between Alice's frightened taking in of the situation and her greeting of her guests. Mrs. Parker rose from her chair to hold out her little wrinkled hands with her old-fashioned courtesy, and Ted Mason did his share of welcoming.

"You must be tired," said Alice, hospitably, after a moment, and then she led the way to the guest-chamber, and left them alone.

Her husband intercepted her on

Get to Farming: There Never Was a Better Time!

THE trend of thought in nearly every avocation now is based on life in the country. People who have hitherto had an aversion to country life because of the privations and annoyances of it, are now turning to it as the only way to escape the annoyances of city life.

There has been a decided tendency to establish farms in the country. This is due to the fact that agriculture is becoming more and more profitable. The farmer is now getting on his feet and will in the future demand and receive his share in the profits made from the wealth it creates. Naturally there is no place so attractive to the average human being as the country.

If the time has come, and we believe it has, when satisfactory profits can be made once again by Southern farmers, so that independence and righteous prosperity will be conspicuous in the country, the trend of thought and travel will be away from the towns and cities and back again to the farm. Discontent will be displaced by peaceful satisfaction. We confidently believe that the tide has turned for better and happier days for the men who provide the food and raiment for the world's population, and that the cotton growers of the South especially for all the years to come will enjoy a degree of prosperity unknown on the farm for the past thirty years.—The Cotton Journal.

her return, and grinned as he shook her affectionately. "Don't you worry, Alice," he whispered. "I am so relieved! A bride and groom will talk to each other, and my brilliant conversational powers will not be needed."

"That is true," agreed his wife, with flaming cheeks. "They will entertain each other, and I'll not need to go round with them. O Ted, isn't she awful! She looks like a pillow with a string tied about it—and he—why did they send us such people?"

The old minister, Mr. Harvey, had a certain dignity which kept him from seeming embarrassed in the new splendors of Alice's dining room, but the poor little bride was evidently ill at ease. Mrs. Parker devoted herself to them, and Alice was not far behind, so before the first meal was concluded the conversation was general, if not very absorbing in its interest.

There followed an hour or two in the library, and then Mrs. Parker said to the minister:

"I am not strong enough for late hours, Mr. Harvey. Will you not have prayers now?"

This was another unexpected turn, for Alice had not entertained a minister before, and there ensued a hurried hunting for a Bible. Finally she brought, from Mrs. Parker's own room, the big family Bible. Alice deposited it, with an effort, upon the table at the minister's side, and mentally resolved that the next day she would buy one of more convenient size.

"The servant, sister?" asked Mr. Harvey. "Do you not have her come in for worship?" Then came a brief but energetic argument in the kitchen with Jane, who finally came in, with a sulky frown, to sit down by the library door. Things were taking a strange turn in the butterfly's nest, but Mrs. Parker lay back in her chair, and as Alice gazed at the sweet, placid old face, it seemed to her that she could see the golden light of past days dawning over it. The country bride sat still, regarding her husband's countenance reverently, and as Alice's eyes wandered, she met her husband's glance. His eyes held no laugh in them, although he smiled at her understandingly, and strangest of

all when the reading was finished, his lowering face had cleared, and he slipped quietly out of the room without even a shake of her expressive shoulders.

"My granddaughter has made some plans for you, my dear," said Mrs. Parker the next morning to the bride. "We are so glad that our delegates are as they are. We had expected two gentlemen, but I always prefer a lady. One gets so much better acquainted, you know."

Alice bit her lip. She had ordered the carriage, and had intended putting it at the disposal of her guests, but she certainly had no idea of going out with them. There was nothing for it but to acquiesce, however, when Mrs. Parker told Mrs. Harvey what her hostess would take her to the opening service with her. Alice considered that she would have to reason a little with her grandmother privately.

Alice pointed out the pastor's house as they drove by, and Mr. Harvey looked at it with interest.

"Well! Well!" he said. "The church is learning to take care of her servants these days. Such a fine house—and they tell me you pay your pastor two thousand dollars a year! I guess I was born fifty years too soon, little bride. The younger preachers don't have the struggles we older men had. Why, I have been preaching now for forty years, and my highest salary was five hundred dollars a year—that was when the boys and girls were young, and you know you have eight stepchildren, Nannie. Still, it is all right, and I am not the one to grumble. The rewards always did go to the deserving men, and I know I am not much of a preacher, so I am just grateful to be remembered by my old conference in the way I am."

It sounded strange to Alice Mason—five hundred dollars a year, for a whole family to live on! How could they do it? Her own little perplexities over ways and means seemed silly in comparison.

She led the visitors to the very forefront in the church. Mr. Harvey had said that he did not want to miss a word of the proceedings. The conference was about to open. Alice had never seen the bishop, but she did not need to have him pointed out. A tall, fine-looking man, with keen eyes looking out from under a

She had at home a beautiful new black gown, just from the tailor. The cloth of it was smooth and shining, and the fashion of the coat was such that it would conceal the awkward lines of Mrs. Harvey's figure. There was a black hat to match it.

Clad in that, the young wife would look really dignified, and Alice determined that she should have it. But how to manage it without hurting her feelings!

She set her mind to puzzle it out, and almost forgot what was going on about her before she finally concluded that in order to be able to make the gift she must get on very friendly, almost affectionate, terms with Mrs. Harvey.

Mrs. Harvey accepted the gift with perfect simplicity. She looked like a different creature in the new garments. Before noon of the next day Mr. Harvey assured Alice that in all his forty years he had never been treated so handsomely. Mrs. Harvey soon forgot her perplexity over the astounding number of spoons and forks that surrounded her plate at table, and was able to enter into a very quiet and demure enjoyment of the drollery of Mr. Mason and his young wife. Day after day Alice went with them to conference, and remained through the sessions.

One day she noticed how the old man's face always lighted up when the bishop began to speak. But nothing prepared her for what happened on a day when Mr. Harvey had been asked to conduct a devotional service. He did not do it very well. He showed that he was a little flustered, and his old hands quivered as he held the Bible. Alice felt sorry for him, and for his wife, who looked at her husband so appealingly; but after Mr. Harvey had taken his seat the bishop rose.

"Brethren," he said, "it has been a long time since I have seen this old friend, before this conference. Forty years—forty long years ago, he was just beginning his ministry, and was serving a piney-woods circuit away off in an out-of-the-way place. I was a young lawyer sent down to Florida upon a certain land case, and by accident, one hot summer day, I stopped at a brush arbor out in the woods, where he was preaching to a congregation that had gathered there in ox-carts, on horseback and afoot. I stopped, more to rest in the shade than because I felt any interest, but he had a message, and he delivered it from a full heart. It was for me—for me! I don't know how many others it came home to, but I went on my way thoughtful and more serious than I had ever been in my life before, only to come back and seek him out at night—like Nicodemus of old. And like Nicodemus of old—I was told the way—the only way—"

The bishop paused a moment, and some one out in the congregation began to sing. "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," as that congregation had a way of doing upon all sorts of occasions. The bishop bent down and clasped hands with Mr. Harvey, whose uplifted face was radiant. Alice, with downcast eyes, saw the little bride's hands trembling on her lap, and she put her own soft fingers in between, and they sat there listening happily together through the rest of the service.

"Ted, darling," Alice said that afternoon, "we are entertaining something bigger than the bishop—we are taking care of the man who put him in the way of being what he is. Oh, wouldn't it have been awful if we had not been nice to them?"—Youth's Companion.

England's Women Voters.

A return of the number of women voters in England and Wales who are qualified to vote for county councils and for councillors in municipal boroughs issued to-day shows that the women's franchise for county councils extends to 569,961 for England and 41,945 for Wales, making a total of 605,906. For county borough councils in England and Wales the number is 265,862, and for non-county borough councils there are 131,421 voters for England, 5993 for Wales, making a total of 137,324.—Westminster Gazette.

Selecting a Champion.

"What we want," said the fervid speaker, "is a man who is not afraid of a trust."

"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum; "and at the same time we don't want one who is so fearless that he will eat out of its hand."—Washington Star.

HATES THE PUNCTUAL PERSON

Man Whose Life is Ordered by Clock the Dreariest Thing Evolved by Civilization.

"I hope that some day I'll pick up a book or a magazine or a paper that won't have the word 'punctual' in it," sighed a citizen who has given up his business for two automobiles. "I've just been reading that punctuality in letter writing, answering correspondence, is just as essential to gentlemanly deportment, longevity, correct habits and what not as is punctuality in keeping engagements. I've heard that refrain ever since I was old enough to sit up and sound an alarm because the bottle was behind time; and, what's worse, there isn't a word of truth in it. For one, I can't abide the punctual man who's always on the dot with a watch in his hand while you're always late. He's so smug-faced and condescending and willing to make allowances for your tardiness. And he never allows you to forget that an appointment with him is a sacred thing. He feels as if his word were involved, and his word's his bond, you know. I've noticed that these people whose word is their bond have to put

up fat collateral, like the rest of us, thank heaven, or they can't borrow. Of all the dreary, colorless things that civilization has evolved, the dreariest, to my mind, is the methodical man whose life is ordered by the clock. He may be pious good, but he's far from entertaining. There are no surprises in him. I happen to know, too, that men of that kind, who are constantly harping on punctuality, tire their wives to death. They never miss a meal, morning, noon or night. You can put out the milk by their tread in the evening and take it in when they get out of bed. They never have any excuses to offer. A wife with a husband like that would be tickled enough if he'd sprain an ankle and limp home ten minutes behind his accustomed hour, but there's no such luck in store for her. Such men won't even die before their appointed time. I'd give boot any day in the week to wait for me, rather than have them wait for me, but I never yet could catch one of them."—Providence Journal.

The Professor Was Chided When He Feasted His Eye on Certain Antique Furniture.

He Was a Learned Man and Quite Fell in Love With a Sideboard, Though He Discovered Mistakes in the Carving—Madame Professor Was Not Quite So Enthusiastic.

"Ah!" said the Professor. And holding back Madame Professor (who was eagerly trotting on to glue her pretty little nose against the show window next door, where certain mysterious garments were on display under the guise of being a White Sale), the Professor peered into the show window of the furniture shop and feasted his gaze on a sideboard of antiquity.

"A perfect specimen of hand carving!" said he. "A perfect specimen of hand carving! A perfect!"

And as his voice diminishes into the silence of adoration let us (flattening our noses against the show window of Life) look earnestly for a minute or two at this Professor and also at Madame Professor, his wife.

He was, then, a bushy-headed professor, wearing the aspect of a lion and much given to bristling his beard and making gestures of emphasis with his eyebrows. For the rest of it his trousers were innocent of creases, the professorial limbs being carefully thrust into twin cylinders of pepper and salt, and he couldn't be left to himself a minute before the hanger of his coat began to assert itself over the top of his collar, as though bent upon showing its superiority over learned subjects and its unyielding scorn of all things scholarly.

So let us turn and consider Madame.

Pert and snappy was Madame, with a pretty little turned-up chin and looking altogether capable of taming the lion aforesaid and making him jump through the hoop whenever occasion required. Moreover, she had a way of setting her foot down when she walked as though she knew exactly where she was going, and every time she spoke she nodded her head until the white pompon on her hat nodded also in a manner that was at once an affirmation, a warning and a source of deep delight.

"Do you see it?" he asked.

"Yes," she said, nodding; "I see it."

"A masterpiece!" said he, and bristling his mane he fell into his best professorial style and thus delivered himself:

"Era of the eighteenth century. Wreaths, scrolls and friezes carved in high relief, with fruit and flowers carved with wonderful initiative skill. I particularly wish to call your attention to the preeminent figure of Pomona."

Whereupon he crooked his right knee and made a particularly commanding gesture.

"Pomona was the old Roman goddess of the fruits of the tree and especially loved by all the sylvan deities, the satyrs and the pans. She was a shy goddess, but Vertumnus, the god of the turning year, wooed and won her. I digress, however."

"Come along," said she.

"Wait," said he.

And turning to the sideboard again he said:

"Herein we see that the engraver, however rare his manual skill, has fallen into a common mistake and has given Pomona a cornucopia, which is, of course, the special property of Fortunatus. However, we will overlook so popular an error and confine ourselves to the work proper."

"Are you coming?" said she.

"In a minute," said he.

He batted his eyebrows.

"The delicate carving of the foliage is unusual," said he, "especially in the hollows of the cornice and the light open cresting along the top. The tracery around the bunches of grapes is also of a wonderful beauty, and executed with the most minute finish and delicate moulding. The fronts of the lower drawers have been specially selected for minute enrichment in spite of their inconspicuous position. However—"

And as a new beauty caught his eye he fell once more into the silence of adoration, saying at last:

"I wish it was ours!"

But as for her, her pompon started shaking.

"Well, I don't!" she said.

Whereat he stepped back into those twin cylinders which have already been mentioned, and the hanger of his coat began to assert itself—oh, most desirably!

"You don't?"

"No," she said, "I do not!"

"What? You don't wish we owned that beautiful sideboard with all that magnificent carving?"

"No, Cassius," said she, tucking the hanger back in its place, "I do not!"

And taking him firmly by the arm she led him to that window next door where the strange and curious exhibits were on display, and just before she fell into a reverie she looked up at him (with that glance of love and impatience which a mother sometimes directs at her best beloved) and added:

"How would you like to have to dust it every morning?"—New York Sun.

Messina is the scene of one of Shakespeare's merriest comedies, called by an irony of fate "Much Ado About Nothing." Also the most improbable event mentioned by Benedick is an earthquake; "I look for an earthquake, too, then" (Act I.).

PERSONAL NAMES

That people's names have a kind of influence on their careers is undeniable, but nowadays we rate this influence much below some former estimates of it and indeed take a less serious view of personal names altogether than has been common in the past. Pythagoras went to mystical lengths in ascribing the individual's bent and success to his name; so did Plato. "Bonum nomen, bonum omen," was a proverb at Rome. "What could you expect of a man called Lyco (wolf)?" asked Plautus; and Romans who had Faustus or Probus in their designations were publicly preferred at sacrifices. How scrupulous were the ancient Hebrews to put a moral sense into their appellations, for instance, Ichabod, Miriam, Saul, even so the Saxons cherished high expectations of names including "ead" or "prosperity"—Edward, Edmund, etc. The mediaeval church sought heavenly guardianship for the child through naming it for the saint whose day fell nearest to its birth. Later a freer choice was allowed the English priests up to the Reformation would "admit none to the font unless it was baptized with the name of a Scripture or legendary saint." This rule held in France till the Revolution, and when that upheaval set the public free to adopt wild, capricious names the secular government stopped them with the law of "11 Germinal, An XI," whereby "none but the names in recognized calendars or those of persons famous in ancient history" might be accepted for registration—a law invoked in Paris as recently as last year to prevent some fantastic denomination.

In England after the Reformation the use of new-fangled, secular names became common, and so sane an observer as Lord Coke "was pleased to say that he had noted many of them prove unfortunate." Thomas Fuller remarked upon the great lawyer's dictum that "the good success in other cases enforces the general truth of his observation," but he did not question it altogether.

The early established custom of changing names after some spiritual or other crisis reveals a like opinion; so Abram became Abraham; Jacob, Israel; Saul, Paul. Roanulus (upon dedication), Quinlus. So, too, famous scholars have sought to be reborn, as it were, into their beloved classicism by translating their names into Greek or Latin—Trappass transforming himself into Metastasio; Schwartz-erd into Melancthon; Gaucher into Scaevola; De la Borge into Strabo. The venerable Camden reports that already in his day "many entirely change their names to get rid of something ridiculous in them, lest they be vilified thereby," and we are reminded of the more recent Thomas Buggs, who translated himself into Norfolk Howard.

Novelists and dramatists have always been fervent disciples of the nominalist theory, seeking impressive titles for their puppets from a conviction that this element will largely influence their readers' conceptions. Balzac ascribed as mystic and magic a potency to mere names as ever Pythagoras, Plato or Sterne's Mr. Shandy did. It will be remembered of the last that when through Susannah's leaky memory his child was christened "Tristram" instead of "Trismegistus" his grief and alarm for its future surpassed expression.

Even in regard to brute animals the same instinctive theory asserts itself. It is a classical tradition of the Derby that an ill named horse cannot win it, and Anthony Trollope was sharply rebuked by racing men because in one of his novels he awarded the blue ribbon to "Fish-knife."

On the whole it is not surprising that publicists have constantly cautioned parents to exercise taste and discretion in naming their offspring. The occasion is doubtless momentous and a warning not seldom needed. Some parents have regarded nomenclature as little else than an opportunity for sorry jesting—the Frosts, for instance, who had their son christened "Hoar Frost;" the Nobles—to keep the real cases—who labelled their "Henry Born Noble;" the parents likewise of "Arch Bishop" and "Sweet Organ;" and the yet more reprehensible Roses, who rashly named their daughter "Wild"—it was afterward her fate to marry a man called Bull. These culprits are not to be condoned by citing the sportsman who, excusably enough, named one of his hunters "Filter," because it was good at clearing water, and another "Gehazi," because it was a snow white "lepper." The English circus man Sanger, who gave his son the forenames "Lord George," did a good stroke of business, as it proved, but what shall be said of the Schump who had his child baptized "Sanspareil" except that he made the worst of a bad job? Praise God Barabones had perhaps a more serious but not a more felicitous impulse when he started his boy in life under the handicap of "If Christ had not died for thee thou wouldst have been damned" Barabones—the obvious fate of which name was its reduction to the two last words.

Yet even sensible, well meaning parents may go astray through force of circumstances, as when they have to consider some rich uncle or aunt—or more commonly through ignorance of the art of nomenclature. Indeed, it is not easy to enunciate any clear principles of that art, though attempts have been made. The great difficulty is that parents cannot see into the future.

It is evidently inappropriate to name a future brunette Lily, and so on, but of what use to offer to parents mnemonic rhymes coupling names with qualities—in accordance usually disputable enough—as

Blanche is a blonde, with laughing eyes;
When Martha's mentioned, laughter dies;
Lydia is mournful, Agnes chaste;
And Hannah, to do good will haste;
Mabel is modest, Carrie pert;
Eliza 'tis well known's a flirt.

when it is impossible for them to foretell the ethical future of the swaddled, inarticulate lump demanding an immediate name?

Parents may indeed manage to avoid disagreeable associations, such as go with Judas, and ridiculous combinations, as those imposed upon Alfred Sidney Smith. They may also aim at some rhythm and euphony. Several doctors point out the effectiveness of a hexametrical couplet, as

Ellie Trellis, by; others uphold the virtues of the trochee. But these details do not solve the problem, and though reluctant to appear unprogressive we must confess that we see no better way out, all things considered, than the practices of various savage tribes. The Dakota Indians, for instance, avoid the trouble arising from human shortsightedness by giving the child to begin with a merely conventional name—a number, as it were—and later on, when it has done something to distinguish itself, a new name expressive of its peculiar character and abilities. Elsewhere, with real democratic instinct, the responsibility of deciding is shifted from the parent of the babe. In New Zealand, for instance, it was usual to read out a list of names till the child sneezed or cried at one, and in some Russian ceremonies the child was first provoked to cry and then names were recited till it showed its preference by stopping.

His Acerbity.

By WILL S. ADKINS.

"Some people live to learn," remarked the Plunkville philosopher, "and some people know it all from the start. Some people have poor friends and are kept busy dodging 'em, and some have successful associates and have put in a lot of time explaining that the aforesaid successes are nuthin' but a string of flukes. Some people have greatness thrust upon 'em, and some hafter withdraw in favor of another after goin' through forty-five heart breakin' ballots. Some people buy coal by the ton in August and some people buy it by the peck in December, givin' out that they do it so as not to start a bull market. Some people part with works of genius for a song, and others retail gold bricks at grand opary prices. Some get thrown out of work and others don't wait to be thrown out, but slide out handily. Some practice what they preach and some get it off extemporaneously. Some hosts back modestly and some is such hosts in themselves that they'll do all the honors of the party you're payin' fer."

"What's the matter, Peleg?" inquired the town constable. "You ain't feelin' well, be ye?"

"Oh, yes. Fact is, I was foolish enough not to take sides when the Uplift Society split, and now I've gotter listen to the grievances of both factions."—From Puck.

A Little Girl's Classic.

A little girl, mourning for her favorite cat Bathsheba, asked a poet to commemorate its memory in verse, which he did offhand in this classical bit:

"Bathsheba! to whom never said sweet,
No worthier cat
Ever sat on a mat
Or caught a rat.
Requiescat!"

The Need of the World.
The world must return some day to the word duty, and be done with the word reward. There are no rewards and plenty of duties. And the sooner a man sees that and acts upon it like a gentleman or a fine old barbarian, the better for himself.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.



THE MERMAMMY'S LULLABY.

Swish, swish, my little fish;
Rest each silvery wee fin
Now the daylight's growing dim.
Swish, swish, my darling fish;
Do not quiver, do not fear,
Your mermammy's floating near.
Swish, swish, dear little fish;
Hungry hawk or cruel hook
Cannot find our cosy nook.
Shut your tiny round head-eyes,
Let your shining scales soft-lie;
Swish, swish, sweet little fish.

Swish, my pretty speckled fish;
Now the stars are coming out.
Swish, swish, my darling trout.
—Mary E. Merrill, in Christian Register.

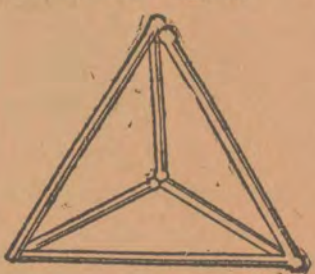
CAN'T TAKE OFF FEET.

Harry one day climbed up in a parlor chair in order to reach something he wanted. "Don't get up in that chair with your feet, Harry," exclaimed his mother. "I just have to, mamma," replied the little fellow. "I can't take my feet off."—Chicago News.

MATCH PUZZLE.

How to Make Four Triangles Out of Six Sticks.

If the man who is always going around asking people to solve puzzles ever tells you that you can't make four triangles of equal size out of six matches, you may be prepared for him by making a little study of the accompanying diagram.



Three of the six matches are laid on the table in the form of a triangle, and the other three are placed on end, meeting at a common point above. Thus you have the four triangles required.

A MASQUERADE.

I thought you would like to hear about a masquerade which I attended. It was held in the City Hall. There were a great many pretty dresses and some extremely funny ones. Their were

descriptions, people disguised as Red Riding Hood, Spantards and poppies. The poppies, which I took great interest in, had dark green dresses, with long strips of green crepe paper, and large red hats with green stems on top of the crowns, which were also green. Afterward all the poppies had their pictures taken by flashlight. —Eileen Tate, in the New York Tribune.

TALE OF A SQUIRREL.

Dolly was sitting on the laundry window sill watching Hulda dampening the clothes. "O, Hulda," cried she, suddenly, looking out into the back yard, "look at the funny pussy cat!"

"Pussy cat, my darling," sniffed Hulda; "sure, that's no cat; it's a rat, I'm thinking, or maybe a weasel." And, as the small gray animal stopped scurrying along the fence, and, sitting up straight, curling its fluffy tail over its back like a plume, she and Dolly cried in one breath, "It's a squirrel, it's a squirrel!"

"A squirrel in a city back yard!" cried mother dropping her egg beater and coming to the window; "it must have escaped from some boy or other."

"O, mother," cried Dolly, "may I catch him, and may I keep him?" Please say yes, mother!"

"Yes," laughed mother, "if you catch him! But I fear he won't be caught, and also, does not seem inclined to be kept; but," she added, "suppose you get some nuts—the chestnuts and hickories we found in the woods yesterday—out on the window sill and see whether he'll come for them."

So Dolly opened the laundry window and set the nuts on the sill; and they all went back into the kitchen where mother went on with her cooking, and Hulda washed the lunch dishes, while Dolly kept as still as a mouse watching the squirrel.

As soon as the little creature caught sight of the nuts he ran down the fence and scampered to the window, where he crouched a few moments, his thickly whiskered little nose wrinkling and quivering, his body hunched up searching for possible danger; then he pounced on two or three nuts, stowed them away in his side pockets, and dashed off with them to the grass plot. Here he ran daintily taking them for some peculiar kind of city tree, finally selecting one of the four for his own particular one, at the foot of which he hurriedly scratched a hole in which he deposited his booty, carefully covered it, and rushed back for a new supply. He kept this up—to Dolly's delight—until the nuts were all buried, where he painstakingly went over his cache, scrapping, patting and smoothing the ground until no one would have guessed it had ever been disturbed. He then stopped

work and, after thoroughly "washing his face" and flitting his tail, proceeded to amuse himself. From pole to pole he gambled, climbing first one, then the other, and enjoying the view therefrom until Dolly grew tired of watching him and turned to her dolls instead, wheeling Sophonisbe Ann up and down the back yard walk and seeing Hulda take down the wash line, in which proceeding Master Squirrel also seemed much interested. He mounted his own clothes pole—the one above his little cache—to the round ball on top, where he sat straight on end, following Hulda as she rolled the rope round her hand and elbow, lingering at each stop to fasten the line. She was hurrying along (for the short November afternoon was growing chilly), and had evidently quite forgotten his squirrelship, when, just as she neared his post, and had planted one substantial foot upon his buried treasure, he uttered a chattering protest and hurled himself upon her, a flying bunch of gray fur, waving tail and burning indignation. Hulda in her turn uttered a piercing scream, dropped wash line and clothes pin bag, ran into the house, and dropped breathless—but otherwise unhurt—into the nearest chair, while the scared and offended squirrel swarmed over the fence and ne'er was heard of more.—Kate Hudson, in Christian Register.

NEWSBOY'S BEREAVEMENT.

It wasn't much of a dog, just a plain, everyday sort of a dog, that lay yelping with pain in Malden Lane yesterday afternoon, where it had crawled after it had been hit by a passing automobile.

A crowd of newsboys had gathered around it when a little crippled fellow came hobbling up, and, parting his way through the crowd, went to the side of the dog, and, stooping, he patted it on the head, saying: "Poor old Jack. Youse is done for now, I guess."

The poor brute knew the little fellow, and in the midst of great agony he wagged his tail as a token of dog esteem.

"Youse best old dog," said the crippled newsboy, as he grabbed a bunch of papers from a little boy's hand, and, rolling them up, lifted up the dog's head and laid them under it so "it would have a pillow."

Yes, there, and yep! one of the onlookers. "You got me papers, didn't I all I got, too, and no more money."

"Cheese youse fuss," said another and bigger boy. "Can't youse see de pore dog's done for and dyin'?"

The little crippled boy stooped nearer to the dying dog, whose yelping by this time could not be heard above a low whine. He took the animal in his arms, and as he seemed to kiss his head there was a trembling of the dog's body, another half whimpered whine, and his life went out.

For half a minute the little crippled newsboy held the dog's head in his arms. Then he dropped it and began to cry. One of the big boys stepped to his side, and, taking his hand, raised him up.

"Dat's all right, 'Crip,'" he began, as he took a dirty handkerchief and began wiping the boy's eyes. "Dat's all right. We's get you another dog some place."

"I knows you will," stammered the crippled boy. "But youse will never be able to get nother dog like Jack. He was always my friend and mother's too. Fellers," he went on, "I don't want him carried away and burned. I wants to take him home and give him a decent funeral."

"Come on, youse kids, shell out a nickel apiece," said the big boy. "We ain't going to see the kid's dog buried by just any old ting. Let's get a wagon and send him and 'Crip' home together."

And they did. Every newsy chipped in his five cents, and pretty soon "Crip" and his dead dog were placed in a wagon and sent home.

All the boys say they will attend the funeral, but so far little "Crip," the newsboy, has not named the hour. —Memphis Commercial Appeal.

HOW A DOG WAS FOOLED.

A family down town having a false grate in one of the rooms of the house placed some red paper behind it to give it the effect of fire. One of the coldest days the dog belonging to the household came in from out of doors, and seeing the paper in the grate deliberately walked up to it and laid down before it, curled up in the best way to receive the glowing heat as it came from the fire. He remained motionless for a few moments; feeling no warmth he raised his head and looked over his shoulder at the grate. Still feeling no heat he went across and carefully sniffed his nose to the grate and smelt of it. It was cold as ice.

With a look of the most supreme disgust, his tail curled down between his legs, every hair on his body saying, "I'm sold," the dog trotted out of the room, not even deigning to cast a look at the party in the room who had watched his actions and laughed so heartily at his misfortunes. That dog had reason as well as instinct. —Troy Times.

THE PULPIT.

AN ELOQUENT SUNDAY SERMON BY DR. CURTIS LEE LAWS.

Theme: Backsliding.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—In the Greene Avenue Baptist Church, Sunday, the pastor, the Rev. Dr. Curtis Lee Laws, preached a strong sermon on "Backsliding." The text was from Proverbs 14:14: "The backslider in heart shall be filled with his own ways." Dr. Laws said:

Do you recall your early experiences in the service of the Lord? Do you remember the day and hour when the burden of sin rolled off your heart, and when you could look up for the first time into the face of your heavenly Father, rejoicing in His presence and in His love? Do you not recall how the whole world suddenly became more beautiful and your heart yearned over your friends and enemies as never before? There was on old man converted to Christ down in Washington some time ago. He was a rugged old fellow, his esthetic nature had not been much cultivated, and he did not have an artist's eye. The morning after his conversion, when his wife came down to breakfast, he was standing at the dining room window looking out at the desolate winter scenery. He turned and said: "Wife, come here and look, come here and look; the very trees are clapping their hands in praise to God!" Ah, in the days gone by there has been many an echo of those words in many a heart here.

To me after I found God, the whole world was more beautiful; the sky was bluer, the grass was greener, the breezes were softer, the sun was warmer and all mankind were dearer to me.

What is the meaning of all this? It means that I had found that which was the complement of my whole being. As Augustine said: "O Lord, Thou hast made us for Thyself, and we are restless till we rest in Thee." It means that in God I had found the satisfaction which this world had never afforded me, for as the ocean only can fill the ocean's bed, so God alone can satisfy the mind of man. Blessed is the man who has been reconciled to his heavenly Father, who has returned like the prodigal to his Father's love.

I turn now to the dark side of the picture. How few of us have kept this early joy, and have continued in this blessed peace? Of course you know the story of the lost chord? A woman, in the shadows of the twilight, when her heart was sad, gently touched the keys of a glorious organ. She did not know or care what she was playing; her fingers lingered idly but caressingly upon the keys. Suddenly she struck a chord, and its wondrous melody as it filled the room was uplifting and transforming and heavenly.

It flooded the crimson twilight.
Like the close of an angel's psalm,
And it lay on her fevered spirit
With the touch of infinite calm.

It melted pain and sorrow
As the sun melts the snow,
Like love overcoming strife,
It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexed meanings
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away in silence,
As if it were loth to cease.

Something disturbed this woman and called her from the organ. As soon as possible she hurried back and began to play, but this divine chord was gone, and though she kept on playing she could not bring it back again.

How similar to our experience as the children of God and yet how opposite! Many of us have lost our peace, our joy, our rapture, but bless God, we can all have this heavenly music in our souls again, if we are willing, for God is willing to heal our backsliding. Backsliding is so common among Christians as to be almost universal. Of course, there are different degrees of backsliding. Some have gone only a little way, while others have gone so far that the return will be difficult, but thank God, not impossible.

First of all, let us consider how men become backsliders. The word itself is significant. To go backward requires effort, to go backward requires no effort at all. In the Christian life, if you cease to go forward you will inevitably go backward. This backsliding always begins in the heart. We may go on for a time in the outward performance of duty, in the ceaseless round of Christian activities, while in our hearts these things are growing more and more distasteful. The heart may therefore be in wrong relation to a given thing, while our actions may be perfectly exemplary. But God knows that that man is backslider, and he knows it matters very little. But after a time all men will know it, for the backslider in heart generally becomes the backslider in life. It is very hard for men to continue long in hypocrisy. Ordinarily a man's outward life is the expression of his inner life. A man's character may be better than his reputation, or a man's reputation may be better than his character, but ordinarily reputation and character agree. We call the uncouth and uncivil "diamonds in the rough."

We constantly say of the man who sins with his tongue, "Well, you and often says things which he does not mean." But God says these things have their origin in the heart, and from the heart flow outward. When our conduct becomes bad it is because we have already been backsliders in our hearts. Then bad leads to worse. Like Peter, we begin "to follow the Lord afar off," and this inevitably leads to the denial of our Master. You remember that when the Master was taken captive He was immediately forsaken by His apostles. Then began the procession from Gethsemane to the judgment hall. The Master walked alone His weary way. He trod the wine-press alone. The fallen altar was His pathway. But after a little while two of the apostles summoned up courage and follow the company. One of these was John, and he walked as close to Jesus as he possibly could. But Peter did not have the courage to do that, so he

lagged behind, or, as the record says, "he followed afar off." When the company reached the judgment hall, John went in with Jesus, but Peter, straggling in late, dared not go there, but with shamefacedness sat out in the court and warmed himself by the fire. Step by step he had led to his own undoing. The servants jeered him and taunted him, until he grew profane and blasphemous, and declared that he never knew Jesus of Nazareth. Had he followed close to the Master, the presence of Jesus would have sustained and strengthened him, in the companionship of John he would have found courage, and he would have been saved from the influence of the evil company which proved his ruin. Is not this the proper diagnosis of many sin-sick souls among us? Is not this the exact history of your backsliding? You began by sheer neglect. You did not commit outward sins, but you neglected the means of grace. You were startled when you recognized the growing indifference in your heart. Bible reading became irksome, and you no longer delighted in private prayer. In the meantime your devotion to business or pleasure caused you to give up the prayer meeting. Then you became irregular on Sunday evenings, and gradually you dropped out of all church attendance. In the meantime you were not sustained and cheered by the conscious presence of your Lord nor strengthened by the companionship of your fellow Christians. Then you drifted out among unbelievers, and perhaps they have taunted you into denying your Master in ways which ten years ago you would not have dreamed of! Of course you did not start out to make shipwreck of your faith. You were hoodwinked by the devil. Even a fool would shun the first steps toward evil if he could see the end from the beginning. In our city there are tens of thousands of men and women who have drifted into sin and drifted out of the church. My heart yearns over these people, for they belong to God. They have been redeemed by the blood of God's Son. They ought to be eating at their Father's table, but instead of this they are spending their all in riotous living, or it may be that the devil has already put them to feeding swine.

Now let us consider the result of this backsliding. I do not mean the influence of backsliding upon others, though this is far-reaching and baneful, but the curse of backsliding to the backslider himself. My text says that the "backslider in heart shall be filled with his own ways." What also reap. The law of the harvest is a universal and unalterable law, but a considerable time generally elapses before a man eats the bread of his own sowing. I do not envy the backslider. By experience I know something of the bitterness of the agony which he now suffers or which the future holds in store for him.

Now let us consider God's attitude to the backslider. He yearns over His wayward and wandering children, and longs for their return. The picture of the father in the parable of the prodigal son is the best description of God in the whole Bible. And is not the picture of the prodigal son

that you know of? In the heart of God there is an abundant welcome for every returning backslider, and the church of God ought not to be less hospitable than the heart of God.

If again I may use the Apostle Peter as an illustration, we may surely learn from his restoration that unworthy Christians may become worthy Christians, that weak Christians may become strong Christians, and that our very failings may become stepping stones to success. After his experience, Peter was too humble a man to praise himself; but all of us know that the Master took him back to His heart and immediately intrusted him with the interests of His Kingdom. This weak and halting and backsliding man was destined to become the leader of the apostles in devotion and suffering and success. It thrills my heart to watch the humble and chastened and restored backslider. I am glad it was Peter who preached the wonderful sermon at Pentecost, for it proves to us that God can take the weakest of us and make us strong and powerful, if we will only give ourselves to Him.

I close with these words of invitation from my Master. My first word is to the Christians within the church who have grown cold and negligent: Our Master is anxious to forgive us and to have us start afresh. Let us be done with indolence and indifference, and serve the Lord with joy and enthusiasm. My second word is to the Christians who have fallen into sin and drifted out of the church: Your Lord stands with open arms and pleads with you to come back to Him, and the church wants you back. If you will forsake your sins, no one will remember them against you. Come, and you shall have the gold ring and the vest robe, and we will kill the fatted calf in our rejoicing, and in most of our churches there will not be a single pharisaic elder brother to begrudge you the welcome you are receiving.

My last word is to the men and women who have never yielded their hearts to the love of God, nor surrendered their wills to the will of God: The Father has a royal welcome for you. It was for your sake that God sent His Son into the world. John 3:16 is the Master's message to you. If you do not remember the beautiful words, hunt them up in your long-neglected Bibles, and then come, come, come.

Joyful Service.

Blessed is the Christian who works, cheered by the sure hope of his Master's final victory. He cares little for the tears now, for he can look forward to the hour when he shall come to the harvest home, bringing his sheaves with him. He bears easily the notes and the wounding of the battle, for he hears prophetically the music of victory, and knows that he follows a Captain who has never known defeat, and that the joy of victory, like the joy of harvest, shall more than compensate for all life's weary toil and all earth's strife and conflict.

Great Expectations.

We should widen out expectations to the magnificent sweep of His promise.—MacLaren.

THE KEY WEST ADVERTISER

ESTABLISHED: September 13, 1890
by JAMES THOMAS BALL.

PUBLISHED BY
The Advertiser Publishing Co
EVERY SATURDAY
Office: Fitzpatrick Bldg.
EGBERT P. BALL,
Editor and General Manager.

MEMBERS OF
THE FLORIDA PRESS ASSOCIATION.
AFFILIATED WITH
National Editorial Association

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
Single yearly subscriptions.....\$2.00
Single 6 months' subscriptions.....\$1.00
Single copies.....10c

SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1909

How Will Universal Peace Come?

That the "parliament of man" and universal peace and brotherhood between nations is yet in the far distance must be obvious to all. A man who invents a quick-firing gun, a new explosive, a torpedo, or some other man-killing device can get the ear of any government far more readily than the man who has a life-saving invention.

Just now the craze is for big battleships of the Dreadnought type. England sets the pace and other nations follow, and very recently Great Britain was thrown into a panic and voted many additional millions of dollars, because it was learned that Germany was building a number of Dreadnoughts and planning to build more. Such a vessel costs millions of dollars and it becomes obsolete in about three or four years.

Thinking men are asking how it is going to end, and finance ministers and secretaries of the treasury are at their wits end in Europe to raise the money with which to build. The burden rests upon the people whose taxes have been enormously increased in recent years, and it is plain that before very long some of the nations will face bankruptcy and then perhaps sheer financial exhaustion may compel them to halt in their mad race.

That universal peace will come we do not doubt; the only uncertain thing is the method by which it will come. Will it be by the acceptance of right principles, or by the adoption of arms, guns, etc., or so destructive a character that war will become impossible? Perhaps a decade or two will decide.

No American soldiers remain in Cuba and that country is now free to work out its own salvation. Every well-wisher of Cuba and of Liberty and independence must hope that she will be successful in the attempt. If her success in self-government and material prosperity does not come up to American ideals allowance made for the different temperament of the Latin-American peoples. Certainly it is to be hoped that no occasion may arise for further interference or annexation, for this country has race problems enough and to spare of its own. The spasmodic attempt at revolution recently was easily put down and rigid policy in dealing with agitators will have salutary effect. Governor Magoon, during his governorship of the island, greatly surprised, disappointed and disgusted would be revolutionists by treating them seriously as ordinary criminals, and it will conduce to the cause of good government in Cuba if the native administration should adopt the same course.

THE MORNING NEWS is the name of a bright daily Col. T. J. Appleby is publishing in Tallahassee during the present term of the Legislature. Brother Appleby has as his assistant in charge of the local department his daughter, Miss Alice T. Appleby, and each succeeding issue of The News testifies her rare accomplishments in this line and eminent fitness for the task. The Colonel says in his salutatory: "We shall have an opinion on every subject of importance presented to the Legislature, and shall not hesitate to speak our views clearly and unmistakably in advocacy or opposition, according every member of the right and intelligence to honestly have a different opinion." And those who know Editor Appleby are confident of his sincerity.

SPECIAL SERMON TO MASONS

Sunday night Rose Croix Chapter No. 3, A. & A. Scottish Rite Masons attended in a body divine service at the Jewish Temple Rodef Shalom, as had been previously appointed. In the sermon Dr. Shapo took as his subject "Light," and spoke most pleasingly and the goodly principles of tolerance and universal brotherly love. The sermon was a most able discourse and enjoyed by the Masons as also the large number of visitors, and our Hebrew brethren were to congratulate on possessing the services of a rabbi of such lofty sentiments. After the service the Masons were invited to the residence hall where a pleasant hour was spent partaking of refreshments, of which unleavened bread was a part.

CHANGES IN EAST COAST R.Y.

H. M. Flagler, President of the Board.

MR. PARROTT'S RANK.

St. Augustine Evening Record, April 12.

At the annual meeting of the board of directors of the Florida East Coast Railway, held in this city last Friday, the following officers were elected:

H. M. Flagler, chairman of the board, 46 Broadway, New York.

J. R. Parrott, president, Jacksonville and St. Augustine. Mr. Parrott also remains general manager.

J. P. Beckwith, vice president, in charge of operating and traffic St. Augustine.

J. E. Ingraham, vice president, in charge of lands and industries, St. Augustine.

W. H. Beardsley, treasurer, 26 Broadway, New York.

J. C. Salter, secretary, 26 Broadway, New York.

H. S. Jensen, assistant secretary, Jacksonville, Fla.

W. H. Chambers, comptroller, St. Augustine.

R. W. Parrons, assistant to the president, 26 Broadway, New York.

These important changes in the rank of officials of the Florida East Coast Railway are of general interest. The honor given Mr. Parrott in his selection as president of this great railway is one so well deserved that it will have the hearty cooperation of the public at large. Mr. Beckwith in his advance to vice president and charge of operating and traffic also gets a deserved promotion. Mr. Ingraham, who was formerly third vice president, is also promoted to vice president still retaining charge of lands and industries of the system.

NEWS ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A DEFECT in the Payne bill as reported from the Ways and Means Committee was that it did not explicitly vest in the President the power to decide or not whether the United States was receiving substantially the same treatment as it was giving another country. The modifications which it is reported are to be made in the maximum and minimum provisions of the bill will put upon the executive department of the government the responsibility of deciding whether or not a material discrimination against American trade exists and will allow ample time for negotiations for the purpose of removing causes of disputes with foreign nations.

The minimum schedule of the tariff bill is to go into effect at once and to remain in effect long enough to afford foreign nations an opportunity to arrange their future trade relations with the United States and determine whether or not they care to continue dealing with this country on the most favored nation basis.

ACCORDING to the Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Record President Taft has tossed another Roosevelt policy into the waste basket. Mr. Roosevelt adopted a rule of not appointing a naturalized citizen to a diplomatic or consular position in the country from which he came, the State department respecting his wishes in this matter. It has become known that the President has slated for a consular appointment in the country of his birth a naturalized citizen who is close to the administration, but the name has not yet been sent to the senate. The statement is made, evidently with authority, that the appointment is to be made purposely as a declaration by the new administration that when a foreigner becomes a resident of the United States he takes exactly the place that is occupied by an American-born citizen, and that there shall be no discrimination against him. —Mobile Register.

This government has done right in refusing the request of the Russian government that Fournier, the revolutionary refugee, be extradited, and he is now set free after being in prison for nearly eighteen months. Many of the methods employed by the revolutionary party in Russia in their desperate efforts to secure liberty may be repugnant to our American ideas, but then conditions in Russia are such as never could exist in this country, and that makes a difference. The Russian government, though called civilized, is nothing but a semi-barbaric organization ruling by legal murder, repression and ignorance. Therefore any request it makes for the extradition of men whom it has gilded into rebellion by its cruelty is not likely to be honored by America. Incidentally, and yet very suggestively, the refusal of our government to deport Fournier is a sharp rebuke to the Russian government.

THE report of the special committee appointed by the National Civil Service Reform League to investigate the political activity of the Federal officeholders, recently made public, clears Mr. Roosevelt of the allegations made against the last campaign to the effect that he coerced several Federal officeholders into the support of Mr. Taft for the Republican nomination. After scanning the lists of the President's appointments for a considerable period prior to the national convention, the committee finds that evidence is wholly lacking to sustain the charges made, and that, as a matter of fact, Mr. Roosevelt advanced the cause of Civil Service Reform by so amending the civil service rules as to prohibit employees in the competitive service from taking part in political campaigns.

MR. TAFT has been President just one month and in that time has had, probably, as few troubles as any president for a like period, but the time is approaching, and not far off, when the critical period of his administration will have been reached, and which will decide whether the history of the Harrison administration is to repeat itself.

IN spite of the tariff war there are many signs of returning prosperity. The treasury receipts in March were \$8,761,000 larger than the receipts for March, 1908, and the gross receipts of the New York postoffice in March were nearly \$800,000 larger than the gross receipts for March, 1908.

Crude Thoughts As They Fall from the Editorial Pen:— Pleasant Evenings Reveries

GOOD MORNING.

A cheery "Good morning" often sends a ray of sunshine streaming through the innermost recesses of a household, resting there all the livelong day, and again following hastening footsteps into the mart of business, lighting and brightening "the way of the world" as it goes. A hearty "Good night" often soothes many a troubled mind to rest, and heals the wounds which have been opened by the harsh words or deeds that are spoken or done in passion or out of season, as the day of our life progresses.

"Good morning" with a heartfelt wish for blessings in the tone of its utterance cheers the heart of faint and fearful ones, and softens many a hard spot that has place by inheritance or cultivation in breasts of humanity. The love-light that beams from the eye when one is greeted by such words as Good Night lights many a weary spirit to a chamber of rest and peace and to a land of pleasant dreams.

The home where Good Night and Good Morning are carefully said by one to another are the homes of the world where good thoughts are generated, where good deeds have place, and from whence go out good lives.

Then don't forget to say Good Morning; say it to parents, to children, brothers, sisters, schoolmates, teachers friends and to all who you meet and with a smile. It will do you good and do your friends good. It will cheer the discouraged, rest the tired ones, and somehow make the wheels of life move more smoothly. A Good Morning heartily spoken makes hope fresher and brighter and seems really to make the morning good, and be the prophecy of a good day to come after it.

NO TIME FOR FRIENDSHIP.

In this busy, busy life, how few of us find time to cultivate friendship. The cares of our families, our business and profession; the struggle to keep up with the times, up with our neighbors, up with competitors; the worry and work and anxiety of it all demand every moment of our time, and leave us none for our friends. Why, some of us hardly know our own families! We are up and away in the morning before they are quite awake; we have no time to return at noon, and the evening meal finds us so weary and exhausted we scarcely can notice anyone, or have inclination to say anything, as we hurry through in silence and then drag ourselves off to our office or store to finish up the odds and ends which he close of our busy day has found undone and which we cannot leave over another. And thus a life is spent; its career and perplexities keenly felt, and its sweets but seldom met and rarely enjoyed; and the question arises; Is this all of life? Are we making the best of it.

PICKING AT OTHERS' FAULTS

What is the good of spying holes in other people's coats when we can't mend them; if not, keep your red rag behind your ivory ridge. A friend's faults should not be advertised, and even a stranger's should not be published. He who makes a fool of another is a fool himself. Don't get into the habit of laughing at other people, for an old saying is "Hanging's stretching and mocking's catching." Jest is too apt to turn into jeering, and what was meant to tickle makes a wound. It is a pity when my mirth is another man's misery. Before a man cracks a joke he should consider how he would like it himself; for many who give rough blows have very thin skins. Give only what you would yourself be willing to take; some men throw salt on others, but they smart if a pinch of it falls on their own raw places. When they get a Roland for their Oliver or a tit for a tat they don't like it, yet nothing is more just. Bitters deserve to be bitten.

An old writer once said in effect that freemindedness, cheerful disposition, regularity of hours of meals, sleep and exercise best ensure long life and health. Notwithstanding the theories, nostrums and fads of the present day has brought forth to promote health and longevity the old formula still holds good.

We cannot avoid seeing the faults of others, but we can and ought to avoid all needless observance of them. If we are inclined to be uncharitable it may serve as a check to remember that we have faults of our own.

NEWS OF A WEEK
IN BUSY KEY WEST

PARISH MEETING.

The annual parish meeting of St. Paul's Church was held Monday evening and the work of the past year reviewed with pleasing results, the treasury being in a healthy financial condition with no indebtedness. A resolution was passed expressing deep regret at the removal of J. M. Braxton from our city and at the same time expressing the high appreciation by the entire parish of his valued services the past two years as secretary and treasurer. A vote of thanks was also tendered the choir for faithful work and devotion to duty. An election was held for vestrymen for the ensuing year resulting as follows:— Messrs. G. B. Patterson, W. D. Cash, John Lowe Jr., Geo. L. Lowe, Thomas R. Cleare, George W. Allen, B. S. Head, Chas. Mathews, Geo. Graham,

FUNERALS.

The body of Mrs. Angelique Cadbury (brought over from Alabama) was interred Tuesday afternoon. From the residence of Duval street the funeral procession, headed by the family of Columbus, the Children of Mary and the Convent Alumnae Association, proceeded to St. Mary's Catholic Church where the funeral service was read and a pathetic funeral sermon delivered by Father Schuler, who also conducted the closing ceremonies at the graveyard—the entire scene throughout being such as to call forth deepest sympathy for those bereaved.

The same afternoon funeral services were held over the remains of Mrs. Harriet Arapian, Rev. C. T. Stout officiating at the Church and at the family lot in the cemetery.

Mrs. Arapian had been sick for more than a year, but bore her infirmity with Christian fortitude and trustful resignation to the will of Him whose name is Love, who conquered and made death "the gate of life immortal." Monday night her spirit returned to God who gave it. The deceased was held in great esteem, and her sorrowing husband and son with all others bereaved, have universal sympathy.

WORDS TO FREEZE THE SOUL

"Your son has consumption. His case is hopeless." These appalling words were spoken to Geo. E. Blevens, a leading merchant of Springfield, N. C., by two expert doctors—one a lung specialist. Then was shown the wonderful power of Dr. King's New Discovery. After three weeks' use," writes Mr. Blevens, "he was as well as ever. I would not take all the money in the world for what it did for my boy." Infallible for Coughs and Colds, its the safest, surest cure of desperate Lung disease on earth. 50c. and \$1.00. Guaranteed satisfaction. Trial bottles free at all druggists.

SWEETENED PROMOTION.

M. Braxton returned Sunday evening via Knight's Key from a business visit to Jacksonville. Mr. Braxton has been in our city for the past 11 years in charge of the U. S. Engineer's office and has received orders for duty at the Jacksonville office. He will be put in charge of the inland water survey and the survey that is to be made across the State. This is a merited promotion to Mr. Braxton and it affords the Advertiser great pleasure to congratulate him; he has made many friends in our city and it is with deep regret that we have to part with him, but what is our loss in Jacksonville's gain. He leaves this evening. Mr. Frank Brown will have temporary charge of the office in our city.

Mrs. Chas. O. Fosberg entertained a number of lady friends with a whist party Wednesday afternoon at her residence on Whitehead street. Mrs. V. A. Johnson was awarded the ladies first prize a silver bon bon dish. Mrs. Edward Lowe the second prize a gold hat pin. Mrs. G. G. Brooks received the consolation prize a cut glass cream pitcher. A bountiful supply of refreshments were served on the occasion.

Every
Heart-Ache

Every pain in the breast, difficult breathing, palpitation, fluttering or dizzy spell means that your heart is straining itself in its effort to keep in motion. This is dangerous.

Some sudden strain from over-exertion or excitement will completely exhaust the nerves, or rupture the walls or arteries of the heart, and it will stop.

Relieve this terrible strain at once with Dr. Miles' Heart Cure. It invigorates and strengthens the heart nerves and muscles, stimulates the heart action, and relieves the pain and misery.

Take no chances; make your heart strong and vigorous with Dr. Miles' Heart Cure.

"I suffered terribly with heart disease. I have been treated by different physicians for my trouble without results. I went to a physician in Memphis, who claimed that I had dropsy of the heart. He put the X-ray on me, and in connection with his medicine he came near making a finish of me. Some time before this a Mr. Young, of St. Louis, was in our town. He saw my condition and recommended Dr. Miles' Heart Cure to me. I gave it little attention until my return from Memphis, when I concluded to try it, and am pleased to say three bottles cured me."

CHARLES GOODRICH, Caruthersville, Mo.

Dr. Miles' Heart Cure is sold by your druggist, who will guarantee that the first bottle will benefit. If it fails he will refund your money.

Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT of the Sixth Judicial Circuit of the State of Florida in and for Monroe County

IN CHANCERY.

William Mortinborough

vs.

Alonzo Hearn et al.

Complainant herein having filed his sworn bill setting forth among other things that Peter Hearn, late of Monroe County, Florida, deceased, was the owner of certain real estate, now in issue, described as follows:

In the County of Monroe, State of Florida, and in the City of Key West, and is known as part of Lot One (1), Square Six (6) of Simonton and Wall's Addition to the City of Key West, commencing at a point One hundred feet and four inches from Petronia Street and running thence in a S. E. ly direction, parallel with Duval Street, Forty-seven feet and four inches; thence at right angles with Duval Street, in a S. W. ly direction Ninety feet; thence at right angles in a N. W. ly direction Forty-seven feet four inches; thence at right angles in a N. E. ly direction, parallel with Petronia Street Ninety feet to the point of beginning. Also in Monroe County, State of Florida, and known as Lot Three (3) and the East half (4) of the South East quarter (4) of Section Two (2) Township Sixty-six (66) South of Range Twenty-eight (28) East, containing One hundred and forty-seven (147) and Ninety One-hundredth (90-100) acres.

That the said Peter Hearn is believed to have left heirs or other persons interested in said real estate; that the names, ages and places of residence of said heirs or other persons is unknown to complainant.

It is therefore ordered that the heirs of Peter Hearn, deceased, and all parties claiming interest under Peter Hearn or otherwise, in the above described property, appear to the bill and plead, answer or demur to the same on or before the 5th day of July, A. D. 1909, otherwise the allegations of said bill will be taken as confessed.

It is further ordered that this order be published once each week for twelve consecutive weeks in the Key West Advertiser, a newspaper, published in said County and State.

Witness my hand and seal of the Circuit Court of said County and State this 5th day of April, A. D. 1909.

E. W. Russell,
Clerk Circuit Court.

E. V. Whitaker & W. H. Malope Jr.,
Solicitors for Complainant.

GUARDIAN'S NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that thirty days after date I Bertha T. Sawyer, Guardian of Ernest Steinman Sawyer and Ralph Moeldner Sawyer minor heirs at law of John W. Sawyer, late of the County of Monroe and State of Florida, deceased, will apply to the Honorable Beverly B. Whitton, County Judge of Monroe County for an order to sell at private sale the interest of my said wards in and to the following real property: In the County of Monroe, State of Florida on the Island of Key West, according to William A. Whitehead's Map of said Island of Key West, delineated in 1829, A. D. 1829 and is part of Lot 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

BERTHA T. SAWYER,
Guardian of the Estate and persons of Ernest Steinman Sawyer and Ralph Moeldner Sawyer, minors.

DR. H. H. SEELEY,



Thousands of millions of cans of Royal Baking Powder have been used in making bread, biscuit and cake in this country, and every housekeeper using it has rested in perfect confidence that her food would be light, sweet, and perfectly wholesome. Royal is a safeguard against the cheap alkali powders which are the greatest menacers to health of the present day.

ROYAL IS THE ONLY BAKING POWDER
MADE FROM ROYAL GRAPE CREAM OF TARTAR

LOCAL ITEMS

Rowland W. Whitaker left Tuesday evening for Jacksonville via Tampa.

Thomas Reedy returned last night from a visit to his old home in Charleston.

The Cotillion Club gave their last dance for the season last night at La Brisa.

E. B. Collins left for Washington via Tampa Tuesday evening by steamer Olivette.

Robert Mouks was a passenger to Havana Wednesday evening by steamer Mascotte.

Mrs. R. H. Terrill left for Tallahassee via Tampa Tuesday evening by steamer Olivette.

Carl Baker left for St. Augustine via Tampa Tuesday by steamer Olivette to join his wife.

Cleveland Pierce has opened up a law office in room 3 over the Island City Bank Building.

J. A. Gaboury returned to his home in Montgomery via Knight's Key by steamer Miami.

"I'D RATHER DIE, DOCTOR,"

had have my feet cut off," said M. L. Bingham, of Princeville, Ill. "But you'll die from gangrene (which had eaten away eight toes) if you don't," said all doctors. Finally, he used Buckle's Arnica Salve. Four days later, the gangrene was all cured. Buckle's Arnica Salve is the only cure for all such cases.

Miss Rosalie Brooker left Saturday evening for Jacksonville via Tampa on a visit to Captain Sackett, U. S. C. E., and wife.

W. E. Terry, late assistant treasurer of the Key West Electric Co., left for Boston Thursday morning via Knight's Key by steamer Miami.

Lawrence Lowe, the contractor, is adding another story to the business house of George L. Barthum on Simon street which will be utilized for the sponge business.

The steamer Clifton, now under charter by the P. & O. Steamship Co., arrived Thursday evening from Knight's Key and left last night for Havana to take up the run between the Cuban Capital and Knight's Key for the summer.

The U. S. S. cruiser Tacoma, in command of Commander John Hood arrived in port Wednesday morning from Puerto Cortes, Honduras, bound to New York. She took on a supply of coal and provisions and left same day.

Dr. S. N. Fogarty, Dr. Wm. R. Warren and Harry Cohen were initiated in the mysteries of Elidom Tuesday evening.

Samuel Gladding, Jr. aged 52 years died Tuesday evening at his residence on Whitehead street after an illness of several months, from paralysis and other complications. The funeral took place Wednesday afternoon.

DR. D. A. THOMASON,

DENTAL SURGEON,

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EASTER PARISH MEETING.

The Parish meeting of St. Peter's Church was held Wednesday night at the Church Hall. Report on general conditions was very satisfactory and encouraging and the members expressed their confidence by re-electing the same vestry, viz: A. Ernest Brown, S. W. Albert Kelly, J. W. Jas. Clark, sec'y; W. S. Kuckhan, treas.; Jos. Storr, Jos. Wake, David Colebrook.

Mallory Line steamer Sabine arrived from New York Monday with a big freight for our merchants and 18 passengers. Left same day for Tampa and Mobile. She carried the following passengers to Tampa Mrs. C. H. King and daughter, M. King, Misses Ethel and Louise Figuerado, A. J. Reynolds and Rev. J. J. Bowler.

Mallory Line steamer San Marcos arrived from Tampa Tuesday en route to New York carrying the following passengers G. H. Bevins and wife, A. Dory and wife.

Peter J. Cordero left for Miami Sunday morning by steamer Montauk and returned Tuesday by steamer Miami.

Mrs. H. J. Peacock left for Knight's Key Sunday morning by steamer Montauk en route to Coconut Grove on a visit to relatives; she was accompanied as far as Knight's Key by Mr. Peacock, who returned same evening.

Rev. C. F. Sontag of Holy Innocent's Episcopal Church was granted a thirty days leave of absence by the vestry and left Tuesday morning for his home in Washington via Knight's Key by steamer Miami.

J. M. Varela, who has been employed at J. L. Stowers' Music House in our city for some time, left for Havana Monday evening by steamer Olivette. He will travel through the Island of Cuba for their branch house at 29 San Rafael street Havana.

A gasoline stove at the residence of George A. Roberts on William street exploded Monday afternoon, badly burning Mr. Roberts on the face and arms.

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Clean, Decent and High-toned
you should have your

Clothing Made to Order by

FRED MOSS

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GREENE ST. 419

A choice assortment of

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For Careful Dressing
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From the makers of highest
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Fine Spring Merchandise

NEW SUITS in the

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Blues, Olives, Browns,

Modes and Tans.

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All the metropolitan styles are here;

Fancy Cuffs and Pockets.

Not only are the qualities superior to

any previous showing, the new colorings

tested and put up. You run no risk of

poorly kept or remnant stocks. We take

the same care in the selection of the

best equipped and most expert tailors

in America. It is to our advantage to

satisfy you. We will. For sale every-

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SCHEDULE No. 4-0

Havana Nassau Port Tampa Miami Knight's Key Key West

Peninsular & Occidental Steamship Co.

UNITED STATES FAST MAIL ROUTE for

Key West, Cuba and the West Indies

via Knight's Key, Miami and Port Tampa, Fla.

Proposed Sailings on dates shown, subject to change and individual postponement without notice.

PORT TAMPA-KEY WEST-HAVANA LINE

Effective with sailing from Port Tampa, Fla., Thursday, April 15, 1909

Effective from Havana, Cuba, Thursday, April 15, 1909

LV. PORT TAMPA	Sundays	Thursdays	11 00pm
Ar. KEY WEST	Mondays	Fridays	5 00pm
Ar. KEY WEST	Mondays	Fridays	8 00pm
Ar. HAVANA	Tuesdays	Saturdays	6 30 am
LV. HAVANA	Tuesdays	Saturdays	3 00 pm
Ar. KEY WEST	Tuesdays	Saturdays	11 00pm
Ar. KEY WEST	Tuesdays	Saturdays	12 01 am
Ar. PORT TAMPA	Wednesdays	Sundays	6 30 pm

KNIGHT'S KEYWEST-HAVANA LINE

(Touching at Key West)

Effective with sailing from Knight's Key, Thursday, April 15, 1909.

Leave Knight's Key	Sundays	Tuesdays	Thursdays	2:00 pm
Arrive Key West	Sundays	Tuesdays	Thursdays	6:00 pm
Leave Key West	Sundays	Tuesdays	Thursdays	9:00 am
Arrive Havana	Mondays	Wednesdays	Fridays	6:30 pm
Leave Havana	Mondays	Wednesdays	Fridays	3:00 pm
Arrive Key West	Mondays	Wednesdays	Fridays	11:30 pm
Leave Key West	Tuesdays	Thursdays	Saturdays	5:00 pm
Arrive Knight's Key	Tuesdays	Thursdays	Saturdays	9:00 am

Above hours are based on 90th Meridian time.

Information as to passenger and freight rates to all points in the United States, Cuba, West Indies and the Bahamas cheerfully furnished upon application.

CHAS. L. MYERS,
Manager.

P. J. SAUNDERS,
Traffic Agent.

Feb 27, 1909. JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK
OF KEY WEST, No. 4672

Depository and Disbursing Agent for U. S. Government.

CAPITAL \$100,000.00

Surplus and undivided profits \$48,511.05

Conducts a General

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WOMAN'S REALM

Matinee Hat in Russia.

The matinee hat was bound to reach Russia, and it has managed to penetrate into the provinces. The other evening a lady, an officer's wife, sat in the front row of the parterre of the Novgorod Theatre. The lady was wearing a hat which measured fifty-six inches across. Fifteen people craned their necks in a vain attempt to catch even a glimpse of the stage; in vain they besought the lady to remove the offending hat. At last a policeman was called in. He told the lady that she had made herself "a public nuisance," and he summoned her to appear next morning at the local police court. She was fined a small sum and warned against wearing such a monstrous hat, at least in the theatre.—London Globe.

Mind-Loneliness.

To me it is always a very sad acknowledgment when a young woman says she is lonely and has to be amused. That she possesses no resources within herself is surely a humiliating confession. To the active mind loneliness is impossible—one's own brain ought to furnish the very best company in the world. An hour each day with some good book is a splendid mental tonic. The more you read and cultivate your brain by dwelling in the companionship of great authors, the less dependent you will be on the society of others. As a great writer once said, "When you grow so interesting that you like to be by yourself you will be so interesting that everybody will want you to be with them."—New Haven Register.

Invalidism.

Incurable illness or disability is the hardest human fate there is—except remorse or disgrace—and I have perhaps rashly undertaken to suggest to some attentive sufferer how to bear it.

But the first word of all which I would utter is this: Do not bear it! Do not bear it, if you can help it. Do not bear it until you have proved

it became the Dutchess of Marlborough every catalogue for the show was destroyed and an entire new edition was printed in which the daughter of the Vanderbilts was labelled as the Dutchess. When Mrs. Ogden Mills' attention was called to this change of name in the gallery, the other day, she remarked by way of reply, "She was Miss Mills when that portrait was painted." The Countess, by the way, does not like the canvas. She considers it "too truthful."—New York Press.

Ideal Minister's Wife.

The following description is from one of the Methodist papers in London:

"The ideal minister's wife is queen in her home, ruling her affairs with discretion and looking well to the ways of her household. She has a keen interest in her husband's people and spares no pains to get to know them. Unselfish as regards her husband's company, because of the many claims made upon him, she waives what seem to be her rights and finds her joy in knowing he is helping others. She practices the happy art of adapting herself to circumstances, and is able to converse easily with the intellectual and the unlearned. Her manners are perfectly natural and entirely free from any tincture of patronage. Her dress is becoming, without dowdiness or loudness. She is not over-sensitive to criticism. She is discreet with her lips and thoroughly good in heart and loves to second her husband's efforts in all the church work. She avoids being the leader of any clique, but acts in such a way that all feel they can approach her easily and confide in her perfectly. She listens to the sorrows of the people and feels with them and rejoices in their joys. She knows how to entertain and how to be entertained. She keeps abreast of the times in reading and delights in self-culture. Knowing for what special branch of work in the church she is gifted, she devotes herself to it with all her heart. Amiable, bright,

Horse Racing in Japan.

The Japanese government will soon ask the Diet to appropriate a sum amounting to \$175,000 annually for improving the breed of horses, according to Mr. James Horton, of San Francisco, who has just returned from Tokyo and is now staying at the Plaza Hotel. This money, Mr. Horton explained, will be divided among thirteen race clubs.

"In view of the interest manifested in the United States concerning race-track gambling," said Mr. Horton, "the new regulation for the control of horse races issued by the Japanese Cabinet may be of interest. In the first place, no one is to be permitted to hold horse races except racing clubs organized in conformity with the Civil Code. Moreover, horse races can be held only twice a year by each club, and the number of days for each meet is limited to four. No horses useless for horse breeding purposes will be permitted to run in the races. All matters relating to the maintenance of order and public morals will be in the hands of the local authorities.

"The Japanese are strong for law and order, and it is safe to say that any club that permits disorderly persons to attend its races will soon lose its license."—New York Telegram.

HE ALMOST REMEMBERED IT.

Boy at Least Had Combination Somewhere Near Right.

Donald had returned from a visit to the country, and was full of reminiscences of persons and things that had interested him. "I met a boy, mamma," he said, "that had the queerest name I ever heard. He said his folks found it in the Old Testament. It was—it was—let me see—yes, it was Father William, or William Father; I've forgotten just now which. But it was one or the other."

"But, Donald," said his mother, "there is no such name as Father William or William Father in the Old Testament." "Are you sure, mamma?" "I certainly am, dear. I have read it through several times. William is a comparatively modern name. It isn't anywhere in the Bible." "Well, but—oh, I remember now!" exclaimed Donald. "It was Bildad!"—Youth's Companion.

The Mussel Industry.

Government Agent J. F. Boepple who has been making a complete tour in search of specimens of mussels to be shipped to Washington says that the mussel shell industry is growing along all rivers and interest in it is being manifested in all sections of the country. The mussel is becoming so scarce, he says, that the northern streams have about given up all they contain. Congress has appropriated \$5,000 to investigate the mussel outlook, and another appropriation of \$25,000 has been made to establish a hatchery in order that there will be shells to supply the demand for the manufacture of buttons. Mr. Boepple might be termed the father of the great mussel shell button industry of the United States. He came to this country a number of years ago from Germany, where he operated a button factory, and established America's first factory, it being located in Iowa.—Grayville Independent.

AS PICTURED.

Tom—So this is Miss Peachly's photograph, is it? Why, she is prettier than she used to be.

Jack—Yes; according to that picture she is prettier than she ever was—or is.—Boston Post.

The Simple Life.

Passer-By—See here, you are the man who struck me for a dime three days ago.

Beggar—Yes, sir; but do me best, I can't keep me expenses any lower than 3 1-3 cents a day.—Baltimore American.

EASY MARKS.

"What we want is a nation of marksmen."

"Some would prefer a nation of marks."—Kansas City Journal.

SISTER'S TRICK

But it all Came out Right.

How a sister played a trick that brought rosy health to a coffee fiend is an interesting tale:

"I was a coffee fiend—a trembling, nervous, physical wreck, yet clinging to the poison that stole away my strength. I mocked at Postum and would have none of it.

"One day my sister substituted a cup of piping hot Postum for my morning cup of coffee but did not tell me what it was. I noticed the richness of it and remarked that the coffee tasted fine, but my sister did not tell me I was drinking Postum for fear I might not take any more.

"She kept the secret and kept giving me Postum instead of coffee until I grew stronger, more tireless, got a better color in my sallow cheeks and a clearness to my eyes, then she told me of the health-giving, nerve-strengthening life-saver she had given me in place of my morning coffee. From that time I became a disciple of Postum and no words can do justice in telling the good this cereal drink did me. I will not try to tell it, for only after having used it can one be convinced of its merits."

Ten days' trial shows Postum's power to rebuild what coffee has destroyed. "There's a Reason."

Look in pkgs. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

WOMEN WHAT ARE WEARING

New York City.—The blouse that gives long and slender lines is the one for which many women are seeking, and here is a model which in-



cludes that feature and which is graceful in the extreme at the same time that it is absolutely simple. It

and the sleeves are cut in one-piece each, trimmed on indicated lines.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is three and one-half yards twenty-one or twenty-four, two and three-eighths yards thirty-two or one and three-fourths yards forty-four inches wide, with one-half yard eighteen inches wide for the yoke, nine and three-fourths yards of banding.

Seven Gored Skirt.

The seven gored skirt is one of the standbys that is always in demand. It suits a great many materials and a great many purposes and this one has the great merit of allowing a choice of either the high waist line or the natural one. It will be found adapted to all suiting and all skirting materials and to the washable ones that are already being made up, as well as to those of wool and of silk, and, as it can be made in either round or walking length, it is just as well adapted to the house as it is to the street.

The skirt is made in seven gores, and the fulness at the back is laid in inverted pleats. When the belt is used it is joined to the upper edge, but when the high waist line is desired the seams are designed to be under-faced.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is ten yards



Our Cut-out Recipe

Paste in Your Scrap-Book.

Okra Soup.—Wash a medium-sized fowl and cut it up so as to be convenient to handle. Slice one-quarter of a pound of salt pork and fry it brown, remove it from the pan and fry the chicken in this fat until it is brown also, then put it in the soup kettle. Wash one quart of okra and cut in slices. Cut up one onion fine, put it in the frying pan for two minutes, then put in the okra slices and after all has cooked for ten minutes put it in the soup pot. Now put two tablespoonfuls of butter in the frying pan and sprinkle in four tablespoonfuls of dry flour, stirring until brown. Add this to the soup pot after putting in two quarts of boiling water, then season with two teaspoonfuls of salt and half a teaspoonful of pepper. Cover the pot and let the soup simmer for two hours and a half, remove the bones of the fowl and serve without straining.

to your own conviction . . . "past all doubting, truly," that it must be borne. There is nothing about which it is easier to be mistaken than uncomfortable physical sensations. They may, or they may not, mean what they seem to mean, or what you think they mean. There are many slaves in the world that naturally become tyrants. They are disloyal and hence deceitful. Do not trust them too far. Pass them under severe scrutiny.—Elizabeth Stewart Phelps, in Harper's Bazar.

Beauty Patches.

Beauty patches, which were rare during the recent Pompadour period, are reappearing in Paris as the result of the anticipated revival of Louis XV. fashions. They are received with great favor because French women never entirely abandoned the cunning little devices the ladies at Louis' court found so useful. Recently the patches have been seen mostly on the stage and at costume balls. Now the more daring leaders of society are laying in supplies. Beauty patches are made of tiny pieces of black velvet in the shapes of stars, moons, and crescents. The patch is placed on the side of the eye to make the eye appear larger. It gives vivacity of expression. On the corner of the under lip it attenuates the face; if, on the contrary, the woman wishes to obtain a shortening effect she places one mouche on the right cheek and another on the side of the left eye. In the time of Marie Antoinette some famous beauty, noted for her extravagance, appeared at court with patches on her cheek representing a hearse and a mourning coach, cut out of black silk court plaster. Mouche eccentricities went so far in those days, in fact, that the clergy interfered and denounced them as vanities.—Chicago Tribune.

Miss, Not Countess.

In permitting an artist to show a portrait of her daughter, the Countess of Granard, in a local exhibition with the name of "Miss Beatrice Mills" opposite the number in the catalogue, Mrs. Ogden Mills does not follow the precedent set by Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont in the days when she was Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt. Just before the then Mrs. Vanderbilt's daughter Consuelo was married to the Duke of Marlborough, there was opened in the old Academy of Design building, at Fourth avenue and Twenty-third street, an exhibition of portraits for a local charity which was called a "Show of Fair Women." Among the portraits was Chartran's full-length portrait of "Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt," as the catalogue announced. The day that Miss Vander-

—Pretty— Things— to Wear.

Black or pure white grapes are especially smart trimming for mourning hats.

No matter how smart a wrap, no woman wishes to hide a lovely corsage under its fold.

Venetian bands come in every color of embroidery can black, cream and crimson filet net for trimmings new gowns.

Coronets and diadems of gold filigree and tortoise shell harmonize most charmingly with the draped gowns.

Very simple gowns are transformed into things of beauty by girle and bretelles of shirred or tucked silk or lawn, lace-trimmed.

One is getting rather used now to seeing bugs and butterflies instead of flowers as motifs in the Irish lace collars and other pieces.

Various shades of brown, blue, green and red in checks alternating with black in the same proportion are popular for tailored silk waists.

There is no reason why the graduation toilet may not be made entirely at home, for the most simple designs are at the same time the smartest.

At the races in Paris one of the most striking of the chapeaux was of purple straw, trimmed with velvet and bunches of mauve and purple larkspur.

Whether the coat be long or extend only a trifle beyond hip length, it is usually with back so slightly fitted that to all appearances it is almost straight.

More thick crepe de chine, failles, satins of various kinds and velvets are being used for handsome toilettes than of the long used voiles and mousselines.

The most fashionable umbrella stick or handle is the one made of tortoise shell, absolutely unadorned or trimmed with a jade collar, rimmed with chased gold.

WORTH MOUNTAINS OF GOLD

During Change of Life, Says Mrs. Chas. Barclay

Graniteville, Vt. — "I was passing through the Change of Life and suffered

from nervousness and other annoying symptoms, and I can truly say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has proved worth mountains of gold to me, as it restored my health and strength. I never forget to tell my friends what Lydia E. Pinkham's

Vegetable Compound has done for me during this trying period. Complete restoration to health means so much to me that for the sake of other suffering women I am willing to make my trouble public so you may publish this letter."—MRS. CHAS. BARCLAY, R.F.D., Graniteville, Vt.

No other medicine for woman's ills has received such wide-spread and unqualified endorsement. No other medicine we know of has such a record of cures of female ills as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

For more than 30 years it has been curing female complaints such as inflammation, ulceration, local weaknesses, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion and nervous prostration, and it is unequalled for carrying women safely through the period of change of life. It costs but little to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and, as Mrs. Barclay says, it is "worth mountains of gold" to suffering women.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

LADY AGENTS WANTED.

WANTED—Lady agents in all parts of the United States to advertise and sell "Black Crow Stockings" to wearers. Good commission. Address: BLACK CROW STOCKING CO., NEWTON, N. C.

Perfect peace comes only after one has wrestled with and been overcome by the spirit.

Positions Guaranteed
\$80 Pays all expenses for a business, shorthand or telegraphy course.
Ga. Ala. Business College
Eugene Anderson, Pres.
Macon, Georgia.

"Green Old Age."

"Say, Ma."
"Don't call me ma. Say mother. What?"

"What's a green old age?"
"When a man who is bald and wrinkled and tottering marries a young woman who wouldn't look at him a second time if he didn't have lots of money," the lady replied, casting a stealthy glance at her husband, who was busy reading the stock quotations. "It may be said that he has lived to a green old age."—Chicago Record-Herald.

RHEUMATISM



I want every chronic rheumatic to throw away all medicines, all liniments, all plasters, and give MUNYON'S RHEUMATISM REMEDY a trial. No matter what your doctor may say, no matter how prejudiced you may be against all advertised remedies, go at once to your druggist and get a bottle of the RHEUMATISM REMEDY. If it fails to give satisfaction, I will refund your money.—Munyon Remember this remedy contains no salicylic acid, no opium cocaine, morphine or other harmful drugs. It is put up under the guarantee of the Pure Food and Drug Act.

For sale by all druggists. Price, 25c.

THE UNINSTRUCTED DELEGATION.

Priscilla smiled coyly.
"Are you instructed for Miles' Standard or merely told to us orable means?"

Herewith history began a lame.—New York Sun.

FITS

If you suffer from Fits, Falling Stomachs, Spasms or have children, or friends that do so, my New Discovery will relieve them, and all you are asked to do is to send for a FREE Bottle of

Dr. May's Epileptic Cure. It has cured thousands where everything else failed. Sent free with directions. Express Prepaid. Guaranteed by May Medical Laboratory, under the National Food and Drug Act, June 30th, 1906. Guaranty No. 1871. Please give AGE and full address.

DR. W. H. MAY,

548 Pearl Street, New York City.

SAW PLATH SHINGLE MILLS

SHAFTING, PULLEYS, BELTS
LOMBARD IRON WORKS, AUGUSTA, GA.

Dropsy

Removes all swelling in 8 to 20 days; effects a permanent cure in 30 to 60 days. Trial treatment given free. Nothing can be fairer. Write Dr. R. H. Green's Sons, Specialists, Box 2, Atlanta, Ga.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING

A man is generally heaviest in his fortieth year.

Salmon, pike and goldfish are supposed never to sleep.

In proportion to its size, a spider is much stronger than a lion.

Several new railroad bridges in Mexico are of white marble of the best grade.

The railroad shops of this country employ 350,000 men earning \$200,000,000 per year.

The railroads of this country employ more telegraph operators than the telegraph companies.

A census of the railroad cars of the country show 2,200,000, of which 50,000 are passenger cars.

Wild olive trees last centuries in Italy, and here are some for which only 1000 years are claimed.

A piece of stone is used as a barometer in Finland. It is white during clear weather, but darkens at the approach of a storm.

The little native State of Mourbhanj, known as the "Peacock Kingdom," is the most northerly of the tributary States of Orissa, and native chronicles relate that the principality was founded more than 2000 years ago.

According to the Medical Press and Circular of London, a red nose is by no means a sign of drunkenness, and is as common among teetotalers as tipplers. Indigestion is responsible almost more than anything else for red noses.

In the northern part of India sheep are put to a use unthought of in European or American countries. They are made to serve as beasts of burden because they are more sure-footed than larger beasts, and the mountain paths along the foothills of the Himalayas are steep and difficult.

Mustaches are not worn by men exposed to the severity of an Alaskan winter. They wear full beards to protect the throat and face, but keep the upper lip clean shaven. The moisture from the breath congeals so quickly that a mustache becomes imbedded in a solid cake of ice, and the face is frozen in a short time.

Data compiled by the Texas Railroad Commission indicates a loss by the railroad of the State of Berlin, Germany, of \$4,000,000 a year against twice that amount reported by the companies. The commission asserts that fifty per cent. of the losses claimed by the railroads is fictitious, due to the new system of bookkeeping.

FIGHTING MOSQUITOES ABROAD.

The Arzolla Plant Has Proved Effective in Germany.

According to Consul-General Richard Guenther, of Frankfurt, the department of the colonies at Berlin is investigating the arzolla water plant at Biebrich, contemplating the introduction of this plant in the German colonies in Africa, in order to eradicate the mosquito.

The director of fisheries at Biebrich, Mr. Bartmann, has, after experiments covering a period of fourteen years, found that the most reliable means against mosquitoes in stagnant waters is the growing of the various kinds of semi-tropical plant arzolla. His numerous and always successful experiments induced the director of the imperial colonial office to call him to Berlin in the spring of 1907, and the colonial office ordered that the test of his method should be made by the Institute for Tropical Hygiene at Hamburg, where Director Bartmann had the use of the State Botanical Institute for propagating the arzolla plants.

As, however, Wilhelmshaven possesses a malaria station, and as especially in its vicinity hundreds of cases of malaria occurred, the experiments were made in that territory, of stagnant waters, and the proximity of the sea and the abnormally cool temperature of the summer of 1907 had an unfavorable influence upon the growth of the plant, it, however, covered the experimental waters in a short time with a layer of about six centimetres (2.362 inches), which suffocated all the mosquito larvae below, and prevented the living insects from depositing their eggs in the water.

Gold Carpet of the Mint.

A small carpet in the San Francisco Mint is worth more than its weight in gold and is soon to be burned in order that the precious metal filings that have been sprinkling it for several years may be recovered. The carpet is in the adjusting room, where files are used to trim surplus gold from coins after they are stamped. It frequently happens that a piece of overweight falls to the floor and becomes imbedded in the grain of the carpet, and it is nothing unusual for the Government to get \$5000 worth of gold dust out of the ashes resulting from the burning of one of the floor coverings. The floor sweepings are treasured with the utmost care, as they furnish enough money to pay the salary of the janitor several times over—San Francisco Call.

THE CRACKING OF PAINT.

Property Owners Can Save Money by Learning the Cause.

Do you know what is wrong when paint peels, or cracks, or otherwise necessitates premature re-painting?

Well, sometimes it hasn't been properly applied—the surface being damp or there being too much turpentine or too much drier.

But, nine times out of ten, the trouble is caused by adulterated white lead.

To avoid all such trouble, every houseowner should know in a general way, when a surface is in proper condition to receive paint, what kind of primer and finishing coats different surfaces require, and how to avoid adulteration in materials.

A complete painting guide, including a book of color schemes, specifications for all kinds of painting work, and an instrument for detecting adulteration in painting materials, with directions for using it, can be had free by writing National Lead Company, 1902 Trinity Bldg., New York, and asking for Houseowner's Painting Outfit No. 49.

This company, the largest makers of pure white lead, invite tests, by means of the blowpipe (included in outfit), or in any other way, of the purity of the white lead sold under their famous "Dutch Boy Painter" trademark. That trademark on a keg of white lead is in itself an absolute guarantee of purity and quality.

WHERE IT EXISTS.

Mrs. Wiggs—"John, what is an absolute vacuum?"

Wiggs—"An absolute vacuum, my dear, is something that exists only in your mind."—Boston Post.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address F. J. CUNNEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for Constipation.

Resentment.

"Does your charge 30 cents for that little box o' strawberries?" asked Aunt Hannah, superciliously.

"Yes," answered the grocer.

"An' it 'ud take about a thousand dem berries to make one ten-cent watermelon! I doesn't mind de price, but I does hate sech impudence!"

Piles, cured in 6 to 14 Days.

Pazo Ointment is guaranteed to cure any case of Piles, Hemorrhoids, Protruding Piles, Itching, Pain, and all other troubles of the rectum. It is a sure cure, and is sold by all druggists. Price 25c. Official Berlin does.

One may be cured in the way of the world.

Cured Sweeney and removed a spavin.

Dr. Sloan's Liniment and Veterinary Remedies are well known all over the country. They have saved the lives of many valuable horses and are a permanent institution in thousands of stables.

Mr. G. T. Roberts of Resaca, Ga., R. F. D. No. 1, Box 43, writes:—"I have used your Liniment on a horse for sweeney and effected a thorough cure. I also removed a spavin on a mule. This spavin was as large as a guinea egg. I regard Sloan's Liniment as the most penetrating and effective Liniment I have ever known."

Mr. H. M. Gibbs, of Lawrence, Kans., R. F. D. No. 3, writes:—"Your Liniment is the best that I have ever used. I had a mare with an abscess on her neck and one 50c. bottle of Sloan's Liniment entirely cured her. I keep it around all the time for galls and small swellings and for everything about the stock."

Dr. Sloan will send his Treatise on the Horse free to any horseman. Address Dr. Earl S. Sloan, Boston, Mass., Station A.

A wise man does not need advice.

A fool will not take advice.

CHILD ATE CUTICURA.

Spread Whole Box of It on Crackers—Not the Least Injury Resulted—Thus Proven Pure and Sweet.

A New York friend of Cuticura writes: "My three year old son and heir, after being put to bed on a trip across the Atlantic, investigated the stateroom and located a box of Graham Crackers and a box of Cuticura Ointment. When a search was made for the box, it was found empty and the kid admitted that he had eaten the contents of the entire box spread on the crackers. It cured him of a bad cold and I don't know what else."

No more conclusive evidence could be offered that every ingredient of Cuticura is absolutely pure, sweet and harmless. If it may be safely eaten by a young child, none but the most beneficial results can be expected to attend its application to even the tenderest skin or youngest infant.

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props. of Cuticura Remedies, Boston, Mass.

Reap profit from other's failures.

Only One "Bromo Quinine"

That is Laxative Bromo Quinine. Look for the signature of E. W. Grove. Use The World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

Who can outlaw a lawyer?

For HEADACHE—HICKS' CAPSICUM

Whether from Colds, Heat, Stomach or Nervous Troubles, Capsicum will relieve you. It's liquid-pleasant to take—acts immediately. Try it, 10c., 25c. and 50c. at drug stores.

A short wait is better than short weight.

Cutting the Baddeley Cake.

Twelfth night was celebrated, in accordance with annual custom at Drury Lane Theatre, by the cutting of the Baddeley cake in the foyer on the conclusion of the performance of "Dick Whittington." The ceremony was performed in the presence of the principal members of the company, the trustees of the Baddeley fund and leading members of the management by Mr. Harry Nicholls, as master of the fund, who explained its origin. In the year 1794 one Robert Baddeley, a comedian of that theatre, who was one of the original founders of Drury Lane and the original Moses in the "School for Scandal," purchased £100 worth of stock in the shape of consols which he gave over to Drury Lane fund and which was to be his almoner to provide every Twelfth night cake and wine to the principal members of the company, not so much to perpetuate his memory as to further the cause of loyal and friendly feeling and reciprocal good will among them.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Her Comment.

An old Irishman named Casey made a lot of money as a contractor and built a fine house for his children.

The sons and daughters were much ashamed of the plebeian father, and Casey was always kept in the rear of the house when they had a party or a reception. One day Casey died, and there was a great do about it. The children had a fine coffin with plenty of flowers, and Casey was laid in state in the parlor.

That evening an old Irish woman, who had known Casey when he was a laborer, came and asked to see the face of her dead friend. They conducted her to the parlor.

She walked up to the coffin, took a long look, and said: "Faith, Casey, an' they've let ye in to th' parlor at last!"—Tit-Bits.

A Dead Shot on Ring Worms.

Wysacking, N. C., June 2, 1908. Mr. J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga. Dear Sir:—Enclosed you will find \$1.00 for which please send me at once Tetterine. It is a dead shot on ring worms.

Yours truly, W. S. Dudley. Tetterine cures Eczema, Tetter, Ring Worms, Ground Itch, Itching Piles, Infant's Sore Head, Pimples, Boils, Rough Scaly Patches on the Face, Old Itching Sores, Dandruff, Cracked Scalp, Junctions, Corns, Chills and every form of Skin Disease. Tetterine 50c. Tetterine Soap 25c. Your druggist, or by mail from the manufacturer, The Shuptrine Co., Savannah, Ga.

Don't make the same mistake again.

To have more of Health and more of Life, take Gardell Tea! This Natural laxative regulates liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels, corrects constipation, purifies the blood and eradicates disease.

The song of the lawn mower is always attuned to the energy by which it is shovled.

Fac CULDS AND GRIP.

Rich's Coughs is the best remedy for the coughing and feverishness which attend the colds and gripes of the summer. It is a sure cure, and is sold by all druggists. Price 25c. Official Berlin does.

You can't fling mud and keep clean hands.

PROTECTS THE POLICY-HOLDERS OF THE SOUTHERN LIFE

The Jefferson Standard Life Insurance Company Comes to Their Rescue.

Fayetteville, N. C., March 31, 1909. Today was consummated one of the most important deals that has ever occurred in the annals of Southern insurance. The Jefferson Standard Life Insurance Company of Raleigh, N. C., came to the rescue of the policy holders of the Southern Life Insurance Company of Fayetteville, and guaranteed to them that their insurance would be protected by the large assets of the Jefferson. It has been known for some time that the Southern Life would re-insure its policies, several flattering offers were made by large companies throughout the country to obtain this business, but the directors of the company, looking to the interest of the policy holders, and knowing the strength and standing of the Jefferson, selected it, after mature deliberation.

In effecting this re-insurance and protecting the policy holders, the Jefferson Standard Life Insurance is in no way directly or indirectly connected with any transaction of the Southern Life. The policy holders of the Southern Life Insurance Company are to be congratulated upon their good fortune in having the pr life insurance policies guaranteed by the Jefferson, which is one of the strongest, if not the strongest life insurance company south of the Mason and Dixon Line, and one of the strongest in America. It has a surplus to policy holders of nearly half a million dollars. It is well managed, conservative, and is backed by some of the most prominent financiers in the South.

The officers of the Jefferson are Joseph G. Brown, president; F. D. Gold, Jr., first vice-president and general manager; Chas. W. Gold, secretary and superintendent of agencies; Chas. W. Gamwell, actuary; Ex-Governor Chas. B. Aycock and Judge R. W. Winston were special counsel for the Jefferson in making the transfer of the business. The re-insurance agreement was fully approved by James R. Young, Insurance Commissioner of North Carolina.

Naughtiness does not come to the naught.

Habitual Constipation

May be permanently overcome by proper personal efforts with the assistance of the one truly beneficial laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs & Elixir of Senna which enables one to form regular habits daily so that assistance to nature may be gradually dispensed with when no longer needed, as the best of lies when required are to assist nature, and not to supplant the natural functions, which must depend ultimately upon proper nourishment, proper efforts, and right living generally. To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine, MANUFACTURED BY THE CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS. (SEE SIZE ONLY—REGULAR PRICE 50¢ PER BOTTLE)

TAKE CARDUI

THE WOMAN'S TONIC

Cardui can be depended upon to help you, too, if you will give it a fair trial.

Women who need strength, should find it in Cardui, for Cardui is a strength-building female tonic.

Women who need health, should find it in Cardui, for Cardui has been found to cure female disorders, by its curative action on the female organs.

Try Cardui.

On the poet Byron's grave in the parish church at Hucknall Tokard two lovely wreaths, one being a poet's circlet of bay leaves, bearing on a card "From Laura Thyra Byron, in remembrance," were placed the other day.

MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS FOR CHILDREN.

A Certain Cure for Feverishness, Constipation, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Itching Pimples, and Destroy Worms. At all Druggists, 25c. in 24 hours. At all Druggists, 50c. in 48 hours. Sample mailed FREE. Address: New York City: A. S. OLMSTED, Le Roy, N. Y.

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B.B.B.

Cures Through the Blood

B.B.B. (Botanic Blood Balm) is the only Blood remedy that kills the poison in the blood and then purifies it—sending a flood of pure rich blood direct to the skin surface. Bones Joints and wherever the disease is coated. In this way all Sores, Ulcers Pimples, Eruptions are healed and pains and aches of Rheumatism, cease, swellings subside. B.B.B. completely changes the body into clean, healthy condition, giving the skin the rich "red" hue of perfect health. B. B. B. cures the worst old cases. Try it. \$1.00 per large bottle at Drug Stores with directions for home cure. SAMPLE SENT BY MAIL TO DR. B.B.B. CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Telephone Supporter. An exceedingly useful and powerful remedy for all skin diseases.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

Color more good, brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c. package colors all fibers. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. Write for free booklet—How to Dye, Bleach and Mix Colors. MONROE DRUG CO., Quincy, Illinois.

The gold cure is good for other ills.

Itch cured in 30 minutes by Woodford's Sanitary Lotion. Never fails. At druggists.

The mills of the gods grind slowly.

Anti-Chilline

FOR CHILLS Chronic Malaria, Typhoid and Uric Acid Poisons, excellent Tonic, Appetizer, Liver Stimulant, Laxative and Bowel Antiseptic. You are under the care of doctor who discovered Anti-Chilline. Send Symptom. 5 to 7 weeks treatment sent prepaid for \$2.00. Agents wanted. Address: Anti-Chilline Chemical Co., Richmond, Va.

AND THE CROWD COULDN'T LIFT IT.

"What caused the blockade of traffic in the street?"

"A girl's spring hat blew off."

Red, Weak, Watery Eyes Relieved by Murine Eye Remedy. Compounded by Experienced Physicians. Conforms to Pure Food and Drug Laws. Murine Doesn't Smart; Soothes Eye Pain.

Meditation is the open door to a sphere of surpassing beauty.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

Rest hours are most enjoyed by workers.

In case of accident, cuts, wounds, burns, scalds, sprains, bruises, etc., nothing will so quickly take away all pain and soreness as Hamline Wizard Oil.

When a man is down and out don't tell him it will be the same a hundred years from now.

OLD PEOPLE'S KIDNEYS

Often Need Helpful Stimulation.

The kidneys are the busiest organs of the body, filtering as they do all the blood every three minutes. They show signs of wear through pain in the back and irregular urination.

Doan's Kidney Pills cure kidney ills in old or young. Mrs. Mary C. Phelps, 4 Spring St., Westfield, Mass., says:

"I am past 92 years old, and am to-day without a sign of kidney trouble, backache, pain in the sides, etc., which had bothered me. Doan's Kidney Pills cured me so that kidney trouble has never returned."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Great minds thrive in any environment.

For Those Pains

"I am getting along fine and feel splendid, since taking Cardui," writes Mrs. Stella Halquist, of Laporte, Minn. "I am not troubled, like I used to be, with backache, headache, and those pains and that tired-out feeling. I had other female troubles too, but they have almost disappeared now. I cannot praise Cardui enough, for it did wonders for me."

TAKE CARDUI

THE WOMAN'S TONIC

Cardui can be depended upon to help you, too, if you will give it a fair trial.

Women who need strength, should find it in Cardui, for Cardui is a strength-building female tonic.

Women who need health, should find it in Cardui, for Cardui has been found to cure female disorders, by its curative action on the female organs.

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HEREDITY.

Get my go-cart for me, mother;
Tuck me in my little bed,
Lay my head one way or t'other,
Pin a pink bow on my spread,
Put some cobwebs o'er each feature,
Rig a shade somewhere in space,
Make of me a fairy creature,
Robed in bales and bales of lace.

Then perambulate, dear mother,
Down the thoroughfare ad lib;
Let the infant of no other
Show a more expensive crib.
Make of me a picture, pretty,
Which shall draw admiring eyes,
Though I wax both cross and fretty
In the glare of sunny skies.

Bounce me swiftly o'er the cobbles,
Boost me lively at the curb,
Though my rear hub gently wobbles
And such jumps my pence disturb,
Drag me where the park is sheltered,
Shove me east and north and south;
When my little spine is sweetered,
Job a rubber in my mouth.

Take me out, oh, darling mother!
Every day beneath the sun,
Swaddled till I almost smother,
And my little back is "skun."
I enjoy the bouncing, mother,
And the squeak-squawk as I go,
For I am your offspring, mother,
And I love to make a show!

—L. S. Waterhouse, in Judge.

The Mediocrity of Charteris.

By Ralph Stock.

The sonata died away into the wailing of the wind about the ranch house walls, and Charteris turned from the piano to light a cigarette.

The stranger in the deep arm chair across the room stirred slightly, and uncrossed his legs.

"I suppose you know you play magnificently," he suggested, with an affected indifference.

"Only so so," said Charteris, cheerfully. "I thought the same myself once, until I was told on the best authority that there was something vital lacking—technique or something."

"I don't see it," protested the stranger.

Charteris shrugged a pair of broad, round shoulders.

"No, you wouldn't," he said, bluntly, "you're not of the elect; you can appreciate but not appraise; you know when a thing pleases you, but you never pull it to pieces to see if its charm is produced correctly. For instance, you would deal in exactly the same way with these pictures," his glance indicating the walls of the room, "they're all fair; quite good men have said they're fair."

The stranger rose from his chair, and made a slow detour of the room, examining each painting in turn, while Charteris watched him from the piano stool with a quizzical half-smile.

"You think they're pretty good?" he queried at last.

"I think they're uncommonly good," said the other, with a touch of asperity.

"I thought you would," laughed Charteris, exultantly, "but they're not; they're average. So are the two novels I have written, which I dare say you have half-read at some time and thrown aside." He broke off with a short laugh. "You must bear with a hermit's egotism; this is the first time for over a year that I have talked with any one who has a thought beyond a cow of a horse. I have only entered on my novitiate to the prairie; give me another two years, and I shall have adapted myself."

The stranger slowly paced the room. "It's nothing to do with me," he said, "I don't know you; if I did, I think you would rather annoy me—but why—all this?" His gesture embraced the log walls of the room, the dreary glimpse of driving snow through the tiny, double framed window. "It seems such infernal waste. Here are you, with capabilities most of us would give our eye teeth to possess, burying yourself in the wilderness to raise horses—or is it cattle?"

"Cattle," replied Charteris, "short-horns. I find that with a little care I can raise good short-horns—far better short-horns than pictures, books or music, and that's something."

The stranger stopped in his stride, and regarded him fixedly. Charteris smiled wearily.

"Yes," he said, "you probably think me mad; perhaps I am, but I was sick of it—sick of going just so far and no further with everything I touched. Some men can easily satisfy themselves with it; others never realize it; but to a few mediocrity is a curse, a direct dispensation, and I am one of these. Never to do anything that matters; never to leave the rut; to feel instinctively but surely that you never will, try as you will. To struggle on on the treadmill of life, climbing, and then to look back and find yourself exactly where you started; oh, I tell you I was sick of it! It's worse than failure; you can at least distinguish yourself by going to the bottom in record time."

Charteris lit the dead cigarette beneath the stove, and continued more slowly:

"One day I realized that I had never done anything big, or strong; that I never should in the cramped life I was then living, so I left, and came here, where there is room, and sometimes—lately especially—I believe I have put one foot over the dead line, I built this ranch from my own plans, and riders have told me it is the best appointed in the West. My short-horns—but I'm doing an unconscionable amount of talking. Let me fill your glass."

The stranger ignored the suggestion. "But surely," he said, "surely there was something else; this absurd conviction of yours was not all that brought you here?"

There was a pause, so prolonged that the stranger was on the verge of a hasty apology.

"Perhaps not," said Charteris, at last. "I'm not altogether sure myself. Sometimes I think it might have made a difference, at others I am sure it could have made none, and now—it is beside the question—she has been married a year, and is, I believe, happy."

"I thought as much," said the other, quickly. "This is a mood, prolonged, but a mood; it will pass, believe me, and you will go back where you belong."

Charteris's gaze was centered on the white square of windows. It was now quite dark, and the cold outside had increased, for the snow clung to the glass without melting. He shook his head slowly, squared his rounded shoulders, and rose from the piano stool.

"I think not," he said, quietly. "Do you feel like bed, and can you sleep between blankets? I'm afraid we don't run to sheets."

They entered a tiny bedroom off the sitting room and Charteris carried the lamp to the dressing table. When he turned the stranger was leaning over the bed examining an old portrait that hung on the wall. It was a clever piece of work, for the woman's face depicted was not physically beautiful—the features were too irregular for that—yet the lighting and treatment had given it a mysterious, almost ethereal effect, strangely magnetic.

The stranger still examined it intently, his lips parted, his eyes fixed; the tenseness of the attitude arrested Charteris's attention.

"You think it better than the others?" he suggested. "You're right, it is."

"Is this," said the other, without turning his head, "is this what might have made the difference?"

"Yes," said Charteris. "Goodnight." His hand was on the door. The other turned abruptly.

"You must pardon me," he said: "I had no wish to intrude—you see, she is my wife."

Morning broke with the storm still raging. The thermometer registered ten below zero, and the snow fell and drifted in ceaseless clouds.

"A three days' blizzard," commented Charteris at the breakfast table, "straight from the worst quarter: I shall never adapt myself enough to forget my poor devils of riders in weather like this, though they would be the first to resent pity. The cattle will drift south till they come to wire; the wire will be cut, perhaps, and they'll go further south, and the men with them, and on, and on, until the storm is over or they drop. Excuse my grumblings," he added, reaching for the other's cup, "to me there's nothing quite so depressing as a prairie blizzard."

The stranger went over to the window, and stood looking out at the cruel white clouds or driving snow.

"It's very wonderful," he said slowly. "It makes one feel small. I find myself respecting it inordinately. How long would it take to get to town?"

"Thirty miles, against this," reflected Charteris, "and with a lively stable horse—about eight hours, if you got there at all; but don't talk of such things."

"I must go," said the other, firmly. "It is good of you to suggest my staying, but I must get back somehow to-day."

"It would be madness," Charteris protested, "you don't know the country, and you don't know these blizzards. I have no one to send with you."

There was a set abstraction in the other's eyes.

"I know," he said, with quiet insistence, "but I must go. She is in the town waiting, and I said I should be back. She will be anxious."

Charteris rose abruptly, and took down a fur coat behind the stove.

"Put this on," he said. "You can leave it at the hotel, and remember, if you get on the trail, let the horse take you. Don't try to take him—he knows his stable."

Outside the chill of death was in the air, and the men caught their breath in gasps as they plunged knee-deep through newly formed drifts on the way to the stable.

Presently the stranger leaned down from the saddle and held out a furlimined hand.

"Goodby," he said. "It is hardly likely I shall ever have a chance of repaying your kindness, but if you come East—"

"Goodby," said Charteris, and turned toward the house.

He closed the door, flung his cap behind the stove, and crossed to the window, where he stood restlessly drumming his fingers on the frozen pane. Then he drew a crumpled letter from his pocket, and read it for the second time.

"...We are on our way to Japan for the winter. I heard you were here, and made him stop off. I treated you abominably, but I have paid. He is all that he should be, and I have tried so hard to live the mistake down that he has never guessed, but it is quite impossible. I have reached the

end and must see you somehow, somewhere, if you will come. I am at the hotel."

Charteris sank into the armchair and gazed stonily into the glow of the huge box stove, his thin, strong fingers mechanically tearing the sheet of paper into narrower and narrower ribbons; then he opened the door and thrust them back among the coals.

The rest of the day he busied himself with the stock, and by 10 o'clock that night the storm had cleared. The wind dropped, and a pale moon struggled intermittently through the dispersing cloud rack, shedding a sickly brilliance over the interminable snow plains.

Charteris stood at the open door, heedless of the cold. For the hundredth time he told himself that he had followed the only path of a strong man; but then he knew he was not a strong man. What further proof was needed? That morning he had trusted the disappointed appeal of a disillusioned girl from his mind with splendid finality, and now—he was voluntarily recalling every sentence, every word, dwelling on them, weighing them.

A coyote howled somewhere out in the white night, and others answered. To Charteris's overwrought brain there was something prophetic in the howl about him. He turned to the door and half an hour later was loping his toughest cow pony over the trail for town.

The faint whinny of a horse fluted over the snow, followed by another, and yet another before Charteris found his own beast answering, and brushed the rime from his eyelashes to look about him. Nothing was visible but the same endless expanse of moon-bathed snow, and far off to the right of the trail a solitary stunted tree that he knew to be the "lone pine" a well known landmark for miles around. He sat for some time straining his eyes out over the snow, then suddenly turned his horse's head and loped toward it.

In a wide circle around the tree a hard path had been tramped in the snow. Inside it was a horse tethered by the bridle lines to one of the lower branches, the remains of a pitiful attempt at a fire, and a heap of snow-covered fun. Charteris knew what lay beneath this last.

The man was alive but unconscious, the cold had penetrated to the brain. Charteris shook him violently; buffeted him with his clenched fists, hurled him from side to side in the snow till the perspiration streamed from his forehead. Then he took a box of matches from his pocket, struck one and applied it to the arm just below the elbow. A faint moan passed the man's lips; the eyelids fluttered and closed, and Charteris fell on him afresh, rubbing, until his arms were numb from shoulder to wrist.

"Wake up, man," he yelled, "you hear, wake up!"

A dazed comprehension came into the man's eyes, and a twinge of pain distorted his face.

"Ah, it's you, Charteris. Stop, stop! You're hurting frightfully."

Charteris sank back exhausted. "Wonderful thing, a blizzard," the other rambled on. "Makes a man feel small. Deceptive, too—A cackle of muffled laughter came from behind the high fur collar. "I thought this infernal tree was a house—think of it! Then I walked round it. Mercy! how many times did I walk round it?"

Suddenly he sat up and looked around him. Charteris was sitting in the snow, still gazing.

"You're played out," said the stranger. "What have you been doing; when did you come?"

"Can you stand?" said Charteris. "No—then don't get excited. They'll put you right in town. Let me give you a leg up."

He lifted him with difficulty and thrust him into the Mexican saddle.

"Sit there," he commanded, "and try not to go to sleep, and don't talk."

The town was asleep when they came to a steaming halt outside the hotel, but the night porter came out to them, and others were soon astride.

The stranger was huddled in a deep leather chair, as far from the stove as it had been possible to wheel him, but the warmth of the room had taken effect, and when the doctor came he was sleeping soundly.

The manager in shirt and trousers, ran his finger down the register.

"Call Room 15," he ordered, tersely: "tell the woman her husband is back—that there's been an accident—nothing serious."

Charteris, who was warming his mits at the stove, turned quickly toward the door. The manager followed, and touched him on the shoulder.

"Where are you off to?" he demanded bluntly.

"Back to the ranch," said Charteris. "What, at this hour? You must be crazy."

"No," said Charteris. "I'm unusually sane, that's all; goodnight." And he passed out through the swinging doors just before a blue kimono appeared at the head of the stairs.

At the ranch the foreman rode out to meet him. His thin, strong face was grave, and he leant down, flicking his riding boot with his quirt as he rode.

"And the losses?" queried Charteris.

"Nasty snap," jerked the foreman, "and they got tied up in the four mile coulie like a lot of sheep; near spring, too, they were weak all right. Fifty per cent, I guess."

Charteris stared away toward the white horizon.

"Ah, yes," he commented absently. "About half, eh?"—Black and White.

No Tightwad.

"If you pay cash the watch will cost you forty marks less."

"What do I care for forty marks—charge it!"—Fliegende Blaetter.

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FEMININE NEWS NOTES.

Mrs. Taft's name heads the roll of honorary members of the Daughters of Ohio.

Mrs. Anna Britton found a burglar in her home in New York City and trapped him.

Charlotte Cole, a singer, of Jersey City, was married secretly on St. Valentine's Day.

Mrs. Hermann-Jaworska, who supplied the opera, is in want in New York City.

Mrs. Adams added to play in the New York City, to the last side children's minds by means of a Harrie play.

The Woman's Medical School at Shanghai recently awarded diplomas to six graduates. This school was founded three years ago.

Mrs. Lillian Brown passed her examination before the steamboat inspectors of Portland, Me., for a license to run a motor boat.

In the State of Washington the equal suffrage amendment passed the Senate, 30 to 3. It passed the House some weeks earlier, 70 to 18.

Mrs. John Woltasek tried to leap out of a window of her flat when she saw a fenderless car in East Twenty-third street, New York City, kill her baby girl.

Miss Shigeno Mitobe, Miss Atko and Miss Takeko Nagishi, all graduates of the Women's University of Yokohama, have come to America to complete their education.

Aged Charles C. Griffith went to young Mrs. Lizzie Behner's home in New York City to marry her, but failed to deed a house to her, as promised, and she jilted him.

There are ten women among the fifty commissioners that the Government of Mexico has sent out for the purpose of studying the best methods of education in the different countries.

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Leave Tampa Mondays P. M.

NORTHBOUND.
Arrive Tampa Mondays P. M.
Arrive Key West Wednesdays A. M.
Arrive New York Saturdays A. M.
Arrive Key West Tuesdays A. M.
Arrive New York Saturdays.

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FLORIDA EAST COAST RAILWAY

LOCAL TIME CARD No. 78. Effective April 6, 1909

	No. 85 DAILY	No. 29 DAILY	MAIN LINE	No. 78 DAILY	No. 82 DAILY
Leave Key West	4:00 pm	9:30 am	Leave Jacksonville	7:30 pm	8:30 am
Leave Key West	5:25 pm	10:55 am	Leave Jacksonville	8:05 pm	9:05 am
Leave Key West	6:25 pm	11:55 am	Leave Jacksonville	9:05 pm	10:05 am
Leave Key West	8:01 pm	1:22 pm	Leave Jacksonville	10:05 pm	11:05 am
Leave Key West	8:14 pm	1:41 pm	Leave Jacksonville	11:05 pm	12:05 pm
Leave Key West	8:55 pm	2:20 pm	Leave Jacksonville	12:05 pm	1:05 pm
Leave Key West	10:00 pm	3:25 pm	Leave Jacksonville	1:05 pm	2:05 pm
Leave Key West	10:45 pm	4:10 pm	Leave Jacksonville	2:05 pm	3:05 pm
Leave Key West	10:47 pm	4:12 pm	Leave Jacksonville	3:05 pm	4:05 pm
Leave Key West	11:29 pm	4:52 pm	Leave Jacksonville	4:05 pm	5:05 pm
Leave Key West	11:30 pm	5:07 pm	Leave Jacksonville	5:05 pm	6:05 pm
Leave Key West	1:28 am	7:05 pm	Leave Jacksonville	6:05 pm	7:05 pm
Leave Key West	2:48 am	8:17 pm	Leave Jacksonville	7:05 pm	8:05 pm
Leave Key West	6:30 am	11:30 pm	Leave Jacksonville	8:05 pm	9:05 pm
Leave Key West	7:30 am	12:30 pm	Leave Jacksonville	9:05 pm	10:05 pm
Leave Key West	8:40 am	1:40 pm	Leave Jacksonville	10:05 pm	11:05 pm
Leave Key West	11:15 am	4:15 pm	Leave Jacksonville	11:05 pm	12:05 pm
Leave Key West	12:00 pm	5:00 pm	Leave Jacksonville	12:05 pm	1:05 pm
Leave Key West	7:30 pm	12:30 pm	Leave Jacksonville	1:05 pm	2:05 pm
Leave Key West	8:30 pm	1:30 pm	Leave Jacksonville	2:05 pm	3:05 pm

*Sundays, Tuesdays and Thursdays. Knights Key and Key West (Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays arrival and departures at Havana)

PALATKA BRANCH

Leave East Palatka	Leave East Palatka	Leave East Palatka	Leave East Palatka	Leave East Palatka	Leave East Palatka
5:15 am	No. 100 Daily	5:35 am	5:40 am	No. 101 Daily	6:00 am
6:15 am	No. 102 Daily	6:35 am	6:40 am	No. 103 Daily	6:50 am
7:15 am	No. 104 Daily	7:35 am	7:40 am	No. 105 Daily	7:50 am
8:15 am	No. 106 Daily	8:35 am	8:40 am	No. 107 Daily	8:50 am
9:15 am	No. 108 Daily	9:35 am	9:40 am	No. 109 Daily	9:50 am
10:15 am	No. 110 Daily	10:35 am	10:40 am	No. 111 Daily	10:50 am
11:15 am	No. 112 Daily	11:35 am	11:40 am	No. 113 Daily	11:50 am

SAN MATEO BRANCH

Leave East Palatka	Leave East Palatka	Leave East Palatka	Leave East Palatka	Leave East Palatka	Leave East Palatka
8:30 am	No. 103 Daily	8:50 am	9:00 am	No. 104 Daily	9:20 am
9:30 am	No. 107 Daily	9:50 am	10:00 am	No. 108 Daily	10:20 am

MAYPORT BRANCH

Leave East Palatka	Leave East Palatka	Leave East Palatka	Leave East Palatka	Leave East Palatka	Leave East Palatka
7:10 pm	No. 100 Daily	7:30 pm	7:40 pm	No. 101 Daily	7:50 pm
8:10 pm	No. 102 Daily	8:30 pm	8:40 pm	No. 103 Daily	8:50 pm
9:10 pm	No. 104 Daily	9:30 pm	9:40 pm	No. 105 Daily	9:50 pm
10:10 pm	No. 106 Daily	10:30 pm	10:40 pm	No. 107 Daily	10:50 pm
11:10 pm	No. 108 Daily	11:30 pm	11:40 pm	No. 109 Daily	11:50 pm
12:10 pm	No. 110 Daily	12:30 pm	12:40 pm	No. 111 Daily	12:50 pm

Connections made at Knights Key with P. & O. S. S. Co. for Key West and Havana, Cuba.

NOTE: THESE TIME TABLES show the times at which trains may be expected to arrive at and depart from the several stations; but their arrival or departure at the times stated is not guaranteed nor is this Company to be held responsible for any delay or any consequence arising therefrom.

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