

BILL LANGE'S FEAT.

One of the Famous Old Outfielder's Sensational Catches.

The greatest individual feat ever performed was one by which Bill Lange saved a game for Chicago and \$300 for himself in Washington in 1885. There is an odd story connected with the play. Lange had missed a train in Boston two days before, failed to reach New York in time to play there, and Anson had fined him \$100. Thereupon he missed a train to Washington—arrived on the grounds after the teams had practiced and just in time to play, and for that Anson fined him another \$100. The game that afternoon went eleven innings, Chicago scoring one run in the eleventh. There were two men out and a runner on the bases when "Kip" Selbach, then one of the hardest hitters in the business, smote the ball a terrific blow and sent it flying over Lange's head toward the center field fence. The hit seemed a sure home run, but Lange, a man weighing 225 pounds, turned and without looking sprinted desperately straight out toward the fence, racing with the flying ball. At the last instant, as the ball was going over his head, Lange leaped, stuck up both hands, turned a somersault and crashed against the fence. The boards splintered, one entire panel crashed outward, and out of the wreckage crawled Lange, holding the ball in his hand, and the crowd went mad. Lange came limping in, with the crowd standing on seats shouting, and he said to Anson, "Fines go, cap?" "Nope," said Anson, and the catch had saved the big fielder \$200.—Hugh S. Fullerton in American Magazine.

Why Women Are Afraid of Mice.

In all ages women were supposed to be more prone to superstition than men, and who knows but that the dread of a woman on the appearance of a rat or a mouse may not be due, in part at least, to an ancient superstition which has traveled down the ages from the time when our remote forefathers believed that rats and mice were the souls of the departed? Numerous are the stories which made the ancients believe that souls were rats and mice, and some of these stories are very curious.

"In Thuringia, at Snaifeid," says Baring-Gould, "a servant girl fell asleep while her companions were shelling nuts. They observed a little red mouse creep from her mouth and run out of the window. One of the fellows present shook the sleeper, but could not wake her, so he moved her to another place. Presently the mouse ran back to the former place and dashed about, seeking the girl. Not finding her, it vanished. At the same moment the girl died."

The Oyster Shell.

Every one who has handled an oyster shell must have noticed the successive layers overlapping each other. These are technically named shots, and each one marks a year's growth, so that by counting them the age of the oyster can be determined. Up to the time of its maturity—that is, when four years of age—the shots are regular and successive, but after that time they become irregular and are piled one upon another so that the shell becomes bulky and thickened. Fossil oysters have been seen of which each shell was nine inches thick, whence they may be guessed to be more than 900 years old.

Cornmeal as Food.

Cornmeal is one of the most healthful, nourishing foods and the best bone, muscle and tissue builder of all the breadstuffs. Our forefathers fought their wars and tamed the wilderness upon a corn bread diet, and they were a hardy, heady set, many of whose examples we might profitably follow. Of course cornmeal to be perfect should be ground upon stones turned by water power. The steam ground roller mill product of today has some advantages in the way of economy of production, but it kills the delicacy of the grist, so 'tis said by some.—Dallas News.

Consideration.

"You say you once had a home?" "Dat's what I had," answered Plodding Pete.

"Why didn't you do something to make your folks comfortable and happy?"

"I did. I left."—Washington Star.

In Accord With the Weather.

Mrs. Passe (to her maid)—How is the weather today, Marie? Maid—Fresh and windy, madam. Mrs. Passe—Very well; you will please put a healthy flush on my cheeks this morning. I am going out.—New York Life.

He Told Her.

"Tell me frankly, sir, what do you think of my daughter's voice?"

"Well, madam, I think she may have a brilliant future in water color painting."—Paris Figaro.

It's when a fellow thinks he is out of sight that he feels all eyes are upon him.—Pittsburg Gazette.

Etiquette at Covent Garden.

Etiquette at Covent Garden is almost as strict as that which prevails in the servants' hall of a great mansion, says London M. A. P. No prima donna must be addressed by an inferior, and the presentation of bouquets is a delicate matter, regulated with due regard for the feelings of the ladies. The claque still prevails; but, as only the less eminent singers employ these "aids to success," nobody is ever deceived. The management knows nothing of these men, who are hired by the singers to go into the gallery and applaud their employers vociferously. The custom is very common on the continent, where it also takes the more objectionable form of hiring men to hiss rivals off the stage. Happily that sort of thing would not be tolerated in England, and so the claque is confined to the minor members of the company, who bring over with them an insatiable desire for applause and are so determined to get it that they leave nothing to chance. The claqueurs receive a fee of 2 shillings, in addition to the payment for their seats.

Couldn't Pass Him.

Dr. Caleb Munn back in 1803 or 1804 was making a professional call one night at a road house, his horse and buggy standing outside, when a young fellow staggered out and mounted the horse and started off at a wild gallop, not noticing the wagon attached to the horse. After a time the young man realized that a wagon was following close in his rear, so he held in the steed and shouted:

"Go on past if you want to—if you're in such a hurry!"

Of course the rattling ceased, and nobody responded, and nothing was visible in the darkness, so he lashed the horse into a gallop, saying, "They'll never overtake us." The wagon clattered on behind up hill and down dale. When Dr. Munn overhauled him, having followed on a fleet horse, the young fellow said:

"I was bound that man in the wagon should not pass, because he wouldn't when I offered to let him. I don't hear him now, and I guess he drove off the bridge."—Newark News.

Meal Monday.

The students in the Scotch universities annually enjoy their "Meal Monday," but few of the undergraduates remember how the holiday was instituted. In faroff days, when learning was really nourished on "a little oatmeal," the students before leaving home for the universities provided themselves with a quantity of meal sufficient to make "halesome parritch" half through the session. By the end of January their "meal kists" had run low, and "a day off" was given in which the student was expected to journey halfway home, meeting at this point his parent or brother, who brought with him a second load of the simple diet. The holiday was fixed on a Monday so as to allow the undergraduate the benefit of the preceding Saturday. In times past the journeys would often extend to fifty or sixty miles. The modern student goes home for "Meal Monday," but he travels with a week end ticket and has no thought of the painful journeys of his ancestors.—Dundee Advertiser.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson

He Didn't Bet.

"A man in my county," said a Kansas congressman, "was always anxious to bet on his game of checkers. One time he was about to play a game for \$10 with a fellow called Three Fingers Jack. Suddenly one of his friends exclaimed:

"Don't bet, Charlie. Don't you know that fellow wore off two fingers playing checkers? That's why he's called Three Fingers Jack."

"That settled it. The bet was never made. A man who had worn off two fingers by brushing them up and down the checkerboard was too much for my friend."—Kansas City Journal.

A Bitter Disappointment.

"When I was in Paris," remarked the collector of curios, "I discovered in a bookstall a volume which I knew at first glance to be of extraordinary value. I could scarcely believe my good luck. Breathless, I inquired the price of the dealer. Just think of it! I could have had that treasure for a song!"

"Well, why didn't you get it?"

"Never could find a note in my life," cried the collector, bursting into tears.—New York Times.

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ABOUT ADVERTISING—NO. 10

The Man Who Retreats Before His Defeat!

By Herbert Kaufman.

Advertising isn't magic. There is no element of the black art about it. In its best and highest form it is plain talk, sane talk—selling talk. Its results are in proportion to the merit of the subject advertised and the ability with which the advertising is done.

There are two great enemies to advertising profit, and both of them are caused by ignorance of the real functions and workings of publicity.

The one is to advertise promises which will not be fulfilled, because all that advertising can do when it accomplishes most is to influence the reader of your copy to investigate your claims.

If you promise the earth and deliver the moon advertising will not pay you.

If you draw men and women to your store on pretense and fail to make good, advertising will have harmed you because it has only drawn attention to the fact that you are to be avoided.

It is as unjust to charge advertising with failure under these conditions as it would be for your neighbor to rob a bank and find yourself indicted for his misdeed. In brief, advertised dishonesty is even more profitless than unexploited deception.

The other great error in advertising is to expect more out of advertising than there is in it.

Advertising is seed which a merchant plants in the confidence of the community. He must allow time for it to grow. Every successful advertiser has to be patient. The time that it takes to arrive at results rests entirely with the ability and determination you display in the effort. But you cannot turn back when you have traveled half way and declare that the path is wrong.

You can't advertise for a week and because your store isn't crowded say it hasn't paid you. It takes a certain period to attract the attention of readers. Everybody doesn't see what you print the first time it appears. More will notice your copy the second day, a great many more at the end of a month.

You cannot expect to win the confidence of the community to the same degree that other men have obtained it without taking pretty much the same length of time that they did. But you can cut short the period between your introduction to your reader and his introduction to your counters by spending more effort in preparing your copy and displaying a greater amount of convincingness.

You mustn't act like the little girl who planted a garden and came out the next day expecting to find it in full bloom. Her father had to explain to her that plans require roots and that, although she could not see what was going on, the seeds were doing their most important work just before the flowers showed above ground.

So advertising is doing its most important work before the big results eventuate, and to abandon the money which has been invested just before results arrive is not only foolish but childish. It would be just as logical for a farmer to abandon his fields because he could not harvest his corn a week after he planted it.

Advertising does not require faith—merely common sense. If it is begun in doubt and deserted before normal results can be reasonably looked for, the fault does not lie with the newspaper or with publicity—it rests entirely upon the head of the coward who retreated before he was defeated.

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G. S. Merchant & Co.
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Grain, Garden Seed and Fertilizers
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