

HERE AND THERE.

Mrs. E. L. Cushman, an estimable lady of Gainesville, died last Thursday.

Draining the everglades seems next to eliminating the oxygen from the atmosphere.

Hon. Thos. G. Ramsey, age 83 years, died at his home in Arredonda, last Friday.

We hope it is true that figures don't lie, but some of those census figures look pretty large.

The Miami Record predicts that the Buckman bill will be repealed by the next legislature.

The manufacture of silk purses from a sow's ear is like expecting good printing from a tin shop.

Wallace Stovall has bought the Arno hotel and will make it the future home of the Tampa Tribune.

The census reports show that Lake City has grown since 1900 from 4,073 to 6,509, a gain of 2,436.

Won't some state kindly quarantine against Florida turpentine or resin—just to keep up the excitement.—Pensacola Journal.

A colored lawyer in Tampa recently obtained a divorce for a client in one hour and fifteen minutes. Things are done in hot haste in Tampa.

Hon. Charles Monroe Brown's influence is still felt and his example followed—merchants from all parts of Florida are moving to Miami. The last to move there is a firm from Punta Gorda.

Bartow's present population is 2,270. In 1900 it was 1,983. It has made a gain of 297 in five years. It has not increased very rapidly but it is better to go forward a little bit than none at all.

G. Raymond Perry, living in Tampa under the assumed name of D. W. McIntyre, was recently arrested. He is wanted in Marion, S. C., for embezzlement. Isn't it strange how one's sins find one out? The mills of the gods grind slowly but surely.

Admiral Dewey says that in case of war with a foreign country the United States would meet with disaster unless younger men were in command of vessels. The old man seems to have forgotten about Dewey's exploit in Manila bay and Schley's in the harbor of Santiago.

Mrs. Annie McKinley, aged forty nine years, widow of the late Abner McKinley, and J. B. Allen, of Tampa, captain of the steamship Mascott which plies between Tampa and Key West, were married a few days ago in Baltimore. They will in all probability make their home in Tampa.

Mrs. S. T. Sistrunk and children, and Misses Annie Atkinson and Gertrude Pereda, who have spent the summer very delightfully at Paris Hill, Maine, are at home again. Mr. Sistrunk met them in Jacksonville when they arrived there on the Apache and accompanied them home. Miss Pereda will remain in Ocala for a few days with Miss Eloyse Izlar and then will go to Tampa to visit her aunt, Mrs. B. B. Barco.

To the ladies and gentlemen from the surrounding towns who visit Ocala's mammoth stores to make their fall and winter purchases: We extend to you a cordial welcome to the Montezuma hotel. Our parlors are comfortable and a pleasant place for you to rest in. Our meals are served in good time for you to take trains, north and south. We will have our porters take all of your packages to all trains, thereby relieving you from all anxiety. Try the Montezuma hotel.

There is no part of Florida that offers a more varied selection of lands or a more varied list of crops that can be successfully and profitably raised than St. Lucie county. Here we raise more than one-half the entire pineapple crop of the state; one-half of the famous Indian River oranges, and an enormous amount of vegetables and farm products. Lands are being placed on the market at very reasonable figures to actual settlers, and he who invests now will reap his reward in a few years, and be enabled to make a comfortable living in the meantime.—St. Lucie Tribune.

Making Florida Bigger.

An acre made is worth as much as an acre bought and Florida is soon to make a great gain to her truck producing area. The department of agriculture is specially interested in the project now on foot for draining the everglades.

These half-flooded swamps to the south of the huge pond known as lake Okeechobee are to be converted into dry and productive land by constructing dykes and pumping out water—an achievement which, when carried into effect, will bring about the shipment of tomatoes, new potatoes, cabbage, string beans and other fresh garden produce to northern markets all through the winter. It has even been suggested that lake Okeechobee might be drained by connecting it with the Atlantic ocean by a canal 50 miles long, thus redeeming 600,000 additional acres of first class farming territory.—New York Produce News.

Some Seasonable Advice.

It may be a piece of superfluous advice to urge people at this season of the year to lay in a supply of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It is almost sure to be needed before winter is over, and much more prompt and satisfactory results are obtained when taken as soon as cold is contracted and before it has become settled in the system, which can only be done by keeping the remedy at hand. This remedy is so widely known and so altogether good that no one should hesitate about buying it in preference to any other. It is for sale by all druggists.

Predicts Big Tourist Travel.

Mr. J. C. Lusk, the popular division passenger agent of the Southern Railway, has returned home from a business and pleasure trip north.

Mr. Lusk speaks interestingly of the tourist travel. He says:

"I have studied the situation thoroughly and from what information I obtained in New York and other northern cities, I think that Florida will have a banner season this year as regards the tourist travel. At a meeting of passenger agents at Norfolk last week this was the consensus of opinion of those present. Even at this early date I am beginning to receive inquiries along this line. A meeting of the representatives of the big railroad lines running into Florida and their connections is being held in Washington today to arrange the schedules of the famous Florida trains this winter. Yes, everything indicates an unusually prosperous season." — Thursday's Jacksonville Metropolis.

The Orange Grove.

Mr. Drew T. Johnson, Superintendent of this famous piece of orange property, was in Ocala Tuesday and it will be interesting to know that since the freeze, this grove, the largest in the state, has been rehabilitated and is now in bearing condition. Mr. Johnson says that the output of the crop this year will be fully 15,000 boxes and if the grove does not meet with any set backs the number of boxes will be multiplied many fold next year. This property is located near Wildwood on rich hammeck land, and until the great freeze was regarded as the finest orange property in Florida.

Full of Fragile Meaning.

are these lines from J. H. Simmons, of Casey, Ia. Think what might have resulted from his terrible cough if he had not taken the medicine about which he writes: "I had a fearful cough, that disturbed by night's rest. I tried everything, but nothing would relieve it until I took Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, which completely cured me." Instantly relieves and permanently cures all throat and lung diseases; prevents grip and pneumonia. At Tydings & Co., druggists; guaranteed; 50c. and \$1. Trial bottle free.

Sermon on Books.

Sunday October 15, 11:00 a. m., Dr. W. C. Lindsay will preach a sermon on Books. All the trustees, teachers and pupils of the High School are especially invited. Every one interested in what our young people are reading should be on hand.

We advise General Albert W. Gilchrist to give the housewives of Florida recipes for roasted parsnips and fried cauliflower. They are said to be most excellent dishes.

BETWEEN TRAINS

By FANNIE HEASLIP LEA

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The 6:30 express stopped at Race-land, and two solitary passengers alighted. A man, tall, lean and dark, left the third coach; a woman, small, plump and fair, descended from the second. Midway in their listless course to a somewhat ancient carryall they met.

"Oh-h! I might have known it!" she cried furiously.

The man said nothing at all.

"I suppose," said the woman, with ostentatious self control, "you are going to the Ralstons?"

"I am."

"And have I got to go up in that trap with you?"

"You have not. I shall walk," he said calmly.

"You will do nothing of the kind," she stormed. "And have them wondering and questioning? You will go up in the trap with me."

He led the way to the aged vehicle and she followed. When they were seated and a series of noisy jerks announced their triumphal progress, he looked at her with quiet amusement.

"They will think we have come together," he said. "Do they know you are coming?"

"No," she snapped. "And I suppose you are surprising them too?"

"Quite a surprise party," he agreed. She clinched her little hands furiously.

"They will understand that it was an accident that I met you at the depot."

"They will think you have at last consented to be sensible," he mused, "and will be delighted. You know how long and ardently they have tried to throw us together."

"Us?" said the woman witheringly.

"You have been fairly thrown at my head."

"Well, I never seemed to strike you," he drawled.

She flung him a scorching glance, and he subsided into silence.

When the white pillars of the Ralstons' splendid old plantation house came into view, she turned on him fiercely.

"For the next two days—I suppose I must stay so long—you will be given any number of chances to talk to me."

"I'm not going to propose again," he said disinterestedly. "Don't be so worried."

"Don't talk to me," she ordered.

"Don't come near me unless you have to."

"I never do," he protested, climbing out over the dusty wheel of their chariot.

Five minutes later he climbed in again after a frenzied recalling of the charioteer and seated himself beside a well high speechless companion. The carryall jolted an unhappy yard or two.

"You all gwine tek de 7:30 train back?" inquired the ancient driver.

"He-he-he—it sho' am too bad. Nobody home, an' you all dum cum all de way up fum New Leans!"

"Whip up that beast of yours, uncle," cut in the man sharply. "There's a train at 7:30, isn't there?"

"Yes, sah."

"That's all right then. Now hurry up." He turned to the tense little figure beside him, snapping open his watch.

"It's now ten minutes to 7," he announced. "It won't be long to wait, I dare say."

She surveyed him intently and without favor. "That train is never on time," she said.

He shrugged his shoulders in silence, and they jolted on till the ugly station came into view.

All around the southern twilight was deepening. A star or two winked out in the purple dusk of the sky, and down the long dusty road the katydids disputed noisily.

No one was in sight on the station platform, and only the sudden rattle of a telegraph instrument from the station itself gave any sign of habitation.

"You had better get out and wait on the platform, Mrs. Leonard," said the man.

"Thank you, Mr. Stanley," said the woman, and followed him stiffly when he had helped her from the carryall.

Stanley sat down upon a truck and whistled softly to himself. Mrs. Leonard paced the farthest end of the platform in superb silence. After a little he joined her with a laugh.

"Apparently," he said, "we're the only human beings in this solitude. I see the station agent making off down the road to get a drink before train time. There's a bit of a store a few hundred yards off. I suppose you noticed it."

"I did not," she said frigidly.

"Interesting things, these plantation stores," he began again.

"I have never found them so." She smoothed an imaginary wrinkle from her glove.

"Now, see here," said Stanley, "would you mind telling me just why I'm being snubbed and cut and frozen this way? I've said I wasn't going to propose to you again. What are you afraid of?"

"Afraid!" she mocked. "I'm not afraid. I'm tired, that's all, of being persecuted. Every one thinks I ought to marry you." Her voice began to tremble. "You think so, too, and the fact that I don't agree with them nor you makes no difference at all. You simply go on waiting in that maddeningly certain way, as if you had only to bide your time and I'd give in. Well, why should I? I'm happy as I am; I have my friends and my amusements.

Who are you that I should give them up for you?"

"Nobody," said the man meekly.

"Nobody at all."

"I can't even go out of town for a day or two," she cried hotly, "without being forced into a lonesome tete-a-tete with you. I'm tired of having chances made for you to see me, tired of having people get out of the way for us."

She broke off with an unwilling little laugh. "Even fate sends the Ralstons to town and throws us together here, with no blissful possibility of an interruption."

"The station agent has come back," drawled Stanley, "so we're not quite alone. I think, if you don't mind"—he grinned cheerfully over the absurdity—"I'll go in and ask him if the train's on time. I saw him come up the road and in through the back door of the station a minute ago. You don't mind?"

"No," she said sweetly. "I don't mind."

She sat down on the edge of the platform when he had left her and swung her feet in idle discontent.

It was very lonely. She always had had a horror of katydids, and the tribe in the trees about her exalted in strength. She began to be faintly sorry that she had let Stanley go. At least she could quarrel with him, and anything was better than this awesome silence.

Suddenly there was a noise from the little station, a hoarse cry, and then the sound of a heavy fall. Mrs. Leonard sprang to her feet, every nerve strung tight.

"Alek!" she screamed. "Where are you, Alek?"

She had crossed the platform and into the little station house. There was no one in the first room and only the murky light of a kerosene lamp.

She crossed, trembling with fright, her breath coming in gasps, to the second room and stumbled over a dark body by the door. It groaned and muttered her name.

Mrs. Leonard crept back to the lamp, lifted it from the wall with shaking fingers and carried it to the door. Its light fell dimly upon a man, who, drawing himself erect, leaned against the wall and smiled weakly at her.

"I'm afraid I frightened you," he said, "but it's all right. There was a tramp—we clinched!"

"Oh, don't talk—please don't talk!" she begged tearfully, setting the lamp down on a convenient chair. "Are you hurt—much?"

"And he got away," Stanley finished, his voice growing stronger. "Knocker was silly for a minute. I'll be all right now."

"Oh, are you sure you're not hurt?" Mrs. Leonard cried brokenly. She laid her hand on his arm and stared up at him with wet eyes.

"Don't do that," he warned her. "You'll make me propose again."

Mrs. Leonard wept softly against his coat sleeves. "I wish you would," she sobbed.

"Now, heaven bless that tramp!" Stanley murmured to himself, with a wicked smile. "It was a heaven sent inspiration!"

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Alcohol (by volume), per cent.....	43.61
Degree proof, per cent.....	87.10
Residue on evaporation, p cent.....	0.660
Ash, per cent.....	9.011
Reducing sugar, per cent.....	0.235
Volatile acids, per cent.....	0.027
Amyl alcohol (fusel oil), per cent.....	0.073

The above results show the whisky to be a carefully blended brand of high grade and that it has been distilled from a clean, pure grain mash. The amount of fusel oil and of volatile acids is very low.

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F. T. SCHREIBER, Chemist.

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