INFLUENCE OF LOVE

Following is a speech delivered before the literary society at Fort McCoy, by Master John Stevens:

Mr. President, Honorable Judges, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Think of the influence love has over man. For instance, love of woman leads man to commit any crime that can be mentioned. It leads to self destruction, to exile, to stealing, murder, starvation, homicide, crossing the rough sea, or to face the mouth of a cannon. Its influence tends to make good soldiers, statesmen, true officers, honesty, Christianity, good society and good manners.

What is stronger than one's love for mother, sister or wife? We often throw our money to the winds for the sake of some loved one. Love is a natural instinct born in us, hence stronger than anything on earth. Love even causes men to kill the one they love. Nothing was ever stronger than the Savior's love, who died for fallen man. How many men would go to the bad if it were not for the love of woman. Why do we give money to doctors to save some loved one. We give up money that our mothers, wives and daughters may go nicely dressed. We spend it that they may be comfortable and happy. We claim that love has greater influence, either for good or bad, than anything on earth. Love is such a giant power that it seems to gather strength from obstructions and from every difficulty to rise to greater might.

There is no hope of resisting it, for it out-watches the most vigilant. Take it away and what becomes of the world? Love is such a refining and elevating character that it expels all that is mean and base, bids us think great thoughts and do great deeds, and changes common clay into fine gold.

But there is one love we wish to speak of this evening especially—that which blends young hearts into blissful unity, and for the time so ignores past ties and affections as to make willing separation of the son from his father's house and the daughter from all the sweet endearments of her childhood home, to go out together and rear for themselves an altar around which shall cluster all the cares and delights of the family relationship. Love is the sun of life, most beautiful in the morning and evening, but warmest and steadiest at noon. It is the sun of the soul. Life without love is worse than death. Woman without love is like fruit without flavor. Woman's love is stronger than death. It rises superior to adversity and stands in sublime beauty above the niggardly selfishness of the world. It is the guardian angel of the nursery and the sick bed.

Talk not to us of the absence of love in wedlock. No! Who can estimate its preserving and purifying powers?

The purest joy we can experience is to be in the presence of one we love.

MILL END SALE AT THE GLOBE

Toys! Toys! Toys! An immense lot of toys, at Fishel's. x

HUNTING IN THE ETERNAL 'GLADES

Party of East Coast People Have an Interesting Experience in Great Swamp

Last night at about six o'clock the hunting party which left Miami on the 28th of October, returned, after having enjoyed one of the most novel and interesting trips in all their experiences, and one that they will remember, so long as they shall live, says the Miami Metropolis.

The hunting feature of the trip was centered about thirty-six miles from the west coast of the state in the dense Everglades, where the greater part of the time was spent. On the way to the hunting grounds the voyage was almost entirely by water, part of the route being covered on board the M. S. Moreni, owned by H. Dale Miller, clerk of the criminal court of record.

When the party left here, the first night out was spent in the vicinity of Soldier Key, where anchor was cast. An early start the next morning found the Moreno and its band of hunters in the locality of Long Key, where it was decided to remain until the next morning. The early morning was spent in fishing.

The next morning anchor was weighed and Cape Sable was made the object point. Arriving there the party was enlarged by taking on Messrs. Eugene, James and Welch Roberts and Robert Doughlt, well known young men of that place. The hunters then went on to Chokoloskee, where the Moreno was abandoned and a launch chartered to pilot the hunters to their destination. A number of row boats, with the launch Water Wagon, tender of the Moreno and the pilot boat were then started to the interior. Traffic by water became laborious after a few miles travel, and the hunters were forced to haul the boats through the small streams, each member of the party wading waist high and tugging at the ropes to which was attached the series of row boats and other craft.

By this time the party was sixteen miles into the 'Glades, having then hauled the boats about three miles to a point where wagons could be reached. Then, two ox-teams were obtained, one from Mr. Demerie, and another from Billy Roberts, a Seminole Indian. After making a trip of ten miles with the ox-teams, camp was made at a point about thirty-six miles from the coast.

One of the features of the trip to camp from Chokoloskee Island was the hundreds of snakes killed. H Dale Miller killed a hattlesnake about six feet and four inches in length, containing thirteen rattles. This specimen Mr. Miller brought home. Dozens of moccasins and copperheads were killed, and many other specimens of the harmless variety seen during the trip.

Billy Roberts, the Seminole Indian, was bitten on the instep by a large moccasin, the fangs penetrating through a thick leather shoe. An application of turpentine was made to the wound and later snake-bite medicine was applied by members of the party. Billy suffered no great inconvenience from the bite, and took it as an every-day affair.

As soon as camp was made, the hunters started out in search of big game. And they were successful, for during the tour, ten deer fell under the aim of the hunters, and nine wild turkeys were bagged. A large number of quail, doves and jack-snipe were also killed, and the hunters state that the Everglades in that particular section is full of all kinds of game. The high water prevented, to a great degree, the further success of the hunters. It was almost impossible for them to approach a deer through the water without being detected by those wily animals, and when once detected by the deer, the hunters turned elsewhere.

At Chokoloskee two more members joined the hunting party, Messrs. Ward Roberts and J. Mathews, thus making in all, sixteen in camp. One of the features of the camp life was that for only two nights were all the members in camp. Five of the party were lost two days, and at other times during the hunt, other members were lost for hours, and only found camp after miles and miles of travel. For a bed the hunters hunted a dry spot and there slept till daylight next day. The game in their possession served them well, and tired and hungry as they were meat without salt was very acceptable.

The experience of the hunters during their stay in the Everglades was indeed novel and everyone in the party gained in weight and experience.

This is the first hunting party from Miami to visit that particular section of the Everglades, and they assure all who wish to have a genuine hunt in a dense wilderness of sawgrass, they will find it thirty-six miles northeast of Chokoloskee.

MILL END SALE AT THE GLOBE

THE NEGRO'S THANKS

When persimmons wrinkle in the wind, and the candy oozes out, when the berries turn to sugar, then the 'possum walks about, and the cur that slept in idleness while the summer's sun was hot, knows his time has come to stir his stumps, and find meat for the pot. And the nigger digs his 'taters and spreads them in the sun, he cares no more for chicken, and he leaves his work undone; he pets his dog and spends the night in looking for a meal that's sweeter far than anything he can buy, or grow or steal. O, the 'possum done in gravy, flanked deep with potatoes brown, needs nothing but persimmon beer to float it richly down. And then the nigger is a king—you couldn't make him vote and he cares not for his neighbor's gold, his chickens nor his shoat; he will not pick your oranges, he's rich as well as free, and swears that Florida's the land for him as well as me. —Sanford Chronicle.

MILL END SALE AT THE GLOBE

TAFT AND THE WINE CUP

A special from Hot Springs, Va., says that comment was made at a small dinner Tuesday night on the fact that Mr. Taft's wine glass was turned down.

"Yes, and it is going to stay turned down," he said. "I am not going to drink anything again, ever."

"You never did drink enough so that anyone could notice it," said a boyhood friend present.

An organization invited Mr. Taft to a banquet "any time before you are inaugurated."

"What is the matter with these people?" the president-elect exclaimed. "Do they think I am going to be any different after I am inaugurated?"

MILL END SALE AT THE GLOBE

MILL END SALE AT THE GLOBE

OCALA OF THE LONG AGO

A LETTER FROM THE GENTLEMAN WHOSE FATHER GAVE IT ITS NAME—THE INDIAN CHIEF WAS BURIED UNDER THE FAMOUS OLD TREE IN FRONT OF THE OCALA HOUSE

During the late re-union of Confederate Veterans at Tampa Commander Graham of the Marion County Camp met an old-time comrade. He recently received from him the following letter, which we know will be of interest to our readers:

Palmetto, Fla., Nov. 26, 1908.

Mr. L. M. Graham:

Dear Sir—Your favor of the 6th inst., is at hand and contents duly noted, and in reply will give you the history of our first settlement in Florida.

Father came to Florida in 1841, driving his cattle and hogs, and made camp at where now stands Ocala. He found an old Indian there who was nearly dead, and did die a few days a ter father found him. The Indian could speak but a few words of English, but from what father could make out the Indian had had a fight with a panther, and that was the cause of his death. Father took care of him while he lived and buried him under the old oak tree at the southeast corner of the court house yard after his death. As well as he could make out his name was "Ocala," and therefore father named the place for him.

In 1842 he went back to Georgia and brought his family, and we lived in one of the government houses at Fort King until he built a house and located land two miles from Ocala. I was then six years old. I lost my mother and one brother and one sister before we left Fort King.

I was hunting with father one day and he showed me the old camp that the Indian lived in, and also where he buried him. During the hunt our dogs jumped a panther and treed it in an oak, the same tree that stood in front of the old court house, and it was still standing when I last passed through Ocala—in 1865. I know I could locate the Indian grave instantly, although I have not seen the place since passing through Marion county when I was coming home from the war. If I was able I would like to visit that place once more before I die, but I am getting very feeble, and I am crippled up so much. I have been very sick since I saw you last. I could tell you a great deal more, but I am so weak and nervous I can hardly write. I hardly think you will be able to read what I have written. If I could I would like to write you about the trip I took to the West Indies to help J. P. Benjamin out of the country. We crossed the Gulf of Mexico in an open boat. You know he was secretary of the Confederate states under President Davis. That was the hardest and roughest trip I ever took. I could and would write you more, but I will have to close. Hoping to hear from you again, I remain,

Yours very truly,

H. A. McLEOD.

P. S.—I don't suppose I will ever meet you at another reunion—may God bless you.

WOBBLING ON A LEADING ISSUE

The Ocala Banner does not want fish for one section and fowl for the other in the matter of tariff protection for all parts of the country and answers a recent query of The Journal on that question as follows:

"The Ocala Banner is opposed to the policy of protection from "kiver to kiver." It regrets to see any democrat favoring a protective tariff for the sake of protection. It, however, thinks that if protection is to become the settled policy of the nation that there should be no sectional discriminations. All farm products and manufactured articles should be protected impartially. There should be no favors shown. Fish should not be made of the products of one section and fowl of the products of the other.

Every manufacturer and every farmer, north and south, should be fed out of the same spoon. If there is to be a tax on wool there should also be a tax on cotton; if a tax on apples, there should be a like tax on oranges, and so on. In a republic like ours there should be no favorites and no favoritism—no special privileges granted to any.

If the tub is not permitted to stand on its own bottom, then every tub should receive the same measure of protection."

We observe that our wise, grave and thoughtful contemporary adheres faithfully and tenaciously in theory to the good old democratic doctrine of tariff for revenue only, but insists that while the great national chicken pie is being sliced up and handed around we should have our share along with the rest.

This is all right, but without being able to exactly locate it there is something wrong—an awful hiatus between our democratic yearnings. Either we are right or wrong; there can be no compromise between good and evil nor in any matter of principle. We must get right on the tariff and stick together as one man else we are open to the charge of being the base creatures of expediency, mere opportunists, and the republicans might have sme shadow of excuse for denouncing us as humbugs.

We are no tariff expert, thank Heaven, but if tariff for revenue only is right how can it be right also to insist on a protective tariff for our Sea Island cotton and our citrus fruits?

The truth is that the democratic party is all at sea and wabbling along in most ridiculouus fashion on this great issue, and it is high time that we were getting consistent. We have departed long ago from the original faith of free trade and sailors rights; and if we are to win another presidential election, it looks very much like we will have to depart still further.—Pensacola Journal.

MILL END SALE AT THE GLOBE

Major J. A. Hendricks, one of Daytona's most prominent citizens, was accidentally killed Wednesday while out bird hunting.

MILL END SALE AT THE GLOBE

MILL END SALE AT THE GLOBE

TURPENTINE GETTING TO THE GOOD

The Savannah Naval Stores Review of Saturday says:

This (Saturday) a. m., at 12 o'clock turpentine posted firm at 39 1-2 cents, 1212 receipts, 179 sales.

Continuing it further says:

One exporter took over a thousand casks, others were in for smaller lots and the purely domestic buyers also had orders that lead them into the market. As a result there was not the silghtest development of weakness, the offerings being gobbled up at 39 1-2 cents, and the market left in a very healthful state at the close. Receipts continue good. But for that the existing demand would probably be sufficient to stimulate values somewhat. As it is the indications are regarded as in every wise favorable for a continuance of the existing, or the establishment of a higher, level of values for turps.

"European buyers are still somewhat wary," said Mr. Julius Schwarz yesterday, "and are still doubtless entertaining hopes of a reaction in the market in favor of the consumer. After so long a run of low values as we have had in turps this summer and fall it is not at all unreasonable for the consumers abroad to hesitate a little about following upward movements. But as the permanence of the higher values becomes more apparent this inclination is apt to give way to one more favorable to active trading in the article and the volume demand will increase."

This week has not seen any especial activity in turpentine in a domestic way," said Mr. Armand Chapeau, in discussing conditions of the moment, "but there has been a decidedly better feeling in rosins, more general inquiry from the north and west, not only for immediate shipments but for the future. If the bites all mean business there should be some active trading in rosins in the next week or two to meet American consuming needs."

Rosins also were not in the slightest phased by the two holidays and the consequent heavy holdings to come on the market on Friday morning. On the contrary, Friday's bidding was very active at an improvement over Tuesday's close and the trading after 4 p. m., also brought better values which will be posted this morning. Rosins have been in a very healthy state for some weeks past and each week brings some improvement in prices. As with turps, the advances have been steady, and not sufficient in any week to act as a decided damper on demand. This week the net gains in values, as showed by a comparison of yesterday's close with that of the previous Friday, were 10 cents on N, 15 on M, 10 on I, D, B, and declines of 5 on H, and 2 1-2 on G, F. G and below were selling at better figures after 4 p. m., and will probably be posted this (Saturday) morning at higher quotations. Several buyers are reported seeking supplies and the demand, foreign and domestic, seems to be well sustained. Considering the size of the crop of commons the prices have been excellent. The trade as a whole entertains the idea the next crop of commons must show a very appreciable decrease as compared with the present one.

A ROMANCE OF BIG BUSINESS

The real story of Standard Oil is yet to be told. The writers who have dealt with this monster corporation have devoted so much attention to its oppressions that the wonderful work of organizing and perfecting the greatest business machine in the world has been overlooked.

The other side may be gleaned from the testimony taken in the government case before Commissioner Ferriss.

As Mr. Rockefeller tells with pride how the corporation was organized and managed, how it captured the best men and the best materials, how the machinery of refining and transporting oil was perfected, one can recognize the acute intellect patiently and persistently following the most profitable line of development, choosing and rejecting, scheming and devising, gaining point by point of advantage until complete ascendancy was won.

The company perfected pipe lines, built great tanks, operated its own lighters and tank steamers, owned its tank cars, so that when the oil well gushed it was the Standard alone that could save and transport the oil. No oil well "wild-catting" for Mr. Rockefeler. He let others venture their money in the oil fields. He was content to take the oil, refine it and sell it.

Mr. Rockefeller dwells continually on the service performed by the Standard. This is indicated by the capture of the railway lubricating business. When the company went into lubricating oil it employed high-salaried experts to perfect the railway lubricating system and to instruct trainment into economical lubrication. The Standard obtained in this way about 98 per cent. of the railroad oil business. So the world over, in every field, conditions of successful competition were met by intelligent labor and investment.

The story of Standard Oil is not merely a tragedy of competition; it is a romance of big business—the story of the achievements of a master mind of this age.—World.

MILL END SALE AT THE GLOBE

ADVISING ROCKEFELLER

A late issue of the Pensacola Journal says:

John D. Rockefeller came down from his examination and cross-examination on Standard Oil and its history and methods in New York City with his composure undisturbed, for John D. is a very smart man and a match for any lawyer in the country. His conscience is easy, his mood is philanthropic and he feels that he has done good to his fellow man with his vast wealth according to his means. But there is no flavor in his goodness. None of the incomparable joy of giving a cup of cold water to the thirsty dying of thirst. His large benefactions are simply financial transactions on a great scale, which may help some poor agonized soul in the depths of despair or they may not—he knows nothing about that and perhaps cares less. But if he wants to realize the ineffable glory of doing good to the suffering in a direct and practical way without a thought of reward except that which comes from a sad-faced woman smiling through her tears or some other of God's poor all around him, let him take this advice from the Memphis Commercial-Appeal:

"Some night in New York, when the air is heavy and gray, and like lead, if he will take a basket of food on his own arm, put the love of God in his own heart, start out and distribute it among the derelicts in some narrow street in the East Side, and let his right hand know not what his left hand is doing. Rockefeller's conscience would be just as much relieved by this act as it would if he had donated another million to a university."

Suppose that Mr. Rockefeller were to follow the advice of the Commercial-Appeal, and not only once, but every morning he were to take his basket on his arm and were to distribute charities to the poor, would it not be said that it was a play to the galleries, and would he not be denounced as an humbug and hypocrite? Of course he would be.

Mr. Carnegie is acknowledged to be the world's greatest benefactor, yet see how roundly he is abused by the lilliputian press.

The money of these men is their own and they can do with it as they see proper, and we rejoice that they are not misers, that they see proper to give it away at all, and especially in a way that places them alongside of the world's great benefactors.

MILL END SALE AT THE GLOBE

Mrs. Bennett Mayo, who goes to Quincy shortly to reside there in future, is spending the last four days of her stay in Jacksonville as the guest of Mrs. W. S. Jordan. The news of Mrs. Mayo's approaching departure is being received with sincere regret by her many friends here. —Jacksonville Metropolis.

FAIRFIELD'S THANKSGIVING

The young people of Fairfield had a most magnificent thanksgiving in the way of baked turkey and other edibles. The night after Thanksgiving they were all invited to a [illegible] quet at Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Scott's. Among those invited were Mr. and Mrs. Tate, Misses Bessie Carter, Ella Gatrell, Alice Yongue, Della Smith and Messrs. W. Simpson, Whorter Yongue, A. J. McLaughlin and Professor B. B. Johnson. The supper was very elaborate, and everybody enjoyed the evening immensely.

On Saturday a crowd consisting of Misses Bessie Carter, Ella [illegible], Alice Yongue, Della Smith and Messrs. Whorter Yongue, A. J. McLaughlin, W. Simpson and Professor B. B. Johnson all crowded into a wagon and drove out to the [illegible] place, which is now being [illegible] for a big watermelon crop by Messrs. Carter, McLaughlin and Yongue.

The young people reached their destination about twelve o'clock, and the young men of the "ranch" [illegible] them to partake of a most bountiful feast, prepared in advance for the occasion. After their appetites had been [illegible] satisfied, they started on a hunt, and great was the fun, wading through sandspurs and climbing rail fences. Mr. McLaughlin and Mr. Yongue [illegible] ed quite a number of birds, Professor Johnson shot one quail, while Mr. Willie Simpson distinguished himself by killing a wood-pecker through mistake for a robin. When the day ended they started on their return to Fairfield by moonlight. During the trip Professor Johnson amused the party with a box-shell turtle, which he had in a bag. All of the girls declared the turtle wouldn't bite, while the professor declared it would, and induced them to put their hands in the bag to prove the statement. The girls, one after another, put their hands in, when suddenly they turned very pale in the face and tried to withdraw their hands. Ask the professor what was the matter.

After they reached home they all congregated at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Smith and made a [illegible] the birds killed on the hunt. While the stew was cooking some amused themselves with a game of whist, while the others danced. Thus they while away the evening until a late hour. When leaving they all expressed themselves as having a very thrilling Thanksgiving of several days instead of one.

HAYTI CHANGES GOVERNMENT

Nord Alexis has been peacefully dethroned and General Legitime is president of the republic.

No one wsa killed nor a gun was fired.

CRUM AND CROM

The telegraphic wires say that Crum will be reappointed. It may be incidentally mentioned that Crom will also be reappointed.

MILL END SALE AT THE GLOBE

Mr. John W. Stevens of Fort McCoy was in town Wednesday afternoon, and he said that it was the quickest trip he had ever made to this city, and it will be remembered that Mr. Stevens is one of our [illegible] citizens. He left his home at a quarter past three o'clock and was in Ocala at a quarter past four, having stopped over at Silver Springs for thirty minutes. He came to Silver Springs on Mr. Rentz's new railroad and from there to Ocala with Mr. Rentz in his fast running auto.

MILL END SALE AT THE GLOBE

Atlanta has recently held a very exciting election for mayor. It is said to have been the most exciting in her history, but the total vote is reported at only 12,308. Counting five persons for each voter, the general average, this would give Atlanta a population of only 61,540. Yet she claims a population of 204,000. Either the Gate City's census enumeration is wrong or many of her electors refrained from voting in this extremely hot contested election.

That was a cruel hoax that the joker played off on Miss Elkins. He sent her a ruby ring pretending to be from the Duke of Abruzzi. It proved to be glass, and experts valued it at nine cents.

MILL END SALE AT THE GLOBE

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