

The Knock-out Blow.

The blow which knocked out Corbett was a revelation to the prize fighters. From the earliest days of the ring the knock-out blow was aimed for the jaw, the temple or the jugular vein. Stomach punches were thrown in to worry and weary the fighter, but if a scientific man had told one of the old fighters that the most vulnerable spot was the region of the stomach, he'd have laughed at him for an ignoramus. Dr. Pierce is bringing home to the public a parallel fact; that the stomach is the most vulnerable organ out of the prize ring as well as in it. We protect our heads, throats, feet and lungs, but the stomach we are utterly indifferent to, until disease finds the solar plexus and knocks us out. Make your stomach sound and strong by the use of Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and you protect yourself in your most vulnerable spot. "Golden Medical Discovery" cures "weak stomach," indigestion, or dyspepsia, torpid liver, bad, thin and impure blood and other diseases of the organs of digestion and nutrition.

The "Golden Medical Discovery" has a specific curative effect upon all mucous surfaces and hence cures catarrh, no matter where located or what stage it may have reached. In Nasal Catarrh it is well to cleanse the passages with Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy fluid while using the "Discovery" as a constitutional remedy. Why the "Golden Medical Discovery" cures catarrhal diseases, as of the stomach, bowels, bladder and other pelvic organs will be plain to you if you will read a booklet of extracts from the writings of eminent medical authorities, endorsing its ingredients and explaining their curative properties. It is mailed free on request. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. This booklet gives all the ingredients entering into Dr. Pierce's medicines from which it will be seen that they contain not a drop of alcohol, pure, triple-refined glycerine being used instead.

Dr. Pierce's great thousand-page Illustrated Common Sense Medical Adviser will be sent free, paper-bound, for 21 one-cent stamps, or cloth-bound for 31 stamps. Address Dr. Pierce as above.

C. E. FOY

REAL ESTATE AGENT

Office in Gary Building

Over Martin and Carn's Seed Store.

RENTS COLLECTED. TAXES PAID

Agent in Ocala and Marion County

—for the—

Jacksonville Development Co.

Following are a few of my specials for this month:

FOR SALE—The residence, No. 50-54, Main street, \$2,350; half cash, balance one year; now rented for \$20 per month.

FOR SALE—Splendid orange grove between Leesburg and Eustis; 20 acres under fence, 17 acres in solid orange grove, bearing, and in fine shape; no buildings; price, \$6,500.

Numerous other properties for sale; farm, residence, grove and turpentine tracts. List your property with me if you want to sell it, or call on me if you want to buy. I will give careful attention to the collection of rents and paying of taxes for any non-resident property owners.

C. E. FOY

LOOK HERE

GOOD PHOSPHATE LANDS FOR SALE

City property in Ocala, Florida. I will pay you to write to me.

PERFECT TITLE

Want reliable agents to sell a

FAST SELLING BOOKLET

Can help you to make money. Address: I. W. OGLE,

No. 208 N. Magnolia St., Ocala, Fla.



FRIEND TO FRIEND.

The personal recommendations of people who have been cured of coughs and colds by Chamberlain's Cough Remedy have done more than all else to make it a staple article of trade and commerce over a large part of the civilized world.

TALKS BY MRS. DOLBY

Hubby Listens to Another of Her Interesting Conversations.

THOUGHT SHE WAS DYING.

That Was How She Felt During a Fainting Spell, but It Didn't Feaze the Deacon Any—Samuel's Experience With a Cow.

[Copyright, 1907, by T. C. McClure.] Deacon Dolby was digging potatoes in the garden the other afternoon and stopping occasionally to throw a stone or a clod of earth at a bog that was hunting for a hole in the fence to get in when Mrs. Dolby called to him from the back steps: "Samuel! I have got to run over to Mrs. Gay's for a few minutes to see why she hasn't brought my nutmeg grater back. I shall want it in making a custard pie for supper. Mrs. Gay is one of the best women in the world, but she never thinks of returning anything she borrows."

Deacon Dolby looked up and nodded his head, and his wife departed on her errand and was absent half an hour. When she returned she came out to where he was still bringing the potatoes out of the ground, and without saying a word she keeled over in the dirt and rolled up her eyes and indulged in three or four convulsive kicks. The deacon didn't seem in the least surprised. He stooped and lifted her one side and dug three more hills of potatoes. Then, as she had not recovered consciousness, he picked her up in his arms and carried her into the house and laid her down on the lounge. He didn't bring out the camphor bottle nor throw water in her face. On the contrary, he sat down at the stand not far away and picked up the family album and began to look through it. A long minute elapsed, and then Mrs. Dolby struggled to a sitting position and asked:

"Samuel, am I in heaven?" She wasn't. The deacon knew she wasn't. He could have bet ten to one and felt perfectly safe. He made no reply, however. She would find that she was still on earth without any help from him. She did discover the fact, and after looking around she wailed out:

"No, I haven't died and gone to heaven and left all my troubles behind, as I thought I had. I am still doomed to suffer here below. Mebbe,



however, there will be a thunderstorm and kill me off before night, and so I want to talk to you a little. You wouldn't want me to die without saying anything, would you?"

Mr. Dolby didn't answer the question. He was looking at an old picture of his grandfather and counting the horn buttons on his coat.

"I told you that I was going over to Mrs. Gay's," continued Mrs. Dolby as she stretched out in a more comfortable position, and I went. I had asked her for the nutmeg grater, and we had talked about the high price of eggs, when I suddenly observed tears in her eyes. I thought mebbe her sister in Ohio was dead, but when I asked her about it she put her arms around me and asked:

"Mrs. Dolby, can you bear to hear some awful, terrible news?"

"I told her that I could. I have been hearing awful, terrible news for the last thirty years and have got used to it. Then she went on to tell me. She hadn't meant to say a word, but her conscience wouldn't let her keep things to herself any longer. Are you listening to me, Samuel?"

Samuel was. He even had a bit of curiosity to know what was coming, but he turned to the photograph of his grandmother and uttered no word.

Samuel and the Gate.

"A month ago, Samuel, the gate fell down, and you had to take out one of the posts and put in a new one. That was the day I was over to Mrs. Johnson's quilting bee. Mrs. Gay didn't go. She was preserving some pears and couldn't leave 'em. She wanted more

sugar and was going down to the store to get some, when, just as she was passing you, you stepped backward into the post hole and went down clear to your hip. You got a jar and broke both suspenders. You didn't know that there was anybody within forty rods of you, and you let out. Poor Mrs. Gay couldn't remember the half you said, but the other half was enough. I came home with my blood like ice. When I looked at you and thought of you saying them words I just fainted dead away."

Mr. Dolby was still looking at that photograph. He started to smile grimly, but checked it. He remembered the incident, and he thought it a mean trick on the part of Mrs. Gay to give him away. He had thought himself all alone, and when he went into that hole backward and busted things and sprained his back he just naturally shouted out, the same as Judge Landis or Elihu Root would have done. Mrs. Gay should have realized the provocation and kept the affair to herself.

"Samuel, I don't want to weep, because I know men folks don't like tears, but I have to," continued Mrs. Dolby as she proceeded to weep and let the tears fall where they would. "I leave you setting a new gatepost and singing a hymn. If fifty different people had told me that you were a pirate, I couldn't have believed it. Within half an hour you were hitting the fence with the spade and using such language that Mrs. Gay thinks it curdled her pear preserves and that she will have to throw them all out. Can you blame me for fainting away? Can you blame me for wanting to expire? Can you wonder that my spirit longs to sail far away where post holes and pirates are not?"

The deacon didn't blame her one bit, but as he had now reached the photograph of his Uncle Jim, who always claimed to be the original discoverer of the Atlantic ocean, he wanted to keep quiet and do a lot of thinking.

"If that was all, Samuel," said Mrs. Dolby after a sobbing silence of three minutes, "I shouldn't feel so like dying. I would lay it to your absent-mindedness. I would think that you temporarily mistook yourself for Captain Kidd and that the words fell unconsciously from your lips, but that couldn't have been the case. Three days after that, as I well remember, Mr. Brownfield came over and asked you to go back with him and see what all his cow. He thought she was coming down with the holler horn. You are not saying a word, Samuel, but I know you remember all about it. Can't you get me the kitchen towel to wipe my eyes on?"

The deacon never moved. He had struck an attitude, and he thought it safest to maintain it. Besides, he was now looking at the photograph of an aunt of his who was the first woman in America to discover that heavy bread and sour buttermilk added years to the life of a tramp.

Kicked by a Cow.

"You went over and saw the cow. You were examining her horns when she threw her head around and knocked the breath all out of you. Mr. Brownfield was scared almost to death. As he stood there, looking at you, you jumped up and began kicking the cow. He counted the kicks, and there were just twenty-six of them. You called her seventeen different names. You swore forty-two times and was still at it when Mr. Brownfield laid his hand on your arm and told you to recollect who you were and what you owed to society. You grabbed him and ran him against the barn, and if Mrs. Brownfield hadn't come out and screamed I don't know how you would have ended up. Think of it, Samuel—think of it!"

Samuel thought of it, and the more he thought the more he wished he had knocked the cow's horns off. He didn't say so, however. He was in one of his silent moods. Mrs. Dolby was permitted to weep for the next five minutes and wipe her eyes on the skirt of her dress, and it was almost a relief to hear her finally say:

"Well, Samuel, you can go out to your taters, and I will lie here and die. You'll find me dead when you come into supper, but don't let it bother you. You can get yourself some bread and milk, and if you want tea you'll find the teakettle boiling. Farewell, dear. I can no longer live with a pirate. My place is with the angels."

Mr. Dolby went out and resumed his digging, but he hadn't unearthed more than a bushel of the white tubers when Mrs. Dolby appeared. She had dried her eyes, slicked down her hair and was even smiling as she observed:

"Samuel, I think I want some more spice for those quince preserves, and I wish you'd think of it when you go down to the postoffice tonight."

M. QUAD.

THIS IS WORTH READING

Leo P. Zelinski of 68 Gibson street, Buffalo, N. Y., says: "I cured the most annoying sore I ever had with Bucklen's Arnica Salve. I applied this salve once a day for two days, when every trace of the sore was gone." Heals all sores. Sold under guarantee at Tydings & Co.'s drugstore, 25 cents.

Valentines at Fishels'.

H. ROBINSON, President.

S. H. BLITCH, Manager.

J. C. BOOZER, Asst. Manager

GEO. J. BLITCH, Teller.

COMMERCIAL BANK,

OCALA, FLA.

Our Best Attention

Everything of a banking nature entrusted to our care receives our best attention. We shall be glad to have a share of your business.

D. E. McIVER

GEORGE MacKAY

McIVER & MacKAY

DEALERS IN

FURNITURE AND HOUSEHOLD GOODS

Furniture, Stoves, China, Crockery, Lamps, Rgs, Car pet, Mattings, Linoleums, Blankets, Comforts, Table and Bed Linen, Pictures, Portiere and Lace Curtains.

Harness, Saddles, Trunks, Suit Cases and Satchels.

BUILDING MATERIAL

Oils, Lime, Sewer and Flue Pipe, Lath, Shingles and Cement

Wagons, Carriages, Buggies, Undertaker's Goods.

CONTRACTORS AND BUILDERS

Call on or write us for prices

McIver & MacKay

OCALA, FLORIDA

PURE WHITE SAND

For Cement Sidewalk Construction and Building Purposes, see

B. H. SEYMOUR

FRESH MEATS AND VEGETABLES

Western Reef, Veal, Florida Stall Fed Beef, Mutton, Armour's Star Ham, Armour's Pork Sausage, Cabbage, Rutabagas, Turnips, Beets Sweet Potatoes, Irish Potatoes, Spanish Onions.

W. P. EDWARDS.

PHONE 108

CITY MARKET

IMPROVED SERVICE

VIA

ATLANTIC COAST LINE

JACKSONVILLE---OCALA---ST. PETERSBURG

No. 37	No. 39	No. 40	No.
9:30 p. m.	9:35 a. m.	Lve. Jacksonville Ar. 6:30 p. m.	7:30 a. m.
2:42 a. m.	2:45 p. m.	Ar. OCALA Leave 12:55 p. m.	1:35 a. m.
8:35 a. m.	9:00 p. m.	Ar. St. Petersburg Lve. 6:30 a. m.	7:00 p. m.

Pullman Buffet Parlor Cars on Trains No. 39 and 40. Pullman Buffet Sleeping Cars on Trains No. 37 and 38.

For Information or Rates call on Atlantic Coast Line Agents, or J. W. CARR, T. P. A., TAMPA FLA., J. G. KIRKLAND, D. P. T. C. WHITE, G. P. A., WILMINGTON, N. C., W. J. CRAIG, P. T. NOTICE—The arrivals and departures shown are not guaranteed.