

EVENING STAR

C. L. BITTINGER & CO. C. L. Bittinger and R. R. Carroll, Proprietors and Publishers. C. L. BITTINGER, Editor and General Manager. R. R. CARROLL, City Editor and Business Manager.

THOMAS J. OWENS

The funeral services of the late T. J. Owen were held this morning in the undertaking parlors of Melver & McKay. The Masonic Lodge of this had charge of the services. In compliance with the wish of the deceased, the establishment of Melver & McKay, of which Mr. Owen had been a faithful employee for several years, was closed and every employee in it including the proprietors, attended the services.

Rev. C. C. Carroll, pastor of the Baptist church, uttered several beautiful prayers and spoke a most touching address on the immortality of the soul and God's kingdom and eternal heritage to his children, but as his remarks are printed below we will let his fervid words speak for themselves. The coffin was a very beautiful one, draped in black and strewn with wreaths of flowers from the different fraternal orders of the city to which the deceased was a member.

After Dr. Carroll's address the Masons gathered around the coffin as is their custom, headed by their Most Worshipful Master J. A. Bouvier, and on his right Senior Warden Hendon, Junior Warden W. T. Gary on his left and flanking the W. M. M. were the staffbearers, Frank Harris and Dr. L. F. Blalock, while at the foot of the coffin were stationed steward staff bears, C. H. Lloyd and E. C. Bennett. After the reading of the Masonic burial services the body was turned over to Undertaker Alfred Owen and sent to the S. A. L. train under escort of Brother H. C. Jones, who will accompany it on its long journey to Boston.

The undertaking parlors were filled with the friends of the deceased.

Rev. C. C. Carroll's Address

Death is not a new thing to the ones constituting this assembly gathered together to do honor to our departed brother. We have all seen death in various forms and caused by various things. We have seen men suddenly stricken down by eternal causes; we have seen them slowly succumb to the enemy they had carried for years in their own bosoms. A man may die then from a thousand different things and the one certainty is we shall all fall a victim to this "fell sergeant so strict in his arrest." We may by reason of strength live to a ripe old age, our heads whitened with many winters and three score years and ten may be brightly or we may hear early knocking at the door of our lives, the one conqueror of humanity, but whether our days be many or our end sudden, compared with the life of the race or the gleam of eternity, we can say with the psalmist of old, our life is as water poured out on the sands and realize that as a shadow we pass and our days are gone as a watch in the night.

So then the thing concerning us most about death is not the time or the manner of its certain approach, but the use of our days before its arrival. We live by heart throbs, by the places we have gained in the hearts of our friends, the positions we have taken in the affairs of life, the help we have given to humanity, the pure and noble thoughts we have known, the dreams we have dreamed for the advance of man, his great road, and above all, for the relationship we have known as to God. Our lives are the great gifts from the most high and while the almighty has fixed his canon against self-slaughter and we may not from selfishness, pain or our own sorrow lay them down, we can place them upon the altar of our love for our friends. We can beautifully them with the knowledge of our God. The first conception we may have of a supreme being carries with it a longing for a revelation from him and the first promise of a revelation from him is to give us our own immortality. Time becomes illuminant with eternity and the mortal haloed with the glow of immortality as we study our high calling in the light of our relationship to God. We can hear the Christ saying unto us "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not for of such is the kingdom of heaven," and the psalmist tells us how precious is the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints. We are taught that we are held in the hollow of the hand of the almighty and hid in the shadow of his wings. That we were created in his likeness and that we shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever. That when our fathers and our mothers shall forsake us that the Lord shall take us up; that as the hills are about Jerusalem so is the Lord about them who fear him; that God giveth and God taketh away, therefore let his name be praised; that all things work together for good for the ones loving him and called according to his promises; that nothing shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is Jesus Christ our Lord and that the Son of God is the resurrection and the life.

We learn the issues of life and of death are in his hands. We come under the sublime teaching of the spirit of our dead brother having gone unto the God who gave it there with the spirits of other just men made perfect to abide with God and we learn the doctrines concerning the body and that while it may get back to the dust from which it sprang it is not asleep and a forgetting, but only a temporary stay under the dominion of the grave. We are taught how Christ, glorious with Deity, arose from the grave and in doing so became the first fruits of them that sleep. The babe in the mother's arms is dear to her not only because of the spirit dwelling in it, but also because of its body, bone or her bone and flesh of her flesh; so are the children of God dear unto him and by the travail of Christ on the cross and his triumphant resurrection in the sight of God of the human body and persuaded that when it is sown it shall be in the appointed time be raised again. Sown in corruption it shall be raised in incorruption; sown in weakness it shall be raised in power; sown in dishonor it shall be raised in glory so that death shall be robbed of its sting and the grave of its victory in our triumphant conquering through Christ.

Thus life becomes noble to us and death a door to a higher life. Our earthly pilgrimage may be spent in tents as Abraham lived, we may be tent-journeys in the land, but we look for

a city with foundations whose builder and maker is God and we know if the earthly house of this tabernacle be dissolved we have a building of God not made with hands eternal in the heavens. As citizens of that city above we shall abide with our loved ones gone before.

So "after life's fitful fever" our brother "asleeps well," for he who at the close of each day's toil giveth his beloved sleep, also teaches them to go "soothed and sustained by an unflinching trust" to the narrow bed of the grave there to await his awakening of their bodies. Then to him who is the author and finisher of our faith do we consign the earthly remains of our departed brother, praying for the consolation of God to abide with his loved ones.

A REWARD OFFERED

We will reward any man with a pair of shoes who will show us a better shoe sold elsewhere for \$3 than ours, what we are offering at \$2.25. The Globe.

Mr. C. H. Dame returned this morning from Bartow and Tampa. At the former town he greatly enjoyed the Woodmen camp and added new members. He said while there he had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Geo. G. Mathews, who seems to be on the highway to success, making a fine paper out of the Record. Mr. Dame said the foundation for the new \$100,000 courthouse for Polk county was laid and the structure would be ready for dedication by the first of the year. He said it would be a public edifice that not only Bartow, but all of Polk county would be proud of. At Tampa he said to look at the surface of things, Tampa seemed a live, prosperous and progressive city. He said Tampa had over 1,400 members on the Woodmen rolls.

ARCADE RESTAURANT

The Arcade Restaurant is now prepared to serve meals at all hours, from 6 a. m. to midnight. Everything good to eat. P. E. PORT, Proprietor, Arcade Restaurant, Ocala, Fla.

HIGH GRADE GOODS; POPULAR PRICES

200 pairs of Men's Oxfords all leathers and all sizes for \$2.25. They are worth from \$3 to \$3.50. We don't want to carry them over for the following three reasons: We can use the money better than the shoes; we need the room for our fall stock; we want to have next spring the newest styles. The Globe, the cheapest store in the city.

FOR RENT—Five room cottage North Second street east. Inquire at 28 North First street, east.

R. C. Davis & Co., of Jacksonville, will sell you any make of second-hand typewriter upon easy terms if desired.

FOR SALE—Three second-hand, iron, enameled bath tubs, 5, 5 1/2 and 6 feet respectively; also one enameled foot bath. All highly finished and decorated outside. Apply to Postoffice Box 20.

One of the worst features of kidney trouble is that it is an insidious disease and the victim realizes his danger only when he may have a fatal malady. Take Foley's Kidney Cure at the first sign of trouble as it corrects irregularities and prevents Bright's disease and diabetes. Sold by all dealers.

DAVID S. WOODROW REAL ESTATE AND INVESTMENTS

Rooms 27 and 28, Holder Block Ocala, Florida

The man who waits for a proven, producing proposition before investing will always pay every cent the stock is worth. It's the man who takes a chance on the ground floor that really gets the cream. Always investigate and act with due caution but you will lose out entirely and every time if you wait for a "cinch." Equal parts of nerve and common sense will be found a very palatable dose and a combination hard to beat.

If you want to buy a home in Ocala, I can offer you one of the very few places on the market on Oklawaha avenue. Frontage is 96 feet and the lot runs back 480 feet. House is one story containing five rooms, kitchen and bathroom; city water, gas, electric light and modern plumbing; stable and servant's house in yard. Price, \$2,300, half cash and balance spread over three years.

If you want to build a store building to rent I have a lot on Fort King avenue between the Pittman building and the new building just erected by Guerrant & Carmichael. Frontage is 43 feet by 110 feet deep. The building now on it is old but rents for enough to pay interest on the investment. Price is \$850.

OAKRIDGE lots on the Shady Grove hard road and within the city limits can be bought for \$75 to \$90; 100 feet front by 125 feet deep; 10% cash and \$1 per week. Free deed in case of death. No taxes to pay until 1909. Map and prices on application.

WOODMAR. This property is on the most beautiful lake in Florida, on a bluff which rises from 25 feet to 75 feet above the level of the lake. The A. C. L. railroad runs between the edge of the lake and the bluff. Four years ago when I platted this property and offered to sell lots I was laughed at by many and the word "fool" more than once dropped in connection with this property. Try and buy back for the lots I have already sold and come and see me. I have raised the prices once and will raise again until another Mr. Flagler sees the beauties of the place and then he can have it if he will pay the price. The streets are all planted to shade trees and water works installed—good water too. Buy a lot now. You can buy on terms but you can't buy them at a discount. Map and prices on application.

THE PORT OF MISSING MEN

By Meredith Nicholson (Copyright 1907 by the Bobbs-Merrill Company.) CHAPTER IX

"THIS IS AMERICA, MR. ARMITAGE."

SPRING, planting green and gold banners on old Virginia battlefields, crossed the Potomac and occupied Washington.

Shirley Claiborne called for her horse and rode forth to greet the conqueror. The afternoon was keen and sunny, and she had turned impatiently from a tea to which she was committed to seek the open. The call of the outdoor gods sang in her blood. Daffodils and crocuses lifted yellow flames and roddy torches from every doorway. She had pinned an riding coat. It spoke to her of the blue horizons of the Virginia hills. The young buds in the maples hovered like a mist in the treetops. Towering over all, the incomparable gray obelisk climbed to the blue arch and brought it nearer earth. Washington, the center of man's hope, is also in spring the capital of the land of heart's desire.

With a groom trailing after her, Shirley rode toward Rock creek—that rippling, murmuring, singing trifle of water that laughs day and night at the margin of the beautiful city, as though politics and statesmanship were the hugest joke in the world. The flag on the Austro-Hungarian embassy hung at half mast and symbols of mourning fluttered from the entire front of the house. Shirley lifted her eyes gravely as she passed. Her thoughts flew at once to the scene at the house of the secretary of state a week before, when Baron von Marhof had learned of the death of his sovereign, and by association his thought, too, of Armitage and of his look and voice as he said: "Long live the emperor and king! God save Austria!"

Emperors and kings! They were as impossible today as a snowstorm. The great ambassadors as they appeared at West Washington functions, wearing their decorations, always struck her as being particularly distinguished. It just now occurred to her that they were all linked to the crown and scepter, but she dismissed the whole matter and bowed to two dark ladies in a passing victoria with the quick little nod and bright smile that were the same for these titled members of the Spanish ambassador's household as for the young daughters of a western senator, who democratically waved their hands to her from a doorstep.

Armitage came again to her mind. He had called at the Claiborne house twice since the secretary's ball, and she had been surprised to find how fully she accepted him as an American now that he was on her own soil. He derived, too, a certain stability from the fact that the Sandersons knew him; he was, indeed, an entirely different person since the Montana senator definitely connected him with an American landscape. She had kept her own counsel touching the scene on the dark deck of the King Edward, but it was not a thing lightly to be forgotten. She was half angry with herself this mellow afternoon to find how persistently Armitage came into her thoughts and how the knife thrust on the steamer deck kept recurring in her mind and quickening her sympathy for a man of whom she knew so little, and she touched her horse impatiently with the crop and rode into the park at a gallop that roused the groom to attention.

At a bend of the road Chauvenet and Franzel, the attache, swung into view, mounted, and as they met Chauvenet turned his horse and rode beside her. "Ah, these American airs! This spring! Is it not good to be alive, Miss Claiborne?" "It is all of that!" she replied. It seemed to her that the day had not needed Chauvenet's praise. "I had hoped to see you later at the Wallingford tea," he continued. "No teas for me on a day like this! The thought of being indoors is tragic." She wished that he would leave her, for she had ridden out into the spring sunshine to be alone. He somehow did not appear to advantage in his riding coat—his belongings were too perfect. She had really enjoyed his talk when they had met here and there abroad, but she was in no mood for him now, and she wondered what he had lost by the transfer to America. He ran on airily in French, speaking of the rush of great and small social affairs that marked the end of the season.

"Poor Franzel is indeed triste. He is taking the death of Johann Wilhelm quite hard. But here in America the death of an emperor seems less important. A king or a peasant, what does it matter?" "Better ask the robin in yonder budding chestnut tree, monsieur. This is not an hour for hard questions!" "Ah, you are very cruel! You drive me back to poor, melancholy Franzel, who is indeed a funeral in himself." "That is very sad, monsieur," and she smiled at him with mischief in her eyes. "My heart goes out to any one who is left to mourn—alone." He gathered his reins and drew up his horse, lifting his hat with a perfect gesture.

"There are sadder blows than losing one's sovereign, mademoiselle!" and he shook his bare head mournfully and rode back to his friend. She sought now her favorite bridle paths, and her heart was light with the sweetness and peace of the spring as she heard the rush and splash of the lake and the splash of wings and felt the mystery of awakened life throbbing about her. The heart of a girl in spring is the home of dreams, and Shirley's heart overflowed with them until her pulse thrilled and sang in quickening cadences. The groom marveled at the sudden changes of gait, the gallops that fell abruptly to a walk with the alternations of mood in the girl's heart, the pauses that marked a moment of meditation as she watched some green curving bank or a plunge of the mad little creek that sent a spray of

whitely into the sunlight. It grew into, and the shadows of waning afternoon crept through the park. The crowd had hurried home to escape the chill of the spring dusk, but she lingered on, reluctant to leave, and presently left her horse with the groom that she might walk alone beside the creek in a place that was beautifully wild. About



"There are sadder blows than losing one's sovereign."

her lay a narrow strip of young maples, and beyond this the wide park road wound at the foot of a steep wooded cliff. The place was perfectly quiet save for the splash and babble of the creek.

Several minutes passed. Once she heard her groom speak to the horses, though she could not see him, but the charm of the place held her. She raised her eyes from the tumbling water before her and looked off through the maple tangle. Then she drew back quickly and clasped her riding crop tightly. Some one had paused at the farther edge of the maple brake and dismounted, as she had, for a more intimate enjoyment of the place. It was John Armitage, tapping his riding boot idly with his crop as he leaned against a tree and viewed the miniature valley. He was a little below her, so that she saw him quite distinctly and caught a glimpse of his horse pawing, with arched neck, in the bridle path behind him. She had no wish to meet him there and turned to steal back to her horse when a movement in the maples below caught her eye. She paused, fascinated and alarmed by the cautious stir of the undergrowth. The air was perfectly quiet; the disturbance was not caused by the wind.



The dark form rose and poised for a spring.

Then the head and shoulders of a man were disclosed as he crouched on hands and knees, watching Armitage. His small head and big body as he crept forward suggested to Shirley some fantastic monster of legend, and her heart beat fast with terror as a knife flashed in his hand. He moved more nimbly toward the silent figure by the tree, and still Shirley watched wide eyed, her figure tense and trembling, the hand that held the crop half raised to her lips, while the dark form rose and poised for a spring.

Then she cried out, her voice ringing clear and high across the little vale and sounding back from the cliff: "Oh, oh!" And Armitage leaped forward and turned. His crop fell first upon the raised hand, knocking the knife far into the trees, then upon the face and shoulders of the Servian. The fellow turned and fled through the maple tangle. Armitage after him, and Shirley ran back toward the bridge where she had left her groom and met him halfway, hurrying toward her. "What is it, miss? Did you call?" "No; it was nothing. Thomas—nothing at all," and she mounted and turned toward home.

Her heart was still pounding with excitement, and she walked her horse to gain composure. Twice, in circumstances most unusual and disquieting, she had witnessed an attack on John Armitage by an unknown enemy. She recalled now a certain pathos of his figure as she first saw him leaning against the tree watching the turbulent little stream, and she was impatient to find how her sympathy went out to him. It made no difference who John Armitage was; his enmity was a coward, and the horror of such a menace to a man's life appalled her. She passed a mounted policeman, who recognized her and raised his hand in salute, but the idea of reporting the strange affair in the strip of woodland occurred to her only to be dismissed. She felt that here was an ugly business that was not within the grasp of a park patrolman, and, moreover, John Armitage was entitled to pursue his own course in matters that touched his life so closely. The thought of him reassured her. He was no simple boy to suffer such attacks to near un-

challenged, and so, dismissing him, she raised her head and saw him gallop forth from a bypath and rein his horse beside her.

"Miss Claiborne!" The suppressed feeling in his tone made the moment tense, and she saw that his lips trembled. It was a situation that must have its quick relief, so she said instantly in a mockery of his own tone: "Mr. Armitage?" She laughed. "I am almost caught in the dark. The blandishments of spring have beguiled me."

He looked at her with a quick scrutiny. It did not seem possible that this could be the girl who had called to him in warning scarce five minutes before, but he knew it had been she. He would have known her voice anywhere in the world. They rode silent beside the creek, which was like a laughing companion seeking to mock them into a cheerier mood. At an opening through the hills they saw the western horizon aglow in tints of lemon deepening into gold and purple. Save for the riot of the brook the world was at peace. She met his eyes for an instant, and their gravity and the firm lines in which his lips were set showed that the shock of his encounter had not yet passed.

"You must think me a strange person, Miss Claiborne. It seems inexplicable that a man's life should be so menaced in a place like this. If you had not called to me—" "Please don't speak of that! It was so terrible!"

"But I must speak of it. Once before the same attempt was made—that night on the King Edward." "Yes, I have not forgotten." "And today I have reason to believe that the same man watched his chance, for I have ridden here every day since I came, and he must have kept track of me."

"But this is America, Mr. Armitage!" "That does not help me with you. You have every reason to resent my bringing you into such dangers. It is unpardonable, indefensible!" She saw that he was greatly troubled.

"But you couldn't help my being in the park today. I have often stopped just there before. It's a favorite place for meditations. If you know the man—" "I know the man." "Then the law will certainly protect you, as you know very well. He was a dreadful looking person. The police can undoubtedly find and lock him up."

She was seeking to minimize the matter, to pass it off as a commonplace affair of every day. They were walking their horses. The groom followed stolidly behind.

Armitage was silent, a look of great perplexity on his face. When he spoke he was quite calm. "Miss Claiborne, I must tell you that this is an affair in which I can't ask help in the usual channels. You will pardon me if I seem to make a mystery of what should be ordinarily a bit of business between myself and the police. But to give publicity to these attempts to injure me just now would be a mistake. I could have caught that man there in the wood. But I let him go for the reason—for the reason that I want the men back of him to show themselves before I act. But if it isn't presuming—" He was quite himself again. His voice was steady and deep with the ease and assurance that she liked in him. She had marked today in his earnestness, more than at any other time, a slight, an almost indistinguishable trace of another tongue in his English.

"How am I to know whether it would be presuming?" she asked. "But I was going to say—" "When rudely interrupted!" She was trying to make it easy for him to say whatever he wished. "—that these troubles of mine are really personal. I have committed no crime and am not feeling from justice."

She laughed and urged her horse into a gallop for a last stretch of road near the park limits. "How uninteresting! We expect a Montana ranchman to have a spectacular past."

"But not to carry it, I hope, to Washington. On the range I might become a lawless bandit in the interest of picturesqueness, but here—" "Here in the world of frock coated statesmen nothing really interesting is to be expected."

She walked her horse again. It occurred to her that he might wish an assurance of silence from her. What she had seen would make a capital bit of gossip, to say nothing of being material for the newspapers, and her conscience as she reflected grew uneasy at the thought of shielding him. She knew that her father and mother and, even more strictly, her brother would close their doors on a man whose enemies followed him over seas and lay in wait for him in a peaceful park, but here she tested him. A man of breeding would not ask protection of a woman on whom he had no claim, and it was certainly not for her to establish an understanding with him in so strange and grave a matter.

"It must be fun having a ranch with cattle on a thousand hills. I always wished my father would go in for a western place, but he can't travel so far from home. Our ranch is in Virginia."

"You have a Virginia farm? That is very interesting." "Yes; at Storm Springs. It's really beautiful down there," she said simply. It was on his tongue to tell her that he too owned a bit of Virginia soil, but he had just established himself as a Montana ranchman, and it seemed best not to multiply his places of residence. He had, moreover, forgotten the name of the county in which his preserve lay. He said, with truth: "I know nothing of Virginia or the south, but I have viewed the landscape from Arlington, and some day I hope to go adventuring in the Virginia hills."

"Then you should not overlook our valley. I am sure there must be adventures waiting for somebody down there. You can tell our place by the spring lamb on the hillside. There's a huge inn that offers the long distance telephone and market reports and golf links and very good horses, and lots of

Next Monday and Tuesday September 14th and 15th AT The Variety Store

We will give to each purchaser of Two Dollars a China Dish valued at one dollar. One dish to a customer.

Mennen's Talcum Powders, violet or borated, 12 1/2c each

Armour's Toilet Soap, three cakes in a box, 10c each

SEE WINDOW DISPLAY

The Variety Store

Remarkable Story The story of Mrs. Matilda Warwick, of Kokomo, Ind., as told below, proves the curative properties of that well-known female remedy, Wine of Cardui. Mrs. Warwick says: TAKE CARDUI It Will Help You "I suffered from pains in my head, shoulders, limbs, side, stomach low down, dizziness, chills, nervousness, fainting spells and other female troubles. I was almost dead. Three doctors did not help me. At last, I took Cardui, and with the first bottle obtained relief. Now I am cured. But for Cardui, I would have been dead." Try Cardui. AT ALL DRUG STORES

people stop there as a matter of course in their flight between Florida and Newport. They go up and down the coast like the mercury in a thermometer—up when it's warm, down when it's cold. There's the secret of our mercurial temperament. A passing automobile frightened her horse, and he watched her perfect coolness in quieting the animal with rein and voice. "He's just up from the farm and doesn't like town very much. But he shall go home again soon," she said as they rode on. "Oh, you go down to shepherd those spring lambs!" he exclaimed, with misgiving in his heart. He had followed her across the sea, and now she was about to take flight again. He dimly understood as he left her in a gay mood at the Claiborne house that she had sought to make him forget the lurking figure in the park thicket and the dark deed thwarted there. It was her way of conveying to him her dismissal of the incident, and it implied a greater kindness than any pledge of secrecy. He rode away with grave eyes, and a new hope filled his heart. (Continued next Saturday.)

FRESH BREAD FREE DELIVERY We have put on a wagon for our bakery and will deliver you Fresh Bread, Pies and Cakes to any part of the city upon short notice. We bake every morning, and only the best, and have had many years experience in the business. We will appreciate a share of your trade. WOLF & HEINTZ, BAKERS, North Magnolia Street.

HIGH GRADE GOODS; POPULAR PRICES

200 pairs of Men's Oxfords all leathers and all sizes for \$2.25. They are worth from \$3 to \$3.50. We don't want to carry them over for the following three reasons: We can use the money better than the shoes; we need the room for our fall stock; we want to have next spring the newest styles. The Globe, the cheapest store in the city.

EXPERT TRIMMER COMING

I wish to announce to the ladies of Ocala and Marion county that Miss Fannie Adrean, of Baltimore, the expert trimmer who was with me last fall, will be with me again this season, arriving in Ocala in a few days. Miss Adrean is one of the most skillful and artistic trimmers that has ever worked in Ocala and I hope the ladies will give her a liberal patronage. Respectfully, Miss Mary Affleck.

Attack of Diarrhoea Cured by Dose of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy

I was so weak from an attack of diarrhoea that I could scarcely attend to my duties, when I took a dose of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. It cured me entirely and I had been taking other medicine for nine days without relief. I heartily recommend this remedy as being the best to my knowledge for bowel complaints.—R. G. Stewart, of the firm of Stewart & Bros., Greenville, Ala. For sale by all druggists.