

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

THE SOLDIERS' HOME

Wm. Hadsock, the veteran of Company A Ninth Florida Regiment, Col. John M. Martin, is here on a leave of absence from the Confederate Soldiers' Home at Jacksonville, visiting his daughter, Mrs. Wiggins, who lives near this city. Mr. Hadsock went to Jacksonville several months ago in very poor health and became an inmate of the soldier's home, but is pleased to say his physical ailments were so successfully treated that he deems himself a well man and is feeling better and stronger than for years. Mr. Hadsock occupies the Ocala room, kept up by the Daughters of the Confederacy of Ocala. He is delighted with the treatment received and commends Mr. Ashby, the superintendent, for the admirable management of the home. He said everything is neat, clean and orderly, food well cooked and plenty of it. At present there are ten inmates, two having died last week. Mr. Hadsock is desirous that all the old soldiers of the state know how creditably the home is conducted, that it resembles alike to the humanity of those in charge and the deep interest of those who appreciate the services of the old veterans in the days of 1861-'65 and see that in their old age and declining strength they have a place for rest and reflection—a home in every sense of the word. Mr. Hadsock said the late Captain Maxwell was connected with the home and took a deep interest in its management and the welfare of its inmates, to whom he was greatly endeared and whose memory they revere. People who lived in Ocala fifteen years ago remember Miss Lillie Williams, a beautiful young lady, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Russell Williams, who then lived in the big house opposite the Ocala City Bakery on South Main street. After they moved to Georgia, she married Mr. Will McConnell, who for some years ran the little newspaper now conducted by C. A. Shaw, and after selling out, went to Savannah. A divorce took place some years later, and now the news comes from Atlanta that Mr. and Mrs. Williams have moved to that city and that their daughter has married G. N. Hurltel, a newspaper man on the staff of the Journal. The Tropical Breeze, Fort Myers, has suspended and Editor W. E. Griffith speaks as if he might revive it during the winter. It looks to us like a case of too many papers in Fort Myers. There were two papers, whereby the patronage only justifies one. That magic spring that Editor A. P. Jordan, of the Punta Gorda Herald, is talking so much about, its wonderful properties for restoring hair to bald heads and feathers to featherless chickens, but the location of which is not positively known, is exciting great interest all over the land. If that spring is found the bald headed will be incontinentally mustered out, and if that other spring with equal or even greater medical virtues is located, the liking for Punta Gorda will be wonderful indeed and depopulate some portions of the state. Get ready for the find, you bald heads. The Madison New Enterprise says that Rev. Sam White, the state evangelist for the Christian church, has pitched his tent in that city to turn sinners from their perverse ways. Rufus Perry, the heavy weight and champion barbeque, came up Friday from the Pedro section, and said there will be great times at the new Pedro schoolhouse Saturday, Oct. 3, to which were invited all the schools around about that section, including Oxford and Belleview. The occasion of rejoicing will partake of a barbeque and basket picnic. The editor acknowledges an invitation to be present. There will be a flow of soul and a feast of reason on the occasion. Mr. W. Kirkpatrick, a veteran of the gray from Bellevue, was in town this morning and made the Star a pleasant call. Mr. J. K. Christian, a factor in the commercial and material world of McIntosh, was a caller in the city today. Messrs. Sol and Herman Benjamin, of Atlanta, who spent a week in Ocala looking after their interests here, returned home yesterday. Mr. Sol Benjamin, while here, experienced an attack of dengue fever and said he did not like it even a little bit, but he didn't attribute the attack to Ocala surroundings. A. W. Gates has returned from a visit to his sons at Crystal River, who are quite successful as fishermen. Last night his son caught 70 trout. Miss Winnie Tucker of Rochelle, was shopping in the city yesterday. She declares she was not aware how near Gainesville was to her until the present time, now that she is about to move to Ocala, where the family will in future reside.—Gainesville Sun. At present there are only two inmates in the hospital, J. W. Wilson, of the Meadows, who got into an altercation with a boarder and the latter proceeded to do up Mr. Wilson with an axe. He is getting along nicely. The other patient is Eddie Gable, who fell some twenty-five feet from a pecan tree yesterday and broke both wrists. He is resting easy today. Mrs. Lucy Edwards of Charleston, is the present capable matron, ably assisted by Miss McWalle of Key West. Mrs. Pope, the former matron, who spent the summer at Clyde, N. C., is expected back next week, but it is not known whether she will resume her old position or not. Frank Turner, the Bradley Pond farmer, is said to have the finest corn crop of any farmer in the county, which is saying a great deal, when it is remembered what a bountiful yield there has been this season of that staple. I say: Trade at Fishel!

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT

By the K. of P. in Memory of a Deceased Brother Whereas, it has pleased the Allwise to take from our midst our beloved brother Thomas J. Owen, and to bear him to the unknown beyond, to share the blessings of life eternal, and, Whereas, in such death our Order has lost a faithful, a true, and a worthy member, whose past is not shadowed by one dark blot, and whose life's record so fully exemplifies that friendship which forms the foundation of our order, and, Whereas, realizing that the hand of Providence which guides us all knows best, Be it therefore resolved, First: That we bow to the Hand of Providence, and though we miss that once familiar face from our Castle-Hall, where we have so seldom missed it in days gone, we know that a good and faithful Pythian has gone to join that Supreme Lodge on High, from whose guided halls that once familiar face here, will never be missed again. Be it further resolved, Second: That this Lodge extend to the members of the bereaved family of our deceased brother our deepest sympathy, and that a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the Lodge, and that the same be published in the newspapers of this city. J. G. Ferguson, R. E. Yonge, H. M. Hampton.



WEARING THE WRONG GLASS

May prove more injurious to your eyes than wearing none at all. Not every man who calls himself an oculist or optician is competent to fit spectacles. I show you and explain to you why I am right, and guarantee results. DR. D. M. BONEY, Eyesight Specialist, Ocala, Fla. Office Hours: 8 to 12 a. m., and 1:30 to 4:30 p. m. Optical office and laboratory, rooms 2 and 4 Gary block.

NEW TRIMMER ARRIVES

Miss Fannie Adrean of Baltimore, who was with me last season, has again arrived in the city and will be pleased to see the ladies. Miss Adrean is one of the most skillful as well as original trimmers who ever worked in Ocala. She and I guarantee satisfaction. Mary Affleck, Ocala House Block.

PRIVATE SCHOOL

Miss Annie Bennett Savage of 231 North Third street, will open a private school in this city about the first of October. Parents who desire their children to attend will please notify her as soon as possible at the above address.

WANTED: MUSIC PUPILS

I desire to teach pupils on the piano. Am a graduate of the Ursuline Academy of Music, Toledo, Ohio. Have had experience and success in my profession. Terms reasonable. Progress assured. Call or address, Miss Elsie Fisher, No. 48 North Magnolia street.

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.

OKARIDGE lots on the Shady Grove hard rock 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 me the lots I have already sold and come and see me. I have raised the price and will raise again until another Mr. Flagger sees the beauties of the place and then he can have it if he will pay the price. The streets are all planned 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 Meridith Nicholson (Copyright 1907 by the Bobbs-Merrill Company.) CHAPTER X JOHN ARMITAGE IS SHADOWED.

ARMITAGE dined alone that evening and left the hotel at 9 o'clock for a walk. He unexpectantly enjoyed paved ground and the sights and ways of cities, and he walked aimlessly about the lighted thoroughfares of the capital with conscious pleasure in the movement and color of life. He let his eyes follow the Washington monument's gray line starward, and he stopped to enjoy the high poised equestrian statue of Sherman, to which the starry dusk gave something of legendary and old world charm.

Coming out upon Pennsylvania avenue, he strolled past the White House and at the wide flung gates paused while a carriage swept by him at the driveway. He saw within the grim face of Baron von Marhof and unconsciously lifted his hat, though the ambassador was deep in thought and did not see him. Armitage struck the pavement smartly with his stick as he walked slowly on, pondering, but he was conscious a moment later that some one was loitering persistently in his wake. Armitage was at once on the alert with all his faculties sharpened. He turned and gradually slackened his pace, and the person behind him immediately did likewise.

The sensation of being followed is at first annoying. Then a pleasant zest creeps into it, and in Armitage's case the reaction was immediate. He was even amused to reflect that the shadow had chosen for his exploit what is probably the most conspicuous and the best guarded spot in America. It was not yet 10 o'clock, but the streets were comparatively free of people. He slackened his pace gradually and threw open his overcoat, for the night was warm, to give an impression of ease, and when he had reached the somber facade of the treasury building he paused and studied it in the glare of the electric lights as though he were a chance traveler taking a preliminary view of the sights of the capital. A man still lingered behind him, drawing nearer now, at a moment when they had the sidewalk comparatively free to themselves. The fellow was short, but of soldierly erectness and even in his loitering pace lifted his feet with the quick precision of the drilled man. Armitage walked to the corner of Pennsylvania avenue and Fifteenth street, then turned and retraced his steps slowly past the treasury building. The man who had been following faced about and walked slowly in the opposite direction, and Armitage, quickening his own pace, amused himself by dogging the fellow's steps closely for twenty yards, then passed him.

When he had gained the advantage of a few feet Armitage stopped suddenly and spoke to the man in the casual tone he might have used in addressing a passing acquaintance. "My friend," he said, "there are two policemen across the street. If you continue to follow me I shall call their attention to you." "Pardon me?" "You are watching me, and the thing won't do." "Yes, I'm watching you, but—" "But the thing won't do! If you are hired—" "Neh! Neh! You do me a wrong, sir." "Then if you are not hired you are your own master, and you serve yourself ill when you take the trouble to follow me. Now I'm going to finish my walk, and I beg you to keep out of my way. This is not a place where liberties may be infringed with impunity. Good evening, sir!" Armitage wheeled about sharply, and as his face came into the full light of the street lamps the stranger stared at him intently.

Armitage was fumbling in his pocket for a coin, but this impertinence caused him to change his mind. Two policemen were walking slowly toward them, and Armitage, annoyed by the whole incident, walked quickly away. He was not wholly at ease over the meeting. The fact that Chauvenet had so promptly put a spy as well as the Serbian assassin in his trail quickened his pulse with anger for an instant and then sobered him. He continued his walk and paused presently before an array of books in a shop window. Then some one stopped at his side, and he looked up to find the same man he had accosted at the treasury building lifting his hat, an American soldier's campaign hat, with a smooth shaved, weather beaten face, blue eyes and light hair.

"Pardon me. You are mistaken. I am not a spy. But it is wonderful; it is quite wonderful!" The man's face was alight with discovery, with an alert pleasure that awaited recognition. "My dear fellow, you really become annoying," and Armitage again thrust his hand into his trousers pocket. "I should hate awfully to appeal to the police, but you must not crowd me too far." The man seemed moved by deep feeling, and his eyes were bright with excitement. His hands clasped tightly the railing that protected the glass window of the bookshop. As Armitage turned away impatiently the man ejaculated huskily, as though some overwhelming influence wrung the words from him: "Don't you know me? I am Oscar. Don't you remember me and the great forest, where I taught you to shoot and fish? You are?" He bent toward Armitage with a fierce insistence, his eyes blazing in his eagerness to be understood. John Armitage turned again to the window, leaned lightly upon the iron railing and studied the title of a book attentively. He was silently absorbed for a full minute, in which the man

who had followed him waited. Taking his cue from Armitage's manner, he appeared to be deeply interested in the bookseller's display, but the excitement still glittered in his eyes. Armitage was thinking swiftly, and his thoughts covered a very wide range of time and place as he stood there. Then he spoke very deliberately and coolly, but with a certain peremptory sharpness. "Go ahead of me to the New American and wait in the office until I come." The man's hand went to his hat. "None of that!" Armitage arrested him with a gesture. "My name is Armitage—John Armitage," he said. "I advise you to remember it. Now go!" The man hurried away, and Armitage slowly followed.

It occurred to him that the man might be of use, and with this in mind he returned to the New American, got his key from the office, nodded to his acquaintance of the street and led the way to the elevator. Armitage put aside his coat and hat, locked the hall door, and then, when the two stood face to face in his little sitting room, he surveyed the man carefully. "What do you want?" he demanded bluntly. He took a cigarette from a box on the table, lighted it and then, with an air of finality, fixed his gaze upon the man, who eyed him with a kind of stupefied wonder. Then there flashed into the fellow's bronzed face something of dignity and resentment. He stood perfectly erect, with his feet clasped in his hands. His clothes were cheap, but clean, and his short coat was buttoned trimly about him. "I want nothing, Mr. Armitage," he replied humbly, speaking slowly and with a marked German accent. "Then you will be easily satisfied," said Armitage. "You said your name was—" "Oscar—Oscar Breunig." Armitage sat down and scrutinized the man again without relaxing his severity. "You think you have seen me somewhere, so you have followed me in the streets to make sure. When did this idea first occur to you?" "I saw you at Fort Myer at the drill last Friday. I have been looking for you since and saw you leave your horse at the hotel this afternoon. You ride at Rock creek—yes?" "What do you do for a living, Mr. Breunig?" asked Armitage. "I was in the army, but served out my time and was discharged a few months ago and came to Washington to see where they make the government—yes? I am going to South America. Is it Peru—yes? There will be a revolution."

He paused, and Armitage met his eyes. They were very blue and kind, eyes that spoke of sincerity and fidelity, such eyes as a leader of forlorn hopes would like to know were behind him when he gave the order to charge. Then a curious thing happened. It may have been the contact of eye with eye that awoke question and response between them. It may have been a need in one that touched a chord of helplessness in the other, but suddenly Armitage leaped to his feet and grasped the outstretched hands of the little soldier. "Oscar!" he said, and repeated very softly, "Oscar!" The man was deeply moved, and tears sprang into his eyes. Armitage laughed, holding him at arm's length. "None of that nonsense! Sit down!" He turned to the door, opened it and peered into the hall, locked the door again, then motioned the man to a chair. "So you deserted your mother country, did you, and have borne arms for the glorious republic?" "I served in the Philippines—yes." "Rank, titles, emoluments, Oscar?" "I was a sergeant, and the surgeon could not find the bullet after Big Bend, Luzon, so they were sorry and gave me a certificate and \$2 a month to my pay," said the man so succinctly and colorlessly that Armitage laughed. "You have done well, Oscar; honor me by accepting a cigar."

The man took a cigar from the box which Armitage extended, but would not light it. He held it rather absent-mindedly in his hand and continued to stare. "You are not dead—Mr.—Armitage, but your father?" "My father is dead, Oscar." "He was a good man," said the soldier. "Yes; he was a good man," repeated Armitage gravely. "I am alive, and yet I am dead, Oscar. Do you grasp the idea? You were a good friend when we were lads together in the great forest. If I should want you to help me now—" The man jumped to his feet and stood at attention so gravely that Armitage laughed and slapped his knee. "You are well taught, Sergeant Oscar! Sit down. I am going to trust you. My affairs just now are not without their trifling dangers. There are enemies—yes?" and Oscar nodded his head solemnly in acceptance of the situation. "I am going to trust you absolutely. You have no confidants—you are not married?" "How should a man be married who is a soldier? I have no friends. They are unprofitable," declared Oscar solemnly. "I fear you are a pessimist, Oscar, but a pessimist, who keeps his mouth shut is a good ally. Now, if you are not afraid of being shot or struck with a knife, and if you are willing to obey my orders for a few weeks we may be able to do some business. First, remember that I am Mr. Armitage. You must learn that now and remember it for all time. And if any one should ever suggest anything else—" The man nodded his comprehension. "That will be the time for Oscar to be dumb. I understand, Mr. Armitage."

Armitage smiled. The man presented so vigorous a picture of health, his simple character was so transparently reflected in his eyes and face that he did not in the least question him. "You are an intelligent person, sergeant. If you are equally discreet—able to be deaf when troublesome questions are asked, then I think we shall get on." "You should remember"—began Oscar. "I remember nothing," observed Armitage sharply, and Oscar was quite humble again. Armitage opened a trunk and took out an envelope, from which he drew several papers and a small map, which he unfolded and spread on the table. He marked a spot with his lead pencil and passed the map to Oscar. "Do you think you could find that place?" The man breathed hard over it for several minutes. "Yes. It would be easy." And he nodded his head several times as he named the railroad stations nearest the point indicated by Armitage. The place was in one of the mountainous counties of Virginia, fifteen miles from an east and west railway line. Armitage opened a duly recorded deed which conveyed to himself the title to 2,900 acres of land; also a curiously complicated abstract of title showing the successive transfers of ownership from colonial days down through the years of Virginia's splendor to the Great time when battle shook the world. The title had been charmed by the description of the property as set forth in an advertisement and lure, moreover, by the amazingly small price at which the preserve was offered.

"It is a farm—yes?" "It is a wilderness, I fancy," said Armitage. "I have never seen it. I may never see it, for that matter. But you will find your way there, going first to this town, Lamar, studying the country, keeping your mouth shut and seeing what the improvements on the ground amount to. There's some sort of a bungalow there, built by the shooting club. Here's a description of the place, on the strength of which I bought it. You may take these papers along to judge the size of the swindle."

"Yes, sir." "And a couple of good horses, plenty of commissary stores—plain military necessities, you understand—and some bedding should be provided. I want you to take full charge of this matter and get to work as quickly as possible. It may be a little lonesome down there among the hills, but if you serve me well you shall not regret it." "Yes, I am quite satisfied with the job," said Oscar. "And after you have reached the place and settled yourself you will tell the postmaster and telegraph operator who you are and where you may be found, so that messages may reach you promptly. If you get an unsigned message advising you of—let me consider—a shipment of steers, you may expect me any hour. On the other hand, you may not see me at all. We'll consider that our agreement lasts until the first snow flies next winter. You are a soldier. There need be no further discussion of this matter, Oscar."

The man nodded gravely. "And if I will for you not to reappear in this hotel, if you should be questioned on leaving here—" "I have not been here—is it not?" "It is," replied Armitage, smiling. "You read and write English?" "Yes; one must to serve in the army." "If you should see a big Serbian with a neck like a bull and a head the size of a pea, who speaks very bad German, you will do well to keep out of his way unless you find a good place to tie him up. I advise you not to commit murder without special orders. Do you understand?" "It is the custom of the country," assented Oscar in a tone of deep regret. "To be sure," laughed Armitage, "and now I am going to give you money enough to carry out the project I have indicated."

Armitage arrested him with a gesture. "My name is Armitage—John Armitage," he said. "I advise you to remember it. Now go!" The man hurried away, and Armitage slowly followed.

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We will sell the famous Eaton-Hurlbut Box Paper valued at 50c a box, for

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We will also sell Figured Lawns, value 10 and 12c, at 8 cts

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SEE WINDOW DISPLAY DON'T TRAVEL—TELEPHONE LONG DISTANCE SYSTEM REACHES 80 TOWNS

Dunnellon, Newberry, Gainesville, Inverness, Crystal River, Hernando, Floral City, etc. All Phosphate Mines. Low Rates—Quick Service—Saves Time and Money. Ocala Telephone Company

SECOND-HAND FURNITURE For sale at a bargain, a good solid board, chairs, rug, matting, tables, baby carriage, trunk, valises, etc., most of which is practically new. Apply at this office.

NOTICE TO DAIRYMEN Several dairymen, also persons owning only a few cows, have never paid their special taxes, or called at my office to give the number of their cows, etc. Such persons, if not paid up and registered before the 21st of September, will be prosecuted and made pay a fine.

SECTION XIII. That any and all persons, firms, milk dealers, corporations or dairymen who shall supply milk or dairy products in any way to or for the people of Ocala shall be required to take out an annual license from the city of Ocala at the rate of \$5 for five cows or under; \$10 for ten cows or more than five cows, and \$25 for any number exceeding ten cows.

THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE A document by a woman, a diary to be studied by those interested in sounding the depths of human character and passions. Price \$2.00 postpaid. G. W. Miller, Trenton, Fla.

SCHOOL BOOKS, SCHOOL BOOKS either new or second-hand, at the Ocala News Company. 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

MONTEZUMA BARBER SHOP IS AGAIN OPEN New and modern furnishings. Electric massage machine and electric fans. Skilled workmen guarantee satisfaction to all customers. R. A. DETTERICH, Proprietor

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