

EVENING STAR

C. L. BITTINGER & CO.
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Editor and General Manager
R. R. CARROLL,
City Editor and Business Manager

A nuisance should be abated and that is one reason why the council should get busy and compel property owners to trim the shade trees in front of their homes.

Editor Hugh Sparkman is out with his first issue of the Taylor County Herald, published at Perry, and is making good in every sense of that journalistic expression.

The DeFuniak Breeze, in speaking of publicity and the interest taken by the people of a community in the affairs of their section, hits the nail on the head in the following application: "Take our fair for instance. We are in a position to know whereof we speak and we speak truthfully when we say our people are not taking the interest and giving the moral support to the fair that they ought."

Mr. J. B. Griggs, from across the river, came in this morning accompanying Mrs. Griggs and their grand-daughter, Miss Ada Fore, who are on their way to Bay City to visit Mrs. J. M. Barmer, Mrs. Griggs's daughter.

The DeFuniak Telephone Company through the columns of the DeFuniak Breeze is protesting, and justly, against the free use of its phones by parties who do not in any way pay for said service.

The addition to Grace Episcopal church is gradually drawing to completion. The want of the proper lumber has delayed the work. The addition is ten feet to the rear, also several feet on the south added to the rector's room, while the choir loft has also been enlarged.

Mr. S. N. Graham having purchased the Times plant and good will, with this issue all my connection with this paper ceases.

To every one who has aided me in my efforts, either in deed or wish, I give my grateful thanks.

To every one who has thought or spoken ill of me, my full and free forgiveness, I am too near "the end" to harbor any unkind remembrance.

Of the plans I had, the hopes for the future of this paper, it is needless I speak now; bright and happy dreams as they were, for they must now be memories. No man could edit a paper for nine years and not love it, however weak and poor it may be, each issue is a child of his thought, and cautions indeed would be the heart that knew no grief at parting.

The Star hears with deep regret the above news, but extends the right hand of fellowship to the new editor and proprietor of the Sumter County Times.

FISHEL'S MONDAY SALES Odds and Ends, 25c values 10c M. FISHEL & SON

DEMOCRATS SHOULD DO THEIR DUTY

A Call from Chairman Graham Which All Members of the Party Should Heed

To the Members of the Democratic Executive Committee of Marion County and to the Democratic Voters at Large: Gentlemen—I would respectfully request the members of the democratic committee of Marion county to use all diligence in getting the democratic voters registered where not already so and to go out to the polls on election day in order that the local democratic officers may be elected by the usual majorities.

The democratic party is making the national fight of its existence, and the popularity of Mr. Bryan with the laboring men and farmers, as well as all other right thinking men, has thrown the odds of election strongly in his favor. All this coupled with the fact that the president of the United States, who, having usurped all powers of government as president, is now seeking to force his successor on the people of the country and has usurped the entire conduct of the republican campaign.

Let each of us use our utmost endeavors to the success of the democratic principles and the democratic ticket. A dollar is a small amount and most of us can give that much without feeling it.

TERRIBLE WRECK IN MONTANA

Twenty Killed and Many Others Badly Injured or Crippled in a Head-On Collision

Livingston, Montana, Sept. 6.—Plowing through a snow-storm, eastward bound, a Chicago, Burlington & Quincy passenger train running over the Northern Pacific railroad, yesterday crashed head-on into a freight train at Youngs Point, where the two trains were to pass, and in the demolition that resulted a score of lives were crushed out and a score of persons were injured, several probably fatally.

HASKELL HAS RESIGNED

Chicago, Sept. 26.—Gov. Charles N. Haskell, last midnight resigned as treasurer of the democratic national committee. His resignation was announced by himself three hours after his arrival in Chicago from Guthrie and after he had conferred with officers of the democratic national headquarters.

William Hadscock, who is off on a temporary absence from the soldiers' home in Jacksonville, went down to Crystal River today to visit his daughter, Mrs. May Paul, and enjoy a feast of fish and oysters.

Cards received in this city yesterday by the pupils of Miss Byrd Warrmann's music class informed them that she had returned safely from her European trip and was at home at Citra, and would be in Ocala next week to resume her music class.

Dr. Geo. E. Yancey, accompanied by his young bride, left today for Oklahoma, City, Okla., where he will practice his profession, that of dentistry. The Star wishes them abundant success in their new home.

Sumter Brooks, the Zuber merchant was in town today.

Mr. Mont. Atkinson came in from the Oldtown settlement today to call on his daughters, Mrs. S. T. Sistrunk and Miss Annie Atkinson, who spent the summer at Seabreeze and returned home yesterday. He said the rains of yesterday sure did make the ponds rise and the cattle men in consequence are smiling, if the clouds do form.

Miss Roberta Ray of Martel was in the city this morning and took the special teachers' examination at Supt. W. D. Carn's office. Miss Ray was visiting in North Carolina at the time of the regular examination and was prevented from reaching Ocala by the devastating rains that visited that section. Miss Ray will teach the Cotton Plant school.

Mr. Robert Ferguson, a prosperous farmer of the Berlin section, came in this morning, accompanied by his son, Robert, a graduate of the Fellowship school, who will enter the Ocala High School Monday.

J. B. Peck, one of the enterprising merchants at Reddick, reposed at the Montezuma last night.

Do not forget that DeWitt's Little Early Risers are the best pills made. They are pleasant little pills that are easy to take and are prompt and gentle. We sell and recommend them. Sold by Anti-Monopoly Drugstore.

Enamel Ware Sale

Monday and Tuesday September 28 and 29

We are putting our entire line of - - - ENAMEL WARE on sale at greatly reduced prices.

Look at the window and consider the quality.

The prices are the lowest yet.

The Variety Store

TOO MUCH TURPENTINE BEING DRAWN FROM TREES

Operators' Association, at the Meeting in October, Will Try to Reduce the Output

(Jacksonville Metropolis, 25th.) Prior to adjournment of the meeting held in the parlors of the Aragon Hotel yesterday by the executive and ways and means committee of the Turpentine Operators' Association, presided over by President J. G. Boyd, it was decided that the entire association should be called to meet at the board of trade auditorium on October 14th, and every naval stores man of prominence in the state is expected to be in attendance.

The object of the meeting, as stated in the Metropolis yesterday, is to arrange a plan for curtailing the production of naval stores products for some time to come, and the committees mentioned will make a report on the subject to the association at the October meeting. There seems to be no doubt but that all operators will act in harmony on this most important matter.

Those present at the committee meeting yesterday were: J. G. Boyd, president; John Henderson, acting secretary; A. Sessions, G. A. McLeod, A. P. Stucky, R. S. Hall, W. H. Mattox, J. M. Ashley, W. J. Hillman, F. S. Sweet, W. P. Roberts, John E. Harris, E. M. Flynn, H. L. Covington, T. A. Jennings, W. P. Coachman and C. H. Barnes.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought. Bears the Signature of J. C. Fletcher.

School Books and School Supplies at Reduced Prices

FREE FREE

On next Monday and Tuesday we will give away to every purchaser of a dollar, a handsome 18x20 inch picture of "Our Next President," William Jennings Bryan.

The Globe

School Books and School Supplies at Reduced Prices

THE PORT OF MISSING MEN

By Meridith Nicholson (Copyright 1907 by the Bobbs-Merrill Company.) CHAPTER XI

THE TOSS OF A NAPKIN.

CAPTAIN Richard Claiborne gave a sumptuous supper at the Army and Navy club for ten men in honor of the newly arrived military attaché of the Spanish legation. He had drawn his guests largely from his foreign acquaintances in Washington because the Spanish spoke little English, and Dick knew Washington well enough to understand that, while a girl and a man who speak different languages may sit comfortably together at table, men in like predicament grow morose and are likely to quarrel with their eyes before the cigars are passed. It was Friday, and the whole party had witnessed the drill at Fort Myer that afternoon, with nine girls to listen to their explanation of the maneuvers and the earliest spring bride for chaperon. Shirley had been of the party and somewhat the heroine of it, too, for it was Dick who sat on his horse out in the tannery with the little whistle to his lips and manipulated the troop.

"Here's a confusion of tongues. I may need you to interpret," laughed Dick, indicating a chair at his left, and when Armitage sat down he faced Chauvenet across the round table. With the first filling of glasses it was found that every one could speak French, and the talk went forward spiritedly. The discussion of military matters naturally occupied first place. Then they fell to talking about individuals, chiefly men in the public eye, and as the Austro-Hungarian embassy was in mourning and unrepresented at the table the new emperor's frankness was discussed with considerable frankness.

"He has not old Stroebel's right hand to hold him up," remarked a young German officer.

"Thereby hangs a dark tale," remarked Claiborne. "Somebody stuck a knife into Count von Stroebel at a singularly inopportune moment. I saw him in Geneva two days before he was assassinated, and he was very feeble and seemed harassed. It gives a man the shudders to think of what might happen if his majesty Charles Louis should go by the board. His only child died a year ago—after him his cousin Francis, and then the deluge." "Bah! Francis is not as dark as he's painted. He's the most lied about prince in Europe," remarked Chauvenet. "He would most certainly be an improvement on Charles Louis. But, alas, Charles Louis will undoubtedly live on forever, like his lamented father. 'The king is dead! Long live the king!'"

"Nothing can happen," remarked the German sadly. "I have lost much money betting on upheavals in that direction. If there were a man in Hungary it would be different. But riots are not revolutions."

"That is quite true," said Armitage quietly. "But," observed the Spaniard, "if the Archduke Karl had not gone out of his head and died in two or three dozen places, so that no one is sure he is dead at all, things at Vienna might be rather more interesting. Karl took a son with him into exile. Suppose one or the other of them should reappear, stir up strife and incite rebellion."

"Such speculations are quite idle," commented Chauvenet. "There is no doubt whatever that Karl is dead or we should hear of him." "Of course," said the German. "If he were not the death of the old emperor would have brought him to life again."

"The same applies to the boy he carried away with him—undoubtedly dead, or we should hear of him. Karl disappeared soon after his son Francis was born. It was said—"

"A pretty tale it is," commented the German. "That the child was not exactly Karl's own. He took it quite hard—went away to hide his shame in exile, taking his son, Frederick Augustus, with him."

"He was surely mad," remarked Chauvenet, slipping a cordial. "He is much better dead and out of the way for the good of Austria. Francis, as I say, is a good fellow. We have hunted together, and I know him well."

They fell to talking about the lost sons of royal houses—and a goodly number there have been, even in these latter centuries—and then of the latest marriages between American women and titled foreigners. Chauvenet was now leading the conversation. It might even have seemed to a critical listener that he was guiding it with a certain intention.

He laughed as though at the remembrance of something amusing and held the little company while he bent over a candle to light a cigar.

"With all due respect to our American host, I must say that a title in America goes further than anywhere else in the world. I was at Bar Harbor three years ago when the Baron von Klissel devastated that region. He made sad havoc among the ladies that summer. The rest of us simply had no place to stand. You remember, gentlemen—the listening circle—'that the unexpected arrival of the excellent ambassador of Austria-Hungary caused the baron to leave Bar Harbor between dark and daylight. The story was that he got off in a saloon, and the next we heard of him he was masquerading under some title in San Francisco, where he proved to be a dangerous forger. You all remember that the papers were full of his performances for awhile, but he was a lucky rascal and always disappeared at the proper psychological moment. He had, as you may say, the cosmopolitan accent and was the most plausible fellow alive."

"It's my experience that we never meet a person once only—there's always a second meeting somewhere—and I was not at all surprised when I ran upon my old friend the baron in Germany last fall."

RHEINAUER'S Clothing Department Stetson Hats Stetson Hats Banister Shoes Crossett Shoes The Standard in Hats and Shoes Just received all the latest styles and shapes Reduced prices on Clothing, Negligee Shirts, and Underwear Rheinauer & Co.

New Millinery Goods

I now have on display my line of new styles in hats and other millinery creations, and would be pleased to have the ladies of Ocala and Marion county to call and inspect my stock. The date of my Fall Opening will be announced later.

Mrs. Minnie A. Bostick Ocala House Millinery Parlors

"At his old tricks, I suppose," observed some one. "No. That was the strangest part of it. He struck a deeper game, though I'm blessed if I can make it out. He's dropped the title altogether and now calls himself Mister—I've forgotten for the moment the rest of it, but it is an English name. He's made a stake somehow and travels about in decent comfort. He passes now as an American—his English is excellent—and he hints at large American interests."

"He probably has forged securities to sell," commented the German. "I know those fellows. The business is best done quietly."

"I dare say," returned Chauvenet. "Of course you greeted him as a long lost friend," remarked Claiborne leadingly.

"No; I wanted to make sure of him, and, strangely enough, he assisted me in a very curious way."

All felt that they were now to hear the denouement of the story, and several men bent forward in their absorption, with their elbows on the table. Chauvenet smiled and resumed, with a little shrug, of his shoulders.

"Well, I must go back a moment to say that the man I knew at Bar Harbor had a real crest. The ladies to whom he wrote notes treasured them, I dare say, because of the pretty insignium. He had it engraved on his cigarette case, a bird of some kind tipping on a helmet, and beneath there was a motto, 'Dieu Non Armis!'"

"The devil!" exclaimed the young German. "Why, that's very like!" "Very like the device of the Austrian Schonburgs. Well, I remembered the cigarette case, and one night at a concert—in Berlin, you know—I chanced to sit with some friends at a table quite near where he sat alone. I had my eye on him, trying to assure myself of his identity, when in closing his cigarette case it fell almost at my feet, and I bumped heads with a waiter as I picked it up—I wanted to make sure—and handed it to him, the imitation baron."

"That was your chance to startle him a trifle, I should say," remarked the German.

"He was the man beyond doubt. There was no mistaking the cigarette case. What I said was," continued Chauvenet, "Allow me, baron?" "Well spoken!" exclaimed the Spaniard.

"Not so well, either," laughed Chauvenet. "He had the best of it. He's a

the surface, on the snowy falcon and the silver helmet on which the bird poised. He started slightly, then tossed his napkin carelessly on the table so that it covered the gold trinket completely.

"Gentlemen," he said, "if we are going to show ourselves at the Darlington ball we'll have to run along."

Below in the coat room Claiborne was fastening the frogs of his military overcoat when Armitage, who had waited for the opportunity, spoke to him.

"That story is a lie, Claiborne. That man never saw me or my cigarette case in Berlin, and moreover, I was never at Bar Harbor in my life. I gave you some account of myself on the King Edward. Every word of it is true."

"You should face him—you must have it out with him!" exclaimed Claiborne. And Armitage saw the conflict and uncertainty in the officer's eyes.

"But the time hasn't come for that!" "Then if there is something between you"—began Claiborne, the doubt now clearly dominant.

"There is undoubtedly a great deal between us, and there will be more before we reach the end."

Dick Claiborne was a perfectly frank, outspoken fellow, and this hint of mystery by a man whose character had just been boldly assailed angered him.

"Good God, man! I know as much about Chauvenet as I do about you. This thing is ugly, as you must see. I don't like it, I tell you! You've got to do more than deny a circumstantial story like that by a fellow whose standing here is as good as yours. If you don't offer some better explanation of this by tomorrow night I shall have to ask you to cut my acquaintance—and the acquaintance of my family!"

Armitage's face was grave, but he smiled as he took his hat and stick. "I shall not be able to satisfy you of my respectability by to-morrow night. Captain Claiborne. My own affairs must wait on larger matters."

"Then you need never take the trouble?" "In my own time you shall be quite fully satisfied," said Armitage.

He sent a message to Armitage quietly Oscar Breunig, and turned away. He was not among the others of the Claiborne party when they got into their carriage to go to the ball. He went, in fact, to the telegraph office and sent a message to Oscar Breunig, Lamar, Va., giving notice of his coming.

Then he returned to the New American and packed his belongings.

(Continued next Saturday.)



He tossed his napkin on the table so that it covered the gold trinket.

clever man, I am obliged to admit. He said— And Chauvenet's mirth stifled him for a moment.

"Yes; what was it?" demanded the German impatiently.

"He said, 'Thank you, waiter,' and put the cigarette case back into his pocket."

OYSTERS Raw, Stewed or Any Old Style IN SEASON AT THE ARCADE