

Heart to Heart Talks.

By EDWIN A. NYE.

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THE MOTHER'S TREK.

Look, how this love—this mother—runs through all this world God made—even the beast—the bird.

One woman journeyed on foot 1,000 miles, drawing a little express wagon that she might keep her children together.

Mrs. Ella M. Arthur performed this feat. She thus traveled all the way from Texas to Ames, Ia.

Six years ago the husband deserted her and three small children. Her entire capital was a cow, a pig and two small hands.

Mrs. Arthur chanced to come across a flamboyant circular telling of a new town on the gulf coast. The land flowed with milk and honey—and opportunity, so it said. Selling cow and pig, she bought a ticket to the Texas town. Then came disillusion. The town was mostly on paper.

But the woman was gritty. She found a temporary home for the older children in the Texas country. She bought a little wagon and had left 30 cents to get to South Dakota, where she had relatives.

Onward across the plains of Texas and Indian Territory wearily trudged the little mother, pulling the child. Kind hearted Texas farmers helped her. Sometimes she stopped to work for a few days. In this way she got to Ames, Ia., where a ticket was given her to South Dakota.

At the latter town the husband turned up. He would agree to a divorce and alimony of \$2,000 if the mother would give up the baby. Penniless, tired, discouraged, after many tears Mrs. Arthur consented.

Then, having got the money, she repented the arrangement. And now she is looking for the baby, placed by the father in some orphan asylum. And the poor mother declares she will spend every cent to get her child back.

This is no fancy story.

It is a true heroic—only one of myriads in the annals of motherhood.

Mrs. Arthur cannot rest until she gets her baby and brings all her little brood together again.

THAT IS THE MOTHER OF IT. The picture of the little woman's weary trek of a thousand miles needs no setting. It is a picture of the love that does miracles—the love of a mother for her own.

Somebody—who was it?—somebody once said that God made mothers because he couldn't be around himself all the time.

"JUST JIMMIE'S WIFE."

A newspaper sketch shows two children, a girl and a boy. They are being interviewed by a woman. This is part of the conversation:

"And what do you expect to make of yourself, Maud, when you grow up?"

Maud—Just Jimmie's wife, ma'am.

Which was a cute rejoinder—and more.

Maud may change her mind when she grows up. Our childish ideals change sometimes. Certainly when she is grown up she will be less frank to say she is going to be Jimmie's wife, whatever she may feel about it.

But the wisdom of childhood caused Maud to choose the better part. Because—

If Jimmie proves to be the right sort and if he is to do his best he must have a good wife. What Jimmie is to do and he will depend largely on Jimmie's wife. He will need a Maud to make a man of him. And, in making a man of Jimmie, Maud will have her hands and heart quite full.

Mighty important, "just Jimmie's wife."

Of course it is hard to predict. When Maud grows up she may have special talents for something else, or Jimmie may not suit her or she him. But, other things being equal, each will know when the time comes.

And Maud can aspire to no higher position than being Jimmie's wife.

If she holds to her girlish choice and they choose each other no greater crown of happiness can come to her. Woman was made for wifehood and womanhood, and she finds her highest satisfactions in fulfilling her destiny. The abundance of her being demands husband and children upon whom she may lavish her love.

She who misses this misses abundant life.

And if Maud marries Jimmie, besides filling the measure of her own normal desire, she will have a great chance to do for Jimmie.

The gentle influence, subtle, but strong, of woman, working by and through the man she loves, is the power that moves the world. More than that, it is the power that SAVES the world.

For, mind you—

Always and everywhere, when you find a good man or a great man, always you will find A GOOD WOMAN BEHIND THE MAN.

Blessings on the Mauds who find their content and joy in being "just Jimmie's wife!"

ONLY A DOG STORY.

This is a true story about Tommy and his pup, mostly about the pup.

The pup was Tommy's understudy. When Tommy was glad, the pup rejoiced as to his tail. When Tommy was sad, it was mournful to note the feeble grief of the pup. In disposition they were twins. Tommy and the pup, in every expedition comrades.

Ah, the rare friendship of a boy and a dog!

But a capricious fate separated the pup from the boy forever. Tommy disappears from this chronicle. Remains the pup.

A LOST DOG.

Dejected, drooping, obsequious, tail curled and fearful, this pup's very manner invited the small boy's hurried brick and his tin can with pebbles in it.

Comes along a boy. This pup brightens perceptibly. Something of the old selfhood shows in him. He sniffs at the boy's heels. The boy, Imperator, kicks at the outcast, who deftly dodges. The dog is pariah—all the world against one common, ornery, disheartened yellow pup.

But the moods of a dog are not long moods.

A diversion appears. A street arab rolls a ball along the sidewalk toward another arab. "Hi," says the pup to himself, "here's something worth while." With flaunting tail he bounds after the ball. Every drop of his sporty dog blood is a-tingle.

The arab beats the dog in the race for the ball and rolls it back. In a jiffy the pup whirls and goes for it. This is a touch of high life. He is no longer a thing of the gutter—nobody's dog. He is dogful of joy.

The children of the school near by are let loose. They stream down the street. The pup leaves off leaping in great curves after the ball and leaps up to the children. He would lick their faces in high friendship. One of the midgets is frightened, and then the cry goes up:

"MAD DOG! MAD DOG!"

The children flee. The pup barks and jumps after them in great glee. What fun for a yellow pup! How nice of the children to scamper so and scream with delight!

BANG!

The policeman's wicked gun cracks, and Tommy's pup is of no more use in this world—as a pup.

The moral of this tale? Oh, any old thing—the lesson of poor dog Tray, or of a life misunderstood, or the sting of ingratitude, or the joyous soul of a good woman ruined by a mad dog cry, or any or all of these, or others.

This is only a dog story.

HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED

Professor F. H. Blackmore of the University of Kansas proposes the introduction into the schools of a "course preparatory to matrimony."

Whereat a guffaw goes up. But is it really "to laugh?"

Surely there is great need of education concerning marriage.

Surely there is too much ignorance about the nature, the dignity and the requirements of matrimony.

Surely a better understanding of its meaning would prevent much marital misery and many divorces.

That is to say—

A boy and a girl "fall in love" with each other. They have been told that love will resolve all things into factors of married happiness. Therefore the happy-go-lucky plunge!

But—

Does the average boy and girl know what love really is? Much that passes under the name is the mere froth of sentimentality that will quickly pass away, or it may be mere animal passion—not love, but lust.

Could not young persons be delicately and simply taught the difference?

They could be shown that love is devotion; that it spells self sacrifice; that it is kind and long suffering; that it thinks no evil; that it knows naught that is unseemly; that it hopes all things, endures all things; that it upbraids not; that it abides forever.

After such an understanding of real affection they could be taught that—

Marriage means equality.

That it requires understanding and sympathy, which are more than equality.

That it presupposes the ability and patience to live with another person successfully.

That selfishness must be put away and that unfaithfulness is treason.

If ethics and philosophy can be taught in the schools, why cannot it be taught "how to be happy though married," which involves the practical side of both ethics and philosophy?

It is true not every teacher could teach or lecture in such a course. Strong common sense, experience, an altruistic spirit—these would be necessary.

But what an opportunity for such a teacher!

larged upon that successful marriage requires the exercise of the highest qualities of manhood and womanhood; how its discipline of spirit is designed to bring out the highest and noblest in man and woman!

If the schools can help society in this, one of its greatest needs, why not try them?

Something must be done.

WHAT MONEY WILL BUY.

A certain man, reputed to be from Chicago, went down Broadway, New York city, a few days ago distributing five and ten dollar bills to the people.

The man was arrested and adjudged insane. It was taken for granted that any man who would voluntarily give away what everybody was trying to have and hold must necessarily be crazy. However—

The man might have been merely drunk.

Or his conscience may have troubled him because of the way in which he got the money.

Or he may have been prompted by philanthropic feelings.

Or—

But, to dismiss motives, is the mere fact that a man gives away good money on the street evidence that he is insane?

If so, why do we say that men who are immersed in money getting, who do nothing and think nothing but money—why do we say that these men are "money mad?" Is it not true that when a man gets the insane notion into his head that money is the only thing worth while in this world he is mentally unbalanced?

Then why conclude that only the man who gives money away is mad?

Will money buy the best things—love, joy, peace?

Certainly not. They are not for sale on any counter. They are the fruits of a man's spirit. They spring up in his soul and ripen there.

Will money buy the affection of friends, the common joys of the simple life, a conscience void of offense, the rewards of patience or good will, these blessings of a well ordered life—can money buy these at barter and sale?

Then why put so much value on money?

Money can buy many things, necessities, comforts, luxuries, ease, power. And so men go over seas and continents and die for the sake of money. They will even sell their souls to get money and then bask themselves in the sunshine of their self made prosperity, hoping for happiness.

Are they not as insane as the man who was reckless with his bills?

Because all they can buy with money are OUTSIDE THINGS, while the true satisfactions of life spring from WITHIN. If man were only dust, the golden dust of earth might satisfy. But he is more than dust, so that beyond his world of sense, deeper than all surface comforts, are his real satisfactions.

John L. Sullivan—and he spoke from personal experience—put this truth tersely the other day when he said:

"MONEY WILL BUY EVERYTHING—BUT HAPPINESS."

Think it over.

Is it not possible the "crazy man" was about the only sane person on Broadway?

KILLED—AN AMERICAN MOTHER.

This is the true story of John Sweeney, of John Sweeney's mother and of the naval department.

John Sweeney deserted from the navy, and the department KILLED JOHN SWEENEY'S MOTHER.

What? It is true. Not intentionally, but they killed her just the same.

John Sweeney was the son of Mrs. Mary Sweeney of New York. About two years ago John disappeared from home and enlisted in the navy.

Some time ago his mother learned her boy was quite ill in the naval hospital at San Francisco.

The mother also learned she could buy her son's release for a certain sum of money. At great sacrifice she raised the money, sent it to her son and awaited his homecoming.

And then one morning the mail carrier brought her a letter. She looked at it and fainted. It was her own letter returned, and across its face was stamped in large letters:

"DESERTER."

From that moment she faded, and in a few days she died, the doctors said, of a BROKEN HEART.

And that was murder.

Had Mrs. Sweeney lived in Russia, where bureaucratic government rides cruelly over human hearts, one might expect the red tape rules of barbarity.

But in the United States!

It is all right to punish deserters from the navy. That is necessary for discipline. But it is not all right to break the hearts of mothers by cruel customs. It is not all right to punish the innocent for the guilty.

This branding of letters is a part of the eighteenth century procedure that used to tie sailors to the mast and lash their bare backs with the cat-o-nine tails for some trivial infraction of the rules.

To deliberately select innocent relatives and brand their correspondence is to go back to the days of "The Scar-

let Letter."

The sufferings of the poor mothers of deserters are sufficiently acute—vicious victims of wayward sons—without this pitiful branding of their motherly missives.

The thing is a relic of the dark ages. We hear much about the inefficiency of our naval bureaus. Certainly a reform is needed as to their needless cruelty.

It is no less a crime to kill a loving mother because it is done by bureaucratic brutality.

The heartless custom of printing "Deserter" on the envelopes of friends should be stopped.

Wild Life in the Balkans.

Besides some warlike men, Macedonia contains an abundance of wild animals. A traveler writes: "By the side of oaks and walnuts you find great tortoises and snakes eight feet long, and bears and wolves abound. They are a serious drag upon industry, and even in civilized Bulgaria it has been found necessary to increase the governmental rewards for killing them. I believe it to be a true story that a party of peasants with horses was not long ago wholly destroyed by wolves in the Mori Hovo mountains, nothing but the bits and stirrup irons being found."

"In the same hills the peasants migrate for the summer to lofty shoulders, where the land is flat enough to grow little patches of maize, and here, night after night, they will sit up with a fire to drive off bears; there are tragic stories of women, with a baby on one arm, beating off a bear with the other with a burning brand from the fire:

"The prevalence of eagles is a delightful feature for the traveler, and on the cliffs of Montenegro I once counted at the same moment thirty-nine ravens."—Chicago News.

PREPARING FOR CHRISTMAS

A look into the holiday goods department of M. Fishel & Son's will convince anybody that Santa Claus will certainly not pass Ocala by without stopping and leaving happiness to all of those whom he visits this year. At Fishel's you will find the largest line of toys, dolls, games, etc., on display in Ocala and as for novelty goods, lamps, vases and dishes and other household ornaments, they are, as usual, the leaders in assortment and low prices. Messrs. M. Fishel & Son cordially invite you to come and look at the pretty things. 11-27-2t

PRESBYTERIAN BAZAAR

The Young Ladies' Aid Society of the Presbyterian church will give a bazaar December 8th in the Central National Bank building from 3 to 6 o'clock. The sale will consist of fancy work of all kinds, a booth of various kinds of aprons and delicious homemade candies. There will also be a cake table and tea will be served during the afternoon.

FISHER'S ORCHESTRA

A strictly high-class, three-piece orchestra, violin, piano and cornet, is open for engagements. Dance music a specialty. 11-27

BOY RAN AWAY

A colored boy, 4½ feet tall; weight, about 110 pounds; 14 years old; medium dark in color; wears a No. 8 shoe; named Samuel Thompson; ran away from his grandfather, Frank Thompson's home at Kendrick, Monday night, Nov. 23rd, 1908. Mother supposed to be at Dade City and might go to her. I will pay a liberal reward for his return to me or for information that will lead to his recovery. Thomas Thompson, his father, 113 North Osceola street, Ocala, Fla. 11-30-d6tw1t

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN

Forty-one acres fine land, one acre with two-story house, four rooms, kitchen, barn and cistern; forty acres fresh land almost ready for plowing; six miles from Ocala; Cornell station, near Capulet school. \$325 buys it all. W. E. Gray, Commercial Barbershop, Ocala House. 11-18

HOGAN'S CAFE

Oyster House, west side of the square, serves all kinds of quick lunches at moderate prices: Fish, oysters, game, poultry, steaks and good coffee. Eat at Hogan's. He has everything good and will make your

HEALTH AND VITALITY

Mott's Nerverine Pills

The great nerve and brain restorative for men and women, produces strength and vitality, builds up the system and renews the normal vigor. For sale by druggists or by mail, \$1 per box, 6 boxes for \$5. Sold by the Anti-Monopoly Drugstore.

Foley's Orino Laxative cures chronic constipation and stimulates the liver. Orino regulates the bowels so they will act naturally and you do not have to take purgatives continuously. Sold by all druggists.

Oyster shells for the poultry yard, delivered to any part of the city for one dozen eggs or 25 cents. Rowe's Little Bonanza. Phone 111.

For some time the Ocala News Co. has been trying to get a good view of the courthouse, and now it has succeeded in getting one. The view is the latest thing in that line.

CHRISTMAS

When You Get Ready to Send a Box of Mixed Fruits

CALL ON MOSES BROS. Or Phone 277

They have Fancy Pineapples, Candles of all kinds, Grapefruit, Nuts of all kinds, Tangerine and Satsuma Oranges, Cigars, Corn-cach, Malaga Grapes, Grapes in baskets, Bananas, Celery, Cranberries and many other Fruits and Vegetables on hand at all times.

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Offers the very best service of skilled workmen with modern appliances. Strictly sanitary. Electric fans, electric massages.

Hot Running Water at all Times

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CONSTIPATION

"For over nine years I suffered with chronic constipation and during this time I had to take an injection of warm water once every 24 hours before I could have an action on my bowels. Happily I tried Cascarets, and today I am a well man. During the nine years before I used Cascarets I suffered untold misery with internal piles. Thanks to you I am free from all that this morning. You can use this in behalf of suffering humanity." B. F. Fisher, Esauoke, Ill.



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CURES Coughs, Colds, CROUP, Whooping Cough

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