

# BURNETT'S HOLIDAY ANNOUNCEMENT

I am offering the people of this section of Florida this season without a doubt the best stock of jewelry and accompanying lines that has ever been displayed in this section. It has been my aim each holiday season to bring on a better line or goods than the preceding year, always getting for my customers the newest, prettiest and best goods that I could find. I feel no hesitancy in saying that for the holiday season of 1908-09 I am offering the people the best lot of goods that my store has ever carried. Part of the stock carried and of which I have a large and well selected line, is **A SPLENDID ARRAY OF THE VERY BEST STANDARD MAKES OF WATCHES** of all styles and for both ladies and gentlemen; **WATCH CHAINS AND FOBS; HANDSOME CLOCKS** of different sizes and many prices. **A BEAUTIFUL LINE OF DIAMOND RINGS AND BROOCHES;** rings of all kinds, pins, lockets, bracelets, fraternal pins and charms. A complete stock of everything in the jewelry line.

I have for the ladies the handsomest line of fine umbrellas ever seen here; all styles of handles and many of them truly beautiful. Chatelaine bags of the latest styles and most beautiful finish.

**IN CUT GLASS AND SILVERWARE** I am showing a stock of which I am really proud. Almost any design in CUT GLASS of the best grade. Both **STERLING** and best **GUARANTEED PLATE** in SILVER of all kinds and for all purposes.

I have bought a great deal of fine China, and the advance sales on this line of goods were so heavy that additional orders were sent in. My Packards' hand-painted china is a most popular piece of goods and the beautiful shapes and colorings will be sure to please the most exacting.

**A FOUNTAIN PEN** makes an appreciated present and I have a full line of them.

I am agent for the Eldson Phonographs and Records and have a big stock on hand, carrying almost 3,000 records in stock and several different priced records from which to make your selections.

I cordially invite the public to call at my store and look over the stock. You will be sure to find something for yourself, a friend or member of your family.

## A. E. Burnett

The Jeweler

Merchants Block, Ocala, Florida

# The Marion Hardware Co.

OCALA, FLORIDA

CARRY AT ALL TIMES A COMPLETE STOCK OF

Doors, Sash, Blinds, Guns, Revolvers, Ammunition, Leggings, Hunting Coats, Gun Cases

Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Farm Implements, Carpenters' Tools

Builders Hardware, Saw Mill, Phosphate and Turpentine Supplies.

State agents for and carry in stock Implements and Gasolene Engines of the International Harvester Company.

American and Elwood Field Fence.

H. B. CLARKSON, General Manager

## FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR

Cures Coughs, Colds, Croup, La Grippe, Asthma, Throat and Lung Trouble Prevents Pneumonia and Consumption

THE ORIGINAL LAXATIVE HONEY and TAR in the YELLOW PACKAGE

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS

### Nominating Blank Star's Double Piano Contest

This coupon, when properly filled out, entitles

M..... OF.....

To 1,000 votes and places her in nomination in the Star's Free Piano Voting Contest.

This blank will only be counted once for each contestant.

#### SOME OF THEM DO

Washington, Dec. 12.—The House yesterday passed a resolution by Representative Perkins, republican, of New York, and appointed a committee of five to consider what action the House should take in reference to that portion of the president's message in which it is intimated that members of Congress needed watching by secret service men.

#### HIAWATHA LAKE DAIRY

Having added a few more cows to their dairy herd, can now supply a number of new customers. We are the promoters of pure milk from tested cows in Ocala and the first to give the public pure, tested milk. Purity, cleanliness and rich milk are our strong points.

H. H. WHITWORTH, Prop.

## The Port of Missing Men.

By Meredith Nicholson.

Author of "The House of a Thousand Candles."

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### Chapter XXII

#### THE PRISONER AT THE BUNGALOW.

"IN Vienna, Friday"

"There should be great deeds, my dear Jules." And M. Durand adjusted the wick of a smoking brass lamp that hung suspended from the ceiling of a room of the inn, store and postoffice at Lamar.

"Meanwhile, this being but Wednesday, we have our work to do."

"Which is not so simple, after all, as one studies the situation. Mr. Armitage is here, quite within reach. We suspect him of being a person of distinction. He evinced unusual interest in a certain document that was once in your hands"—

"Our own hands, if you would be accurate."

"You are captious." But, granted so, we must get them back. The gentleman is dwelling in a bungalow on the mountain side for greater convenience in watching events and wooing the lady of his heart's desire. We employed a clumsy clown to put him out of the world, but he dies hard, and now we have got to get rid of him. But if he hasn't the papers on his clothes then you have this pleasant scheme for kidnaping him, getting him down to your steamer at Baltimore and cruising with him until he is ready to come to terms. The American air has done much for your imagination, my dear Jules, or possibly the altitude of the hills has overstimulated it."

"You are not the fool you look, my dear Durand. You have actually taken a fair grasp of the situation."

"But the adorable young lady, the fair Mlle. Claiborne—what becomes of her in these transactions?"

"That is none of your affair," replied Chauvenet, frowning. "I am quite content with my progress. I have not finished in that matter."

"Neither, it would seem, has Mr. John Armitage. But I am quite well satisfied to leave it to you. In a few days we shall know much more than we do now. I should be happier if you were in charge in Vienna. A false step there—ugh! I hesitate to think of the wretched mess there would be."

"Trust Winkelried to do his full duty. You must not forget that the acute Stroebel now sleeps the long sleep and that many masses have already been said for the repose of his intrepid soul."

"The splendor of our undertaking is enough to draw his ghost from the grave. Ugh! By this time Zmai should have filed our cablegram at the Springs and got your mail at the hotel. I hope you have not misplaced your confidence in the operator there. Coming back our giant must pass Armitage's house."

"Trust him to pass it. His encounters with Armitage have not been to his credit."

The two men were dressed in rough clothes, as for an outing, and in spite of the habitual trifling tone of their talk they wore a serious air. Durand's eyes danced with excitement, and he twisted his mustache nervously. Chauvenet had gone to Washington to meet Durand, to get from him news of the progress of the conspiracy in Vienna and, not least, to berate him for crossing the Atlantic. "I do not require watching, my dear Durand," he had said.

"A man in love, dearest Jules, sometimes forgets." But they had gone into the Virginia hills amicably and were quartered with the postmaster. They waited now for Zmai, whom they had sent to the Springs with a message and to get Chauvenet's mail. Armitage, they had learned, used the Lamar telegraph office, and they had decided to carry their business elsewhere.

While they waited in the bare upper room of the inn for Zmai the big Servian tramped up the mountain side with an aching head and a heart heavy with dread. The horse he had left tied in a thicket when he plunged down through the Claiborne place had broken free and run away, so that he must now trudge back afoot to report to his masters. He had made a mess of his errands and nearly lost his life besides. The bullet from Oscar's revolver had cut a neat furrow in his scalp, which was growing sore and stiff as it ceased bleeding. He would undoubtedly be dealt with harshly by Chauvenet and Durand, but he knew that the sooner he reported his calamities the better, so he stumbled toward Lamar, pausing at times to clasp his small head in his great hands. When he passed the wild tangle that hid Armitage's bungalow he paused and cursed the two occupants in his own dialect with a fierce, vile tongue. It was near midnight when he reached the tavern and climbed the rickety stairway to the room where the two men waited.

Chauvenet opened the door at his approach, and they cried aloud as the great figure appeared before them and the lamp light fell upon his dark, blood smeared face.

"The letters!" snapped Chauvenet. "Is the message safe?" demanded Durand.

"Lost! Lost! They are lost! I lost my way, and he nearly killed me—the little soldier—as I crossed a strange field."

When they had jerked the truth from Zmai, Chauvenet flung open the door and bawled through the house for the innkeeper.

"Horses! Saddle our two horses quick, and get another if you have to steal it!" he screamed. Then he turned into the room to curse Zmai, while Durand with a towel and water sought to ease the ache in the big fellow's head and cleanse his face.

"So that beggarly little servant did it, did he? He stole that paper I had given you, did he? What do you imagine I brought you to this country for if you are to let two stupid fools play with you as though you were a clown?"

The Servian, on his knees before Durand, suffered the torrent of abuse meekly. He was a scoundrel, hired to do murder, and his vilification by an angered employer did not greatly trouble him, particularly since he understood little of Chauvenet's rapid German.

In half an hour Chauvenet was again in a fury, learning at Lamar that the operator had gone down the road twenty miles to a dance and would not be back until morning.

The imperturbable Durand shivered in the night air and prodded Chauvenet with ironies.

"We have no time to lose. That message must go tonight. You may be sure M. Armitage will not send it for us. Come, we've got to go down to Storm Springs."

They rode away in the starlight, leaving the postmaster alarmed and wondering. Chauvenet and Durand were well mounted on horses that Chauvenet had sent into the hills in advance of his own coming. Zmai rode grim and silent on a clumsy plow horse, which was the best the publican could find for him. The knife was not the only weapon he had known in Serbia. He carried a potato sack across his saddle bow. Chauvenet and Durand sent him ahead to set the pace with his inferior mount. They talked together in low tones as they followed.

"He is not so big a fool, this Armitage," remarked Durand. "He is quite deep, in fact. I wish it were he we were trying to establish on a throne and not that pitiful scapegrace in Vienna."

"I gave him his chance down there in the valley, and he laughed at me. It is quite possible that he is not a fool and quite certain that he is not a coward."

"Then he would not be a safe king. Our young friend in Vienna is a good



"Lost! Lost! They're lost!" deal of a fool and altogether a coward. We shall have to provide him with a spine at his coronation."

"If we fail"—began Chauvenet.

"You suggest a fruitful but unpleasant topic. If we fail we shall be fortunate if we reach the hospitable shores of the Argentine for future residence. Paris and Vienna would not know us again. If Winkelried succeeds in Vienna and we lose here, where do we arrive?"

"We arrive quite where Mr. Armitage chooses to land us. He is a gentleman of resources; he has money; he laughs cheerfully at misadventures; he has had you watched by the shrewdest eyes in Europe, and you are considered a hard man to keep track of, my dear Durand. And not least important, he has tonight snatched away that little cablegram that was the signal to Winkelried to go ahead. He is a very annoying and vexatious person, this Armitage. Even Zmai, whose knife made him a terror in Serbia, seems unable to cope with him."

"And the fair daughter of the valley?"

"Fish! We are not discussing the young lady."

"I can understand how unpleasant the subject must be to you, my dear Jules. What do you imagine she knows of M. Armitage? If he is the man we think he is, and a possible heir to a great throne, it would be impossible for her to marry him."

"His tastes are democratic. In Montana he is quite popular."

Durand flung away his cigarette and laughed suddenly.

"Has it occurred to you that this whole affair is decidedly amusing? Here we are in one of the free American states about to turn a card that will dethrone a king if we are lucky. And here is a man we are trying to get out of the way—a man we might make king if he were not a fool! In America! It touches my sense of humor, my dear Jules!"

An exclamation from Zmai arrested them. The Servian jerked up his horse, and they were instantly at his side. They had reached a point near the hunting preserve in the main highway. It was about half past 1 o'clock, an hour at which Virginia mountain roads are usually free of travelers, and they had been sending their horses along as briskly as the uneven roads

and the pace of Zmai's lagging beast permitted.

The beat of a horse's hoofs could be heard quite distinctly in the road ahead of them. The road tended downward, and the strain of the ascent was marked in the approaching animal's walk. In a moment the three men heard the horse's quick snort of satisfaction as it reached level ground. Then, scenting the other animals, it threw up its head and neighed shrilly.

In the dusk of starlight Durand saw Zmai dismount and felt the Servian's big, rough hand touch his in passing the bridle of his horse.

"Wait!" said the Servian.

The horse of the unknown paused, neighed again and refused to go farther. A man's deep voice encouraged him in low tones. The horses of Chauvenet's party danced about restlessly, responsive to the nervousness of the strange beast before them.

"Who goes there?"

The stranger's horse was quiet for an instant, and the rider had forced him so near that the beast's upreared head and the erect shoulders of the horseman were quite clearly defined.

"Who goes there?" shouted the rider, while Chauvenet and Durand bent their eyes toward him, their hands tight on their bridles, and listened, waiting for Zmai. They heard a sudden rush of steps, the impact of his giant body as he flung himself upon the shrinking horse, and then a cry of alarm and rage. Chauvenet slipped down and ran forward with the quick, soft glide of a cat and caught the bridle of the stranger's horse. The horseman struggled in Zmai's great arms, and his beast plunged wildly. No words passed. The rider had kicked his feet out of the stirrups and gripped the horse hard with his legs. His arms were flung up to protect his head, over which Zmai tried to force the sack.

"The knife!" bawled the Servian.

"No!" answered Chauvenet.

"The devil!" yelled the rider, and dug his spurs into the rearing beast's flanks.

Chauvenet held on valiantly with both hands to the horse's head. Once the frightened beast swung him clear of the ground. A few yards distant Durand sat on his own horse and held the bridles of the others. He soothed the restless animals in low tones, the light of his cigarette shaking oddly in the dark with the movement of his lips.

The horse ceased to plunge. Zmai held its rider erect with his left arm while the right drew the sack down over the head and shoulders of the prisoner.

"Tie him," said Chauvenet, and Zmai buckled a strap about the man's arms and bound them tight.

(Continued next Saturday.)

#### CATARRH CANNOT BE CURED

WITH LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Props, Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, price 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

#### SPLENDID SMALL FARM OF TWENTY-FIVE ACRES

Within One Mile of Courthouse, Ocala, Fla., for Sale at a Bargain

Twenty-five acres best hammock land on the lime kiln spur, which affords shipping over the S. A. L. and A. C. L. railroads. One good six-room cottage, with driven or bored well, 75 feet deep, affording an abundance of splendid soft water; 2 good horses; 2 wagons and harness; 2 Jersey cows and calves; 1 Jersey bull and 1 heifer; 150 fine barred rock hens and pullets; 1 new riding cultivator; 1 new two-horse turning plow; 1 disc harrow; 1 hay rake; 1 hay press and 1 shovel drag and 1 single cultivator; 2 acres of oats growing nicely, and the same of ry. Small cane patch; good fowl house and chicken runs; 1 good barn, cow sheds and stables; some hundred budded pecans, fine variety, in grove form and growing nicely. I would like to show you this property at once.

11-30 F. W. DITTO, Ocala, Fla.

#### FLETCHER ON THE BOARD

Of Directors of the Rivers and Harbors Congress

Washington, D. C., Dec. 12.—The Rivers and Harbors Congress yesterday ratified the selection of officers for the coming year. Joseph E. Ransdell, member of Congress from Louisiana, was re-elected president, and J. F. Ellison, of Cincinnati, secretary and treasurer. Among the members of the board of directors is Senator D. U. Fletcher, of Florida.

#### MRS. McRANEY'S EXPERIENCE

Mrs. M. McRaney, Prentiss, Miss., writes: "I was confined to my bed for three months with kidney and bladder trouble, and was treated by two physicians but failed to get relief. No human tongue can tell how I suffered, and I had given up hope of ever getting well until I began taking Foley's Kidney Remedy. After taking two bottles I felt like a new person, and feel it my duty to tell suffering women what Foley's Kidney Remedy did for me." Sold by all druggists.

#### SEWING MACHINE FOR SALE

If you want a new Champion, New Home Sewing Machine, never used, call or write this office and we can give you a big bargain.