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NEW SERIES—VOLUME 7.—NO 18

BRIEF LOCAL NOTES.

Paragraphs of Local and Personal Interest.

Short, Snappy Stories About Matters in Palatka and Putnam County, for Busy Readers.

Rawley M. Flowers spent Sunday in Sanford.

J. M. Cheeser, of Hollister, was in town Friday.

Rev. W. E. Stanton, of San Mateo, was in town Wednesday.

Hon. J. P. Wall was in town Tuesday shaking hands with his friends.

Mrs. Barnett, of Sanford, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Trueman.

Charles Kupperbusch and family returned Friday from their visit to Georgia.

W. T. Weeks, clerk of the circuit court of Bradford county, was in town Friday.

B. E. Morgan has gone to his former home in Georgia to pay a visit to relatives.

Mrs. W. O. Livingston, of Hollister, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. T. W. Ralph.

F. N. Wilson, of the Wilson Cypress Company, left Sunday for a business trip north.

Deputy Sheriff Edward W. Clark, of San Mateo, left Wednesday for a business trip north.

Mrs. L. C. Jones and baby left Monday for a month's visit to relatives in Bowling Green.

The First Florida Regiment is now encamped at Fernandina, having arrived there last Friday.

J. E. Marshall, who has been over to the east coast on professional business, returned home Friday.

F. M. Payson, at the Crescent City mills has just made a shipment north of 10,000 feet of fine quality flooring.

Our entire line of Misses and Children's Strap Slippers and Oxfords are going at cost.

THE S. E. BOND CO.

J. R. Dun has removed to Jacksonville, where he has taken a position with the Cummer Lumber Company.

The schooner Thomas Winsmore, with a cargo of fine lumber for New York, was towed down the river Sunday night.

George L. Fox has moved his fresh-meat market from the opera house block to the Hart block south of the postoffice on Water street.

J. A. Baer was bitten in the leg by a dog while riding his wheel on Lemon street Saturday. Dr. Welch dressed the wound, and no serious results will follow.

Mrs. E. J. Williams and daughters left us this week. They go to Palatka, where, in the absence of Mrs. Cyrus, they will try and keep the good Doctor's spirits up.—San Mateo Item.

Sunday's Times-Union and Citizen says: "Mrs. M. I. Cox and daughter, Miss Rosa, came from Palatka the first of last week to visit her sister, Mrs. Eugenia Piotard, for a short time."

E. T. Keels, of the firm of Keels & Wiley, is in town fitting up the store in the Sampson building. They will soon open a racket store there. Mrs. Keels and the little one are with Mr. Keels. They are at the Morrow House until they can get their house in readiness.—Crescent City Journal.

Steamer Lavinia All Right.

The steamer Lavinia, of the Lucas Line, which has been on the ways for the past several weeks having a new wheel put on, and being otherwise repaired, resumed her run Monday between Palatka and Drayton Island.

Be Patriotic.

We have just received a complete line of patriotic Neckwear for ladies and gentlemen.

THE S. E. BOND CO.

Examination for Cadetship.

The Putnam county competitive examination for state cadetship to the South Florida Military and Educational Institute, will be held in Palatka on next Friday, August 5th, Messrs. E. S. Crill, Joseph Price, and S. J. Hubbard, comprising the examining board.

Applicants for cadetship, both state and pay, shall not be less than fifteen nor more than twenty-five years of age at the time of admission, and not less than five feet in height. They shall be of good moral character, free from contagious diseases, and of a physical conformation and development which will qualify them for military service.

In order to be admitted to competition at this examination applicants must be able to read and write English with facility, but they will only be graded on the branches on which questions are furnished by the superintendent, viz: arithmetic, geography, English grammar, and United States history.

An Attempt at Burglary.

At an early hour on Thursday night of last week a burglar was discovered in the residence of Mrs. Meek. Miss Mila Meek was knocked down but not seriously injured, by the miscreant as he escaped through the door.

A suspicious negro was arrested Friday morning at the depot, but the evidence against him not being sufficient to hold him, he was discharged.

Our citizens had best be careful and take all precautions against burglars, as this is the second attempt within the past few days.

J. R. Duval Dies.

John R. Duval, who attempted to commit suicide about two weeks ago by shooting himself through the head with a revolver, died from the effects of the wound Monday afternoon, at 4 o'clock, at his residence on Reid street. Mr. Duval was 57 years of age.

The funeral took place from the residence Tuesday afternoon, conducted by Rev. Thomas P. Hay, pastor of the Presbyterian church. The pall bearers were: R. J. Adams, Dr. E. S. Crill, George L. Fox, George Weller, Dr. W. H. Rosenburg, Henis Peterman.

A Child Enjoys

The pleasant flavor, gentle action, and soothing effect of Syrup of Figs, when in need of a laxative, and if the father or mother be costive or bilious, the most gratifying results follow its use so that it is the best family remedy known, and every family should have a bottle. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

For Rent.

Cottage conveniently located; five rooms; city water; large yard; cheap. Apply quick at this office.

A Big Order.

The San Mateo Item of last week says: "The Hodges mill at Satsuma sold thirty car loads of slats to the pine apple growers about Eden and Jensen last week. The slats are to be used for making sheds over their pines, and the mill representative told us he had the promise of an order for twenty car loads more. The cold and sun together has demonstrated to the growers down there that it pays to cover the pines."

Spot Cash for Moss.

Highest market price paid for Black and Gray Moss by

JEFFERIES & STEARNS,

Fruitland, Florida.

Write us for information.

For Exchange
Chicago
Improved
Equities

And Clear
Vacant

Well Located and
Put in on a Cash Basis.

Call or address

ROY & THAYER,
PALATKA, FLA.

FROM THE HILLS OF GEORGIA.

MARIETTA, Ga., July 25.

My regular letter was not sent in last week for the very good and sufficient reason that I had nothing to write which would have interested your readers.

But perhaps they would like to hear ("Buckeye" will, anyhow) that I went into Atlanta last Thursday, and had a brief glimpse at the great Confederate re-union. Atlanta has a way of gathering throngs of eager, happy visitors within her hospitable gates, and she was no whit behind on this magnificent occasion. For days, train after train of crowded coaches had rushed through to the capital city, and we were told that it would be impossible to *wink* unless we stood on the edge of the sidewalk and turned our faces to the middle of the street. But it was a thoroughly good natured crowd, and we were fortunate in securing seats, both on the trains and street cars. "We" consisted of five ladies and a little girl. Some of our party suffered a good deal from the heat, but I am such a thorough child of the tropics that I don't care much how hot it gets. The city was gay with flags and bunting; wherever the eye was turned there were the beautiful, glowing colors of our (just now) much-adored flag. Even the electric cars floated a flag from every pole. Along Peachtree street the decorations were gorgeous. On some piazzas were displayed large portraits of our Southland's heroes, Lee, and Davis, and Alex. Stephens, and many others well known to fame and shrined in the hearts of all true southerners, wound about with the flag they loved so well, and fought for so valiantly, and back-grounded or canopied by the beautiful stars and stripes that to-day we are all proud to own as ours. One house had, in giant letters, "U. C. V." outlined on the wall in tiny Confederate flags. But the Capital City Club building was literally smothered in flags from many nations—an enormous British man-of-war flag, the Chinese dragon spitting venom at the world, and many more that my pen can enumerate. General Gordon was the hero of the hour, as usual. He is quite gray, but erect and commanding as of yore, and his voice has lost none of its strength and clearness. His remarks were the only ones we heard although we were present during addresses by Generals S. D. Lee and Evans. The vast auditorium was crammed, and all the old vets exchanging whispered reminiscences, so we could hear but little. There were plenty of scarred old "Confeds" and some battle-tattered flags—remnants left from the awful struggle. But ah! how quickly all that past was forgotten and only the present remembered, when a soldier, young and slender, and browned by the tropic's sun, with slouched hat and leggings, one arm in a sling and some strips of plaster across his cheek, limped slowly through the crowd. "Wounded at Santiago," was whispered from mouth to mouth, as the admiring throng opened a path for the hero of to-day. But what is the use of trying to portray all the little incidents even of these few hours? I had many friends and acquaintances in town both from Florida and South Georgia, but only two was I fortunate enough to meet—both old veterans and Georgians.

To-day I had the pleasure of inspecting one of Georgia's giant peach orchards at the time of picking and packing and shipping the luscious fruit. Every one who knows anything of public affairs in this state, will recognize the name of Judge George Gober, for he is a prominent figure in judicial and political circles. It was to his orchard that my visit was paid. About two miles from town, nestling almost in the shadow of grand, historic old Kennesaw, around whose head the sunlight and shadows are ever playing "tag," lie the great orchard and vineyard, the pride of the Judge's heart. He has sixty thousand peach trees in place, and I could not tell you how many far-stretching vistas of grapes. Down steep hillsides and through dipping dells, on, on we drive amid the just empurpling grapes or the blushing beauty of Georgia's queen of fruits. Wagons are coming and going, bearing away empty baskets to the pickers, or returning with those same baskets filled to the brim. Scores of hands

are busy sorting and packing, piling up and piling on the great covered wagons. Everything is done with a rush, for when the fruit is ready it must go. A constant stream of friends and visitors is pouring in and out, all most cordially welcomed by the genial Judge and his very charming wife, and none are allowed to leave empty-handed. Rushing in and out and through, here, there, and everywhere, we see the Judge himself, smiling and happy as a big school boy out for a holiday. Saturday at noon the clouds threatened, and the fruit was "just right," so a day's full pay was offered to every worker who would stay at his post Saturday afternoon. Through the pouring rain they all worked on—His Honor in with the rest—and a car load was gotten off in good shape. Two car loads will be to-day's record. I wanted to get a little more information on the subject, but the Judge is not still long enough to ask him more than one question. (I couldn't catch him by the coat tails, for he had on no coat.)

The editor is doubtless grinding his teeth, and wishing he was not too poor to buy another waste basket.

So, (to be "in the swim")
"Adios; mis amigos."

HUNTRESS.

Harry Teasdale Drowned.

The Jacksonville Metropolis of last Friday contained the following account of the drowning of Hal Teasdale in that city. The unfortunate youth was well known in Palatka, and many of his relatives reside here:

"Harry Teasdale, the 14 year old son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Teasdale, fell from the dock of the Clyde river line, at the foot of Laura street, to-day, about one o'clock, and was drowned.

"Harry, in company with Frank Rhodes, son of Captain J. F. Rhodes, was engaged in crabbing at the end of the dock, and while attempting to use his scoop net he leaned too far over the water, lost his balance, and fell in. He was a good swimmer, and as he did not rise after falling in, it is supposed that he struck some sunken piling which rendered him unconscious, and he sank immediately."

The body was found about thirty minutes after the drowning.

The Best Prescription for Chills
Fid fever is a bottle of Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic. Never fails to cure; then why experiment with worthless imitations? Price 50c. July 17

Palatka's Good Luck.

The Titusville Advocate says: "The old mill of the Wilson Cypress Company, of Palatka, will shortly be torn away, and a much larger structure of double the capacity of the present plant will be built. Captain Will Boyd will commence driving the piling for the foundation of the new mill. It is a lucky thing for Palatka that such energetic business men as Messrs. Wilson and Seiden settled in their town. Wish they had come to Titusville with their several hundred employees.

Shelter for Tobacco.

The tobacco growing under shelter on the Flagler grove is as fine as they make it. The leaves are silky and the plants are free from worms. With the duty off of Havana tobacco the Florida growers will have to make a specialty of a wrapper leaf, and to get it the tobacco will be grown under shelter or partial shade. The tobacco growers will come to this as the pineapple growers are coming to it for pineapples.—San Mateo Item.

Meets Your Needs.

When you feel tired, languid, nervous and are troubled with pimples and eruptions, you will find Hood's Sarsaparilla exactly meets your needs. It purifies and enriches the blood and imparts to it the qualities needed to tone the nerves and nourish the whole system. It cures all blood humors.

HOOD'S PILLS cure sick headache, Nausea, biliousness and all liver ills. Price 25 cents.

At Your Own Price.

Ladies' Oxfords and Strap Slippers must be sold. Come and get a pair at your own price.

THE S. E. BOND CO

Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.



OUR COUNTY EDITORS

POMONA.

POMONA, July 26.

Mrs. W. E. Hobbs was expected to arrive in town last Saturday night from Whitefield, N. H., where she has been the past year.

Mr. H. A. Curtis has returned to Palatka, after a two weeks illness at home.

Mr. and Mrs. Strickland have rented the house belonging to Mrs. Barlow, and are keeping house.

Miss Sallie Warren, of Palatka, is on a visit to friends in Sisco and Pomona.

Mrs. Squire and two sons, Roy and Stanley, leave our midst to-day for Rockford, Illinois, where they will be with relatives. It is possible that after some time they may go to Arizona with some relatives who are seeking better health.

We regret their leaving us, and this community will feel the loss of a good Christian family. It is with much sorrow that Mrs. Squire departs, leaving all her kind friends, but feeling that it is for the best. We wish them all a safe journey, and a hearty welcome by their friends and relatives.

YANKEE GIRL.

WELAKA.

WELAKA, July 26.

Our popular druggist, F. E. Reeder, has gone to Pablo Beach for a week's salt water recreation. The drug and postoffice business is cared for during his absence by Miss Lillie Morris, assisted by Lotie McTough, and all matters seem to run smoothly.

The V. I. A. are now taking hold of the sulphur spring and will greatly improve the bath house and spring, and intend making it a pleasant place. The spring has many natural advantages.

Mr. and Mrs. Gages leave this week for Asheville, N. C., for a prolonged stay at that well-known, delightful place. We wish them a pleasant time and safe return.

A blacksmith and wheelwright shop is being erected here by Mr. West, an old and reliable hand at the business. We have felt the need of such an enterprise a long time, and all should give him full patronage.

Mr. Reynolds received a telegram from Guy, who is with the First Florida Regiment, to the effect that he would pass through Palatka, en route for Fernandina, and Mrs. Reynolds and Nima went down to see him, and returned much disappointed, as they found that the regiment had gone via the F. C. & P. railroad. They saw one of the Michigan regiments, however, and so were partially repaid for the trip.

We shall look with interest for letters from "Huntress" in her hilly home at Marietta, Ga.

As the sea coast is getting to be a great resort for people living in the interior, I take the liberty to say that along the whole Atlantic coast no place excels Ormond and vicinity. The view is fine, a wide beach, and safest of bathing—no under current to endanger life as at many places. The Coquina Hotel is on the bluff right at the beach. It is a spacious building, with broad verandas fronting the ocean. There are lots of bathing suits, and the bath room and table are all that could be desired. The rates are reasonable. The house is presided over by Mrs. Vance, who makes everything pleasant for her guests.

BUCKEYE.