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NEW SERIES—VOLUME 7.—No. 2²

BRIEF LOCAL NOTES.

Paragraphs of Local and Personal Interest.

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

Prof. O. L. Strickland, of Etouah, was in town Saturday, and made a very pleasant call at this office. The Professor is always a welcome visitor.

Dr. and Mrs. E. E. Jenkins have returned from a visit of several weeks to Summer Haven, where they report having had a pleasant stay.

The precinct registration officers of the county were in the city Monday to receive the necessary blanks, instructions, and registration books.

Mrs. Joseph R. Dunn and children, who have been visiting the family of Dr. W. H. Rosenberg for the past week, returned to Jacksonville Tuesday morning.

The steamer Putnam is taking the run of the steamer Alice M. on the Palatka and Picolata route, while the latter is undergoing repairs at Boyd's marine railway.

Captain J. E. Lucas came in from Savannah Monday. He will bring the steamer Eulalia here about the first of September, to resume her runs on the St. Johns river.

We are sorry to learn that Mrs. B. P. Calhoun sustained painful injuries by a fall at her home on the Heights last week Thursday. She is getting along nicely, however.

The steamer Santee arrived Friday night from Savannah, and took on a cargo of turpentine barrels from the Monarch Cooperage Company for Johnson, Rose & Co., at Padgett.

Howell A. Davis and Jesse E. Burtz (Burtz is the man who never sleeps at night—etc., etc.) left Wednesday morning for a three weeks' visit to New York. They went via Clyde line.

Messrs. Bolinger and Harrison, who were appointed a committee to make the trip overland between Palatka and Summer Haven in the interest of the proposed bicycle path, left Saturday and returned Tuesday.

Charles Reed, the negro charged with assault with intent to murder, was up before Justice Rowton for examination Monday, and was bound over in a bond of \$500 to appear at next term of court. In default he was sent back to jail.

Our esteemed friend, John P. Wall, of Putnam Hall, was in town Monday shaking hands with his host of friends. "Wahoo" always meets with a warm welcome wherever he goes, for he counts his friends by the hundred.

H. A. B. McKenzie arrived Saturday from Valdosta, Ga., and spent the day here. He went to Fruitland Saturday night, and passed through Palatka on his return to Valdosta Tuesday. He reports his family enjoying good health.

The Junior Whist Club was entertained Friday evening by Miss Virgie Crutchfield at the hospitable home of her parents on the Heights. Elegant refreshments were served, and all who were present spent a most pleasant evening.

One of the elders informed us that there were seventeen Mormon Sunday schools and seven church organizations in Florida. Some of these organizations have church buildings. There is some talk of establishing a church here or in Denver, when enough members are secured.—Crescent City Philosopher.

W. L. Riles, who was formerly connected with the jewelry establishment of R. J. Riles in this city, and who is now living near Hawthorne where he is farming, was in the city Monday, and called on THE TIMES-HERALD to have his name added to our rapidly growing subscription list. Mr. Riles is looking well, and to all appearances farm life agrees with him.

Fun in the Woods.

Louis Bohlen, a young and popular gentleman in the employ of Kanbe, of this city, obtained a leave of absence for a few days last week with a view to finding some recreation. He did not go to the sea shore, where cooling breezes blow and the murmuring waters speak of the majesty of the mighty deep, but hid himself to the weird beauty of tangled thickets and hammocks that fringe either shore of cotten branch on the east side of the St. Johns river, about fifteen miles from Palatka. The thickets that line this stream have been memorable as the scene where hundreds of deer and wild turkeys have shut their eyes in death at the crack of the hunters' rifle. The bordering country is settled up a class of happy and contented citizens, whose hospitality is only limited by the wants of the stranger who seeks food or shelter. Reared amid nature's matchless beauties, thrilled from childhood with the music of her blended melodies, that her men should be Democrats and her women lovely, is a sequence that is just as natural as that water will find its way to a dairyman's milk can. The following well known sportsmen made up the company of visitors: Louis Bohlen, Hamp. Moody, W. Thigpen, D. Futch, H. H. Futch, and Mr. Futch the veteran hunter and father of D. and H. H. No better selection could be made out of the entire citizenship of the county for a pleasant outing, and a successful hunt. Every one except Mr. Bohlen are children of the woods—men whose long training qualified them as expert guides to the fountains of fun and the abiding place of game. The first evening was spent in one of those old-fashioned country dances. The fair ladies of the community were present, the tuneful strings of the violin awoke the richest melodies. When the old tune of "Fishers hornpipe" and "I am swinging in the lane" was struck up, no one seemed to enter so fully into the enjoyment of the dance as young Mr. Bohlen. He appeared like a duke from the lands of the distant Rhine. The ball room glowed with a scene of personal beauty outrivaling in its wealth of natural loveliness the Parisian halls, where artificial aid is invoked to overcome the defect of nature.

The next day the hunters entered the silent stillness of the distant thickets. The trained dogs were turned loose. Soon the crashing sounds of the bush mingled with the wild yelp of the dogs, and were followed by the shots of the deadly guns. The sounds that broke over the thicket were a faint whisper of the sounds that shook the heights of El Cansy near Santiago when Shafter's gallant men struck the first blow for the freedom of the Antilles. The result of the day's hunt was five deer—a success that was heightened by the fact that Mr. Bohlen, Germany's representative, brought down one of them. He brought to his friends in Palatka the trophy of his success. As he walked by Lemon street there streamed from his Manila hat the white plume lowered by the bounding deer in response to the sound of his deadly gun. The success of his first endeavor has given him an elevation far above his fellows, and there is no doubt of his being a member of our aldermanic board at the next city election. Every one now takes off his hat, and says "hurrah for Bohlen."

He eats heartily in the hottest weather who uses Prickly Ash Bitters. It keeps his stomach, liver, and bowels in perfect order. Sold by Ackerman & Stewart.

For Exchange

Cornet business block on prominent business corner in Orlando. Palatka property preferred.
Two clear Chicago lots. Make offer.
Other properties for exchange. What have you?

ROY & THAYER,
PALATKA, FLA.

BRIEF PENCILINGS.

Frank Wattles spent Sunday in Fernandina.

E. L. Howard, of Hastings, spent Monday in town.

Capt. W. M. Husson spent Sunday with his family here.

T. B. Anderson and Mayor Gay spent Sunday in Jacksonville.

A. Usina returned Saturday from a week's stay at Daytona.

Wm. Ryan, of Interlachen, was in the city Monday on business.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Miller, on Thursday, August 18th, a daughter.

Mrs. L. A. Smith, of Sanford, is visiting the family of Charles Kupperbusch.

J. W. Conway, of Harlem, was in the city yesterday, and made us a pleasant call.

Messrs. G. M. Davis & Son shipped 41 cedar logs via the steamer Day last week.

Syd. J. Smith left last week for a three weeks' visit to his old home in Cincinnati, Ohio.

J. W. Conway and John Minton, Jr., of Harlem, are off a deer hunt around Hastings.

The Wilson Cypress Co. received a carload of machinery Saturday for their new mill.

Two marriage licenses, both colored, were issued Saturday by the county judge.

Thomas Livingston is running as express messenger between this city and Gainesville.

The Misses Holloway, of Etouah, were in town Saturday on a shopping expedition.

Miss Ethel Priddy returned Monday from a two week's visit to friends in Jacksonville.

Rev. Mr. Payne, of Daytona, and Pastor Mabrey, of this city, exchanged pulpits Sunday.

The steamer Crescent carried a large party of colored excursionists to Jacksonville Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Stewart went to Fernandina Saturday and took a look at the soldier boys.

J. N. Walton has returned from a stay of several weeks at Summer Haven, and is looking well.

Mrs. J. W. Conway and children, of Harlem, are visiting Mrs. Conway's mother in Hastings.

C. K. Merritt, the able representative of the Times-Union and Citizen, spent Saturday in town.

Louis Bale and bride returned home Tuesday evening from their wedding trip to the sea shore.

The schooner Edna left for Baltimore Saturday night with a cargo of shingles from Tilghman & Sons' mill.

Mrs. F. Wertz Gray and son, of Jacksonville, are visiting the family of Mrs. H. A. Gray, on Second street.

Misses Louise and Ethel Mahone, of Valdosta, Ga., are visiting Mrs. B. T. Flowers and family, on Lemon street.

We are glad to see M. J. Murphy out again, after a sickness of about two weeks. He had quite a tough time of it.

Judge E. E. Haskell and Dr. W. H. Cyrus attended the masonic meeting in Jacksonville last week, returning home Saturday.

The three-masted schooner Nellie Floyd arrived in port Sunday night, and is taking on a cargo of cypress lumber from Wilson's mills.

The schooner Robt. W. Dasey sailed from New York on the 12th inst. for Palatka, with a cargo of merchandise or W. A. Merryday.

The local Temple of the Order of United Moots will hold its regular meeting next Monday night, at 7:30. W. H. Blue, the Supreme Organizer, will be here to exemplify the work in the degrees of Junior and Senior Moot. All members of the order are requested to be present.

THAT POOR LITTLE SNAKE.

Commotion Created by One Which Innocently Mistook Palatka for the Garden of Eden.

Yes, it was a snake, a real sure-enough snake, there is no question about that; and it was killed, there is no doubt on that point; but *who* killed it is the question that has been stirring Palatka from hub to rim for the past two weeks or more. Credit for the heroic deed has been lavishly heaped upon the head of more than one youthful brave by respective admirers, especially among the feminine gender, for they have never forgotten that apple tree. The idea that this descendant from the Garden of Eden should have the audacity to enter the sacred precincts of this sacred city, and essay to repeat the lesson of so long ago, is beyond the comprehension even of the snake editor. Now, this snake was not a large one; it was neither a boa constrictor nor an anaconda; neither a viper nor an adder; just a common native Floridian. Yet here it was, and that, too, on Lemon street, the busiest thoroughfare of this metropolis, in direct violation of law and order in general, and the ordinances of Palatka in particular (for does not the law require that all snakes when on exhibition must be either in boots or bottles, or have their bicycle lamps lighted?) Now, we all know that these enemies of St. Patrick have no rights whatever that the descendants of Adam are bound to respect. To all appearances this representative of his Satanic majesty was viewing the landscape o'er that so charms the eye of every passer by in the immediate vicinity of Murray's meat market and the fruit stand of the widow Flowers. The presence of the intruder was first noticed by a bevy of those charming daughters of Eve, known in these latter days as girls on wheels. The effect produced upon these living pictures of loveliness can be imagined by calling to mind the traditional fondness which they are known to have for mice. There was a shrill little squeal in concern, and then a promiscuous scattering without the formality of ocular leave-taking. One little bunch of sweetness fairly roasted the atmosphere in her effort to reach Second street in safety; another transformed her handle bars into a trapeze, and did the flying act as graceful as a cow; which a third tried to climb into the second story window of the opera house, and never stopped until she struck an awning post and an attitude in quick succession. Of course, all this couldn't happen without attracting the attention of gentlemanly admirers, and they began to assemble from near and from far. First to appear on the scene was Brother Reed, the colored professor of theology and sciences. He failed to take in the situation, but he saw the snake and slid out into the street like a streak of greased lightning through a dose of castor oil. Oh, no! no snakes for him, thank you! About this time Lieutenant Burtz, the printer man who never sleeps, came tearing along on his wheel like Satan with a toothache. He, too, saw the cause of the commotion, and, being a military man, simply said "gee, what a snake," and instantly deployed column until his right rested on a piece of board said to be six or eight feet long, and, surrounding the enemy, at once opened the attack on both flanks and center. The engagement was of short duration, and the enemy was left dead on the field of action. While explaining his brilliant victory to the crowd of two or three which had assembled, along came Captain John Smith (not the one Pocahontas failed to kill but the other one). He was in a meditative mood—might have been thinking over his Sunday school lesson—but no sooner did he catch sight of that snake than he said something out loud, and started heavenward before he had time to think which way he was going. As soon as he could take a sober second thought, he gathered up a section of a ten-foot pole and lambasted that poor snake so unmercifully as to forever bar him from the presidency of S. P. C. A. Of course, Lieut. Burtz knows that he killed that snake, and is willing to bet a coon skin against any odds on it, while Capt. Smith is just as positive



that he killed it, and is willing to bet two coon skins. Well, that's all right, but from information we have, we are of the opinion that neither of the illustrious gentlemen will be knighted for gallantry just yet, for the reason that the snake was dead long before either of them saw it. It was placed in position for the "amusement" of passers by, and we are muchly of the opinion that it amused.

Fortify the body to resist malarial germs by putting the system in perfect order. Prickly Ash Bitters is a wonderful system regulator.

Sold by Ackerman & Stewart.

Literary Keepsake.
Soon after the peace protocol between the United States and Spain was signed Master Rolland R. Keating, of this city, conceived the idea that he would like to have the autographs of the signers, and wrote to the gentlemen, making known his desires. A few days ago he was gratified to receive the signature of both the signers—William R. Day, for the United States, and Jules Cambon, the French Ambassador, for Spain.

The envelope containing the latter had the following card on upper left-hand corner: "Ambassade De France Aux Etats-Unis," and the autograph reads: "M. Jules Cambon, Ambassadeur de la Republique Francaise, Washington, 17 Avut., 1898." Young Mr. Keating naturally feels proud of these keepsake mementos of the war and peace of 1898.

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

The Order of United Moots
Is a fraternal benedictory order which pays its members \$10 per week during sickness, and \$20 per month for ten years in case of permanent disability; and in old age, dating from the 75th birthday, a pension of \$20 per month for ten years. At the death of a member his beneficiaries are paid \$75 for funeral expenses and a pension of \$30 per month thereafter for a period of ten years. This plan of paying by monthly payments is recognized to be the best and safest way of leaving support for one's family, because it cannot be lost or stolen as is too often the case when the entire sum is paid at death. It also enables the Order to meet its obligations at all times without extra assessments, and failure is impossible. There are two degrees, and the fee for each is \$5. The dues are as follows:

Subordinate Temple dues, not to exceed 25c per month, and Supreme Temple dues according to the following table of rates:	
21 to 30 years of age,	\$1 00 per month
30 to 35 "	" 1 25 "
35 to 40 "	" 1 50 "
40 to 45 "	" 1 75 "
45 to 50 "	" 2 00 "
50 to 60 "	" 2 50 "

The dues remain the same as long as the member remains in the Order.

A person qualified to be a member of this Order must be a white man between the ages of 21 and 60 years, of good moral character, of sound physical and mental condition, and capable of earning a living for himself and family.

For further information apply to any member of the Order in Palatka, or to W. H. Blue, Supreme Organizer, St. Augustine, Fla.