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..Garden Seeds..

ACKERMAN & STEWART.

MRS. BLOCHER

35 Lemon Street.

MILLINERY

Stamped Goods,
 Embroidery Silks,
 Ladies' Shirt Waists,
 Dress Skirts,

Men's Furnishings,

Dry Goods and Notions, Shoes and Hosiery,
 R. & G. Corsets, Parasols and Umbrellas.

Men's and Boys' Hats,
 Boys' Waists and Pants.

THE C. B. ROGERS CO.,

IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE GROCERS.

Provisions, Grain, Hay, Flour, Meal, Grits, Etc.

Sole Agents for
 Fairbank Canning Co.
 Lion Brand Canned Meats.

OUR BUSINESS CONFINED TO
 THE TRADE ONLY. ORDERS
 FROM CONSUMERS NEITHER
 SOLICITED NOR DESIRED.

Quotations Made Promptly on Application.

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JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA.



Safety Comfort! Quick Time! Low Rates.

Finest Cuisine and Service
 The Fleet is composed of the following Handsome Steel Steamers:
COMMANCHE (new), **ALGONQUIN**, **IROQUOIS**, **CHEROKEE**, **SEMINOLE**
NORTH-BOUND.
 Steamers are appointed to sail according to the tide.
 From JACKSONVILLE, FLA., (calling at Charleston) Sundays, Tuesdays and Thursdays.
 From CHARLESTON, S. C., Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.
 For hour of sailing, see "Clyde Line" Schedule, or Jacksonville and Charleston daily papers.
SOUTH-BOUND.
 Steamers are appointed to sail from Pier 20, East River, New York, at 3 p. m., as follows:
 For CHARLESTON, S. C., Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.
 For JACKSONVILLE, FLA., (calling at Charleston) Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

Clyde New England and Southern Lines--Free only
 (Calling at Charleston, S. C., both ways)
STEAMERS APPOINTED TO SAIL AS FOLLOWS:

From Foot of Hogan Street, Jacksonville
TURSDAYS.
 From Lewis Street, Boston,
FRIDAYS.

CLYDE'S ST. JOHNS RIVER LINE.
 (THE BARY LINE.)
 For Jacksonville, Palatka, Sanfor J. Enterprise
 And Intermediate Points on the St. Johns
 Steamer **HARRY G. DAY.**
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 Leaves Jacksonville..... Tuesdays and Saturdays at 5:00 p. m.
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OUR EASTERN PROBLEM

The Philippine Elephant as Seen Through American Eyes.

SOME FACTS OF PRESENT VALUE.

The Problem of Governing the Islands. Unconquerable Savages and Races of Dwarfs—A Despotism but Kindly Form of Government Is Said to Be Needed. Many Deaths From Smallpox and Fevers—Living and Wages in Manila. Terrible Typhoons—No Place For Americans.

The only book on the Philippines by an American is "Yesterdays In the Philippines," by Joseph Earle Stevens. Mr. Stevens went to Manila from Boston in 1898 for Messrs. Henry W. Peabody & Co., in the interest of their hemp business, and remained two years. His book is rather light and sketchy, but he was evidently a shrewd observer, and many of his facts and impressions have a present value. In his introduction he asks:

"Now that the Philippines are ours do we want them? Do we want a group of 1,400 islands nearly 8,000 miles from our western shores, sweltering in the tropics, swept with typhoons and shaken with earthquakes? Do we want to undertake the responsibility of protecting those islands from the powers in Europe or the east and of standing sponsor for the nearly 8,000,000 native inhabitants that speak a score of different tongues and live on anything from rice to stewed grasshoppers? Do we want the task of civilizing this race, of opening up the jungle, of setting up officials in frontier, out of the way towns, who won't have been there a month before they will wish to return?"

"Can we run them? The Philippines are hard material with which to make our first colonial experiment and seem to demand a different sort of treatment from that which our national policy favors or has had experience in giving. Besides the peaceable natives occupying the accessible towns the interiors of many of the islands are filled with aboriginal savages who have never even recognized the rule of Spain who have never even heard of Spain and who still think they are possessors of the soil. Even on the coast itself are tribes of savages who are almost as ignorant as their brethren in the interior, and only 30 miles from Manila are races of dwarfs that go without clothes, wear knee bracelets of horsehair and respect nothing save the jungles in which they live.

"To the north are the Igorrotes, to the south the Moros and in between scores of wild tribes that are ready to dispute possession. And is the United States prepared to maintain the forces and carry on the military operations in the fever stricken jungles necessary in the march of progress to exterminate or civilize such races? Have we, like England, for instance, the class of troops who could undertake that sort of work, and do we feel called upon to do it, when the same expenditure at home would go so much further?"

"The Philippines must be run under a despotic though kindly form of government, supported by arms and armaments, and to deal with the perplexing questions and perplexing difficulties that arise needs knowledge gained by experience by having dealt with other such problems before."

Commenting on health conditions, Mr. Stevens writes:

"I see by the papers that there are at least two cases of smallpox in Boston, that everybody is alarmed and hundreds are getting vaccinated. Curious state of affairs, isn't it, when every day out here you see small children running around in the streets covered with evidences of this disease? Nobody thinks anything about smallpox in Manila, and one ceases to notice it if a Philippine mamma sits opposite you in the tram-car holding in her lap a scantily clothed child whose swarthy hide is illuminated with those unmistakable markings. Some weeks ago there were even 400 deaths a week in Manila from this disease alone, and from the way in which the afflicted mix with the hale and hearty you can only wonder that there were not 4,000.

"Besides smallpox, then, fever is about the greatest enemy, and certain types of the malarial variety seem so common that the sufferers from them often walk into the club, drop into a chair and say: 'Got the fever again. Means another lay off.' If they can keep about, the old staggers never give up, but novices buy thermometers and cracked ice, and either go through a terrific siege, like my friend whose eight weeks' struggle shrunk his head so that in convalescence his hat touched his ears or escape with a week's initiation Typhoid seems also common, and there is generally one member of the colony, for whom the rest are anxious, stretched out in ice baths and wishing he had never seen the Philippines.

"Manila fare, like Manila life, is not unwholesome, but it lacks variety, and one rather tires now and then of soap, chicken, beefsteak and toothpicks—four

staples. Our house is a good one, with all the comforts of home, and is surrounded by an acre or two of land. We have stables for our horses and out-buildings for the families of our servants. At the end of the month all the expenditures for house rent, food, wages, light and sundries are posted together and divided by three, and with everything included my monthly share comes to 29 gold dollars—less than one of our American cart wheels per diem.

"The other morning began the first real storm of the rainy season, and we came very near having a bad typhoon, but some one turned the switch and it whirled up the back coast on the Pacific side and crossed through a notch in the mountains some distance to the north of Manila, giving the city only four days of monstrous winds and floods of rain. The streets were two feet deep with water in the business section, and down at our house by the sea the wind blew so hard that it carried the tin from our roof off to visit the next suburb.

"A month or two later came the 'real article,' one of the most terrific blowings I have ever felt. Down came all the wires in the main street, over went half a dozen houses to one side of us, and kerplunk! broke off some venerable trees. After the typhoon came the floods, and the old Pasig covered the adjacent country. The water concealed the road to the up town club at Nagtajan under a depth of several feet, and one could without difficulty row into the billiard room or play water polo in the bowling alley. Two of my friends were nearly drowned by trying to drive when they should have swum or gone by boat. The pony walked off with their carriage into a ricefield in the darkness and was drowned in more than eight feet of water.

"For years now Spain has sent men and gunboats down to Mindanao to wipe out the savages and bring the island under complete subjection, but without avail. Young boys from the north have been drafted into native regiments to go south on this fatal errand. The prisons of Manila have been emptied and the convicts, armed with bolos or meat choppers, have followed their more righteous brethren to the front. Well trained native troops have gone there. Spanish troops have gone. Officers have tried it, but to no end. If in the storming of some Morro stronghold a dozen miles back inland from the beach the convicts in the front rank were cut to pieces by the enemy, it was of no importance. If the drafted youths were slaughtered, there were more at home. If the native troops failed to carry the charge, things began to look serious. But if the Spanish companies were touched it was time to flee.

"Such have been the tactics in this great graveyard, and where the Morros lost the day fever stepped in and won. The towns along the coast are Spain's, but the interior still swarms with savages, who are there to dispute her advance and are daily tramping over the graves of many of her soldiers."

At the conclusion of this book the author says:

"I am glad to have been here these two years nearly, but it is time to thicken up one's blood again in cooler climes, and I feel these fair islands are no place for the permanent residence of an American. We seem to be like fish out of water here in the far east and as few in numbers. The Englishman and the German are everywhere, and why shouldn't they be? Their home roosts are too small for them to perch upon, and they are born with the instinct to fly from their nests to some foreign land. But America is so big that we ought not to feel called upon to swelter in the tropics amid the fevers and the ferns, and I for one am content to 'keep off the grass' of these distant foreign colonies."—New York World.

Conditions of Surrender.

General Merritt Saturday cabled the war department the terms of capitulation of Manila. There was considerable difference of opinion as to the exact meaning of the conditions, but Washington officials construed the language to embrace all Spanish possessions in the Philippines.

Cable to Manila Reopened.

The cable to Manila was reopened Saturday and General Merritt, in one of the first messages sent over the line, announced the arrival there of two more transports with United States troops.

Congratulated by McKinley.

President McKinley Sunday cabled to Admiral Dewey and General Merritt his and the nation's congratulations upon their capture of Manila.

Troops Sail For Manila.

The transport Arizona, with General Merriam and about 1,800 troops, sailed from San Francisco Sunday for Manila.

Captain Sigbee Promoted.

The president Monday promoted Captain Charles I. Sigbee of the ill-fated Maine by advancing him 3 numbers for "extraordinary heroism."

Spanish Vessels Admitted.

The secretary of the treasury decided Monday that Spanish vessels could enter, load and clear at ports in the United States.

America's Greatest Medicine is

Hood's Sarsaparilla,
 Which absolutely
 Cures every form of
 Impure blood, from
 The pimple on your
 Face to the great
 Scrofula sore which
 Drains your system.
 Thousands of people
 Testify that Hood's
 Sarsaparilla cures
 Scrofula, Salt Rheum,
 Dyspepsia, Malaria,
 Catarrh, Rheumatism
 And That Tired
 Feeling. Remember this
 And get Hood's
 And only Hood's.

AN EASY WALK INTO MANILA.

Naval Officer Says Troops Took It as Calmly as if Going to Dinner.

An American naval officer who recently arrived from Manila on the Zafiro gives the following story of the capture:

"The Americans practically walked into Manila on Saturday. Any story of the Spaniards making a desperate resistance is untrue. Their defense was a mere sham, a formality. All operations were confined to the south side of the city. There the Spaniards had two lines of defenses, the first a trench running parallel with Malate river. Behind this was the Malate fort, with a trench running from one side down to the beach. A sand bag intrenchment extended from the other side into the shrubbery. The American trenches on the other side of the river were parallel with the Spanish. After the ships had shelled the trenches and the fort for half an hour, almost knocking them to pieces, General Anderson signalled to cease firing.

"The troops then waded across the river, walked up the beach as if going to dinner, meeting practically no opposition and took the first trench. The Spaniards retired into the second line. The ships shelled this for a quarter of an hour more. The Spaniards did little shooting, and then retired into the walled city, while the Americans walked on into the fort and the second trenches. A few minutes later a white flag was raised, and the fleet moved over toward the old city. The American troops marched on, leaving squads here and there along the route. When the ships reached the city, they found a launch waiting with a white flag raised. All was over."—New York Journal.

Comrades of the Klondike.

Have you, too, banged at the Chilkoot. That storm locked gate to the golden door? These thunder built steep have words built to suit, And whether you prayed or whether you swore "Twere one where it seemed that an oath were a prayer— Seemed that God couldn't care, Seemed that God wasn't there!

Have you, too, climbed to the Klondike? Hasn't talked as a friend to the five horned stars? With muckline shoon and with talspike Has bared gray head to the golden bars— Those heaven built bars—when morning is born? Has drunk with maiden morn From Klondike's golden horn?

Get read, low voiced, by the north lights Such sermons as never men say? Has sat and sat with the midnight That sit and that sit all day? Has heard the iceberg's boom on boom? Has heard the silence, the room, The glory of God, the gloom?

Then come to my sunland, my soldier— Aye, come to my heart, and to stay! For better crusader or bolder Bared never breast to the fray.

And whether you prayed or whether you cursed You dared the best—and worst— That ever brave man dared! —Joaquin Miller in San Francisco Examiner.

Paris Boys In a Mimic Fight.

In the midst of the heavy rain which fell the other morning groups of the street boys in a working class district of Paris organized a mimic fight between themselves, some representing Americans and others Spaniards. The fight was conducted in a mild manner for some time, only fists and sticks being used, but as the combatants became excited they attacked one another in a very serious manner. A barricade was erected by the so called Spaniards, who began to fire volleys of stones and to rain brickbats on the imaginary Americans. A few pistol shots were also heard, and at last the police saw that it was time to interfere. A dozen or so of the youths on both sides went home seriously maimed.—London Telegraph.

Just One of Them.

One of Missouri's contributions available for war is 1,000,000 pounds of freshly mined lead each week.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.