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**A PRACTICAL  
LOVE AFFAIR**

[Original.]

They met at a church sociable. He was a bachelor of thirty-eight, she had passed thirty. Both were independent characters, and both lived alone. They fell to talking about their respective homes.

"Mine," she said, "is a story and a half, painted white, with green blinds."

"Mine," he said, "is a story and a half, lead color, with dark brown blinds."

"I wouldn't like that at all. It must be horrid."

"White soon becomes dingy."

"I have the coziest corner in my sitting room you ever saw. The house forns an angle right there."

"There are no angles in my walls. They're perfectly plain."

"I don't see how you make them look attractive. You should see my dining room. There is another jog there just big enough to take in the sideboard."

"My sideboard doesn't need any jog."

"I know that if you should see my house you would admit that a woman is better fitted to construct a home than a man. You must come and see it."

"Thank you, I will with pleasure."

It was several weeks before he called. He did not care to have her think that he took much interest in seeing her home. Her doorbell was out of order, and he had to ring several times before there was any response.

"Come in," she said, "I'll show you how a woman can decorate a house."

"She may decorate it, but she can't keep it in order. She needs a man for that."

"What do you mean?" she said.

"My front doorbell is never out of order, because I fix it as soon as it shows signs of weakness."

"Oh, that's a man's work!"

"It's part of keeping a home."

"This is my living room with the cozy corner I told you about, and in here is the dining room facing the east, so that I get the sun in the morning."

"But you have it dark at supper time. I prefer my sun late in the day."

"Oh, you do! In the morning you don't get it all the year round. In the evening in winter you don't get it after half past 4."

"I notice you have two chairs at your table. I thought you lived alone."

A shadow passed over her face, the first he had seen there. "My mother used to sit at that end of the table."

"I have only one chair at my table," he said sadly. "It never occurred to me to leave my sister's chair at her place after she died."

There was sympathy in this, and it served to allay that centrifugal force which had thus far been driving them apart. After that he called several times, showing he appreciated the coziness of her house. Then he said: "You must come and see my house. Come Saturday afternoon. I'll have my aunt there. I'll show you what a man can do at making a home."

"I'll see about it," she said, which meant that she would.

On Saturday she appeared and was received by the aunt.

"My nephew thinks he has a very comfortable home here. The foolish fellow doesn't seem to understand that it takes a woman to make a house look cheery."

He came downstairs, catching his heel in a rent in the stair carpet and nearly losing his balance.

"I told that confounded woman who comes around once a month to do my

fixing to sew up that stair carpet," he growled as he led the way into his living room. The aunt retreated, leaving them to fight out the question as to which had the better house.

"Don't you think it a pretty outlook from that window?" he asked.

"I can't see the outlook for something there is on the glass."

He went to the window and rubbed the pane with his finger.

"I pay \$6 a month to have these windows kept clean, and that's the return I get."

"Then you pay at least double what it's worth to have the work done properly."

They passed into the dining room. He saw her cast an eye up at a corner in the ceiling. On her lips was a smile, a smile of sarcasm. He followed her eye, but saw nothing peculiar.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Cobweb."

"This wall and ceiling were gone over not two months ago."

"What a waste of time to do it so often! The cleaner must have 'gone over' the cobweb without seeing it."

Somewhat his fighting strength had gone out of him. He felt that her spick and span cottage was far ahead of his ragged and dirty one.

"I tell you what we do," he said, with a lugubrious smile. "Suppose I do your fixing of doorbells, fences and such like work in consideration of your superintending my window washing, carpet cleaning, mending and other things that a man can't do."

"Oh, our houses are too far apart. One must be on the ground to attend to anything properly."

"Why not dispense with one of the houses. One is big enough for us both."

They were standing together, and he slipped his arm around her waist.

She promised to think it over, and they separated.

She consented. They were engaged several days before they took up the matter as to which of their houses they should live in. The woman said they would live in hers, of course. It was in perfect order. The man said his could be put in order. This renewed the contest that they supposed had been happily settled. The bargain was broken off, but the man's home never looked the same to him again. In time he gave in. HELEN V. TURNER.

**Too Much For Him.**  
Breezy—Why did you resign from the Don't Worry club? Easy—I discovered that the way the rest of them got out of worrying was by telling all their troubles to me.—Detroit Free Press.

**All Settled.**  
Mistress—Going to leave, are you? Tired of working for a living? What are you going to do then? Maid—Nothing, ma'am. The fortune teller tells me I'm going to marry money.

**The Good Old Fashioned Game.**  
Uncle Hiram was bewailing the degeneracy of modern sports. "Look at baseball," he said. "There ain't half the fun in it there was when I was a young man. Nowadays the fellers with the bat don't seem to be able to do anything with the ball. There's lots of games when they don't make a run."

"I mind the time when I belonged to the Fearnoughts of Prairietown. There was a club up in Heddingville that thought they could beat us without half trying. They challenged us, and we took 'em up. They come down one morning with a whole carload of people from Heddingville to see 'em wipe us out."

"Well, sir, we begun playing at 10 o'clock in the forenoon. The game wasn't finished at noon, and we quit for dinner. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon we went at it again, and mighty nigh the whole town went out to the pasture where we was playing to see the game."

"First one side would get ahead and then the other. Batting? You never saw such batting in your life. There was more than two dozen home runs. It was close on to 5 o'clock when the last man was put out. But we beat 'em. We took the conceit out of them fellers, and they never challenged us again."

"But what was the score, Uncle Hiram?" asked one of the listeners.

"Ninety-seven to 96," proudly answered Uncle Hiram, "and I made 15 of them runs myself. Think of that when you hear about a '1 to 0' game in fifteen innings! I tell you, we could hit the ball in them days!"

**Absinth.**  
Absinth is a spirit flavored with the pounded leaves and flowering tops of certain species of artemisia, chiefly wormwood, together with angelica root, sweet flag root, star anise and other aromatics. The aromatics are macerated for about eight days in alcohol and then distilled, the result being a green colored liquor. Adulteration is largely practiced, usually with the essential oils of other herbs, but even blue vitriol is sometimes found in so-called absinth. Its effect upon either man or woman not actively engaged in manual work of some kind must be dangerous. It makes the brain dull and unreliable. Under its effects the merest glimpses of mental sunshine are immediately followed by prolonged periods of dejection. Sensible persons are safest if they never touch absinth.—Exchange.

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