

# OCALA EVENING STAR

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Young boys should certainly be more careful in handling firearms.—Sanford Herald.

We don't know how long it will last, but there is some mighty fine-looking young corn growing in the courthouse border.

Among the Star's pleasant Christmas reminders was a postcard from that jolly and clever bunch of Ocala boys at Fort Lauderdale.

If, when you are as busy as the devil in a gale of wind, a man who has nothing to say comes in and takes half an hour to say it, can that be considered a gas attack?

Its true the navy is the country's first line of defense, but if it is broken and no second line in the shape of an army behind it, what will become of the country?

Henry Ford should have taken to heart that ancient aphorism, "Let the shoemaker stick to his last." Building an auto is a simple task compared with dealing with the complex dispositions of humanity.

Judge Alton B. Parker, who was the democratic candidate for president in 1904, is spending the holidays at Miami. It was the first Christmas he ever passed away from ice and snow, and he is in love with Florida.

Governor Trammell favors voting the nation for prohibition but first of all he favors voting Florida for Trammell.—Tampa Tribune.

How stands our genial friend, Perry Wall, on that question.

If the Zeppelins would drop bombs on some of the munition plants that the British claim to be working twenty-four hours a day, instead of on the shops and homes of non-combatants, we would have some respect for them.

Orlando is ninety miles from Ocala—much nearer than Lakeland—but the Orlando Reporter-Star does not reach Ocala until the afternoon after it is printed, about 22 hours, while the Lakeland Telegram is generally here next morning. Why is this?

The price of gasoline not only is soaring, but there threatens to be a gasoline famine. Gasoline costs 25 cents retail in Ocala and the Star is informed that the agents of the oil companies are instructed not to work for any new business, as the companies have all they can do to supply their present customers.

A Star reporter, the other day, was looking over the drygoods and clothing store of Hayes & Guynn. This comparatively young firm started at a time when there seemed little or no place for it in the business life of the city, but by excellent methods and fair dealing it has won its way until now it is in the first rank. The young men who own and operate this store never overlook an opportunity to please their customers, and their steady work is bringing its just reward.

In our sanctum we have a two-bushel basket, the sort carried by cotton pickers, which we use for a waste basket. Into it we throw dead copy, copy that never should have been live, those of our exchanges whose wrappers we never open, apple parings, orange skins, banana hides, circulars, plans, schemes and promotions for the benefit of the planners, schemes and promoters, dampfold letters and anonymous letters. The anonymous letters go into it with less ceremony than any other species of its varied contents.

Governor Trammell's announcement that if he becomes a United States senator he will vote to let the states pass upon a prohibition constitutional amendment, should not have been hard to make, for there is something radically wrong about any American citizen who is not willing to let the people express themselves upon any important public question.—St. Petersburg Times.

Straub doesn't seem to be very enthusiastic over the governor's prohibition principles.

Says the very conservative Springfield Republican: A veteran tells the Army and Navy Journal how women spies were treated in the civil war, and it helps to explain the intensity of feeling in this country over the execution of Edith Cavell. Two women at New Madrid, Mo., were caught conspiring with homesick soldiers to get them captured by a Confederate lieutenant, who at once paroled them, cutting them off from further ser-

## WE'RE ALL "JUST FOLKS"

Through the efforts of Editor Benjamin of the Ocala Star, Editor Harris of the Ocala Banner, and others, Marion county recently swung into the prohibition column for the first time in thirty years, and the prohibitionists are naturally joyful at the result of the election. Evidences of the bitterness of the campaign have passed, and everybody was harmonious and loving in the Brick City on Christmas day.

The spirit that should prevail in struggles of all kinds is shown in the following paragraph from the Ocala Star:

"Ed Carmichael felt so sorry for the Star, when he read about its losing \$93.60 by turning down two whiskey ads. Tuesday, that he came over to sympathize with it. Ed said prohibition had cost him \$800 this month, and he wanted to mingle his tears with some other suffering soul. We all wept together. However, if we don't starve to death this winter, we and Ed will give a green corn dance over the success of prohibition early next summer."

That's the way to play the game of life! That's the way to accomplish good results in all causes! Bitterness produces nothing but bitterness; the spirit of kindness and brotherly love produces tenderness, and tenderness produces lasting good.

Most of us have never been in the saloon business, but we've all done things that were as bad or worse. If we've been strictly moral, it is more than likely that we've been hopelessly hypocritical; if we've gambled and drunk whisky, we've doubtless tried to counter-balance these faults by showing mercy to other sinners. Like many other high-strung newspaper workers, the writer has patronized his share of saloonists and bartenders, but he has never known one who did not have his full quota of the "milk of human kindness," nor one who wished to injure him or any one else who played the game fairly.

The years bring, or should bring, a greater charity to us all, and a realization of the fact that we're all "just folks," we've got our problems to solve and our snarls to untangle, and the best way to solve those problems and untangle those snarls is by helping each other. True indeed it is that "There is so much that is bad in the best of us, and so much that is good in the worst of us, and it behooves none of us to speak ill of the rest of us."

The Times wishes a happy and prosperous New Year to Benjamin, the editor, and Carmichael, the saloonist. We hope we'll have the privilege of attending that "green corn dance" and trading upward boosts with both of them.—Tampa Times.

We'll have a specially large ear boiled for Huff, and we can assure him that when it comes to hospitality, no one understands how to extend it better than Ed. Carmichael, saloonist no longer, but good business man generally, farmer and staunch promoter of the interests of his home city.

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## TESTIMONY OF ARCADIA WOMAN SPEAKS VOLUMES.

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"Dr. Pierce's 'Smart-Weed' is what cured my baby of cholera infantum of the worst form. No other medicine was given. Other children in our neighborhood, under medical attention, died of the same trouble while he was sick. A second child of mine was also cured of the disease.—Mrs. R. HOLTON, 237 S. Hillsborough Ave.

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## —THE— DIAMOND FROM THE SKY

(Continued from Last Week)

### CHAPTER XLIX.

Plot and Counterplot.

THE miracle of dawn crimsoned all the east. The last boisterous revelers were departing from the fete of the mad millionaire.

Only the butler, as major domo, had speeded the parting guests, but the guests had reveled and gorged and swilled and cared nothing at heart for host or mansion that had entertained them with a Belshazzarian feast.

And it was a Belshazzarian feast, and the handwriting of destruction was on the wall.

In the small reception room upstairs the unhappy wretch once called the golden man sobbed on his arms like the drug weakling he was. Vivian, her hair in disorder and vixen-like in her anger and grief, shook Arthur by the shoulder and cried, "Where is the diamond?"

Blair, noting the open window, left Durand and Vivian by Arthur and crossed over to it.

There, down below, was Angelo, the Italian gardener, up at dawn to his work, pinching the diamond from the sky from the rosebush, just where it had been cast through the window by the indignant Esther when Arthur had proffered it to her.

"Hi, there, you!" called Blair. "Don't take that! I am coming down for it."

The gardener, who, like the rest of the servants, bore a sullen dislike to the whilom friends who surrounded their master, growled an unintelligible reply.

Durand, who sensed that the diamond had been found, sprang from the room and made for the stairway, with Blair beside him. They ran from the front of the house and to the back. But the gardener picked up a heavy statue lying by the rosebush and stood there off.

"I take to the boss!" he said. Nor would he be shaken from his resolve.



Vivian Shook Arthur by the Shoulder.

And Durand and Blair, cursing his stubbornness, escorted him back into the house and to Arthur.

Vivian, realizing the diamond was recovered, had ceased her vixenish demands and was again resorting to wiles and cajolery.

But Arthur, shaken by shame and wholly unmoved that they had deceived him as regards Esther's presence in the city, his shame augmented by the realization that Esther knew now how he had fallen in his drug addiction, took the diamond and staggered from the room.

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gated from the room, with a few muttered thanks to the gardener.

Reaching his suit, he locked the diamond in an ornate cabinet by the great rear window of his bedroom and then, pacing up and down, fought the devil of drug desire for Esther's sake—and lost again.

The English lawyer Smythe, a knight in armor in all sooth, escorted the shaken Esther to her hotel, having picked up the watching and waiting Quabba in front of the Powell mansion and taken him with them in the taxicab. The next day she consulted him about her affairs.

"I will see you safely back to Richmond," said Smythe gently. "Your mother, you say, has recovered and you wish to return to her. I am going back to England resolved to let the American heir or heirs to the Stanley earldom claim the title when he or they may choose."

"But what shall I do about Luke Lovell?" asked Esther. "All his life, except for the brief revolt he now deems forgiveness for, he served my mother faithfully."

"I would suggest," said Smythe, "that our friend Quabba here stay behind us and see what he can do. He may secure Lovell's release by appealing to Arthur Stanley, or, as he calls himself now, John Powell."

"I have no faith in Arthur now," said Esther wearily. "He has fallen into evil ways through evil associations."

But in her steadfast heart Esther resolved to say nothing to Smythe now or later regarding Arthur's drug addiction.

"Well," suggested the English lawyer, "our friend Quabba here can keep us posted, and we may be able to take up the matter of endeavoring to secure Lovell's release from this unjust incarceration after we return to Richmond. No doubt he chafes fearfully in his prison cell."

The next day Esther, accompanied by Smythe, left Los Angeles for Richmond. Quabba, placed in funds by Smythe, stayed behind.

Quabba was an Italian gypsy, and his new friend and compatriot, the gardener at the Powell mansion, was at the train with him when he bade his respectful adieux to his young mistress and to Smythe.

On the way back from the depot the gardener, deeming Quabba needed cheering, led him to the garden restaurant La Bella Napoli. It was a humble place, an arched resort frequented by Italian working people. Signore Solari made them welcome.

"She has no good looks," whispered Quabba's friend, "but you should see her daughter Rosa! Ah, Rosa is a charmer, and how she will smile at you if you pay for the better wine! You should see her!"

It was fated that Quabba was to see the ravishing Rosa. De Vaux, a lady killer, to his way of thinking, had also seen the ravishing Rosa.

She had smiled at De Vaux in passing, and he had followed her to the garden La Bella Napoli. A citizen of the world, the dapper count, who spoke Italian charmingly, knew well how to ingratiate himself into the favor of the landlady's daughter and the landlady. De Vaux ordered the high priced chianti on which there was the good profit.

From their distant table in the garden Quabba and the Powell gardener noted all that took place, but kept their distance unseen and unnoticed by the languishing De Vaux. Fate was playing into the hands of Quabba and his friend at their table in the corner. He had a grievance, had Cesare, the contractor. He proclaimed it.

"Look you," he said, "I get a contract—a good contract—to fix a roof, and I can't get any of these lazzaroni to go on the work!"

Questioned why by Quabba, Cesare shrugged his shoulders and said: "There are two reasons the lazzaroni give me. One is that it is a nonunion job, and the other is it is work at the prison, and that they do not like. They fear the prison, maybe for good reasons."

Quabba sat erect. The prison? Luke Lovell was in the prison!

"Me, observe me! Roofing—that was my trade!" cried Quabba. "Angelo here will tell you!"

Angelo, who knew nothing at all of the matter, roundly swore that Quabba was the best roofer that had ever left Italy.

At the Powell mansion suspicion, plot and counterplot were the aftermath of the grand fete. Arthur announced that he would return to his business affairs and had hinted that he was prepared to pay Durand handsomely for his services as a physician and would be relieved if he and his familiar, De Vaux, would go about their affairs.

He drew a check for a large sum and gave it to Durand. But Durand had no intention of departing without the great diamond, word of which had drawn him to this place.

Durand had held threats over Vivian of disclosing their former swindling association to both Blair and Arthur did she not aid him and keep silent. On her part Vivian promised, but in her heart she was resolved that she alone would have the diamond.

Arthur's return to his office was made a happy affair by his employees. His desk bore a large horseshoe of flowers, and his secretary welcomed him back to health and his business in an earnest little speech.

Arthur, speaking as John Powell, their employer, thanked them feelingly and alluded to the loyalty and service of his kinsman from Virginia, Blair Stanley, who had so ably managed affairs in his absence. The little audience applauded and the business of the day was resumed.

(To be Continued)

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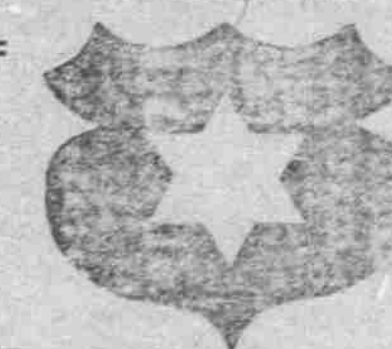
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