OCALA EVENING STAR

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ANOTHER DEMONSTRATION OF OUR INDUSTRIES

Plans are being made for another industrial parade during fair week. So successful was the parade last year that it is believed the city and county will this year enter into this feature of the fair with even more enthusiasm. It is hoped that the county will have better representation in the procession than last year.

As soon as a committee is named, the work of preparing for the industrial spectacle will start. An early start is being made in order that there will be plenty of time for the designing and construction of floats.

An effort will be made to have every town in the county enter one or more floats in the parade—something representative of each town.

The parade committee will be named immediately. A canvass of the city and county will then be made with a view to urging every industry in the county to get in line.

MUCLAN'S MIGHTY CROP OF MAIZE

Harvesting the 1100-acre corn crop on the Muclan farm, southwest of Ocala on the Oklawaha river, began a few days ago, and thus far the yield has exceeded all estimates. The yield will probably exceed 100,000 bushels. The corn already pulled runs from 95 to 100 bushels an acre, and Capt. J. D. Young, who was in the city this morning, believes that the yield will run this high throughout. His reason for thinking this, he says, is that the corn that has been pulled was taken from one of the poorest parts of the field.

Capt. Young expects to contract shortly for 30,000 sacks of his corn. He said this morning that he would like to have all of the grain handled if possible, on the local market. He thinks it would be a big advertisement for Ocala and Marion to have the entire crop handled here.

A corn crib with a capacity of 40,000 bushels is building on the Muclan farms, and another of the same size is to be constructed. These are in addition to the cribs already on the farm.

At a recent meeting of the stockholders of the Southern Hotel company, which has arranged for the purchase of the Hotel Annesley in Atlanta, and plans to purchase other hotels in the South, W. S. McClellend of Eustis, was elected president, R. S. Hall of Ocala, vice-president, Emmett Robinson of Jacksonville, secretary-treasurer. The directors elected were: W. S. McClellend, Eustis; R. S. Hall, Ocala; J. R. Williams, Citra; E. R. Conrad, DeLand; F. N. Conrad, Daytona; G. B. Clifford, Eustis; H. H. Tift, Tifton, Ga.; Henry Robertson, Thomasville, Ga.

When Henry Ford gets through suing and being sued, he should be awarded the contract for getting the joint commissioners out of New London before Christmas.—Columbia State.

Those commissioners have "dug in" until after election. Any day after Nov. 7, anybody who wants their trenches will be welcome to them.

Friend of ours criticises the Star for publishing certain things. Says it's all right to go around and talk about matters among ourselves, but it's best not to put them in print. Trouble is that we won't go to talking among ourselves until we see something in print.

Jacksonville Free Press says it is not the organ of Catts. Well, that's a recommendation for Catts. For reckless misstatement and vituperation that would disgust any moderate person, the Free Press is unequalled in Florida.

A number of papers say that Hugh Dorsey, who has just won in Georgia, is Tom Watson's man. The Star prophesies that Dorsey will be his own man, and that if Tom goes to his office to issue orders he will be shown the door.

Send in your contribution to the democratic campaign fund. A republican victory means the same old set of federal office holders, and that means more to the South than anything else.

For a newspaper that can carry on a vigorous political campaign in a dignified and decent manner, we commend to you the Columbia, S. C., State.

Another reason for the no-fence law is that a man who has one or more pretty girls in his family has to spend so much in repairs to the front gate.

Story printed in the Tampa Tribune says that Mayor Eaton of Lakeland, was arrested in Tampa and fined for speeding, and that it was testified in court that he cursed a policeman. Mr. Eaton says he was arrested for turning on the full power of his headlights in a dark street. It would be difficult to make the friends of Oscar M. Eaton believe he would curse a policeman, or any one else, unless that particular person had a good "cussing" coming to him.

The backwoods county of Okaloosa has bonded for better roads and will do its bit on the Spanish Trail.

Georgia cotton is 16 cents per pound, so no one up that way needs to worry very much about politics.

In the day of judgment, Tom Watson and Titus Oates will probably line up side by side.

Andrew Carnegie is among those who support Wilson.

REMINISCENCE

IX.

Editor Star: While we were still on James Island after the battle of Secessionville, we knew that the enemy was on Long Island but in what force and what they were planning to do we had not been able to find out, so on the 8th day of July '62, the commandant of the post determined to try to find out by having some scouting done. He selected Samuel Dibble, who was second lieutenant of the Edisto Rifles, and Sergeant McLeod of one of the Washington Light Infantry companies, to send out on this scouting expedition. McLeod was from Nova Scotia. After they had made what preparations they thought necessary, including a very fine and powerful spy-glass which Lieutenant Dibble borrowed from our third lieutenant, George Elliott, they set out in a small boat which could be easily propelled with small, muffled oars. They left late in the afternoon so as to land after nightfall, which they safely did, unseen so far as any one knows. After safely concealing their boat, they agreed upon their plans and separated arranging to meet at the boat at a certain hour unless something went wrong with one or the other of them, in which case a certain signal should be given of such a character as the enemy would not suspect it to be a notice to the other. Things moved along all right until after midnight when McLeod heard Dibble talking with some one in a tone of voice louder than necessary which McLeod knew was intended for him to hear and endeavor to make his escape. He did so, hurrying to the boat as quietly and secretly as possible and when he got near the boat he discovered a man standing on the beach with a spy-glass looking intently over at James Island and the creek. His back was towards McLeod and he drew his pistol and walked quietly up and had the muzzle at the man's head and then said in a low, firm voice, "You are my prisoner—not a word of alarm or movement, or you are a dead man." The man yielded and McLeod marched him to the boat and made him get in and row the boat to James Island. They had not gone very far from the shore before two or three more federals came to the beach and commanded them to halt and return but McLeod paid no attention to them and forced his prisoner to row on knowing that the federals dare not shoot for fear of killing their own man, and they had no boat to pursue them, so McLeod brought his prisoner safely into camp and reported with him to General Hagood. He was a yankee sergeant. The federals got the best of the trade as Dibble was a commissioned officer while the prisoner brought in was only a non-commissioned one, and Lieutenant Elliott's spy-glass was a much better one than the sergeant's. However it was given to Elliott as in part compensation for his loss. Dibble was sent to prison on Johnson's Island, Ohio, located at the mouth of Sandusky Bay overlooking Lake Erie, and an ideal place for a prison. He was kept there until late in the year '64 before he was exchanged, and when that took place he was granted a furlough for thirty days before reporting for duty. He spent his furlough at his home in Orangeburg, S. C., and while there married. He reported for duty in the last days of January or first of February '65. When he came to us we were at Town Creek on the south side of Cape Fair river below Wilmington, N. C., and he at once took command of the remnant of the Edisto Rifles. I say "remnant" because the bulk of them, officers and men, who had not been killed or disabled in battles in Virginia, had but a few days before been killed or captured in Fort Fisher when it fell. A few of the Edisto Rifles and of Capt. Sellers' company, the St. Mathew Rifles, who had been on detail duty and in hospitals, had not got into Fort Fisher, and a few from these two companies united together under command of Lieutenant Dibble. What happened at Town Creek is another story and will have to be deferred as too many things that I wish to relate took place between Dibble's capture and his return to duty. Let's get back to James Island. On the 16th of July '62, General Hagood being in command of the Confederate forces, was ordered to make a reconnoisance towards the Stono river with several regiments. That part of the island was then held by a considerable force of the enemy, most of them being negro troops under command of Colonel Montgomery. Arrangements were made for this movement to be made early in the morning. Our forces were marched out during the night to the line where our farthest pickets were on duty. It was done in silence and we reached our picket line without the enemy knowing that any unusual was going on. While the darkness was still over us our line of battle was formed and a line of skirmishers thrown out in front and deployed. As usual the Edisto Rifles were in the skirmish line and Capt. Izlar was placed in command of the entire force of skirmishers. When all was ready we quietly waited until early dawn when the outline of a man could be seen about twenty yards away and then the order for the skirmishers to move forward was quietly given by passing it along from man to man. The bugle call was not used at first although Galway was on hand to sound the commands and did do so after we struck the enemy. We were ordered not to fire a gun until the enemy discovered us. Now the planters on the sea islands built their fences by digging trenches and throwing dirt up so as to make an embankment and then on this planted hedge shrubbery which made a thick and almost impenetrable hedge fence. It was behind one of these that we found the enemy's pickets, thickly posted besides having a number of them in reserve lying at a place where one of the public roads ran through the hedge fence and they had not attempted to close this road opening in any way. All along the fence on the outside they had cut down the trees and undergrowth for a distance of some forty or fifty yards making a tangled mass of obstructions very troublesome to make one's way through. When we struck the edge of this tangled mass of trees, logs and bushes the federal pickets discovered us and began firing at us pretty lively, and as soon as that took place Galway sounded the double-quick for the skirmishers. It was a prety tough job to double-quick thru the obstructions but we made the best time we could in the circumstances. It so happened that in deploying I was near one side of the public road and Sam Hall was on the other side. When the double-quick was sounded both Hall and myself had side-stepped a little and got into the open road and the result was that he and I reached the hedge before the balance of our line could get there through the tangle. Meantime our boys were firing whenever they could see any one to shoot at and our line of battle was then plainly seen by the federals as it had reached the edge of the open where the tangle brush began; and so it was that when Hall and I reached the fence row a thorough panic had taken hold of the federals and the road was full of blue-coats with their guns slung on their backs making the best time they could towards their encampment. By the time the rest of our line reached the fence Hall and I had put in three shots each into the fleeing mass, and several other of the boys from each side the road got there in time to get in a shot or two before they got out of range. Seven dead and six or eight wounded so they could not travel were lying in the

(Continued on Page Three)

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1917?

By EDWIN BALMER

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(Continued from Yesterday)

CHAPTER III.

The Higher Service.

THE dinner gong sounding in the hall postponed for Wendell further need of offering reassurance. It also prevented him from pursuing further the purpose which had led him to show the bomb to Jim. He delayed only to put the shoe box and its contents in a secure place before he joined the rest of the family at the table.

"I've landed a job for you, Robert," said Nathan Ashby, the father of the family. "Has Nellie told you?"

Wendell looked up, his lips pressed tight together; then he smiled. "Why, no," he replied quietly. "You haven't told me, have you, Helen?" he appealed to his wife.

"I guess you'd manage to keep it on your mind if she had," Ashby returned heavily. "It'll be worth $5,000 next year if the navy hasn't always got you so used to loafing and being paid for it that you can't do any real work at all. It'll allow you a drawing account of $3,000 right away to start."

Bob's lips parted, then pressed together again without speaking. Under the tablecloth a hand of Nellie's caught his hand and squeezed it tight.

"You were very good to take that trouble for me," Wendell said to Nathan Ashby; "but, since all negotiations have been with you, would you mind replying that I cannot take it?"

In his rage over this refusal Nathan Ashby was still more insulting. There was silence in the room when the maid entered trembling and said:

"The telephone, Mr. Ashby. It's the watchman at the factory. He says Mr. Ingouf and Enloe want to get in to do some work in the laboratory to night. He wants to know whether he should let them in—if it's all right."

"Of course it's all right!" Nathan Ashby dismissed the matter violently "What harm could they do?"

The Ashby Brass company, like many manufacturing concerns, had the laboratory for the trying out of new processes or devices, and men who were experimenting with a new device worked there also in the evening. Ingouf and Enloe were machinists who had been working together on a new type of valve, Jim Ashby knew. Indeed, his father recently had relieved them of their regular tasks to give all their days, at the company's expense, to perfecting the valve. It was not strange, therefore, that they wished to use the laboratory that evening. But, as Jim heard the request, he started. He could not see Bob's face at that moment, and the next Wendell was out of the room with Nellie.

Jim had told Agnes that he would call that evening; and, since he had been engaged, he usually had hurried direct to her home after dinner; but now, when he left the house, he took his car on the road toward the factory. Bob's bomb was all foolishness, of course. There could be no such organization of spies in America even if there was to be a war, and there was not to be any war. The evening bulletins were perfectly definite about that. The bomb—if it were a bomb—had been made partly out of metal cast at the Ashby works, but any one might have procured the casting, and the contraption must be the work of some crazy crank. He was going to the works to prove that.

He knew perfectly well that Bob's bomb never was made at the factory when he was there. The only possibility was that it might have been made in the laboratory after hours. But would it be made by Ingouf and Enloe? (Foreigners, to be sure, but two of the steadiest and most dependable men in the place and the best workmen.) As Jim entered the factory the idea was so absurd that he felt like a fool when he looked into the laboratory where the two machinists were working together at a lathe reshaping some part of their valve. Jim made an excuse for coming in, went to his office as though he had forgotten something, and, leaving the building, he hurried away by another road toward the Wares' place.

A youth of eighteen was coming out of the house as Jim left his car and started up the gravel walk. He was Martin, Agnes' brother.

"Hello!" Martin hailed his prospective brother-in-law with more than usual interest. "Say, have you seen Lieutenant Wendell recently?"

Jim shook hands formally with the boy. "Why, yes, Mart; I saw him about half an hour ago."

"Say, what does he say about the news from the other side?"

Jim, weary of the discussion, gestured deprecatingly. "Oh, the same old scare stuff; that's all."

"Is Agnes home, Mart?"

"Agnes?" Martin recollected. "Oh, have you come to see her? Well, I should say she's not home. Since you ask me, she got a peek at you through the porch periscope and at once did the retreat to the Marne out the back way. Say, is Lieutenant Wendell still up at your house? I'd like to go and see him."

"He was there when I left," Jim granted.

A girl in white was standing restlessly within the front door. She was a brown haired young girl, gray eyed, with a smooth, clear skin which was flushed now in her eagerness, and she stamped her little foot impatiently as her brother lingered on the path. Agnes succeeded in making no other demonstration, however, until Martin had gained the road; then she threw open the screen door and ran down the porch steps. Jim caught and kissed her and half carried her up the steps again. They paused in the hall to look at each other under the light. Jim's inspection appeared far more than merely satisfactory, but he failed to pass muster under Agnes' eyes.

"Why, what's bothering you, dear?" she demanded solicitously.

"Nothing!" Jim threw his hat on a chair, and, hand in hand with Agnes, he sought their place on the lounge near the big, shaded lamp. Agnes' parents had gone out, and she and Jim had the room to themselves. "I'm rather extremely in need of some sane, rational, nonmilitary companionship for a while. What do you suppose I've been doing? I just came from the factory, where I've been to see if spies weren't making bombs. Yes"— He told her, in humorous detail, the discussions and his errand of the evening. "You can see from that the effect of having a lieutenant about most of the time, and Nellie's as bad."

"I can see," Agnes agreed. "I wasn't going to say anything about your sister, Jim, till you'd mentioned it, but"—

"I'd never have asked you to marry me in such a world."

"Go, on, dearie."

"I had her to lunch today, and I got her ideas."

"About war?"

"I wasn't going to bring up the subject, but I'd been reading that dandy new disarmament article about our setting the example to the other nations—'The Mission of America,' by Professor Doyen. The magazine was open at it, and Nellie saw I'd been reading it. I give you my word that when I told her—as I had to—that I thought it was the finest and most practical thing I'd ever read she became positively violent."

"I know," Jim nodded. "And there are so many things which you and I can't understand—not being in the navy."

"That was exactly the tone. I could hardly keep from laughing at her one minute and the next telling her what an infant she was. I didn't realize what the navy was doing to her before. Now I know. Instead of growing in thought or experience since she's left Elgin she has been actually going back. She's a year older than I, and she used to be older really, but her mental age now is about the same as Mart's. He was home for lunch and agreed perfectly with every ridiculous thing she said."

"He just asked me what Lieutenant Wendell thought as though no one else knew anything."

"Being eighteen, he's just at the army and navy stage. I suppose you were once, too, Jim, but—thanks be"— Agnes kissed him quickly—"you went into business and outgrew it. Why, Jim, I wouldn't dare marry if I believed that the world had to be controlled by force and fear."

"And I'd never have asked you to marry me in such a world."

"Of course not; so the world isn't that way. America—the millions like you and I, Jim—can show the rest of the world that it's not. I told Nellie we'd agreed on that, and you felt, too, that Professor Doyen was right—or mostly right. When war threatens the way to keep it off is not to resist—that only makes war sure—but to refuse to resist, and the enemy cannot make his soldiers kill us. There can't be any war, can there?"

"Of course not!" Jim was impatient to hold her close and dismiss discussion.

(Continued Tomorrow)

Carlyle on Work.

Work, properly so called, is an appeal from the seen to the unseen—a devout calling upon higher powers; and unless they stand by us it will not be a work but quackery.—Carlyle.

NERVOUS COLLAPSE.

Kissimmee, Fla.—"I have been thinking for a long time that I would send you my testimonial that some other woman may be induced, as I feel sure she will, to use your 'Favorite Prescription.' From my experience in receiving very decided help from its use, I feel equally as certain that she also will get the desired relief. My cheeks were very pale, sallow and bloodless. The general condition was very discouraging, as I was in a state of nervous collapse, with exhaustion, and after trying various physicians and not improving I made up my mind to try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. After taking the fifth bottle I was so fully restored to health that I discontinued taking it."—MRS. P. J. BYERLY, 714 Mabbette St.

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