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A. E. BURNETT, THE JEWELER

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In all the different finishes

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Brick, Lime, Cement, Plaster, Hair, Lath, Shingles,

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(Prickly Ash, Poke Root and Potassium.)

—MAKES POSITIVE CURES OF ALL FORMS AND STAGES OF—

Physicians endorse P. P. P. as a splendid combination, and prescribe it with great satisfaction for the cure of all forms and stages of Primary, Secondary and Tertiary Syphilis, Erythematous Eruptions, Scrofulous Ulcers and Sores, Glandular Swellings, Rheumatism, Kidney Complaints, old Chronic Ulcers that

SYPHILIS

has resisted all treatment, Catarrh, Skin Diseases, Lorrhea, Chronic Female Complaints, Mercurial Poison, Tetter, Scaldhead, etc., etc.

P. P. P. is a powerful tonic and an excellent appetite, building up the system rapidly. If you are weak and feeble, and feel badly try P. P. P., and

you will regain flesh and strength. Warts of every kind and all diseases resulting from overtaxing the system, are cured by the use of P. P. P.

Ladies whose systems are poisoned and whose blood is in an impure condition due to menstrual irregularities are especially benefited by the wonderful tonic and

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blood cleansing properties of P. P. P., Prickly Ash, Poke Root and Potassium. Sold by all Druggists.

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'Phone No. 370

**FROM FLORIDA TO NEW YORK
LOCKED UP IN A FREIGHT CAR**

The New York World says that the medical staff of the Lincoln hospital at One Hundred and Forty-first street, the Bronx, has a patient of whom it is proud. He is Chester A. O'Connell of Bath Beach. He is twenty-two years old and is ill with typhoid fever in a virulent form. The doctors agree that he will not die because he came to them after a seven days' ride in a freight car, with neither food nor water. Compared to that experience, they say, his typhoid is merely an episode.

O'Connell is a machinist, with an iron constitution, and a roving disposition. Last winter, work being slack in his native Brooklyn, he betook himself south for the season. He traveled by easy stage, principally on the trucks of freight cars, and about the first of the year brought up at Jacksonville, Fla., where he found steady employment and a climate that appealed to him.

Journey of Torture Begins

On May 31 he decided to leave there, so went to a freight yard and inquired about train schedules. He learned that a train to his liking would leave in three hours. In the meantime, with a night ride on the "bumpers" he decided to sleep.

He looked about and found a refrigerator car full of potatoes with an inviting open door. He entered it and finding it cool and comfortable, he stretched himself on the floor and slept. The car had a refrigerator installed at one end, and except for a gangway partitioned off by heavy wire screening, was other wise full of potatoes.

When O'Connell awoke he found himself locked in, the car pitch dark and the train moving. Concluding the train might make a run for a few hours, perhaps a day, he lay down and slept some more. When he awakened the train was still moving and he was hungry.

O'Connell began to lose track of time from then on. There was not a ray of light in the car, all the food there was, raw potatoes, was on the other side of a stout wire partition that he could not break down. Water, there was none.

O'Connell's recollection of his long and horrible ride before he finally beheld daylight again is a blue relieved by worries or tortures.

Sounds That Agonized Him

Sometimes the train stopped, and the imprisoned man could tell that he was in a city or in the country. Often he was tortured by the sound of brakemen running over the top of his car, by the voices of passengers on platforms, and, worst of all, by the splash of water gushing from water tanks.

Sometimes, for hours, there would be nothing but the roar of the train, lumbering, with caterpillar slowness, it seemed to O'Connell, over endless leagues of track. Generally, though in a kind of stupor, he was dimly conscious of being alive and of wondering why he continued to live.

O'Connell had a knife, and with it, occasionally, he was able to obtain minute pieces of potato through the wire mesh. These he sucked to their last globule of moisture, and then swallowed in little bites. When he was not spearing at potatoes he was lying in a half delirium on the floor.

The car in which O'Connell was locked got to Jersey City on June 7 in the morning. O'Connell did not know where he was nor care. He was aroused by the beat of waves and the sensation of sailing and knew that his car had been put aboard a boat. Long afterwards, in the dark, men entered his car with lanterns.

The men were freight handlers at the Hudson river freight yard, One Hundred and Forty-fourth street and the East river. They were astonished at the apparition on the floor of the car. A creature, seemingly human, that babbled in flighty sentences and whose hands and feet were a mass of bruises and open wounds. He had come by them, they learned later, by beating and kicking at the walls of his car prison.

O'Connell told his story four days after he reached the Lincoln hospital. O'Connell says that he is not going to die—that he is going to live to get to Bath Beach, and that then he will stay there.

MR. BLITCH AND THE PRIMARIES

Ocala, Fla., June 12, 1908.

To the Editor Ocala Banner:

Mr. Blitch says that his article was just as good an argument against whiskey as it was against primaries, but that I failed to make this admission. That is begging the question, as prohibition was not the question under consideration; it was the abolition of state primaries, and I thought the charges he made as to the open and brazen corruption of voters in the primary a good reason why it should be abolished. After we shall have banished rum from our shores, we will have rid ourselves only of the lesser evil. We would still have the railroads, and Mr. Blitch says that their influence was more potent than the whiskey influence in this open and brazen corruption. What are we to do about it? In order to purify politics, shall we sweep the railroads from the borders of our fair state along with the whiskey? Even then, there would be the Times-Union; it would have to go, and the Ocala Banner along with it, for you know that you have had a few words of praise or commendation for Mr. Flagler for developing the East Coast from a swamp and wilderness into a paradise, thus showing that you were corrupted by wicked corporations.

Now, would it not be easier to eliminate the state primary system that the herculean task of eliminating the evil influences that corrupt it?

I do not take Mr. Blitch seriously about this open and brazen corruption. Surely the great rank and file of Florida democrats, or anything approaching a majority, cannot be corrupted; at least I will not permit myself to believe my party so susceptible to corruption and so unworthy of confidence. I know Mr. Blitch. He is a good man, and stands high in the councils of his party and the esteem of his fellow men, and is worthy of all confidence, and I am constrained to believe that he wrote that article fresh from a trip to Jacksonville while the refrain of corporations and whiskey was pounding his ears and confusing his mind, instead of waiting for his usual calm and dispassionate temperament to assert itself.

But even if there was no corruption, open and brazen, subtle or otherwise, I am opposed to state primaries. The cost not only eliminates the poor man, but even those we usually term moderately well off. They breed bitterness in the extreme, and deters good men from entering such

a scramble, for no man can be so good or perfect that foul charges will not be hurled or manufactured. All interest centers on one or two offices, and other important offices are ignored. Take for instance that of comptroller, an office of more importance than that of United States senator, yet with three candidates, more than ten thousand democrats did not vote for any candidate for that office, and thirteen thousand failed to vote on the office of attorney general.

It can by no means be called the popular expression of the wishes of the people, and at best, I believe that in a vast majority of those who vote in them, it is only a choice of evils or rather "undesirables," because good men whom they would like to support do not or can not qualify as candidates. For instance, some of the candidates I voted for in the primary I would not support were I a delegate in a convention, because I could get up and nominate men of my personal choice, even if they were no better men.

I think we have sufficiently tried it. It has been weighed and found wanting.

Compare the Jennings and Broward administrations; the former a convention nominee and the latter a primary nominee, and I think the advantage is with the former in many respects.

W. W. CLYATT.

NO NEED OF SUFFERING FROM RHEUMATISM

It is a mistake to allow rheumatism to become chronic, as the pain can always be relieved, and in most cases a cure effected by applying Chamberlain's Pain Balm. The relief from pain which it affords is alone worth many times its cost. It makes sleep and rest possible. Even in cases of long standing this liniment should be used on account of the relief which it affords. 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by all druggists.

The Punta Gorda Herald announces the death of Col. J. C. Pepper. He was one of the noblest and most valuable citizens of that city—a man of fine intellectual attainments, fervid piety and unflinching devotion to truth and righteousness. Col. Pepper's pen was used very lavishly and industriously in the spread of the temperance movement.

SORE NIPPLES

Any mother who has had experience with this distressing ailment will be pleased to know that a cure may be effected by applying Chamberlain's Salve as soon as the child is done nursing. Wipe it off with a soft cloth before allowing the babe to nurse. Many trained nurses use this salve with best results. For sale by all druggists.

JOSEPH'S COAT OF MANY COLORS

None of the sacred nor profane historians have left us a description of this wonderful coat which was so beautiful as to excite the envy of his brothers even to the point of killing him except to say that it was a "coat of many colors."

We do not know whether it was made from a solid piece of many colors or from many pieces of as many different colors, something on the order of our modern patchwork quilt.

Whatever it was it must have been of one material, either all linen or all woolen, or perhaps all velvet, as it was against the statutes to have cloths interwoven of different materials.

"Thou shalt not let thy cattle gender with a diverse kind; thou shalt not sow thy field with mingled seed, neither shall a garment mingled of linen and woolen come upon thee!"

So ran one of the statutes. Even since our forebears ate of the fruit of the tree of knowledge dress has at different stages of the world become more or less a ruling passion with men and women of wealth and leisure and every age and nationality has had its peculiar and distinct characteristics of dress.

This has been conspicuous in the vestments of the dignitaries of the church and kings and their courts, and nowhere has it been more pronounced than in the uniforms of our military chieftains.

When our republic was organized it was not noted for its simplicity in dress.

The prevailing fashion was the velvet coat and vest, silk stockings, ribbon garters, low quarter shoes with huge gold or silver buckles, lace cuffs and shirt fronts and powdered wigs.

The dress of the women of the continental era was even more conspicuous.

Before this period the dress of those who formed the circles of fashion was even more conspicuous and swords and sashes were a part of every gentleman's wardrobe.

The dress of the English bean of the fourteenth century was preserved by one of the writers of that era and would put to the blush the dress of the boy in fantasies of the present age.

It was described as follows: "Long pointed shoes fastened to the knees by gold or silver chains; hose of one color on one leg and of a different color on the other; short breeches which reach to the middle of the thighs; a coat the one half white, the other half black; a long beard; a silk hood buttoned under the chin, embroidered with grotesque figures of animals, and dancing men and women, etc."

This dress we are told was the very height of fashion during the reign of Edward III of England, and it will be remembered that this was several thousand years after the account given us of Joseph's "coat of many colors."

At the time of the "reformation" and the severity in religious affairs which followed it there was a toning down of dress and at a later period we see the plain and peculiar dress of the Quakers and the Methodist, under the leadership of John Wesley, made a special inhibition against the wearing of ornaments and costly attire.

This is the age of simplicity in dress, and men and women are governed more for comfort than for show and even our military and naval uniforms are less flashy than in former times.

The flowing garments of the Orientals are gradually being discarded and the plain European dress is being adopted by all nations.

A coat of "many colors" would not now create envy among any people anywhere on the face of the earth except perhaps among the Seminole Indians in the Florida Everglades.

and then combined with white lead, is used to make L & M PAINT. Zinc is imperishable, and makes the paint wear as long as pure linseed oil will hold it to a surface. The L & M PAINT costs only about \$1.20 per gallon.

ZINC METAL MADE INTO OXIDE OF ZINC

Melver & MacKay, Ocala, L & M Paint Agents.

NOTICE

Of Application for Leave to Sell Minor's Lands

Notice is hereby given that on the 11th day of July, A. D. 1908, I will apply to the Honorable Joseph Bell, county judge in and for Marion county, state of Florida, at his office in Ocala, for an order authorizing me, as guardian of the minor heirs of Milenda Robinson, deceased, and to sell at private sale the following described property, to-wit: The east half of block four in Dunn's northwest addition to Ocala, and also thirty feet north and south on the north end of the west half of said block in Marion county, Florida. The said lands, belonging to the estate of Milenda Robinson, to be sold for the best interests of the said minors.

This 8th day of June, A. D. 1908.
WALKER SWANN, Guardian.
EDWIN SPENCER, Atty. 6-12

IN MEMORY OF MRS. TOMPSON B. LAMAR

Lonesome, not quite, for memory is here,
Like an artist in some secret place,
Making her pictures, glorious and clear,
As with nimble hands it doth trace
Forgotten scenes by its tenderest touch.
And loved forms arise one by one,
Fair are their faces with Heavenly graces,
As they shine in the light of memory's sun.

And charms are revealed of years ago
When life and hope flashed as dreams,
Spreading o'er our path a bright rosy glow,
And love was enshrined in its gleam.
Brighter grows the vision memory paints,
And 'round it heart tendrils entwine;
But, alas! the scene hurriedly fades,
And only memory remains enshrined.

And the joyous chords now seemed hushed,
And broken the notes of our song,
And hope and ambition seemed crushed.
While our hearts sigh in passing along:
Sweet wert thou in dreams as of yore,
When we met and loved in life's bright bowers,
And the azure skies smiled the more
In those happy by-gone hours.

Bright with glimpses of the golden past
Again rise at memory's sweet call;
They murmur, love only shall forever last,
For 'tis the greatest gift of all.
Cruel indeed would this life become
If we could not cherish memory's store;
And dwell in her halls of fairy-like walls,
With those we loved of yore.

God, in his own good time, brings His dear ones home. He never brings us to face sorrows if He had not, out of love for us, a lesson hidden therein, which we could learn in no other way. God is our loving Father, therefore will help all to bear what comes of joy or sorrow.

Her fond friend,
JESSIE A. OWENS.

When the late John W. Forney had two newspapers, one at Philadelphia and one at Washington, D. C., it was thought a most marvelous undertaking, but it is thought so no longer. It is now one of the current things of the times. James Gordon Bennett has several newspapers; one in New York, one in London and one in Paris. They all go under the same name and are printed simultaneously. They are almost duplicates of each other.

William Randolph Hearst has at least half a dozen daily newspapers. Two are printed in New York, one in Chicago, one in San Francisco, one in Los Angeles, one in Indianapolis, etc. And Frank Munsey, of magazine fame, is to become several times a newspaper proprietor. He is now owner and editor of the Washington Times, the Boston Journal and the Philadelphia Journal. Adolph Ochs is also running the Chattanooga Times, the New York Times and the Philadelphia Times. These great achievements make us little fellows feel infinitesimally small. But things are not what they always seem. One man can only do so much. He has his limitations.

Bennett, perhaps, does not see one of his newspapers in a fortnight. Hearst's publications are committed to the care of others, and so of the other parties named. Their only connection with their several newspapers, except on rare occasions, is through the banks when checks are imperative. But we little fellows are on the daily grind through fair weather and foul from early morn till late at night.

We were once on the New York Evening Post, while William Cullen Bryant, the aged poet, was supposed to be its editor, and during a three months he contributed one article for it, yet for the splendid articles that appeared in it daily he got the credit. The real author, a man named Lewis, was never known outside the precincts of the Post's sanctum.

JOIN THE "BRYAN CLUB"

William S. Jennings, President, Jacksonville, Fla.

I favor the nomination and election of William Jennings Bryan as president of the United States. Enroll my name as a member of the Bryan Club.

(Signed)

To the Democratic Voters of Florida: Glad to have you sign and mail the above application of membership in the Bryan Club. J. M. BARRS, Chairman.

KING OSCAR

A thoroughbred Jersey bull for sale. One of the celebrated Flagler herd. Five years old; in prime condition, and kind and gentle. E. S. Upham, So. Lake Weir, Fla. 5-34t.