

## Local and Personal

Dr. Rentz and Mr. George Rentz of Waddell, Ga., are visiting Mr. E. P. Rentz in this city for a few days.

Mr. L. R. Chazal left at noon Monday from New York, sailing from there for Europe. He will be absent for about six weeks.

Mr. B. Goldman, proprietor of the Globe, who has been in Savannah on business for several days, returned Saturday morning.

Mrs. Walter J. Byrne and little daughter, Carolyn, after spending a couple of months in Ocala, have gone to Anniston, Alabama, where they will spend the summer.

**DONT DRINK!** But if you do, see Hogan, and get the best that money can buy. If it's a good drink, we have it.

Rev. George Gabbey of Cadiz, Ky., has wired his acceptance of the call of the Baptist church of this city. He comes bearing the most flattering testimonials.

We saw a wagon yesterday with six hundred cantaloupe picking baskets. That means six hundred pickers. There will soon be some activity going on in our cantaloupe fields.

**TRESPASS NOTICES**—11x14 inches, for sale at this office, 10c. each, or \$1 a dozen. Apply Ocala Banner office.

Miss Alta Pearson of Brenau College spent a portion of the past week in Atlanta, attending the music festival, at which Farrar, Scotti, Jonelli, Martin, and a number of other famous operatic stars sang.

Miss Jesslin Martin came home Saturday from Duncannon, where she spent a day or two with relatives. She went down to assist with the music at the commencement exercises of the Duncannon High School.

When you want a quick meal, drop in Hogan's Cafe, where you'll find everything in season on the bill of fare.

Our band boys have returned from Adamsville, where they attended the big picnic Friday. There were 600 people present. Of course the music was very much enjoyed. Our band is advertising Ocala in the best possible manner.

The Woman's Club of Jacksonville have sent a memorial to the legislature urging that body to appropriate \$25,000 per annum out of the hire of the convicts for the improvement and maintenance of the State Reform School at Marianna.

Mrs. William Anderson and Miss Sue Anderson have returned home from Port Inglis, where they have been visiting Mrs. R. A. Alfred and Miss Bernice Alfred. Miss Anderson has been away for several weeks and Mrs. Anderson joined her last week.

We are headquarters for all good things to eat and drink. Good service and prompt attention. Hogan, the whiskey man.

Neil Harris of Lake City, an old time friend of the editor of the Democrat, was in the city the first of the week, a guest of his brother, Mr. Harris, agent for the Seaboard. Years ago, Neil Harris was a printer, but he has reformed, and now holds a lucrative position with the Seaboard at Lake City.—Live Oak Democrat.

I say, do your drinking at Hogan's Place. There you find pure goods. Hogan, the mail order man.

**FOR SALE**—41 acres best farm land, adjoining city limits on south, with good 8-room house, well, barn, etc. All fenced and in cultivation. This property can be subdivided and sold for from \$100 to \$200 per acre within one or two years. In the meantime you have the best farm possible. Sidetrack on the property. Price, \$2600, on terms. Apply to Ocala Banner, 4-9-ftw.

A large party of Ocala young people attended the ice cream festival at Anthony Saturday night, and report a most enjoyable time. They drove up to Anthony and were given a royal reception by the Anthonyites. Those in the party were the following: Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Bowie, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Knight, Mrs. Mae Bingham, Misses Lizzie Holland, Minnie Haenel, Lois Bray, Eloise and Sue Smoak, and Messrs. Bray, Brabham, John Holder and Jesse Smoak.

For a burn or scald apply Chamberlain's Salve. It will allay the pain almost instantly and quickly heal the injured parts. For sale by all druggists.

## YOUNG LADIES' CARD CLUB MEETING

Miss Mamie Taylor was the last of the club hostesses to entertain the Young Ladies' Card Club, and the afternoon with her on Saturday was one of unusual pleasure.

A heavy rain just before the hour for the party made the afternoon a delightfully cool one, and a refreshing breeze blew all the afternoon, making the playing exceedingly pleasant.

There were five tables in the two big front rooms of this lovely old home and the twenty young ladies enjoyed a merry game of progressive whist. Miss Esther Weathers and Mrs. E. T. Helvenston made the highest scores and they were each given a perfectly lovely little pink silk pin cushion, with the daintiest of embroidered linen covers—tróphies that were very much admired.

During the afternoon the hostess, assisted by her sister, Miss Margaret Taylor and Mrs. Scott and Mrs. Newsum, served iced grape juice and later pineapple cream, cake and salted almonds.

Those playing were Misses Margaret Taylor, Esther Weathers, Meta Jewett, Susie Fort, Sarah McCreery, Alice Bullock, Pauline Sullivan, Valenta Potter, Ethel Robinson, Mrs. M. J. Roess, Mrs. J. H. Taylor, Mrs. Arthur Hardaker, Mrs. Ralph Birdsey, Mrs. C. S. Cullen, Mrs. W. H. Powers, Mrs. G. R. McKean, Mrs. Harvey Clark, Mrs. Sanford Jewett, Mrs. C. H. Lloyd and Mrs. E. T. Helvenston.

The presence of Mrs. Birdsey of Macon and Mrs. Hardaker of Tampa, two former members of the club, was a great pleasure to their friends.

## MIDSHIPMAN BURFORD TO COME HOME FOR A VISIT

Midshipman Robert Allen Burford, U. S. N., reached Ocala Wednesday, to spend several weeks with his parents, Hon. and Mrs. Robert Allen Burford.

Midshipman Burford has recently returned home from a tour of the world with the battleship squadron, and will have many delightful stories to tell his friends of his remarkable trip, and of the wonders he saw during his trip. Midshipman Burford's many friends are warmly welcoming him home. They have watched with interest and pride his advancement. He was graduated from Annapolis before he was twenty-one years of age, and during his course won many honors, which he has added to since his graduation. Midshipman Burford's ship is the New Jersey, which is now stationed at Boston.

Col. Robert F. Rogers of Ocala, one of the best known business and public men of Florida, is stopping at the Hillsborough while visiting Tampa on business. Colonel Rogers is among the wealthy Floridians who strongly favor the payment of the Wales claim, and he expressed deep regret that Colonel Wales was not given an opportunity of bringing suit by the present legislature. "The claim is an absolutely just one," said he, "and should be paid without any contention whatever. Swing on the claim should not be necessary."—Tampa Times.

## THE FLORIDA FRUIT GROWERS IN CALIFORNIA

Los Angeles, Cal., May 2, 1909.

To the Editor Ocala Banner: The Florida visitors are here in full force, and I have had the pleasure of calling on them. Those I met with are pleased with what they find here, and were right glad to see a familiar face after so long a trip.

Will Taylor and John Carney are fairly bubbling over with enjoyment, and I would not like to guarantee that they will ever go back, except, perhaps, to pack up.

They are in Riverside today, but I will probably see them again on Sunday.

Just to show how small our great country is, John Carney wrote to the head office of the Nitrate Propaganda in New York, from Florida, about nitrates, and he was referred to our office, away over here in Los Angeles. Sincerely,  
R. R. SNOWDEN.

Artist says woman is loveliest between twenty-five and thirty, and a professor holds that beautiful women have no mentality. This is awful. Members of the Ancient Order of Henpecked Husbands were afraid to go home at all until the past master of Xantippe Lodge No. 23, recalled that handy and beautiful piece of conversational bric-a-brac to the effect that there are exceptions to every rule. This is now the open season for exceptions.

## Mother's Day

(Second Sunday in May)

(Written for the Ocala Banner.)

### MOTHER!

What love do I bring you? The earth  
Full of love were far lighter,  
The great lovely sky full of love  
Somewhat slighter.

Earth full and heaven full were less  
Than the full measure given—  
Nay, say a heart full—the heart  
Holds earth and heaven!

Angel Mother! When a little child you used to bid me kneel beside you, and place your precious hand upon my head, while you taught me of "Our Jesus," and how to pray. Since then, when exposed to numerous temptations, I have often felt myself checked, and drawn back, by that same dear soft hand upon my head, and there came with it your gentle voice in blessing.

Deep is the fountain of a mother's love. Its purity is like the purity of the sweet south breeze that breathes upon a bank of violets. The tear drop speaks not half its tenderness, nor does the language in a mother's smile betray all her nature—the sanctuary of her heart is fraught with untold virtues. We look upon her as she sings the lullaby to her infant, and in her eye read the index to her heart's affections. We may study the lovely caste of her countenance, and mark the tenderness with which she presses her darling to her bosom—did you ever mark the care with which she watches the place where sleeps her infant? How quick she catches the low sound of an approaching footstep! With what earnestness she gazes at her little charge as the sound intrudes! Does it move? Does its slumber break? How sweet the voice that quiets it! Surely, it seems that the blood of but one heart sustains the existence of both mother and child. Did you ever behold the mother as she watched the receding light of her child's existence? It is a scene for the pencil. Words cannot portray the love and tenderness that lingers upon her countenance. When the last spark has gone out, what emotions agitate her; when hope has expired, what unspeakable grief overwhelms her. The silence that follows that scene is like that of the sepulchre. It seems too holy a nature to disturb. There is a charm in it—it is a charm hallowed by the unrestrained gushes of a mother's love. Did you ever awaken, while ill, and feel a mother's cool hand pressed closely upon your forehead? At such a time you can read more fully a mother's feelings than her language can express them; the loving tenderness with which she sympathizes with you; the willingness with which she supplies your wants—all serve to represent the secret of mother love, which is unceasing. Her children, as they advance in years, go out, one by one, into the world, but though widely separated from her, the bond of her affection seems to increase—she feels the full weight of the many treasures of it she has unconsciously imbibed.

Nobody knows of the work it makes  
To keep the home together,  
Nobody knows of the steps it takes,  
Nobody knows—but mother!

Nobody listens to childish woes,  
Which kisses only smother;  
Nobody's pained by naughty blows,  
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the lessons taught,  
Of loving one another;  
Nobody knows of the patience sought,  
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the anxious fears,  
Lest darlings may not weather  
The storms of life in after years,  
Nobody knows—but mother!

Then who can look coldly upon a mother? Who, after the unspeakable tenderness and care with which she has fostered him through infancy, guided him through childhood, and advised him through the perplexities of manhood, can speak irreverently of a fond mother? Her claims to his affections are founded in nature, and could must be the heart that can deny them.

A mother's eyes are magnets of the child,  
To draw him up to boyhood; then, like stars,  
They are put out by meteoric youth,  
Dimming the pure calm of their holy ray.  
A mother's eyes the grown-up man forgets,  
The goddess pilot of Ambition's sea,  
Steering his bark to islands all unknown  
He seldom reaches. Lo! in dismal wreck  
Those isles are covered with the ghosts of ships  
That only drift there through Oblivion's night,  
Touching the shore in silence.

IN OLD AGE

Remembrance from her portrait lifts the veil,  
And then a mother's eyes look forth again,  
And through the soul's dark windows gaze like doves,  
New lighted from the sky, and fill it thus  
With thoughts of innocence and dreams of love.

WHITE ROSE.

## MOTHER'S DAY AND WHAT IT MEANS IN OBSERVANCE

From Sunday's Daily:

(By B. H. Carroll, Jr., brother of our Rev. C. C. Carroll, in Houston (Tex.) Chronicle.)

Mother's Day is to be observed as a sacred memorial occasion in Houston Sunday, May 9.

There is no greatness for a nation above the greatness of her citizens; there is no loftiness of citizenship that is not planted by a hearthstone and cultivated in a home, moulded into shape by the flexible fingers of love and hardened into enduring form by the fires of affection, and there is no home where a mother is not. So for the sake of all that is worth while in citizenship and the forces that mould it, and acting in accordance with a suggestion embodied in a proclamation by the mayor of Houston, Mother's Day will be observed.

Mother's Day will not be celebrated with salvos of artillery and the crackle of musketry. The rocket's red glare and bomb bursting in air, stirring though they are, seem cheap and tawdry when used to celebrate a relationship so holy as that of motherhood. Rather that day will be opened with salutes of kisses of filial piety planted on withered but beautiful cheeks by dutiful sons and daughters, and in quietness and beauty and reminiscence and letting the thoughts travel back over the years will reverence be done to motherhood.

Little children will lift rosebud mouths to the mouths of young mothers that are as sweet and fragrant a nesting place for kisses as their own, and boys and girls will gather about the knee of her who is at once playmate and friend, philosopher and guide and guardian angel, and grown men and women will place protecting arms about shoulders that have begun to stoop and take in their hands fingers that tremble after years of loving service and thank God that mother has been spared to become grandmother to their children, and to add her loving presence to their home. And then there will be still others, themselves fathers and mothers perhaps, who have themselves felt time's frosting hand on their hair and withering touch on their cheek, and they will go out to the cemeteries and by the side of low, green mounds will weep over what they have lost for earth, and yearning, as when children, to lay on mother's breast their wearied little heads, will silently say:

"Backward, turn backward, oh, Time,  
In your flight;  
Make me a child again, just for to-night.  
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,  
Take me again into your arms as of yore;  
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep;  
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep."

Or, giving a loftier meaning to the words of Lucile, say:

"My days know thee not, and my lips name thee never;  
Thy place in my poor life is vacant forever;  
Yet wherever this nature of mine is most fair,  
And its thoughts are the purest, beloved, thou art there.  
And whatever is noblest in aught that I do,  
Is done to exalt and to worship thee, too."

And so they say: "Let Mother's Day come. Let its sun rise bright over the mountains of prayer and sorrow that overtop the valley of suffering. Let its morning glow bring with rosy beams the recollections of the happy days of youth; let its moments fall like benediction kisses from lips that are now cold; let its noon-tide fall in meridian splendor from a zenith of love, and let its evening shadows rest with healing over tired hearts, and in the dusk of its evening, when families are gathered and the soft bonds of home affection bind heart to heart around the fireside or the porch where the roses bloom and are covered by the dew of the May evening, let the tribute of a kiss and a hand clasped be paid to the mothers that are with us, and the oblation of a tear fall for those that sleep."

Mr. J. Bierman is contemplating visiting his sister this summer, who lives at Tunis, Africa. Tunis is a long distance from Ocala, but no doubt the trip will be an exceptionally pleasant one. If he should go, his stay while there will be devoted entirely to peaceful pursuits. Mr. Bierman has no desire to rival our president in slaying lions, elephants, giraffes, gorillas and other big game of the jungles. His friends are wishing him a pleasant journey and a safe return.

## THE MOTHER'S PROBLEM

Of Raising Strong, Healthy Girls.

A serious problem which presents itself to every mother with girls to raise, in these days. The exigencies of school life, the hurry and routine of every-day duties, the artificial environment of modern civilization, make it more difficult to raise strong, healthy girls than ever in the history of the world.

Boys raise themselves. Give them room, give them liberty, and they will grow up healthy at least, without much worrying. But the girls present a serious problem.

How many mothers there are who are worrying about their daughters. Nervous, puny girls, with poor, capricious appetites, bloodless, listless, a constant anxiety to the mother. How shall she solve her problem? To whom shall she turn for help? Each case is more or less a study by itself, and cannot be solved by any general rule.

This is the way one mother solved the problem. Mrs. Schopfer, 3223 Prescott Ave., St. Louis, Mo., in a letter to Dr. Hartman, says: "My daughter Alice, four years of age, was a puny, sickly, ailing child since she was born. I was always doctoring her. When we commenced to use Peruna she grew strong and well."

Another mother, Mrs. Martha Moss, R. F. D. 5, Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin, says: "Our little eight-year-old girl had a bad cough, and was in a general run-down condition." She had several doctors, who could give the child no relief, and the mother no encouragement.

Finally, she got a bottle of Peruna and commenced giving it to the child, and it proved to be just what she needed. When she commenced taking Peruna the child had to be carried.

Now the mother says she is playing around all the time.

Her closing words were: "You have done a great deal for her. She is the only girl we have, and it meant lots to us to have her cured."

These are samples of many letters which Dr. Hartman is receiving, coming straight from the hearts of loving mothers. While the different schools of medicine are bickering and differing as to theories and remedies, Peruna goes right steadily on giving permanent relief. After all, it is cures that the people want. Theories are of little account.

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