

CONRAD GROCERY CO.

(Successor to E. T. Conrad & Co.)

Carry a Full and Complete Line of Plain and Fancy

GROCERIES

CLOVER HILL BUTTER.

The Conrad Grocery Company

E. T. Conrad & Co's. old stand.

Curiosity is Not Always a Sin.

It will pay you to investigate the prices and quality of

GROCERIES

We can save you considerable

\$\$\$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$

S. W. CARROLL,

The North Beach st. Grocer.

Telephone No. 19.



MALLORY LINES

SPECIAL PASSENGER-EXPRESS STEAMSHIPS.

Largest and most thoroughly equipped passenger steamships on the coast.

NO OVERCROWDING. STATE ROOMS ARE POSITIVELY GUARANTEED on these ships, as no tickets will be sold to exceed the number of berths, or the seating capacity of Dining Halls, thus insuring all passengers individual service and attention.

PASSENGERS LEAVE JACKSONVILLE EVERY THURSDAY. (See Schedule of ships in Florida Times-Union.)

LOWEST RATES TO NEW YORK AND ALL PORTS NORTH. Including delightful DAYLIGHT SAIL through the FAMOUS "SEA ISLANDS."

Through tickets sold to all Northern points. For full information regarding attractions offered by no other line; diagrams, reservations, tickets, etc., apply to

CHAS. DAVIS,

Florida Passenger Agent,

Geo. H. Clark, Local Agent, Daytona, Fla.

214 West Bay Street, Jacksonville, Florida.

DAYTONA TRANSFER and LIVERY

C. E. JOHNSTON, Proprietor



I have the Best Livery in the City with white drivers familiar with all roads. Look for the Silver Tipped Rigs.

Phone 27

Opposite Public School



"Elegant-Excellent!"

That's what they say when we have finished our work. Our work will bear the most critical examination, as it is done on scientific principles and according to sanitary rates.

J. D. Carmichael, Phone No. 64, DAYTONA, FLA.

LUMBER.

YELLOW PINE

Framing, Flooring, Siding, Ceiling and Finishing.

AND

CYPRESS

Brick, Lime, Cement, Gypsum Wall Plaster

Finishing, Bevel, Siding, Shingles, Lath, Mouldings

THE BEST.

NORMAN S. DAYTON,

MAGNOLIA Ave and F. E. C. Ry. PHONE 49.

MY COUSIN SUSIE

(Original)

"Howard," said my college chum, coming into my room with a rueful face. "I'm in a hole."

"A deep one?"

"Yes. I have only two days in which to prepare for examinations. Without putting in all my time I'm sure to be conditioned on two subjects at least. And now comes a letter from my mother to tell me that my cousin Susie, her only sister's daughter, is coming to town especially to see me. She has promised her mother and my mother that she will not go home without having seen me. She comes on Friday, supposing I'll be free till Monday, whereas these cursed exams require every moment."

"Is your cousin pretty?"

"How do I know? I have never seen her. She was born and brought up in California. But what has that to do with it?"

"If she is pretty and attractive, I might help you out."

"It isn't that she is to be entertained. She must be entertained by me."

"Very well. If you haven't seen her I suppose she hasn't seen you. I will be you."

Ned Coit and I discussed the matter pro and con and at last, both being young and foolish, decided that I should meet his cousin at the station, take her to the theater and the next day conduct her through the college grounds and buildings. I went to the station to meet her—Ned's mother had said she would wear our college colors in a buttonhole—and I found the loveliest, daintiest, prettiest bit of feminine humanity I had ever seen. It was late in the afternoon when she arrived, so I drove her to the house of a friend with whom she was to stay. After dinner I called for her and took her to the theater.

Now, I would rather guard a foot ball goal against eleven staid men than again guard the secret that I was not her cousin Ned. She attacked me in front and on both flanks.

"I have always fancied you were dark complexioned," she said, "like your father, and I had you light. Cousin Molly (Ned's sister) told me that you were of a retiring disposition and dreaded strangers. I feared you might make some excuse for not meeting me. I had you very easy to get acquainted with." Then she began to talk about her relatives in California, of whose existence I was supposed to be cognizant, but whom I had never seen. I blundered and stammered, rushed unadvisedly to speak figuratively to the right, then frantically to the left, and I had no sooner smoothed over one bit of ignorance than I fell into another. If she had tried deliberately to trap me she could not have done better.

However, I got through without any positive evidence that I was playing a part. When I parted with her I knew enough of her family to send my love, mentioning them all by name, and just before the train started I felt confident that I had attempted a costly kiss, but she drew back with a decided refusal.

For the next week the person of Susie Leigh kept between me and my books. In his hours of idleness I danced or skated I was obedient to the person I danced or skated with and walked to meet me. She showed far more affection in her letter than she had shown me in person. I replied to the letter warily and received a warmer reply. After considerable correspondence I wrote offering my heart and hand. Her answer was that no account would she marry a cousin.

There was a complication that had not been foreseen. If I confessed that I had played upon her credulity she would refuse me, and if I remained her cousin I knew by the tone of her letter that I could not persuade her. Besides, I couldn't possibly marry her without the whole affair coming out. Meanwhile she had written Ned's mother that she had been more than kind to her during her visit and she hoped he could come out to San Francisco as soon as he had been graduated and make his cousin a visit.

Being in for it, I concluded to accept the invitation. No sooner had I passed my final exams than I sped across the continent. I found my cousin Susie a very different person since I had proposed to her. She showed none of that ease she had shown in my company during our first meeting, though she showed my proposal this was to be expected. I made up my mind to confess at once, but before doing so stated a similar case of which I pretended to have heard. Susie declared that the man who had played such a part could not possibly be possessed of gentlemanly instincts.

This threw me on my beam ends. For several days I went about with her, feeding and looking as if I had melancholia, and finally told her I would return to the east. I had no sooner made this announcement than

her manner changed perceptibly. During the evening before my intended departure she gave me every encouragement. The clock struck 11 in the morning before I summoned courage to tell her the story that proved me to be without gentlemanly instincts.

She burst into a laugh. "You stupid thing!" she said. "The day you drove me from the station and handed me out of the carriage a lady who knows you well save you through a window and told me who you were!" It is now ten years since my marriage, and I think it about time my wife ceased to lauder me on the subject of my playing cousin, but she shows no sign of doing so.

SUMNER CHILDS.

A Native African Food.

The native food of the Malindua country, in southern Africa, comprises manioc and that alone. It is a plant particularly adapted to wet marshy soil, says the author of "In Remotest Barotseland." It takes two years to arrive at maturity and while growing requires very little attention. The root when full grown is about the size and has very much the appearance of a German sausage, although at times it grows much smaller. One shrub has several roots, and the extraction of two or three in no way impairs the growth of the remainder. When newly dug it tastes like a chestnut, and the digestion of the proverbial ostrich can alone assimilate it raw, but when soaked in water for a few days until partly decomposed, dried on the roofs of the huts and stamped it forms a delightful white soft meal, far whiter and purer than the best flour. Then it is beaten into a thick paste and eaten with a little flavoring composed of a locust or a caterpillar, which the natives seek in decayed trees. Another way of eating this native luxury is by baking the roots after soaking them and eating it as you would a banana.

George Eliot's Savonarola.

Savonarola is one of the most striking characters in George Eliot's great historical novel "Romola," the scene of which is in Florence and the period that of Savonarola's career. The idea of writing the book occurred to the novelist while on a visit to Florence, and on a second visit to the city, in 1861, she began to carry out her project. The subject and design were foreign to the author's aims, but she spared no pains in making a thorough study of the locality, the people and the literature of the Italian renaissance for the purposes of her story. In her own words, the work "plowed her" more than any of her books. She began it, she says, as a young woman and finished it as an old woman. Her picture of Florence and Savonarola is undeniably impressive, and some critics declare "Romola" to be George Eliot's greatest novel and the finest delineation of Savonarola, one of the most delinquent. Pearson's.

Size of Heads.

The average adult head has a circumference of fully twenty-two inches. The average adult hat is fully six and three-quarters size. The sizes of men's hats are six and three-fourths and six and seven eighths generally. "Seven" hats are common in Aberdeen, and the professors of our colleges generally wear seven and one-eighth to eight sizes. Heads wearing hats of the sizes six and three eighths and smaller or being less than twenty-one inches in circumference can never be powerful. Between nineteen and twenty inches in circumference heads are invariably very weak and, according to this theory, no lady should think of marrying a man with a head less than twenty inches in circumference. People with heads under nineteen inches are mentally deficient and with heads under eighteen inches invariably idiotic.—London Young Woman.

Safest Place in Trains.

"I have one rule for my family when they travel," said the conductor of the suburban train, "and that is for them never to ride in the rear coach or the first one and, preferably, not in the coach next to the last or first. The reason for it is so obvious that I should think the foremost and last cars of a train would have soon parted from anybody who reads of railroad accidents. If there is a snarlup, those are the coaches that suffer. It seems strange that some kind of a buffer is not put behind the locomotive tender and at the rear of the train. How many lives would be saved by a device of the kind one has only to study the statistics of railroad accidents to figure out for himself."—New York Press.

Lifting a Kettle of Hot Water.

Some time when the talk of lifting and hoisting on the lift has been going on, it is worth while to set it on the open plain of your other hand. This sounds like a very foolish thing to do—as if your hand might be lifted in a twinkling—but you will find that you can hold the kettle which has just come from a roaring fire for some time without hurting you. Try it and then see if you can tell the reason why you are not burned. Be sure, however, that the water is boiling strongly before you make the experiment.

A Kippered Pastor.

A French Protestant pastor was the guest of a Scottish preacher at a manse. One morning kippered herrings were served at breakfast. The French pastor asked the meaning of "kippered." His host replied that it meant "to preserve." On taking his leave next day the French pastor, wringing his host's hand, said, "May the Lord kipper you, my good friend."

Postage Stamps.

Postage stamps are peculiarly liable to become soiled and to convey deadly germs, says the British Medical Press and Circular, a fact that cannot be too widely known to the public who find in it a popular substitute for sticking plaster.

Never Missed It.

Teacher—Who discovered America? Small Boy—Dunno. Teacher—Why? I supposed every boy in school knew that. Small Boy—I didn't know that it was lost.

Somewhere.

"Pardon me, madame, I think I have seen you somewhere." "Very likely. I go there very often."—Le Soir.

A Dead Easy Thing

(Copyright, 1903, by C. H. Sutcliffe.)

Mr. Adelbert Younge, as we will call him, had been voyaging in eastern seas with his yacht. He was a young man of twenty-four and a resident of New York, and while he was known among his set as a good fellow he was also known as a conservative.

When the yacht got around to a certain port in Spain the owner went off one day to view the leading cathedral by himself. As a matter of fact, the other three had said that they would rather see one bullfight than ten cathedrals, and they were left to enjoy themselves in their own way. Mr. Younge saw the cathedral from the outside and from the in. While he was visiting the interior two ladies passed him, and one deftly slipped a note into his hand. He made out that the note slipped was a girl and the other her duenna. His heart gave several jumps ere he got outdoors and found opportunity to read the note.

"You are an American," read the note, "and I appeal to you as an American. Five years ago an uncle of mine who desired to get possession of my fortune had me shut up in the convent called the Sacred Heart. I have been a prisoner ever since, and I am dead. Once a week I am allowed to visit the cathedral, but am always closely watched. I saw you a week ago and determined to appeal to you. For heaven's sake, rescue me from this living death. If you can place a ladder against the northwest corner of the wall surrounding the convent at 10 o'clock on the night of the 14th, I can persuade Sister Mary to permit me to pass into the grounds and thus escape. Bring a rope twenty feet long with you. Bring horses or a carriage. There is no way you can answer this except in person."

Some conservatives would have stopped to analyze a bit, but Mr. Younge didn't. There was an American girl in distress, and it was his duty to rescue her. He went to the wall, pulled her up with a rope and then take her aboard his yacht. He would then steam away, and who was to catch him? He had it all planned out before his impulsive companions got back from the bullfight. They did not see the matter as he did.

When Mr. Younge had announced in east iron tones that he intended to rescue the girl single handed if his friends were afraid to tackle the job with him they could do no less than offer their services. One of them was sent to buy a rope, another to look for a ladder and the third to survey the wall. Younge himself saw to the provisioning of the yacht and the overhauling of her machinery. He would steam out of port the minute the damsel was aboard. When the night of the 14th came all was in readiness. A vehicle was purchased outright instead of hired. Nothing had transpired to arouse the suspicions of the people in the convent, and it was looked upon as a dead easy thing to make the rescue.

The night was dark and rainy. It was the night of all nights to rescue an American damsel from a Spanish convent. Younge had only two companions. One drove and was to act as lookout, and the other was to hold the foot of the ladder and help the rescued girl to descend without breaking her neck. Not a dog barked or a cat meowed as the angle of the wall was reached. If Sister Mary had done her part and if Miss Britton had not fainted away while waiting, then five minutes would give her out of that and laying plans to give her uncle a surprise party. There was a feeling of the heroic about him as Younge mounted the wall. The water ran down the back of his neck and filled his side pockets, but he was not discouraged. He was on top of the wall fishing with a rope and trying to locate the damsel when half a dozen dark lanterns flashed at the foot of the ladder and six strange men appeared. They had not come to assist in the rescue of Miss Keith, but were in the uniform of the police and spoke with contemptible frankness.

Mr. Younge was ordered to descend or take a bullet from a revolver, and a minute later the lanterns were slipped out of the trio. There were two other carriages close by, and presently the three vehicles set out and made a drive of six or seven miles to a stone barn in the suburbs of the city. Here the prisoners were put through the third degree in great shape. When the sergeant of police got through detailing the enormity of the offense they were white as milk and thin as water. The least that any of them might expect was an hour on the rack and twenty years in a dungeon. The average American has a commercial mind. These three men had. They began to dicker for their lives. To their great joy the sergeant was willing to listen. He finally admitted that if the convent would pay for their time and if the yacht would put to sea instantly the ends of justice would be subserved. It must be cash on the nail, though, and no shavering down.

As Mr. Younge had got his friends in to trouble, it was up to him to get them out. He made a draft on his Spanish banker for \$10,000 and handed it over, and as soon as it was cashed the prisoners were turned loose and told to "git." They got. The yacht was a thousand miles away when they heard some news. They heard it from two other owners of American yachts, Miss Britton and Keith was an English girl who was in with a gang of blacklegs. She had no uncle. She was not watched. She simply married down her victims, and the gang arrived in time to catch them redhanded. M. QUAD.

The Revolver.

The revolver is of dubious service in war. Its only function there is as a cavalry weapon. Indeed, it is an evolution of the mechanical purpose to provide horse soldiers with a firearm. In the cavalry the revolver is effective only up to fifty yards. It has no value for hunting. The average man can do more execution on birds and beasts with a slingshot. The only purpose which the revolver serves is to kill another man, and even for that purpose its usefulness is overestimated.—New York Mail.

BARNES, the Novelty Man,

SELLS EVERYTHING.

Especially Stationery, Fishing Tackle, Crockery, Glassware, Lowney's Chocolates, Souvenir Post Cards, Talking Machines, Dolls, Toys, and Notions.

BARNES

Will also frame your Pictures, sharpen your Saws, Knives, Scissors, Lawn Mowers, Etc. and will repair almost anything that is out of whack.

In Fact, for Any Want, Remember

BARNES,

THE NOVELTY MAN.

40 South Beach St. DAYTONA, FLA.

PHONE 30.

J. C. BUTLER, REAL ESTATE.

Cottages For Sale or Rent. Phone 234. DAYTONA BEACH, FLORIDA.

Miller-Strohm Co.

Successors to

PECK & FOSTER.

Groceries and Grain.

GEO. P. JOHNSON

CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER,

DAYTONA BEACH, FLORIDA.

Estimates Furnished on Short Notice.

All work done in a strictly first-class manner.

Bond Lumber Company

MANUFACTURERS OF

ROUGH AND DRESSED PINE AND CYPRESS LUMBER

Lath, Shingles, Flooring, Ceiling, Brick, Lime and Cement in Stock.

Office and Yards: East of the Railway and Orange Avenue. Mills—Bond Mill, Atlantic Coast Line Ry., 100 miles south of Jacksonville. Kalamazoo, on Sanford Branch of the F. E. C. Ry.

Phone 83

R. J. MALBY, Manager.

McClellan & Edwards

Manufacturers of

Window and Door Frames, Window and Door Screens.

Colonial Columns, Porch Columns any size or style, Brackets, Balusters, Hand Rail, Newel for Stair or Porch Work, Mission Furniture of any kind made to order, Chairs, Sectors, Stands, Tables, Etc., Turning, and Scroll Sawing.

We are making a strictly high-grade

Moulding for interior use.

Our work is all made from the Best Selected Stock with the object of giving satisfaction. Ask for what you may want

Estimates Cheerfully Furnished.

Look for the sign on North Ridgewood Avenue.

Phone 123.

DAYTONA, FLA.

DAYTONA NOVELTY WORKS

Phone 70

E. DILLINGHAM, Proprietor

FIRST STREET, NEAR FREIGHT DEPOT

ENLARGED AND NEWLY EQUIPPED FOR PLANING, SAWING, RE-SAWING, TURNED WORK OF ALL KINDS, WINDOW AND DOOR FRAMES, SASH DOORS, STORE FRONTS, COUNTERS, CABINET WORK, BRACKETS, COLONIAL COLUMNS with Plain or Carved Capitals. We make the BEST MOULDING—Always Bright and Smooth, Either Pine or Cypress.

No Advance in Prices, although material has gone up from 40 to 80 per cent. We Screen your house and guarantee the fit.

Daytona Ice Company, PURE ICE

Made from Distilled Water. Factory corner Railroad and Volusia avenue.