

SMOKE CONSUMER.

A New Furnace That Will Solve the Fuel and Smoke Problem.

Dr. A. T. Still may yet become famous. His most recent achievement is the invention of the Still furnace, a furnace which will solve the fuel problem and the smoke problem. He has been working for several years on the furnace and was just this week granted a patent at Washington.

The furnace is patterned after the sun glass so far as the reason for the thing is concerned. The fire-bricks in lining of fire-box are scientifically made and mathematically set, so that the flames are made to cross one another from opposite sides at a point just below the boiler, causing little loss of heat. This is the first feature of the new invention.

The second and more noticeable feature, is the presence of steam pipes, one for each fire-box, which blow the fire into a livid flames, thus producing the greatest heat from a minimum amount of fuel. The furnace is not a theory but a stubborn fact, and a fact that the Old Doctor has evolved out of his own busy cranium. He has had the fireman fill the boxes full of coal Saturday morning and invited a Daily Express reporter out to watch the results. The immense volume of black smoke which boiled out of the stack for the first few seconds, was as white and fleecy as a cloud within forty seconds and causing windows in school building to fly open to admit fresh air. Undoubtedly the question of smoke consumption will soon be solved for not a spot of soot has been found on the snow surrounding the power house this winter. The fuel is entirely consumed. But that is not the talking point about the Still furnace.

The American School of Osteopathy and Hospital are heated with two one hundred and twenty-five horse power boilers. It is required from five to ten tons of coal per day to heat these buildings formerly. They are now comfortably heated now with two tons per day. Dr. Still says that the United States government spent \$8,000,000 for coal to send the fleet around the world, over one-half of which would have been saved if the fire-boxes had been scientifically constructed.

Dr. Chas. Still returned from Chicago Saturday morning where the final steps for patenting were completed. No effort has been made as yet to sell the patent or exploit it.—Kirkville (Mo.) Express.

Tom Watson at His Best.

Tom Watson, the Georgia politician, cynic and agitator, is often vicious, vindictive and narrow and disgusts his best friends at times with his outbursts of spleen and resentment; but when his liver gets right and he is otherwise normal he can sometimes write with rare force and beauty. In a recent issue of his magazine he wrote of the Sabbath, that priceless possession of the world which it so little appreciates, as follows:

"I love the day of rest, quiet and reflection. With folded hands one can stop and think. There's no thought that rivals are passing while we pause. They are halting, too. There is time to look back upon the road already traveled, and number the mile posts. On this day we are not afraid that some one will drive by us and get ahead. There is time to deal honestly with one's self, and to inquire with what cargo we are sailing on to the unknown seas—a most serious inquiry. There is time to look over the leaves of our 'Brief of Testimony,' and to see what kind of case we are carrying to the great High Court. There is time for all these; and when Monday comes no man goes fresher or stronger to the unfinished task of life than he who can say, 'I remembered the Sabbath day and kept it holy'—each being the judge of how he construes the word 'holy.'"

"Blessed forever be the old Sabbath of our fathers! Let every man frame his own creed and be true to it—but to me it is a sublime thought that when the sun comes up on the Seventh day he glances over a world at rest; that the allotted tasks have been done; that strife is hushed; that rivalry enjoys a truce; the arm of labor is relaxed; the rush of capital is arrested; greed is at bay; conscience is alive; duty is on guard, and the white tents of peace are dotting every plain and valley on all this great globe."

Notice.

The city registration books for the city of Live Oak will be open from April 17 to April 28, 1909, at my place of business. Office hours, from 9 to 12 a. m., and 1 to 5 p. m.

J. T. LYLE,
City Registration Officer.

TALLAHASSEE IS DEAD.

Noted Seminole Chieftain Camps on the Happy Hunting Ground.

Word has just been received from the Everglades by J. M. Willson, Jr., of this city, telling him of the death of Tallahassee, chieftain of the Seminoles of Florida.

The message was sent by Billy Bowlegs and said: "Tallahassee—big sleep—one moon."

The death of the old chieftain marks the end of the noblest as well as the proudest of his race. When Osceola with his compatriots went on the war path Tallahassee was a small boy and remembered well when his father and a few companions were surrounded and killed by the soldiers near Tallahassee, the capital of the State. When questioned as to his age the old chief would say, "old—plenty;" but he possibly was not over ninety years.

Tallahassee with his band claimed a pre-eminence over all the Indians of Florida as having never been conquered, never yielding to the demands of the United States government. When the last deportation of the Seminoles was made, the Tallahasseans hid themselves in the fastnesses of the Everglades and there remained till peace and quiet reigned again. Tallahassee bore no resentment to the whites, but nobly "buried the tomahawk" and accepted his fate as the cruel fortune of the red man. Kissimmee people remember his last visit here. He was in full costume, wearing the regalia of his rank, and was welcomed most graciously by many white people. Children crowded around him to shake hands, and he was the recipient of many tokens and presents from the town people. As the old chief bade "goodbye" he said, "Me no more come to Kissimmee City; old too much." Sad and prophetic words.

His religion was: "Me no lie, me no steal, me no kill. Big sleep come, Great Spirit take me." Touching and pathetic is the fact that with his hand he has been driven before the march of civilization until his last camping ground was significantly named "Hungry Land," near Okeechobee.—Kissimmee Gazette.

The Battle Cry Sounded in Tennessee.

Far and wide, in city, town and village, the press of the country is waging war against one of the filthiest and most dangerous enemies of men; the winged maggot of the dung heaps—the ubiquitous house fly. Some readers of The Journal may imagine that it has exaggerated the importance of destroying the pests. It is impossible to do so. Ordinary love for humanity and its preservation from suffering and death have compelled our attitude. It would be criminal to hold our tongue. The following from the Knoxville, Tennessee, Sentinel is just as radical and to the point as anything which has appeared in The Journal:

Spring is coming. Already in our midst the house fly, the dirty fly, the typhoid and cholera infantum fly, will soon swarm in thousands and millions unless precautions are taken. The house fly, whom we were taught in our childhood to treat with kindness, has been exposed. Its habits are filthy. It breeds in stables and garbage piles and carries the filth it revels in and tracks it across the sugar, the butter and the beefsteak. It paddles its horrid feet, gummed with the vilest rotting matter, in the baby's milk. The doctors have declared war on the house fly. It probably disseminates every disease. It is a nuisance. It must be exterminated. It can be driven out of every city. In an age of knowledge, screens and cheap disinfectants, there is no excuse for flies in any household. Clean up your premises and report to the health department your neighbor who does not. Get rid of breeding places of flies and you will get rid of flies. The battle is half won if begun early.—Pensacola Journal.

A Successful Florida Farmer.

J. L. Matthews, the well known merchant and farmer of Bland, Alachua county, was a guest Monday at the home of E. S. Matthews, of this city. The achievements of Mr. Matthews very strikingly illustrate that there are opportunities in Florida for young men who are willing to apply themselves. From a youngster with only willing hands and an active brain as capital he has developed in fifteen years into one of the most extensive farmers in Florida and a man of affairs generally. This year he has 500 acres planted to sea island cotton and probably as much more in corn and other crops. A very good idea of the extent of his farming operations may be gained from the knowledge that it requires thirty-five head of horses and mules to carry on the work. This farm, an extensive

mercantile business, a ginnery where from 500 to 700 bales of cotton are ginned annually, the vice-presidency of a thriving bank and various other smaller business interests give Mr. Matthews plenty to do, but it is his willingness to do that has brought success to him.

Young friends, don't let the pessimists get you into believing that everything is lop-sided and that the "octopus" or the "system" or anything else has swallowed up all the opportunities in this great country of ours. There are plenty of opportunities. Get out and find yours and stay with it.—Starke Telegraph.

IN MEMORIAM.

On the 6th of April, one year ago, all that was mortal and that could perish of the personality of Benjamin Lucas, Sr., passed away. His freed spirit flew away on the wings of the morning to meet a celestial day.

When I had thee and held thee and folded thee close to my heart,
That was Life.

Now when I look for thee, sigh for thee and cry for thee under my heart;
To clasp but a shade,
Where thy head has been laid,
That is Death.

Let me hear thy spirit's voice,
Let me know that love is there,
Bidding all my soul rejoice,
Casting out a life's despair!

When this fleeting life is past,
Past its suns that set and rise;
Lead me, angel one, at last,
Back with thee to Paradise.

Sweetly his pale arms folded,
His hands fell on his breast,
As the light of immortal beauty
Silently covered his face.

And when the gleams of morning
Lodged in the tree tops' height;
He fell in his saint-like beauty
Asleep; by the Gates of Light.

To us who have lost the earthly presence of our dear one, is there any theory or creed that promises aught of the Great Beyond comparable to the Christian's sublime hope that our dear one is safely and tenderly folded by the Compassionate Shepherd, Jesus?

Over our dear one's grave in the beautiful Magnolia Cemetery in Charleston the angels keep watch, and one by one in the infinite meadows of heaven look out the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.

Father, in Thy gracious keeping,
Now we leave Thy servant, sleeping.

—Contributed by loved ones.

Live Oak, Fla., April 6, 1909.
Engraven on the pure white marble at the head is this inscription: "Faithful unto the end."

Dyspepsia is our national ailment. Burdock Blood Bitters is the national cure for it. It strengthens stomach membranes, promotes flow of digestive juices, purifies the blood, builds you up.

WHAT THE KIDNEYS DO.

Their Unceasing Work Keeps Us Strong and Healthy.

All the blood in the body passes through the kidneys once every three minutes. The kidneys filter the blood. They work night and day. When healthy they remove about 500 grains of impure matter daily, when unhealthy some part of this impure matter is left in the blood. This brings on many diseases and symptoms—pain in the back, headache, nervousness, hot, dry skin, rheumatism, gout, gravel, disorders of the eyesight and hearing, dizziness, irregular heart, debility, drowsiness, dropsy, deposits in the urine, etc. But if you keep the filters right you will have no trouble with your kidneys.

R. L. Westmoreland, Ohio Ave., Live Oak, Fla., says: "My wife was in poor health for a long time. She complained of pains in her back, was very nervous and subject to headaches. The least work caused her to become all tired out. When I saw Doans Kidney Pills advertised, I procured a box for her from the Suwannee Drug Co., and she began using them. A few doses made a great improvement in her condition, and she continued their use, the pains gradually disappeared. The contents of one box of Doans Kidney Pills eradicated all signs of kidney disease from her system."

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