

imitative of rosin. The appearance of these casks on the board cause the coin stacks to vanish.

"To the juggling of the dice the ninnies keep moving about in the woods, and the player attempts to get the amber and brown lacquered casks to a seaport, painted on the board, and then jump them across a 'pond' into the Home-Safe-at-Last square. That's THE GAME.

"In order to accomplish this the greatest nerve—lots of nerve—my son, and skill, are required, for it can be done, but there are many thousand chances against the play, yet so exciting and interesting is the game that once you begin it you can hardly stop it—that is, if you can afford to purchase the outfit.

"Some happy children of fortune, boys, though grown, have had the pleasure recently of playing this game before Santa Claus brought them an outfit, but they did not win the game, and they have laid aside the board for awhile.

"They made splendid progress and got five piles of the coin pieces, each pile representing 250,000 on the board. Following this, and by the most promising maneuvering, the rules of the game permitted the casks to appear on the board in sufficient quantity to offset the 5x250,000 equals 1,250,000 limit.

"Then came the chase across the board for the seaport town square, and the effort to jump the casks across the pond into the Home-Safe-at-Last square. To do this the dice must be so juggled that the casks, each and all of them, can be passed safely through a maze wherein lie four big squares, marked 'The Big Four.'

"When you reach the maze and cannot get through, you can get a chance to start again, but you must put your casks in pawn, and then you introduce a little block of marble prettily shaped and hewn like unto a bank. This is called the Rescuer.

"Again the dice fall and the Rescuer must make certain moves, which are SURE and CERTAIN, and entitle this cold bit of stone to be placed with the set aside casks. Then only can the player introduce upon the board a bit of metal, which is heavily embossed in rhinestone letters, 'Loan.' Like the 'Open Sesame' of the fairy tale, this exchange of collateral (the rosin-like barrels) for this piece of metal (marked 'Loan') the doors are opened for the player to bring into the big central square another set of rosin-like barrels, the meanwhile the player being obliged, by keeping things busy—I mean the dice rattling and falling—so as to have the green ninnies move about harmoniously in the woods.

"Now, the player has, it would seem, all that he can do, but the game grows more interesting and exciting. He must keep in mind that the bank-guarded piles of casks may have a chance to slip through the Maze of the Big Four and into Home, and at the same time he must get the new lot of casks, bought with the 'Loan' figure of the game, up to the Maze of The Big Four. Should this consignment fail to get through, then another, but slightly smaller Rescuer bit of marble, shaped like a bank, is set aside with this second and smaller lot of casks.

"And so you see how intricate the game becomes, for now, to continue, you draw a second 'Loan' to purchase a second lot of casks by this means—the first you must remember having been bought by the 5x250,000 equals 1,250,000 of the green ninnies. The player now has two lots of casks pawned to and guarded by the marble bank, while a third lot comes on the board. According to the rules of a 1,250,000 game, the number of 'Loan' pieces ARE NOT ONLY LIMITED, BUT GROW SMALLER EACH TIME YOU ARE OBLIGED TO DRAW ONE, and at the same time the consignment of casks received is, by the Law and Rules of this great Goo-Goo Gum Game, of dwindling significance. Like the number of 'Loan' pieces, so, too, are the Bank pieces limited, and there are the same number of each.

"It all depends, like the turn of the wheel in the gambler's den, on the throws of the dice by the player, for if the throws fail to get the casks from their storage square on the board—a prettily painted and 'fair field'—and thence through the Maze and into the Home-Safe-at-Last square, then you lose the game, or, in other words, you 'BUST.'"

Just then the coachman managed our vehicle badly, and we were given an awful bump against some obstruction, which we found were FOUR BIG BOULDERS IN THE ROADWAY.

"A novel attachment to the Great Goo-Goo Gum Game board," said my friend, "is a little spring which you are required to press when your casks go into pawn. By an ingenious mechanical arrangement the pressure on the spring releases a prettily colored rubber bubble which ascends about eighteen inches, while from directly above the upward moving bubble there descends a strong, sharp-pointed needle attached to a rod. So accurately is this adjusted that the needle and the bubble meet, and the pretty, INFLATED THING SHAKES—SHIVERS—AND IS NO MORE.

"But the player with nerve and gumption smiles his own little smile and plays the game. It is known, my son, that one player played one solitary Great Goo-Goo Gum Game for seven months, but failed to win it.

"It is also known that his friends were so interested in him and his gum-game that they were ready to get another outfit for him, not quite so elaborate, but nearly so; that is, instead of having 5x250,000 equals 1,250,000, with which to start, he was only to have 4x250,000 equals 1,000,000.

"But one Saturday the penetrating rays of the sun shone so severely on the pine board of the gum game that the player decided to play no more."

My friend vanished, and I heard a pleading voice cry:

"Get back my first bunch of casks."

I tried. It was but in vain. Always and forever a massive white marble wall would rise between me and the coveted amber-colored casks. Yet, unlike the Sphinx, this mass of stone would talk. It said:

"This much is mine. Let the player produce the sum loaned and the interest, and all will be well."

Then came more cries of help to rescue other stored amber casks, but ever and ever a marble wall would arise to utter the uniform saying, "This much is mine."

Suddenly my friend was at my side again.

"My son," said he, "you may begin this game with one and a quarter, and store up these pretty amber-colored casks."

"If you then hypothecate, for less, of course, than its value, you can play again, but on a smaller scale. And so you can continue to play, by hypothecation, a smaller and smaller game, until you reach the end, when your marble-hearted friend owns all you had."

"And you never get back any of the pretty amber-colored casks?" I sighed in query.

"No. Not any. If some one said the players sold their holdings (started with your 1,250,000) for 2,500,000, it was because they either did not know any better or that possessed with that knowledge they did not give the public what belonged to it.

"You saw in that game that the green ninnies brought 1,250,000 to the big central square so as to start the game. Go to the woods and ask the stock—y men of the game if they ever got back any of THAT ORIGINAL ONE-AND-A-QUARTER."

Like the vanished casks, my friend disappeared for ever more, and then I awoke from a most refreshing sleep, and, as the scales had been taken from my eyes, SOME THINGS appeared to me in a DIFFERENT and PROPER LIGHT.

THE SOUTHERN FUEL AND SUPPLY COMPANY'S AD.

The following letter was received after the part of the paper containing the ad. had been printed. As it was too late to comply with Mr. Munnerlyn's request, the letter is printed in justice to him. As soon as we are able we will return the \$100.

"Jacksonville, Fla., Dec. 13, 1905.—Mr. Claude L'Engle, City: Dear Sir—I herewith inclose certificate of stock in the Sun Company for one hundred dollars (\$100), also amount due for advertising, which we desire discontinued. In view of the recent policy of your paper, which we consider antagonistic to the interests of some of our best friends and city, we cannot afford to be identified

with it in any way. Yours respectfully, "The SOUTHERN FUEL & SUPPLY COMPANY.

"J. K. Munnerlyn, President."

THE EVERETT HOTEL AD.

The following letter was received too late to comply with the request it contained. The part of the paper containing the ad. had been printed when the letter was received. The letter is printed in justice to Mr. Mason:

"Claude L'Engle, Esq., Jacksonville, Fla.—Dear Sir: From advice which I have received since seeing you the other day, I find it absolutely necessary to instruct you to withdraw my ad. in your paper. Regretting the necessity, I beg to remain, yours, etc.

"GEO. MASON, Mgr."

RETIREMENT OF REV. J. B. LEY AS EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

(From Live Oak Democrat.)

The Democrat and our citizens generally bid a regretful farewell to Rev. J. B. Ley, Dr. Pasco's predecessor in the editorial chair, and his charming family. Mr. Ley has impressed his rare gifts and acquirements as a writer and thinker upon every issue of the Christian Advocate while he was its editor, and the paper has taken high rank among the religious periodicals of the country. His grace and force and feeling have imparted a marked and peculiar value to his work, and it has been widely recognized in the secular no less than the religious press. His assignment at the Ocala Conference to the pastorate of the McTyeire Memorial Church at Jacksonville was a most distinguished compliment to his qualities as a man and a minister, for that station, considered the most desirable in the conference jurisdiction, is a prize awarded by a discriminating bishop only to a minister of superior qualifications. Mr. Ley will fully realize the high expectations of him based upon his new assignment, and the Democrat extends to him its cordial good wishes for his success in his Jacksonville field of labor.

GRAND DUKE FIRED AT ACTOR.

Nardi, the tenor attached to the imperial opera, had a narrow escape from death recently, when he lost his way on the enormous stage and accidentally entered the box of Grand Duke Vladimir. Being afraid to show himself to the public, his Highness occupied a box, the very existence of which is unknown to theater-goers, as it is inclosed on all sides, the only opening being toward the stage. The tenor, as indicated, got lost in the wings, and drawing aside a curtain found himself face to face with the Grand Duke and a soubrette. His Highness, naturally, "saw" the air full of bombs and dynamite, and taking a brace of revolvers from a table began to pour bullets into the wings, emptying a dozen chambers successively ere he could be persuaded that his life was not in danger. The actor, of course, had fled the moment he perceived Vladimir's well-known whiskers, and the adventure made him so ill that he could not continue his part. The performance ended before empty benches, as most of the audience ran away on hearing the fusillade.

MAKING "CECELIA JEALOUS."

The schoolgirls of Berlin have combined to make Cecelia "jealous." Whenever the Crown Prince travels about town in his auto or carriage, they fire his favorite flower, red pinks, at him, and this is practiced to such an extent that the price of that commodity has very greatly risen. Sometimes the Crown Prince takes the flowers from the hands of the girls, and the Gretchens so favored never cease talking of their good luck.

IN MEMORIAM.

This little headstone is erected to the tender memory of an ad. printed in this space last week. Its duty was to nourish this journal, which gives the people a voice. Right well was the little ad. doing its duty.

It died from an overdose of "Gum."

For further particulars of this sad demise see editorial pages of this issue.

R. I. P.

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