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AND ADVERTISER

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WM. A. RUSSELL, Editor

HAPPINESS LIES NEAR.

Richard Whiteing who has made a study of life in the east end of London, relates that he was once talking with a grizzled old woman when he chanced to refer to the queen.

"Oh, 'ow I would like to be the queen!" said the ancient beldame.

"Why?" asked Mr. Whiteing.

"It isn't because of her 'orses, because if I were queen I would 'ave a donkey cart with red wheels, and it isn't because of her band of musicians on 'orseback which goes ahead of the 'orse guards, for I'd much rather have a Hitalian with a and organ, but just think, if she wakes up at 3 o'clock in the morning and wants a bite to eat she can just touch a bell and 'ave beef and boiled cabbage right away!"

And there are a lot of us wearing ourselves out trying to become kings and queens, when as a matter of fact, all we require to make life truly happy is just a little more "beef and cabbage."

Every one of us knows that our neighbor is foolishly striving for something the attainment of which would add nothing to his real happiness. And our neighbor possesses a similar information regarding us and our affairs.

The other fellow's ideal of happiness doesn't seem to be worth while to us. His dream isn't worth striving for, we think.

Perhaps the only one to be envied, and yet the only one not envied, is the one whose ideals are humble and fit into the heart.

Don't waste golden moments trying to think of some way in which you may become like a king or queen.

You may get your name in big type in the newspapers, and yet be not half so happy as though you had done the sweet and simple things that would have engraved your name and fame upon the loving hearts of those about you.

HEROISM IN WOMEN.

Whenever a woman does some courageous act not strictly in line with woman's ordinary conduct, all men hasten to pay her tribute.

If she flags an imperilled train with her red petticoat, takes a gun to a burglar, or smashes a masher, as was done by a young society women in the past few days, we at once go into high panegyrics over her heroism.

At the head of womanly heroism in the admiration of the public are the noble women who go as nurses to the battlefields and into fever-infected places. These are indeed brave women and the field of opportunity is one for which they seem peculiarly fitted. Admiration for them is genuine and irresistible.

But is the selection of such instances as these as types of womanly heroism fair to women in general?

Not all women can flag a train in peril, or drive a burglar to cover, or smash a masher. Most of them are just homekeepers with homely tasks. Are we to ignore the heroism with which they perform these everyday tasks?

We go into eulogies over the women who go as nurses to the fields of carnage to soothe the dying. All right—but what about the other women who bravely send husbands, lovers, brothers, sons to be shot?

All praise to the noble nurses who go to the fever spots and heroically stay to the end—but what of the millions of mothers, wives, sisters, sweethearts who would die rather than be dragged from the bedside of their dying dear ones?

Who has ever counted the hours that the mothers of the world have spent in lonely vigil, when despair pressed upon them and closed 'round about them like a midnight gloom?

Did you ever hear of a mother that failed, or forgot, or faltered?

Did you ever know one who would not give all but hope of heaven to save the life that had flickered down to a tiny spark?

These things are so common that we take no note of them.

We are so used to her ism in women that we think nothing about it until it presents itself spectacularly in some unusual form.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

Summer Rates Via A. C. L.

If you contemplate visiting summer resorts see ticket agents Atlantic Coast Line and get all information with reference to rates, routes, schedules and Pullman service. Summer tourist rates are now in effect to all the principal resorts throughout the country with return limit October 31st. Rates have been announced to all springs, mountain and sea shore resorts. For the first time round trip tickets are now on sale to resorts in New England territory.

W. C. T. U. COLUMN.

Edited By Palatka Union.

This cut is obtained through the courtesy of "The New Voice," Chicago.

HELL'S KITCHENS.

By Geo. Quarrie.

[ABRIDGED]

The common expression "rum" very properly covers most of the so-called "hard" or spirituous drinks; for they are nearly all made from alcohol imported from West Indian sugar plantations, where they call this fiery spirit "rum." A few reliable details about the origin of this stuff would come as quite a shock to a great many people, and these facts ought to be exposed as a mere matter of decency.

Plenty of people will defy all the lurking demons in drink, if it is daintily served over a fine counter. It is always the other fellow, not ourselves, who will be weak enough to go on to excess and destruction. But, if it once became known for example, that very unclean people paddled about in their barefeet in this liquid, on its way from the cane to those fine decanters, would so many young men feel inclined then, out of bravado, to put it to their lips? Assuredly not.

On sugar plantations the distillation of rum or alcohol necessarily accompanies the making of sugar, on the score of economy. The details of this economy can not fail to make unpleasant reading. Supervising this process as overseer for two long years, will always remain in my memory as a hideous nightmare.

In the manufacture of sugar, the green juice of the cane is gradually heated in a trio of huge boilers, and is ladled from one to the other of these until, from the last and hottest of them, the liquid is sucked into a vacuum pan, where it boils at a low temperature and soon separates into grains of sugar and molasses. From the vacuum pan this mixture is drawn off into miniature tank cars and goes by rail to another building where it is dropped into centrifugal sieves. These revolving at great speed, swing the molasses out of the sugar. An immense tank beneath the floor receives the stream of molasses, and the sugar is scooped out of the machines into wooden trays, generally by Chinese coolies, and borne on their heads to the packing room where, it is put into hogheads for shipment.

As the cane juice simmers in these boilers a great quantity of black scum rises to the surface, which is skimmed off and emptied into a long wooden trough, along which it flows to another and larger tank, which is sunk into the ground so that it drains every part of the large buildings. This receptacle ought to interest "rum" drinkers, because the filling of it with what is not inaptly called "wash" is the first act in the manufacture of "rum."

Water thrown on the floor of any room in the buildings, ultimately finds its way into it. That is an arrangement for the there careful gathering and storing of all the waste "sweets" that are dropped on every floor. This waste stuff with the continuous, dense steam from the pans, makes every foot of the brick paved floors most disagreeably moist and sticky to walk over, particularly so at night when one treads on a living carpet of roaches. The crunch of these underfoot and the incessant flight between the lamp lights and into one's face, of large insects, apparently of the same species, together, with the somewhat leisurely moving away of lizzards and rats, make a night round of the building anything but pleasant. Every morning at half past five, hose pipes play on these floors and many brooms swish the water along, helping it carry its load of sweetened filth (out of doors and into the canal, one expects); not so, but forward and down grade, until it falls, like a small Niagara, into that preparatory rum tank. The pan skimmings would take a very long time to fill that mighty receiver; clean molasses being too high priced to be put there. During two years' overseership I never saw a pailful of molasses used for rum making. The night gangs clean up in this way before they leave in the early mornings; the day-gangs before going home evenings.

It can be easily imagined how those Chinese who carry the sugar—all naked except the scantiest loin cloth—working hard in that hot, moist atmosphere, become more or less coated over their yellow skins with sugar. This they are carefully prevented from carrying away with them. There is a big faucet always supplying warm water as condensed from the steam of the engines. Under this faucet each sugared celestial has to stand, which the "driver" lets go on each a copious sousing, before he is allowed to leave the building. But, to the rum drinker, the real interest in these enforced baths must be to follow the waste water therefrom. He will find that it follows gravity and flows, as it must do, into the rum tank.

To fully appreciate the loathsomeness of the above practice it must be further explained that these sugar carrying Chinamen, probably from the nature of their employment are singularly, and wherever so employed, subject to skin disease, notably the itch.

Perhaps the worst was reached on pumping days, when this terrible "wash" caldron was drained by steam pumps. The great rose attached to the end of the hose lowered into this seething mass of filth, often gets clogged up, and the engine had to stop until something is dragged away with long handled grapples. When about two feet from the bottom had been reached, a couple of negroes climed down and began shoveling out drowned rats in all stages of decay, which could not be reckoned by numbers as the majority of them went to pieces as soon as stirred—at least 5 or 6 bushels. All such buildings swarm with rats, despite every effort to keep them down; and the sour sweet stench of the contents of the tank, with its smooth cemented walk, makes a most effective rat-trap. Pumping proceeded every day or two but the rats were removed only when the pump would work no longer, say every 2 to 4 weeks.

Immense vats filled with this broth are kept standing with occasional stirrings until through fermentation the desired attenuation is shown by the deeper plunge of the hydrometer bulb—about 9 days. It is then run into the still, about 2,000 gallons to the charge; and then begins to triple from the goose neck with subtle essence (truly of many things) which afterwards finds its way by devious path to supply the poor, unsuspecting tipplers with their tempting drinks.

Although my experience as overseer was in the West Indies, visits to similar factories in other countries leave no doubt that, for unsavoriness, there is a little to choose between them.

To my certain knowledge, New York was the destination of most of the splendid diamond-grain sugar, as well as its offal, "high wines," and "low wines"—as the first and second distillations of rum are called—manufactured entirely from such stuff as above described.

I have visited several New York distilleries, in one of which, from the distiller himself, I learned that their entire liquor business consisted in refining or distilling again "low wines," or crude West India rum, mixed sometimes with similar raw material from western states. The same man also showed me tier after tier of barrels of whisky, gin, and brandy, each of different kinds and "blinds," all ready for delivery to fine New York cafes and saloons, every barrel of which he assured me "came from that same faucet." The only difference between them, he said, was a little more chemical coloring added to make one look darker than another, and a few flavors thrown in to make one into brandy, another old rye whisky, and so on.

Let the young braves of the barroom ponder over these things—some old timers might take it to heart—that the glasses they hold up critically between their eyes and the light, admiring the fine "old age" color of their contents, contain nothing better than a few poisonous chemicals added to condensed steam which rose from "sweets" that were paddled into dirty slime by men's bare feet and gathered up as washings of floors, mingled with the rinsings of diseased human skins. For it is just such a delectable essence as this, seasoned, also, with the effluvia of decomposing vermin—that graces the shelves of their brilliant bars in showy bottles, labeled "Old Rye Whisky," "Fine Brandy," two or three kinds of "Gin," and "Rum" or whatever else they choose to call their besetting temptation, "hard stuff."

Is it any wonder that snakes are conjured up in legions by brains besotted with such stuff?

Barrels of "rum" from the West Indies were ashore from a vessel wrecked on England's coast. Most of those men who sucked this rum through a straw while the policeman's back was turned as he was making his beat up and down the wharf, died instantly—even before that officer could return to the men. An eye witness to this scene is now a very prominent citizen in Palatka, Fla.

WHAT TOTEMISM IS.

Light on an Interesting and Little Understood Subject.

It is interesting to note that totemism is found not only in Alaska, but among the North American Indians, the aborigines of Australia, the Hottentots of Africa and even the hill tribes of India. Totems are also common among the Samoans.

Broadly the totem is the badge of a clan or tribe, but it signifies a great deal more than mere political or social alliance. It is not only a tribal emblem, but also a family sign; not merely a symbol of nationality, but also an expression of religion; not simply a bond of union among primitive peoples, but also a regulator of the marriage laws and of other social institutions. A totem has been defined as "a class of material objects which a savage regards with superstitious respect, believing that there exists between him and every member of the class an intimate and special relation."

Among the Ojibway Indians there are no fewer than twenty-three different totems. Nine of these are quadrupeds, marking out the wolf, the bear, the beaver and other clans, eight are birds, five are fishes and one is the snake.

Some extraordinary superstitions regarding totems prevail in Samoa. Thus it is believed that if a turtle man eats of a turtle he will grow very ill, and the voice of the turtle will be heard in his inside saying: "He ate me. I am killing him." If a banana man uses a banana leaf for a cap he becomes bald. If a butterfly man catches a butterfly it strikes him dead. If a fowl man eats a fowl delirium and death results, and so on, all going to show that the totem has something of the quality of a fetich as well as the significance of a family emblem.

Regarding totemism, it is to be noted that the relation of mutual help and protection includes also the totem itself—that is to say, if a man takes care of his totem he expects the totem to return the compliment. If the totem is a dangerous animal it must not hurt his clansmen. The scorpion men of Senegambia declare that the most deadly scorpions will run over their bodies without hurting them. There is a snake clan in Australia which holds to a similar belief. Among the crocodile clan of the Bechuanas if a man is bitten by a crocodile or even has water splashed on him by one he is expelled from the clan as one esteemed unworthy by the totem.—Housekeeper.

Why the Party Was Arranged.

Mr. Green—Now, I'm going to tell you something, Ethel. Do you know that last night at our party your sister promised to marry me? I hope you'll forgive me for taking her away. Little Ethel—Forgive you, Mr. Green! Of course I will. Why, that was what the party was arranged for, you know.

Plain Spoken.

"I understand that young Hustlem is the sort of fellow who calls a spade a spade."

"He's even more plain, spoken than that. He calls his wages wages."—Houston Post.

MY OTHER SELF

(Original.)

Soon after my sister's death, which occurred in Paris, where we had taken her for the benefit of her health, I gleaned from her diary the following, which I give in extracts written by herself:

"Feb. 20.—I am a woman of an extremely sensitive organization. It is impossible for any one to be near me and think of any matter without the same thought communicating itself to me. I have noticed this repeatedly when Edith is with me.

"May 3.—My health is breaking down, and the doctors recommend a trip abroad. Father has business in Paris for the week, so we are going directly there. We sail the 4th of June.

"June 14.—Here we are in Paris. The ocean voyage revived me, and I am much better. Paris in June is delightful—so gay, so inspiring. I am sure I shall recover. We are lodged in a large house used for apartments in the Rue E. We are told that several centuries ago one of the kings of France used it as a residence for one of his favorites. On this account I would prefer being lodged somewhere else. The profligacy, crime, chicanery, practiced by the court at that time was frightful and sowed the seed of the revolution. Gabrielle D'Estre was poisoned in such a house just before Henry IV. was about to make her queen of France. I seem to breathe an atmosphere of crime.

"June 25.—I have had a shock. This evening, just between daylight and dusk, on coming in from a drive in the Bois de Boulogne I was mounting the broad, massive staircase, and as I reached the landing something induced me to turn my head and look at the wall. There, standing with head turned and hand on the banister, was myself. The figure was looking straight at me. Father came up soon after and found me lying on the landing unconscious.

"When I came to myself I was on my bed and no one present except a servant. Having time to think, I decided to say nothing about my vision. They are worried about me, and to tell them would only give them more trouble. I would like to leave this house, but Paris is crowded with visitors, and we could not now find other suitable rooms. Besides, I would be as liable to this vision anywhere else.

"July 2.—I have seen it again. This time I was going down the staircase. It was broad day outside, but the heavy curtains before the window on the landing excluded the light, and all within was dim. This time I did not faint, but moved on slowly to the steps, keeping my eyes fixed on my other self, its eyes fixed on me. Resting my hand on the banister, for I was unsteady, I looked down to be sure of the step, then put my foot on it. When I looked again for my counterpart it had vanished. Edith was coming up to help me down to the carriage, and I fell into her arms.

"I am sure this vision is my spiritual body and have a fancy that my discernment of it is the beginning of the end. As the physical body weakens I am more and more a spirit. That others do not have the same experience is because others have not the same delicate perceptions. I feel that I shall see it once more before the end—that is, before I shall be it.

"Father is very much worried about me and would be more so if he knew all. He wishes me to go to Switzerland, but he is detained here by his business and cannot go himself. He suggests that Edith and I go without him. But two girls cannot travel alone in this country; at least I would not wish to do so, especially in my condition of health.

"July 10.—When I went downstairs this morning the curtains at the hall window were drawn and permitted a strong light on the landing. I looked at the wall, dreading to see my other self, but there was nothing but the bare surface. Edith saw my frightened glance and asked me the cause, but I would not tell her. Why should I? She would only think me fit for a retreat, and very likely I should lose my liberty.

"July 16.—Father has finished his business, and we are to start for Geneva tomorrow. It will avail nothing to me. Something tells me that I shall see the warning again before we leave, and all for me will then soon be over.

"Midnight.—I have seen it again."

This is the last entry in the diary. On July 16 we came in from a drive, and my sister went upstairs before me. I supposed father was with her, but he was not. When I reached the landing I noticed that the wall to the left was not as I had seen it always before. There was an opening, through which I could look into another house or part of a house. Though surprised, I was too much taken up with my sister to stop to examine it and went on up to her room. I found her on the bed unconscious. She remained in this condition for several days, when she died.

Before her death I noticed again the difference in the wall, but was in no condition of mind to take any interest in it. Before leaving Paris I looked over the diary and learned the story that I have given in these extracts. Father reported the matter to the keeper of the lodging house, who took us to the landing, touched a spring, a panel slid back and exposed a mirror. Then he touched another spring, and the mirror slid aside, leaving an entrance to another part of the house. How long this device for a hasty egress had been there no one knew. It had been discovered some twenty years before and was now only occasionally used. And this, in connection with my sister's highly organized physique, was the cause of her death.

F. A. MITCHEL.

Wisdom.

The wise man when he contemplates a journey lets his wife pack and then takes her along to repack. If not, he will need a dry goods case to hold the overflow when he turns homeward.—New York Times.

Strenuous Hat.

Husband—Let me see, how long has it been since Uncle John was here?

Wife—Oh, it must be several years. He was here the week after I got my last new bonnet.—Detroit Tribune.

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR

Tax Deed Under Section 8 of Chapter 4888, Laws of Florida.

Notice is hereby given that Kelley & Co., purchaser of Tax certificate No. 425, dated the 2d day of July, A D 1900, has filed said certificate in my office, and has made application for tax deed to issue in accordance with law. Said certificate embraces the following described property situated in Putnam county, Florida, towit:

Ne¼ and n½ of nw¼, section 16, township 10, range 25—240 acres.

The said land being assessed at the date of the issuance of such certificate in the name of Fla. So. R. R. Co. Unless said certificate shall be redeemed according to law, tax deed will issue thereon on the 24th day of July, A. D. 1905.

Witness my official signature and seal this the 14th day of June, A. D., 1905.

JOSEPH PRICE.
[Seal] Clk. Circuit Court Putnam Co. Florida

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR

Tax Deed Under Section 8 of Chapter 4888, Laws of Florida.

Notice is hereby given that Kelley & Co., purchaser of tax certificate No. 424, dated the 2nd day of July, A. D., 1900 has filed said certificate in my office, and has made application for tax deed to issue in accordance with law. Said certificate embraces the following described property situated in Putnam county, Florida, to wit:

Nw¼ of nw¼ section 15, township 10, range 25—40 acres.

The said land being assessed at the date of the issuance of such certificate in the name of Fla So. R. R. Co. Unless said certificate shall be redeemed according to law, tax deed will issue thereon on the 24th day of July, A D 1905.

Witness my official signature and seal this the 14th day of June, A D 1905.

[Seal] JOSEPH PRICE,
Clerk Circuit Court, Putnam Co. Florida.

Notice of Application for Tax Deed Under Section 8 of chapter 4888, Laws of Florida.

Notice is hereby given that Kelley & Co., purchaser of tax certificate No. 415, dated the 2nd day of July, A. D., 1900, has filed said certificate in my office and has made application for tax deed to issue in accordance with law. Said certificate embraces the following described property situated in Putnam county, Florida, to-wit:

S½ of se¼ and sw¼, section 9, township 10, range 25—240 acres.

The said land being assessed at the date of the issuance of such certificate in the name of Unknown. Unless said certificate shall be redeemed according to law, tax deed will issue thereon on the 24th day of July A. D. 1905.

Witness my official signature and seal this 14th day of June. A. D. 1905.

[Seal] JOSEPH PRICE.
Clerk Ct. Court Putnam County Florida.

Masters Sale—Foreclosure.

UNDER and by virtue of a decree of foreclosure and sale rendered in the Circuit court of the Eighth Judicial Circuit of the State of Florida, in and for Putnam County, by the Honorable James T. Wills, Judge of said Court, dated the 22nd day of May, A. D., 1905, wherein Eliza W. Osborne, widow, is complainant, and Walter Soren and Charles A. Nash are defendants, I will sell at public auction, for cash, to the highest and best bidder, at the front door of the Court House in Palatka in said County of Putnam, on the First Monday in August, the same being the 7th day of said month, during the legal hours of sale, on that day, all the following described land: Situate, lying and being in the County of Putnam and State of Florida, being a part of what is known as Drayton Island in said County of Putnam, and bounded and described as follows, beginning at the shore of Lake George at the southwest corner of the cleared lot formerly occupied by William P. Wright, now deceased, and being the Southwest corner of the orange grove, running thence North 75 degrees, East seven chains and fifty links, to a stake, thence Northerly along the East side of the orange grove and continuing in the same direction to the shore of said Lake, and thence Southerly along the shore of said Lake to place of beginning, containing thirty acres of land more or less.

E. N. CALHOUN,
Special Master in Chancery.

HENRY STRUNZ, Esq.,
Solicitor for Complainant.
Palatka, Fla., June 24, 1905. 5-30-5t

Petition for a Special Tax School District.

TO THE HONORABLE BOARD OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION, PUTNAM COUNTY, FLORIDA:

Gentlemen:—

The undersigned petitioners, qualified voters of Election Precinct No. 1, Putnam County, respectfully petition your Honorable Board to call an election for the purpose of deciding up on the formation of a Special Tax School District to embrace the territory known as Election Precinct Number One.

C J Hunter, E L Waterman, D J Daniels, G J Braddock, C L Chamberlin, A Austin, E D Lounds, A Josselyn, R H Lounds, John Vincent, K Borsen, W B Shotwell, E V Lundberg, M H White, E G Suckett, O M Reeves, D D., V I Carrier, D W Brandon, H F Johnson, J C Grimsley, J H Harp, S M LaBree, James Padgett, Jr., D Varnes, Frank Gautier, Arthur B Appleby, J W Lohr, C H Preston, J L Burton, J P Appleby by A B Appleby, Henry Fleming, W R Saunders, J T McGrady, S S Braddock, J A McClankill, E W McGrady, Chas C Slade, Geo W Williams, W S Newbold, Fred Andersen, Sam'l Neal, L S Turner, Frank M Payson, E J Harper, M A Allen, O M Newbold, G G Westcott, M H Read, T S Bates, E D Terry, C H Cash, E W Warren, W J Norton, E L Bevens, J P Cowburn, W H Cohen, J D Pigue, T S Devean, Geo H Ward, Thos Hinchcliffe, E A Hogarth, Walter Cliff, R L Boardman, Chas S Gowen, R O Burton, W D Carrier, J B Shiver, Jake Amos, Randall Lee, G Foolman.

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L. A. SMITH,

Lemon St., Palatka.

Finest Line of Confections in the State Tobacco, Pipes, Cigars.

BUY YOUR LIQUORS ...AT... J. F. BREWER'S

Wholesale and Retail Liquor House.

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We are making a specialty of the jug trade and invite you to send for our price list

Agents for celebrated I. W. Harper Whiskey

J. F. BREWER,

(Successor to M. J. Murphy)

Palatka, Fla.

Notice of Application For Permit to Sell Liquors, Wines and Beer.

Whereas, John D. Bingham has filed with the Board of County Commissioners for Putnam County, Florida, his application for permit to sell Liquors, Wines and Beer in Election Precinct 25 of said County and State; any citizen of such election district may show cause, if any there be, at the meeting of the Board to be held on Tuesday, the 4th day of July next, why such permit should not be granted.

JOSEPH PRICE,
[Seal] Clerk Board Co. Com. Putnam Co. Florida.