

What's Better for a Home Holiday Gift

Than an Odd Piece of Furniture? And what could give more genuine joy? We have some exceptionally elegant and artistic

Ladies' Writing Desks, Combination Book Case and Desk, Book Cases, Library Tables, Side Boards, Dining Tables, Leather Couches, Rockers, etc.

Then there are some elegant AXMINSTER and VELVET ART SQUARES and other Floor Coverings, Rugs, etc. Think of something in the line of House Furnishings, and then come and see us about it. If you can't think come and see us, anyhow, and we will guarantee that our elegant stock will suggest the one thing most appropriate.

F. A. GERBER & SON, THE FURNITURE PEOPLE.

Work for Everybody.

VANILLA

WANTED
WANTED
WANTED

THE KENNERLY HARDWARE CO.,

DEALERS IN

Hardware, Stoves, Plows, Cultivators, Water Coolers, Ice Cream Freezers, Agents for Planet Jr. Implements, Oliver Chilled Plows, Atkins' Saws, Etc.,

Palatka, Florida, Will pay FOUR CENTS, SPOT CASH, for all the clean, WELL-CURED VANILLA they can get, and will continue to buy and pay cash for it through the entire season

Bring your Vanilla and get the CASH. We want nothing but First Quality Vanilla.

THE

Kennerly Hardware Co.,
Palatka, Florida.

Christmas is Coming!

You will want Christmas goods for the old as well as the young. We have supplies on hand for both.

A variety of Toys, Dolls, Wagons, and imported China pieces, Photo Albums, Dresser Sets, Work Boxes, etc., and a large stock of imported Decorated Dinner Sets.

All grades of Chairs, Rockers, Rugs Matting, etc., from the best to the cheapest.

Also a large, well assorted stock of Furniture and Stoves for the Parlor, Bed room, Dining room and Kitchen.

Eighty Iron Beds in a variety of styles. All of which will be sold during the holidays at greatly reduced prices.

A. C. Weaver Furniture Co.

Cor. 6th and Lemon Sts. Palatka, Florida.

Ready for Business
In New Store.

A Fresh Stock of Groceries and Provisions in a bright, clean, store should prove attractive. Our prices will do the rest.

Hay, Grain, Feed Stuffs. Come and see us in the New Store.

Alex. Grainger,
Cor. Lemon and 8th Sts.

G. B. MOBLEY,
Fine Groceries.

Merryday Block, opposite Kupperbusch's Restaurant. We handle only fresh goods, both in fancy groceries and farm produce, and solicit a share of your patronage.

You will like the appearance of our store and stock, and our low prices will appeal strongly to you. Suppose you come and see us.

G. B. MOBLEY,
Palatka, Fla.

Good Workmanship, Prompt Service--

That's what you get when you have your Gun and Locksmith work and Bicycle and Sewing Machine repairing done at E. O. EARLS.

We always please our patrons—we can please you. Come and see me.

E. O. EARLS,

417 Lemon St. Palatka, Fla.

FIRE!!

Insure your property against fire
H. Finley Tucker,
Insurance.

Op. Court House, Palatka, Fla.

Real Estate Bargains:
No. 4—Two-room, 2-story house, corner lot 60x115, cheap for cash.
No. 5—Two-story house on the Heights, just far enough out of town to save city taxes. Winter connections, good repair. Let it go. This property must be sold quick, so will sell at a bargain, part cash and balance in installments.
No. 6—5 acres of fenced land, 180 orange trees (yielded 800 boxes last year), 2-story house, overlooking beautiful clear-water lake in town of Keuka, only \$1,000.
No. 7—An 8-room, two-story house in good repair, ten acres of good land with grape vines, fruit trees, etc. Small grocery store on premises, barn and out houses, on Palatka Heights (all at a bargain).
No. 8—3/4 acre good land, three acres of bearing grove at Granddip, Fla., for sale cheap, or will exchange for city property.
No. 9—Bargains in small houses to rent to colored people.

Fresh Groceries AND Country Produce

suppose you try
D. BOHANNON & SON'S
New Midway Grocery

(The Old Bingham Stand)

We are making right prices on all Staple and Fancy Groceries, and everything in between. We will appreciate a share of your patronage.

D. Bohannon & Son.

Palatka, Florida.



For sale by
G. M. Davis & Son
Palatka, Florida.

Queen Quality
"CUSTOM GRADE"
4
BOOTS



EVERY woman of taste appreciates the hand finished, custom-made shoe, but few care to pay the extravagant price.

Our "Queen Quality" \$4.00 Custom Grade Boots offer its advantages but at a moderate price.

That's why they have jumped into instant favor.
HERBERT CROOK

A Man's House Is His Castle

It should be fortified, protected with good paint. Ten houses are burnt up by slow decay, from not being properly painted, to every one that is destroyed by fire. And yet it costs but little to keep a house well painted, if the right kind of paint is used. The best painter in the world cannot do a good job with poor paint, but give a good painter

PATTON'S SUN-PROOF PAINTS

and you will surely get a job that will look well and wear well. They are economical paints because they cover so much more surface and wear so much longer than ordinary paints. They are sold by reputable retailers whose business existence depends upon the continued patronage of satisfied customers. Get Color Cards and information from

Ackerman-Stewart Drug Co.
Palatka, Florida.

DIDN'T ASK ENOUGH.

The Lawyer Should Have Probed His Witness a Little Deeper.

A small but distinguished company of English lawyers sat talking over old times. Among them was Mr. S., who told the following story:
"I was retained," he said, "by an ex-soldier to sue for the recovery of \$35 which he had lent to a friend. The late Mr. J. was counsel for the defendant. J. cross examined the plaintiff in his usual forcible way.

"You lent him the money?" Mr. J. asked.
"I did, sir."
"It was your own money?"
"It was, sir."
"When did you lend him the money?"
"In July."
"Where did you get that money, sir?"
"I earned it, sir."
"You earned it, eh? When did you earn it?"
"During the Boer war, sir," he said in a very humble tone.
"You earned it during the Boer war? Pray what was your occupation during the war?" Mr. J. inquired.
"Fighting, sir," the man replied modestly.

"Oh, fighting?" Mr. J. said, somewhat taken down.
"I smiled triumphantly. Mr. J. was very angry. Well, we went to the jury, and I, of course, had the last to say. I called away to glory. I spoke of the war, of the lives which it cost us, of the awful battles which helped to build up the glory of our nation, of the self denial and bravery of our men, who left home and wife and children and father and mother and everything that was dear to them and went forth to the fight. I worked up the jury and got a verdict for the full amount. As we were quitting the courtroom Mr. J. said:

"Is your war speech gained you the verdict. If you hadn't discovered through my cross examination that the man had fought in the Boer war, you would have been beaten."
"My friend," I replied, "if you had only asked the man which side he fought on you might be going home with a verdict. My client served under the Boer flag."

When to Go Home.

From the Bluffton, Ind., Banner:
"When tired out, go home. When you want consolation, go home. When you want fun go home. When you want to show others that you have reformed, go home and let your family get acquainted with the fact. When you want to show yourself at your best go home and do the act there. When you feel like being extra liberal go home and practice on your wife and children first. When you want to shine with extra brilliancy go home and light up the whole household. To which we would add, when you have a bad cold go home and take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and a quick cure is certain. For sale by Ackerman-Stewart Drug Co.

A Lost Art.

A Richmond housekeeper had occasion many times to employ a certain odd character of the town known as Aunt Cecilia Cromwell.
The old woman had not been seen in the vicinity of the house for a long time until recently, when the lady of the house said to her:
"Good morning, Aunt Cecilia. Why aren't you washing nowadays?"
"It's dis way, Miss Annie," replied Aunt Cecilia indignantly. "I's been out 'o' wuk so long dat now, when I can wuk, I finds I's lost mah 'tse fo' it."
—Lippincott's.

When It Rises.

Teacher (of geography class)—Name the largest city on the Ohio river.
Sluggish Haired Pupil—Cincinnati, ma'am, but it ain't on the Ohio river only part of the time. Teacher—Indeed! Where is it in the rest of the time?
Sluggish Haired Pupil—In it.—Chicago Tribune.

Notice of City Taxes.

City taxes for 1907 are now payable at the office of the city tax collector. Taxes not paid by January 1, will be subject to penalty of one per cent per month, beginning October 19th. Tax payers may act accordingly.
Office hours 9 to 12 a. m. 2:30 to 4:30 p. m.
A. T. TRIAY,
City Tax Collector.

Phenomenon Explained.

A comparatively young man whose mustache remained jet black while the hair on his head turned white explained the phenomenon by saying it was because his lips enjoyed all the good things of life and his head had to suffer all the troubles.—New York Sun.

The Strange Part.

"Isn't it strange that so few men discover the secret of success in life?"
"Yes, but it's stranger still that the secret is still a secret. Surely some of the men who discovered it must have told it to their wives."—Philadelphia Press.

Some families seem to have more skeletons than closets.—Detroit News.

Many a Florida Household Will Find Them So.

To have the pains and aches of a bad back removed; to be entirely free from annoying, dangerous urinary disorders is enough to make any kidney sufferer grateful. To tell how this great change can be brought about will prove comforting words to hundreds of Florida readers

A. Oertling, seaman, of 419 L. St. Pensacola, Fla., tells how to do it. He says: "From my experience with Doan's Kidney Pills I can strongly recommend them to anyone in need of a good medicine for the kidneys. Kidney complaint and backache caused me suffering at intervals for years. The first or second attack I did not mind, but as time went by they grew worse and at times laid me up. I could hardly walk and it was a difficult matter to straighten after stooping, while the kidney secretions were irregular and unnatural. Doan's Kidney Pills cured me. From personal experience I know that this remedy can be depended upon to fulfill the representations made for it."
For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-McBirn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

OFFICERS AND SADDLES.

Jefferson Davis and a Joke He Did Not Appreciate.

When Jefferson Davis was secretary of war he ordered all his generals to learn to ride horseback. No finer horseman than Jefferson Davis ever lived. He won the love and hand of Zach Taylor's daughter by his distinguished presence in the saddle, as well as by his intrepidity at the cannon's mouth. When secretary of war he noticed that only a few officers in the service were capable horsemen and issued an order something like this:
"A liberal reward will be paid to any officer or private in the army who will offer a satisfactory device for keeping our soldiers from falling out of their saddles. Communications to the secretary of war will be regarded as confidential."

Captain George Horatio Derby, one of the leading army engineers of his day, used to write humorous and witty stories over the pen name of John Phoenix. He received a copy of Secretary Davis' order while improving the harbor of San Diego, Cal., and immediately forwarded the most intricate and accurate designs of his plan for keeping officers and men in the saddle. To the seat of each officer's "spurs" he attached a bull ring, and another bull ring was attached to the saddle. The two bull rings were to be lashed together when the officer mounted his steed. "If that doesn't hold, nothing will," wrote Phoenix to the secretary. Davis was furious when he got this proposition and immediately ordered that Captain Derby should be court martialled for "official levity." The secretary felt that the army had been disgraced and wanted Derby severely punished. One of his intimates hastened to him. "Jeff," he whispered, "if you order a court martial for this little plesantry of John Phoenix, one of the salt of the earth and immensely popular in the army, you will be made a laughingstock. The people will ridicule you out of office. Just laugh it off." Davis took his advice.—New York Press.

MR. AND MRS. DEAN.

The Surprise They Gave a Roomful of Blackguards.

In the early part of the nineteenth century Vauxhall was the resort of many respectable persons, especially of those who came up from the country to see London sights. During one season it was infested by a band of roughs, who made it their occupation to insult and molest the most quiet, decent people, especially any whom they guessed to be country visitors. They became such a nuisance that several men about town, among whom were Lord Alvanley and Keppel Craven, laid a plot to get rid of them.

They hired Mendoza, the famous prize fighter, and dressed him up as a dean, with a shovel hat and apron. Another prize fighter, a short man, was dressed as a middle aged lady and passed as the dean's wife, and one evening they were seated at Vauxhall in a conspicuous position to watch the fireworks. It was not long before the old fashioned, countrified pair attracted the attention of the gang, who assailed them with every kind of coarse railing and insult, all of which they bore very meekly.

At length one of the persecutors, growing bolder by impunity, stepped up to the dean and squirted an orange into his eye. On this the dean, rising, said in a meek, quiet tone, "Wheely, gentlemen, I have borne a great deal, but I must put a stop to this." With that his hat went one way and his coat another, and, followed by his "wife," he sprang into the middle of the party, hitting out in all directions. Filled with astonishment and terror, some fled and some tried to show fight, but the handling they got from the prize fighters was too severe for the fracs to last long.

All the time Lord Alvanley and his friends, who were in the boxes, were calling out in delight: "Go it, Mr. Dean! Give it 'em, Mrs. Dean!" An effectual stop was thus put to the annoyance.—London Spectator.

Pearl Banks of Ceylon.

In a report from Colombo the United States consul says that of the world's great fisheries none can compare either in point of antiquity or in the continuity of their prosecution with the pearl fisheries of Ceylon, which he thus describes: "The pearl banks of Ceylon date back to the sixth century before Christ. It is recorded that Vijaya, the first Singleeese king of Ceylon, in the year 550 B. C. presented his father-in-law, the Pandyan king of Madura, a gift of pearls, thus indicating a settled fishery for pearls on the coast of his dominion prior to the historic date."

Lack of Confidence.

A party returning home in hired brougham, the driver of which is somewhat inebricated.

Paternalist (who at a hill climbs on to the box at the request of maternalist)—Give me the reins.
Coachman—Ave you never druv down this 'ere 'ill afore?
Pater (taking the reins)—No, I have not.
Coachman—Then I'll walk. (Does so).—London Punch.

Hard to Dodge.

Englishman (on Atlantic liner)—Well, old chap, we'll soon be engaged with those blasted Yankee custom inspectors. American—You bet! And remember, old man, that the United States expects every man to pay his duty!—Puck.

Most people aren't so proud of being honest as ashamed of being poor.—New York Press.

How Diphtheria is Contracted.

One often hears the expression, "My child caught a severe cold which developed into diphtheria," when the truth was that the cold had simply left the little one particularly susceptible to the wandering diphtheria germ. When Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is given it quickly cures the cold and lessens the danger of diphtheria or any other germ disease being contracted. For sale by Ackerman-Stewart Drug Co.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy

Cures Croup and Whooping Cough.

He Loved a Thief.

(Original.)

A number of happenings conspired to give me my beloved Cecile, and the strangest of all of them was that a man whom I never saw or heard of should have crossed my path twice. Queer, isn't it, that one should be indebted to a thief for the inestimable treasure of a good wife, a wife of rare common sense, a wife capable of making a wise decision without time for consideration.

I entered my hotel in the dusk of the evening, went upstairs and was surprised to see the door of my room ajar. Quickly entering, I saw a young, well dressed woman standing in the center of the room. Near her was my trunk open—I had left it locked—and much of its contents scattered over the floor.

"Caught in the act!" I said to her. She was as white as a sheet, and I feared she would faint. I started to push the electric button to summon others, but she caught my hand in a viselike grip. Then, putting her other hand to her heart, she tried to speak. Finally she succeeded in doing so in a whisper:

"Don't! For heaven's sake, don't! I can't go to jail. I couldn't endure it. It would kill me. Spare me. I am innocent."

The last three words angered me. "Innocent!" I exclaimed. "You are adding a lie to a theft."
Her grip tightened spasmodically on my wrist.

"I confess," she said presently. "Let me go."
There had been nothing of especial value in the trunk. If I should have the girl arrested I would be put to a great deal of trouble. Besides, I had not the heart to send her to prison.

"Go," I said, pointing to the door. She raised the wrist she held, kissed my hand and rushed from the room.

What was my surprise the next morning to see her leave the hotel in company with an elderly lady of apparent respectability, both getting into a private carriage.

"Who are those ladies?" I asked of the clerk of the hotel.

"Mme. Crawshaw and her daughter."
"Do you know anything about them?"

"I should say so. They always stop here when they come to the city; have stopped here for years."

It occurred to me that the girl was either a kleptomaniac or one of those people who support a respectable station by theft. The former supposition could not be correct, for only an expert could have picked the lock of my trunk. The case was so mysterious that it occupied my mind to the exclusion of everything else. The last object I saw before going to bed at night and the first thing on awakening in the morning was that terrified, imploring face. I tried to dismiss it, but it would not be dismissed. If the girl had not been a thief I should have suspected that I had fallen in love with her.

Three years passed. I had not ceased to wonder about the girl who had robbed me. Indeed, I had become infatuated with either the mystery attending the case or something remembered in her personality. I could not determine which. One day I received a letter from the chief of police of a distant city stating that a burglar had been arrested in whose lair was found many stolen articles. One was a book with my name and address on the fly leaf. The collection was open to my inspection.

The book had been in the trunk that had been rifled. I cared nothing for it, but would not the arrest of this man throw some light on the girl who had robbed me? Doubtless she was the man's accomplice. I took a train at once and on my arrival went to the police office. There were the book and several other articles of mine.

I was permitted to interview the burglar, and he told me that he had entered my room at the hotel, opened my trunk and taken what he wanted. He left without being discovered. He knew nothing of the girl I had found in my room and had no accomplice.

My next move was to write to the hotel where I had been robbed and ask for the address of Mme. Crawshaw. In due time I received it and one morning called at an eminently respectable residence and sent up my card to Miss Crawshaw. When she came down and saw me she paled and caught at the back of a chair.

"Don't fear me. I have called to say that I am convinced of your innocence. The man who robbed me has been arrested, and in his possession articles of mine contained in the trunk rifled have been found. I am here to right a wrong. And now will you explain your presence in my room?"

She clasped her hands, raised her eyes and exclaimed, "My God, I thank thee!"

At the moment she appeared to me very beautiful, but I know not if my long interest in her had not begotten love and love had not made me see her as I did. Then she gave me the explanation, which was very simple. In going to her room, which was next to mine, she had entered mine instead of her own. She was looking about her bewildered when I entered. Realizing her situation, she was appalled. Believing that to confess and throw herself on my mercy would be her best chance, she did so. In this she was right.

This is how I came to know Cecile and know of that ability for quick, wise decisions which she has since so often shown. But the fact remains that I loved her when I supposed her to be a thief.

C. N. AVERY.

What is Defilement in India.

In every native house in India there is a shrine in which the household gods are placed, like the icon in a Russian house. The very shadow of a European or native of a different caste passing over these or the culinary utensils of the family is a defilement, but the use of maledictious disinfectants is in the belief of the people, an outrageous desecration, calculated to call down on the family, the wrath of the gods and only to be atoned by right pyraschit (penance) and the administration of the punch garhya, a foul pill composed of the five products of the cow.

NEGLECTED BAYBERRIES.

Time Was When the Crop Was Eagerly Harvested.

Years ago when the first frosts had come Connecticut people went out to pick the bunches of bayberries to make the pale green wax candles which when burning gave out the aromatic smell of the leaves that the pickers crushed in pulling off.

We no longer pick bayberries for company candles for the winter time. Except a few romantic souls who gather berries enough to make a candle or two for old memories, a few faddists who want to try to make bayberry candles by some discovery or other in a magazine and some stanch old New Englanders who love to get out in the pastures on a crisp fall day—these are all who gather the bayberries now.

Left to themselves, the clumps of bushes have spread out and in some cases overrun whole pastures. In some parts of Connecticut the bushes have grown very tall.

In Branford, on the coast, there are almost bayberry trees, as many can be found growing along the highways ten feet tall and some even taller. These bayberries must be very old. You cannot help wondering how many crops have been picked off them in years past.

As early as 1717 the town records show that the gathering of bayberries on the highways and common was forbidden before Sept. 15. A fine of 10 shillings for each violation was the penalty. It appears that the wax from the berries was used in making a blacking and a salve and that bayberry wax continued an article of trade in Branford down to the last fifty years.

Human nature being about the same one century to another, there was probably in 1717 a great complaining of people who picked the berries "before they were half ripe" or "got up mornings before anybody else had a chance," hence the regulation and the fine.

But what a breathless, hurried bayberry picking it must have been the morning of Sept. 15!—Hartford Courant.

DANGEROUS FISH.

Ways of the Green Moray of Bermuda and the Devilfish.

When one speaks of dangerous fish the first that come to mind are the shark and the octopus. But neither of these is really formidable to fishermen. The shark never attacks a boat and the octopus very rarely.

A much worse creature than either shark or octopus is the devilfish—a large ray that is common in the warm waters of the Atlantic. This fish grows to a weight of a ton and a half and, besides formidable teeth, is armed with a horrible barbed and poisoned spike in the tail. It has often been known to attack boats.

A fishing party in a launch succeeded in harpooning one of these fish in the bay known as Aransas Pass, Texas. The brute towed them eighteen miles out to sea and very nearly upset the launch. It was twenty-five feet long and weighed 3,000 pounds.

A very nasty customer is the green moray of Bermuda. This rather resembles a conger eel, but is green in color and savage beyond any fish that swims. An English marine officer, fishing off Bermuda a year or two ago, hooked a large specimen and began to pull it in.

His negro boatman, his eyes staring with fright, begged him wildly to cut the line. The officer at first refused, but when he saw the fish turn on itself and with a crunch of saw edged teeth bite a large piece out of its own body he came to the conclusion that it was not a nice thing to have in a small boat.

The swordfish is a dangerous creature. Swordfish are caught for the sake of their oil and flesh, especially along the Atlantic coast of the United States. They are harpooned in the same manner in which whales used to be killed. Quiet enough until attacked, the swordfish then seems to go raving mad and fights with unmatched ferocity.—London Answers.

Hindoo First Steps in English.

A native had been caught at Calcutta scaling the wall of the premises into the compound of No. 3, Chowringhi, dressed in a complete suit of European clothes. The man had on the previous evening concealed himself inside a shop and had employed his time till morning in fitting himself with a complete suit of clothes, including a white shirt, with studs and links; a red tie, carefully put on; black socks, a pair of boots, a watch and chain, handkerchief and even a pocketknife, with a straw hat and stick. He even went the length of writing his name inside the hat. On being caught he said he wanted to learn English and as a preliminary step thought it best to dress himself in sahib's clothes.—Bombay (India) Advocate.

The Difficult Handshake.

It is a difficult matter, this of shaking hands. To start with, it is not always easy to know whether to shake hands or simply bow or even just scatter a gentle smile around. Books of etiquette devote pages to the handshake. However, if one decides to do it, then 'twere well 'twere done quickly. Let the action be swift and brief.—London Globe.

No Recourse.

"John, I think I hear a thief in the dark closet beneath the stairs."
"I don't doubt it. I have known it was there for some time."
"Telephone for the police."
"What's the use. You can't arrest a gas meter?"—Houston Post.

Wise men say nothing in dangerous times.—Seiden.

Wit on the Stage.

Clyde Fitch in an address in Philadelphia on the drama said: "With in a play succeeds best when it is of the unexpected and surprising type. Thus it is good dramatic wit when the hearer says to the doctor, 'Doctor, is there any hope?' and the doctor, shaking his head, answers sadly: 'No, none. Your poor uncle will recover.' It is good dramatic wit, too, when the maid brings in a telegram on a salve and the husband, looking at his wife, says sadly: 'A dispatch for me, dear. I open it.'"