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Palatka News

His Easy Way.
"Is he lazy?"
"I would hardly say that. You've heard the expression, 'Unseemly haste?'"
"Why, certainly."
"Well, all haste looks that way to him."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Notice of Application for Tax Deed.
Notice is hereby given that J. M. Fraser, purchaser of Tax Certificate No. 77, dated 2nd day of July, A. D. 1928, 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:
2 1/2 ac. in sec. 4 of n. 1/2 of n. 1/2 of sec. 35, and 2 1/2 ac. in sec. 4 of s. 1/2 of n. 1/2 of sec. 35, township 8 s., range 27 e., 20 acres.
The said land being assessed at the date of issuance of such certificate in the name of J. T. Goodwin.
Unless said certificate shall be redeemed according to law, tax deed will issue thereon on the 25th day of September, A. D. 1930.
Witness my official signature and seal, this 25th day of August, 1929.
(SEAL) HENRY HUTCHINSON,
Clerk Circuit Court Putnam Co., Fla.
By Henry Hutchinson, Jr., D. C.

Notice of Application for Tax Deed.
Notice is hereby given that J. M. Fraser, purchaser of Tax Certificate No. 81, dated 1st day of June, A. D. 1928, 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:
1/2 of n. 1/2 of n. 1/2 of sec. 30, township 8 s., range 27 e., 20 acres.
The said land being assessed at the date of issuance of such certificate in the name of E. J. Zumbart.
Unless said certificate shall be redeemed according to law, tax deed will issue thereon on the 25th day of September, A. D. 1930.
Witness my official signature and seal, this 25th day of August, 1929.
(SEAL) HENRY HUTCHINSON,
Clerk Circuit Court Putnam Co., Fla.
By Henry Hutchinson, Jr., D. C.

Notice of Application for Tax Deed.
Notice is hereby given that J. C. Angier, purchaser of Tax Certificate No. 4, dated 8th day of July, A. D. 1928, 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:
All of sec. (except n. 1/2 of n. 1/2 of sec. 9, township 8 s., range 25 e., 600 acres).
The said land being assessed at the date of issuance of such certificate in the name of Hillman Southernland Co.
Unless said certificate shall be redeemed according to law, tax deed will issue thereon on the 25th day of September, A. D. 1930.
Witness my official signature and seal, this 25th day of August, 1929.
(SEAL) HENRY HUTCHINSON,
Clerk Circuit Court Putnam Co., Fla.
By Henry Hutchinson, Jr., D. C.

Notice of Application for Tax Deed.
Notice is hereby given that J. C. Angier, purchaser of Tax Certificate No. 3, dated 8th day of July, A. D. 1928, 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:
All section 9, township 8 s., range 25 e.; 642 acres.
The said land being assessed at the date of issuance of such certificate in the name of Hillman Southernland Co.
Unless said certificate shall be redeemed according to law, tax deed will issue thereon on the 25th day of September, A. D. 1930.
Witness my official signature and seal, this 25th day of August, 1929.
(SEAL) HENRY HUTCHINSON,
Clerk Circuit Court Putnam Co., Fla.
By Henry Hutchinson, Jr., D. C.

Notice of Application for Tax Deed.
Notice is hereby given that J. C. Angier, purchaser of Tax Certificate No. 18, dated 6th day of July, A. D. 1928, 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:
1/2 of n. 1/2 of n. 1/2 of sec. 22, township 8 s., range 25 e., 165 acres.
The said land being assessed at the date of issuance of such certificate in the name of Hillman Southernland Co.
Unless said certificate shall be redeemed according to law, tax deed will issue thereon on the 25th day of September, A. D. 1930.
Witness my official signature and seal, this 25th day of August, 1929.
(SEAL) HENRY HUTCHINSON,
Clerk Circuit Court Putnam Co., Fla.
By Henry Hutchinson, Jr., D. C.

Notice of Application for Tax Deed.
Notice is hereby given that J. C. Angier, purchaser of Tax Certificate No. 13, dated 6th day of July, A. D. 1928, 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:
1/2 of n. 1/2 of n. 1/2 of sec. 22, township 8 s., range 25 e., 120 acres.
The said land being assessed at the date of issuance of such certificate in the name of Hillman Southernland Co.
Unless said certificate shall be redeemed according to law, tax deed will issue thereon on the 25th day of September, A. D. 1930.
Witness my official signature and seal, this 25th day of August, 1929.
(SEAL) HENRY HUTCHINSON,
Clerk Circuit Court Putnam Co., Fla.
By Henry Hutchinson, Jr., D. C.

Notice of Application for Tax Deed.
Notice is hereby given that P. D. Watkins, purchaser of Tax Certificate No. 12, dated 6th day of June, A. D. 1928, 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:
1/2 of n. 1/2 of n. 1/2 of sec. 1, township 9 s., range 31 e.—20 acres.
The said land being assessed at the date of issuance of such certificate in the name of H. G. Pollock.
Unless said certificate shall be redeemed according to law, tax deed will issue thereon on the 2nd day of October, A. D. 1930.
Witness my official signature and seal, this 25th day of August, 1929.
(SEAL) HENRY HUTCHINSON,
Clerk Circuit Court Putnam County, Fla.
By H. Hutchinson, Jr., D. C.

The Florida Journal
Effective early in September, we shall discontinue sending the Citizen to our subscribers, and in its stead will send our own paper, The Florida Journal. It will contain twice as much matter as the Citizen. The subscription price will be \$1.00 per year, which must be paid in advance. All those now receiving the Citizen will receive the Journal to fill out their subscriptions to the Citizen.
Every friend of temperance needs this paper to keep posted on what is being done against the saloon. You especially need it during the campaign. Will you not help in its circulation? We ought to have 25,000 subscribers during this campaign. Will you not subscribe for it for somebody else, since you are already getting it? Or, better still, will you not get up a club of ten or more subscribers and send the names to us?
For 10 subscribers, at \$1.00 each, we will send absolutely free a 31-piece dinner set, decorated in Old English Flow Blue.
For 15 subscribers, at \$1.00 each, we will send a 45-piece set of the same ware. You pay freight on the dishes.
For 35c each, we will send the paper from the time the subscription is received until Jan. 1, 1931.
Send all orders to
C. L. COLLINS,
Supt. Fla. Anti-Saloon League,
Box 755, Jacksonville, Fla.

A Curious Courtship

By SARA TREAT BINGHAM

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I was recently entertained by a gentleman and his wife, living in their handsome country place on one of the most beautiful of American lakes, whose courtship was certainly the most strange I ever heard of. They were both Russians by birth and both of the higher class. The husband told me the story one evening while we were smoking on his piazza overlooking the water. It was this:
I am now a man of seventy, and during my long life there has been a great change in the political condition of my native country. Were it not for this change instead of telling you my experience I would be deathly afraid of your knowing it. Indeed, I should be living, as it were, in oblivion. I was one of the original nihilists. The word is no longer used in speaking of Russians who oppose the government, for there is nothing it stands for. It is the Latin word nihil, which means nothing, the nihilists believing that nothing, governmental or social, that exists should exist—all should be destroyed. Today there is a process of building up Russia, and even the term revolutionist there is at present confined to a few.

The belief of the circle that I belonged to was, among other things, that all property should be held in common. I was then but twenty years of age and was caught by this idea. Indeed, young as I was, I became a leader among the nihilists. But my principles underwent a sudden change. A brother of my father had emigrated to America and had made a fortune. He died a bachelor when I was twenty-five years old and left me his property, amounting to more than half a million dollars.

This acquisition of wealth will turn the head of any communist from his principles. I no sooner learned that I was heir to a fortune than I saw all the social problems I had studied in a different light. But one object took possession of me—to conceal the news of my fortune from my associates, hiding myself from them that I might enjoy it. One night I left one of my meetings to disappear from them forever. Disguised, I left at midnight for America, and in a few months my property was turned over to me.

In time the cause of my absence would be known. I should be tried and condemned to death. I turned over my property and the collection of my income to an agent, with instructions to send the latter to an another name than my own, which I assumed, and attempted to lose my identity in traveling from anywhere more than a month ago since to place, I never dared stop anywhere more long I began to experience that tired feeling which induces criminals who know the police are hunting them to give themselves up and suffer the penalty of their crimes.

Especially did I suffer from being cut off from my own countrymen. I dared not associate with a Russian lest through him my identity and whereabouts should be communicated to those who were looking for me. For ten years I lived a life in death. I have often since wondered how the czar, knowing all the while that there are many persons seeking to kill him, can live without breaking down with nervous prostration.
As time passed and I still lived if I did not feel easier I at least took fewer precautions against being found by one sent to kill me. In fact, I felt that I would rather die than suffer myself to constantly fear death.
One day I was introduced to a lady from Russia, who on learning from something I inadvertently dropped to reveal the land of my nativity that I was a Russian took an interest in me. Hounded as I felt sure I had been in many years, I gave myself up to the companionship of this woman, who seemed to have been sent to me in my banishment to comfort me. Indeed, I was falling into that condition we call love when one moonlight evening at a house where we were entertained she suggested that we walk in the garden. When out of sight of the house she suddenly faced me, drew a dagger and, with the words "Forgive me," attempted to plunge it into my heart. I was too quick for her, springing backward. Then I said to her:
"Try again. Another time I will not oppose you. I have lived so long in this dread that I welcome death."
I threw open my coat and presented my breast to her.
For a moment she stood irresolute, then handed her dagger to me.
"I cannot do it," she said. "But if I don't I will be killed. Do the work yourself, it will be a mercy to me."
What had prevented me from following the work I had taken upon myself was a fortune; what prevented this woman from obeying the commands she had received and taking upon herself the blight of an overhanging death was love. From this time the arrow of the little god, instead of the assassin's knife, was between us. The former united us, preventing the latter from separating us. For ten years as man and wife we hid ourselves as best we could, making the second decade for me of such a life. Then gradually the social upheaval in Russia took on another form—the form of revolution—and now we are contributing our means toward it.

The Soft Answer.

Two men were occupying a double seat in a crowded car. One of them was a long distance whistler and the other was evidently annoyed. "You don't seem to like my whistling?" said the noisy one after a five minute continuous performance. "No, I don't," was the frank reply. "Well," continued the other, "maybe you think you are man enough to stop it?" "No, I don't think I am," rejoined the other, "but I hope you are." And the whistling was discontinued.—Argonaut.

Her Pirate Lover

By ARTHUR L. SANDS

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Molly Van Dusen and I plighted our troth one evening under the parapet of the battery in the town of New Amsterdam. We were looking down the bay, and a ship, the first that had arrived in several weeks, was coming up under full sail. It was summer. All these things I remember well, for it was the happiest moment of my life, and whatever was visible to my dear love and me was deeply impressed upon my mind.

That was a very hot season, and Molly was drooping from the heat. The very next day after she had promised to be my wife her father determined to send her to the eastern coast in Connecticut to spend some time with her mother's brother, Fardon Mathews, hoping that the sea air would strengthen her. I was loath to let her go at such a time and especially since the captain of the ship that came in at the time of our betrothal reported having been chased by a pirate, and it was well known that the buccanniers were at any time liable to make a descent on the coast.

But Molly's father packed her off in the coach leaving for Boston, directing that she be put off at a bit of headland jutting out into Long Island sound not far from the settlement at New Haven.

It was a sad day for both of us when she got into the coach and I watched it pass out of sight among the boweries lying to the eastward of the town. And even after the coach had grown so dim with distance as scarcely to be discovered I could see Molly's white handkerchief streaming a signal of her love for me.
I found the town unbearable without her. I played at bowls in the green near the battery and sailed in my boat on Hudson's river, but I could not get on without my Molly, so I determined to go to her. I mounted my sorrel one August morning, with my saddlebags well filled with eatables, and on the third day reached the New Haven settlement. After partaking of a dinner and giving my horse a good feed I remounted and in three hours' time came in sight of that headland where dwelt Fardon Mathews. There are rocks and short beaches on this shore and an occasional knoll covered with long grass. An Indian showed me Mr. Mathews' house set on one of these knolls. I trotted on where the road ran near the water and presently, looking ahead, saw two persons standing on a rock that protruded out a few feet above the surface of the sound.

As I drew nearer I could see that one of these persons was a man and the other a woman. The man was in an uncouth dress. What was my surprise when I came near enough to distinguish his apparel to see that he wore a hat with a large brim, a short coat and trousers to his knees, flaring at the bottom of the legs, while a broad belt filled with knives was buckled about his waist.

At once I was filled with alarm, feeling sure that there had been a descent of pirates on the settlers and this fellow had carried off one of the women. Having a pistol in my holster, I drew it forth, saw to the priming and made ready for an attempt to rescue this poor woman. Dismounting, I left my horse in a thicket and, stealing up on the couple, hid behind a rock and, taking sure aim at the pirate, pulled the trigger.

The flint refused to light the priming, and luckily, for at the moment the pirate put his arm around the woman's waist, and the two stood looking at the incoming tide. Were she a willing captive it would only distress her if I killed her lover. But what was my horror when she turned her face my way to see my Molly.
At first I was minded to kill them both; but, shrinking from having Molly's blood on my hands, I desisted and advanced with my pistol in hand.
"Have you gone mad, Mistress Van Dusen," I exclaimed, "that you will accept the embraces of a pirate, or has he murdered all your folk and you are making a pretense in order to watch your opportunity to get away from him?"

As I spoke I held the pirate under cover of my weapon, and he, turning, ran like a deer toward Mr. Mathews' house.
"See the coward run!" I cried, half minded to shoot him in his tracks.
And then what did Molly do but burst into loud laughter, and, sitting down on the rock, she kept it up till I grew hot with choler and said:
"For shame, Molly, to turn from me to a pirate, and a coward at that! Speak before I kill him."
This brought her to her senses. "Forbear," she said. "Do not kill a girl."
"A girl! And have the women turning buccanniers?"

With that she fell to laughing again, and I could get nothing from her for a long while, when she controlled her mirth and said:
"Tonight uncle gives a dance to the settlers roundabout, and all are to come dressed in some strange costume. This pirate who has just closed the door of the house is my cousin, Patience Mr. Mathews. She is dressed in her costume for the dance. We two came out to watch for the boat bearing guests from New Haven."
"Heavens!" I exclaimed. "Had not my flint failed I would have shot her."

A Printer's Blunder.

A Paris newspaper on one occasion made a blunder which excited no small amount of merriment at the expense of a man of real talent. The following paragraphs, intended to have been printed separately, were by some error so arranged that they were read consecutively: "Dr. X. has been appointed head physician to the Hospital de la Charite. Orders have been issued by the authorities for the immediate extension of the cemetery at Mont Parnasse. The works are being executed with the utmost dispatch."

IT WAS LOVELY, BUT NOT SAFE

By ELIZABETH GAINES

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"I have but one objection to you, Bert," said Celia—"you're altogether too serious. When your face is at rest you have a very harsh look. Your smile is delightful. Unfortunately you never smile."

"Have you any more compliments like that?" asked Bert. "For if you have you'd better dismiss me altogether."
Bert Cummings left his fiancée very much disgruntled. He unbosomed himself to his friend Arnold Priestley, who sat thinking while Bert talked. Finally Priestley said:
"I would advise you to try hypnotism. I know a man who can make people laugh or weep or anything else he likes. He doesn't put them to sleep, either. I shouldn't be surprised if he could make you smile. I'll take you to see him."

Cummings assented, and they went to see the hypnotist, Smithers. Smithers said he could make the young man smile, but as soon as the hypnotic effect was removed he would become serious again.
Bert said he believed he'd try it. He was to go to see Celia Eflingham that evening and he would like to give her for once all the smiles she required.
At half past 8 that evening Miss Eflingham heard the doorbell ring and flew to admit her lover. There was Bert with a beautiful smile on his face. Celia was right about Bert's smile. It was entrancing. There was a delightful curl to his lips, a dimple in each cheek, and his regular white teeth showed beneath his dark mustache.

"Oh, Bert," said Celia, clasping his hands, "how handsome you are when you smile! Keep it up!"
"I'll try. Ha, ha," Bert responded.
"Because Helen and Molly and Lou are all coming in tonight to meet you. If you will keep up that smile all the evening they'll be delighted with you. You know how anxious I am that these my dearest friends should be pleased with you."
"I'll be cordial. Ha, ha, ha!"
There was another ring at the bell, and the girls were admitted.
"This," said Celia, "is Mr. Albert Cummings, Miss Helen Ward."
"And Miss Molly Malloy."
"A boy and a ha-ha-ha!"
"And Miss Louise Truesdale."
"A boy and a ha-ha-ha-ha!"

Albert's smile was contagious. His fiancée caught it, and it extended to the three other girls.
"Helen," said Celia, "you are my oldest friend. I propose that Bert shall sit by you first while we three have a bit of gossip by ourselves. Then I'll turn him over to Molly and then to Lou."
So down at Mr. Cummings and Miss Ward to get acquainted.
"I'm very glad to meet you," says the lady. "Celia and I are such very old friends that one who is to be so much to her must be much to me."

Bert smiled that heavenly smile of his, and Miss Ward was beside herself. Never before had a man smiled at her like that. Every time she made a remark Bert smiled, or, rather, his lips wore a perpetual smile which was intensified at every remark. He made no other reply. Whether his hypnotic condition admitted of his receiving what was said to him and making a reply is a question. Probably his keeping his mouth shut was an advantage to him.

It was not very long before Celia concluded to change the girl with whom her lover was getting acquainted. Celia had observed Helen's gaze fixed on Bert's beautiful smile and thought it time to break the spell. So Molly was substituted.
"I'm so glad for dear Celia," said Molly.
"Ha, ha,"
"I consider her happiness the same as my own."
"Ha, ha, ha!"

In the beginning of a conversation Bert's smile was more of a laugh. After that it simmered down into a mere curvature of the lips. But the dimples were there and the pearty teeth under the mustache. The effect on Molly was the same as on Helen, only more so. Celia, seeing that Molly couldn't very long keep her hands off Bert, made the third change, putting Lou in Molly's place.
"I don't blame you for not being able to conceal your happiness," said Lou.
"It's delightful to be engaged, isn't it?"
"Ha, ha, ha!"
"One feels like smiling all the while."
"Ha, ha, ha, ha!"
"Let's have the conversation general," said Celia, moving her chair toward Bert and Lou. "Draw up, girls." Celia tried to talk to one or two of the girls, while the other conversed with Bert. But it was no use. Every girl's attention was fixed on that beautiful smile. Celia rose, with great hauteur, and walked into the hall, motioning Bert to follow her.
"Go home," she said, "and get that idiotic grin off your face!"
Bert went to Smithers, who dehypnotized him. When Bert saw his fiancée again he had his hard look on his face.
"I don't like it so well," said Celia, "but it's safer—much safer."

Foxglove.

In some places in England the foxglove is regarded with awe as a "witches' flower," the peasants saying that the witches use the bells of the blossoms as thimbles. In most parts, however, the "wee sma' folk that bode no ill" are the beings that "sweetly nestle in the foxglove bells," and in Ireland the plant is called the fairy cap.
Farm in Southern France.
Intensely cultivated lands in southern France are worth from \$500 to \$800 an acre.