

She Was First.

A woman slipped a dime into her glove on her left hand. She would be at the subway in a moment and the dime so placed would facilitate matters. As she passed the foot of the bridge extension by the City Hall the ring of a coin as it struck the pavement reached her ears. She saw a dime rolling at her feet.

A fat man, subway bound, also heard and saw it. Both stopped to pick it up. She was first. His hand only fanned the dust from the sidewalk.

"I beg your pardon," he said as he straightened up rather red in the face.

"Not at all," she said. "I thank you for your courtesy." Then she hurried down the stairs.

Seated in an express train, her gloved hand involuntarily went up to her head. A dime dropped to her lap. Then she understood.

Outside the fat man slowly closed his mouth. Then he hit Broadway in a northerly direction.—New York Globe.

Mountain Lion Killed.

Having slain a mountain lion in the Malibu Mountains measuring nine feet from the tip of his tail to the point of his nose, and being assured he could not recover the pelt when once it was turned over to the authorities, Lloyd Atkins, an eleven-year-old lad of Ocean Park, recently refused the bounty of \$20 and took the hide to a taxidermist for mounting.

The animal was the owner of an almost bullet-proof hide, according to the boy, who said he fired at the beast three times with a shotgun, five times with a revolver, and having sufficiently weakened his prey, resorted to stones, which five dogs which accompanied him finished the battle. Two smaller lads were with young Atkins.—Los Angeles Examiner.

A Resourceful Witch Doctor.

Sir Joseph Ward, premier of New Zealand, says that there are few tight places from which the Maori witch doctor cannot extricate himself, thanks, in a measure, to his devotees' credulity.

Runa, a local power in magic, once claimed that he could walk on water and went to the beach with a number of natives who were anxious for him to perform the feat.

"Do you truly believe that I can walk on the water?" he asked them. "Yes! Yes!" his followers cried, with one voice.

"Then there is no need for me to do it," the chief coolly replied, and he turned away, followed by the awed natives.—St. James's Budget.

It Was All Right.

The associate reader of the "Shouting:" "Here is some of the worst doggerel I ever read. It's enough to make a gargoyle chuckle. The writer rhymes 'heart' with 'harp' and 'delight' with 'tripe.' Look at that if you want a good laugh."

Editor Roosevelt: "What's the name signed to the poem?"

"Hank Hunter."

"Eh, Hank Hunter! That poetry is all right. Hank Hunter was one of my best rough riders."—Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

Dr. Stephane Leduc of the Nantes (France) medical school has convinced himself by experiments that the quickest and least painful death for food animals—cattle, sheep, etc.—is death by electric shock. He would turn the old-style slaughterhouse into an electrocution house.

Butter 300 Years Old.

After lying buried for three centuries a firkin containing one hundred-weight of butter has been dug up in Fallagherane bog, County Tyrone, Ireland, by a farmer. The hoops and staves of the firkin, which was twelve feet under ground, collapsed when lifted up, but the butter, of pale yellow color, is in a perfect state of preservation.

IS ALCOHOL A POISON?

This Physician Says Emphatically That It Is Most Virulent.

Is alcohol a poison to the animal organism? asks Dr. Henry Smith Williams in McClure's Magazine. A poison being, in the ordinary acceptance of the word, an agent that may injuriously affect the tissues of the body, and tend to shorten life.

Students of pathology answer this question with no uncertain voice. The matter is presented in a nutshell by the professor of pathology at Johns Hopkins University, Dr. William H. Welch, when he says: "Alcohol in sufficient quantities is a poison to all living organisms, both animal and vegetable." To that unequivocal pronouncement there is, I believe, no dissenting voice, except that a word quibble was at one time raised over the claim that alcohol in exceedingly small doses might be harmless. The obvious answer is that the same thing is true of any and every poison whatsoever. Arsenic and strychnine, in appropriate doses, are recognized by all physicians as admirable tonics; but no one argues in consequence that they are not virulent poisons.

Open any work on the practice of medicine quite at random, and whether you chance to read of diseased stomach or heart or blood vessels or liver or kidneys or muscles or connective tissues or nerves or brain—it is all one; in any case you will learn that alcohol may be an active factor in the causation, and a retarding factor in the cure, of some, at least, of the important diseases of the organ or set of organs about which you are reading. You will rise with the conviction that alcohol is not merely a poison, but the most subtle, the most far-reaching, and, judged by its ultimate effects, incomparably the most virulent of all poisons.

The Tallest Actress.

This distinction belongs to Miss Irene Smith, who plays La Bebe Bax in the new Drury Lane drama. She stands 6 feet 1½ inches in her stockings.

It seems somewhat incongruous that she should wear high heels, her hair brushed high over a pad and a high hat in order to give a greater impression of eight. That is, however, what she does, so as to realize the description of being 6 feet 4 inches in height in accordance with the design of the authors.

Fighters from Babyhood.

An Indian boy begins to handle a light bow as soon as he toddles. His bow is then taller than himself.

By the time he attains the age of twelve he is permitted to use sharp arrows. At the age of eighteen he is strong enough to use a man's bow.

A white man, when he takes an Indian bow for the first time, finds he can hardly bend it. But to shoot a full sized Indian bow requires knock as much as anything.—Home Notes.

They Had So Many.

Mr. and Mrs. Oldwed had so many children they didn't know what to do; so they took the whole pack off to a picnic on the river and let them run riot.

Suddenly a small boy ran up to Mr. Oldwed and cried out:

"Papa! papa! Archibald has fallen into the water!"

"Archibald? Archibald?" repeated the father. Then he turned to his wife. "Mary," he inquired, anxiously, "have we an Archibald?"—Tit-Bits.

Japan has thirty-two timepiece factories, which turn out annually goods valued at nearly \$800,000, the latest figures being 209,792 standing clocks, 441,755 hanging clocks and 25,360 watches.

This notice has been displayed in a London suburb: "Why pay rent when you can hire a horse, man and a dark night for 1s 6d an hour? Night removals, without disturbing your neighbors a specialty."

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