

Fortune May Knock AT Your Door IN Unsuspected Garb.

Pictures of Dame Fortune that hang on the walls of memory portray her as a sprightly, queenly dame with radiant smile and garb of rare beauty and fantastic brightness.

According to the old adage, Fortune knocked at every man's door once, at least, in his life. She made her presence known to the sons of men through her rich, rippling voice, stately mien and gracious, yet condescending manner.

Believing that Dame Fortune comes in that way, many men have kept the habitation of their life in order, trusting that, finding the latchstring out, she would come in and make herself quite at home.

But, alas and alack, waiting for a queenly dame to appear they have been sadly disappointed, for instead of a dame courtly and gracious many people have seen only so-called common and inferior people coming to the door of their lives.

This is the twentieth century. The commonest things of life are the greatest things of life. Dame Fortune no longer goes forth as a stately dame, but comes into the busy, bustling, bursting old world in strange guises. Nowadays when Dame Fortune goes visiting she goes in strange and unfamiliar clothes.

Who would have believed over in the State of Connecticut just a few years ago that it was Dame Fortune knocking at a poor man's cottage, rather than an old tramp? Yet it was Dame Fortune in the garb of a tramp.

The facts were these: A man, a poor man sat in his house wondering how he could get money enough to buy his boy a pair of red-topped boots. Wondering how, when the boots were bought, he could keep them from wearing out under the rugged tread of the ragged boy that would be in them. He held in his hands an old pair of boots. A tramp passed that way. Asked for food. It was given him.

The tramp asked the man what he was doing, and in a peculiar burst of confidence the man told the tramp. "Want to save the boy's boots from being kicked out at the toes, do you? Well, here," and reaching down to the floor, the tramp picked up a thin strip of copper and bent it over the toe of the boot the man had been holding and said: "There's your idea; get it patented."

Then he disappeared. The man thought the thing over. He made a machine for putting copper toes on boys' boots. Thus he made a fortune. Who will say that Dame Fortune had not started out that morning dressed in strange garb?

Last summer a young man of a certain city found himself out of work, in common with many others. One morning he was trimming his father's lawn, doing as neat and fine a job as possible. Across the street an automobile had performed one of the fantastic stunts that only a vicious minded automobile can.

(Question: Do automobiles have personality? By the way they act they evidently have.)

This young man, of seventeen, drifted across to see what was the trouble. He found the driver fretting and fuming, while an elderly gentleman and lady were anxiously consulting their watches from time to time. At last, in despair, the driver said,

"Can't be helped; machine must be towed to the garage."

Just then something seemed to whisper to the young man. "You can fix it," and throwing himself under the car, he located the trouble, fixed it and the car went on its way chugging and rejoicing.

Five days afterward Mr. Young Man received a letter from a business house in town asking him to call on a matter of personal interest. He went. Found the old gentleman who had watched him as he fixed the car.

Today he is in the employ of the gentleman and taking a night course in one of the big schools at the employer's expense. Who will say that Dame Fortune had not started out the morning the machine broke down and gave the young man his chance?

Some years ago a young preacher had a Sunday afternoon appointment in a school house some miles from his charge. When the day came it was raining as it probably did at the time of the flood. Nothing daunted, the young man saddled his horse and started through the rain to fill his appointment.

When he reached the schoolhouse he found no Bible therein. He read the lesson from memory, preached his sermon to an audience of fourteen and started back to fill his evening appointment.

As he was about to mount his horse the beast reared and broke the girth of the saddle. An old man who had been in the little congregation gave the young man some assistance and then, because each had been delayed, they rode away together.

In course of that horseback conversation the young man received an invitation to preach in a "town" church the first Sunday of the following month. He did so.

He received a call to the church. There he met the lady who afterward became his wife.

There he met a "city" man who gave him an opportunity of preaching in a "big city church," to which in the course of a year he was called. Who will say on that rainy Sunday afternoon in the hills of Kentucky Dame Fortune did not go visiting in a strange garb and call upon the young preacher.

When Dame Fortune goes visiting she goes dressed in strange garb oft-times. She walks up the street called Duty. She knocks at the house of Work. She sends her servant Opportunity in at the door, and if the occupant of that house is ready for her and has his eyes open, she turneth his feet in the way of endeavor and brings him success.—New York American.

Accommodating.

"Cynthia Brown has such a nice young man," confided the postmistress at Bacon Ridge. "He is much better than that other beau she used to have."

"Have you ever met him, dear?" asked old Mrs. Scribbs, who came in with a bucket of eggs.

"Er—no, but he writes all his love letters right on postal cards, and I don't have the least bit of trouble to read every word of them."—Chicago News.

Had Her Doubts.

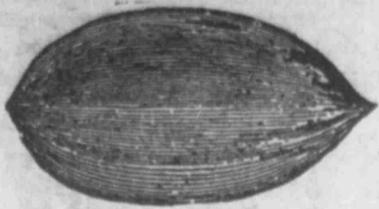
Mamma, does God watch over and take care of me when I am asleep?" suddenly asked little Marjory one evening after she had said her prayers and was ready to be tucked into her crib.

"Why, yes, dear; of course He does," replied her mother.

"Well," said Marjory doubtfully "He didn't keep very good watch last night, I woke up twice and found the blankets all off."—New York Times.

John Burns is said to have the best working library of any member of the English House of Parliament.

If tan or bronze shoes are worn with a suit of blue linen, then the guimpe is of brown net.



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