

NOT THE SPEECH IN COURT.

EDITOR GAZETTE-NEWS:

You ask if I have anything to say in reply to Mr. Starkey's speech to the Court in DeLand in justification of his conduct toward me—pleading extenuating circumstances on his own behalf. Well, I simply have this to say: The stuff that Mr. Starkey wrote for publication in your paper last issue is not the speech Mr. Starkey made to the Court in DeLand, so the presiding judge, Hon. T. A. Stewart, informed me in an interview during the past week, and of course Judge Stewart ought to know; at any rate I for one prefer to rely on what the judge says than upon the word of Mr. Starkey.

Mr. Starkey's paper from first to last teems with perversion of facts. His ingenious appeal to the religious feeling of the community will carry little weight. I have been a life-long student of religion, the religion of all countries, as well as history, and I have drawn from this the conclusion that all religions have tended toward the uplifting of mankind. The Christian religion especially, in its nearly two thousand years of history, has been a tremendous factor in shaping human destiny toward a unification of all the peoples and races of man. I have no quarrel with the Christian religion, nor have I said one word against it at any time, in or out of Seabreeze. The fact that I negotiated to place two of my children into the Stetson University at DeLand, a Christian institution, while there week before last, is a sufficient reply to Mr. Starkey.

What I do maintain, however, is this: that there are people who PROFESS religion and are active in church institutions who use this as a cloak to perpetrate the meanest and most contemptible deeds imaginable. For this however neither church nor Christianity is to blame. Permit me now to ask a question: If "the difficulty is settled" by fine of court and imposition of cost. Why was it reopened again in the Daytona papers by the publication of such stuff as Mr. Starkey wrote for your paper. Why don't Daytona permit us in Seabreeze to deal with this case in our own way? Surely the continuation of "this thing can benefit neither Daytona nor Seabreeze. We are at present engaged in a wedding out process and I would suggest that the citizens on both sides of the river, who have the welfare of the community at heart, clasp hands for mutual co-operation.

SCHOOL BOARD VS. BURGMAN.

EDITOR GAZETTE-NEWS:

The first trustees of Seabreeze District No. 41 were as follows: Dr. E. E. Dayton, C. P. Lund and A. S. Harroun; C. P. Lund resigned and George Michael appointed in his place, who came forward and showed his appointment, thereby identifying himself with the board. Geo. Michael died causing a vacancy on the board. Now here comes Chas. Burgman claiming to be appointed Geo. Michael's successor at this late day over two months after his appointment, according to Tom Davis in Peninsula Breeze as an item of news. Now officially we do not know whether Mr. Burgman is appointed or not. I do not think there is another man in the district but what an appointment would have come forward and identified himself with the board, which would have been the correct and gentlemanly thing to do. Now what has Mr. Burgman done? He has never intimated by word or letter of his appointment, nor has the county board ever notified us officially that Mr. Burgman is a member of our board. Now that is the position; we will let the public judge in the matter.

Night before last Mr. Burgman called upon Mr. Dayton, and in a rather inflated manner proceeded to take the doctor to task for his sins of omission and commission. He next proceeded to call upon A. S. Harroun, accompanied by a body guard which lined up in front of the house within easy supporting distance. Now Mr. Burgman came forward and asked if Mr. Harroun lived there? He kindly informed him that such was the case. (Mr. Burgman) then proceeded to lay down the law. Well, Mr. Harroun had to show a meek and humble spirit; for don't you see that Mr. Burgman's commanding and majestic bearing, supported by his stalwart body guard naturally made him feel his oneness. Mr. Burgman asked him some questions that we hope he will give him credit of answering truthfully, without any equivocation or denial.

Now Mr. Burgman, we the board wish to say that your bluff falls to the ground and we will not recognize you officially until you are properly vouched for by the official board at DeLand. We will not accept your unsupported word, please understand that. Now this will be published and we leave it to a generous public for consideration.

(In an interview regarding the foregoing Mr. Burgman stated that if Dr. Dayton and Mr. Harroun had not been notified officially by the county board of his appointment as a school trustee of the Seabreeze district, that they were perfectly justified in not recognizing him as a member of the local board. He stated that he would see to it that the matter would be attended to at once.)—Editor

M. H. Read, the wealthy and influential citizen of Crescent City, who with his wife is stopping at Schmidt's Villa, went to the Inlet in a launch Thursday and returned with most every specimen of fish to be found in the waters.

Those who live on farms are liable to many accidental cuts, burns and bruises, which heal rapidly when Ballard's Snow Liniment is promptly applied. Price 25 and 50 cts. Dr. J. M. Jones.

Ormond.

Al Chapman had the misfortune to fall and break his leg.

Mrs. James Carnell and children went to Daytona Tuesday.

The bridge tender's family have moved into the Stewart cottage on Central Ave. Last Wednesday Mrs. Wash Watson and daughter, Miss Mary, went to Daytona.

Mr. Waldron's father, mother and younger brother, from near Palatka, are here for a short visit.

A gentleman arrived last week and has commenced the manufacture of palmetto brushes of many kinds. We wish him success in this new enterprise.

N. W. Pitts, one of Ormond's early settlers, and later the owner of Pitts Island, had a severe paralytic stroke last week, but he is improving slowly. Mr. and Mrs. Pitts are staying at Mr. Francis' during the warm weather. They have the sympathy of everyone here.

Wm. Finn of Lima, O., obtained excellent results from the use of Foley's Kidney Cure. "It relieved my backache and severe pain over the hips. It toned my system and gave me new vim and energy. It is an honest and reliable remedy, a sure cure for all kidney diseases." Dr. J. M. Jones.

An Ant For A Pet.

One of the queerest little pets ever seen is the tame ant belonging to a well known scientist. This man keeps tribes of ants in nests which he has made himself and feeds them with honey or sugar through a tube that connects with the nests. One day he saw that one of the ants kept coming into the tube to eat up the honey in the glass bulb at the end. When he took out the cork that closed the bulb, the insect came to look for the food, and he offered it some honey on the point of a needle, says the New York Tribune.

The ant shrank back at first, then drew nearer, feeling about with its antennae, until it reached the needle. Soon it learned to take the honey of its keeper's finger, although ants are among the most timid of living things, and a new odor or the least movement outside their nests usually drives these little insects away.

A Rattlesnake Story.

In "Life and Sport on the Pacific Coast," Horace A. Yacell relates one of his narrow escapes from a friend's bullet. "My cousin and I had been camping and hunting for several days in a sort of paradise valley. One day, during a long ride on horseback, we had seen a great many rattlesnakes and killed a few, an exceptional experience. That night my cousin woke up and saw, by the light of the moon, a big rattler crawling across my chest. He lay for a moment fascinated, horror-struck, watching the sinuous curves of the reptile.

"Then he quietly reached for his six shooter, but he could not see the reptile's head, and he moved nearer, noiselessly, yet quickly, dreading some movement on my part that should precipitate the very thing he dreaded, and then he saw that it was not a snake at all—only the black and yellow stripe of my blanket, which gently rose and fell as I breathed. Had he fired—well, it might have been bad for me, for he confessed that his hand shook."

Negro Superstitions. Many of the negro superstitions in Kentucky are quite interesting. An old philosopher told me with great gravity: "If you want peppas to grow, you must get mad. My old 'oman an me had a spat, an I went right out an planted my peppas, an they come right up." Still another saying is that peppas to prosper must be planted by a reheaded or by a high tempered person.

The negro also says that one never sees a Jaybird on Friday, for the bird visits his satanic majesty to "pack kiding" on that day. The three signs in which negroes place implicit trust are the well known ones of the ground hog's appearing above ground on the 2d of February, that a hoe must not be carried through a house or a death will follow and that potatoes must be planted in the dark of the moon as well as all vegetables that ripen in the ground and that corn must be planted in the light of the moon.

Lord Southey's Guillotine.

The most eccentric action of an eccentric man was Lord Southey's cool arrangement for suicide by means of a guillotine. He had a magnificent one erected in the drawing room of his house in the Rue du Luxembourg at Paris. The machine was of ebony inlaid with gold and silver, the framework carved with artistic skill, the knife, sharp as a razor, was of polished steel. Preparing for death, his lordship had his hair cut close, and clothed in a robe of white silk, he knelt upon the platform under the knife before a mirror and pressed the spring which should release the knife. But the spring failed to work, and the would be suicide decided to give the guillotine to a museum instead of making a second attempt to end his life. It is said that he made an annual pilgrimage to see the guillotine until the end of his life.

PLANCHETTE.

It was after dinner, and they were sitting over the coffee discussing spiritualism, Mrs. Melville being an earnest believer in the second sight displayed, as she averred, by the planchette. She had been repeating its wonders to them in her most convincing manner.

"Well, I think it's all rot," drawled George Logie.

"It's not," said Mrs. Melville quickly; "is it, Jim?"

Her husband, a large, good tempered but annoyingly placid man, looked up from his paper.

"I don't know, my dear," he said, cautiously. "I dare say there's something in it, you know." And he resumed his paper. They all laughed except Mrs. Melville, who said pettishly: "Jim, you are too absurdly cautious for anything. But you believe in it, Billy, don't you?" she continued, turning to the man sitting near her.

"My dear lady, they say seeing is believing. I have never seen—ergo, I cannot believe."

Mrs. Melville stretched out her hand to the bell. "Mary," as the maid opened the door, "bring a tray and a glass, please."

"Here's the tray," interrupted Billy. "Where will you have it, Mrs. Melville? Here?" as she put it on a small table.

"Yes, that will do; upside down, please. Thanks. And the glass?"

"George has it," said Billy.

"I was just making sure it was empty, Mrs. Melville," replied George in answer to her look.

"Very well. Let's begin. Who will try with me? Will you, Billy?"

"I should be charmed," he answered, "if you will show me the way."

"Oh, it's easy enough," said Mrs. Melville. "You see—why, we haven't got the letters!"

"The post isn't in yet," remarked George.

"Really," said Mrs. Melville, "your witticisms are most terribly wearying, George."

"Yes," assented Billy. "You might give us a rest. Can I help you?" he said to Mrs. Melville, who was rummaging in her desk for the letters.

"No, thanks; I've got them. Now, you see, we put them round the table—so." And in a most impressive silence she solemnly placed the letters round the edge of the tray. "There!"

"Now that's done," she said at last. "Billy," she went on, "sit down there and put your fingers on the glass as I do." And she sat down opposite him.

"Well?" inquired George.

"Will some one please ask a question?" said Mrs. Melville in a solemn voice.

Nobody volunteered any remark.

"Jim," she continued, raising her voice.

"Ask the glass a question."

"Oh, all right." He put down his paper and sauntered over to the table.

"What sort of question?" he said.

"Oh, anything! Only be quick."

"Well—what horse will win the Eclipse stakes? That do?"

"Well," said George, "if the glass can tell us that, it's cleverer than most people."

"You must keep quiet, George," said Mrs. Melville wearily, "or how can we do anything?"

Amid a breathless silence the glass moved jerkily about the tray and finally stopped at 2.

"There's no horse entered that begins with 2," said George cheerfully.

"But perhaps," demurred Mrs. Melville, slightly abashed by the failure, "this glass doesn't know about racing."

"Try a champagne glass," suggested George. "They are usually to be found at races."

"My good George," said Mrs. Melville, who was evidently annoyed by his skepticism, "if you will persist in being funny, how can you expect us to do a serious thing like this?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," answered George.

"Look here, George," said Jim, "do keep quiet and give the wife a chance. Let's try again. Look here. Will it rain tomorrow?"

Very slowly the glass approaches Y, hesitates, and then edges toward N.

"English weather seems to perplex it," said Jim. "Ah!" as the glass stops at N, "now we're getting on. Good!"

The glass rushes across and stops at T.

"Hello!" cried George. "Something wrong there. It doesn't seem to work, somehow, does it, Jim?"

"No," admitted Jim, reluctantly; "it certainly doesn't as yet."

"How can you expect it to predict the weather?" said Mrs. Melville, angrily. "Do ask it something sensible. You try, George."

"Me?" said George. "Oh, all right. Who's the cleverest person in the room?"

The glass stops at J.

"That's Jim," said Billy.

The glass moves on to O.

"At last," sighed George, "it's found a vowel." "And another," as the glass stops at E. "Why, it's actually made a word—'Joe.'"

"There!" said Mrs. Melville, triumphantly.

"Splendid," said Billy.

"But, by the way," asked Jim, "is there anybody called Joe in the room?"

"No," answered Billy, ruefully; "I never thought of that."

"Never mind," said Jim: "it's made a word, at any rate. Try the surname."

The glass goes in quick succession to D, J, T, K, D. "Apparently a Russian," murmured George.

"Oh, I give it up!" said Mrs. Melville, pettishly. "It's impossible to do things unless people believe in them."—King.

Jan. G. Ambertof, Della, O., writes: "I had an obstinate sore on my face which everything else failed to heal. After one application of Banner Salve it began to heal and after three applications it was entirely healed leaving no scar." Dr. J. M. Jones.

A. A. Davis Mt. Sterling, Ia., writes: "I was troubled with kidney complaint for about two years, but two one dollar bottles of Foley's Kidney Cure effected a permanent cure." Dr. J. M. Jones.

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TABLE of the TIDES.

Week beginning Aug. 25, 1901.		
HIGH TIDE.		
Sunday.....	a. m.	p. m.
Monday.....	3:05	3:32
Tuesday.....	4:02	4:27
Wednesday.....	4:55	5:16
Thursday.....	5:45	6:06
Friday.....	6:32	6:55
Saturday.....	7:17	7:39
Sunday.....	8:02	8:28
LOW TIDE.		
Sunday.....	9:12	9:55
Monday.....	10:09	10:46
Tuesday.....	11:00	11:33
Wednesday.....	11:52
Thursday.....	12:18	12:40
Friday.....	1:03	1:25
Saturday.....	1:48	2:14

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Called Lorillard's Bluff.

Heavy better as he was, Pierre Lorillard once met his match when he ran against gray bearded James E. Kelly, who introduced bookmaking into this country. It was nearly a generation ago and at Jerome park. Kelly was laying 2 1/2 to 1 against one of Lorillard's horses in a big stake event. The news went to Mr. Lorillard, seated on his couch on the clubhouse lawn.

"I'll just take a little of the conceit out of that sawed off Irishman," said Lorillard to Wright Sanford, Newbold Morris, John Hunter and a few other congenial spirits. They started for the ring together.

"I'll lay \$10,000 on my horse at that price, Kelly," said Mr. Lorillard in his princely fashion, expecting to see Kelly wilt and refuse to take the wager.

"Certainly, Mr. Lorillard." Then turning to his sheet writer, Kelly said: "\$25,000 against \$10,000, Pierre Lorillard." Quickly he turned to the tobacco magnate with a polite "Much obliged to you, Mr. Lorillard; very much obliged. Would you or your friends care to bet another \$10,000 at the same odds? Should be delighted to accommodate you."

"What a nerve!" was all Mr. Lorillard could say as he turned on his heel and walked away.

Jimmy Kelly won the bet, for Lorillard's horse was beaten.—New York Times.

The Landlubber Ducks of Sahara. "The proverbial fondness of ducks for water would lead one to presuppose that of all the world the most destitute of ducks would be the Sahara desert and that if a stray 'springtail' happened to drift into that region he would either ramose or turn up his toes with briefest delay. Well, not at all," said a Frenchman who was formerly a resident of Tunis.

"There are parts of the desert where ducks abound, flourish and multiply with every evidence of perfect satisfaction. The fowl is slightly different from any of the varieties we know in this country, but it has the same flat bill, extensive breast and web feet, showing that it was once a water bird, though now it scarcely finds enough to drink and has become too provident to waste any of the precious fluid in ablutions. Like the other good Mussulmans of the country, they take their prescribed bath in the sand, and their web feet come in very handy as snowshoes to walk upon the deep yielding dunes. It is claimed by an eminent French ornithologist that the Saharan ducks are the remains of a race of aquatic birds which frequented those seas when the present desert was a part of the Atlantic ocean."

WOULD HAVE COST HIM HIS LIFE. Oscar Bowman, Lebanon, Ky., writes: "I have been using Foley's Kidney Cure and great pleasure in stating it gave me permanent cure of kidney disease which certainly would have cost me my life." Take none but Foley's. Dr. J. M. Jones.

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NORTHBOUND No. 4 No. 2		Schedule Effective May 1.		SOUTHBOUND No. 1 No. 3	
7:45 pm	7:25 am	Lv. Jacksonville (A. V. & W.)	Ar	8:55 pm	8:55 am
11:05 pm	10:55 am	Lv. Vaidosa (A. V. & W.)	Lv	5:20 pm	5:20 am
3:50 am	4:10 pm	Ar. Macon (G. S. & F.)	Ar	11:30 am	12:45 am
7:25 am	7:35 pm	Ar. Atlanta (C. of G.)	Lv	8:00 am	9:00 am
1:00 pm	12:30 am	Ar. Chattanooga (W. & A.)	Lv	4:05 am	3:00 pm
5:55 pm	5:35 am	Ar. Nashville (N. C. & St. L.)	Lv	10:55 pm	9:30 am
3:25 am	7:24 pm	Ar. St. Louis (I. C.)	Lv	8:35 am	10:15 pm
7:25 pm	7:00 am	Lv. Nashville (N. C. & St. L.)	Ar	8:35 pm	9:05 am
1:47 pm	12:10 pm	Lv. Martin (I. C.)	Ar	2:55 pm	5:15 am
10:50 am	Lv. Chicago (I. C.)	Lv	6:10 pm
7:30 pm	5:48 am	Lv. Nashville (L. & N.)	Ar	10:42 pm	8:30 am
12:50 am	9:50 am	Ar. Evansville (L. & N.)	Lv	6:35 pm	3:15 am
9:15 am	5:30 pm	Ar. Chicago (C. & E. I.)	Lv	11:05 am	7:00 pm

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