

Manager Healy of the State Fair, says the Jacksonville Evening Metropolis, is trying to get Carrie Nation as an attraction at the State Fair in November.

Monday the last will and testament of Thomas B. Steele was filed for record in the office of County Judge McCrory. Mr. Steele was formerly a resident of Daytona. His estate is valued at about three thousand dollars. Charles A. Steele has filed application for letters testamentary.—Supplement.

"TOILER, CANST THOU DREAM?"

Toiler, canst thou dream
At the dawn, at the glow?
Higher heritage than kings
Hast thou?

Canst thou read in star or weed,
Answer to thy heart's deep cry?
Gold, nor gem, nor love's own crown
So satisfy?

Toiler, canst thou wait,
Through the dreary hour, date,
Ruler of thy recreant will,
Dominant of fate?

Toiler, canst thou trust?
From the dust and fall,
Through the tears come streaming, all—
All is well!

—Lulu W. Mitchell in Century.

A MAD RIDE.

A Philadelphia's Adventure on a Stagecoach.

A party of gentlemen composed of half a dozen prominent citizens were assembled recently in the smoking room of the Art club when the conversation drifted to modern traveling conveniences, and one of the number observed that while he had gained most marvelously in point of rapidity and luxury he had lost the poetry of travel as exemplified by the old fashioned coach, with its belled and caparisoned horses, its flourish of tasseled whip and the merry winding horn. The speaker was stopped by another of the party, whose face had signified his uneasiness at the description.

"Don't, my dear sir," said this gentleman, who is a power in the financial circles of Philadelphia. "Your reminiscence is very pretty, but your mention of the antebellum stagecoach revived a memory which is even yet a horror to me, though it is over 35 years old. I had an experience in one of your lauded vehicles once that afterward made me walk nearly 100 miles to keep from entering another, and to this day whenever I am unwell or troubled in any way I am sure to dream of the occurrence, and my wife, hearing me groaning, will awaken me, with the cold perspiration flowing from my body, and say, 'Dreaming again of your stagecoach trip, aren't you? And yet I flatter myself that I am not more cowardly than most men.'"

The company insisted on the story. It was given, as follows:

"As most of you know, my father's death followed close on the heels of his failure in business, leaving me, his son and only surviving member of his family, without a penny. I left college; but, wholly unfitted for any work, I found myself on the verge of starvation, so I left Philadelphia and started west, turned up finally in Virginia City. I was pretty desperate by this time and glad enough to accept an offer made me to drive the stage to Sacramento. It was not a long drive nor an unpleasant one, though in parts rather dangerous or at least requiring careful driving and steady horses.

"I had made several trips very successfully, when one morning I left Virginia City with a single passenger. This was a man of slight, delicate build, rather undersized, but dressed in heavy clothes, which struck me at once as peculiar, for the day was a lovely June one. Another thing impressed me disagreeably in my passenger—his eyes were a bright, unnatural blue, with something in their furtive glance that spoke ill for his conscience or his wits, though I did not think of the latter then.

"It was a very unusual thing for the stage to carry so light a load, and I found myself lingering a few minutes behind time to see if more were not coming, for I had a vague dislike which must have been a presentiment against setting off alone with my queer passenger. There was nothing for it, though, but to go, so I started, hoping to pick up others on the road. I did not, however, and gradually I lost my depression, though it was a lonely ride without any one to speak to, for, unlike most people who patronized the line, the man showed no disposition to talk or to question the driver, so after one or two attempts to draw him out I let my gentleman alone.

"After awhile, however, he began to complain aloud, though to himself, at my management of the horses, but I took no notice of his growling. We had by that time reached the mountains and entered on a narrow strip of road along the brow of a canyon, at the bottom of which gleamed a tiny thread of silver, which I knew to be the river. It was a sheer descent of 700 feet, and I usually checked the horses at that part of the journey. I had done this, when my passenger stuck his head out of the window and demanded if I meant to keep up that funeral pace, but did not give me time to answer, and thrust out his hand with a revolver clamped in it.

"Get off that seat," he yelled. "I will drive myself!"

"I saw he would not hesitate to shoot me, so I climbed down with alacrity, threatening me still with the pistol, made me get into the stage.

"Do you know who I am?" he asked. "Well, I'm the devil, and I'm going to drive you to hell."

"This speech and his looks, which were those of a lunatic, and a dangerous one, too, in his excitement, told me the truth, and I can tell you I felt the icy sweat break over me, but I climbed meekly into the coach and watched the madman mount to my seat. I could only hope that he would still retain wit enough to drive slowly, but the first thing he did was to bring the lash down upon the horses with a viciousness that made them start into a frenzied run, and then the maddest, most terrible journey a man ever undertook began.

"The stage spun along like a crazy

top, the horses galloping wildly, springing wildly now and then to a cut from the shouting driver's whip, while, absolutely sick with terror, I had not strength to leap into the road, as I made up my mind to do time and again. I would undoubtedly have been killed at the rate at which we were going, and it was the bare shred of hope, which they say never wholly leaves us, that kept me from springing out. Part of the time I crouched on the floor, hiding my face in the cushions; but, fascinated by the terrible scene outside, I could not refrain from looking out upon it again and again. On one side rose a perpendicular wall of rock as bare as my hand. On the other side and ten feet from where I looked out were the canyon and certain death.

"The stage swayed fearfully, and every time the whip cut into the horses they would swing it to the very verge of the precipice, when I could look down the wall and see the river's gleam, when I would throw myself against the opposite side of the vehicle. Once the hind wheels literally hung over the edge for the thousandth part of a second, though it seemed an eternity to me, but was jerked on to the road again just as I felt the stage drag back into the chasm.

"I remember screaming like a frightened child and standing up in the stage laughing horribly when I saw the wheels back in the road. I doubt if the madman on the box was further off his balance than I at that moment. He was standing up, though how he could have retained his footing was a marvel to me, and yelling with delight, occasionally breaking out into a screaming song, varied by bursts of laughter.

"We had covered nearly five miles when the road widened several feet, and all at once I saw we were on the faces of a group of men drawn to one side to let us pass. I shrieked to them in a wild cry for help, but as our speed was undiminished made up my mind the noise we made had kept them from hearing me or that it was impossible for them to overtake us. But even as I despaired I heard a hoarse cry and, looking out, saw my lunatic's body hurled from his seat into the road and the next minute felt the horses checked and finally stopped. The door of the stage was flung open and a bearded face thrust in, when I threw myself into a pair of strong arms and knew no more.

"When I came to, I heard a voice say: 'Give the chap 'nother swallow of the stuff, Jim. He's comin' to.' Some fiery liquor trickled down my throat, and, opening my eyes, gasping, I found myself surrounded by a crowd of roughly dressed men, but they, to my eyes, had the appearance of angels. They were miners, who, judging from the driver's actions, had guessed something of the truth and, hearing my cry for help, had stopped the stage. This was accomplished by two of them catching hold of and climbing up over the boot behind and over the top and thus reaching the seat, from which they knocked the madman and secured the lines.

"On examination the lunatic was found to be only stunned, when we bound him securely and took him back to Virginia City, where he was identified as a prosperous merchant from Carson City who had recently lost his mind through grief over the death of his wife. I joined my rescuers in their search for gold, and in six months we had struck it rich, when, selling out my share for \$50,000, I returned to Philadelphia, having had enough of the west and its adventures."

An Interesting Old Watch.

A curious treasure, a watch which belonged to Louis XIV, is preserved in the presbytery of Ragnonnas, in Avignon. The king gave away the watch under the following interesting circumstances: Before the building of the suspension bridge from Avignon to Ragnonnas a ferry was made use of, which from time immemorial belonged to a family by the name of Arnoux. A member of this family one evening 200 years ago took over a company of great noblemen and in so doing showed extraordinary skill. One of the gentlemen presented him in recognition thereof with a handful of louis d'or and also with a watch. This man was Louis XIV.

This large, round watch, a masterpiece, has a silver case, which is so artistically chased that it resembles a fine spider web. On the lid is the bust picture of the king in laurel wreaths, held below and in the middle by two cupids. The dial, with Latin notations, has no hands. It is pivoted, and while turning the numerals come opposite a hilly chased on the edge. The interior of the watch is of the same fine workmanship and the mechanism a marvel of precision. The watch is still attached to the same now faded cord with which 200 years ago Louis XIV took it from his pocket to present it to the ferryman of Ragnonnas.—Jewelers' Circular-Weekly.

Taloe of the Finger Nails.

That the mental condition of a person who is suffering from some physical ailment may be judged from the condition of the finger nails was recently shown by Dr. Marco, an Italian physician, who has for some time been making investigations in this direction. According to him, a patient whose nails are not quite smooth, but contain many furrows, is subject to acute diseases, since it is the inability to take adequate nourishment, caused by such diseases, which makes the nails defective. He also maintains that a series of grooves will be found in the nails of those persons who are mentally unbalanced and especially of those who are periodically afflicted by some form of mental disturbance and that from a simple examination of the nails any skilled physician can tell how frequent and how violent the mental attacks will be.

White's Cream Vermifuge is perfectly harmless, and by its strengthening properties will restore to pale cheeks the rosy hue of health. Price 25 cts. Dr. J. M. Jones.

One of the Flagler hotels at Palm Beach is large enough to accommodate 1,500 guests.

Ulcers, open or obstinate sores, scalds and piles, quickly cured by Bamber Salve, the most healing medicine in the world. Dr. J. M. Jones.

THE BIRTH OF THE MOON.

When the Earth Was a Sphere of Lava, Molten and Flattened.

The earth revolves on its axis once in 24 hours. Millions of years ago the day was 22 hours; millions of years before it was 21 hours. As we look backward into time we find the earth revolving faster and faster. There was a time, ages ago, long before geology begins, when the earth was rotating in a day of five or six hours in length. In the remotest past the earth revolved in a day of about five hours. It could revolve no faster than this and remain a single unbroken mass.

It was at this time that the moon was born—separated, broken off from the parent mass of the earth. The earth was then a molten, flattened sphere of lava. Its whole body was fluid. The tides, which now are small, superficial and, so to say, local, were then universal and immense. They occurred at short intervals. The whole surface of our globe was affected. And the corresponding lunar tides in the fluid, molten moon were indefinitely greater still.

Our day is now 24 hours; the distance of the moon is now 240,000 miles. When our day was about five hours long, the moon was in contact with the earth's surface. It had just broken away from its parent mass. As the length of the terrestrial day increased, so did the distance of the moon. The two quantities are connected by invariable equations. If one varies, so must the other. Whenever the rotation time of a planet is shorter than the period of revolution of its satellite, the effect of their mutual action is to accelerate the motion of the satellite and to force it to move in a larger orbit—to increase its distance, therefore.

The day of the earth is now shorter than the month—the period of revolution of the moon. The moon is therefore slowly receding from us, and it has been receding for thousands of centuries. But the day of the earth is now longer than the month. The finger of the tides is always pressing upon the rim of our huge flywheel and slowly but surely lessening the speed of its rotation. So long as the terrestrial day is shorter than the lunar month, the moon will continue to recede from us.—Professor E. S. Holden in Harper's Magazine.

SIMPLE REMEDIES.

Diluted ammonia is good for insect bites and stings.

A raw egg swallowed at once upon getting a fishbone in the throat beyond the reach of the finger, it is said, will dislodge it and carry it down.

A simple remedy for indigestion is the white of an egg beaten to a stiff froth and stirred into a wingglassful of cold water. This should be taken after each meal.

For burns and scalds, when no other remedy is at hand, try the effect of a piece of rag steeped in vinegar and bound round the scar. This is especially useful when cooking, for the vinegar is generally at hand.

To cure a severe case of colic take a teaspoonful of salt in a pint of water; drink and go to bed. This is one of the speediest remedies known. It will also prove efficacious in reviving a person who seems almost dead from a heavy fall.

Preparing for a Journey.

Jerome K. Jerome recalled, with reverence, a habit of his methodical uncle who, before packing for a journey, always "made a list." This was the system which he followed, gathered from his uncle's own lips:

Take a piece of paper and put down on it everything you can possibly require. Then go over it and see that it contains nothing you can possibly do without.

Imagine yourself in bed. What have you got on? Very well; put it down, together with a change. You get up. What do you do? Wash yourself. What do you wash yourself with? Soap. Put down soap. Go on till you have finished. Then take your clothes. Begin at your feet. What do you wear on your feet? Boots, shoes, socks. Put them down. Work up till you get to your head. What do you want besides clothes? Put down everything.

This is the plan the old gentleman adopted. The list made, he would go over it carefully to see that he had forgotten nothing. Then he would go over it again and strike out everything that was possible to dispense with. Then he would lose the list.

The Backslider.

"Many years ago," says the Providence Journal, "in a village not 20 miles from Providence a revival was in progress. A young man, one of indistinguishable twin brothers who had previously been observed, as was supposed, in an attentive attitude at the meeting, rose for prayers, walked to the anxious seat, and there wailed and moaned to such good purpose that the deacons were sure he was on the high road to salvation.

The next day he was overheard in the back yard at home chopping wood and swearing painfully at a refractory log. When remonstrated with for his sudden backsliding, he merely said, "Oh, brother Jim couldn't go to the meeting last night, so I went and holtered for him."

Mean! What It Said.

"No," said the impudent one, "you can't believe all that you see in the newspapers."

"Are you prepared to specify?" the other man asked.

"I am. I saw a statement in the financial columns that money was easy, but when I tried to negotiate a loan I found that the reverse was true."

"You misunderstood the paragraph. It didn't say the people were easy."—Judge.

As an external liniment of most wonderful penetrative and curative power, Ballard's Snow Liniment is not equaled by any other in the world. Price 25 and 50 cts. Dr. J. M. Jones.

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A diseased liver declares itself by moroseness, mental depression, lack of energy, restlessness, melancholy and constipation. Herbine will restore the liver to a healthy condition. Price 50c. Dr. J. M. Jones.

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HERBINE.

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Price, 50 Cents.

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Sold by Dr. J. M. Jones.

PARTRIDGE EGGS.

Said to Be More Nutritious Than the Birds Themselves.

"Few persons are aware of the fact," said a well known physician, "but it is true, nevertheless, that the egg of the partridge is one of the most nutritious things in the world. They are not used for eating purposes except in very rare cases, and then it generally happens in remote rural districts. I have known negro families in the state of Louisiana during the laying season to live on the eggs of partridges. And they would flourish handsomely and grow fat on account of the rich properties of the eggs.

"These eggs, of course, never find their way into the market because they are never taken from their nest except by such persons as I have mentioned, and they rob the nests, I suppose, because their principal food supply comes from this source. Quail meat comes pretty high in the market at all times, and the average man will find it more profitable to spare the eggs and wait for the birds when the hunting season rolls around. These men would pass 100 nests in one day without disturbing an egg. The sport of hunting the birds is an additional incentive.

"The average negro does not care so much about this aspect of the case. He figures that the white man, having the best gun and the best dog, will beat him to the bird. So he goes after the egg. One partridge will lay anywhere from 12 to 20 eggs, and a nest is a good find. I know of many families in rural sections who feast on these eggs in the laying season. I have tried the egg myself as an experiment. I found it peculiarly rich. It has a good flavor, is very palatable and in fact is altogether a very fine thing to eat. Really I believe that the egg has more nutrition in it than the fully developed bird, but of course, as one of the men fond of the game in the field, I would like to discourage the robbery of the nests."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

HUSTLING FOR BUSINESS.

More or Less of It Done in New York Lawyers' Offices.

"Get a move on! That's the great modern motto," said a New York lawyer who has been practicing in the local courts for the last 25 years.

"When I was admitted to the bar," he went on, "there was a great idea of the dignity of the profession. A lawyer would about as soon have paraded Broadway carrying a sandwich sign calling attention to his legal ability as he would have thought of hustling in any other way for business. The thing to do was to rent an office and sit in it until somebody came and dug you out of the dust and spider webs and asked you to take a case.

"The march of progress has changed all that. Every law firm in this city hustles for business. I don't mean that the big men of the firm chase around after clients. Of course they don't. But the firm does a lot of shrewd planning ahead. It schemes in a particular fashion of its own to widen its sphere of usefulness—to itself.

"Of late years one of the expedients adopted has been the taking into the firm of young college graduates who can give a reasonable guarantee that they will bring business. College men know of this custom, and many of them shape their life at the university accordingly. They are after friends. They want to be popular. They want to be able to 'swing' as much of the future legal business of their fellow graduates as they can.

"A chap who can bring business of that sort is taken in on a good salary even when he is the veriest tyro at law. He's expected, of course, to do what real work he can and to study hard. But the salary is for the pull he can exert over his fellows."—New York Sun.

Animal Intelligence.

In a circus in Paris a lion was given some meat shut up in a box with a lid to it, and the spectators watched to see whether the lion would open the lid or crack the box. He did the former, much to the gratification of the company.

In the London "Zoo" a large African elephant restores to his would-be entertainers all the biscuits, whole or broken, which strike the bars and fall alike out of his reach and theirs in the space between the barrier and his cage. He points his trunk straight at the biscuits and blows them hard along the floor to the feet of the persons who have thrown them. He clearly knows what he is doing, because if the biscuit does not travel well he gives it a harder blow.

Iron in the Sixteenth Century.

The cost of the railings around St. Paul's cathedral (claimed by several Sussex parishes, but really made at Lamberhurst, a parish partly in Kent) is recorded in the account books of the manufactory as having been £11,202, 0s. 6d. The total weight was 200 tons. The amount of employment given may be conjectured from the statement of Richard Woodman, one of the Marian martyrs burned at Lewes in 1557, that he had set a hundred persons to work for the year together.—London Spectator.

"I had a running sore on my leg for seven years," writes Mrs. Jas. Forest, of Chippewa, Wis., "and spent hundreds of dollars in trying to get it healed. Two boxes of Banner Salve entirely cured it." Beware of substitutes. Dr. J. M. Jones.

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Foley's Honey and Tar heals lungs and stops the cough.

Foley's Kidney Cure makes kidneys and bladder right.

DYSPEPTICIDE The greatest aid to DIGESTION.

LEGAL NOTICES

NOTICE.

Be it known that six months after the publication of this notice as soon thereafter as I can be heard, I shall apply to the Hon. J. Lee McCrory, County Judge of Volusia County, Florida, for my final discharge as guardian of the person and estate of Nora V. Bailey, before marriage Nora V. Jackson, at which time I shall present all my vouchers, making my final accounting and ask for such discharge.

G. M. WALLACE, GUARDIAN AFORESAID.
Daytona, Fla., April 1, 1901.

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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. St. Louis	8:55 pm	8:55 am
11:05 pm	10:55 am	Ar. Vaidosa (A. V. & W.)	Lv. St. Louis	5:20 pm	5:35 am
3:50 am	4:10 pm	Ar. Macon (G. S. & F.)	Lv. St. Louis	11:30 am	12:45 am
7:25 am	7:35 pm	Ar. Atlanta (C. of G.)	Lv. St. Louis	8:00 am	9:00 am
1:00 pm	12:30 pm	Ar. Chattanooga (W. & A.)	Lv. St. Louis	4:05 am	3:00 pm
5:55 pm	5:35 am	Ar. Nashville (N. C. & St. L.)	Lv. St. Louis	10:55 pm	9:30 am
8:25 am	7:24 pm	Ar. St. Louis (I. C.)	Lv. St. Louis	8:36 am	10:15 pm
7:25 pm	7:00 am	Lv. Nashville (N. C. & St. L.)	Ar. St. Louis	8:35 pm	9:05 am
1:47 pm	12:10 pm	Lv. Martin (I. C.)	Ar. St. Louis	5:15 pm	5:15 am
10:50 am	Ar. Chicago (I. C.)	Lv. St. Louis	Ar. Chicago	6:10 pm	6:10 am
7:30 pm	5:48 am	Lv. Nashville (L. & N.)	Ar. St. Louis	10:42 pm	8:30 am
12:50 am	9:50 am	Lv. Evansville (L. & N.)	Ar. St. Louis	6:35 pm	3:15 am
9:15 am	5:30 pm	Ar. Chicago (C. & E. I.)	Lv. St. Louis	11:05 am	7:00 pm

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All correspondence promptly answered and sleeping car berth reserved. Will be glad meet passengers at depot in Jacksonville or my office, 224 West Bay Street. Drop me a line.

WALTER HAWKINS, Gen'l Agent Traffic Department, Jacksonville, Fla.

J. C. HAILE, General Passenger Agent, Savannah, Ga.

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