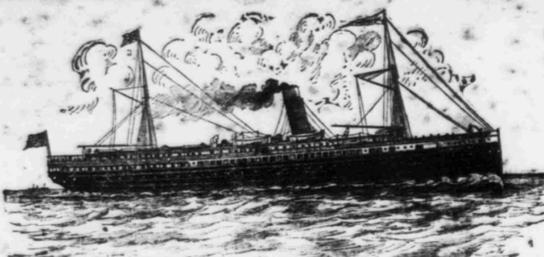


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FLORIDA EAST COAST RAILWAY.

## LOCAL TIME CARD No. 42. In Effect Aug. 28, 1902.

SOUTHBOUND—READ DOWN.			NORTHBOUND—READ UP.		
No. 39 Daily	No. 35 Daily	MAIN LINE.	No. 78 Daily	No. 22 Daily	No. 12 Daily
8:00 p	10:15 a	Ly. Jacksonville.....Ar	7:00 p	8:40 a	8:20 p
8:15 p	10:30 a	Ly. South Jacksonville.....Ar	7:15 p	8:55 a	8:35 p
8:30 p	10:45 a	Ly. St. Augustine.....Ar	7:30 p	9:10 a	8:50 p
8:45 p	11:00 a	Ly. Hastings.....Ar	7:45 p	9:25 a	9:05 p
9:00 p	11:15 a	Ly. East Palatka.....Ar	8:00 p	9:40 a	9:20 p
9:15 p	11:30 a	Ly. Neoga.....Ar	8:15 p	9:55 a	9:35 p
9:30 p	11:45 a	Ly. Bunnell.....Ar	8:30 p	10:10 a	9:50 p
9:45 p	12:00 p	Ly. Dupont.....Ar	8:45 p	10:25 a	10:05 p
10:00 p	12:15 p	Ly. Ormond.....Ar	9:00 p	10:40 a	10:20 p
10:15 p	12:30 p	Ly. Daytona.....Ar	9:15 p	10:55 a	10:35 p
10:30 p	12:45 p	Ly. Port Orange.....Ar	9:30 p	11:10 a	10:50 p
10:45 p	1:00 p	Ly. New Smyrna.....Ar	9:45 p	11:25 a	11:05 p
11:00 p	1:15 p	Ly. Oak Hill.....Ar	10:00 p	11:40 a	11:20 p
11:15 p	1:30 p	Ly. Titusville.....Ar	10:15 p	11:55 a	11:35 p
11:30 p	1:45 p	Ly. Cocoa.....Ar	10:30 p	12:10 p	11:50 p
11:45 p	2:00 p	Ly. Rockledge.....Ar	10:45 p	12:25 p	12:05 p
12:00 p	2:15 p	Ly. Eau Gallie.....Ar	11:00 p	12:40 p	12:20 p
12:15 p	2:30 p	Ly. Melbourne.....Ar	11:15 p	12:55 p	12:35 p
12:30 p	2:45 p	Ly. Bunnell.....Ar	11:30 p	1:10 p	12:50 p
12:45 p	3:00 p	Ly. St. Lucie.....Ar	11:45 p	1:25 p	1:05 p
1:00 p	3:15 p	Ly. Ft. Pierce.....Ar	12:00 p	1:40 p	1:20 p
1:15 p	3:30 p	Ly. White City.....Ar	12:15 p	1:55 p	1:35 p
1:30 p	3:45 p	Ly. Titusville.....Ar	12:30 p	2:10 p	1:50 p
1:45 p	4:00 p	Ly. Stuart.....Ar	12:45 p	2:25 p	2:05 p
2:00 p	4:15 p	Ly. Hobe Sound.....Ar	1:00 p	2:40 p	2:20 p
2:15 p	4:30 p	Ly. West Jupiter.....Ar	1:15 p	2:55 p	2:35 p
2:30 p	4:45 p	Ly. West Palm Beach.....Ar	1:30 p	3:10 p	2:50 p
2:45 p	5:00 p	Ly. Boynton.....Ar	1:45 p	3:25 p	3:05 p
3:00 p	5:15 p	Ly. Lauderdale.....Ar	2:00 p	3:40 p	3:20 p
3:15 p	5:30 p	Ly. Lemon City.....Ar	2:15 p	3:55 p	3:35 p
3:30 p	5:45 p	Ly. Miami.....Ar	2:30 p	4:10 p	3:50 p
3:45 p	6:00 p	Ly. Miami.....Ar	2:45 p	4:25 p	4:05 p

BRANCH LINES SCHEDULES.

No. 37 Daily	No. 35 Daily	No. 43 Daily	No. 41 Daily	PALATKA BRANCH.	No. 46 Daily	No. 48 Daily	No. 50 Daily	No. 54 Daily	No. 56 Daily
8:00 p	10:15 a	4:30 p	6:45 a	Ly. Palatka Ar	6:30 a	7:15 a	8:25 p	8:05 p	7:25 p
8:15 p	10:30 a	4:45 p	7:00 a	Ar. Palatka Lv	6:45 a	7:30 a	8:40 p	8:20 p	7:40 p

No. 37 Daily	No. 45 Daily	No. 46 Daily	No. 58 Daily	SAN MATEO BRANCH.	No. 46 Daily	No. 58 Daily
8:00 p	10:15 a	4:30 p	6:45 a	Ly. East Palatka Ar	6:30 a	7:45 p
8:15 p	10:30 a	4:45 p	7:00 a	Ar. San Mateo Lv	6:45 a	8:00 p

No. 17 Daily	No. 19 Daily	No. 15 Daily	No. 16 Daily	MAYPORT BRANCH.	No. 16 Daily	No. 20 Daily
8:00 p	10:15 a	6:00 p	8:15 a	Ly. Jacksonville Ar	7:45 a	8:25 p
8:15 p	10:30 a	6:15 p	8:30 a	Ly. So. Jacksonville Ar	7:55 a	8:35 p

No. 11 Daily	No. 12 Daily	No. 1 Daily	No. 2 Daily	SANFORD BRANCH.	No. 1 Daily	No. 2 Daily
8:00 p	10:15 a	11:30 p	1:15 p	Ly. Titusville Ar	1:15 p	1:30 p
8:15 p	10:30 a	11:45 p	1:30 p	Ly. Ocala Ar	1:30 p	1:45 p

No. 11 Daily	No. 12 Daily	No. 1 Daily	No. 2 Daily	ORANGE CITY BRANCH.	No. 1 Daily	No. 2 Daily
8:00 p	10:15 a	11:30 p	1:15 p	Ly. New Smyrna Ar	1:15 p	1:30 p
8:15 p	10:30 a	11:45 p	1:30 p	Ly. Lake Helen Ar	1:30 p	1:45 p

These Time Tables show the times at which trains may be expected to arrive and depart from the several stations, but their arrival or departure at the times stated is not guaranteed, nor does the Company hold itself responsible for any delay or any consequence arising therefrom.

FOR

Richmond	Washington	Baltimore
Philadelphia	Boston	Atlanta
Asheville	Chattanooga	Louisville
Cincinnati	St. Louis	Kansas City
Detroit	Cleveland	Pittsburg
	Chicago, etc.	

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**The Florida Limited**  
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S. H. HARDWICK, General Passenger Agent, Washington, D. C.  
W. H. TAYLOR, Asst. Gen'l Pass. Agent, Atlanta, Ga.  
January 15, 1902.

## GOING HOME

(Original.)  
A train stopped at a little station in the interior of Connecticut. A gentleman alighted and stood, with a fitchel in his hand and a light overcoat on his arm, looking about him.

"The railroad hasn't changed the appearance of the place much," he mused. "There is the wood through which I shall have to go to reach the village. The trees in that field were saplings, but they are now full grown. There is an iron bridge down there where that wooden one was I helped to destroy. In other respects the face of the country is the same as it was thirty years ago."

So saying, he left the station, struck into the path and entered the wood. Orville Gilbert when a boy had run away from home. He was a bad boy, and his parents could do nothing with him; He was always fighting with his companions, and when a lawless gang of boys was caught in some act of destruction Orville was sure to be found among them. One evening after his father had whipped him for being absent from home for several days without giving any account of himself he disappeared entirely. It was well that he did, for he was wanted by the civil authorities for being implicated in firing the bridge he had noticed replaced.

Orville worked his way westward until he reached the Missouri river, where he joined a wagon train starting out to haul a stock of goods to San Francisco. He delighted in riding in advance of the train scouting for Indians, and by his coolness and bravery several times he saved it from capture and the travelers from being murdered. On reaching the Pacific coast he was taken into the store where the goods were sold, helped to sell them, soon became a partner and at last grew very rich.

At first he did not write home, partly because he did not think it safe to give his whereabouts and partly because, like all boys who are troublesome, he considered himself badly abused. After that he became so immersed in business that he took no interest in anything else. One day he took up a poem by James Whitcomb Riley called "The Afterwhiles:"

Afterwhile—we have in view  
A far scene to journey to  
Where the old home is, and where  
The old mother waits us there.  
Feeling, as the time grows late,  
Down the old path to the gate,  
How we'll click the latch that locks  
In the planks and hollyhocks,  
And leap up the path once more  
Where she waits us at the door!  
How we'll greet the dear old smile  
And the warm tears—afterwhile!

Gilbert discovered a tear in his eye after reading the poem, and he next day found himself on a train going home.

Reaching the house from which he had departed in anger years ago, he laid a trembling hand on the gate latch, then went up to the house. A young girl of fifteen came to the door. "Are Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert at home?" he asked in a faint voice.

"The old people who used to live here?"  
"Yes."  
"No; they had to give up the house during the hard times."  
"Where are they now?"  
She hesitated, and Gilbert's heart sank.

"I don't know. They had a son who ran away. They always were looking for him to come back and give them a lift. The neighbors all laughed at them for thinking so, though my mother used to tell me the boy wasn't so bad, only full of deviltry."  
"Your mother was Margaret Pixley?"  
"Yes. How did you know that?"  
"I know her when she was half your age. Who lives here now?"  
"Mother and I."  
"Is your mother a widow?"  
"Yes."  
"May I go in and rest?"

The stranger was made comfortable, though when the girl looked up at him suddenly she saw tears in his eyes. Presently a woman slightly less than forty came in.

"Margaret Pixley," said the stranger, rising. "I am Orville Gilbert. I have been to blame in leaving my parents and paying no heed to them. Can you tell me where they are now?"  
"Yes. Maggie, go out to the well and draw some water."  
Maggie went out, and the woman replied to the question:  
"In the Home for the Friendless."  
The man staggered and caught the back of a chair.  
"Will you go and bring them?"  
"Yes."  
"I will be here tomorrow at this time. Don't tell them that I have come."  
The next day when Orville Gilbert "clicked the latch" of the gate a woman with snow white hair tottered down the path and threw her arms about his neck. Then he went into the house, where he found his father, too feeble to rise, but Orville took him up in his arms.

"It is not much that I can do to atone for my neglect, but what I can do will be of more comfort to me than to you. We will live here or go to a finer house."  
"A finer, not a better," said the old mother.  
"No; this is home. Whatever we can do to improve it we will do, but we will stay here."  
"Margaret kept us here as long as she was able," said the old woman. "She gave us our living for years."  
"Why did you do that?" asked Orville, turning to Margaret.  
The woman blushed.  
"If you must know, I had a child's fancy for the bad boy whom everybody abused."  
And so Gilbert got a wife to help him draw them out, see through them and then shut them up.

Some men are like telescopes—you draw them out, see through them and then shut them up.

Botanical Note.  
A fern in a jardiniere and two little sprouts in tin cans if put in a window are sufficient to give the woman who owns them the right to use the word "fernery."—Acheson Globe.

## PICTURESQUE BRITANNY.

A Market Scene in This Quiet French Province.

Brittany is a land where the peasants till the earth in simple trousers, tanned jackets covered with arabesque embroideries and green waistcoats around which run lines of crimson. The women wear short red skirts, great medic collars and coifs that flutter about their heads like the wings of doves. From beneath the points of their black caps the children gaze at you with wide eyes full of the curiosity of animals.

These people live in houses built of sculptured granite and sleep in open-work closets carved like the moucharabieks of Egypt.  
In spite of the "Breton Interiors" and "Returns of the Fishermen" with which painters swamp the market this race is still unknown or misunderstood, for they should be seen not in paintings, but in their homes, in their old time streets, on market days and when, in fair time, the tents are pitched in the village market places.

Fiery little horses draw to market fish, fine vegetables and all the early produce of Roscoff. They are spread out upon the sidewalk. Chickens cackle; goats bleat; pigs, tied by the leg, strain toward the vegetables, sniffing at the fresh greens.  
Farmers in sabots, carrying great blue umbrellas under their arms, with the two ribbons of their felt hats floating down their backs, pick their way among the Dinan chins displayed on the ground—capacious soup tureens, cedar jugs and plates covered with painted flowers and grotesque figures.  
The peasants converse with but few gestures; they bargain in guttural tones.

These taciturn people forget themselves in the barrooms on fair days. The taverns are full of noise. You may hear the sound of an accordion and the plaintive note of the binou (a sort of bagpipe), leading monotonous dances.  
Into the harbor come boats laden with fish; other boats go out. The fishermen are full of business. Next week will occur the departure for the new country. There are women who weep.  
Above all this agitation the smoke of the village chimneys mingles with the great white clouds. The quiet sea mirrors the sun.—Artist Castagne in Century.

## LITERARY TREASURES.

Some Which Have Been and Some Which May Be Lost to View.

The world, we have been assured time and again, knows nothing of its greatest men. Perhaps it is equally ignorant about its greatest books. Are we quite sure that the idols in our literary pantheon are arrayed in their due order of precedence? The rules of precedence change, and who shall assert that those prevalent at any given time are the final ones? But, above all, are we quite certain that there may not be a notable work of genius lying unnoticed and unknown amid the wrecks of the river of time, waiting only for some lucky accident that shall reveal it in all its beauty to an astonished world?

Such accidents with such results have been frequent in the history of the past. Indeed such accidents have preserved or have revealed to the world no insignificant proportion of its now acknowledged masterpieces.  
The books of the Bible themselves have experienced the narrowest escapes from what might have resulted in their total loss. The most notable example is that of Deuteronomy, which disappeared from the Jewish world for over a century. The story of its rediscovery by the high priest Heshkiah during the reign of good King Josiah is set forth in the Old Testament.

Shakespeare was practically forgotten in the days when Addison wrote his "Account of the Greatest English Poets," with never a mention of the name of the very greatest, yet it was shortly afterward that Shakespeare was rediscovered.  
Fitzgerald's "Omar Khayyam" and Blackmore's "Lorna Doone" dropped stillborn from the press and later won a sudden popularity by accident.—William S. Walsh in Era Magazine.

Patience With Eccentricities.  
Many of the leading people in English society regarded Thomas Carlyle with a feeling almost akin to reverent delight when he chose to behave like an ignorant boor in their drawing rooms, even taking his seat, it is said, unbidden in the presence of the queen. This generation, however, has little patience with such eccentricities.

It was an English bishop who, when the historian Freeman had worn out his patience with his rudeness, introduced him to a waiting audience as "the distinguished scholar that so admirably describes and illustrates the savagery of our ancestors."

Treating Burns.  
Cold water with ice in it is the thing to use when an accidental burn from acids or alkalis is encountered. Nitric acid gets spilt at times, or even vitriol may. A limb burned with acids must be plunged in cold water and kept there, so that the water may dilute the traces of the acid in the skin as much as possible. When acid burning causes injury, the water should be rendered alkaline by adding soda to counteract the acid.

Some men are like telescopes—you draw them out, see through them and then shut them up.

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" 3:30 am	ASTOR	" 1:00 pm	ASTOR
" 4:30 am	ST. FRANCIS	" 12:00 pm	ST. FRANCIS
" 6:30 am	BERESFORD (DELAND)	" 11:00 am	BERESFORD
Arrive 8:20 am	BLUE SPRINGS	" 9:30 am	BLUE SPRINGS
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