P. P. P.

PRICKLY ASH, POKE ROOT AND POTASSIUM

Makes Marvelous Cures in Blood Poison Rheumatism and Scrofula

PIMPLES, BLOTCHES AND OLD SORES CATARRH, MALARIA, KIDNEY TROUBLES and DYSPEPSIA

Are entirely removed by P.P.P.

—Prickly Ash, Poke Root and Potassium, the greatest blood purifier on earth.

P. P. P. purifies the blood, builds up the weak and debilitated, gives strength to weakened nerves, expels diseases, giving the patient health and happiness where sickness, gloomy feelings and lassitude first prevailed.

For primary, secondary and tertiary syphilis, for blood poisoning, mercurial poison, malaria, dyspepsia, and in all blood and skin diseases, like blotches, pimples, old chronic ulcers, tetter, scald head, boils, erysipelas, eczema—we may say, without fear of contradiction, that P. P. P. is the best blood purifier in the world, and makes positive, speedy and permanent cures in all cases.

Ladies whose systems are poisoned and whose blood is in an impure condition, due to menstrual irregularities, are peculiarly benefited by the wonderful tonic and blood cleansing properties of P. P. P.—Prickly Ash, Poke Root and Potassium.

SPRINGFIELD, MO., Aug. 14th, 1893. —I can speak in the highest terms of your medicine from my own personal knowledge. I was affected with heart disease, pleurisy and rheumatism for 35 years, was treated by the very best physicians and spent hundreds of dollars, tried every known remedy without finding relief. I have only taken one bottle of your P. P. P., and can cheerfully say it has done me more good than anything I have ever taken. I can recommend your medicine to all sufferers of the above diseases.
MRS. M. M. YEARY.
Springfield, Green County, Mo.

ABERDEEN, O., July 21, 1891.
MESSRS. LIPPMAN BROS., Savannah, Ga.: DEAR SIRS—I bought a bottle of your P. P. P. at Hot Springs, Ark., and it has done me more good than three months' treatment at the Hot Springs. Send three bottles C. O. D.
Respectfully yours,
JAS. M. NEWTON,
Aberdeen, Brown County, O.

Capt. J. D. Johnston.

To all whom it may concern: I hereby testify to the wonderful properties of P. P. P. for eruptions of the skin. I suffered for several years with an unsightly and disagreeable eruption on my face. I tried every known remedy but in vain, until P. P. P. was used, and am now entirely cured.
(Signed by) J. D. JOHNSTON,
Savannah, Ga.

Skin Cancer Cured.

Testimony from the Mayor of Sequin, Tex.

SEQUIN, TEX., January 14, 1893.
MESSRS. LIPPMAN BROS., Savannah, Ga.: *Gentlemen*—I have tried your P. P. P. for a disease of the skin, usually known as skin cancer, of thirty years' standing, and found great relief; it purifies the blood and removes all irritation from the seat of the disease and prevents any spreading of the sores. I have taken five or six bottles and feel confident that another course will effect a cure. It has also relieved me from indigestion and stomach troubles. Yours truly,
CAPT. W. M. RUST,
Attorney at Law.

Book on Blood Diseases Mailed Free.

ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT.

LIPPMAN BROS.
PROPRIETORS,
Lippman's Block, Savannah, Ga.

J. W. ANDREWS,

Livery, Sale and Feed Stables.

FINEST TURNOUTS in the city.

Drummers' Teams and Draying a Specialty.

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REASONABLE CHARGES.

Stables corner Call and Thompson streets, one block from Depot.

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P. O. Building, Starke, Fla.

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Hodges Block, Starke, Fla.

Have the Finest Driving and Riding Horses in the City.

Gentle Horses. Stylish Rigs.

Horses Boarded at Reasonable Prices and Given Best Attention.

C. M. Sparkmann & Co.

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HIGH GRADE WHISKIES.

Rye Whiskey, $2 to $5 per gal. Corn Whiskey, $2 to $2.50 per gal. Gins, $2 to $2.50 per gal. Rum, $2 to $2.50 per gal. Apple Brandy, $2.50 to $3 per gal. Peach Brandy $2.50 to $3 per gal. White Wheat Whiskey, $2.50 per gal. Prompt attention paid to all orders.

JUG TRADE A SPECIALTY.

Starke, Florida.

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And is Prepared to Furnish on Short Notice

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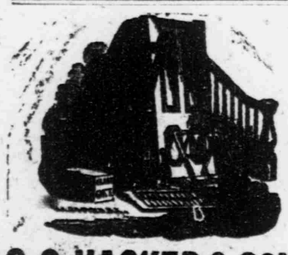

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—MANUFACTURERS OF—

Doors, Sash, Blinds, Mouldings, Building Material, Builders' Hardware.

Window and Fancy Glass a Specialty.

Charleston, S. C.

DRUG STORE.

J. L. GASKINS,

—DEALER IN—

DRUGS AND MEDICINES,

Starke, Fla.

Physicians' prescriptions carefully compounded at all hours—day or night.

Republicans Sweep Denver.

The republicans made a clean sweep in the Denver, Col., city elections. Every man on their ticket was elected by a majority of 5,000 to 6,000. The republicans also elected all the aldermen.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Great Preacher's Sunday Discourse.

Subject: "The Gospel Ship."

TEXT: "Thou shalt come into the ark, thou and thy sons and thy wife and thy sons' wives with thee."—Genesis vi., 18.

In this day of the steamships Lucania and Majestic and the Paris I will show you a ship that in some respects eclipsed them all, and which sailed out, an ocean underneath and another ocean falling upon it. Infidel scientists ask us to believe that in the formation of the earth there have been a half dozen deluges, and yet they are not willing to believe the Bible story of one deluge.

In what way the catastrophe came we know not—whether by the stroke of a comet, or by flashes of lightning, changing the air into water, or by a stroke of the hand of God, like the stroke of the ax between the horns of the ox, the earth staggered. To meet the catastrophe God ordered a great ship built. It was to be without prow, for it was to sail to no shore. It was to be without helm, for no human hand should guide it. It was a vast structure, probably as large as two or three modern steamers. It was the Great Eastern of olden time.

The ship is done. The door is open. The lizards crawl in. The cattle walk in. The grasshoppers hop in. The birds fly in. The invitation goes forth to Noah, "Come thou and all thy house into the ark." Just one human family embark on the strange voyage, and I hear the door slam shut. A great storm sweeps along the hills and bends the cedars until all the branches snap in the gale. There is a moan in the wind like unto the moan of a dying world. The blackness of the heavens is shattered by the flare of lightnings, that look down into the waters and throw a ghastliness on the face of the mountains. How strange it looks! How suffocating the air seems! The big drops of rain begin to plash upon the upturned faces of those who are watching the tempest. Crash! go the rocks in convulsion. Boom! go the bursting heavens. The inhabitants of the earth, instead of flying to house top and mountain top, as men have fancied, sit down in dumb, white horror to die. For when God grinds mountains to pieces and lets the ocean slip its cable there is no place for men to fly to. See the ark pitch and tumble in the surf, while from its windows the passengers look out upon the shipwreck of a race and the carcasses of a dead world. Woe to the mountains! Woe to the sea!

I am no alarmist. When on the 20th of September, after the wind has for three days been blowing from the northeast, you prophesy that the equinoctial storm is coming, you simply state a fact not to be disputed. Neither am I an alarmist when I say that a storm is coming, compared with which Noah's deluge was but an April shower, and that it is wisest and safest for you and for me to get safely housed for eternity. The invitation that went forth to Noah sounds in our ears, "Come thou and all thy house into the ark."

Well, how did Noah and his family come into the ark? Did they climb in at the window, or come down the roof? No; they went through the door. And just so, if we get into the ark of God's mercy, it will be through Christ, the door. The entrance to the ark of old must have been a very large entrance. We know that it was from the fact that there were monster animals in the earlier ages, and in order to get them into the ark, two and two, according to the Bible statement, the door must have been very wide and very high. So the door into the mercy of God is a large door. We go in, not two and two, but by hundreds, and by thousands and by millions. Yea, all the Nations of the earth may go in, 10,000,000 abreast!

The door of the ancient ark was in the side. So now it is through the side of Christ—the pierced side, the wide open side, the heart side—that we enter. Aha, the Roman soldier, thrusting his spear into the Saviour's side, expected only to let the blood out, but he opened the way to let all the world in! Oh, what a broad gospel to preach! If a man is about to give an entertainment, he issues 200 or 300 invitations, carefully put up and directed to the particular persons whom he wishes to entertain. But God, our Father, makes a banquet and goes out to the front door of heaven and stretches out His hands over land and sea, and with a voice that penetrates the Hindoo jungle; and the Greenland ice castle, and Brazilian grove, and English factory, and American home, cries out, "Come, for all things are now ready!" It is a wide door! The old cross has been taken apart, and its two pieces are stood up for the doorposts, so far apart that all the world can come in. Kings scatter treasures on days of great rejoicing. So Christ, our King, comes and scatters the jewels of heaven.

Rowland Hill said that he hoped to get into heaven through the crevices of the door. But he was not obliged thus to go in. After having preached the gospel in Surrey Chapel, going up toward heaven, the gatekeeper cried, "Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let this man come in!" The dying thief went in. Richard Baxter and Robert Newton went in. Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America may yet go through this wide door without crowding. Ho! every one—all conditions, all ranks, all people! Luther said that this truth was worth carrying on one's knees from Rome to Jerusalem, but I think it worth carrying all around the globe and all around the heavens, that "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Whosoever will, let him come through the large door. Archimedes wanted a fulcrum on which to place his lever, and then he said he could move the world. Calvary is the fulcrum, and the cross of Christ is the lever, and by that power all Nations shall yet be lifted.

Further, it is a door that swings both ways. I do not know whether the door of the ancient ark was lifted or rolled on hinges, but this door of Christ opens both ways. It swings out toward all our woes; it swings in toward the raptures of heaven. It swings in to let us in; it swings out to let our ministering ones comes out. All are one in Christ—Christians on earth and saints in heaven.

One army of the living God,
At His command we bow.
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

Swing in, O blessed door, until all the earth shall go in and live. Swing out until all the heavens come forth to celebrate the victory.

But, further, it is a door with fastenings. The Bible says of Noah, "The Lord shut him in." A vessel without bulwarks or doors would not be a safe vessel to go in. When Noah and his family heard the fastening of the door of the ark, they were very glad. Unless these doors were fastened the first heavy surge of the sea would have whelmed them, and they might as well have perished outside the ark as inside the ark. "The Lord shut him in." Oh, the perfect safety of the ark! The surf of the sea and the lightnings of the sky may be twisted into a garland of snow and fire—deep to deep, storm to storm, darkness to darkness—but once in the ark all is well. "God shut him in." There comes upon the good man a deluge of financial trouble. He had his thousands to lend. Now he cannot borrow a dollar. He once owned a store in New York and had branch houses in Boston, Philadelphia and New Orleans. He owned four horses and employed a man to keep the dust off his coach, phaeton, carriage and curricle; now he has hard work to get shoes in which to walk. The great deep of commercial disaster was broken up, and fore and aft and across the hurricane deck the waves struck him. But he was safely sheltered from the storm. "The Lord shut him in!" A flood of domestic troubles fell on him." Sickness and bereavement came. The rain pelted; the winds blew. The heavens are aflame. All the gardens of earthly delight are washed away. The mountains of joy are buried fifteen cubits deep. But, standing by the empty crib and in the desolated nursery and in the doleful hall, once a-ring with merry voices, now silent forever, he cried, "The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." "The Lord shut him in."

All the sins of a lifetime clamored for his overthrow. The broken vows, the dishonored Sabbaths, the outrageous profanities, the misdemeanors of twenty years, reached up their hands to the door of the ark to pull him out. The boundless ocean of his sin surrounded his soul, howling like a simoom, raving like an euroclydon. But, looking out of the window, he saw his sin sink like lead into the depths of the sea. The dove of heaven brought an olive branch to the ark. The wrath of the billow only rushed him toward heaven. "The Lord shut him in!"

The same door fastenings that kept Noah in keep the troubles out. I am glad to know that when a man reaches heaven all earthly troubles are done with him. Here he may have had hard work to get bread for his family; there he will never hunger any more. Here he may have wept bitterly; there "the Lamb that is in the midst of the throne will lead him to living fountains of water, and God will wipe away all tears from his eyes." Here he may have hard work to get a house; but in my Father's house are many mansions, and rent day never comes. Here there are deathbeds and coffins and graves; there no sickness, no weary watching, no choking cough, no consuming fever, no chattering chill, no tolling bell, no grave. The sorrows of life shall come up and knock at the door, but no admittance. The perplexities of life shall come up and knock on the door, but no admittance. Safe forever! All the agony of earth in one wave dashing against the bulwarks of the ship of celestial light shall not break them down. Howl on, ye winds, and rage, ye seas! The Lord—"the Lord shut him in!"

Oh, what a grand old door! So wide, so easily swung both ways and with such sure fastenings. No burglar's key can pick that lock. No swarthy arm of hell can shove back that bolt. I rejoice that I do not ask you to come aboard a crazy craft with leaking hulk and broken helm and unfastened door, but an ark fifty cubits wide and 300 cubits long and a door so large that the round earth, without grazing the post, might be bowled in.

Now, if the ark of Christ is so grand a place in which to live and die and triumph, come into the ark. Know well that the door that shut Noah in shut others out, and though, when the pitiless storm came pelting on their heads, they beat upon the door, saying: "Let me in! Let me in!" the door did not open. For 120 years they were invited. They expected to come in, but the antediluvians said: "We must cultivate these fields; we must be worth more flocks of sheep and herds of cattle; we will wait until we get a little older; we will enjoy our old farm a little longer." But meanwhile the storm was brewing. The fountains of heaven were filling up. The pry was being placed beneath the foundations of the great deep. The last year had come, the last month, the last week, the last day, the last hour, the last moment. In an awful dash an ocean dropped from the sky and another rolled up from beneath, and God rolled the earth and sky into one wave of universal destruction.

So men now put off going into the ark. They say they will wait twenty years first. They will have a little longer time with their worldly associates. They will wait until they get older. They say: "You cannot expect a man of my attainments and of my position to surrender myself just now. But before the storm comes I will go in. Yes, I will. I know what I am about. Trust me!" After awhile, one night about 12 o'clock, going home, he passes a scaffolding just as a gust of wind strikes it, and a plank falls. Dead, and outside the ark! Or, riding in the park, a reckless vehicle crashes into him, and his horses becomes unmanageable, and he shouts, "Whoa, whoa!" and takes another twist in the reins and plants his feet against the dashboard and pulls back. But no use. It is not so much down the avenue that he flies as on the way to eternity. Out of the wreck of the crash his body is drawn, but his soul is not picked up. It fled behind a swifter courser into the great future. Dead, and outside the ark! Or some night he wakes up with a distress that momentarily increases until he shrieks out with pain. The doctors come in, and they give twenty dops, but no relief; forty drops, fifty drops, sixty drops, but no relief. No time for prayer. No time to read one of the promises. No time to get a single sin pardoned. The whole house is aroused in alarm. The children scream. The wife faints. The pulses fail. The heart stops. The soul flies. Dead, and outside the ark!

I have no doubt that derision kept many people out of the ark. The world laughed to see a man go in and said: "Here is a man starting for the ark. Why, there will be no deluge. If there is one, that miserable ship will not weather it. Aha, going into the ark! Well, that is too good to keep. Here, fellows, have you heard the news? This man is going into the ark!" Under this artillery of scorn the man's good resolution perished.

And so there are hundreds kept out by the fear of derision. The young man asks himself: "What would they say at the store tomorrow morning if I should become a Christian? When I go down to the club house they will shout, 'Here comes that new Christian. Suppose you will not have anything to do with us now. Suppose you are praying now. Get down on your knees and let us hear you pray. Come, now, give us a touch. Will not do it, eh? Pretty Christian, you are!'" Is it not the fear of being laughed at that keeps you out of the kingdom of God? Which of these scorners will help you at the last? When you lie down on a dying pillow, which of them will be there? In the day of eternity will they bail you out?

My friends and neighbors, come in right away. Come in through Christ, the wide door—the door that swings out toward you. Come in and be saved. Come and be happy. "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come." Room in the ark! Room in the ark!

But do not come alone. The text invites you to bring your family. It says, "Thou and thy sons and thy wife." You cannot drive them in. If Noah had tried to drive the pigeons and the doves into the ark he would only have scattered them. Some parents are not wise about these things. They make iron rules about Sabbaths, and they force the catechism down the throat as they would hold the child's nose and force down a dose of rhubarb and calomel. You cannot drive your children into the ark. You can draw your children to Christ, but you cannot coerce them. The cross was lifted not to drive, but to draw. "If I be lifted up I will draw all men unto Me." As the sun draws up the drops of the morning dew so the sun of righteousness exhales the tears of repentence.

Be sure that you bring your husband and wife with you. How would Noah have felt if, when he heard the rain pattering on the roof of the ark, he knew that his wife was outside in the storm? No; she went with him. And yet some of you are on the ship "outward bound" for heaven. But your companion is unsheltered. You remember the day when the marriage ring was set. Nothing has yet been able to break it. Sickness came, and the finger shrank, but the ring staid on. The twain stood alone above the child's grave, and the dark mouth of the tomb swallowed up a thousand hopes, but the ring dropped not into the open grave. Days of poverty came and the hand did many a hard day's work, but the rubbing of the work against the ring only made it shine brighter. Shall that ring ever be lost? Will the iron clang of the sepulcher gate crush it forever? I pray God that you who have been married on earth may be together in heaven. Oh, by the quiet bliss of your earthly home, by the babe's cradle, by all the vows of that day when you started life together, I beg you to see to it that you both get into the ark.

Come in, and bring your wife or your husband with you—not by fretting about religion or dingdonging them about religion, but by a consistent life and by a compelling prayer that shall bring the throne of God down into your room. Go home and take up the Bible and read it together, and then kneel down and commend your souls to Him who has watched you all these years, and before you rise there will be a fluttering of wings over your head, angel crying to angel, "Behold, they pray!"

But this does not include all your family. Bring the children too. God bless the dear children! What would our homes be without them? We may have done much for them. They have done more for us. What a salve for a wounded heart there is in the soft palm of a child's hand! Did harp or flute ever have such music as there is in a child's "good night?" From our coarse, rough life the angels of God are often driven back. But who comes into the nursery without feeling that angels are hovering around. They who die in infancy go straight into glory, but you are expecting your children to grow up in this world. Is it not a question, then, that rings through all the corridors and windings and heights and depths of your soul, what is to become of your sons and daughters for time and for eternity? "Oh," you say, "I mean to see that they have good manners." Very well. "I mean to dress them well, if I have myself to go shabby." Very good. "I shall give them an education; I shall leave them a fortune." Very well. But is that all? Don't you mean to take them into the ark? Don't you know that the storm is coming, and that out of Christ there is no safety, no pardon, no hope, no heaven?

How to get them in? Go in yourself! If Noah had staid out, do you not suppose that his sons—Shem, Ham and Japheth—would have staid out? Your sons and daughters will be apt to do just as you do. Reject Christ yourself, and the probability is that your children will reject Him.

An account was taken of the religious condition of families in a certain district. In the families of pious parents two-thirds of the children were Christians. In the families where the parents were ungodly only one-twelfth of the children were Christians. Which way will you take your children? Out into the deluge or into the ark? Have you ever made one earnest prayer for their immortal souls? What will you say in the judgment when God asks, "Where is George or Henry or Frank or Mary or Anna? Where are those precious souls whose interests I committed into your hands?"

A dying son said to his father, "Father, you gave me an education and good manners and everything that the world could do for me, but, father, you never told me how to die, and now my soul is going out in the darkness."

Oh, ye who have taught your children how to live, have you also taught them how to die? Life here is not so important as the great hereafter. It is not so much the few furlongs this side of the grave as it is the unending leagues beyond. O eternity, eternity! Thy locks white with the ages, thy voice announcing stupendous destiny, thy arms reaching across all the past and all the future! O eternity, eternity!

Go home and erect a family altar. You may break down in your prayer. But never mind, God will take what you mean, whether you express it intelligibly or not. Bring all your house into the ark. Is there one son whom you have given up? Is he so dissipated that you have stopped counseling and praying? Give him up? How dare you give him up? Did God ever give you up? While you have a single articulation of speech left, cease not to pray for the return of that prodigal. He may even now be standing on the beach at Hong Kong or Madras, meditating a return to his father's house. Give him up? Never give him up! Has God promised to hear thy prayer only to mock thee? It is not too late.

In St. Paul's, London, there is a whispering gallery. A voice uttered most feebly at one side of the gallery is heard distinctly at the opposite side, a great distance off. So every word of earnest prayer goes all around the earth and makes heaven a whispering gallery. Go into the ark—not to sit down, but to stand in the door and call until all the family come in. Aged Noah, where is Japheth? David, where is Absalom? Hannah, where is Samuel?

On one of the lake steamers there were a father and two daughters journeying. They seemed extremely poor. A benevolent gentlemen stepped up to the poor man to proffer some form of relief and said, "You seem to be very poor, sir." "Poor, sir," replied the man, "if there's a poorer man than me a-troublin the world, God pity both of us!" "I will take one of your children and adopt it, if you say so. I think it would be a great relief to you." "A what?" said the poor man. "A relief! Would it be a relief to have the hands chopped off from the body, or the heart torn from the breast? A relief indeed! God be good to us! What do you mean, sir?" However many children we have, we have none to give up. Which of our families can we afford to spare out of heaven? Will it be the oldest? Will it be the youngest? Will it be that one that was sick sometime ago? Will it be the husband? Will it be the wife? No, no! We must have them all in. Let us take the children's hands and start now. Leave not one behind. Come, father; come, mother; come, son; come, daughter; come, brother; come, sister! Only one step and we are in Christ, the door, swings out to admit us. And it is not the hoarseness of a stormy blast that you hear, but the voice of a loving and patient God that addresses you, saying, "Come, thou and all thy house, into the ark." And there may the Lord shut us in!

FRANCE BLAMES ENGLAND

For the Recent Collision Between Steamships Off Messina, Sicily.

As an indication of the strained relations between England and France, the *Matin* and other Frence newspapers persist in insinuating that the collision on March 30 off Messina Island off Sicily, between two British steamers, the Alvah and the Brinkburn, the latter chartered by the French government as a transport to take troops and munitions of war to the island of Madagascar, was due to England's malice and a nation capable of such an action should be made to repent it.

The Alvah, as reported at the time, was sunk, and the Brinkburn, which was on her way from Toulon to the Island of Madagascar with French troops and munitions of war on board, was seriously damaged, but succeeded in making the harbor of Messina.

Whisky Wins in Minnesota.

The most notable feature of the Minnesota municipal elections was the success of the license ticket in nearly every place where the liquor question was at issue.

A. Bailey,

STARKE, FLA.

Wholesale and Retail ------Dealer in

FRESH BEEF, PORK & MUTTON

SLICED HAM A SPECIALTY.

In Poor Health

means so much more than you imagine—serious and fatal diseases result from trifling ailments neglected. Don't play with Nature's greatest gift—health.

Brown's Iron Bitters

If you are feeling out of sorts, weak and generally exhausted, nervous, have no appetite and can't work, begin at once taking the most reliable strengthening medicine, which is Brown's Iron Bitters. A few bottles cure—benefit comes from the very first dose—*it won't stain your teeth*, and it's pleasant to take.

It Cures

Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver
Neuralgia, Troubles,
Constipation, Bad Blood
Malaria, Nervous ailments
Women's complaints.

Get only the genuine—it has crossed red lines on the wrapper. All others are substitutes. On receipt of two 2c. stamps we will send set of Ten Beautiful World's Fair Views and book—free.
BROWN CHEMICAL CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

For sale by J. L. Gaskins, Starke, Fla

FLORIDA CENTRAL AND PENINSULAR RAILROAD.

New Florida and Northern Air Line and Florida Trunk Line.

TIME TABLE IN EFFECT JAN. 7, 1895.

40 Daily.	38 Daily ex Sun.	32 Daily.	36 Daily.	34 Daily.	NORTHERN POINTS.		35 Daily.	33 Daily.	31 Daily.	39 Daily ex Sun.	37 Daily ex Sun.
11 00p	.....	6 00p	4 15p	8 15a	Lv....Jacksonville.....Ar		10 30a	7 05p	9 55a	.....	6 00a
11 55p	.....	6 55p	5 00p	9 12a	Lv.....Yulee.....Ar		9 37a	6 35p	9 12a	.....	4 55a
.....	.....	7 30p	5 30p	10 25a	Ar.....Fernandina.....Lv		9 00a	4 25p	8 30a	.....	.....
2 00a	.....	8 32p	6 50p	10 40a	Ar.....Everett.....Ar		7 48a	4 52p	7 25a	.....	5 00p
.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	Ar.....Brunswick.....Ar			6 20p	.....	.....	.....
.....	.....	.....	8 55p	12 28p	Ar.....Savannah.....Lv		6 00a	3 04p	.....	.....	.....
.....	4 00p	.....	9 05p	12 38p	Lv.....Savannah.....Ar		5 46a	2 56p	.....	10 45a	.....
.....	6 15p	.....	11 23p	2 23p	Ar.....Fairfax, S. C.....Lv		3 50a	1 12p	.....	8 25a	.....
.....	9 30p	.....	6 30p	.....	Ar.....Augusta, Ga.....Lv		8 40p	.....	.....	7 15a	.....
.....	7 30p	.....	12 14a	3 03p	Ar...Denmark, S. C..Lv		3 05a	12 34p	.....	7 10a	.....
.....	.....	.....	2 10a	4 30p	Ar..Columbia, S. C..Lv		1 30a	11 10a	.....	.....	.....
.....	.....	.....	2 50p	.....	Ar. Spartanburg, S. C.Lv				.....	.....	.....
.....	.....	.....	6 45p	.....	Ar...Asheville, N. C..Lv				.....	.....	.....
.....	.....	.....	6 58a	9 16p	Ar...Charlotte, N. C..Lv		11 00p	8 25a	.....	.....	.....
.....	.....	.....	8 31a	10 25p	Ar...Salisbury, N. C..Lv		9 17p	7 30a	.....	.....	.....
.....	.....	.....	10 10a	11 40p	Ar..Greensboro, N. C.Lv		7 36p	6 15a	.....	.....	.....
.....	.....	.....	11 40a	12 50a	Ar.....Danville, Va...Lv		5 55p	5 00a	.....	.....	.....
.....	.....	.....	4 50p	6 45a	Ar....Richmond, Va...Lv		12 30p	.....	.....	.....	.....
.....	.....	.....	1 50p	2 48a	Ar...Lynchburg, Va...Lv		8 48p	2 48a	.....	.....	.....
.....	.....	.....	4 07p	4 38a	Ar.Charlottesville, Va.Lv		2 12p	1 03a	.....	.....	.....
.....	.....	.....	8 30p	7 42a	Ar.....Washington....Lv		11 01a	10 05p	.....	.....	.....
.....	.....	.....	11 25p	9 10a	Ar.....Baltimore....Lv		9 42a	8 37p	.....	.....	.....
.....	.....	.....	2 56a	11 30a	Ar.....Philadelphia...Lv		7 20a	5 55p	.....	.....	.....
.....	.....	.....	6 23a	2 03p	Ar.....New York.....Lv		12 15a	3 20p	.....	.....	.....

No. 36 carries Sleeper Jacksonville to New York. No. 34 carries compartment cars St. Augustine to New York. Dining car. Through sleeper Tampa to New York.
No. 35 Vestibule Sleeper New York to Jacksonville. No. 33 compartment cars New York to St. Augustine. Dining car. Pullman sleepers New York to Tampa.
Dining cars between Charlotte and St. Augustine.

CINCINNATI-JACKSONVILLE.

No. 40 Through Sleepers.	No. 32 Cincinnati and Florida Limited.		Chicago, Toledo, Detroit, Cleveland, Louisville, Nashville, Indianapolis.	No 31 Cincinnati and Florida Limited.	No 39 Through Sleepers.
11 00p	6 03pm	Lv	Jacks'v'le Ar	9 55am	6 00a
2 00a	8 32pm	Ar	Everett Lv	7 25am	2 20a
8 25a	1 27am	"	Macon "	2 30am	7 30p
11 45a	4 02am	"	Atlanta "	11 45pm	4 10p
7 10p	9 12am	"	Chatn'ga "	6 40pm	8 45a
7 30a	7 20pm	"	Cin'na'ti "	8 30am	8 00p

Sleepers on No. 40 will be open for passengers at 8:30 p. m. Those having berths on No. 39 can occupy them until 7:30 a. m.
Nos. 31 and 33 solid vestibule to and from Cincinnati Jacksonville. Nos. 39 and 40 solid train Chattanooga Jacksonville. Sleepers to and from Cincinnati.

Nos. 31, 32, 39 and 40 connect with St. Augustine and Palm Beach Trains.

HOLLY SPRINGS ROUTE,

To St. Louis, Chicago, Sioux City.

No 32			No 31
6 00pm	Lv	Jacksonville Ar	9 55am
4 02am	Ar	Atlanta Lv	11 45pm
12 00n'n	"	Birmingham "	2 53pm
7 50pm	"	Holly Springs "	7 20am
7 35am	"	St. Louis "	7 30pm
5 00pm	"	Chicago "	1 35pm
7 30pm	"	Dubuque "	7 30am
7 00am	"	Sioux City "	8 00pm

Through Pullman sleepers St. Louis and Jacksonville. Sleepers through Chicago or Sioux City and Jacksonville with but one change.

KANSAS CITY LINE—Through Sleeper Jacksonville, Kansas City.

No. 32.		Missouri, Arkansas, Indian Territory.		No. 31
6 00pm	Lv	Jacksonville Ar		9 55am
8 32pm	Ar	Everett Lv		7 25am
12 00n'n	Ar	Birmingham Lv		2 55pm
10 00pm	Ar	Memphis Lv		5 20am
9 15am	Ar	Springfield, Mo. Lv		6 10pm
5 00pm	Ar	Kansas City Lv		10 25am

Every Tourist Should Visit Silver Springs.

Nos. 6 and 13 Daily.	Nos. 2 and 9 Daily.	South and West Florida and New Orleans.		Nos. 7 and 14 Daily.	Nos. 3 and 10 Daily.
.....	9 00am	Lv.....Fernandina.....Ar		.....	5 30pm
.....	10 08am	Lv.....Callahan.....Ar		.....	3 53pm
7 45pm	9 40am	Lv.....Jacksonville.....Ar		7 00am	3 35pm
8 40pm	10 40am	Ar.....Baldwin.....Lv		6 00am	2 55pm
10 08pm	11 54am	Ar.....Starke.....Lv		4 28am	1 37pm
10 40pm	12 25pm	Ar.....Waldo.....Lv		3 52am	1 10pm
x7 00am	1 56pm	Ar.....Gainesville.....Lv		11 00am	11 52pm
.....	6 00pm	Ar.....Cedar Key.....Lv		.....	7 40am
11 25pm	1 26pm	Ar.....Hawthorne.....Lv		3 08am	12 25pm
12 06am	1 57pm	Ar.....Citra.....Lv		2 30am	11 57am
.....	2 38pm	Ar.....Silver Spring.....Lv		.....	11 13am
1 25am	2 58pm	Ar.....Ocala.....Lv		1 25am	11 05am
.....	5 50pm	Ar.....Homosassa.....Lv		.....	6 30am
3 15am	8 53pm	Ar.....Wildwood.....Lv		12 15am	10 08am
4 00am	4 25pm	Ar.....Leesburg.....Lv		10 55pm	9 28am
4 37am	4 52pm	Ar.....Tavares.....Lv		9 52pm	9 00am
6 45am	6 20pm	Ar.....Orlando.....Lv		7 30pm	7 35am
x11 23a	6 50pm	Ar.....Winter Park.....Lv		x2 57pm	7 07am
4 17am	4 59pm	Ar.....Lacoochee.....Lv		10 20pm	9 01am
.....	x 9 00p	Ar.....Tarpon Springs.....Lv		.....	x7 00am
.....	x9 16pm	Ar.....Sutherland.....Lv		.....	x6 42am
.....	x9 30pm	Ar.....Dunedin.....Lv		.....	x6 25am
.....	x10 30p	Ar.....St. Petersburg.....Lv		.....	x5 25am
4 38am	5 16pm	Ar.....Dade City.....Lv		9 58pm	8 44am
5 40am	6 15pm	Ar.....Plant City.....Lv		8 42pm	7 48am
6 50am	7 10pm	Ar.....+Tampa.....Lv		7 30pm	7 00am
6 30pm	9 40am	Lv.....Jacksonville.....Ar		8 05am	3 35pm
8 38pm	11 54am	Ar.....Lake City.....Lv		5 55am	12 44pm
9 25pm	12 38pm	Ar.....Live Oak.....Lv		5 00am	11 50am
10 28pm	1 32pm	Ar.....Madison.....Lv		4 10am	10 45am
11 55pm	2 50pm	Ar.....Monticello.....Lv		2 40am	9 15am
12 30am	3 37pm	Ar.....Tallahassee.....Lv		2 15am	8 40am
.....	4 32pm	Ar.....Quincy.....Lv		1 17am	.....
.....	5 15pm	Ar.....River Junction.....Lv		12 35am	.....
Through Pullman	11 00pm	Ar.....Pensacola.....Lv		7 25pm	.....
Sleepers Jacksonville	8 05am	Ar.....Mobile.....Lv		3 35pm	.....
to New Orleans.	7 35am	Ar.....New Orleans.....Lv		11 00am	.....

Parlor Cars on Nos. 9 and 10 between Jacksonville and Tampa.

x Daily except Sunday. + Connection at Tampa for St Petersburg, Manatee River and Key West and Havana steamers. At Waldo steamer for Melrose. Connects at Tallahassee for St. Marks, Carabelle and Apalachicola. Connects at River Junction for Chattahoochee river steamers. Connects at Ocala for Homosassa.

C. S. BEERBOWER,
Ticket Agent, 86 West Bay street, corner Hogan, Jacksonville, Fla.
N. S. PENNINGTON, Traffic Manager.
A. O. MACDONELL,
General Passenger Agent

THE CLYDE STEAMSHIP CO.

NEW YORK, CHARLESTON AND FLORIDA LINES

The magnificent Steamships of this Line are appointed to sail as follows:
Calling at Charleston, S. C., both ways.

From New York. Pier 29, E. R.			Standard Time—Steamer.	From Jacksonville, Fla. For Charleston and New York.		
Wednesday,	Mar. 27,	at 3 p m	CHEROKEE	Tuesday,	Apr 2,	at 10 00 a m
Friday,	" 29,	at 3 p m	ALGONQUIN	Thursday,	" 4,	at 12 30 p m
Tuesday,	Apr. 2,	at 3 p m	SEMINOLE	Sunday,	" 7,	at 2 00 p m
Friday,	" 5,	at 3 p m	IROQUOIS	Thursday,	" 11,	at 6 00 a m
Monday,	" 8,	at 3 p m	CHEROKEE	Sunday,	" 14,	at 8 00 a m
Wednesday,	" 10,	at 3 p m	ALGONQUIN	Tuesday,	" 16,	at 10 00 a m