

GENERAL DIRECTORY.

SOCIETIES, ETC.
TITUSVILLE BOARD OF TRADE.—M. S. Jones, president; J. M. Dixon, treasurer; J. G. East, secretary. Meets second Wednesday night in each month at their rooms.
F. & A. M.—Indian River lodge, No. 90, holds its meetings the second and fourth Friday evenings of each month at the court house. A. A. Stewart, W. M.; F. A. Morgan, Sec'y.

TOWN DIRECTORY.
TOWN OFFICERS.—A. D. Penney, mayor; M. S. Jones, Jr., marshal and tax collector; C. S. Schuyler, clerk and treasurer; John Henry, assessor; D. L. Gaudin, F. A. Loeley, J. M. Dixon, W. E. Knox, Jno. R. Walker, councilmen. The council meets first Tuesday in each month.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.
COUNTY OFFICERS.—D. L. Gaudin, Titusville, county judge; M. Goldsmith, Titusville, prosecuting attorney; A. A. Stewart, Titusville, clerk circuit court; J. E. Wooten, Cocoa, tax assessor; E. W. Hall, Sharps, tax collector; John Henry, Titusville, treasurer; J. H. Sams, Courtenay, superintendent public instruction; J. O. Fries, Titusville, county surveyor; J. P. Brown, Titusville, sheriff; T. J. Cockshutt, LaGrange, registration officer.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.—J. R. Walker, Titusville, chairman; W. H. Sharpe, Rakes, Jos. Mendel, LaGrange; Jno. Houston, Eau Gallie; J. N. Waller, Ankonka. Regular sessions are held first Tuesday in each month.

COUNTY SCHOOL BOARD.—J. M. Dixon, Titusville; S. F. Gibbs, Melbourne, R. E. Mims, Bonaventure.

MINING IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Where Earth Yields Treasures to the Diligent Searchers.

Special Correspondence of The Florida Star.
MIDWAY, British Columbia, Nov. 21.—Dropped down among some of the richest mineral bearing mountains in western Canada and bordering the picturesque Boundary creek and Kettle river is what is known as "the most beautiful spot in British Columbia." Several years ago this spot was made the site of what is now a thriving town. From its location in the middle of the stretch of territory between the Rocky mountains and the Pacific ocean and being on the international boundary line separating British Columbia from the state of Washington the town was called Midway. Midway, while being a mining center, has many other commercial interests, but the preponderance of capital invested in ore getting in the Rock creek mining division naturally places in the van the traffic in the product of the numerous shafts sunk deep in the bosom of Mother Earth.

Mine hunting is one of the most thrilling and enticing pursuits ever invented in the human mind. The hopes and expectations, the uncertainty of their fulfillment, the suddenness with which big finds are made and great fortunes discovered, the freemasonry of an outdoor existence and the latent resources called into play by unforeseen happenings all tend to hold the searcher a slave to his profession. The passing of years and the whitening of the hair cannot loosen the clutches of the prospecting fever, and once a man starts out on such a career he will find his very blood infected with the germs. Many and varied are the stories of mining adventure that are told in and about Midway.

Probably no one connected with this region has had more interesting experiences than Captain Robert C. Adams, an adventure loving capitalist from Montreal. Captain Adams was the founder of Midway and is the owner of immense tracts of land hereabouts. His holdings in the Yale district amount to more than 1,000 acres, and he holds title to 50 or 60 mines and claims now in operation. Captain Adams has tramped and camped weeks and months at a time among snow capped mountain tops and sealed wall like precipices to perilous heights in quest of gold and silver. His reminiscences would fill a volume.

While pushing up through the Kootenay district in the direction of the upper Arrow lake Captain Adams once narrowly escaped losing his life. He followed Boundary creek northward from Midway for about 15 miles and then struck out to the eastward for a few miles to reach the Greenwood camp. He remained there a day and a night to replenish his supplies and, taking an Indian guide, aimed for the lower Arrow lake. The lower lake connects with the upper body of water, and the captain's intention was to traverse the lakes by canoe and then branch out into the country at a suitable point. After 3 1/2 days of canoeing—at which he is an expert—Captain Adams made a landing on the west bank of the upper Arrow lake opposite Nakusp. Rugged mountains barred his way; but, undaunted, he began his hunt. Two days of mountaineering found him on the crest of a small peak, at the foot of which flowed the Mosquito creek. The side sloping down toward the stream impressed the captain as a likely hiding place for deposits of silver. He resolved to satisfy his curiosity before returning to the Arrow lakes.

The task he had planned for himself was bristling with danger. The particular spot which he wished to investigate was situated directly below a glacier marked cliff. To reach it made necessary for him to descend the face of the rock in some manner. The captain was equal to the occasion, and

unslung a light but strong piece of rope he carried across his shoulders he fastened the end to a sapling overhanging the brink and climbed hand under hand to the base. There with a small sized pick which he carried at his belt he excavated a hole. While intent on examining the dirt a large piece of rock from under the roots of the tree, to which the captain's rope was fixed crashed down the cliff. He had barely time to crouch closely into the burrow as the mass, several tons in weight, swept past him. Captain Adams was a prisoner and in cramped quarters. He was not released until five or six hours after, when a party of prospectors from the gold quartz mines, attracted by shots he had fired from his revolver, pried away the obstruction. The captain was badly cut and bruised as the result of his confinement, but he soon recovered and received the congratulations of his deliverers on his close call.

FREDERICK R. TOOMBS.
 DeWitt's Little Early Risers are the best liver pills ever made. Easy to take and never gripe. Wilson & Son.

His Theory.
 A novel explanation of the cause of thunder showers was once given a sojourner in a little Nova Scotia town by one of the inhabitants.
 "Do you know what makes thunder?" the Nova Scotian inquired of his guest. "I've got a theory of my own, and I call it a pretty good one."
 "I should like to hear it," was the diplomatic reply.

"Well," said the host slowly, "my idea is this: You know we hear about the air circulating and circulating all the time. My notion is that the pure air from above comes down here in summer and gets foul with all the smoke and dirt and grease, and then the heat drives it up again into the clouds, and when it gets up there it's pressed on all round by the clouds coming together, and it explodes! That's my theory. Of course," he added, with becoming modesty, "other folks may have others."—Youth's Companion.

When you want prompt acting little pills that never gripe use DeWitt's Little Early Risers. Wilson & Son.

A Curious Combat.
 A traveler in South Africa witnessed not long since a singular combat. He was musing one morning, with his eyes on the ground, when he noticed a caterpillar crawling along at a rapid rate. Pursuing him was a host of small black ants.
 Being quicker in their movements, the ants would catch up with the caterpillar, and one would mount his back and bite him. Pausing, the caterpillar would turn his head and bite and kill his tormentor. After slaughtering a dozen or more of his persecutors the caterpillar showed signs of fatigue. The ants made a combined attack. Beking himself to a stalk of grass, the caterpillar climbed up the tree tail first, followed by the ants. As one approached he seized it in his jaws and threw it off the stalk.
 The ants, seeing that the caterpillar had too strong a position for them to overcome, resorted to strategy. They began sawing through the grass stalk. In a few minutes the stalk fell, and hundreds of ants pounced upon the fallen caterpillar. He was killed at once, and the victors marched off in great triumph, leaving the foe's body upon the field.

Don't Risk Your Life.
 Many of your friends or people whom you know of have contracted consumption, pneumonia or other fatal diseases by neglect of a simple cold or cough. Foley's Honey and Tar, a safe, sure and pleasant cough medicine would have saved them. It is guaranteed. B. R. Wilson & Son.

A Successful Stratagem.
 When the electric telegraph was first introduced into Chile, a stratagem was resorted to in order to guard the posts and wires against damage on the part of the natives and to maintain the connection between the strongholds on the frontier. There were at the time between 40 and 50 captive Indians in the Chilean camp. General Pinto, in command of the operations, called them together and, pointing to the telegraph wires, said:
 "Do you see those wires?"
 "Yes, general."
 "I want you to remember not to go near or touch them, for if you do your hands will be held, and you will be unable to get away."
 The Indians smiled incredulously. Then the general made them each in succession take hold of the wire at both ends of an electric battery in full operation, after which he exclaimed:
 "I command you to let go the wire!"
 "I can't! My hands are benumbed!" cried each Indian.
 The battery was then stopped. Not long after the general restored them to liberty, giving them strict instructions to keep the secret. This had the desired effect, for, as might be expected, the experience was related in the strictest confidence to every man in the tribe, and the telegraph remained unmolested.

GASTORIA.
 The Kind You Have Always Bought
 Bears the Signature of


The Professor's Escaped Satchel.
 He was apparently an old man, wore large spectacles and carried a small satchel. Across the satchel was labeled, "Professor Redd, Chicago." He entered the waiting room of a suburban station and deposited the satchel carelessly near the ice cooler. Suddenly those near saw the satchel fall and heard the sharp tinkle of breaking glass. The old man picked up the glass and muttered exclamations of distress.
 "To think I brought them all the way from Brazil," he said.
 "What were they?" inquired some one in the sympathetic crowd.
 "Germs."
 "What?"
 "Bacteria of a strange Brazilian fever."
 "Quick, man! Crush them with your foot!"
 "I can't, sir. They are now floating around in the air."
 There was a moment of horror. Then there was a rush, and a little later the old man was the only occupant of the waiting room. A window was raised from the outside.
 "Just let them out easy, Pete," cautioned a voice.
 And the bogus professor obeyed. Satchels, grips and cases went through the window. After he had finished collecting the professor followed the booty. His false beard fell back in the room, but he did not attempt to reclaim it. The arrival of their train prompted those outside to venture in for their baggage. It had vanished, and the black beard told the tale.—Chicago News.

There is no pleasure in life if you dread going to the table to eat and cannot rest at night on account of indigestion. Henry Williams, of Booneville, Ind., says he suffered that way for years, till he commenced the use of Kodol Dyspepsia Cure, and adds, "Now I can eat anything I like and all I want and sleep soundly every night." Kodol Dyspepsia Cure will digest what you eat. Wilson & Son.

How He Knew It.
 We had outspanned the wagons on the veldt between Prieska and Kenhard. The donkeys had been driven to the veldt, and we, my friend and myself, were talking in the "taal" to a Dutchman named Gert Maans about the wonders of the universe.
 We mentioned that the world was round. Maans said that he knew it.
 This answer was unusual for a Boer, so we asked him how he knew. He replied:
 "I started to ride to Poortje one dark night through the veldt, and I rode hard all the night, and next morning I found myself at the place I started from, so I know the world is round because I rode round it."—London Standard.

A Village Blacksmith Saved His Little Son's Life.
 Mr. H. H. Black, the well-known village blacksmith, of Grahamsville, Sullivan county, N. Y., says: "Our little son, five years old, has always been subject to croup, and so had have the attacks been that we have feared many times that he would die. We have had the doctor and used many medicines, but Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is now our sole reliance. It seems to dissolve the tough mucus and by giving frequent doses when the croupy symptoms appear, we have found that the dreaded croup is cured before it is settled." There is no danger in giving this remedy, for it contains no opium or other injurious drug and may be given as confidently to a babe as to an adult. For sale by B. R. Wilson & Son.

Eccentric Testators.
 Joseph Dalky takes the opportunity afforded by his will of insulting his son-in-law in terms which doubtless had a pungency once, but which are hardly comprehensible to the modern reader: "I give to my daughter, Ann Spencer, a guinea for a ring or any other bauble she may like better; I give to the lout, her husband, one penny to buy him a lark whistle, and this legacy I give him as a mark of my appreciation of his prowess and nice honor in drawing his sword on me (at my own table), naked and unarmed as I was, and he well fortified with custard."
 A grewsome legacy is that of Philip Thicknesse: "I leave my right hand, to be cut off after my death, to my son, and I desire it may be sent to him in hopes that such a sight may remind him of his duty to God after having so long abandoned the duty he owed to a father who once affectionately loved him."
 Another father seems apparently to have begun his will with the determination of punishing an unruly son, but, as the fairy stories say, all ends happily. We refer to the will of Richard Crawshaw, the founder of the famous Welsh ironworks. It runs thus: "To my only son, who never would follow my advice and has treated me rudely in very many instances, instead of making him my executor and residuary legatee (as till this day he was) I give him £100,000."—Chambers' Journal.

Mrs. Thomas Riddleman, Parshallville, Mich., writes: "I was troubled with salt rheum over thirteen years; had tried a number of doctors without relief. My husband bought a box of Banner Salve, which I applied two or three times and my hands began to get better. In a short time they were entirely cured." B. R. Wilson & Son.

TREACHERY



A persistent cough is at first a friend, for it gives warning of the approach of a deadly enemy. Heed the warning before it is too late, before your lungs become inflamed, before the doctor says, "Consumption." When the danger signal first appears, help nature with

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral
 Don't delay until your lungs are sore and your cold settled down deep in your chest. Kill the enemy before the deadly blow kills you. Cure your cough today. One dose brings relief. A few doses make the cure complete.
 Three sizes: 25c. for an ordinary cold; 50c. for the harder cold; \$1.00 the most economical for older cases.
 "I consider your Cherry Pectoral the best remedy for colds and coughs and all throat affections. I have used it for 30 years and it certainly beats them all."
 D. R. LUMNEY,
 Union, N. Y.
 Dec. 20, 1898.
Write the Doctor.
 If you have any complaint whatever and desire the best medical advice you can possibly receive, write the doctor freely. You will receive a prompt reply, without cost. Address
 DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

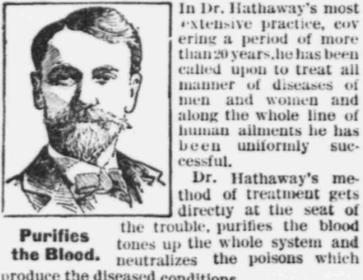
Cincinnati is arranging a great reception for the Duke of Manchester. He will be shown through the slaughter houses and breweries and nothing will be left undone to make him feel at home. Cincinnati has the reputation of having the swellest saloons and finest appointed gambling "joints" in America; so the Duke will not likely suffer from ennui.

If you have ever seen a child in the agony of croup, you can realize how grateful mothers are for One Minute Cough Cure, which gives relief as soon as it is administered. It quickly cures coughs, colds and all throat and lung troubles. Wilson & Son.

Why Aim With One Eye?
 Joskins—I say, old boy, this is my first day at shootin'. You might tell me in confidence what people shut one eye for when they're sightin' anything.
 Hoskins—Oh, that's perfectly simple, my dear fellow. You see, if they were to shut both eyes they wouldn't be able to see anything.—Pick Me Up.

Dr. Hathaway Treats All Diseases.
 His Method Invariably Cures All Catarrhal, Bronchial, Lung, Stomach, Liver, Kidney and Other Complaints, as Well as All Diseases and Weaknesses of Women.

In Dr. Hathaway's most extensive practice, covering a period of more than 20 years, he has been called upon to treat all manner of diseases of men and women and along the whole line of human ailments he has been uniformly successful.
 Dr. Hathaway's method of treatment gets directly at the seat of the trouble, purifies the blood, tones up the whole system and neutralizes the poisons which produce the diseased conditions.
 Yearly he restores to perfect health thousands of sufferers from Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Hay Fever, Lung Complaints, Stomach, Liver and Kidney Diseases, Piles, Tumors, Cancers, Eczema and all manner of skin affections.
 Dr. Hathaway also treats with the greatest success all those diseases by which so many women are afflicted.
 Dr. Hathaway's offices are fitted with all the latest electrical and Appliances, other appliances, in the use of which, as well as the microscope, he has world-wide fame as an expert. All of the medicines used by Dr. Hathaway are compounded in his own laboratories, under his personal direction, and special remedies are prepared for each individual case according to its requirements.
 Dr. Hathaway has prepared a series of self-examination blanks applying to the different diseases which he sends free on application: No. 1, for Men; No. 2, for Women; No. 3, for Skin Diseases; No. 4, for Catarrhal Diseases; No. 5, for Kidneys.
 Dr. Hathaway makes no charge for consultation at either his office or by mail.
J. NEWTON HATHAWAY, M. D.
 Dr. Hathaway & Co.,
 25 Bryan Street, Savannah, Ga.
 MENTION THIS PAPER WHEN WRITING.



Purifies the Blood.
All Diseases Treated.
Diseases of Women.
Electrical Appliances.
Free.
J. NEWTON HATHAWAY, M. D.
 Dr. Hathaway & Co.,
 25 Bryan Street, Savannah, Ga.
 MENTION THIS PAPER WHEN WRITING.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
 Notice is hereby given that on the 25th day of April, 1901, or as soon thereafter as can be heard, I will apply to the county judge of Brevard county for a final settlement of my accounts and my discharge as administrator of the estate of John Hetherington.
 A. C. DITTMAN, Administrator.
 Oct. 26, 1900.

Notice of Levy and Sale.
 Under and by virtue of an execution issued out of the circuit court in and for Brevard county, Florida, in a cause therein pending, wherein Kate Frink is complainant, and William G. Frink, as administrator of the estate of Catherine Stewart, deceased, is defendant, I have levied upon and will sell at public auction in front of the court house door at Titusville, Florida, during the legal hours of sale, upon the first Monday in December, A. D. 1900, the same being the 3d day of the month, to the highest and best bidder for cash, the following lands and tenements of Catherine Stewart, deceased, in the hands of said William G. Frink, as administrator of the estate of Catherine Stewart, deceased; to-wit: All those tracts of land lying in Brevard county, Florida, and described as follows: Lots one and two and the southwest quarter of the northeast quarter in section 26, township 25, south of range 36 east, containing 103 acres, more or less, and all the riparian rights belonging to the said land, except one acre in the northeast corner of said above-described Lot one.
 J. P. BROWN,
 Sheriff of Brevard County.
 11-2 4w

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
 Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and \$1.00 at Druggists.

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FERRY'S SEEDS
 Always cheaper in the end than any seeds that only cost half as much. Tested, true to name, fresh and reliable. Always the best. Ask for Ferry's—Take no others. Write for 1900 Seed Annual. D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.

"Search-Light" BICYCLE LANTERNS. GAS AND OIL.
 "Every one knows our Oil Lantern."



Our Gas Lantern surmounts all difficulties heretofore common to lanterns burning acetylene.

An Innovation—The "Wishbone" Bracket.
The Bridgeport Brass Co.,
 Bridgeport, Conn.
 19 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.



BALKE'S LIVE OAK WHISKEY
SOFTENED BY AGE.
 Awarded Gold Medal at Atlanta Exposition.
Is the best and purest Rye Whiskey sold in the South.
R. F. BALKE & CO., Proprietors,
 CINCINNATI, U. S. A.
 Orders mailed to our head office will be filled from our nearest accredited distributor.