

COLLECTING A DEBT.

An Effective Method, but One Fraught With Embarrassment.

"I met Mrs. Dwight on the train going into town this morning," casually remarked Fulton at the dinner table.

"Oh, she'll pay me all right. You know, I often see her on the train."

"I'm glad you're so hopeful," said Mrs. Fulton, with a skeptical smile, for she had had experiences of her own in lending Mrs. Dwight bowls of coffee and cups of butter that had never found their way back to her kitchen.

"I guess you'll have to charge it to profit and loss."

"I won't give it up quite so soon, though I may have to go into bankruptcy yet on account of loaning my surplus without interest."

The weeks went by, and Mr. and Mrs. Fulton continued to joke from time to time about the absent dollar, and one evening, after having ridden all the way out from town in the same seat with Mrs. Dwight, Fulton admitted, with exaggerated mournfulness, that he was beginning to feel very much discouraged about ever regaining his dollar.

"Does it make you feel bad, papa?" asked his little girl, who always listened to the conversation with grave attention.

"Of course it does, Hilda. A dollar is a whole lot of money. How would you like to lose the dollar you have in your bank?"

"I s'pose it would make me most sick," she answered. And her parents, exchanging amused glances, said nothing.

When Fulton sat down at the dinner table the next night he asked, as he saw a shining silver piece at his plate, "What's this?"

"Your dollar," answered Hilda triumphantly. "I went to Mrs. Dwight's house today, and the door was open, so I just thought I'd go in and ask her if she'd 'tiredly forgot your dollar, but she wasn't around anywhere. But it didn't matter, for I found your dollar on the desk. I s'pose she kept forgetting to bring it home, so I just took it myself for you, papa."

"My country!" exclaimed the astonished father ungratefully. "What shall I do?"

"What can you do but return it and explain?" said Mrs. Fulton, who was laughing almost hysterically. "What a thing it is to have a serious minded daughter!"

A Circus Horse in Battle.

Colonel Charles Marshall, who was aid-de-camp to General Robert E. Lee and who went through the battles of the war with his chief told the following amusing story of his experience with a new horse: His old horse had been shot from under him in the fight of the previous day, and he had taken possession of an animal that seemed to suit the work.

Suddenly the performance opened. The guns roared, and the air was filled with smoke and noise. Before Colonel Marshall knew what was happening the horse had his four feet on one of the stumps and was gayly dancing in a circle. In the meantime the firing was increasing, and the situation was anything but comfortable. But the horse kept on as if he were enjoying it.

"It was not until afterward," said Colonel Marshall, "that I found the horse had belonged to a circus and had been trained to do this act amid the firing of cannon."

Strenuous Fatalism.

Old Abe Cruger lived in New England in the days of Indian warfare. He was a fatalist of a pronounced type. Nevertheless, he would not venture forth without his blunderbuss. One day he had an important errand, but the blunderbuss, when he came to get it, was

missing from the rack made of antlers where it always hung. Some one of his family had taken it. Abe sat down to wait till it was brought back.

"But, Abe, I thought you were a fatalist?" said a friend.

"So I am," the old man answered.

"Then why bother about your blunderbuss?" taunted the friend.

"You are in no danger from the Indians, since you can't possibly die till your time comes."

"Yes," said the old man, "but suppose I was to meet an Indian and his time had come. It wouldn't do for me not to have my blunderbuss, would it?"

Forced Into Exile

Wm. Upchurch, of Glen Oak, Okla., was an exile from home. Mountain air, he thought, would cure a frightful lung racking cough that had defied all remedies for two years. After six months he returned, death dogging his steps.

His servitor, Ali ben Ali, became tired of watching his master's increased wealth and bulk, while his own pocket was as flat as his body was thin.

After a march of about thirty miles the ass had enough of carrying Ali. It was a young ass and knew no better.

Thereupon Ali dug a hole and put the ass in, piling a great mountain of stones over it. Then, sitting down beside the heap, he began to pray. A traveler passing inquired by whose tomb he prayed so fervently. Ali was filled with astonishment.

What! Had he never heard of the great saint Amar ben Amar (literally "an ass, the son of an ass")? All the people of the country around came there to pray.

The traveler did not fail to mention the marabout Amar ben Amar's tomb, and soon pilgrims flocked to it with offerings, and Ali ben Ali grew fat and rich.

The faithful neglected Mohammed ben Mohammed, who at last, furious, abandoned his marabout in order to pay a visit to his rival. Great was his astonishment when he recognized his runaway servitor.

Taking him aside, he whispered: "Tell me the truth. Who is your marabout?"

"The ass I stole from you. And now tell me—who is your marabout?"

"The mother of the ass you stole from me!"—"My Experiences In Algeria," by Baroness de Boerio, in Wide World Magazine.

How He Got Him.

A New York dramatist was one evening visiting a well known player's dressing room when there was handed in an appeal for financial assistance, written in the French language by an actor, a Britisher, who prides himself on his knowledge of that tongue.

To the dramatist's astonishment, the player to whom the note was addressed immediately proceeded to hand the messenger the amount asked for.

"Surely, Henry," interposed the friend, "you're not going to let him have the money? Why, the man is known everywhere as"

"Yes, yes," interrupted the other, "I know that. But you don't suppose I can afford to have him going about town telling every one that I can't read French!"—Harper's Weekly.

Kills Her Foe of 20 Years

"The most merciless enemy I had for 20 years," declares Mrs. James Duncan, of Haynesville, Me., "was dyspepsia. I suffered intensely after eating or drinking and could scarcely sleep. After many remedies had failed and several doctors gave me up, I tried Electric Bitters, which cured me completely. Now I can eat anything. I am 70 years old and am overjoyed to get my health and strength back again."

TRICK SHOOTING.

The Way Some of the Stage Feats Are Accomplished.

When a champion rifle shot fires blindfolded at a wedding ring or a penny held between his wife's thumb and finger or seated back to her shoots, by means of a mirror, at an apple upon her head or on a fork held in her teeth, the danger of using a bullet is obvious. None, of course, is needed. The explosion is enough. The apple is already prepared, having been cut into pieces and stuck together with an adhesive substance, and a thread with a knot at the end, pulled through it from the "wings," so that it flies to bits when the gun is fired, is "how it is done."

Generally the more dangerous a feat appears the more carefully is all danger guarded against. In the "William Tell" act the thread is often tied to the assistant's foot. When, again, the ash is shot off a cigar which the assistant is smoking a piece of wire is pushed by his tongue through a hollow passage in the cigar, thus thrusting off the ash at the moment of firing.

A favorite but simple trick is the shooting from some distance at an orange held in a lady's hand. Great applause is invariably forthcoming when the bullet drops out on her cutting open the fruit. It is inserted by hand earlier in the evening.

Another popular trick is that of snuffing out lighted candles. Half a dozen are placed in front of a screen, in which as many small holes are bored, one against each candle wick. At the moment of firing a confederate behind the screen sharply blows out each candle with a pair of bellows.

In most instances where a ball or other object has to be broken on a living person's head blank cartridge is used and the effect produced by other means. A special wig with a spring concealed in it worked by a wire under the clothes is generally used, the confederate manipulating the spring simultaneously with the firing of the rifle. As the ball is of extremely thin glass, a mere touch suffices to shatter it.

In these exhibitions some of the rifle "experts" invite gentlemen from the audience to testify that the weapon is indeed loaded. The cartridge shown looks very well, but it is a shell of thin wax blackened to resemble a leaden bullet. It would not hurt a fly.—London Tit-Bits.

Rheumatism

More than nine out of every ten cases of rheumatism are simply rheumatism of the muscles, due to cold or damp weather or chronic rheumatism. In such cases no internal treatment is required. The free application of Chamberlain's Liniment is all that is needed, and it is certain to give quick relief. Give it a trial and see for yourself how quickly it relieves the pain and soreness. Price 25 cents; large size 50 cents. Sold by Titusville Pharmacy.

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PALATKA BRANCH table with columns: Leave East Palatka, EAST PALATKA TO PALATKA, Arrive Palatka, Leave Palatka, PALATKA TO EAST PALATKA, Arrive East Palatka. Lists train numbers and times.

SAN MATEO BRANCH table with columns: Leave East Palatka, EAST PALATKA TO SAN MATEO, Arrive San Mateo, Leave San Mateo, SAN MATEO TO EAST PALATKA, Arrive East Palatka. Lists train numbers and times.

MAYPORT BRANCH table with columns: No. 57 Daily, No. 55 Daily, No. 53 Daily, No. 51 Daily, MAYPORT BRANCH, No. 50 Daily, No. 52 Daily, No. 54 Daily, No. 56 Daily. Lists departure and arrival times for Jacksonville, Pablo Beach, Atlantic Beach, and Mayport.

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