

The Ocala Evening Star.

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OCALA, FLORIDA, JULY 18, 1895.

Price Five Cents

PUBLISHED EVERY DAY IN THE WEEK EXCEPTING SUNDAY.

IN AND ABOUT THE TOWN.

Some Things You Know and Some Things You Don't Know.

Ed Holder and wife are again at home.

Buy your Pears and Sunday chickens at Wm. Gray's.

J. L. Kelley, of Windsor, is at the Montezuma.

To keep faith with God is to be true to yourself.

LeConte Pears to preserve, by the peck, bushel or barrel, received today at Charles Constans.

Don't cut down the weeds, pretty things. They ornament your home.

Nice ripe Peaches and Bananas to make your mouth water.
CHARLES CONSTANS.

Steven Jewett went to Lake Weir on the noon train today for a visit to friends.

Good laws cannot give financial independence unless aided by intelligent individual effort.

I have the finest lot of young fat chickens today that can be found in the city. WM. GRAY.

Ed Carmichael has returned from Tampa, where he has been on a business trip.

Mrs. G. D. Hughes, of Orange Lake, is the guest of Mrs. J. N. Edwards for a few days.

If at any time you fail to get your STAR, please notify us at once so we can look the matter up.

Take your music to the Witness job office and have it bound into a book with your name in gold on the outside.

J. W. Davis, of Hose Company No. 3, has withdrawn from the race as the most popular fireman in favor of Joe Chaille.

We regret to lose from our city H. W. Barkhau and family, who left on the morning train for Birmingham, Ala., which they will make their future home.

Mrs. H. Stacy, at corner of Magnolia and Fifth street, will want a few good gentleman boarders at \$3.50 per week. Best of accommodations in town for the money.
17-1f

Nathan Mayo is on the sick list with chills and fever. We hope Nathan will soon be able to serve the Anti-Monopoly customers again.

Don't say a word. The street commissioner has several persons cutting down the weeds on our streets. Look out now, boys, or some of you will have to hoe in the city's garden.

The site of the new armory is beginning to assume quite a businesslike appearance. This building will add greatly to the appearance of the city, and will give new zest to the soldier boys.

Marshal Barganier, D. E. McIver and W. B. Fuller returned from their fishing trip to Lake Weir on the 12 o'clock train and they caught about 200 fish and had a good time generally.

Mrs. E. K. Hotze left Friday last for Blue Summit, Pa., and on her way will stop in Baltimore, where she will spend several weeks in French pattern rooms. Before returning she will select the fall millinery for Mrs. C. A. Brown who looks for her to return by Oct. 1.

Officer Lyman lost his baby yesterday, and it was buried in the afternoon. It was one of twins, the other having died some time ago. The child was always sickly. We sympathize with Mr. Lyman in his loss.

For Sale.—A good Jersey milch cow, giving two gallons of milk per day, with 3 months old calf. This is her second calf. Also a good mule. The above property is offered at a bargain. Call on or address the STAR, Ocala, Fla.

Mrs. E. B. Richardson and son Eddie have gone down to St. Martin's River, near Homosassa, to spend a few days at Paradise, Capt. Richardson's summer home. Mrs. Richardson and little Eddie are famous anglers and will enjoy themselves hugely.

John King, the hustling manager of the bonded warehouse, returned from Gainesville yesterday, where he has been spending a few days with friends and relatives. John says he will have a few days of hard work to make his reports for each day of his absence.

The five young gentlemen who went out for fish yesterday morning returned this forenoon, a woe-begone looking set of boys. When asked the reason of their curtailed trip they said that the mosquitoes were so bad down there that they ate up all of their "grub" and smoked up Henry's cigarettes, and as they did not know what might be done next, they beat a hasty retreat.

E. L. King, son of Collector King, has been down for several days visiting his family here. He is mailing clerk at the Gainesville post office, and will return in a few days. Sud Mr. King to the STAR reporter this morning, "It is better to be born lucky than beautiful. All of the men folks of my family, since being old enough to take the positions, have held some positions under Uncle Sam. I have an uncle up at Washington with an easy and lucrative position."

Not long ago a country bred woman, who had become suddenly rich, went to the city nearest her home to do some shopping. She had heard much about souvenir spoons and proposed to buy some. She asked for a dozen in one of the leading jewelry stores. "A dozen souvenir spoons!" repeated the clerk in surprise. "Er, what kind of spoons did you say?" "Maybe you don't know me," she said, noting his surprise, and, thinking that it was occasioned by the size of her proposed purchase, she added, "I am Mrs. Suddens, of Valley Town. We keep a team. Yes, I want a dozen souvenir spoons, to eat souvenirs with, you know. My daughter makes beautiful souvenirs."

A New Declaration of Independence.

Dr. P. S. Henson, in a recent sermon, pleading for a new declaration of independence, said:

"We will gladly welcome foreigners, from whatever shores they come, but we will have no parceling out of American honors and emoluments among all manner of nationalities as nationalities, and no flaunting of foreign flags over the domes of our public buildings. God helping us, we will have one nation and one flag. And while tolerant of every form of religious faith, we will allow no foreign ec-

clesiastic to dictate the policy or control the votes of the citizens of this republic. Not only so, but it behooves American manhood to do its own religious thinking nor feel itself obliged, with contemptible servility, to accept the dogmas of rationalism that are brewed along with German beer and clouded with the smoke of German pipes. Not only against foreign domination do we need to open our indignant pronunciamento, but against the domestic tyrants as well—against the political boss, mischievous and unscrupulous, who debauches politics and imperils the very existence of the republic to serve his own ungodly purposes; against the plutocrat who grinds the faces of the poor, who corners the very necessities of life, who organizes trusts and combines; who buys up courts and councils and legislatures, and doth bestride the world like a colossus, and makes the lives of his less fortunate fellows unbearable by reason of his insolence and oppression. Once more, and lastly, if there ever was a tyrant more imperious in his exactions and more remorseless in his cruelties than the infernal saloon boss, history makes no mention of him. We broke with George III. because he tried to force some innocent but over-taxed tea down the Puritan throat, but what shall be said of the infamous liquor ring that drenches the very vitals of the nation with rivers of distilled damnation."

He Was All Right.

He had a bland, good-natured smile on his face as he walked to a policeman on Woodward avenue the other day and said.

"I wish you'd look at my vest and see if it's all right."

"I don't see anything wrong with your vest," replied the officer, with a glance.

"Is it long enough?"

"I think so."

"Does it seem to work up?"

"No. What's the matter, anyhow?"

"Bin in town since 7 o'clock this morning, and ever since I got here some one's bin tellin' me to pull down my vest. Took me more'n four hours to catch on. I pulled her down over forty times before I understood. I was purty sure she was all right when I asked you to look. It's jest a way the fellers have, ain't it?"

"Yes, just a way."

"They don't mean that my vest is short?"

"No."

"And they don't do it to hurt my feelings?"

"Oh, no?"

"Jest want to see if the old man has any flies on him, I take it?"

"That's all."

"That's the way I took it, and every time a feller winked and grinned and told me to pull down my vest I winked and grinned and pulled her down—so. I jest bought six safety pins and am going to pin her down and keep her right there. See? Do I look like a man from Flyville? See any insects trying to light on my shoulders? He, he! Vest all right—fellers all right—old man having dead loads of fun and going to keep her right up for three days more."
—Detroit Free Press.

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