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Careful estimates made on all contract work. Gives more and better work for the money than any other contractor in the city.

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When you put your ICE CARD out on time, you save them extra trips—and that's saving ice for everybody. When you keep the ice compartment of your refrigerator free from food and bottles, you are saving time and ice.

Just these two simple rules, followed daily, will help us make sure that you are well served this summer.

Ocala Ice & Packing Co.
PHONE 34, OCALA, FLA.

Albert's Plant-Food for flowers; 25c and 50c. packages. Sold at the Court Pharmacy. 18-1f

Erskine Dale, Pioneer

By **John Fox, Jr.**

Illustrated by R. H. Livingstone

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"Come from de plantation fer ole marse," the boy explained. The host of the tavern heard and came down to give his welcome, for any Dale, no matter what his garb, could always have the best in that tavern. More than that, a bewigged solicitor, learning his name, presented himself with the cheerful news that he had quite a little sum of money that had been confided to his keeping by Colonel Dale for his nephew, Erskine. A strange deference seemed to be paid him by everybody, which was a grateful change from the suspicion he had left among his pioneer friends. The little tavern was thronged and the air charged with the spirit of war. Indeed, nothing else was talked, My Lord Dunmore had come to a sad and unemoaned end. He had stayed afar from the battlefield of Point Pleasant and had left stalwart General Lewis to fight Cornstalk and his braves alone. Later My Lady Dunmore and her sprightly daughters took refuge on a man-of-war—whither my lord soon followed them. His fleet ravaged the banks of the rivers and committed every outrage. His marines set fire to Norfolk, which was in ashes when he weighed anchor and sailed away to more depredations. When he entrenched himself on Gwynn's island, that same stalwart Lewis opened a heavy cannonade on fleet and island, and sent a ball through the indignant nobleman's flagship. Next day he saw a force making for the island in boats, and my lord spread all sail; and so back to merry England, and to Virginia no more. Meanwhile, Mr. Washington had reached Boston and started his duties under the Cambridge elm. Several times during the talk Erskine had heard mentioned the name of Dane Grey. Young Grey had been with Dunmore and not with Lewis at Point Pleasant, and had been conspicuous at the palace through much of the succeeding turmoil—the hint being his devotion to one of the daughters, since he was now an unquestioned loyalist.

Next morning Erskine rode forth along a sandy road, amidst the singing of birds and through a forest of tiny upshooting leaves, for Red Oaks on the James. He had forsworn Colonel Dale to secrecy as to the note he had left behind giving his birthright to his little cousin, Barbara, and he knew the confidence would be kept inviolate. At the boat landing he hitched his horse to the low-swinging branch of an oak and took the path through tangled rose bushes and undergrowth along the bank of the river, halting where it would give him forth on the great, broad, grassy way that led to the house among the oaks. There was the sundial that had marked every sunny hour since he had been away. For a moment he stood there, and when he stepped into the open he shrank back hastily—a girl was coming through the opening of boxwood from the house—coming slowly, bareheaded, her hands clasped behind her, her eyes downward. His heart throbbed as he waited, throbbed the more when his ears caught even the soft tread of her little feet, and seemed to stop when she paused at the sundial, and as before searched the river with her eyes. And as before the song of negro oarsmen came over the yellow flood, growing stronger as they neared. Soon the girl fluttered a handkerchief and from the single passenger in the stern came an answering flutter of white and a glad cry. At the bend of the river the boat disappeared from Erskine's sight under the bank, and he watched the girl. How she had grown! Her slim figure had rounded and shot upward, and her white gown had dropped to her dainty ankles. Now her face was flushed and her eye flashed with excitement—it was no mere kinsman in that boat, and the boy's heart began to throb again—throb fiercely and with racking emotions that he had never known before. A fiery looking youth sprang up the landing-steps, bowed gallantly over the girl's hand, and the two turned up the path, the girl rosy with smiles and the youth bending over her with a most protecting and tender air. It was Dane Grey, and the heart of the watcher turned mortal sick.

CHAPTER XI.

A long time Erskine sat motionless, wondering what ailed him. He had never liked nor trusted Grey; he believed he would have trouble with him some day, but he had other enemies and he did not feel toward them as he did toward this dandy mincing up that beautiful broad path. With a little grunt he turned back along the path. Firefly whinnied to him and nipped at him with playful restlessness as though eager to be on his way to the barn, and he stood awhile with one arm across his saddle. Once he reached upward to untie the reins, and with another grunt strode back and went rapidly up the path. Grey and Barbara

and disappeared, but a tall youth who sat behind one of the big pillars saw him coming and rose, bewildered, but not for long. Each recognized the other swiftly, and Hugh came with stiff courtesy forward. Erskine smiled:

"You don't know me?" Hugh bowed:

"Quite well." The woodsman drew himself up with quick breath—paling without, flaming within—but before he could speak there was a quick step and an astonished cry within the hall and Harry sprang out.

"Erskine! Erskine!" he shouted, and he leaped down the steps with both hands outstretched. "You here! You—you old Indian—how did you get here?" He caught Erskine by both hands and then fell to shaking him by the shoulders. "Where's your horse?" And then he noticed the boy's pale and embarrassed face and his eyes shifting to Hugh, who stood, still cold, still courteous, and he checked some hot outburst at his lips.

"I'm glad you've come, and I'm glad you've come right now—where's your horse?"

"I left him hitched at the landing," Erskine had to answer, and Harry looked puzzled:

"The landing! Why, what—" He wheeled and shouted to a darky:

"Put Master Erskine's horse in the barn and feed him." And he led Erskine within—to the same room where he had slept before, and poured out some water in a bowl.

"Take your time," he said, and he went back to the porch. Erskine could hear and see him through the latticed blinds.

"Hugh," said the lad in a low, cold voice, "I am host here, and if you don't like this you can take that path."

"You are right," was the answer; "but you wait until Uncle Harry gets home."

The matter was quite plain to Erskine within. The presence of Dane Grey made it plain, and as Erskine dipped both hands into the cold water he made up his mind to an understanding with that young gentleman that would be complete and final. And so he was ready when he and Harry were on the porch again and Barbara and Grey emerged from the rose bushes and came slowly up the path. Harry looked worried, but Erskine sat still, with a faint smile at his mouth and in his eyes. Barbara saw him first and she did not rush forward. Instead, she stopped, with wide eyes, a stifled cry, and lifting one hand toward her heart. Erskine too, flushed rather painfully, and calmed himself. Erskine had sprung down the steps.

"Why, have I changed so much?" he cried. "Hugh didn't seem to know me, either." His voice was gay, friendly, even affectionate, but his eyes danced with strange lights that puzzled the girl.

"Of course I knew you," she faltered, paling a little, but gathering herself rather haughtily—a fact that Erskine seemed not to notice. "You took me by surprise and you have changed—but I don't know how much." The significance of this too seemed to pass Erskine by, for he bent over Barbara's hand and kissed it.

"Never to you, my dear cousin," he said gallantly, and then he bowed to



"Never to You, My Dear Cousin."

Dane Grey, not offering to shake hands.

"Of course I know Mr. Grey." To say that the gentleman was dumfounded is to put it mildly—this wild Indian playing the courier with exquisite impudence and doing it well! Harry seemed like to burst with restrained merriment, and Barbara was sorely put to it to keep her poise. The great dinner bell from behind the house boomed its summons to the woods and fields.

(Continued Tomorrow)

ANNOUNCEMENT

Having taken over the business of the Ocala Storage Battery Company, which handles the Willard in Ocala, I wish to announce that I am in position to give all users of this popular battery, and all other makes, prompt and efficient service at all times. In fact, all work is guaranteed satisfactory. Office in Ocala Filling Station at No. 20 North Main street, opposite postoffice. 24-3t C. L. IRWIN.

Legitimate Trade Is Seriously Affected by Rush of Cars Over the Border.

American Consul John W. Dye at Juarez, Mexico, has found what becomes of many of the automobiles stolen every month. They go across the International bridge into Mexico in such numbers that the legitimate automobile trade of Mexico has become seriously affected.

According to Mr. Dye, thousands of stolen automobiles are steadily pouring across the boundary. For the most part they come from California and states bordering on the Rio Grande, but many are known to have come from as far away as Chicago.

The cars are sold in Mexico for about half their value. Many are stripped of pieces of any value and abandoned, while others are taken into secret hiding places and new bodies placed on old chassis, or otherwise changed so as to be unrecognizable. The consul cites one case of where a Mexican offered a boy \$25 for a "good car." The boy got the car, but was caught before he could deliver it.

Officials are now taking the number of every car crossing the bridge.

DESCENDANT OF HAMILTON TUTOR IN COLLEGE AT 12



Betty Jane Hamilton (known to her chums as "Betts") is only twelve; but she working her way through Westminster college, Wilmington, Pa., by tutoring students almost twice her own age. Betts is a descendant of the great financial-political genius, Alexander Hamilton, and is the fourth in a family of child prodigies—one of her sisters being a noted painter while still a child, and the other as a girl violinist, while her brother entered college at the age of fourteen and astonished educators of the country by getting the highest grade of any American college student in a "general information" test. All four of the children have musical talent, each plays at least two instruments, and they have their family orchestra. None has ever had any tutors or "cramming." Betty Jane entered public school at the age of six, and high school just four years later. She went through high school in half the usual time, always leading her classes. At twenty she expects to be a practicing physician.

WOUNDED DEER FIGHTS

Was Only Killed With Knife After Shots Had Hit It.

That a wounded deer will fight was demonstrated to Albert Stetzer of Tannersville, Pa., when a good sized buck caught sight of him and declared war while the hunter was out alone. Stetzer shot the animal in a shoulder, but it failed to stop or even turn from its course.

The second bullet struck the deer in the head and the wounded animal, coming at full speed, was stopped so suddenly that it turned a complete somersault and landed on one side, but scrambled to its feet and renewed its efforts to fight the man. Stetzer fired a third shot that struck the deer in a hip, but failed to halt it, and a fourth shot in the head merely put it out of the combat temporarily.

Disregarding its many wounds the plucky buck made a number of attempts to rise and renew the attack, but Stetzer used his hunting knife to bring its struggles to an end.

Motor Truck Drags Woman Two Miles.
A motor truck dragged the body of an old woman two miles through the streets of New York City before the driver discovered he had struck her, says a report to police.

BETTER insure before rather than after the fire. Let Ditto insure you. If

OF COURSE SHE HEARD HIM!

Anyway It Is a Mean Man Who Would Set Such a Trap for His Better Half.

Hubby was reading aloud from the newspaper to his wife. Now and then he paused and asked a question, but her replies indicated that she was not listening very closely. When he reproached her she indignantly retorted that she was listening most intently.

He continued reading for a few minutes and then seeing a far-away look in his wife's eyes he began to read as follows:

"Last night, at about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, a few minutes before breakfast, a hungry boy, about sixty years old, bought an orange for a dime, and threw it through a concrete wall twenty feet thick. With a cry of despair, he jumped into a dry mill-pond, broke his arm at the knee joint, and was burned alive.

"It was only ten years after, on the same day and at the same hour, that a goat gave chase to six elephants just as a high wind began to blow, killing three dead horses and a nickle cigar that had just come out of the hospital."

"There, what do you think of that?" cried hubby, as he finished reading.

"I think it was a splendid bargain, dear," said his wife. "You had better get half a dozen, as your stock of shirts is running low."—London Answers.

TRACED TO DRUIDICAL TIMES

Custom That Is Believed to Have Been Forerunner of Modern "April Fool's Day."

April Fool's day is from an old custom dating from the time of the Druids that the first of April takes its name. Although most people call it "All Fools' day" it is more than likely that it should be "Old Fool's day"—a modern way of saying "Auld Fool's day."

In the old Druid times any young maidens who could pluck enough courage (for it was considered a daring thing to do) used to visit one of the sacred "groves" between ten and twelve o'clock on the night of April 1. Here they all stood behind one another, and as soon as they heard the hoot of an owl, started slowly running round and round. As they ran they sang some weird old chant, the gist of which was that they wanted a man to run with them!

Then those of the girls who were to be married during the next year would suddenly see the ghost of a white man by their side. A black escort showed that the unfortunate young lady was going to die during the ensuing year.

Oceans' Levels Changed.

It is the belief of scientists that, during the glacial period, when the land was covered with huge coats of ice, the level of the ocean was from 150 to 200 feet lower than its normal level, according to Dr. T. W. Vaughan of the United States geological survey. This belief is based upon the theory that what goes up must come down, and scientists are able to account for the presence of ice on the land only on the supposition that it came from the sea.

Proof of this is found in coral reefs in all parts of the world. Their position indicates that the building was commenced in the shallow waters of the then coast line, only to have the waters rise. The little animals which create the reefs kept on building toward the new level. Many of the reefs, it has been observed, have been built on submarine shelves, and these are invariably found on coasts which show signs of having once been submerged.

Always the Extra Woman.

It is true that for every even 100 births of girl infants there are 105 boys born, but of those belonging to both sexes remaining alive at the end of the first year, there are just 100 girls alive to 95 boys.

Moreover, the ratio of survival increases slightly in favor of the girls throughout life. Therefore at all age periods there is a more or less decided excess of females over males.

Primitive man found this out for himself, without the aid of mortality tables or adding machines. He met the problem in his own naive fashion, according to taste, by drowning the extra babies, selling them into slavery, or letting them grow and practicing polygamy.—Caroline E. MacGill in Scribner's Magazine.

Hereditary Talent.

Uncle Si, from across the road, watched Professor Jenks enter the grocery.

"Nobody knows how many letters he's entitled to write after his name," said someone.

Uncle Si nodded. "But what I can't just make out is how he come by all his smartness. Far's I know none of his forbears ever amounted to much in a literary way."

"What are you talkin' about?" demanded Lew Carker, warmly. "You know well's I do that his father could spell Nebuchadnezzar quicker'n any other boy in school!"

CRESCENT FISH MARKET

"Say it with flowers," and buy the flowers from Mrs. J. E. Hyndman, 1 1/2 miles out on the Dunnellon road. Phone 30M. Zinnias, roses, pinks and pink vine in bloom now. 7-7-1m

R. R. R.
Don't Say Roach Powder DEMAND
RAY'S ROACH ROUTER
NOT POISON
Guaranteed to Rid Your House of Roaches
See Your Grocer or Druggist
25 and 50 cents a box
Manufactured by E. D. Ray,
1015 Franklin St., Tampa

RAILROAD SCHEDULES

Arrival and departure of passenger trains at OCALA UNION STATION. The following schedule figures published as information and not guaranteed.

(Eastern Standard Time)

SEABOARD AIR LINE RAILWAY

Leave	Station	Arrive
2:20 am	Jacksonville-N.York	2:10 am
1:50 pm	Jacksonville	1:50 pm
4:17 pm	Jacksonville	3:50 pm
	Tampa-Manatee	
2:15 am	St. Petersburg	4:05 am
2:55 am	N.York-St. Petersburg	1:35 am
2:15 am	Tampa	2:15 am
1:50 pm	Tampa-Manatee	1:35 pm
4:05 pm	Tampa-St. Petersburg	4:05 pm

ATLANTIC COAST LINE R. R.

Leaves	Station	Arrives
6:42 am	Ocala-Jacksonville	12:25 pm
1:45 pm	Ocala-Jacksonville	6:45 pm
3:25 pm	Ocala-St. Petersburg	9:16 pm
2:33 am	Ocala-St. Petersburg	8:20 am
2:27 am	Ocala-Jacksonville	7:00 am
3:25 pm	Ocala-Homosassa	6:20 pm
1:10 am	Ocala-Wilcox	11:59 am
7:25 am	Ocala-Lakeland	11:50 am

Monday, Wednesday, Friday.
Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday.



A VISIT TO THE CEMETERY

Will show many examples of our skill as monument builders. Among them are every sort of memorial ranging from the very simplest to the most ornate and stately. And every one bears the hall mark of good taste and skillful workmanship. Our book of designs will be shown to any who plan a stone for their plot.

Ocala Marble Works
OCALA, FLORIDA

PALATKA-OCALA BUS LINE

SCHEDULE

Leave Palatka 8:00 A. M.
Arrive Ocala 12:00 M.
Leave Ocala 2:15 P. M.
Arrive Palatka 6:00 P. M.

Route via Anthony, Sparr, Citra, Orange Springs, Kenwood and Rodman.

C. P. PILLANS, Prop.
Ocala, Phone 527

MILK DELIVERED OFF THE ICE

Having secured control of the dairy known as the Foxworth Dairy, 2 1/2 miles south of Ocala on Orange avenue, I am making several innovations in the plant, in order to give my patrons pure, fresh milk at a reasonable cost. The milk is cooled in the latest improved cooler, and is delivered to my patrons from ice twice a day anywhere in Ocala. Every sale must be satisfactory to my customers, and this I guarantee. Quarts 10c.; pints 5c. Drop me a card and delivery will start at once. R. O. WILLIAMS, Proprietor. Route A, Ocala, Fla.

A 25-cent package of Albert's Plant Food will perform wonders with your pot plants. Try it. Sold at the Court Pharmacy. 18-4f