

THE PALATKA NEWS
AND ADVERTISER
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Wm. A. RUSSELL, Editor

WHEN NATURE IS MILLINER.

It is such a beautiful old world, it's a shame not to enjoy it more. It's an artistic old world, too, but we who live in the towns do not stop to realize the harmony with which nature blends all her effects.
When a woman gets a new hat, or a gown, she gives up her whole soul to a wrestle with the problem as to how to make the colors harmonize. Nature takes any old colors, orange green, pink, blue, runs them together, and you can't pick out an inharmonious square inch.
You can see this during these October days by taking a trip on the steamer Crescent through Dunn's Creek and gazing at the foliage of the trees against a background of blue sky and tinted clouds.
What would one woman think of another whom she saw trying to wear a combination of brown, red, purple, yellow and sky blue?
Horrible? But if you will look at the autumn forests to day you will see the same combinations, only more so, and yet you hold your breath in rapture.
Curious, isn't it?

FOR YOUNG MEN.

John Henry Broadribb died last week.
Perhaps you never heard of him. Few persons have.
You knew him as Sir Henry Irving the greatest living actor.
There is comfort and hope for struggling young men in the career of this man who came up from a junior clerkship in a London shop to be the foremost tragedian of the Victorian era.
He was born John Henry Broadribb and poor. It was only after he had made a great name for himself that Queen Victoria made him the first actor-knight.
Here is the encouragement to young men in the life of this illustrious actor and scholar whose ashes now repose in Westminster Abbey.
When he made his first attempt to act in a local lyceum he flunked. Stage fright prevented his speaking his mouth. He retired in disgrace without speaking a word.
Worse still:
When he engaged to play a part in "The Winter's Tale" he was literally hissed off the stage.
That would have settled it with most young men.
But this young man knew what was in him and he was bound to give expression. He studied constantly and spouted in his room before a mirror. He drenched himself in Shakespeare. And he would take any part, however low, in the cast to get a chance on the stage. Finally Dion Boucicault discovered the genius that was in him and the rest was easy.
The story in the story—with variations—of every man who has got on in the world.
Men make themselves great by persistence.

PRaise THAT IS UNKIND.

Some time ago Margaret Martin, an Illinois girl, went to Paris to study vocal music. Admiring friends had helped her convince herself that she had learned all there was to be learned of voice culture in this country.
Perhaps you remember the story. How she embarked all her little fortune in the venture and finally secured a hearing before a famous Parisian master. How he bluntly told her that she had no voice worth cultivating. To him it was only an unpleasant but very common incident. To the poor girl, who had staked all her hopes and all her means, it was the climax of a life tragedy. With her one great hope suddenly swept away from her she went hopelessly insane.
It is but one case in a thousand. If we wept for all in whom we ourselves have thoughtlessly helped to stimulate false hopes by insincere praise our eyes would seldom be dry.
It is not always kind to "ask kindly." True kindness often lies in frank criticism. In speaking kindly too many of us flatter or "jolly," imagining that to please for the moment is to render permanent service.
There is nothing better in the world than a kind word. It never dies. Its good effect never ends. Like a sunbeam it casts into the world a warmth that never again goes out of it. But the really kind word often seems very unkind. In real kindness there is discrimination. The man or woman whose judgment, in praise or blame, is worth anything weighs it carefully and speaks it conservatively.
There is just one type as senseless and contemptible as the chronic "knocker," and that is the chronic "jollifier," who is ever effervescing with admiration he does not feel. Sincerity, truth, genuine sympathy and real helpfulness lie in the golden mean.

Winesville has had free postal delivery for the past year and is just now about to inaugurate four more rural free deliveries from that centre. It already had one.

LATE STATE NEWS.

Between 1,200 and 1,500 bales of cotton will be ginned at Hawthorne this season.
The fishing industry at Sanford and other points on the St. Johns River has been retarded by high water.
Sportsmen are visiting the head waters of the St. Johns river after ducks and meeting with good success.
Twenty-five carloads of oranges are being shipped daily from along the Charlotte Harbor division of the Atlantic Coast Line R. Y.
The Atlantic Coast Line R. Y. bridge spanning the Santa Fe river near White Springs was totally destroyed by fire on Friday night, Oct. 20th.
Williams & Co. of Dawson, Ga., have purchased the turpentine plant of E. E. Overstreet & Co. at Seneca, including 13,000 acres and all equipment, for \$70,000.
The Seventh Day Adventists of the state, white and colored, to the number of 150, have been holding a state convention at Plant City. They celebrate Saturday as a day of rest.

W. R. Cherry, a white man who has resided at Welaka for nearly a year past, was arrested last week by Deputy U. S. Marshal Bishop. Cherry is wanted in Virginia on the charge of impersonating an internal revenue officer.
The Clausman, Thos. Dixon's new drama, was presented at the Doyal Theatre, Jacksonville, last Monday and Tuesday. Of it the Times-Union says: "The Clausman was produced here last night to a good house. But the play was not good. * * * It has little or no literary or artistic value. * * * It is neither interesting nor edifying, and is unworthy of attention from those who take the stage at all seriously."
W. J. Golden an Episcopal Missionary in the Everglades says there are between 500 and 600 Indians now in the Everglades, who are barely touched with civilization, and in order to gain their confidence he had to go among them as a "medicine man," rather than a religious teacher, and that by successful medical treatment he had finally gained their confidence to such an extent that real progress in civilization is now being made among this remnant of the once powerful Seminole tribe.

President Roosevelt received a hearty welcome at Jacksonville last Saturday. He made two public speeches—one to the assembled people in front of the Seminoles and one to the colored people assembled at the Colored Baptist school. He was entertained at luncheon by the board of trade in its assembly room and 600 guests attended this reception and lunch. In the evening the president went to St. Augustine and on the morning of the 25th he closed his tour of the Ponce de Leon Hotel, and attended service in the morning at the Memorial Presbyterian church, where he heard an eloquent gospel sermon by Rev. J. Coffey Stout, the pastor of the Florida people from all parts of Florida flocked to Jacksonville and St. Augustine to hear and see the President, who is just the man to know and appreciate the fact that from all he received a generous, hearty and patriotic Florida welcome.

Obituary.

Sister Elizabeth Gates was born in Chicago, Illinois, in August, 1875, and died at the home of Dr. Miller, near Palatka, Fla., Sunday morning, September 24, 1905. Her family were from New England, and descendants of Ethen Allen. When a child her parents moved to Nebraska, and later to Texas.
She was an undergraduate of the University of Texas, and was especially bright in mathematics and was offered a position in that department of the university. She was proficient in both instrumental and vocal music, and was especially helpful in the church by devoting her talent to the service of God.
When about eleven years of age she was happily converted, and united with the Methodist church, and from the day of her consecration to God was active in church work. She would pray in public and was ever ready to bear testimony of the saving and keeping power of God. Her labor among the young was often blessed of God unto their salvation. In the Sabbath school she delighted to work, and had charge of the infant class in Palatka. Her last work for the church was fitting up the infant class room in the church of which her devoted husband was the honored pastor. She was married to Rev. E. J. Gates of the Florida Conference on Dec. 22, 1893. For six years she was the faithful and helpful wife of an itinerant Methodist preacher; ever ready to do her part in every good word and work. Her life of thirty years was not lived in vain. The world is brighter and better because of such a life.
She has fought the good fight, she has kept the faith, and finished her course, and received the crown of righteousness. Loving hands have laid the earthly tent away until the morning of the resurrection. "All who are in their graves shall come forth." "In my Father's house are many mansions. Our sister is not in the grave; she lives above the stars."
I close this imperfect but loving tribute with the beautiful words of another:

SHE WILL SLEEP TO-NIGHT.
Smooth the heads of her silken hair,
On her queenly brow will tender care
Gather the robe in a final fold
Around her form that will not grow old;
Lay on her bosom, pure as snow,
The fairest, sweetest flowers that blow
Kiss her and leave her, your heart's delight,
In dreamless peace she shall sleep to-night.
A shadowy gleam of life-light lies
Around the lids of her slumberous eyes,
No dark, no gloom, no dim delay
Of the loving hands she had to-day
For her gentle heart fast to beat,
And from her lips to utter a-true
She is strangely quiet, cold, and white,
The fever is gone; she will sleep to-night.
Put by her work and her empty chair,
Fold up the garments she used to wear;
Let down the curtains and close the door,
She will see the garish light no more;
Kiss her and leave her, your heart's delight,
In dreamless peace she shall sleep to-night.
O blessed sleep, that will not break
For tears nor prayers nor love's sweet sake,
O perfect rest, that knows no pain,
No dark, no gloom, no dim delay;
O the sublime beyond all speech,
That only the pure through dying reach;
God rests his hand, and his weary right;
Bid his beloved a long good-night.
Weep for the days that will come no more,
For the sunbeams from his hand and door,
For a shining step, for the narrowest grace
Of a tender robe and a loving face;
But not for the rest whose goal is won,
Whose tokens by his hand are set;
Not for the spirit enshroued in light,
And crowned where the angels are to-night.
—REV. W. M. POSEY in Florida Christian Advocate.

Major Angelo

[Original.]
During my college days our family lived in Washington, and as they left it before the beginning and returned after the close of hot weather I was not there in vacations. During this period I understood that my sister had a love affair, but since she was older than I and I was at an age when neither my sympathy nor my judgment was in demand very little was said to me about the affair.
A few years later the Spanish-American war broke out, and I, being a lieutenant in the national guard, went out to fight the dons. In the very first encounter in which I took part I was wounded and taken prisoner. I had the good fortune to be located near one of the best Spanish hospitals, to which I was taken and treated with every attention. One morning the officer of the day went through the ward where I was lying in company with the surgeon. When the officer passed my bed I noticed that my face caught his attention. Indeed he stared at me as if he had known me before. The next day I received a basket of fruit with which was attached the card of Major Adelberto Angelo.

Major Angelo came to see me every day after that and loaded me with attentions. Naturally I became very fond of him. I endeavored to gain from him the cause of his having noticed me and of his attentions, but failed signally. He declared that it was the result of fancy. The intimacy lasted five weeks, at the end of which time I was discharged from the hospital and very soon after exchanged.
The next time I saw Angelo he was lying mortally wounded on the battlefield. We were pressing the Spaniards before Santiago, and having cleared a way directly in front of our regiment with a Gatling gun we pushed forward over a field. Stepping over what I supposed was a corpse, I glanced down to be sure that I should not touch it, and looked into the livid face of Major Angelo. It was not permissible for me to leave my company, but I did. Stopping, I raised his hand. Angelo opened his eyes, and a loving smile told me that he recognized me. I saw him try to move his lips to speak, but the effort was a failure. Then he fell back—dead.

I went home, like most of my comrades, sick, but it was not long before I was on my feet again and joined the family in October in Washington. My sister had for some time been going into a decline, and my mother forbade me to excite her with accounts of my war experiences, especially my stay in hospital. When I went into Adele's room to greet her after my long and eventful absence, I was puzzled at the look she gave me. It was a hungry look, a look as if I might have news to tell her that she longed to hear. I was shocked at her appearance, and saw that she was doomed. She wished me to talk about the war, but I agreed with my mother that Adele kept turning to it, I held to other topics. Indeed, on account of my sister's condition, I was not asked to recount war's horrors, as most of my comrades were, and I was glad of it. Such experiences are more agreeable to the narrator when mediated by distance, and in my case, with the shadow of death over us, I did not wish to dwell upon them.
One day I was sitting by Adele's bed chatting with her on ordinary topics when she said suddenly:
"You were wounded and taken to a hospital when you were in Cuba, weren't you?"
"Yes."
"And a Spaniard was very kind to you?"
"Yes. But you have heard nothing about it from me or from father or mother, because I have not told them a word about it. How did you?"
"Hush. Don't tell them that I mentioned it."
"But tell me!"
At the moment mother came into the room and broke in upon my question. The next time I was alone with Adele I endeavored to reopen the subject, but an expression passed over her face that warned me to desist, and I never referred to it again.

One evening between day and dark I was passing through the lower hall when I saw a figure of a man come in at the front door. Since his back was to the light, I could not see his face, but it was familiar. He appeared to be a gentleman and walked through the hall as if perfectly familiar with the premises. For this reason I did not regard him as a thief, but permitted him to go where he liked, following him from a distance. He mounted the staircase, and I noticed that though there was but the bare wood to walk on his step was so light that I did not hear it. He was considerably in advance of me and had turned and disappeared down the upper hall before I reached the top of the staircase. When I did reach it he was nowhere to be seen. He must have entered some room on that floor, and since Adele's was one of them I hurried toward it. Just before reaching her door, which stood open, I heard the word, spoken in a voice familiar to me:
"Come!"
Entering the room, the fading light coming through a window showed me Major Angelo raising Adele in his arms. I passed my hands before my eyes to clear my vision, and when I had done so I saw Adele lying alone, stiff and stark. She was dead.

A few days later my mother told me that Adele's affair of the heart was with Senator Adelberto Angelo, who was at the time an attaché of the Spanish legation. C. AUGUSTUS PORTER.

Use For the Synonym.
Teacher—What is a synonym? Pupil—A word that has the same meaning as another word. Teacher—And why does our language possess synonyms? Pupil—So you can use one when you don't know how to spell the other one.—Exchange.
A Bad Patient.
Friend—I suppose you're always glad to get a patient who's never had any bad habits. Doctor—Indeed I'm not. Friend—How's that? Doctor—Why, man, I can't order him to stop anything.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

DIETARY STANDARDS.

What Observation Indicates to Be the Average Man's Daily Food Need.
Accepting the daily dietary standards which are based upon observations as to what people are accustomed to consume, it is plain that the average man doing from light to moderate muscular work must take each day approximately 116 grams of protein matter (18 grams of nitrogen), with sufficient fat and carbohydrate to yield a total fuel value of 3,600 large calories. The usual proportion of carbohydrate (mostly starchy food) is about 500 grams to 600 grams of fat. In other words, the average man needs, according to the above hypothesis, approximately 120 grams of protein, 500 grams of carbohydrate and 60 grams of fat for his daily ration. In order to obtain these amounts of nutrients he would require per day three-fourths of a pound of ordinary roast beef, one pound of boiled potato, one-half pound of white bread and one-fourth of a pound of butter. Naturally much greater variety of food might be adopted with the same nutritive values as the above, but these figures will suffice to give some impression of the quantities of ordinary cooked food-stuffs required to yield the nitrogen and the total fuel value called for by the above standard dietary.

A more elaborate diet, one in large measure free from meat and having essentially the same content of nitrogen and with a total fuel value of approximately 3,000 calories, would be as follows: Fried hominy, six ounces; strip, three ounces; baked potato, eight ounces; butter, one and one-half ounces; baked spaghetti, ten ounces; mashed potato, ten ounces; boiled turnip, six ounces; bread, two ounces; apple sauce, eight ounces; apple tapioca pudding, twelve ounces; fried sweet potato, eight ounces; fried bacon, one ounce; fruit jam, four ounces; coffee, one and one-half pints, and tea, three-fourths of a pint. Such a diet, owing to its vegetable nature and lack of concentration, is naturally quite voluminous. A greater concentration of diet is easily obtained by replacement of a portion of the vegetable matter by meat, and this the ordinary man, with his highly developed palate, usually prefers to do because of the increased nourishment which his acquired taste now calls for. Further, the resources at the command of the civilized man render possible great variety in matters of diet, but whatever the character of the daily food or however great the number and variety of the ingredients it will be found that the nitrogen content and fuel value of the daily food of mankind will in general correspond in large measure to the dietary standards usually adopted throughout the civilized world.—Russell H. Cliftenden in Century.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

The prudent man opens his eyes and shuts his mouth.
Treat every one as though you expected him to some day be your enemy.
If there is a dog in the manger throw him out. He doesn't belong there.
Are you as active in paying a bill you owe as you are in collecting a bill due you?
If it were not for the fact that most people ask too much indemnity there wouldn't be much use for courts.
You can get up a quarrel, but will you be any better off after you have quarreled so fiercely that peace will be agreeable?
It is a good plan for a woman to occasionally let her husband have his way without giving him a look that will take the pleasant taste out.—Atlantic Globe.

Dinner in a Bell.

In the tower of Erfurt cathedral hangs a huge bell ten feet high and thirty feet in circumference, weighing thirteen tons. Within this, in July, 1713, dined ten of the town's most opulent burghers on dishes cooked in a kitchen temporarily erected on the beam that supported the ponderous mass of tintinnabular metal. To celebrate this repast medals were struck, having on the obverse the portraits of the guests and on the reverse the representation of the curious scene.

Frank Dixon, a somewhat noted lecturer and a brother of Thomas Dixon, author of "The Leopard's Spots" and "The Clansman," lectured at the Windsor Auditorium last Monday night. He was introduced by Ex-Gov. Jennings. The subject of the lecture was "The Man Against the Mass."
Gov. Broward called at the county jail while in Jacksonville the other day and had a talk with Isham Edwards, the negro sentenced to be hanged for the murder N. W. Eppes near Tallahassee Sept. 4, 1904. Two other negroes have been tried and condemned for the same murder, but Edwards, notwithstanding the fact that he is the governor wanted a personal talk with the condemned man that he might act intelligently as a member of the Pardon Board, before which the cases of the other two men will come. It is rare for a governor to confer personally with condemned criminals, but Gov. Broward felt that this case was important enough to establish a precedent.

Owing to a constantly increasing demand for space in the exposition buildings of the State Fair, to be held in Tampa, November 15th to 30th, the erection of several imposing buildings not at first contemplated has become necessary. All buildings and fences on the grounds will be painted white and will present a magnificent appearance. The matter of selecting judges for the various departments is now being given serious attention by the directors. Poultry breeders throughout the state will be pleased to learn that Mr. F. J. Marshall of College Park, Ga., one of the most experienced poultry judges in the country, will act as judge of the poultry department of the Fair.

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Notice of Administrator to Creditors.

HAVING been duly appointed Administrator of the estate of Hugo Friedlander, deceased, of the County of Duval, State of Florida, on the 21st day of September, A. D. 1905, and having taken charge of said estate, now by virtue of my authority as said Administrator, I hereby give notice to all creditors, legatees, distributees and all other persons having claims or demands against said estate to present them to me for payment within two years from the date of this notice.

H. N. CALHOUN, Administrator.