

**FLORIDA'S MOST SUCCESSFUL FARM COLONY.**

By Clement York.

I have just returned from a tour over the state of Florida. I left Chicago on the 6th of March and now I see the preparations for spring planting actively upon the farms until I arrived in Florida on the morning of the 8th. I went through Florida, and I saw as I looked from the car windows the fields green with growing crops and men and women working in those fields in the very lightest of summer apparel.

I was on a mission of inspection to the Burbank-Ocala colony, located in Marion County, Florida. Mind you, this colony is but 90 days old, and it is not reasonable to suppose that one could see much development there, but this is what I found.

I learned from the officials in charge of the colony that the land was more than three-quarters sold, that the settlers and prospective settlers were arriving at the rate of from 20 to 30 a day. I went out to the colony on the line of the new railroad, which has been built especially to penetrate through the heart of the colony, and which connects with the Seaboard Air Line and the Atlantic Coast Line at Ocala.

Upon both sides of this railroad as I rode through the colony, I saw fields in cultivation, new houses being built, men busily engaged in clearing the land and making it ready for the plow, and I talked with many of these settlers and found a universal endorsement, both of the soil and the possibilities of this great colony.

I saw many spots in Florida in the course of my three weeks' stay in that state, and I saw why it is that upon just a few acres of ground one can earn an independent living, with half the toil necessary in the ordinary pursuits of life, but in all of my travels I am very frank to say that I believe I find the best colony in Florida better than any spot I saw in Florida.

The Burbank-Ocala colony is building very fast, and it is almost impossible in so short a space to tell how great is this progress.

The land lies in the center of Marion County, which is the banner county of the state. It is touched upon both sides by great railroads, and it has an excellent transportation through the heart of the colony with a railroad which connects with these systems, while the Delaware river runs the entire length of the eastern border of the colony, thus affording water transportation with the sea.

The New South and Home Company has prepared a piece of literature which they have called "Ten Acres and Freedom." This book, comprising some 50,000 words, and is filled from cover to cover with actual photographic reproductions, and is beyond question a doubt one of the best pieces of literature ever published upon Florida.

My advice to any man or woman who is seeking an investment in Florida, especially in Florida, is to read this great book before you make up your mind definitely where to locate. Just send the coupon below.

**FREE FLORIDA FARM BOOK COUPON.**

NEW SOUTH FARM & HOME COMPANY, 936 Merchants Loan and Trust Bldg., Chicago.

Gentlemen—Please send me "Ten Acres and Freedom," together with all other information you have, relative to the Burbank-Ocala colony farms. It is understood that this is to be sent free. I will read your literature carefully, if you will send it to me.

Name .....

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Another instance.

The Fiji cannibal reluctantly produced a quarter in response to the Lightning Calculator's pathetic plea at the psychological moment.

"If you would only cut out the booze," he growled, "and pass up the crap and dice and the handbook thing, you wouldn't have to be touching your friends for a grub-stake so regularly."

"Ah! You're like so many others, my Phillistine friend," sighed the Lightning Calculator; "it seems impossible for you to understand the eccentricities of genius!"—Los Angeles Herald.

**How's This?**

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any man of Color that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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Papa—Ruthie, I shouldn't be surprised if God would send you a little baby brother before long. What would you think of that?

Ruthie—Oh, papa! I think it would be perfectly lovely. And say, papa, let's you and me keep it a surprise for mamma—Life.

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There are imitations, don't be fooled. Ask for Lewis' Single Binder cigar for 5c.

No man should play practical jokes unless he is a good loser.

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Poor health can nearly always be traced to a disordered stomach, weak kidneys, sluggish liver or constipated bowels. The Bitters acts directly on these organs, making them strong and healthy. Try it.

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Also added with Thompson's Eye Water

**THE LAST VOYAGE OF THE DONNA ISABEL**

BY RANDALL PARRISH  
AUTHOR OF "DOD HAMPSON OF FLORIDA, ETC."

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**SYNOPSIS.**

The story opens with the introduction of John Stephens, an adventurer, a Massachusetts man, marooned by authorities at Valparaiso, Chile. Being interested in mining operations in Bolivia, he was determined by Chile as an insurrectionist and as a consequence was hanged. At his hotel his attention was attracted by an Englishman and a young woman, Stephens rescued the young woman from a drunken officer. He was thanked by her. Admiral of the Peruvian navy confronted Stephens, told him that war had been declared between Chile and Peru and offered him the office of captain. He declined that night the Emperor's Chilean vessel should be captured. Stephens accepted the commission. Stephens met a motley crew, to which he was assigned. He gave them final instructions. They boarded the vessel. They successfully captured the vessel supposed to be the Esmeralda, through strategy. Capt. Stephens gave directions for the departure of the craft. He entered the cabin and discovered the English woman and her maid. Stephens quickly learned the wrong vessel had been captured. It was Lady Darlington's private yacht, the lord's wife and maid being aboard. He explained the situation to her ladyship. Then First Mate Tuttle laid bare the plot, asking that the Sea Queen had been taken in order to go to the Antarctic circle. Tuttle explained that on a former voyage he had learned that the Donna Isabel was lost in 1753. He had found it frozen in a huge mass of ice on an island and contained much gold. Stephens consented to be the captain of the expedition. He told Lady Darlington. She was greatly alarmed, but expressed confidence in him. The Sea Queen encountered a vessel in the fog. Stephens attempted to communicate. This was a fierce struggle and he was overcome. Tuttle finally squaring the situation. Then the Sea Queen headed south again. Under Tuttle's guidance the vessel made progress toward its goal. De Nova, the mate, told Stephens that he believed Tuttle, now acting as skipper, because of his queer conduct. Stephens was awakened by crashing of glass. He saw Tuttle in the grip of a seizure of religious mania and overcame him. The sailor upon regaining his senses was taken ill. Tuttle committed suicide by shooting. Upon vote of the crew Stephens assumed the leadership and the men decided to continue the treasure hunt. The islands being supposed to be only 20 miles distant Tuttle was buried in the sea. Lady Darlington pronouncing the service. Stephens awaking from a dream, the ghost, supposed to have formed the basis for Tuttle's religious mania. Upon advice of Lady Darlington, Stephens started to probe the ghost. He came upon Lieut. Sanchez, the drunken officer he had humbled in Chile. He found that at Sanchez' inspiration, Enrique McKnight played "ghost" to scare the men into giving up the quest. Stephens announced that the Sea Queen was at the spot where Tuttle's quest was supposed to be. The crew was anxious to go on in further search. De Nova and Stephens conquered them in a flat fight. Lady Darlington thanked him. The Sea Queen started northward.



I Caught Lady Darlington More Closely to me, Helping Her Climb the Inverted Stairs.

was, the rattle of blocks aloft, the thousand noises emitted by the struggling fabric under foot. I see the swirl of snow; the crested seas, boiling in madness; the gleam of pursuing ice-fields; the towering pinnacles of giant bergs overhanging our mast-heads; the flying clouds, and the settling down about us of the ghostly frost fog. I feel the wild plunge down into the hollow; the sickening, staggering effort to climb up; the dizzy balancing upon the crest, and that awful drop again into the hell below!

No man on board will ever know how we made it; how we ever found passage through those wind-lashed channels; how we ever kept upright under the pounding of that sea; how the Sea Queen ever shook her trembling decks free from the tons of ice and water, and rose staggering to the crest. Once our engines broke, and for two hours we rolled helplessly, while McKnight and the Chilean tinkered at the damaged machinery, and the great waves buried us, and smashed the charthouse into fragments. Once the rudder-chains became fouled with ice, and we swung into the trough of the sea hurled over our lower yards trailed in the water and half the yacht shivered beneath the smother, we hanging on for our lives, drenched and buffeted by the waves. The jib-boom snapped like a pipestem, and a huge, ugly hole was ripped out of the forward bulwarks. Up to the neck in icy water we chopped away the raffle, and flung it overboard. Gustafson, shrieking wildly for help, went with the litter, while his mates bore Symes below groaning from a broken leg.

Merciful heavens, how that ice came down, pursuing us like the very Fiend! Once it pressed so closely against our quarter that the sea, rebounding from off its front, boomed us, sweeping aft in a vast wall. It caught Dade opening the companion door, hurled him smothering backward and flooded the cabin a foot deep in icy water. Yet we held to it, our eyes aching, our limbs frozen, our oilskins stiff with ice, the exposed flesh of our faces open, festering frostbite, bruised by the shocks, half dead from fatigue, dizzy from the battle. But it was no seamanship which saved us; it was a merciful Providence, for at times the smother was so thick we ran into it blindly, not daring to broach to with all that ice after us, driven by the wind, and not knowing what was ten yards ahead, or ten yards behind.

During all that time I scarcely left the deck, although De Nova served his watch on the bridge in the flying spray. Dade fed me as best he could, and what brief snatches of sleep I caught were on the divan in the cabin, my icy clothes drying on my body. I saw nothing of the women; there was no time, no opportunity. I doubt if either could have kept upright amid the awful pitching of the yacht, for I was obliged myself to creep from one hand-gasp to another. So I saw nothing of the ladies, but Dade succeeded

**CHAPTER XX.**

In which the Yacht Meets Disaster. I have been endeavoring to recall in sequence the occurrences of the three days and nights following our turning northward, but it is all chaos, vague, confused—an expanse of sleepless hours, raging seas, snow, sleet, and ice, in the midst of which we battled for life in as desperately terrific a fight as men ever waged against nature. I can see and feel it all clearly enough, yet the incidents are so mingled that the separate days and nights appear one continuous event, without beginning or end. I hear the ceaseless howl of the wind, the growl of grinding ice, the smiting of tons of water, the threshing of loosened can-

likely. Jump, now, and help me get out the women."

The awful, sickening poise of the stricken boat, swinging stern-up to the motion of the waves, was enough to shatter the courage of any man, and I could read speechless terror in Dade's face. Yet the lad stayed with me, and together we clambered up the incline of the deck, gripping at the table to help us. The door of the after-cabin was either locked or had become stuck; I did not wait to learn which, but burst it open with a swift, heavy kick. The light streamed in upon a scene of chaos—overturned furniture and broken glass. Celeste lay in one corner screaming hysterically; Lady Darlington was upon her knees, holding herself partially erect by clasping the brass rail of the bed.

"Quick!" I cried, before either could speak. "Gather up all the warm clothing you can reach. We must get on deck. Here, let me help you!"

We were scarcely a minute at the task; and the four of us, laden with apparel, slid and scrambled down the slope of cabin floor to the companion-steps. Here I caught Lady Darlington more closely to me, helping her climb the inverted stairs. Her face was pale, her eyes fearless.

"What is it? What has happened?"

"I hardly know myself; only that we have hit something and are badly damaged."

It was like night on deck, the enveloping fog so dense that a human form was indistinguishable five feet away. Fortunately but little wind stirred, and the sea had gone down. I could distinguish De Nova's voice as he sang out a sharp order. I followed my hands, and hailed. A dim smudge leaned over the rail above, and peered down.

"Was zat you, monsieur?"

"Ay, with the women. What is it, De Nova, a total smash?"

"By gar, out! Ze whole bow cave in; ze deck crush! ze main-hatch; ze after-bulkhead to ze only sing w'at hold us up. Sacre, it not hold long."

I grasped the entire situation instantly, realizing the desperate need of haste, of cool, intelligent command.

"Send a man down here to help Dade tote up provisions. Jump lively, now; get biscuits and canned goods, my lads, and whatever blankets you can find. Hustle for your lives! Now, De Nova, reach over, and help the women up—easy; that's right."

I held tightly to my lady, clinging to the rail, as I crept across. The black, shapeless figures of several men, whose faces I could not distinguish in the gloom, were clambering about the longboat.

"Everything fitted?"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"What have you got?"

"Oars, mast, canvas, and fresh water."

I reached forward to assure myself that the rudder had been properly shipped, and the plugs securely driven in.

"All right; here come the provisions. Dump them in anywhere, lads. Yes, go back for another load, but for God's sake hurry! De Nova, help me stow the women; gently, but quickly now. Stand by, all of you. Here is the rest of the provender. Now tumble in, lads, and let fall. Ease her off, ease her off, you fools!"

The black smudge dropped downward, and leaning far over the slanting rail I could see it strike the water and ride free. The sodden, wrecked hull beneath me rose and fell with a heavy, sickening motion which brought the heart up into my throat.

"Are those all the living men left, Mr. De Nova?" I called down, for the first time realizing how few they were.

"Zey was all I know."

Another voice spoke, gruff from excitement.

"The fellows for'ard had no chance, sir; all alive are here."

I swung over the side, and shot down the line into the boat.

"Cast off, then. Oars, men! the yacht is going under."

With a single sweep of the hastily piled blades we were beyond sight of the plunging hull, yet we had not taken half a dozen strokes before we were tossed roughly by a sudden convulsion of the sea.

"My God, she's gone!" shouted a voice forward.

All I could distinguish within the boat were the two women next me at the stern—Celeste, with her face buried in her arms, and my lady staring into the icy fog.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Tolstoy's Plea for Justice.

Justice demands that you should take from people no more than you give them. But there is a way of weighing your work and the work of others of which you avail yourself; besides, you may at any time be incapacitated for work, and you will have to make use of the work of other people. Therefore try to give more than you take so as not to be unjust.—Tolstoy.

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Mrs. Joseph Lacle, 124 Bronson St., Ottawa, East, Ontario, Canada, writes: "I suffered with backache and headache for over nine months and nothing relieved me until I took Peruna. This medicine is by far better than any other medicine for these troubles. A few bottles relieved me of my miserable, half-dead, half-alive condition."

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