

THE OCALA BANNER

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MOTTO: THE BANNER, BELIEVING THOSE AT THE TOP WELL ABLE TO TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES, HAS TAKEN ITS STAND IN THE BARRICADES WITH THE COMMON PEOPLE AND ITS FIGHT WILL BE MADE FOR THE BETTERMENT OF THOSE AT THE BOTTOM.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 18, 1905.

JUDGE BELL AND THE BANNER.

Owing to the controversy that has grown up over the appointment of General Bullock's successor as judge of the county court of this county, we hope no one will for a moment think that this paper is at all hostile to the appointment of Joseph H. Bell to the place.

The controversy relates solely to the manner of the appointment and not to the personnel of the appointee. We repeat and emphasize all the nice things we said about Mr. Bell the moment he received his appointment.

It gives us great pleasure to again say that he is a young man of splendid character and attainments and we believe will make a most efficient, acceptable and popular official, and to this end he has our best wishes.

It is pleasing to note that there are still democrats in Pennsylvania.

It is now raining day and night and sometimes twice before breakfast. We are, to say the least, generously wet.

The Tampa Times is about to make its promise good that it will soon give Tampa a real daily newspaper.

Nine rattlesnakes were born in a curio store in Tampa Tuesday. Six still survive, three being immediately eaten by a king snake.

Boone Embler, of Plant City, who is locally known as a hustler, has raised a large crop of tobacco, shipped it to Quincy and obtained a good price for it.

Jacksonville is playing ball some these days. The wish is general throughout the state that she will soon crawl to the top of the list and camp there until the end of the season.

Governor Vandaman has got the foci, sporads, bacilli and stegomyias backed into a corner and is now screaming for cracked ice.—Memphis Commercial-Appeal.

Those marriageably inclined persons who have been perspiring for marriage licenses can now obtain them. Judge Bell took possession of the office that issues these documents Friday.

Before Mr. Holloway's term expires the whole state will learn that we have a state superintendent that all will be proud to have. We believe Florida's superintendent is the equal of any in the Union and among the most progressive.—Gainesville Star.

When Mr. Holloway needed friends last year, his home papers were not as kind to him as they profess to be now. Why this thudness.—Lake City Index.

Cain's Cause Modernized. And the mosquito saith unto the state health officer: "My punishment is greater than I can bear!" "Behold, thou hast driven me out this day from the face of the earth; and from thy face shall I be hid; and I shall be a fugitive and a vagabond in the earth; and it shall come to pass that everyone that findeth me shall slay me!"—Jacksonville Floridian.

Death of Assistant State Auditor. Hon. E. A. Crawford, assistant state auditor, died suddenly at his home in Tallahassee Aug. 15. He was 51 years of age, was a native of Athens, Ga., and was a member of a distinguished family.

A GARMENT THAT WON'T FIT.

Governor Broward, big, brainy, noble man that he is, filled with an inspiration to be governor, as near as possible, for the whole people, has stated personally to the press of this state that the gentleman whom he appointed to the position had the best recommendations from the people of Marion county of any aspirant for the position.

Let's see if Governor Broward is entitled to the Herald's eulogy. There were two judicial offices vacant in Ocala at the same time and both had to be appointed by the governor.

For one of which there were but two applicants. One of the applicants had a list of endorsements that would reach almost across the public square. In addition to his long list of endorsements he was fortified and buttressed with many personal letters from prominent and influential citizens.

The other applicant had no endorsements at all; but, all the same, he received the appointment.

The governor appointed him primarily and absolutely to pay off a personal and political obligation—that's what he did; there is no other explanation.

Measured by its own standard, How does the Herald's beautiful and exquisite garment, made from such pure and spotless ermine, fit the "noble Broward?"

An Explanation that Does Not Explain.

The Ocala Banner wonders why there are so many horrible murders. The explanation is easy. When a man has murder in his heart, he knows he has at least four chances to escape punishment of the crime. These are: he may not be detected; if detected, he may not be convicted; if convicted, the supreme court may interpose; all these failing, he has an appeal to the pardoning board. And there is a Jacksonville justice who boasts that he has never yet failed to secure a pardon or a commutation of sentence from the pardoning board.—Punta Gorda Herald.

But what the Ocala Banner wants to know is why a man living in this country and in this age of the world, with so many sweet, benign and elevating influences at work, should go about with murder in his heart. Does a man commit murder merely for the purpose of running the risk of obtaining a pardon?

Pointing to the pardoning board it doesn't seem to us is an answer to the question.

Of course, if a man has murder in his heart he is bound to commit murder despite courts, mobs, gibbets, or what not, but why should a man, in an enlightened, civilized, christian land, have murder wrangling in his heart?

It seems to us there is a "something" lacking somewhere in our religion and our laws—there must be something wrong with our methods of application.

Got What he Was Expecting.

The story of another pathetic tragedy comes down from a small town in Georgia. A husband was jealous and suspicious of his wife. He told her he was going out to the farm to spend the night. He went, put up his horse and sneaked back to his home about 11 o'clock, endeavoring to make his way inside without awakening or disturbing the real or imaginary inmates of the house. On her part the wife was afraid of burglars and sat up late reading, going to bed with a revolver on the table within reach. Hearing a noise on the outside she shot twice, killing the unfortunate fellow. In his coat pocket were found a pistol and a big rock. The coroner has held the woman on a charge of manslaughter, but if the story is true it would appear impossible to convict her.—Tampa Times.

Paul Morton ran his auto into a street car last week. A man with nerve enough to run into the Equitable would never hold back for a little thing like a street car.—Atlanta Journal.

Governor Broward and the Marion County Judgeship.

Governor Broward has again proven his unworthiness. He has appointed the man of the people's choice to succeed General Bullock instead of awaiting orders from the politicians.—Wauchula Advocate.

Mr. Lewis was a hard worker for Mr. Broward in the campaign and had the right to expect a "fair chance" at the office. Had he been nominated his friends in Sumter would have congratulated him sincerely.—Sumter County Times.

Governor Broward will now have to send a few peace envoys down to Ocala to quiet the citizens. All appear to be indignant over the fact that an appointment to the office of county judge was made before the democratic executive committee of that county could get together and recommend a suitable person. Moral: Strike while the iron is hot.—Quincy Times.

In the matter of appointing a county judge for Marion county, Governor Broward has struck his first snag and has succeeded in bringing down the wrath of Editor Frank Harris. It is hoped that the governor will not continue the same policy throughout his administration, for, if he does, his public career will come to an end with the closing of his present term of office.—Tropical Sun.

There is a good deal of growling in Marion county over the appointment of a man to be county judge to fill a vacancy, and Governor Broward is catching it hot and heavy. The executive has the consolation of knowing it would have been so no matter upon whom or how his choice fell. But it is a little hard upon the governor to find that he has split his friends in Marion into two groups, and it would have been better to have awaited the action of the executive committee, as he would then have somebody to lay the blame on.—St. Lucie News.

Governor Broward has "laid himself liable" by appointing a judge to succeed the late lamented Judge Bullock, of Marion county, without waiting for orders from the county executive committee. We believe that the constitution provides the manner in which such vacancies may be filled, and while it may have been an error in the construction of the constitution, that document doesn't take cognizance of the executive committee. If Mr. Broward had awaited the action of the committee and had been guided by its recommendation, then it would have been the committee's appointment and not the governor's. Party organization is all right, but party dictation is dangerous.—Plant City Courier.

Governor Broward seems to have adopted the Jennings methods in making appointments to offices where vacancies occur. The death of General Robert Bullock, left a vacancy in the office of county judge in Marion county. The county democratic executive committee had been called to recommend a candidate for the office, but the governor took the matter out of the hands of the representatives of the people of that county and appointed a man of his own choosing. If the governor will look up the democratic platform of 1900, which, though quite aged, is the only platform by the representatives of the people, he will find that his action is not in keeping with that document.—Manatee River Journal.

Governor Broward is now enjoying some of the experiences of his predecessor. He has been severely criticised for appointing Dr. Brown, of Eustis, as a member of the board of control of the state University, and now he is suffering the serious displeasure of many citizens of Ocala and Marion county for having ignored the county executive committee in appointing a county judge to succeed the late General Bullock. Nevertheless, it is very pleasant to be governor of the great state of Florida. No wonder George Wilson, Frank Harris, Wallace Stoval and C. L. Bittinger think that the newspaper business more attractive than the gubernatorial chair. They are men of sense and feeling.—Punta Gorda Herald.

THE CAPITAL CITY OF FLORIDA.

"Like Rome upon her seven hills,"

with the mystic glamour of the old days about her, holding fast through all the vicissitudes and changes that have come about in the breaking up of the old associations and the passing of the old ideals, to the dominant characteristics of her people, famed for their culture and generous hospitality, sits Tallahassee, the capital city.

This, the political center of the state, was the ancient Mecca of all that stood for wealth, culture, birth, exclusiveness—the stronghold of the aristocracy of Florida.

Tallahassee was chosen the site for the capital in 1824 by commissioners appointed by the legislative council which met first at Pensacola in 1822. The commissioners, after a thorough examination of the country found no place more beautiful than the abandoned field of the Tallahassee Indians. Here in the center of the hill country was begun the settlement of the quaintly beautiful city of Tallahassee, so honored for a famous Indian chieftain.

In the musical Indian tongue the name is said to signify beautiful land. Whether that be the meaning I know not, if so it aptly applies to this section of the state.

The traveler approaching the town is impressed with the beauty of the surrounding country; placid lakes, nestling at the feet of precipitous hills, surrounded with splendid forests of timber, broad fields where the plenteous harvest yields generous returns—and, if the season be spring-time—hedges of roses, Cherokees and dainty ramblers, dogwood, wild azaleas, crab apple and honeysuckle, "so perfumed that the woods are lovesick with them."

Nearer, one sees to the west the buildings of the state college capping a hill, southward the state normal for negroes upon another hill; and, looking toward the north, the dome of the capitol glistening in the broad sunshine.

The statehouse occupies a handsome square in the center of the town, upon the site where in 1824 was built the log cabin that for a time served as the official home of the state government. In 1826 the corner stone of the present building was laid, the building being completed in 1842 and remodeled to its present imposing proportions in 1902.

There is an indefinable something about capital cities that sets them apart as different from other places; perhaps it is the wonder of the childish mind and the lastingness of early impressions, for who does not look back toward the dear, dim days of childhood when we learned in geography of "Tallahassee, the capital of Florida?" and recalls clearly the faded dot of the old statehouse at the top of the page? The strength of that impression was a strong factor in keeping the seat of government there in the capital removal fights that have at various times agitated the state from center to circumference.

An impression prevails to some extent that Tallahassee is a veritable sleepy Hollow, and that business stagnates; yet statistics show a volume of over \$2,000,000 annually of business done here. No one claims for her the up-to-date progressiveness of Jacksonville and Tampa. She has other claims to distinction. Modern innovations would destroy half her charm. One chooses rather to see the cumbersome carriage of the Murats with the livery and arms of France, or the four-abreast of the gentry with the picturesque ebon-hued coachman, to the red devils that go puffing down the shaded ways. The quaintly old fashioned place is perfect in its way—an ideal Arcadian corner of the world where one may dream away the sweet summery days that quietly lap over each other into eternity.

No place in Florida is so rich in historic associations as Tallahassee, or contains more mementoes of the

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proud past. Inseparably linked with her name is a long list of famous men and women who in their day gave prestige to her name. Here were the homes of the Duvals, the Calls, Sheppards, Gambles, Crooms, Shines, Eppes, Randolphs, Walkers, Alstons, Winthrops, Lamars, Williams, Wards, Bonds, Brevards, Brooms, Browns, Hendersons, Bloxhams, and others. Here for a season lived fair Peggy Eaton, who broke up a president's cabinet; here lived charming Dora Triplett, sweet and dainty. and the toast of the court of Louis Napoleon and Madame Murat, la princesse Achille, born of Catherine Willis, and a niece of George Washington; her grave and that of the erratic son of Caroline Bonaparte and the gallant Murat are in the Episcopal cemetery, marked by twin pyramidal shafts. These and a long list of famous beauties who coquetted like summer butterflies at the famous resorts and came home for a season of gaiety during the winter months. What gallant, brave days those were! Life moved on in stately lines far removed from the sordid cares that vex our days.

That was before the fire brand of war swept the land, leaving it dismantled and desolate. Those were the days of her glory. The Tallahassee of today retains much that is charming of the old characteristics. Nowhere can be found kinder-hearted, more hospitable, cultured or refined people. The noblesse oblige of the old regime still guides. There are noticeably fewer notably beautiful women, but there are many pretty women, graceful, soft voiced, charming descendants of the pioneers of the early days. After the exchange of flags in 1821, when the Spanish flag disappeared from Florida, came caravans of settlers, lumbering family carriages filled with cultured women and children, attended by outriding men and masters, followed by wagon trains loaded with household goods and chattering bands of slaves. In such state came the early settlers—most of them were young men of wealth and prominence. Here—planters, they established their estates in the neighborhood of Tallahassee; and here began the exchange of courtesies which was the beginning of the afterward aristocratic and exclusive society that made the place famous. The conditions of the times threw the neighboring families into familiar and intimate association, and established a bond almost of kinship between them. Intermarriage and the sympathy, congeniality and understanding of class strengthened the bond. Time and change and decay have scattered the families—ruin has claimed the handsome estates, but the kindly courtesy and generous hospitality is still a distinguishing mark of life here. Many delightful old customs, such as addressing each other by Christian names and remembering with gifts of fruit or flowers, or some delicious dainty each other's anniversaries—birthdays seldom pass without some such token of remembrance and good wishes; and in times of sickness and death every heart is softened with tender sympathy and none are left to sorrow alone.

Tallahassee has a number of handsome buildings; the state house, the government building, the Walker memorial library, erected as a memorial to former governor David S. Walker, the state college and normal school, two excellent hotels, the Leon and Bloxham, two banks, a good system of schools and a number of handsome churches. The business portion of the town is not attractive, but the pretty homes with their neat hedges and famous flower gardens atone for the lack of beauty in the business section. There are a number of attractive squares or parks, where roses, japonicas, violet jonquils, narcissi, daffodils and other plants please the eye. The prettiest of these parks is Bloxham park, so named in honor of Governor Blox-

ham, whose home is here, and whose familiar figure may be seen on fine days, taking his constitutional, shaking hands all the way down the street with his friends—always the suave, polished, courtly gentleman, and probably the best known man in the state.

A poet said, "if you would see fair Melrose, visit it by moonlight." If you would see Tallahassee at her fairest visit it in the springtime, when nature's great heart is glad and a song of triumph breaks forth from every bird and flower, and every whispering wind bears her fragrant message.

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EIGHT DOCTORS

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