

"NOTHING GOOD SHALL EVER PERISH"

BEAUTIFUL SUNDAY THOUGHTS

On the Sabbath day, a day of rest, a day for thought and reflection; a day when we should endeavor to throw aside the carking cares that eat down into the soul and fill the mind with its thousand and one anxieties, cares and troubles, and fret the brain as to the plans and schemes for the future, we should take a bright and joyous outlook upon the world with its thousand of beauties and attractions, and feel that, after all, there is a link, a tie that binds man to man, and in the eye of Jehovah, our great Father, we are but a big family of brothers and sisters and that which administers to the happiness of one, can be made to administer to the happiness of all. In the tomb, to which we are all hastening, for our hearts like muffled drums are beating "silent marches to the grave," there is no distinction. The mummied kings of Egypt who now sleep in the Pyramids, once clothed with despotic power, and reigned in regal splendor, and upon those lips hung the decrees of life and death, are no more to-day than the poorest sleeper in the great tomb. The skulls of the prince and the beggars are the same, so far as the living world is concerned. The voice of Napoleon is as silent and as powerless as the humblest soldier that filled his ranks, when his ambitious heart aimed at universal empire. They are as but the dust of the earth, and their mouldering bones is all that is left to them. True, we may admire what they once were, and what they did. But—

What is fame? A fancied life in other's breath, A thing beyond us even before our death, All that we feel of it begins and ends In the small circle of our foes or friends. To all besides, as much an empty shade With rolling years soon, ah, soon to fade!

There is an ambition, a fame that every mortal should desire and seek—the ambition and fame of doing good—nothing good shall ever perish. In the great laws of the universe nothing is lost; nature is great economist, and knows the value of everything, from a fallen leaf to a grain of sand. The dead, dry leaf we see, will live again in other leaves. The good deeds we do live forever by prompting others to good deeds. The heart that had been made glad by some kind act, word or consideration, knows how sweet the pleasure is to make others happy. Like a stone thrown into a lake, the ripples upon the water will reach the farther shore, though out of sight:

"Not a mind but has its mission— Power of working woe or weal; So degraded none's condition, But the world his weight may feel."

Little did the minister of the Gospel in Philadelphia feel or know that his treatment of Stephen Girard would live as long as Philadelphia stands, and be a reflection upon him. When Girard was a poor, friendless boy or young man, he was thrown in company with a minister living in the same house. The minister did not take a fancy to him; treated him with indifference, and spoke rather contemptuously of him. Girard grew up with a bitter hatred to the minister, and, judging others by him, never had much to do with them. His opinion of religion was low, and when he died a millionaire, he left his large fortune to the building of a college for the education of poor boys. He put a clause in his will that no minister of the Gospel should ever enter the grounds or hold any position in the college. Could that minister have looked into the future of that boy, how different would have been his treatment of him. True, Girard did great good with the money he made but had his treatment been different, greater good might have resulted to the world. The good that Girard has done will never die, and his name and memory be blessed by generations yet unborn, when he who embittered his life will be forgotten.

A kind look, a kind word, a kind act is never forgotten, though valued as nothing by the giver.

How softly on the bruised heart A word of kindness falls, And to the dry and parched soul The moistening tear-drops calls. Oh! if they knew who walked the earth Mid sorrow, grief and pain; The power a word of kindness hath, Were paradise again!

The angel that is ever upon our right bears to heaven the good deeds that we do; and, with a countenance

radiant with exaltation, gives them to the recording angel who writes them down in bright letters in the Book of Immortality. If we do evil and repent, the recording angel drops a tear of joy upon the page and blots it out forever.

They who wrap themselves up in the cloak of their own selfishness know nothing of the sweet pleasure and joy of doing good; their hearts are as hard as adamant, and their souls as dry as summer dust. To such heaven would be a burden, and the rejoicings of the redeemed an unmeaning hallicujah. Charity covers a multitude of sins.

Reader you were created for some good purpose. Not a sparrow that flies, not a flower that blooms, but was made for some wise and good end. How much more so the creation of an immortal soul.

Nothing good shall ever perish. Only the corrupt shall die; Truth, which men and angels cherish, Flourishes eternally.

Not an act but is recorded, Not a word but has its weight; Every virtue is rewarded, Outrage punished, soon or late!"

R. M. O.

Tax-Payer to Mr. Carn.
Ocala, Fla., Aug. 35, 1905.

Mr. W. D. Carn, our county superintendent of education, makes the assertion through the Ocala Banner should the county go wet he would pay the expenses of calling and holding the election for the wet and dry election.

Now, if Mr. Carn is in good faith and wants this election ordered, he should deposit with the county clerk one thousand dollars in currency to prove to the voters and tax payers of this county that he means what he says. Money talks louder than words.

I notice that Mr. Carn has a letter from Gainesville with a very few names making the statement that the people of that county prefer it dry in Gainesville instead of open saloons. It seems to me if that is a majority of the Gainesville people, there is but a very few to do business of any kind. I am sure there is not more than twenty or thirty names mentioned.

A TAX-PAYER.

Tom Watson dreams great dreams for the populist party. He says it will do more good out than in office. Whether that be true or not, it is likely to remain out of office. History, however, gives accounts of great generals who never won a battle. They were great under retreat. So the populist party may have its uses.

The opinion of experienced men, those who have seen the wonderful growth of Florida and who have been important factors in its upbuilding, are of the opinion that the opening of the Ocklawaha river to navigation will prove a great developer of the resources of this lake region of the state. All of south Florida would be benefitted by navigation on the Ocklawaha.—Leesburg Commercial.

Paper Box Factory For Miami.

It is more than probable that a paper box factory will be established here in the near future. Owing to the bulk of paper boxes the freight on them is necessarily high. The flat pasteboard can be bought here in bulk and made into boxes. There is sufficient demand in the city and along the east coast and in Key West to keep a small factory busy.—Miami News.

Found Dead in His Bed.

Mr. Dan Dillon, who has a room over the Seed Store, was found dead in his room early Friday night.

Mr. Dillon was seen on the streets Friday morning and it is thought also in the afternoon, so he could not have been dead very long before he was discovered.

The deceased was a pedlar and had been living in Ocala a number of years. He was from Ireland and his people are are well to do.

Mr. John Neal, one of the substantial farmers of McIntosh, after spending some time in Ocala returned to his home Friday.

SCIENCE AND EPIDEMICS.

When, about the year A. D. 1375, the Black Death was ravaging Europe, the stricken population appealed for help to the medical faculty of the University of Paris. Help of a certain sort they got abundantly. "The cause of the plague," decreed that sapient body, "is the conjunction of Mars, Jupiter and Saturn." Its cure, among other things, was "to eat only small river fish;" "to refrain from bathing," and "to shut oneself in a close room at night." The church prescribed more active remedies. Of course these included prayers, bell-ringing and processions; but it was generally held by the pious that to torture and burn a choice selection of witches would do even more to avert the divine wrath and check the plague.

The Black Death was probably the most dreadful pestilence that ever desolated Europe. In England, it left alive, so some writers assert, only one inhabitant out of ten. Whole parishes were smitten to the last man, and great tracts of plow lands reverted to marsh and forest because none were left alive to till the soil. All over Europe the case was similar or worse. The Almighty seemed to have decreed the annihilation of the human race. Before the plague struck there were fearful outbreaks of religious mania. In the cities along the Lower Rhine thousands of people would suddenly leave their homes by one impulse, unite in a wild mob and dance day and night with furious calling upon God until they dropped dead. Witches were sought out and tortured with implacable frenzy as the allies of Satan. In Bavaria, before and during the pestilence, 12,000 Jews were put to death to avert the wrath of God; and to make sure of pleasing Him, they were racked at the trials, torn by mobs on the way to the stake and finally burned with lingering fires. In the city of Strasburg in one street, still called the Street of Torture, 2000 Jews were massacred as only a terror-stricken mob can massacre in the transports of religious frenzy.

Such were the remedies of that age for its measureless calamity.

God was angry, the people believed, because the Jews and witches were allowed to live; therefore he had sent the plague. In a similar way, Sophocles explains the plague that desolated Thebes in the prehistoric times of his tragedy, and the compilers of the Books of Moses thus account for the plagues of Egypt. The later Greeks were more rational. "Every man may account for it in his own way," says Thucydides of the pestilence that half depopulated Athens during the Peloponnesian war; but he says nothing of the wrath of the gods. DeFoe is equally skeptical in recounting the causes which the people assigned for the great plague of London. He mentions them all, the comet, the sins of the nobility, the profligacy of the rich; he recites, the dreams, the portents which had heralded its coming—but it is with cool skepticism. It is unlikely that minds like those of DeFoe and Thucydides ever believed that pestilence had supernatural cause. Even the mob during the horror, of Black Death mingled something like a national explanation with their superstition. To say, as they did, that the Jews had poisoned wells, was an advance in good sense over the theory of an angry God. Doubtless the wells were poisoned, though not by the Jews. The filth of a thousand years was rotting in the drinking water of Europe.

The religious cult of filth was universal at that time. It was introduced by the early Christians. St. Anthony for example, expected a reward in heaven because he had never washed his feet. Certain monks having impiously resolved to bathe in a stream near their monastery, the Lord saved them from thus imperiling their lives by drying up the water. Filth and piety were synonyms. "A stinking wave of air" hung over Europe, we read. Dwellings were never cleaned. The rush floors were piled over one stratum after another of decaying garbage for generations. The open wells accumulated ordure century after century. It was not merely use-

less to clean up; it was wicked. In one monastery 900 Carthusian monks perished by the Black Death. But no one dreamed that filth had killed them. As late as 1859, Dr. Hecker, speculating over the origin of this plague, does not suggest filth as a cause.

Even Jenner's great discovery did little for the prevention of filth diseases like the Black Death and typhoid fever, or of those like consumption, fostered by poor food and bad air; for smallpox is independent of dirt and poverty. In its palmy days this pestilence smote high and low rich and poor, clean and unclean alike. Two million people died of it, some years, in Russia; in 1520, the year the Spaniards brought it to Mexico, three and one-half millions of the natives died. It annihilated whole tribes of the Americans Indians. In years when it was only mildly prevalent every tenth death in Europe came from smallpox. Then Jenner made his great discovery, and now, while it is still somewhat more dangerous to have the smallpox than it is, it is scarcely more excusable. When Jenner transferred the drop of cowpox pus from Sarah Holmes' hand to the boy James Phipps, he earned the gratitude of mankind, but he did little for pure science. Jenner never knew why vaccination would prevent smallpox; and, therefore, scientifically, his discovery was sterile; while it left the filth disease exactly where they were before.

Cholera is a filth disease. When it first invaded England, in 1832, one case in three were fatal, but it was remarked as a curious circumstance, quite unaccountable except on religious grounds, that the victims were nearly all among the vicious and poor. The obvious inference was drawn, that poverty and vice being equally unaccountable to the British deity; but when, in 1879, Koch demonstrated the cholera germ and showed what it thrived on, the ancient belief that cholera and other plagues chose their victims for eschatological reason had to be given up. These victims were chosen because they were dirty. Such was the verdict of science, and the world had to accept it. From burning a witch to torturing a Jew to slaying germs when pestilence rages, is a long stride. It is a long stride from prayer to kerosene when yellow fever threatens. But mankind has taken many such strides during the last century, and, unless all sign fail, it will take many more.—Portland Oregonian.

"Love Laughs at Locksmiths."

This saying was verified in the marriage of Mr. Robert Flynn and Miss Mamie Galloway, two well known young people of this city.

Failing to procure a marriage license here they stole away in the soft stilly hours of the night and took the early morning train for Gainesville, procured the necessary legal document and were married Friday and returned home the same afternoon.

Mr. Flynn is a clerk at the Marion Hardware store and is a nephew of Mrs. Thomas W. Smith and is a young man of most exemplary habits and stands well in the community and with his employers.

Mrs. Flynn is an estimable young woman and was a recent graduate from the St. Joseph academy at St. Augustine.

The only parental objection to the marriage was the youthfulness of the couple.

This paper tenders its best wishes to the bride and groom and expresses the hope that they will be blessed with happiness, prosperity and length of years.

Great preparations are now being made by the Ocala boys and girls who are going off to school this fall. Ocala will be represented at the following schools: Georgia Military Institute; Donald Fraser; University of Florida; Chevy Chase; Wards Seminary; University of Maryland; East Florida Seminary; Sutherland Institute.

Mr. D. N. Waldron, one of the Banner's valued subscribers of Fellowship, paid us a call Friday, and informs us that he has decided to move to Fort McCoy and is now located on the Grantham place.

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OCALA, FLA., Oct. 22, 1904.

Messrs. Strauss & Co. Wholesale Whisky Merchants, Ocala, Fla.

Gentlemen.— In accordance with your instructions, I visited your warehouse on the 19th, instant, and personally selected from your stock a sample of

"Strauss' Royal Reserve"

whisky, the analysis of which shows it to contain:

Alcohol (by weight), per cent.....	36.66
Alcohol (by volume), per cent.....	43.61
Degree proof, per cent.....	87.10
Residue on evaporation, per cent.....	0.660
Ash, per cent.....	0.011
Reducing sugar, per cent.....	0.225
Volatile acids, per cent.....	0.027
Amyl alcohol (fusel oil), per cent.....	0.073

The above results show the whisky to be a carefully blended brand of high grade and that it has been distilled from a clean, pure grain mash. The amount of fusel oil and of volatile acids is very low.

Respectfully,
F. T. SCHREIBER, Chemist.

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