

"SLICK, BUT CAN'T SLIDE."

Gus Morton's Review of Governor Broward's Promises—Says He'll Not Climb the "Stony, Stony Stairs."

To the Editor of the Ocala Banner:

In the last issue of your paper I see that the democratic executive committee of your county has done the proper thing by entering a protest against the high handed way in which the governor of this state ignores democratic usages by appointing a county judge to the place of the late lamented General Bullock, and has shown his excellency "the color of their eye."

I would like to say, knowing the people of Marion county as I do, that while none of you have any objection to Judge Bell you certainly have just reasons to be offended by the way in which he received his commission. I feel proud for Joe Bell, for I know Broward never saw nor heard of him politically and dare say he did not meet him when he was canvassing for Galloway for sheriff in your recent primary. I congratulate Judge Bell for the pull he has politically and predict for him a bright future, provided he does not smoke cigarettes.

I do not think I am competent to dish out democracy, but I say right here for the best interests of the common people that they had better cut out Duval politicians. "They are slick but can't slide." They are quick to make promises but whether they are quick in advocating those measures which are so plain for the upbuilding of the state's reduction of taxes, the upbuilding of schools and colleges, remains to be seen. Individually speaking I have had the honor of working in harness with them, both politically and financially, and have long since arrived at the conclusion that gratitude is something foreign to their make-up. If you follow them up you will agree with me. Ask John Lewis of Moss Bluff.

Marion county can not only boast of her rich lands, hard roads, good schools and strong financial institutions, but can likewise boast of some of the most intellectual young men and old men to be found in the state. Such gentlemen, for instance, as Judge W. S. Bullock, William Hooker, R. L. Anderson, R. A. Burford and others to numerous to mention. Now if any of the above named gentlemen were to come out fairly and squarely for any office within the gift of the people they can win hands down and would fill the same with credit to themselves and honor to the state and they would not need a half dozen advisers, either.

It is well to remember that Napoleon B. Broward made his fight openly with his beautiful drawn map of the Everglades claiming that millions of acres of the richest lands in the world were ours; so fertile is this land that even the Mississippi bottom is a barren waste in comparison. If he were elected governor he would see that the common people would get a slice of the Everglades. So plain and plausible were his arguments that they proved vote catchers. But I know only one man that felt sure that Broward would reclaim the Everglades and wrest it from the railroad and canal syndicate and this gentleman got near enough to "stake a claim" at once. That gentleman was none other than Hon. C. M. Brown. But where is this land? It has developed into a state life insurance scheme for future political use.

Mr. Broward agreed to stand firm with the temperance people of the state, but where did this great measure land—only a measly little legislation preventing the sale of alcoholic liquors to the Indians now inhabiting the Everglades.

He agreed to push forward our country schools and colleges so that coming generations could point to them with pride. Did his actions along these lines prove sincere? No, he vetoed a bill which would have added largely to the revenues of the school fund. Why? Because it was derived from county convict criminals. Yet, within the change of a moon, you newspaper men say that he favored Lake City as the place for the State University. It is said that

the Lake City college is backed by "Uncle Henry."

Governor Broward, you will please take notice, will enter the race for the United States senate and will begin to climb those "stony, stony stairs" which Jennings tried to climb and failed; but instead landed into a million dollar bank. (By the way, I see that Jennings in a recent interview said that Broward was right in ignoring the Marion county executive committee, as he had done the same thing.)

Broward will again appear upon the scene with that "famous map" with its cocoanut rim which is only to be broken to let the waters into the Gulf and leave millions of acres of dry land which will be yours and your children's to inherit. Life insurance policy, as it were, payable ten years after death, or if paid while living will take in exchange corn, oats, hay, pumpkins or cattle—or if people of Cedar Key want to go into the combine, a few of those diamond back terrapin.

But remember Broward said in his campaign that he would if elected be the strength of the people. He has evidently forgotten that the democratic executive committee of your county is the voice of your people. He is so overworked with the various duties of his office of busily listening to the advisory board's schemes, that nothing short of a rest at Hot Springs with seven railroad tickets can bring around the desired results.

The train coming round the curve, whistles, blowing, and the appointment of a county judge in Marion county not made—why wait upon the democratic executive committee? I am the governor and I'll make the appointment whether the voters of Marion county like it or not. So, all aboard for Hot Springs.

But you remember, friends, his favorite anecdote in his political campaign about the countrymen who went to town and run in contact with the diphtheria, scarlet fever and small pox. He was advised by his numerous friends on account of his family to use a disinfectant; after much deliberation it was decided that asofoetida would do the work. So he hurried to a drug store and laid in a supply, taking some on his return home. He got soaking wet and sunbaked, and as he approached his home one of the boys spied him and hastened to greet him. But when nearing his beloved father he caught a whiff of the disinfectant and beat a hasty retreat to the house. Meeting his mother he exclaimed: "Ma, Pa is dead but don't know it."

In conclusion I will say that Broward is ignoring the wishes of your democratic county executive committee, standing firm with the temperance people, vetoing a law that would strengthen the finances of the public schools; getting too close in touch with "Uncle Henry's" lieutenants; not getting, nor likely to get, the Everglade lands so his friend Brown can "stake a claim." Broward is dead politically, for I can smell the asofoetida, and he will never be able to climb those "stony, stony stairs." GUS A. MORTON.

Like Finding Money. Finding health is like finding money—so think those who are sick. When you have a cough, cold, sore throat, or chest irritation, better act promptly like W. B. Barber, of Sandy Level, Va. He says: "I had a terrible chest trouble, caused by make and cold dust on my lungs; but, after finding no relief in other remedies, I was cured by Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Cough and Colds." Greatest sale of any cough or lung medicine in the world. At Tidyings & Co. 50c and \$1.00; guaranteed. Trial bottle free.

We are sorry that the article published in this paper Saturday was construed by anyone as jumping on the management of the G. & G. railroad. We certainly did not so intend it. We hope the road will not miss Ocala as has been stated in several newspapers and hope the management will not see fit to have it do so. Of course we all want very much for it to come through Ocala.

Mrs. J. W. Crosby and children, who have been at Saluda, N. C., for some weeks are now at Asheville, where they will spend the next month.

In the Later Years

By Analusia Barnard

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The boy and the girl met in Sunday school. She was six—rather old for her years; he was twelve.

They were selected to "speak a piece" together, a funny little thing in which she held her hands behind her while he guessed what she held. He repeatedly failed to guess. Then she would urge him to guess again. Finally, losing all patience, she would cry, "Oh, you great, big, stupid boy—I've just got a kiss for you." Then, throwing him a sugary cake, she would run off.

Soon after the dialogue episode his mother sent her an invitation to the boy's birthday party. Filled with pride, she exhibited the tiny note, with its pictures of birds at the top.

At the party she had a splendid time. First, each of the little girls was given a pair of ribbon reins with which she must catch a horse and trot him past the grand stand, where the judges sat smiling in armchairs. The girl caught her "great, big, stupid boy" and was happy.

After that a man in a long black robe did wonderful tricks and the children's eyes grew wide with wonder. Then, such a supper—bouillon and turkey and chicken salad, each in turn, like real grownups! And olives! "What's them things?" asked the boy, when he discovered the olives. "Look like pecans."

"Oh, you great, big, stupid boy, don't you know olives?" the girl retorted scornfully.

"Yes, but I wanted to see if you did, girlie," he answered.

The little girl turned and looked at him. "Why do you call me that?" she asked.

"Why do you call me 'stupid boy'?" he returned.

"Because that piece said so," she replied, her blue eyes smiling into his. "Don't you like it?"

"I—I don't mind—from you," he said.

"But you haven't told me why you call me girlie," persisted the girl.

"Well, because—because I like you, and that's what Uncle Jack calls Miss Paterson. I heard him say 'I can call you girlie when folks are round, but when we're alone I will call you sweetheart.'"

"Sweetheart," the little girl murmured. "Papa calls mamma that sometimes. Sounds pretty, don't it? He must love her lots. Does he?"

"No more than I love you," he asserted proudly, playing with her curls. "Her hair isn't half as pretty and she hasn't got such big blue eyes. Mamma says you look like an angel, so there!"

He blurted out, half ashamed of having voiced his admiration.

"I don't want to be an angel," she retorted decisively. But after she got home she decided that she liked the boy better than ever.

The children were friends for two years. Then business reverses came to Mr. Hurlburt, the little girl's father, and they went abroad to live.

"You'll always be my sweetheart, girlie," the boy said to his little girl friend when she left. "And I'm going to marry you when I grow up. Don't forget me."

And she, understanding little of his meaning, said, "I won't." Then she lifted her face for his farewell kiss.

And the boy remembered, and his mother encouraged the thought of "girlie." She knew that the memory of the child's sweetness and innocence was good for her boy.

The drawing rooms of Mrs. Appleton's handsome home were thronged with guests. Two men stood talking, apart from the others. Their eyes were on the slender, graceful figure of a girl on the opposite side of the room.

"I am sure I know her or have known her," Robert Worthington was saying. "I wish she would turn around."

"I believe she is some one whom Grace met abroad," Jack Appleton returned. "Her name is Hurlburt. Come, I'll present you." And without waiting for his friend's reply, he started forward and Worthington found himself being introduced to Miss Hurlburt.

"I think I used to know Miss Hurlburt long ago, before she was quite grown up," he said, looking at her frankly. He had held her in his thoughts so long that the meeting did not seem strange to him, but to her his smile was like the perfume from far off flowery fields which she had passed through sometimes, but could not remember where nor when.

"I—I think"—Then, with a rush of memory, it all came to her. "Oh, you are the boy I used to play with before we went to Europe to live. I'm so glad you remember me, but it's strange. How could you?"

"I was old enough to be impressionable, I suppose," he said, still looking at her. "I have always thought of you as 'girlie.'"

They were alone now. "Girlie!" she exclaimed. "It sounds pretty, doesn't it?"

The man laughed boyishly. "That's just what you used to say in the old childhood days."

"Did I?" she asked, with wide open eyes. Then suddenly, "Why, yes, and I used to call you 'great, big, stupid boy.' Do you remember our piece?"

"Do I?" the man asked with unusual emphasis, Miss Hurlburt thought. "Every word. Shall we try it now?"

She had entered into his mood. "Yes, let us."

Her face, which before had seemed to Worthington overserious, was

wreathed now in smiles like those he remembered on the sunny faced child. "Now guess what I hold behind my back," she began. "Wasn't that the beginning? And it ended with, 'I've just got—a kiss for you.'" She hesitated slightly over the last sentence, blushing prettily.

The half conscious love Worthington had felt for her always flamed into life. Looking up, she caught the expression in his eyes, and her own heart leaped. Then her color faded, leaving her white and frightened looking.

"Girlie," he said softly, "your memory has not failed you?"

"You—you mustn't call me that now," she said. "It's different."

"Different? How?"

"Oh—and her voice was almost a sob—"don't you see, you great, big, stupid boy?" The words had come back to her. "It wouldn't be proper; I'm engaged." And she extended her hand to him with the circlet of diamonds.

After a minute, when Worthington had swallowed some hard things that rose in his throat, he said, half questioningly:

"You—you are happy?"

She glanced at him shyly from under her long lashes. The hand which wore the circlet trembled. "I suppose so," she said. "I am doing my duty. Isn't that the surest road to happiness?"

The wistfulness of her appeal made him bold. "Then you do not love the man?" he asked.

"Oh, no," she said abruptly. The reply had escaped before she realized it. It had been taken so much for granted—that fact that she did not love the count—that the words were involuntary.

"Father wished it," she went on, "and I promised. I want you to marry Count Rinaldi or the son of my old friend Worthington," he said. They were the only ones who were good to him in his trouble."

At the mention of his name a light broke through the cloud which Worthington had watched fold about him while she spoke.

"Miss Hurlburt," he whispered eagerly, "do you remember my name—Robert Worthington?"

He stood back to watch the effect it produced. Wonder, delight, sorrow, resignation, followed each other in quick succession. Then she looked him squarely in the eyes, telling him more plainly than words that she understood.

"I am glad you are here," she said, holding out her hand to him. "It was nice to see you again. I must go now."

"But—I may see you?"

"Robert Worthington is welcome," she said, and was gone.

Worthington saw the girl occasionally, but it was only a short time until he learned that she would never break a pledged troth. And yet—yes, he felt that her heart was slipping into his keeping. At last, for both their sakes, he remained away from her.

One morning, when he was finding it particularly difficult to keep his resolution, a paragraph in the foreign news caught his eye. "Count Leonardi Rinaldi, charge d'affaires of the legation at N., died suddenly this morning. His engagement to Miss Dorothy Hurlburt, a beautiful American girl, was recently announced."

He read no further, but took the paper to his mother, his heart beating wildly, his eyes glowing with the light of love.

"Mother," he cried, look! Girlie is free, and now the 'great, big, stupid boy' will have his innings."

The Mariner's Yarn.

Down in the docks one day they were talking about a schooner which had been struck by lightning, when the reporter singled out an old mariner and said:

"Captain H., it seems to me I've read or heard of your vessel being struck?"

"Yes, she was," answered the old yarn spinner.

"Where was it?"

"Off Point aux Barques, about fifteen years ago. Very strange case that, probably the only one of the kind ever heard of."

"Give us the particulars."

"Well, we were jogging along down when a thunderstorm overtook us, and the very first flash of lightning struck the deck amidships and bored a hole as big as my leg right down through the bottom of the vessel."

"And she foundered, of course?"

"No, sir. The water began rushing in and she would have foundered, but there came a second flash and a bolt struck my fore-topgallant mast. It was cut off near the top, turned bottom end up, and as it came down it entered the hole and plugged it up as tight as a drum. When we got down to dry dock we simply sawed off either end and left the plug in the planks."—St. Louis Republic.

Untrustworthy.

The faith which Uncle James Hobbs had always kept in the accuracy of illustrations in his favorite magazine was sadly shaken after his visit to the botanical gardens.

When Mrs. Hobbs called his attention to a picture of a Cuban village in the next issue of the magazine he looked at it doubtfully.

"More than likely it doesn't look that way at all," he said, dejection plainly written all over his drooping figure.

"I never told ye about my disappointment sitting under one o' those pa'm trees in the gardens. Why, the pictures in the magazine gave such a shade to them Arabs underneath I'd always wanted to sit under a pa'm tree. But I tell ye, after trying it that blistering hot day I'd jest as soon think of expecting a ladder to shade me as a pa'm tree, and I don't know but sooner, if 'twas one where the rungs weren't too far apart. I wouldn't lay my calculations on Cuby's looking too much like that picture if I was in your place, Maria."

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