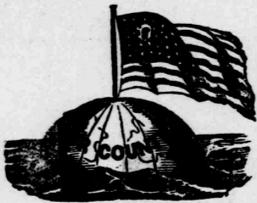


THE OCALA BANNER

FRANK HARRIS, Editor. P. V. Leavengood, Business Manager.



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, NOVEMBER 10, 1905.

Summary of Weather Report for October.

Table with 2 columns: 1904 and 1905. Rows include Maximum, Mean Max, Minimum, Mean Min, General Mean, Precipitation, Clear Days, Partly Clear, and Cloudy.

W. L. JEWETT, Local Observer.

Crill is a name that will suit the poets. It will rhyme with so many things.

The Toledo Blade ends an obituary notice of Jerry Simpson as follows: "Rest to his sockless feet!"

Gainesville has a new paper called the Elevator. It is very neatly printed and says it has come to stay.

"Views Afoot in Europe," may become again a popular book, if railway strike continues in Russia.—Pensacola News.

Is Mr. Charles Monroe Brown, of Miami, going to make the race for governor again? If he don't look out the worm will be caught.

A carload of okra has been received in Philadelphia from Florida. Here was a chance for General Gilchrist to have done some missionary work.

The Tallahassee Capital refers to Col. Thomas J. Appleyard, editor of the Lake City Index, as "Uncle Tommy Rot." This is almost outside the line of professional ethics.

Some paper sneeringly remarks that "Florida is a good place for hogs" Chambliss, and some other progressive farmers, are also making it a good place for cows.

An Anapolis (Md.) newspaper makes the assertion that there are more white shoes and white hosiery worn in that city than in any other of equal size. Then comes along a "smartalec" and says "prove it!"

A meeting of the growers of sea island cotton in Alachua county was held at Alachua a few days ago. No regular organization was formed, but a committee was appointed to attend a meeting to be held at Valdosta, Ga., on November 23.

After jumping through her window while she was barefooted, Miss Ocat Floyd, a handsome girl of Richfield, N. C., eloped with her lover, Dr. D. B. Smith, to Salisbury and got aboard a train for Charlotte, where they were married at a hotel. Dr. Smith and his bride are now living in Tampa.

The appointment of Mrs. Anna K. Dearborn as clerk of the circuit court in Dade county has been held by the courts to be legal and regular. Her husband died about two months ago, and when she was appointed to fill his unexpired term there arose a question as to whether a woman could lawfully hold the position.

An exchange notes the different customs of the people of various countries in saluting their rulers. When Roosevelt returned to Washington from his southern tour he was greeted with twenty-one guns. When Czar Nicholas returns to St. Petersburg after a tour over his domains his subjects try to greet him with twenty-one bombs.

TOM WATSON AND POLITICAL PARTIES

Political parties are composed of men—average men. Good men, indifferent men, bad men. The good men are not segregated to themselves, nor are the bad and indifferent men. Each party has its share of the good, the indifferent and the bad.

This was conspicuously illustrated during the civil war. The armies were composed of companies, battalions, regiments, brigades, corps, divisions. Each company, however small or from wherever recruited, had its good soldiers, its medium soldiers, and its worthless soldiers. And the bravery and the deeds of daring were not confined to one side of the line, either.

Brave deeds and heroic achievements immortalized both armies.

As it is in army life so it is in civil life.

Every town has its progressive and its non-progressive men, its blowers and its doers, its drones and its croakers.

So in like manner we say that political parties are made up of average men, and this will continue to be the case as long as men are men and not angels.

But Mr. Tom Watson does not seem to think so.

He seems to think that all the bad men belong to the democratic party; all the indifferent men to the republican party, and the good men all belong to the populist party.

Let's see how this is.

What is the history of the populist party?

Why, after threatening to sweep the country like a whirlwind, did it go so suddenly to destruction?

Did not bad men get in control of it and wreck it?

What can it boast as its achievements?

It established a newspaper in Washington City called the Economist. This paper was the Star of Hope and the Way of Faith to every member of the organization. They worshipped it almost as a holy shrine.

Yet graft entered into the tabernacle whence it was printed and devoured it so completely that neither toe, nor claw, nor nail were saved. It was a clean sweep.

The populist party can point to no past, it has no traditions and no hope of a future. It has lived its day and has scarcely left a ripple upon the surface of things.

Tom Watson himself is a bright, breezy, clever fellow, but, like all populists, is a little super-sensitive.

But Tom got his political schooling in the democratic party. He was born a democrat and reared a democrat. The democratic party, recognizing his ability and being true to its traditions to give struggling genius a helping hand, threw its mantle over Tom and clothed him with the official robes of office.

The democratic party has, indeed, done more for Tom Watson than the populist party has ever done for him or can ever hope to do for him—it sent him to the congress of the United States and opened the doorway of opportunity for the display of those extraordinary gifts of speech which has since made him famous.

Tom ought to have an affectionate feeling for the democratic party. It treated him with paternal kindness. It did not disown him nor disinherit him. It did not cast him out to feed on the husks of disappointment.

To the sound of music and with banners streaming it ferried him in triumph across the stream and put him in position to become largely what he is.

Few men ought to have a less grievance against the democratic party than Tom Watson.

Instead of masquerading as a prodigal and quitting the ship Tom should have stuck to it and fought the buccaneers from within rather than from without.

The first issue of the Live Oak Daily Democrat has made its appearance. It is a four-page, seven column paper and contains the Publishers' Press association dispatches. The first issue is a very creditable publication and it will get better as it grows older.

THE BEDSIDE.

After several days' stay in bed we are again able to resume the activities of everyday life.

We do not regret the time lost, nor the short discomfort endured, for we discovered that there are delights to be found even in the sick room.

The young men in the office, for instance, put themselves on their mettle, worked faithfully, and succeeded in getting out a better paper than we could have done had we been at our post.

This, of course, was pleasing and encouraging.

Then there was the attention and the devotion of the household. The soothing touch of the wifely hand and the pressure of the lips of affection.

Then, too, there were the solicitude and tender remembrances of friends and neighbors.

Is anything else needed to prove that "life is worth living?"

AND THIS PICTURE.

When quite a young man we remember to have visited the bedside of a sick man in Ocala. He was an old man and an editor. He wrote with the ease and purity of Addison. In his palmy days he was one of the editors of the Richmond Whig.

He was alone in the world. No wife, no home, no children and few friends. He occupied a back room in an abandoned store building. No carpet on the floor. No furniture, except a dry goods box, and a most ordinary bed, bowl and pitcher.

Here, alone, lay this man of splendid genius.

No one to sooth his pillow nor to mop his feverish brow, nor to console with him in his loneliness and affliction.

ANOTHER PICTURE.

We remember also to have visited not long ago a young man who was sick in this city.

Everything about the home was spick, span and clean. The bed had been freshly arranged, the snowy pillows were creaseless and spotless. A subdued softness and hallowedness pervaded the room, the evidences of wifely devotion and affection.

Every want was anticipated and every wish supplied.

"Now, is there anything else, dear, that I can do?" the wife said sweetly as she was about to retire softly from the room.

These are real, genuine pictures and the difference, in their colorings and surroundings, coupled with our own recent experience, made such a very vivid and forceful impression on us that we are ready to say here and now that the man who says that "marriage is a failure" is a heathen and a hog.

GILCHRIST OF OKRA FAME

We Will Distribute a Half Million of Recipes at the Fair.

General Albert W. Gilchrist left last night for Punta Gorda, after spending several days at the DeSoto. He has just returned from a three months' trip over Florida, Alabama and Georgia, and is in the best of health and spirits.

While away the general achieved fame by concocting a scheme for cooking okra, and out of his generosity and goodness of heart wants all the world to know it. To this end he has made arrangements with the Tribune to print 500,000 of the recipes, which will be distributed gratuitously, as long as they last, to the ladies who visit the fair. It is rumored that inside each document given given to single women and widows there will be slipped a portrait of the donor, in full military uniform, and bearing the name of the speaker of the house of representatives, together with a list of his qualifications for matrimony. Meanwhile, the general will look after all aspiring candidates gubernatorial honors, with paternal care.—Tampa Tribune.

Best Liniment on Earth.

Henry D. Baldwin, Supt. City Water Works, Shullsburg, Wis., writes, "I have tried many kinds of liniment, but I have never received much benefit until I used Ballard's Snow Liniment for rheumatism and pains. I think it the best liniment on earth." 25c, 50c and \$1.00, all druggists.

The Greatest Sermon By the Greatest Preacher

Matthew, xxiii, 13-39

But woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites; for ye shut up the kingdom of heaven against men; for ye neither go in yourselves, neither suffer ye them that are entering to go in.

Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites; for ye devour widows' houses, and for a pretense make long prayer; therefore ye shall receive the greater damnation.

Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte; and when he is made, ye make him twofold more the child of hell than yourselves.

Woe unto you, ye blind guides, which say, Whosoever shall swear by the temple, it is nothing; but whosoever shall swear by the gold of the temple, he is a debtor.

Ye fools, and blind! for whether is greater, the gold, or the temple that sanctifieth the gold?

And, Whosoever shall swear by the altar, it is nothing; but whosoever sweareth by the gift that is upon it, he is guilty.

Ye fools, and blind! for whether is greater, the gift, or the altar that sanctifieth the gift?

Whoso therefore shall swear by the altar, sweareth by it, and by all things thereon.

And whoso shall swear by the temple, sweareth by it, and by him that dwelleth therein.

And he that shall swear by heaven, sweareth by the throne of God, and by him that sitteth thereon.

Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites; for ye pay the tithe of mint, and anise, and cummin, and have omitted the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy and faith; these ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone.

Ye blind guides! which strain at a gnat and swallow a camel.

Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites; for ye make clean the outside of the platter, but within they are full of extortion and excess.

Thou blind Pharisee! cleanse first that which is in the cup and platter, that the outside of them may be clean also.

Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye are like unto whitened sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones, and of all uncleanness.

Even so ye also appear righteous unto men, but within ye are full of hypocrisy and iniquity.

Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! because ye build the tombs of the prophets, and garnish the sepulchres of the righteous.

And say, if we had been in the days of our fathers, we would not have been partakers with them in the blood of the prophets.

Wherefore ye be witnesses unto yourselves, that ye are the children of them which killed the prophets.

Fill ye up then the measures of your fathers.

Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers! how can ye escape the damnation of hell?

Wherefore, behold, I send unto you prophets, and wise men, and scribes; and some of them ye shall crucify; and some of them shall ye scourge in your synagogues, and persecute them from city to city:

That upon you may come all the righteous blood shed upon the earth, from the blood of the righteous Abel unto the blood of Zacharias, son of Barachias, whom ye slew between the temple and the altar.

Verily I say unto you, All these things shall come upon this generation.

O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her

wings, and ye would not? Behold, your house is left unto you desolate.

For I say unto you, Ye shall not see me henceforth, till ye shall say, Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.

Reaping the Reward of Folly.

A special from Kansas City says:

While a part of both the Floridas and Mexicans received here this fall have been quite ripe, the large bulk of the supplies have been green and sour. The change from the thoroughly ripe and extra sweet late Valencia to the immature new crop fruit was so marked that the consumptive demand diminished rapidly and the movement is now very slow. Prices have weakened lately, the Floridas and Mexicans bringing around \$2.55 to \$2.90 per box in car lots and \$3.25 to \$3.50 in a small way.

Dunnellon Growing.

Dunnellon continues to progress. Improvement is apparent everywhere and our little city is growing steadily forward. Dunnellon's future is in the hands of its citizens and it is possible to make one of the best towns in Florida. Pull together in the interest of our town and section.—Dunnellon Advocate.

A New Firm

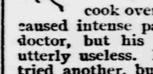
Messrs. Claude E. Nix and Arthur Olin have purchased a crate mill at Kendrick and have gone actively into the business of manufacturing cantaloupe crates and laths. The firm will be known as Nix & Olin. Both these young men are wide awake and progressive and we predict for them a big success in their undertaking.

HANDS CRACKED AND PEELED

Suffered for One Year—Water Caused Agony, Heat Intense Pain—Grew Worse Under Doctors—Could Not Do Any Housework.

ANOTHER WONDERFUL CURE BY CUTICURA

"About a year ago my hands began to crack and peel. I tried many remedies, but they grew worse all the time. At last they became so sore that it was impossible for me to do my housework. If I put my hands in water, I was in agony for hours; and if I tried to cook over the stove, the heat caused intense pain. I consulted a doctor, but his prescriptions were utterly useless. I gave him up and tried another, but without the least satisfaction. About six weeks ago I got my first relief when I purchased Cuticura Soap and Ointment. After using them for a week, I found to my great delight that my hands were beginning to feel much better, the deep cracks began to heal up and stop running, and to-day my hands are entirely well, the one cake of Cuticura Soap and one box of Cuticura Ointment being all that I used." (signed) Mrs. Minnie Drew, 13 Dana St., Roxbury Mass.



ONE NIGHT TREATMENT For Sore Hands and Feet with Cuticura. Soak the hands or feet on retiring in a strong, hot, creamy lather of Cuticura Soap. Dry and anoint freely with Cuticura Ointment, the great skin cure. Wear on the hands during the night old, loose gloves, or bandage the feet lightly in old, soft cotton or linen.

Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Pills are sold throughout the world. Patent Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston, Mass. See how to get it by mail.

OBVIOUS AUTO ACCIDENTS.

One Person Killed and Six Were More or Less Injured.

Los Angeles, Nov. 7.—In an unprecedented series of automobile accidents into San Angeles during the past 24 hours, one person was killed, one perhaps fatally injured and six others more or less seriously hurt. The dead are:

Mrs. H. T. Austin, 30 years old, skull fractured.

The injured: Miss Edith Pollock, 19 years of age, skull fractured, not expected to recover.

C. C. Davis, local real estate dealer, lacerated and bruised.

F. E. Kendall, sprinkling superintendent, severe contusions and shock.

Eugene L. Titus and wife, woman internally injured and may die; man bruised.

Mrs. R. R. Robbins, of White City, Kan., arm and leg broken.

Luis Marika, cut on head.

Mrs. Austin was instantly killed, and Miss Pollock, Mr. Davis and Mrs. Davis were injured about midnight Saturday night, when the machines which they were riding stalled on the street car tracks in front of a rapidly running car with the result that the car crashed into and demolished the automobile injuring all the occupants.

Titus and his wife, an elderly couple were run down by an automobile while they were driving at Pico and Hill street. Both were thrown to the street and injured, their horse being killed. The owners were injured by an automobile while crossing the streets on foot.

In another collision between two people were thrown out of the cars and injured. The injured were removed in the machines and their names were not learned.

MILITIA STILL IN CONTROL.

No Further Trouble Reported in the Kentucky Town.

Louisville, Nov. 7.—A special to the Post from Middleborough, Ky., says that everything is quiet this morning but the soldiers are still patrolling the streets. Several tough characters from other sections have been seen in town today. Deputy Sheriff Thompson, who led the citizens' posse in the battle with the outlaws yesterday, says that when they came in sight of the blind tiger, Bell's two little boys came out to meet him, but when they saw who he was, they went back and immediately the outlaws fired.

There were about a hundred shots fired, but no one was hurt.

The rendezvous of the outlaws is right under the Pinnacle, and is almost impregnable. The Law and Order League is still pushing the fight. Two thousand dollars has been paid into the hands of S. C. Ford, treasurer of the league, to push the fight.

Captain W. F. Nicholson has been made president, and it is believed order will soon be restored and business be resumed again.

Killed by a Drunken Man.

New York, Nov. 7.—Andrew Ingan, aged 34, was shot and killed this morning in a fight at a tenement house in Canal street. Ignace Pontremick, 24 years old, was probably fatally wounded.

The police have sent out a general alarm for the arrest of Tony Mori, 26 years old, of the same address. He is charged by Joseph Shipley with the shooting. Shipley told the police that Mori, who had been drinking, saw Shipley and two other men talking and thinking they were talking with him, ordered them to desist. They drew a revolver and began to shoot. The first bullet went through Ingan's heart. Three other bullets found lodgment in Pontremick's neck. The last bullet passed within an inch of Shipley's head. Mori then fled.

Los Angeles, Cal., Nov. 7.—Ira Calé a blacksmith, shot and instantly killed his wife yesterday and then shot himself through the forehead and died in the receiving hospital five hours later. The immediate cause of the killing was a quarrel over \$4, but the couple have not lived together happily and the woman had recently begun a suit for divorce.

Do You Wish to MAKE MONY

Growing Good Watermelons Next Year FROM EDEN SEED?

If so I can help you start right by supplying seed at a reasonable price. Last spring the ravages of rats forced me to plant my watermelon crop three times before a stand was secured. Consequently my melons ripened too late for profitable shipment, and instead of allowing them to decay I saved seed in the following painstaking manner from perfectly shaped, sized and ripened selected market melons, the first on five vines.

Both ends of each melon were cut off and thrown away, the melon split and the perfectly matured seed taken from the center and dried with special care. No seed were saved from rejected or decayed melons. I guarantee these seed to be strictly first-class as good as have ever been grown. I will plant my next year's crop from seed in the same box from which I will sell to my customers. As I have only 1,000 pounds on hand the sooner orders are sent in the surer they will be filled. Price 75 cents per pound, cash. As to my responsibility I prefer to my mercantile agency or responsible business concern.

Henry D. Still, Blackville, S. C. Eden Seed.