THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

Upon my bosom softly lies
A knot of blue and gray
You ask the why? Tears fill my eyes
As low to you I say.

I had two brothers once.
Warm-hearted, bold and gay;
They left my side—one wore the blue
The other wore the gray.

One rode with Stonewall and his men,
And joined his fate with Lee;
The other followed Sherman's march
Triumphant to the sea.

Both fought for what they deemed the right
And died with sword in hand
One sleeps beneath Virginia's hills
And one in Georgia's sand.

The same sun shines upon their graves;
My love for both must stay
And so upon my bosom lies
A knot of blue and gray.

DEBATABLE UTILITIES OF THE INDIAN WAR CLAIMS FUND.

To the Editor of the Ocala Banner:

What to do with the Indian war claims fund is a question that may well engage the attention of our best thinking men and command their services of speech or pen in seeking the most beneficial, practical and patriotic solution of the question or problem.

Several uses of this windfall to the state—I call it so, because its long time reaching us, the uncertainties of getting it and the debatable utilities when in possession, have all conspired to make the true Floridian nervous over it, and caused us each time it was heralded as a congressional certainty to exclaim: "Too good to be true!" have been suggested. Educational uses, and road building and dust paying application have been urged by some patriotic and thinking citizens. But I have not heard as much discussion of the matter as I would like to hear. The sum of money involved is large and rightly used can bring great blessings to the people. Surely the subject demands examination, meditation and the solicitude of our most earnest, thoughtful, wise and practical men.

It is a matter of business that concerns every citizen who desires the advancement of the welfare of Florida.

It is this desire that prompts me now to write, and I hope that those who may agree with my views on utilizing that fund will join me in discussing them—while those who differ, will offer a better proposition.

The best way of using it is to devote it to the bringing into the state desirable immigrants. The best system for doing this I will not discuss in this letter. That a practical and resultful system can be devised, I have no doubt being within the range of reasonable possibilities.

Taking it for granted that Florida is a good land to dwell in from every point of view in human living, and that a person here can have a "local habitation and a name" satisfactory to himself and agreeable to his neighbors, it appears to me that we can, in justice to those people who wish to make new homes, or to start life in some other state than that of their nativity, seek to get them to come and be citizens of Florida. We do this any way, constantly, in our unorganized and individual efforts. The people, the press and the politicians of the state declare that Florida is a favored land, and that the poor man has more chances for becoming independent and prosperous in her agreeable climate and on her responsive soil than in any of the other states of the Union. If we may do this in talk, why may we not do it in a practical, systematic, business way?

Florida is lamentably insignificant in the matter of numbers in population. Less than a half million souls respond to the roll call of the census, though we have arable, tillable and profitable lands sufficient to support millions of people. We are getting old without increasing measurably with numbers. The spirit that Rome was not built in a day seems to be all-satisfying in our state-making. How can we have a great state without a great population?

Nothing has been done by "the powers that be," nor by the powers that have been, to promote immigration to the state, nor even to stimulate it. Is this an admission that our state is not good enough on any account to induce people to settle in it? I fear that the charge could be made and plausibly maintained.

We need more good white people as actual and permanent settlers. The necessity is great, yet we seem to be satisfied with the small army of winter tourists, who, though welcome, are but fleeting benefits. They have monopolized our attention and enhanced our welcome so much that it seems to me that their idea of our being only an "afternoon state," has been adopted by us, and that it has gone forth in the world that we are keepers of picnic grounds for the rich, and have no good, peaceful, profitable and healthy homes for poorer people.

State aid to immigration is an absolute necessity to increase our population. The natural increase of population is not to be relied on by this state to make us advance on modern lines.

The use of the Florida Indian war claim fund for immigration purposes would be wise.

JNO. G. REARDON.

Jumped on a Ten Penny Nail.

The little daughter of Mr. J. N Powell jumped on an inverted rake made of ten penny nails and thrust one entirely through her foot and a second one half way through. Chamberlain's Pain Balm was promptly applied and five minutes later the pain had disappeared and no more suffering was experienced. In three days the child was wearing her shoe as usual and with no discomfort. Mr. Powell is a well known merchant of Forkland, Va. Pain Balm is an antiseptic and heals such injuries without maturation and in one-third the time required by the usual treatment. For sale by Anti-Monopoly Drug Store. m

Industrial Notes.

A company has been organized in Gadsden county for the purpose of manufacturing syrup. One thousand barrels were manufactured this season and the capacity will be largely increased next season. This is an industry that is peculiarly adapted to Florida and could be profitably established in every county in the state.

A ware house company for the storing of cotton and other agricultural products has been established in Alachua county. Mr. J. S. Dupuis, formerly of this county, is one of the incorporators.

The farmers of Polk county are combining for the purpose of securing the establishment of a canning factory.

The two canning factories in this county that have now been in operation two or three years, put it beyond the possibility of a doubt, that these factories can be made profitable. They should be as familiar sights in Florida as corn fields.

Several land and naval stores companies have been organized in Jacksonville, Tallahassee and other cities and business along these lines is quite active in many parts of the state. The reports of big sales are now not unusual.

Best Liniment on Earth.

I. M. McHany, Greenville, Tex., Nov. 2nd 1900: "I had rheumatism last winter, was down in bed six weeks; tried everything, but got no relief, till a friend gave me a part of a bottle of Ballard's Snow Liniment. I used it, and got two more bottles. It cured me and I haven't felt any rheumatism since. I can recommend Snow Liniment to be the best liniment on earth for rheumatism." For rhuematic, sciatic or neuralgic pains, rub in Ballard's Snow Liniment, you will not suffer long, but will be gratified with a speedy and effective cure. 25c, 50c, and $1.00 at the Anti-Monopoly Drug Store. m

WANTED—2,000 lbs. second hand barbed wire in shape to ship, state price. Address L. P. Miller, Ocala, Fla. 926m

DEVERY'S PHOTOGRAPH OF HILL.

Says He's a "Load for a Hearse" and Has Seen His Finish.

"I said that David B. Hill was a political hold-out man who wouldn't get into the game unless he could feel the mark on the cards through a pair of boxing gloves. He had the cards marked all right this time, but one night after he had been smoking political dope and was shaking hands with himself in the white house someone stole the deck from under his liver pad and changed the marks.

"I ain't playing no searchlights on myself as a prophet, but Hill's finish was as plain to me all through this campaign as the Flatiron building is to a man in front of the Fifth Avenue hotel.

"He rung the bell at the front door of the morgue the day he passed me along in the convention at Saratoga.

"After this his address is 'D. B. Hill, Dead House, Compartment No. 13, handle with care.'

"Ever since he has been in politics Hill has been a red hand consisting of four diamonds and a heart. The democrats have thought all along that in Hill they were holding five diamonds, sometimes they have carried off a bluff with it and sometimes they have stayed out and let the other fellows chip along but this year they had to show their four-flush when Odell called them and the republicans won with a pair of nines.

"It's a funny thing," Mr. Devery went on, "how a human refrigerator like Hill has been able to make people think he was a real live one for so many years. Ever shake hands with Hill? No? Ever go into a market on a cold morning and pick up a fish? Yes? Then you've shaken hands with Hill.

"Up there in Saratoga I stood on the platform and told Dave Hill that I demanded justice from him. I looked right at him when I said it. Did he look at me? It ain't necessary to give the answer. He looked into Tom Grady's ear like a boy looking into a picture machine. He couldn't look into anybody's face.

"When I said you couldn't elect a baldheaded man president I spoke the truth, but was talking particularly about a baldheaded man like Hill. Whenever you see a man get bald in front first so his forhead looks like half a football it's a bad sign. And when you scramble that up with a pair of eyes that work like the pendulum of a clock, there's a combination to run round the corner and hide behind a tree from.

"Of course Hill won't stand pat and admit that he lost. He is doing the old stunt—hollering fire from under the bed. When Bryan was 'It' in the democratic party Hill got into his cage up in Wolfert's Roost, locked the doors on the inside and the only time people knew he was alive was when they heard him snore.

"This year he thought there was a chance to get busy. He got his 'I am a democrat' sign out, put some axle grease on his peanut cart and goes up and down the street telling people that he sets a better table at his house than Ben Odell sets. I don't think anybody believed him at that. He looks like he lived on cracked ice and olives.

"I ain't crowing over the finish of Dave Hill. He was making people believe he was a great man when I was a common ordinary policeman. I've had it handed to me as hard as any man in this state, I guess, but they had to admit that I was on the level, and there ain't a man can say that I ever made a promise that I did'nt make good if it was possible to do it. When I said that Dave had got into the selling plater class a lot of people that thought they were wise laughed at me. Now Dave is ruled off the turf.

"Tom Powers and other picture men will have to revise Dave now They'll have to put crape on his peanut hat and hand a sign on him reading: 'I am a load for a hearse.'"—Bill Devery in New York World.

Stepped Into Live Coals.

"When a child I burned my foot frightfully," writes W. H. Eads, of Jonesville, Va., "which caused horrible leg sores for 30 years, but Bucklen's Arnica Salve wholly cured me after everything else failed." Infallible for burns, scalds, cuts, sores, bruises and piles. Sold by Anti-Monopoly Drug Store 5

What Marion County had at the Fair.

The best collective county exhibit.
Best drilled soldier.
Second best collective exhibit from any farm.
Best bale of hay made of peanut vines.
Best bushel of velvet beans.
Best hill of cassava.
Best collective exhibit of Citrus fruits.
Best Florida cured ham.
Best Florida raised colt.
Best Florida raised mule.
Best floral exhibit.
Best cold storage display.
Best collection of Florida woods.
Best pair of carriage horses.
Best phosphate exhibit.
Best display of good roads material.

Indeed Marion county had the best of everything at the fair and got everything she went for.

Notice.

The next annual meeting of the Medical Examining Board of the 5th District of Florida will be held at office of McKinstry & McKinstry in Gainesville, Fla., on Tuesday, November 25th, 1902.

GEO. E. WELCH, Secretary

Compliment to Mr. Reardon.

One of the ablest articles that has been published in Florida in many a day, is the letter of Col. John G. Reardon, which appeared in yesterday's Ocala Banner, in answer to a letter written by Editor Graham, of the Arcadia News, concerning the special terms of court convened by the governor recently in Sumter and Levy counties for the purpose of trying three murderers. The letter is a masterpiece, and without reflecting upon Editor Graham or admitting which of the two propositions is correct, it is evident that Colonel Reardon has outclassed his opponent.—Tampa Herald.

Remember Berry's Wagons are a new departure in wagon building. They are built well and out of air or natural seasoned wood, no drying house to kill the elasticity of the wood and make it brittle, thereby breaking like rotten wood. They are fresh, good and warm, just from the oven. Write W. B. Berry, Monticello, Fla.

Must Get Together and Stay Together.

There's at least one lesson taught from Tuesday's election. Unless the abuse heaped upon Bryan and Bryan's followers by one wing of democracy, and the abuse heaped upon Clevêland and Cleveland followers by the other wing is reconciled, the democratic party in the future has no more chance of winning victories than a snow ball has of passing unscathed through Hades.—Arcadia News.

A Repetition of Elder Jack Dowdy's Experience.

The report circulated on our streets yesterday that a prospector who came here with a view to locating, had been lost in the dense growth of weeds back of the court house, is unfounded. A searching party went out to find the gentleman, and discovered him in one of the deep gullies on Clinton street, where he had fallen while trying to make his way out to the Florida State College.—Pete Coogan in Tallahassee Capital.

Now that the sickly season is approaching, get a 25c bottle of Arkansas Chill and Fever Tonic and ward off a spell of fever sold and guaranteed by Tydings & Co.

Only Editors Can Afford It.

W. R. Hearst, owner of the New York Journal, is reported to have spent $50,000 to be elected to congress from the Tenth New York district. It is only newpaper men who can afford to pay such bills.—Metropolis.

No front hounds in Berry's Improved Wagon and what is put in place of them will outlast any two wagons or fifteen of the old style wagons. Write B. W. Berry, Monticello, Fla.