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AND
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OUR VOTING CONTEST.

The voting contest goes merrily on. As promised last week, the first count is given this week, but the result is by no means indicated by this contest. The contest has some time to run, and it is possible for names not yet mentioned to come in and win. In fact, such a thing is probable.

Hereafter, we will count the votes each week, on Wednesday night. If you want more votes the newsdealers have papers for sale and will be glad to supply your wants.

Remember this is not the final count. The one for the most popular man in Leon county will run until the State Fair opens, and the one for the most popular student until the State College closes for the holiday recess. So you have some time yet to work for your candidates. Go at it—and go in to win. Nothing is easier, with proper work and persistency.

The vote now stands:

MOST POPULAR STUDENT.

Miss L. E. Maxwell	47
Miss Eunice Rawls	6
Miss Bershe A. Meginniss	7
Miss Daisy Spears	1
Miss Mary Shutan	1
B. A. Meginniss, Jr.	1

MOST POPULAR PERSON IN LEON COUNTY.

Louis E. Cohen	50
Miss Edna May Evans	4
Dr. H. E. Palmer	4
B. Marion Brown	3

Somebody is going to lose a valuable prize if they do not look out. Over 900 papers have been distributed in this city with coupons in them. Either they are being held back or some one is letting an opportunity slip that will not be offered again soon.

KIND WORDS AND A STICK.

President Roosevelt's initial policy of saying little and of quietly consulting with the leaders of his party as to the most desirable developments of the near future is doubtless something of a surprise to those who expected his temperamental impetuosity to dominate him from the outset of his occupancy of the White House, says the St. Louis Republic.

Yet it must be remembered that Mr. Roosevelt is peculiarly a man of his word and that he has given his word as to what he will do while filling unexpired term of the late President McKinley. He has definitely pledged himself to carry out the policies of his predecessor. It would seem, therefore, that the new President must of necessity devote his time to consultations with the late President's advisers, learning precisely what is expected of him.

For the instruction of those who may be disposed to believe that the Roosevelt personality will be entirely eliminated from Republican national policies during the Roosevelt administration it is well, however, to note the news announcement that President Roosevelt guides himself largely by an old Congo proverb which he cherishes as containing a deep wisdom. "Speak softly and carry a big stick and you will go far," says this old African proverb. President Roosevelt is speaking softly just now. The big stick may be brought into evidence later.

HOW TO PREVENT ANARCHY.

The question of how to effectually suppress anarchy in this country has been receiving a good deal of attention since the assassination of President McKinley. Of all the remedies suggested, the following from the New York World seems to us to be the most plausible:

"(1) Punishing with death any attempt upon the President's life, whether such attempt fails or succeeds.

"(2) Providing for the banishment of every avowed or clearly proved Anarchist to some island in the Philippines, just as France used to exile her desperate felons to Cayenne and England hers to Botany Bay.

"(3) Making all Anarchist societies unlawful and providing for their destruction by suitable penalties for all their officers and members.

"(4) Excluding Anarchist immigration from admission to this country and providing suitable tests for their discovery."

All these measures can be framed within the Constitution, and together they would effectually draw the fangs of Anarchy.

They have found a new use for frogs in the West, says an exchange. The house of a family in Minneapolis was overrun with cockroaches. Insect powders and other means were tried in an effort to kill or dislodge them, but to no avail, and finally the pater familias in despair introduced some frogs as a last resort. Now, frogs, as is well known, look upon all worms and bugs which enter frogdom as their natural food and regard their killing as justifiable homicide in frog law. The battle was short, and all frogward. Messrs. Frog sat on their haunches and between winks and blinks shot out their tongues with marvelous accuracy and rapidity and then began to ruminate. The result was that Mr. Cockroach and all his minions were safely stowed away "where the woodbine twineth."

In the last issue of the Tallahasseean Major Robert Gamble had an able article on the subject of State life assurance. Several years ago this subject was favorably mentioned by ex-Governor W. D. Bloxham, who was acting as Comptroller at the time. It was subsequently given considerable prominence in these columns, and was favorably received in many sections of the State. In fact, it seemed to be in a fair way to become an issue at the following session of the Legislature. When that body met, however, it refused to take hold of it. The arguments advanced by the Major in his communication in our issue of the 4th inst. are all practical and his theory plausible. The subject is destined, we believe, to receive better treatment, of the law-makers than it has in the past.

Tampa has been receiving considerable unenviable notoriety out of the recent cigarmakers' strike in that city. The strikers were so unreasonable in their demands that the whole country was against them, and their cause could not have been bolstered up for a very great length of time. But the business men of Tampa, smarting under injustice, took the law into their own hands. Strike leaders were abducted and, it is claimed, left on a barren South Sea island to starve. They did not starve, however, but returned to further complicate matters. And now Tampa is suffering. While not condoning the action of the strikers, the press of the country is giving Tampa a kind of notoriety she does not want.

It is seldom Florida newspeper men get much consideration in the distribution of public offices. The Railroad Commission has made a wise innovation upon this rule, however, for Editor Dunn, of the Madison Recorder, the new secretary of the commission, is a bright young man, and will fill the place acceptably to the commissioners and with credit to the fraternity he represents.

The great self-sustaining class of humanity has little use for a man who is unfaithful to an employer. People realize that a man who will misuse the fountain of his daily bread is unworthy respect and confidence in any way, and they let him severely alone. Much of the "hard luck" people complain of is brought upon themselves in this manner. The world loves a loyal man and good paying positions are open to them all the time in almost every community.

Editor Thos. J. Appleyard has secured control of the Index at Lake City, and is giving that town a rattling good paper. Here's success to him and the paper.

THE FLORIDA STATE NORMAL.

Wednesday evening, October 3, witnessed the informal opening exercises in the chapel of the young ladies' hall of the Florida State Normal and Industrial College. There were gathered in response to an invitation extended by President Young, Superintendent Wm. N. Sheats, and several of the pastors of the churches in the city and many friends.

President N. B. Young in a few well chosen words outlined the policy which the school means to follow. The regular work in the literary courses will be carried on as usual.

However, a student is not to receive only a literary course, but in the industrial departments they will have opportunity for the training of the hands, the young men in the departments of agriculture, architectural drawing, painting, printing, blacksmithing, carpentry and tailoring; the young ladies in sewing, millinery, cooking and laundering.

In all these departments most efficient instructors have been secured, and the results at the end of the year will bear out these statements.

The visiting friends and pastors expresesd themselves in hearty accord with the work as it is to be carried on in the school, and promised their support and encouragement. They congratulated themselves and the school that there is the stamp of progressiveness in the work at the very outset.

The closing remarks by Supt. Sheats were characteristic of the plan which it is his desire to see carried out by the faculty of this institution.

The race which is to rise in the scale of being must leave off the old practices of former days, must not cling to the old inheritances, but must labor with the most progressive instruments and with the least expenditure of energy. Facility of accomplishment is the object sought to-day and only intelligent workmanship can be successful in the world of occupation to-day.

At the State Normal and Industrial College he wants to see skilled workmen in every branch that is taught; modern implements on the farm, in the blacksmith shop, in the carpenter shop and in every other department of the school, so that when a student leaves the institution he may be well equipped in some trade, besides being a scholar.

As a result of such training there is sure to be active, energetic and industrious citizens. Florida, by means of this institution, must help to make the colored people of the South what they should be, despite climate or any other condition.

It is gratifying to note that after the first week of school there are over sixty students enrolled and more are coming.

MURDER IN MADISON.

A fearful and terrible series of murders occurred in Madison, Madison county, on Tuesday last, which excited the town to the utmost. The perpetrator being one Will Williams, a negro belonging to a turpentine camp situated between Lee and Higden, about 8 miles from Madison. Williams was jealous of a negro woman by the name of Mary Bevins, whose husband was Richard Bevins. Williams had wanted to marry Mary, but she preferred Bevins and married him, which had occasioned Williams in a fit of jealousy to threaten to kill her at the first opportunity.

On Tuesday morning Mary went to the woods to carry her husband his breakfast. Williams saw her going, and followed her with a double-barrel shotgun. He came up with her as she was giving the breakfast to her husband and immediately fired at and wounded her. Then he turned upon Bevins and shot him, killing his instantly. He then turned again and shot Mary a second time, killing her. Williams then took to the woods and escaped.

The people in the neighborhood, hearing the shooting flocked around, and quickly sent for Sheriff Armstrong, who with a man named Stockton Smith, both with their shotguns and their dogs, came immediately to the scene. They quickly found Williams in Higden, a turpentine still, where he had taken refuge in a house near-by. When the Sheriff and Smith reached the house they separated, one going each side of the house so as to surround it. Armstrong then went to the door and ordered Williams to open it. Instead of doing so he first fired a shot through the door, which tore the clothing of Armstrong pretty badly, and then opening the door he rushed out and made for the woods. Both Armstrong and Smith shot at the negro as he ran away, hitting him in the soles of his feet as he ran. The negro escaped them that night. Armstrong stopped at the house that night, and at early day on Wednesday he put the dogs on the track and came up with the negro about two miles and a half away.

When he saw that he was overtaken Williams ran behind two oak trees that had grown together, and formed a natural breaskworks, and waited to see what would be done. Armstrong and Smith came within about sixty yards of the trees and then called Williams to come out. Instead of replying Williams opened fire upon them.

Smith was shot in the arm and Armstrong in the legs and body, the small shot simply stinging the flesh but tearing the clothing badly. Only one shot hit Armstrong under the eye, which caused the blood to flow, so that he was soon unable to see from either eye. By putting up one hand, however, and holding the uninjured eye open, he was able to shoot the negro, after which he was surrounded and captured.

The negro fired eleven shots before he was finally captured, but as they were only small bird shot they did little damage, excepting the one which hit the Sheriff beneath the eye, and which had not been extracted Thursday. The charge of buckshot which Armstrong fired hit the negro one in each shoulder and one in the knee. The negro claimed that another shot struck him in the head, but no signs of it could be found.

Wiliams was taken to the buggy, which was near by, and thence to the jail, where a doctor soon arrived and examined the wounds. He was kept in the jail until dark, with a strong guard, when he was slipped away by the Sheriff, Mr. I. H. Denton and an assistant, Mr. Henry Raines, who carried him to Greenville. Raines then took the buggy back, while Denson took the prisoner to the train and came to Tallahassee, where he arrived early yesterday morning. He delivered his prisoner to Deputy Hopkins, who lodged him in the Tallahassee jail.

While in the woods Williams met a white man by the name of Anderson, who was out after squirrels and who did not even know of the affair; the negro, thinking that Anderson was looking for him, shot him also, killing him instantly. Further on he met another negro with a pistol, whom he also supposed was hunting for him. Williams shot him also.

Williams is a South Carolina negro. While the prisoner was in the jail a large crowd gathered and going to Denton demanded the keys of the jail. Denton said that he would not give them the keys, but he would go to the jail and open it and let them go through it. While he was there his deputy had slipped away with the prisoner, so that when Denton reached the jail and opened the doors the prisoner was gone. By taking a side track Denton caught up with the buggy, and drove rapidly away, thus escaping with his prisoner. Denton says that he expected every moment that the crowd would catch up with him, take the prisoner and lynch him on the spot.

AN ESCAMBIA HAY FARM.

The following article is going the rounds of the papers, and shows very conclusively what energetic and enterprising farmers can do if they try. It will be a good lesson to those farmers who are all the time finding fault with their poor land, those who cannot do anything because they have no capital to work with, etc. Let them put their shoulder to the wheel, and in a few years laugh at their less fortunate neighbors:

Thomas McMillan writes in the Pensacola News about the model farm of the Clopton Brothers: "Their original sixy acres of unimproved forest had no superior natural advantages. It was entirely isolated from other improvements; with no stream of water in reach for irrigation.

"In pioneer style the axe was used in the clearing to make rails for their fencing, and to prepare logs for a cabin.

"A common windlass well has afforded 'water power' all these years for the farm—without the valuable appliance of a windmill—which proves such a reliable power in this locality.

"Their devotion has been to the ordinary crops of West Florida, almost exclusive of fruits. New specialties have been lightly touched, and but little attention has been given to forcing.

"A fine pecan grove has been started for the benefit of their children.

"As a rule, they have 'paid as they went,' and improved only as their profits warranted, although their means were insufficient, after the first purchase of land, to build a shelter and fit out for farming.

"Notwithstanding that they soon had the misfortune of losing more value in horses than their entire means in the outstart, they still adhered exclusively to and depended entirely upon their salamander field to meet all expenses and keep the 'wolf' from their cabin.

"While the land was new they made rather a specialty of sweet potato growing, generally producing nearly two hundred bushels to the acre, with about half the expense of the value of the crop.

"Each year the pine stumps were reduced until the mowing machine now runs as smoothly as over a Western prairie.

"They used some stable manure in the start; but now confine themselves almost exclusively to the fertilizers of commerce.

"One of the brothers kicked over the harness the past year but has returned from the allurements of merchandising to the more lucrative fields of the farm.

"Their new haying process is to be a specialty hereafter, as it is proving to be a wonderful 'trick of the trade.'

"After marketing the winter and spring crops, which had doubly repaid for their liberal fertilization, the fields are smoothed down for the mowing machine and allowed to rest until the spontaneous growth of clover and crabgrass matures for the harvest.

"In less than four months from the germination of the seed the crop is ready for the harvesters, the bales and for market. They have been using a hand press for baling their hay, but will purchase a complete horse-power compress for the next crop.

"This being an off year for hay, they expect an average of but little over a ton to the acre, although some acres will more than double that quantity. The quality and price compare favorably with Northern timothy and clover which require over a year to mature, after an expensive struggle to secure a stand.

"Fashions change on Cloptons' model farm, but not so foolishly as in the circles of Paris. They have abandoned the leading crops—sugar cane and sweet potatoes! These products do not rotate harmoniously with the new, fashionable haying system."

Those who have never ridden over the new tram-road that leads from the railroad station, at Sopchoppy, to the hotel at Panacea Springs, have missed a new sensation. A ride over this route combines the feelings caused by a trip on a toboggan, a "shoot-the-chutes," a merry-go-round and the cross-town horse cars of the West Side of New York.

The tram-car resembles one of the floats frequently seen in industrial parades, only it is not decorated. The pair of mules amble along between the rails at a gait befitting the dignity of animals that have the honor of drawing the only tram-car in this section of the State—possibly even in the entire State.

The motion of the car at first is pleasant, and the level country leading from the station affords the mules a chance to do their best. Then a curve appears, and the car goes around it in a manner that causes the passengers to cling to their seats. After that first curve the passengers get accustomed to the motion, and the speculation on their part—if it is their first trip—as to what will come next gives the trip to the hotel a flavor of adventure.

The road winds through pine forests, odorous of turpentine, and with the trees disfigured with traces of the axe of the turpentine negro; through dense swamps which have been made passable by building long bridges; up sandy hills and down again. The mules labor slowly up the hills, and the creaking tram-car follows with its load of passengers.

Once the summit is reached and the descent begun, the passengers could easily imagine that a "shoot-the-chutes" had been added to the atractions. The heavy car moves forward at a rate that causes the mules to hump themselves to keep clear of it. The loquacious driver ceases telling his passengers how many thousand feet of lumber have been used in building the road, and throws his weight on the brakes.

The swift speed almost takes one's breath away and before one recovers the car has reached the bottom and the mules settle into their normal gait.