

THE DAY WE CELEBRATE.

(Continued from third page.)

Change I know is written on every page of the world's history. Vegetation springs up and decays. Nations perish and fall. The stars of heaven shine and disappear, and man himself, created in the image of his Maker, yet weak and mortal, lies down in death.

But great principles never change or die. The forms in which they exist may break and perish, but, like the liberated soul, while the body crumbles to dust, truth rises resplendent from the grave of her defeat, and puts on new glories in every phase of her existence. So, too, with the great principles of liberty, though they slept for centuries, yet in the fullness of time they came forth again to bless mankind, resting for a while on the shores of the Mediterranean, then hovered for centuries over the British Isles, breathing the breath of life into the great charter of English liberty, wrung by the patriots of that land from the hands of tyranny and oppression.

Although the people did not even in those days rise to the full stature of free men, nor comprehend the meaning of liberty in its grandest sense, we nevertheless in that early period catch more than glimpses of that purer light which was to burst forth 600 years later on the shores of North America. Class distinctions, it is true, were not only recognized but provided for in that great charter of English liberty, and kings were still permitted to tyrannize over the people. But among others two great rights were established—the privilege of trial by jury, as it exists today, and the right to the writ of habeas corpus.

This, indeed, was a great stride in the direction of freedom, but it did not reach half way up the mountain side of human progress and civilization. The Britain understood the importance of a trial by jury of one's peers, and the advantages of the writ of habeas corpus, in order that he might be released from illegal restraint; but that all men were created equal before the law, that among the inalienable rights with which mankind was endowed by his Creator, were those of life, liberty and the pursuits of happiness; that to secure those rights governments were formed receiving their just powers from the consent of the governed, and that the people themselves should control their own political destinies, were truths that neither the Jew nor the Greek, nor the Roman, nor the Anglo Saxon had realized.

The Jew, though competent, perhaps, did not drink deep at the fountain of liberty. His reliance when the storms came and beat upon him was not upon himself, but upon the direct interposition of Jehovah. The Greek in his classic home, consumed with pride and luxury, with his head among the stars, and his cup full of glory for hundreds of years, neglected his opportunities until the tree of liberty, which had never in that land born its sweetest fruits, was shattered by the selfish and ambitious tyrant, and had fallen to grow and flourish nowhere 'neath Grecian skies.

The Roman, conscious of his power, loved liberty for himself but despised it in others. He wasted his energies in conquering alien peoples and sapped the foundation of his power in extending his territory, and in an unholy effort to carry the Roman eagle to all nations and lands. He followed alone the promptings of ambition and the instincts of greed until his moral perceptions, blunted by wars and conquests, and his eternal vigilance—the price of liberty—wakened by the glories of his victories and the grandeur of his expanding domain, republican government fell an easy prey to the imperialistic sentiment, which has unfortunately found a lodgment in every land and among every people.

The Anglo Saxon left his home on the shores of the Baltic with the principles of freedom implanted in every fiber of his nature. Even the stars which guided his footsteps and the very wind which wafted his bark to the British Isles seemed to sing to him in the sweetest strains of liberty. But he was not altogether free, nor did he bring to the Briton a message of freedom. He came as conqueror under a ruler to whom he owed obedience, while the Normans brought the feudal system and placed a foreign yoke upon his shoulders as he had done upon those of the unwilling

Briton, and there it has remained through the centuries, while he, true to his instincts, and as if in mockery of his fate has, as an individual, been the champion of the free everywhere, has planted the gem of liberty under every sun and builded monuments to freedom in every land and clime. No wonder that the Anglo Saxon, with the power of royalty ever hedging him about, and while he has owed fealty to that government on whose territory—extended at the point of the bayonet and the cannon's mouth—the sun never sets, could not, and can not, even today, at the dawn of the twentieth century, appreciate and understand the sublime truths that all men are born free and equal before the law, and that no just powers of government can be exercised except by the consent of the governed.

What might have happened if these grand truths had been earlier discerned by the human race? If they had been only appreciated by the Greek and the Roman, by the French, the Spaniard and the Anglo Saxon, centuries of oppression and wrong, of tyranny and bloodshed, of humiliation and sorrow might have been avoided.

But the ages came and went, and not until the Spaniard had hailed the beautiful "Land of Flowers", not until the Pilgrim Fathers had braved the dangers of the deep to people New England; in truth, not until after the whole Atlantic coast, from Boston to Savannah, had been settled by the oppressed of all lands, did these grand truths burst upon the mental vision of mankind. But even here on American soil they were not plants of voluntary growth. It required the strong arm of despotic power, the iron hand of oppression, to develop the flower and the fruit of the tree of liberty; it required the perfidy of a British king, and the wrongs of absolutism and tyranny to fan the spark of liberty brought to America from European shores into that brilliant light which flashed its rays around the globe, kindling the fires of hope wherever the clouds of despotism had gathered.

But, as grand as these results were, they were not all that flowed from the declaration of these immortal truths, for out of devastation and blood, out of seven long years of civil war, in which the votaries of liberty had fought for the principles of liberty and the very existence of their homes and firesides, with a desperation and a valor the world has never witnessed, came that republic, the marvel of all ages and the hope of the down-trodden and the oppressed wherever the tyrant's heel has been felt or the hand of man has been raised against the liberties of his fellows.

For more than a hundred years it has stood among the nations of the earth, towering far above them all in the excellence of its institutions, the grandeur of its powers, and the marvelous nature of its growth. What nation can boast of institutions founded as are ours, upon the inalienable rights of man, and whose structure till recently reflected the character of the foundation upon which it rested? What nation 'neath the wide circle of the sun approaches this in majestic power, whether in the arts of peace, and of all that make a people happier and their burdens lighter, or whether in the waging of relentless war against the enemies of its flag?

But, again, what country, whether kingdom, empire or republic, has shown the growth that America has shown? What country has ever planted the flag of civilization as high upon the mountain peaks of human progress as did the American people during the century which has just departed to take its place among the ages that have gone? None, no, not one. In all the civilization of the past or present; in all the centuries that have come and gone; in all the eras of man's advancement since civilization first dawned till now, no land, or country, or people has made such progress along every line of human thought and action, in every department of art and industry as have America and her people. None have eclipsed her in invention; none in application of steam and electricity, of air and water, and all the elements of nature to the uses and betterment of man.

And why is all this true? Why does this republic stand today the wonder of all the nations in growth, in development and in power? It is because of the principles enunciated in that immortal declaration sent forth to the world 125 years ago today from Independence Hall in Philadelphia.

It has not been alone the fertility of our soil, the grandeur of our scenery, the richness of our mines, nor the variety of our resources. Other countries have all these in rich profusion, and still linger far in the rear in the upward march of progress. But it is because here on American shores we have erected a fabric of government based upon the equality of the race before the laws, and whose foundation is laid deep and wide in the affections of the people.

It was because the sublime truths,

penned by Jefferson and defended by Washington, were written into the constitution, which Americans confidently hoped followed the flag wherever it went, on a national mission or whether it waved over states or territories or the territory of the republic.

These are the true reasons for the glories of the past and the grandeur of the present, but what, my friends, of the future? Would that we, standing here today on the threshold of a new century, and looking across the years, could see our republic pursuing the same lines of progress and development which she followed during the century that has gone; that we could yet see her scattering the blessings of liberty at home and uplifting the down-trodden and oppressed, holding aloft the lamp of liberty on our shores, while the rays light up the gloom of earth's struggling millions in foreign lands and in distant climes, could still see the constitution and the flag, the one unsullied, the other unchanged, going hand in hand on their heaven-sent mission of uplifting the race, and thus continuing to lead the world in liberty and progress up the loftiest peaks of human advancement, around whose summit the bright sun of Christian civilization shines with undimmed splendor.

But that is not the picture that meets our gaze if we read correctly the future in the light which recent events cast upon the canvass. We have found out, for the supreme court, the highest in the world, has informed us that that the constitution does not follow the flag; that although as we are told in the Declaration of Independence taxation without representation should not exist, that all the just powers of government come from the consent of the governed, yet that we can and do own distant possessions and millions of people who may be governed and who are governed and taxed by the congress of this free country without reference to the wishes or interest of the governed, and without representation in the body which imposes the taxes, and puts the burdens upon its people.

It was not for this my friends that the fathers toiled and the patriots of the revolution poured out their blood; not for this that the republic was builded or our free institutions planted; not for this that the savage was driven back by the hardy pioneer, and our continental domain extended; indeed, it was not for this that our resources have been developed and our national power increased until we have today a nation the grandest that civilization has produced, with monuments of progress rising up on every hand and her glories and her triumphs the admiration of the world.

But all this was done that here on America's shores liberty might live and tyranny die; that democracy might grow and flourish, and that imperialism should wither and perish; that the down-trodden might find an asylum from the hands of oppression, and the people of all lands a friend ready with its powerful arm to shield and protect, not to oppress and destroy.

For more than a hundred years this was true; for more than a century the spirit of freedom remained here the living and controlling force; during these years the Declaration of Independence was not forgotten by those in high places, and the farewell address of the Father of his Country was still remembered. For years the star of empire peeped, and the sun of liberty shone bright from American skies, a beacon to the devotees of liberty wherever freedom's altar had been erected.

But now we have taken the first step in the direction of empire. Shall the remaining distance, short though it is, be passed? That is the question for the American people to solve, and at the bar of humanity they must make a final answer.

The extremes have not yet been reached; the rubicon has not yet been crossed, and the remedy is still within our reach if we care to apply the corrective. Fifteen millions of freemen armed with the electoral franchise can yet say, and that, too, with a voice that must be heard and heeded throughout the length and breadth of the land, that wherever the flag waves the constitution shall rule, and that nowhere under our institutions are there degrees in American citizenship, or room for a subject people.

Come we then, today—all of us—freeman, citizen, patriot, and on the anniversary of the birth of freedom in this fair young western world and with high resolve that the wheels of human progress shall not be stayed in their onward sweep, consecrate anew our energies, our talents, and our sacred honor to the perpetuation of free institutions in America to the end that liberty shall not perish and that imperialism shall not grow and flourish beneath our flag.

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.

The Oil Excitement Continues.

One of the most expert chemists in this section has given an order for the latest approved apparatus for making analytical oil tests.

All doubts have been dispelled as to the genuine existence of oil indications along the valley of the Withlacoochee river and tributary streams.

Unless chemists are very badly deceived, the indications are superior to those at Beaumont, Texas, and the oil itself is of a vastly superior quality.

So great is the faith of those who first believed in the discovery and put out their money in securing options on land, that they have purchased machinery and in a little while will begin sinking wells, and they are absolutely certain that oil reservoirs will be reached and this section of Florida become the richest in the world.

Appros of this astounding discovery, Dr. D. A. Smith, of Anthony, ex-member of the legislature, was in town during the week, and confirmed the story that in sinking the artesian well at Anthony the drill passed through a strata of coal fourteen feet in thickness, and every indication pointed to the existence of oil further down in the bowels of the earth.

The most notable statement of its existence is told by County Commissioner Ed L. Wartmann, of Citra. He says that about fourteen years ago when Mr. James A. Harris was sinking an artesian well at his place in Citra at a depth of eight hundred and twenty feet he struck a stream of oil after passing through a strata of kannel coal. The oil was in sufficient quantity to grease the well ropes for a distance of two or three hundred feet. Mr. Harris, who is extremely conscientious and cautious in any statement he may make, confirms this story.

Speaking of the discovery of oil in Florida the Los Angeles Herald says: "Among Los Angeles oil men is the information that near Ocala, Fla., oil indications exist. It is understood that for the past three or four weeks a quiet but energetic search for oil has been going on at Juliette, in the phosphate section, twenty-one miles from Ocala.

"This investigation came about through the visit of a Texas oil expert more than a month ago, who said the lay of the land was not unlike that in the Texas oil fields. He made a cursory examination and found to his surprise that the surface indications were most promising. His friends at once secured options on several large tracts. When the phosphate concerns heard of it there was a rush for options. Several thousand acres are now held for thirty or ninety days, and many others have been leased on shares.

"A number of borings have been made. The operators have chemists at work and the soil from the borings is carefully analyzed. These reports have been kept secret, but enough has been learned to say that the analyses have been favorable.

It is known that near Dunnellon oil has been found, and that \$3000 has been refused for an acre tract. Business men are securing options on lands."

Prescriptions—Postoffice Drug Store.

Foley's Honey and Tar cures colds, prevents pneumonia.

Sympathy.

Will no one utter a word of sympathy for the poor woman whose heart is sore with trials, perplexities and unkindness. A little helpless family to support a husband in trouble, and no kind words, only lots of steel to pierce the heart already sore. How is it? Is it thus Christ has commanded the sinner to appear? "To give good for evil." Then, professed Christians, your work has not yet begun, more should be expected of the Christian, church member, if you please, more is expected, and alas, sad to say, less is given. Christian charity has been written of before. How rare the perfect work. Oh, for a few words of kindness, a soul with pity filled. A generous hand and heart combined to do to the Master's will.

A searching light in every heart to see which one is right. To see ourselves in the words of Burns, "as others see us." In other words, as we are, and as God sees us. With a pitying sympathy for us all, and a noble example of love for all mankind. As good deeds live after us, so will good works ennoble the person from whom the Son of God hath called them forth. Noble principles, noble lives, and the spirit of immortal love, this is the ennobling power from whence all blessings flow. A power sublime, eternal, gifted with unending love-divine.

A prayer: "May you all be ready even as I am to see the right way. Have pity." A FRIEND.

In some of the Swiss valleys the inhabitants are all afflicted with the goitre "thick neck." Instead of regarding this as a deformity they seem to think it a natural feature of physical development, and tourists passing through the valley are sometimes jered by the goitrous inhabitants, because they are without this offensive swelling. Thus a form of disease may become so common that it is regarded as a natural and necessary condition of life. It is so, to a large extent, with what are called diseases of women. Every woman suffers more or less from irregularity, ulceration, debilitating drains, or female weakness, and this suffering is so common and so universal that many women accept it as a condition natural and necessary to their sex. But it is a condition as unnatural as it is unnecessary. The use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription strengthens the delicate womanly organs and regulates the womanly functions, so that woman is practically delivered from the pains and misery which eat up ten years of her life—between the ages of fifteen and forty five. "Favorite Prescription" makes weak women strong and sick women well.

Prescriptions—Postoffice Drug Store.

Alex. Holly has a peach tree in his orchard at Eureka that measures thirty-six feet across its branches, as well as one of the finest flower gardens in this section of the county. He also has the finest variety of figs known here.

Is your liver tired! Does it fail to do its duty? If so, don't neglect its call for help. A few doses of Herbine may save you a spell of sickness. Herbine is the only perfect liver medicine. It cures chills and fever. Price 50 cents. Anti-monopoly Drug Store.

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