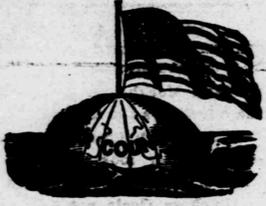


THE OCALA BANNER

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



MOTTO: THE BANNER, BELIEVING THEM 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, AUGUST 25, 1905.

Now, will Governor Broward be good!

There is a Tallahassee club in New York City.

Progressive Pensacola, the Journal says, will vote for bonds.

Florida is a great state. It can have hot weather an hit 'er rainin'!

Tallahassee is in deep mourning over the death of two prominent citizens.

And now the Lake City Index is saying things "against" the Madison Recorder.

Perry, in Taylor county, and Brooksville, in Hernando county, have new banks.

Railroad Commissioner R. Hudson Burr is in South Dakota enjoying its summer climate.

For U. S. senator in 1908, the News nominates Hon. S. M. Sparkman, of Tampa.—Crystal River News.

T. B. Hartig, formerly of the Duncannon Advocate, is now proprietor of a paper at Withlacoochee, Ga., which he has christened the Sun.

We are not complaining at all but this paper has been running short handed for more than a week, and the "old man" has had to play typ.

The editor of the Pensacola Journal seems to have been absent from his post for a long time. His snappy, witty, sparkling productions are a decided loss to that paper.

Governor Broward is combining business with pleasure and is inspecting dredging machinery which he expects to use in draining the everglades.

Judge Frank Simonton, of Tampa, one of the recent purchasers of the G. and G. railway, has just returned from Birmingham, and will in a few days give out some railroad information.

In Ocala last Saturday we found that some of Governor Broward's warmest supporters in the campaign are feeling quite indignant over the matter of appointing a county judge.—Sumter County Times.

Will somebody produce a reason why the cantaloupe generally this season is tough and tasteless? Can it be that it has been crossed with the gourd, as is alleged by a Philadelphian writer?—N. Y. Packer.

Rev. Story, colored, claims that he was hit over the head by a member of his race because he voted for Napoleon B. Broward for governor, and is looking for the friends of Broward to throw some stray nickels his way, but he says that he hit the wrong town at the wrong time. When last heard from Story was heading for Moss Bluff, — but that will bring on more talk!

It now seems that Divine Providence interfered in the appointment of county judge for Marion county. The Banner says that the rain was the cause of the non-attendance of the democratic county committee at the meeting and no action was taken. A Democratic committee that will let anything short of a cloud-burst stop its deliberations needs to be reorganized and have some men of business placed on its membership.—Gainesville Sun.

SURVIVING HIS DEAD.

The Sunday issue of the Daily Gainesville Sun contains a cartoon entitled:

"The Sun Inters Another of Its Many Competitors!"

The headstones mark the graves of many buried newspapers, and Editor McCreary, with sleeves rolled up and spade in hand, is busy throwing the sod over his last rival, the Gainesville Star.

To its memory is inscribed the following verse:

"Too frail for life's cold rugged way, Like those before that 'came to stay,' 'Twas found the venture would not pay, And so the Star has passed away."

This is a very pleasant occupation for Editor McCreary, but it strikes us as a little rough on the "other fellows."

And this last interment, especially, it seems to us, does not speak well for the liberality of a prosperous and grateful people!

In the recent "wet and dry" election the Star took up the cudgels for the "drys" and did signal and herculean service for that side, and to its persistent and splendid work the success of the election was largely attributed.

The gratitude of its adherents was shown by them giving to the Star big bouquets of flowers and the promise of their undying love and devotion; yet, in two short years or less, their promises are quickly forgotten and the Star is allowed to "go dead!"

The story is a very pathetic one and the moral its points is obviously plain and is not at all praiseworthy to the higher side of human nature.

The Tampa Herald most forcibly replies to the Ocala Banner's claim that the name of Governor Napoleon B. Broward is "mud" in Marion county, when it modestly suggests that his name in the whole state might have also been "mud" had the Banner only possessed the requisite amount of "mud" or "in fluence" to have defeated him.—Jacksonville Floridian.

It seems to us that the above is a cruelly unjust accusation and imputation upon the methods of this paper. If there is a newspaper in Florida that is free from "mud throwing" it is the Ocala Banner. It started out in life with a determination not to use "mud," or anything approaching "mud" as a weapon of offense or defense.

During Mr. Broward's campaign, notwithstanding he sent a copy of that baseless caricature, entitled, "A School of Journalism," into nearly every home in Florida, this paper uttered not an offensive word against him.

It has devoted its whole life in an effort to lift up the tone and standard of Florida journalism.

It doesn't recognize "personalities" as necessary in a discussion or "mud" as convincing in an argument. Fairness, it has always held, is the most forceful and convincing weapon.

But why continue along this line? Tom Watson is given the credit of coining the expression, "Where am I at?"

It has been denied a thousand times yet he says it continues to bob up freshly and serenely; and, like the ghost of Banquo, will not down, which goes to prove that a "lie will travel around the world while truth is putting on her boots!"

It matters not how many times corrected a false idea and a false statement—like the running brook—will go on and on forever.

Rev. J. W. Carpenter has opened the campaign in Marion county for the local option election and The Ocala Banner says he made an able address. Wonder if he will get raked over the coals by Br'er Roberson for trying to save men from the curse of liquor?—Gainesville Sun.

Perhaps Colonel Roberson may think it looks like carrying coal to Newcastle, and that work of this nature, like charity, ought to begin at home.

The Standard Oil Company has directed a dividend for the quarter of \$6 a share, payable September 15. The previous dividends were \$9 a share, payable June 15, and \$15 per share, payable March 15, making \$30 a share declared so far this year, against \$29 a share in the corresponding period of last year.—St. Augustine Record.

"NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN."

The above was the exclamation of one of the celebrities in biblical times, and it seems to hold true all through the ages.

For instance, the Union, of San Diego, Cal., says that probably it will be a partial shock to the scientific gentlemen who recently evolved the "mosquito theory," to learn that its general principle was known centuries ago. According to Surgeon Eakins, of the marine hospital service, now stationed at Calcutta, a pamphlet written in Sanscrit has been discovered in Ceylon, which shows that the fact that diseases are transmitted by mosquitoes was known as far back as the sixth century. The British governor-general of Ceylon has had the old pamphlet translated. Its author, who is not known, set forth that his investigations disclosed that there are forty kinds of mosquitoes which carry malaria, and he believes that they transmitted other diseases, and he was no doubt correct; if yellow fever, why not other diseases? The ancient scientist did not explain how they did it. Obviously he knew nothing about germs. He merely declared that the insects carried disease, and this is really the important fact, the manner in which they do it being secondary.

In view of what has been accomplished since the "mosquito theory" was established, it seems rather unfortunate that the old Sanscrit pamphlet was not dug up centuries ago and use made of the information it contains.

The county committee of Marion has censured Governor Broward for exercising the right given him by the constitution of the State — i. e., to make appointments. Of course the committee, or majority of it, wanted to name the appointee hence its displeasure. But it seems that the committee did not fully awake to the fact that it was not the Governor.—Tampa Herald.

Then the governor ought not to have made the endorsement of the committee a pre-requisite to obtaining the office, but having done so, he should have stuck to it. A governor ought to keep his promise, even to his friends.

To our mind the fact that Governor Broward, being charged with ignoring those whose only claims to the office seemed to have their personal friendship for him and appointing a man highly recommended and with whom he was not personally acquainted, is about the highest recommendation that Governor Broward could get.—Tampa Herald.

Evidently the Tampa Herald does not read The Ocala Banner very carefully or it would not make this break the second time.

The Ocala Banner will perhaps get over its attack and become reconciled again to the fact that Napoleon B. Broward is governor of Florida for the whole people and was not elected simply to put his personal friends in office.—Tampa Herald.

We refer this item to Mr. Hamp Chambers and the two hundred and sixty-five Ocala people who signed his petition to be justice of the peace for the Ocala district.

Alexander's Aggregated Accidents.

James E. Alexander, the popular "wire-grasser," has met with a number of accidents the past few weeks, which goes to prove this misfortune never comes singly. In the first place his horse was knocked down by lightning. Then he bought a fine setting of eggs and a blooded rooster; these he put in his wagon and came down town, the rooster being placed in a corn sack and the eggs on the seat; Jeems went into a barber shop, and a neighbor came along and asked for a ride home; Jeems said "Jump in." The neighbor got in the wagon, sat down on the eggs and put his feet on the rooster's neck, killing him. Following this, Jeems had the misfortune to be kicked by his horse, and one of the small bones in his leg broken. But notwithstanding all these misfortunes, Jeems has not been put out of business, and is as joyful as of yore.—DeLand News.

The Browns are already in politics on the east coast. It is noted that C. M. jr.,—son of he who was candidate for the nomination for governor—is a candidate for treasurer of Miami, and he seems to be using some of the literature left over from his father's state campaign.—Tampa Times.

THOSE IN PRISON BONDS.

The Punta Gorda Herald has no feeling of sorrow; no word of pity nor compassion for the men who are behind prison bars.

Here is the way the Herald talks: "The esteemed Lake City Index is a moment of thoughtfulness refers to the state convicts as 'unfortunate people.' They are nothing of the kind, they are mostly a lot of unmitigated scoundrels who are very fortunate in not having been shot for their outrages."

Nevertheless, whether guilty or innocent, these men are "unfortunate."

The man is "unfortunate," whose training, or want of training, blinds him to the hideousness of crime.

It goes without saying that innocent men, convicted of crimes at which their hearts shudder, on false and perjured testimony, and in humiliation and disgrace, are wearing out their lives behind prison bars, are indeed unfortunate.

And how many innocent men have so suffered?

History is replete with an array of names; and, if so many are known, how many more have silently suffered and passed out as "unknown?"

Paul, the Great Apostle, was in prison bonds and suffered many stripes.

Bare, frowning prison walls, and the jibes of the multitude, were not unfamiliar to the Man of Sorrows, and he finally suffered the doom that is meted out to the most-hardened felon.

Who can read Byron's "Prisoner of Chillon," without being touched with pity for this suffering victim of oppression?

But here is a story of to-day that comes to us from Georgia that ought at least not let the fountains of pity run dry, but, on the contrary, should touch a live-wire of sympathy and sorrow in every beating, pulsing heart.

We shall let Mrs. W. H. Felton tell the sad, touching story which she describes in the Atlanta Journal:

The story of Charles Henry Franklin, who was condemned to be hung in Bibb superior court over twenty years ago, and who was respited on the gallows, after the rope had been tied on his neck and his feet were standing on the death trap under the gallows tree, beggars romance and proves the truth of the old saying that fact is stranger than fiction.

His respite procured a change in the sentence and he was sent up as a life convict and served twenty-one years of this hard sentence, although he was an innocent man all the time, and his life had been sworn away by the real murderer.

And this happened here in Georgia! The real murderer confessed the crime on his death bed and told bystanders that Franklin was an innocent sufferer. This poor victim of another's wrongdoing had not only been nearly hung, but he served at the hardest work as a life term convict in Cole City coal mines and on railroad grades in summer's heat and winter's frost, and at rock quarries, where toil was of the hardest and punishment severest. His wife died on the day when the hangman's rope was fastened on his poor neck—died from grief, shame, humiliation and despair, leaving a little baby girl three days old. Her suffering was greater than she could bear and her life left its grief-stricken tenement to find perhaps rest that was denied her here on earth.

This poor wretched man had also a mother, whose agony was immeasurable and who died as a pauper, consumed by the agony of her grief and the condition of her hopeless son, a life convict in Georgia's chain-gangs. This poor Mr. Franklin was 65 years old when the prison doors were opened and he was told to go, as he had been cleared by the confession of the real murderer.

But what was there for him on the outside, after such bitter servitude and degradation, except the liberty to go where he pleased, the liberty to subsist and make a living the best he could; for one of his arms had been mashed off in a lumber mill and he was not only crippled in mind, but maimed in body, a penniless pauper, a homeless waif, having been dead to the world for twenty-one years, and thereby robbed of the best years of his life? Is it not dreadful to know how deeply he was wronged?

True it is, he had the consciousness of being innocent, and his self-respect doubtless sustained him in the hope that God would be merciful and let the truth prevail; but who can measure the depths of suffering, as the years rolled on, as his head whitened and his health declined, and nothing apparently came to his relief?

He had never seen his child, that three-day-old baby which survived the mother on that awful day set for its father's execution, and when he

found her in Florida after the prison doors were opened to him, she was herself a mother and this poor victim of another's sin was a grandfather. In those dreadful convict camps the life convict worked overtime and sent the money to educate that child, and that child's life was shadowed and depressed and hampered by the fact that her father was once nearly hung and was still a life convict in Georgia's convict penitentiary—condemned for murder!

It is simply too horrible to be expressed in words! No amount of money can equalize the suffering and the rightful claim of Franklin to justice and rehabilitation before his fellow man!

He always protested his innocence but it availed him nothing, after the jury decided against him. Just imagine if you can how his poor heart gasped and agonized and beat itself against the injustice of man!

The story of Jean Valjean will ever remain a classic in popular fiction, but Jean Valjean could get out, and could breathe the free air, and could circumvent his enemies, and could do works of charity, was beloved by those who knew him best even if he was all the time in danger and forever hounded by the law that sealed his fate as a convict in France.

Franklin's fate was inexpressibly hopeless; he was forever under the ban; his load never lightened; always bowed down, nothing in sight save death that promised relief. Pitiful beyond expression was his condition until the jailor opened the door and said, "You can go!"

Go to what, after old age had overtaken him and his life had been continually seared as with a red hot iron and left scars as deep as plow furrows on his hopes and happiness.

J. R. Saunders and associates of Pensacola and Georgia have purchased 75,000 acres of timber land in Santa Rosa county. The production of naval stores will be the object of the company formed.—Tallahassee Capital.

Governor Broward, Mrs. Broward, and the seven Misses Broward, are at Portland, Ore., taking notes of the great Lewis and Clark Exposition. The governor and his charming retinue are certainly making a fine advertisement for Florida.

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SPEEDY CURE BY CUTICURA REMEDIES

"Words cannot describe the terrible eczema I suffered with. I was almost a solid mass of sores from head



to foot, and looked more like a piece of raw beef than a human being. Blood and pus oozed from a great sore on my scalp, from under my finger nails, and nearly all over my body, and every hair in my head fell out. I could not sit down, for my clothes would stick to the raw and bleeding flesh, making me cry out with pain. My doctor did all he could, but I got worse and worse. I did not think I could live, and wanted death to end my frightful sufferings. "My mother-in-law begged me to try Cuticura. I said I would, but had no hope of recovery. But oh, what blessed relief I experienced after applying Cuticura Ointment. It cooled the bleeding and itching flesh, and brought me the first real sleep in weeks. It was as grateful as ice to a burning tongue. I would bathe with warm water and Cuticura Soap, then apply the Ointment freely, and took the Resolvent for the blood. Soon the sores stopped running, the flesh began to heal, my hair started to grow, and in a short time I was completely cured. If any one doubts this, tell them to write to me.—Mrs. Wm. Hunt, 135 Thomas St., Newark, N. J."

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