

THAT HALL OF FAME.

When one of the Eastern Colleges, on advertising bent, set up a circus and called it a Hall of Fame, the cynical were disposed to sneer and even the thoughtful to look askance. It might better have been christened an Avenue of Publicity, because, whilst the skeptics have found their jurisdiction, the advertisers also have had reason to rejoice in a scheme at once more original and enduring, as well as more satisfying in its returns, than tragical athletics, or freak concert-tours. The Iconoclast, too, has had his innings, several promising candidates for immortality having got their quietus at the hands of The Committee, and Valhalla itself the blackest of black eyes from its self-constituted guardians.

When the wings of the Capitol at Washington had been completed, and the Senate and House of Representatives had moved to the commodious quarters newly provided for them, the old Senate Chamber seemed exactly suited to the uses of the Supreme Court, which hitherto had occupied a bit of a hole-in-the-wall below stairs; but what to do with the gaping space left by the exit of the Lower House became for two or three years a question. This was settled, like many another matter of moment, by the merest trivium.

There chanced to be a venerable hanger-on about the Capitol, turning his hand to such odd jobs as the Sergeant-at-Arms and Doorkeepers might find for him, and very well known and very much esteemed by everybody, of the name of Dade—"John W. Dade, of Virginia, suh, and don't you forget it!" Col. Dade had a nose for a good thing. Indeed, he had something of a history. Sprung from an excellent family, he had been classmate to John Tyler at college, the intimacy being so close that they were commonly referred to as "The Two Jacks," and, in 1841, when Harrison and Tyler had come in, Dade repaired to Washington. Four weeks later Harrison died and Tyler was President. "Now," said Dade, "I'm fixed," and straightway called at the White House, when something like the following passed:

"Hullo, Jack," said the President. "What brought you here?" "An office," said Dade, laconically. "What kind of an office?" "A sine-cu-ree!" Dade replied, still as laconically, "big pay and no work." "Well," said Tyler, "you know I am President now, Jack, and I must be careful. Before I appoint a man to office I must be able to give the public some evidence of his qualifications. Have you any letters of recommendation from people who know you where you live, any proof of your character and fitness, in short do you bring the President any petition, or letter of credit?"

"The best in the world," said Dade. "Let me see," said Tyler. Thereupon Dade put his hand in his inside pocket and drew thence a bulky piece of writing detailing at length his many virtues. The writer declared that the one thing in the world which would make his happiness complete would be the appointment of his lifelong and dear friend, Col. John W. Dade, to whatever place he might apply for. It was addressed to William Henry Harrison, President of the United States, and was signed, "John Tyler."

The President read it deliberately to the end, turned without a word to his secretary, and ordered a commission to be made out for John W. Dade, of Virginia, as Keeper of the Federal Prison then, and still, located in the District of Columbia. "There, Jack," said he, "that's the nearest to a sine-cu-ree I know of."

Dade took the oath of office, assumed his new post of honor and duty, and had the prisoners summoned into the prison-yard before him. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I have been appointed by the President of the United States to preside over this honorable institution. In the beginning, I want to inform you that I shall treat each and every one of you as a Virginia gentleman should treat a body of ladies and gentlemen, and the first son-of-a-gun that departs from that calling shall be turned away from the Government's bed and board and compelled to work for his living."

The story goes that Col. Wade made a most efficient and acceptable superintendent.

Twenty years later, still wearing knee-breeches and a ruffled shirt, the last survivor of the regime ancien, it came into the resourceful mind of this old public functionary that the deserted Hall of Representatives might be utilized as a Hall of Statues, that this Hall of Statues would need a keeper, and that he was just the man for the job. Congress thought so, too. It was so ordered, and, to the end of his days, which proved to be long in the land, Col. John W. Dade, of Virginia, was the Custodian of what was during his day an empty but imposing semi-circle, but which is now known as the receptacle of two effigies in marble allotted each State of the Union for designated worthies and officially described as the Hall of Statues.

Such, briefly, is how the Government no less than the University, happened to come by a Hall of Fame of its own.—Henry Watterson in the Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Two Gentlemen From Kentucky."

"How soon we are forgotten when we are gone," says Rip Van Winkle, returned from an absence of but twenty years to find the very face of nature changed, and how many onlookers have, with self-pitying heart-throbs, responded as the white-haired old vagabond uttered the true, familiar words and gazed tearfully into space.

What is Fame but a shadow? What is Glory? "Go ask him who died of Wednesday." In the long pulse-beats of the centuries years are but seconds and achievement as evanescent as the clouds of evening. Of Caesar we know a little, of Napoleon, less; but, barring the Founders of Empires and the Poets and Sages, who left themselves upon the written page, what are the great historic names but figures of speech? A few lines more, or less, in the biographies; what does it matter?

Kentucky has two niches yet to fill in old Jack Dade's Hall of Fame at Washington. Who shall be selected to fill them? Happily—or, is it unhappily?—we have a long list of names to choose from. Once upon a time Felix Grundy, opposing a certain bill for the creation and christening of a new county, laid it down as a wise precaution to ignore the claims of men still living, "for," observed the wary old criminal lawyer, "the person so honored might become very odious, or die in the penitentiary." In like manner, the designation of a representative hero should be circumscribed by the requisites of historic proportion and universal approval. That in such a matter a Legislative body should be prompted by a contrawise spirit could mean nothing but the placing of the ephemeral and ignoble above all other perspectives, often at the cost of the memory sought to be extolled.

Nor are elements of worth alone to be considered. There is the question of fitness no less than of the common consent. The hero of today may be, and doubtless he will be, forgotten tomorrow. Indiana, I believe, chose for her representatives Morton and Hendricks. They were not ill-chosen; but distinctly they stand for a partisan compromise. Within the memory of men still living they were the foremost Indianians of their time. But, the generations to come? Fifty years hence, the stranger in the Hall of Statues is likely to ask, "Who was Oliver P. Morton?" and "Who was Thomas H. Hendricks?" Greater men than they have fallen into oblivion. How many Americans could offhand tell of about George Clinton, of Rufus King, or Silas Wright? Sargeant S. Prentiss and George D. Prentiss are not infrequently confused.

Peter Harvey, in his "reminiscences" of Webster, tells an amusing story of how the Godlike Daniel, at the very pinnacle of his career, found himself in a stage coach along with a fellow-traveler, who hailed from Salisbury, New Hampshire, the home of the Webster family, where the world-famous statesman and orator was born and reared. The following conversation, as reported later by Mr. Webster himself, passed between the two:

"Did you know Mr. Webster?" "Oh! Capt. Eb. Webster?" inquired the passenger. "I guess I did, I knew him and all his family. They were my neighbors and friends; and a nice old man he was."

"Did you know him intimately?" "Very intimately. He had a son who was a most extraordinary man. Ezekiel Webster was a son of Capt. Eb. Webster, and was the greatest man New Hampshire ever raised. I was in the Concord courthouse, where I was a jurymen at the trial, when he fell dead. He was arguing a case very eloquently when he suddenly fell to the floor. It made much excitement among the people. He was a great man and there is nobody left like him. He was a powerful, noble looking person. We were all proud of Ezekiel Webster; very proud of him. We should have sent him to Congress if he had lived."

"Had Capt. Webster any other children?" "There were one or two girls, but they died young, I believe; and there were one or two other sons."

"Do you remember anything about Ezekiel's brothers?" "He had a brother, I think—a younger brother."

"What was his name?" "Let me see. Oh, yes; I think his name was Daniel."

"Did you ever see him?" "I used to see him when he was a boy."

"Did you know him at all?" "Oh, yes, very well."

"Well, is he living?" "Well, I guess he is; I never heard of his dying. I never thought anything about it, but I believe he is a lawyer down about Boston somewhere."

Before he died, even Daniel Webster having lost his popularity in the Bay State, would have been rejected by the

prevailing dynasty of Massachusetts politicians, if he had been offered as a candidate for the Hall of Fame. Indeed, I am not sure whether his statue is there now. They might have preferred Sumner, or Wendell Phillips.

I have been thinking over in my own mind whom I would pick for Kentucky's two memberships in the Hall of Fame if the choice were left to me. Boone and George Rogers Clark readily present themselves. They are not likely to grow less in stature as time advances. Traversing the line we come to Isaac Shelby, a fine figure of a man, and to Scott and Metcalf, his lieutenants so to say; and, there was Richard M. Johnson, the Indian fighter, a Vice President of the United States, and a famous man whilst he lived, as was William O. Butler, his comrade in politics and in arms. And, what about Ben Hardin and John Rowan? John J. Crittenden and Charles A. Wickliffe were men of the first order of intellect and public service. They are almost as shadowlike now as Kenton or Menifee or Leslie Combs, whilst Tom Marshall seems a myth.

The suggestion of Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis does not impress me. The conjunction lacks both the apposite and the relevant, and is equally whimsical and far-fetched. Though born in Kentucky, neither Lincoln nor Davis was a representative Kentuckian. Their lives were passed and their careers were made elsewhere. They belong respectively to Illinois and Mississippi, not to Kentucky.

Two, and two only, of the typical Kentuckians of a day when the state held a foremost rank in the councils of the Nation, urge their claims upon my sense of the eternal fitness of things, and they are Henry Clay and John C. Breckinridge.

During nearly fifty years Mr. Clay was not only the most famous and important Kentuckian, but one of the triumvirate that gave celebrity to the American Senate. He was second alone to Jackson as a power in the land. He could not be excluded from any Hall of Fame taking the whole country for its source of supply. His exclusion as a representative Kentuckian would, in my opinion, outrage history.

John Caleb Breckinridge took up the Kentucky leadership where Clay laid it down. He was a magnificent successor and wore the Clay mantle resplendently. No man of his day approached him in commanding influence and popularity, or in shining qualities. He was, par excellence, the typical Kentuckian. He would yoke well with Clay, carrying forward the apostolic succession of statesmanship and oratory, linking the heroic age of the pioneers with the modern world of all that is knightly and masterful and lovable, and that we hope and believe is still vital, in the Kentucky character and tradition.

Naples-on-the-Gulf, 1906. H. W.

THE NEWS FROM BELLEVIEW.

To the Ocala Banner. Capt. W. W. Stanton and Mr. J. D. McCallmon, of Jacksonville, spent the last week in Belleview.

Miss Emma Washburn, of Ocala, was the guest of her mother Tuesday and Wednesday of this week.

One of the most enjoyable affairs of late was the marsh mallow roast on Lake Lillian last Saturday evening. The jolly party were: Miss Della Strange, Miss Grace E. Linderman, Miss Viola Slaughter, Mr. Arthur Milesohn, Mr. Warren Holtzclaw and Mr. Reinhold Demeter, of Candler, Mr. R. S. Pratt, Mr. Rex Nichols, Mr. Geo. Linderman, Mesdames Bush, White, Halstead and Miss Barnes.

On Thursday night, March 1st a musicale will be given at the town hall by Miss Grace Linderman and Miss Viola Slaughter for the benefit of the Ladies Aid Society, of the Methodist church. These young ladies will be assisted by Miss Bosworth, Miss Bessie Shedd and Miss Ellie Tremere.

Miss Grace Linderman, Miss Viola Slaughter, Mr. Warren Holtzclaw, and Mr. Reinhold Demeter, of Candler, enjoyed a delightful trip to Silver Springs on Wednesday.

Miss Della Strange spent Sunday at Hawthorne.

Miss Ethel Miller, who has been quite ill is improving rapidly.

Quite a number from Belleview attended the dance at Candler on Tuesday evening of last week.

A large crowd gathered at the parsonage on last Friday evening to meet the new pastor, Mr. Dean. Ice cream was served during the evening.

Among the recent arrivals at the Seminoles are: Fred Hunt, Jacksonville; T. C. Farster, E. Liverpool, O.; F. H. Gilson, Boston; J. B. Pound, Jacksonville; Mrs. H. J. Pound, Jacksonville; Geo. Linderman and wife, Pittsburg, Pa.; Miss Grace Linderman, Pittsburg, Pa.; Y. M. Hulme, Jacksonville; Geo. McDonnell, Orlando; S. J. Taylor, Jacksonville, W. H. Doster, Philadelphia; J. H. Zaring, Jacksonville; J. H. May, Port Tampa City; M. D. Abram, Ohio; Geo. Smith, Ocala; C. R. Boyd, Jacksonville, Fla.; Neal Caston, Tampa; W. H. Stanton, Jacksonville; J. D. McCallmon.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

For District Attorney—

To the Democratic Voters of the Fifth Judicial Circuit.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of States Attorney for the Fifth Judicial Circuit, at the democratic primaries to be held May 15th, 1906.

EDWIN W. DAVIS.

For County Judge—

To the Citizens of Marion County:

I announce that I am a candidate for nomination and re-election to the office of County Judge of Marion County, subject to the Democratic Primary to be held May 15th, 1906.

As I am engaged in the active administration of the duties of the office it will not be possible for me to make an active or extended campaign. I solicit the support of the Democratic Electors of Marion county, and pledge to them an honest, faithful and upright administration of the duties of the office if it be their desire that I shall again serve them.

Respectfully,

JOSEPH BELL.
The famous Buster Brown Blue Ribbon Shoes for boys and girls at the Fair Store.

Judge J. H. Bell was busy Wednesday hearing the case of two colored men, Richard Glymph and Emmett Scott for stealing fertilizer, etc., from J. D. McDuffy. Glymph was fined \$100 or six months in the turpentine camps and Scott was given three months.

TO REMOVE FRECKLE and PIMPLES. IN 10 DAYS, USE "NADINOLA" THE COMPLEXION BEAUTIFIER.



THE NADINOLA GIRL
Formerly advertised and sold as NADINOLA.
No change in formula or package. The name only has been changed to avoid confusion, as we cannot afford to have so valuable preparation confused with any other.
NADINOLA is guaranteed, and money will be refunded in every case where it fails to remove freckles, pimples, liver spots, collar discoloration, sallowness, sun tan, black heads, disfiguring eruptions, etc. The worst cases in twenty days. Leaves the skin clear, soft, healthy and restores the beauty of youth.
Price and boxes sold in each city by all leading druggists, or by mail.
Prepared only by

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Paris, Tenn.
Sold in Ocala by leading drug stores.

NOTICE.

County Judge's Notice to Executors, Administrators, Guardians, Etc.
The attention of all Executors, Administrators, Guardians and all other persons exercising authority in any matters relating to estates under and by virtue of the authority of this court, is respectfully called to sections 1872 to 1889 inclusive, Revised Statutes of Florida, relating to the settlement of their accounts, final discharge, and removal of, for failure to make such return and reports as are required by law, and NOTICE is hereby given to all concerned that all Executors, Administrators, Guardians, and others who have failed or neglected to make their returns to this court as required by law on or before the first day of June, 1906 will be required to make such settlement under process of this court and will be forthwith removed from office.

As these returns are often complicated, requiring the examination of the entire record and considerable time, parties desiring to make such settlements are requested to advise me the particular day on which they intend to make settlement in order that I may arrange my engagements with others having business at the office so there will be no conflict.
Respectfully,
JOSEPH BELL,
County Judge of Marion County, Fla.
3-2-06.

NOTICE.

Notice of Application for Tax Deed Under Section 8 Chapter 4888, Laws of Florida.
Notice is hereby given that W. C. Townsend, purchaser of Tax Certificate No. 749, dated the 7th day of December, A. D. 1896; tax certificate No. 261, dated the 6th day of August, 1900; has filed said certificates in my office, and has made application for tax deed to issue in accordance with law. Said certificates embrace the following described property situated in Marion county, Florida, to-wit: east half of southeast quarter of southeast quarter and northeast quarter of southwest quarter and west half of west half of southeast quarter of southwest quarter section 25 township 12 south, range 25 east. The said land being assessed at the date of the issuance of such certificate in the name of Ralph, Henry and J. B. Swan. Unless said certificates shall be redeemed according to law, tax deed will issue thereon on the 2nd day of April, A. D. 1906.
Witness my official signature and seal this 28th day of February, A. D. 1906.
S. T. SISTRUNK,
Clerk Circuit Court Marion County, Florida.
3-2-C

TAXES.

State and county tax books, will close, according to law, on March 31st. All properties not paid on at that date, will be advertised for sale, which will add extra cost.
Coming in to pay your taxes, please bring your last tax receipt.
The tax collector's office will be closed after March 31st for about (3) three weeks in order to make up the tax sale list.
E. L. CARNEY
Tax Collector.

\$10.00 FOR A PUMPKIN!

We had a pumpkin in our store last year that weighed 1/2 pounds and could have sold it twenty times. This year we want to see more of them and will give

TEN DOLLARS IN GOLD.

To the "FARMER OF MARION COUNTY"

Who raises the largest one.

Pumpkins are used every day on the table—we sell them canned why not sell them from the garden?—They are fine feed for stock. Let "Marion County" take the "pumpkin prize" at the Tampa Fair. If you want to enter the contest please send your name and address. We will furnish seed to those wanting them.

Yours,
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Next door to McIver & MacKay. Clark Bros., Prop.

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—HEADQUARTERS—
American Wire Fencing,
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Paints, Oils and Varnishes,
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