

THE WEEKLY TALLAHASSEEAN AND Land of Flowers.

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JAMES C. TRIGGS, Editor and Proprietor.

EXTENSION OF T. S. E.

An effort is being made by the management of the Tallahassee South Eastern Railroad to get an extension of their charter for a short time to enable them to build the road.

There is opposition, however, from a determined source, and the advocates of that side claim a fighting chance for victory.

The opposition to the T. S. E. extension are fighting upon two grounds, viz: That the Constitution forbids it; and that time enough has already been given.

It is true that the Constitution forbids the granting of new charters by the Legislature, but it is the opinion of many well versed in the law that this inhibition is no barrier to the extension of a charter already granted.

As to the second argument, it is a well known fact that these and other people have been anxious for a long time to complete this road. But its general manager, the late R. L. Bennett, though slowly dying all the time from consumption, held onto the belief that he would get well enough in a few months to go into the woods and complete the work begun.

This was a misfortune both for himself and the people of Leon, Taylor and Lafayette counties, for had his health permitted it is well known that he would have done the work before the expiration of the charter.

It will be argued on the other side that he should have turned it over to some one else in time. That has been known by most of us for a long period, but unfortunately Mr. Bennett was firmly imbued with the idea that he would get well and build the road that he could not see the necessity for it, not even when his last illness was upon him, less than two months ago.

It would therefore be an injustice to visit further misfortune upon the section most interested by refusing to grant the short extension asked for.

SCARED OF A NAME.

In connection with the President's junketing tour there is a story which is furnishing considerable amusement for the Democrats at Washington. A correspondent at the National Capitol gives this graphic recital of the facts and the consequences:

"The guilty flee where no man pursueth, and the managers of the administration junket across the continent have been thrown into a panic by the discovery that the magnificent private parlor car in which the President was to travel was named the 'Imperial,' the name standing out boldly on its side. When this was found out, there was a tremendous flurry until another car could be substituted. The incident is the source of much amusement to railroad officials and others, and is being told with relish. As the result of the nice discrimination of the committee as to names the President will ride in the richly finished private car Olympia. The Imperial and the Olympia are the two most sumptuous and luxurious private cars built by the Pullman Company. In splendid appointments, in equipment and comfort there is no choice between the two."

The President certainly must feel the force of the Democratic argument on imperialism in the last campaign when he refuses to ride in a car bearing a name so suggestive of this policy. Well, it is time he began to look at these things squarely, for

Hanna will not be able to hoodwink "all the people, all the time."

While Southern men appreciate President McKinley's selection of Palmer and Buckner followers rather than disreputable negroes for high office in certain Southern States, they realize fully that the appointments are made chiefly in the hope of splitting the Democracy open and organizing a white man's Republican party in this section, and in the hope of ultimately carrying some Southern States. Unfortunately for the President, a decent Republican annex in the South will not be made the easier by associating a change of political allegiance with a cash consideration in the shape of official salary. A respectable white Republican party in the South must be based on convictions, not on bribery. With the bribe openly displayed, it will be useless for the bribe to talk about the workings of his conscience. The venal may be attracted by the spoils, but their very venality will be a warning, and men who have respect for themselves, and therefore influence with the people, will be slow to incur the suspicion of improper motives by joining the organization. The South may some day be split by the wedges of office, but it is thought more than likely that several wedges will be crushed in the crack before anything much is accomplished.

Writing the TALLAHASSEEAN last week over the nome de plum "G," on the subject of State life insurance, an esteemed correspondent declared that hundreds of thousands of dollars would be saved to the taxpayers by the establishment of a life insurance department. The typo left out the words "of thousands," making his article read that "hundreds of dollars would be saved," etc. We adopt this method, therefore of calling attention to the omission and adding that the subject of State life insurance is one which this paper has advocated for many years. In time the State would control the business within its borders, for no one would rather risk a corporation they knew nothing about than the State, and the bulk of taxation could be raised in that way, thereby almost relieving entirely that large class of citizens who are too poor to carry insurance and hence too poor to pay taxes.

One of the most disgusting things on earth is for a man who has tried to lead a temperate life all his days to get a batch of circulars advertising a special brand of whisky manufactured especially "for the jug trade," and have the dose repeated every few days.

A Fine Old Government Clock. It is a fine old clock which stands in the senate lobby fronting the main entrance to the senate chamber. For almost a century it has been ticking away, night and day, and now it is as good as ever.

The old clock is about eight feet high, and its frame is solid mahogany. Its face is about a foot and a half in diameter, and the name of Thomas Voigt, Philadelphia, shows by whom and where it was made. It used to stand in the old senate chamber, now the supreme court room, where Webster and Clay and Benton and all the famous men of the past debated great questions. If the clock could only talk, it could tell many tales of dramatic interest.

Upon the mahogany case is carved a large shield, with stars to represent the states. When the clock was built, there were only 17 states in the Union.—Washington Post.

A Queen Who Married Her Brothers. At 17 years of age Cleopatra was married to her half brother, Ptolemy Dionysius, who was then 13. This was because of the will of his father, who left him the throne on condition of the marriage with his sister. They reigned jointly under the guardianship of the Romans until Cleopatra became dissatisfied with her brother's attempt to gain sole power. She plotted against him, and obtaining the aid of Julius Caesar, she brought about Ptolemy's death. Thereupon she married another brother, a boy of 11, whom she later poisoned, assuming sole power 43 B. C. With her death (30 B. C.) ended the dynasty of Ptolemy in Egypt.—Woman's Home Companion.

The Sword. There is only one sword factory in the United States, a Massachusetts concern, and that one has ample capacity for supplying the domestic demand for swords. The saber lost its efficiency as a cavalry weapon as far back as the war of the rebellion, and the increased range of rifles has made the sword equally obsolete as an implement of actual combat. It is about as dangerous now as a bandmaster's baton and serves much the same purpose.—New York Tribune.

Olives.

The olive tree in its wild state is a thorny shrub or small tree, but when cultivated becomes a tree 20 to 40 feet high, with no thorns. It lives to a good age. The leaves resemble those of a willow, the flowers are small and white and grow in clusters as grapes do, and the fruit is greenish, whitish, violet or even black in color, and generally oval in shape. It is produced in great profusion, so that an old olive tree becomes very valuable to its owner.

Among the Greeks the olive was sacred to Minerva, the goddess of wisdom. It was also the emblem of purity. A crown of olive twigs was the highest honor that could be bestowed upon a Greek citizen. An olive branch was also the symbol of peace, and the vanquished who came to beg for peace bore olive branches in their hands.

The American olive is remarkable for the hardness of its wood. It is found as far north as Virginia. Its fruit is fit for use, and its flowers are fragrant.

The fragrant olive of China and Japan has extremely fragrant flowers, which are used for flavoring tea.

Turkey Doves In Athens. The turkey merchant is the most wonderful of street vendors. He arrives with 200 or 300 birds, which he drives about town for a week or two, selling them one by one. He is armed with a long pole, with which he touches above the din, "Gallous, gallapoula, gallopoules!" ("Turkey cocks, little turkeys, little hen turkeys!") When one dove meets another face to face or at right angles, they pass through without confusion, and no bird changes masters.—Scribner's Magazine.

Massage For Apoplexy. The medical profession recognizes today as it has never done before the remarkable aid of massage. It has done marvelous things for paralysis, even for apoplexy, at which doctors once looked on helplessly. Apoplexy is caused by a clot of blood on the brain, and if that clot can be broken up, if an emptying can be effected of clogged veins, recovery is in sight. Constant massage of the forehead and skull will do it (this has been proved over and over again), while paralyzed limbs, by patient, constant kneading, can have new life rubbed into them.—Good Housekeeping.

Some railroads advertise to carry passengers through without change, but they make a fellow pay just the same.—Chicago News.

In Paris the public authorities supply gratuitously sulphurous baths to all workers who manipulate lead.

A Poor Millionaire. Lately starved in London because he could not digest his food. Early use of Dr. King's New Life Pills would have saved him. They strengthen the stomach, aid digestion, promote assimilation, improve appetite. Price 25c. Money back if not satisfied. Sold by all druggists.

Last Friday the horses belonging to Flagler's East Coast hotels passed through the city on their way to Col. Bradford's, where they will, as usual, be pastured during the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. Boxhorn, together with their mother, Mrs. Cotner, made a sad return to their old home this week, coming as they did for the purpose of burying their little boy. The little fellow, we understand, died from a severe attack of the measles during which he took cold.

The bereaved father and mother have the sympathy of their many old friends here. Mr. and Mrs. Boxhorn returned immediately to their present home in Dathan, Ala. Mrs. Cotner remained over to pay a visit to friends.

Our theatre goes and music lovers will not fail to grasp the opportunity of seeing and hearing Blind Tom when he appears at the Opera House Friday evening. It will, in all probability, be the latest time Tom will perform before a Tallahassee audience and, if for no other reason than to see a most wonderful musical phenomenon, our citizens should certainly witness his performance. For the same reason, the young people of our community should be taken. Tom is one of the most wonderful freaks produced in the last century. A freak that we can venture to predict will not be equaled in the new.

At Munro's Opera House, Friday, April 26, 1901.

The game of ball last Saturday between the West Florida Seminary nine and the Crawfordville nine, resulted in a victory for the home team. The game was called at the end of the fifth inning because of darkness, the score then being 13 to 10. The rosters were out in force, but the windy, blustering weather prevented a very large audience from witnessing the game. There was some good playing on both sides, but the home team batting was too heavy for the visitors and so they victors. We hope the boys will try it again.

"The blood is the life" Science has never gone beyond that simple statement of scripture. But it has illuminated that statement and given it a meaning ever broadening with the increasing breadth of knowledge. When the blood is "bad" or impure it is not alone the body which suffers through disease. The brain is also clouded, the mind and judgment are affected, and many an evil deed or impure thought may be directly traced to the impurity of the blood. No one can be well balanced in mind and body whose blood is impure. No one can have a wholesome and pure life unless the blood is pure. Foul blood can be made pure by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. When the blood is pure, body and brain are alike healthy and life becomes a daily happiness.

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BESTOWALS.

Dear, I would be to you the breath of balm That sighs from folded blossoms, wet with dew; The day's first dawn ray I would be to you, The starlight's cheery gleam, the moonlight's calm.

I would be as a pillow to your cheek When toil is done and care hath ceased to grieve; I would be the dear dream your soul doth seek, The dream whose joy no waking hour can give.

When strength is ebbing and the road is long, I would be the firm staff within your hand, A pillar of cloud in a sun beaten land, A pillar of fire where night's black shadows throng.

List, at death's threshold, tender, faithful—say! What need to tell that which heart's truth hath shown? Is not all said, beloved, when I say, "I love you," being woman and your own? —Madeline S. Bridges in Woman's Home Companion.

FIGHTING A WILDCAT

AN ADVENTURE THAT MADE ONE MAN SHY OF THAT KIND OF BEAST.

He is Willing to Go a Long Way Around to Avoid Ferocious Animals, Even Though Science Says They Will Flee at Man's Approach. "I have read in the papers certain scientific assertions that no wild animal will voluntarily attack or pursue a human being, but that, on the contrary, the fiercest of them, as tradition and the tales of woodsmen classify them, will make haste to escape the possible sight of man, unless, in desperate cases, hunger may urge it to approach him, its most dreaded foe, such cases being extremely rare," said a matter of fact and veracious New York business man.

"If that is so, I had a little experience once with a wild animal that must have been the most desperately hungry beast that ever longed for food. The occurrence was in northwestern Pennsylvania, where one winter I had some business that called me ten miles from the county town to one of the backwoods districts. It was late in the afternoon when I started on my return to the village. The way was over a lonely, narrow, crooked mountain road, bordered by deep woods much of the distance. Toward dusk, as I was rounding a short turn in the road, my horse, which had a good deal of spirit, shied suddenly and sprang forward on a furious run.

"At the same instant an animal with glaring eyes plumped down from somewhere and landed in the sleigh at my feet. It had evidently leaped from a tree at the horse, the quick movements of which nervous animal had defeated that purpose, and the attacking animal had alighted with its fore feet on the robe that lay across my lap. It glared furiously at me, with its fang not more than two feet away, as it clung to the robe with its sharp claws, growling fiercely. I had never seen a wildcat, but I knew instantly and instinctively that I had one to deal with here, and it seemed to be a very large and savage one at that. I had no weapon, but fortunately the whip that stood in its socket on the dashboard was loaded at the butt.

"Clinging to the reins with my left hand—the horse was running away—I quickly drew the whip from the socket and struck the wildcat on the head with the heavy butt. That caused the animal to loosen its hold on the robe and drop into the snow at the side of the sleigh, but the agile and furious beast was up in the fraction of a second and with one bound sprang on the back of the sleigh, which had a low body.

"Although the horse was running madly away along the narrow and crooked road, throwing the sleigh from side to side and threatening it constantly with destruction against some rock or stump, I was obliged to drop the reins and leave the result of the runaway to chance, for the wildcat was struggling desperately to gain a foothold in the sleigh and fight me at close quarters. I knew that if the sleigh should happen to come into collision with any obstacle heavy enough to wreck it I would be no match for the catamount, now wrought to the utmost ferocity, fighting it on the slipping snow, even if I were unarmed by the collision, so I strained every nerve to conquer the determined beast while I still possessed the advantage of foothold in the sleigh.

"Once I thought it was all up with me, for as the sleigh was carried abruptly round a short turn in the road by the speeding horse one runner struck a stone or a root, and the sleigh careened and ran at least 50 feet on the other runner alone. I mechanically threw the weight of my body toward the upper side of the sleigh, all the time raining rapid blows on the head of the wildcat with the butt of the whip, and forced the weight down to its balance on both runners again. A few more blows after that, and I was rejoiced to see the determined and tenacious beast first loosen one claw, hang for a second or so by the other, while it tried to seize the top of the back of the sleigh again with its teeth, and then tumble to the road and lie motionless in the snow.

"I dropped back on the seat limp and weak and too much unnerved to make the least effort to obtain control of the runaway, which was still rushing on.

"Last winter I was confined to my bed with a very bad cold on the lungs. Nothing gave me relief. Finally my wife bought a bottle of One Minute Cough Cure that effected a speedy cure. I cannot speak too highly of that excellent remedy."—Mr. T. K. Houseman, Manatawney, Pa. All dealers.

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ling wildly along the uncertain road, made still more uncertain by the gathering darkness. The horse ran at least three miles farther and then began to slow up and at last stopped half way up a long and steep hill from sheer exhaustion. I had by this time recovered sufficiently to take charge of the horse again and drive the rest of the way to the town, which wasn't far, and where I arrived with the horse covered with foam, a sleigh splintered and covered deep with scars and scratches made by the desperate wildcat and myself so badly used up by nervous shock that it was three days before I was able to get about again in anything like good condition. I never heard whether the wildcat was killed by my blows or not, but I have an idea he was. I hope so. Science may be all right in declaring that wild animals will hasten to flee at the very suspicion of man's approach, but if ever I am going anywhere and hear there are wildcats in that direction I'll go around some other way."—New York Press.

A MOUNTAIN LAKE.

Oh, limpid listener, in your rapid soul Are mingled all the songs that brooks have sung When years and years, the dizzy hills among, They babble of their trials, with foamy tears, You softly, all wearied, having reached their goal, You softly soothed their sorrows and their fears.

Like sentinels the stolid mountains stand About you, dress't in garb of gorgeous green; In early dawn their mirrored shapes are seen In shimmering outline, painted by the sun, Upon your face, athwart the gleaming sand, Nor fade from view until the day is done.

A fitting figure of eternal rest You typify the changeless face of man When, having coursed mortality's brief span Adown the hills of Time, his life shall end, And all his doings, be they good or bad, Forevermore, with other deeds, shall blend. —John A. Foote in Glossary Magazine.

Railroad Man's Prayer.

An old railroad man, having been converted, was asked to lead in prayer. The following was the response: "O Lord, now that I have forged thee, lift up my feet from the rough road of life and plant them safely on the deck of the train of salvation. Let me use the safety lamp known as prudence, make all the couplings in the train with the strong link of thy love and let my hand lamp be the Bible, and heavenly Father, keep all switches closed that lead off the sidings, especially those with a blind end. O Lord, if it be thy pleasure, have every semaphore block along the line show the white line of hope that I may make the run of life without stopping. And, O Lord, give us the Ten Commandments for a schedule, and when I have finished the run on schedule time and pulled into the great dark station of death may thou, the Superintendent of the universe, say, 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant; come and sign the pay roll and receive your check for eternal happiness.'"—Railroad Gazette.

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