

# WEEKLY TALLAHASSEEAN

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## YEARLY RETROSPECT

Excellent Sermon by Rev. W. H. Carter

## AT THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH

Touching Reference to Departed Friends and Neighbors.

"Lord, if Thou hadst been here, my brother had not died."—St. John, xi, 32. Among all the places associated with our Lord's life upon this earth, no one appeals to our human sympathies more strongly than the home in Bethany. It was no place of monotonous inactivity, or even of indifferent content, the personal characteristics of each gave variety to experience. Martha, anxious, perhaps unduly so, about daily comforts and necessities, would worry somewhat over Mary's apparent indifference, while the sister might wonder that so much care was given to matters that occupied to-day while to-morrow would be the same.

Of Lazarus it may fairly be said that he shared the confidence of each and gave to each such advice as might both restrain and encourage; and we know that our Lord, perfect gentleman as he was, contrasted the characteristics of the sisters by intimating that there was something more worthy of anxiety than were the necessities of daily life. And we may be sure that the visits of such a great guest were anticipated with more than ordinary pleasure and remembered with more than ordinary advantage.

A great sorrow affecting all has come upon the household. He to whom they would have appealed, knowing that the appeal would be effectual, was absent, and his friend Lazarus was sick unto death. What now were the worries incident to such serving? What were the hopes and expectations for a fuller and higher life? The most assiduous care of the one had been in vain, and the brightest thoughts of the other had failed to comfort, for the brother so intimately associated with both had left them to unsatisfactory tasks and to vain regrets.

And into the house of death the Lord of life comes. But what avails it now? A few hours ago and the fading strength might have been revived. But Lazarus was dead. The grave held his body in its inexorable bondage, and the eyes were not yet sufficiently clear of the tears of sorrow to see far off the vague reunion of the great hereafter.

At first it was only the hopeless regret, "Lord, if Thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." This was the common theme on which the busy worker and the higher aspirant could agree, for the sorrow of the one seemed but the echo of the grief of the other, "Lord, if Thou hadst been here my brother had not died." Ages have passed away, but we are standing to-day close to that home of mourning. Every generation has taken up the same plaint. Through every experience of earthly years, through every event of human life is woven the same regret of what might have been—a regret so often not only useless but harmful; it implies ignorance or carelessness on the part of human means and indifference or hardness on the part of God's providence. Probably neither Martha nor Mary ever meant it as such, but it sounds like an implied reproach upon what might have been a preventable absence. And until we have learned a difficult lesson it is hard to turn our thoughts away from imagined possibilities. Probably no life as it has advanced in years is exactly as we thought it would have been. We are mostly at our best when we plan for the future, but plans fail. We hardly know how, and we try to find a reason in the supposition that it would have been different if we had done or left undone something in the past.

And this is especially true when we are grieving like that household in Bethany over broken friendships and love. Was everything done that was possible? Or did our very anxiety prevent us from adopting the best course? If our loved one had not died! It is the implied rebellion of human affection against the inevitable course of nature. We have done what we believed to be for the best, not according to our judgment alone, but according to the knowledge and skill of those who have made a study and a practice of physical laws. We have used every effort, but without avail. The result is a disappointment which it takes Christian faith to prevent deepening into unbelief. Perhaps it is the long separation with the apparently uncertain future which makes each experience seem like an individual mystery.

In a general way, we acknowledge that it ought not to be so, that as Christians we should look forward with confidence, but we are so conscious of our weakness and are so afraid. And if we had to look only to ourselves, there would be nothing but fear; but it is for the very purpose of removing this dread distress that Christ came to die for us; that He might bring us life—not the life over which death reigns and to which it must surrender—but the life that conquers death and gives even to the imperfect of humanity a perfect immortality. To most of us the subject is one to which we do not

willingly give much thought. We acknowledge its importance, we know we cannot escape it, but thinking does not seem to bring much comfort, and we put it away as one of those things which we must meet when it comes in the best way we can. Not that we have forgotten our friends, not that we love them less, but we are not sure how much of home friendships and love will form a part of the eternal experience.

And at All Saints' our great mother, the church, calls our thoughts to those of her children who have passed from this earthly work, that by their example we may be admonished and encouraged to perform faithfully the labor which has come to us. So let us in this small part of the family give a few thoughts to those who have left us during the year.

The year was nearly at its close, for it was still within the octave of Christmas, when there left us one who had long been connected with the political affairs of the State, familiar with the routine of government, he was often consulted on matters outside of his own department; thoroughly courteous and capable, a continuance in office seemed to depend only upon himself—but a weakness or a disease, probably it was both, slowly destroyed both mental and physical ability, broke up a bright and pleasant home, and gave to death a poor triumph over a human wreck. On New Year's eve when the darkness had almost closed the day and the year, I went to the cemetery for the burial of an old resident of the county, a man of large family connection, and having a name better known perhaps in the country than in the city. It was the middle of January when there died at a place near town well known for its beauty a man who was older by infirmities than by years; it might have been the influence of the military life of long before, it might have been the leisure permitted by a foreign pension that wasted his abilities and weakened his constitution, there were many who liked him, for he was genial and pleasant. It was almost a month afterwards when there was brought to our church cemetery a body to rest among his kindred. Years ago I knew him well, as I have partaken of the hospitality of his household; he and his family justly enjoyed the respect and esteem of all who knew them. A little baby, only a few weeks old, died at one of our missions in the March days, and I went to commit his body to the ground, a little flower, fragile as the earliest spring blossoms. And only a week later the Savior called to His arms another little boy not yet two years old. A short life, but long enough for affection and grief. On the next day there died one who had had a long struggle with the great enemy. More than once his recovery was considered possible, but his wonderful energy carried him through what would have been thought sufficient for a man in robust health. He had always at heart and was working for the improvement of the city, and his name is associated with one of the plans for procuring greater railway facilities. Early in May grief came upon a pleasant home near this city. A man who was known wherever the military life of the State extends, yet better known and thoroughly esteemed here at home, gave up at death's call the honors and duties of office. He was for a long time a vestryman and frequently a delegate to the diocesan councils. The military gave honor to his memory at the burial, and though the day was dark and rainy, yet just as the body was lowered the sunlight broke through the clouds, and a bright ray rested on the flower-covered coffin, and seemed to follow it as it descended, even as faith can follow the redeemed soul to its rest in the kingdom of God.

Nearly three months passed away, and then one long a sufferer yielded his mortal life. None save those most intimate knew how great was his pain, and how wonderful his patience. Cheerful always and thoughtful of others, he has left many friends to reverse his memory. During the same month I went to Carrabelle to bury one of our communicants at that mission. She was ever ready to help in word and deed—to me personally she was always glad to receive me as their guest, and her death seems a personal loss as well as a loss to the mission. A week before I left for the general convention, I buried the body of one who was everybody's friend, as librarian of the University Library she was pleasant to all. The interests of the library seemed to be always uppermost in her mind, and though she had not been well for several weeks, her death was unexpected and came as a shock to all.

(Continued on 8th page.)

### FOUND DEER WITH COWS.

On last Saturday morning little Allie Stoutamire, son of J. D. Stoutamire, living near Jackson's Bluff, went into the woods about a mile from home to toll some hogs belonging to his father, when to his surprise and amazement he saw a deer feeding among some cattle. Putting whip to his horse, he dashed for home at break-neck speed to tell his father, who, returning to the place, under the guidance of Allie, soon found the deer and succeeded in getting near enough to kill it.

Allie is a bright little fellow, smart in his books and writes a letter that any boy of his age might be proud of. He is named for Rev. A. L. Woodward of this city, to whom he has written an interesting account of his adventure with the deer.

### PILE-INE CURES PILES!

Money refunded if it ever fails.

## CAUGHT IN CUPIDS NET

Popular Young Couple Wedded Wednesday Evening

## A QUIET HOME MARRIAGE

Only a Few Intimate Friends and Relatives were Present.

A happy home wedding occurred at 6 o'clock Wednesday evening at the home of Hon. Walter A. Demilly, tax collector of Leon county. The contracting parties were his accomplished daughter, Miss Maggie Whitehead Demilly and Mr. Clarence Zach Fenn.

The affair was a very quiet one, only a limited number of the most intimate friends and relatives being present. Indeed, the young couple had intended to spring a surprise on their friends by keeping the engagement a secret until after the nuptials were consummated.

The ceremony was performed by Rev. Sydney L. McCarty, of the Presbyterian church, in his most impressive manner, and at the conclusion of the solemn words making them man and wife, the happy couple received the hearty congratulations of their friends.

The bride, who is the youngest daughter of Hon. W. A. Demilly, is one of Tallahassee's deservedly popular young ladies. She is charming and accomplished, and possesses many lofty traits of character that endear her to all who know her. The groom is also a very popular young man, who has won the confidence and esteem of the entire community. He is in the employ of the Carrabelle, Tallahassee & Georgia Railroad, where he has made many friends by his universal courtesy and strict attention to business.

Among those who witnessed the ceremony were Miss Maude and Master Archer Fenn, sister and brother of the groom; Mr. Fenn, father of the groom; Hon. W. A. Demilly and Miss Mattie Demilly, father and sister of the bride; Mrs. A. B. Clarke and Misses Maude Epps and Elise Davis, cousins of the bride. At 7.30 a reception was tendered the newly wedded couple.

For the present Mr. and Mrs. Fenn will make their home at the residence of the groom's parents, but will begin housekeeping about the middle of December, at the corner of Clinton and Combs streets. The Tallahassee joins their friends in extending congratulations and well wishes.

### TOBACCO IN FLORIDA.

Editor Tallahasseean—I have never yet seen in your paper any questions asked or answered directly, but I am going to ask a few through its columns for information. Of course, to begin, I must say that I am woefully ignorant of agriculture as it is conducted in your portion of the country. The cultivation of tobacco is something I wish to inquire into, and this is something I understand very well the way it is conducted here in Connecticut. We plant Havana seed, mostly, and the cost is about \$150 per acre. For stable manure \$80; for cotton seed meal, \$20; the remainder for hired help and incidentals. The yield is about one ton per acre; the average price 20 cents per pound. Will you kindly give me the cost per acre in your section for the same kind of tobacco, what the fertilizer is, the average yield, and price per pound.—A Subscriber, Broad Brook, Conn.

We have referred the above letter to Mr. E. Shutan, general business manager of the El Provedo Cigar Factory, who is an expert on the subject. "In the first place," he said, "the value of a tobacco crop does not depend so much on the large yield as on the quality of the leaf. In Florida we do not plant Havana seed, because it does not do well in this climate. We use Sumatra, and in texture, color and flavor, the product is equal to the best imported Sumatra.

"For the best results, our tobacco is planted and cultivated under sheds. The shade protects it from the hot sun, and enables it to mature better. Tobacco grown in the sun is fit only for fillers, while that grown in the shade produces wrappers.

"The cost per acre for fertilizer is from \$50 to \$75, according to soil and season. The cost for hired help and incidentals will be about \$25 per acre, making the total cost of the crop range from \$75 to \$100 per acre. The yield under shade averages from 700 to 1,000 pounds to the acre. This is worth to the farmer from 50 cents a pound up. Cottonseed meal is the fertilizer generally in use. Shade tobacco is worth more than the sun product, and the yield is much greater.

## PUSH TALLAHASSEE

Her Future Prospects are Exceedingly Bright

## MORE FACTORIES NEEDED

Trains will Soon be Running on Two New Roads.

"I take great pleasure in reading the Tallahasseean," said Governor Bloxham to the reporter yesterday, "and heartily commend its efforts to promote the best interests of the city.

"This is something that Tallahassee needs, and any effort to build it up should receive the co-operation of the citizens. Keep up the good work."

That is just what the Tallahasseean proposes to do. It wants to see the Capital City the most important as well as the most beautiful in Florida. Nature has done her full share in the matter of location, soil and climate, and it is now up to the people to finish the work.

The outlook for the future of Tallahassee is more than usually bright. Next week the bias for enlarging the capitol will be opened. This will mark the beginning of a number of improvements. Already there are two new business blocks going up, the two Pythian lodges are working together to secure the erection of a handsome, four-story castle hall, and soon trains will be running into the capital city over two new railroads.

In conversation with Governor Jennings yesterday morning, that gentleman stated that as soon as the enlargement of the capitol is finished, the capitol grounds would be improved and beautified. This is a natural inference, and the people should not wait until that work is done before they start.

"Tallahassee has a bright future," said Mr. D. B. Meginniss, one of our successful business men. "More improvements are under way now than ever before at one time, but we need a first-class sewerage system, good streets and more factories. When we secure these Tallahassee will take rapid strides forward and every man who has the interests of the city at heart should be in favor of such improvements."

This is the opinion of a large majority of the people, but they will have to work together in order to accomplish results.

### WILL DIE TO-DAY.

Will Jones, the negro murderer, of Madison county, will pay the penalty of his crime to-day. The death warrant was issued by Governor Jennings Monday.

It will be remembered by readers of the Tallahasseean that about a month ago Jones killed a woman and two men in Madison county. He became offended at the woman because she refused to have anything to do with him, and killed her and her husband. In trying to escape, he saw a man hunting in the woods and shot him down.

Jones was arrested, and as the feeling against him was intense, he was brought to Tallahassee for safe keeping. He was taken back to Madison county on October 14 for trial in the Circuit Court, and was convicted of murder in the first degree. Governor Jennings issued the following death warrant on Monday, and by 2 o'clock to-day the murderer will have expired his crime on the gallows. The warrant reads:

sires and his relations to be present; and also such officers of the prison, deputies and constables, military guard, and other assistants as you may see fit.

Therefore, fail not, at your peril, and make return of this warrant, with your doings thereon, as soon as may be after the execution.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto placed my hand, and caused to be affixed the Great Seal of the State of Florida, at Tallahassee, the capital, this 5th day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and one.

W. S. JENNINGS,  
Governor of Florida.  
John L. Crawford,  
Secretary of State.

### NEW CORPORATIONS.

The Florida Fruit and Vegetable Exchange (a new institution that will do business in this State, articles of incorporation having been granted the past week). The headquarters will be in Jacksonville, but the owners have the privilege of establishing branches at such other places in the State or elsewhere as they may desire.

The general nature of the business to be transacted by the corporation is the buying and selling, for itself and others, fruits, vegetables and produce of all kinds. They will also engage in a general brokerage and commission business.

The capital stock of the corporation is \$10,000, divided into four hundred shares of the par value of \$25 each. Ten per cent of the capital is to be paid in before the corporation is authorized to transact business. The balance of the stock is to be sold and paid for in cash, at such a time and in such a manner as the directors shall determine.

### LEON ACADEMY.

Leon Academy is not only one of the best schools in Florida, but has about the largest attendance of any school in a city of this size. The enrollment this year, as of date has been 200 and for October the average attendance was 185. Following is the honor roll for October:

Pauline Whitaker, Pattie Carter, Mary Hays, Marion Alford, Howard Curiton, Ruby Byrd, Laura Ulmer, Kathleen Demilly, Helen Saxon, Margaret Pedge, Louise Clark, Gertrude Booth, Eloise Mabry, Florrie Myers, Arabelle Hopkins, Helen Carter, Minnie Levy, Jean Montgomery, Walter Averitt, Genie Carter, Susie Cureton, Edith Dyer, Mary Gorman, Mary Cureton, Minnie Alford, Lula DeKeith, Sallie Lewis, Alma Haire, Lester Wells, Laurie Boatwright, Bernard Byrd, Sinclair Wells, Featon Davis, Eva Dyer, Jennie Sadler, Beulah Ferrell, Stanley Gamble, Harry Pearce.

### NO REASONABLE MAN

imagines that a neglected cold can be cured in a day. The uncountable air-cells in the lungs are inflamed and the throat is as tender as an open sore. But time and Allen's Lung Balm will overcome the cold and stave off consumption. The cough will cease and the lungs will be sound as a new dollar. All druggists sell Allen's Lung Balm.

### INVITATIONS ARE OUT.

Invitations have been sent out by Mr. and Mrs. Chaddens E. Murphey, of Macon, to the marriage of their daughter, Miss Elizabeth Thomas, to Mr. Victor Franklin Balkcom, of Tallahassee. The event will take place at 10.30 a. m., on Thursday, November 14, at their residence, 133 Forsyth street, Macon, Ga.

Miss Murphey is one of Macon's most popular and accomplished young society ladies, while Mr. Balkcom is an enterprising young druggist of this city.

### STRIPPED 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 all druggists, 25c.

### APPOINTMENTS.

The following appointments have been made by Governor Jennings since our last issue:

A. A. Fisher, of Pensacola, to be notary public for the State at large.  
Alex. J. Goods Melbourne, to be notary public for the State at large.  
E. J. Lutterloh, Cedar Rapids, to be notary public for the State at large.  
John A. Hannah, Bagdad, to be notary public for the State at large.  
J. H. Williams, Marianna, notary public for the State at large.

### 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.

Mr. E. A. Crawford, a prominent citizen of Midway, spent several hours in Tallahassee yesterday, calling on old friends. Mr. Crawford was formerly a prominent merchant of the capital city.

### HEALTHY CHILDREN ARE HAPPY.

Mother's Worm Syrup makes the children healthy by expelling the worms that make them ill. Children eat it on bread.

The young society set is getting ready for the winter festivities, and a number of dances and parties are on the tapis.

## A GOOD MAN GONE

Jacob R. Cohen Passed Away Tuesday Morning

## FUNERAL ON WEDNESDAY

Followed by Largest Procession ever Seen in Tallahassee

Though it had been expected for several days, the death last Tuesday morning of Mr. Jacob R. Cohen, one of our leading merchants and landlords, cast a shadow of gloom over the entire community.

For years he had been a sufferer from Bright's disease, and for the past several months, though he has been up and about his place of business a good portion of the time, it has been apparent to his closest friends that the end was not far off.

Everything possible was done to relieve his sufferings, but nothing availed and at a little after 5 o'clock Tuesday morning he quietly passed away, surrounded by relatives and loved ones.

Jacob R. Cohen was 51 years of age, lacking only a few days. He was born in Germany, but his parents came to this country and located at Savannah, Ga., when he was only 1 year old. In the latter place he grew up and received a liberal education.

In 1877, he married Miss Rachel Williams, of this city, and they went to live in Orlando, Fla., where he did business quite successfully for a number of years. In 1879 they came to Tallahassee to live, and subsequently Mr. Cohen succeeded in business his father-in-law, Col. R. S. Williams, who was one of the leading merchants of the capital city.

Since then Mr. Cohen has served this city as Councilman and president of the Young Men's Business League and for a long time chairman of the Board of Public Instruction for this county. In all these positions he was a fearless advocate of what he conceived to be right; and always held the esteem of those with whom he was associated.

The funeral took place from his residence on McCarty street, and was accompanied to the cemetery by one of the largest processions of the kind ever seen in Tallahassee. Flowers were sent in until no place could be found to hold them.

The funeral services were conducted by the Masonic order, of which Mr. Cohen was for a long term of years a distinguished member. Quite a number of visiting Masons were in the city, and were also in ranks, to do honor to their departed brother.

These were honorary or citizen pallbearers: T. B. Byrd, G. W. Saxon, W. A. Rawls, W. C. Lewis, J. B. Whitfield, and J. F. Demilly.

The pallbearers (Masonic) were: W. H. Markham, Prof. Buchholz, Dr. Gwynn, S. M. Walker, J. W. Collins and W. F. Armstrong.

At the cemetery the Masonic prayer was read by Chaplain S. M. Provence, and the funeral service by G. E. McGriff. Then followed the grand honors of the order, after which Undertaker Duncan's representative, William Pratorson, took charge of the vault and soon had it bricked over and filled in.

### ACCOMMODATIONS FOR ALL.

Those who visit the State Fair at Jacksonville can be assured of ample accommodations at reasonable rates.

Members of the board of trade have canvassed the city, and found accommodations for 3,000 people. There will be a rate to St. Augustine that will permit any who desire to visit that city, where they will find ample and first-class accommodations at from \$1.00 to \$2.50 per day, going and returning evening and morning.

Trains will be run on the different roads so that people from a large area can go in and spend the day and return at night home. Three or four thousand people can visit Jacksonville every day and not leave more than a thousand people for the city to care for. People are not all coming on one day, nor will they stay four days; if it were true, the State Fair would be a gold mine. If there is ever one thousand people all night in Jacksonville, during the fair, that would mean a large sum of money to the fair, and yet the Board of Trade has accommodations for 2,000. There will be a bureau of information located at or near the depot, where people can apply for rooms. A large percentage of the people coming to the fair will come from a radius of 150 miles, and such persons will largely come for only one day. It is already the largest agricultural exhibit ever shown in the South, and far and away the largest fair ever held in Florida. The amusements are largely beyond anything ever shown here, and beyond it will be the phenomenal sight of a city building up all at one time.

### SETTING A PRISONER FREE.

A man with rheumatism is a prisoner. His fetters are none the less galling because they are invisible. To him Perry Davis' Painkiller comes as a liberator. Rubbed well into the swollen, stiffened joints it not merely drives away the pain, it makes the muscles pliable so that the prisoner becomes a free man. There is but one Painkiller, Perry Davis'. 25 and 50 cts.