

Classified Advertisements

All Local Advertisements Under This Heading, THREE CENTS a Line For Each Insertion. Minimum Charge 25 Cents.

WANTED

WHY NOT try an advertisement under this heading. It will only cost you THREE CENTS a line each issue and will surely bring results.

WANTED AT ONCE—Old Rags at the HERALD OFFICE. Rags Must be Perfectly Clean. Will Pay TWO CENTS a pound for same.

Wanted—Colored man to work on small truck farm inside city limits St. Augustine. Home goes with place. Must be married, have experience in trucking, able to milk cow. State ag. References required. Address R. S. Baldwin, 288 St. George St. 34-5tp

Everyone who really wishes to sell their property to the best advantage let me try selling it. Packard, First National Bank Bldg.

A track of low priced land. I have inquiry for a tract of several hundred acres of unimproved land, but must be cheap. If you have such see me. J. O. Packard, First National Bank Bldg.

Wanted: I want to help you sell your property because I believe I can do it. Try me. J. O. Packard.

I have a customer for a small place in the city. Must be a bargain. J. O. Packard, First National Bank Bldg.

FOR SALE

For Sale—One horse disc harrow, one horse turning plow. Good as new. T. K. Bates, Court House. 15-4t

For Sale—Red Jersey boar 2 1/2 years old fine animal weighs about 300 pounds. Sacrificed at \$15. or will swap for heifer suitable in price. G. C. McDougal R. D. No. 3 Sanford. 23-1tc

For Sale—White Ho and Turkeys. Hen and Gobbler for \$3.00 Several fine Bronze Gobblers for breeding \$5.00 each. G. C. McDougal The Turkey Man, R. D. No. 3 Sanford. 23-1tc

For Sale—Five acre farm half cleared fenced cultivated. Strong flowing well. Half cash balance on terms. Box 867 Sanford. 25-4t

For Sale—A ten acre truck farm tilled and fenced, near Sanford, good land, a new barn, \$3,500. Address 2185 Main St., Jacksonville, Fla. 26-1tc

For Sale—Team of mules and traveling van, the whole outfit cheap for cash. No trade. See W. J. Lemmer on First street at bridge.

For Sale—Taché acre vegetable farm, partly under cultivation. 5 room house. Address Box 1024, Sanford. 31-9tp

Sensational Music Selling—Buy 12 copies latest 25c popular copyright sheet music at 9c per copy, postpaid, and become a member Seminole Music Club. W. L. Harvey, representative. 32-1tc

For Sale—Span of small mules, or will exchange for good horse and wagon, or farm implements. What have you to offer? M. S. Nelson, Eureka Hammock 33-1t

For Sale—New Cypress Incubator, 144 egg capacity. A bargain, also a lot of stable manure cheap. Jas. C. Harris. 33-9tc

For Sale—Hermula onion plants \$1.80 per thousand. Rex Packard West Side. 33-1t

For Sale—24 hens, 10 cleared, 4 tilled. Quarter mile from landing station. \$3,000.00. Address, Farm, c/o Herald. 33-17t

For Sale—At Beck Hammock, Improved Robbins, Iron Age, Potato Planter. Good as new. Cost \$80, will sell for \$45 cash. Address Edgar E. Brown. 3-1t

For Sale—Cut Roses, 50c per dozen. Also 4,000 Pansy Plants. Mrs. W. A. Ginn. 35-2tc

For Sale—A 35 acre farm quarter mile from Sanford-Orlando brick road, railroad siding at one corner, about 27 acres under cultivation, well fenced, 4 room home. Suitable for orange or grape fruit grove, general farming or spring truck crops. Can be bought for less than the cost of clearing and improvements. J. O. Packard, First National Bank Building.

12 acre truck farm, only one eighth mile from landing track on street car line, 5 acres improved, good road. Price \$1750.00. Inquire at Packard, First National Bank Bldg.

20 acre all improved truck farm, on brick road and railroad, house, barn, \$3,000.00. See Packard.

6 room house and four lots in Sanford. Home as nearly new. Price \$900.00. From Packard, of equips.

For Sale—100,000 cabbage plants. Henderson's Early Summer and Charleston Large Wakefield, \$1.50 per 1,000. Apply C. C. Woodruff, Room 21 Pico Block. 36-2tc

FOR SALE

18 lots in Sanford with a good seven room house, well, orange trees, grape vines, etc. Splendid location for a poultry farm, one block from brick street. Price less than the lots alone are worth but must go. See J. O. Packard, First National Bank Building.

12 acre place inside city limits. All improved and a fair house. Splendid poultry or dairy location. Price only \$1500.00 if taken in next few days. Call on J. O. Packard for particulars.

An 8 acre truck farm well located, about 3 acres improved and can be bought for \$1,200.00 from Packard.

TO RENT

WHY NOT try an advertisement under this heading. It will only cost you THREE CENTS a line each issue and will surely bring results.

For Rent—Nice furnished rooms. \$1.25 per week and up. At Stumon's, 815 E. Fourth St. 19-20tp

For Rent—Room nicely finished suitable for office or small store. Opposite Court House. Apply to Mrs. J. C. Emmeringer. 23-1t

Good Farm for Rent—Castle Garden on traction line, three miles from city. Famed for five years, all tilled, two good flowing wells, barn and outbuild. Rented cheap for cash. Address Mrs. Cora Hollinger, Canastota, New York. 102-1tc

For Rent—Furnished room, 301 Palmetto avenue. 31-6tp

For Rent—Furnished room, with or without board. Mrs. R. L. Jone 206, Park avenue. 32-1c

House for Rent or Sale on easy terms. J. Munson. 34-1tc

MISCELLANEOUS

WHY NOT try an advertisement under this heading. It will only cost you THREE CENTS a line each issue and will surely bring results.

I have a first class painter and sign writer. We can do your harness repairing and auto top work now. 14-1t W. H. UNDERWOOD.

LOST

Lost—Six feet leather belt. Leave at B. & O. Motor Garage and claim reward. 34-1tc

Lost Cow—Black and white, branded D. B. W. H. Allen, Sanford. 35-2tp

Evergreen Scent

Evergreen trees of any kind can be made to yield up their sweet scent in the winter if their branches and boughs be gathered for use in the open fire. The needles will usually fall as the branches dry, but if they are dried on newspapers or a large sheet of cheesecloth they can be easily gathered up to burn. Pine trees are especially fragrant and pine cones make a roaring and picturesque fire, besides giving off a breath of the pine woods whenever they are burned.

Singer's Marvelous Memory

It is said that Herr Stehmann learned the entire part of the "Wanders" in "Siegfried" in six hours, and on one occasion when Herr Krausa, who was to have taken the leading role in Xaver Scharwenka's "Mataswinka," was suddenly taken ill, Stehmann, who had never before seen the part, mastered it so completely between the afternoon rehearsal and the evening performance, that in both words and music he was absolutely perfect.

Poker an Italian Game

Poker is probably a development of il frusco, an Italian game of the fifteenth century. A similar game called primiera was played in Italy in the sixteenth century, and thence journeyed into Spain. In France this became ambigu, and later appeared in England under the name of brag. Poker is distinctly an American game, and seems to have descended more directly from the game of brag than from any of the others.

Millennium Not Yet Here

From the diary of Backville Mo-Knutt: "The world may be growing more honest, but I notice that the 'Lost' column in the paper is still considerably longer than the 'Found' column."

Axiom

The grade crossings and the automobile make an impossible combination, and the automobile cannot be abolished.—New York World.

Daily Thought

The great thing in the world is not so much to seek happiness as to earn peace and self-respect.—Huxley.

CURBSTONE GLEANINGS

BUDGET OF OPINION "JUST BETWEEN YOU AND ME."

EVEN THE GATE POST NOT IN IT

A CHIEF IS AMONG YE TAKING NOTES AND FAITH, "HELL PRENT 'EM"—SO SAYS SAUNTERER.

A Conflictin' Time of Year
I s'pose I'd rather be happy an' glad
An' actin' right pert an' prime,
Instead of quiet an' almost sad—
Around about Christmas time—
Instead of holdin' my rookin' cheer
Beside o' the winder pane—
But 'sometin', is touchin' by heart—
Strikin' here—
That someway I can't explain.

The natural thing for a man like me
With a family as big as mine,
Is a-actin' a Christmas time,
Or a-actin' a Christmas time,
Like fathers order along about now,
When Christmas does start,
But 'sometin'—the sad, sweet feel,
Is grippin' my skein heart.

It ain't the noise or the tearin' round—
Nor none of them's children's rights—
It hits me hardest, I've allus found,
The "just-before-Christmas" night
When all of 'em gathers at mother's knee
An' all of their prayers is heard—
An' 'ma, she feels it the same as me,
But 'nuther one says a word!
'T's 'sometin' that I jistin' explain

That hits me from head to feet,
That drives me off to the winder-pane—
A sort o' "sad-an'-sweet"
That 'pears to lighten my wizen a-brup',
An' sets me to thinkin', I vum,
Of when the children is all growed up
An' 'Santy Claus never comes.'

JOHN D. WELLS.

¶ Sometimes a fellow gets away from home and makes a strong talk on the conditions of his home town and usually pictures them so roseate that his listeners are loathe to believe that he lives in any place except Heaven itself. And then, when this same man gets back home he is usually the first one to jump on conditions as they really are and tear them into shreds. This happens often to the newspaper man for he always sings the praises of his home town the loudest and especially when he is in the other fellow's town. This happened recently to Editor Triplett of Kissimmee who made an address in Palm Beach on "the way to build towns through newspapers" and the Palm Beach Post gets back at him rather neatly in the following:

"After the business talk given to the Board of Trade a few weeks ago by E. J. Triplett, editor of the Kissimmee Gazette, every person in the audience declared that the business conditions within Kissimmee were most ideal.

From the emphatic declarations made by the able speaker and his remarks were most true it was learned that Kissimmee had attained its phenomenal growth because the custom of dealing with mail order houses was obsolete and that the man who bought three hats for members of his family in a Georgia city had been shunned as a pariah by nearly the whole city.

But a change seems to have come over the residents of the city within that happy valley, and people are being led away by the bell-wether of "astounding bargains." Kissimmee now seems no better than she ought to be; and Editor Triplett is confessing that he has been grossly misled in the matter of home-trading.

Editor Triplett now comes out with an editorial headed "Dope Our Pleading Fall on Deaf Ears!" Apparently it has had that misfortune for he admits it, and he adds as a reason for this admission:

"Because there is not a day passes but what we hear of some person, generally a woman, sending money to mail order houses for some article that can be purchased as cheap or cheaper from our merchants than is charged by the mail order house."

And the editor continues to criticize the wrong throughout an extensive article. In his place he says:
"We are told that a woman is canvassing Kissimmee selling stockings, and so far has sold \$600 worth, one woman buying as much as \$44 worth. Another is beseeching our wives to buy groceries from her house in Savannah, Tampa, New York or some other city, and offers 25 dozen plated spoons as a bait. And still another is out with a lot of samples of dress goods, and is doing a rushing business."

In order to quiet this pernicious practice the Gazette suggests the following:
"Let the Civic League adopt a resolution to the effect that it will publish over the signatures of its officers, the name of every woman that is reported to the League as guilty of patronizing a mail order house for anything at any time, or ordering goods through any of the down men and women who canvass our homes during the day with samples of dry goods, notions and groceries. We

venture the assertion that there is not a man or woman in Kissimmee that is guilty of this suicidal habit but who would blush for shame did his or her name appear in print, as those who practice the habit know they are not living up to the standard of good citizenship."

The Gazette's editorial proves beyond cavil that there's many a skeleton hidden in the archives of excellent cities, as well as in the homes of excellent citizens.

¶ Every day in Florida towns and cities you can find a bunch of tin can tourists who have come from some cross roads town in the north to Florida and who come here to knock everything in sight from the people to the soil and do it upon every occasion. They have come from a place infinitely poorer than any part of Florida. They have probably come from surroundings that we would consider very mediocre in our state and they have no doubt been but small potatoes in their own town and yet they would have the people here believe that they were the bon tons, upper ten, top crust of society and they wonder why they can't get a Delmonico dinner in Florida for 25 cents and a first class hotel for one dollar per. They wonder why the people of Florida do not fall down and worship them when in reality the people of Florida are the most discerning in the world and having rubbed elbows with quality all their lives can pick the tin can tourist from the real tourist three blocks away. The real tourist has real money and comes to Florida to take conditions as they exist, knowing that if he wants the best he will pay the best price and he does this willingly and makes no kick. The tin can tourist comes down here from Frog Hollow with trunks full of potatoes and apples, canned goods and crackers and expects to live off the country by fishing and hunting on the side and piecing out the living expenses. They cuss everything in Florida and nothing ever suits them and they are continually dinnin' into the ears of every one who will listen to them about the beauties of their home and what fine people they really are, only here in Florida they are not appreciated. "Back home" becomes an obsession with them until they become a nuisance and the native stops their croakings by politely informing them that the train is still running north.

Editor Hetherington of the Lakeland Telegram sums up the situation very aptly in the following:
"Those newcomers to Florida who make themselves a social nuisance by losing no opportunity to tell those of us who live here how much better everything is "up home where we come from," ought never to lose sight of the fact that the trains are running every day and the way "back home" is open all the way through unless it happens to be blocked by snow north of the Potomac and the Ohio. If you come to Florida to make your home here be a Floridian right from the start and stand up for your adopted state, joining with the other to better the things that need bettering and helping in the general work of development as a cheerful optimist, not as a whining pessimist and a complaining critic never finding anybody or anything in Florida quite good enough for you. If you come as a winter tourist, don't stultify yourself by disparaging the winter home you chose; be more or less adaptable to new conditions; have the good sense to have a good time to the best of your ability and the good breeding not to be too free with your raw comments and criticisms in the presence of strangers."

¶ The National Soil Fertility League of which James J. Hill is chairman and W. H. Taft is vice chairman is urging the passage of the Lever Agricultural Extension bill. As Congress is now in session and the bill will come up for passage farmers should at least consider its provisions and determine whether or not they favor it.

This bill provides for a trained farm demonstrator or county agent to carry to the farmer in the field the best known methods and show him how to apply them. In other words how to increase his yield, how to build up his soil, how to decrease the cost of production, how to increase farm profits and how to shorten the hours of labor by an increase of brain power. The farm demonstrator will quicken interest in farming among the young. He will show them the splendid opportunities and the large and sure reward scientific farming opens to them; that it is a big business, a dignified business, an interesting business, and when coupled with brains, industry and patience, the safest business in the world.

The farm demonstrator or "county agent" will connect the farm with the source of scientific knowledge. He will

aid in building up a community spirit, will aid in cooperative movements and educational and social development, out of which will grow a higher type of citizen—the world's most valuable and necessary man—the scientific, efficient and prosperous farmer.

As evidence of the need of better farming methods the League offers the following statistics:

We now consume 91 per cent of our wheat and 38 per cent of our corn. In 1906 we exported 325,000 head of cattle and imported 16,900 head; in 1912 we exported only 105,008 head and imported 318,800, an increase of 2,000 per cent in six years. In 1907 this country produced 51,566,000 beef cattle and in 1912 only 36,900,000.

More food must be produced and the farmer must produce it. Better farming methods is the only solution of the problem, says the League, and they want the farmer to consider it.

¶ "He gave His only begotten son."
The world stands upon the threshold of that season of the year when the thought of Christendom instinctively turns to the most glad some day in the annals of recorded time—the birthday of the Savior of the World.

We may not be able with our finite understandings to comprehend the height and depth of the great plan which came forth from the mind of the Infinite and which comprehended the redemption of the entire human race, but we find in the inspired word this passage of unmistakable purport: "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

In those words we find an epitome of the Divine plan. The motive and the reason are both set forth, and while we may marvel over what was comprehended in that plan, we accept it as a great truth and know that the emerging of the world from darkness into light dates from that hour when the Star of Bethlehem flashed across the Judean sky.

Jesus Christ was therefore God's first Christmas gift to a sad and weary world. No wonder that Heaven's joy-bells rang! No wonder that the gates of Paradise seemed to open while angels looked down upon the scene.

In that hour was born the spirit of cheer, peace on earth, and good will toward men which has never died out during all the centuries which have passed. There have been times when its splendor has seemed dimmed, and when men appeared to forget the sentiments of that first Christmas message, but on Christmas day itself, few there are who do not count it a privilege to journey in imagination with the wise men of the east, to that humble cradle in the manger which the Christ-child made holy with its presence.

¶ I hear a funny story about Jim Harris. It seems that he was out hunting the other day and not being familiar with the habits of deer was told to stand at a certain place and watch for the deer to come across when he was to shoot them. Jim watched and finally saw what he thought was a goat coming down the run. He broke and ran toward the other fellows shouting, "We better get out of here, the farmer's goats are loose and we will shoot them." The whole crowd went back to see where the goat made tracks and the goat was a young deer and Jim had missed the opportunity of his life. Jim sticks to it that what he saw was a goat. Says he herded goats at the Imperial Theatre all summer and knows goats when he sees them.

¶ This seems to be a bad year for railroad presidents. Three of the heads of the largest systems of the country have died within one month's time and Mike Crown is not feeling well at all.

EAGLES MASQUE BALL

At Eagles-Home Promises to be Great—Success New Years Eve

Two gold medals will be awarded best dressed gentleman and lady.

Two silver medals to be awarded most comical dressed gentleman and lady.

Resides the Stumon family orchestra in one ball room the full DeLand orchestra of seven instruments will furnish the music in the second large ball room.

The grand march will be one of the great features, consisting of most interesting figures in which every one is expected to take part. When it is known that Prof. Auril Damer, formerly proprietor of one of the New York city's largest dancing academies has this particular feature under his direction its success is assured.

The electrical and foliage decorations will be on a scale never before attempted in this city.

Then there will be offered by Mr. A. V. French on a specially arranged stage off one of the dance floors his Seminole Piccinny's Minstrel Company, the ones he will offer as one of the attractions for visitors to the Florida exhibit of the Panama Pacific Exposition. This feature alone would be worth the price of admission to the Eagles Masque Ball.

There will be a big crowd at that six o'clock Xmas dinner. Don't forget to reserve your seat.

Business Cards

One Inch Cards Will Be Published Under This Heading At The Rate Of \$7.50 Per Year.

DR. W. E. HOUSHOLDER
DENTIST
Rooms 23, 24 and 25, Pico Bldg.
SANFORD, FLORIDA.

THOMAS EMMET WILSON
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR
AT-LAW
Late State Attorney Seventh Judicial Circuit of Florida
Residences, Sanford and Silver Lake

MURRY S. KING
ARCHITECT
Room 16 Watkins Block
ORLANDO, FLORIDA

DR. R. M. MASON
DENTIST
Welborn Block
Sanford, Florida

GEO. A. DECOTTES
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
Practice in State and Federal Courts
Garber-Woodruff Bldg Sanford Fla.

DR. C. G. BUTT
DENTIST
Office: Yowell Building
SANFORD, FLORIDA

L. G. STRINGFELLOW
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
First District of Seminole County
All Civil and Criminal Cases, Deeds, Mortgages, Contracts, Marriages, and all work pertaining to the office of Justice of the Peace promptly and legally attended to. Special attention given to collections. Office 3rd floor Court House.

M. G. ROWE
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
PRACTICE IN ALL COURTS
Office: Rooms 18 and 19
Welborn Block, 3rd Floor

THE SHELTER SANITORIUM
NEW SMYRNA, FLORIDA

DAVIS FORSTER, RESIDENT SURGEON

Henry McLaulin
JEWELER
MY SPECIALTIES
Pickard's Hand-Painted China
Gorham's Sterling Silver
Rogers' Plated Ware
Elgin and Waltham Watches
ALL GOODS GUARANTEED

FOR SALE
Nice Residence, Hot and Cold water, Bath, Gas, Garage, and cement walks are paid for. Within half block paved street.
BOX 867 - SANFORD, FLA.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE
We are agents for Park and Pollard Chicken Feeds, Mandy Lee and Buckley Incubators; handle all kinds of Poultry Remedies and Supplies and Our Seeds are The Best.

THE WALTON SEED COMPANY
38 East May Street Jacksonville Fla

NOTICE
As I have charge of the business of the Title Bond & Guarantee Co., East Sanford Land League, and W. A. Whitcomb, I can be found in the Tax Assessor's Office in the court house.

THOS. K. BATES
The word UP not used at
HOTEL FLAGLER
EUROPEAN PLAN
ADAMS AND GAVES STREETS
ROOMS 75 CENTS
WITH PRIVATE BATH, \$10 PER PERSON
JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

WANT ADVS. PAY TRY ONE

ON TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS

THE SANFORD HERALD

PUBLISHED SEMI-WEEKLY

IN SANFORD—Life Is Worth Living

Number 37

SANFORD, FLORIDA, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1913

Volume 7

THE BRICK HIGHWAY SYSTEM FOR NEW SEMINOLE COUNTY

NOT LESS THAN THIRTY MILES WILL BE LAID IN DISTRICT

GRADING NOW BEING DONE

TWO GOOD OUTLETS TO THE EAST COAST AND GREAT STATE HIGHWAY WILL JOIN SANFORD

The sand has begun to fly on Seminole's system of brick roads which as now planned will amount to not less than thirty miles. The bond issue, amounting to \$200,000, for the construction of brick roads leading from Sanford to the vegetable farms which surround the city was voted and passed while this section was a portion of the mother county. After the division of the county and the creation of Seminole county the matter of adjudicating the bonds had to be all gone over again in order to make the securities marketable. This once done, no trouble was encountered in selling them as the territory comprehended in the road district which stands good for the payment of the bonds comprehends seventy-eight square miles of rich territory as there is in any farming section in the world.

Once the bonds were sold, the orders were placed for the brick and contract for construction was let and now the brick are reaching here at the rate of not less than one carload per day and recently seven carloads reached here the other day. The work of grading the right of way and making ready for the actual laying of brick is being diligently prosecuted by several crews and the brick are being distributed along the various routes ready to be laid the moment the road is in shape to receive them.

A splendid fill has been made at Monroe leading down to the ferry, this fill being several feet in height, and the approach to the large is being made of piling and in bridge form with a floating approach to the water. This is one of the best improvements made here recently, as the north and south travel through this section is becoming very great and this route by way of Monroe is some fifteen miles shorter than the Okefenokee ferry route, which was formerly used. As many as forty automobiles have been put across the river in one day at Monroe and it is believed that with the completion of the system of brick roads, which will be the first to be laid in inland Florida, the travel will be doubled and tripled north and south through here. The completion of the wagon bridge across the Wekiwa river has increased the travel from the middle western portion of the state this way en route to the coast and when the brick connection is made with this road at Bryan Lake, five miles west of Sanford, there is no doubt but what this route will become still more popular.

While the grading is being done on the brick roads system just west of Sanford the first brick will be laid on Celery avenue on account of the almost impassable condition of this piece of road. This was a mud road three years ago, when it was first built, and the traffic using it has put it into an almost unusable condition.

The county commissioners three years ago put in a sample stretch of brick road nine feet wide on Celery avenue, where it begins at Sanford avenue, and this sample has shown to the residents here that the only kind of road that will stand the strain of the traffic here is brick. The first street road was hard surfaced three years ago, and now it is about done for, all of which conduces to the fact that in the future Seminole county will only put down brick on the roads where used, it being proven beyond any degree of doubt that while brick are the most expensive immediately upon installation this type of road will prove the most economical, in that the cost of making is reduced to the very minimum while the quality remains steadfastly at the maximum point.

Seminole county figures that this investment of \$200,000 in good roads is one of the very best pieces of advertising ever conducted by the Sanford vegetable section and that with the completion of the system there will be an influx of travelers headed this way who use automobiles to the extent that within a short time there will have left in the community more actual money than the initial cost of the brick roads. —Bates in T-U.

Words Thomas of the sales division of the Curtis Publishing Co. of Philadelphia was in the city on Tuesday on official business.

STATE NEWS

The Times-Union says: "An important meeting of the armory board of the state of Florida was held recently, those present being Adj. Gen. J. C. R. Foster, Gen. John W. Sackett and Major Fred G. Yerkes. A visit of inspection was made to the state camp grounds, where the construction of the big rifle range was found to be progressing most satisfactorily. The superintendent now has a considerable force of men engaged in grading the last section of the 1,000 yard range. This work will be completed within the next few weeks, when the range will be practically completed. The board decided to accept the offer of the war department to send an officer to the signal corps to Black Point for the purpose of planning a suitable system of signal apparatus for use on the range. This will include complete telephone and buzzer systems. This work is to be taken up at once."

Nine chiropractors or druggists doctors were arrested in St. Petersburg a result of a campaign of medical doctors to drive the members of the new school out of the state. Attorney J. S. Mullen, prosecutor of Pinellas county, swore out the warrants despite the fact that a new law gives the chiropractors the right to practice in this state without a license. Each gave \$100 bond and the trial was set for some time in January. Those under arrest will defend themselves on the grounds that they are not practicing medicine at all, since they use no drugs. The medical men say that any one who gives treatment for disease and accepts remuneration therefor is practicing medicine.

An aviation school and air boat line is to be located in St. Petersburg, and no doubt will attract many visitors to that city during the season. Four air boats will arrive there the last of this week. Tony Jannus, the Benoist Company's head air pilot, will fly from St. Louis to St. Petersburg, following the following the course of the Mississippi river as far as Memphis, and then taking the cross country route, following a straight line in the air to St. Petersburg. This will be one of the longest straight flights ever attempted and if it proves successful the company and St. Petersburg will be much talked of. Over 700 students are expected to enroll and the school will open shortly after the first of January.

Colonel Ford H. Rogers has just presented us with four bottles of Florida syrup as a Christmas offering. The bottles are beautifully labeled and hermetically sealed. He has twelve acres of cane at Burbank which he manufactures into syrup, and those who have tested it say that it is as fine as was ever manufactured in this state, and the Florida article beats the world, and is pronounced superior in flavor to honey. Buckwheat cakes and Florida syrup is a dish for a king and we are all devotees in Florida. Our friends are determined that we shall fare like one during the holidays. —Ocala Banner.

About 75 acres of cabbage will be planted in the immediate vicinity around Maunabo. This does not include other shipping points on the Manatee river. The truckers there planted practically no cabbage last year.

The subscription price to the Lake Worth Herald will be increased to a dollar and a half beginning with the new year. A number of the other weeklies are contemplating a like increase.

Hernando county will spend a quarter of a million dollars on vitrified brick and other first class material for good roads in the year 1914.

Coming in Florida

Richard H. Edmonds, editor of the Manufacturers Record, Mrs. Edmonds and his sister, Miss Edmonds left Wednesday afternoon for Florida to spend the winter. Mr. Edmonds will ship his motor car to Jacksonville and spend the winter motoring in Florida. The party will be joined on the way south by some friends from Norfolk, and by Mr. Edmonds' secretary, Howard L. Clark. They do not expect to return until the latter part of April. —Baltimore News.

Messrs. Becker, Emerick and Henderson, all residents of Ohio are in the city to day, the guests of D. E. Becker. These gentlemen are spending the winter at Ormond.

LAKE MONROE BIBLE CONFERENCE WILL HAVE PROMINENT SPEAKERS

PROMISES TO BE ONE OF THE BIG EVENTS OF JANUARY

LOCATED AT ENTERPRISE

ALL CHURCHES WILL BE REPRESENTED IN SPEAKERS AND FINE PROGRAM IS ASSURED

Enterprise, our sister city across the lake, promises some fine entertainments during the Lake Monroe Bible Conference that will take place January 15th to 25th and from Feb. 1st to 10th. The interim will be used by visitors to travel over the state ere returning for the last meetings and the conference will attract many from all parts of Florida and many other states.

Among the prominent people who will assist in the conference are the following:

S. D. Gordon, Bishop Vincent of Chautauque, Rev. Geo. R. Stuart, the great Bible lecturer, Rev. J. R. Pepper, Dr. Munhall, Dr. Russell the well known Presbyterian lecturer, Bishop Morrison and Bishop Adkins of the Florida Conference and many other prominent speakers and Bible teachers.

Enterprise is readily reached from Jacksonville, Titusville or Sanford by rail and the Clyde Line of steamers leaving Jacksonville daily at 2 p. m. These steamers enjoy a most enjoyable trip up the St. Johns river arriving at Enterprise the following morning. Enterprise may also be reached from Sanford by the delightful four mile launch ride across beautiful Lake Monroe.

The conference will be a most delightful occasion, a recreation and a chance to hear some of the most eminent speakers in the religious circles of the country.

Orlando Wins

The girls' basketball team of the Orlando High School Athletic Association defeated the girls' basketball team of the Sanford High School yesterday afternoon, the score being 20 to 7.

The Sanford team put up a very good game but were outclassed in every play. The Orlando girls were at a disadvantage because of a disad arrangement of the out back court, which was of clay and very slippery owing to the incessant down-pour of rain during the entire game.

Most of the members of the athletic association accompanied the team and the encouragement they gave the team greatly assisted in gaining the victory. The line-up was as follows:

Forwards, Bessie Quigg and Maud Barger; center, Katherine Padgett; side center, Emma Taylor; guards, Lois Peck and Elbert Mulholland. The substitutes were Fannie Tucker, Lorena Walker, Mildred Barger, Miss Bessie Quigg is the captain and Miss Elbert Mulholland the manager. The team was chaperoned by Mrs. L. R. Mulholland. —Orlando Sentinel.

Death of Frank Lamont

Frank Lamont died at eleven o'clock Wednesday night at his home in the southern part of the city after a lingering illness of several years.

The deceased was born in New York state in 1846, later going westward and moving to Florida about two years ago in search of health. He settled in Lake county where he lived with his family until about a year and a half ago when they moved to Sanford.

He leaves two children to mourn his loss, one son and one daughter, both living in northern states. He also leaves several step children.

Served Hot Coffee

The Peoples Bank on Wednesday served hot coffee and wafers to the hundreds of visitors who thronged the bank building all day inspecting the new fixtures. The Peoples had extended the invitation on Tuesday through The Herald and it was responded to most promptly. The treat was especially enjoyed by the many Christmas shoppers who were tired and hungry and they spent a pleasant half hour with the Peoples and the ever obliging employees.

Missionary Meeting

The next meeting of the Woman's Missionary Society of the Baptist church will be held Monday evening, 7 o'clock in the church. All are urged to attend.

IRRIGATION AND DRAINAGE THE SUCCESS OF GROWERS EVERYWHERE DEPEND UPON THESE TWO

BIG CROPS AT SANFORD TAKEN AS AN EXAMPLE OF BEST SYSTEM OF IRRIGATION AND DRAINAGE

From Florida Times-Union

Irrigation, supplemented with a thorough drainage system to take care of the surplus water, as in the system in use at Sanford, by keeping a constant and adequate supply of water in the soil will bring into realization the fullest capacity of the soil to produce crops according to its degree of fertility, as is shown in the experience of all investigators. If the soil is well provided with humus and is naturally rich, or has been sufficiently supplied with fertilizer, it produces in Florida, with irrigation and drainage, the big crops that have made such localities as Sanford and Hastings famous. Florida possesses the unique advantage that large crops do not mean ruin to any of its farmers, because they are raised in a season when the great markets are bare of fresh vegetables and fruits locally raised and can consume all that can be supplied systematically, while these markets are rarely more than a thousand miles apart, sometimes less. In such a state as can be raised only in semi-tropical regions Florida is nearer to these markets than her rivals.

What enables the soil of Florida to produce great crops, therefore, adds to the profits of tilling it. A reminder of the value of water as a means of increasing yields is contained in some investigations made by a government agent in Wyoming and Western Nebraska, who ascertained that potatoes in 1928 acres of irrigated lands on seven farms produced an average of 124 bushels to the acre at a total operating cost of 35 cents a bushel while 1,600 acres of non-irrigated lands on seven farms yielded only an average of 41 bushels at an operating cost of 39 cents a bushel. Of out it was found that 2,945 acres of irrigated lands on 104 farms gave an average yield of 49.5 bushels per acre, against only 22.7 bushels per acre average on 421 acres of non-irrigated lands. The same number of farms which produced a corresponding increase from irrigation, but which sends its roots deep into the subsoil, evidenced less susceptibility to the influence of surface moisture.

In some experiments in Wisconsin, before mentioned, irrigation, supplemented the season's rainfall, produced 75 percent more food in an ordinary wet season and 50 percent and a half times more in a dry year. The berries from the irrigated tracts were larger and juicier, selling more readily and at a better price than those from plants that had only the natural rainfall, coming irregularly, to depend upon.

The soil can receive too much water, as every one knows. Drainage is as necessary. In some seasons at least, as irrigation. To get the best results from a steam engine fuel must be fed to the furnace regularly, and there must be a chimney with a good draught to carry off the surplus products of combustion. To get the best results from the fertility of the land, natural or applied, there must be means of keeping the soil in a degree of moisture to dissolve and carry to the plants' roots the food it contains, and that includes means of carrying off surplus water that might drown, or suffocate, these feeders of the plants.

Well drained soils are warmer than wet soils, as all farmers know. An excess of water in the soil keeps down its temperature in various ways, chiefly by evaporation and the radiation of heat. Drained land can be both worked and planted earlier after a heavier rain, or prolonged wet season. Crops have been known to mature ten or twelve days earlier than they would have done but for the draining of the soil in which they grew, and they were better than those on undrained lands. The land can be kept that to the greater benefit of the crops and increasing the facility of working it. With a good system of irrigation and thorough drainage the tiller of the soil can maintain a comparative independence of the meteorological vicissitudes of nature.

If it is any information to our readers we would like to remark that Christmas is over and another load is taken from our minds.

THE LETTUCE MARKET GOOD SINCE FIRST SHIPMENTS BEGAN

ABOUT FIVE HUNDRED CARS HAVE GONE FORWARD

PRICE HAS BEEN STEADY

COOLER WEATHER PREDICTED WILL BRING PRICE UP TO HIGHER MARK AFTER HOLIDAYS

The quality of lettuce and the market have been all that any one could ask this season and from the very beginning of the lettuce shipments the price has been good. There were days of very high prices and days of low prices but the general average this season will compare most favorably with that of any other in the history of winter gardening in Florida.

Up to date there have been about five hundred cars of lettuce shipped from Sanford counting the express and refrigerator cars and the price can conservatively be placed at 90 cents or even better for a general average. Cooler weather that is predicted will bring this average much higher before the lettuce season is over and the growers are facing one of the best seasons of their career in the Sanford Celery Delta. The lettuce has been exceptionally good this year and despite some warm weather has shipped well and brought a good average price in the markets and has always commanded a good price f. o. b. Sanford, which is self evident that the market is steady.

Much cauliflower is going forward this week, and is bringing the growers \$1.50 per net in Sanford. About four cars will go out this week and if the rain ceases and cooler weather prevails there will be some very fine stock shipped next week. The growers are having a hard time to get sufficient help on account of the holidays and this will militate against the shipment of the cauliflower and lettuce for several days as all the negro employees want to indulge in the ancient practice of taking a week at Christmas.

Celery is looking the finest and the prospects for a good crop never looked brighter. The growers are wearing a smile of contentment these days and should make good all along the line if weather conditions assist in the good work of the season.

New Presbyterian Church

An enthusiastic meeting of the officers of the church and of the various auxiliaries was held in the Presbyterian church Sunday afternoon at which the building of a new and commodious church was discussed. The interest was so intense that a second meeting of the elders and deacons was held at the close of the evening service. It was the unanimous decision that steps ought to be taken at once towards the erection of a modern church within the next six months. Plans are being perfected for a church which will be attractive and fitted for the work of all departments of the church. The church has been growing so rapidly that some move is imperative. This will not only be of interest to the members of the congregation, but to the whole town, since visitors have been surprised that there was no modernly equipped church in the town.

In 10 minutes at the close of the morning service Sunday the debt for the recent addition to the church was paid.

Chicken Inspector Adams

Dave Adams, the well known commission man is exhibiting a badge that bears the words "Chicken Inspector." Just what Dave's duties are at present not well defined but his friends say that he is having trouble holding the job, for already one old hen has broken his glasses. There is no doubt that Dave is partial to the frying size but his duties as inspector will involve the old ones as well and we see where Dave will lose several pairs of glasses before the season is over, that is if he persists in inspecting all classes of poultry.

Presbyterian Church

At 11:45 Sunday morning, at the Presbyterian church there will be a Christmas service "White Gifts for the King." A musical program has been arranged and an interesting hour is expected. Offerings for Thornwell Orphanage will be received.

Rev. Dr. Svartz of New York will preach at 11 o'clock. The pastor will preach at 7 p. m.

GAINEVILLE LETTUCE STARTS

Carload Lots Moving and Stock is of Good Quality

Gainesville, Fla., Dec. 21.—Shipment of lettuce in carlots has started. Seven cars were shipped this week and it is expected that the number will be doubled next week. All shipments were on open consignment, and to the eastern markets. The stock was of good quality and growers believe they will get the top of the market. The lettuce in this Gainesville section, which includes all the territory between Gainesville and Tacoma is exceptionally good, frame lettuce being extra fine. The major portion of the crop is under irrigation and is not suffering from drought.

The cabbage crop promises to be one of the largest ever grown in this section, but a large portion of it will be late. English peas will again be one of the principal crops this season and growers predict a heavy yield, providing a cold wave does not interfere. It is reported that cabbage buyers are in this section making contracts for the crop, or as much as they can get at \$1 f. o. b.—Produce News.

What the Currency Bill Provides

"Busy Reader" writes to the Evening Record asking for concise information as to the provisions of the new currency bill just signed by President Woodrow Wilson. Briefly put, the new measure passed by congress means a complete reform of the vast and complicated machinery of finance, banking and currency. Its fundamentals provide:

The issue of currency, guaranteed by the government, based upon notes and bills representing commercial transactions and backed by a gold reserve. The new currency is expected to contract and expand to meet the varied demands of trade.

The concentration of the bank reserves of the country in national institutions capitalized by the banks of the country and controlled by directors elected by the banks.

The creation of a market for the negotiable commercial paper which forms the bulk of the asset of the bank where, in times of stress, those assets may be easily and without loss transformed into cash.

The establishment of from eight to twelve regional banks throughout the country, which will issue currency, rediscunt paper and centralize and mobilize the reserves of the local banks.

The creation of a Federal Reserve Board of seven members, appointed by the President, with the powers of control and supervision of the currency system.

In the foregoing general principles the bill is practically the same that passed the house. But in phraseology and more or less important details, hundreds of changes have been made by the senate.

The senate has retained, after a contest, the house plan to have each regional bank a "bank of banks," with the directorate controlled by the member banks, and the capital furnished by enforced subscription of national banks.—St. Augustine Record.

Made No Assault

The case of state vs. Ben Munroe in the county court was no case when it came before the jury. The defendant was charged with assault and battery upon the person of J. E. Fleischer. It occurred over a misunderstanding about some lettuce which Mr. Munroe was to sell to Mr. Fleischer and according to the testimony Munroe thought Fleischer was about to hit him and with the flat of his hand Munroe knocked Fleischer to the ground. County Attorney DeCott was prosecutor and Attorney Ray appeared for the defense and after listening to the evidence in the case the jury acquitted Mr. Munroe of the charge of assault and battery and the case was dismissed.

New Clermont Factory

Messrs. P. B. Brantley and C. H. Forth of Clermont were in the city on Wednesday on business. They are engaged in erecting the buildings for the new Clermont Lumber & Manufacturing Co. Mr. Brantley was formerly a member of the Brantley-Horton Co., which firm has been merged into the new factory and will be one of the big factors in that part of the industry.

AN ARTISTIC SUIT.

Sartorial Inspiration From the Orient.



OF CHAPEL TUSSEUR IN BROCADED DESIGN

This novelty tailored suit designed for the autumn is made by a famous dressmaking establishment of Paris. The fabric is crape tusseur in a brocaded pattern. The suit is trimmed with printed silk in Post-Impressionist effect and with plaited chiffon. The coat is a modified cutaway affair, showing vest and skirt of an oriental type and a tunic of brown chiffon. The inspiration is derived from modern art and oriental form.

New Fields in Which to Earn Money.

Spurred by the high cost of living the self supporting woman is developing fresh versatility in the way of opening new fields in which to earn money.

One business woman leases a seven room apartment, retains four rooms for herself and her mother and rents the three remaining rooms at \$15 a month each. With such an arrangement almost the entire rent of the apartment is paid by the roomers. This woman has run a self supporting establishment on this plan for two years and recommends the idea as the most satisfactory way of maintaining a comfortable home.

"I don't believe in starting such a venture," she says, "unless a woman has the necessary furniture and is naturally fond of housekeeping. To go in debt for the furniture means a struggle to catch up which takes away much of the pleasure of the arrangement.

"With even a few hundred dollars ahead to meet one's rent in case rooms are not taken, I see no reason why my plan should not appeal to many business women who are now living in tiny rooms in boarding houses. There is nothing co-operative in our arrangement and the three women who room with us are free to leave at any time I take all the financial risk.

"We have a laundress twice a week, and one day a woman comes to clean. Our rent is practically nothing. We get our own breakfast and go to a boarding house in the neighborhood for our dinners. With the present cost of food we have found it more satisfactory to follow this plan."

Use For Old Mat.

If you have a rubber doormat you are not using for its specific purpose or if you can get another mat for the door and put the rubber mat in the kitchen you will not regret the change. Placed in front of the sink, before which the cook must stand so much, it will afford great relief to the feet. Notwithstanding so much has been said and written about women sitting to do what work they can, the majority will stand, and if anything so easy to provide as a rubber mat will add to their comfort it should be furnished.

The Pocket Workbox.

The tidy and provident woman will delight in the rolls containing cottons and needles of such convenient size that they may be carried in the purse or pocket. The rolls, which are made of leather fastened with a patent snap, contain three small reels of cotton, a needle book and thimble.

When You Burn Your Cake.

It sometimes happens that even with care the bottom of a cake or bread is burned. Do not try to use a knife, but take a coarse grater and grate the burned surfaces with it, and the burned part will be taken off without breaking or disfiguring the cake.

In London.

American women living in London have their own group, known as the Society of Women in London. The club has its clubhouse and through its various committees makes its influence felt in art, education and philanthropy.

MABEL'S CHITCHAT

When the Little Sister of the Rich Economizes.

USES FOR OLD MACKINTOSH.

Points About the Woman Who Wears Expensive Clothes, but Never Looks Well Dressed—Vagaries of a Regular Customer.

Dear Ella—The best place to see economy working overtime I have recently discovered is in the home of people blessed with a large share of this world's goods. They are, as a rule, more economical in the little things than those less endowed with wealth. Last week I spent with the P.'s, and you remember, dear, mother telling us years ago how "sparing" the older members of this family with gold silver used to be. Well, their descendants have inherited the same tendencies. The frugal mind is still apparent in the clan of today. How do I know? A fine object lesson was given by the daughter of the house.

One day during my stay Jack, Anne P.'s brother, found that he had quite outgrown his mackintosh. The coat was one of fine quality (they are too sensible and economical to buy anything but the best), but it was almost worn out—indeed, decidedly shabby in places. I myself should have thrown it away without a thought as being too far gone to do anything with, and I laughed heartily when Anne pointed upon the discarded garment like a hawk.

"Why, Anne," I said, "what on earth can you ever do with such a gone to pieces old mackintosh?"

"Well," she replied, "I was going to do something for myself with it, but since you are so skeptical about its usefulness I'm going to make some things for you out of it. There are lots of places that are quite good in it yet," she said, holding the old rag up admiringly for me to see. "Why, the entire back is almost as good as new."

I laughed again, but in spite of my discouraging rudeness Anne went to work and made for me—the skeptic—a wonderful bath apron to wear when I wash Comfy, our new Pomeranian dog, and a toilet bag with pockets in it for my suit case it holds, each in its own compartment, toothbrush, comb, soap, wash cloths and other similar articles.

You see, dear, I had bragged a little to Anne before the mackintosh episode of what I had accomplished in the saving line. Since then I will have to look to my own laurels for efficiency in household economy. Dick says the P.'s have the laugh on me and attributes their happy financial condition to generations of economical forbears. Mine were notorious spendthrifts, and there are times when I thank heaven for it. I can plunge and then put the blame upon "inherited tendencies."

And, apropos of plunging, one does have to accelerate one's sartorial zeal this season to be well dressed, for the chic thing is so expensively simple looking. But don't you think there are a lot of women, no matter how much they spend on clothes, who never acquire a well dressed look? It takes more than fine clothes and good grooming to give a woman this appearance.

This look, I think, is more of the spirit than of materials. For instance, there's Dorothy D. She always wears her clothes, no matter how elaborate, with an ease that makes them a part of herself. She shines from them. They do not shine from her, as is the case of the dressed up woman. The dressed up woman always gives one the impression of a courtiered person out in her best.

There's a shopgirl I see downtown at a ribbon counter who has the well dressed look to perfection, yet her clothes are simplicity themselves, differing but little in style from those of the other girls at this counter. They appear conscious of their spotless shift waists, trim belts and well done collures. She seems perfectly unconscious of her grooming. She does not stroke her belt or push it into better fit about her waist every few minutes, or smooth her hair, or fuss with her rings. Everything about her shows pretty taste and care and no present concern with it.

Speaking of shops reminds me of an experience I had recently in a very exclusive decorating establishment. While I was looking over a pile of cretonnes a smart woman, evidently a well known customer, came hurriedly into the shop and asked the salesgirl if she had one of those slipper trees that are made with a metal tip on one end of a steel spring and a wooden knob on the other. An answer in the affirmative being given, the customer ordered just one of the slipper trees to be painted white and prettily decorated and a white powder puff fastened to the top of it. "So when it lies," she explained, "on my dressing table it will look almost like a slipper with a white pompon on it."

The girl's training was equal to the strain put upon it, and she took the order without questioning its strangeness except with her eyes.

Just as maddy reached the door she smiled back at the girl, explaining: "I want it to powder my back with. I can't reach far enough, and the heavy tip at the end of the spring makes the slipper work just right." I therefore made a mental note. "Make some for Christmas gifts." Is it not a stunning idea? So new and original! Goodby until the letter writing spirit again moves yours dapperly, MABEL.

Always an Active Enemy.

Above all things, be on your guard against your temper. It is an enemy that will accompany you everywhere to the last hour of your life. If you listen to it, it will frustrate all your designs. It will make you lose the most important opportunities, and will inspire you with the inclinations and aversions of a child, to the prejudice of your gravest interests. Temper causes the greatest affairs to be decided by the most paltry reasons; it obscures talent, paralyzes every energy, and renders its victims unequal, weak, vile and insupportable.—Fenelon.

Flemings Built Up English Town.

Rochdale, England, laid the foundation of its prosperity in the reign of Edward III, when a body of Flemish emigrants took up their abode there and introduced their craft as clothiers. Rochdale, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, had become so famous for its woolen manufacturers that the "suzerain," the official appointed by the queen to measure all woolen cloth made for sale, had to appoint a special deputy there to keep pace with its manufacture and see that the crown was not robbed of its dues.

Atlanta Opera Audience.

A crowd at the Auditorium is a unique gathering. The audience there the other night was unlike any audience that ever gathered anywhere but in Atlanta to hear grand opera. It mixes freely and does not use the jargonette overly much. There was the ribbon clerk in the rented dress suit and the red necktie; there was the portly dowager, rigged out like a sixteen-year-old, and the lavish display of the nouveau riche was also among those present.—Atlanta Constitution.

Composer's Moods.

Those who imagine that a creative artist can, through the medium of his art, express his feelings at the moment when he is moved, make the greatest mistake. Emotions, sad or joyful, can only be expressed retrospectively, so to speak. Without any special reason for rejoicing, I may be moved by the same cheerful creative mood, and, vice versa, a work composed amid the happiest surroundings may be touched with dark and gloomy colors.—Tschalkowski.

Where the Akhund Rules.

Swat is the name of a valley and petty state northeast of Afghanistan. It takes its name from the River Swat, the Soastes of the ancient Greek geographers—an indirect tributary of the River Kubul. Its people belong to a race called Yusufzai. Akhund is the title of their rulers. The old line of princes, which till a comparatively late time ruled in Swat claimed descent from Alexander the Great.

Inspiration!

There is a lot of poppycock about this thing we call "inspiration." Men do not sit down in a trance and begin to find themselves equipped with genius. Achievement means toil and struggle and continuous effort to master small things that eventually shall contribute to the perfect whole.

Had Proved It.

"Daughter," called the father from his position at the top of the stairs at the well-known hour of 11:55 p. m. "doesn't that young man know how to say good-night?" "Does he?" echoed the young lady in the darkened hall; "well, I should say he does."

Grandma.

Grandma used to be an old lady who would throw a shawl over her shoulders and sit in a rocker and knit stockings all day. But, nowadays she puts on a nickel's worth of prepared chalk and follows the crowd.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

How Music Affected Animals.

An orchestral concert was given before the elephants in Le Jardin des Plantes, Paris. The animals became excited and impatient when passionate music was played, but calm when a sustained, melodious and flowing style was adopted.

Are You Your Own Judge?

A man cannot speak but he judges himself with his will or against his will he draws his portrait to the eye of his companions by every word. Every opinion reacts on him who utters it.—Emerson.

To Avoid Rust.

To avoid using hooks and eyes that will rust, test them with a magnet. If they can be drawn by the magnet they contain steel, and should not be used on anything that requires laundering.

Mistakes.

The old-fashioned little girl who used to be told that there was a wild bear in the blackberry patch now has a grown daughter who doesn't believe that ice cream makes freckles.—Dallas News.

His Recipe.

"My hair is falling out," admitted the timid man in a drug store. "Can you recommend something to keep it in?" "Certainly," replied the obliging clerk. "Get a box."

Liked Their Viands Sweet.

Pineapple chunks and roast beef as a dinner dish sounds like a return to the habits of the forefathers, who always wanted something sweet with their meat. Sir Walter Besant tells how in Tudor days most people's teeth were black on account of their diet. Honey was poured lavishly over the beef and sugar employed to give filip to the poultry, and even the wine had to be much sweetened to please the palate of the medieval gourmet. To this day Englishmen add current jelly to mutton, apple sauce to pork, and in Germany stewed pears form "the usual trimming" of chicken.

Nothing Really Seems New.

Discovery of a prehistoric Turkish bath in Ireland suggests again the thought that most of the things about which modern civilization boasts are ancient. An automatic machine was in use to supply sacrificial water in an ancient Greek temple. Queen Marie Theresa had an elevator in her house at Luxembourg at least as early as 1777, and an omnibus was running in Paris in 1662. In 1667 Robert Hooke conveyed sounds to a distance by distended wire—telephoned, in fact.

Cricket of English Birth.

Cricket is the national game of Englishmen, and seems always to have been played in Britain. The first mention of it is found in a manuscript of the thirteenth century. The name comes from the Saxon "cric" or "cric," a crooked stick—an obvious reference to the bat with which it is played. Wherever the English have colonized the game is played, and in many of the British possessions it has become popular with the natives, notably in New Zealand.

Easy Relief From Constipation

The Remedy that Replaces Calomel—Causes no Restriction of Habit or Diet

It is a mistake to take calomel when your liver is lazy and needs toning up. Hundreds of people in this section have discovered that Dodson's Liver Tone is a thousand times better and safe and its action is just as sure. There are none of the bad after effects of calomel to Dodson's Liver Tone and no danger of salivation.

For attacks of constipation or biliousness one or two spoonfuls of this mild, pleasant tasting vegetable liquid are enough and L. R. Phillips & Co. give a personal guarantee that every bottle will do all that is claimed for it. Money back in any case where it fails.

Dodson's Liver Tone costs only 50 cents for a large bottle. Remember the name because there are any number of remedies sold in imitation of Dodson's claims. Some of them have names very similar to Dodson's Liver Tone and are in the same color package. These imitations are not guaranteed and may be very harmful. Go to L. R. Phillips & Co. and you will surely get the genuine (Advertisement)

Favorite Fertilizers

ARE BEST FOR ALL CROPS

Write for Catalogue.

INDEPENDENT FERTILIZER CO. JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

WE SELL SEED POTATOES

There is Comfort in

knowing that you can obtain one tried and proved remedy thoroughly well adapted to your needs. Every woman who is troubled with headache, backache, languor, extreme nervousness and depression of spirits ought to try

Beecham's Pills

(The Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World)

and learn what a difference they will make. By purifying the system they insure better digestion, sounder sleep, quieter nerves, and bestow the charm of sparkling eyes, a spotless rosy complexion and vivacious spirits. Thousands upon thousands of women have learned, happily, that Beecham's Pills are reliable and

The Unfailing Home Remedy

Sold everywhere. In boxes, 10c., 25c.

The directions with every box are very valuable—especially to women.

USEFUL CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Why not buy something serviceable and useful for that Christmas Present? A good bicycle will not only please, but will be a good investment and will last for years. We carry all the leading makes of Bicycles, the one you can depend upon to give good and lasting service. COLUMBIA, IVER JOHNSON, RACYCLE and HARTFORD

SANFORD CYCLE CO.

108 PALMETTO AVENUE

SEED POTATOES SEED BEANS

Can fill orders for immediate shipment.

NO. 4 ROSE POTATOES BLISS TRIUMPH POTATOES

Select Seed Stock, All Varieties Seed Beans. Complete fresh stock of all garden and field seeds. Our quality the best.

Darby & Martin Jacksonville, Fla.

Advertisement for L.C. Smith & Bros. Typewriter. Features an illustration of the typewriter and text: 'Good Typewriting requires a Good Operator—and a Good Typewriter'. Includes details about the machine's efficiency and contact information for the company in Syracuse, N.Y.

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS

Ordinance Regarding the Relocating of Passengers at Sanford Station...
Ordinance Regarding the Relocating of Passengers at Sanford Station...

AN ORDINANCE

Regarding the Platting of Land and the Laying Out of Streets and Alleys in the City of Sanford...
That from and after the passage of this ordinance...

NOTICE

The city council of Sanford, Fla., will receive bids for the performance of such public work as follows:
Sanitary work, garbage service and street cleaning and hauling of trash.

NOTICE

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the First National Bank of Sanford, Florida will be held in the rooms of the bank on Tuesday, January 11, 1922, at 10 o'clock a. m.

More Effective Than Calomel

BRONATA—The great BLOOD PURIFIER and LIVER CLEANSER...
BRONATA—The great BLOOD PURIFIER and LIVER CLEANSER...

C. H. DINGEE

Plumbing and Gas Fitting
All Work Receives My Personal Attention and Best Efforts

SANFORD LODGES

Sanford Lodge No. 27, I. O. O. F.
Seminole Chapter No. 2, Order Eastern Star
Phoenix Lodge No. 5, K. of P.

MANROE CHAPTER NO. 15, K. A. M.

Meets every second and fourth Thursday in Masonic Hall near Imperial Theatre...

A. C. L. TIME TABLE

Table with 4 columns: Direction, Line, Arrival, Departure. Includes South Bound and North Bound routes.

BAD STOMACH?

ONE DOSE OF
MAYR'S WONDERFUL STOMACH REMEDY
Should Convince You That Your Suffering is Unnecessary



Recommended for Chronic Indigestion and Stomach, Liver and Intestinal Ailments.

Thousands of people, some right in your own locality, have taken Mayr's Wonderful Stomach Remedy for Stomach, Liver and Intestinal Ailments...

For sale in Sanford by L. R. Phillips & Co.

SEEDS

POULTRY SUPPLIES, GRAIN, HAY, ETC.
SEED OATS, RYE and VETCH. GARDEN and FARM SEEDS for FALL and SPRING PLANTING.

DARBY & MARTIN
JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

FROM BAD TO WORSE

Accident Prevents an Unnecessary Separation; It Was the Husband's Last Chance.

By CLARENCE RICHARDSON.
The telephone was jangling discordantly and Cleave was conscious of an acute presentiment of disaster as he took down the receiver.

Your wife's accident... he heard a voice saying, "Thrown from the buggy..."

Cleave hung the receiver up and sat staring moodily at the papers upon his desk. He need not start for half an hour, or there would be that much waiting at the station, and he preferred the silence of his office.

They had been married two years, and had no child. If one had come things might have been different—they might not have quarreled so perpetually.

How she had loved him before their marriage, thought Cleave, as he sat at his desk. Then she had striven at first to make him happy!

"I can forgive you, John, and love you, but the memory of these two unhappy years must always be with me. It can never be quite the same again."

And after that everything had seemed hopeless. Things had gone from bad to worse. And finally they



Sat at His Wife's Bedside.

had decided that Mary should go back to her mother, to spend the summer with her. There was to be no scandal. Their friends had no inkling of the condition of affairs, but thought them a devoted couple.

Suddenly there swept over him a fuller realization than had ever before come to him of his selfishness. He had ruined her life, he had killed her love. Not the blindest and most devoted love could have survived his callous cruelty and indifference.

He sprang to his feet and hurried to the street. The car carried him to the station none too swiftly. His train was just pulling out as he flung himself aboard. That was John Cleave all over, he thought bitterly.

An hour's run and he was treading the streets of the country village in which he lived. He saw his home, an automobile was standing before the door. He rushed in. The doctor and a nurse, hastily summoned, were in the hall. The doctor, on his way out, was giving the nurse her instructions.

"Your wife has had a very serious accident, Mr. Cleave," he said. "She was thrown out of the buggy when the horse swerved, and sustained a fracture of the skull. There is no immediate danger, I am happy to say. She may recover consciousness at any time. But we fear some brain injury."

"You mean insanity?" asked Cleave, miserably. He could bear to think of her dead better than of that bright spirit obscured and fettered. The love that he had ever felt for her rushed over him in a tide of bitter reproach.

ourselves unnecessarily by speculating upon it. Miss Anderson is an excellent nurse and knows just what it is necessary to do. I shall be back this evening.

All through that afternoon John Cleave sat at his wife's bedside, staring into the wide-open eyes that saw nothing. She lay in a stupor, there was not the smallest movement; she might have been a figure of marble.

"When do you expect her to recover consciousness?" asked John of the nurse.

"At any time," the woman answered. "Today, tomorrow, or tomorrow week. We can't tell—we must just hope."

It was not until the third afternoon that consciousness returned. John had watched continually at his wife's bedside, hardly suffering himself to be torn away for the hastily stashed meals and the brief intervals of sleep.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon when she stirred and spoke. A light of consciousness came into the eyes; she turned them upon John and knew him. She smiled at him, and the smile was like that which she had worn upon their wedding morning.

"Dearest—where am I?" she asked. "At home," said John, thrilling at the faint clasp of her fingers. "At home, never to go away again."

"But why should I want to go away from you, my husband?" said Mary, smiling. "I feel so weak. Have I been ill?"

"You have met with an accident," he answered. "But thank God you are getting well. Now you must lie still and sleep."

She smiled up at him obediently and for the first time the tired eyelids fluttered down upon the eyes. Mary slept. Her hand in John's was moist and warm. The nurse came in and saw the change.

"She will live, Mr. Cleave," she said. "You didn't expect it, then?" "No," said Miss Anderson.

"She spoke to you, you say?" inquired the doctor of John that evening. "She knew you and spoke and seemed rational?"

"Absolutely rational," answered John Cleave, and turned away. He went into his room and on his knees thanked God for the chance that was to be his. His prayer was answered.

"How long have we been married, John?" Mary asked next day. "It seems such a long time, somehow, and yet I know that it can't really be an entire year as that calendar on the wall seems to show."

John looked at the calendar. It was an old one of the preceding year, and it had remained on the bedroom wall, as old calendars are apt to do when they have become familiarized by time.

"It is June," said Mary, "and we were married in June. Is it a whole year, dearest?"

John dared not tell her that it was two years. "Dearest," she whispered presently. "Put your arms round me and let me tell you something. Do you know, all the time I was lying here this morning I have been thinking how unkind I have been to you, and how unhappy I have made you. I want you to forgive me, John. And I believe you can forgive me, because the memories of this year of our marriage have been so dear."

"It is you who must forgive me, dearest," said John, humbly. "That night the doctor explained the situation to him."

Your wife," he said, "is on the high road to recovery. Her mind is as sound as it has ever been. The brain trouble which I anticipated amounts simply to this. The whole of the past year has slipped out of her memory. Has she had any great trouble that could account for this?"

"Yes," answered John, humbly, and the doctor shot a keen glance at him. "Then that is the explanation," he said. "Her mind was troubled; she wishes to forget the episode, whatever it was. It is necessary for her to forget it in order that she may get well. The group of brain cells which registered those memories have, so to speak, isolated themselves from the remainder. We could possibly awaken those dormant memories, but it would be highly inadvisable to do so. Are you prepared to let her go through life with no memory of that one year?"

"Indeed, I am," said Cleave, "especially since you think it is for the best. But how can she adjust herself to conditions? Will she not be constantly perplexed by discrepancies in dates?"

"Happily not," the doctor answered. "In such cases the mind meets all these problems and solves them in its own way, and to its perfect satisfaction. You have a very charming wife, Mr. Cleave," he added. "Guard her and care for her—and let the past bury its dead."

And John, kneeling at Mary's bedside, thanked God that his chance had come, and renewed his vows, never more to be broken.

(Copyright, 1914, by W. G. Chapman.)

Annoyance.
She—These reporters are so careless. This paper says I have been "for years one of the handsomest women in society."
He—Well, my dear, what is the objection to that?
She—Why, I never said anything about "for years."—Puck

"Be Sure You're Right, Then Go Ahead"
Everybody wants the "right piano," but some buyers get lost in a bewildering maze of "just as goods," forgetting that the standard piano, toward which all other makers are striving, is the STEINWAY.
JOHN A. CUNNINGHAM
FLORIDA DISTRIBUTOR
JACKSONVILLE

The Man Who Succeeds Never Takes a Chance That He Can Avoid
Griffing's 1914 Tree Book is a Guide to Success Get a Copy—Free to You
Griffing Brothers
313Q Forsyth Street
Jacksonville, Florida

Fertilizers
Virginia-Carolina Chemical Co.
HIGH GRADE FERTILIZERS
FOR Lettuce, Celery, Potatoes, Cabbage, Etc. Special Brands for Orange Trees.
Complete line of Fertilizer Materials always carried in stock.
Write or call for prices and information.
Virginia-Carolina Chemical Co.
E. B. BROWN, Local Manager

BUY DIRECT FROM US
AND MAKE THE MIDDLE MAN'S PROFIT
HAY, GRAIN AND FEED
Every large and small feeder in the state should write for our price list MAILED FREE UPON REQUEST
PERMENTER COMPANY
JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA

THE SANFORD HERALD

Published Every Tuesday and Friday Morning By THE HERALD PRINTING COMPANY

Subscription Price, \$2.00 a Year in Advance

Office in Herald Building Telephone No. 148

LOOKING FORWARD

The new year is just ahead and new resolutions are the order of the day. Then let us who think we have the moulding of the city of Sanford in our hands...

HAD NEVER LIVED

The other day in Evansville, Ind., a drummer committed suicide and had no better reason for his rash act than that given in a note he left on the table...

HAPPY LAKELAND

Happily there are no feuds or factions in our beautiful little city of Lakeland, no clans nor clanishness, and with our enlightened and progressive population...

Notice Horse Owners

I have a first class expert horse thief. Give him a trial.

HIT THE WRONG MAN

How the Making of a Black Eye Brought Happiness to Two.

By JAMES HALL.

Collins was in a very uncomfortable frame of mind as he journeyed downtown in the Subway. He had been unemployed for nearly two months and was fast approaching the end of his resources...



"Won't You Accept My Humble Apologies?"

stibility too, no doubt, for there was a quiet self-confidence in her manner which made her, quite unconsciously, a personality among the nondescript humanity that crowded the car.

Suddenly his attention was drawn to her by hearing her exclaim in a low, well-modulated voice, but expressive of intense scorn: "Will you kindly stop pressing my arm, sir!"

His nerves were already tingling. This slight incident completely upset his equilibrium. He saw the puffy-faced man, who had begun to look exceedingly uncomfortable, apparently attempting to conceal himself behind his newspaper.

Collins worked himself free and tried to help the girl through the

through. He reached her and offered her his arm. She declined it indignantly, and Collins, crestfallen, followed her to the car door, where he was at once seized by a gray-coated Subway guard.

"Hold him!" yelled the puffy-faced man, who, hatless and coatless, now appeared on the scene. Even then Collins noticed, with satisfaction that his eye was nearly closed and surrounded by a widening circle of black, shading off into a medley of crimson, magenta, and maroon.

Collins saw the girl stop suddenly, hesitate, and then return impulsively toward him. She laid her hand upon his arm.

"No, it is a mistake," she said. "This gentleman tried to protect me against a despicable fellow who was insulting me, only—only—"

Collins was thunderstruck at this piece of information. Surely fate had dealt very hardly with him. The puffy-faced man, who had now adjusted his coat and hat, did not look much like a prospective employer.

"Mr. Allison," he said impulsively, "I don't care for myself, but if you are a gentleman you will let me get this lady out of this crowd. Won't you accept my humble apologies? My name is Collins—Frank Collins, and I was on my way downtown to apply to you for a position. I lose the position; let us call the account even."

There was an awful silence. Collins dared not look up. The crowd was melting away; the three stood there together, for even the guard, seeing the turn matters were taking, had wisely gone about his business.

Mighty Y. M. C. A. Three-score years ago, T. V. Sullivan, a sea captain, organized in Boston a new business, modeled after something he had heard existed in England.

Today this organization has thousands of employees. It has 2,196 offices in almost as many American cities. Its expenses are more than ten million dollars a year.

Still Works at Handloom. The last of the handloom weavers of Wales, a man named Williams, was present at the Home Arts and Industries exhibition at the Albert Hall, London, not long since.

Very Embarrassing. Deacon (anxiously)—I wish that our young minister wasn't obliged to preach to such a small congregation. Widow—So do I. Every time he said "dearly beloved" this morning I felt as if I had received a proposal.

COUNTY HAPPENINGS

A Budget Of Interesting Items From Correspondents

EVENTS OF SEMINOLE COUNTY

Efficient Staff Of Reporters Weekly Covers The Territory For The Herald

PAOLA POINTS.

Services at Paola church will now be conducted regularly every Sunday at 3 p. m., Rev. Pomeroy officiating. The attendance has already increased considerably and it is hoped will still be larger.

Miss Murphy closed the school for the holidays with a very nice entertainment, the children all acquitting themselves with great credit to the teacher. Unfortunately the evening was rainy and many were prevented from attending on that account.

Mr. and Mrs. McElroy are again domiciled at the "Short" house for the winter.

Mrs. Dr. Williamson of New York has rented the "Harry Dent" house and will keep house there this winter, wishing an entire rest from professional duties and the quiet our village can give her.

Miss Murray has gone to her home at Ocoee for her vacation.

Mr. Cleveland's sister, Mrs. Leggett has arrived and will make a long visit at Banana Lake.

J. W. Kersay has gone to his home at Green Cove Springs to spend his Christmas with the home folks. He is making his trip in his own car on his own time and will no doubt enjoy the independence of it.

Geo. Garwood is now section boss of the Paola section, Mr. Lipford having been transferred to the Sanford and Everglades branch.

Mr. and Mrs. Chilson are spending the holidays at Geneva.

Miss Lillian Booth is with her brother at Twin Lakes for the holidays.

Misses Sarah and Ruth Smith are at home again for their Christmas vacation.

A deputy sheriff and posse of assistants undertook to arrest a negro at Markham the other day, and allowed the fellow to drive them off and make his escape. No one can be blamed for not wishing to be a target for a desperado negro or any one else, but the people seem to think a little more patience and perseverance might have been used, as well as a little more nerve displayed.

Before these items appear, Christmas will have come and gone. Paolaites hope their neighboring visitors enjoyed a jolly day and wish them all a happy and prosperous New Year.

MOORE MOVEMENTS

Greetings of the season to The Herald and all its readers.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Herndon, two children and Miss Ola Estridge of Howell, Ga., are here with their parents and friends for the holidays.

R. A. Thomas entertained his father, C. A. W. Thomas of Gainesville and brother, Neil H. Thomas of Birmingham, Ala., last week and showed them the wonders of the Colony Delta.

Kent Rosseter is in Ocala spending Christmas.

Mrs. Mary Symes and two little grand daughters, the Rosseter children are spending Christmas at the B. A. Howard home.

Mr. Fenton, a new arrival from Battle Creek, Mich., is living in the Kinahan house and working for the Florida Gardens Company. Wm. Doyle, also of Michigan and Louis Skrobick of Pennsylvania are more new arrivals here working for the same company.

Several carloads of fine cauliflower and lettuce were shipped the fore part of the week from hereabouts and some cabbage.

Depressed Spirits

EVERY ONE HAS IT WITHIN HIS POWER TO BE HAPPY

A celebrated French physician has said that "a man's liver is the barometer of his disposition."

Every man and every woman knows that the cheerful smile is a big factor in one's success.

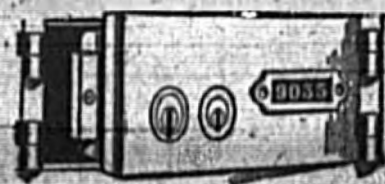
Every one should know that the disordered liver is cause of ninety per cent of human ills. Lax, overworked livers are the prime causes of headaches, indigestion, constipation and dozens of other ills.

But the inactive liver always warns by coated tongue, sour stomach, dull eye and even laziness. Heed your warning and you insure happiness to yourself and reflect it upon your associates. Calomel is out of date. Modern day science has found a better way in Caswell's Liver-Aid which is a pure vegetable remedy, and under guarantee of money back if it does not give large relief. Ask R. O. Druggist, about it.



IF you have something that is intended for your eyes only, put it in one of our Safe Deposit Boxes

Fire cannot reach it—burglars cannot get it and you will have absolute privacy because all our Safe Deposit Boxes are fitted with Yale Locks which cannot be opened unless you help.



Peoples Bank Of Sanford



Count the cost—and you'll buy a Ford. Big production centered on one model keeps its first cost lowest. Light weight and unequalled strength makes its upkeep most economical. If you count the cost you'll buy a Ford.

Five hundred dollars is the new price of the Ford roadster; the touring car is five fifty; the town car seven fifty—all f. o. b. Detroit complete with equipment. Get catalog and particulars from Sanford Machine and Garage Co., C. F. Williams, Agent; Edward Higgins, Mgr.

Brilliant Composer

There are so many musical luminaries of the name of Strauss living, dead, and moribund—that it is small wonder that the Frohman announcement of a new Strauss opera created confused inferences. The opera bought by Mr. Frohman is by Oscar Strauss—the Austrian composer of "The Waltz Dream," and "The Chocolate Soldier"—who, now in his forty-third year, is composing as brilliantly and as copiously as ever.

Those Aggrieved.

Mr. Gladstone once denounced certain members of the Opposition as "a lot of truckling attorneys," a phrase which caused some indignation on the following day he said, "I recently described some members as truckling attorneys. I now wish to apologize—some applause from the aggrieved parties interrupted him. I now wish to apologize—to the attorneys."

Courteous to the Last

When on the scaffold Robert Bamford, who was hanged at Nottingham, England, several years ago, politely asked the hangman if he could have more rope. On his request being granted, he endeavored to shake hands with the hangman, but being unable to do so with his pinioned arms he gave him a courtly bow and smile of thanks.

Dice Played in Greece.

Dice are said by some to have had their origin in occult sources, but more reasonably they are ascribed to Pythagoras of Greece, B. C. 544. Those exhumed at Thebes are identical with those used today, and the games played with them are the simplest and most widely known games of chance in the world.

Was Not in Speaker's Mind.

On one occasion, when a certain legislative candidate, known as a clever speaker and very effective in dealing with a hostile audience, was addressing a meeting in his constituency, he had no sooner risen and said, "Gentlemen," than some one threw an egg at him. Quite unperturbed, he turned to the offender and said: "I was not speaking to you, sir."

Had Him Guessing.

"I'm beginning to doubt my judgment about the new soprano," said the first manager, who had been wildly enthusiastic. "Why?" asked the second manager. "None of the other sopranos seem to be jealous of her."—Kansas City Star.

"Fool's Paradise."

By a "fool's paradise" is meant a vain hope, and, secondarily, unlawful pleasure, or anything promising what can never be fulfilled. The phrase comes from the old schoolmen in ecclesiastical history, who taught that just outside of Paradise was a "limbus fatuorum," or paradise of fools, where those who had not the full use of their senses, in life spent their eternity—neither in heaven or hell, but very near to the abode of the blessed.

Judging Character.

We may judge a man's character by what he loves—what pleases him. If a man manifests delight in low and sordid objects—the vulgar song and debasing language—in the misfortunes of his fellows, or cruelty to animals, we may at once determine the complexion of his character. On the contrary, if he loves purity, modesty, truth—if virtuous pursuits engage his heart and draw out his affections—we are satisfied that he is an upright man.

Golf Probably From Holland.

Golf is popularly supposed to have had its origin in Scotland, but there seems to be good reason for believing that it came from Holland. The name itself is undoubtedly of German or Dutch extraction, and an enactment of James I. of England, bearing date 1618, refers to a considerable importation of golf balls from Holland, and at the same time places a restriction upon this extravagant use, in a foreign country, of the coin of the realm.

Origin of the Term Swan-Song.

The idea of the sentiment conveyed by the words "swan song" is that the swan when dying sings for the first time. As a matter of fact swans do not sing at any time, and this interesting saying is said to be derived from an old Norse legend which has to do with the Valkyries, mythical maidens in armor with wings of a swan, who when they floated over the scene of a battle sang the song of death.

Antient Remedy.

Nicholas Culpepper, Gentleman Student in Physick and Astrology, writing in 1655, commends as an interesting and valuable remedy, "the skull of a man that had never been buried, beaten to a powder and given inwardly, the quantity of a dram at a time in Betony water." Its particular efficacy was to be expected in palsy and falling sickness.

Little Happenings—Mention Of Matters In Brief

PERSONAL ITEMS OF INTEREST

Summary Of The Floating Small Talks Secretly Arranged For Hurried Herald Readers

Miss Lucile Denton of Gainesville is the house guest of Jiss Harrold of Melroseville avenue. Chase & Co. have full stock vegetable crates and hampers. 29-tf

John V. Denton was in the city several days of this week from his home in Michigan. Mr. Denton expects to return later in the season and look after the crop and the spring crops. Coconut shredded bulk. J. D. Roberts. 26-tf

Chase & Co. have full stock vegetable crates and hampers. 29-tf Next Sunday, at the Congregational church, Miss Lucille Aspinwall will sing both morning and evening. All will greatly enjoy hearing her. This is her first appearance, vocally, in Sanford. Now looking orders Best Aroostook Co. Maine grown Seed Potatoes. Spalding's Rose No. 4 and Red Bliss Triumph. F. F. Dutton. 27-tf

Next meals at J. D. Roberts. 26-tf Rev. and Mrs. Hyman and children left Wednesday night to spend Christmas day at Jasper with Mrs. Hyman's parents. Mr. Hyman will return before Sunday to fill his appointment at the Baptist church but his family will remain a week or two.

Orange boxes lettuce baskets, potato hampers and all style carriers at F. F. Dutton's. 27-tf

Olives bulk. J. D. Roberts. 26-tf J. W. Morrison of Kansas City is the guest of his brother-in-law, O. C. Case of the West Side. He is accompanied by his wife and daughter who were here for some time last season. Mr. Morrison is literary editor of the Kansas City Star.

Box Ball for ladies and gentlemen at 30 East First St. A 10 ball game for 1 cent. Prizes awarded for record. P. E. Hartman, Manager. 34-4tp

There will be Christmas music in the Congregational church next Sunday, and all will be well repaid for being in attendance. Besides this, the pastor has secured a most helpful and timely discourse. All are invited. Libbey Cheese, Holland Herring and Popcorn at Mrs. A. Simon's. 25-tf

Sam Kraut in bulk at J. D. Roberts. 26-tf

Dr. Hal Boardall and his bonny bride were in the city on Wednesday coming from Jacksonville via Clyde Line. Dr. Boardall was recently married in Charleston and was en route to his home in Orlando. He is a former Sanford boy who has made good in his chosen profession as a physician and is practicing in Orlando.

Rolled Pickled Beef—Rohe's Bros' New York pack, at Leffer's. Cafery crate orders should be placed now to insure delivery when needed. F. Dutton. 27-tf

Capt. R. C. Layton, a prominent attorney of Gainesville was in the city this week on legal business. Capt. Layton spent his boyhood days here when Judge Foster, his uncle, was counsel for the Plant System. Capt. Layton is prominent in military circles and was Captain of the Gainesville Guards when the editor of The Herald was serving as a sergeant in that crack company.

The Old Year—The New Year. God bless store accounts. Chs. confidence and comfort. 36-t

Seed potatoes ordered now will save you money. F. F. Dutton. 27-tf

There will be elaborate music in the Congregational church next Sunday, in the evening the orchestra will assist. Miss Aspinwall will sing at both morning and evening services. Mrs. D. C. Marlowe, the church organist, being absent for the holidays, Mrs. Aspinwall will officiate at the grand organ. Besides the ladies above named the choir will be composed of Mrs. Chas. Ingolds and Mrs. Harry Briggs, sopranos; Mrs. F. P. Strong, Mrs. G. B. Waldron and Mrs. C. E. Walker, contraltos; Messrs. F. P. Strong, Henry Nickel and Dr. C. E. Walker, basses, and Mr. E. T. Woodruff, tenor and director.

Picked Pig Meat—Rohe Bros' New York pack. At Leffer's Better to be penny wise than pound foolish in making store accounts. Good time to begin. 36-2tc

Chase & Co. have full stock vegetable crates and hampers. 29-tf

NEGRO THIEF RUNS AMUCK

Sheriff Hand and Deputies Have Lively Chase and Lose Quarry

A negro supposed to be one wanted in several counties south of here has been giving Sheriff Hand and his deputies some lively work in the past week. He broke into a house near Lake Mary and gained possession of a revolver and rifle and since that time has broken into several places in the vicinity. Sheriff Hand has trailed him from time to time only to lose him. Last Saturday Deputy Sheriff Conner Williamson was crossed upon him and exchanged shots with the negro firing at the deputy with a Winchester rifle several times and firing to kill. He was lost again and although the chase has not been abandoned the negro up to now has skillfully eluded pursuit. The negro is thought by some to be an escaped convict and being desperate at the thought of capture is taking desperate chances and expects to be killed before being taken.

He is described as a small, ginger cake negro and walks with a limp, having been wounded at some time or other and is said to be one of the most desperate characters that the sheriff's office has dealt with in some time. The country has been aroused by his depredations and if he is seen he will not get another opportunity to shoot at any one in that neighborhood.

Had the Bells On

Sharon, Pa., Dec. 26.—Humming the once popular refrain "She Had Bells on Her Fingers and Bells on Her Toes," the belles of the senior class of the Sharon High School jingled into the presence of Professor McNeal, principal.

The faint tinkle of bells reached his ears and the girls giggled. A scrutiny of the young women convinced him they neither had them on their fingers nor on their toes. But where?

The tinkle was a little beyond their sphere. He consulted with Professor Dieffenferer, instructor in German. They proved equal to the emergency, and all the belled belles were asked to adjourn to Miss Reno's room.

As the tinkling chorus trooped into the presence of Miss Reno she pointed a waste basket and told the girls to "ring off." Silk clad ankles peeped into view as the girls smilingly removed the bells which they had fastened somewhere, but out of sight of the male instructors.

Joe Earman of Jacksonville was in the city on Tuesday, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Starling. Mr. Earman is interested in Palm Beach where he formerly resided and has large property interests and also has stock in the Palm Beach Post, the freedman semi-weekly on the East Coast. Mr. Earman made The Herald office an appreciated visit and the latest string is always out for him when in Sanford, for Joe Earman is a live wire and sparks all the time.

Williams' Kidney Pills

Have you overworked your nervous system and caused trouble with your kidneys and bladder? Have you pains in loins, side, back and bladder? Have you a shabby appearance of the face and under the eyes? A frequent desire to pass urine? If so, Williams' Kidney Pills will cure you. Sold only by Wm. G. Aldridge, Druggist. Price 50c. Williams Mfg. Co. Props. Cleveland O.

Notice The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Seminole County Bank of Sanford, Florida, will be held at the bank on Thursday, January 27, 1911 for the purpose of electing a board of directors and any other matters that may come before the meeting. A. R. KEY, Cashier. 36-2Fri-1 Tue

Medium's Fraud Exposed. At a spiritualist seance at Ounna, Spain, a parrot, which had been trained to imitate the voice of a nun, long dead, and which had been hidden behind voluminous draperies, flattered down on the table. The medium was mobbed by the company and seriously injured.

Finally Got Moved. "Do you think the motor-car has come to stay?" asked one man of his neighbor. "Well," replied the other, "there was one out in front of my house the other day which I thought had; but they got a horse, after a while, and towed it home."

Easily Explained. Grian—"What's happened to disturb the friendship between Nupop and Cutup?" Each one says the other is an intolerable bore. "Barrett—"Nupop's recently become the father of a first-born and Cutup's just had a surgical operation."

Foot-Pound. The foot-pound is a regularly recognized unit of result in estimating mechanical work. It represents one pound in weight raised one foot from the ground. One pound is the unit of weight, one foot the unit of distance.

BIG FEATURE FILM

Burning of Old Family Home Saved Son's Farm From Foreclosure Proceedings.

By AUGUSTUS GOODRICH SHERWIN.

When the movies came to Brookdale Mrs. Hayden took a great interest in their doings. She and her crippled husband lived a mile from town along the river. It was there that the motion picture men made their camp. The scenery was wild and beautiful, just the spot to furnish the frame for almost any normal drama.

John Hayden had not seen her so spry and animated for years. He was glad to note her interest in trifles and the household cares of years wearing away from her. All the same he did this with a suppression of sadness she never penetrated. It was with an aching heart, and that heart beating next to a certain letter he had received and kept secret from her, that the old man smiled at her simple joyousness.

"Just think of it, John," she said, "only two weeks more and we start for the boy's farm! Did I show you the photograph he sent me of the dear place, with himself and his wife, Laura, and the two little tots on the pretty porch? Isn't it delightful to think of you and I passing our last days among such lovely surroundings, after just vegetating in this ramshackly old ruin ready to fall to pieces after a century's use?"

It was indeed a veritable ruin. It had answered the needs of two generations, however. A large rambling house, it was scarcely safe now to walk across some of the trembling floors. Neighbors had warned the Haydens that it would not last much longer, that any day the venerable relic might tumble about their ears.

"How about the finish up of that big feature film?" "We've got to burn up a house to act that out." "Well, why don't you find one to burn?" demanded Dale's companion, evidently a person of importance and direction in the movie proposition. "The company don't stop at expense, you know, where it's an extra good film."

"I haven't run across an empty house in our travels just suited to our purpose," replied Dale. "Why, the ideal old barracks to work in the fire and the explosion is that old ruin I noticed right beyond here. Do you know who lives there?"

"Oh, very well." "Offer to purchase it." "How much?" "Oh—say \$500" was the careless reply of a man who made money so fast that the amount was a mere incidental trifle.

"I'll take it, oh, I'll take it!" cried a quavering voice, and John Hayden staggered into view and from very joy and gratitude fell a senseless heap at the feet of the two astonished motion picture men.

In graphic, sensational style the old house went up in smoke the next day. Following a secret telegram John Hayden sent to his son, a happy old couple took the train for that little farm out west. Sarah Hayden was never to know how narrowly the joy of living had escaped the bleakness of despair. And all the way of that rapid train journey the heart of the happy old man was singing a glad strain of gratitude and perfect happiness and peace.

Change in Paris Humor

There is a decided change in humor, as it is understood nowadays, from the humor of our grandfathers, says a Paris correspondent of the London Standard. The Gherbread fair has just opened on the Paris boulevards, and the usual array of booths and amusements of all kinds invite custom.

In front of one of these booths a man in clown's dress called an audience to see a peculiar phenomenon, a donkey whose tail was where his head ought to be, and vice versa. He got a large audience at a penny apiece, and when they were inside a curtain was drawn and the donkey was shown. He was a quite ordinary ass whose tail was tied to a manger, the place, as the clown duly explained, where his head ought to be.

Some years ago the audience would have laughed at its own gullibility and retired to make room for other victims. This time they tied the clown to the manger and the police were sent for. The unfortunate clown, whose sense of humor is half a century late, is now in prison for swindling and may expect a sentence of considerable severity.

Use of Leisure. Students who don't wisely but too well are going to receive prayerful attention from Dr. Henry Louis Smith, the new president of Washington and Lee university. He proclaims it to be the function of a university to teach future citizens to play happily as well as to work efficiently and study diligently. Gambling, drinking and vice he intends to combat with all the strength there is in him. The wise use of leisure is perhaps the great fruit of culture. It is learned usually by few. Ellhu Burritt, the learned blacksmith, taught himself many languages at the forge and in idle moments. Abraham Lincoln educated himself largely at the country store counter. But the great majority today, as in all ages, are embarrassed by moments of freedom and get away from themselves as quickly as possible, lose themselves in the crowd or in drink or other dissolutions or in pastimes.

Rather Suggestive. Rastus was ill and the physician was visiting him. "What yo tink de do matter wif me, doctah?" he asked. "Oh, nothing much," said the doctor. "Only a slight case of chickenpox."

Rastus grew nervous. "I elare, doctah," he said, earnestly. "I hain't been nowhar whar I could ketch dat!" —Ladies' Home Journal.

To think of us old folks earning

money, real money, in what is going to make us look like real actors to the people who will see those pictures when they are finished," she marvelled.

At any other time, with a mind free from care, all this would have been a pleasant series of episodes in the quiet, humdrum life of John Hayden. Now, however, it was a false position it made him assume—to smile when his heart was breaking. Each dawning day drew them closer and closer to the vortex of ruin that must be announced sooner or later.

"I am going to tell her—I must tell her," he said one day, after a long spell of deep thought in his favorite solitude by the river side.

Yes, the blow could not be averted longer. His wife must know the truth. The old man tried to steady his nerves, to gain courage for the distressful disclosure.

He arose and sighed as he noted the bright, cheering sunlight, beyond the network of vines that screened the natural spot of beauty where he had been seated lost in painful meditation. About to take up his crutches and proceed on his cheerless mission John Hayden paused. Some one had halted just beyond them, engaged in conversation. He recognized the tones of one of the speakers as that of the rollicking, good-natured leader of the movies, Rupert Dale.

"Yes," he was saying, "we're ready to report in now, almost. There's two more scenarios and then we're through."

AT LONG CORNERS

The Town Prided Itself on Being Exclusive, but Had Many Gossips.

By FRANK GILMORE.

I don't know which was the more unpopular in our town, Anthony Barrett, the banker, or Charlie Meadows, his secretary. I think on the whole that it was Charlie.

Long Corners has always prided itself on being exclusive. But we aren't dudes. So when this fellow Barrett, of whom nothing was known, opened his bank and took Charlie to be his confidential secretary, and they put on the airs of millionaires, and wouldn't mix with the rest of us fellows, it naturally set Long Corners against them.

The first time I met Barrett was at the house of Luella. Luella and I had always understood that we were to be married when I could support her. I couldn't keep her in much style on fifteen a week, which was all that Barrett allowed me as one of his bookkeepers. But I hadn't reckoned on Barrett butting into the game—a man of forty, with nothing known about his past, except that it was reported he had been a jailbird.

Luella grew pretty cold to me when I taxed her about him. At last I had to tell her that if she wanted to flirt with a man old enough to be her father, all right, only she could count me out. She showed me the door then.

I thought for sure she would tell Barrett and he would fire me, but apparently she had too much sense, and things went on in their usual way. None of us fellows in the bank had any sort of respect for Barrett. He didn't treat us like human beings at all. He used to come in carrying a cane, and that made us pretty tired. And Charlie Meadows was just as self-opinionated as he was. So what with all this and Luella's turning me down, I was feeling pretty bad when

"How about the finish up of that big feature film?" "We've got to burn up a house to act that out."

"Well, why don't you find one to burn?" demanded Dale's companion, evidently a person of importance and direction in the movie proposition. "The company don't stop at expense, you know, where it's an extra good film."

"I haven't run across an empty house in our travels just suited to our purpose," replied Dale. "Why, the ideal old barracks to work in the fire and the explosion is that old ruin I noticed right beyond here. Do you know who lives there?"

"Oh, very well." "Offer to purchase it." "How much?" "Oh—say \$500" was the careless reply of a man who made money so fast that the amount was a mere incidental trifle.

"I'll take it, oh, I'll take it!" cried a quavering voice, and John Hayden staggered into view and from very joy and gratitude fell a senseless heap at the feet of the two astonished motion picture men.

In graphic, sensational style the old house went up in smoke the next day. Following a secret telegram John Hayden sent to his son, a happy old couple took the train for that little farm out west. Sarah Hayden was never to know how narrowly the joy of living had escaped the bleakness of despair. And all the way of that rapid train journey the heart of the happy old man was singing a glad strain of gratitude and perfect happiness and peace.

Change in Paris Humor. There is a decided change in humor, as it is understood nowadays, from the humor of our grandfathers, says a Paris correspondent of the London Standard. The Gherbread fair has just opened on the Paris boulevards, and the usual array of booths and amusements of all kinds invite custom.

In front of one of these booths a man in clown's dress called an audience to see a peculiar phenomenon, a donkey whose tail was where his head ought to be, and vice versa. He got a large audience at a penny apiece, and when they were inside a curtain was drawn and the donkey was shown. He was a quite ordinary ass whose tail was tied to a manger, the place, as the clown duly explained, where his head ought to be.

Some years ago the audience would have laughed at its own gullibility and retired to make room for other victims. This time they tied the clown to the manger and the police were sent for. The unfortunate clown, whose sense of humor is half a century late, is now in prison for swindling and may expect a sentence of considerable severity.

Use of Leisure. Students who don't wisely but too well are going to receive prayerful attention from Dr. Henry Louis Smith, the new president of Washington and Lee university. He proclaims it to be the function of a university to teach future citizens to play happily as well as to work efficiently and study diligently. Gambling, drinking and vice he intends to combat with all the strength there is in him. The wise use of leisure is perhaps the great fruit of culture. It is learned usually by few. Ellhu Burritt, the learned blacksmith, taught himself many languages at the forge and in idle moments. Abraham Lincoln educated himself largely at the country store counter. But the great majority today, as in all ages, are embarrassed by moments of freedom and get away from themselves as quickly as possible, lose themselves in the crowd or in drink or other dissolutions or in pastimes.

Rather Suggestive. Rastus was ill and the physician was visiting him. "What yo tink de do matter wif me, doctah?" he asked. "Oh, nothing much," said the doctor. "Only a slight case of chickenpox."

Rastus grew nervous. "I elare, doctah," he said, earnestly. "I hain't been nowhar whar I could ketch dat!" —Ladies' Home Journal.

To think of us old folks earning

AT LONG CORNERS

The Town Prided Itself on Being Exclusive, but Had Many Gossips.

By FRANK GILMORE.

I don't know which was the more unpopular in our town, Anthony Barrett, the banker, or Charlie Meadows, his secretary. I think on the whole that it was Charlie.

Long Corners has always prided itself on being exclusive. But we aren't dudes. So when this fellow Barrett, of whom nothing was known, opened his bank and took Charlie to be his confidential secretary, and they put on the airs of millionaires, and wouldn't mix with the rest of us fellows, it naturally set Long Corners against them.

The first time I met Barrett was at the house of Luella. Luella and I had always understood that we were to be married when I could support her. I couldn't keep her in much style on fifteen a week, which was all that Barrett allowed me as one of his bookkeepers. But I hadn't reckoned on Barrett butting into the game—a man of forty, with nothing known about his past, except that it was reported he had been a jailbird.

Luella grew pretty cold to me when I taxed her about him. At last I had to tell her that if she wanted to flirt with a man old enough to be her father, all right, only she could count me out. She showed me the door then.

I thought for sure she would tell Barrett and he would fire me, but apparently she had too much sense, and things went on in their usual way. None of us fellows in the bank had any sort of respect for Barrett. He didn't treat us like human beings at all. He used to come in carrying a cane, and that made us pretty tired. And Charlie Meadows was just as self-opinionated as he was. So what with all this and Luella's turning me down, I was feeling pretty bad when

"How about the finish up of that big feature film?" "We've got to burn up a house to act that out."

"Well, why don't you find one to burn?" demanded Dale's companion, evidently a person of importance and direction in the movie proposition. "The company don't stop at expense, you know, where it's an extra good film."

"I haven't run across an empty house in our travels just suited to our purpose," replied Dale. "Why, the ideal old barracks to work in the fire and the explosion is that old ruin I noticed right beyond here. Do you know who lives there?"

"Oh, very well." "Offer to purchase it." "How much?" "Oh—say \$500" was the careless reply of a man who made money so fast that the amount was a mere incidental trifle.

"I'll take it, oh, I'll take it!" cried a quavering voice, and John Hayden staggered into view and from very joy and gratitude fell a senseless heap at the feet of the two astonished motion picture men.

In graphic, sensational style the old house went up in smoke the next day. Following a secret telegram John Hayden sent to his son, a happy old couple took the train for that little farm out west. Sarah Hayden was never to know how narrowly the joy of living had escaped the bleakness of despair. And all the way of that rapid train journey the heart of the happy old man was singing a glad strain of gratitude and perfect happiness and peace.

Change in Paris Humor. There is a decided change in humor, as it is understood nowadays, from the humor of our grandfathers, says a Paris correspondent of the London Standard. The Gherbread fair has just opened on the Paris boulevards, and the usual array of booths and amusements of all kinds invite custom.

In front of one of these booths a man in clown's dress called an audience to see a peculiar phenomenon, a donkey whose tail was where his head ought to be, and vice versa. He got a large audience at a penny apiece, and when they were inside a curtain was drawn and the donkey was shown. He was a quite ordinary ass whose tail was tied to a manger, the place, as the clown duly explained, where his head ought to be.

Some years ago the audience would have laughed at its own gullibility and retired to make room for other victims. This time they tied the clown to the manger and the police were sent for. The unfortunate clown, whose sense of humor is half a century late, is now in prison for swindling and may expect a sentence of considerable severity.

Use of Leisure. Students who don't wisely but too well are going to receive prayerful attention from Dr. Henry Louis Smith, the new president of Washington and Lee university. He proclaims it to be the function of a university to teach future citizens to play happily as well as to work efficiently and study diligently. Gambling, drinking and vice he intends to combat with all the strength there is in him. The wise use of leisure is perhaps the great fruit of culture. It is learned usually by few. Ellhu Burritt, the learned blacksmith, taught himself many languages at the forge and in idle moments. Abraham Lincoln educated himself largely at the country store counter. But the great majority today, as in all ages, are embarrassed by moments of freedom and get away from themselves as quickly as possible, lose themselves in the crowd or in drink or other dissolutions or in pastimes.

Rather Suggestive. Rastus was ill and the physician was visiting him. "What yo tink de do matter wif me, doctah?" he asked. "Oh, nothing much," said the doctor. "Only a slight case of chickenpox."

Rastus grew nervous. "I elare, doctah," he said, earnestly. "I hain't been nowhar whar I could ketch dat!" —Ladies' Home Journal.

To think of us old folks earning

many hours are over," sneered Charlie as he went out.

"I couldn't neglect my duties, and I was supposed not to know what had happened. I didn't mean to lose my position; I was not going to Luella out of revenge, but as a friend. I know she was not the girl to tell where she got her information. But I would have given a good deal to have seen Barrett's face when she gave him his walking papers."

I was at her house at eight o'clock, and by good luck she was alone. When she saw me she looked unpleasant; the scoundrel had completely ousted me in her esteem.

"Well, Mr. Spolledge?" she began, mockingly. "You don't seem very well pleased to see me, but you will thank me warmly enough when I get through. That friend of yours, Barrett, is a thief and a scoundrel."

"Rather hard words to say about a friend of mine," she said. "I suppose you are willing to repeat those words to Mr. Barrett, face to face?"

"No, I'm not," I answered. "I don't want to lose my job. It wouldn't be quite fair to be put in that predicament, Luella, when I have only come to you as a friend. Now listen."

She refused to hear me, but I was determined that she should. So I told her everything that Charlie had told me that morning; how Barrett had been cashier in the County and National in Wayne City, and had stolen fifty thousand dollars and served a five-year term for it.

"When did this interesting episode occur?" she asked when I had ended. "In 1909," I answered.

"Four years ago. But I thought you said he had served a five-year sentence."

"Well, I suppose they let him out early for good behavior," I answered. I had been so keyed up I hadn't heard the bell ring, and I was still in the middle of my remarks when Barrett walked into the room.

Luella turned from me to him. "This gentleman," she said, meaning me, "has been so kind as to tell me that old story about the County and National, Anthony. Isn't it a disgusting name—Anthony?"

"You seem to have a host of friends, Luella," he answered. "This is the tenth, isn't it?"

"The twelfth," she answered, and then she turned to me. "You are very slow, Mr. Coolidge. Mr. Barrett told me all about that weeks ago, and so have many of his well-wishers. Only you left out the fact that he was pardoned before the first six months were out because the real thief confessed. Good evening, Mr. Coolidge."

Well, I walked out. I wouldn't demean myself by arguing with that sort of man. And I'm still in his bank. That is his confounded hypocritical cunning; he won't discharge me and he won't raise my salary. And Luella and he were married yesterday.

Psychic Channels. Given a stored up quantity of electricity, it follows that a great resistance will prevent its moving in a certain direction. It also follows that its force will leap over a weak resistance, and will also move toward a strong attracting object, writes William Walker Atkinson in the Nautilus. At first sight, it would appear as if the question of its manifestation were settled—that it must either move along the original line of least resistance, or else along the line of the original greatest attraction from the outside. Stop a moment and consider this proposition, and see if you can find any way to overcome the stated condition. Is there a way to overcome it? Yes! Here it is: Establish new lines of attraction and least resistance by erecting a system of wires leading in the desired direction, and connect the system with the stored-up power. See it? Simple, but marvelously efficient! The stored-up power will forsake the old lines of least resistance—will turn away from the old attracting power—and will, instead, leap joyously and swiftly to the new attractive line of easiest passage, the system of wires erected by you.

Porto Rican Children Studious. That Porto Rican children are as apt or more apt than American children in their studies is the assertion of Miss Grace E. Josselyn of the Porto Rican Missionary society.

"My experience has been that the Porto Rican children are usually bright and clever when it comes to assimilating studies," she said. "I think they are as apt or more apt than American children. Of course, they have not had a long time in which to pursue their studies."

"Thirteen years ago, when the United States commenced its government of the island, there was only one school in Porto Rico. Today there are two thousand, one thousand of which are public schools."

Talked Too Much. Some people can't stand it to have people ask them questions. In a book on "Court Fools," the following true incident is related: Selim, the son of Bajazet, the renowned Turkish conqueror, was one with whom the most favored of his followers could not with impunity venture on freedom of speech. When he was engaged on his Egyptian expedition, one of his officials the most closely attached to his person, hazarded the question as to when his majesty expected to be at Cairo.

"I shall be there," said Selim, "when it may please God. As for thy arrival there, it pleases me that thou shalt stay here."

And herewith, on a sign from the sultan, the unlucky questioner was instantly put to death.—Pathfinder.



By This Time I Was Listening With Both Ears.

I happened to overhear a conversation between Barrett and Charlie.

I was putting away some books in the cabinet behind the door of Barrett's private office and the door was a little ajar and I heard Charlie strike him for a rascal's salary.

"You're getting thirty-five now, Mr. Meadows," said Barrett, in his cold, headless way, "and that is ten dollars more than you could get anywhere else."

"I guess I'm worth fifty a week to you, Mr. Barrett," Charlie answered in a sort of impudent way.

"Indeed," said Barrett. "Perhaps you will explain just why you put such an exaggerated value on your services."

By this time I was listening with both ears, as anyone would have done. "Because, Mr. Barrett," answered Charlie quietly, "I happen to know that you have served a five years' sentence in state's prison for the misappropriation of bank funds."

I just had time to hurry away before Charlie came out. He had been discharged. Barrett thought he could bluff Long Corners. But he couldn't bluff me. I laid hold of Charlie.

"I guess you are feeling pretty sore," I said. "I happened to overhear what Barrett was saying to you. Are you going to make it public?"

"You bet I am," he answered, and his rage made him quite friendly. He had been living under the shadow of the great man and it had turned him into a sort of cheap imitation of him, but now he saw what a fool he had been.

"I'd give a hundred dollars to know just where to hit him first," said Charlie. "I got the whole story from some of his private papers. Confound him! Perhaps he'll try to buy me off. I felt sure I was good for that extra fifteen."

"I'll tell you where to hit him first," I said. "He's stolen my girl—Miss Luella Mason. Isn't that enough? I'm going right round to tell her."

"Wait till tomorrow," he urged. "He may think better of it and offer me a thousand to keep quiet. If he does I'll give you ten per cent."

This sounded good, but I ran him up to a third before agreeing. But on the morrow Barrett was just as cold and self-possessed as ever. And to cap the climax, when Charlie went down to work—his month not being up—Barrett gave him his salary and ordered him out of the office.

"I guess you'll smart for this before

For Sale, Power Boat



HYACINTH, built 1910 by Merritt-Stevens Co., 14 Gross tons, 15 net tons, 10 1/2 hp motor, 37 ft long, 7 ft 6 in wide, 20 inches of hull, 12 inches of beam, cypress, planking, galvanized fastenings, two staterooms, two berths and bath in each room, toilet room, large galley, ample deck space for freight or passengers, ice box, chairs and tables.

ENGINE, Merchants, 4 cycles, 2 cylinders, jump spark, SCHEBLER carburettor, SPLITDORF coil, timer, and plugs, LOBEE and PEQUOT pumps, copper piping, 150 gallon fuel tanks, whistle tank and outfit. Engine used 1300 hours and in good condition.

HULL rebuilt 1912 and new outfit in galley, new table ware and linen, new bedding and linen, new lamps, lines, etc.

COMPLETE outfit as required by law with eleven life preservers. Economical to operate. Capable of carrying thirty persons.

Also 26 foot Steam Launch, compound engine, complete outfit, big bargain.

JOHN E. HARRIS
St. Francis, Fla.

COULD SCARCELY WALK ABOUT

And For Three Summers Mrs. Vincent Was Unable to Attend to Any of Her Housework.

Pleasant Hill, N. C.—"I suffered for three summers," writes Mrs. Walter Vincent, of this town, "and the third and last time, was my worst.

I had dreadful nervous headaches and prostration, and was scarcely able to walk about. Could not do any of my housework.

I also had dreadful pains in my back and sides and when one of those weak, sinking spells would come on me, I would have to give up and lie down, until it wore off.

I was certainly in a dreadful state of health, when I finally decided to try Cardui, the woman's tonic, and I firmly

believe I would have died if I hadn't taken it.

After I began taking Cardui, I was greatly helped, and all three bottles relieved me entirely.

I fattened up, and grew so much stronger in three months, I felt like another person altogether."

Cardui is purely vegetable and gentle-acting. Its ingredients have a mild, tonic effect, on the womanly constitution.

Cardui makes for increased strength, improves the appetite, tones up the nervous system, and helps to make pale, sallow cheeks, fresh and rosy.

Cardui has helped more than a million weak women, during the past 50 years. It will surely do for you, what it has done for them. Try Cardui today.

Write for Chattanooga Medicine Co., Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions on young case and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent to plain wrapper.

The Geo. H. Fernald Hardware Company

The House of Quality

OFFERS

Holiday Gifts of Real Value

- | | | |
|--------------------|------------------------|--------------|
| FINE CUTLERY | CARVING SETS | RAZORS |
| SCISSORS | CHAFING DISHES | |
| COFFEE PERCOLATORS | ELECTRIC READING LAMPS | |
| FINE TOOLS | STOVES | RANGES, ETC. |

Our store will be open on Christmas Eve, but closed all day on Christmas.

The Big Store - Oak Avenue

ROBBINS NEST HOTEL

RATES \$2.00 AND \$3.00 PER DAY

PRIVATE BATHS—ELECTRIC LIGHTED—GAS

THE ONLY FIRST CLASS HOTEL IN SANFORD

A. ROBBINS, Proprietor

A 25c Want Ad. in The Herald will Rent Your House For You

ORDERS GOT CROSSED

Mistake of Big, Blundering Boy Brought Him Wife and Fortune.

By MILDRED CAROLINE GOODRIDGE

"Just a boy—a big, blundering great-hearted boy!" was the way Cecile Merritt put it in a casual discussion of their friends with a confidential girl acquaintance.

It was Roy Bacon whom Cecile referred to, and her words were repeated in time to Roy himself, who flashed like a bashful school girl and then looked proud and pleased.

"I would rather hear that from Miss Merritt's sweet lips," he said, "than to have any other girl tell me I was the model of the universe," and the rotary movement of circumstances carried this back to Cecile and made it a due impression.

The sensible, sympathetic little lady had estimated Roy just right. Roy was sensitive as a child, but there was true sterling worthiness under the surface. An indulgent uncle had nearly spoiled him. He had recently, however, tried to redeem the error by getting Roy a position with a local brokerage house.

Roy was set at learning the routine of the office. He studied over lists and quotations until his head ached. Then they employed him at receiving orders over the telephone. The rapid jargon of the stock exchange nearly drove him out of his mind. At the end of his first day's experience he went home in a state of determined rebellion.

"I shall inform Uncle Glib that he may put me at work with a shovel or running a street car, but I can't stand the wear and tear of this wild investment business!" Roy told himself.

But then, as he turned a corner he came face to face with Cecile. She was so sweet and friendly, her inquiries as to how he was getting along



"Look There!" Thundered the Manager.

showed so much interest, that he forgot his late decision.

"Just for her sake, just to show that I've got energy and ambition," he soliloquized, "I'll stick it out and make a record."

Roy was full of this ambition, but as well of the pretty face of Cecile. Perhaps that set his wits wool-gathering, perhaps it was the fault of somebody else, but about one o'clock the next afternoon, the rush hour of the office, Roy made the ghastly mistake of his life.

The telephones were jangling all over the place, for the market was feverish with a fairly delirious close. He caught up the receiver at a call.

"Burton Black & Co.—take order. Buy for us 2,000—"

"Jesse!" came an interruption. Then a hiss. Then a snap, and then the words:

"United Utilities at 1.05."

There was no time to verify the order, for some rush business came over the wire. Roy handed the order to one of the office brokers and forgot all about it.

"Manager wants you," came the sharp order from his assistant the moment Roy reached his desk in the morning. With a face white with anger and manifestly intensely excited, the manager glared at him.

"You took an order from Burton Black yesterday afternoon?" he demanded.

"I did, sir," acquiesced Roy. "It was a big one, too—2,000 United Utilities at 1.05."

"Nothing of the sort," shouted the manager. "They ordered ten gold 5's, Commonwealth Central."

"Why, sir," explained Roy, "I am sure they said 2,000 United Utilities."

"Did you verify the order?"

"No, sir—rush of business—"

"You never keep the exchange quotations?"

"Not yet, sir."

"Look there!" thundered the manager, holding up the printed sheet—"United Utilities, 63." Raided late yesterday, a drop of forty points in an hour, and we are loaded down with \$300,000 worth!"

"Then—then," stammered Roy, fairly appalled, "the message got mixed—crossed wires!"

The firm sent at once for Mr. Bacon. Morally he was responsible for the unfortunate error of the nephew he had recommended. Proud and just, without a word Uncle Glib drew out a

check, pocketed the unlucky bonds, and said, sourly to his nephew:

"Now then, you come home with me!"

Roy felt dreadfully distressed. His first business experience had been, a costly one. He spoke of turning over some compensation in the shape of a small legacy his mother had left him. But Uncle Glib was not to be appeased. He was grim, silent, repellent, and the next evening, feeling much like a disciplined school boy, Roy packed his satchel and wrote a note to his uncle, intimating that he had better visit a cousin at Brandon for a week or two.

Then with a very sad and solemn face Roy went to the telephone and called up the Merritt residence.

"I wish to speak to Miss Merritt," he said, stuttering, confused, but determined on his course.

"Yes?" intimated a girlish voice.

"This is Mr. Bacon, Cecile—that is, Miss Merritt. I'm sorry, but I have made a complete failure of everything. Before I go away, I wanted to say to you that I thank you for being the kindest best friend I ever had, and I love you and always shall. Good-by," and then dropping the receiver, he seized his satchel and rushed from the house as if he expected it to fall upon him for his rash declaration.

It was a pretty miserable journey to Brandon. It was a long wearisome day that next one, worse the second, unbearable the third. Part of the time Roy thought of his awful business blunder. The rest of the time he sought lonely lanes and secluded paths, mind, heart and soul full of Cecile.

"Oh, say, Roy," hailed his cousin, as he returned tired and glum from a solitary tramp one evening, "here's a rush telegram from the city."

Roy tore open the envelope. He read: "Return on first train—Uncle Glib."

If the signature had been "Gibson Bacon or 'G. B.," Roy would have been chilled. The familiar old "Uncle Glib" gave him some heart of hope. He ran up the steps of the old home when he reached it, to be greeted by Uncle Glib with a hearty handshake.

"Ha! Ha! Ha! Ho!" rolicked the old man. "Roy, boy, you did it! Yesterday United Utilities went up to 130, and you've made a small fortune!"

Of course Roy was the happiest of mortals at this unexpected lucky outcome to his big business blunder. Whenever he thought of his impulsive message to Cecile, however, he got almost scared. He kept pretty close around home, but as he ventured forth at dusk came face to face with the very subject of his thoughts.

She blushed and he was dreadfully embarrassed. Wise little woman that she was, sweetly and naturally she brought the conversation back to a message that Roy had sent to her sister Nella over the telephone.

"Your sister?" gasped Roy. "Oh, my!"

"Do not feel distressed, Mr. Bacon," said Cecile, "for Nella ran to father, the selfish little spite that she is, and father spoke to me," and—here Cecile grew confused and dropped her eyes.

"What did father—oh, my! What am I saying? What did Mr. Merritt say?" Inquired Roy hopelessly in a lost voice.

"He only smiled," reported Cecile in a low tone.

"And—and what did you do, Miss Merritt?" pursued Roy.

"I—why, I kissed the dear old treasure, and told him he was the best father in the world!" replied Cecile blushing, and Roy knew that he was the happiest man in the world.

(Copyright, 1912, by W. G. Chapman)

Mother Principle Undying.

There is mother principle alive in all nature which never dies. This is different from the mother instinct, the mother passion. The oak and the amoeba respond to the mother principle. It is a law of life; it is one of the constants of being. The mother instinct or passion, on the other hand, occurs only among the higher animals; occurs not sporadically quite, for it is common enough, yet while generally found, and while one of the strongest, most interesting, most beautiful of animal traits, it is at the same time the most individual and the least constant.

This cow of my neighbors that I hear lowing (the "big blue" cow of the herd) is an entirely gentle creature ordinarily, but with a calf at her side she will pitch at any one who approaches her. And there is no other cow of the herd who mourns so long when her calf is taken away. The mother in her is stronger, more enduring, than in any of the other nineteen in the barn. In my own cow it is hardly more than blind principle, hardly advanced beyond the oak tree's feeling for its acorns, or the amoeba's for its divided self.—The Atlantic.

Ostend's Picturesque Celebration.

One of the most picturesque ceremonies which have come down from the ages is the blessing of the sea, which takes place in Ostend on the first Sunday in July every year. Early on the day a procession forms outside the church of St. Peter and St. Paul, and walks slowly to the Digue de Mer, where a temporary altar is previously erected. A young girl in a white shepherdess dress, and carrying an effigy of the paschal lamb, generally leads the way, and behind her, on the shoulders of four fishermen dressed as brides, the figures of the Virgin Mary, with the infant Jesus, is born aloft. Behind the women come several boys attired as fishermen and carrying sea charts, anchors, fishing nets, and baskets. The procession is completed by lads supporting a large model of a ship.

CRISIS OF HIS LIFE

Great Sacrifice of Chinaman and Awe-Inspiring Sign in Vermilion.

By GERTRUDE MARY SHERIDAN.

A beautiful young girl sat at an open window gazing out upon a garden redolent with lilac bloom. Her hands were clasped, her eyes fixed upon the full moon sailing on in silver state, her soul's thoughts going forth to her lover at the other end of the world.

She was Agnes Norton, and the person upon whom her heart centered was Wade Latham, author and artist. Once he had been a law reporter, and quib incidentally had acquired information upon which rested the vital issues of the great Norton will case. The Norton family rose or fell on the final decision upon that noted litigation. It was now appealed to the highest court, and General Norton was sure that the newly discovered evidence of young Latham would turn the scales of justice in his favor.

It was natural on account of this that Agnes and Wade should meet. It was just as natural that they should love. They seemed made for one another. No engagement existed between them, but when they had last parted the farewell meeting of their eyes told both that their hearts and their future were united.

The Norton case would not come up for a year. Wade had an offer from a publication to invade central China and bring back something new from pen and pencil to give to the world. Success in this effort meant, further, a recognition by the Academy of Design. It was a great commission for a young man and Wade ambitiously undertook its execution.

A year had nearly gone by. Agnes had not heard from her lover for nearly three months. The will case came up in thirty days. The general was anxious and worried. And Agnes sat dreaming of Wade at the other end of the world.

She pictured him among great temples, far extending mountain chains, amid splendid pageants of richly



A Friendless Hunted Fugitive.

garbed mandarins—only the glare and glitter of a vast empire filled her mind.

At that very hour the man she loved was at the crisis of his life—a lone figure amid a lonely, lonely scene. He crouched behind the figure of an idol in a Chinese burial ground, pale, worn, his clothing in shreds, his only possessions the picture of Agnes next to his heart and his artist outfit and portfolio.

That was stored with sketches and memoranda of immense value to science and literature, but courage had died out of his heart. Thousands of miles from civilization, a friendless hunted fugitive, he was lurking in this forlorn retreat clinging with a natural love of life to a mere thread of hope.

He drew further into the shadow of his refuge as he made out two forms approaching. Wade was expecting somebody, but he was in a situation where he dared not risk confronting an enemy, and he knew that he was in danger of meeting such. Then at a glance he made out friends, and spoke to them in the native dialect, which he had mastered quite proficiently during his stay in the district.

Both the new comers were Mongolians. One poorly dressed advanced, kotoed humbly to Wade, and even kissed his feet—raverently, gratefully.

"See," he said, arising and waving his companion forward as though he were some supreme person—"It is the high one of our family—Kwang Lo."

Wade welcomed the lithe erect young man introduced. There was a quiet dignity that attracted.

"I am the sacrifice," he said simply. "The sacrifice" repeated Wade in wonderment.

"It is so," was the quiet reply. "It is you who, a month since found the mandarin at the home of my kinsman. He was about to be beheaded for an infringement of the law. It was that or the payment of 1,100 taels. Without that, not only would he be executed, but his oldest son and all the others imprisoned. The sacred burial would be denied. It would take generations of prayer and sacrifice to wipe out the stain."

Wade well remembered the circumstances. Shiver pity for the unfor-

lunate family had, indeed, induced him to part with nearly all his surplus stock of money.

"Since then," continued Kwang Lo, "the evil mandarin, thinking you had money, have imprisoned you in the hopes of winning the bribe ransom you could not pay. Last night my kinsman here enabled you to escape from jail. They will seek you every-where. From here two hundred miles across the mountains to Beliro if you are seen it is death for you. They have sent for me, the high one of the family, to get you beyond peril, and because for some great reason that is not our affair you must be in your native land speedily."

"But I have no means to pursue my journey from Beliro to Canton, suggested Wade.

"They shall be provided," quietly assured Kwang Lo.

"Master, within your case—open it," spoke the other native.

Wade did as directed. Kwang Lo reached within it and drew from among the colored pencils a wood engraved crayon of vermilion hue.

"Glyc it to me," he directed, "it shall be your safe conduct." Within an hour he prepared for the journey.

True to his promise, Kwang Lo re-appeared shortly with a two-wheeled push cart holding a close wicker box top. Across this was a broad sheet of bamboo bearing some Chinese letters in bright vermilion.

In an instant Wade knew what this meant. The royal sign manual was always written with a vermilion pencil. Kwang Lo intended to force a safe conduct to Beliro by deluding the natives with that counterfeit awe-inspiring sign manual of the ruler of the realm.

Within that wicker covert Wade Latham was conveyed to Beliro. When it was opened he found himself in the rear room of a Chinese pawn shop. Kwang Lo had darobed to the walt. Encircling him was a band of gold heavy and unbroken, bearing native characters. There was some talk between him and the keeper of the shop. Then money passed, and Kwang Lo came forward and placed in Wade's hand a sum equal to two hundred American dollars.

"You are safe to travel hence to Canton," he said—"you can return to your native land as soon as money can speed you now."

"But this money—"

"I have agreed to remain here the slave of the shop keeper until I am redeemed," was the explanation. The family circle, sacred for generations—surely my family will not allow it to pass to others at my death. That is my right to you. I am the sacrifice—I glory in thus doing for the man who saved my kinsman!"

That sublime sacrifice was first in the thoughts of Wade Latham when he landed on American soil. As quickly as he could reach his friends more than the amount necessary to redeem Kwang Lo and his family treasures was transmitted to Beliro to make of him a free man.

In time to act as a witness in the great lawsuit and to see it put on General Norton, honored and famous through his contributions to science and literature, Wade Latham gained a still richer prize after all his perilous adventures—the hand of loyal happy Agnes Norton.

(Copyright, 1912, by W. G. Chapman)

The Types as They Slip

The bathrooms marched past in column, and then in review on the Englishman.

"English boarding and apartment house; dark room convenient for bathing."—Daily Malta Chronicle.

"The program was as follows: quartet, 'O Hurl Thee My Baby to Natal, Witness."

"A delightfully cool breeze was blowing." Several ladies, both Indian and European, were among the guests."

"Penarth—Charming detached residence, commanding interrupted sea view."—House Agent's Announcements.

"Thursday, December 26. The state entry at 10 a. m. Deception of the chiefs, 3 to 5 p. m."—Times of India.

"A beautiful light flooded her face—half-proud, half-tearful—alone in her left hand, closely pressed against her bosom."—Church Family Newspaper.

"Very pretty set, curb bracelet set round wool; 10s 6d to kind home only as pet dog."—The Lady.

"Miss Stapleton Cotton was married on Tuesday in the private chapel at Lambeth palace to Viscount Hood."

Viscount Hood was unable to be present through illness."—Church Family Newspaper.

"Newcastle was agitated on Sunday night by the appearance of two harem skirts."—Staffordshire Sentinel.

"Spaniels—For sale, three healthy dogs, 8ft. high, practically new, including till, price £8, 10s."—West Sussex Gazette.

"A few crackers should be or a glass of milk should be kept inside the bed."—How to Sleep Well.

"The captain and the boat's crew were picked up by the passing vessel."—Birmingham Post.

"K. L. Hitchings and Seymour in splendid foam."—Evening News.

Who Ever Heard of Such a Thing?

"Hobson," said Muggins, "they tell me you've taken your boy away from the graded school. What's that for?"

"Cause," said Hobson, "the master ain't fit to teach him."

"Oh," said Muggins, "I've heard he is a very good master."

"Well," replied Hobson, apologetically, "all I know is, he wanted to teach my boy to spell 'aters with a 'p."

NINA AND THE CAT

Being Black the Feline Should Have Brought Bad Luck, but Didn't.

By WALTER JOSEPH DELANEY.

Croft Waddington voted it a blessed chance that impelled him to spill a good suit of clothes indulge in a chilling bath and place himself under a doctor's care for a week. It was all for a cat, a skinny, homeless, ill-natured black cat, only—the feline had leaped into disaster from the soft graceful arms of the most radiant young girl Croft had ever seen.

He had been only a week at Durham and was a stranger there. He had worked too hard for five years for a great oil concern in the city and had broken down. Valued and popular, the giant monopoly had given him two months' salary in advance and a liberal bonus and had told him to get out into the country and build up.

It was dull at the dead little town he had come to. At the end of even a week, however, fresh air, brisk walks, real cream and home cooking had already begun to restore color to the cheeks and brightness to the eyes of the invalid. Else he would not have been able to perform an extremely heroic act, at least manly and courageous in the eye of pretty winsome Nina Vincent.

He had come upon her midway on a rustic bridge crossing a narrow but deep stream. At a glance Croft saw that she was in dire distress. She had been carrying him covered up in a light wrap the black cat in question. It had given a sudden leap for freedom. The animal missed the rail aimed for, and with a resounding yowl and a splash struck the water and disappeared under it.

There was a vivid scream from the young lady. To Croft it sounded quite heartrending. A true Knight Fidellus, he acted on the spur of the moment. The cat did not seem to have the strength to struggle. It had come to the surface twice. Croft leaped light-



Leaped Lightly Over the Rail.

ly over the rail. There was a second splash. Nina screamed again.

"With apologies from both," observed Croft with a faint smile as he held the wilted and bedraggled feline towards her.

"Oh, why did you?" cried Nina, her eyes sparkling, her lips distended, her hand resting gratefully on his arm, dripping as it was—"but oh! how grateful!"

"It was worth it—for the cat," declared Croft as Nina caressed the rescued animal. She flushed and tried to change the direct theme.

"You know I teach music in the village," she went on in her artless way. Croft did not know it, but he was glad to know all about herself she would tell. "Some boys were tormenting the poor miserable creature. Poor thing!

Probably hungry, homeless. Oh, you poor friendless dear," and Nina fondly placed her cheek against the shivering feline with a tenderness that made Croft thrill with envy. "But how heedless I am!" she interrupted herself with a dismayed glance at her dripping knight errant—"you are wet."

"Brightly," bowed Croft, trying to look the martyr and wishing he was a kitten.

"I would ask you to the cottage," proceeded Nina in deep embarrassment, "but you must be dried."

"The sun will do that," insisted Croft gaily. "The cottage—your home, I presume? And in this lovely spot? I should like to see it," and thus, un-kempt as he was, the venturesome Croft glided along by the side of the dainty little miss, an insistent and admiring cavalier, and caught the cold of his life.

He went to sleep that night dreaming of a stroll to that same woodland cottage. He awoke with a sore throat and a fever and a doctor sent for. More than once, after a day or two when he was seen the crisis, he heard a gentle feminine voice speak from the outer apartment. His landlady told him it was Miss Vincent.

Then there was a beautiful bouquet of wild flowers brought to him each day. One morning a card photograph was left for him. It pictured a cat,

the cat, looking quite respectable with a charming cherry ribbon about its neck.

That same day Croft was able to be up and about. The next he essayed one of his customary walks—of course towards the woodland cottage. He passed by it several times. It belonged to Miss Nesbit, the aunt of Nina. An up-hill down-dale tract of arable land went with it, the sole possession of the maiden lady in question. Croft ventured to intrude upon the general domain. Then he caught sight of the flutter of a dress in among a nest of shrubbery. It acted like a magnet. He climbed a fence and reached a spot where the object of his interest sat upon a fallen tree.

Nina was crying. It seemed his fate to come across her always in some girlish ingenuous pose. She sprang to her feet and impulsively extended her hand, the tears chased away by genuine pleasure over his convalescence. She was still so grateful for his kindness! She had chided herself as the cause of his illness—a rash of words, to check herself with a conscious blush in the midst of telling how he had not left her thoughts.

"Hence these tears?" he inquired smilingly.

"Oh, dear, no!" she disclaimed—"It is Cleo."

"Cleo?" he repeated ignorantly.

"Cleopatra, the black cat."

"Ah, I understand now," bowed Croft. "In trouble again?"

"In dreadful trouble," declared Nina, and the corners of her pretty mouth drew down dismally. "From the first aunt has rebelled—says a black cat brings bad luck—that we have enough mouths to feed. I think she drowns it away purposely. I know she scared poor Cleopatra."

"Who has gone back to be pelted again by the street gamins I suppose?" inferred Croft.

"Oh, dear, no! I have traced Cleopatra to a burrow over near the creek, but I can't coax her out."

"Let me help you."

Behold two convalescent, lively as a cricket, one-half an hour later bending over a rock strewn spot with a match and looking down a cavernous hole where two bright eyes glowed.

"I've got her," he announced, and drew out the truant. As Croft did so he dropped the lighted match into a little pool at one side. There was a flash.

"Oho!" he said, in some surprise. "Quite a find. Miss Vincent, I wish to investigate this."

One week later Miss Clarinda Nesbit walked into town to sign over the old farm for a royal sum to the great oil monopoly.

She carried in her arms, tenderly cherished, the former token of misfortune, of ill luck, now transformed to her glorified vision into a veritable mascot—Cleopatra.

And in her wake like cooling lovers trailed Croft and Nina. She wore an engagement ring, and he the cherry ribbon stolen from Cleopatra through whom golden fortune and happiness had come.

(Copyright, 1913, by W. G. Chapman.)

Effect of Music on Animals.

A unique musical experience has been conducted recently in France. It was resolved to institute concerts for animals for the purpose of observing the effects of music upon them. The results of the observations made established the fact that dissonant tones on stringed instruments created no effect upon horses beyond causing some of the animals to manifest signs of impatience, but when a melody was played the horses turned toward the players, pricked up their ears and showed plainly the pleasure they experienced.

Character Told by the Feet.

The person who lacks firmness of character, directness of purpose and the potentiality which compels success is revealed in him who sits with one foot brought closely up to the other at the back and with the knees of both limbs bent. On the other hand, the individual who sits with the feet firmly set on the ground and apart two or three feet can be trusted to be one capable of transacting a matter to a successful issue, through no luck but downright energy and capability of character.

Good Way of Ending Duel.

Some years ago two determined rivals decided to fight a duel with dynamite. They arranged that each should sit on a barrel of dynamite to which a fuse was attached. Which ever fuse burned down first would, of course, have decided which was the winner. As luck would have it, however, both fuses went out some time before the dynamite was reached, and the rivals were so astonished at this unexpected happening that they made up their quarrel then and there.

For Bad Burns.

Burns and scalds should be treated with glycerine and flour, the latter heaped well over the afflicted part. Then tie a linen bandage over it. The irritation is quickly driven away and a quicker cure assured.

Living Insects as Ornaments.

In South America and Central America several species of living insects are worn as ornaments. A beetle found in the crevices of old walls is worn by the girls to ward off evil spirits.

Getting Up in the World.

Architect (enthusiastically)—"When you get into the new house you won't know yourselves." Mrs. Newrick—"Excuse me, it will be other people we won't know."

BAR AGAINST LOVE

Protested Note Makes "Blue Monday," but Eventually There Was Glad Ending.

By GEORGE ELMER COBB.

It was "Blue Monday" for Max Wilber, with a vengeance! It was after a bright, blissful Sunday, for had he not seen Lella Marsh and passed with her one of the most delightful evenings of his life? Not that affairs were settled in that quarter, but he could not forget the bright eyes and radiant cheeks that had greeted him, nor the parting moment under the waving cherry blossoms, with the white moonlight drifting down upon that rare head of burnished gold.

Then, too, up to the hour of the opening of the bank, Max had felt something more than cheerful and happy. He was thirteen hundred dollars to the good, had a permanent position, enjoyed the confidence of the bank officers, and was led to look to a cashiership in the near future.

And then the reaction: the formal call to the office of the stern and dignified president, who waved him to a seat and tossed a note across the glass-topped table with the single word:

"Protested."

Max turned a little pale as he scanned the bit of paper. It was a note ninety days old, signed by Simon Marsh and indorsed by himself, amount \$1,000, and pinned to it was the notation of fifteen dollars interest overdue, and one-fifth of that amount for protest fees. He was considerably perturbed, but looked up steadily with the question:

"It could not be renewed?"

"Scarcely," sentimentally remarked the president, his declaration fixed and somber as the utterance of fate.

"I will pay it, then," said Max, who quietly drew out his check book, calculated the gross and passed over the earnings and savings of two years.

All this was done quietly and strictly according to bank ethics, but even when Max had turned to leave the



A Bronzed, Bearded Man.

room he could feel those probing, rebuking eyes of his superior fixed upon him.

Hence "Blue Monday," hence at the noon hour Max disregarded lunch and visited the dingy room where the man he had befriended lived. He found Simon Marsh bending over a worn satchel, trying to close its top over a bulk beyond its capacity.

"Sorry you came," he observed, straightening up, but looking embarrassed and guilty. "I was just going after that thousand dollars I owe the bank."

"You owe it to me now," advised Max, with a nervous laugh.

"Eh—how's that?"

Well, I deceived you. When you wanted that money, and wanted it so bad, and seemed to have such glittering prospects, I hated to refuse you. I submitted your application to the directors, together with your security—a deed for that ten acres of mining land out in the Black Hills. They laughed at it. I—I know you, and besides—"

"You needn't tell it!" almost shouted the old man. "You did that for me? And it leaked out. And my niece knew it first."

"Your niece—Lella?" repeated Max, stupefied.

"Just that. She was here an hour ago, crying. She twitted me for taking your last dollar. Say, did I know it? An honest, well-meaning man, hadn't I faith in my little mining claim and a right to believe that the bank saw it my way? Say, I feel it hard—you put the loan through for me and risked your own money! I—I—"

The old man sat down on his satchel and dashed the tears from his eyes. Max was really touched.

"I've ruined you, I see that," went on Marsh quite brokenly. "I see it all. It was Lella I was thinking of. Say, I feel mean!"

"Don't go worrying," said Max, greatly moved at the old man's genuine misery. "You meant well. As to Lella, I am very, very sorry that she has learned of this."

"That is the hardest part of it," mourned Marsh. "Now, then, I'm going to leave her. After that money. There's one thing I can do—give up my foolish dream of raising a million to exploit my mine and go back to the

old grub basis. It's slow, but sure. Just hold that note. I'm going to make good."

Max shook his head dubiously as he left the old man. He was gloomy all day. In fact, his spirits became so depressed towards evening that he felt he must get sympathy, at least distraction of mind somewhere. So he went to see Lella.

She was formal, chilling. He spent an awkward hour trying to keep up a casual conversation. Then he grew fairly desperate. He had lost his money—it looked as if he had lost his love, as well.

"There is something I must say," he spoke in a strained, tremulous tone as he stood at the door in parting. "It is on my heart and will not allow me to rest. Miss Marsh, Lella, I love—"

The solemn dignity of her uplifted hand checked him.

"Not—now," she said simply. "There is a debt to pay. Mr. Wilber. Good evening."

And about a week later Max knew that Lella had done two things—opened a savings bank account and insured her life. He might admire her high consistency to principle, but this bar barrier against love made him wretched.

They met at church, at some local social events after that, but always a distance between them. It nearly broke the heart of Max to see a marked economy in dress on the part of Lella. She was an orphan and worked as stenographer for the city courts. Her pay was not large.

"Savings, skimping, suffering to pay me—me, who would give her my life!" reflected Max, distractedly.

There came into the bank one day a bronzed, bearded man, with a ragged canvas satchel bearing traces of long and difficult travel. He placed it across the counter, opened it and took out a small wooden box.

"From the mint," he said in a curious, hoarse voice.

The clerks watched him with some interest. They had never before seen these little oblong yellow bricks, stamped, "U. S. M., \$110," "U. S. M., \$112," "U. S. M., \$114."

The stranger placed ten of them to one side with a single question: "Where is Mr. Max Wilber?"

And this is what Max saw when he came out from the directors' room.

"I promised you," said Simon Marsh, extending a hand hard as a piece of gristle. "Just a pan of water and a dip into the old chute tailings. It's a sure ten dollars a day and I'm going back to the Hills to repeat the operation as soon as I see my niece."

Max Wilber saw his uncouth visitor, as far as the door. He whispered into his ear:

"Speak one word for me."

And this was the line he received from the grim old prospector a few hours later.

"Don't cancel claim your own. Lella sees the light. Bless you both!"

Only a little growling, a little patience, spoke Max that evening, Lella by his side, once again amid the lure of the white moonlight, "and this glad ending."

But how much love, too, through all the cruel ordeal, whispered his promised bride, tenderly.

(Copyright, 1913, by W. G. Chapman.)

Cat Only Living Thing on Derelict.

From a derelict ship a cat was rescued near Plymouth, England, a few days ago. H. M. S. Donegal had received orders to search for and sink the derelict Norwegian barque Hlenmark. The Hlenmark had been dismantled and abandoned more than a month ago. Her crew was rescued and taken to Liverpool by the steamer, Dunholme. The Donegal picked up the ship 500 miles out, but finding the hull sound determined to save her. The only living thing on board the derelict was a cat, which had been driven mad by thirst and which, severely bit a blue-jacket who stroked it.

Determining Current of Electricity.

There is a very simple manner, which is not generally known, of determining the character of the electricity which one may happen to want to make use of. It is well known that implements which are made for the direct current are not available where the alternating current is used, and in order to ascertain which kind of current is passing through the wires it is only necessary to hold a small horseshoe magnet up to one of the lamps. If it is alternating current the filament will vibrate, but if it is direct current the filament will lean toward the magnet.

Slight Acquaintance.

"Are you acquainted with Mrs. Hilly, your fashionable neighbor?" "Only in a roundabout way. Her cat boards at my house."—Pittsburgh Post.

True Brotherhood.

The great principle of brotherhood is not by equality, nor by likeness, but by giving and receiving.—Ruskin.

"Horry" Australians.

Englishmen are supposed to be the most "horry" people in the world, but they are far behind many other countries in regard to the number of horses per head of population. In this respect Australia leads the British empire, there being 45 horses to every 100 people.

Surprised Them.

Turkish General—"Did you surprise the enemy?" Colonel—"Yes; they didn't expect to see us run."—Boston Transcript.

TWELVE YEARS IN JACKSONVILLE

Rashid's Oriental Store

Extend you a most cordial invitation to inspect their superb showing of ORIENTAL RUGS, REAL LACES, EMBROIDERIES and ARTS—the finest that has ever been offered to Florida people.

LUNCHEON SETS WEST PATTERNS JAPANESE TINES
CENTER PIECES Dainty Embroidered ORIENTAL
TABLE CLOTHS GOWNS PERFUMERY
NAPKINS NEGLIGES OF FINE FRENCH SACHET and
TOWELS DOMESTIC, HAND EMBROIDERY POWDERS

Oriental Rugs \$12.50 to \$1,000
Beautiful and unusual Xmas suggestions of imported goods at domestic prices. Any article sent on approval.

RASHID BROS.

204 and 206 Hogan St., Jacksonville, Fla.
N. B.—Our stores are among the show places of Jacksonville.

SEED IRISH POTATOES

CHOICE SELECTED STOCK

Improved Rose No. 4 Red Bliss Triumph
Irish Cobblers Dixie

Good Seed is essential—We have the BEST

Ideal Potato Fertilizer

Ideal Potato Manure
W. & T. S. Hastings Potato Special

SEND FOR OUR FREE BOOK

IRISH POTATOES

WILSON & TOOMER FERTILIZER CO.
JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA
Mr. R. C. Maxwell, Mgr. Sanford Branch

Blue Print Maps Of Seminole County

SHOWING

County Commissioners Districts, Voting Precincts, Justice Of The Peace and School Districts, as Established by the County Commissioners at their first regular meeting Aug. 5.

PRICE \$1.00

Address L. M. Rhebinder
County Surveyor, Geneva, Florida

JANUARY FIRST

Why not go over your FIRE INSURANCE policies today?
Why not investigate the kind of companies your insurance is in? The first of the year is a good time to do it—and if you aren't satisfied with your fire insurance in any respect, consult with us and receive candid, unprejudiced advice.
We court your investigation of O'R companies for they ARE good ones.

CHASE & CO.

KEROSENE ENGINES

Positively Satisfactory

Prices Within Your Means

GIBBS GAS ENGINE CO.

Jacksonville, Fla.

J. P. HUTTO

ALL KINDS OF REAL ESTATE

Bonding, Insurance, Fire, Life and Accident, Representing the Best Old Line Companies.

C. & W. Flock Room 8

A 25c Want Ad. in The Herald will Rent Your House For You

Classified Advertisements

All Local Advertisements Under This Heading, **THREE CENTS** a Line For Each Insertion. Minimum Charge 25 Cents.

WANTED

WHY NOT try an advertisement under this heading. It will only cost you **THREE CENTS** a line each issue and will surely bring results.

WANTED AT ONCE—Old Rags at the HERALD OFFICE. Rags Must be Perfectly Clean. Will Pay **TWO CENTS** a pound for same.

Wanted—\$2,000.00 one or two years 8 per cent quarterly. First mortgage first class city property. A. Y. X., care Herald. 36-2tp

FOR SALE

WHY NOT try an advertisement under this heading. It will only cost you **THREE CENTS** a line each issue and will surely bring results.

For Sale—One horse disc harrow one horse turning plow. Good as new. T. K. Bates Court House. 15-1f

For Sale—Red Jersey boar 2 1/4 years old fine animal weighs about 200 pounds. Sacrificed at \$15.00 will swap for heler suitable in price. G. C. McDougal R. D. No. 3 Sanford. 23-1f

For Sale—White Ho and Turkeys. Hen and Gobbler for \$5.00 Several fine Bronze Gobblers for breeding \$5.00 each. G. C. McDougal The Turkey Man. R. D. No. 3 Sanford. 23-1f

For Sale—Five acre farm half cleared fenced cultivated. Strong flowing well. Half cash balance on terms. Box 867 Sanford. 25-1f

For Sale—A ten acre truck farm tiled and fenced, near Sanford, good land, a new barn, \$3,500. Address 2135 Main St., Jacksonville, Fla. 26-17c

For Sale—Twelve acre vegetable farm, partly under cultivation. 5 room house. Address Box 1024, Sanford. 31-9tp

Sensational Music Selling—Buy 12 copies latest 25c popular copyright sheet music at 9c per copy, postpaid, and become a member Seminole Music Club. W. L. Harvey, representative. 32-1f

For Sale—Span of small mules, or will exchange for good horse and wagon, or farm implements. What have you to offer? M. S. Nelson, Eureka-Hammock 33-1f

For Sale—New Cypress Incubator, 144 egg capacity. A bargain, also a lot of stable manure cheap. Jas. C. Harris. 33-9tc

For Sale—Bermuda onion plants, \$1.00 per thousand. Rex Packard West Side. 33-1f

For Sale—24 Acres, 10 cleared, 4 tilled. Quarter mile from loading station. \$3,500.00. Address, Farm, c-o Herald. 33-17t

For Sale—At Beck Hammock, Improved Robbins, Iron Age, Potato Planter. Good as new. Cost \$80; will sell for \$45 cash. Address Edgar E. Brown. 3-1f

For Sale—100,000 cabbage plants. Henderson's Early Summer and Charleston Large Wakefield, \$1.50 per 1,000. Apply C. C. Woodruff, Room 21 Pico Block. 36-2tc

For Sale—Fine young lettuce plants. W. C. Post. 37-4tc

For Sale—Some fine cabbage plants for sale. Early Summer and Succession. See J. C. Ellsworth, Jr., R. D. 3, Moore's Station. 36-2tp

TO RENT

WHY NOT try an advertisement under this heading. It will only cost you **THREE CENTS** a line each issue and will surely bring results.

For Rent—Nice furnished rooms. \$1.25 per week and up. At Stinson's, 815 E. Fourth St. 19-20tp

For Rent—Room nicely furnished suitable for office or small store. Opp site Court House. Apply to Mrs. J. C. Edinger. 23-1f

Good Farm for Rent—Castle Garden on traction line, three miles from city. Famed for five years, all tilled, two good flowing wells, barn and outbuild. Rented cheap for cash. Address Mrs. Cora Hollinger, Canastota, New York. 102-1f

For Rent—Furnished room, with or without board. Mrs. R. L. Jones 206 Park street. 32-1f

House for Rent or Sale on easy terms. Musson. 34-1f

WANT ADVS. PAY TRY ONE

MISCELLANEOUS

WHY NOT try an advertisement under this heading. It will only cost you **THREE CENTS** a line each issue and will surely bring results.

I have a first class painter and sign writer. We can do your harness repairing and auto top work now. 14-1f W. H. UNDERWOOD.

FOR SALE

Nice Residence, Hot and Cold water, Bath, Gas, Garage, and cement walks are paid for. Within half block paved street. BOX 867 - SANFORD, FLA.

NOTICE

As I have charge of the business of the Title Bond & Guarantee Co., East Sanford Land League, and W. A. Whitcomb, I can be found in the Tax Assessor's Office in the court house. THOS. K. BATES

WORK OF CYCLONE

Acts as Matchmaker and Reunites Lovers After Many Years of Misunderstanding.

By JOHN ALWAYNE.
"Why don't you and the Widow Wilson get hitched?" his cronies would ask of William Yoakum at the village store. And Yoakum, with a sudden flash of anger in his blue eyes, would answer:
"I don't go courtin' no women. When they want me let 'em send for me."
All of which would duly find its way to the Widow Wilson's ears through the wives of the various auditors of Yoakum's ultimatum.
Nevertheless it did seem strange that two old friends should live in chilly isolation upon neighboring ranches. True the ranches were quarter sections, and at least half a mile lay between the two houses. But they were the nearest neighbors of one another, and they had known each other since childhood. Yoakum was a man of fifty, and the widow might have been forty-five—though she did not

look anywhere near it.
There were few residents of the little Kansas settlement who remembered the time when it had been a frontier outpost. But everybody knew that old man Farley and old man Yoakum had migrated together and fought Indians together. The children had grown up together and everybody had expected them to get married. Then Wilson had come along and snatched Adeline Farley out of Yoakum's hand—almost literally, for the bans had been announced when the startling news came from Kansas City that the pair were man and wife. Old Farley forgave his daughter and took her home when Wilson deserted his young bride; but Yoakum never got over it. He went to California and was not heard of for five and twenty years. Then he drifted back to take up land in the town of his birth, to find all his old friends scattered or dead, and Adeline Wilson, a widow, farming her father's land.
Yoakum had never married. Gossips averred that he and the widow would soon come together, even



"It All Seems Like a Dream."

though a bitter enmity seemed to rage between them. But Yoakum was proud as well as shy. Thus, when he was twitted, he returned the answer given above.
"I should think, Adeline, that a comparatively young woman like you would think of marrying again," her friends would say, thinking of her neighbor.
"If it's Will Yoakum you're thinking of," Mrs. Wilson answered, "you're all dead wrong. When a man wants to come courtin' me, let him come and ask me. I don't go out of the way to invite any man into my home."
"I'll never enter her home until she asks me," was Yoakum's answer, and the two stood pat. Inwardly both regretted the position they had taken. Each had secret romantic remem-

brances of that period when they were sweethearts, but the widow's will was as inflexible as his.
They were not enemies; when they met they would bow and sometimes speak, but their spoken words acted as a barrier between them. Thus matters ran along for a year after Yoakum's return.
March came, snowy and blustering. The winds were incessant. Yoakum was harnessing his horse for the first plowing one day when he felt a violent blow on the back of the head. He turned to defend himself, but every thing swam before his eyes, and, with the sense of being carried away on a swift river, he lapsed into unconsciousness.
He opened his eyes ages later, as it seemed, and the first thing they lit upon was the Widow Wilson.
He was lying in bed in a darkened room, and she sat by his side. Her eyes were red from crying. Yoakum endeavored to sit up.
"Hush!" she said, gently pressing him backward. "You have been very ill. You must lie still."
The widow, in his house! Yoakum had often pictured the possibility of such an occurrence, but now, to his surprise, his sensation was one of shame. He looked at her as well as he could in the obscurity of the room. Except that she was more matronly and that threads of gray showed at her temples, she might have been the same Adeline Farley, and he might have parted from her a few minutes before.
"Adeline," he said timidly, "it all seems like a dream to me."
Adeline was silent, but he could see that she, too, was moved.
"It seems as though we hadn't been parted these five and twenty years, Adeline," he resumed. "Do you remember when we went down to the stream that night I asked you, and found a bunch of wild myrtle growing, and how I put it in your hair?"
"And then you told me you loved me," said Adeline.
"And I've loved you ever since," Adeline continued, taking her hand. Adeline Wilson made no resistance, but her eyes were still downcast.
"Why did you marry Wilson, dear?" asked the man.
For the first time she raised her eyes. "I guess because I was a fool, Will," she answered.
"And you couldn't manage to care for me just the least bit, could you, Addie?" he asked.
The widow was tracing out the pattern upon the counterpane. "Why wouldn't you come to see me?" she asked suddenly.
"I guess for the same reason that you married Wilson," he answered. "I'm stubborn, as you are. But I'm sorry. And when I think that it was you who gave in and came to me, it just makes me feel cheap. Did they get the robbers?"
"Robbers? What robbers?" asked Adeline, looking at him curiously.
"The men who struck me down. Sick fellows they must have been, too. There was I, sitting beside my plow in broad daylight when they got me and I never so much as saw or

heard them."
"Where do you think you are, Will?" inquired the Widow Wilson.
"Why, at home, of course," he answered. "Where else should I be? But I see you've changed the furniture round, haven't you?"
The Widow Wilson was laughing and crying hysterically. Yoakum looked at her in wonder.
"Don't you know that when our fathers built their homes they made them both the same and got the same kind of furniture?" she asked when she had recovered her self-possession. "You mean—that I'm in your house, Addie?" he cried. "Who brought me here?"
"You brought yourself, my dear, yesterday morning. There weren't any robbers, Will, it was a cyclone. Picked you up from your plow and carried you nicely through the air and plunked you down beside me on a bed of hay I'd pulled down for Bessie and her calf. If that plow hadn't toppled over on your head—"
But the Widow Wilson did not have a chance to finish just then for William Yoakum had caught her in his arms with surprising strength for a sick man to show; and you can't talk when you are being kissed, they say.

Keeping Cheese.

To prevent cheese from getting hard cut a small piece off (or present use and place the remainder in cool safe. Spread a thin film of butter over the cut part and cover with a clean cloth. This will prevent that hard, cracked condition which ruins the best of cheese.

Derivation of Surnames.

Surnames are not what they seem. For instance, Lind is derived from a Teutonic word meaning a "snake." The apparently quiet and harmless surname Wren comes from a word which denotes "rapine." Fish, though such an innocent name in appearance, originally meant "impetuous."

Really Mortifying.

"What was the most mortifying thing that ever happened to you?" "Having my brother come to wait on us in a New Hampshire hotel when my husband and I were on our honeymoon."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Cultivate Voice With the Smile.

"The voice with the smile wins." Thus runs a sign in a telephone exchange where many persons work. Its usefulness is not confined to telephone operators.—Youth's Companion

Ultimately Spiritual.

It is a great step in the interpretation of life when we have discovered that all events are ultimately spiritual.—Brierly

Daily Thought.

Both man and womankind believe their nature when they are not kind.—Harley

Interest in Colors of Beards.

The color of beards arouses many points of interest. All the ancient sagittaries show Cain and Judas Iscariot with yellow or red beards, and Pontius Pilate in ancient art always was given a beard. (Being a Roman of good family, he probably had no beard; but those details did not trouble the old masters.) A reddish beard, however, does not carry the significance that goes with red hair, for many eminent men with dark brown hair have had reddish beards.

Worthy Thoughts.

Pride, ambition and rivalry are to be repressed and the spirit of true worth cultivated. When the selfish, ambitious thoughts perceive that there is an all-pervading thought-substance, upon which they can feed and grow fat and rich in all ways, they strive for first place. We should curb this selfishness and let the master of the feast Divine Intelligence, be its honorable places worthy thoughts—Unity.

Imitation Diamonds.

The white sapphires, the white topaz and rock crystal are commonly sold as diamonds, but more often imitations are made of glass. To recognize these glass imitations, treatment with acids is also recommended, which removes the polish on the facets, while it does not affect the diamond, ruby, sapphire or emerald. However, an imitation made of glass yields to the hardness test, so that a chemical test is superfluous.

Dark Hair and Greatness.

Dark brown to black is the prevailing hue on the heads of great men. A list of fifty names has been compiled in which the color of hair is given by biographers, and ninety per cent. are dark brown or black. There is not, strange to say, a single mention of premature grayness, nor a single case of that ashen brown color known as "singed" or "mouse colored."

Bees Make Own Hours of Labor.

Some bees apparently work on the eight hour schedule, others on a ten or twelve hour basis for their working day. A bee keeper says that one of his bee colonies begins its day's labor at sunrise and continues till after dark, making a working day two or three hours longer than any other colony he over a hundred. No two colonies of bees, says this apiculturist, are alike.

Women Are Independent.

Rheta Childs Dorr says that the women of Finland share in everything with the men and are chimney sweepers and hod carriers as well as clerks and stenographers. She says that most of the unmarried women have money, which they have earned themselves, and it is almost impossible to find one of them depending on father or brother.

AFTER XMAS SALE

No doubt you have been putting off buying a suit on account of the expense that always comes around the Holidays. In view of this fact, we are putting on the market

50 LADIES' SUITS VALUES UP TO \$30.00

See Window Display	CHOICE	For Real Bargains
<h1>\$10.00</h1>		

N. P. YOWELL & CO.

MAMMOTH CATTLE INDUSTRY ESTABLISHED NEAR THIS CITY

WELL KNOWN MEN WILL RAISE BEEF AND HOGS TO HAVE LARGE RANCH

HAVE ALREADY PURCHASED SOME TWENTY THOUSAND ACRES FOR GRAZING PURPOSES

Will cattle raising take the place of vegetable growing? This is a question that is agitating the minds of several of our biggest-growers here and while at present they are still in the vegetable trade they are also putting a line out to windward in the cattle raising business and several of them have gone into a company for the purpose of buying a vast domain to fence it and raise cattle and hogs for the market that seems so large as to never be supplied.

In The Herald appears the articles of incorporation of the Toxohatchee Ranch Company and the incorporators are S. D. Chase, Joe Cameron, Alfred Foster and J. N. Whitner. The amount of the capital stock is \$100,000 and the company has already purchased about twenty thousand acres of fine grazing lands and is putting it under fence.

They will raise cattle and hogs and expect to anticipate the great demands he means that the country is making all the time. Florida has always been recognized as the coming stock country and the west comes to Florida now for the cattle. The hitherto despised scrub cattle and razor back hogs that were exploited in song and story about Florida are taking on a new importance when groomed with the more delicate breeds of cattle and hogs of other climes and Florida as a hog and cattle country is coming back into her own very rapidly. In the state where there are such wonderful possibilities in the farming and stock raising game there seems to be no limit to what men of means and experience can do, and cattle and hog raising was bound to follow the returns from bay and corn and the numerous feed stuffs where such can be raised as easily as in Florida.

The gentlemen who compose the Toxohatchee Co. are well known business men and have had experience with cattle. Mr. Cameron especially being one of the most prominent and successful cattle men in the state.

These men can be depended upon to raise the best stock that can be raised in the south and they can also be depended upon to use the best and most scientific methods in all their ventures. They will have a real cattle ranch and will see that no tick, no diseases or other pests ravage their stock and they will also go in for the most up to date methods of raising and handling all their products. This new company means not only much to Sanford but to the entire state, as the most advanced methods and ideas will be put in operation and their immense ranch and future operations will be watched with much interest.

The Herald congratulates these gentlemen not only upon their far sighted business policy but upon their desire to make Sanford headquarters for this great industry that will mean so much toward the future development of Florida's latent possibilities.

STATE NEWS

Klammees ships much cattle but has no cattle pens and when the critters come to town for shipment their favorite habit is to cut across lots through the gardens and yards—and the Journal thinks something ought to be done about it.

Bishop Gray will close his church work in Florida on January 5, which will be the twenty-fifth anniversary of his arrival in the Florida field and during which time he has done signal services for the good of the state.

An active board of trade has been formed in Dunellon, with L. B. Skinner as president and a large membership.

H. L. Crane, for 33 years deputy clerk of the United States Court at Tampa has been reappointed.

Plant City strawberries have already netted \$4,099—averaging 60 cents per quart.

Martha Washington candy on sale at Women's Club Rest Room.

SEMINOLE'S GOOD RECORD BANK ONLY THREE MONTHS OLD REACHES HIGH MARK

STATEMENT ISSUED IN THIS ISSUE SHOWS SEMINOLE BANK OVER ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND

Breathes there a man with soul so dead Who living in Sanford may have said That times were hard Progress to retard And now must hang his head?

For the bank deposits are the barometers of the times and the signs of the times are the progress of the bank deposits and Sanford bank deposits are the greatest in the history of the city. But when speaking of bank deposits and progress the Seminole County Bank leads the procession in the south for their statement published today in another part of The Herald shows that in THREE MONTHS THIS BANK HAS ON DEPOSIT OVER ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS.

When one stops to consider that this amount sometimes requires several years to accumulate in a new bank and that the big Sanford crops have not begun to bring returns this statement is nothing less than remarkable, especially since the other two banks have had large sums on deposit and demonstrates two things:

That Sanford is one of the most solid and substantial cities in the south with the best banks and that Hon. Forrest Lake and the men who are directors in the Seminole Bank are the greatest hustlers that the state has ever witnessed.

The Herald offers congratulations and best wishes to the worthy president of the Seminole Bank and his co-workers. Keep up the gait and Sanford banks will in a few months reach the million mark.

LOCAL MASONIC NEWS

St. Johns Day Gaily Observed by P. A. M.'s and R. A. M.'s

Saint John's Day, December 27th, which is a day set aside by all Christian Masons for particular celebration and regular meetings was very properly observed by the local orders of that fraternity at their hall last Saturday evening. A very flattering representation of Blue Lodge and Royal Arch Masons gathered together early in the evening and partook of the enjoyments of the evening until a late hour in the night and the day's doings were said to be the most successful in the history of Sanford's two representative bodies.

Among other of the important and impressive ceremonies was the installation of the new officers of both the Blue Lodge and the Chapter. The Blue Lodge officers were installed first as follows: F. L. Miller, Master; C. J. Rumph, Senior Warden; S. G. Kennedy, Junior Warden; Dr. O. J. Miller, Senior Deacon; D. D. Caldwell, Junior Deacon; J. F. Karnatz, Senior Steward; B. A. Kent, Junior Steward; and W. S. Baldwin who has been fifty years a Mason and who has filled every office within the gift of the Lodge was again appointed as a most trusty Tiler. Thus equipped with this list of honorable names at the head of its list of membership Sanford Lodge No. 68, F. & A. M. looks forward to a New Year of great Masonic achievement.

After the usual speech making which always accompanies the installation of new officers in the Blue Lodge Monroe Chapter No. 15, R. A. M. opened their Chapter and in company with the members of the first order proceeded to install their chosen officers for the year as follows: O. L. Taylor, E. H. P.; Dr. O. J. Miller, K.; C. J. Rumph, S.; H. E. Tolar, C. H.; J. F. Turner, P. S.; F. L. Miller, R. A. C.; W. F. Devine, S. V.; T. J. Miller, Treasurer; J. F. Karnatz, Secretary; and D. D. Caldwell, Sent.

New Repair Shop

G. C. Fellows, an expert bicycle and motorcycle repair man, formerly with W. C. Parker's shop in this city has opened a new shop in the Sanford House annex next door to M. P. Lips' on First street and is prepared to do all kinds of repairing. Mr. Fellows also carries a full line of tires and supplies and sundries and will make, remove and repair umbrellas.

MAMMOTH MEETING OF EDUCATORS IN ISLAND CITY THIS WEEK

GREAT OUTPOURING OF TEACHERS IN ATTENDANCE CUBA FOR SIDE TRIPS

OTHER NEWS AND VIEWS OF THE STATE OF FLORIDA BOILED DOWN FOR READERS

Teachers and school officers will find this week the gala week for educational matters in Florida. The Executive Committee of the Florida Educational Association has issued a neat and inviting program for the annual convention. This convention will be held in Key West Dec. 30, 31, 1913 and Jan. 1, 1914. Some of Florida's leading educators will speak, and the paramount question in educational matters will be discussed by active teachers and county officials. Under the same cover with the program are given railroad rates from different points in the state to Key West; besides the rates of boarding houses are definitely stated. The traveling rate is two cents a mile each way, provided travelers return by the same route that they traveled in going to Key West. Dates of purchase for tickets are December 27, 28 and 29, and all tickets are good for ten days after date of sale. An excursion has been arranged from Key West to Havana and return for \$12.50, this includes cost of meals, berths and other customary privileges. The county superintendents will furnish programs and traveling badges upon application for same. The executive committee has placed programs at the disposal of the superintendents, and the citizens of Key West have very generously offered to place the traveling badges with the same officers.

The Marion County Board of Trade, an active and progressive organization engaged in boosting and building up the entire county, has issued and is sending broadcast over the country, a very handsome booklet, descriptive of the county, its towns, cities, farms, schools, industries and possibilities. The booklet is prepared in convenient form, and consists largely of pictures, made in tint from photographs taken in the orange groves, the stock pens, the phosphate mines, streets, parks and truck farms, parking houses. It is, practically, an illustrated history of the progress of Marion county, and of course there are some statistics put in to supply facts that could not be photographed. Marion was the original banner citrus fruit county, and the industry is rapidly increasing.

When his car refused to respond to full current at an early hour Christmas, Motorman H. A. Strong of Tampa was horrified on examination to find the mangled remains of a human being clogging the running gear. The body was identified as that of Mrs. Consantine Gonzales, of No. 1905 Twenty-second street. The dead woman's husband and three suspects are under arrest. Motorman Strong was making his last run on the owl car when he felt a bumping and grinding beneath as if some one had placed soft objects on the track. He brought his car to a full stop, and, with the aid of the conductor, made the gruesome find.

John H. Havlin, New York-Cincinnati theatrical magnate, today announced the purchase of a business site in the center of Miami, Fla., upon which he will erect a palatial business block, the ground alone costing \$20,000. Havlin also announced the building of a winter home palace near Secretary of State Bryan's place at Miami. Mr. Havlin stated that his extensive investments indicated his faith in the future of the state of Florida, both from a commercial standpoint and future home. Havlin's investments amount to nearly a quarter of a million so far.

"If great value to St. Johns county will prove the latest plan of the chamber of commerce to cooperate with the department of agriculture and the Florida State College for Women in forming girls' canning clubs all over the country, says the St. Augustine Record. "What the boys' corn clubs have proven to boys and men as well as in proving what can really be done in gaining the greatest production possible from land, the girls' canning clubs are proving in other counties to girls and women in showing what can be done in securing the greatest saving and revenues from tomatoes and farm crops."

Miami's new directory to serve the city for 1914 has been compiled and issued and shows that the Magic city has kept up the pace at which it has been growing in the past few years. From the calculations made by the directory folks Miami now has a population of 18,840, which is an increase of about 6,000 over last year. Eighteen years ago two families resided in Miami, and the population was likely large enough to organize a base ball team. Today a fair sized army could be raised in the Magic city, and it would be composed of fine citizens, active, progressive and industrials.

The Woman's Club of Tallahassee recently met and heard the appointments read of standing committees for the year. Other business of importance was transacted and plans for building a home for the club on its excellent lot on Monroe street were discussed. The Tallahassee Woman's Club is an active and important organization, which does a great deal for the betterment of things in general at the state capital. That the women connected with the club will succeed in their efforts to put up a club house cannot be doubted.

The city of Pensacola has entered suit for \$150,000 against the surety companies on the bond of the Pensacola state bank, which was the city depository when it failed with nearly \$150,000 of the city's money in its vaults. The Maryland Casualty Company was sued for \$60,000 and the Fidelity and Casualty Company for \$60,000. Recently the city demanded the bank's sureties to produce the money for which they stood good, giving them ten days in which to act. No reply was received and the suits were brought.

Wesley Platt, a Western Union Telegraph Company operator at Tampa, was accidentally shot and killed by his brother, Albert Platt, while hunting in the woods east of Sarasota Christmas afternoon. Both barrels of a hammerless gun were discharged, entering his neck and severing the jugular vein, causing instant death. Albert Platt was distracted and begged to be killed also. Wesley Platt was on a visit to his mother. He leaves a wife and an eighteen-month old baby.

To encourage the boys and girls of Dade county in the formation of "corn" and "canning" clubs, the Dade county fair management has made special offers of display space and prizes at the county fair this year. In other counties of Florida, notably those of the western and north central sections of the state, the public school authorities have taken active interest in the establishment of these juvenile agricultural clubs and already there has been some excellent work done.

Manager F. S. Pond of the Eustis Citrus Growers Association informs us that the wonderful mechanical invention known as the box making machine, has arrived and is in operation at the big packing house in this city. The machine automatically nails together 1,500 boxes per day. Visitors are welcome to inspect this and the other modern machinery at the packing house—Eustis Lake Region.

Every member of the Tampa police force made his appearance on Christmas day wearing a new green brocade velvet necktie, the gift of Chief of Police Woodward, who had them made especially for the Christmas occasion. The men of the department in turn surprised the chief by leaving a handsome reclining chair at his home on Christmas eve.

Largo, too, has a postmaster who is making a record. M. Joel McCullen was Largo's first postmaster 26 years ago, when it was called a fourth class office because there was no such thing as a fifth class postoffice. He is now Largo's postmaster again—not yet—and it has just become a third class postoffice with a salary of \$1,100.

According to his own statement, Marcus Fagg, superintendent of the Children's Home Society, is the happiest man in the state today. When asked why he was so happy he stated that the good and splendid work the society had done for little children during the past year was enough to make any man happy.

The Palatka board of trade is planning to establish Boys' Corn Clubs and Girls' Gardening and Canning Clubs in all of the school districts in Putnam county.

MAMMOTH COLD STORAGE PLANT WILL BE PLACED AT SANFORD

NORTHERN CAPITALISTS WILL UNITE WITH SANFORD MEN CATTLE RAISING INCENTIVE

SANFORD HAS BEEN CHOSEN AS THE LOGICAL POINT FOR PLANT TO SUPPLY THE STATE

When dreams come true is an old song and it sounds sweet to the editor of The Herald at times when after an extra hard campaign for the good things that should come our way and then wake up and find that they are coming. Chief among the real good things exploited in The Herald for the past five years has been the subject of cold storage and many have been the jokes cracked at our expense on this subject—not an abstruse subject at that—and at times it seemed that cold storage would only come in our dreams but the day of dreams has passed and the entire country has come to our belief that in Florida and especially in Sanford a mammoth cold storage plant would not only solve many of the vexatious questions but would prove to be a paying proposition. Our seeds of optimism on this subject have borne good fruit and now comes the joyful intelligence that a coterie of our best business men have received a proposition to take over a fine plant and move it to Sanford. It is one of the best and most complete cold storage plants in the country and at present is said to be worth \$100,000, but can be purchased much cheaper and the price gives one an idea of the possibilities of such a plant located in Florida. All the meats furnished the people of the United States formerly came from northern and western states but recently Florida has climbed into public notice as a beef producing state and many large ranch owners from the west have been in the state buying Florida cattle.

If Florida cattle are good enough for western stockmen they are good enough to keep at home and put in cold storage, where they can be sold when the prices are right. Many authorities on the subject of food supply for the United States are of the opinion that not only will Florida eventually furnish all the winter garden produce but will also furnish the greater part of the cattle and hogs and poultry on account of the vast ranges where the cattle and hogs can run the entire year with no fear of grass shortage or blizzards or cold weather that kill so many of the animals in the north and west every season. Florida can not only furnish the range but can also furnish an abundance of feed stuffs and every year finds the experimental station discovering more foods that grow prolifically in this state aside from the many grasses and hay that can be raised here without end.

A party of Sanford men have already organized a company to raise cattle and hogs on a large scale and the cold storage plant will be the next move.

The Herald has it on good authority that the men who own and operate that mammoth cold storage plant in the north are so favorably impressed with Sanford and the possibilities of Florida as a cattle and hog raising country that they will take stock for their holdings and come to Sanford to assist in booming this big business.

Sanford will have the largest cold storage plant in the south.

Florida's Great Soil

The True Democrat has been praising the productivity of Leon county soil ever since its first issue and has not one word to retract. But within the past few weeks we have seen crops growing on Wakulla county soil, in the neighborhood of Woodville, Vegreen and Wakulla, that are a revelation. We saw cabbage growing on the place of Mr. Vereen that were never excelled, and turnips and beets on the place of Walter Page at Wakulla that produced more than one thousand bushels per acre. And this is what is known as Florida sand soil and its productivity generally discredited. And the finest quality of cane syrup known is produced at Wakulla, at the rate of 300 to 600 gallons per acre. Wakulla county will come into its own some day and be a mighty empire of agricultural wealth. Tallahassee Democrat.

Banks Will Close

The banks of this city will be closed on the 1st, next Thursday, on account of the day being a holiday.

GREAT CHRISTMAS TRADE SANFORD MERCHANTS BREAK ALL PREVIOUS RECORDS

FROM EARLY MORN TILL LATE AT NIGHT THE PEOPLE THRONGED THE STREETS

The merchants of Sanford are congratulating themselves over the fine Christmas trade enjoyed this year. From every business man in Sanford comes the report that the best trade ever experienced was that of last week and the week before. The lettuce shipments and other crops had hardly begun to move in large lots and the returns were not in and yet the trade was excellent for the past ten days and many of the merchants had stores that looked like a cyclone had struck them the day after Christmas. The weather preceding Christmas for two days was the worst of the season and under ordinary circumstances would have curtailed the Christmas buyers but they came to Sanford in crowds and the city was thronged for many days and up to Christmas eve.

The stocks of goods this season were large and varied and the merchants used the columns of The Herald to advertise their goods. Sanford has made special efforts to induce the country people to come to this city to trade and has been rewarded by the largest and best trade that has ever come to Sanford at any season during her history.

With the merchants doing this large business, with the banks having the largest deposits in years, with the lettuce and cauliflower bringing good prices and celery in excellent shape and the chances good for fair prices all during the shipping season there is an unprecedented era of prosperity coming Sanford's way and many good things are promised our beautiful and fast growing city in the next twelve months.

WILL VISIT FLORIDA

National League of Commission Merchants Meet in Jacksonville

The twenty-second annual convention of the National League of Commission Merchants will be held in Jacksonville, January 14 to 16 inclusive, in the auditorium of the Jacksonville board of trade, for the election of its officers, and for consideration and discussion upon all problems affecting transportation and marketing of fruits, vegetables, butter, eggs, poultry, etc.

The scope of the league's operations and representation extending to thirty-five of the largest and most important cities and marketing centers of the United States will naturally make the discussions at this meeting of vital interest to all sections of the county. Therefore, its sessions are open to the public.

A cordial invitation is hereby tendered to kindred organizations, produce growers and shippers, representatives of the press, including trade and agricultural papers, railroad representatives, manufacturers of produce packages, and weights and measures officials.

As organization and cooperation are the greatest factors in tending to protecting and upbuilding of such industries, it naturally emphasizes the importance of the forty-second annual convention for which this call is issued and to which all interested will be heartily welcome.

ENTERTAINMENT TONIGHT

Presbyterian Sunday School Will Have Interesting Exercises

The attendance at the Presbyterian Sunday school yesterday was the greatest in the history of the school. A series of exercises has been arranged with the view of having for their climax a freewill offering for the Thornwell Orphanage at Clinton, S. C. The offering amounted to something over \$80. The program was splendidly arranged and rendered.

The entertainment for the Sunday school will be held in the court room of the court house, Tuesday evening beginning at 7 o'clock and closing at 10 o'clock. A Santa Claus of the regulation type will be on hand to pass out the good things to the pupils and it is anticipated that a splendid time will be had by those in attendance.

Miss Bessie Schumpert is visiting home folks in Atlanta this week and expects to return today.