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Capital, \$25,000

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THE

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

OF SANFORD

Takes this opportunity to wish all its friends and depositors a Merry Christmas and a Happy, Prosperous New Year, and to invite one and all to call and inspect the new building and equipment which has been recently completed. The exterior is of White Georgia Marble--the interior of Marble, Mahogany and Bronze combined in most comfortable, convenient and attractive arrangement. And last, but by far most important, the vault of masonry and steel containing one of the most massive burglar proof steel money chests in use in the State. The vault is also equipped with safety deposit boxes, where all valuables are beyond the reach of fire or thieves, and the latest and most approved methods of filing and preserving the records of the Bank.

The Officers and Clerks of the Bank will take pleasure in showing callers through, and explaining the use and purpose of every part of the equipment

**The
 First
 National
 Bank**

The Officers and Directors are recognized as among the most successful and progressive Business Men of the State

Is the only National Bank in this Section of the State. Government Supervision is every year becoming more rigid, the examination into every detail more careful, and the word, "National" in connection with a bank is being made synonymous with "Safety."

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FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF SANFORD



THE SANFORD HERALD

IN SANFORD—Life is Worth Living

Number 18

SANFORD, FLORIDA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1908

First Year

Peace on Earth! Good Will to Men

THE JOYOUS YULETIDE

Contributor Forecasts A Bright And Happy Holiday

ALL HAIL TO OLD SANTA CLAUS!

May He Come to All Homes, to the Tenement of the Poor and the Palace of the Wealthy

Written for The Herald:
Christmas, 1908! The new day will dawn Friday morning over a snowless city, but snowless as may be the day there are on all sides external evidence that another Christmas has come—a merry Christmas, a blithesome Christmas, and a Christmas that gives premonition of a happy New Year to follow.

Christmas is always merry and joyous, save alone in the home where the corpse of some dear one lies silent and still forever, the rigid record of a life which but a few heavy hours previous was fitfully flickering as the candles that dimly illuminate the room from which before the dawning of Christmas day a precious soul went forth to meet Him whose natal day all the civilized world is celebrating.

Christmas is merry! In the cities the soft carillon of innumerable church chimes before daybreak call the faithful and devout to early mass, drowning the rumble and roar of down town newspaper presses. From stained glass church windows composite beams of radiant light illuminate the gloom of the streets without, an earnest of the unartificial brightness that will follow on the heels of the awakening of the city.

A merry Christmas! Yes, for all homes over which the shadow of dread death does not hover, and for every home in which the merry and gleeful prattle of children welcome the coming of that day essentially the children's day—Christmas.

A merry Christmas! Of course; for who would not be merry whose heart is not heavy with sorrow or whose eyes are not bedimmed with tears? Even cynics welcome the coming of this day of days, for even to them it brings brightness. On all sides human nature stands forth unmasked, and from all hearts, all eyes and all lips comes happy evidences of a day that is divested of the armor of sordidness and selfishness that mark too many of the other days that go to make up the year—a day that is absolutely unselfish—a day of days devoted to the cultivation of all those graces that make life bright and sparkling in contrast with the dreary days of the year that is fast dying.

The death of the year! Yes, Christmas marks the rattle. It is a glorious death, though, for even the most cruel of years—a death that comes with light in its eyes, happiness in its heart, laughter in its voice, with all around the innocent, artless prattle of happy, childish hearts to make its last days a pleasure, to divest them of all pain and all sorrow. For even though the years must die, still their death is happy; for is not the Christmas always happy?

Christmas, 1908, is to be a merry one. In town the streets are thronged, and on all sides—in office and store, in shop and counting-room the bright and unselfish conventionalities are heard coming from lips that but voice the brightness of the heart concealed.

Surging along the streets from early morn to lamplit eve is a joyous multitude of men, women and children, each intent on happiness. Their own happiness? No, indeed; the happiness of others—for has not He whose natal day comes with the dawn said: "It is much better to give than to receive?"

Selfishness is not a characteristic of the Christmas tide. On its current is borne nought but the most generous thoughts that animate civilized and Christianized humanity—thoughts which make the world bright, even if that brightness is ev-

stantial evidences of his presence seen on mantel and chair, table and cradle? But why can Santa Claus enter only by the chimney? will be the question asked by many a childish pair of lips Christmas morning. Why? It is the avenue he has traveled for centuries—aye, since it was prepared for him in the frozen North, in the home of the Vikings, by the Norse Goddess Hertha. At the festival held in her honor the house was always decked with evergreens—the same evergreens that scent the rooms of twentieth century homes. An altar of flat stones called Hertha's

the destinies of families have been known to be influenced by "sparks." When this festival of the people of Norseland was absorbed in Christmas, Santa Claus must needs come by the way the Goddess Hertha has opened for him, and during all the years that lie between the then and now Santa Claus has traveled no other way. Is there anyone so cynical of things of life, so cruel, as to destroy one of the happiest dreams of children on Christmas eve? Who would try to divert their bright eyes from the fireplace, from which they expect so much on the morrow?

Christmas is a day for Christians to celebrate. Christ, whose natal day will be celebrated then, was once a man among men, teaching men the higher lessons of life—lessons that led to happiness on earth and peace and good will among the nations of the earth. It is a day that brings memories and thoughts of the great future to the lightest of hearts. It is a day that makes one loathe the inspiration of Goya's dreadful picture of a skeleton leaning leeringly out of the tomb and scrawling with one bony finger on the side thereof the terrible word, "Nada"—nothing.

Yes, the day is not wholly the day of the children. Men love to perpetuate the memories of their childhood. One does not banish Robinson Crusoe from one's heart when one has ceased to believe fiction fact. The religion of one age has often become the poetry of the next. During the middle ages Europe was in its imaginative childhood. Beliefs which to us are fancies were then religious creeds. Many of them still linger, half believed among the peasants of the old world, and give an atmosphere of peculiar sanctity to Christmas eve. In parts of Germany the belief still flutters in many a heart that on Christmas eve, the holy night, all nature bloomed with the pristine loveliness of Eden. On its return they believe the Heavens still drop healing dew, and the aspen tree distills a precious balsam. On this holy night, alone of all the year, it is believed the quivering aspen tree has rest. For eighteen centuries its leaves have shivered with the guilty consciousness that it furnished wood for the cross of Him to whom all the world today sings loud hosannas of joy. On Christmas eve the quivering aspen rests, filled with the delightful consciousness of the fact that from its trunk came also the wood for the cradle in which Mary rocked the Redeemer of the world.

A leafless bough of aspen placed in water on St. Andrew's night will blossom; the story ruins, on Christmas eve, and roses of Jericho will adorn it all the year.

At 12 o'clock Christmas eve, according to this quaint and beautiful German legend, the pains of the lost are relaxed, Judas sleeps upon his bed of fire. For an hour Herod ceases to clank his chains. On this night Pontius Pilate's ghost, which has wandered all the year on the summit of Mt. Pilatus vainly striving to cleanse its hands in the water of "Dead Man's Lake," but only generating storms and tempests by the endeavor, rests until the dawn of Christmas day. The Wandering Jew hears no longer the goading voice of "Onward, ever onward!" The daughter of Herodias, doomed to spin an eternal dance in circles round the Arctic pole, finds rest on Christmas eve. Mountains on that eve open their sides. The subterranean gnomes cast forth gems of gold which are wasted with the sand down river channels for the use of men.

Water drawn this night of nights, the legend tells, will change to wine or preserve its sweetness through all the year to come. At 12 o'clock animals are imbued with powers of speech and prophesy. The planets stand still while the beasts of the forest and plain kneel in prayer for them. The sound of church bells will be heard wherever a church has



anescent and illuminative of but one week in the fifty-two that constitute the calendar year.

Christmas, 1908! All hail to Santa Claus! Heavy be the load that he brings to all homes, and may the chimneys through which he enters be as wide and capacious as the day for happiness and merriment. May he come to all homes, to the tenement of the poor, to the residential palace of the wealthy. Santa Claus is not a mugwump, for he is true to all and blesses all. Childish hearts Christmas morning will give all hail to Santa Claus, for are not the sub-

stones, contracted eventually into "hearthstones," and placed at one extremity of the hall in which the family assembled. Upon this fir boughs were piled, and the flaming, resinous torch was applied.

As the crackling, writhing boughs shriveled, the Goddess Hertha was supposed to descend through the odorous smoke and so guide the flames that those skilled in Saga lore could predict the destinies of each person present from the movement of the fireflakes! Some irreverent spirit has suggested that these were not the only occasions on which

None.
Christmas is not alone the children's day; it is a memorial of the childhood of Christendom, and in the churches on that morning will be chanted hymns of praise to Him who came to earth that men might be made better and saved from themselves for something higher, nobler, on the other side of the silent grave. Christmas is the day of days for the juvenile, but it is a day that recalls the teachings of the mother who perhaps has gone before—a mother whose memory is never forgotten even amid all the gaiety of Christmas.

stood though no vestige of its ruins remain. All these and many other beautiful things are legendary and half believed still in Thüringen's beautiful vales. Germany alone, of all the nations of the old world, has preserved the beautiful stories of Christmas-day.

At present Christmas day, if somewhat shorn of its ancient glories, and unmarked by that boisterous jollity and exuberance of animal spirits which distinguished it in "days of old," is nevertheless still the holiday in which, of all others throughout the year, all classes of society most generally participate. In Florida, Christmas, 1908, comes with promises of brightness and usual gaiety. The year drawing to a close has not been a marked one. It has been a conservative one. Extremes have not characterized it in any form. It has been a gentle year, and its Christmas will be a gentle day. Merry carols will be appropriate and "Peace

the sincere wish of every true Christian and every true man. Merry be the Christmas day! Thrice-brighter be it than the bright days of the dying year.

Now, wherefore in these merry days,
Should we, pray, be the duller?
No, let us sing bright roundelays
To make our mirth the fuller.
And while thus inspired we sing,
Let all the streets with echoes ring:
Woods and hills and everything
Bear witness we are merry.

Yours for a Merry Christmas.

SENTIMENT OF THE SEASON

The Herald's Reflections and Suggestions on Christmas Good-Doing

To all its readers THE HERALD wishes a Merry Christmas, at the same time expressing the hope that each one will contribute somewhat to the comfort and pleasure of others, and thereby add to their own happiness. It is indeed a person poor in heart and poor in purse who cannot find something to brighten the life of some other individual on this occasion, when the spirit of brotherly love is abroad throughout the land.

Play Santa Clays to some fatherless children and fill their stockings so full of good things that they will forget they are poor. Carry hope to the sorrowing and comfort to the afflicted. Remember the essence of a good deed is in the intention. Drop formality and give without a lecture on the sin of ingratitude. If you can't give a Christmas tree loaded with rich fruit, don't think your gift would be too poor for acceptance. Recall the widow's mite.

We all know that a stocking full of candy and toys gave us more joy in childhood than a diamond-studded watch did when we were grown up men and women. You will find here in Sanford, a city of abounding wealth and general culture, of fine churches and happy homes, enough privation and misery to invite the generous aid of those who feel the spirit of Christmas-like warming their hearts. Don't advertise your charity. The gift that is proffered to the poor before the public carries a sting more cruel than the poverty that the gift was intended to relieve.

Now let us help you in your Christmas good-doing by our reflections and suggestions.

Don't For Christmas Shoppers

- Don't be cross.
- Don't be impolite.
- Don't push; just shove.
- Don't buy your wife a cook book.
- Don't shop when you are hungry.
- Don't forget your faithful domestics.
- Don't spend the landlord's money for presents.
- Don't put off your shopping until Christmas eve.
- Don't forget to remove the price tag from presents.
- Don't buy a toy drum, except for your enemy's child.
- Don't buy your children presents that are easily broken.
- Don't expect to be treated with the most elaborate courtesy.
- Don't hold a reception with your friends at a bargain counter.
- Don't buy a hand-painted plaque for a girl who needs a warm wrap.
- Don't buy a leather cushioned desk-chair and tell your wife it is for her.
- Don't go Christmas shopping with entertaining and loquacious companions.
- Don't regard Christmas merely as a season for the exchange of costly gifts.

Good Business Locations

The old idea that a business house had to be on First street to catch the trade is one of the delusions of the past century. Any of the intersecting streets are good business streets, and the rapid growth of Sanford has aided in placing business houses upon the other thoroughfares.

Telephoning Santa Claus



MONSTER CHRISTMAS CAKE.

It Was Seven Feet High and the Largest Ever Made.

Reproduced below is a picture of a mammoth Christmas cake, said to be the largest one ever made. It was seen last Christmas in a shop in Leytonstone, England. Some idea of its size may be gauged when it is stated that it stood seven-feet high and weighed no less than 1,600 pounds.

Those who may desire to turn out a rival cake may be interested to learn that the following ingredients were used in its manufacture: One hundred and fifty-two pounds of butter, 152 pounds of sugar, 325 pounds of flour, 110 pounds of raisins, 110 pounds of sultanas, 110 pounds of currants, 3,000 eggs, 85 pounds of citron peel, 35 pounds of lemon peel, 35 pounds of or-



"BARKING WINDMILL" CAKE.

ange peel, 40 pounds of almonds, 30 pounds of milk (15 quarts), 120 pounds of almond paste, 100 pounds of icing sugar, 5 pounds of fresh lemon juice, 21 pounds of mixed spices, 1 pound of nutmegs and 1 pound of essence of lemon.

Tit For Tat.

"We thought we'd rather move than clean house."
"An original idea."
"Not so original. It had also occurred to the people who vacated the abode we leased."—Kansas City Journal.

A Christmas Hymn.

No tramp of marching armies,
No banners flaming far;
A lamp within a stable,
And in the sky a star.

Their hymns of peace and gladness
To earth the angels brought,
Their "Gloria In Excelsis"
To earth the angels taught

When in the lowly manger
The holy mother-maid
In tender adoration
Her babe of heaven laid.

Born lowly in the darkness
And none so poor as he,
The little children of the poor
His very own shall be.

No rush of hostile armies then,
But just the huddling sheep,
The angels singing of the Christ
And all the world asleep.

No flame of conquering banners,
No legion sent afar;
A lamp within a stable,
And in the sky a star.

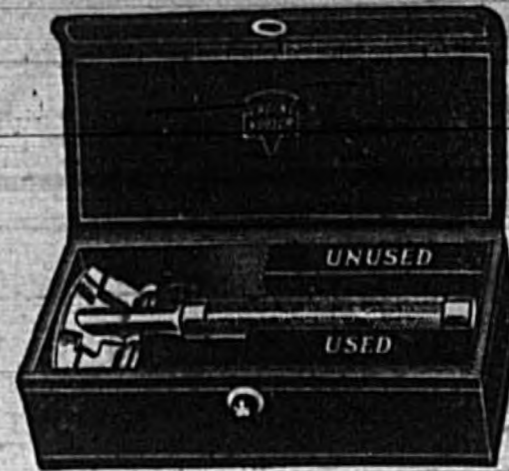
—Margaret E. Sangster in Collier's Weekly.

Fortune For Toys For the Poor.
The poor children of Pittsburg and Allegheny are to benefit through the expenditure of an estate valued at \$31,000, left by the late George B. Nutt. The will provides that the estate shall go to the wife during her lifetime and then is to be divided among his children equally. If the children all die before their mother, at her death the estate is to be spent for the purchase of gifts and playthings for poor children, especially those in institutions. It was the wish of the decedent that the money be expended in small sums, to distribute it over as large an area as possible and benefit as many children as possible.

An impossibility.
Jones (at side of friend killed in train wreck)—What were his last words, doc? Doctor (attending the victims)—There were none. His wife was present.—Bohemian Magazine.

Had Time Enough.
Barber—Half's going gray, sir. Little Binks—Expect it is. Haven't you nearly finished?

The worship that is most acceptable comes from a cheerful and thankful heart.—Plutarch.



Price \$3.50

The Sliding Cut

The Keen Kutter is the only safety razor that permits of the sliding cut, so necessary for a smooth, clean shave. No scraping or pulling like the ordinary straight cutting razors.

KEEN KUTTER SAFETY RAZORS

are equipped with 12 Norwegian steel blades, each ground, honed and straightened by hand, tested and guaranteed. Packed in leather case convenient for travelers.

We Sell Them



Harry J. Wilson, SANFORD, FLORIDA

Your Order Solicited

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- Finished Lumber for all Building Purposes
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Staple AND Fancy Groceries

HAY AND GRAIN

High Grade Preserves, Jellies, Jams

A Complete Line of Cigars and Tobacco

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FULL LINE OF GROCERIES

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G. R. CALHOUN Best Fertilizers On Earth

FIRST CLASS CRATE MATERIALS Sanford, Fla.

Christmas on the Stage



UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

England there was consternation among fond papas and mamma in the light little Isle.

"What! Shall we have two days of gift giving and less than three weeks apart?" they cried.

Thrifty English parents, it is supposed, determined that one day of giving was enough, and so they simply transferred St. Nicholas to Christmas eve.

Why Saint Nicholas?

By ROBERT DONNELL.

[Copyright, 1908, by American Press Association.]

WHY is Santa Claus sometimes called St. Nicholas? For the most excellent reason that Nicholas is the real name of the saint. Until comparatively recent years there was no Santa Claus at Christmas time. When the old saint comes down the chimney Dec. 24, Christmas eve, and deposits gifts for the children in the suspended stockings he is just nineteen days behind time, for his true and proper time is Dec. 5, that being the eve of St. Nicholas day. Just how Nicholas got to be the Christmas eve saint is not altogether clear, but those iconoclasts who dig into ancient matters are probing this secret. They have discovered or claim to have discovered, that the Christmas eve Santa Claus really originated in America, being transported to England from New York.

In the saints' calendar Dec. 6 is St. Nicholas day. Nicholas was bishop of Myra, in Lycia. He is believed to have lived under the Emperors Diocletian and Constantine and is the patron saint of poor maidens, sailors, travelers, merchants and children. Rich maidens, of course, are also quite willing to acknowledge him when he comes along with diamond dog collars, necklaces and tiaras.

Before the great religious reformation the custom of giving presents on St. Nicholas eve was general throughout Christian Europe. When the worship of the saints was abolished the practice died out in England, where for about three centuries St. Nicholas failed to visit households on the evening of Dec. 5 to leave presents for good children. By the way, it should be pointed out that Nicholas was noted even in infancy as a particularly good and pious child. Therefore his visits are not made to bad children—only to those whose parents can vouch for their good behavior during the previous year.

In Austria, Holland and Poland St. Nicholas eve is still observed. Good children get presents, secretly left in their shoes placed upon the hearthstones for the purpose or in their stockings hung from the mantel. When New York was settled by Hollanders the devout Dutchmen brought over to America their religious customs, not forgetting that of St. Nicholas eve. In old New Amsterdam the saint made his visits the night of Dec. 5, St. Nicholas day being celebrated by the settlers as a holiday. In time the Dutch were supplanted by the English. New Amsterdam became New York, and the old St. Nicholas eve gift giving custom was reintroduced into England from New York. But in England the custom of giftmaking on Christmas eve had grown up. There was, however, no Santa Claus ceremony. Gifts were made outright and without secrecy.

When St. Nicholas arrived near...



The Drawback.
Herdman was a writer of plays, ultimately fairly well known in his day. For nearly twenty years he struggled and fought his way along without meeting with any very pronounced success, each play in turn proving more or less of a failure. At last, however, he produced a play that really caught the public taste. He and the famous Sheridan happened to be present together on the opening night. All went well. Success followed success, and applause greeted and ended each scene. At the end of the second act Herdman's elation got the better of his discretion, and, leaning over toward Sheridan—as usual, too witty to be merely sympathetic—he exclaimed: "Sheridan, Sheridan, it's going to be a success, a complete success!" "Ah, yes," murmured Sheridan, with exquisite compassion in his voice, "too bad, too bad!" "Too bad?" stammered his friend, completely taken off his guard. "Why, too bad that it should prove a success?" "Because now," retorted Sheridan, "it'll take you another twenty years to convince any one you wrote it."

Up-to-Date Restaurant

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Everything Neat and Clean
and Cooked to Please the Palate
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Comfort Cottage

offers
Best Homelike Accommodations in
the City at Moderate Prices

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Corner of Fourth and Magnolia Avenue

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Home-Made Bread, Like Mother
Used to Bake
Quick Orders for Fancy
Cakes Filled Promptly
Goods delivered to any parts of the
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9-ROOM HOUSE, 14 ACRES
In Enterprise
\$1100.00
DON PEABODY
Enterprise - Florida

ORO Barber Shop

ALL WHITE BARBERS
A clean towel for every customer
YANCEY GOLD, Prop.

Sanford City Bonds for Sale
We, the undersigned, bond trustees, offer for sale fifteen (15) Bonds of the City of Sanford, Florida, of one thousand dollars (\$1,000) each, bearing six per cent interest, payable semi-annually, coupons attached, and payable at the National Park Bank of New York City, on January 1st and July 1st of each year.
These fifteen bonds are the remaining unsold bonds of a bond issue of \$45,000 of January, 1894, at which time \$30,000 of the bonds were sold and expended in improving the streets, erecting the High School building, and for the other purposes for which the bonds were voted.
These remaining fifteen bonds are now offered for sale for the purpose of street paving. They will mature in January, 1914.
There is no other bonded indebtedness than the thirty thousand dollar bonds heretofore sold. The interest on which has been promptly paid down to the 1st day of July, 1908.
The validity of these bonds has never been questioned. Judge John F. Dillon, of New York, passed upon and declared the bonds legally issued.
Bids for said bonds, or any portion thereof, will be received at any time on or before January 1st, 1909.
Each bid should be sealed and endorsed "Bid for Sanford Bonds," enclosed in a second envelope addressed to the undersigned bond trustees. The bids will be opened at 12 o'clock, noon, January 1st, 1909. The right is reserved to reject any and all bids.
Interest coupons will be detached from the bonds down to and including January 1st, 1909, and interest coupons from January 1st, 1909, to remain attached.
A. M. THASLER,
Gen. H. FERRALL,
B. O. CHASE,
Bond Trustees.

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Ticket Agent, write to or call on

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STRONG LINE OF CHILDREN'S SCHOOL SHOES

The Latest Fall Styles in Ladies', Gent's and Children's Shoes
Just Received

Drink a Bottle of



GINGER ALE OR SODAWATER

Manufactured with pure distilled water—they will prevent illness, aid
digestion and give you health.

The Sanford Coca Cola Bottling Co., Sanford, Fla.

Artesian and Deep Well Drilling

Telephone No. 60 M. P. LIPE

The Christmas Stocking

A Parody by FRANK J. BONNELLE



How dear to this heart is the stocking of childhood when fond recollection presents it to view! On Christmas St. Nick came from frost whitened wildwood with every loved toy which my infancy knew. The wide spreading chimney, the sled which stood by it, a horse and some books—I remember them all—a doll for my sister, and baby house nigh it, and then the full stocking which hung on the wall—the Santa Claus stocking, the bountiful stocking, the Christmas morn stocking which hung on the wall! The well stuffed envelope I hailed as a treasure as early that morning I opened my eyes and found there the source of an exquisite pleasure, the purest and sweetest that nature supplies. How ardent I seized it with hands that were glowing and back to my white sheeted bed went with all, then soon, with the emblems of love overflowing, was happy in what to my lot did befall—the Santa Claus stocking, the generous stocking, the Christmas morn stocking which hung on the wall! How sweet through its round open top to explore it as poised on my knee it inclined to my view! Not a hot, tempting breakfast could make me ignore it for longer at most than a minute or two. And now, far removed from the loved situation, the tear of regret will intrusively fall as fancy reverts to my youth's habitation and sighs o'er the stocking which hung on the wall—the Santa Claus stocking, the plethoric stocking, the Christmas morn stocking which hung on the wall! But grown people find there's a later sensation as grateful as any they felt long ago. It comes when they witness the glad exultation which on Christmas morning their own offspring show. And now, dear old Santa Claus, let me petition your favor for children, both large ones and small. Bring all the bright hopes to the fullest fruition that rest in each stocking which hangs on the wall—the wealthy child's stocking, the poor urchin's stocking; yes, fill every stocking which hangs on the wall!

Odd Christmas Cakes

A GERMAN NOVELTY.

GERMANY for many years has been the land of Christmas novelties, and each year the kaiser's ingenious toy, candy and cake makers devise some oddity which proves irresistible in luring small or great sums from the pockets of Yuletide shoppers. One of the latest manias is for quaint and humorous Christmas cakes, which are literally cartoons in sugar and dough. The cakes are decorated with all sorts of funny figures made of colored sugar and in many instances are not the crude art

powder; a diver which goes to the bottom and bobs up serenely when air is blown into him through a little tube, a Santos-Dumont airship which



GERMAN CHRISTMAS CAKE—A MUNICH WAITRESS.

really flies, a real Gatling gun with stairs for tin soldiers to go up, a railroad with full working equipment—



GERMAN CHRISTMAS CAKE—A SOLDIER SALUTING.

products one would expect under the circumstances. The Bavarian peasant, for example, is a fair type of the living original as he is pictured in the German comic weeklies. A Munich waitress carrying a well grouped bunch of foam capped steins of the beverage for which Munich is celebrated at home and abroad, even if she does suggest Salome a trifle, is decidedly lifelike, while the saluting soldier by his very attitude suggests that foam capped steins and sentry duty do not assimilate very well.

The German authorities have done much to encourage the toymaking industry, particularly by collecting toys from all the world that the toymakers might acquaint themselves with the wants and peculiarities of foreign markets. The wooden animals of the past have been eclipsed by the mechanical toys. A submarine boat which sinks into the water and rises again, all with one charge of soda



GERMAN CHRISTMAS CAKE—A BAVARIAN PEASANT.

these are among the mechanical toys of Sonneberg. In short, Santa Claus in these times can find the means of gratifying the wishes of his most fastidious petitioners. HENRY SNYDER.

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If you want any of these lands, see us Terms to suit your pocket-book

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Now Ready For Christmas Trade

'Phone 106

Hiding the Christmas Gifts

By J. M. WALCH

UHI looks something like snow, at that," said the man awaiting his turn at the barber shop, going to the door and looking out. "Beats the dickens what a short time there is between Fourth of July and Christmas, these years. I can remember the time when there was a stretch of about 14 years between the Fourth of July and Christmas, can't you, fellows? Why, Christmas'll be clomping along before we know it. Right now the time is drawing pretty close when a fellow will have to be mighty careful about opening bureau drawers when his wife is in the room if he doesn't want to be scared into a convulsion when she notices what he's doing. Y'see, this is just about the beginning of the season when wives start to hiding the Christmas presents they've bought for their husbands. Funny gas, that, too.

"Then there's another thing about this Christmas present hiding business. Most men stick it out that women are the curious, inquisitive sex, don't they? Well, I don't believe it. In my opinion men are a whole heap more curious and inquisitive than women. Fact is, I know it.

"For instance, a husband, long about this season that's approaching, is groping around for a fresh shirt upon getting up in the morning. He yanks out the wrong drawer of the bureau. Well, on this morning he pulls out the bottom bureau drawer, say, and his wife, who is fixing her hair at the chiffonier in another part of the room, catches him in the act just in time, lets out her little squawk, and races over to the bureau and pushes the drawer shut.

"So it's there, hey?" he says to her. "Scuse me for living," and then the mulethead goes on grinning like a chimpanzee while he brushes his hair. Then he turns to her.

"Watched you in there, anyway?" he asks her.

"She tells him, with a grimace,

and very properly, that it's none of his business. And she adds something about folks that 'rubber.'

"But, say, g'wan and tell me what-choo got in there, won't you?" he tries again, wheedlingly.

"Whereupon his wife makes mention of that fellow that met an untimely end through curiosity.

"That's all right about the cat," says the husband then, "but I'll bet you a new rubber plant that it's cigars that you've got in there." And then he begins to look a bit alarmed. "Say, I hope not, though, I'm thinking about swearing off smoking soon now, any how."

"But this hint of his about the cigars doesn't get the least bit of a rise out of her. Not much. Nothing whatever doing in the conversational line on her part.

"Oh, I'm a pinhead, sure enough," her husband says then, after a pause, and still consumed and just eaten alive by curiosity. "I might have known all the time that it's a shaving outfit. That's exactly what it is, for a sure thing."

"However, his wife most carefully adjusts her side combs and quite refrains from talking. Then he sticks his hands into his trousers pockets and looks her over quizzically.

"Aw, come on, now, like a good girl, and tell me if you've gone and got me that bath robe that we were looking at in the shop window the other afternoon," he says to her in his most persuasive tone.

"Say, Minnie, you might let a fellow see what you've got tucked in there, at that."

"Just compare the attitude of the average husband in this Christmas gift business with the position of his wife on that same subject. She doesn't really want to know what he is going to give her for Christmas. She wants to be 'sprised.'

"Look, here, hun," he says to her some morning along toward Christmas—usually he puts it off till about the last day. When everything is all picked over in the stores—"Look a-her, my dear, what-choo want for Christmas hey? It's up to you, you know?"

"Why, the very idea!" she exclaims. "Up to me! Preposterous! Why, it wouldn't be any Christmas gift at all if I told you what I wanted you to get for me."

"Oh, that's one way of looking at it," he says. "But, d'ye know, I was thinking about getting you—"

"Sh-sh-sh! Stop! she cries. 'Don't you dare tell me, Jack Gosling. Don't you dare!'

"All the same, she's foxy, at that

After a while an idea strikes her.

"You know, of course, Jack," she says, musingly, "that if you are worried about the sizes of things, why your sister Agnes and I wear exactly the same sizes in everything, and she—"

"But, nix," he breaks in. "It isn't anything that comes in sizes. It's one of those—"

"And again her fingers go into her ears. The 's'prise' is the whole thing to her, and she is resolved not to hear in advance what he is thinking of getting for her.

"Now, all this doesn't come pretty good, does it? Women are really less curious than men, then I dunno, dunno, hey?"

Trade Inducements

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Furnishing Store



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From \$15.00 to \$30.00

Besides an elegant line of Boys' Pants, Suits. Especial attention is called to our strong and complete line of Men's Furnishings, Shoes and Hats

Give us a call. We can fit you from head to foot and we guarantee to please. Yours for honest values,

D. L. THRASHER

Sanford Library

AND

Free Reading Room

ROOM 20

Upstairs, Pico-Block

Open Tuesdays 4 to 6 p. m.

AND

Saturdays 4 to 9 p. m.

Strangers Welcome

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High Grade Pianos at Greatly Reduced Prices for Holiday Trade. Come and See Them :-: :-:

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FIRST CLASS CRATE MATERIALS Sanford, Fla.

Job Printing Quickly and Neatly Executed at The Herald Printing Company



MADONNA DEL VELO PAINTED BY CARLO DOLCI

Sanford's Wonderful Possibilities

BRIEF HISTORY

Descriptive of the Celery City's Great Resources

Her Natural Advantages

An Article Written for the Purpose of Enlightening Those Who Would Make their Homes Here

soil or muck, which if applied to the farms keep them as virgin soil, for all farmers know the value of sufficient humus to keep the land in tone.

Sanford boasts that proud distinction of being the most productive spot on earth in garden truck, showing greater results in yield and profit, per acre, than any other known point under the sun!

Think of it! Two to five car-loads produced on one acre, and if sold at \$1.00 a package would equal \$300.00 per car, or \$600.00 to \$1,500.00 per acre, all done by intensive farming.

Intensive farming means in the ordinary sense, high fertilizing, particular and careful cultivation, and that is the limit of endeavor so far as the outside world can go, and they think that the sum total. We know that that is but a factor, and can be attained by any farmer anywhere, and that the real and essentials are lacking, i. e., irrigation and perfect drainage. Water can be had at nearly all places, and certainly tile, such as we use in our dual system, can be had anywhere, but these are only factors as well.

There has not even been a dream of a system

pass our past endeavors—in a latitude giving for our crop season ideal conditions, which taken as a whole are incomparable—a climate tempered to our exact needs, thus enabling us to supply the world with fresh green vegetables out of their ordinary season, from October to May of each year, that being impossible to sections further north, and in other cases not to be attained further south.

We have laid aside the old method of spacing plants, having doubled and trebled their number per acre, so we have realized productive yield in proportion, on such crops as have been grown; so also will we do when others are planted.

We have set 75,000 celery plants to the acre, yielding four car-loads, or 1,200 crates; then again, we have planted 30,000 lettuce to the acre, yielding two-and-a-half car-loads, or 750 baskets.

That has been done many times with those crops, as we all know, and when we go out for strawberries, asparagus, onions, potatoes, and anything else you please, we have the assurance that the same measure of success will crown as intelligent efforts along other crop lines as those here

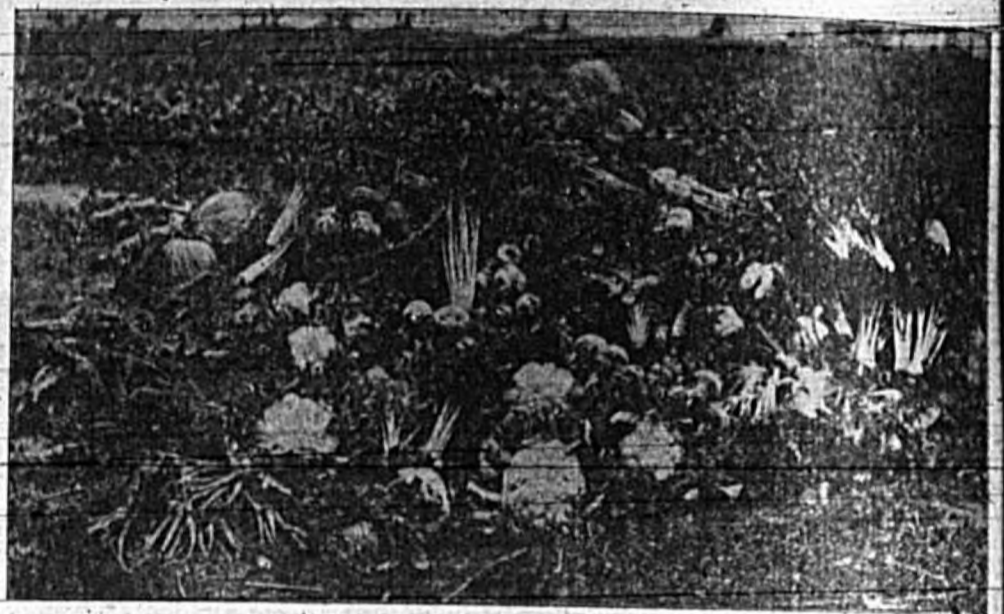
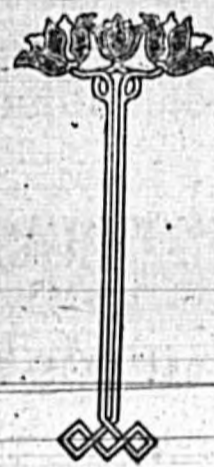
should be closed, and the flowing water cut off, and as explained above, the tile having been laid to drain scientifically, then, as a matter of course, all excess water from heavy rainfall will run off immediately into overflow, or drain ditch at the outlet, and farm work can proceed in a few hours.

COMMERCE

Sanford has for many years been a point of commercial importance, due in the past to her location in the centre of large orange production, and as a distributing point for merchandise, with favored freight rates, and now, to her immense truck production, being last season near the 1,200 refrigerator car-load mark, beside the express shipments.

OUR PERFECT CLIMATE

Few of us, perhaps, realize how much the weather has to do with our state of mind and general health. Indeed, notwithstanding all that may be said concerning the benefits of climate in itself, the influence of weather conditions upon mind, and of mind upon physical vigor, are becoming more and more recognized problems worthy the serious



Sanford's history, while of itself a subject full of interest, is not necessary to the student of her present geographical, geological, agricultural and commercial importance.

The city is well drained and healthful, has good churches, hotels, twenty thousand dollar school house, banks, water-works, two large ice plants, machine shops, gas-works, and electric plant being constructed.

LOCATION

Sanford is south of Jacksonville, the great entrepot of the State, on the south bank of Lake Monroe, a part of the St. Johns River, and practically at the head of navigation for large freight and passenger steamers on that stream. These steamers are direct connections with the ocean liners to Eastern markets, giving us an all water rate at minimum cost. There are also seven divergent lines of railroad running out from our city, and the river being here to hold them in check, insures us the lowest interior rates on all our products.

TELEGRAM REGARDING DEEP WATER WASHINGTON, D. C., 11-14-08.

HON. J. N. WHITNER, SANFORD, FLA.:—
Board of Engineers and Chief Engineer approve channel 100 feet wide, 8 feet deep, Palatka to Sanford, and 100 feet wide, 5 feet deep, Sanford to Lake Harney; mean low water. This action insures both projects. Signed:

FRANK CLARK, M. C.
Sanford is reached by the river 200 miles from Jacksonville via Palatka, and 125 miles by rail.

GEOLOGY

Sanford is founded upon that favored spot where soil and water are easily brought to their necessary relation to give the highest efficiency to agricultural pursuits. The soil is a sandy loam, closely underlaid with marl or sand rock, then clay, then shell rock, so that by the use of 100 feet of iron pipe driven down in the earth, and drilled 25 to 75 feet below it, a total of less than 200 feet in depth, gives gushing artesian wells and a constant supply of water, ample to irrigate farms of 5 or 10 acres from a 2-inch pipe.

All these lands being of an open porous nature, lend themselves easily to our system of sub-irrigation and drainage, and their adaptability to it is perfect.

The Celery Delta is that narrow strip of land running along the St. Johns River from Lake Monroe to Lake Jessup, between the overflow of the higher ground, where artesian wells will not flow. Bordering it all the way is the river valley, easily accessible, where are exhaustless depths of alluvial

combining in one, supplying as required, both irrigation and drainage such as ours.

We know that the soil must be adaptable, and only an open porous sandy soil will respond; certainly not clay, or even very close soils, nor will hillsides answer, and even rolling lands become very difficult.

Look our conditions over and all can see that we can secure fertilizers the same as other progressive farmers; we can and do use as much care in cultivation as any; we have no limit to cheap water supply; our lands are scientifically tilled, doing us the double duty of irrigating and drain-

mentioned—we have the fundamental elements—and success will be meted to us in just proportion to their skillful application.

Sanford, with climate, soil and water, can beat the world!

SUB-IRRIGATION AND DRAINAGE

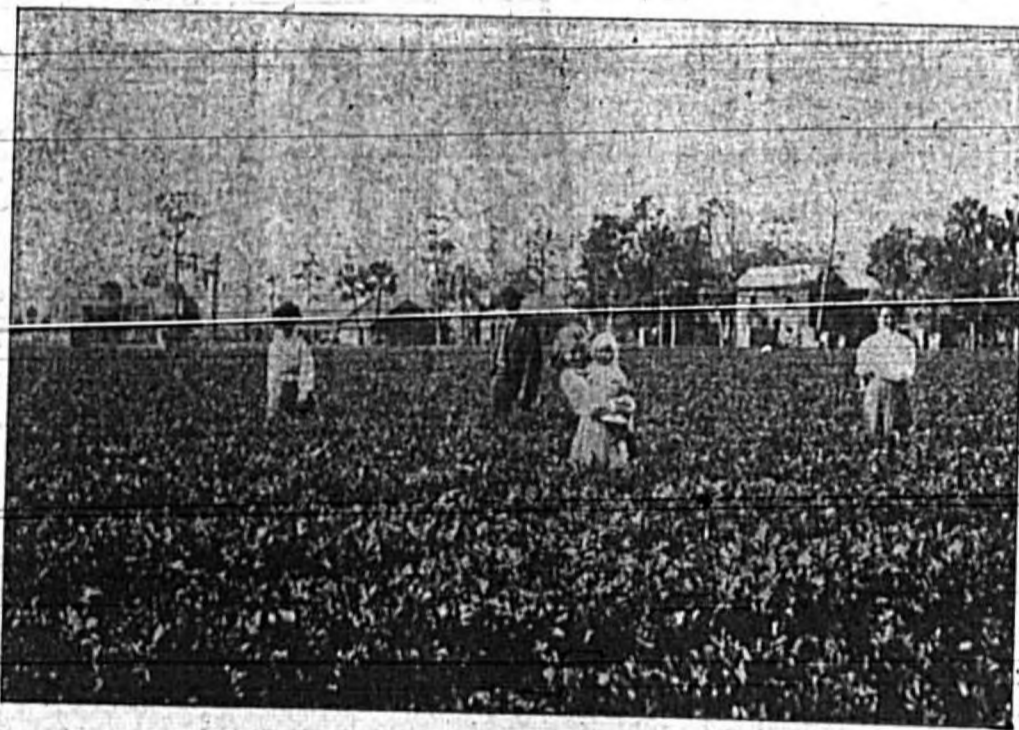
Our artesian wells are connected to a system scientifically laid of 3-inch drain tile, and as we depend upon gravitation entirely, water flowing from the higher to the lower point, and through pipes laid as for drainage, that wonderful principle of capillary attraction of the water to the surface through the earth takes place, and is regulated

eration of any and all who would enjoy to the fullest the heaven-given blessings of a sound and healthful body, as well as cheerful disposition and clear-headed mental capability. For this reason we wish to call attention to the fact that a kind providence has scattered most of the bad weather everywhere and anywhere else than in Sanford, Florida. Sanford summers are delightful, and her winters are incomparable. It is not easy to give a recipe for perfect weather any more than it is to describe a pretty flower. But the elements of perfection in the southland of Sanford are simple. There is the bright sunlight, beaming with golden friendliness and luring the cooped-up, frost-impinged denizen of the North to bask in its warmth. There is the clear air, with just a touch of invigorating autumn coolness for the winter season, and luxuriously balmy in summer time, inducing that "douce far niente," or sweet-do-nothing blissfulness, so charming to the senses. There is the constant circulation of air, gently bracing in winter and soothingly cooling in summer, sifting through one's garments, flapping away insect annoyance and suggestive of health-giving breeze. There are the lazy-paced cumulus clouds that stand out against the bluest of sky in silvery masses, forming a celestial panorama. And there are Lakes Monroe and Jessup and the St. Johns River, with their verdant banks and vari-colored swells and wavelets and pleasure boating and commercial navigating. And this rhapsody is not inspired by the thought that this day or this particular season stands alone in the calendar, but there is the assurance of eternal continuance.

Just come and enjoy these Elysian days at Sanford next January and February, and as much longer as you like. Exuberate in the healthful joys of air, verdure and water and tropical growth and the most perfect climate in the world. Such simple and natural pleasures are the finest part of life.

Healthfulness

This is a question paramount with all. Sanford's health has become almost proverbial in the Southern States. She is located in the finest spot in God's own country, Florida. She has the best of water, and the cleanest of streets. She has good cool air blowing over her at all times. She has a high state of civilization in her people, and has the latest and most sanitary arrangements for good health. The death rate here is lower than in any other portion of the country. The rate of birth increase is higher. Spring water—that solves the question of health. Ninety-eight per cent pure according to the most critical tests. This is what makes Sanford the most healthful part of Florida.



ing as required. Our lands are open and porous, and perfectly adaptable to that system, and more, the grades made by nature are so perfect that little is required of man to make it perfect.

Do we make the points clear to your mind, that it is only under such conditions as ours that intensive farming can be done?

Do any of the higher tests made by individuals or stations, striving to reach the highest perfection of crop production, leave out the necessity of using the same means that we do in the most ordinary manner?

We can produce enormous crops, we have doubled the yield of other sections, and we will even sur-

by simple methods to the farmers' wishes. The whole system is so simple, so perfect and so durable, that the first cost is the entire outlay, and its operation is almost automatic.

All wells have valves, which if opened allows the water to pass into the main, and from it at intervals of 20 to 25 feet into the laterals, which are laid at right angles to the main, and all under ground at a depth of 18 to 24 inches. The mains and laterals are connected through "stop boxes," so arranged that as few or as many laterals as desired can be fed at one time, and in any part of the field.

During wet or rainy weather the well valves



"Hark! Here Santa Comes!"



LOOKING FOR SANTA CLAUS.

WHAT though I seem alone on this fair day,
From happy comradeship stand isolate,
With none to greet me as I walk my way.
To merely live I count a happy fate—
To merely listen to those joyous sounds
That through the crisp of winter call so free,
Although the merrymakers on their rounds
Pause not to think of or remember me.

IS'T not enough that on this Christmas morn,
This glad birth morn of him whose day it is,
My heart, but yesterday so sad, forlorn,
Doth open to the message that was his?
Is't not enough to know that from above
The tidings of a sacrifice divine
Come as a gift of an eternal love
That I have but to take to make it mine?

Feminine Amenities.
"What did you think of the wedding? Was I nervous?"
"Well, a little at first, dear, but not after Reggie had said 'I will.'"—Harper's Weekly.

Origin of the Christmas Tree.
There is a legend in Germany that when Eve plucked the fatal apple immediately the leaves of the tree shriveled into needle points and its bright green turned dark. It changed its nature and became the evergreen, in all seasons preaching the story of man's fall. Only on Christmas does it bloom brightly with lights and become beautiful with love gifts. The curse is turned into a blessing at the coming of the Christ Child, and we have our Christmas tree.

Equal to the Occasion.
In 1840 a great convention was held in Baltimore by the young men of what was then known as the Whig party for the purpose of ratifying the nomination of General William Henry Harrison for the presidency. There was no hall in the city large enough to hold the crowd of delegates who attended. The convention accordingly met on the Canton race track, and when the great Whig orator of Maryland, who was chairman of the young men's national committee, arose to call the meeting to order he was so impressed by the vastness of the assemblage before him that instead of the usual formula he exclaimed, "The nation will please come to order!"



MADONNA IN PRAYER — SASSAFERRANTO

POPE CONTRACTING CO

MAKE YOUR WIFE
A Real Christmas Present
BY CONTRACTING WITH
The Pope Contracting Company
For a New House

HIGH GRADE HOUSE BUILDERS

ALL FIRST CLASS MATERIAL

Frame Buildings, Reinforced Concrete, Artificial Stone
Blocks, Brick and Slates

FIRST CLASS MATERIALS SKILLED MECHANICS
ALL WORK GUARANTEED

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**Sanford
Machine & Foundry
Works**

Repairing of all Kinds
of Machinery

DEALERS IN
**Automobiles and Gas
Engines**

Office and works on Oak Avenue,
near Fernald's
SANFORD, FLORIDA

**Best
Fertilizer
on Earth**

A RECORD BREAKER

12 Tons of William's and Clark's
Fertilizers sold in Sanford in
1900

1,020 Tons of Williams and Clark's
Fertilizers sold in Sanford in
1908

That's Selling Some

All Kinds of Crate Material
Lettuce and Bean Baskets

G. R. CALHOUN
SANFORD

OPPORTUNITY!

BETWEEN PARK AND SANFORD AVENUES SOUTH OF 10th STREET

:: WE OFFER ::

50 Lots at \$175 for Corners. \$150 for Inside
 Lots. \$10 Cash and \$5 per Month
 Without Interest :: :: :: ::

These Lots will be numbered from 1 to 50 in the order sold. Mr. Derry, Cashier of the People's Bank, will place one of these numbers in a sealed envelope, and the Purchaser who happens to purchase that Lot in the series will receive a Deed to his Lot FREE of Cost. The lucky number will be announced only after the Sale of the entire series has been completed, but all Payments made by the Lucky Man will be refunded with the Deed. Mr. Derry will not know what number is in the envelope, as Numbers 1 to 50 will be written on separate pieces of paper, folded, placed in a hat from which some party will draw one which will be immediately sealed in presence of witnesses and the other 49 be immediately destroyed. This will be done at our Office at 10 o'clock a. m. Monday, Dec. 31st, in the presence of any witnesses who care to be present, and the Sale will then be on. These Lots are offered for less money and on easier terms than any in Sanford were ever offered before and some one will get a Home Site Free. Be the Lucky Man!

HOLDEN REAL ESTATE CO.
SANFORD, FLA.



A Madonna of the Tenements

By MAUD TUCKER



HE dark face of Mrs. Carrucio looked pale and wan and bitter as she brought her children to the day nursery; and although she had turned to go, she seemed to expect the questioning voice of the teacher.

"O Miss Florence," she said, in very broken English, "there is no God! There cannot be a God! If there is one, he has long since forgotten us! No one cares for us! And life is very hard!"

Then she rolled back the shawl from her left arm, and showed an ugly wound in the arm where her husband had stabbed her with a stiletto.

The young teacher lost no time in taking the poor woman to a surgeon, who dressed the already infected wound, and dealt with a case so difficult that he barely saved the arm from amputation.

The poor woman accepted the help stolidly, for suffering had wrought its work in her embittered spirit. A drunken, brutal husband, hard, incessant toil, and the care of three puny children weighed down her forlorn life. She lived in one basement room, and her washing supplied the children's food, when her husband did not succeed in getting the money first and spending it for drink.

"There is not a dog upon the street whose lot is not happier than mine," she said. "No, there is no God."

To the three children, Leonardo, Michael and Angelo, a fourth was soon added, and to her was given the name Rosie; for the mother did not recall the names of any Italian artists that would have fitted a little girl. And when the little girl was born, the worthless father deserted the home, which was perhaps the only thing he had done to help it for a long time.

It was no argument that changed the creed of the poor immigrant woman. The simplest necessities of life were imperatively needed in that home, and they were supplied. Day by day a visiting nurse came in and cared for her. Day by day the children were tended in the day nursery. Frequent visits of the teachers brought simple comforts to the poor tenement, and life became a little brighter. But the sad look was there of a woman whose hopes were gone, and who had drunk to the dregs the cup of bitter experience.

They had a Christmas tree at the nursery, with simple gifts for the children. When the exercises were over, and the teachers were taking down the tree, one of them proposed that they should carry it over to a home where one of the children was sick. The tree was too large, and had to be cut off, but it was still a respectable tree. And its reception in the first home was so enthusiastic that they carried it to another, and yet another. Nor were gifts lacking; for a quantity of second-hand toys had been received, and there was second-hand clothing for distribution as well.

A few of the children accompanied the tree to the first house, and the procession grew. First went the tree, upheld by two or twenty children; then came the basket of decorations, then a basket of presents, and then the teachers and the throng. It was long after dinner time when they came to Mrs. Carrucio's one room.

"It was a dark room, with one court window, and that window was filled with children who could not get in. The table was still loaded with the remains of the Christmas feast, and Mrs. Carrucio was holding Rosie, while the three boys gathered about her. Into the midst of the family group came the wonderful tree, for the eleventh time decorated with tinsel and glass balls, and lighted with candles.

It bore wonderful fruit—a shawl for the mother, shoes for the boys, white clothing for baby Rosie, and an odd collection of second-hand toys.

The light of the candles found a reflection in the face of the poor woman. She had seen the Lord in the love of his children. She looked at the tree, now bare of presents, but still radiant with candles and ornaments, and looked again at the faces of the teachers, and then at the face of her babe. Upon her knees she fell in front of the wonderful tree, and over her face, that had been too sad for weeping, the tears flowed, freely as she knelt and uttered a prayer. And her face became almost like the face of a Madonna, as she held her babe and sobbed her sad Magnificat in her native tongue.—Youth's Companion.

E. M. B.

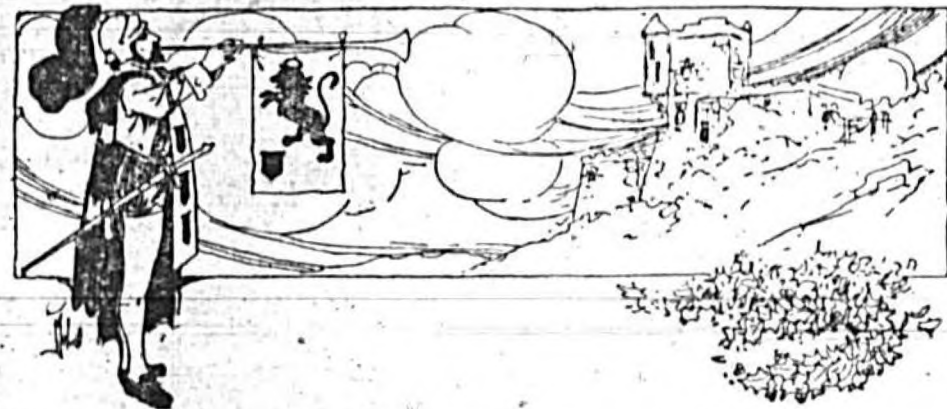
Tick tack, tick tack,
Three minutes to eight by the
nursery clock,
Tick tack, tick tack,
"D'you fink it's nearly twelve
o'clock?"

Tick tack, tick tack,
"Won't nurse be cross when
she comes back!"

Tick tack, tick tack,
"Did anyone hear Father
Christmas knock?"

Tick tack, tick tack,
(It was nurse who came with
a loaded sack!)

Tick tack, tick tack,
"Supposing he's forgot us,
Jack!"



A Yuletide Bouquet

To You, My Friend

BY CAPT. JACK CRAWFORD

FROM out the larder of my soul,
Where nature's mystic poses blend
With fruits and flowers, I fill love's bowl,
And serve it warm to you, my friend.

I call the sweetest, wildest flowers,
Soft-tinted as the rainbow spray,
And fling to you from nature's bowers,
To mingle with December gray.

THESE are but echoes of the past,
To music set in memory's chimes,
The silken nets that love has cast,
To catch the sunshine of my rhymes.

AND isn't it sweet that some kind deed—
A memory throb, a God-sent tear—
O'er comes to cultivate the seed
That we are sure to sow each year?

ADD so, I'm flinging this bouquet
Of thankfulness and love to you,
Sweet buds of reciprocity,
Besprinkled with affection's dew.

AND with the cheerful Yuletide,
This is the hopeful wish I send,
That love of God and man abide
With you and yours, my faithful friend.

J. W. Crawford



Gas Range For Sale
Practically new; double oven; four top
burners; Improved Jewel. A bargain.
Call at Herald office.

PIANOS

We are in position to supply you with the
LEADING MAKES of Planos at Factory
Prices.

THE CHICKERING

With a Reputation of Over Eighty Years

THE MATHUSHEK

Which has so many points of Merit that we
will have to send you a book about it

THE IVERS & PONDS

: : Piano : :

With its "30 points of superiority" over
other Planos

PIANOLA PIANOS

A Specialty---the Piano that plays itself.
"Equal to Life"

SPECIAL!!!

ESTEY & FARRAND ORGANS

At \$1 a Week

FURNITURE

Cash or Easy Payments



Life without music is
bread without butter

When you go without a
Victor in your home you are
"skimping."

You don't have to. We
will sell you a Victor (\$10
to \$100) on easy payments
that you will never mind.
Come in and see us about it

D. A. CALDWELL & SONS

306-308 1st Street East

The leading Merchant Tailors. "Royal
Tailoring." A perfect fit and Low Prices

Special Representatives Ludden &
Bates' S. M. H., Pianos & Organs

City Cigar Store

Best Line of Cigars and
Tobacco in the City

Newspapers, Magazines and
Periodicals

MAXWELL & ROURKE

Park Ave., Next Door to Ensminger

Job Printing Quickly and Neatly Executed at
The Herald Printing Company

A DISASTROUS FIRE

Visited Our Fair City On Last Friday Night

THE TOTAL LOSS A HEAVY ONE

Fire Started From Explosion and Quickly Spread to Every Part of the Building

On last Friday night, about eleven o'clock, a terrific explosion roused the people of this city to the fact that either an earthquake or an explosion had visited the city.

People hastened to the scene and discovered the Celery City Laundry in flames. All the windows in the near-by houses had been shattered and the roaring flames and the rush of people caused a small sized pandemonium. The building occupied by the laundry was a large two-story brick, and beside the laundry, there was a livery stable and carriage factory.

The people who arrived first on the scene attempted to save the effects from the building, and succeeded in getting out all the horses except five. These, it is said, rushed back into the burning building and perished.

E. E. Webb, of the Celery City Laundry, was discovered at the rear of the building, badly injured and covered with brick debris from the wrecked building. With great difficulty he was removed to a place of safety. He is still in a precarious condition, suffering from a broken arm, leg broken in two places, jaw broken and other severe cuts and bruises.

Mr. Webb was working in the laundry and had just started to close the back door and leave the building when the explosion occurred, presumably from overhead, blowing out the end of the building and starting the fire. The cause of the explosion cannot be ascertained and will probably remain a mystery.

James Harris lost two horses and several wagons. No insurance.

Chas. H. Evans, the grocer, lost three horses and two new delivery wagons. No insurance.

W. H. Underwood, the wagon manufacturer, saved some material, but lost a number of vehicles and supplies. Partly covered by insurance.

Mr. McConaha had his fine automobile in the building and it was burned before

it could be taken out. It was valued at \$3,000.

Mrs. Cassels had lately stored all her household goods in this building and suffered a total loss of over \$1,000.

The building was owned by Alex. Vaughn was valued at \$10,000, partially insured.

Only the heroic work of the fire department confined the flames to the Vaughn building, and had there been a high wind several other buildings would have caught fire and gone up in smoke.

The Celery City Laundry had lately been reorganized under the firm name of Webb & Overman, and they had some new machinery and other supplies on the road which luckily had not reached the building.

James Harris had also just started in the livery business, and Mr. Underwood in the wagon factory, and the loss seemed to fall upon the several new enterprises at one time.

J. H. Overman, of the Celery City Laundry, states that the business will be resumed at once.

W. H. Underwood will occupy the De Mont building for the time being and intends to build a large carriage factory at once.

The condition of Mr. Webb is serious, although there are strong hopes of his recovery.

List of Unclaimed Letters - Remaining in the Sanford Postoffice at close of week ending Dec. 15, 1908:

Ladies
Brown, Mrs. Sue
Brown, Mrs. Mary
Brown, Mrs. Bertha
Coching, Miss Mamie
Edwards, Mrs. Susie
Edwards, Miss Josephine
Mooney, Miss Julia
Moore, Miss Eileen
Robinson, Mrs. Lela
Wood, Mrs. Daisy

Gentlemen
Atkinson, Julia
Barton, J. A.
Bermet, Germ
Bussell, Mr. J. I.
Carroll, H. C.
Dumsey, J. W.
Garner, Joe
Glennon, Maj. J. K.
Harshaw, Mr. James
Hogan, L. J.
Hunter, Mr. Jim
Hunt, Robt. O.
Loyd, Mr. Dudley
Manser, Mr. Andra
Masse, Mr. Sam
Melick, Mr. Jerome E.
Persons claiming the above will please say "Advertised," and give date of this list.
CHAS. F. HASKINS, P. M.

Clay Tile For Sale.
Palatka Tile for sale in any quantity.
G. F. SMITH, Box 371

Just Received
Lowney's Christmas line of fine candies the finest in the city.
GARNER & ROBERTS.

How to Help With the Mail

As the time advances and business increases, the postoffices of the land have more to do. This government institution which means so much to the people, is rapidly becoming one of the biggest departments that the National authorities have to contend with.

The people who use the mails can help the employees of the postoffice by a little care, and thus greatly facilitate the work of handling the mails. The holiday season always brings disappointments, packages are received in a broken or damaged condition. Articles are lost out, articles received without any address. All because the sender does not use the same care or prudence that he or she would do in the most common everyday affairs.

If a few simple rules are observed there will be little, if any, difficulty in the safe delivery of mail.

When you address your letters, cards or packages, don't use a lead pencil. Don't write 'Cin. for Cincinnati, Col. for Columbus. Write the name in full.

Don't forget to write your name and address on the article.

Don't write a message and put it in an envelope, other than first class, it may cost you \$100.

Don't place a small article in a large box, expecting the box not to crush.

Don't send money in letters, unless it is registered.

Don't wait until the day before Christmas to send parcels, expecting them to reach Boston Christmas Eve.

Don't expect a registered letter to go as quickly as an ordinary letter.

For the holidays allow 24 hours additional time more than usual schedule.

Mail matter that is properly addressed, properly tied or sealed, and in compact form, does not receive damage or go astray once in ten million times.

Public Hearing

U. S. Engineers Office, Jacksonville, Fla., Dec. 11, 1908.—Notice is hereby given that a public hearing will be held at 1 p. m., Dec. 21, 1908, in the county courthouse, Palatka, Fla., on the proposed construction of a highway bridge across the St. Johns river at Palatka by the board of county commissioners of Putnam county. All persons interested are invited to be present.
—Geo. R. Spalding,
Capt. Engineers.

For an up-to-date tailor-made suit, see D. A. Caldwell & Sons.

The time will soon be here when you will have to select your holiday gifts. The greatest worry is the difficulty of selecting suitable gifts with what money you want to spend, but we believe we can help you out of both difficulties. What to give becomes an easier matter when you have so ample a stock as ours to choose from. We have the most desirable gifts. They possess all the qualities that gifts should have, newness, usefulness, beauty, novelty and intrinsic worth. Then the prices are just right. They cannot be beaten. We are in a position to know that we can save you money. We believe that the more you inspect the goods the better you will realize this. Remember, too, that we are careful about the quality and particular about everything we handle. We have a specially selected stock of the finest

Box Candies for the Christmas trade. Our perfumes and toilet articles are very appropriate for presents. Real bargain prices on goods of worthy quality are what this house promises you. Fine Cigars and Stationery.

L. R. PHILIPS

...Druggist...

Cor. First St. and Park Ave.

Phone 50

STOP RIGHT HERE!

Put down this paper and go to THEO. J. MILLER & SON and do your Christmas buying. They are leaders in fine Furniture, Polished Rockers and Tables, Rattan Rockers, Book Cases, Writing Desks, China Closets



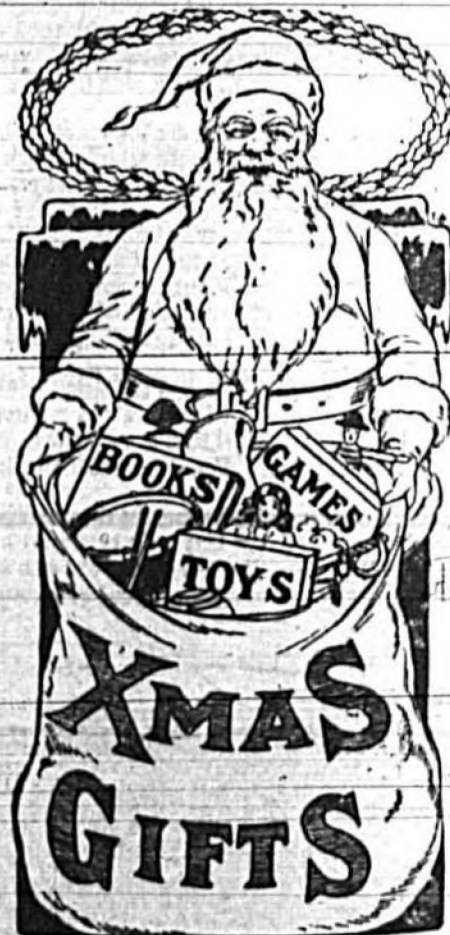
Fine China, best line in Sanford; Lamps and Glassware. Dolls? Well, we should say so, cheapest you can find in town. Doll Go-Carts, Shoo-flies, Wagons, Carts and a big line of other Holiday Goods.

GIVEN AWAY FREE!

Five Standard Talking Machines

ASK FOR A TICKET WITH EACH PURCHASE

These handsome machines are on exhibition in our show windows; they are worth \$15.00 each. You get a ticket with a number and these five will be drawn for Xmas morning. Buy from us; you save money. You may get a Talking Machine—you may be one of the five



If you fail to come and see us you miss a rare opportunity to get goods for Christmas at such low prices. Trusting to see you, we are yours to serve

THEO. J. MILLER & SON

Christmas With The Pickwickians

NO chronicler of Christmas doings has done it so inimitably as Dickens, and nowhere has Dickens described them better than in the "Pickwick Papers." One might read the paragraph relating to the observance of the holiday half a hundred times and not become weary. The Christmas spirit is everywhere evident in the chapters devoted to the holiday making. From the beginning, when the hero, his three friends and his faithful servant start for Dingley Dell, to the hour of their return there is Christmas in every sentence:

As brisk as bees, if not altogether as tight as fairies, did the four Pickwickians assemble on the morning of the 22d day of December in the year of grace in which these their faithfully recorded adventures were undertaken and accomplished. Christmas was close at hand in all his bluff and hearty honesty. It was the season of hospitality, merriment and open-heartedness. The old year was passing like an ancient philosopher, to call his friends around him and amid the sound of feasting and revelry to pass peacefully away. Gay and merry was the time, and right gay and merry were at least four of the numerous hearts that were gladdened by its coming.

After traveling through a wide and open country where "the wheels skim over the hard and frosty ground," slowing up as they draw near a country town, where the horses are changed, then again "dashing along the open road, with the fresh air blowing in their faces and gladdening their very hearts within them," they arrive at Dingley Dell, where we are introduced to that famous personage, the fat boy. He is an old acquaintance of Mr. Pickwick, but to Sam Weller his face is strange. To follow this first meeting:

Having given this direction and settled with the coachman, Mr. Pickwick and his three friends struck into the footpath across the fields and walked briskly away, leaving Mr. Weller and the fat boy coming fronted together for the first time. Sam looked at the fat boy with great astonishment, but without saying a word, and began to stow the things rapidly away in the cart, while the fat boy stood quietly by and seemed to think it a very interesting sort of thing to see Mr. Weller working by himself.

The conversation of these two characters is too long to reprint here, but not too much so to peruse with the greatest interest. We must pass over the story of the wedding, which was the day before Christmas event at Dingley Dell, at which Mr. Pickwick distinguished himself by a felicitous

speech, and get to the story of the dance. Dickens' description of the old sitting room is a gem:

The best sitting room at Manor Farm was a good, long, dark paneled room, with a high chimney piece and a capacious chimney, up which you could have driven one of the new patent cabs, wheels and all. At the upper end of the room, seated in a shady bower of holly and evergreens, were the two best fiddlers and the only harp in Muggleton. In all sorts of recesses and on all kinds of brackets stood massive old silver candlesticks with four branches each. The carpet was up, the candles burned bright, the fire blazed and crackled on the hearth, and merry voices and light hearted laughter rang through the room. If any of the old English yeomen had turned into fairies when they died, it was just the place in which they would have held their revels.

After the dance was over, Mr. Pickwick having acquitted himself with great credit, the reader is told about the doings in the famous old kitchen. Here hung the mistletoe and did its mission well in adding to the jollity of the occasion. The artist whose pictures appear on his pages has done excellent justice to Dickens' text:

From the center of the ceiling of this kitchen old Wardle had just suspended with his own hands a huge branch of mistletoe, and this same branch of mistletoe instantaneously gave rise to a scene of general and most delightful struggling and confusion, in the midst of which Mr. Pickwick, with a gallantry which would have done honor to a descendant of Lady Tollinglower herself, took the old lady by the hand, led her beneath the mystic branch and saluted her in all courtesy and decorum. . . . Wardle stood with his back to the fire, surveying the whole scene with the utmost satisfaction, and the fat boy took the opportunity of appropriating to his own use and summarily devouring a particularly fine mince pie that had been carefully put by for somebody else. . . .

It was a pleasant thing to see Mr. Pickwick in the center of the group, now pulled this way and then that and first kissed on the chin and then on the nose and then on the spectacles, and to hear the peals of laughter which were raised on every side.

Finally we come to Christmas day, which was cold and cheerful and good "skaltin'" weather. The party all went to a "pretty large sheet of ice," where Mr. Winkle, having assumed the airs of a man who could "skalt" and having shown his ignorance thereof, was smartly reproved by Mr. Pickwick. Meanwhile, "Mr. Weller and the fat boy having by their joint efforts cut out a slide," all hands participated. Says the chronicler of the day's sport:

It was the most intensely interesting thing to observe the manner in which Mr. Pickwick performed his share in the ceremony—to watch the torture of anxiety with which he viewed the person behind gaining upon him at the imminent hazard of tripping him up, to see him gradually expend the painful force which he had put on at first and turn slowly around on the slide, with his face toward the point from which he had started, to

contemplate the playful smile which mantled his face when he had accomplished the distance and the eagerness with which he turned around when he had done so and ran after his predecessor, his black gaiters tripping pleasantly through the snow and his eyes beaming cheerfulness and gladness through his spectacles, and when he was knocked down, which happened upon the average every third round, it was the most invigorating sight that can possibly be imagined to behold him gather up his hat, gloves and handkerchief with a glowing countenance and resume his station in the rank with an ardor and enthusiasm which nothing could abate.

Mr. Pickwick unfortunately breaks through the ice and gets a good wetting, but, being taken on a smart run to the house, put to bed and given unlimited quantities of hot punch, finds himself none the worse next morning, when the party departs from Dingley Dell.

Thus does Dickens tell us of one of the merriest Christmas that a reader could desire. There is no touch of sadness in the chronicle, and all that one could wish for is that the story were longer. Long live the tale, and long may we enjoy Christmas with the Pickwickians!

Proper Way to Ride.

"The fatigue of a long journey of which persons often complain," said an experienced traveler, "is quite unnecessary and comes from an unconscious effort to carry the train instead of letting the train carry us. This is in resisting the motion instead of relaxing and yielding to it. In a railroad car one should always rest the feet on the rail of the seat in front, if such is provided, as to keep the feet off the floor lessens the vibration that is conveyed to the body and prevents just that much strain. In a Pullman, where foot rests are not usually provided, a bag will do as well for a footstool if nothing else is to be had. The body, while you are sitting in a car, should be as completely relaxed as possible. Until one attempts this relaxation on a railroad car it is not noticed how tense is the effort to resist the motion, all of which is in direct accordance with modern physical culture, which has discovered that true repose goes further than mere nonaction."

It Worked All Right.

One day a barber's shop in Liverpool had but one empty chair. A man wearing a very big hat and walking with a great deal of swagger, entered, hung his hat on a peg and then, drawing a revolver, turned to the idle man and said:

"I want a shave—just a common shave. I want no talk. Don't ask me if I want my hair cut or a sham-



poo. Don't speak of the weather or our Father's will, to know that noth-politics. If you speak to me, I'll ing—no, not if the earth was to be burnt up or the waters come and drown us—nothing could part us from God, who loves us and who fills our souls with peace and joy, because we are sure that whatever he wills is holy, just and good.—George Elliot.

When he got up he returned the shooter to his pocket, put on his hat and after a broad chuckle to the cashier said: "That's the way to keep a barber quiet. He didn't utter a word."

"No, sir; he couldn't." "Couldn't?" "No, sir; he's deaf and dumb."—Liverpool Mercury.

Amusing. Hiram Greene—What did your sister say when you told her I was going to make a speech in the town hall tonight? Willie—She didn't say nothin'.

Love. Think what it is not to hate any-thing but sin, to be full of love to every creature, to be angered at noth-ing—to be sure that all things will turn to good, not to mind pain because it is thought it was the cats.—Stray Stories.

His Sweet Voice. He—Did you hear me singing under your window last night? I hope your father didn't hear it? She—Yes, he did. But you needn't worry. He to good, not to mind pain because it is thought it was the cats.—Stray Stories.

FOR THE HOLIDAY TRADE

The House of Hill

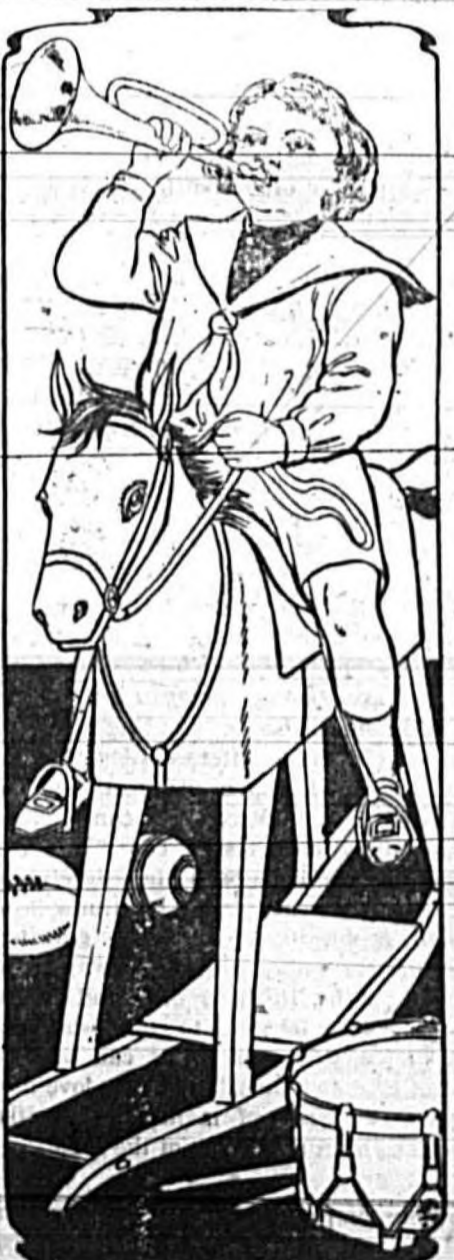
Offers you great inducements in Hardware, Cutlery, Razors, Guns, Fishing Tackle, Knives and Forks, Etc.

A Full Line of Toys

Everything in Toyland to make glad the hearts of the children. Prices the lowest

Heavy Hardware, Lime, Cement, Sewer Pipe, Sash, Doors and Blinds

WELL DRIVING A SPECIALTY



A. E. HILL, Hardware and Farming Implements

A LAYMAN'S SERMON

Rich, Poor, High or Lowly May Learn Something Good Here

A DISCOURSE FOR THE MASSES

The Herald's Special Theologian Discourses on the Subject: "Christmas"

Written for THE HERALD.

Join again the angel chorus; Tell of God's great gift to men; For the time is now before us, When the Christ-child comes again;

Ever bringing to the nations Thoughts of sweet simplicity, As they pour their glad obligations At the shrine of infancy.

Sing the joyous Christmas carol, How the Great One came on earth, Not in glorious apparel, But by lowly human birth;

Unto all men manifesting, That God's greatest gift is still Nothing but a spirit resting, Child-like, on a Father's will.

So we vain and wayward mortals, In earth's wilderness beguiled, Safe may reach the golden portals, Helped and guided by a child.

Seasons revolve and we once more greet the festival of "The Child." Who can exaggerate its hold upon the hearts of those who celebrate it? There is not a mother whose birth-pangs are vivid in her memory but that is moved by compassion for out-cast Mary, remote from tender ministrations in the hour of her anguish; there is not a child whose little fingers reach out in awe to touch the latest tiny babe in the household but that finds the manger-cradle at Bethlehem a thing to marvel at; there is not a man who surrenders himself to thought but that sees a world-transformation resulting from this squalid birth and the legends that have gathered around it; there is not a childless woman whose heart is hungry for the pressure of a little face against her bosom, but that can hear in the message of the virgin angels, her own errand to the world—to proclaim peace and good will, and to ever see deeper even than the contented mother unto the holiness and possibilities of all children.

Over all virtues let us set simplicity. Great messages, great truths, great happenings are ever simple in their elements. Simplicity is the grandeur of the great and the greatness of the obscure. It is the charm of prattling childhood; it is the diadem of the learned.

Now if we divest Jesus of the complex theories of warring commentators, strip Him of bewildering creeds, which in any event never come into existence until hundreds of years after His death, we find His message to the world one of intense simplicity. Drawing in our minds from the cares of the conflict of life for a few moments, possibly we may find inspiration to effort by looking back at this Man who led the world out into broad truth, whose simple character is after ages of thought forcing itself to the front just because it is so simple.

Onward from the narrow thought of the Jews, who selfishly regarded the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob as their own peculiar possession, and whose character was often outlined as little more than that of a blood-thirsty leader of a fighting nation—onward from the myriad deities of reverential Asiatic and European minds, who sought by the very multitude of Gods to include all truth—onward with greater clearness than all seekers who had preceded Him, He led the world's thought to assert the existence of one God of one universe. He did not argue Him to exist; he assumed Him as the simplest explanation of the powers, visible and invisible, of a mighty creation.

Furthermore, as omniscience, omnipotence, omnipresence are beyond the powers of our finite minds to grasp, Jesus makes God greater than the wildest theories of our souls, and yet simpler than the simplest interpretation of Him, by announcing Him as "Father" and as "Love." The troubled soul can understand that and rest. The "Father" chastens His little ones that they may develop. He breaks down His truths into small fragments to suit their growing powers. He interprets thorny ways into upward paths. His love makes all things work together for good to those who love Him. Every woman heart can understand Him as "Love," for in her love has been the "ascent of man," and in His love has been the ascent of the soul.

More simple by infinite extent than complicated sacrifices and penances of other and earlier interpreters was His answer of those who inquired the way to eternal life. The simple acts of everyday kindness done to the least of God's children were the passports thither. He made "the child" the thing for humanity to reverence. While other systems cast children to the beasts, He made of them

moral monarchs whose service called forth meekness and gentleness, and whose worship united men and women on equal terms.

After nineteen centuries we are oply drifting back to His simple standards of the first. Out of the ferment of thought and the fury of conflict that men have waged, is surging up, like the dry land out of chaos, greater simplicity and therefore greater power. We see that to have been a ruler of a nation is less than to have lived to hate evil; that to live without purpose, though never so luxuriously, is less in the Divine estimate than the hesitating caress of the least of us who would soothe another's sorrow; that it is better to die for a truth than to live by a lie; that our father watches our feeble efforts with tender eye and judges actions by aspirations and not by results; that "Love" is over all, guiding where reason fails.

Not like Buddha, did he preach inaction, nor like Confucius did he preach veneration for traditions. Activity in the direction of others' needs, and open-minded fidelity toward truth, though it separated Him forever from the sympathy of His own people—these were His characteristics.

SANTA CLAUS LIVETH

His Imperial Majesty Ruleth Over All the Earth

The Herald at Christmas tide receives numerous inquiries from dear little friends, asking if Santa Claus is alive and intending to do business at the old stand. No doubt the queries are echoes from the heart of fear and apprehension.

Thank God, children, Santa Claus is alive and well. He has gone through some vicissitudes of late, but he will reward your goodness and forget no deserving child who will make his or her wants known.

Even the districts of Port Arthur, where men are battling for life with honor, the sainted ruler at Christmas-tide still liveth. Those in poverty's clutches may persuade the omnipresent giver of holiday presents to remember the deserving. He will be prevailed upon this year to give a modicum of his stores to the thinly clad urchins of the deserving poor. The parents need not tell their innocent loved ones that Santa Claus is dead this year as they did a few years ago.

Is There a Santa Claus?

We take pleasure in answering at once and thus promptly the communication

Virginia. There would be no childlike faith then, no romance, to make tolerable existence. We should have no enjoyment except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your pipa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas Eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus, coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children or men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not; but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world.

You may tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernal beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in

COUNTY HAPPENINGS

A Budget of Interesting Items From Correspondents

THE EVENTS OF ORANGE COUNTY

Efficient Staff of Reporters Weekly Covers the Territory for The Herald

ALTAMONTE SPRINGS

Special Correspondence to The Herald. The Hotel Altamonte, under the management of Mr. S. M. Johnson and wife, proprietors of the Shirley Hill Hotel at Shirley Hill, N. H., was opened to the public on Dec. 10th with the hotel register showing the names of seventeen guests as follows: Colfax Sanderson and N. F. Wolsey, Jacksonville; Mrs. Mary Jane Tabraham, Mrs. Inogene Tillson, E. O. Marshall, New Ipswich, N. H.; J. S. Stuart, wife and son, Glens Falls, N. Y.; S. W. Rogers, Memphis, Tenn.; C. G. Justice and wife, Johnson Justice, Miss Hensley of Pitman Grove, Pa.; S. F. Percival, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. G. K. Mackay and Miss Starr P. Brown, Boston, Mass. This is a very good beginning for so early in the season. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson are very popular caterers to the public and their reputation has preceded them to the Altamonte tourist resort. They have the happy faculty of pleasing their guests by setting before them all the delicacies of the table that the season affords, providing entertainments and amusements for every day in the week. The strangers who enter their doors are immediately given the glad hand and are made to feel that they are among friends and that they belong to the great happy family and leave with regret when the season is over.

Commodore Frank Smith and wife of Lancaster, N. H., have arrived and are at home to their friends (who are numbered by their acquaintance) in their picturesque bungalow, the Bye-de-Wee located on the bluff overlooking the beautiful Lake Orienta.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Haselton of Glens Falls, N. Y., are occupying rooms in the house occupied by Mr. and Mrs. John Underhill on Boston street. Mr. Haselton has fallen in love with this location, with its natural beauties and delightful climate and contemplates making Altamonte their winter home.

Mr. and Mrs. S. M. McIntyre will arrive about January 1st and will entertain their numerous friends at their elegant winter home on the corner of Massachusetts and Oak Knoll avenues.

Mrs. Franklin F. Davis is visiting friends in Jacksonville and incidentally selecting Christmas presents for family and friends.

The Ladies' Aid Society will entertain the young people with a Christmas treat at the church, and those of maturer years will not be left out in the cold.

WINTER PARK

There is to be a notable event in Rollins College athletics.

The challenge sent a few weeks ago by the University of Havana, Cuba, for a match game of foot-ball, to be played on Christmas day in Havana, has been accepted by the Rollins team.

The trip will be an interesting and pleasant one for Rollins, especially as it is made on the initiation of one of the largest universities in the world.

Special arrangements have been made in Havana for their reception.

The committee of arrangements have chartered a special tug and will be accompanied by one of the brass bands of the city as they go down the bay to meet the Rollins team and escort them to land. While there they will be entertained at the Hotel Louvre, free of charge.

The team will leave here next Saturday and the best wishes of everyone go with them.

We understand that the team will consist of L. B. Fort, manager; J. E. Windham, captain; B. M. Roosevelt, A. Rodriguez, P. C. Bryan, Roy Barnes, J. Robinson, R. Robbins, Duval Gates, Clarence Boyer, W. D. Rogers, J. Lamontagne, W. Blackman, and E. S. Palmer, coach. This is the way Rollins plays the game of "Solitaire."

The many friends of J. A. Story, who has been for many weeks in the hospital at Orlando, will be glad to know that he is much better and will soon be well enough to see his friends.

A letter has been received from Mrs. E. C. Richmond, saying that the inflammation which set in after an operation in Chicago, on one of her eyes, is relieved and that she is improving rapidly. She hopes to return home very soon.

The Rollins Choral Society presented the "Rose Maiden," a cantata, by Frederick Cowan, in Lyman Gymnasium, on Friday, December 18th, at 8 o'clock. The Society was assisted by Mrs. W. D. Russell, Misses Annie MacFarlane, Helen O'Neal, and Messrs. A. P. Curry and Carlton Lawton.



A place only! What is Jesus? A real person! Then at this Christmas time let us who think emulate what He did as a man rather than venerate the place of His birth. Thus shall we be Christs to those who dwell in the darkness of doubt and who sorrow in the pangs of bereavement. —THY BROTHER.

A Christmas Lyric

Christmas comin'—don't you fret— Carve dat possum fine! Gwine to get ter glory yet— Carve dat possum fine!

Oh, believers, See de bright light shine! De life en drum Say Christmas come— So carve dat possum fine!

Christmas comin' crest de hill— Carve dat possum fine! De cider foam, and de 'lasses spill— Carve dat possum fine!

Oh, believers, See de bright light shine! De life en drum Say Christmas come— So carve dat possum fine!

At the Dairy Kitchen

May be found the most luscious oysters, fresh every day and served in any style. Also steaks, chops, eggs, sausage and other quick lunch products. Everything first-class. At Billee Hand's place.

below, expressing at the same time our great gratification that its faithful author is numbered among the friends of The Herald.

"DEAR EDITOR: I am 8 years old. "Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus.

"Papa says, 'if you see it in The Herald it's so. "Please tell me the truth— is there a Santa Claus?"

Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's, are little. In this great universe of our man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge. Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus. It would be as dreary as if there were no

all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

No Santa Claus! Thank God! he lives, and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia—yes, ten times ten thousand years from now—he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.

Those That Are Not Here We speak of a merry Christmas, And many a happy New Year, But each in his heart is thinking Of those that are not here. —Longfellow.

Stockholders' Annual Meeting

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the First National Bank of Sanford will be held at the office of the bank, in Sanford, Fla., on the second Tuesday in January, 1909, at 10 o'clock a. m. 18-5

—F. P. FORSTER, Cashier.

The Herald is fully equipped to print fine stationery of all kinds. All the latest type and material and "the men behind the type" who know how.

Place your order with us now for Christmas Turkey, or anything you want, and save further anxiety. Our risk; our trouble. Sanford Grocery Company.

FROM THE SPRITES

A STORY FOR CHILDREN

[Letter enclosed in a box which will arrive about 7 a. m. Christmas day for Fred, the protege of learned sprites.]

EAR FRED: Within this package you will find some little things; just a crumb or two of pleasure, such as any fellow flings to a friend he's met but once or twice and yet considers rather nice and thinks of what the jolly season brings. We remember, sir, your courtesy in sitting while we lectured on the knowledge that is proven, also that which is conjectured. To our utter gratitude you were never, never rude, for your heart, indeed, is very finely textured.

When the series of discourses found its most untimely close, we assembled in a parlour, and indeed we nearly froze. We'd forgotten, we're so old, there was such a thing as cold, and we're much too smart to think of things like those. But our hearts are always warm, and in thinking, Fred, of you, such a warmth arose as any time would boil an oyster stew. Then, a-basking in the heat, we did all of us compete in discussion of what would and wouldn't do. Once the argument grew fierce, but 'over this we'll draw a veil. We are all of us so learned that we thought (you know the tale), that we each of us knew best what would lend the greatest zest—what a modern boy would not consider stale.

We consulted sundry lists which only mixed us up the worse; we rejected some suggestions far too long for any purse; and we bickered and we snickered, while above the moonlight flickered, and discovered that ideal things were "scarce." And at last we gave up trying to decide it for each other, and departed, saying: "Give him what you like, my learned brother." So each made his own selection; which accounts for the complexion of the articles we hope you'll show your mother.

On the top you'll find a ticket for a trip around the earth. This, of course, is from old Jogerfy, the chap who had a dearth of ideas, but in fact was rather diligent than lax; he is hoping that you realized his worth.

Next in order is a dictionary—don't turn up your nose. It's no ordinary volume, as its queer appearance shows. When you're stuck for what to say, turn the knob the proper way, and the word is in your mouth, and out it goes. In this book is every language, e'en including that of birds and the speech the cows are using, when they stroll about in herds. Why, you cannot go astray, as to how and what to say, if you use the present sent you by old Worlds.

With apologies we mention what you get from Anglo-Saxon. He's the chap for whom the speech of other nations had attraction. He sat down, it seems, and wrote you a promissory note. You will never get the coin without exaction.

From Numero, a present that will comfort you, we feel. It's a table with a marvelous, unusual kind of wheel. Yes, a multiplication table; turn the crank, if you are able, and you'll have before your eyes a luscious meal.

Old History, the grandpa of the whole great human race, sends a Pat-

ent Iron Memory—a thing you can't replace. Put it 'way unto your ear, and you'll find that all you hear you'll remember, quite distinctly—for a space.

And lastly, Hy G. Ene, the man who gave you such a scare, puts in something you can always use and something you can wear. It's a thing that makes for health; indeed, for happiness and wealth. It's an everlasting bottle of fresh air.

So remember, when your toys are spread about you on the rug, that the Learned Sprites have tried to make you happy; they have dug in the present-mines of China, than the which there's nothing finer, and we're sending you as much as we could lug. If you use these little gifts that we are forwarding just right you will never have to listen to another learned sprite. But there's one thing more, to-wit: "Merry Christmas,"—that is it.

So we hereunto subscribe, in black and white:

JOGERFY.
WORDS.
ANGLO-SAXON.
NUMERO.
GRANDFATHER HISTORY.
HY G. ENE.



TWO DINNERS FOR CHRISTMAS.

Menus in Which Roast Beef and Goose Are the Leading Entrees.

For the Christmas feast roast beef or roast young goose are the prime favorites, taking the precedence of turkey, which very soon after the first of December begins to lose its delicacy of flavor. The English dinner of roast beef and plum pudding is historic, and in recent years Americans have generally followed the custom of serving an English dinner on Christmas, improving on the old country menus by the addition of dainty entrees and salads.

Here are some suggestions for menus for Christmas home dinners.

MENU NO. 1.
Grape Fruit with Sherry.
Olives. Radishes.
Small Oysters, Roasted in Shell.
Cream of Chicken.
Roast Bird of Beef.
Macaroni au Gratin.
Bermuda Potatoes. New String Beans.
Endive Salad.
Toasted Wafers and Edam Cheese.
Plum Pudding.
Fruit. Coffee.

MENU NO. 2.
Oysters on the Half Shell.
Cream of Celery. Stuffed Olives.
Fried Spinach, Sauce Tartare.
Hot-house Cucumbers.
Roast Young Goose.
Apple Sauce.
Mashed Potatoes. Dilled White Onions.
Stuffed Green Peppers.
Romaine Salad and Toasted Wafers.
Stuffed Cheese.
Plum Pudding or Mince Pie.
Coffee. Fruit.

She Had Tried It.
Belle—This holly in my hair wants a little relief—it's too red.

Aunty—Well, why not put in a sprig or two of mistletoe, dear?

Belle—Nonsense, aunty! Why, I should have all the young men kissing me.

Aunty—Indeed, no, my dear. They'd do nothing of the kind. I've tried 'em!



Christmas Decorations.

Let the house be bright and cheerful at Christmas, with plenty of holly and mistletoe distributed throughout. If there is a chandelier in the dining-room have it hung with evergreens and holly, and from that carry long ropes of greens to each corner of the room, thus forming a canopy for the table. Fasten wreaths at all the windows. Red and green is most appropriate for the Christmas table. In the center place a bowl filled with red carnations surrounded with holly, and four single candles in silver or glass sticks with scarlet shades to further carry out the bright and cheering color scheme. At each place have a miniature Christmas tree to which place cards are tied with narrow, red ribbon. If preferred the centerpiece may also be a tree of a larger size. Boxes representing Santa Claus and filled with bonbons make appropriate souvenirs, for the possession of a "sweet tooth" is by no means confined to the extremely juvenile.

Gifts from Wall Paper.

Get a sample book of wall paper which can be had for the asking when the season is over. For a waste paper basket cut a pattern six inches at the top, tapering to four inches at the bottom, and 12 inches high, which is a good size for a lady's desk. Cut four sections from cardboard and a square 4x4 inches for the bottom. Cover the outside of each piece with a pretty design of the wall paper, cutting the pieces a little larger than cardboard, pasting the edges on to the wrong side, use a contrasting color for the inside, plain paper is prettier and cut just the size of the section. Punch holes near the top and bottom of each piece and two on each side of the bottom piece, near corner; tie the pieces together with baby ribbon, it requiring about three yards. One can make different sizes, small ones for hair receivers or with a little pad in bottom for jewelry, also glove and handkerchief boxes. Cover empty thread boxes and fill with home-made candy.

Christmas Shopping

A Merry Christmas TO EVERYBODY

Christmas bells are almost ringing. The time is short in which to do your shopping. You have Christmas presents to buy—you can't decide what to buy. Accept our assistance.

We have anticipated your needs. Come to us and let us help you make your selections for your brother, your father or your friend.

Useful gifts are the most acceptable. We have a store full of them.

A beautiful line of neckwear, fancy vests, linen handkerchiefs, suspenders, hats, pants, an elegant line of men's and boys suits.

We Can Please You. Give Us a Call

D. L. Thrasher

SANFORD, FLORIDA



THE GEO. H. FERNALD HARDWARE CO.

Give Christmas and New Year's Greetings

We offer a large line of useful gifts. Chafing and Serving Dishes, nickel plate over copper; also Coffee and Tea Pots, Carving Sets, Table Cutlery

The finest line of Pocket Knives, Scissors, Razors, Toilet Sets

Guns, Air Rifles, Fishing Tackle and Sporting Goods for the boys

The famous Charter Oak Stoves, all kinds of Oil Heaters, Bicycles and Bicycle Lanterns and Fixtures

Our store will be open Christmas Eve, but will be closed Christmas day. Come early

The
Scrap Book

The Kind Captain.

A certain sea captain had the reputation of being a cruel tyrant, but in reality he was a kind hearted man, as the following incident will prove.

In midocean the cook approached the captain timidly.

"Captain," he said, "the men are growlin' about the beef. They say they can't chaw it nobow. They say it's only fit to mend their sea boots with."

"How much beef are you givin' 'em, cookie?" the captain asked.

"A pound a piece a day, sir," said the cook.

"Well," said the captain gently, "give 'em half a pound a piece from now on. I should be sorry to force 'em to eat what isn't to their taste."

THE VASTNESS OF THE NIGHT.

When we confront the vastness of the night
And meet the gaze of her eternal eyes,
How trivial seem the garnered gains we prize.

The flower of love we pluck for our delight,
The mad sweet music of the heart that cries

An instant on the listening air, then dies—
How short the day of all things dear and bright!

The everlasting mocks our transient strife.

The pageant of the universe whirls by
This little sphere with petty turmoil rife—
Swift as a dream and fleeting as a sigh—
This brief delusion that we call our life,
Where all we can accomplish is to die.

—Louise Chandler Moulton.

A Crusher.

Legge, bishop of Oxford, who had not youth as his excuse for his vanity, asked his friend Canning to come and hear his first episcopal sermon. They dined together afterward, and from the politician's silence the other ought to have known better than to push him; but, being rather nettled, he exclaimed, "Canning, you have said nothing to me about my sermon."

"Well, it was short."

"Oh," said the bishop, "it is better to be short than tedious."

"But," replied Canning, "you were that too."

The Parrot's Response.

A maiden lady in England owned a parrot, which somehow acquired the disagreeable habit of observing at frequent intervals, "I wish the old lady would die." This annoyed the bird's owner, who spoke to her curate about it.

"I think we can rectify the matter," replied the good man. "I also have a parrot, and he is a righteous bird, having been brought up in the way he should go. I will lend you my parrot, and I trust his influence will reform that depraved bird of yours."

The curate's parrot was placed in the same room with the wicked one, and as soon as the two had become accustomed to each other the bad bird remarked, "I wish the old lady would die," whereupon the clergyman's bird rolled up his eyes and in solemn accents added, "We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord!"

The story got out in the parish, and for several Sundays it was necessary to omit the litany at the church services.

His Reformation.

He was rather given to late hours, and his wife remonstrated with him, so he promised her faithfully that he would reform. It would have been all right if his friends had not heard of it.

"So John H. has reformed, has he? Humph, we'll see." They "saw" him in possession. First, he met one old maid, then another, and it never dawned upon him that it was a conspiracy.

The first night that John H. reached home after he had made that promise to his wife it was very late, or, rather, it was very early. In fact, it was early morning. He took off his boots, managed to hang his hat up and walked softly into the room where his wife slumbered. So far all was good. He divested himself of his coat, and just as he was hanging it on the gas bracket his wife woke up.

"Why, John," she exclaimed, "what on earth are you getting up so early for?"

This was a poser, but John was equal to the occasion.

"That's all right," he said. "You know I've reformed, Mary, an' there's lots of people I've got to see early in the mornin'."

And he deliberately put on his coat and boots, found his hat and went out again, while Mrs. H. turned over, with a fiendish chuckle, and went to sleep.

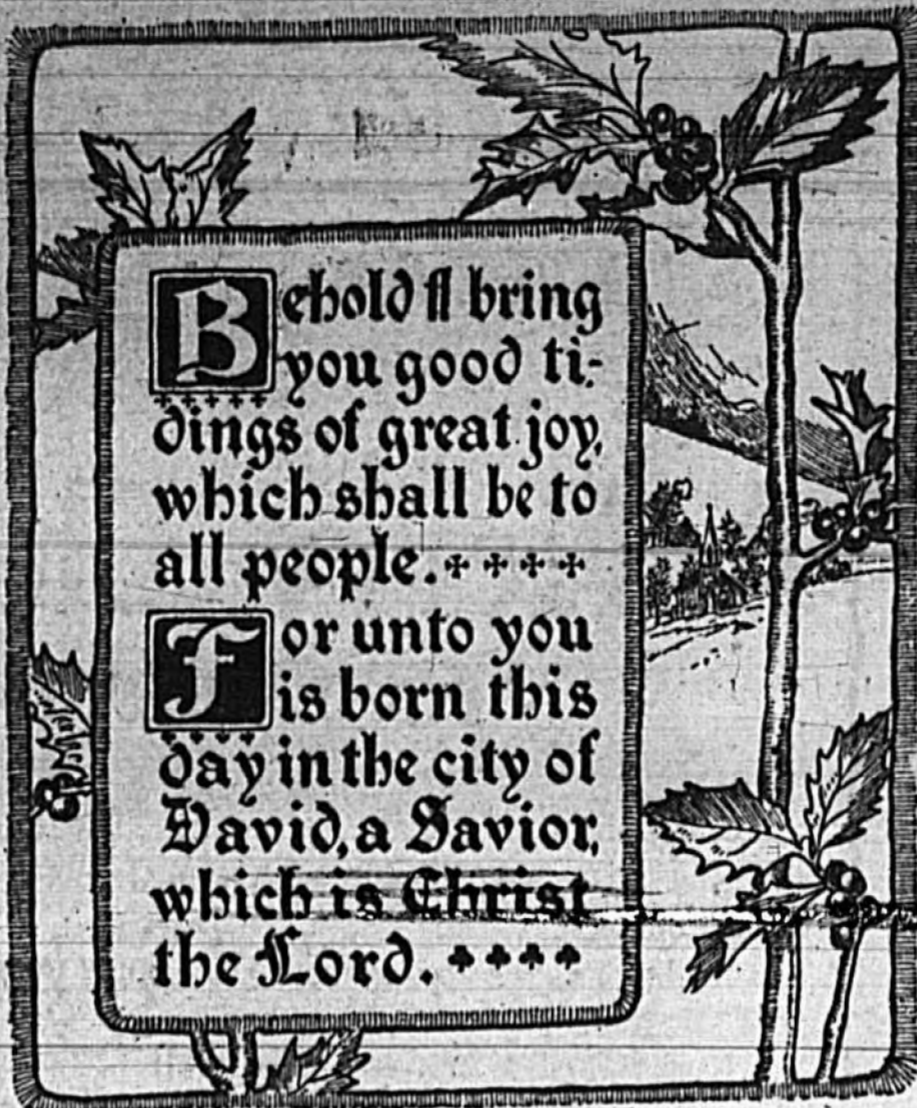
Compliments.

Judge Story and Edward Everett were once the guests of honor at a banquet. The former as a voluntary toast gave the following:

"Fame follows merit where Everett goes!"

The gentleman thus delicately complimented at once arose and replied with equally felicitous impromptu:

"To whatever height judicial learning may attain in this country there will always be one Story higher."



The American Christmas Girl



PICKWICK WENT SLOWLY AND GRAVELY DOWN THE SLIDE WITH HIS FEET ABOUT A YARD APART.

CHAS. KANNER

Our Big Sale

Will Continue until Christmas to give everyone an opportunity to Buy at these Remarkably Low Prices.

The Chance to Purchase for Christmas

Sanford Carriage Works

W. H. UNDERWOOD, PROP.



Manufacturers of Buggies, Wagons and Harness. Agents for the Studebaker Wagon Columbus Buggies, Owensboro Buggies and Wagons, Barnesville Buggies

Horseshoeing and Blacksmithing

Gasoline Engines, Roofing, Novelty Works, Paints, Oils and Varnish and General Supplies for the Farmers

Job Printing Quickly and Neatly Executed at The Herald Printing Company

CHRISTMAS and CIVILIZATION



LL Christendom again celebrates the nativity of the founder of the Christian faith, and the inauguration of the new year. The heart yields to the prevailing spirit and sentiment, despite intellectual dissent. Not to observe, in some form, the Christmas festival is felt to do violence to the best

dren educate the parents in affection and gentleness, and through them the community. The spring whence civilization flows is the Babe of Mary, and the babe in every home. The Christmas spirit incarnated in deeds of kindness, of self-forgetfulness, love, mutual helpfulness, is the secret of Christian civilization.

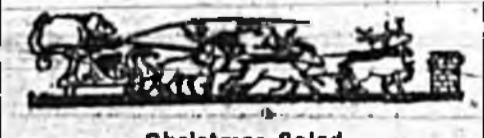
It will inoculate all the world with that purpose to do justice and deal kindly with our fellows. Christianity has been defined as "a beautiful civilization slowly journeying across the earth." It is the only civilization worthy to be named. It presents ideals, with the power to realize them.

There were individuals who reflected ideal virtues in other periods, but were unable to multiply themselves, dying like Beatrice, who took her beauty, as they carried their moral excellences away with them. The first Christmas dawned on a world of selfishness and sin, and dark with folly and cruelty. There was beauty for the few, slavery, poverty and starvation for the many, death for the unwelcome child and degradation for woman. There were 375,000 paupers in a population of 1,000,000 in Rome. It was a period of intellectual chaos, moral and social desolation, and individual hopelessness. Into this gloom came the star of Bethlehem, beaming light, hope and sympathy. The contrast between the manger birth and the Christmas morn that will dawn this week with its carols, songs, gifts, joy and gladness, is the most striking contrast earth's history holds.

With that first Christmas childhood became sweet and sacred, woman was crowned queen of the heart and home, the slave made free, the ignorant, poor and wretched found education, shelter and sympathy, and the joy of generosity became contagious. As the sun rises earlier and lingers longer than yesterday so the spirit of Christmas will usher in the golden age of happiness and good will. In the great picture of Coreggio the light on the face of the babe lends a glow to shepherd and wise men. The Christmas spirit lends a glow to all the instruments and forces of society.

While humanity falls below the ideal, the effort to practice it is not wholly nugatory. The "drift of the world is upward." The people are climbing. Interest in children is increasing. Woman is coming to her own. Labor is entering the reward of work. War is becoming unpopular. Racial prejudice will hide its shame. The Christ spirit is victorious. God's good will becomes triumphant in home, street and legislative hall. The triumphs of the past dictate new struggles for the future. When Pericles gave his oration over the Athenian dead, pointing to the graves, the great orator said: "Their silence is eloquent! These heroes ask us to go and live for the city for which they died." Thus past achievements pledge us to fresh fidelity. Christ asks us to lend the impulse of a new love to home, school, street and city; to be a friend of the friendless, a benefactor to some dumb beast or deserted child, to be voice for the dumb, eyes for the blind, springs of water for the thirsty, trees of shade for the weary, food for the hungry, refuge for the smitten.

Be an angel of mercy, bringing "peace on earth and good will toward men," and thus hasten a Christmas which will not simply come to-morrow, but will stay all the year.



Christmas Salad.
For a Christmas salad select the largest and brightest red apples, and cut a deep slice from each at the stem end. Scoop out the pulp; drop both the covers and apples into cold water and leave them until needed. Cut crisp celery into small pieces with one-third the quantity of English walnuts or pecans broken; mix with very stiff mayonnaise. Wipe and polish each apple and fill with the salad, fitting each cover carefully, and set on a bed of crisp lettuce leaves just before serving.

of humanity. This holiday eclipses all other merrymays, as the sun makes the electric light to cast a shadow. At this season a large majority find delight in giving. It gives occasion for springs of human kindness and good will to flow. It challenges the charge that man is innately and persistently selfish. More than is believed practice the truth that is more blessed to give than to receive.

Christmas is the festival of children and women. Christ's conception of childhood and youth and his treatment of women made it possible for them to commemorate his birthday with joy and gladness. At the outset of his career he foretold the regency of the cradle and the glory of the woman. Christmas celebrates the birth of a child to whom the world owes the progress of 1,900 years, and whose work will endure so long as earth shall continue and influence other worlds.

NINETEEN centuries ago a peasant woman of Judea in a stable gave birth to a child destined to do the greatest possible work—to free all women from bondage and all children from slavery—the evils which disgraced past ages. Jesus' influence upon humanity as a child, a man, a teacher and as a Saviour, as one who put the eternal right of man above all established customs and precedents, is the greatest inheritance of the human race. The king of the Jews has become the king of the world. A Hebrew mind with no racial bias is now ruling the nations. The spirit of the Christ most deeply moves modern life and thought. His name has passed over our institutions and his mind has penetrated into our social and domestic existence. The inspiration of true liberty and education, the benediction of the beautiful, the elevation of letters, literature and morals are ascribed to him.

His influence upon the centuries is as clearly marked as the currents of the Gulf Stream bringing verdure and beauty to inhospitable shores, light to those in darkness, and making the wilderness to blossom as the rose. Innumerable poems, dramas and songs have been developed through his teaching. Art taxes itself fittingly to portray his life, architecture struggles to build temples suitable for his worship. Universities, colleges, schools, and all systems of education attempt to realize his estimate of the dignity and worth of childhood. "Government itself," said Gladstone, "is but the translation of the teachings of Jesus Christ into human laws and institutions." His thoughts and ideas toll like a giant for man's progress. The single historic vine in Santa Barbara carried to California by a priest has changed all the industries of that land, so Christ's ideas carry energies for civilizing worlds. "As the sun upon the horizon rolls forward, pouring forth warmth out of its invisible urns, so we perceive an atmosphere of hope and joy has been poured over the continent out of the heart of Christ and those who loved him." The world celebrates at Christmas the advent of this wonderful being. It looks reverently upon the face of him, the feeble infant in the manger, and upon other children to whom he gave so much.

CHILDREN and Christmas are the factors of civilization. Edmund Burke defined civilization as "the spirit of a gentleman, and the spirit of religion in a life lived in the presence of man and God." The beauty, purity, humility, faith, helplessness and the promise of chil-



J. I. ANDERSON

Everything in Groceries

Full and complete line of Christmas Candies, Nuts, Raisins, Oranges and other Fruits

Evaporated Fruits

AND

Canned Goods

Fresh and Smoked Meats of all Kinds



For
The Holiday Trade

GENUINE

Coca-Cola

- Palmetto Phosphate
- Cascade Ginger Ale
- Lemon Soda
- Strawberry
- Sarsaparilla
- Peach Mellow
- Cream Soda
- Orange Soda
- Cherry Phosphate

Interest next to on Part of cigars,icals



Yes, After All,
It's Up to Us!



PROGRESS, which spells PROSPERITY, is but another way of spelling PUBLICITY.

In ADVERTISING, in making things known from man to man, from woman to woman, lies the secret of SUCCESS for which individuals and communities seek.

The day of waiting for BUSINESS to step in at the door and SUCCESS to blow in at the window is past.

We must go out and coax BUSINESS and coax SUCCESS.

And the one way to do it is spelt so: P-U-B-L-I-C-I-T-Y.

Manufactured With Pure Sugar and Distilled Water

SANFORD COCA-COLA BOTTLING CO.



TO ALL MY PATRONS

The Name of EVANS in the Past has always meant

THE BEST IN GROCERIES



The Same High Reputation will be Maintained in the Years to Come

BRANDS I CONTROL

Willbert Brand Canned Vegetables.

Electa Brand Tea, Coffee and Spices.

Barrington Hall Steel Cut Coffee

Famous Romeo Coffee

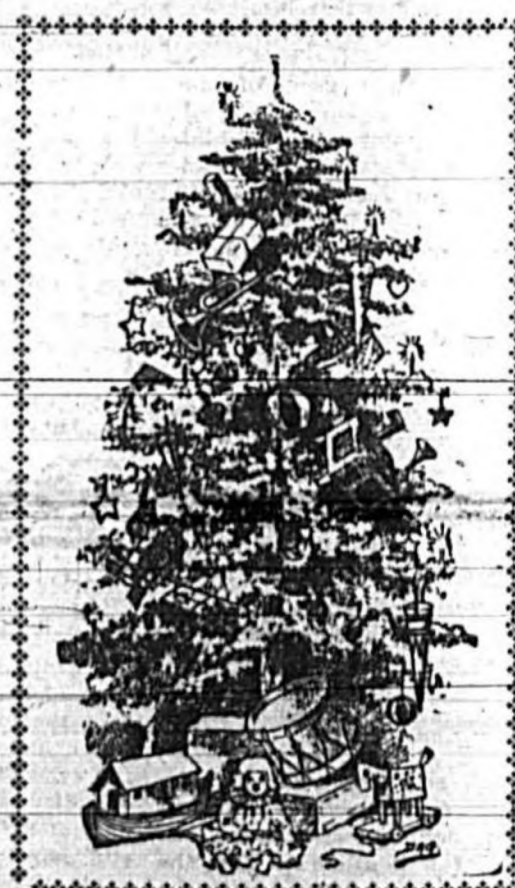
Fresh and Complete Line of

Christmas, Candies, Nuts, and Fruit

Most Complete Line of Cigars and Tobaccos in the City

THE FAMOUS CLOVER HILL BUTTER

Wishing you all a Merry Christmas and a Prosperous New Year I am, yours truly,



CHAS. H. EVANS

IN THE SOCIAL WORLD

Items of Interest Concerning Society People.

POINTS PURELY PERSONAL

How Celery City Vanity Fair While Away the Golden Hours—Social Gossip.

The holiday season is upon us, and now who are going to give the parties? Aye, there's the rub. Do not all speak at once, but just enough to speak out and tell the young people that this season will not suffer by comparison with years gone by, when it comes to social festivities. Let us have two weeks of activity in entertainments of all sorts and sizes. Give the afternoon receptions a rest, and take in the men. Do not be selfish any longer, ladies, but remember that there are a few men on earth. Those daylight tea fights have had a long and uninterupted run, and if the men would ride a hobby of theirs as long as you have galloped about First street on the afternoon reception, you would be the first to raise a fuss about it. Now, honor bright, ladies, is not that true? New Years is close at hand, but do not wait for it. Turn over a new leaf right now, and take man into the banquet room. Come along with your evening parties. Ring the dinner bell, and tell the band to strike up a waltz. Do not wait upon the order of doing these things, but do them at once.

There is a very nice evening party in view, but one will not do. We must have many. The social functions of last week made a good commencement for the Christmas season, and the very successful and charming reception given by Mrs. Commons at the Comfort Cottage afforded a limited number of Sanford people a much prized opportunity, that of seeing the hand-painted china, which was a highly enjoyable affair.

The rush of weddings is not quite over, but the briskness of the matrimonial market will soon subside until after Easter. If reports be true, a very charming young lady from a neighboring state will soon be mistress of a home in this city, and the prospective groom is growing happier as the day approaches. There are rumors of other weddings, but knowing ones, as usual, say "there's nothing in it." Do not be fooled.

Exhibition of China

The exhibition of decorated china and other work of art given by Mrs. A. B. Commons, in her studio at Comfort Cottage, Friday and Saturday of last week, was considered of unusual interest. The display of decorated china was very extensive and of great variety, consisting of designs in naturalistic, conventional and lustre, the latter being especially admired. The water-color work was considered of special merit, most of this being designs for china decoration. A collection of pieces done by Mrs. D. L. Thrasher, under the instruction of Mrs. Commons, was of much interest. Miss Charlotte Keelor, another pupil, also displayed a number of beautiful pieces. The work of Miss Pearl Mitchell, a former pupil, was much admired.

Mrs. Commons, formerly of Richmond, Ind., and an artist and teacher of unusual merit, having studied with some of the best instructors, expects to take a class in Sanford in the near future. Her collection of newest and best shapes for decoration is one of the largest private collections in this country.

The following is taken from a Richmond paper regarding the work of Mrs. Commons: "Many people will remember the beautiful vase on exhibition in this city the first of the season. It was a masterpiece, the most stunning piece of ceramic painting ever displayed in Richmond, being admirable from every point of view, and of especial interest on account of the originality of its decorations, namely, one of Indiana's wild flowers, the trillium as it is commonly known. Mrs. Commons secured perfect specimens of this beautiful wild flower last spring, after a strenuous search for a fine sample, and the decoration was a direct study from the flowers themselves. The qualities for which ceramic painting are supposed to excel are very frequently originality of design, and this piece of work is, in addition to its excellence from a technical standpoint, notable on the former account. The vase, although rather late for entry, will be displayed at the St. Louis exposition. Mrs. Commons has been a pupil of Mrs. J. W. Dealtry."

Mrs. Deane Turner entertained the members of the Ladies' Aid and Missionary Societies of the Baptist church at her lovely home last Friday afternoon, Dec. 11th, in honor of her mother, Mrs. Fred Turner, Sr., it being the latter's birthday anniversary. A large number of ladies

were present and the afternoon was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

Woman's Club German

One of the most enjoyable events of Sanford's social world was the German given at the Sanford House Thursday evening.

The large dining-room was given over to the delights of the terpsichore, and about one hundred guests were present to enjoy the occasion. Capt. A. E. Von B. Fatjo conducted the German, and under his direction the different figures were carried out in all the beautiful effects.

Promptly at nine o'clock the celebrated Newell orchestra struck up a rollicking two-step. Capt. and Mrs. Fatjo led the first figure, a military one, and it was executed by three different sets of couples. The second favor figure and the screen and basket figure followed, the beautiful favors aiding in embellishing the same.

The several figures and granting of favors gave each one present an opportunity of a short dance with the chosen ones and ended all too soon for those participating.

Delicious sandwiches and coffee were served, which aided in rounding out the pleasures of the evening.

The ladies voted a grand success and the Woman's Club, Captain Fatjo and others to whom the success of the affair is due are to be congratulated upon giving Sanford one of the best Germans of the social season. Lack of space forbids a detailed description of this brilliant social event in which the ladies of Sanford and their guests took part.

Among the costumes noted were: Mrs. Schumpert, black lace; Mrs. DeForest, gray silk; Mrs. Keelor, black net; Mrs. N. deV. Howard, black silk; Mrs. Aylett Fitts, white net; Mrs. Neal, blue organdie, cream lace; Mrs. Barnes, tan silk, blue trimmings; Mrs. Holly, blue silk princess; Mrs. Smith, white silk; Miss Munson, white organdie; Mrs. Brown, black crepe de chine; Mrs. Potter, black lace; Mrs. Safford, cream brocaded satin; Mrs. Safford's sister, yellow brocaded satin; Mrs. Lake, white brocaded satin en train; Mrs. Fatjo, white net over lilac lace panel; Mrs. Paliston, black spangled net; Mrs. Newman, white satin en train; Miss Keelor, white crepe directoire; Miss Slemons, green silk empire; Mrs. B. F. Whitner, pink silk pearl trimmings; Mrs. Stryker, blue radium silk; Miss Rose Higging, white silk according to plan; Miss Annie Higgins, yellow

silk; Miss Dickson, blue silk empire; Miss Ella Stringfellow, pink net over silk; Miss Mable Bowler, white organdie, blue directoire girde; Miss Mell-Whitner, pink mull, directoire girde; Miss Alice Whitner, blue rajah silk; Mrs. Driver, blue silk empire; Mrs. Derry, blue silk tissue; Mrs. Gray, pink satin empire; Mrs. Caldwell, lavender silk mull; Mrs. Tingpen, old rose silk; Mrs. Scoggins, white mull; Mrs. King, pink and white dancing gown, Mrs. Maxwell, blue organdie.

The patronesses were Mrs. Schumpert, Mrs. DeForest, Mrs. Keelor and Mrs. J. DeV. Howard.

The out of town guests were Misses Antoinette Slemons and Ethel Dickson of Orlando, Miss Thigpin of Greenville, N. C., and Mrs. H. L. Gray of Tampa; Messrs. Willis Calloway of Tampa and T. L. Delveigne of Washington, D. C.

Florida Products in New York

The New York Packer of December 12th says: "The outlook this week on Florida citrus fruit was a little bit better but at that the situation was not any too good. Receipts of oranges were rather heavy and the trade did not make a great deal of progress in cleaning up the heavy accumulation. The fruit is showing much poor quality as during the past few weeks. There was little improvement in the prices at the auction sales, the range for good fruit being \$1.25 to about \$1.50.

"On the street the average offerings of good oranges sold at \$1.50 to \$2 with Indian River stock selling up to \$3 to \$3.50. Street prices of grapefruit ranged from \$2.50 to \$3.50 and tangerines \$3 to \$3.50 per strap.

"All kinds of Florida vegetables were scarce and in good demand. Romaine sold at \$1.50; eggplants were in good demand at \$3.50 to \$4; peppers brought \$3.50 to \$4; peas \$2 to \$3 and beans \$2 to \$2.50; white squash sold at \$2 to \$2.50. There were a few good cucumbers from Florida offered and good stock was in demand at \$2 to \$3. While tomatoes are coming somewhat green and have to go into the warm room they are wanted by the trade at \$3 to \$3.50.

"Monday there were 11 cars of lettuce on the market. Tuesday 4 cars and Wednesday 10 cars. During the first half of the week prices ranged from \$2 to \$3 and the stock moved out well.

"Under heavy receipts the lettuce market broke Friday morning and the stock ranged in price from \$1.25 to \$2.50."

WILL BUILD LARGE FACTORY

Manufacture of Wagons and Carriages in Sanford

The location of our city upon the St. Johns river makes Sanford a spot to be desired by all who contemplate locating factories, and every week sees some new enterprise located here. Mr. W. H. Underwood started a carriage factory here several months ago, and last week had the misfortune of losing his plant by fire.

Nothing daunted and having great faith in Sanford, Mr. Underwood will at once erect a fire-proof concrete building for the manufacture of wagons, buggies and harness. He will also establish a novelty works in connection and manufacture everything in the building line. This will be another great industry added to our constantly increasing list. Sanford do move.

It Pays

It pays to advertise in THE HERALD the year around. It pays just as well in summer as it does in winter. That ancient and very foolish superstition that advertisers could afford to keep out of print during the hot months has been effectually exploded. The Sanford public consumes food, wears out clothes, shoes and hats and purchases furniture and all necessaries of life in summer as well as winter. Indeed, the number of people who are shrewd enough to see that it is often profitable to wait for summer bargains is constantly increasing. The merchant who attracts these customers by seasonable and interesting announcements of what he has to sell will make money whether the weather is hot or cool, dry or rainy.

A World of Fruit Cake

Have you ever tasted Spencer's Fruit Cake? If not you have missed your opportunity for enjoyment. This week he baked enough to supply the county and expects to dispose of it all during the holidays. C. A. Dobbins is "the man behind the dough" and being a past master in the art of cake baking has earned for the Spencer's Bakery an enviable reputation for all the choice articles in baked goods. Get some of that Spencer brand of fruit cake.

Who Wants a Baby?

A little nine weeks old baby boy to be given away to some one by its mother, not being able to support it. Anyone wanting to adopt it can get it. Address Herald Office.



MURRELL & MINSHEW

REAL ESTATE BROKERS

WE SELL THE EARTH

At the present time we have some special bargains in city and farm property.

3 good City Lots in business portion of city, two of them corner lots, and going at \$6,00. Think of it!

Buy and Sell Real Estate

List Your Property With Us

MURRELL & MINSHEW



At addi-
interest,
next to
on Park
of cigars.
icals.

THE SANFORD HERALD

Published Every Saturday Morning at Sanford, Fla.
R. J. HOLLY, Managing Editor

Subscription Price, \$1.00 a Year in Advance

Entered as second-class mail matter August 22nd, 1906, at the Postoffice at Sanford, Florida, under Act of March 3rd, 1879.

Office First Floor in the Bishop Block, First Street
Telephone No. 148.

44 PAGES

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

After the holidays let us have that vitrified brick street.

Be generous and give with a lavish hand to those who have not.

We wish our many readers (and borrowers, too) a Merry Christmas.

"He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord"—and the Lord pays every debt.

The Sanford growers are receiving their Christmas present in the shape of good prices for their lettuce.

Santa Claus is the old reliable, advance agent of prosperity and happiness who never fails the children.

Remember that if wishes were horses beggars would ride, and do more than wish your neighbors a Merry Christmas.

"Cast your bread upon the waters" by giving with a bounteous hand and cheerful heart to the poor who "ye always have with ye."

The restoration of prosperity will be realized by the children when Santa Claus next Thursday night slips down the chimney and unloads his pack.

THE SEASON OF GOOD CHEER

They say that ever 'gainst that season comes, wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated, the bird of downing singeth all day long; And then, they say, no spirit dare stir abroad; The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike; No fairy fakes, nor witch hath power to charm; So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.—Shakespeare.

The circling years have brought us again to Christmas day—to the season when the inspiration to do good is unbounded. The anniversary of the nativity of the Saviour and all the observances, festivities and enjoyments are calculated to melt and soften the heart of the most cynical and worldly. The sweet favor of good cheer and the incense of glorious deeds fill all the earth, and their influence is irresistible. Throughout all christendom, wherever the cross has appeared as the emblem of Christianity, the hearts of the people are pulsating with the sacred memories of the event to be celebrated next Friday.

On that day all the world will mingle together as one family to interchange good fellowship, gifts, well-wishes and renewed assurances of filial and fraternal esteem, friendship and love. The monotonous toil of everyday life will be abandoned and supplemented by a flow of kindly feeling and the spirit of good works, to the tender impulses of which every heart that is not hardened against all the better emotions of nature must respond.

It is pre-eminently a day of rejoicing, of reunions, of good cheer and happiness and every heart should warm with generous feeling and a spirit of good will toward every other. Good deeds and charitable works should radiate from our hearts like the genial rays of a summer's sun, and the Christmas-tide should open every well-spring of happiness and fount of joy in our nature, for this is the anniversary of our Saviour's birth.

The Sanford Bungstarter whose maiden name is the Chronicle, after enlisting the services of a slyster lawyer managed to fire a broadside of legal lore at The Herald regarding the wet and dry question. In a rush of publishing a real newspaper the Herald has no time to reply to such childish prattle so we will wish the Sanford Corkscrew (nee Chronicle) a Merry Christmas.

Being chivalrous by nature we hate to jump on any one who is down.

Dear parent, do not let your innocent children imagine by your marble hearts that Santa Claus is dead at this Christmas-tide. God still reigns and from the birth of that Son, which originated the day of Christmas, comes the words that bring joy and peace even unto the children. Make the day a joyous one to the little folks, for the childhood days are the happiest and troubles will come all too soon.

With the near approach of the day of the days it should be the aim of each and every one to do some act that will be a worthy memento of the occasion.

CHRISTMAS

The happy and the gracious Christmas-tide is with us once again, and the whole world has caught its spirit. While Easter, with its wealth of bloom, its radiance of color and its promise of rich and glowing life has been called the queen of festivals, yet the great heart of humanity will always turn to Christmas time, to the star that nineteen centuries ago shone over Judean fields, to the Babe in the manger-cradle at Bethlehem, and to the mother who bent over it and sang soft lullabies and dreamed as only mothers can of days of joy and happiness. The halo which surrounds that story will never grow dim; across centuries of darkness and sorrow and turmoil it shines as brightly as when the three kings of the Orient laid their gifts at the feet of a new-born child and felt that all their longings were satisfied, and that to the world there would at last return the peace and the glory of Eden.

The spell that Christmas weaves around the world is a marvelous one. The earth is cold and dreary, and yet under the magic of the Yuletide it stands out rejuvenated and bright as it was in the dawn of creation. Sacred hearts are softened; there is a luster in the eyes of age, and once again the man of experience the doubter and the analyzer, think the thoughts of a child and has the simplicity and the dreams of a child. The golden age has vanished in the mist and smoke of actual life, but at this season men and women turn backward and in fancy tread oldtime paths, and they see the dawn of the morning of life break rosily and tenderly on the far horizon and hear the song of birds and the laughter of children, and watch the little dwellers in that golden land dandling around them, and yield themselves up to the beauties of the Kingdom of the Children.

No matter what men may say, the lessons taught by the Jewish peasant who was born on Christmas Day have helped to change the face of the world. The Utopias of philosophers and poets, the purified republics of democracy and brotherhood of man are each a faint simulacrum of an attempt to carry out the picture that He has left of the beauty the glory and the good of unselfishness and self-sacrifice. He wrote no book, He formulated no system of philosophy; unlike the great men of earth, it cannot be said of Him that His soul was a star and dwelt apart; He moved among the poor and lowly; there was no depth of human wretchedness that He did not reach; there was no sorrow that He did not heal; no suffering that He did not soothe. In the temple, or the mountain, walking through the cornfields, sailing on the summer lake, sitting by the humble hearth or facing an angry and blood-thirsty mob He taught that gentleness, love and purity are distinct human qualities, that holiness is natural, not supernatural, and that the capacity for self-sacrificing love is the true sign of manhood.

It was the manhood that dwelt in Him that drew Him to the simple honest fisherman; His humanity as well as His divinity that led them to follow Him to death. And there are thousands of people today who, while they may refuse to look at Him through the mists of theology yet in their hearts turn to Him and worship Him because they see in the story of His daily sacrifices the lesson that the measure of humanity is the measure of His love, and learn that they may find the Divine Father in the very heart of their family nature, if they seek Him by the path of love and purity and peace. And so Christmas comes to all as an oasis in the desert, or the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. It would be a sad day for the world if it were blotted out and its benediction of peace and good-will no longer fell upon us. To the world each year a child is born and there are gladness, and love, and brightness and joy. Through all the circling years Christmas has stood as a landmark, and if we follow its teachings the peace and good-will of the angelic song at Bethlehem will hush all notes of discord, and heaven and earth will meet together in unity and love.

THE HERALD is pleased to extend to all its readers a Merry Christmas, and the fervent hope that all may enjoy the season as they never enjoyed it before. There is one thing, however, that should not be overlooked. Fortune has not smiled upon all alike. There are dear friends to every household who are poor, and where Christmas will of necessity be a slim affair. Let us seek out this class; share with them the blessings we enjoy and make them happy on this day of all days.

Again THE HERALD wishes you a Merry Christmas.

The Christmas edition of the Jacksonville Metropolis was a huge success. In fact it was so huge that ten wagons had to be employed to make the city delivery. It was filled with advertising and good reading and showed the enterprise of its publishers.

THE CHRISTMAS-TIDE INFLUENCES

The appeal that the Christian religion makes to the nobler and kindlier emotions of the heart, through the beautiful observances and inspiring symbols of Christmas, is the strongest tie that holds its followers to the faith. Every tender sentiment, every right impulse, every good thought, is quickened into a brighter glow in response to this appeal to the purest and best of our natures. The anniversary of our Saviour is surrounded by the most touching and humanizing, the brightest and loftiest influences that man can conceive. It is the one occasion when the whole world is fragrant with the sweet incense of good deeds and thanksgiving breaks forth in a grand chorus of rapturous praise. The man or woman who can resist the inspiration of this occasion is scarcely human—a time when beneficence, love and kindly deeds radiate from every heart and cheer all the world with brightest sunshine.

At this period of universal happiness meet all creeds, all politics, all peoples, as brothers of one family acknowledging one Creator. Christendom bows at the foot of the cross. The air is resonant with jubilant anthems, the hearts of little ones are gladdened by the brilliant Christmas tree laden with love-to-kins; there are exchanges of gifts, expressions of good will and rejoicing everywhere.

It is Christmastide. Moved by its benign spirit let us all good-benign to such and dispense light and joy to every aching heart and upon every darkened hearthstone.

CUT OUT THE GOSSIP

One of the very best suggestions we have to offer on the Eve of Christmas concerns the pernicious practice of giving and taking gossip and idle rumors.

Our suggestion is this:

Discontinue gossip, idle rumors and scandalous talk about your neighbors or acquaintances, and frown down those who attempt to unload such unpleasant burdens upon you at this season. They are scandal mongers of the worst type who spread "they say" information, whether it pertains to domestic or commercial subjects.

Scandal mongers are actuated as a rule by one of two motives: they are either maliciously bent almost to the degree of criminality, or else theirs is a stupidity that would distinguish a blind jack in a guessing contest.

How much nearer the true Christmas spirit it would be to throttle an idle rumor with a frown—or better still, with an incredulous smile—before it is full blown. The instant one of these "they tell me, etc." persons grasps your button-hole with the intention of talking about some one you know or someone's business affairs, cut him short off with an unmistakable command to change the subject.

You may be the next victim of the tongues, so it is good policy to smother such practices when the opportunity is presented.

Adopt our Christmas suggestion then, and refuse to listen to the scandal mongers. It is obviously the manly thing to do, and your action will have the additional virtue of making Christmas still more merry for yourself on the score of a good deed well done.

Santa Claus Gilchrist will find a bunch of stockings hanging on the fireplace of the Governor's mansion. It is whispered among the brethren of the press that several editors and former newspaper men have hung up a pair of "holy socks," thinking to catch Santa Gilchrist on the way. And they deserve all that is handed out to them.

Where could any better material be found for any office than a newspaper man?

The editor of THE HERALD is still after the position of Chief Cancellor of the Cuspifers. Jeff Davis was our rival for this position several years ago and lost his chance by attempting to give his relatives a position under him.

It is safe betting that the actions of the original St. Nick will never be watched more closely than Governor Gilchrist when he starts to fill the stockings of the office-seekers. And several little boys will be greatly disappointed when the day is over.

The holidays are a good time to observe the Golden Rule. Remember home merchants who remember you all the year round. Remember your friends and be just as kind to them as you would have them be to you. But, above all, don't fail to remember the poor and faithful neighbors who have worked for you during the year. Charity is a grand thing if it does not walk on stilts overlooking the poor who live in the very shadow of your comfortable house. Illustrate the Golden Rule and gladden some aching heart.

Compliments of this gracious season to Albert W. Gilchrist! Few will receive richer gifts at this Christmas time than he—the governorship of a great state and the love and confidence of her people.

The Christmas Spirit

★ ★ ★

Christmas is the season of kindness. For Christmas celebrates the coming of Christ into the world, and the heart of the Christ message is love—love expressing itself in homely channels of friendliness and good will, love that "suffereth long and is kind." If we have kindly emotions, let them have their way and blossom into kindly thoughts and kindly deeds. Let the free child spirit of open-hearted friendliness prevail. For this is the child's festival, celebrating the birth of a child, the wonderful Giver who gave himself for mankind. Let us carry the Christmas spirit through all the following days that come and go with all their measure of care or pain or pleasure, and bear in our hearts the inspiration and hope of the blessed Christmas festival of love, bearing ever ringing above the sounds of earth and sense, the song of the angels heralding in the birth of the Saviour of mankind.

A. E. MALLEM

Full and Complete Line of

Christmas Candies and Fruits

Dry Goods, Notions, Clothing, Shoes

TWO STORES

Bishop Block and next to L. R.

Phillips' Drug Store

W. W. LONG

Groceries and Meats

THE BEST BRANDS OF

CANNED GOODS

**The Sanford Building & Loan Association
WILL BUILD YOU A HOME**

For Particulars, Call on

G. H. FERNALD, Pres. A. T. ROSSETTER, V. Pres.
A. P. CONNELLY, Sec'y. & Treas.

Directors: G. H. FERNALD, W. D. HOLDEN, F. P. FORBSTER, J. C. HIGGINS, A. T. ROSSETTER, H. R. STEVENS

T. J. MILLER

TOP PRICES FOR YOUR
ORANGES, GRAPEFRUIT, TANGERINES AND EARLY VEGETABLES
when shipped to HEWITT. If you are not doing
business with this House, write to them at once.

HEWITT & CO.

FRUIT AND PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANTS

10 E. Camden St., Baltimore, Md.

References: This Paper and Thousands of Pleased Shippers in Florida

IN AND ABOUT THE CITY

Little Happenings—Mention of Matters in-Brief.

PERSONAL ITEMS OF INTEREST

Summary of the Floating Small Talk Succinctly Arranged for Hurred Herald Readers.

44 Pages in this Christmas Edition of The Herald.

Visit Mettinger's Toy Store. Christmas is a week from yesterday, the date being as heretofore Dec. 25. Bring the children to Toyland. Sanford Furniture Co.

\$18 Art Squares for \$15, size 9x12. E. A. Heffield Co.

Oysters served in every style at the Pico restaurant.

For an up-to-date tailor-made suit, see D. A. Caldwell & Sons.

Beautiful! Exquisite! say the ladies of men's ties, at Mettinger's.

Just received latest styles, men's green hats and derbies, at Mettinger's.

The spirit of Christmas lies in the loving and the giving—never in the receiving.

If it's printing you want, send it to THE HERALD office. First-class work guaranteed.

W. D. Francis, representing the H. & W. B. Drew Co. of Jacksonville, was in the city yesterday.

New lot, fancy goods, neckwear, novelties and ribbons just received at METTINGER'S.

See the splendid display of Xmas novelties, toys, dolls, etc. Sanford Furniture Co.

John Horner, a well known traveling salesman of Orlando, called upon the local trade Thursday.

Genial Joe Dawson, representing Burger & Baumgardner of New York, was in the city Thursday.

The surprise about the things we get for Christmas constitutes half of the pleasure of the day.

Visit Mettinger's Toy Store. Furnished room for rent. Good location; only two dollars per week if taken at once. Call at Herald office.

For a short time only. Tapestry Brussels Art Squares, regular price \$22.50, special price \$17. Sanford Furniture Co.

Visit Mettinger's Toy Store. A. H. Inman, a prominent merchant of Plant City, was in the city Thursday. Mr. Inman is desirous of locating a dry goods business in Sanford.

Don't you wish you could feel as rich as you did when as a child you had a whole dollar to spend at Christmas?

The prospective buyers of holiday goods will serve their best interests by reading the advertisements in this paper.

The store windows are attracting much attention. The holiday display is large and embraces many new novelties.

J. D. Letson has been appointed sanitary inspector and is also acting as night policeman during the illness of Greene Smith.

Mr. J. H. Castle, from Jordan, N. Y., is here for a month or more. He is attending to business and looking for an orange grove.

The city has been full of people from the country and neighboring towns this week. It is the season for making holiday presents.

W. W. Stripling is preparing to make Sanford his future home, and will be identified with the Sanford Grocery Co. after January 1.

W. J. Young of Jacksonville, J. E. Sherman of St. Louis, W. A. Stringfellow and Fred H. DeGory were among the visitors to the city this week.

About this time it is well to hint regarding what you would like for Christmas, only it is not wise to throw out a suggestion about one thing only unless you are anxious to be given duplicates.

The immense crowds of holiday shoppers in Sanford bespeak a fine trade for our enterprising merchants. Sanford is becoming the trading centre for Orange county and part of Volusia and Lake counties.

F. O. Green, representing the New York Produce News has been in the city for the past week in the interest of this great paper. Mr. Green has been a grower and shipper of Florida fruits and is familiar with all the details.

C. W. Jackson, representing the John G. Hains Co. of New York, is in the city this week. His firm deals in bonds, mortgages and real estate and the great inducements of this city have drawn their attention hither.

Merry Christmas To each and everyone.

The 1908 calendar days are numbered. Get estimates from Pell on house printing.

Call at Spencer's and see the good things to eat.

Romeo Coffee, 3 pounds for one dollar. CHAS. EVANS.

\$18 Art Squares for \$15, size 9x12. E. A. Heffield Co.

Tom Godkin of Oriedo was in town the first of the week.

Buy Henry Clay Flour of W. W. Long. The best on earth.

When you have an item of news call phone No. 148.

I sell the celebrated Macy wagon. Harry J. Wilson.

W. J. Young of Jacksonville transacted business here Tuesday.

Garner & Roberts sell high-grade Cigars and tobacco. Try them.

Christmas novelties and fancy goods; newest thing. At Mettinger's.

The Merry Widow sardines, for sale by Garner & Roberts.

The famous Fox River Butter for sale at W. W. Long's Grocery.

See the paper hanging. New fall patterns just in.

See H. H. Hill for Celery City Blend Coffee, finest on earth for 24 cents.

Best Elgin creamery butter at 35 cents per pound, at Sanford Grocery Company.

If you want a first-class tailor-made suit for \$12.98, call at D. A. Caldwell & Sons.

Mrs. H. L. Gray of Tampa spent several days this week with her sister, Mrs. R. J. Holly.

Buy some shares in the Sanford Loan & Building Association for a Christmas present.

Lost—Watch fob with cross; name on back of cross; will finder kindly return to Herald office?

As usual, you will find a large assortment of "Xmas goods" at our store. Sanford Furniture Co.

Headquarters for Iron Age tools. Any thing you want in hand plows, fertilizer distributors, etc., Harry J. Wilson.

See Jim Harris if you have any heavy hauling or breaking and cleaning up land. Alec Vaughn's Stables.

CELERY PLANTS. A few very fine pickled plants for sale. Jno. D. Jinkins, corner Third street and French avenue.

Just name your wants, and if we haven't it will get it for you. Call and be convinced. Sanford Grocery Company.

Steak, ham and eggs, pork and beans and other toothsome articles, at Mrs. G. L. Takash's lunch room, opposite the depot.

Robert Koch of Chicago an expert window dresser, is engaged in dressing the windows at the store of N. P. Yowell & Co.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Overman have returned, from a trip to Quincy and other points in west Florida.

The local and original reading matter will not be found in their usual places in this issue, but is scattered throughout the 44 pages.

Take a look at the practical gifts in real attractive boxes that will surely please your lady and gentlemen friends. Sanford Furniture Co.

A child takes more delight in a ten cent pan of taffy that it has been allowed to make than it would in five pounds of the best candy made.

New and up-to-date line of Leather Goods—pocket books, cuff boxes, collar boxes, satchels and many other articles, at the Sanford Furniture Co.

J. E. Alexander of Oviedo was a visitor to the city on Monday. Mr. Alexander has many friends in Sanford who are always glad to see him.

Exhibit space is absolutely free at the State Fair and those contemplating making exhibits should correspond at once with the Secretary, W. F. Stovall, Tampa.

William J. Bryan will deliver an address at the Florida State Fair, Tampa, February 4, and, on the same day, will lay the cornerstone of Tampa's \$100,000 Y. M. C. A. building.

A gift for everyone in the family at the Sanford Furniture Co. Most complete line of novelties in the city.

D. E. Thompson, formerly managing editor of the St. Augustine Record, was in the city Wednesday in the interest of the Florida Exposition-Fair, to be held in Jacksonville from January 20 to March 20.

J. D. Harvey, representing the Southern Clay Manufacturing Co., of Chattanooga, Tenn., was in the city this week extolling the merits of his vitrified paving bricks.

The Princess Guaranteed Steel Range lined throughout with asbestos. Sectional fire back guaranteed not to warp. Best Range in the market. See them at the Sanford Furniture Co.

But twelve more days of 1908.

The small boys and girls are acquiring very large stockings.

For Sale—Cabbage and Cauliflower Plants. Box 734.

Superior printing for all purposes at THE HERALD office.

The mails are getting heavy with Santa Claus letters.

Cream Puffs at Spencer's bakery every Saturday.

Go to H. H. Hill for everything in the grocery line.

J. B. Milam, county judge of Lake county, was in the city this week.

Exceptional values in table linen and napkins at METTINGER'S.

Long's Preserves in glasses. Finest on market. CHAS. EVANS.

Rugs, from 75 cents up. E. A. Heffield Furniture Store.

Step into Mrs. G. L. Takash's lunch room and get a cup of good coffee. Five cents.

Mrs. Ernest Molner of Gainesville is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Takash.

Two months from today, the Florida State Fair at Tampa will be in full blast.

Goodwin's high-grade Preserves, Jellies and Jams at Garner & Roberts.

Turkeys, geese and chickens for sale. Mrs. A. C. Doudney. Phone 59. Sanford Plaza.

Messrs. Lewis and Barlow, prominent orange buyers, were in the city on Tuesday.

Dill Pickles, sweet mixed, cucumbers, mangoes and sour pickles in bulk. CHAS. EVANS.

The Majestic Comedy Opera Company held the boards at the opera house last night.

The Royal Tailors Brand of Clothing means perfection. See samples at D. A. Caldwell & Son's.

Some people seem to think Florida is slow. Let them try Garner & Roberts with an order. Phone 39.

Garner & Roberts will have in a fine line of high grade confectionery, nuts and Xmas goods on December 1st.

S. W. Johnson of the E. O. Painter Printing Co., of DeLand, was in the city on Tuesday.

A store crowded with holiday goods. Special holiday prices in Furniture. Sanford Furniture Co.

Mayor F. L. Wing and F. N. Dickens, of Tampa, were distinguished visitors to the city on Tuesday.

R. M. Alexander, a prominent grower of the Cook's Ferry section, was in the city Wednesday.

Miss A. J. Coe of Orlando spent a few days with Mrs. D. B. Doudney during the past week.

Chas. Campbell is greeting old Sanford friends this week and looking after his vegetable crop.

W. A. Morse, representing the Stevens Engraving Co., of St. Louis, called upon the local trade on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Dann of Orlando came up in their auto on Tuesday, returning the same day.

A trained nurse is attending to the wants of Mr. E. E. Webb, who was so seriously hurt in the explosion.

Mrs. J. W. McKinon left for Lakeland to visit her relatives. Later she will visit relatives in Macon, Ga., and Aiken, S. C.

T. F. Williams of Daytona is in the city this week. Mr. Williams is one of us now, being interested in the Sanford Grocery Co.

J. S. Chancey of Lakeland has accepted a position in the A. C. L. yards in this city, and with his family will make Sanford his future home.

Dr. and Mrs. O. W. King leave today for New York. They will also visit home folks in Virginia and expect to be absent several weeks.

It is a joy to hear the pretty baby voices waxing eloquent over the wonderful dolls, barking dogs and other special Christmas joys and toys.

Ready matter pertaining to the Christmas season, together with interesting local news, will be found on each one of the 44 pages of this paper.

The railroads have joined in a special rate of one fare plus 25 cents for the round trip from all points in Georgia and Florida to Tampa during the period of the State Fair, February 3-27, next.

A. C. Hart spent Wednesday in the city. We were afraid Gus had deserted the Celery City but he assures us that he will return again and take up surveying work.

Nothing nicer than a beautiful rocker for your wife's Christmas. Special low prices at the Sanford Furniture Co.

E. E. Swingle of Hickson, Tenn., who has been in the trucking business in that section for the past fifteen years, has purchased eight acres in Beck hammock and will move here with his family and make this his future home.

Christmas novelties and fancy goods; newest things. At Mettinger's.

Wade, the tuner, Orlando.

Visit Mettinger's Toy Store. THE HERALD'S phone is No. 148. Spencer's bakery, Phone No. 106. Fresh Mackerel at H. H. Hill's grocery. Olives in bulk and in all size bottles. CHAS. EVANS.

New stock Evaporated and Dried Fruits for Christmas cakes, at Long's Grocery.

Mrs. K. Molner of New York is in the city visiting Mrs. Takash.

Most up-to-date line of candies in the city at Spencer's.

Exceptional values in table linen and napkins at METTINGER'S.

B. Drew of Orlando was in the city Wednesday.

See C. A. Reed for furniture and piano moving.

Dried Salt Shoulders at 12 1/2 cents found at H. H. Hill's grocery.

Chas. B. Hulett, of the Florida Produce News, was in the city on Monday.

Ham sandwich, 5 cents; Mrs. Takash's lunch room, opposite the depot.

Sanford Doudney spent Friday and Saturday of last week at Winter Park.

Just received, latest styles men's green hats and derbies, at Mettinger's.

Furniture to reup by the month or season. Sanford Furniture Co.

M. M. Smith has 1,000 acres of celery land. Sold on easy terms.

Fresh oysters served in every style at the Pico restaurant.

Now is the time to buy your sub-irrigated land. See M. M. Smith.

Lettuce plants for sale. Any quantity. H. H. CHAPPELL.

Faultless white cherries, Lima Beans and succotash, at Garner & Roberts.

Patronize the merchants whose ads appear in this issue.

Dean Spencer of Orlando was a visitor to the city Thursday.

The holiday rush of shoppers to the retail stores is under way now.

Fruit cakes that are fruit cakes, now ready at Spencer's. Phone No. 106.

Chase & Sanborn's tea and coffee, the best there is. Garner & Roberts.

The person who disputes the Santa Claus illusion ought to be sent to jail.

Sunday School teachers are busy with preparations for Christmas festivals.

Electa Brand Tea and Spices. CHAS. EVANS.

Original and local matter will be found throughout this paper this week. Read every page.

J. P. Richards and Mr. Prother of DeLand are in the city this week with a view to locating.

The red cross stamps are making their appearance upon the letters. Everybody should purchase some.

Willis Calloway, traveling freight agent of the Louisville & Nashville railway, was in the city Thursday.

Mattings of all kinds and patterns, from 20 cents per yard to 50 cents, at E. A. Heffield's Furniture Store.

F. J. Schell of the Lake Butler Star was in the city yesterday, enroute to his orange grove on Indian River.

L. F. Walsemann of the New York Packer left Thursday after spending a week in the celery delta in the interest of his paper.

What to Buy. We can help you in your selection from a large and varied stock of choice holiday presents. Sanford Furniture Co.

Miss Dickson and Miss Slemmons of Orlando were in the city Thursday, having come up to attend the german at the Sanford House.

Japanese chinaware, toys, furniture, Christmas novelties of all kinds. We can suit the multitude. Sanford Furniture Co.

Mrs. E. E. Edge and children moved back to their home at Taylorsville Friday where Mr. Edge is engaged in business.

Just arrived, a fresh line of imported macaroni, spaghetti, vermicelli, A B C French peas, etc. GARNER & ROBERTS.

W. H. Corbett, wife and little son Theodore, of Minneapolis, Wisconsin, are here visiting Mr. and Mrs. Hancock and family.

High grade Cigars and Tobacco. Smoking and chewing. Most complete line in the city. CHAS. EVANS.

Walter Drone, who has been visiting his aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Underwood, leaves today for his home in Georgia.

Rev. D. B. Sweat left last Monday for Miami to attend the annual conference of the Methodist church. He will return Tuesday.

Prof. Newell, Frank Guernsey and Will Branch of the Orlando orchestra were in the city Thursday night and furnished music for the Social Club german.

Bear in mind, the entire 44 pages of this issue of The Herald, except the lithographed first cover pages, was printed at the office of the paper, and the work was accomplished in five days by our skilled force.

THE CHRISTMAS STOCKING

As birds to sunland wing their way in blithesome beves and with song, so from the gift-hand, Christmas day, flow tokens that life's joys prolong. The season's symbol like a charm, wish and delight is interlocking, and plainest gifts the heart will warm be they but found within a stocking. Time can destroy the dearest whim; the sweetest joy age can bedim; but on life's way all love to pguise each year a day with Santa Claus. Though heads be bowed with weight of years, and onward crowd life's saddening cares, the merry turns at Christmas tide in grooves of childhood's joys to guide. Then hang the stockings—great and small—our chimney-sprite will know them all! Here reads the wish in every mind, and tries the wished for aye to find. Yes! hang the stocking, young and old! Let Saint Nick's legends be retold! Let old heads play the Christmas parts which prove that naught can age young hearts.

Our Building Association The Sanford Loan and Building association recently organized, is becoming very popular and several of the younger men are netting interested, and taking shares. Several houses will be erected at once through the agency of the association, and everyone who has not already taken stock should do so at once. The association will do much toward advancing our city and should receive the encouragement of everyone.

Have a Model Grocery Cleanliness is the issue in all food products and along this line Garner & Roberts are building up a strong grocery trade. Their store is a model of fresh clean groceries well displayed and kept in a manner that looks good to the purchaser. These young men are thorough grocery experts and it has become a pleasure for the trading public of Sanford to patronize the pure food emporium of Garner & Roberts.

Observance of St. John's Day St. John's Day will be duly observed in this city on Sunday, December 27th, by Sanford Lodge No. 62, F. & A. M. The services will be held at the Methodist church at 7 o'clock and the Masons will attend in a body. An address will be delivered by Past Grand Master Silas B. Wright of DeLand, and fine music will be rendered by a male quartette.

A Merited Promotion At a recent meeting of the board of directors of the First National Bank, A. R. Key, who has been connected with the bank in various capacities for six years, was appointed teller. This is deserved promotion for the gentleman and will be a source of satisfaction to his many friends, especially those who appreciate the courteous, prompt attention which he has rendered in the past.

Built Up a Good Business J. S. Runge, the Cocoa Cola man is putting some fine cold drinks upon the market these days. Of course Cocoa Cola is his leader, but he also handles a fine line of soda water and ginger ale made from pure sugar syrup and pure water. The Sanford Cocoa Cola Bottling Co. is now recognized as the leading bottling works of this section.

New Cigar Store The City Cigar Store is the latest addition to Sanford's mercantile interest. This store occupies the room next to Ensminger's Photograph Gallery on Park avenue and will carry a full line of cigars, tobacco, stationery and periodicals. Store of this kind ought to enjoy a patronage.

From Distant Nova Scotia G. W. Clements of Westport, Nova Scotia, is a visitor to Sanford and likes the city and surroundings so well that he will spend the winter in Florida. Our population is truly cosmopolitan in character as the famous celery section brings people from every section of the globe.

Wanted A wife, by a middle-aged widower with two boys aged eight and eleven. One not over thirty-five, with no children and some means preferred. However, any offer considered. My property consists of an orange grove, city lots, and a salary of \$60 per month. Give particulars in first letter. Address, Box 733, Orlando, Fla.

IN SANFORD CHURCHES

Where Devout of the Celery City Worship Tomorrow.

RESUME OF ALL CHURCH EVENTS

Of interest to Those Religiously Inclined—Subjects of Discourses for the Sabbath.

The Pastors of the Churches in the City are Earnestly Requested to bring their Announcements and other Church News to this office not later than Thursday afternoon.

First Methodist

Rev. D. B. Sweet, pastor; church, corner Park avenue and Fifth street; parsonage, corner Magnolia avenue and Seventh street; phone 254. Sunday morning service at 11; evening service, 7:00; Sunday school, 9:45 a. m.; Jno. K. Mettinger, Supt., Epworth League, 3:00 Sunday evening.

The pastor is at Miami, in attendance upon the annual conference, and there will be no services at this church tomorrow. Mr. Sweet will return Tuesday.

First Baptist

pastor; Sunday morning service, 11; evening service, 7:30; Sabbath school, 9:45 a. m.; K. R. Murrell, Supt.; prayer meeting every Wednesday, 7:00 p. m.; Y. W. A., first Friday, 3 p. m.; Y. M. S. last Friday, 3 p. m.

Presbyterian

Rev. J. F. McKinnon, pastor; morning service, 11; evening service, 7:00; Sabbath school, 9:30 a. m.; Henry McLaughlin, Supt.; prayer meeting Wednesday, 7:00 p. m.

At the Presbyterian church next Sunday Rev. S. L. Wilson, an able minister of South Carolina, will preach "morning and evening for the pastor, Rev. J. F. McKinnon. Mr. Wilson and Mr. McKinnon were college mates and have been friends for years. The many South Carolinians in and around Sanford will doubtless be glad of an opportunity to hear Mr. Wilson. Large congregations have attended the services at the Presbyterian church this fall, and the choir has been strengthened by the addition of Mrs. Symmes as soprano and Mrs. Howard as alto. A cordial invitation to attend the services next Sunday is extended to all.

Congregational

pastor; Sunday morning service, 11; evening service, 7:30; prayer meeting Wednesday, 7:00 p. m.; Sabbath school, 10 a. m. J. C. Ensminger, Superintendent.

Catholic

Rev. M. Fox, rector; services every second and fourth Sunday; early mass, 7 a. m.; mass and sermon, 10 a. m.; Sunday school, 9 a. m.; vespers, 3 p. m.

Christmas day: Low mass, 6 a. m. Low mass, 7 a. m. High mass and sermon, 10 a. m.

Sunday, Dec. 27: Mass and sermon, 10 a. m.

Holy Cross Episcopal

Rev. B. F. Brown, rector; A. D. Key, senior warden; Sunday morning service, 11; evening service, 7:30; Sabbath school, 9:45 a. m.; B. F. Whitner, Supt.; prayer meeting, 7:30 Wednesday evening.

Religious services at the tent in front of Catholic Church, upper park at half past two, and at half past six o'clock. Conducted by Rev. J. A. Williams, Blacksmith Evangelist. All are cordially invited.

The Jacksonville Exposition

A splendid opportunity for every county in Florida to advertise its resources is afforded through the offer of free space for exhibits from the various counties at the Florida Exposition-Fair to be held at Jacksonville from January 20 to March 20, 1909.

The Exposition-Fair is in charge of some of the leading business and professional men of Jacksonville, and these gentlemen are working hard to make the Exposition-Fair a success. Jacksonville, the gateway to Florida, is visited every season by more than a hundred thousand tourists, investors and homeseekers. An exhibition of the resources, including fruits, vegetables, farm products and manufacturing enterprises of the various counties, placed in an attractive manner in the Exposition-Fair at Jacksonville, will be an advertisement that will bring results.

The management of the Exposition-Fair states that a number of counties have already made appropriations for maintaining exhibits at the Exposition-Fair, and that others are rapidly falling in line. No charge is made for space for any of these exhibits.

A splendid program of amusements is provided for the Exposition-Fair and there are various special features throughout the sixty days that the exposition will be open. Many prominent men will attend and deliver addresses on these occasions.

Reduced railroad rates from all sections are promised and it is expected that the attendance will break all records.

Lawn Mowers

Special prices to reduce stock. If you want a good mower at a low price, now is the time to buy. Also good stock of scythes, grass hooks and lawn rakes. Harry J. Wilson.

Cabbage Plants For Sale

I have about 12,000 cabbage plants at Monroe which I will sell at a reasonable price. E. R. POTTER, Sanford, Fla.

CLYDE LINE IMPROVEMENTS

Sanford Will Soon Have Great Shipping Facilities

Sanford's wonderful development in the past two years is being recognized by the world at large, and the transportation companies are among the first to aid and assist in this great work.

The Clyde Line is now making extensive improvements in their docks and warehouses and ere long this part of Sanford will present a busy scene with the number of workmen busily engaged in enlarging the pier and docks and erecting the many new buildings. The former quarters were inadequate to take care of the great trade of this city, and in order to facilitate the handling of freight and passengers the Clyde Line found it necessary to make these many changes.

Sanford's location on the St. Johns, at the head of navigation, is an ideal position for a great city, and each day notes a marked improvement in the river trade.

Notice

Annual meeting of stockholders of the Sanford Light & Fuel Company for election of directors will be held at office of the president Monday January 11th, 1909, at 2 o'clock p. m.

F. H. RAND, President.

Sanford Light & Fuel Co. 17-5
GEO. H. FERNALD, Sec'y.

Selling Florida Fertilizer

J. A. Takach is agent for the Florida Fertilizers, made in Florida by Florida people, for Florida people and guaranteed to be right. Mr. Takach can be found at the Pico Hotel and will be pleased to see the growers at any time and explain fully the virtues of Florida Fertilizers. Read their "ad" in this issue.

New Millinery Store

Mrs. M. L. Allen has opened a millinery store in the Plaxco stone building and will have a full and complete line of millinery and novelties. Watch The Herald for later announcements.

Just Arrived at Sanford Grocery Co.

Buckwheat flour, old homestead flour, graham flour, hygienic and superlative flour. Snider's catsup, chilli sauce, oyster cocktail, and salad dressing.

Just Received

The largest line of sporting goods ever received in Sanford—guns, rifles, hunting clothing, etc. Harry J. Wilson.

Clay Tile For Sale.

Palatka Tile for sale in any quantity. G. F. SMITH, Box 371

Just Received

Lowney's Christmas line of fine candles the finest in the city. GARNER & ROBERTS.

LONG WALK FOR SANTA.

Tree Burned, Father Goes Eight Miles For New Toys.

Gifts intended for his eight children being destroyed when his lighting of the Christmas tree, just before midnight, caused a fire which damaged his home in Cleveland. Alfred Hammermeister trudged eight miles through snow before he could rouse a storekeeper and gather another supply of presents so that the children's faith in Santa Claus might not be lost.

The children were asleep when Mr. and Mrs. Hammermeister completed decorating the tree. The father decided to light the candles as a test. They burned; so did the cotton snowballs. The blaze awakened the children. "Santy here?" they piped. "Is it mornin'?" The parents gathered them in their arms and rushed to the street. Firemen brought out a lot of fire ruined presents from the house.

"Santy been and gone and our things la burned up!" the children cried. Hammermeister began his weary search for an open store. He employed the infrequent street cars for long stretches, but trudged mile after mile in fruitless search. Finally he routed a storekeeper from his bed and, burdening himself with a new supply, trudged home to turn sorrow into joy.

Hunting Christmas Ghosts.

Ghost hunting bids fair to become the ruling passion of Washington society. The fortunate owners of a peaked house, roped with ivy and densely surrounded by trees, are issuing cards for a Christmas specter hunt. The Christmas ghost hunt is imported from England, where the houses are ancient enough to harbor specters who were there before William the Conqueror. The comparative newness of this country leads some to predict that the fad over here will fall. There are exceptions, however, for even in Washington there is one of the treasure guarding ghosts—an out and out buccaner of the Spanish main variety, with cocked hat, gold lace, ruffles, high yellow boots, red jacket and an odor of antiquity. Those acquainted with him say that he clinks his chains of stolen doubloons.—Washington Star.

A Christmas Sentiment.

However sincere we may be in our efforts to spread Christmas cheer, our charity is none the less a testimony to our sense of the fact that peace and good will have not come upon the earth. Poverty and wretchedness are not to be offset by yearly gifts of baskets of food and outgrown clothes. We ought to make the spasmodic kindness of Christmas one of the constant forces of our industrial world. Equality and fraternity are born not of charity, but of justice. Instead of commercializing Christmas we ought to Christmasize commercialism.—New York Mail.



Respectability.

Respectability is a very good thing in its way, but it does not rise superior to all considerations. I would not for a moment venture to hint that it was a matter of taste. But I think I will go as far as this—that if a position is admittedly unkind, uncomfortable, unnecessary and superfluously useless, although it were as respectable as the Church of England, the sooner a man is out of it the better for himself and all concerned.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Her Age at Monte Carlo.

A fashionable French lady who had lost heavily at Monte Carlo entered the gaming saloon while a former friend of hers was winning in a sweeping style that seemed destined to break the bank.

"I am so glad to see you here, prince, and in such luck, too!" she exclaimed. "Do tell me a lucky number. It is sure to win, for you are now in the vein."

The prince generously placed a pile of gold louis before the vivacious lady, whose beauty had successfully defied the effects of thirty-six winters, and said:

"Put it all on the number of your years and reap a golden harvest."

The lady reflected, hesitated and then placed the pile on twenty-seven.

An instant later the croupier sang out:

"Thirty-six red wins!"

"Heavens!" muttered the lady as she fainted. "Thirty-six is exactly my age!"

Maintained His Point.

Roger Minot Sherman while arguing a celebrated case said that his opponent could no more prove his point than he could cut a hair lengthwise.

While he was still talking the opponent, who happened to have a very sharp knife, pulled a hair from his beard and split it. As he held it up the court began to laugh, and Mr. Sherman quickly called out, "I said a hair, sir; not a bristle."



IS YOUR

PRINTING

UP TO

STANDARD

?

Is it as good as your business? Does it do you credit, or does it misrepresent you? Think it over, and if you find it is not as good as you think it ought to be, try us once.

If you are needing letter heads, bill heads, envelopes, cards, statements, circulars, booklets or anything of that kind, let us hear from you. We will submit samples and prices on request.

If you are fond of especially nice stationery, ask to see our Bonds and Linens. You'll be sure to like them.

The Sanford Herald

Sanford, Florida

The Herald is only \$1 a Year

TO FLORIDA GROWERS:

A
Merry
Christmas

No. 1
Peruvian and Fish
Guano Mixture
Double Strength of Potash No. 1 D. S. P.

No. 2
Orange Tree Mixture
for bearing trees

G. S. & F. Fruit Growers' Association.

Brooklyn, Fla.,
April 30, '01.

Florida Fertilizer Mfg. Co.,
Gainesville, Fla.,

Gentlemen: I have used a good many brands of fertilizer for the past twelve years and have found nothing better than your No. 3 Strawberry Fruiter for Strawberries, and only one or two that I thought would scarcely equal them. I have used them for other crops, as well as peach and orange trees, with entire satisfaction.

Yours truly,
J. S. GRINER.

Special Strawberry
Mixture
for first application
to plants

Fish and Potash
Celery Special

A Merry
Christmas

The Anthony Truckers' Union

Florida Fertilizer Manufacturing Co.,
Gainesville, Fla.,

Dear Sirs:--Our Union of forty-four members are using your fertilizers and they find them to give good satisfaction. Your goods have been used here for ten years.

F. W. BISHOP,

Secretary.

Established in 1886

The Florida Fertilizer Manufacturing Company was established in Gainesville, Florida in 1886, and was the first company to manufacture fertilizers within the state of Florida. It was through their efforts that the legislature of this state passed a bill protecting both the buyer and the manufacturer, causing each sack to be inspected, or subject to Government inspection. This stopped all fraud and adulteration, and now farmers and truckers know what they are buying.

Since its organization its efforts have been directed to the manufacture and sale of fertilizers peculiarly adapted to the soil and the crops of this state, and that it has succeeded in making such fertilizers is proved by its steadily increasing business as the reward for its efforts in that direction. Tropical or sub-tropical plants, citrus fruits and vegetables grown for early markets present entirely different

propositions from the routine and methodical farming of the North. To these propositions and the many perplexing questions arising from them the Florida Fertilizing Manufacturing Company has directed all its energies of study, chemistry and experiment, and as a result it is offering to the growers of Florida brands of fertilizers that have no equal for the purposes for which they are made. Different plants require different plant food, composed of chemicals in different proportions, derived from different sources, according to the nature and character of the plant. To meet these various requirements of plant nature and plant nutriment the Florida Fertilizer Manufacturing Company is compounding fertilizers that science and many years of experiments and experience have proven to be as near perfect as a knowledge of agricultural chemistry can make them.

Fertilizers

The Florida Fertilizer Manufacturing Company has been engaged in the manufacture of Fertilizers in Florida for a period of twenty-two years. During that time we have shared the success and adversities of the growers of Florida in their seasons of good crops and their years of freezes, and through it all the merit of the goods we manufacture has caused our business to steadily increase year by year. This continued success of our fertilizers is due to the fact that as a Florida institution it has become recognized by Florida growers, that by reason of our natural and mechanical advantages we are in a position to manufacture better fertilizers at lower prices than any of our competitors.

We are situated in the central part of the State, and we are enabled to get our crude materials direct from the slaughter-houses of the West and from the potash mines of Germany and nitrate beds of Chili and Peru, at greatly reduced rates compared with our Northern competitors. Our facilities for producing fish scraps have been complete, taking about the whole product of one factory for years. And when we have our crude materials assembled in Gainesville we have our factory equipped with the most modern and improved pulverizing and disintegrating machinery, by means of which we can turn out fertilizers at the lowest possible cost per ton. These are the reasons why we sell better goods at lower prices.

Our Brands

It is no longer necessary to argue with a grower that he must have a special fertilizer (sometimes called a "complete fertilizer") cannot be made to meet all the requirements of different plants. Plant food, for instance, in the shape of potash, may be necessary in large quantities to produce desired results on one crop which, if applied to another crop with other requirements, would be a

waste of potash. Therefore, the Florida Fertilizer Manufacturing Company compounds numerous brands of fertilizers to meet the wants of various vegetation. A fertilizer for pineapples must be made radically different from a fertilizer for young trees should not be used to produce a large crop of potatoes, for the reason that the demands of the plants are as different as the nature of the plant.

A
Happy
New Year

Bean and Pea Special

Peruvian and Fish
Guano Mixture

No. 3
Blood, Bone and
Potash

Office of

THE CANTALOUPE GROWERS' UNION OF BUSHNELL, FLA.

Florida Fertilizer Mfg. Co.
Gainesville, Fla.,

Gentlemen: I desire to state that I am this year using your special brands, namely, Cuke Special, Tomato Special, Melon Special and for Strawberries.

All of these goods are giving entire satisfaction.

Yours truly,

J. B. TOWNS.

Potato Mixture

No. 2

Orange Tree Mixture
Double Strength in Potash

Strawberry Fruiter

Lettuce and Cuke
Special

Our Golden Fruiter

A Happy
New Year

J. A. TAKASH,
SANFORD AGENT

The Florida Fertilizer
Manufacturing, Co.

HEADQUARTERS
PICO HOTEL

CURBSTONE GLEANINGS

A Budget of Opinion "Just Between You and Me"

EVEN THE GATE POST NOT IN IT

"A Chiel is Among Ye Taking Notes, and Faith, He'll Prent 'Em"—So Says Saunterer.

Special Correspondence to The Herald.

Under the Mistletoe

The girl from Philadelphia in some things is not slow. She says:—"Good gracious me! Was I beneath that mistletoe?"

The St. Louis girl a startled look At once begins to wear. As she exclaims—"How very strange! I didn't know 'twas there."

The San Francisco maid demure Is calm as calm can be. As, with a blissful smile, she says—"You've caught right on, I see!"

The Boston girl removes her specs. Her classic face sedate. And, as she looks around, she says—"I'll take a seat and wait."

The Gotham maiden lifts herself Upon a tiny toe. Remarking as she takes one more. "It's English, don't you know!"

Better still, the brave Sanford girl Another plan "inlaid." Of standing just beneath, she tries—She wears it on her head!

If I were only Santa Claus!

And then what? Santa Claus has a mission. He is a lumbering myth, a transparent fraud, a jolly non est, an unexacting saint, a benevolent patriarch, an imaginary monarch and a wholesale blessing to humanity and everybody who is old enough to have teeth with which to eat his fruits and bon bons know-all this. But in spite of his non existence he exists, and every child in this big world where Christianity has a foothold, whom the dark, gloomy veil of poverty has not hidden him from, knows and has enjoyed and blessed him a thousand times.

I'd like to be Santa Claus just one Christmas. With my gifts I'd burden all the boughs of all the trees raised in my honor, and I'd make every seam and stitch in every pendant stocking burst its bounds with the plethora of my bounty. I'd give comfort to the afflicted and happiness to the distressed. From the shining heaven I'd snatch the warm sunshine and I'd pour it into every human heart and soul. I'd ride the mountain tops of nature and from my ethereal perch would learn the mysteries of divine love and the terrors of divine wrath, and would inject the former when I had uprooted the latter from the breasts of men.

To the rich I would add blessings. To the poor I would give riches. To the afflicted the lonely, the disconsolate, the oppressed, the sore at heart, the hungry, the outcasts of earth, I would donate my full supply of the balsams of heaven.

To the married who love, I would add to the ratio of a thousand fold to their happiness. To the husbands who desired separation I would give divorces and to the wives forsaken I would give alimony.

To the childless I would give children, to the children I would give every coveted joy, to the old I would give youth, to the young I would give wisdom, to the bold I would give discretion, to the timid I would give courage, to the girls I would give the sweets of love, to the spinsters I would give husbands, to the bachelors wives, and to those that wanted I would see to it that all their wants were supplied.

A Clear Field

She sang a Christmas carol— A lovely thing—it said: "Meet me under the mistletoe When papa's safe in bed."

There was a sprightly little woman in The Herald office last Saturday. After she had incidentally given her opinion on the matter of the Santa Claus myth she said there was one abuse which she hoped The Herald would attempt to correct—that is the promiscuous giving of presents at Christmas time. This little lady believes in the holiday spirit, thinks that Christmas should be made merry for all, but she does not approve of the practice which is so universally prevalent in the giving of presents. Extravagant presents are made not only to intimate friends, those whom we care most for, but to those who are merely joined to us by casual acquaintance by a meaningless exchange of gifts that can often fitly be afforded by the donors. The heart does not go with the present, and instead of its being a remembrance in its true sense it is simply the liquidation of some former indebtedness on the part of the givers. Once commenced this practice of gift-giving grows of necessity, and the recipients this year feel that they must reciprocate the next year. There is no sentiment in such giving, and it soon becomes a material burden to many from a financial standpoint.

Let us have Christmas in all its joyful meaning, but to do so let us observe it within its intended bounds—not as a day to buy particular social recognition or as a time to attempt to force mere acquaint-

ance into close friendship. Give from the heart, not simply from the pocket-book to replenish the purse that has given to you.

The churches of Christendom never bore sweeter or more beautiful fruit than that which ripens and is plucked by the dimpled hands of childish innocence from the Christmas tree on Christmas eve and night. Throughout the Christian world everywhere the churches will be brilliant with the radiance reflected from the gracious Christmas tree with its boughs bending with the gracious fruit of love, tokens for the little ones. The children are the hopes of the world, and it is meet that Christianity should be made to them the fairest and brightest thing on earth. Every church in the land, every place of worship in every land, will bear the same kind of tree which will bear the same species of fruit on Christmas eve, and they will all be surrounded by happy, expectant children who will express their delight in many languages. This universal Christmas tree grows from the hearts

of happiness beamed on the mother's face and her eyes grew moist as she looked up and whispered, "That is dearer to me than all the rest, my darling boy."

During the approaching holidays endeavor to make the lot of some poor and needy fellowman more endurable. If not by a suitable gift, then with words of cheer and comfort, and rest assured they will be appreciated. Some one has said that no one has a happy life—only happy days. In the race for wealth we are prone to ignore the misery of our fellowmen, to neglect extending a helping hand to the indigent and infirm. People are in want through no fault on their part. Help the poor, comfort the sick, give words of cheer to the oppressed and down-trodden.

Christmas is Coming

Christmas time is approaching—that joyous season of peace, good-will, egg-nog and Sunday school Christmas trees—and preparations for its observance and cele-

nial salary. He must subdivide the amount he has—not in many, many parcels—and also scale down the cost in many cases for presents that will pass muster as costing \$3 when he paid only 50 cents for them.

And girls are getting horribly smart! From his girl friends he will receive gorgeous pen-wipers which they know he will be ashamed to place upon his desk to be viewed by the jeering clerks; or shaving paper in an elaborate case, though the girls who have brothers know that the man who shaves himself uses old letters or scraps of newspaper when he cannot find a damask towel.

Mamma looks forward to her annual thimble and bargain-counter scissors, and papa will, of course, receive his customary briar pipe with ambered mouthpiece.

The old man is absorbed in consulting his bank account and wondering where he will be at after Christmas time. He it is who will not only indirectly present the gifts of the children, the young woman, the young man and all the others of

a Saviour's birth—the Messiah—the Christ. Our churches and Sunday schools are all making elaborate preparations for this long-looked-for event; but with all preparations and anticipations, pray remember the honored One's bidding, to cherish the sick and oppressed, to care for the widows and orphans, and make glad the homes of the little ones who are not surrounded by the better things of this life. Remember this and you cannot fail to enjoy this Christmas season to the fullest, and you have done what you could to make others happy, all through charity—love.

A majority of the chimneys in Sanford will soot Santa Claus very well.

Of all those who give and receive on Christmas eve none will be better sooted than Santa Claus himself.

The Bachelor He admits with a smile that is mocking. That Christmas no longer outsales. He hasn't a single stocking That isn't full of holes.

Santa Claus are worn by all kind parents.

Remember that in giving a present it is more in the spirit and expressiveness of the gift than in its intrinsic value. If a young man and poor, a small gift to your lady love, if she is a sensible girl, will be much more appreciated than one, she will know is beyond your means. When the gift is proportionate to one's means, and given for its usefulness and beauty, it means more as a souvenir of friendship than a more valuable one would without appreciation. There are poetry, and friendship, and love in gift tokens, and a wise person, man or woman, can read a language sweet and musical that would be entire Greek to others, because they could not give them proper interpretation.

There are some young men in town who are very fond of children, and never let a baby carriage go by without stopping the propeller and then chuck the chap, if chap he be, under the chin, and get off some baby talk which impresses the bystanders with the idea that he is a very fatherly, kind-hearted young man. It is a very nice trait, and is sure to please. There is some danger, however, in the practice, because some babies will say and do things which do not add to the pleasure of the young man. This is given as a warning, and one who has suffered deems it fair on his part to tell his fellow man to beware of babies, for they are very unreliable.

A merry Christmas to every one of The Herald readers. Would that I could grant each and every one of you the wish that is in your heart. Hoping to be with you for many other Merry Christmas times I remain, —THE SAUNTERER.

FROM MACARONI DELTA

From The Herald's Special Correspondent By Wireless Telephone

Silas Billingsly is going to start a one-table restaurant in connection with his barber shop. Silas is chock full of enterprise and bodily vigor.

Josephus Dittmore has decided to accept a position as head porter in Sam Gulliver's livery stable.

The gratifying news has been received that Jim Dixler's polleivil mare is much improved. She was at death's door for several weeks.

Deacon Erastus Johnson, who raised a collection last Sunday to help lift a chattle mortgage on the new hemp carpet in the church vestibule while over to Indianapolis yesterday, became involved in a crap game and lost \$3.44, and had to sell his coon dog to make up the shortage.

The Gulliver boys sicked Jim Peter's dog on the Widow Huffstetter's dog in front of the Newlight church last Sunday and a whole lot of the congregation sneaked out of the meeting house and got so excited over the fight they wanted to bet on the widow's bull pup. It finally broke up the meeting and Preacher Bunker had to go out and separate the dogs. Those cursed Gulliver boys are a constant source of trouble in this community. —HAYKUE.

To Real Estate Purchasers

Are you looking for Sanford property and celery land? Then do not be deceived by every Tom, Dick and Harry that approaches you and talks about cheap price of lands. Sanford property is worth good money and will never be any cheaper. Buy it now but buy it from a reputable real estate firm. Look them up in the Sanford Herald and do not trifle with the man who is not in the real estate business. The Herald will direct you in this important matter.

Wads makes frequent trips to Sanford. Write him at Orlando.



of a Christian people and its fruit forms the truest and most beautiful expression of Christian love to be found in all the church. Let no church fail to plant and cultivate the Christmas tree.

A Boy's Present to Mother

I knew the family well, one of the most respected in the country. There are a number of educated children. It was last Christmas morn, and the family had assembled in the dining room for breakfast in the dining room for breakfast. Each one placed something of value on the mother's lap, and she showed her appreciation by a kind word of thanks to each. She looked about the circle longingly. There was one son that held back. He was a fine appearing young fellow, frank and gallant, but a n'er do well, the black sheep in fact of the family, and yet as kind-hearted a boy as ever lived. At last he advanced to his mother's side, and putting his arms around her neck, kissed the still fair cheek, and said, "Mother, dear, that is all I have to give." A smile

of happiness beamed on the mother's face and her eyes grew moist as she looked up and whispered, "That is dearer to me than all the rest, my darling boy."

Children, armed with the stubs of pencils and scraps of paper, are laboriously producing letters for Santa Claus to read, each epistle a hopeful request for some impossible gift.

The small boys, whose newly acquired knickerbockers warrant a masculine disbelief in Santa Claus, are hopefully exporting shotguns, bicycles and cameras from a source nearer home.

Young ladies are now revelling their lists of possible givers, separating the sheep from the goats so to speak. They know in reason that most of their presents from gentlemen will be books which they do not care to read. Their girl friends will present them with finger files and and home-made handkerchiefs.

But the young man has by far the hardest time at Christmas. About this time he is figuring upon expending an amount of gifts, to be distributed among a multitude of expectant friends, that has not yet been saved from his meagre an-

the household, but will be expected to gush with enthusiasm over the presents made to himself for which his purse strings have paid. He would have been able to have selected far more appropriate gifts for himself, and at much less expense, but when was he ever consulted? The only ray of light in the darkness of his reflections is that this blessed season comes but once in a twelvemonth.

The best darned stockings on Christmas morn will be the empty ones.

Good Will to All Men

Again the joyous Christmas tide is near—the happiest season of the year. The time when friends seem nearer and dearer to each other, when the family ties are bound only more closely, and loving hearts throb with an ecstasy inexpressibly happy as we near the goal toward which Father Time has seemingly been making such swift strides. We are but a few days distant from the day which all Christians celebrate in honor of



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The Sanford Furniture Company

Where you will find everything for Christmas Gifts for the old and young. Our assortment this year is the largest in Orange County and we can find a suitable gift for you in this store!

TOYS! TOYS! TOYS!

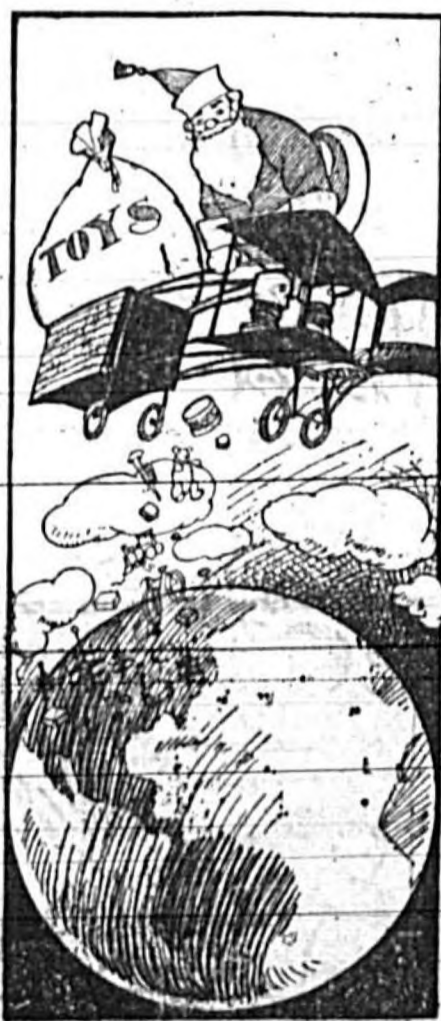
We have them from the cheapest to the finest, and the children will certainly think Santa Claus has camped in our toy department. Our large assortment of Dolls will appeal to the mothers, and they are very reasonable in price

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For the boys, we have especially purchased a fine line of wagons, guns, rocking horses, games and smaller toys that will give the little fellows the real thrill of pleasure

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No matter what you want, we can show you the largest assortment and the Lowest Prices in this section. We have the stock and can suit every one.

THE SANFORD FURNITURE CO.



Mountain Christmas

By Frances Margaret Fox



NOW had been falling in the mountains many days before Christmas. Down in the sunbright valley mother and little Nina gazed up at the shining peaks and were homesick. They would gladly have forgotten snow, but father was in a mountain cabin all alone.

"Will he hang his stockings by the stony fireplace?" asked Nina, "and don't you s'pose he'll be vited somewhere to dinner?"

"I wish we had stayed with him," said mother. "If he can live through the winter in the mountains, so could we."

"But he told us 'no,' don't you remember? He said he brought us to southern California on purpose so we could live always in a summer land."

Mother sighed. The little family had been west only a few weeks when father was offered a position as book-keeper for a lumber company away up in the Sierras. Living in the mountains had been delightful through the summer, but at the first hint of cold weather the tent home was packed, father bought a cabin and sent mother and the little daughter to the valley.

Father was an artist and he declared that he should like nothing better than to paint pictures of snowy peaks with no one to interrupt him and nothing else to do but to guard the company's property.

"It is a wonderful chance," he had insisted.

Mother and Nina had tried to believe he was right; but the little bungalow which they rented already furnished, seemed—but a poor excuse for a house.

"I wish I could see him hang up his stocking," continued Nina. "Oh, I wish I could put this penwiper I'm making in the very toe of it!"

Mother made no reply. She wished so much that she, too, might help fill that lonely stocking in the mountain cabin.

"Oh, mother, mother!" exclaimed Nina, dropping her spool and scissors and springing to her feet. "I have a beautiful idea!—You always have to keep your Christmas presents, don't you? You never can send them back, can you?"

"Surely not," was the answer. "But, mother, s'pose you wish your Christmas present hadn't come. Would it be very polite to tell the ones that gave it to you that you were getting along nicely without their Christmas present and that you really didn't want it?"

"Why, of course not, Nina. We must think of the loving thought behind the gift, even if Uncle John should send no skates this very winter!"

Two arms flew swiftly around mother's neck.

"Oh, I have such a beautiful idea," repeated Nina. "We'll ride on the stage with the Christmas box and give ourselves to father for a Christmas present. He wouldn't return his Christmas present, now, would he?"

"Would you be contented, Nina, to live up there all winter?" asked mother. "You must remember that we will be four miles from Fredalba. You will have no little girls to play with, no school, no Sunday school, no—"

"But, mother, can't we have a school with you for the teacher, and a Sunday school? Can't I have a whole row of snow men to play with? And, mother! we'll have a real Christmas!"

Thus it happened that two passengers went up the trail on the last stage of the old year.

"Anybody going to meet you in Fredalba?" asked the stage driver. "The weather is pretty severe up here a few thousand feet higher. Had lots of rain in the valley and that means snow storms in the mountains."

"No one will meet us," said mother, "but we know the trail from Fredalba and our burros are there, although we didn't expect to see them again until next summer."

"You can telephone from Fredalba," suggested the stage driver. "They tell me your husband has a telephone out at camp."

"But we're Christmas presents," explained Nina; "so we must surprise him. Don't you know that to-night will be Christmas eve?"

"If the wind doesn't come up, you'll be all right," the man replied, but unless I'm mistaken, there's a heavy snow falling in the mountains this minute."

At Fredalba every one advised mother and Nina not to attempt the trail until morning. This time it was mother who would push on. "We know the trail so well," said she, "and the burros know it better. In two hours we can reach camp."

"It seems to me," said the stage driver as he watched the two disappear around the curve. "It seems to me that some folks haven't any sense," and shutting his lips in a determined fashion he went to the telephone and called for Nina's father. "I'll tell him

his folks are coming and to go out to meet them," he explained to the men standing near. "Otherwise the poor fellow may have a surprise he won't like on Christmas day."

To the stage driver's dismay there was no answer to his call. Father's cabin in the Sierras was evidently deserted.

"See here," said he to a friend, "you call Brown up in half an hour and tell him that his wife and daughter are on the trail."

"The wires are down," declared a big man who came in at that moment from outside. "No use trying to telephone."

With fear for the safety of his passengers, the stage driver drove down the trail to the valley.

In the meantime the two plodded along on the sure footed burros, calling merrily to each other as they passed the well-known landmarks.

On and on, up and up they toiled, the snow falling faster and faster, the wind more furious every minute. One mile, two miles. By that time the snow blinded them and but for the faithful burros they could not have kept the trail. It grew colder and colder, and the short afternoon was ended. That meant sudden darkness among those solemn, snow-clad peaks. It meant too, that mother and Nina



But for the Faithful Burros They Could Not Have Kept the Trail.

were thoroughly frightened. They couldn't talk except to urge the burros on. The wind took their breath.

"We won't be Christmas presents I'm afraid," sobbed Nina, through chattering teeth.

"Say your prayers," suggested mother. "It is all we can do now."

They had long since dropped the reins and trusted the burros to choose their own way. Mother recalled story after story of men who had perished on those mountain trails and she blamed herself for ever attempting such a journey. Suddenly a welcome sight appeared before the struggling travelers.

The lights of Mr. Dean's cabin! exclaimed Nina. "Oh, mother! We have reached Mr. Dean's ranch and we're still alive! To-morrow we'll see father!"

A funny thing then happened. Both burros began to bray. Mother and Nina laughed and cried at the sound. Instantly the signal was answered. Robert Dean flung open the cabin door and in a flood of light beheld his visitors.

"Well, well, well!" he exclaimed. "Who told you that we're having a Christmas dinner here this evening, turkey and all? Why, Miss Nina, your father is or was at the table!"

The next thing Nina knew she was in her father's arms and mother was removing her wraps.

"Are we frozen or anything, mother?" asked the child.

"No we're all right and so are the burros," was the reply.

"Oh, how glad everybody is!" the little girl exclaimed. "And I'm hungry—and—and father, we're your Christmas presents!"

Father, for some reason couldn't say "Thank you," but didn't speak of returning the precious gifts and it is doubtful if anywhere in the valley below there was such happiness as filled the mountain cabin that Christmas eve.



Why She Stood There.
"Don't you think," suggested a young man to his partner at a dance, "that we should move farther up the room out of the draught?"

"Oh, well, if you like!" replied the girl, snappishly.

It was only when they moved away that the youth noticed that they had been beneath a large bunch of mistletoe.



A Useless Present.
Aunt—Yes, Johnny, Santa Claus brought you a baby brother.
Johnny—Great Scot! Another present that ain't any use!

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Naming the Picture.
The artist was of the Impressionist school. He had just given the last touches to a purple and blue canvas when his wife came into the studio. "My dear," said he, "this is the landscape I wanted you to suggest a title for."
"Why not call it 'Home?'" she said after a long look.
"Home? Why?"
"Because there's no place like it," she replied meekly.—Glasgow Times.

The Same Medicine.
"Doctor, do you remember three years ago that you predicted positively that I would be a dead man in six weeks?"
"Why, yes, I—"
"Well, I've got a friend in the next room who is despondent about himself. Just tell him there is no hope for him, will you?"

Every Tub Stands On Its Own Bottom.



And so does every town.
If the bottom of this town drops out, what are we going to stand on?
And the bottom will drop out—
If we fail to stand together and work together for the good of the community—myself, yourself and the other fellow.
In order to build to the top, there must be a solid bottom.



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The First Christmas

Why Were the Wise Men Three?

<p>"Why were the Wise Men three, Instead of five or seven?" They had to match, you see, The archangels in Heaven.</p> <p>God sent them, sure and swift, By His mysterious message, To bear the threefold gift And take the threefold message.</p>	<p>Thus in their hands were seen The gold of purest Beauty, The myrrh of Truth all-clean, The frankincense of Duty.</p> <p>And thus they bore away The loving heart's great treasure, And knowledge clear as day, To be our life's new measure.</p>	<p>God sent them for a sign He would not change nor alter His good and fair design, However man may falter.</p> <p>Who so would mark and reach The height of man's election Must still achieve and teach The tripartite perfection.</p>
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From "The Wise Men from the East," by Bliss Carman.

A Newsboy's Merry Christmas

By D. M. EDWARDS



IT WAS Christmas night and Patsy Higgins was "stuck"—that is, he had more papers than he could sell. With a small bundle under one arm and hands thrust deep in his pockets he strolled up Broadway in the happy Christmas crowds. Through the diamond frosted windows of the restaurants he could see the diners within laughing and animated over their holiday banquets. He jingled a handful of pennies and nickels in his pocket and wondered how in the world a boy with a stock of unsold papers on his hands and only 22 cents with which to have his Christmas feast, keep him through the night and start him in business the next morning, had much chance to be so very happy.

As he plodded aimlessly across Forty-third street a big man, hulking of shoulder, lantern jawed and deep chested, lumbered out of a gambling house near by and swung into Broadway. Grumbling about "hitting me pretty hard" and "never had any luck in my life," he plowed his way across the sidewalk, lunging against any one whose path lay across his. He bowled through a line of mincing men and women who blocked the sidewalk in front of an all-night restaurant, scattering them like tenpins and making no apologies. Blind to everything but his own ill luck, he noticed nothing until he came upon a disheveled and bolstorous man holding a newsboy and trying to take his papers from him.

"What th' 'ell y' doin'?" growled the gambler, as he gave the unsteady man a quick punch and tumbled him into a pile of dirt, allowing the lad to dart out of harm's way, yelling in glee at the fallen tyrant.

"Y' big stiff," threatened the gambler, as he leaned over the man, "if y' peep another word I'll wring yer head off. Git up now, an' go home t' your wife—An' I s'pose you'll beat her t' git even," he commented as he turned away.

A few blocks further he heard a-voice at his elbow:

"Say, mister, I want t' thank y' fer helpin' me when that dude pinched me papers."

"Run along, sonny; don't let it worry y' none."

"I want t' give y' a paper, mister."

"Trot!" returned the other, curtly.

"Please take a paper, mister," persisted the lad, running along beside the man and holding out his bundle.

"Cause, gee! we don't of'en have folks help us like you done. I'm stuck tonight, anyway, an' have got plenty to spare."

The gambler stood still and sniffed the air as if at that moment, for the first time, he had caught the infection of the Christmas atmosphere.

"Pretty tough on some of you kids," he said. "Here, take this and go blow yourself," he added, as he pulled a greenback from his pocket, pressed it into the boy's hand and continued on his way.

"I ain't askin' you fer money," called Patsy, tagging along in the man's wake. "I jes' wanted t' give you a paper fer helpin' me."

The gambler made no reply, but walked on all the faster. He had gone a block further and evidently thought himself rid of the boy, when the latter suddenly piped out again:

"Please take yer money back, will yer—"

"Aw, beat it!" said the gambler, savagely.

Patsy stopped. He watched the form of his big man fade into the darkness and then looked at the crumpled greenback in his hands.

"Gee, wouldn't dat mos'ly crimp yer?" he mused as he turned back into the canyon of electric lights and headed for a place where he knew he would find cranberry sauce, steamed dumplings and mince pie at newsboy rates.

The Christmas Spirit.

Psyche is a hard-hearted man. The spirit of Christmas never touches him, and he always chooses Christmas eve to give his superfluous employees notice. His wife, however, is different; and she entered the dining-room with a troubled look.

"Oh, Gerald," she said, "Maud has just swallowed a quarter! What ever shall we do?"

Maud, be it said, occupies the position of maid-of-all-work to the Psyche household.

"Do?" repeated the master of the house. "Well, I suppose we'd better let her keep it. She'd have expected a Christmas-box, anyhow!"

TONY PASTOR AS SANTA.

Veteran Actor Was the Friend of the Stage Children.

There are at present engaged in different capacities on the stage and in the theaters about 400 children to whom the holidays usually are days of toll, and many of these little folks are breadwinners for younger brothers and sisters. It was for them that the late Tony Pastor and his wife, Mrs. E. L. Fernandez, and "Aunt Louisa" Eldridge, now dead, inaugurated the Christmas festival which has become a perennial affair.

The little ones, all less than twelve years old, provide the stage entertainment on these occasions, and there never is any interference by the authorities. Christmas, 1907, was Tony Pastor's last appearance as the children's Santa Claus, and this year they will miss his genial face and kindly attentions. Last year he was master of ceremonies and introduced his tiny "top liners." At the end of the act he presented to each of the girls a beautifully dressed doll and to the boys boxes of candy or appropriate toys.

Admission was by invitation only, and when the programme began the house was crowded to the doors, the balcony being given up largely to poor children of the east side. Some of the actors were mere babies, but they went through the business like veterans, and the gravity of most of them when singing their comic songs was immensely amusing.

One of the players was presented as Baby Esmond, a perfect cherub, who piped a love ditty and danced with one foot held in the air. Mr. Pastor said she was of "this year's crop," and when she had ended the performance he asked her to tell the audience her age. Without shrinking from the question, as her fellow actresses do, she lisped, "I'll be four next January."

Another of the same mature years was "Miss Miriam Jackson," if you please. She came out with a Teddy bear in her arms, sang a song and did such clever capering that every woman in the audience wanted to hug her.

Lillian Tobin, herself no bigger than a doll baby, sang "Poor John" and invited the audience to join her in the chorus, which it did with a will. At the end of the programme Mr. Pastor announced that a banquet was awaiting the children in the basement of Tammany hall.

After the little ones had been satisfied in that respect they were sent up to the main hall of the building, and there the really big feature of the evening took place. On the stage stood three Christmas trees, bending over from the weight of pretty things, while the stage itself was heaped with toys.

After that there was a second distribution for stage children only in the committee room of Tammany hall. Most of the children had written requests for certain articles, and as they appeared one by one and gave a name corresponding with that on Mrs. Fernandez's list the present asked for was delivered. Some of these were of costly quality, having been purchased with money donated to the cause. Mrs. Fernandez said the children of the stage nowadays ask for useful things rather than for playthings. Since these events were inaugurated it is estimated that more than \$50,000 has been spent for gifts.—New York Herald.

A Prayer to the Christ Child.

Behold, ye season is again at hand; once more ye snows of winter lie upon all ye earth, and all Chrystantle is arrayed to the holy feast.

Presently shall ye star burn with exceeding brightness in ye east, ye sky shall be full of swete music, ye angels shall descend to earth with singing, and ye bells—ye joyous Chrystmass bells—shall tell us of ye babe that was born in Bethlehem.

Come to us now, O gentle Chryst-child, and walke among us peoples of ye earth; enwheel us round about with Thy protecting care; forfend all envious thoughts and evyl deeds; teche Thou our hearts with the glory of Thy love, and quicken us to practices of peace, good will, and charity meet for Thy approval and acceptation.—Eugene Field.

The Bargain at Home.

Bobby—Mamma, let's give papa a lovely gold scarfpin.
Mamma—That will be nice, Bobby.
Bobby—Mamma, you put in \$4.00, and I'll put in a dime.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Weary Widowhood.

The death of the husband not only blights the life of a Bengali widow, but makes the rest of her existence a state of unmitigated misery and privations. She is required to fast on every eleventh day of the moon, when she is debarred from all sorts of food and drink for twenty-four hours. Her sufferings from thirst on hot days of summer are extremely painful, but she must go through them. The widow must live on one meal a day and eschew meat and fish. She must renounce ornaments and all sorts of luxuries. The idea of such a state of misery of his widow keeps a man from hazardous enterprises, not because he is afraid to die, but because his death means so much misery to his wife.—East Indian Mirror.

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Notions, Wool Dress Goods
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Mattings of all kinds and patterns, from 20 cents per yard to 50 cents, at E. A. Heffield's Furniture Store.

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High grade Cigars and Tobacco. Smoking and chewing. Most complete line in the city. CHAS. EVANS.

The Herald furnishes engraved visiting cards at the same price asked in Jacksonville and New York.

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Christmas Jubilee

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Bring That Happy Feeling

—HERE YOU GAIN—

Health, Wealth and Happiness

It is Good for the Stranger to be Within Our Gates

We Invite You

We Welcome You

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At Our Spring Opening There Will be a Beautiful Array of Easter Bonnets and the Latest Creations in Millinery

MRS. M. L. ALLEN

Seeing Santa Claus

By LAURA FROST ARMITAGE.

(Copyright, 1908, by American Press Association.)

EARL (to Ruth)—Oh, I just wish we could see him.
Fred—See whom?
Ruth—Why, Santa Claus.
Earl and I have just been talking about him, and we were wishing we could get a peep at him once.
Gladys—Oh, I wouldn't like to!
Dorothy—Harry and I tried it last year. We came down and hid in the front hall, but papa found us and sent us to bed.
Fred (after thinking awhile)—I've thought of something. Santa Claus wouldn't come in if he should spy us, but if he thought we were not real children he might. Couldn't we fool

Harry—You could if you really wanted to see Santa Claus.

Earl—Oh, I will! I will! See me! (Poses.)

Gladys—Will we have to stand so very long?
Fred—Oh, not very, very long! We must dress like Mother Goose children, and I'll fix you in your places. I'll be Roy Blue. We can find some dress-up clothes in the attic.

Harry—I think I'll be Jack Horner. I can have a pie.

Dorothy—I want to be Bopeep. A cane with a hook handle will do for a crook.

Gladys—May I be Miss Muffet?

Earl—What can Ruth and I be?

Fred—You might be Jack and Jill and carry a pail of water. An empty pail will do. Now let's be off and see what we can find. Then we'll go to bed, and I'll lie awake, and after papa and mamma go upstairs I'll call you, and we'll come down very softly.

(Exeunt.)

II.

(Children come tiptoeing in in costumes, stockings in hand.)

Fred—Now, we'll hang our stockings first. (All hang them.) Then we'll get into place. Bopeep, you stand here. Hold your crook so. Miss Muffet, you must sit on this footstool, and you must be eating. Put your spoon to your lips, so. Jack Horner, get into that corner and hold up your thumb with the plum on it. Jack and Jill, stand over here and take the pail between you. I will stand here and hold my horn to my mouth, so. Now, we mustn't move our eyes. It's getting late. Now, all ready! (All pose.)

Ruth (after awhile)—Oh, dear! This pail is so heavy even if it is empty.

All—Sh!

Gladys (after awhile)—How my arm aches!

All—Sh!

(Earl yawns aloud.)

All—Sh!

Harry—My thumb is tired of standing up.

Dorothy—I'm—so—sleepy, (yawning).

All—Sh!

(Jack Horner's hand drops, then his head. Bopeep drops crook and leans against wall. Jill lets go of pail and slides to floor. Jack soon does the same. Miss Muffet's head drops forward. Boy Blue's eyes close and horn falls. This rouses him for a moment, but his eyes soon close again, and he leans against the wall.)

Enter Santa Claus. (All fast asleep.)

Santa Claus—Ah! Well, well, well! Some of the children of my old friend, Mother Goose. But what are they doing here? (Walks about and looks at them, closely.) Ah! I know those

children. They're not Mother Goose's family. Ah! I see what they are up to. They're waiting to see me, and they don't want me to know them. But they can't fool this old fellow. Just as if he didn't know every child in the world. I've found children waiting for me many a time, but they always fall asleep and miss me. I'll fill the stockings, and won't they be surprised when they wake up and find they've missed me after all. (Fills stockings, then puts toy or candy into Miss Muffet's bowl and into Jack and Jill's pail.) Now I must be off. But I believe I'll try that horn of Boy Blue's once. (Blows and runs off, dropping horn near door. Children rouse up a little at sound, then fall back into former position.)

III.

Morning.—Fred (rousing)—Oh, I say! Wake up! What are you all asleep for?

Harry—Who's been asleep?

Dorothy (rubbing eyes)—Not I.

Gladys—I—was—almost—asleep.

Earl (yawning)—Did he come?

Ruth (almost crying)—I was so sleepy. Did you all see him?

Others—Oh, no, no!

Fred—Well, I'm afraid we were all asleep. But I heard him. He blew on a big horn.

Harry and Dorothy—I heard him.

Gladys—And there's your horn, Fred, over by the door. He blew on that.

Ruth—See what's in our pail! (Holding it up.)

Gladys—And in my bowl!

Harry—And see the stockings!

All—Oh, oh, oh! (All run to get the stockings.)

Dorothy—Oh, why couldn't we have kept awake?

Fred—Well, we've missed him this time sure. But next year we'll try it again, and we'll all keep awake.

All—Yes, indeed, we will.

A Black Mark For the Other One.

A man by the name of Evans died and went to heaven, of course. When he arrived at the pearly gates he said to St. Peter:

"Well, I'm here."

St. Peter looked at him and asked his name.

"John Evans," was the reply.

St. Peter looked through his book and shook his head. "You don't belong here," he said, pointing to the exit.

"But I am sure I belong here," said the man.

"Wait a minute," said St. Peter.

He looked again and in the back of the book found his name.

"Sure," said the guardian of the gate, "you belong here, but you weren't expected for twenty years. Who's your doctor?"

The Gift.

By FRANK H. SWEET.

(Copyright, 1908, by American Press Association.)

THE Christmas chimes are sounding on the air,
And, as I sit and listen to their sweet,
Unearthly music, gone is every care,
Forgot is all the turmoil of the street.
The troubles that the path of man beset,
The vast anxieties of human life,
All fade away, and every fond regret
Is lost in all their glad and joyous strife.

BEAD CHRISTMAS TREES.

Novelty Invented by German Woman Approved by Kaiser.

If nature's supply of Christmas trees gives out, as some people have feared it might, there will still be Christmas trees as long as a German woman in this city remains alive. Out of green beads, wire and tiny waxen ornaments she constructs miniature trees which have been thought pretty enough to grace the court of Ludwig of Bavaria in his time and to amuse the children of Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany. That was when the inventor was living in her native country. Since coming to America she has made them for various well known people.

One of the advantages of these trees, she says, is that they are almost indestructible. They may be bent, crushed, packed into small compass, and when they are wanted again it is only necessary to straighten the branches out into the original shape.

When the inventor was a girl, fifty-five or sixty years ago, in Munich, she went to one of those schools where German girls are taught to do, as her daughter says, "everything with the hands." It was having to make wreaths out of beads that suggested to her the notion of making bead Christmas trees. She set to work and fashioned innumerable tiny loops of green beads, each at the end of a long slender wire. She bound the loops to-

gether in threes, making trefolls, and the trefolls into branches and the branches into a tapering trunk, the trunk being formed of nothing at all but the individual wires massed together. Then she trimmed the tree with candles and those tiny waxen figures which the Germans are adepts at making and fixed it in a pot of sand and melted wax. Her parents were quite proud of it. Her father, who was director of the Hofgarten in Munich, showed it to his royal master, and King Ludwig immediately ordered one for the Christmas festivities at court.

After coming to this country she sent one to President Roosevelt and was grieved and surprised to find that he could not accept it.

"I expect he thinks he gets some dynamite," said the daughter.—New York Tribune.



BEAD CHRISTMAS TREES.



The Christmas Prayer.

IRISH POINT OF VIEW.

It is a merry Christmas
When there is lots of snow,
For then through my good shovel
Some golden coin I know.

And 'tis a merry Christmas
When not a flake is seen,
For Christmas to the Irish
Is merry when it's green.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.



"SANTA WOULDN'T COME IN IF HE SHOULD SEE US."

him by making ballays we were Mother Goose children right out of the book?
Dorothy—How could we do that?
Fred—We could dress like them and then stand perfectly still as if we were made of wax or something, just the way you do in a tableau, you know. He might think it was some kind of a show of wax figures.
Earl—Oh, my! I couldn't keep as still as that.

"Come, Let Us Reason Together" LIFE INSURANCE

Is a Friend in Need, and Many a Family is, through its Beneficent Offices Saved From the More dire and Hardest Poverty--Genteel Poverty

Legal Reserve is the Absolutely Only Sure System of Life Insurance ☉ ☉ ☉



Stock Rate, or Non-Participating Plan is the Best Policyholder's Plan ☉ ☉ ☉

Because there is no uncertainty about net cost and all values guaranteed. Such a policy is simpler and clearer in its conditions, concessions and stated values, and the insured knows at all times just where he stands. Besides, one can naturally look for more conservative and economical management, as the stockholder cannot realize anything from his investment until every liability to the policyholder has been safely provided for.

FLORIDA LIFE INSURANCE CO.,

JACKSONVILLE, FLA

J. W. LILLEY, Special Agent, Sanford, Fla.

J. L. GOOGE, District M'gr., Orlando, Fla.

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

Letters and Communications on Various Timely Topics.

COLUMN DEVOTED TO PEOPLE

In This Department will be Found the Views, Opinions and Comment of Practical Writers.

We invite correspondence on live topics from all sections of the County, also news items of interest. Brevity will insure prompt publication. Articles contrary to the views of the Editor will be published, but abusive and anonymous communications will be rejected. We will not be responsible for opinions expressed by contributors. All communications intended for current issue must be in hand not later than Tuesday p. m.—Ed.

Timely Suggestions for All

To the Editor of the Herald:

We should manifest more interest in those things around us. Our facilities for acquiring knowledge, our opportunities for developing the mind, are unlimited. A strong, healthy body without a well-trained mind is like an engine without an engineer.

Fathers and mothers should be more mindful of their children in the public schools. Don't send them there and then lay aside your interest in them. Watch them; hear them recite their lessons; encourage their aptitude; and when they from necessity have to leave school and begin the battle of life by laboring for a livelihood don't let them waste their evenings after their work is done in pursuing evil pathways.

A person perhaps has a job he would like to change for a position. It's not so easy, but if he has brains he can do it. It's all in the way he spends his time between supper and bedtime. There's a good position and a first class salary packed away in those hours for the man who wants to dig them out.

"Because" is not the word in today's hustle. It's "how and now."

When you know the beginning don't stop; there is no stop. You are either going up or down in this world of knowledge—you cannot stand still. To be a man or woman you must have a well-trained mind.

Brains count! The whole world is looking for the man who "knows how." So long as you can only do the thing that thousands of others can do you have to compete with the thousands of others for jobs and wages. As soon as you learn

to do the things the other fellows cannot do you get out of the competition—get above it. Positions will then begin to hunt you. There's a big difference between a "job" and a "position." The difference is a thousand dollars up, and you can't begin to measure the satisfaction.

Don't forget that all of us have a mind that's capable of being trained. Why not do it now? —PARENT.

Attend to Your Own Affairs

To the Editor of The Herald:

The best way to "advance the interests of Sanford" is for everyone in it to attend strictly to his own business and make a success of it.

A town is an aggregation of individuals, and an aggregation of successful individuals makes a successful community.

To attempt to boom it by blow, brag, bluster and buncomb is the balderdash of the blatherskite, and can but excite disgust in every well-regulated mind. However willing men may be to improve the town, they erect buildings and design business enterprises for altogether different reasons; and to attempt to induce them to build houses that remain unoccupied or to invest in business efforts that will not pay, for the sake of booming the town, is downright childishness. I believe that the desirableness of a boom is very questionable. Evolution is better than revolution; growth is better than inflation, and steady progress makes more headway than great bursts of speed.

And so I return to the first proposition.

Let every one build up his own business by strictly attending to it—let him do the good that lies nearest his hand; let him perform the work today that needs to be done today, for therein lies the line of his whole duty. —OLD FOGY

Do Your Shopping in Sanford

People of every section of Orange county will find it immensely to their advantage to come to Sanford to make their holiday purchases.

The stocks of the Sanford merchants are complete in all lines, and the display of goods adapted to Christmas presents is excellent.

A most important consideration at this time is prices, and the Sanford dealers are ready to put the figures at which they have marked their stocks in competition with the wide-wide world.

Come to Sanford. You will find just what you want, and you are assured of courteous treatment and hard-times prices.

That's Selling Some
G. R. Calhoun, the well known fertilizer man of this city, sold in the year 1900, 12 tons of fertilizer in Sanford. This year up to December 1st, 1020 tons of fertilizer. In addition he sold in St. Petersburg 135 tons in one order. He handles the celebrated Williams & Clark brand and having a good brand and being a first class salesman, Dick is able to deliver the goods every time. Read his "ad" in The Herald.

Connected with this paper is a printing office capable of producing the highest grade of office and society stationery.

Celery High and Scarce
Celery is high and scarce, New York state having advanced materially in the last week or so. In the rough, state stock is selling at \$2.75 to \$4 a crate, according to quality, and washed celery 40 to 50 cents a dozen for the medium small and 60 to 75 cents for the best offerings, including celery hearts. E. S. Armstrong & Co. received their first car of California celery Friday morning. It sold at \$5 a crate.

A little money now and a little now and then is the way to buy celery land. See M. M. Smith for particulars.

LETTUCE CROP LARGER

Sanford Makes Record With Heavy Production

The lettuce crop here is going to be a record-breaker. Up to the end of last week 108 cars were shipped. This does not include express shipments. The crop has been moving about two weeks and the bulk of it will be marketed by Jan. 1. Smaller shipments will continue until March. It is estimated that the total shipments will reach something like 350 cars.

Growers figure that the celery crop will begin to move in small shipments soon after Jan. 1. It will not be until the middle of February before a free movement of the crop is under way. The celery crop here is estimated at 260 acres while 180 acres are devoted to lettuce. The quality of the lettuce was never better and it is cutting a larger percentage to the acre than ever known before. The weather has been simply ideal for growing lettuce. The days have been warm and the nights have been cool.—New York Produce News.

From A Brother Editor

For sale—One stove, a soft coal burner with a Vesuvius cough and a frequent snort in the upper air. It will be sold at public vendue to the highest bidder—a Sanford man preferred. This stove has good habits, with the exception of a disposition to smoke and spit sulphur fumes all over the editorial tripod and the new editor's rosewood furniture. It is an acquisition of my late purchase, and was deemed an ornament until the elements began to generate cyclones in the chimney and present them to the sanctum out of the bowels of the said coal consumer. Any one not afraid of asphyxiation or death in any form can get a bargain in the said stove, which, I am reliably informed, is of the brew of 1849. As I desire a 109 model, I am willing to let this one go cheap. Come early and avoid the rush—warranted to soot you.

Cabbage Up \$10 a Ton

Cabbage is on the boom again and jumped up \$5 to \$10 a ton since last week. Receivers were selling the stock at \$30 to \$35 out of the cars here this week and shippers were quoting \$28 to \$30 delivered here. A good trade prevails and it is all on account of the cool weather. The farmers are reaping some great profits, as shippers are paying \$25 for the stock at loading station.



THERE'S a little old man with silvery hair
An' a long white beard 'at flies in the air,
With twinklin' black eyes an' a rosy, red
face,
An' 'bout a year he comes to our place,
An' our little maid
An' our little man
Ex anxious to see 'im soon's they can.

Away he's gone up the chimney flue!
So our little maid
An' our little man
Es wyl'n' to be just ez good's they can.
But ef yer good an' 'bey yer pa
An' don't never cry an' vex yer ma
He'll fill yer stockings with games an' toys
An' nuts an' sweets an' all sorta o' joys.
So our little maid
An' our little man
Wants Sanny to come jes' as quick 's he can.

A Merry Christmas to You All

We thank you for your liberal patronage of 1908 and trust that a continuance of the same will be ours. Command us.

SANFORD GROCERY CO.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Staple and Fancy Groceries

Jobbers of

Grain, Hay and Fertilizers

We Make a Specialty of Fine Goods

The Finest of imported Sardines, Anchovies, Lowney's chocolates, cocoas and candies

Choice variety of Teas, Coffees and Spices



Carr and Company's Imported Crackers, Dried Fruits, Nuts, Raisins and Figs

Complete line of Choice Cigars and Tobaccos

Royal Scarlet, Curtis Brothers', J. H. Heny Co. and many other brands of fine Table Delicacies. Obelisk, DeSoto, Wasses, Gold Medal, Pillsbury and Whole Wheat Flours

We carry in stock at all times the famous brands mentioned above, so remember, when in need of same, an order placed with us insures prompt attention, lowest market prices and best quality

Our Meat Market carries a full line of Western and Florida Beef, Pork, Mutton, Sausage, Oysters and Fowls, Ham, Shoulders, Salt Fish and Smoked Meats

We extend to you a cordial invitation to make our store your headquarters while in Sanford

Sanford Grocery Company

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

A Christmas Day with Napoleon

By D. E. HENRY



NAPOLEON BONA-PARTE, the "Child of Destiny," as he called himself, had yet a good deal of his destiny uncompleted, when, on Christmas eve, in the year 1800, he sent messengers forth to announce his intention of paying a visit to the Paris opera house that night.

He was now first consul, to which position he had been elected in November, 1799. "My reign began from the day I was made consul," he declared years afterwards, and in that phrase he accurately described his power.

Installed already at the Tuilleries with his beloved Josephine, he lived in regal state and exercised little less than despotic sway. Seven years before he was an unknown artillery officer. Now he was the most prominent man in Europe, proclaimed the savior of his country, and practically dictator. What events he had crowded into those seven years! The English had been driven from Toulon in 1793; he had suppressed the Paris insurrection of 1795; he had gone through his first victorious campaign in Italy, in 1796-7; had made his vigorous attempt to conquer Egypt, in 1797-9; and now was back again in France.

It was Christmas eve, however; the time when pleasures are expected to be indulged in, and Napoleon liked to show himself to the people in public places, for popularity was ever dear to him. So he would go to the opera that night.

He sat in an apartment overlooking the Tuilleries gardens awaiting the arrival of Fouche, the minister of police, who had been sent for to take his instructions. Josephine, to whom he had been married since 1796, had just left him, and he was alone when Fouche was announced.

"You have nothing further to report?" said Napoleon, his keen gaze fixed on the minister.

"Nothing."

"No new conspiracies?"

"And the old ones?"

"Well under surveillance. I am ready to strike at the necessary moment."

"Ah, M. le Ministre, your waiting gives them the opportunity of striking the first blow. This is not a soldier's way. You are only clever in watching plots; I want a man who can crush them at their inception. Fouche, you must strike now. Every suspect must go to prison. My death is desired by all the fanatical Royalists, Vendéans and Chouans in Paris, and Fouche has to stamp these conspiracies out. If Fouche does not, Napoleon will."

"First consul, you are safe," was all that Fouche replied.

"Safe or not," said Napoleon, impatiently, "I look to you to guard my life, and with that life the destinies of France. I shall visit the opera within an hour. You know your duty."

"Consider it done," and with that the famous police functionary departed.

Napoleon, who had been working hard all day and was tired, now fell asleep. When Josephine came in, dressed for the opera, she had the greatest difficulty in rousing him from the sound sleep into which he had fallen.

"Come, the carriage is waiting," she said.

"No, no," he said, drowsily. "I have changed my mind; I had rather not go to the opera to-night."

But in the end Josephine prevailed, and they went to the carriage, accompanied by Lannes and Bessières.

In the carriage Napoleon fell asleep again, and, as he afterwards related, began to dream of the danger he had run years before in crossing the Tagliamento during a flood by torchlight.

No attempt was made to awaken him, but just as they reached the corner of the Rue Nicalse a loud explosion was heard, and the first consul awoke with a sudden start.

"We are blown up!" he cried.

But death by assassination was not to be his destiny. An infernal machine of a most destructive character, prepared by St. Regent, had exploded; just a second too late to effect its deadly purpose. Although Napoleon escaped, 20 persons were killed and 53 wounded.

He ordered the coachman to drive on, and a few minutes later he and Josephine entered the opera and proceeded to their box. The house cheered again and again, Napoleon bowing in apparent calm. But he did not remain in the theater long. After

an anxious look around at the audience, he turned to reassure Josephine, who was almost fainting with terror, and they returned to the Tuilleries.

Here he was met by Fouche, upon whom he turned with a fierce and contemptuous anger.

"I will see to this business myself," he cried with bitterness. "France shall be purged of these ruffians. It is not a question of my life, but of social order and public morality."

Within a few weeks all the leading conspirators were executed, and 133 other persons were seized, and, without trial, transported to French Guiana.

What Man Do You Strangle?



Some statistician figures that \$250,000,000 every year is being diverted from the local merchants of this country to the mail order concerns in the great cities.

How much of that MONUMENTAL MOUND OF MONEY goes out of this community?

Every dollar so spent helps to SWELL THE HEAP in the city that has no use for us except to get our GOOD MONEY.

Every dollar mailed away helps to STRANGLE ENTERPRISE AND SCUTTLE PROSPERITY right here at home.

When you strangle your neighbor you strangle yourself.



A MERRY CHRISTMAS

CHASE & CO.

Florida Fruits and Vegetables

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

CHASE & CO.

FIRE INSURANCE

A GREATER SANFORD

A Prominent Citizen Writes of Our Possibilities

RESUME OF PAST AND FUTURE

Sanford Making Rapid Strides Toward Becoming a Greater City—Our Bright Prospects

To the Editor of the Herald:
At the beginning of each new year it is well to take stock; well to cast the eye backward and see what has been accomplished and note, also, what has been left undone that might have been performed. It is well to make, also, new plans for the coming year; to strengthen where weak and make stronger where already there is strength.

Three years ago next April, I came here from Orlando against the advice of some of my friends, who prophesied a failure. I had money to invest for other parties and myself and my judgment was relied upon implicitly; I could not afford to make a mistake. It had long been an ambition of mine to be connected with the development of some community, in a large way, and in co-operation with my fellow-citizens, to make some place bigger, better, brighter, by my efforts.

At the beginning of a new year, which is to mark an epoch in the history of Sanford, I feel that my faith in this place has been vindicated. The movement was slow at first, but has increased with steadily growing momentum. Taking account of what has been done, it seems that the town, itself, has hardly progressed in that time as rapidly as it should have done. This is probably a mistake, but in any case, the country developments, the increase in number and area of our farms, the steady infusion of new blood and new citizenship, has been more marked and more rapid than the most sanguine could have believed possible three years ago! All through the dull time of the panic, when hundreds of thousands of wage-earners of the North, were idle, our development has proceeded steadily and we have heard no cry of "hard times" here. The timid grower, who three years ago thought every new five-acre farm meant ruin to him, meant over production and poor prices, having seen the production increased many fold in that time and the prices for the product kept fully as high as before, has outgrown his timidity and has become a "Boomer," who is glad to let everybody know how big and good a proposition this Sanford farming is. Yes, the farm development has realized the expectations of the most sanguine and enthusiastic citizen.

Let us revert to the town, and see what has been accomplished in that time. A new bank, The Peoples, in a new home, has been installed. The old First National Bank, which has ever been a tower of strength, is in a marble building, just completed, which would do credit to any town of 30,000 inhabitants. Two new ice factories have been built in that time; one of twenty-five tons and the other of fifty. The Sanford House, which had become a by-word and was shunned by the traveling public, has changed hands and under its new management is one of the features of the new era of development here. Traveling salesmen, who before avoided Sanford like a pestilence and came here only when compelled to do so, are glad to get to the Sanford House and the Sanford markets. Another hotel, the Robbins next, which had been unused for years, is assisting also, as every good hotel does, in bringing people to Sanford. The largest and best equipped orange packing house in the state of Florida is located here, just completed and equipped for business.

A new office building, owned by the First National Bank, has just been completed. Miles of new sidewalks have been laid during the past summer and the good work goes constantly on in this line. The water works have been re-modeled at an expense of many thousand dollars. The Clyde Steamship Company are re-modelling and improving their docks and warehouses. Many new residences have been completed during the year and many more are in process of completion. A Building & Loan Association has been incorporated and will start its first building early in January. While there were a dozen or more vacant business rooms then, there are none now. At that time one-half of the residences in town were conspicuous by their need of fresh paint; all are epic and span now.

The most important development to be noted in this paper is the Sanford & Everglades Railroad. This road has been partially constructed and will be in operation by the middle of January. When extended, as it is intended to be, it will develop a tributary territory large enough in itself to make a town of 15,000 inhabitants of Sanford. It is the most important piece of constructive development begun anywhere in Florida in ten years.

And last, but not least, Mr. Editor, is your own enterprise, a printing establishment and a newspaper of which any town could be proud.

But all this is only a beginning. We need electric lights and we need paved streets and we will have them, surely, before the beginning of 1910. We shall surely have some large manufacturing enterprises installed here within the coming year; a fertilizer plant and a large saw mill and crate factory being among those already planned and for which locations have been secured.

But above and beyond all these in its importance is the development of the Sanford spirit. The kind of public spirit that fears no obstacle, the determination to get there, to accomplish things, to make a city out of Sanford instead of a country town. The cheerful willingness of everyone, great and small, to give some of his or her time and money, if necessary to promote the general good. This is our greatest achievement; the thing of which we have most to be proud and of which we have most to expect.

With Christmas and New Year's greetings to yourself and the good citizens of

A VEGETABLE CENTER

Resume of Sanford's Acreage From The Packer

SANFORD'S GREAT POSSIBILITIES

The Many Crops, Prices and the Men Who Are Making Good

Sanford, "the Celery City," has improved wonderfully in the past year. This is not alone true in the city but also in the surrounding country for miles up and down the St. Johns river where the land is rich, well supplied with water and is especially adapted to celery and lettuce culture.

Sanford has about 3,600 inhabitants with about 2,000 more in the immediate surrounding country. There are six divergent railway lines from Sanford and a line of steamers on the St. Johns river connecting with Jacksonville ocean steamers for all points north making this

other domestic purposes. While celery and lettuce are the leading crops here, yet anything in the vegetable line thrives on this land over a system of irrigation which is in effect equal to perpetual spring showers, with the advantage that it drains as well as waters, and is never either too wet or too dry.

Sanford lettuce is moving and the record has already reached 17 cars for one day's shipment, while the season is still young. The up-to-date shippers and growers, not already reported, whom the writer has had the pleasure of meeting at their homes and who read The Packer regularly, are as follows:

W. R. Pell, firm Packard & Pell, have 7 acres lettuce, 5 acres celery, and will have tomatoes and other vegetables as after crops.

Takach & Sons have 15 acres lettuce, celery and cauliflower as principal crops; other vegetables for later spring crop. Takach & Son are owners and proprietors of the well known commercial hotel, Pico, and as they have several celery farms, are offering one of 10 acres, sub-irrigated and planted to celery and lettuce, for sale. This is one of the finest celery

to-date growers, dealers and shippers of lettuce, celery, onions, Irish potatoes, cabbage and other vegetables. Bell & Adams make a specialty of express shipment direct to the retail trade in nearby southern markets; also carlots north.

S. J. Scudder has lettuce, celery and cauliflower as leading crops. Cabbage, potatoes, cukes and squash for early spring market.

J. M. Oglesby makes a specialty of celery and lettuce and will have beans, tomatoes, potatoes, cukes and squash for early spring market.

J. M. Wise has lettuce and celery as leaders and will have Irish potatoes, beans, corn, cukes, onions and squash for early spring market. Mr. Wise also has a fine field of strawberries for winter and spring shipment.

M. M. Stewart has lettuce and celery for principle crop and other vegetables for spring market.

B. J. Sturling has lettuce, now shipping and a field of celery for very early spring market.

W. R. Gardner has lettuce and celery as principle crops, and will have cukes, beans and other vegetables for early spring market.

flower as leaders and will have other vegetables in season.

Cowen & Hickson have celery and lettuce as leading crops, with other vegetables for spring market.

A. Dorner has 9 acres of lettuce and the same in celery and grows other produce in season. Mr. Dorner is one of the most successful celery avenue growers and his farm is certainly a model of perfection.

P. M. Elder is the celery avenue merchant and grows celery, lettuce and cabbage in the vegetable line while a 5-acre strawberry field looks good for a fine crop of fruit for winter and early spring market.

W. J. Barclay will make a specialty of cauliflower, cabbage and potatoes this season.

C. F. Williams has a fine home and orange grove in the Sanford lake region and has 5 acres celery, 2 1-2 lettuce, 7 1-2 cauliflower and cukes on his old celery avenue farm. Mr. Williams is one of Sanford's successful growers and of course always reads The Packer.

F. A. Shumpert has lettuce, celery and cauliflower and will have other vegetables for spring market.

A. McDonald is one of the old successful growers of celery and lettuce and will have eggplant, cukes and tomatoes for spring market.

Wm. H. Corwin has lettuce, celery and cauliflower as principle crops. Mr. Corwin is a new comer from the East but is already an assured success in the celery industry.

Sammis Brothers have one of the fine farms here with a 10 acre lettuce and celery field and also grow cauliflower, eggplant, potatoes and other vegetables. This is one of the banner farms on the avenue.

R. J. King of Whitner & King grows celery and lettuce and has one of the finest 10 acre cabbage fields in Florida. Mr. King is one of the pioneer gardeners of Sanford and his fields are of the best.

H. H. Chappell has 35 acres of lettuce, celery and cauliflower and will have eggplant, cabbage and other vegetables for spring market. Mr. Chappell is one of the largest and most successful growers in Sanford and his home as well as his farm is of the finest in Florida.

L. A. Brumby has lettuce, celery and cauliflower as principle crops and will have beans, tomatoes, potatoes and eggplant for early spring market.

C. A. Betts has lettuce, celery and cauliflower as leaders; potatoes and tomatoes for spring shipment.

W. J. Hill is the leading hardware and lumber dealer here and grows celery, lettuce and other vegetables. Mr. Hill is one of the pioneers of Sanford coming here in 1873 when Sanford was a wilderness.

Some of the new arrivals among the fraternity are W. E. Scott, representing C. Wilkinson's Sons, Philadelphia. Mr. Scott is one of the oldest, if not the oldest commission man on the road and generally gets the business.

R. R. Roper, with Barker & Co., Philadelphia, Jas. W. Barnes, Jr., with Smith & Holden, New York, and last but not least, the well-known professional impersonator, Dave H. Adams, who is permanently engaged with Smith & Holden of New York. Mr. Adams is said to be acting well.

Public Hearing

U. S. Engineers Office, Jacksonville, Fla., Dec. 11, 1908.—Notice is hereby given that a public hearing will be held at 1 p. m., Dec. 21, 1908, in the county courthouse, Palatka, Fla., on the proposed construction of a highway bridge across the St. Johns river at Palatka by the board of county commissioners of Putnam county. All persons interested are invited to be present.
—Geo. R. Spalding,
Capt. Engineers.

Are you a subscriber to THE HERALD?



Sanford and the assurance to all of my willingness to join in every laudable public enterprise for the coming year. I am,
Yours,
W. D. HOLDEN.

Thrice-a-Week World

More alert, more thorough and more fearless than ever. A President of the United States will be elected this year. Who is he and who is the man whom he will beat? Nobody yet knows, but the Thrice-a-Week edition of the New York World will tell you every step and every detail of what promises to be a campaign of the most absorbing interest. It may not tell you what you hope, but it will tell you what is. The Thrice-a-Week World long ago established a character for impartiality and fearlessness in the publication of news, and this it will maintain. If you want the news as it really is, subscribe to the Thrice-a-Week edition of the New York World, which comes to you every other day except Sunday, and is thus practically a daily at the price of a weekly.

The Thrice-a-Week World's regular subscription price is only \$1 per year, and this pays for 156 papers. We offer this unequalled newspaper and The Sanford Herald together for one year for \$1.50. The regular subscription price of the two papers is \$2.

Beautiful! Exquisite! say the ladies of men's ties, at Mettinger's.

one of the best shipping points in Florida. Sanford, the "Celery City," is at present the lettuce city as lettuce is king here just now while celery will not be ready for the market before February 10 to 20. Celery is planted between the rows of lettuce as soon as the latter crop is large enough not to require cultivation. The celery is now growing and some of it 6 to 8 inches high. Thus it can readily be seen that the Sanford farmer does not wait for one crop to mature before the second one is growing to take the place of the first as soon as that is harvested. Hence, the Sanford fields are never without a crop of some kind. Every plot of land here under cultivation has its flowing well or wells according to its size or number of acres and as all is sub-irrigated there are no cumbersome iron pipes above ground to interfere with the plowing or work. The Sanford farms are one vast field of beautiful green in various shades. Sanford's superiority over most other sections of country is mainly due to its inexhaustible supply of flowing water. Nearly every house, even in the city, has its flowing well of pure sulphur water, which is used for drinking as well as all

farms in the celery section. K. S. Johnson has an up-to-date grocery, fruit and provision store here and grows celery and other provisions in season.

Peter Hoffman has lettuce, celery and a general crop of vegetables for winter and spring market.

D. H. Jones has a fruit and produce store and grows lettuce, celery and other products. He also has a farm at Clearmont, Fla.

J. M. Robinson will have beans, tomatoes and squash for early spring shipment.

L. C. Williams has lettuce, celery and cauliflower as principal crops; beans and eggplant for early spring shipment.

J. Potts has a grocery and provision business and grows lettuce and celery as a leader with other vegetables in season.

Dr. G. H. Ashman has one of the fine farms of Sanford, and grows lettuce under cover as well as in the open. Also has large fields of celery and cauliflower.

E. R. Potter has lettuce, celery and cabbage as principal crop, beans and other vegetables later.

J. W. Bell, firm Bell & Adams, are up-



The Willy Earl.

Lord Reginald Bareacres once courted ardently the daughter of a New Jersey millionaire. At a seasonable moment in a dim conservatory he laid his heart at the young girl's feet. She, however, being of a rare type, spurned him. Rising to his feet, Lord Reginald said:

"I have bared to you the most sacred feelings of my inmost heart. May I ask that you will never reveal to a living soul what has passed between us?"

"I am not a gossip, Lord Reginald," the girl said haughtily.

"But promise me," he continued, "Give me your solemn promise."

"I promise," she said. "But why, Lord Reginald, are you so persistent?"

"Because," he answered, sighing with relief, "I purpose tomorrow to turn my attention to your older sister."

The Old, Old Story.

A youth who had been spending his summer by the sea was unexpectedly joined by his father and took the opportunity to ask for a new tennis racket.

"What!" cried his father. "A new tennis racket? Why, I bought you one a month ago. No, sir; you can't have it. Why, when I was a boy I didn't have tennis rackets and all those things, let alone having new ones every month. This can't go on. Look here—what are you going to do about it yourself? Some day your sons will want a new tennis racket every five minutes. What are you going to do about it?"

"On," said the boy calmly, winking at his father, "I'll put up the same old story. I'll tell 'em about when I was a boy."

Irish Wit.

In the early sixties there lived in the west of Ireland a priest and a Protestant minister who were very friendly with one another. Each of them possessed a spice of the true native wit.

The priest owned a mare which had been given to him by a parishioner in the days of his youth. The old mare was getting on in years and at last fell very sick. She tottered rather than trotted and refused to eat the finest corn or the freshest hay. Each day the minister on meeting his friend, Father Daly, would inquire particularly after the poor old animal's health, and each day for a week or so he received the same answer, "She is no better, but still alive." At last one day after the usual sympathetic inquiry he was told that the mare was dead. Thinking to take his friend un-awares and with a twinkle in his eye, he asked Father Daly if he had given the poor animal absolution before she died. Quick as a flash of lightning came the priest's reply: "No, your reverence, I couldn't. The unfortunate beast was a Protestant."

Now They Don't Speak.

Mary—Do you think it would be conceded for me to tell my friends that I made this dress myself? Edith—Not conceded, my dear—superfluous.

A wise man contents himself with doing as much good as his situation allows him to do.—Lord Bollagbroke.

The Old Standby.

Landlady's son (addicted to nickel literature)—Say, pardner, what's meant by 'stand by to repel boarders'? Mr. Newcome (sadly eyeing his dessert)—Stewed prunes!—Judge.



METTINGER'S

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Immense and Largest Stock Ever Shown in Sanford for

CHRISTMAS



Fancy Goods

Dress Goods

Toys

Table Linens

Novelties

Napkins

Men's Ties 35c, three for \$1.00
 Beautiful Silk Ties 50 cts
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Ladies' Hand-bags, Tie and Handkerchief Fancy Cases,
 Umbrellas for Men, Women and Children, Boys' and
 Men's Clothing, Hats, Socks, Suspenders

METTINGER'S



A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL OUR PATRONS

Having Catered to your Wants in the Past We Take This Occasion to Announce That Our Business Has Increased to Such an Extent That in the Coming Year We are Better Able to Provide for you Than Ever.

**Groceries! That's Our
Business!**

And in This Line We can Furnish Any and Everything to Tickle the Palate. We are Wholesale and Retail Dealers, and being such, enables Us to Carry a Large Line of Groceries at all Times and Keep Them Fresh.

∴ Our Strong Points ∴

Chase & Sanborn's Teas and Coffees, Supreme Flour, High Grade Cigars and Tobacco. Finest Line of Christmas Candies in the City just in, Nuts, Figs, Raisins, Grapes, Oranges and Fruits of All Kinds.

GARNER & ROBERTS
Wholesale and Retail Grocers

Yuletide Musings

The joyous time is drawing nigh, the time of turkey, pudding, pie; nor do we dream of after life, of squalls, and pills, and Christmas bills.

A girl begins to hang up the mistletoe at about the age when she stops hanging up her stockings.

A pessimist is a fellow who wouldn't hang up his stockings for fear old Santa Claus might swipe it.

Christmas cigars are not always puffed up with pride.

There's many a slip 'twixt the Miss and the mistletoe.

Don't make it too strong. Many a man has been knocked out by one good, stiff punch.

Ask a truthful woman what she enjoys most about Christmas, and she will tell you the bargain sales afterward.

To sing a rhyme of Christmas time (that line is but the first of it), here's hoping you may not feel blue because you get the worst of it.

When a child writes a letter of thanks to Santa Claus, it should be cherished like a rare plant. That kid isn't long for this world.

No Christmas present is so useless that you can't pass it on to some one else next year.

Remember that it is better to give than to receive—the things you don't want.

Take off the tags. Many a friendship has been severed by the price mark on a Christmas present.

I have often wondered wherein consisted the wisdom of Solomon when he had a thousand wives. I am now convinced that it must have been in living in the days before Christmas was celebrated.

It's all right to pity the poor at this peace-on-earth season, but it is also well to remember that sympathy doesn't fill an empty stomach.

RULES FOR CHRISTMAS GIVING

- Give willingly.
- Give tactfully.
- Put thought into your giving.
- Don't consider returns gifts.
- Never give to others what you wouldn't want yourself.
- The unexpected gift insures a special appreciation.
- To give ostentatiously is the height of bad taste.
- Give to the sick and the sorrowful if you would know the true joy of giving.
- Never give more than you can afford.
- Your friends know your circumstances as well as you do yourself and the pleasure of both giving and receiving is lost.

A Question in Finance.

"Are you good at arithmetic, my dear?" asked Mr. Perkaskie of his wife. "I was accounted the very best arithmetician at school," replied Mrs. Perkaskie, with a touch of pride in her voice.

"I have a problem for you." "State it." "How can I buy \$50 worth of Christmas presents with \$10 in cash and no credit?"



MR. STAYBOLT AS SANTA CLAUS

Some Things He Would Like to Give if He Could.

"Do you know the Christmas present I'd like to make if I could?" said Mr. Staybolt. "I'd like to give cheerfulness to the downhearted, courage to the timid, and strength to the weak; the power of self-denial to those who yield too easily, and a desire to work to the lazy."

"I have often thought what a pity it is that you can't buy all these things, these helpful qualities, already put up and at such a price as to put them within the reach of all; canned cheerfulness, bottled hopefulness, courage in tablets, and strength, say, in the form of a powder, and so on; or you might, I suppose, put 'em all up canned, for that matter."

"But in the absence of such market preparations and our consequent inability to buy such things and send them as gifts to those whom they might most benefit perhaps you will permit me to offer to each a word of suggestion."

"To the dispirited take a cheerful view. To the downhearted, don't dwell on the doleful side. To the timid, don't be afraid. To the weak, or those who fancy themselves so, try your strength. You'll be surprised to find how much you've got."

"To those who yield too easily, deny yourself once, and again, and feel the joy and strength that will come back to you. To the lazy, get a job with a shovel, in a gang of laborers, under a driving boss; and if you are not glad to get back to your present job to do the best you know how at it, I miss my guess."

"I can't send you these things in cans or bottles; but if anyone of you will take my advice and stick to it, you'll think that Mr. Staybolt was a very kind Santa Claus."

CHRISTMAS PROVERBS

The love-light in the eyes of the precious ones of the household is the most brilliant of Christmas illuminations.

The soft Christmas light is not the least welcome where the shadows of bereavement have fallen during the year. The Christmas angels hover over such dwellings of sorrow in ministrations of divine love.

It was the Christ who said: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Again, he said: "Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."



At the Manger.

When first, her Christmas watch to keep,
Came down the silent Angel, Sleep,
With snowy sandals shod,
Beholding what his mother's hands
Had wrought, with softer swaddling-
bands
She swathed the Son of God.

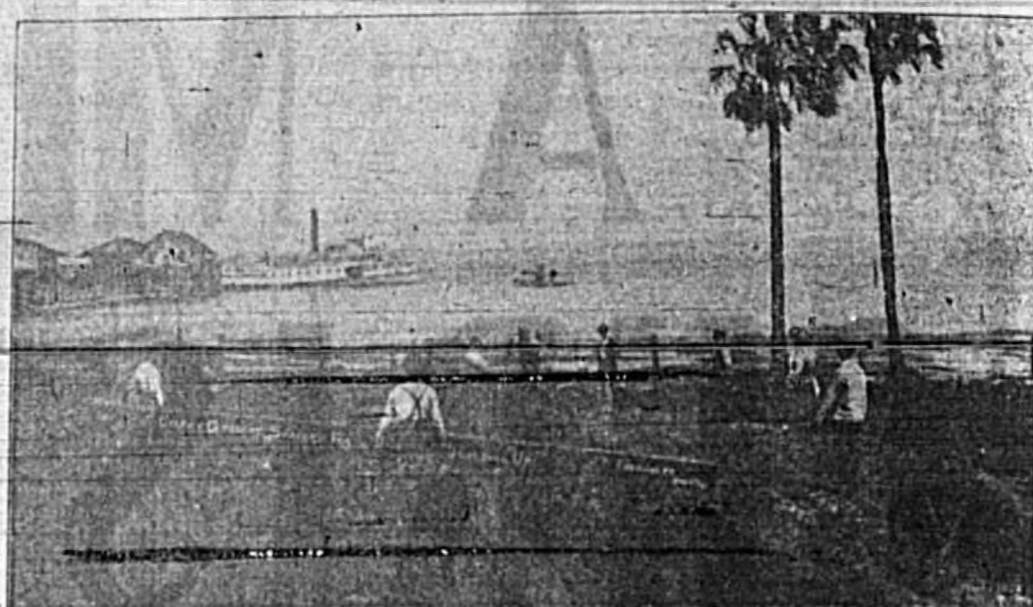
Then, skilled in mysteries of Night,
With tender visions of delight
She wretched his resting place,
Till, wakened by a warmer glow
Than heaven itself had yet to show,
He saw his mother's face.
—John B. Tabb, in Atlantic.



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Used in Uncle Sam's Paint Shop
During the past year the U. S. Navy has consumed 691,000 pounds of

Lucas White Paint and 278,700 pounds of LUCAS COLORS, sufficient to produce more than 100,000 gallons of paint, equivalent to 50 carloads of 200,000 gallons each, and which would make a train more than one-half mile long.

In addition to this Uncle Sam has used during the past year more than 25,000 gallons of LUCAS VARNISHES, ENAMELS and other products.

Uncle Sam's preference is not a matter of favor, but of QUALITY and RESULTS.

In Uncle Sam's service, as in everybody else's, LUCAS PRODUCTS have an unbroken record for satisfactory results.

THE COMPRESSED AIR SPRAYER

Best by Test for Growers. All who have used this spray continuously are free from blight and insects.



WELL DRIVING

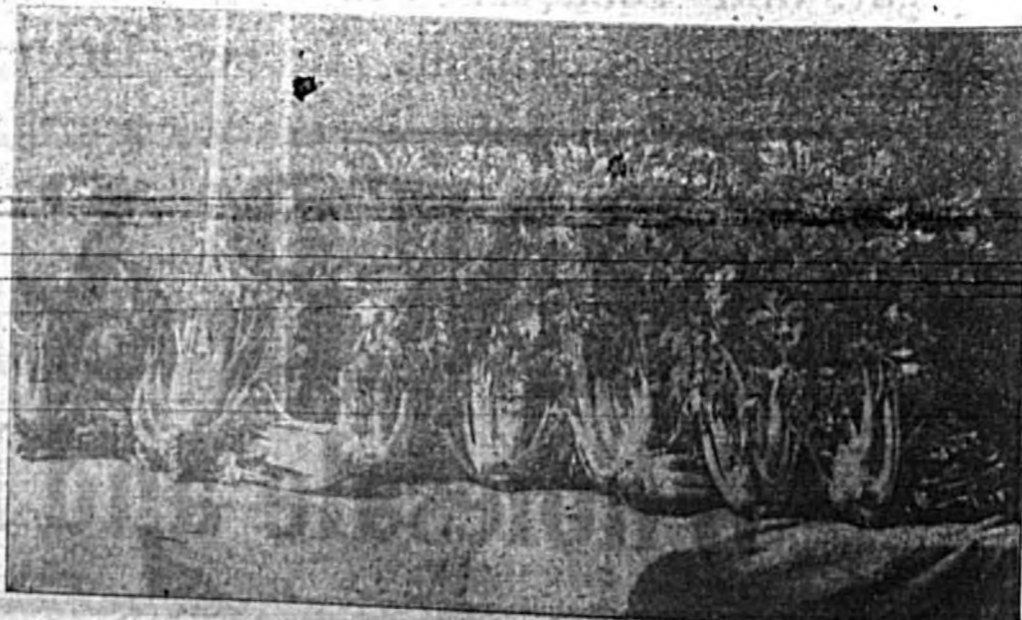
We have the largest and best equipped plant for driving wells in this section of the country and are prepared to fill all orders promptly. Our machinery is up-to-date and our workmen are skilled in the work.

Those contemplating putting in wells would serve their best interests by consulting us and learning prices before making contracts.

Growing Strawberries, Celery

Asparagus, Lettuce, Onions, Cauliflowers, etc., etc., in Sanford, pays

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Celery Delta and other Desirable Tracts in Blocks to suit Purchaser. Prices and descriptions upon request.

J. N. WHITNER

First National Bank Building



Lo, now is come our joyfull time,
Let every man be jolly;
Each room with Ivy leaves in drest,
And every post with Holly,
Without the door let sorrow lie,
And if for cold he hap to die,
We'll bury him in a Christmas Pye,
And evermore be merry.

ALl of the evergreen plants have long been considered symbolic of immortality, of rebirth. Hence they, and they alone, are appropriate decorations for the Christmas season, which was originally a celebration, under the disguise of various national-religious forms, of the turning of the sun at the winter solstice, and the consequent renewal of life on the earth.

When Constantine was converted, he seized upon every underlying likeness, however remote, between the old faith and the new. Every familiar symbol that might be stretched to fit the strange faith; every old custom that would help to reconcile his lately, and sometimes forcibly, converted people to their unaccustomed belief, was adopted and re-explained. And the return of the sun, bringing life and light to the winter-bound earth, became the prototype of the coming of the Son of Man, bringing life and light to the soul of the sin-bound world. So that at first all the heathen observances were retained as far as possible, and merely given a new meaning.

At the Christmas festival, the ivy and holly still made a summer screen of the stone walls, as in ancient Germany they had turned the huge halls at mid-winter, to bowers of greenery, wherein the sylvan sprites, who dwell in summer among the forest trees might pass the frozen months without too much discomfort. An echo from Scandinavia is still heard in the saying current among the peasants of the old world that if any bit of holly-decoration is left in the house after Candlemas day (February 2), a troop of little devils will enter and sit, one on each withered leaf, every one bringing its own small curse upon the house. These little devils are merely the old forest sprites, detained against their will by their undestroyed winter refuge and fretting to return to the awakening woods of spring.

The churches were still green with Christmas garlands in those early days, and ablaze with candles, as the temples of Saturn had always been during the corresponding Roman festival of the Saturnalia. But, as Polydore Vergil remarks, "Trimming the temples with hangings, flowers, boughs and garlandes, was taken of the heathen people, which decked their idols and houses in such array." And, as time went on, and it became no more necessary to make concessions that would help reconcile the people to their changed faith, these "heathen" customs became distasteful to the church. One of the early councils forbids men longer "to deck up their houses with laurell, yvie, and greene boughes, as we used to doe at the Christmas season."

This command was observed in the temples, but in the baronial halls the old customs lived on; lived down their questionable past; won again the toleration of the priests who had sternly banished them, and to-day all the evergreens again are admitted to the strictest church, so that we again can say at Christmas,

"Now with bright Holly all the temples strow
With Ivy green, and sacred Mistletoe."
The "Early Calendar of English Flowers," an old poem wherein each month is recognized by its appropriate plant symbol, ends with these lines:
"The evergreens Laurel alone is green,
"The Catherine-crowns all learned means,
"The Ivy and Holly berries are seen,
"And Yule log and Wassail come round again.
"The laurel is used not at all, and the

Ivy but little, in American decorations at Christmas, since both plants are exceedingly rare here. But in England the use of the ivy at least is universal, and the references to it in Christmas song and story alone would fill a small volume.

Besides its claim to appropriateness for the Christmas season which it holds in common with other evergreens, it has two especially strong recommendations of its own. On account of its habit of clinging strongly to its supporting tree or wall, it is a popular symbol of friendship and fidelity, and as such, an excellent decoration for the season of good will and universal brotherhood. And it was, in Roman days, sacred to Bacchus, who, when a baby, was hidden by his aunt, Ino, among its leaves, to save him from Juno's destructive wrath. Prynne says:

At Christmas men do always Ivy get,
And in each corner of the house it set,
But why do they then use that Bacchus weed?
Because they mean then Bacchus-like to feed.

This satirical explanation was but too true in the earlier days, when Christmas lasted for weeks, and was given over to a revelry almost wholly heathen in character.

To-day, in America, the Christmas decorations almost exclusively are of holly, which, for all its popularity, is less consecrated by legend than any other holiday greenery. To be sure we make a sparing use of the mistletoe, which, from the ancient Druidical meaning of purity given to its wax-white berries, and from its use by them in the marriage rite, has come to give a charter for kissing as "bread as the wind." And we have added the bitter-sweet, which has no traditional significance whatever, is not an evergreen, and is to be tolerated merely for its beauty's sake, and for the slight suggestion it gives of the holly berry.

Our American holly is said to be less beautiful than the European plant, having leaves of a duller green. But, making all allowances for possible disadvantages, it still is a remarkably beautiful tree. And as a symbol of the immortality which it is the season's special mission to teach, it surely has no rival. The leaves remain on the branches for three years, losing their hold only when they are pushed off at last by the growing buds of spring.

Throughout England, so little is its supremacy disputed, that it is popularly known as "Christmas," just as the hawthorn is called "The May."

Its name has been a matter of considerable interest. Theophrastus and other Greek authors named the plant Agria; that is, wild, or of the fields. The Romans formed from this the word Agrifolium and called it also Aquifolium, from aquia, sharp, and folium, a leaf. Bauhin and Loureiro first named it Ilex, from the resemblance of its leaves to those of the Quercus Ilex, a species of oak which was the true Ilex of Virgil. Linnaeus adopted the name Ilex for the genus, and preserved the name Aquifolium for the most anciently known species.

Our popular name, holly, probably is a corruption of the word holy, as Turner in his herbal calls it holy, and holy tree. The thorny foliage, and the berries like drops of bright blood, could scarcely fail to remind a Christian of the Crown of thorns, and this, together with the universal use of the plant in the churches at Christmas easily would account for the name.

In Germany it is known as Christdorn. The Danish name is Christdorn and the Swedish Christdorn. The same name, Christ's thorn, is found in some parts of England. But as no legend connects the holly with the crown of thorns, this name, universal among the Germanic peoples, must be merely the result of its appearance and of its Christmas popularity, as before suggested.

Notice of Intention to Apply For Letters Patent

The undersigned subscribers and incorporators hereby give notice that on the 27th day of January, 1909, the undersigned and their associates will apply to the Honorable Napoleon B. Broward, as Governor of the State of Florida, for Letters Patent incorporating them under and by the name of "Sanford Grocery Company," in accordance with the following articles of incorporation, which they have adopted as their proposed charter.

Dated this December 19th, 1908.
T. F. Williams,
W. M. Dickens,
W. W. Stripling,
Subscribers and Incorporators

PROPOSED CHARTER OF THE SANFORD GROCERY COMPANY.

The undersigned incorporators hereby associate themselves together for the purpose of forming a corporation under the laws of the State of Florida, as prescribed by the Revised Statutes of said State, and by the Acts of the Legislature thereof, and adopt the following proposed charter:

ARTICLE I.
The name of the corporation shall be "Sanford Grocery Company," and its business shall be conducted in the State of Florida and in other States of the United States of America, wherever necessary or convenient. The principal office of said corporation shall be Sanford, Orange county, Florida.

ARTICLE II.
The general nature of the business to be conducted by said corporation is as follows: The buying and selling of groceries and any and all other articles of general merchandise which the corporation may see fit to trade. The corporation shall also have the power of buying, leasing, selling or otherwise acquiring or disposing of any and all other articles of personal property, and also real estate which may be necessary for or incidental to the proper carrying on of its business and general mercantile business. The corporation shall also have the further power of selling, mortgaging or otherwise pledging or disposing of any of its real or personal property as security for any debts owed by the corporation; also the borrowing of money and securing the payment of the same in any manner permitted by law as to natural persons.

ARTICLE III.
The amount of capital stock of this corporation shall be Fifteen Thousand (\$15,000) Dollars, to be divided into one hundred and fifty shares of the par value of One Hundred (\$100.00) Dollars each. All or any part of the capital stock of this corporation may be payable in property, labor or services, at a just valuation to be fixed by the incorporators, or by the directors at a meeting called for the purpose. Property, labor and services may also be purchased and paid for with the capital stock at a just valuation of such property, labor or services to be fixed by the directors of the corporation at a meeting called for the purpose.

ARTICLE IV.
The corporation shall exist perpetually, as provided by law.

ARTICLE V.
The business of this corporation shall be conducted by a president, vice president, secretary and treasurer, and a board of three directors, and such other officers and agents as from time to time may be appointed. The stockholders shall hold their annual meeting on the first Monday in May of each year, unless otherwise determined by the by-laws. At the annual stockholders' meeting there shall be elected three of the stockholders of said corporation as directors, and said directors, at their meeting to be held on the same day, shall elect a president, vice president, secretary and treasurer, and such other officers and agents as the corporation may authorize. All officers shall hold their respective offices until their successors are duly elected and qualified. Any two of said officers, except that of president, may be held by one person. The names of the officers who are to conduct the business of said corporation until those elected at the first election aforesaid shall be qualified shall be: T. F. Williams, President; W. M. Dickens, Vice-President; W. W. Stripling, Secretary and Treasurer; T. F. Williams, W. M. Dickens and W. W. Stripling, Directors.

ARTICLE VI.
The highest amount of indebtedness or liability to which this corporation may at any time subject itself shall be Fifteen Thousand (\$15,000) Dollars.

ARTICLE VII.
The names and residences of the subscribers and the amount of capital stock subscribed for by each are as follows:
T. F. Williams, Daytona Fla. 50 shares
W. M. Dickens, Sanford Fla. 50 shares
W. W. Stripling, Sanford, Fla. 50 shares

Notary Public, State of Florida.
County of Orange.
I, R. C. Maxwell, do hereby certify that on this day before me a Notary Public in and for the State of Florida, personally appeared T. F. Williams, W. M. Dickens and W. W. Stripling, to me well known and known to me to be the persons described in and who subscribed their names to the foregoing articles of incorporation in his capacity of the "Sanford Grocery Company," and acknowledged to me that they subscribed their names thereto of their own free will and for the purposes therein expressed. In Witness Whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and official seal, this 19th day of December, 1908.
R. C. MAXWELL, (GAL.)
Notary Public, State of Florida.
My commission expires April 13, 1912.

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Beautiful in design, with graceful panel back—Made of quarter-sawn solid oak with a handsome golden finish, highly polished. Grain leather seat, box frame construction, French legs. The price is possible only because of our immense manufacturing facilities, for chairs exclusively, turning out chairs of all kinds in such quantities that we can cut out the dealer's profit and sell direct to you at wholesale.
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M. M. SMITH, SANFORD, FLORIDA

Lessons from the Christmas Woman

—By MARGARET SPENCER



TELL you we ought to cut it out this year," said the hard-up husband.

The Christmas woman put both hands on his shoulders. "We can't cut out Christmas, dear," she told him, gently. "But that five dollars which my brother gave me on my birthday is going to cover every cent I spend. They'll be just little remembrances."

"That's it," he answered, impatiently. "You'll keep it up, one way or another, and at the last minute I'll feel mean if I don't get into the game and squander a lot of money on presents."

He closed the door and went away. By the time he had boarded the car for town he knew that she was right.

But the Christmas woman didn't know that he was thinking this.

She was busy in her own room, where, on a work table, lay a white shirt waist pattern stamped with a graceful design for embroidering. She had bought it for 50 cents, marked down from one dollar because it was the last. Her plan was to transfer its design to other pieces of cloth which she had in the house and so evolve three shirt waists, stamped for embroidering, to bestow on the three nieces, who liked to embroider. And all for 50 cents!

But the Christmas woman had just begun work, trying bravely to forget the hard-up husband's last words, when she was called downstairs to see the perfectly discouraged person, whose plaint was after this fashion: "Oh, dear! It's nothing to me how many 'shopping days' there are to Christmas. I can't buy a thing."

"But, my dear," said the Christmas woman, "think what you can make out of that luxurious box of pieces you showed me the other day!"

Thereupon she poured forth many suggestions about aprons and holders and shoe bags and top collars—enough to inspire a church bazar.

"Oh, yes, but everything you make costs a little for ribbon and—"

the perfectly discouraged person concluded, at the end of her depressing call. "I wish Christmas was past!"

Then she went straight home, pulled out her box of pieces, pondered over the Christmas woman's suggestions, schemed out a plan for saving a little money here and there, and then fell to work on her Christmas presents with new courage.

But that Christmas woman didn't know this.

She was getting at her own work again. This time she worked for fully five minutes undisturbed, then another visitor claimed her—this time the tired-to-death woman, who couldn't get away from her teething baby to go shopping, or to take one stitch on Christmas presents.

"Give me your list, and I'll shop for you," the Christmas woman volunteered.

"Mercy! I couldn't possibly tell what I want without seeing things," the tired-to-death woman protested.

Not until she was well on her way down the street did she realize that, with a little planning, she might shop by proxy after all. The idea, once it had penetrated her mind, pleased her so much that she was smiling like a really rested woman when she reached home and sat down to make out her list.

But the Christmas woman didn't know this.

"Have I called you downstairs when you were doing something important?" the dead-broke girl was asking of the Christmas woman by that time.

"I'm sorry if I have, but I had to tell you my troubles. I'm in debt up to my ears. I haven't any right to give Christmas presents this year. I'm going to be cross until December 26."

"Oh, no!" the Christmas woman protested. "Why, keeping cheery is one kind of giving! And at least you can write Christmas letters."

"Why, who cares for those?" was the cynical answer.

Yet an hour later, at her desk, the dead-broke girl was busily writing Christmas letters, filling them with borrowed sweetness and humming a happy tune as the words flowed from her pen.

But the Christmas woman didn't know this.

She had gone back to her room for the third time—to find her work table empty. In vain she searched for the shirt-waist cloth.

"Bridget," she called at last, "have you taken anything out of my room?"

Bridget was washing the windows. "Only the clean rags for polishin' the glass, mum," she answered. "You said they'd be on your table."

"Oh!" she began. But at sight of Bridget's sorry face she caught herself. "Never mind, Bridget," she added. "Don't feel bad about it."

"Feel bad! Me!" echoed the astonished girl. The look in her eyes was full of admiration. "Sure, now, this is the first place I ever worked where the lady didn't get cross before Christmas!"

This time the Christmas woman knew.

With great gladness, because she had carried the message to one heart, she said, softly:

but, Bridget, what do three little presents matter? It's joy that we must give!

SURPRISED THE POSTMAN.

Expected a Christmas Present Which He Didn't Get.

It was the day after Christmas, and the hardworking postman ploughed his way through snow and cold winds, a sack of unusual size on his back.

He ascended the spacious steps of a West-end residence, and in answer to his ring a manservant in rich livery appeared.

"Wait a moment, please," said the servant, as he took the letters. "The mistress wishes to speak to you."

The postman's eye brightened. It was the holiday season. He had done his duty with fidelity. Now, no doubt, in recognition of his regular and faithful—

"I shall be glad," he said politely, "to await your mistress' pleasure."

In a few minutes the lady appeared. "Are you," she asked, "our regular postman?"

"Yes, madam," he answered, bowing.

"Do you come in the morning?"

"Yes, madam."

"And in the afternoon and evening?"

Again he assented, smiling eagerly. Then the lady said:

"Well, was it you who broke our bell?"

Making It Easy.

Daughter—Ma, I think you'd better let pa smoke in the house.

Mother—I should like to know why?

Daughter—Every Christmas we have trouble trying to find a present for him—Everything is so expensive, you know; but we can always get very pretty ash-trays at 25 cents!

Be Merry.

Make your own Christmas merry, by making a merry Christmas for others.

Wade makes frequent trips to Sanford. Write him at Orlando.

Of Course You Are Not Going to Die

CERTAINLY NOT, never thought of such a thing. It's the other fellow who will likely go. You have not yet your family well provided for nor all the debts lifted from your Property, so you will live. Your Buildings may burn, so you keep them insured. How would it do to let one of the Strongest Life Insurance companies in the WORLD carry that risk upon your Life, instead of forcing it upon your Wife and Children? A little money saved this way, each year, will make life in later years comfortable and happy.

Do not fail to examine the

**Equitable Life's
Standard Policy**

Prescribed by the New York State Law

WRITE CALL

**Equitable Life Assurance Society
OF THE UNITED STATES**

J. S. COLES, Jr., General Agent, Jacksonville, Florida
MRS. E. P. WELBORNE, Special Agent, Sanford, Fla.
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FREE SAMPLES OF WALL PAPER

NEW Wall Paper will change uninviting dismal rooms into an attractive cheerful home. We place at your door the privilege of selection from the largest and most varied stock in the South.

Paperhangers, Write for Agency

A POST CARD to-day stating rooms you intend papering will bring you samples free. If you intend painting send for prices and color card. We have everything in PAINT, and can save you money.

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Job Printing Quickly and Neatly Executed at
The Herald Printing Company

In the Circuit Court of the 7th Judicial Circuit of the State of Florida for Orange County. City of Sanford vs. L. Madry. Bill in Chancery to Enforce Tax Lien.

In the Circuit Court of the 7th Judicial Circuit of the State of Florida for Orange County. City of Sanford vs. Lot 1, Block 7, Tier 2. Bill in Chancery to Enforce Tax Lien.

In the Circuit Court of the 7th Judicial Circuit of the State of Florida for Orange County. City of Sanford vs. Amanda Goodson, and. Bill in Chancery to Enforce Tax Lien.

In the Circuit Court of the 7th Judicial Circuit of the State of Florida for Orange County. City of Sanford vs. A. J. Neave, and. Bill in Chancery to Enforce Tax Lien.

In the Circuit Court of the 7th Judicial Circuit of the State of Florida for Orange County. City of Sanford vs. B. M. Robinson, (Seal). Bill in Chancery to Enforce Tax Lien.

In the Circuit Court of the 7th Judicial Circuit of the State of Florida for Orange County. City of Sanford vs. A. S. Jarry. Bill in Chancery to Enforce Tax Lien.

In the Circuit Court of the 7th Judicial Circuit of the State of Florida for Orange County. City of Sanford vs. Lots 3 & 4, Block 2, Tier 11. Bill in Chancery to Enforce Tax Lien.

In the Circuit Court of the 7th Judicial Circuit of the State of Florida for Orange County. City of Sanford vs. A. H. Tomlinson, and. Bill in Chancery to Enforce Tax Lien.

In the Circuit Court of the 7th Judicial Circuit of the State of Florida for Orange County. City of Sanford vs. Owner Unknown, and. Bill in Chancery to Enforce Tax Lien.

In the Circuit Court of the 7th Judicial Circuit of the State of Florida for Orange County. City of Sanford vs. J. R. Boyd, and. Bill in Chancery to Enforce Tax Lien.

In the Circuit Court of the 7th Judicial Circuit of the State of Florida for Orange County. City of Sanford vs. H. Potter. Bill in Chancery to Enforce Tax Lien.

In the Circuit Court of the 7th Judicial Circuit of the State of Florida for Orange County. City of Sanford vs. Lots 12 & 13, Block 7, Tier 1. Bill in Chancery to Enforce Tax Lien.

In the Circuit Court of the 7th Judicial Circuit of the State of Florida for Orange County. City of Sanford vs. W. R. Jones, and. Bill in Chancery to Enforce Tax Lien.

In the Circuit Court of the 7th Judicial Circuit of the State of Florida for Orange County. City of Sanford vs. May Evans, and. Bill in Chancery to Enforce Tax Lien.

In the Circuit Court of the 7th Judicial Circuit of the State of Florida for Orange County. City of Sanford vs. Lot 5, Block 6, Tier 2. Bill in Chancery to Enforce Tax Lien.

In the Circuit Court of the 7th Judicial Circuit of the State of Florida for Orange County. City of Sanford vs. R. C. Duncan. Bill in Chancery to Enforce Tax Lien.

In the Circuit Court of the 7th Judicial Circuit of the State of Florida for Orange County. City of Sanford vs. Mary Evans. Bill in Chancery to Enforce Tax Lien.

In the Circuit Court of the 7th Judicial Circuit of the State of Florida for Orange County. City of Sanford vs. H. C. Davidson, and. Bill in Chancery to Enforce Tax Lien.

In the Circuit Court of the 7th Judicial Circuit of the State of Florida for Orange County. City of Sanford vs. R. C. Duncan, and. Bill in Chancery to Enforce Tax Lien.

In the Circuit Court of the 7th Judicial Circuit of the State of Florida for Orange County. City of Sanford vs. Lot 12 and 13, Block 7, Tier 1. Bill in Chancery to Enforce Tax Lien.

In the Circuit Court of the 7th Judicial Circuit of the State of Florida for Orange County. City of Sanford vs. E. D. Doherty. Bill in Chancery to Enforce Tax Lien.

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In the Circuit Court of the 7th Judicial Circuit of the State of Florida for Orange County. City of Sanford vs. Lot 1, Block 4, Tier 2. Bill in Chancery to Enforce Tax Lien.

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IMPROVED ORDER OF RED MEN. Wekiva Tribe No. 41. Meeting grounds of Sanford. Meetings on the 1st and 2nd Wednesday of each month in Masonic Hall. Visiting brethren welcome.

Old Shoes Wanted. I am again asking for OLD SHOES. I will give what they are worth. A. E. Irvin's Shoe Shop. Cor. 3rd St. and Sanford Ave.

In the Circuit Court of the 7th Judicial Circuit of the State of Florida for Orange County. City of Sanford vs. A. J. Neave, and. Bill in Chancery to Enforce Tax Lien.

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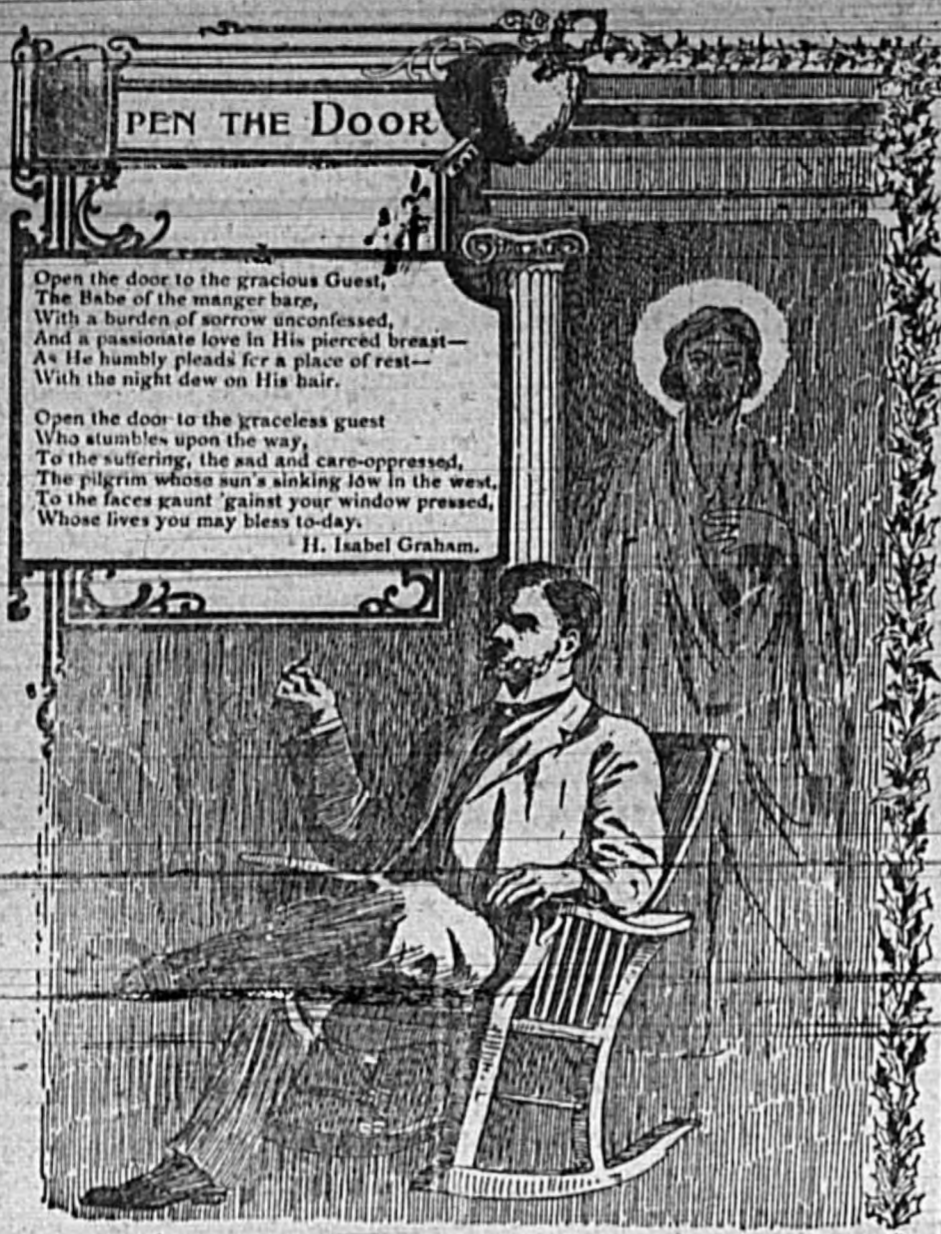
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Come Out And Join the Boosters' Band! Join the Boosters' Band and boost! Don't stay home and go to roost! Keep awake and make a speel! Put your shoulder to the wheel! Try to help your town along! Boost it loud and boost it strong! Everybody lend a hand! Come and join the Boosters' Band!



OPEN THE DOOR

Open the door to the gracious Guest,
The Babe of the manger bare,
With a burden of sorrow unconfessed,
And a passionate love in His pierced breast—
As He humbly pleads for a place of rest—
With the night dew on His hair.

Open the door to the graceless guest
Who stumbles upon the way,
To the suffering, the sad and care-oppressed,
The pilgrim whose sun's sinking low in the west,
To the faces gaunt 'gainst your window pressed,
Whose lives you may bless to-day.

H. Isabel Graham.



The Animals' Christmas Treat



The Dying Year

FAREWELL, farewell, old year, to thee
I fondly say adieu;
Like Christmastide, soon wilt thou glide,
To make way for the new.
The birds and buds have disappeared,
I've watched the leaf grow sear,
And, with a melancholy sigh,
I part with thee, old year.

When nineteen-nine is ushered in,
And joybells gayly ring,
I'll keep in mind the bygone days,
'Round memory will they cling;

I'll brush a tear for a missing voice,
Recall a vacant chair;
At the sad and solemn hour of night,
I part with thee, old year.

Thy race is run, brief is thy stay,
Thy bells no longer peal;
Farewell, old year, without castaway,
For thee a pang I feel.
Soon will the new, with rosy hue,
'Mid joyous shouts appear,
And with a melancholy sigh
I say farewell, old year.

**Pat Cronan and
The Cigarettes**

THE heroic conduct of Lieutenant William P. Cronan, U. S. N., in saving a turret's crew from death on the battleship Connecticut last year was to have been expected from a man of his character. Pat Cronan, as he is known in and out of the navy, belongs to that class of officers who reflect credit on the country and the service. It was my fortune to be with him on the gunboat Marietta during the blockade of Venezuela in 1902 by Great Britain, Germany and Italy. There was no duty too onerous for him to undertake, no service he was unwilling to face. His men stood solidly behind him, ready to go wherever he would lead.



As the Marietta had been in Caribbean sea waters for a long time, it looked as though the Christmas dinner would consist only of canned stuff and fresh vegetables and the peculiar cigarettes of the tropics. Fortunately the steamer Philadelphia arrived at La Guayra, one of the ports blockaded, and, as it could not unload, Captain Diehl, the commander of the Marietta, succeeded in inducing the commercial vessel to part with two turkeys and some cranberries which, among other things, had been brought from New York carefully stowed away in the icebox. The Philadelphia had no Egyptian cigarettes, and the question arose where they could be got. Cronan pondered deeply over the weighty problem and then asked permission for a boat. Without indicating what he proposed to do he gave the orders to proceed to the British cruiser Tribune, which was one of the ships enforcing the blockade.

Cronan was received by the ward-room mess of the Tribune with open arms. As a special mark of appreciation of his visit a box of a hundred Egyptian cigarettes was brought forth by the executive officer. Cronan was invited to take one. His eyes lingered longingly on the box as he extracted a lonely weed. He remained about a quarter of an hour, and then, reaching over to the box, closed it and, to the astonishment of the Britishers, put it under his arm. They were too well bred to remonstrate, but their eyes spoke volumes. It was their last box! Cronan went over the side and was pulled away to his own ship, leaving behind disgust and desolation. As soon as he reached the Marietta he asked Captain Diehl for one of the turkeys, and this he carefully packed up and sent to the ward-room of the Tribune with the compliments of the American officers, and he accompanied it with fifty cigarettes.

The Christmas dinners on the Marietta and Tribune as well were great successes. The only bar to complete enjoyment "WHY IS CRONAN LIKE THIS BOX?"

every one on the American gunboat not in Cronan's confidence was the absence of cigarettes. When the coffee was served, Cronan announced that Santa Claus had commissioned him to convey a splendid gift to the mess. He then produced the half filled box.

"Why is Cronan like this box?" enthusiastically asked one officer who belonged to the conundrum class of humanity.

"He's not full," one wit replied.

"He's a delight to the eye," said another.

"He's white, straight, and whatever yellow there is in him is the best yellow there is," hazarded a third.

"Perhaps," admitted the questioner.

"But my answer is this: You find Cronan always where the smoke is thickest."—Chicago Tribune.

Two stories are told of the time when the Athenaeum club, while its clubhouse was undergoing renovation, was hospitably taken in by the United Service club.

One was of a distinguished officer who, after a vain hunt for his umbrella, was heard to mutter, "That comes of letting those — bishops into the club!"

The counterblast is to the effect that when an Athenaeum man, while his club was still the guest of the other, asked for the librarian, the answer was, "Please, sir, he is in the dining room carving the roast beef!"

**GREAT
SACRIFICE SALE**

Chas. Kanner's entire stock of Fine Merchandise will be almost given away commencing

Thursday December 10th and Lasting for Ten Days

The entire \$15,000.00 stock of High Grade Dry Goods, Clothing, Shoes, Hats and Caps, Notions and Furnishings will be sold regardless of cost. Everything marked in plain figures. The goods will sell themselves.

Remember the Date and Place

CHAS. KANNER,
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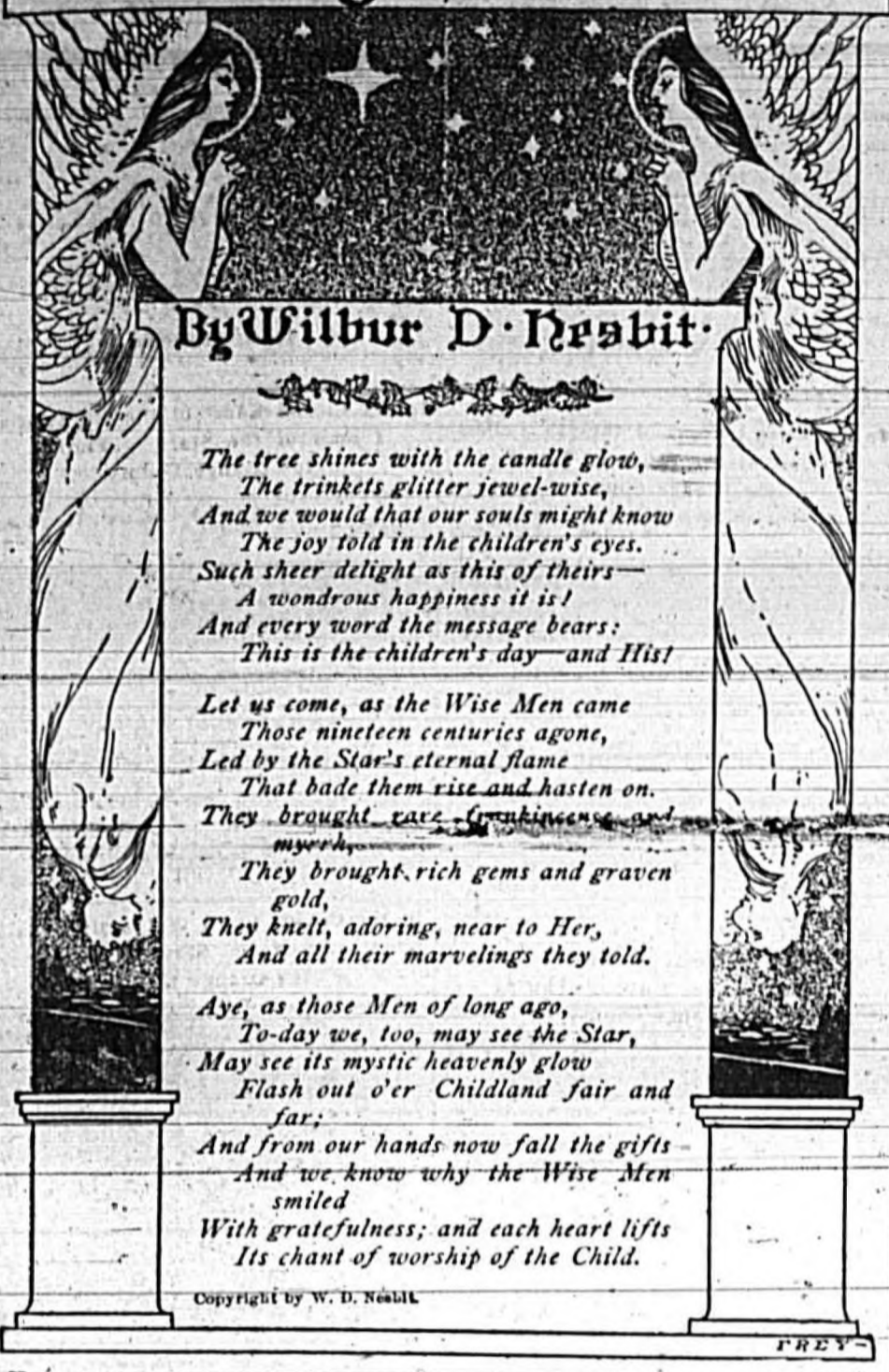
Is it as good as your business? Does it do you credit, or does it misrepresent you? Think it over, and if you find it is not as good as you think it ought to be, try us once.

If you are needing letter heads, bill heads, envelopes, cards, statements, circulars, booklets or anything of that kind, let us hear from you. We will submit samples and prices on request.

If you are fond of especially nice stationery, ask to see our Bonds and Linens. —You'll be sure to like them.

The Sanford Herald
Sanford, Florida

The Day of the Child



By Wilbur D. Nesbit

The tree shines with the candle glow,
The trinkets glitter jewel-wise,
And we would that our souls might know
The joy told in the children's eyes.
Such sheer delight as this of theirs—
A wondrous happiness it is!
And every word the message bears:
This is the children's day—and His!

Let us come, as the Wise Men came
Those nineteen centuries ago,
Led by the Star's eternal flame
That bade them rise and hasten on.
They brought rare frankincense and
myrrh,
They brought rich gems and graven
gold,
They knelt, adoring, near to Her,
And all their marvelings they told.

Aye, as those Men of long ago,
To-day we, too, may see the Star,
May see its mystic heavenly glow
Flash out o'er Childland fair and
far;
And from our hands now fall the gifts
And we know why the Wise Men
smiled
With gratefulness; and each heart lifts
Its chant of worship of the Child.

Copyright by W. D. Nesbit

Story of an Army Christmas

By Col. J. A. WATROUS, U.S.A.



HAT was my most memorable Christmas?
"The one which always comes back to me when thinking over Christmas festivities—comes rushing in at the head of the line—is that of 1862, but in telling of it it will be necessary to bring in the army, and I suppose you do not want anything that reminds of war in a Christmas talk."

From a number of voices, childish and others, came: "Yes, yes; that is just what we want—a story about Christmas in the army."

"The motion prevails, and you shall have what you vote for—a story of an army Christmas," said the veteran of three wars—the civil, Spanish-American and the Philippine insurrection.

"There were many troops in and about Manila in December, 1900. My temporary home was with an American family that had rented the large, beautiful mansion on San Sebastian street occupied by a Spanish admiral before Commodore Dewey sailed up Manila bay and said: 'You may fire, Gridley, when ready.'"

"This patriotic man and his wife, a former Wisconsin teacher, planned a Christmas dinner and party. They invited a dozen or more officers and their ladies. The dinner did not differ materially from most Christmas dinners, yet it reminded the diners of holiday events in far off America, and the conversation soon turned in that direction.

"One little army lady began to tell about a home Christmas, its tree and the good cheer, when she was a small girl. 'No other Christmas had seemed quite so heavenly. I can see how lovely that tree looked;—I can hear daddy's voice as he called off the presents; can see mamma's smile as we children danced and chattered; I can see the happy gathering about the table Christmas-laden; I can hear daddy's request for a blessing and—and, well it was all so sweet and beautiful. Before another Christmas came I hadn't any daddy.'"

"The little lady's handkerchief was not the only one that brushed away a tear.

"Captain, this dinner reminds me of one our fathers have told us about."

"The captain was the son of a Wisconsin soldier of the civil war, and the speaker a lieutenant, the son of another civil war veteran.

"Tell us about it," said the wife of another captain.

"Yes, we want that story," said an old major of regulars, who had come down from the civil war.

"It was after the battle of Fredericksburg, Va., in 1862. Four tent mates, one of whom was my father, and another the father of the lieutenant here, were remembered by their sweethearts. The four sweethearts got up the nicest kind of a Christmas dinner—did all of the cooking themselves—and sent it to their soldier boys. Accompanying it was a good, fat letter from each of the girls to her particular soldier boy. They told us of the table they set in their small tent, of the coffee they made, the comments as they ate the good things, of the four sweet girls, and how it was all enjoyed. Before the war was over all of the boys won commissions and were wounded, two of them twice, yet all returned home and married the four girls. One of those girls was the best woman ever born, and the lieutenant here will say the same about another of the four."

"And I will bear the same testimony as to another of those blessed sweethearts of 1862," said the wife of the other captain. "She was my mother."

"It is my turn to speak," said the old major. "I was one of the four to enjoy that Christmas dinner back of Stafford Heights, in 1862. The mother of my boys was second to none of the four sweethearts."

"Then the four—the captain, the lieutenant, the other captain's wife, and the old major—left the table, formed fours, shook hands, laughed, congratulated, and had such a reunion as seldom occurs.

"Well, well, well, what a little bit of a world it is, anyway," said the astonished hostess."

Under the Mistletoe.
Young Jones was coming down the stairs
At night not long ago,
And saw a figure in the hall
Beneath the mistletoe.

He chuckled softly to himself,
And said, "Now, here's a lark!
Who'er it is, I'll creep behind
And kiss her in the dark!"

He did—but on her face the light
Fell suddenly a-slant:
He looked, and to his horror saw
It was his maiden aunt!

THE CHRISTMAS OF TODAY

WHILE the ancient traditions of Christmas time have been handed down from generation to generation for hundreds of years the holiday has been so modernized and improved of late that naught save its ancient lore and customs remain. In this day the old form of celebrating the day is seldom seen. As the yule log vanished with the advent of the stove so the simple ways which amused the youngsters of yesterday have disappeared and in their stead comes to-day an endless line of mechanical devices. The dolls of to-day open and close their eyes and even speak; the toy steam train runs by real steam power; the miniature electric car is driven by real electricity; the joy animals and insects move about like real life. Now Christmas trees are purchased at the grocery stores and are illuminated at night with tiny electric lights instead of candles. Instead of popcorn balls and cornucopias of sandy the tree is decorated with gilt and tinsel ropes and stars. More automobile horns are heard now on Christmas day than sleigh bells. Steam heat and electric radiators take the place of open fires and plenty of money makes the day even more enjoyable than ever before.

Much Due to Electricity.
Electricity, which has invaded every book and creany of life to-day, has assisted more than any one thing in modernizing the Christmas celebration. The electric cars hurry Christmas callers from house to house. On Christmas eve the buildings and

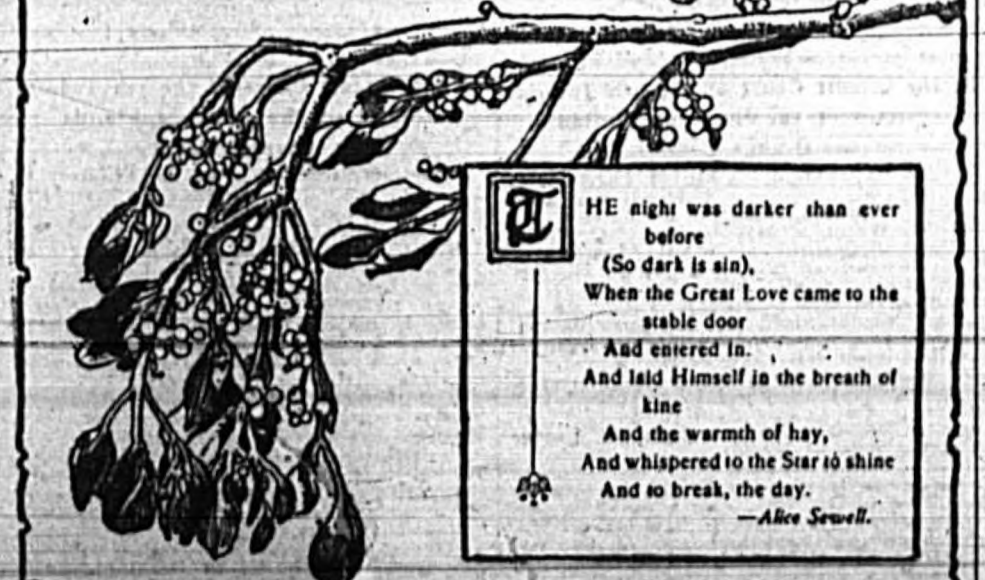
streets are ablaze with countless electric lights. Electric telephones and telegraph are wishing every one many happy returns of the day. The wireless carries "Merry Christmas" from ship to ship and the electric cable flashes the good will of governments around the earth.

The new electric ovens sizzle with the roasting turkey and the electric stove is rushed to prepare the many appetizing viands for which the day of feast calls. Electric door-bells are jingling; electrical musical instruments furnish the music for the Christmas carols; the electric motors, which have worked so faithfully in preparing the many valuable presents of a thousand different varieties, are enjoying a day's rest after the bustling days of the holiday trade.

Useful Christmas Presents.
Year by year it grows more the custom to make Christmas presents just as useful as possible. While expense is not considered so material as it used to be it is important that the gifts should be useful as well as ornamental. This is as it should be. Here again electricity finds a useful field. The development of the electric heating and cooking devices has added a host of valuable and useful things which are always acceptable Christmas gifts. The electric chaffing dish, electric shaving mug and electric coffee percolator will be numbered among the most conspicuous of useful Christmas presents. The electrical flat also contains electric flatirons, electric cookers, luminous radiators, massage machines, hair dryers, curling iron heaters, water heaters, tea kettles, baby milk warmer and a number of other useful things, not to mention the electric toys.

This year will see less money wasted for useless trinkets than ever before.

A Christmas Carol



HE night was darker than ever before
(So dark is sin),
When the Great Love came to the stable door
And entered in,
And laid Himself in the breath of
kine
And the warmth of hay,
And whispered to the Star to shine
And to break the day.
—Alice Sewell.

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Insures Deposits Against Loss

from any and all causes. This additional protection costs its customers nothing

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PEOPLES BANK OF SANFORD

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Any and All Causes

The **Peoples Bank of Sanford** extends to all Sanford and vicinity **best wishes** for a **Merry Christmas** and a **Happy and Prosperous New Year**

We also take this opportunity of expressing to our many customers and friends our appreciation of their patronage and our thanks for good words spoken in behalf of the **Peoples**

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H. R. STEVENS, Vice President

G. S. DERRY, Cashier

H. E. TOLAR, Asst. Cashier

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Welborne Block

Sanford, Fla.

THE SANFORD HERALD

IN SANFORD—Life is Worth Living

Number 19

SANFORD, FLORIDA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1908

ALL AROUND FLORIDA

The General News of "The Land of Flowers"

CULLED FROM THE STATE PRESS

An Epitome of the Week's Most Important Happenings in the State's Domain.

Col. Fred L. Robertson, one of the best known Confederate veterans in the state, died at his home in Tallahassee a few days ago.

The Marion County Fair, which closed Saturday, another day having been added on account of the popularity of the fair, seems to have been entirely successful as an exhibition of what can be done in one of the best agricultural and mining counties of the State. It gave abundant proof that no other county in Florida affords better opportunities for pleasant homes and accumulation of wealth in many different lines than does Marion.

Kissimmee has seven acres of her town lots planted to cabbage, which is expected to bring \$400 per acre. Thrifty people are those cabbage planters, and cleanly, too, for they are enemies to weeds and therefore benefactors to the town.

The half of the present orange crop of the State is yet on the trees. A great many of the orange growers are holding their fruit back, not letting it go into market to be worked off in a glut, and they will get much better prices for their fruit for doing so.—DeLand Record.

Plant City is daily shipping strawberries to Northern markets.

J. M. Truby made a shipment of thirty quarts of strawberries Thursday. This shipment is 90 days ahead of the regular shipping season for this section and serves to show what a mild winter we are having. If the weather conditions should remain unchanged heavy shipments would be made from this point by January 15th, but it is expected the weather man will soon send along some weather that will hold the plants back until our regular shipping season, 90 days hence.—Bradford County Telegraph.

The Odd Fellows' hall at Bagdad, recently erected at a cost of \$2,500, was destroyed by fire Thursday. The building was a two-story one, and the lower portion was used as an opera house. The fire is of unknown origin and the loss was complete. The building was insured for \$1,100, but there was no insurance on the paraphernalia and furniture either owned by the Odd Fellows or by the amusement company, and the loss of the latter will amount to more than \$1,000 in addition to the building.

A movement was inaugurated at the meeting of the chamber of commerce in Pensacola a few nights ago to protect the interests of the Gulf Coast in so far as they relate to the navy, and a committee was appointed to present to the body the most feasible plan for not only preserving but developing the navy yards of Pensacola, New Orleans and Key West, in which the commercial bodies of the South will be requested to co-operate. This action was brought about by the published intention of the navy department to practically abolish all naval stations on the Gulf Coast in favor of foreign station at Guantanamo, Cuba.

The total shipment of strawberries for Plant City for the week ending December 12th was 2,816 quarts. The ruling price of berries last week was 30 cents per quart.

Work has been begun on the Leon county court house addition and its completion is called for in three months' time. On the east side of the present building will be erected a two-story annex, consisting of four 18 by 24 feet apartments, and two halls, upper and lower. The rooms on the north side of the hall will be occupied by offices by some of the county officials. Those on the south are vaults for the safekeeping of records. These vaults are to be built entirely of cemented brick with metal laths, tiled floors and stone facings, so that there will be no danger in case of fire. Mr. E. B. Dyer has the contract at about \$7,200.

West Tampa experienced a sad sensational ending Sunday night to the festivities incident to the christening of an infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. An-

gelo Sardinia, which took place at the parents' home. Quite a party of Italian friends and relatives were assembled at the residence of the Sardinia family and were in full enjoyment of the ceremonies incident to the baptism of the infant into the Catholic church when Antonio Urso, one of the guests, was shot down and killed by an unknown party. Urso, who was among a group of merry-makers in the rear part of the house indulging in the feast in progress after the infant baptism, was called to the front gate by a stranger and as he unsuspectingly approached the front of the premises he was shot down, supposedly by the man who had called him from the gate, his victim falling in the yard and instantly expiring.

Twenty-two prominent young men of Pensacola were gathered in an early hour Monday morning by the sheriff and will face the judge of the criminal court on the charge of gambling. Two raids were made by the sheriff, the first being upon the DeLuna Club, a social organization in DeLuna street in the business center, when eleven prominent young men were arrested and taken to the county jail where they later bound for their appearance. A few minutes afterwards the sheriff appeared at the St. Charles Hotel, where an alleged game was in progress, in which eleven more were engaged, including the proprietor of the hotel. The DeLuna Club, which occupies two floors of a three-story building, was recently organized and much surprise was occasioned when it became known that at an early hour in the sheriff had made a raid on the place and turned up such a condition.

OUR NEW YEAR SERMON

"We Spend Our Years as a Tale That Is Told."

1908—THE OLD AND THE NEW—'09

Standing on the Threshold of a New Year, It Is Time for Retrospective Thought

Written for The Herald.
We spend our years as a tale that is told.—Psalms xc:9.

How strange it will seem to us by and by to live in a world in which there is no time at all because there is nothing, since there are so many of them that the treasury cannot be exhausted. Time exhibits curious traits which really are well worth observing.

It is in no hurry whatever; but, on the contrary, seems to be willing to sit at its ease on the roadside when it is watching the boys and girls of the world. So persistently does it linger in our early days, before yet there are clouds in the sky that we many times wish it would throw away a few summers and winters and bring us suddenly nearer to a realization of our dreams. Then, when we are in the rush and whirl of life, our shoulders laden with duties and responsibilities, time loses its interest to us and so quickens its pace that we wonder if weeks and months are winged and have flown away in the night sleep.

But in old age time cannot go fast enough to suit itself. We get the impression that

with something like ecstasy? He has the delightful recklessness of inexperience, and recognize no difficulties that may not be overcome. His imagination has an element of necromancy in it, and he thinks it easy to do all sorts of impossible things. No winter blast of failure has touched his cheek, and his trust and confidence in his fellows is of tropical abundance, for suspicion has never nudged his elbow, and men and women are as angels to him. The consciousness that this is a hard world to live uprightly in has not touched his heart by so much as a finger tip, and he sees in others the sweetness and light which fills his own life so full of sunshine.

His is the beauty of an untried soul. He thinks of greatness, but we who look on cannot tell whether he is really great or whether his mightily effort must be made. Then the revelation will come to him and to us alike. When the flames crackle and roar we learn what stuff we are made of. But do not rouse him from his sleep. Let him dream on, dear boy of our households, until the sunshine falls on his eyelids and wakens him. Soon enough he will learn his sad lesson; soon enough discover that not all his companions came from the New Jerusalem with the fragrance of heaven about them. In the meantime his castles are quite worth his building, though he may never live in them. Give him your blessing, but do not disturb his pleasant thoughts.

If you turn to ripe manhood what a different environment greets you. The fire has been built and the boy in passing through it has become serious. There is a dignity in his bearing that circumstances have developed. He has broadened and deepened since he caught his first glimpse

NEWS OF THE WORLD

Items of Interest Gleaned From Various Sources

HAPPENINGS DURING THE WEEK

Here the Readers Will Find a Brief Historical Spring Flowing For Hurried Readers

Mrs. Bridget McGinley of Kelayres, Pa., died last week at the age of ninety years. Sixty-four years ago, in Ireland, she received the total abstinence pledge from Father Theobald Matthew and kept it inviolate up to her death.

Donald Grant Mitchell, known the world over as "Ike Marvel," died last week at his home near New Haven, Conn., at the age of eighty-six years. His best known works are "Reveries of a Bachelor" and "Dream Life."

The chancery court of Virginia has decided the suit brought by Mrs. Florence Maybrick and her mother, the Baroness Von Roque, against D. W. Armstrong for the recovery of property worth over \$2,000,000, in favor of the ladies.

By the collapsing of a portion of a concrete bridge being erected over the Potomac river at Hagerstown, Md., four men were killed and a number badly injured.

Madame Motha, the queen of song, will leave New York about the middle of January for a trip to Australia, her native country. She will be away a year.

Eighty horses were burned to death in a fire in Indianapolis last week.

The Portuguese cabinet has resigned and the king has selected a new board of counsellors.

At Madison Square garden last week Tom Longboat, the Canadian Indian runner, defeated Dorando, the world's champion. The race was the greatest ever run and the time was record-breaking.

Twenty-four burglaries were committed one night last week in Atlanta.

Henry A. Agar of Princeton, Indiana, who was reported dead and part of his life insurance paid to his widow, has been found alive in Texas. He is under arrest, charged with fraud and embezzlement amounting to over \$100,000.

The steamship Lusitania left New York last week with 4,904 sacks of Christmas mail for foreign countries. This is the largest amount of mail ever carried by one vessel on one voyage.

One sausage fifty-seven feet long was the wonder of the occasion at the worst-fest at Wooster, Ohio, Christmas day. The sausage was trailed around the table and each guest cut off as much as he chose.

A mob at Caracas, Venezuela, last week destroyed everything that had any appearance of belonging to President Castro, or representing him in any manner. Castro who is now in Europe, will probably never return to Venezuela, as his reign as president of that country is considered at an end.

The Fidelity Funding Company of Pittsburgh, Pa., is bankrupt. It was organized a little more than two years ago by R. J. Kieran, and capitalized at \$4,000,000. The object of the company was to loan money with which to build churches, parochial residences and schools, and the losses from outstanding mortgages will be embarrassing, to say the least.

The Senate has confirmed the nominations of Luke E. Wright of Tennessee to be secretary of war, and Truman H. Newberry of Michigan to be secretary of the navy.

The worst blizzard experienced in New Foundland for many years raged for forty-eight hours last week. Much damage was done to fishing vessels. Many boats were lost, some of which were blown ashore.

Alfred de Oro of Cuba is the three-cushioned billiard champion of the world, having won the third block of the match with Thomas A. Houston of St. Louis by the score of fifty to thirty-eight. The final score for the three blocks was de Oro 150, Houston 107.

Congress will appropriate \$10,000 to enable the secretary of agriculture to conduct experiments to determine the practicability of making paper material out of cotton stalks.

The \$10,000 worth of jewelry lost by Mrs. Sue Williams Buck of Richmond on a Pullman sleeper on the Atlantic Coast Line recently has been recovered upon the confession of a negro named Tucker who was arrested on suspicion. Tucker claims that he found the jewel case in Mrs. Buck's berth and held the jewels for reward.

A Prayer for the New Year

A MIGHTY God, the unfailing source of light and mercy, who hast brought us to the beginning of this year, and art sparing us to love Thee and to keep Thy commandments, prepare us, we beseech Thee, for the coming days. Let Thy grace enlighten our darkness and strengthen our weakness. Help us to forget the sins and sorrows of the past, cherishing only the wisdom and the humility they may have taught us. Inspire us with new purposes and new hopes. Deepen within our hearts the love of truth and goodness. Renew in us the life of that which alone makes life worth living. Enable us to discern the solemn meaning of these earthly days, and the high and sacred purpose for which they are given. Suffer us not to be unfaithful to Thee. Thou hast richly blessed us hitherto; still lead us by Thy hand; still admonish and guide us by Thy spirit, and leave us not to ourselves, Thou Good Shepherd of the sheep. Let not the sorrow and weariness of life rob us of our faith in Thee. Whatever light may shine or shadow fall, keep us in the fellowship and in the service of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen!

A Deserved Compliment

[Sanford Correspondent of Times-Union.]
Rev. D. B. Sweet, pastor of the Methodist church of Sanford, has been absent all the week attending the annual conference at Miami. There were no services in the church Sunday. It is the earnest wish of the members of the church and of the citizens of Sanford generally that Mr. Sweet return to the Sanford church. During the past year the membership has increased by nearly one hundred. Mr. Sweet, besides working faithfully for the interests of the church, is always in the head line for the advancement of Sanford and takes a lively interest in the general affairs of the Celery City.

Florida Strawberries Sell Well

Florida strawberries made their debut in refrigerator lots this week and created some enthusiasm as a result of the fine quality and appearance which they presented. The sizes were larger than usual and there were no defects. Eight cars containing eighty quarts each arrived Thursday. The stock brought \$0.75 a quart. The demand for the berries was mostly confined to the big hotels. From now on receivers expect that the stock will come in quantities sufficient for all trade purposes.

Just Received

Lowney's Christmas line of fine candles the finest in the city.

GARNER & ROBERTS.

rid of us by leading us speedily toward heaven, at whose gates it bids us farewell. No time is so short as that of the man who has passed the three score milestone. The clock no longer ticks the seconds away, but the days. The very weeks flash by. Hardly do the flowers of April bloom before the frosts of November set in, and hardly do the frosts carve fantastic pictures on the window pane before the sun of another spring makes the meadows green once more.

But what care we if at the end of time we can draw on eternity. Time can gain no advantage over us, for if he would be quit of us we also would be quit of him. He is our servant after all, and is nothing better than the driver of a coach who whips up his horses when they snuff the stable. The passengers are tired with their journey, and they, too, are glad to rest after the day's jolting. Why should we murmur or grow despondent, for we have been living in the porter's lodge on our Creator's estate, and by and by we shall hear the summons of that grim servant, Death, to leave the homely cottage and take our abode in the Father's house.

The question has been often asked: Which is the happiest period of human life? It would be difficult to say, for each has a charm of its own.

What more unique or exquisite spectacle than that presented by a youth, fired with ambition, planting his hopes on the sky and looking forward to the realization

of the first tragedy. Life may no longer be a dream, for those old days are gone and he has looked upon a new earth and a new heaven. But in place of the dream has come a struggle which hardens every fibre of his frame, and as he sits by the winter fireside—whether in a humble or luxurious home, it matters not—some dear woman by his side with whom he has walked through stormy and through sunny years, the children making the welkin ring with their glee, dare you say there is less happiness there than was found in that man's boyhood days? His enjoyment has a different flavor, but is not keen and sharp.

But turn from this magnificent period of achievement to a calm and serene old age. It has its earthly life behind it, but before it is immortality. It is like a gorgeous day in October, when the clouds throw gray shadows on the lake and the forests are crimson. You may not compare such a day with a day in June, when the sap in every tree flows like a mountain torrent, but it has a beauty and a glory of its own, a beauty and a glory so sublime that you look upon the landscape with mingled tears and smiles.

Old age has a beauty which does not obtain with any other time of life. Its pleasures are twofold—the battle is over and the future is near. The strength of the body is like the ebb tide, but the strength of faith is like the tide on the

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