

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.

Reflections of a Bachelor Girl

BY GLENDYRNE
Where do all of the lost hearts go? Well, most of the masculine ones go "down where the Wursburger flows."

The hardest problem of a girl's life is to find out why a man seems bored if she doesn't respond to him and frightened if she does.

Mental science never cured a man of love-sickness, because in the average man's love mentality plays so small a part.

A married woman has an awfully small chance of learning anything about her husband's English vocabulary, for the simple reason that he never addresses her in anything but baby talk or swear words.

A man doesn't mind a girl knowing things; it's letting him know she knows them that shocks his sensitive soul.

When a woman says "there are no secrets between my husband and me," it is a sure sign that she hasn't found out any of his.

Card Party at Mrs. Herndon's

Mrs. B. W. Herndon entertained on Monday evening in honor of her guest, Miss Mary Guernsey of Orlando.

Hearts was the interesting game that claimed the attention of the guests at four tables, and when the bell tapped at the close, it was found that Miss Mabel Bowler and Mr. Harold Lake were the winners. Light refreshments were served and a most enjoyable evening spent by those present.

Among those enjoying the hospitality of Mrs. Herndon were Mesdames Derry, Forest Lake, Puleston and Misses Leffer, Guernsey, Stringfellow and Bowler, and Messrs W. M. Leffer, Lane, Harold Lake, Forest Lake, Thigpen, McCullum, Nixon Butts and Dr. Puleston.

The Misses Haskins Surprised

Thursday evening the young friends of Misses Mildred and Mary Haskins gave them a very pleasant surprise party at

the home of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. F. Haskins.

The surprise was well planned and a complete success, as the two charming young ladies were greatly astonished to find such a large gathering in their parlors unawares and without invitation. Matters were soon explained, however, and a most delightful evening enjoyed by all.

The party met at the home of Misses Nora and Nellie Amick, and with a goodly supply of light refreshments repaired to the Haskins home.

Those present were:
Misses:— Emma Smith, Adah Stenstrom, Nora Amick, Nellie Amick, Mary Carruthers, Leona Carruthers
Messrs:— Percy Eavenson, Sidney Broer, Jeff Carruthers, Martin Lipe, Harry Witherington, Ed. Routh, Harold Haskins

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hand and daughters, Misses Charlotte and Mable, accompanied by Miss Bertie Harris, enjoyed an automobile ride to Wekiva Springs, Sunday in Mr. Hand's large touring car.

Miss Thompson, who has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. Monroe on Magnolia avenue, returned to her home in Jacksonville Tuesday.

Miss Margaret Hart has returned to her home in Orlando, after a delightful visit with Mrs. C. G. Butts, at the Wilton.

Mrs. Monroe and her little son are spending the week with Mr. Monroe at his turpentine farm in Osteen.

Mrs. M. A. Miot and children have returned home, after spending the summer very pleasantly in north Georgia.

Mrs. Brooks came over Tuesday to meet another little child for her private school at Enterprise.

Mrs. Jamison and grand-daughter, Miss Florence Robb, are at home after a visit to relatives at Memphis, Tenn.

Mrs. J. K. Mettinger returned home the first of the week from Jacksonville.

Miss Mary Smith, one of Orlando's favorite daughters, has accepted a position as stenographer in the office of Master Mechanic Steyens. Miss Smith is the niece of Sheriff-elect J. A. Kirkwood.

Mrs. Samuel Williams and sister, Mrs. George Shipp, are visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Lewis, at Longwood.

Mrs. Rudolph Thorpe of Middleburg, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Hutson, has returned home.

Saturday night a merry party tendered Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Goodhue a pleasant

serenade in honor of their return from a happy bridal tour. The serenaders were invited to partake of a course of light refreshments.

Mrs. Rudolph Thorpe returned to her home in Middleburg Tuesday, after spending a week or two with her sister, Mrs. Hutson.

Mrs. Shaw of Tampa, who has been spending a few weeks with her daughter, Mrs. Dr. Samuel Puleston, has returned home.

Miss Mattie May Wynne and little Annie Bruton left yesterday for a week's visit with friends at Mt. Dora, Eustis and Tangerine.

Miss Miriam Mettinger left Thursday noon for Daytona, where she will visit a week or ten days with her aunt, Mrs. H. J. Wilson.

Miss Ida Simon, the popular saleslady at the store of N. P. Yowell & Co., is spending her vacation at Cedar Key.

Mrs. W. A. Parr and sister spent a few days in Tampa the first of the week.

Mrs. Mott is visiting her son and family in Jacksonville this week.

Mrs. Arthur Marshall spent several days in Orlando this week.

Miss Lucille Anderson is in Jacksonville this week on a short visit.

Mrs. M. Martin has gone to Philadelphia where she will spend a month with friends.

Mrs. B. J. Starling and daughter are spending a few weeks vacation in the mountains near Hendersonville, N. C.

Notice

The Board of County Commissioners will meet on Monday, September 7, at 10 a. m., 1908, for the purpose of equalizing taxes; and attending to any other business that may come before them for their consideration.
B. M. ROBINSON,
Clerk of Board of Co. Comm's.

Sanford Bakery

In Clark Building

Home-Made Bread, Like Mother Used to Bake

Quick Orders for Fancy Cakes Filled Promptly

Goods delivered to any parts of the City



Harry J. Wilson Keen Kutter Hardware

Harness

Patton's

Sun Proof Paints

SPORTING GOODS

A SPECIALTY

H. H. HILL

Staple and Fancy Groceries

And Fresh Meats

Phone 226

First Street

How is Your Sidewalk?

If you contemplate putting in a new walk and want the very best materials and skilled workmanship, see

Contractor W. T. Ware

He has put in miles of concrete walks in this city, all of which are satisfactory to the owners and conceded to be the best walks in Sanford

P. O. Box 231

We Are the Largest Owners of Sanford City and Suburban Lots And Small Farm Tracts

We are offering 50 lots between Park and Sanford Avenues, South of 10th, at very low prices and on payments of \$10.00 down and \$5.00 per month without interest. The colored people have the same terms given them in Georgetown lots

We will sell any other property we own at fair prices, small payments, with 8 per cent. interest
We own some valuable farms and outside farm property. It's all for sale because we are DEALERS IN REAL ESTATE. Buying and selling SANFORD REAL ESTATE is our business. We haven't time for anything else

If you wish to buy or sell Real Estate in the Sanford District, see us before you close a trade

HOLDEN REAL ESTATE CO.

THE SANFORD HERALD

IN SANFORD—Life is Worth Living

Number 3

SANFORD, FLORIDA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1908

First Year

CURBSTONE GLEANINGS

A Budget of Opinion "Just Between You and I."

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.
Lives of great men all remind us
That this lesson we should learn:
Lag before the time for dying
We should aid, giddy letters burn.

▲A man can be bribed with a railroad pass who could not be bought with money. There is something alluring about riding on a pass.

▲That Sanford man who was saved by The Saunterer from making a fool of himself a few weeks ago, is beginning to show signs of needing another saving.

▲I have often said that Sanford can turn out the sweetest girls and the handsomest women of any city of the whole country, and they were out in all their glory last Sunday evening. I claim to be a judge and know whereof I speak.

▲Why is it that the cat insists on singing at night after you have gone to sleep without her vocal efforts? It is bad taste, unladylike and uncalled for. THE HERALD office cat never gets her voice whetted up to the tremolo pitch until about half-past midnight, and then she reaches up and catches high "C" by the middle and holds on to it like grim death to a nigger.

▲Here is some good advice given by the postmaster at Kankakee, Ill., which I publish for the benefit of our own people:

If you have any complaint against the postoffice do not go whining around to your neighbors about it, but go to the postmaster. Your neighbors cannot help you a little bit, but the postmaster may be able to correct it.

▲The municipal election does not occur for many months, yet, already, there seems to be considerable interest manifest in the marshaling of the city, and several candidates are making themselves known.

T. L. Lee, the present, very efficient occupant of the office, will be a candidate for re-election, while his deputy, Green Smith, is also an aspirant for the honors which his chief wears. Then there is Jack Fringers, a very capable man, who thinks he can please the public as guardian of the peace. Another railroad man, Claude Morris, whom, it is said, is well qualified for the office, is also seeking the suffrages of the people.

So it seems that the approaching municipal election will be an interesting one, and my friends can wager that I will keep an eye on all developments.

▲I do not want to be considered a kicker, but, honestly, there are a whole lot of fellows in and about Sanford—and, in fact, every town—who could teach school better than those who are now our teachers, preach better than those who are preaching; plead law better than all the attorneys in the county; run a store better than the storekeeper; run a newspaper better than the men who run it. Yes, the woods, the fields and the towns are full of them, but none of them ever taught school, preached, practiced law, run a store or a paper, or ever will. They have always spent their time in loafing around, finding fault with other people, and do not know enough to do good, honest work, and most of them never will.

▲Every day, while the mail is being distributed, a number of boys, some of them very near men's estate, congregate at the postoffice and seem to vie with one another in making hideous noises. It is very annoying, not only to the officials of the postoffice, but to the patrons as well. Some excuse can be made for the small boy, but the young man who certainly knows better cannot be too severely censured for their unmanly and disgusting actions. I understand that if this annoyance is not stopped the young "hoodlums" will be severely punished.

Were it not for the headache it would bring to the parents of some of these young men, I would print their names in connection with this little scold. A repetition of the offense, however, will secure them a more public reproof.

▲The Saunterer just happened into the postoffice the other day and stepping up to the window where the stanterrail and

other useful articles were wont to be passed out, sweetly requested a stamp. Miss Muller just as sweetly informed me that stamps were now procured at the stamp window, and then I tumbled to the fact that Sanford's postoffice is also putting on city frills.

A separate window for stamps! The next thing we know the mail will be delivered at our houses, and then we will miss the cheerful countenance of Miss Muller altogether, unless we happen to wander down to First street to watch the street cars run and incidentally drop into the postoffice by mistake.

Verily the rapid growth of Sanford is fraught with sorrow as well as joy.

▲Here is a story which was wanted in this week by a breezy drummer. Maybe it is so old that it is new again, but it doesn't impress me like an old acquaintance.

A Frenchman who has not yet mastered the intricacies of the English language went to a friend the other day for information and advice. "Can you tell me," he said, "vat ees does—vat you call? pole bear? Vat ees a pole bear, eh?"

"A polar bear?"

"Yes, vat does it do?"

"Oh, it just sits on the ice and eats fish."

"Vat! And I shall do that? Nevaire! Nevaire! Not at all! I will decline!"

"What do you mean?"

"Vell, a man in ze boarding house vere I levee he die, and they shall say to me vill I be a polar bear to him. Seet on ice and eat fish! I vill not do it! Not even for a dead man! Not at all! I vill decline!"

▲I believe in the largest liberty of the citizen consistent with public morals, good order, and the just rights of others. I believe in the proper observance of the Christian Sabbath, which was established to commemorate the resurrection of the Lord from the dead, and, as a New York paper puts it, it is the day that has been observed since the commencement of the Christian Era, and it will continue to be observed down to the latest ages, until the time when Christ himself shall be recognized as the King of Kings and the Lord of Lords. We have instructions in the Word of God as to the manner in which this day should be celebrated. The Sabbath was originally established as a day of rest and refreshment. The people were directed not to be mournful, but to go forth to eat fat, to drink sweet wine, and to be glad with each other, so that they may be filled with joy of the Lord, which is their strength.

The law of God is the perfect law of liberty, and every human being is enjoined by the word of God to exercise and enjoy his liberty. It is left to his own choice as to what sort of enjoyment he may indulge in. With the consideration for the rights of others, he has absolute liberty to spend his Sabbath in any way which to him seems proper. It is a matter solely between him and his God, and while those who may differ with him have a right to their opinions, they are not authorized to enforce these opinions on others to such an extent that it becomes persecution.

Yours for Progress,
THE SAUNTERER.

108 IN HAMILTON, OHIO

While We of Florida Enjoy Freedom From the Heat

During the recent hot spell there was a great deal of grumbling at the heat by sufferers who did not know how well off they were to be in Florida. The Pensacola Journal quotes the Hamilton, O., Journal as stating that on Sunday the thermometer mounted to 108 degrees at 3 p. m. in that city. The same day the highest temperature in Jacksonville was only 87 degrees. We have had some hot weather, but the highest temperature recorded in this city for any one day was 94 degrees on August 10. That was the hottest day of the year, and since that day it has been growing cooler. But even that was 14 degrees cooler than the temperature in Hamilton on that Sunday afternoon. It is a curious thing that many Floridians are as much astonished to learn that the North is hotter than the South in midsummer, and as incredulous when told so, as northern people are when informed that this section is cooler than theirs at this time of the year—that is, unless they have had the unfortunate experience of being in one of those northern cities during a hot spell. —Short Talk in Times-Union.

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

FROM MACARONI DELTA

From The Herald's Special Correspondent By Wireless Telephone

Sile Stuckey is getting rubber tires attached to his buggy. Look out girls.

Abe Dingman's bull dog is hovering near death's door from eating meat adulterated with strychnine.

Mose Pixiey talks of building a three-room cottage on the lot his dad gave him last summer. What about this girls?

Deacon Sidebottom passed around the while the Hardshell congregation was singing last Sunday and collected \$2 which was turned over to Preacher Goodbecher to make up a deficiency in his last year's salary. The deacon was very grateful and said it was just like finding the money.

Jim Pilcher is working in Preacher Bunker's garden on shares; also the garden of Aunt Mahala Cronkhite.

Further disturbance is expected in the Bungstarter office, as Editor Bill Kengan wore his non-union made breeches to a picnic last week and another strike is threatened.

Mose Buster's wife went to Sucker's Corners yesterday to attend the funeral of a dead uncle. Her uncle was quite wealthy and had financial interests in several industries—a half interest in a two-chair barber shop, a second-hand shoe store and a patent calf-weane.

Sammy Cheezum and Buck Sweezy are going to widen Orange creek at the bend and erect a swimming pool. It has been too narrow for fleshy persons, as every time Mrs. Bunker, with her grown-up daughters went in bathing the water overflowed into Jim Korjeter's back yard and drowned out his strawberry guava patch.

Uncle Bill Stockslager came home from Jacksonville yesterday with his trousers creased and wearing a shiny rubber collar. Uncle Bill must be getting a little bit sporty as he gets along in his years, but maybe Aunt Jerusia Statesenburg could tell the reason why Uncle Bill is sprucing up.

Nettie Jane Flynn, of Tavares, visited her uncle, Pete Joslyn, last Sunday, and Uncle Pete took her over to Orlando and showed her city life by taking her into the picture shows, a ride on the merry-go-round, bump the bumps and other burlesque things, and when they got back to Macaroni Nettie Jane said she'd had the time of her life. The Flyns are well to do and move in the smart-set altogether at home.

The Macaroni hall team played the Mulberry's last Sunday and skinned 'em 40 to 35. There was much cheering when the game was over and the Macaroni people carried Bill Hoplight, the bow-legged catcher for their team, off the ground on their shoulders.

Tobe Slusher's 30-year-old daughter Pet was at the picnic last Tuesday and enjoyed herself quite hilariously. Pet is a regular cut-up. She mixed the salt with the sugar, put bent pins on the bent pins on the benches and put a big hunk of gum on Steve Patton's chair, and when Steve got up and pulled the chair with him Pet fairly shrieked with laughter. When she sneaked up behind Newt Spencer and cut his suspenders loose it was awfully to see Newt's terrible anxiety.

HAYRUBE.

Drew and Son Held Up

Word has been received here, says the Orlando correspondent to the Times-Union, that Benjamin and son of Charles, Cashin Drew, were victims of a holdup at Yellowstone Park. Mr. Drew was obliged to hand over \$90 in cash, while young Mr. Drew was compelled to hold the highwayman's sack which he filled with jewelry and securities amounting to \$10,000. Friends of the Drew family will sympathize with them in their fright and loss while on a pleasure trip to this wonderful park.

Refuse to Advertise and Died

That it pays to advertise is the moral conveyed by the shutting down of the chain of meat markets operated in Buffalo during the last three or four years by the William L. Davis Company. The fixtures of the company's store 1374 Main street, 79 Grant street, 4115 Jefferson street and 314 Connecticut street, have been purchased by the John H. Kammon company. It was the unusual policy of the Davis company to refrain from everything in the form of newspaper advertising. To this policy is attributed the firm's abrupt determination at the end of three years to abandon a business it found unprofitable. Most of the members of the company are Canadians.—Buffalo Courier.

Have You a Farm?

Geo. H. Fernald HARDWARE CO.

...Can Furnish...

Fence to Fence It
Lime to Sweeten It
Wells to Irrigate It
Tile and Sewer Pipe
to Drain It

ESTIMATES FURNISHED FOR MATERIAL OR WORK COMPLETED

SIDEWALK TALK

Do you realize the necessity for a substantial foundation as a part of that sidewalk which you intend building? A nicely finished top lends beauty, but not stability. This is to be attained only when the same care is exercised in selection of materials for the foundation as for the top coat.

With this fact in mind, I am importing clean hard crushed stone, which when mixed with standard engineering specifications, gives an absolutely dependable foundation. If you want a walk in which you can take pride in the years to come, be sure that that foundation is right. This is one of the characteristics of my work. Let me figure on such a walk for you.

S. O. SHINHOLSER Sanford, Florida

Your Order Solicited FOR...
Finished Lumber for all Building Purposes
Best Grade Cypress Shingles

WRITE ME FOR PRICES
J. B. CLARK, Orlando, Fla.

Sanford Pressing Club

CLEANS AND PRESSES
Ladies' Skirts and Gentlemen's Clothing

Our Monthly Rate for Club Only
\$1.25
Giving you twelve pieces a month

We will call for and deliver your clothes once a week

All Work Guaranteed

GEO. W. ADAMS, Manager

In Gold's Barber Shop Phone 00 Park Avenue, North

The Merry Widow

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

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But Popoff waited to hear no more. Catching sight of Nish, he rushed upon that unhappy clerk.

"Find M. de Jolldon!" he commanded. "Keep your eye on him all the rest of the evening. See if he makes love to the widow and report to me. I have already told Mrs. Popoff to sound him on the subject. Among us all we ought to learn something before we're done."

"You'll learn something if you keep on spying," muttered Danilo under his breath as he moved away. "But I'll bet a year's income it'll be something that will give you more surprise than pleasure."

Dusk was falling. Above the myriad colored lights that dotted the garden the moon was rising. Along one of the hedged paths leading to the summer house a man and a woman were strolling—Mrs. Natalie Popoff and M. de Jolldon.

"And so your worthy husband set you the task of finding out whom I am in love with?" De Jolldon was saying.

"Yes," the ambassador's young wife answered. "He is afraid you will marry the widow."

"Then," implored De Jolldon. "If it is really to be our farewell interview, why must we talk here in the garden, where at any moment others may come to claim your attention? Grant me a final half hour of your society all to myself. Let the talk be uninterrupted. Let us sit in the little summer house over there. See—it is empty."

They entered the little inclosed arbor. It was lighted by a string of Japanese lanterns, and two rustic chairs were at opposite sides of its round center table. There was a door at each end of the tiny room—an ideal spot for a tete-a-tete chat now that the moonlight had wooed most of the guests out of doors.

The light wicker door swung shut behind the couple. Natalie quite enjoyed the prospect of listening to her adorer's melodramatic words of farewell and of posing heroically as a self-sacrificing, dutiful wife. In half an hour at most she would rejoin her husband with the righteous consciousness in her heart of having dismissed forever the one man besides Popoff who had ever made love to her.

So interested was Natalie in De Jolldon's parting speech that she did not hear the ambassador, just outside, declare excitedly:

"Nish, I'm sure I saw that summer house door close behind a lady's skirt! Let's see who is in there."

"Nish, I'm sure I saw that summer house door close behind a lady's skirt! Let's see who is in there."

Memories of the ways of jealous Marsovian husbands flashed into her mind. In that primitive fatherland wives had been beaten—yes, and murdered—for less. Something must be done, and done quickly.

"Don't worry," she comforted the terrified Nish. "Say nothing to any one else. I'll get Mrs. Popoff out of the scrape if I can."

Before Nish could reply she had disappeared into the summer house.

Meantime Popoff, his curiosity mastering him, had left his seat. Stealing forward on tiptoe, he put his eye to the keyhole of the wicker door.

He had scarcely bent over this when Danilo, happening to pass by on his way to the gate, paused in amazement at sight of the Marsovian ambassador thus assuming the role of Paul Pry.

"Why, hello, old chap!" cried the prince. "What are you up to?"

"Hush!" warned Popoff in an excited whisper. "A lady went into the summer house a few minutes ago with a gentleman. I can't see them very clearly. There's too much stuff in the keyhole. But they're sitting opposite each other with only a little table between them. The lady's back is to me, but it somehow looks familiar. The man is talking as earnestly as if he were trying to borrow money. Now he's bending across and kissing her hand, and she doesn't seem to mind. It's—why, bless my soul, it's that fellow De Jolldon! Well, well! Of all things! Now, if only the lady would turn her face so I could see her!"

"Come away, sir!" begged Danilo, the whole situation bursting upon his mind. He caught Popoff's sleeve, but the ambassador shook him off.

"Let me alone!" he whispered. "Can't you see what it all means? It means we've found the lady De Jolldon's in love with, the very woman we've both been looking for! And now if she'll just turn her head a little I'll be able to see her face, and then—"

"Then you don't know who she is?" queried Danilo.

"No. But I'll—"

"Then take my advice and don't try to find out. Let well enough alone. Come away, old chap, and—"

"No, no! There; you pulled my head away just as she was turning around. I'd have seen her in another second. They're getting up. Maybe they'll go out by the other door, and then I shan't be able to know who—"

"Let me do the looking," suggested Danilo. "If either of us has to play the eavesdropper I'll—"

"No. It is my place," asserted Popoff. "But I'll bet you a hundred francs it's Mrs. Nova Kovitch."

"It would be like stealing a drunken man's watch. I won't take the bet. Come away, sir, and let the matter drop where it is. For your own happiness—"

But Popoff was once more at the keyhole.

"They're standing up to go," he reported. "Now she's beginning to face this way. It's— Oh, good Lord!"

The poor old man staggered away from the door as though struck between the eyes. Reaching to a chair, he collapsed and buried his face in his hands.

"No, no! It can't be! It can't!" he moaned. "And yet I could hardly be mistaken. My wife! And—"

"Brace up, your excellency!" entreated Danilo in genuine distress. "Pull yourself together. There are people coming along the walk. Don't make a scene. Perhaps you were mistaken."

"No; I saw her!" groaned Popoff. "My own wife and De Jolldon! And he kissed her hand!"

"Oh, I dare say she was more kissed against than kissing!" Danilo observed consolingly. "But be careful, sir. A whole lot of people are within earshot."

"Then let them know the worst!" cried Popoff in a voice that brought a number of guests hurrying to the spot. "I'll denounce her before them all! Come out of there," he bellowed, rushing forward, "both of you! Come out!"

He threw the summer house door wide open and shrank back, incredulous, aghast.

On the threshold stood De Jolldon and—Sonia!

"What—what does this mean," gurgled the confused ambassador, "this—this change and—"

"You called to us to come out," returned Sonia calmly. "May I ask what you wanted of us?"

"Sonia!" gasped Danilo. And through the confusion of many excited voices she heard him and thrilled to the note of anguish in his half stifled cry.

"If it is you who were in there with M. de Jolldon," stammered Popoff, "where is my wife?"

"Here I am, dear," answered Natalie, stepping out of the crowd, with which she had mingled after her hurried exit through the rear door of the summer house. "Here I am! What is the matter?"

"Matter enough!" cried her husband. "I could have sworn I saw you sitting in that arbor with M. de Jolldon."

"My dear!"

"This time Natalie moved away from him in offended dignity. But Popoff hastened to throw his arm about her and draw her back.

"I was wrong," he assured her—"a blunder of eyesight! I apologize! I'm sorry. I—"

"I begin to understand," put in Sonia, stepping forward in fear lest Natalie overdo her pose of virtuous indignation. "It seems that the Marsovian ambassador has done me the honor to listen at a keyhole in hopes of overhearing my conversation. Sooner than disappoint him, M. de Jolldon, will you please repeat to him just what you said to me in there?"

De Jolldon understood. If Natalie was to be saved, if Sonia was not to be talked about, heroic measures were necessary.

"I asked Mrs. Sonia Sadova," said he, "to do me the honor to become my wife!"

Danilo stood motionless, his lips set in a white line, amid the buzz of congratulations and laughter that followed De Jolldon's announcement. Sonia noted his agony and said joyfully to herself:

"My prince, I think I've won! You'll have to speak, soon or late, now, and when you do—"

"And Marsovia loses the twenty millions!" Popoff muttered, recovering his self-possession and somewhat belatedly remembering his country's needs.

"Prince," called Sonia mischievously, "I haven't heard your congratulations yet. You don't look as happy as you might at the news."

"Happy!" echoed Danilo, with a scornful, mirthless laugh. "Why shouldn't I be? Accept my congratulations, my paternal blessing and anything else you choose to levy on me for. My own motto is, 'Love when you may, propose seldom and marry—not at all!'"

"Let me tell you a little fairy story. There were once a prince and a princess. They loved each other. But the prince was poor and dared not tell of his love for fear of being thought a fortune hunter. His silence made the princess angry. So she went and promised her hand to another man, and they all lived miserably unhappy ever after. And the moral of that stupid little story is that I'm sick of respectability, and I'm awake from my crazy dream of love, and I'm going back to Maxim's, and you can all go to—Marsovia!"

"He loves me! He loves me!" panted Sonia under her breath.

"No, no! It can't be! It can't!" he moaned. "And yet I could hardly be mistaken. My wife! And—"

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"I begin to understand," put in Sonia, stepping forward in fear lest Natalie overdo her pose of virtuous indignation. "It seems that the Marsovian ambassador has done me the honor to listen at a keyhole in hopes of overhearing my conversation. Sooner than disappoint him, M. de Jolldon, will you please repeat to him just what you said to me in there?"

De Jolldon understood. If Natalie was to be saved, if Sonia was not to be talked about, heroic measures were necessary.

"I asked Mrs. Sonia Sadova," said he, "to do me the honor to become my wife!"

Danilo stood motionless, his lips set in a white line, amid the buzz of congratulations and laughter that followed De Jolldon's announcement. Sonia noted his agony and said joyfully to herself:

"My prince, I think I've won! You'll have to speak, soon or late, now, and when you do—"

"And Marsovia loses the twenty millions!" Popoff muttered, recovering his self-possession and somewhat belatedly remembering his country's needs.

"Prince," called Sonia mischievously, "I haven't heard your congratulations yet. You don't look as happy as you might at the news."

"Happy!" echoed Danilo, with a scornful, mirthless laugh. "Why shouldn't I be? Accept my congratulations, my paternal blessing and anything else you choose to levy on me for. My own motto is, 'Love when you may, propose seldom and marry—not at all!'"

"Let me tell you a little fairy story. There were once a prince and a princess. They loved each other. But the prince was poor and dared not tell of his love for fear of being thought a fortune hunter. His silence made the princess angry. So she went and promised her hand to another man, and they all lived miserably unhappy ever after. And the moral of that stupid little story is that I'm sick of respectability, and I'm awake from my crazy dream of love, and I'm going back to Maxim's, and you can all go to—Marsovia!"

"He loves me! He loves me!" panted Sonia under her breath.



At Maxim's.

She had heard Danilo's wild speech of goodby to Sonia and his announcement that he was off to Maxim's. Hence the ambassador's wife, with a feeble yearning to atone in some way for the false position into which the widow had been thrust for her sake, had resolved to follow in the hope of securing a word in private with Danilo and setting matters right again.

Natalie had not confided her plan to her husband, and now as the party were ushered to a secluded table in an alcove she glanced at the riotous scene about her with a delighted nervousness. The delight vanished suddenly, however, and the nervousness waxed to a panic fear as a familiar voice smote upon her ear.

Popoff had just come in and was standing not ten feet away from the secluded table where his wife sat trembling.

"I want to see Prince Danilo at once," he said to the head waiter. "Has he arrived?"

"Not yet, sir," was the reply, "but he will be here very soon. There is a supper party waiting for him over there," waving to a tableful of gayly appareled girls with tired eyes.

"Really?" exclaimed the ambassador. "I'll just join them till he comes."

He toddled off to the distant table, where, to Natalie's jealous eye, he seemed to make himself at home with a phenomenal ease and quickness. He was scarce seated when Danilo strode in. The whole table rose to give the prince noisy greeting.

"Why, hello, your excellency!" cried Danilo. "This is quite a party."

"I must see his excellency," insisted a portly man behind them, his voice booming through the whole room. "He is here, and I— Oh!" he broke off on sight of Popoff. "Here you are! I—"

"My dear Nova Kovitch," pettishly interrupted the ambassador, "is it necessary to hunt for me with a brass band? Couldn't you—"

"I'm sorry to interrupt you," answered Nova Kovitch, "but here's a dispatch from the Marsovian ministry. It seemed to me important, and I brought it on."

Popoff took the slip of paper and read aloud:

"If Mrs. Sadova's twenty millions are allowed to leave Marsovia we are a bankrupt country."

"There, Prince Danilo," continued the ambassador, turning on the young man in melodramatic appeal; "you see it's right up to you! Your country appeals to you to save it! You are Marsovia's last hope. Marry the widow and—"

"I'll marry no one!" flared up Danilo. "To the deuce with matrimony and Marsovia and myself! I'm done with all—dreams of love and all that nonsense. I'm free, and I'm going to make a night of it. I—"

He paused and stood silent, dumfounded. Down the little flight of stairs leading into the room a woman was advancing alone.

"Sonia!" exclaimed Danilo.

With a word of excuse to the others, he hurried across and met the widow as she reached the foot of the steps.

"You're here," he muttered in horrified wonder—"here alone?"

"Yes," replied Sonia coldly. "Is it any affair of yours?"

"First the summer house," he went on as in a daze. "Then Maxim's."

"Quite so. Is that all you have to say?"

"No," he retorted; "I have one more. You should not marry De Jolldon."

"Why not, pray?"

"Because I—"



"I'M AWAKE FROM MY CRAZY DREAM OF LOVE, AND I'M GOING BACK TO MAXIM'S."

"Why shouldn't I?" queried De Jolldon jokingly. "You told me to."

"But—but you won't, will you?" she pleaded. "Why don't you look at me? What are you looking at?"

De Jolldon's eye had fallen on the fan where it lay forgotten on the table. "The fan you lost and that your husband pocketed," he said, handing it to her.

"Thank goodness!" Natalie exclaimed, seizing it then: "Lend me a pencil."

She wrote a sentence on the fan directly beneath the three words she had scribbled the night before at the ball.

"There," she sighed, handing it to him; "keep that as a reminder."

"He held the fan up to the light and read: "I am a dutiful wife."

"Remember that always," she adjured.

"Natalie!" he cried passionately. "It is true—I am a dutiful wife. If I have been foolish enough to listen to your love-making, at least I have never encouraged it. I have always rebuffed you for conscience's sake. I am a dutiful—"

"Why remind me of the hopelessness of my love?" murmured De Jolldon. "You may refuse to reciprocate it, but you cannot prevent my telling you—"

"But I can. After this evening we must not meet again. My husband trusts me. This must be our farewell interview. Don't try to alter my purpose. I have made up my mind. After this evening I shall never—"



CHAPTER V. To the Rescue.

NISH, who had obediently followed De Jolldon and Natalie at Popoff's orders until they had entered the summer house, now wriggled forward in confusion on hearing the ambassador's voice.

"Did you call me, sir?" he asked.

"I most surely did call you, Mr. Nish!" cried Popoff. "And I told you I was certain I saw a lady, or, rather, a lady's skirt, disappearing into that summer house. Who was she?"

"I—I don't know, your excellency," tremblingly lied Nish.

"You ought to know!" scolded Popoff. "You were standing near the sum-

Other ship w...
vices.
J. F. M...
Henry Mel...
day, 7:30 p. m.

He checked himself. She finished the sentence for him.

"Because you love me?" she suggested.

He broke into a discordant, miserable laugh.

"Don't laugh that silly way!" she reprimanded sharply.

"I am sorry you don't like it," he observed. "It's the only way I know."

"Then don't laugh at all. The laugh is on my side, anyway."

"On your side?"

"Yes. You are angry at what happened this evening. But it wasn't I who was in the summer house with M. de Joldon."

"But I saw you there," he declared.

"I took another woman's place to get her out of an awkward scrape with her husband—with M. Popoff. She was—"

"And I never guessed it!" cried Danilo, his sullen face breaking into a smile of utter relief. "What a fool I was! I was green and yellow with jealousy. I—"

He caught himself up, but it was too late. Sonia's eyes danced.

"But since you don't love me," she asked, "why were you yellow and green with—"

"Because green and yellow are our national colors. I am nothing if not patriotic. You see?"

"Mme. Sadova—prince?" gurgled Popoff, trotting up to them, unable longer to restrain his anxiety. "I hope it is all settled. All nicely arranged, eh?"

"If you mean is madame to marry De Joldon," answered Danilo, "she is not."

"But this evening," ejaculated Popoff, "in the summer house!"

"She took another woman's place," replied the prince, disregarding Sonia's warning gesture.

"Dear me!" squeaked Popoff, his curiosity reviving. "Who was she?"

"Excuse me, your excellency," remarked Nish, who had entered with Nova Kovitch and had hovered aimlessly about waiting to get in a word.

"But here is a fan that was picked up in the summer house after the party. You told me to search the place, and I did. If I may say so, I—"

Sonia and, to the widow's amused dismay, sank on one knee before her.

"Mme. Sadova," he declaimed, "I am free, and in the name of our fatherland I beseech you to become my wife!"

Sonia was seemingly blind to the white misery in Natalie's face and the look of angry surprise in Danilo's. She answered, with perfect composure:

"My dear M. Popoff, I am deeply honored by your proposal, but before I ac-



"Madame, I hereby divorce you." cept it is only fair to tell you that if I marry again I lose all my fortune."

The ambassador scrambled hastily to his feet.

"I—I was perhaps just a wee bit hasty," he stammered, looking sheepishly about for a way of escape.

Natalie came forward and handed him the fan.

"Did you read the words I wrote on it?" she asked timidly.

"I am—a dutiful—wife!" spelled out the ambassador. "Forgive me! I didn't understand. Shall we let bygones be bygones?"

Danilo, who had stood silent during the odd proposal, now stepped past Popoff and faced Sonia, a new light in his eyes.

An Acrobat's Dilemma.

The acrobats of the music halls have no end in view except to cause amusement. But suppose one should meet them in ordinary life? Mr. Berkeley, the proprietor of a London hotel, was in his office about 6 o'clock one evening when he heard a knock at the door, while a voice, which seemed to express pain, cried: "Open!"

Mr. Berkeley obeyed, but a cry of horror escaped him, and he almost fell backward. He saw before him, rolling on the ground, topsy-turvy, a kind of human ball which was walking upon its hands, with the head twisted round, eyes protruding and neck contorted.

"I did not wish to alarm my neighbors," gasped this extraordinary being—it was a contortionist from a circus who had been practicing in his room—but I cannot unhook my leg from behind my neck, and unless you can help me I am afraid it is all up with me."

Mr. Berkeley disengaged the acrobat, who fell exhausted on a chair. He had descended twenty stairs upon his hands in this position.

A Bedouin's Idea of a Locomotive.

It is interesting to know that the railroad between Jaffa and Jerusalem was made possible by locomotives from Philadelphia. They were originally made, writes Professor H. W. Dunning in "Today In Palestine," for a road in Central America which unfortunately could not pay for them when they were ready for delivery. They happened to be just right for the Jaffa-Jerusalem line and were at once purchased and shipped.

I happened to be in Jerusalem, he writes, the day the first locomotive arrived there, Aug. 20, 1892. Not only the people from the city, but many from the villages, came to see the new wonder. Among them was a Bedouin from beyond Jordan. He carried back the report to the tribe:

"It is like a big iron woman. It gives one screech and then runs away."

This ingenious description spread rapidly through the ancient land of Moab.

The Lion and the Child.

The strange spectacle of a lion playing with a child is reported to have been witnessed at Vyyheid. A Dutch farmer, accompanied by his wife and little boy, was out shooting game. Suddenly the attention of the parents was drawn to the child, who had toddled a short distance away to gather wild flowers. Crowing with delight, the little fellow was pulling the hair of a full grown lion, and the animal appeared to be enjoying the operation. Spellbound, the farmer and his wife stood gazing at the scene. The farmer, even if his gun had contained a shot, could not have fired because of the child. The lion skipped sportively round the boy until, startled by loud shouts from the parents, it walked quietly away, followed by a lioness, which up to then had lain concealed in the long grass. A hunt was afterward organized, but the lions had disappeared into the thick bush.—East Rand Express.

She Hated Garrick.

Mrs. Clive was eminent as an actress on the London stage before Garrick appeared, and as his blaze of excellence threw all others into comparative insignificance she never forgave him and took every opportunity of venting her spleen. She was coarse, rude and violent in her temper and spared nobody.

One night as Garrick was performing "King Lear" she stood behind the scenes to observe him and, in spite of the roughness of her nature, was so deeply affected that she sobbed one minute and abused him the next, and at length, overcome by his pathetic touches, she hurried from the place with the following extraordinary tribute to the universality of his powers: "Hang him! I believe he could act a gridiron."—T. P.'s Weekly.

What is Education?

Herbert Spencer tells us in one short, pregnant sentence that the function of education is to prepare us for complete living.

A true chord is touched by Sydney Smith when he urges the importance of happiness as an aid to education. He says, "If you make children happy now, you make them happy twenty years hence by the memory of it."

Equally wise are the words of Sir John Lubbock: "Knowledge is a pleasure as well as a power. It should lead us all to try with Milton to behold the bright countenance of truth in the still air of study."

The \$1,500 Kind.

"Ah, that's pretty!" said Mr. Snooks, looking over a number of architectural designs. "What is that?"

"That," said the architect, "is a \$1,500 bungalow."

"What will it cost to build it?" asked Mr. Snooks.

"About \$8,000," said the architect.—Judge's Library.

A Red-hot Flood.

An example of mixed metaphor was heard at a seamen's meeting at South Shields, an enthusiastic speaker urging the crowd to "take the tide by the flood and grasp it red hot."—London Chronicle.



"I LOVE YOU, SONIA," HE WHISPERED.

"Same old fan!" commented Popoff, idly opening it. Then, with a jump as his eye vaguely caught the sentence Natalie had scribbled beneath De Joldon's avowal, he screamed:

"My wife's handwriting! Then it was my wife after all!"

"Sir," quoted Nova Kovitch, "Caesar's wife should be above suspicion."

"But Caesar never brought his wife to Paris!" wailed Popoff. "This is bad for me."

"No, no!" pleaded Natalie, who at sight of the fatal trinket had left her table and run forward. "It's all a horrid mistake. I can explain. I—"

"Silence!" commanded Popoff in his most magisterial manner. "Madame, under section 4 of the Marsovan code I hereby divorce you. This fan is sufficient evidence."

As Natalie started back, dumb with horror, Popoff turned impressively to

"Is it true you will lose all your money if you marry again?" he asked in a voice he tried in vain to keep steady.

"Yes," she admitted; "it is true."

"Then why shouldn't I say now what I want to?"

"Why not?" she agreed demurely.

He drew a step nearer.

"I love you, Sonia," he whispered. Steadily, happily, she met his burning eyes as she answered:

"I love you, Danilo. I have always loved you."

"Tut, tut!" fretted Popoff, pushing peevishly between them. "This'll never do. You can't marry her, prince. You'll both be paupers."

"Not quite," gently corrected Sonia. "I shall lose my money, it is true, but only because I am going to give it all to my husband."

[THE END.]

beautified this thought and beautiful the language wherewith Sir Philip Sidney gave it expression, "They are never alone who are accompanied by noble thoughts."

Biobbs—There is only one thing a woman loves better than to be told a secret. Biobbs—What is that? Biobbs—To find it out for herself.—Philadelphia Record.

"You know," said the distinguished oriental who manifests much curiosity, "that the Chinese discovered the art of printing from type thousands of years ago?"

"Yes," replied the man who was being interviewed. "And incidental-ly I don't doubt that they were the original inventors of the interrogation point."—Washington Star.

The Sanford Herald

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## A hustling paper In a hustling city

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The Paper that
is Talked About

The Sanford Herald



MISS EVALYN WALSH, WHO WILL WED.

Washington and Cincinnati society folk are much interested in the engagement of Ned McLean, son of John R. McLean of Cincinnati and Washington, to Miss Evalyn Walsh, daughter of Thomas F. Walsh, the Colorado-mining man, who is reputed to be worth \$25,000,000. McLean's father owns the Cincinnati Enquirer and the Washington Post. In 1906 Miss Walsh narrowly escaped death at Newport in an automobile accident which resulted in the killing of her brother Vinson.

Resting Their Muscles.

When a man is tired he stretches his arms and legs and yawns. Birds and animals, so far as possible, follow his example. Birds spread their feathers and also yawn, or gape. Fowls often do this. Fish yawn. They open their mouths slowly until they are round, the bones of the head seem to loosen and the gills open.

Dogs are inveterate yawners and stretchers, but seldom sneeze unless they have a cold. Cats are always stretching their bodies, legs and claws, as every one knows who has had a cat for a pet.

Horses stretch violently when and after indulging in a roll, but not as a rule on all fours, as stags do. A stag when stretching sticks out his head, stretches his back and neck as though trying to creep under a bar.

Most ruminant animals stretch when they rise up after lying down. Deer do it regularly; so do cattle. This fact is so well known that if a cow when arising from lying down does not stretch herself it is a sign she is ill. The reason for this is plain—the stretch moves every muscle of the body, and if there is an injury anywhere it hurts.

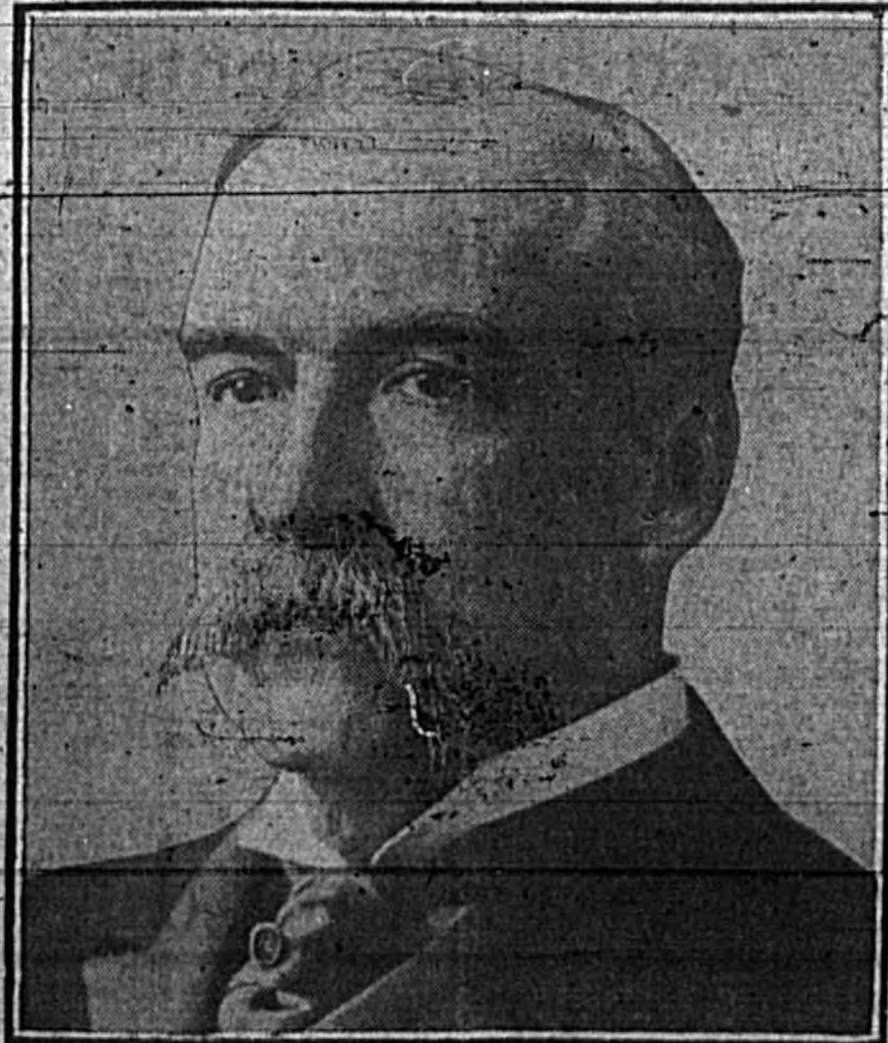
Coffee in Jamaica.

You see all those bushes with red berries strung among their branches? That is coffee, and the taller trees among which it is growing are pimentos, from which the world gets its all-

spice. It looks like jungle, does it not? Yet many thousands of dollars would not buy that one hill slope. Among the lovely flowers humming birds sparkle as they fly and hover; butterflies as large as the birds dispute the honey with them. As you turn round the corner you surprise parties of tiny ground doves, and every now and again the larger pea-doves sit across the road. Up from the valley below the sounds of voices and laughter. Stop your carriage and look down. Those are the works on a coffee estate, and those flat terraces partitioned off into squares are the "barbecues" upon which the berries are dried. You can see that some of the squares are a different color to the rest. The dark ones are those that are covered with coffee; the others are those which have not yet been filled.—Exchange.

Australian Cadets.

All children in Australia are drilled, but the elder boys are attached to the Australian military forces by means of the cadet corps. Almost every large school has its band of cadets, who wear neat khaki uniforms and are armed with light rifles, in the use of which they are frequently instructed. Every year these boys have shooting matches, and the scores prove that among the youngsters there are many who have already become skilled marksmen.—London Standard.



GEORGE GRAY.

Judge Gray, whose presidential boom attracted so much attention, is a graduate of Princeton and of the Harvard Law school, a former attorney general of Delaware and a former United States senator. In 1902 he was chairman of the anthracite coal strike commission. His home is in Wilmington.

THE MERRY WIDOW

Musical score for 'The Merry Widow' featuring piano accompaniment with treble and bass staves, dynamic markings (pp, p, mf, f, FIN.), and performance instructions like 'Ped.' and 'Simila'.

THE SANFORD HERALD

IN SANFORD—Life is Worth Living

SANFORD, FLORIDA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1908

First Year

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

In Glasgow last Sunday about 2,000 socialists surrounded a cathedral where services were being held and threatened to break up the meeting. A large force of police was summoned and dispersed the socialists.

Holland has submitted an ultimatum to Venezuela regarding the trouble between the two countries. A peaceable settlement is anticipated.

After destroying the town of Chisholm in the Mesaba range and doing a vast amount of other damage, the forest fires in Wisconsin and Minnesota have been checked.

For the first time since the inception, the International Eucharistic Congress of the Catholic church is to be held this year in London. This gathering will be most notable for the reason that it will bring to London the first Papi legate that has set foot in England since the days of Cardinal Pope, the Cardinal of England.

An attempt was made to turn a Labor Day meeting of unemployed workmen in New York into an anarchistic meeting, but was frustrated by the police. Several arrests of leaders were made.

Frank P. Sargent, a notable friend of labor, and commissioner general of immigration, died in Washington Sept. 4.

After four years litigation between The French Cable Co. and the government of Venezuela has resulted in a verdict against the company, and a fine of \$5,000,000 was imposed.

It is estimated that 500,000 bales will be the shortage in Georgia's cotton crop, caused by the recent heavy rain and the following excessive heat.

The mining town of Rawhide, Nevada, was swept by fire Sept. 4, causing a loss of \$50,000, and leaving 3,000 persons homeless.

Practically the entire business portion of Sumner, Miss., was recently destroyed by fire. A. M. Philips lost his life in the fire.

More than \$4,000,000 is left to charitable institutions, the Metropolitan Museum of Art and Yale University by the will of Frederick Cooper Hewitt, who died recently in Oswego, N. Y.

Indictments have been found against 117 persons implicated in the recent riots in Springfield, Ill. Policemen and other officers are included in the number.

Col. Henry M. Nevius has been elected Grand Commander of the G. A. R.

Miss Annie S. Peck of Providence, R. I., the mountain climber, has succeeded in reaching the top of Mount Huascarán in Peru. She calculates the height of the peak to be 26,000 feet. A Swiss companion of Miss Peck had a foot and both hands frozen which caused gangrene to set in, and an Indian guide had a miraculous escape from death from falling 1,000 feet down a ravine.

Earthquake shocks were felt in San Juan, Porto Rico, on the 7th. No material damage was done.

John E. Early, a leper, who is an ex-United States soldier, has been granted a pension, with back pay allowance. When signing the necessary documents a second sheet was placed over the paper to guard against any possible danger from contagion to others who would have to handle the papers.

The safe in the postoffice at Breckenridge, Mo., was dynamited on the night of the 7th and robbed of about \$1500 in stamps and cash. The robbers escaped.

A wage scale has been agreed upon by the Canadian Pacific railway and their striking employees, and the men have returned to work.

Sensational reports that an attempt had been made to abduct President Roosevelt at Oyster Bay, Monday, was due to the opening of the hunting season on Long Island. Secretary Loeb says the reports were without the slightest foundation.

Follow prisoners in jail at Calcutta, India, killed the informer who exposed the plot to assassinate the Viceroy. Thirty persons were arrested for bomb-throwing in the recent riots.

At least 30 tourists have lost their lives in avalanches in the Alps the past month

and searching parties are out looking after others who are missing.

The coal miners' strike in the Birmingham district has been officially called off owing to a proclamation by the governor of the state, in which, among other things, he says that the miners shall not live in tented camps and that public meetings shall not be held in mining communities during a strike.

The First National Bank of Niles, Ohio, has closed its doors pending decision of the comptroller of the currency.

In the South Carolina second primary, Tuesday, E. D. Smith was elected senator.

Five people lost their lives in the burning of Belmont hotel at Denver, and many were injured.

SANFORD'S FOOTBALL TEAM

A Husky Bunch Will Roll the Pigskin this Season

Sanford did not carry off the laurels on the baseball diamond this season, although a record was established of which our city can well be proud.

Now that the days of the national sport are waning, the followers of football will spring into limelight and in this respect the Celery City can put a bunch of husky youngsters into the field that are bound to beat all comers.

A meeting has been called for next Friday night at the City Hall to organize a football team and among the applicants for membership are some of the best players that ever trod the gridiron.

Mr. Hoskins, formerly on the Yale team will probably coach the team and in Sanford's cosmopolitan population are former players of some of America's greatest colleges.

C. C. Howard, formerly of the Universities of Kansas and Oklahoma; Fred Dornier, who played three seasons with one of New York's favorite eleven; Krueger, formerly a famous full-back with the University of Wisconsin; and several others of equal fame, all of them of an average weight of 200 pounds. There are several good players who have won honors with Stetson, Rollins College and many other southern colleges. Among them are Messrs. Hamilton Symes, Blonaker, Lovell, Woodruff, Biggers, Harrington, Powers, Hite, King, Beatty, Beardshall, Stevens, Herndon, Messenger, Keely, Pyron, McDowell, Madden, Close, Adams, Butt and several others who will come in later and have a try out for the regular team.

Sanford can be assured of some good games this season as the "big uns" will tackle any and all teams in the State and any and all challenges accepted.

Those teams composed of light weights would do well to bring a "first aid to the wounded" package with them in case one of our beefy players comes in contact with them.

A Good Report

Last Sunday was the fourth quarterly conference of the Maitland church, and the Presiding Elder, Rev. S. W. Lawler, presented the claims of Southern College. In a short time the nice little sum of \$350 was contributed by the congregation to swell the endowment fund. The Methodist people of the State are doing a grand thing this year in raising an endowment fund of \$100,000 for their college at Sutherland. Mr. Lawler spent Monday night in Sanford, coping this far with his son, who was on his way to enter Emory and Henry College in Virginia. Mr. Lawler reports the work of his district in very satisfactory shape, and his preachers for the most part rounding out a good year's work.

Fourth Quarterly Conference

Next Monday and Tuesday nights Rev. Edward F. Ley, of Miami, will preach at the Methodist church in Sanford. Mr. Ley is the Presiding Elder of the East Coast District, and this is the occasion of his last visit to this charge for the year. The Presiding Elder comes four times during the year, and the fourth quarterly conference is one of the most important of his visits. At this conference officers are elected for another year, and reports are made concerning the work done.

Celery Union Meeting

All members of the Sanford Celery Union are requested to meet at the City Hall Saturday, September 12th, at 7:30 p. m. Matters of importance.

W. GWYNN FOX,
Sec. and Treas.

Winner Washing Machines

A few more of these still left, sold strictly on guarantee. If they do not do what we claim, money is refunded. Harry J. Wilson

ACL 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.

Says the De Land Record: "There is no scarcity of water in the flatwoods between the sand hills and the coast. The rains are filling them as well as the ponds, streams and lakes. For several years there has been little water in the ranges between here and the coast, and during the drought last year it was difficult for cattle to get water. The St. Johns river is higher than it has been for years."

Now comes a gentleman from Orlando, Calhoun by name, who plans to establish a cannery at New Smyrna for the purpose of canning perrinckle or coquina clam soup. Mr. Calhoun has experimented along this line and finds it will be very profitable. There are large quantities of perrinckles washed up on the beach with every tide, and the supply seems inexhaustible.

Now is the time to get out strawberry plants and fix the beds for celery seed. By the way, if you want to make sure of good crops and money in either or both, as you no doubt do, manage to get in to operation a sufficiently large irrigating plant to meet deficiencies in rainfall at critical periods. It is barely possible you may not need it, but it is absolutely certain that if you have it and work it you will make money by it.—The Tampa Times.

A. M. Bozeman, book-keeper for the McCrimmon Lumber Company of Miami, deliberately fired two bullets into his right temple, from which he died in about two hours. Bozeman seated himself in a rocking chair in the office of the company and committed the terrible deed.

A. S. Waters, a former resident of Tampa committed suicide in Hot Springs, Ark., Sept. 4, by jumping from the window of the hotel at which he was stopping.

The finance committee of the recently organized Tampa Publicity Club made its first call on the business men of that city Wednesday for funds to carry out the contemplated Tampa boosting campaign and was decidedly successful in securing memberships and pledges definite amounts for the initial year's advertising campaign.

Police and county officials in Tampa are on the lookout for Ricardo Rodriguez, superintendent of the supply department of the postoffice at Havana, who has disappeared from that place with alleged shortage in his accounts of \$400,000. The Cuban authorities have notified the officials at Tampa to keep a sharp watch for Rodriguez, who is supposed to have sailed for United States.

George C. Scudamore, ex-cashier of the Pensacola Bank and Trust Company, and who is charged with having embezzled \$45,000 of the bank's funds, and was afterward declared insane and sent to the State asylum, only to be declared there as sane and not feigning, has been declared hopeless and incurably insane by the superintendent of the Illinois Insane Asylum. A letter received at Pensacola by friends of the former banker states that he has been an inmate of the asylum for five weeks, and that the superintendent has pronounced his case as hopeless.

A wealthy lady of Ocala lost a pocket-book containing about \$1000 worth of valuables. She offered \$100 reward for its return. A negro girl hastened to her with the find and refused to accept the reward, saying that she would not be doing her full duty if she took the money for doing right. More negroes of that brand and race trouble will be a thing of the past—even in Springfield, Ill.—St. Petersburg Independent.

Hon. Thos. J. Appleyard, editor of the Lake City Index will be a candidate for secretary of the state senate. It is doubtful if there is another man in the state so well qualified for the position, and the senators will make no mistake if they will restore him to the position that he filled so efficiently for ten or twelve years.—Strake Telegraph.

Prices of lumber has already advanced above what they were a long time ago and sawmill men expect soon to set their own prices on lumber. A meeting of the lumber dealers of South Florida is to be held in Tampa, Thursday of this

week, to discuss the situation in this State and they may agree upon further advance. The market seems to be rather unsettled yet in Florida and South Georgia.—Times-Union.

One of the most valuable cargoes of naval stores to go out from a gulf port in many months was that which was carried out of Pensacola Tuesday when the Belgian steamship Clematis departed for Antwerp. Her cargo consists of 5200 barrels of rosin, valued at \$26,000, and 10,000 casks of turpentine, valued at \$198,000, making a total valuation of \$224,000. The shipment was made by the American Naval Stores Company.—Pensacola Journal.

BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION

Will Soon be In Operation With Many Subscribers for Stock

The Sanford Building and Loan Association will be in operation in a few weeks, the articles of incorporation appearing in this week's issue of The Herald.

Following is a list of all the original shareholders of the corporation:

Name	No. Shares
Holden Real-Estate Co.	50
J. C. Higgins	20
J. N. Whitner	10
F. P. Forster	5
A. T. Rossetter	5
H. R. Stevens	5
F. W. Mahoney	5
Geo. A. DeCottes	5
A. P. Connelly	10
M. W. Lovell	5
W. R. Pell	5
G. W. Spencer	10
C. C. Sneed	15
M. M. Stewart	5
Forrest Lake	5
E. E. Brady	10
B. F. Martindale	10
R. J. Holly	10
T. A. Newton	5
E. B. Rouke	5
M. A. Miot	5
T. S. Davis	5
W. A. Fitts, Jr.	5
J. B. Hannah	5
Miss F. J. Atkins	1
J. T. Allen	5
W. S. Parker	5
Ralph E. Stevens	5
Chas. T. Clark	5
Geo. H. Fernald	10
A. B. Mahony	10
Clarence Mahoney	5
Will Hoohehan	5
Richard Hoohehan	5
Mrs. O. L. Taylor	10
D. G. Wagner	5
J. H. Fields	5
W. T. Johns	5
J. S. Johnson	5
Paul Keely	5
McClay H. Martin	5
H. C. Haskins	25
C. J. Haskins	25
S. O. Chase	10
J. L. Harrell	5
R. L. Griffin	15
Mrs. B. W. Herndon	5
W. T. Wells	15
W. M. Dickens	10
Mrs. C. G. Smith	5
K. L. Shinholtz	5
W. G. Hammond	10
R. J. Miller	5
Frank Miller	5
G. R. Calhoun	15
Total	485

Maitland Does Well

Maitland church, just south of Sanford, may well congratulate herself on having as her pastor such a faithful man as Rev. J. W. Austin. He has done a splendid work in that charge this year—this, too, in spite of many hindrances on account of sickness in his family. In the spring he lost considerable time on account of the sickness and death of a relative in Georgia, and recently his wife has had to undergo a dangerous operation in the hospital. It will be gratifying to their many friends to note that she stood the ordeal well, and is now much better.

Fifty Dollars Reward

Last week we published an article in which was stated that undersigned would give ten dollars reward for the arrest and conviction of any party or parties guilty of killing quail out of season within a radius of five miles of Sanford. This notice was headed "Sportsmen, get together," and it seems they have to the extent of \$50, and the undersigned is authorized by the sportsmen to make that offer.

A. D. SMITH.

Osborn Herndon's Feast

The Jacksonville Times-Union observes: Those northern people who insist that the climate of Florida must be enervating should turn their attention to the feat of that 14-year-old boy at Sanford, Osborn Herndon, who swam five miles across Lake Monroe to Enterprise, and was then so little exhausted that he offered to swim the whole distance back.

We make plans and specifications and do first-class work cheaper than anybody else. Sneed & Venable.

ON LOCAL LEGISLATION

City Council Meets to Adjust Differences in Tax Question

ATTORNEY DE COTTES RESIGNS

Question of Granting Franchises Deferred Until Next Meeting—Other Matters

The City Council met in regular session on last Monday evening, with Aldermen Thrasher, Robinson, Stevens, Evans and Puleston present.

Despite the inclement weather, a large number of citizens were in attendance to listen to the proceedings.

After the minutes of the last meeting had been read and approved the council settled down to the pleasant task of taking up the adjustment of taxes, which was done with neatness and despatch, all claims being settled satisfactorily to all parties present.

The complaints were not made in regard to the personal and separate claims of individuals, but in several cases the complainants were of the opinion that their neighbors were not being assessed at the same ratio. In all the cases the taxes were raised accordingly, and a more equal rate made.

A committee was appointed to examine the personal property of the Standard Oil Company, and report at the next meeting.

The misunderstanding regarding the personal property of the Opera House Co. was settled.

City Attorney George A. DeCottes handed in the following resignation:

September 6, 1908.

The Honorable City Council, Sanford, Fla. Gentlemen:—I herewith respectfully tender you this my resignation of the office of City Attorney of Sanford, Florida.

I consider the remuneration paid by the city far too inadequate to warrant me in holding this office for another term. This, with various other reasons, has caused me to decide that it would be to my best interests to resign at this time.

Trusting that my resignation will be acted upon immediately, I beg to remain, Most respectfully yours,

Geo. A. DeCottes.

A committee was appointed to examine into the property assessment of the Sanford House and report at the next meeting.

A committee was also appointed to confer with the members of the Sanford Light and Fuel Co. regarding their franchise to furnish electric lights for the City of Sanford.

The following communication was received from Arch Bishop Kenny of St. Augustine:

To the City Clerk of Sanford.

Dear Sir:—Yours of August 22nd to hand, informing me that the taxable valuation of Block 7, Tier 7, of the city of Sanford, has been raised to \$2,000—its former taxable value being \$900. Orange County having gone dry at the last election, your treasury has followed suit, and now to meet the ordinary expenses of the city you are compelled to exercise your wits to raise money. Anticipating that your sapient officials would reassess the city property at a higher valuation I have sold block 7, tier 7 at a sacrifice, and I have no doubt many other property owners will do likewise. The city taxes were exorbitant before, now they will be outrageous.

Yours truly,

WM. J. KENNY.

All the franchises up for second reading were deferred until the next meeting. Council then adjourned.

"Can't Help Growing"

Jacksonville Times-Union: The Sanford Herald is one of the brightest and most attractive looking papers in the state, and it is talking up Sanford in a way that promises to make the city at the head of navigation on the St. Johns one of the most progressive in the state. A town that sustains a real live newspaper can't help growing.

New Houses on Cameron Avenue

I. C. Hughes, the contractor, has in course of construction a handsome stone residence for Mrs. Walter Curt of Chicago. It is on Cameron avenue, about three miles east of town, and will cost about \$2,500. Mr. Hughes is also laying the foundation for a \$1,000 tenement house for Mr. Bradshaw, father of Mrs. Curt.