

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

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 Lefler, Guernsey, Stringfellow and Bowler, and Messrs W. M. Lefler, 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 Mabie, 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 Stevens. Miss Smith is the niece of Sheriff-elect Jas. 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 Mrs. 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

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SPORTING GOODS A SPECIALTY

H. H. HILL

Staple and Fancy Groceries

And Fresh Meats

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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 Chief Is Among Ye Taking Notes, and Faith, He'll Print 'Em'—So Says Saunterer.

Special Correspondence to The Herald.
Lives of great men all remind us
That this lesson we should learn:
Long before the time for dying
We should bid, 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, etc. 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 "hothead" 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 stamps, mail 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 wafted 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 ces dees—vat you call? pole bear? Vat ces 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 I will be a polar bear to him. Seet on ice and eat fish! I will not do it! Not even for a dead man! Not at all! I will 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 19. 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 Pixley talks of building a three-room cottage on the lot his dad gave him last summer. What about this girls?

Deacon Sidelstom passed around the while the Hardshell congregation was singing last Sunday and collected \$2 which was turned over to Preacher Goodbelcher 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 Reagan 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-weaner.

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 Korpetter'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 years, but maybe Aunt Jerusha Stutesenburg could tell the reason why Uncle Bill is sprucing up.

Nettie Jane Flynn, of Tavarez, 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 hair-raising things, and when they got back to Macaroni Nettie Jane said she'd had the time of her life. The Flynn's are well to do and move in the smart set altogether at home.

The Macaroni ball 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 put his suspenders loose it was awfully funny. Newt's terrible anxiety.

Drew and Son files

Word has been received here, says the Orlando correspondent to the Times Union, that Benjamin and son of Orlando, Gaskin Drew, were victims of a holdup in 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 stores 1374 Main street, 79 Grant street, 1315 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 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

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- Best Grade Cypress Shingles

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CLEANS AND PRESSES

Ladies' Skirts and Gentlemen's Clothing

Our Monthly Rate for Club Only

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Giving you twelve pieces a month

We will call for and deliver your clothes once a week

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In Gold's Barber Shop Phone 60 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 Mme. Popoff to find 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—Mme. 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

mer house than I was. Didn't you see her at all?"

"Yes, sir, yes, I saw her, if I may say so, but I don't know who she was. I really don't."

"Was she alone?"

"No, your excellency, not quite alone. There was, if I may say so—there was a gentleman with her. At least he looked like a gentleman; but I didn't recognize him either."

"Well, well, well!" chuckled the ambassador, seating himself in a garden chair and eying the suppler house with delightful interest. "A little flirtation, eh? Gosh in there to whisper sweet nothings where no one can interrupt 'em. I wonder who they are! Now, I really wonder! Mr. Nish, I would not for the world have you think I am the least bit curious. But—I'll just sit here awhile, for a joke, and watch them come out. In the meantime, Mr. Nish, you might slip around to the rear of the summer house and see if there is another door. If there is, you might lock it. Understand?"

"Yes, your excellency!" mumbled pale stricken Nish, scurrying away among the bushes. The little clerk never paused until he had found Sonia. To her he poured forth the whole story, gazing with wild horror as she broke into a peal of uncontrollable laughter.

Suddenly she grew sober. "Her husband will never forgive her," she murmured, half to herself. "He will never understand that it's just a silly, harmless, sentimental talk they're having."

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 consoled the terrified Nish. "Say nothing to any one else. I'll get Mme. Popoff out of the scrape if I can."

Before Nish could reply she had disappeared down a path leading to the rear door of the summer house.

Meanwhile 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?"

"Tush!" 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 you'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 been 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 Mme. 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 key, hole.

"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. Reeling 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 ear-shot."

"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 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—if it was 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. "Hello! 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!"

Natalie's exclamation was a triumph of shocked propriety.

"He was kissing your hand, I thought," went on the dazed ambassador.

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 oversight! I apologize! I'm sorry!"

"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 Mme. 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.

CHAPTER VI.

At Maxim's

MAXIM'S after midnight—the show restaurant whither sight-seeing Americans and other tourist folk and whose dizzy, machine-made merriment they solemnly believe to be a part and parcel of true Parisian life.

On the night of Sonia's garden party one group of men and women who entered the jolly restaurant were so different from the usual habitués of the place as to come in for not a few amused glances from their neighbors. They were Mme. Natalie Popoff, Mme. Nova Kovitch and Cascada and St. Bricobe. The visit was Natalie's idea.



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 stily appeared 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 a noisy greeting.

"Why, hello, your excellency!" cried Danilo. "This is queer company for a monument of respectability like yourself to wander into!"

"I came only to see you," protested the ambassador, drawing him aside. "I was bound I'd come here and wait till you appeared!"

"Oh, I see," cut in the prince, thoroughly enjoying his confusion. "Fools rush in where—"

"I didn't rush in," fumed the ambassador; "I crept here in a nearby cab, and I sneaked into the place like a pickpocket, for fear some one would recognize me. I sacrificed myself to my country. Suppose my wife should hear of it! I came to implore you, to cast myself on your mercy, to beg you once more to prevent the widow from—"

"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!"

"My dear Nova Kovitch," pettishly interrupted the ambassador, "if it is 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 Mme. 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!" stared 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!"

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 other, he hurried across and met the widow as she reached the foot of the steps."

"You're here," he muttered in a hurried 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 stammered; "I have one more. You should not marry De Jolldon."

"Not? Why not, pray?"

"Because—"



"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 won't, will you?" she pleaded. "The fan you lost and that your husband pocketed," he said, handing it to her.

"Thank goodness!" Natalie exclaimed, seizing it; then:

"Lead me a pencil."

She wrote a sentence on the fan directly beneath the three words he 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 lovmaking, at least I have never encouraged it. I have always rebuffed you for conscience's sake. I am a dutiful—"

"Why should I be so hypocritical of my love?" murmured De Jolldon. "You may refuse to reciprocate it, but you cannot prevent my telling you—"

dan'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!"



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," truthfully lied Nish.

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

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ev. J. F. M. evening paper. Henry McLain day, 7:30 p. m.

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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 even 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."

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!" squealed 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.



"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 it!"

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

As Natalie started back, dumb with horror, Popoff turned impassively to her.

"As 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."

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 disentangled 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. Dupuing 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 Vryheid. 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. Growing 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 afterwards 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.

The Sanford Herald

A hustling paper In a hustling city

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THE MERRY WIDOW



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 1905 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 fore feet out and hollows 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.

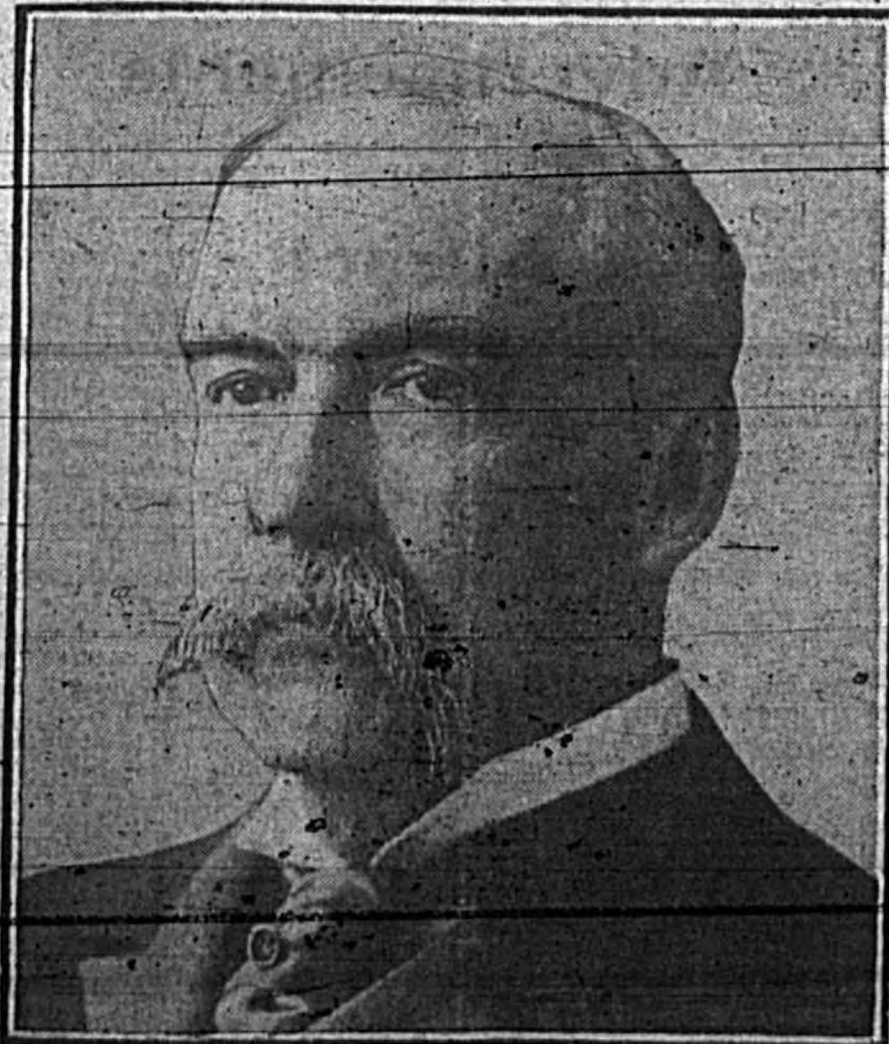
Coffee in Jamaica.

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 pimentoes, 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 flit 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 those 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.

Musical score for piano accompaniment of 'The Merry Widow'. The score consists of 18 staves of music, including a 'FINE' marking and a 'D.S. al Fine' instruction at the end.

THE SANFORD HERALD

IN SANFORD—Life is Worth Living

Number 3 SANFORD, FLORIDA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 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

The American team, winners of the recent Olympic contest held in England, arrived home Aug. 29. They were received with high honors by a delegation of some 15,000 admirers.

The American cricket team won from the English team 8 out of the 14 games played in England.

August 30, fire destroyed \$2,000,000 worth of property in New Orleans. Three blocks of buildings, including a number of wholesale houses, are in ruins.

For the fourth time in 54 years, last Sunday in Atlantic City, N. J., was a "dry" Sunday.

Tony Pastor, the well-known actor, died in New York Aug. 28. He was buried in Evergreen Cemetery under the auspices of the society of Elks.

General Alexander P. Stewart, one of the last two surviving lieutenant-generals of the Confederate army, died at his home in Biloxi, Miss., Aug. 30, in the 87th year of his age. Gen. Buckner is now the only surviving lieutenant-general of the Confederate army.

At the state election held in Vermont this week the republican ticket was elected.

The Platt trunk factory and Empire printing and box plant at Atlanta were burned Sept. 1. Loss \$200,000.

Dr. E. H. Johnson, a Coast Line surgeon, who formerly lived in Tampa, was killed by a train last week while walking on the track near Troy, Ala.

Fifteen passenger trains besides all freight trains on the California Pacific railroad between Winnipeg and Port William were held up at way stations and on sidetracks as a result of a cloudburst which flooded the main line Saturday night, Aug. 19. It is stated by railroad men that this is the worst disaster of the kind which has ever happened in western Canada. It is said that fully 10,000 people were held up along the line of the roads affected by the floods.

British bark Amazon was wrecked near Port Talbot, N.S.W., Sept. 1, only five out of a crew of thirty being rescued.

The Canadian national exhibit was opened at Toronto, Ont., N. S. W., Sept. 1, by Sir Louis Jette, lieutenant governor of Quebec, who, pressing a electric button, started the machinery in the various big buildings. The exhibition this year, both in the number and variety of exhibits, eclipses all of the similar affairs held here in the past. The exhibition will continue two weeks.

A great flood, occasioned by the breaking of a water-dam almost destroyed the city of Augusta, Ga., last Friday. Fire added to the horror. Hundreds were made homeless, though only three lives were lost. A torrent of water twenty feet deep rushed through the principal streets, and lights, traffic, paper and police protection was suspended for twenty-four hours. The railroads in that section of Georgia and North and South Carolina were demoralized. Relief has been sent to the stricken.

The Calaveras groups of big trees, one of the natural wonders of the world, is in danger of total destruction by fire.

Taft and Furner have been reconciled and will work together harmoniously.

The action of Germany in breaking up the concert of action of the powers with regard to Morocco has greatly stirred up Paris. Frenchmen resent the action.

Harry Thaw declares he will go into business as soon as he is released. Says his father made a success and he can do as well. Will tour Europe in an auto, and does not blame Evelyn for her actions.

Chairman Mack has selected Robert S. Hadspeth as manager of the Democratic campaign in the East.

Bryan, in his Sioux Falls speech, attacked two Republican committeemen—Senator Penrose and Coleman Dupont—whom he declares are affiliated with the trusts. He avers Republicans cannot be true to promises made.

Use of the United States mails has been denied the firm of Durable & Co. of Amsterdam, Holland. They are classed as swindlers.

The allied unions of Canada have noti-

fied officials of the Canadian Pacific railroad that they will tie up that system if the demands of the striking mechanics is not complied with.

Half a million dollar shortage in the Cuban postal department causes the arrest of Ricardo Rodriguez, head of the department, and Orfillo Muro and Francisco Cordoba.

SURVEY FOR NEW ROAD

The Sanford Traction Co. and Sanford & Everglades Ry. to Start.

The initial work on the Sanford Traction Railway was started this week when a large force commenced the surveying and preliminary work. The people of this section are jubilant over the prospect of a new road that will not only give Sanford a street railway but will bring those living within a radius of twenty miles in close touch with Sanford. Already the suburb property along the proposed route has advanced and many people are casting their eyes in that direction for sites for dwellings. The new road will be constructed on Palmetto avenue from south city limits to First street, from Palmetto avenue to Oak street, on First street and several other streets as permitted by the City Council if the franchise is granted.

This road will give those who reside several miles from the city limits the benefit of a cheap fare and will enable the suburban residents to own property some distance out and still conduct all their business in the city of Sanford.

It will also open up a rich country, and will prove of great value to the rural sections that have hitherto been unable to market their crops to the best advantage.

SANFORD'S ELECTRIC THEATER

Fine Equipment Will be Installed at an Early Date

Quail Quibbles from Sis Hopkins

Some jokes are like warts—they grow. Mrs. Maxwell is the first to recognize the possibilities of a good amusement place for Sanford, and will install a \$2,000 plant in a few weeks. This will insure one of the best machines for moving pictures and other attractions that can be purchased, and as soon as the necessary arrangements can be made the theater will be open to the public.

In order to have an electric current the power will have to be generated by a gasoline engine and stored ready to use in the machine.

Sanford is in need of a good place of amusement of this kind, and The Herald predicts success for the new venture.

Will Take a Vacation

Thomas J. Perkins, ticket agent of the Atlantic Coast Line and Florida East Coast Railroad, will leave early next week on a ten days vacation, which he will spend with his wife and children at the University of the South, Seawater, Tenn., in the Cumberland mountains. Mr. Perkins attended this university in his early boyhood days, and he expects to derive a great deal of pleasure from meeting some of his old friends, and going over the well-loved grounds again. One of his former classmates is now vice chancellor, and another professor of ancient languages at the university, one bishop of California, one bishop Louisiana, one bishop of Cuba, and another bishop of Mississippi. Gen. E. Kirby Smith was professor of mathematics at the university while Mr. Perkins was there. This place is not only a great seat of learning, but one of the finest summer resorts in the mountains of Tennessee. Mr. J. R. Yearby of Orlando will fill the Sanford ticket agency during Mr. Perkins' absence.

Death of Mrs. George Hightower

Mrs. George Hightower died at her home in Sanford, Wednesday afternoon, after several months of ill health. She was an earnest Christian and her death will be a sore loss to her family. A husband and three children besides her mother and other near relatives and friends are left in sorrow. Her youngest child is a babe a few days old. Funeral services were conducted at the house Thursday afternoon by Rev. J. F. McKinnon, followed by interment at the city cemetery.

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.

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.

Up to last week, 700 barrels of limes grown on the neighboring keys (island) had been sold in Miami at \$4 a barrel. Limes, being cheaper and more juicy, are fast displacing lemons.

The big Mallory Line steamship, "Sabine", while coming up the ship channel in Tampa Bay Monday afternoon, got slightly out of her course and ran aground. The vessel was not released until the next high tide.

While attempting to board a moving train on the Key West Extension Saturday morning, George Winfield Pierce, aged 19 years, was thrown under the train and his legs severed from his body, causing death in a few hours. The body was taken to Miami.

The other day in Jacksonville a piece of Bay street property sold at auction and brought the fancy price of \$2,760 per front foot. This is somewhat of a price to pay for Florida dirt, but it must be remembered Jacksonville is a great city and fast growing.

One of the greatest revivals ever held in the State of Florida has just been closed in Green Cove Springs. The meeting lasted thirty days and 412 members were added to the Baptist Church in that place, and a beautiful parsonage of worship at a cost of perhaps \$3,000 will be immediately erected.

The Chronicle of Inverness says: J. F. Sherwood, formerly publisher of the Chronicle, was in Florida fifteen years under an assumed name, his real name being Franklin Ross McCormack. The cause of his being here under an assumed name, he tells in a straightforward manner, and has made, rather than lost, friends by this manly confession. In his eagerness to aid friends he was indiscreet enough to violate law, and being pursued by his enemies resorted to flight, and under a wrong name he and his noble wife came to Florida, and here they were loved and respected by all. No man can point to a single dishonorable act of his in the past fifteen years, and without doubt this one that he speaks of is the only one of his life. A nobler man nor truer friend never lived in Florida. Not one of his former friends throughout the state will think less of him because of this one false step of his life. We hope that he and his excellent family will return to Florida, for a hearty welcome awaits them.

Years ago some ignoramus wrote a diatribe against the English sparrow. Others who mistook this ignoramus for a scientist and the abuse of the English sparrow still goes on, says the Jasper News. It is not true that it never engages in combat with any bird except its own species, only in cases of self-defense. It is not true that it is a curse to the country. On the contrary it is a blessing; a blessing bestowed on us by a kind Providence to supply the place of the birds which thoughtless men and children have destroyed. Here in Jasper, where English sparrows have been for twenty years, they industriously gather the worms from the vegetables, and but for these birds vegetables could hardly be grown. True, they eat sunflower seed, millet seed, etc., but the many worms they destroy richly pays for the little seed they eat. Let the English sparrow alone.

The Del. and Record says of the High Springs "gang" who have terrorized that town for so many years and who recently threatened the life of State Detective Charles F. Eaton if he did not desist in his efforts to run to earth the cowardly assassins of Drummer W. M. Mooreland in that town recently, little know the man they threaten, or they would not be so bold with their threats. Mr. Eaton is not the man to be frightened so easily, and will be found wherever his duty calls him. There is no "rabbi" in the make-up of the present state detective, and they will have to bushwhack him to "get" him.

The St. Petersburg Independent says the Winona, from Mobile, with Capt. Hanks and twenty men put in at this port last evening and left this morning at 5:30 for the deep sea. They are after sponge violators. When they see spongers at work

they hike after the boat, and if the boat has a man in a diving suit, or has on board sponges below the regulation size, it goes hard with the offenders. The men were about the streets last evening in their natty white suits. Some of them took on a good load of wet goods, but being good sailors they all managed to get back to the boat without striking the police shoals.

NEW POSTAL RULES

Rules Worth Reading—Instructive and Intensely Interesting

A report comes from unquestionable sources that Postmaster Chas. F. Haskins, together with assistant Postmaster H. C. Haskins, Mouey Ord, and W. H. Wright, Mail Carrier Coily Dorsey, and other deep schemers of the postoffice "gang" have promulgated a new set of rules governing mail matters? We have been handed the form and we submit them in their original postage-stampers:

A pair of onions will go for two cents. Ink bottles must be corked when sent by mail.

It is unsafe to mail orange or fruit trees with fruit on them.

Alligators over ten feet in length are not allowed to be transmitted by mail.

All postmasters are expert linguists; the addresses may be written in Chinese or Chosetau.

Persons are compelled to lick their own postage stamps and envelopes—the postmaster cannot be compelled to do this.

Persons are earnestly requested not to send postal cards with money orders enclosed, as large sums are lost that way.

John Smith gets his mail from 647,720 postoffices, hence a letter addressed to "John Smith, United States" will reach him.

Drinks cannot be sent through the mails when alive. The quacking would disturb the slumbers of the clerks on the postal cars.

It is earnestly requested that lovers writing to their girls will please confine their gushing rhapsodies to the inside of the envelopes.

Nitro-glycerine must be forwarded at the risk of the sender. If it should blow up in the postmaster's hand he cannot be held responsible.

When watches are sent by mail, if the sender will put a notice on the outside, the postmaster will wind it and keep it in running order.

When you send a money order in a letter always send full and explicit directions in the same letter so that any person getting the letter can draw the money.

When letters are received bearing no directions, the persons for whom they are intended will please signify the fact to the postmaster that they may at once be forwarded.

The placing of stamps upside down on letters is prohibited. Several postmasters have been seriously injured while trying to stand on their heads to cancel stamps placed in this manner.

ELECTRIC LIGHTED OPERA HOUSE

W. T. Johns Will Install a Plant in the Building of One.

The latest improvement contemplated in Sanford is the installation of electric lights in the Opera House. W. T. Johns, owner of the building, is determined to give the amusement lovers of Sanford a season that will eclipse all former efforts. The interior of the building will be improved in various ways and electric lights installed in order to stage plays on the order of Faust in a proper manner.

Sanford has always been a good show city, and with an up-to-date opera house, the best dramatic talent can make our city on the circuit.

Mr. Johns may add an electric theater and vaudeville attractions later in the season.

A Correction

Last week this paper stated that F. W. M. Baker had purchased the interest of the Sanford Bakery Company from the former proprietors. From this it was not meant to imply that Mr. Baker would be responsible for the debts or accounts of the former owners. He has purchased the fixtures and will conduct the business at the old stand as heretofore, but will not be responsible for the debts of the former firm.

This paper wants a correspondent in every section of Orange County, as well as the adjoining towns in Volusia and Lake counties. The publishers propose to make THE HERALD the medium through which the people will learn all the news.

HIGH SCHOOL OPENING

The 1908-09 Term to Begin On September 28th.

NOTIFICATION BY PROF. PERKINS

To That Effect and Offers Interesting And Practical Suggestions to Parents and Pupils

Prof. N. J. Perkins, the very efficient principal of the Sanford High School, who is sojourning in Amherst, Virginia, has written the following very comprehensive article for The Herald relative to the opening of school on the 28th inst:

To the Editor of THE HERALD:

The 1908-1909 term of the Sanford High School will begin on Monday morning, Sept. 28th. Let all pupils present themselves on that day for enrollment, and for list of such books as they may need. It is highly important that every pupil who expects to be in school this year be present at that time. The opening days of school are the most important of the year. It is then that pupil and teacher become acquainted—that careful reviews are made of last year's work. Let a boy or girl stay out the first few weeks of school and he will be placed at a disadvantage and has a burden to carry the rest of the year.

Therefore, patrons, let me urge you to have your boys and girls at school on the 28th of September, and then, having made this good beginning, to keep it up every day during the term unless prevented by sickness. Few people realize how much is gained by regularity of attendance. Let us do away with the idea that "Johnnie" can stay away from school two days in the week, and at the same time lose nothing at school.

For those in our midst who may not be familiar with our school laws, and course of study, let me say that the age for entering school is six years. However, if a child is six between the opening of school and the first of December he may be entered.

There are twelve grades in school—eight lower and four High School. The course of study used is that which is prescribed by the State of Florida, and it will compare favorably with that of any other state. The course for the High School Department is broad, and prepares for the State University, where our graduates are entered without examination.

The High School Physical and Chemical Laboratories are well equipped. The apparatus is the best, and is sufficient for performing all experiments required by a High School course.

New pupils, who come from other schools of good standing, will be entered without examination upon presentation of their promotion cards, or other evidence of work done. This applies to all grades.

N. J. PERKINS, Principal.

Hicks Bound Over

Jesse Hicks, one of the negroes who assaulted James Miller, the aged negro, about one month ago, had his preliminary trial before Judge Stringfellow on Monday and was bound over to the Criminal Court. Hicks, Thomas Reed and Howard Ward called Miller out of his house several months ago and during a parley Ward struck Miller over the eye with a bar of iron, knocking out the eye and severely injuring the old negro. Ward made his escape at the time and not having sufficient evidence to convict Reed he was turned loose. Hicks will pay the penalty for being a party to the assault.

Another Warehouse

The Pope Contracting Company commenced work on their large new warehouse this week. This will be used for storing lumber and all building material used in their contracting business. Later a part of the building is to be utilized as a workshop.

Made a Man of Him

A man once prominent in business and social circles had fallen to the lowest depths of degradation when a relative placed him in the Keeley Institute and he is now back in his former class, successful and respected. For detail and confidential information address, The Keeley Institute, Jacksonville, Florida.

Banks Will Close

Next Monday, September 7, being Labor Day, the First National Bank and the Peoples Bank of Sanford will observe the regular legal holiday rules and close for the day.

Superior printing for all purposes at THE HERALD office.