

LOYD GEORGE, BRITISH LEADER.



A sweeping victory for the Liberals in the general elections in Great Britain would make David Lloyd-George one of the foremost figures in English politics. Truly the chancellor of the exchequer already enjoys such distinction, but a victory over the peers, who opposed the budget so stubbornly, would place him upon the very pinnacle of fame. He is just in the prime of life, being in his forty-seventh year. He was president of the board of trade of London from 1905 to 1908, when he was made chancellor of the exchequer. He is a profound thinker, an ardent reformer and one of the ablest speakers in England.

A HABEAS CORPUS.

By ALBERT J. FORBES.  
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It was a well established fact that Kentucky must swing. No one cared what his real name was. He was the only man in the place hailing from the state whose hunters had whipped the British at the battle of New Orleans, and that was sufficient. His name had come out at the trial as Joe Bates, but this did not alter the fact that he was Kentucky. No one cared anything about him except Eliza Skemp, who kept a few boarders and had harbored him among them. It was currently reported that she was going to marry him or had married him or didn't care whether she was his wife or not.

Nobody seemed to consider it hard on Kentucky that it had fallen to his lot to swing for the general good. The citizens had determined that the next man to shoot and kill should be tried and convicted of murder—not tried and acquitted, mind you, but tried and convicted. That meant shooting was to be stopped by making an example. Kentucky had been playing for large stakes with a gambler who had come in the day before. The gambler pulled an ace out of his sleeve, and Kentucky saw him do it. It would have been all right if the gambler hadn't been so clumsy as to get caught. It was all right, too, for Kentucky to put a bullet between the gambler's eyes except for the decision of the citizens that the next man doing the shooting act must be made an example of. It was Kentucky's misfortune to be the next man.

There wouldn't have been much interest attached to the hanging if it hadn't been for Eliza Skemp. Kentucky had no sooner been sentenced than she went about trying to get people to sign a petition for a pardon. "What d'ye want to hang a man for," she said, "simply because he done the most natural thing in the world?" "Right you are," everybody said. "What else could you expect under the circumstances," and they all signed the petition. Eliza got it signed by the whole community and took it to the governor of the territory.

"What's this," he says—"petition for pardon of Bates? That's mighty queer for the people of the town to convict a man to stop shooting and then ask me to pardon him. No, ma'am, Joe Bates is sentenced to swing on Friday, the 20th, at 12 o'clock, noon, and I'll be there myself to see that the job's done properly. It's time this territory, if it ever expects to become a state, should have some respect for law."

Liz saw that there was no use pleading, so she went away.

Now, Liz was no fool of a woman. Bates was a good for nothing sort of fellow, and it seems strange that she should have taken so much pains for him. She set such store by getting him off that two men in the town allowed they'd help her to carry out any plan she might set afoot. There wasn't any use trying to do anything by force, for the governor appeared in town the day before the hanging and swore in a lot of deputy sheriffs to see that the job wasn't interfered with.

The night before the hanging Liz set the watches of her two confederates half an hour back. She went to the jail for a last interview with Kentucky, and while the jailer's back was turned she set his clock back. The next morning her two confederates went about town comparing time with the citizens and convinced them all that their watches—those who had watches—were half an hour too fast. One of Liz's friends claimed to have come in from the capital with the government time.

On the morning of the hanging a friend of Liz's calls on the governor, passes the compliments of the season, asks him if he's tasted a julep since he left the States and ended by inviting him over to her house to take one. The governor accepted, and after partaking of the julep Liz's friend proposed that they should sit down to a small game to pass the time till the hour should come for the hanging.

They played and played, and while they were playing Liz came in, weeping copiously. She implored the governor on her knees, with the tears streaming down her cheeks, to give her Kentucky's body that she might give it a decent burial. The governor was "out" in the game and didn't want to be interrupted, so he said if she'd go away he'd attend to it. But she stuck to him, and the governor made up his mind if he wanted to get square he'd better get rid of her, so, calling for pen and paper, he wrote off an order to the sheriff to give the body of Joseph Bates to Eliza Skemp. Then he casually looked at his watch, and, seeing it was five minutes after 12, he started and exclaimed that he'd missed the hanging. He gave the order to Liz, and she makes for the jail mighty fast and gets there a quarter hour, according to the jailer's watch, before the execution time.

The jailer when he saw the governor's order to give the body of Joe Bates to Eliza Skemp didn't know what to do. "It's a habeas corpus," said Liz, "and there ain't no one dares to disobey that. It 'ud be unconstitutional." The jailer didn't do anything, and Kentucky, he just marches out with Liz. They walked through a crowd that was waiting to see him hanged. One of Liz's confederates handed him a weapon, and the other confed. handed him another. Then Kentucky backed around a corner and lit out.

That was the last seen of Kentucky in these parts and the last seen of Liz.

GRAND ROUNDS.

By ROCKFORD KING.  
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Dixon Tarr at twenty-five had been collegian, explorer, prospector and miner. He had taken all sorts of risks and had not manifested the best of judgment. But who expects caution and daring in the same man, especially when passing out of his teens into his twenties? In one of his explorations into the southwesternmost part of the North American continent in trying to befriend the remnant of a tribe of Indians he had incurred their displeasure. He had picked up a valuable mine in their country, which he determined to work. Tarr was a man who when he set his heart on doing a thing no one could frighten him out of it, and he worked his mine, though the whole tribe had sworn to kill him. Then when he had proved its value he went north and married a wife.

Mrs. Tarr insisted on returning with him. To dissuade her he told her that the danger was too great to be incurred by a woman. He yielded and took her with him.

Tarr's mine was encircled by a stockade provided with watchtowers and properly loopholed, in each of which a sentry was kept day and night, while the guard remained below.

Mrs. Tarr was the only one in the inclosure who was keenly alive to danger. She soon noticed that the guard had fallen into indolence through inaction, and a failure of their enemies to show themselves had induced a feeling of security. She pointed out these things to her husband, but he was fascinated with his mine, which was showing remarkable results, and she found it difficult to secure his attention long enough to produce any reformation. He assured her that the Indians, who were degenerated from the valor of their forefathers, would not think of attacking white men provided with modern arms and protected behind a stockade.

But Mrs. Tarr was by no means satisfied. She constituted herself an officer of each and every day and night and went "grand rounds" frequently. The guard complained that a timid woman should be in their midst who interfered with a sentry taking cat naps on post; that she was so fearful of the impotent threat of a race far below the greasers as to worry herself and all the rest into an abnormal condition of fear. Some of these remarks she overheard, but they had no effect to make her relax discipline.

One night a sentry heard a slight stirring among the loose rocks surrounding the stockade—it was built in a rocky canyon—but, concluding that the intruder was some animal, he paid no attention to it. Presently he smelled a singular odor. Then he became drowsy. Other sentinels on his side of the stockade smelled the same odor and also fell asleep. They had not experienced the odor before and presumed it to be from some shrub they had never encountered.

Just before daylight Tarr, sleeping soundly, was awakened by a shot. He started up and put out his hand to assure himself that his wife was safe beside him. She was not there. Springing out of bed, he jumped into his boots and trousers, but had got on neither when he heard a number of scattered reports. He rushed out to find Indians jumping over one side of the stockade and down into the inclosure. A few of the guard were pointing their rifles to receive them, and the balance were snatching theirs. From one of the towers came a rapid fire, which did the principal damage that was done the assailants.

It was all over in a few minutes. Not more than a dozen Indians got into the stockade, and they were shot down at once. The guard mounted the parapet to see a black mass of Indians ready to follow up the advantage that had been derived by their skirmishers. They were too late. The whites poured a volley into them, and, seeing the stockade manned, they disappeared in the gloom.

"My wife! My wife! Where's my wife?"

The cry came from Tarr. The question was not answered. The frightened husband sent men everywhere within the limited inclosure to seek her with out avail.

"My God, she has been carried off! There has been treachery. They came to take her from me, knowing that it would be a worse revenge than my murder."

"Here she is!" shouted a man who had climbed to a sentry box.

Tarr climbed the steps to see his wife lying in a dead faint. A few minutes before she had gone the grand rounds to find three sentries on one side of the stockade asleep, a smell of chloroform—the person who supplied it and taught the Indians its use was never found—and from one of the towers could distinguish Indian skirmishers within a hundred feet of the stockade. She fired a signal shot, killed a number of the first enemies to enter the fort and then when the fight was over collapsed.

It was plain that the life of every man in the inclosure had been saved by a woman, and that woman had been anathematized by every member of the guard. Had she not arrived on the scene in the very nick of time the advance of the Indians would have overpowered the guard and not a white person would have escaped. Mrs. Tarr was presented by those she had saved with a handsome jeweled sword appropriately inscribed. She had earned the right to take her husband back with her, and this in a very short time she did.

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