

CONDUCTED BY O. R. Thacher AVON PARK, FLA.

DEPARTMENT OF

The South Florida Sun

All communications intended for this department should be addressed to O. R. Thacher, Avon Park, Fla.

AVON PARK LOCALS.

E. W. Easter hopes to get here before the end of this month, and his friends will be glad to see him soon.

Mrs. E. E. Bryant, who is in San Diego, Cal., was very sick at latest accounts and her friends are feeling very anxious regarding her.

A few days ago we heard that Mrs. Godwin, who is in Fort Meade and under the treatment of Dr. Reagles, was very much better, to the gladness of her friends.

Benj. Hinkley has been cleaning up his Gale 10 acres, east of Lake Verona, preparatory to having it plowed and the planting of trees begun. His is a well located lot and improvements will make it valuable.

Mr. Henry T. Wray, manager for Dr. E. M. Hyde had a letter the first of this week from the doctor, who is one of the teachers in the St. Petersburg school. He is well and likes the place and is much pleased with the people there.

Beautiful fall-like weather we are having just now. Monday we had two or three little showers, but in the main the sky was clear and the evening was beautiful so that the postoffice and porch were full of men, women and children waiting for the mail.

Mrs. Mary V. Dart has bought of Mrs. W. F. Daugherty, the corner lot 108x120 feet, adjoining the Dart house lot on the north, consideration \$75. Mrs. Dart bought the lot from the Albert Payne estate, some four years ago for \$20.

In honor of the birthday of Henry D. Meyers, several of his friends gave him a surprise visit at Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Master's house on Deer lake, last Saturday night. We have not heard, but suppose the usual order of exercises was followed: music, dancing, perhaps card playing, singing, conversing and a lively time generally.

We find that by adding together the monthly records for rainfall for 12 months past, that in the year ending Sept. 30, 1905, the rainfall here has been 66.89 inches. In January and February last, the rainfall was 60.61 respectively. But in October, 1904, and in July and August, 1905, the monthly rainfalls were 11.25, 13.70 and 12.72 inches.

Mr. Geo. F. Smith has bought the freighting business of Mr. Erwin, and has bought another mule, so that he now has two double teams. In buying out Erwin, Smith takes Erwin's contract with J. C. Burleigh which involves the acquirement of the Lake Tulane property of Mr. Burleigh, and extends the contract period to a considerable length.

In the item last week concerning Mr. Burleigh's improvements, we failed to mention the open brick fireplace and chimney he is putting into his new dining room. This is the third open brick fireplace to be built at Avon Park. The first was built for Mrs. John Cook in the house now owned by O. P. Wernicke, and the second for Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Dart.

Putnam county has a large negro element which was nearly solid for a continuance of the saloons, and with the white saloon element were able to continue the county wet by the small majority of 65 votes. Probably, after all, DeSoto county will be better off without negroes, and it will be better to keep them out if that can be done by fair methods. Negroes fastening saloons upon a county, in defiance of the wishes of the decent inhabitants, makes us realize the wisdom of keeping the negro out. "No negroes and no saloons" was a pretty good slogan for us after all.

70th Birthday Anniversary of Rt. Rev. Wm. Crane Gray.

Bishop Gray was 70 years old on the 6th of last month, "but showing to a very marked degree his accustomed youthfulness and vigor." He is abundant in labors, his field covering nearly 40,000 square miles in Southern Florida.

A beautiful poem to Bishop Gray on the occasion of the seventieth anniversary of his birth by Elizabeth H. Rand of Longwood, Fla., was published in the Living Death of Sept. 18th.

All who know the Bishop might adopt as their own, the sentiments of this "Loving Tribute."

Who would keep their children in good health, should watch for the first symptoms of worms, and remove them with White's Cream Vermifuge. It is the children's best tonic. It gets digestion at work so that their food does them good, and they grow up healthy and strong. Sold by Ed Greene.

In Avon Park Thirteen Years—A Retrospect and An Outlook.

It was on the 4th of October, 1892, that the writer first saw Avon Park, which has ever since been his home. There have been a good many changes in the population of the place during that time, but amongst the present residents there yet remain fifteen persons whom the writer found residing here when he came. They are Mr. and Mrs. Wm. King, the first settlers; Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Prior, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. William Krause, Mr. Frank Thompson and daughter, now Mrs. E. J. Masters; Aaron Bassett, Charles Wilkinson, Dr. Kittell, Henry T. Wray, Wm. Krause, Jr.

A. W. Sargent and family, who came in November, 1892, and a number of others who came within a year or so following, are living here yet.

There have been disappointments and discouragements, sometimes so disheartening that it was hard to rally from them. But a reaction came, and during the last four or five years more solid, enduring improvements have been inaugurated here than existed at the date of the "great freeze" and the collapse of the Florida Development Co., which followed it as effect follows cause.

What we need here now more perhaps than anything else, is downright honest patriotism toward all the interests of our own community. We must have the spirit of loyalty toward our own town, that disposition which leads men to feel and speak well of their own town and its advantages and prospects.

The writer remembers these words in his second reader of over 60 years ago. "I can't never did anything. I can try, has has done wonders." A good old motto. But here for years past there have been those who, in season and out of season have said: "You can't do anything here." This, with several variations, has been the burden of their message which has been spoken and reiterated time and again to new comers and prospectors, some of whom have been driven away—a quite natural result.

Why should we think it necessary when strangers come to see us to begin straightway to speak disparagingly of the place we are living in and of what we have, and, worst of all, the people, our neighbors, and, perhaps, our patrons in business?

St. James said, "The tongue can no man tame." But every man, and woman, too, who possesses reason and conscience can, if they will, govern and control the great gift of speech for the good of one another and themselves. Then, too, St. James intimates that the divine principle that he calls "the wisdom that is from above" is equal to the radical cure of the "untamed tongue." It has been known to do it, too.

The Death of Charles Fenton.

The last two winters Mr. Charles Fenton and wife whose home was in the town of Number Four in the Adirondack mountains, N. Y., were visitors at Avon Park and guests at Hotel Verona, and are very well remembered by many of our people. Last Saturday we received from Dr. McCartney a clipping from one of the Rochester papers giving an account of the sudden death of Mr. Fenton, near the summit of Whiteface mountain, one of the highest peaks in the State of New York.

He and Mrs. Fenton were making the ascent of the mountain alone, a guide not being procurable, and had nearly reached the summit when he sank down unconscious, apparently overcome by the over-exertion of the climb and the effect of the high altitude. Instinctively she screamed for help, but there was no one to hear.

After all efforts she could make to revive her husband proved unavailing Mrs. Fenton started down the trail as fast as she could to the launch upon the lake which was to convey them to their hotel. After ordering the operator of the launch to summon assistance, she started back up the trail alone, unarmed and without a light. Several times she lost the trail and was compelled to crawl on hands and knees to find it. Scratched, and bruised and bleeding she pressed on and at last reached the spot where her husband lay. There was no indication that he had stirred since she had left him, and she could detect no heart beats. She began to realize that he had passed beyond human help. Soon Dr. Warren and a party of volunteers arrived, and the Dr. had to tell Mrs. Fenton that her husband was dead, and heart disease the probable cause. She was almost prostrated with grief and the terrible physical ordeal through which she had passed. Restoratives were administered and as soon as possible she was assisted down the mountain and to the inn which she reached about midnight. Her husband's body was carried down the trail and afterward was sent to his late home for interment. Mr. Fenton was seventy six years old at the time of his death.

He was twice married, the second time six years ago. He was one of the best known men in the Adirondack region having spent his entire life in the mountains, for many years acting as a guide. To us he seemed a very kindly, friendly man, to whom we were drawn, and whose personality impressed us strongly and agreeably, and who, although our acquaintance was was of a few weeks only, we shall always remember with satisfaction.

The following tribute to the wifely devotion of Mrs. Fenton to her husband in the sad fatality upon the mountain peak, we copy from the clipping word for word: "Out of the Adirondacks have come

many thrilling tales, but for feminine bravery and devotion to a stricken husband, none surpasses the story of Mrs. Charles Fenton's night climb up Whiteface mountain, one of the highest peaks in New York State. The ascent of Whiteface is a difficult matter even for a strong man accompanied by a guide in daylight, and never before has a woman made the climb alone after dark. It was all in vain, also, for Mrs. Fenton reached her husband only to find him dead."

No date is anywhere given in this article, but we presume the death occurred within two weeks past.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Sargent and their daughter Fannie arrived in Jacksonville via the Clyde line at about noon Monday, where they remained two or three days and thence to Gainesville before returning to the Park.

"Have you boarded long at this house?" inquired the new boarder of the sour, dejected man sitting next to him.

"About ten years." "I don't see how you can stand it. Why haven't you left long ago?" "No other place to go," said the other dully. "The landlady's my wife."

Those who slip on a banana peel never fail to see a penny lying on the sidewalk in time to keep from falling over it.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

"I have been married twice, once for love and once for money." "Are you satisfied?" "Not quite. I should like to try marrying for a little of both, if I may."—Puck.

"He seems to be an experienced waiter." "Oh, yes. Note the calm indifference with which he treats people who are in a hurry."

A story and a-half cottage in Avon Park in good condition, 5 rooms with furniture. The house is well painted, attractive in appearance, situated within less than 5 minutes walk of either stores and postoffice. The lot is 100x100 feet, pleasantly located. Price \$400, cash. Title perfect. Inquire of W. R. DOOLITTLE, Avon Park, Florida.

A place where you can get your tailor-made suits, cloaks, caps, rain-coats, shirts etc., CHEAP, with satisfaction guaranteed in quality of goods and fit or money refunded. Call and see samples and fashions for fall and winter.

M. W. Sargent, agent for Edward B. Crossman & Co., Avon Park, Fla.

A 9-room dwelling house situated on the shore of Lake Lotela, Avon Park. The best location on this beautiful lake. Lot 50x400 feet—runs from lake to street. House close to the lake—barn and shed at the street end of lot. Title perfect. Price \$550 cash. Enquire of O. R. Thacher, Avon Park, Fla., Lock Box 218.

STOVE WOOD FOR SALE.

William Krause & Son are now ready to book orders for stove wood cut to any length desired. We have a supply on hand of those lengths mostly called for, and as the season advances and more wood is used, we shall be in readiness to supply all the stove wood used here, and we respectfully solicit orders for all you need.

WILLIAM KRAUSE & SON, 8-11th Avon Park, Fla.

FOR RENT

For the Winter or Year.

Four furnished rooms in good repair; kitchen, pantry, dining room and bedroom, all on first floor, separated from rest of house by open passageway. Porch on the north, east and west, best of water from a 70-foot driven well. Kitchen porch. Wish to rent to any party who will board one or two persons for part of house, dress.

O. R. THACHER, Avon Park, Fla.

WEST & CO. BANKERS.

Transacts a General Banking business. Interest paid on time deposits.

POST YOURSELF

On the merits of the Huntley Orange and Grape Fruit Sizer, manufactured by G. W. Gibson, then order one, and be ready to ship your fruit to the early market. For description, address G. W. GIBSON, Arcadia, Florida.

FRIVOLITY IN ENGLAND.

A Claim That It is What Really Keeps the Nation Sane.

Which is worse—to be too serious or too frivolous? I have no doubt about the matter myself, so far as individuals are concerned, though all extremists are bores. The perpetually lively, feather brained, pleasure crazed creature is almost, if not quite, as irritating as the deadly serious individual. But, apropos of the accusation recently lodged against us that as a nation we are becoming too frivolous, one cannot help saying that we are a great deal livelier than we were a few years ago, and for this relief assuredly we have cause to be thankful.

In consequence we are accused, of having become too frivolous. It seems to me that we have just got matters nicely balanced. This is an age when we are prepared to be cranks on the slightest provocation. People crave for missions, they wallow in philanthropy, they pounce with avidity on new religions, they will plunge into politics or write attacks on women, society, the degeneracy of the age, or anything else that gives them an opportunity of airing what they call their views. So surely, if deeper in loco were not occasionally to be permitted to us, it is fearful to think what we should become. Our frivolity is the antidote to the twentieth century disposition toward crankiness. It really keeps us sane.—London World.

THE HOODED COBRA.

It is Venerated in India as the One Sacred Serpent.

Of all the snakes of India the naga, nag or hooded serpent, commonly known as the cobra, alone is sacred. It is called the good snake, and is considered a protector and harbinger of success. The veneration of the cobra is intimately connected with the worship of the sun, and is thus closely related to the orthodox Hindu religion. According to the Mahabharata, the emperor over which India ruled was mainly tenanted by Devas and Nagas, the former being deified heroes of the Aryas and the latter those of the Naga people on earth.

Although wars continued for a long time to be frequent between rival chiefs of the invaders (Aryas) and the invaded (Nagas), a gradual fusion between the two peoples took place, and heaven was shared equally by Devas and Nagas. The serpent gods are worshipped now, as they were then, not as dangerous reptiles, nor as mere symbols, but as the deified rulers of an ancient people, whose tribal, or, rather, perhaps, racial, emblem was the naga, or hooded serpent, and whose chief deity was the sun; hence the Naga temples are not dedicated to the serpent, but to the Naga rajahs, the ancient rulers of the race.

SOCIAL SPONGING.

The Extent to Which It is Carried in London.

There is probably no city in the world where there is so much social sponging done as in London. At their big functions hosts and hostesses have frequently not the remotest acquaintance with many of the people who attend them and whose check is only extended by their voracity. "I have one particular case in memory," says a writer in the Boston Herald, "where a woman brought fifty of her friends. It was at the house of a millionaire, the Hon. Glin Vivian, in Eaton square. On the same occasion nearly every one else brought herself, her family and all her friends. It was a never to be forgotten gathering. Many people never succeeded in getting beyond the hall door. An excellent supper had been provided for about three or four hundred, but there must have been a thousand present. About 1 a. m. people were sitting about in the bedrooms eating sandwiches and drinking claret or champagne—in fact, anything they could grab from the supper table—and the story went that they got so hungry and riotous that they invaded the wine cellar and the larder."

French Origin of "Save the King."

The British national anthem is of French origin. The Petite Republique asserts that the words of "God Save the King" are a literal translation of a hymn in honor of Louis XIV., chanted by the young girls in residence at the convent of St. Cyr.

The French words of this hymn were:

Grand Dieu, sauvez le roi! Grand Dieu, vengez le roi! Vive le roi! Que, toujours glorieux, Louis victorieux, Vole ses ennemis. Toujours soumis.

The music of this chant was copied during his visit to France by Handel, who on his return to England dedicated it to George I.

Tom Reed's Wit.

Congressman Morse of Massachusetts was a great admirer of Speaker Reed, to whom he said on one occasion, "Do you know, Mr. Reed, the people are talking a great deal about you for president, and I would not be surprised if they elected you president some day?" "Well, Morse," was the dry comment of the speaker, "they could do worse and I have no doubt they will."

In Use.

Mamma (at breakfast table)—You should always use your napkin, Georgie. Georgie—I am using it, mamma. I've got the dog tied to the leg of the table with it.—Golden Days.

Their Special Favorites.

She—I am so fond of trees! The oak is my favorite, it is so strong, so noble! Which do you like the best? He (promptly)—Tew.—Judge.

AN OLD TIME OUTING.

One With Which Samuel Pepps Describes a Very Much Pleasured.

Samuel Pepps describes a twentieth century Sunday outing, and the tale has a very modern ring to it. "Lord's day," he writes, "up, and a wife, a little before 4, to make ready." And here he records his annoyance that "she was so long about it." Pepps then goes on: "She packed and taking some bottles of wine and beer and cold fowls with us." "And four horses from London to the son, where they arrived at 8 o'clock, drank the waters, ordered a dinner, it. "A good dinner and were merry after dinner, "the day being wonderful hot, to sleep."

Then followed a coach to "take the ayre," a shepherd with a little Bible reading the Bible "with the forced notion that children do usually read that mighty pretty." The shepherd "bless God" for that boy. In Essex town a "poor woman with her milk pail" and "did drink our bellyful of milk." Then to the coach, it seems about 7 at night.

So pleased was Pepps with his day's results that he records his resolution: "Never to keep a country house, but to keep a coach and with my wife on a Saturday to go sometimes for a day to this place and then quit to another place, and there is more variety and as little charge and no trouble as there is in a country house."

FLAG ETIQUETTE.

Rules That Govern the Display of the National Emblem.

The government regulations provide that on the death of a president in office its flag shall be displayed at half mast only one day.

In memory of the soldiers who lost their lives during the civil war, on May 30, Memorial day, each year the United States displays its flag at half staff at all army posts, stations and national cemeteries from sunrise until midday. Immediately before noon a dirge is played by the band or field music, and the national salute of twenty-one guns is fired. At the conclusion of this memorial tribute at noon the flag is hoisted to the top of the staff and remains there until sunset. The idea is that the national ensign is too sacred an object to be long in mourning for any man or number of men, no matter how exalted their rank.

The flag reversed, with the union down, indicates distress. The flag on anything but a fort actually beseged should never be displayed between sunset and sunrise.

When the flag is to be displayed at half mast it is lowered to that position from the top of the staff. It is hoisted to the top before it is finally lowered.—Washington Post.

THE FIRST CIGARS.

Havannas Were Smoked in Paris as Long Ago as 1813.

When were cigars first smoked? According to a French authority, the weed in this shape was not introduced into France till the return of the French army from Spain in 1823. This fact is on the authority of Hippolyte Auger, the dramatic author, who writes thus in his memoirs: "Our return from Paris was by way of Orleans. On the route we met quite frequently officers returning from Spain. They had generally cigars in their mouths—a new habit, since before general. From this point of view the campaign of 1823 had the good financial result of establishing a new branch of import trade."

Another document, however, carries back the use of the cigar to a slightly earlier period. The "Hermite of the Chasse d'Antin," 1813, going to see his nephew, a young officer at Paris, finds him at his hotel in morning costume and smoking a Havana cigar. The taste for cigars seems at this time to have been sufficiently extended to make them a common article in the stock of every grocer who was careful to cater to the wants of his customers.

A Decided Opinion.

"I was in a railroad accident once," said a bishop, and I was helping an elderly lady from our wrecked car. Behind us came a noble looking English lady with her husband by her side. "She was scolding him well for starting on their journey on Friday. 'I told you, James,' she said, 'something would happen if we should start on Friday.' " "Madam," said I, 'do you know that Columbus set sail to discover America on Friday?' " "She looked at me with indignation and said, 'Sir, in my opinion it is a great pity America was ever discovered at all.'"

Drawn In.

Hanson—How did you come to marry the widow Boncouer instead of her daughter? I thought it was the daughter you were after. Janson—Well, so I was, to tell the truth, but when I asked Marie to marry me one day she said, "Ask mamma," and when I started to do it I stammered so with nervousness that mamma said "Yes" before I had the question out.

The Doctor Prescribes.

Jimson—Doctor, I'm getting too stout for comfort, and I want your advice. Doctor—Nothing reduces flesh like worry. Spend two hours a day thinking of the unpaid bill you owe me.

Still Worse.

He—I know lots of women who haven't any sense of humor. She—Well, what of it? I know lots of men who haven't any sense at all.—Detroit Free Press.

Contentment gives a crown where fortune hath denied it.—Ford.

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