

New Roads In Northwest

Commissioner Bryson Gives People Long-Needed Service.

(Auburndale New Era)

The country to the northwest of Auburndale has been in worse shape, as regards roads, for a longer time than any other section we know of. Commissioner Bryson has just earned the gratitude of the residents of that section and of all having to travel that way by doing the first work on the roads ever done by any county commissioner within the memory of man. The cash expenditure has not been so large, and little or no hard surfacing has been done, but the roads have been made thoroughly good and passable, and by contrast with the old trails the improvement is immense.

A car can now go from Auburndale by Lake Whistler and up to Morse, and thence to the Wesley Bryant place, where his son-in-law, Mr. Reid Robson, now lives, and from there to Lakeland, and from Morse direct to Lakeland via Morgan Reynolds' farm and the Combee settlement. The old Morse-Lakeland road has been a public highway for years, tho in wretched shape. There was a very bad hole near Morgan Reynolds', where many a car and even wagon got stuck. It formerly ran diagonally across this farm, but now makes a square turn on land lines.

The improvements include a bridge 48 feet long over Prairie Slough, with good graded approaches; a bridge on the Morse road north of the old McLain place; a bridge over Alligator creek near Bryant's and several lesser crossings where needed. Among other lines of travel opened up by the new roads and bridges, it is now possible to go from Auburndale to Green Pond by car.

Morgan Reynolds has had charge of the crew for Commissioner Bryson, and has certainly produced a first-class bit of work all along the line. Needless to say, the commissioner has not made himself unpopular by doing this long-needed work. While the territory has no large settlements and so does not attract much outside notice, it is a beautiful and fertile country with many fine farms and groves, and the people living there are just as much entitled to roads as those anywhere else.

MAIL DELUGE FOR LONELY GIRL

Seaford, Del., Oct. 30.—The rural mail wagon driven by Frank Wheatley from the local postoffice is heavily laden with undelivered mail, and for many miles around this section of the peninsula persons are trying to locate Miss Ethel R. Sweeney, a young woman to whom the mail is addressed.

Last week Miss Sweeney wrote to Mayor Price of Wilmington beseeching him to find a husband for a "lonely country girl," and gave her address as Concord, Del. Concord is situated about 2 miles east of here and the notoriety given the place by the young woman has caused old residents to treat strangers "cool."

Loads of letters are arriving here daily for the "lonely girl," and although a thorough search is being made for her, as yet all efforts have failed.

BARON VON BISSING



Baron von Bissing, half brother of General von Bissing, military governor of Belgium, though a naturalized British subject, was taken recently from his home in Kensington, England, and interned in a workhouse with other "enemy aliens."

Rally Day Draws Crowd

Enthusiastic Interest in School Welfare Shown

(Auburndale New Era)

That public school affairs hold high place in the interest of the patrons and pupils of the Auburndale school was attested Tuesday, Oct. 19th, when, in response to the invitation issued by C. A. Parker, Superintendent of Public Instruction, and the members of the Polk County School Board, more than one hundred and fifty children and grown-ups assembled in Putnam Park and participated in the first Educational Rally Day to be held in this section.

The affair was in charge of Mr. B. H. Seiple, principal and the teachers of the school, and took the form of a general picnic dinner, followed by a program of speeches by Superintendent Parker and General E. N. Law, representing the school board, Mr. Sheldon Phillips, State Rural School Inspector, and Prof. Buchholtz, Professor of Psychology of the University of Florida at Gainesville.

By eleven o'clock Putnam Park was thronged with a crowd of happy children and their elders, and the Education Department of the Woman's Club, represented by Mrs. Horr, Mrs. McLain, Mrs. May, and Mrs. Stone took charge of the food so bounteously furnished by the school parents, and a roval feast was spread. The guests of honor, Supt. Parker, Chairman W. D. Owens and General Law, of the School Board, Mr. Phillips and Prof. Buchholtz, were seated at the head table with Prof. Seiple, Mrs. Olsen and Miss Bryant representing the Auburndale School, and J. H. McLain, D. W. McCraney, school trustees.

"Co-operation between patrons and teachers" was the keynote of the program which followed the luncheon, and which program was held in the Dixie Canning Factory rooms, where seats were provided for all guests.

"Teachers, make yourselves known to the parents; parents, get acquainted with the teachers" was a point emphasized by Mr. Phillips, State Rural School Inspector, who dwelt upon the necessity for greater co-operation in order to attain the highest standard of school idealism. "Make the school the civic center" stated Mr. Phillips; "let your community revolve around the school-house. You have a great little city here and the name Auburndale is known all over the state." "Auburndale is to be congratulated upon the spirit of progressiveness that is everywhere apparent," said General Law. "A year ago I came here with the other members of the board to visit your school. We found an inadequate building, unsightly and in many respects unsafe. There was some difficulty in selling your bonds, but a delegation from your Women's Club called upon us shortly afterward with a long petition, signed by the voters, taxpayers and patrons of your city, and pleaded with us to try to sell your bonds. Since then the bonds have been sold and you have today a building of which any city in the state might be proud. You are to be congratulated upon the spirit of your citizens. It is that which makes land worth \$100 an acre six miles from a railroad. It is that spirit which makes a city worth while."

The value of education in the world, was the subject of Prof. Buchholtz's address, and having devoted his lifetime to the public schools no one is better fitted than Prof. Buchholtz to speak upon this subject. He told of the progress of nations through the uplift power of education; of the progress of Japan through the influence of education; and touched upon the advance of Germany, Switzerland and other nations through educational channels. And closing he congratulated Polk county upon the possession of a superintendent whose heart and soul is in his work. One of the most pleasing features of the program was the singing of the pupils in chorus under the direction of Mrs. Ethel Olsen.

Truly a Remarkable "Bull."
Humor expresses itself in action as well as words. The Irish rebel of 1793 enacted a "bull" of a remarkable kind. They wished to annoy John Horsford, a banker. So, forgetting that every bank note that is just relieves a bank of liability, they collected at great expense a pile of Horsford paper money and burned it with great sound and fury.

Willing to Go Half Way.
Frank had been going to school but a week when he had some trouble with the janitor. The teacher took Frank to the janitor and said: "Now, Frank, I am sorry you and Jerry have had any trouble, but just to show Jerry that you are willing to be friends I want you to shake hands with him." Frank hesitated and then grumbled, "I'll give him my left hand."

TWO ON A TRAIL

By J. F. PETERS.

When Johnson reached old Le-grange's cabin he was just ten minutes too late. He had traveled four hundred miles that spring to woo Marie Le-grange. His winter's catch had been better than at any time in his ten years of trapping. He meant to ask the pretty French girl to come South and marry him at Winnipeg.

As has been said, he was just ten minutes too late. Dufour had anticipated him by that amount of time. He had heard that Dufour was ahead of him, and, though he had no reason to suppose that Marie cared for the man, he had been vaguely uneasy. He had seen Dufour at last, when he was within ten miles of the cabin, and had spurred his tired horse onward. But when he reached the top of Birch Rise, where a few dwarfed trees afforded an uncertain cover, he saw Marie and Dufour standing in front of the cabin, and he saw Dufour take the girl in his arms.

He mounted and rode away, rounding the ridge and proceeding aimlessly along the water hollow. His only thought just then was to get out of sight of Marie. She must never know his disappointment. He saddled and built a little fire in the hollow. He had just finished cooking his bacon when he saw Dufour ride past along the top of the crest.

Dufour was going northward. At first Johnson wondered why; then he remembered that the man set out a line of traps every spring in the North Fork country, where winter always lingered and some of the best furs were to be taken. In April the fur-bearing



He Mounted and Rode Away.

animals had not yet shed their coats, rich and silky from the prolonged cold.

The lay of the land was peculiar in this direction. Johnson had descended to the trail that ran along the South Fork valley. The ridge grew steadily higher, the overhanging banks were covered with brush. Johnson could follow Dufour, beneath him, perhaps three hundred feet beneath him, for two days, keeping him plainly in sight, and yet avoiding discovery. In his bitterness he gave way to an impulse springing up in his heart against his will. He had loved Marie ever since she was a child. Dufour had stolen her. He would kill Dufour. None would ever know of the tragedy in this desolate region. In a year or two, when Dufour's death had come to be accepted, he would go back to Marie.

The idea, with which he had played at first, grew stronger, until it overwhelmed his resolution. Burning with hatred for this man who had supplanted him, Johnson rode cautiously along the level beneath.

For a whole day he followed him. He had imagined that his enemy would start on the next day at sunrise. But when he awakened and crept stealthily toward Dufour's camp he found the fire low and Dufour gone.

He saddled his horse hastily and followed him. But soon the snow began to fall, and the man's trail became obliterated. Dufour had been leading his packhorse; hoofs and footprints alike became hidden under the soft downfall.

Johnson pressed on resolutely. The snowfall became heavier. At last he was forced to halt. He dug a shelter in the hard accumulation of the winter and crept inside, leaving his horse, blanketed and tethered, under the protection of the bank.

It must have been in the middle of the night that he started up. He looked out. The snow had ceased, and the stars shone brilliantly. Johnson fancied that he had heard a cry.

He listened, and now there was no doubt of it. A man was crying at the bottom of the valley. Mingled with his cry came a furious snarl which had only one meaning for Johnson, and for the horse as well.

Hastily he untethered the trembling animal, mounted it, and rode down. He heard the cry again, and the sound of a discharged rifle. Presently he came upon the little shelter of Dufour.

Dufour was lying outside upon his side, his rifle grasped firmly in his hand. As Johnson approached his horse snorted and reared. Johnson leaped to the ground. A dozen slinking forms disappeared in the shadows of the stunted trees.

Good and Bad Times to Sleep.
Sleep is soundest on cool, clear, dry evenings, when there is little moisture in the air and some mild movement of the pleasant, soothing atmosphere. On cloudy, warm, soggy or even snowy nights, other things being equal, sleep was fitful, restless and unsatisfactory.

Of the Same Opinion.
Mildred—"Don't you think Miss Elderly looks much younger in her new hat?" Helen—"Indeed I do. Why, Mildred, it makes her look by very little older than she says she is." Judge.

A pack of wolves had scented Dufour and had attacked him. Johnson fired after them. He thought by the yelling that he had hit one; he was sure of it when he heard the beasts fighting over the body. He turned to Dufour. He saw at a glance that the man had fallen down the cliff. He was fearfully injured, and lay as if paralyzed. His horse had evidently bolted.

Johnson turned his horse loose. It would have to look after itself; it might evade the wolves, but no halter or ropes could hold it there. It leaped, whinnying, into the darkness. Johnson crouched by Dufour's side, waiting. There was no time to lose in words, and he knew the almost human cunning of the wolf pack, maddened with hunger in the last days of winter. Suddenly, out of nothing, it seemed, two huge forms leaped toward them. They fell between Dufour and Johnson. Johnson clubbed his rifle and brought it down on one brute's head. It lay quivering, silent. The other sprang at his throat.

For a moment Johnson was forced back against the cliff. He felt the hot breath on his face and heard the hiss in the throat. Then somehow he had evaded the fangs and hurled the monster from him. He swung wildly with his rifle stock. By some good fortune he struck the beast behind the ear. It fell, stunned.

Then the rest of the pack was upon him. But it was beginning to grow lighter. Johnson dragged Dufour into the shelter that he had dug in the bank, and stood in front of him, waiting. Three times his rifle rang out, and each time he shot down a form that leaped in midair.

It was growing quite light. The beasts were snarling over their dead. They crouched round Johnson in a half-circle, tearing at the flesh and watching him, too. A wolf prefers man's flesh to wolf-meat. Johnson knew that, but he knew that only a concerted attack could overcome him. It was dawn now. The beasts were lurking further back among the trees. Johnson fired his last two bullets into their refuge. He heard a yelping, and in the gold of the first sunlight saw the survivors stream away through the birch thickets.

Then at last he turned to Dufour. The man must have fallen all the way down the cliffs, and a glance showed him that he could not live. Dufour clutched at Johnson as he bent over him. "Forgive!" he whispered. "I followed you. I saw you in the valley. I made a detour and went behind you, to kill you—because you took the girl I loved."

Johnson stared wide-eyed at him; he seemed to be interpreting his own heart. "I hated you when Marie refused to marry me. Stay by me till I die. She loves you. Forgive!" whispered Dufour.

Johnson clasped the man's hand in his. He waited there until the breath grew fainter, stopped. Johnson closed the dead eyes and closed the mouth of the shelter securely. Then he set his feet upon the trail back to Marie's cabin.

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ALWAYS MAN'S BEST FRIEND
Dog Every Ready to Respond to the Mood, Pleasant or Otherwise, of Master He Loves.

Fisher Ames, not the Revolutionary hero, but one of his descendants, once remarked that a dog is a better friend than a human being. "For," said he, "the dog will be at your feet, ready at any moment to respond to your mood, while a human being will go off in a huff if you do not respond to his mood."

Ames bred Alredale terriers and exhibited them in Philadelphia, New York and Boston, until he won a championship for one of them, and then he lost interest in the subject. His mood for dogs passed, but whenever it returned the dog responded as though he had not neglected them for other amusements.

The Eskimos have put Ames' remark into a proverb based on a long experience in the Arctic wilds. They say that "a man's best friend is his dog, even better than his wife." The Brahmin blood of New England and the blubber-eating seal hunter of the North react in the same way when brought up against the facts of life. Men seem to be the same in all climates, and we have the authority of the Spaniards for saying that dogs are the same also, for their proverb-makers have concluded that "dogs have teeth in all countries."

Unfortunate?
An old darkey appealing to a lady for aid told her that by the Dayton flood he had lost everything he had in the world, including his wife and six children.

"Why," said the lady, "I have seen you before and I have helped you. Were you not the colored man who told me you had lost your wife and six children by the sinking of the Titanic?"

"Yeth, ma'am," replied the darkey, "dat was me. Most unfort'nit man dot ever was. Can't keep a family no how."

Irksome Restraint.
"If you deliver that speech you have just read over to me it will jeopardize your political future," said the friendly adviser.

"What if it does?" asked the statesman, fretfully. "I've been wanting to make a speech like that for 15 years, but fear of the consequences kept me silent. If I don't get it out of my system soon it will jeopardize my health."

Nothing New.
These South Sea Islanders are a queer lot. They have many things which are taboo, mustn't be touched. "I see nothing strange about that. It is the same principle on which we carefully plant a lot of grass for people to keep off of."

Cost.
Friend of the college President—"What did this beautiful dormitory cost you?" College President—"Three doctors' degrees. One for the man that put up the money and the others for two friends of his."—Life.

No Use to Him.
The prisoner threw the magazines across his cell in disgust, and cursed eloquently. "Nothin' but continued stories," he growled, "an' I'm to be hung next Tuesday."—Chicago Herald.

ANOTHER DAY

By HOPE BROWNING.

"If you could give me just a day's option, Mr. Betz," Marian frowned slightly, looking around the big, restful studio longingly.

"I'm sorry, but I must give myself a chance to think it over. I'll phone early in the morning."

She went out into the square and sat down near the fountain, trying to make up her mind. It had been eight months since she had left there. Seabury had received his appointment as staff artist at the front, and it had meant so much to his whole career. They were engaged. Sometimes it seemed to her that they had always been engaged ever since she had taken the studio below his and he had dropped roses on her window sill.

"Go up to mother's and stay with her until I get back. You can write all you want to, and she'll love to have you. She has me all dead and buried already, and it will brace her up to have you laugh at her. Go along, Marian."

And Marian had gone. Up into the heart of Vermont to a great, rambling old farmhouse perched on a spur of land that overlooked mountains and valleys for miles. Seabury's mother was a darling little old lady, cheerful and motherly—too motherly. Marian, after seven months, began to feel like a progressive duck with a hen parent. She fretted after town environment and the incentive to work. Her stuff was flat and she knew it. Seabury was on the point of sailing when he got an offer from an English painter and wrote he would wait three months longer if she did not mind. If she did not mind? Marian packed furiously and sent back a cablegram: "Going back to work."

That night she dined out with friends of the Quarter down at a little Italian place on West Eleventh street. And someone spoke his name.

"You knew that Seabury was back, didn't you, Miss Earle? Made a smashing record for himself, too. Looks awfully fit. I met him up at Nannie Bell's last evening at dinner." Marian smiled. No, she had not heard of Mr. Abbot's return, but she was so glad of his success. He was always such a clever, nice boy.

"I'd like to see him marry Nannie Bell," went on her right-hand partner at the long table. "She's just the sort of girl to develop and supplement the gifts of a man like Seabury."

"Yes?" Marian's tone was sweetly interested and impersonal. "Are they engaged?"

"I don't know, but I suppose so. He's been around everywhere with her since he got back."

Marian slept little that night. Wrapped in a kimono, she sat by her window thinking. And here she had been ready to even take back the old studio for sentiment's sake. It was all very well to tell herself that she needed the old environment. She just wanted to be back where they had first met and been so happy together.

The following morning she was rather late, but determined. Mr. Betz stood on the basement steps, talking to the janitor, when she came along. "Go right up, Miss Earle. I'll be there in a minute," he called to her, and she went up the long flight of stairs. The door was ajar. She passed through the high, narrow passageway into the studio and stopped short. Over by the window, looking down on the little patch of garden, stood Seabury.

He turned around at her step, and gave a quick exclamation, brimful of the boyish, explosive happiness she loved in him.

"By Jove, I dragged you back, too, didn't I?" he cried, catching her hands in a grip that hurt. "I've been trying to rent the place from old Betz, but he's put me off, telling me he had another party after it, and I'd have to wait another day. Lord, it's good to see you again, Marian."

"You're looking well," said Marian, trying to draw away.

"I am not. I'm sick and disgusted and miserable, and I can't eat or sleep."

"No? I thought you were dining rather regularly."

"What do you mean? Oh, with Nannie Bell! That's only business. She's doing the writing end of my series for the Dispatch. I didn't think you'd mind."

"Why should I mind?"

"Why?" He glanced beyond her to be sure of privacy and caught her suddenly in his arms. "That's why," he told her, after a minute. "Because you happen to be the only woman that can upset my life for better or worse, don't you see? I dropped everything when I got your cable and came over. I understood how you felt. And when I got here I couldn't find you, so I did the next best thing. I was going to rent the old studio because I knew you'd come back here some time."

"Let me go," she said, struggling. "Somebody's coming."

Mr. Betz whistled jovially as he approached, perhaps as a kindly signal of warning.

"Well," he asked, "what do you think about it?"

Seabury beamed on him, his hands deep in his pockets.

"We are going to take it directly after the wedding, Betz. Fix up your lease."

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