

THE KEY WEST MORNING JOURNAL

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THURSDAY, MAY 16, 1912

PRICE FIVE CENTS

GAS COMPANY'S WORK NEAR COMPLETION

Street Force Will be Further Reduced This Week
—Stoves All Gone

The work of the Key West Gas Company is so far near completion that the street force will be further reduced this week. The city is now pretty thoroughly piped and service pipes are being run into hundreds of homes where gas is to be used. President Mayer of the Gas Company said yesterday that all of the one thousand gas stoves offered had been given away and there were many more people who were anxious for them. The cleanliness and convenience gained by the use of gas for cooking has strongly appealed to the people here and it is quite probable that gas will be the principal fuel used here for cooking. The stoves given away by the company are fine in appearance and have many conveniences. They have four burners, a simmerer, an oven and a broiler, besides a roasty shelf attached to the stove on which to place pots, pans etc. Soon after the gas plant is in operation, other gas appliances will be introduced and placed on sale. It now seems probable that gas will be furnished some time about the middle or latter part of next month.

TRAIN LOAD OF PINEAPPLES.

A train load, consisting of thirty-seven cars, of Cuban pineapples passed through Miami yesterday afternoon on the way to the markets of the north. This is the first shipment in some time, as there has been a strike among the laborers in the Cuban fields. This difficulty has been arranged, and the fruit is now beginning to move. —Miami Herald.

This is the third train of pineapples which left Key West Monday. These large shipments will likely continue for quite a while.

NO KEY WEST GUARDS IN THIS ALABAMA REGIMENT

Third Regiment Alabama Infantry Blotted Out "For Good of The Service"

Montgomery, Ala., May 15.—Adjutant General J. B. Scully issued an order last night blotting out the third regiment of Alabama infantry and reorganizing the entire infantry of the state. All of the field and staff officers of the third regiment at Birmingham were dismissed. Seven companies of the third were retained and assigned to other regiments. A company of the fourth regiment at Dadeville was also mustered out.

DRY LEADERS MEET.

Atlantic City, N. J., May 15.—In response to a call issued by Chairman Charles R. Jones of the prohibition national committee a conference of party leaders from many states assembled in Atlantic City today to consider plans for the national campaign and complete arrangements for the party convention, which will meet here in July.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned a married woman will apply to the Judge of the 11th Judicial Circuit of the State of Florida in and for the County of Monroe, on the 15th day of June 1912 for a license to manage, take charge of, and control her property, and to become a free dealer in every respect. 5-14-4w-5t. Rachael Garfunkel.

LOCAL WEATHER REPORT

U. S. Department of Agriculture.
Weather Bureau.
May, 16, 1912.

Barometer	7 a.m.	7 p.m.
	29.94	29.88
Temperature	82	81
Wind velocity	10	10
Wind direction	SE	E
State of weather	P. Cloudy	Cloudy
Highest temperature	87	
Lowest temperature	79	
Mean temperature	83	

Almanac May 15

Sun rises 5:12 a.m.
Sun sets 6:44 p.m.
High tide 7:19 a.m. 8:58 p.m.
Low tide 12:57 a.m. 2:58 p.m.
H. B. Boyer,
Local Forecaster.

L. C. A. PARK WILL BE GREATLY IMPROVED

Grounds Will be Cleaned up
And Plenty of Illumination Provided

The Ladies Civic Association met yesterday afternoon and the members present were quite enthusiastic over plans which they have in view. One of the first things that will be done, and that right soon, will be the cleaning up of the A. Louis grounds on Duval St. where the L. C. A. Park is located. After the grounds are put in first class shape, the park will be well lighted with electric lights. Formerly there were two or three lights over the entrance, but these did not afford much illumination and this feature will be very greatly improved. On special occasions the ladies will have music in the park in the evening.

The L. C. A. Park is admirably located, being on Duval St. where hundreds of people are constantly passing back and forth. The park is on a terrace about three feet above the street and is altogether a most attractive spot in which to rest for an hour or more. Already it has become quite a popular spot, and the improvements contemplated will make it perhaps the most frequented spot in the city. The Ladies Civic Association is entitled to a great deal of credit for the work they have done in this city and with any encouragement at all they will accomplish much more.

IMMENSE ICEBERG SIGHTED.

New York, N. Y., May 15.—A giant iceberg 1,000 feet long and 150 feet high, fifteen miles away, gleaming and flashing brilliantly in the sunlight was sighted by passengers on the steamer George Washington. The berg was estimated as being 150 miles south of where the Titanic went down.

CHARITY ENTERTAINMENT.

A splendid program will be rendered tonight at the Monroe Theatre, the bill being "The Feudal Gentleman," a drama in three acts. The proceeds of this performance will go to the Alvarez family to relieve their need, the dependence of the family having been drowned a short time ago. The object of this charity is certainly most worthy, and it is hoped and believed that the public will respond generously. They will not alone be aiding in a good work, but will be genuinely entertained.

EVELYN NESBIT THAW IN LOVE WITH HER BABY

Will Cut Loose From Harry
For Fifteen Thousand Bucks
And go on Stage

New York, N. Y., May 15.—Bewitched by the charms of her red cheeked raven haired tot, Evelyn Nesbit Thaw is reported here today trying to collect fifteen thousand dollars on checks signed by her husband after which it is said she hopes to quit entirely.

She has been the constant companion of her beautiful baby since its birth at Hamburg Germany twenty-one months ago. With this capital she hopes to cut loose from Thaw and the five thousand dollars annuity, and seek independent life on the stage. She will not be a witness at the habes corpus trial next month.

SALE OF MEN'S SUITS.

It happens only once in a while that such reductions are made on high grade clothing. Seventy-five suits of the latest summer styles are to be sacrificed by us on Saturday. Everyone will be interested to know why this cut in prices is made. The reason is that they are broken lots, there being not more than three suits of a pattern, which gives a very large variety to choose from. \$22.50 Suits, sell for \$12.00. 18.00 Suits, sell for 10.00. 16.50 Suits, sell for 8.50. It isn't EVERY DAY that you can find such high values for such low prices. A. Louis & Son. 16-3t

GOOD PICTURES AT THE MONROE

Those who failed to attend the Monroe Theatre last night missed some fine pictures. "The Millionaire Barber" was a laugh producer from start to finish and no case of "blues" could have withstood it. There were in addition, many other fine pictures and the entire program showed discriminating selection on the part of the management.

GOVERNOR HARMON REPLIED TO BRYAN

Says Falsifying Abuse is
Disgracing American
Politics This Year

Wooster, O., May 15.—Governor Harmon, of Ohio, began his campaign in Ohio for the presidential nomination with a reply to the attacks made on him by W. J. Bryan, who recently toured the state.

Governor Harmon said that he had been unanimously selected by the last state convention as Ohio's candidate for president, and was not seeking the office which puts him before the country and subjected him to falsifying abuse, which disgracing American politics this year. He said:

"If Bryan knows of any reforms accomplished in Ohio, he is grossly unfair to me. If he does not know of them, it is sheer wantonness for him to come into the state of my birth, my home, and try to discredit me with the people without specification and proof. Though even accused, a criminal is entitled to both."

Governor Harmon said that Bryan would have the people believe that he would serve the special interests instead of public, if elected president, and if Bryan thinks so he should have cut his acquaintance long ago.

FEUDIST BURIED.

Jackson, Kentucky, May 15.—Under the escort of a hundred armed members of his clansmen, the body of Ed. Callahan, a feudist and former sheriff of Breathitt county, was buried this afternoon in Crockettville.

Advertising Talks.

BY THE AD. MAN.

There's a happy little chap in town today—
He's not doing a business, and he's not a clerk;
He discounts all bills—one never comes due,
And he told me the story I'm telling you.

He brings in a shipment of goods today,
But he doesn't bring them in to stay;
He arranged them neatly (this chap is wise)
And then he plans how he'll advertise.

He buys the goods that he knows will sell,
And then he advertises them well;
He carries an ad with a paper or two,
And he changes his copy—makes it look new.

So this is the reason he's happy today—
He's conducting a business and he makes it pay;
He's selling the goods and sets the pace
For others to carry the same ad space.

Miss Otilie Louise Maloney lost a locket a day or two ago, and advertised the fact that she had lost it through the columns of the Journal. She telephoned the Journal's office yesterday afternoon that the locket had been returned. Did it pay Miss Maloney to advertise?

CROWDS GOING TO AIRDOME.

The Airdome is rapidly becoming one of the best patronized moving picture houses in the city. While judicious and clever advertising on the part of the management has had much to do with this condition, the Airdome has always delivered the goods they advertised—and a little bit more. The public is recognizing the fact that this popular house shows a surprising number of feature films, and the result is that everybody's getting "The Airdome Habit."

PRELIMINARY WORK BY REPUBLICAN NAT'L COM.

Old Question of Reducing Representation in The South
Come up

Chicago, Ill., May 15.—When Secretary William Hayward assumed charge of preliminary work of the republican national committee he declined to discuss plan for a readjustment of representations from the southern states.

"I have such a plan and guess most of us are convinced that such change is desirable, but I am not certain that it will be submitted to the convention," said Secretary Hayward.

The change proposed by Secretary Hayward is said to provide for representation by congressional districts based on the actual vote cast. Four years ago it was suggested to reduce the representation with the state as the unit, but no action was taken.

BEULAH BINFORD BARRED FROM SOUTH

26 Weeks Tour Which Will
Bring Her to Key West
to be Restrained

Chicago, May 15.—Chicago theatrical magnates today joined the ranks of New York and southern vaudeville heads in an effort to restrain Beulah Binford from making her proposed twenty-six weeks tour through the south, which will bring her to Miami shortly at the head of a company, the lyrics of which she wrote while confined in the Chesterfield courthouse prison awaiting trial, while her former lover was awaiting sentence to death for the murder of his girl wife.

Action was started today by all the large and influential heads all over the country which will bar Beulah from the scene of the terrible crime, and even bar her in the smaller cities of the southern states.

Undivided opinions was expressed here tonight against the girl after a day of work on the part of officials and various societies of which prominent Chicago women are affiliated.

Beulah Binford was confident yesterday when she left here, saying that she was right and would go ahead to success.

Theatrical officials are not so sure about this, and are doing all in their power to bar her from the footlights.

Her tour is scheduled to open in Florida June 1, on summer airdome and vaudeville time. It is said she went south to draw crowds and escape the northern curious.

JUDGE INSTRUCTS JURY ON MURDER LAW

Verdict of Jury in Floyd
Allen's Case Will Affect
Four Others

Wytheville, Va., May 15.—The Allen jury was instructed by the court on the law of murder, conspiracy and self-defense. Attorneys on both sides began summing up the case. Floyd Allen first of the outlaws who, on March 14, shot up the Hillsville court and killed five people, to be brought to trial, exhibited more interest than at any time since his ordeal began.

Walter M. Poage opened for the commonwealth; W. W. Cox opened for the defense, and Commonwealth's Attorney Stuart Campbell, of Wythe county, delivered the last address today. Six more lawyers are to speak before the case goes to the jury which can hardly be before tomorrow.

Four other captured members of the gang are now awaiting trial, and upon the verdict of the jury in Floyd Allen's case probably rests the course of the state in the others.

Sidney Allen, the ringleader of the outlaws, and his nephew, Wesley Edwards, never have been taken and are supposed to be somewhere in the Blue Ridge mountains.

MISS MIZPAH OTTO TO GRADUATE TOMORROW

Only One in Class of '12 at
Hargrove Institute—Exercises Tomorrow

Tomorrow night at the auditorium of the Hargrove Institute, Miss Mizpah Otto will graduate, being the only member of the Class of '12. Miss Otto, subject for the graduating oration will be "The Alchemy of Thought" and her friends anticipate hearing an unusually fine address. The commencement exercises, the program for which was published in The Journal about a week ago, is well arranged and gives assurance of a well spent evening. It is safe to predict that the auditorium will be filled to capacity tomorrow night.

BOSTON-ST. LOUIS GAME WAS A CORKER

The Bean Eaters Got Away
With two Runs and
Copped Another Game

Boston, May 15.—The home team and St. Louis played an errorless game here this afternoon. St. Louis put up the fight of her life and held Boston down to 2 scores.

Boston made 2 runs, 8 hits and 0 errors.

St. Louis made 1 run, 5 hits and 0 errors.

Boston battery: Wood and Nunnemaker.

St. Louis battery: Pelty and Stephens.

Umpires: Evans and Egans.

St. Louis 10; Brooklyn 1.

St. Louis, May 15.—The St. Louis team hammered the Brooklyn pitcher all over the field here this afternoon, and succeeded in getting ten men across the plate.

St. Louis made 10 runs, 15 hits and 0 errors.

Brooklyn made 1 run, 4 hits and 2 errors.

St. Louis battery: Willis and Wingo.

Brooklyn battery: Stack and Phelps.

Umpires: Eason and Johnstone.

Cleveland-Philadelphia, Rain.

Chicago, May 15.—Rain prevented the game between the Cubs and Phillies here this afternoon.

Pittsburg 3; New York 4.

Pittsburg, May 15.—The Giants defeated the home team 3 to 4 here this afternoon. The game was classy throughout, and there was not an uninteresting moment. New York used Ames and Meyers as a battery and Cambitz and Kelly worked for Pittsburg.

New York made 4 runs, 9 hits and 2 errors.

Pittsburg made 3 runs, 7 hits and 3 errors.

Where They Play Today.

Brooklyn at St. Louis

Boston at Cincinnati

New York at Pittsburg

Philadelphia at Chicago.

CINCINNATI REDS HAVE LUCKY STREAK

Defeated Boston in Close
Game, Neither Team
Making Any Errors

Cincinnati, May 15.—The home team defeated Boston 4 to 3 in an eleven inning game here this afternoon. Both teams played an errorless game, and it was not until the end of the 11th inning that the Reds succeeded in getting an extra score and breaking the tie.

Cincinnati made 4 runs, 9 hits and 0 errors.

Boston made 3 runs 12 hits and 0 errors.

Cincinnati battery: Keefe and McLean.

Umpires: Klem and Bush.

STANDING OF THE TEAMS

	Won	Lost	Pct.
Chicago	21	6	.778
Boston	16	8	.678
Washington	12	12	.500
Cleveland	11	11	.500
Detroit	12	13	.480
Philadelphia	10	12	.455
New York	6	15	.286
St. Louis	6	20	.231

New York 4; Detroit 8.

New York, May 15.—Detroit took another easy game from the Yankees here this afternoon. New York made 4 runs, 9 hits and 2 errors.

Detroit made 8 runs, 12 hits and 2 errors.

New York battery: Warhop and Williams.

Detroit battery: Willett and Stange.

Umpires: O'Loughlin and Westervelt.

Phila. 4; Chicago 6.

Philadelphia, May 15.—The Athletics defeated the Chicago White Sox 8 to 6 in a game here this afternoon.

Houck and Lapp, the battery of the Athletics, did great work, allowing the White Sox only six hits.

Philadelphia made 8 runs, 14 hits and 2 errors.

Chicago made 6 runs, 6 hits and 2 errors.

Chicago battery: Lange and Kuhn.

Phila. battery: Houck and Lapp.

Umpires: Hart and Connolly.

Washington and Cleveland. No Game.

Washington, D. C., May 15.—Rain prevented a game being played between the Senators and Cleveland here today.

Where They Play Today.

Chicago at Boston

Cleveland at New York

Detroit at Philadelphia

St. Louis at Washington.

STANDING OF THE TEAMS

	Won	Lost	Pct.
Cincinnati	18	5	.784
New York	17	5	.772
Pittsburg	11	10	.524
St. Louis	11	14	.440
Chicago	10	13	.435
Philadelphia	9	14	.391
Brooklyn	7	14	.333
Boston	9	16	.320

Master's Sale

By virtue of an order and decree issued out of the Circuit Court of the Eleventh Judicial Circuit of the State of Florida, in and for the County of Monroe, in chancery, on the 15th day of March A. D. 1912 in a cause therein depending, wherein Charles R. Richardson is complainant and W. A. Gwyn et al are defendants, a cause of foreclosure of mortgage, the undersigned will on Monday, the 6th day of May 1912, between the legal hours of sale, in front of the door of the County Court House of Monroe County, Florida, sell at public auction to the highest bidder or cash, the following described real estate:

In the State of Florida, County of Monroe and City of Key West, and is part of Tract Ten according to W. A. Whitehead's map of said city, delineated February 1829. Better described as lot eighteen of square eleven of tract ten according to Tift's map of Key West. Said lot is situated at the corner of Emma and Amelia Streets and has a front on Amelia Street of fifty feet and a front of seventy-nine feet and seven inches on Emma Street.

Cleveland R. Pierce,
Master in Chancery.

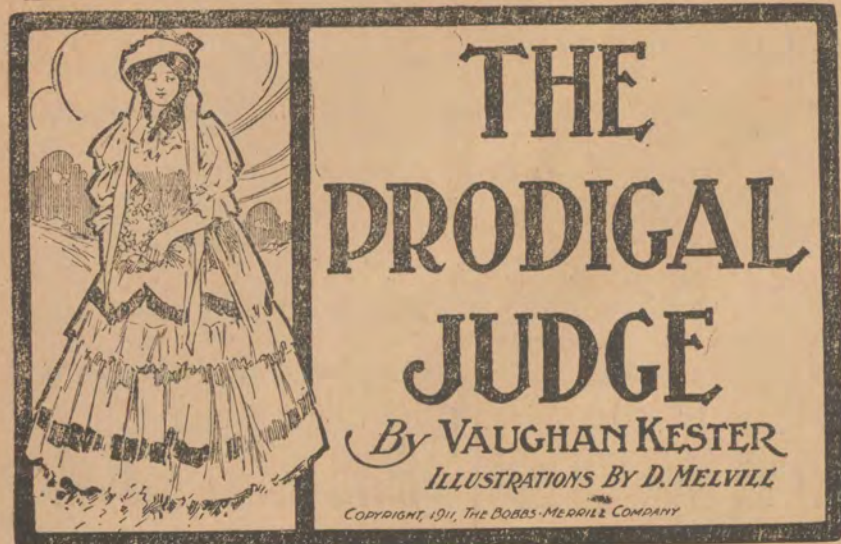
W. H. Harris,
Solicitor for Complainant

4w

Because he couldn't get the kind of tacks he wanted, a Pennsylvania man bought a hardware store. There's a man who doesn't allow little things to stand in his way.

Astronomers at Flagstaff, Ariz., have discovered that two of the principal canals on Mars are doubling. The Martian deep water ways commission is bumping itself.

San Francisco society leaders have been dancing in mauve pantaloons and pink trousers. They absolutely insist on setting the pace in San Francisco.



THE PRODIGAL JUDGE

By VAUGHAN KESTER
ILLUSTRATIONS BY D. MELVILLE

Copyright 1911, The Dorcas-Melville Company

Ware went from the cabin.
"Look here, how about the boy—are you ready for him if I can get my



"And Then It's Change Your Name and Strike Out for Texas."

hands on him! I'll send him either up or down the river and place him in safe keeping where you can get him at any time you want."

"This must be done without violence, John!" stipulated Fentress.

"Certainly, I understand. Which shall it be—up or down river?"

"Could you take care of him for me below, at Natchez?" inquired Fentress.

"As well there as anywhere."

"Good!" said Fentress, and took his leave.

Three-quarters of an hour slipped by, then, piercing the silence, Murrell heard a shrill whistle; it was twice repeated; he saw Bess go down to the landing again. A half-hour elapsed and a man issued from the scattering growth of bushes that screened the clearing and entered the cabin. He was a young fellow of twenty-four or five, whose bronzed face wore a reckless expression.

"Well, captain, what's doing?" he asked.

"If anything's to be done, now is the time, Hues. What have you to report?"

"Well, I've seen the council of each Clan division. They are ripe to start this thing off."

Murrell gave him a moment of moody regard.

"Twice already I've named the day and hour, but now I'm going to put it through!" He set his teeth and thrust out his jaw.

"Captain, you're the greatest fellow in America! Inside of a week men who have never been within five hundred miles of you will be asking of each other who John Murrell is!"

Murrell had expected to part with Hues then and there and for all time, but Hues possessed qualities which might still be of use.

"Hues, you must start back across Tennessee. Make it Sunday at midnight—that's three days off." Unconsciously his voice sank to a whisper.

"Sunday at midnight," repeated Hues slowly.

"When you have passed the word into middle Tennessee, turn south and make the best of your way to New Orleans. Don't stop for anything—push through as fast as you can. You'll find me there. I've a notion you and I will quit the country together."

"Quit the country! Why, captain, who's talking of quitting the country?"

"You speak as though you were fool enough to think the niggers would accomplish something!" said Murrell coolly. "There will be confusion at first, but there are enough white men in the southwest to handle a heap better organized insurrection than we'll be able to set going. Our fellows will have to use their heads as well as their hands or they are likely to help the nigger swallow his medicine. I look for nothing else than considerable of a shake-up along the Mississippi."

"What with lynchers and regulators a man will have to show a clean bill of health to be allowed to live, no matter what his color—just being white won't help him any!"

"No, you're right, it won't!" and again Hues gave way to easy laughter.

"When you've done your work you strike south as I tell you and join me. I'm going to keep New Orleans for myself—it's my ambition to destroy the city Old Hickory saved!"

"And then it's change your name and strike out for Texas with what

you've picked up."

"No, it isn't! I'll have my choice of men—a river full of ships. Look here, there's South America, or some of those islands in the gulf with a black-and-tan population and a few white mongrels holding on to civilization by their eye-teeth; what's to hinder our setting up shop for ourselves? Two or three hundred Americans could walk off with an island like Hayti, for instance—and it's black with niggers. What we'd need here would be just so much capital down there. We'd make it a stamping ground for the Clan! In the next two years we could bring in a couple of thousand Americans and then we'd be ready to take over their government, whether they liked it or not, and run it at a profit. We'd put the niggers back in slavery where they belong, and set them at work raising sugar and tobacco for their own bosses. Man, it's the richest land in the world, I tell you—and the mountains are full of gold!"

Hues had kindled with a ready enthusiasm while Murrell was speaking. "That sounds right, captain—we'd have a country and a flag of our own—and I look at those free niggers as just so much boot!"

"I shall take only picked men with me—I can't give ship room to any other—but I want you. You'll join me in New Orleans?" said Murrell.

"When do you start south?" asked Hues quickly.

"Inside of two days. I've got some private business to settle before I leave. I'll hang round here until that's attended to."

CHAPTER XVII.

The Judge Extends His Credit.

That afternoon Judge Price walked out to Belle Plain. Solomon Mahaffy had known that this was a civility Betty Malroy could by no means escape. He had been conscious of the judge's purpose from the moment it existed in the germ state, and he had striven to divert him, but his striving had been in vain, for though the judge valued Mr. Mahaffy because of certain sterling qualities which he professed to discern beneath the hard crust that made up the external man, he was not disposed to accept him as his mentor in nice matters of taste and gentlemanly feeling. He owed it to himself personally to tender his sympathy. Miss Malroy must have heard something of the honorable part he had played; surely she could not be in ignorance of the fact that the lawless element, dreading his further activities, had threatened him. She must know, too, about that reward of five thousand dollars. Certainly her grief could not blind her to the fact that he had met the situation with a largeness of public spirit that was an impressive lesson to the entire community.

These were all points over which he and Mahaffy had wrangled, and he felt that his friend, in seeking to keep him away from Belle Plain, was standing squarely in his light. He really could not understand Solomon or his objections. He pointed out that Norton had probably left a will—no one knew yet—probably his estate would go to his intended wife—what more likely? He understood Norton had cousins somewhere in middle Tennessee—there was the attractive possibility of extended litigation. Miss Malroy needed a strong, clear brain to guide her past those difficulties his agile fancy assembled in her path. He beamed on his friend with a wide sunny smile.

"You mean she needs a lawyer, Price?" inquired Mahaffy.

"That slap at me, Solomon, is unworthy of you. Just name some one, will you, who has shown an interest comparable to mine? I may say I have devoted my entire energy to her affairs, and with disinterestedness. I have made myself felt. Will you mention who else these cutthroats have tried to browbeat and frighten? They know that my theories and conclusions are a menace to them! I got 'em in a panic, sir—presently some fellow will lose his nerve and light out for the tall timber—and it will be just Judge Slocum Price who's done the trick—no one else!"

"Are you looking for some one to take a pot shot at you?" inquired Mahaffy, sourly.

"Your remark uncovers my fondest hope, Solomon—I'd give five years of my life just to be shot at—that would round out the episode of the letter nicely"; again the judge beamed on Mahaffy with that wide and sunny smile of his.

"Why don't you let the boy go alone, Price?" suggested Mahaffy. He lacked that sense of sublime confidence in the judge's tact and discretion of which the judge, himself, entertained never a doubt.

"I shall not obtrude myself, Solomon; I shall merely walk out to Belle

Plain and leave a civil message. I know what's due Miss Malroy in her bereaved state—she has sustained no ordinary loss, and in no ordinary fashion. She has been the center of a striking and profoundly moving tragedy! I would give a good deal to know if my late client left a will—"

"You might ask her," said Mahaffy cynically. "Nothing like going to headquarters for the news!"

"Solomon, Solomon, give me credit for common sense—go further, and give me credit for common decency! Don't let us forget that ever since we came here she has manifested a charmingly hospitable spirit where we are concerned!"

"Wouldn't charity hit nearer the mark, Price?"

"I have never so regarded it, Solomon," said the judge mildly. "I have read a different meaning in the beef and flour and potatoes she's sent here. I expect if the truth could be known to us she is wondering in the midst of her grief why I haven't called, but she'll appreciate the considerate delicacy of a gentleman. I wish it were possible to get cut flowers in this cussed wilderness!"

The judge had been occupied with a simple but ingenious toilet. He had trimmed the frayed skirts of his coat; then, by turning his cuffs inside out and upside down a fresh surprise made its first public appearance. Next his shoes had engaged his attention. They might have well discouraged a less resolute and resourceful character, but with the contents of his ink-well he artfully colored his white yarn socks; where they showed through the rifts in the leather. This the judge did gaily, now humming a snatch of song, now listening civilly to Mahaffy, now replying with undisturbed cheerfulness. Last of all he clapped his dingy beaver on his head, giving it an indescribably jaunty slant, and stepped to the door.

"Well, wish me luck, Solomon, I'm off—come, Hannibal!" he said.

At heart he cherished small hope of seeing Betty, advantageous as he felt an interview might prove. However, on reaching Belle Plain, he and Hannibal were shown into the cool parlor by little Steve. It was more years than the judge cared to remember since he had put his foot inside such a house, but with true grandeur of soul he rose to the occasion; a sublimated dignity shone from every battered feature, while he fixed little Steve with so fierce a glance that the grin froze on his lips.

"You are to say that Judge Slocum Price presents his compliments and condolences to Miss Malroy—have you got that straight, you pinch of snoot?" he concluded affably. Little Steve, impressed alike by the judge's air of condescension and his easy flow of words, signified that he had. "You may also say that Judge Price's ward, young Master Hazard, presents his compliments and condolences—"

What more the judge might have said was interrupted by the entrance of Betty, herself.

"My dear young lady—" the judge bowed, then he advanced toward her with the solemnity of carriage and countenance he deemed suitable to the occasion, and her extended hand was engulfed between his two plump palms. He rolled his eyes heavenward. "It's the Lord's to deal with us as his own inscrutable wisdom dictates," he murmured with pious resignation. "We are all poorer, ma'am, that he has died—just as we were richer while he lived!" The rich cadence of the judge's speech fell sonorously on the silence, and that look of horror which had never quite left Betty's eyes since they saw Charley Norton fall, rose out of their clear depths again. The judge, instantly stricken with a sense of the inadequacy of his words, doubled on his spiritual tracks. "In a round about way, ma'am, we're bound to believe in the omnipresence of Providence—we must think it—though a body might be disposed to hold that west Tennessee had got out of the line of divine supervision recently. Let me lead you to a chair, ma'am!"

Hannibal had slipped to Betty's side and placed his hand in hers. The judge regarded the pair with great benevolence of expression.

"He would come, and I hadn't the heart to forbid it. If I can be of any service to you, ma'am either in the



"Since You Insist, Ma'am—My Best Regards."

capacity of a friend—or professionally—I trust you will not hesitate to command me—" The judge backed toward the door.

"Did you walk out, Judge Price?" asked Betty kindly.

"Nothing more than a healthful ex-

ercise—but we will not defame you, ma'am; the pleasure of seeing you is something we had not reckoned on!" The judge's speech was thick and unctuous with good feeling. He wished that Mahaffy might have been there to note the reserve and dignity of his deportment.

"But you must let me order luncheon for you," said Betty. At least this questionable old man was good to Hannibal.

"I couldn't think of it, ma'am—"

"You'll have a glass of wine, then," urged Betty hospitably. For the moment she had lost sight of what was clearly the judge's besetting sin.

The judge paused abruptly. He endured a moment of agonizing irresolution.

"On the advice of my physician I dare not touch wine—gout, ma'am, and liver—but this restriction does not apply to corn whisky—in moderation, and as a tonic—either before meals, immediately after meals or at any time between meals—always keeping in mind the idea of its tonic properties—" The judge seemed to mellow and ripen. This was much better than having the dogs sick on you! His manner toward Betty became almost fatherly. Poor young thing, so lonely and desolate in the midst of all this splendor—he surreptitiously wiped away a tear, and when little Steve presented himself and was told to bring whisky, audibly smacked his lips—a whole lot better, surely!

"I am sorry you think you must hurry away, Judge Price," said Betty. She still retained the small brown hand Hannibal had thrust into hers.

"The eastern mail gets in today, ma'am, and I have reason to think my share of it will be especially heavy, for it brings the bulk of my professional correspondence." In ten years the judge had received just one communication by mail—a bill which had followed him through four states and seven counties. "I expect my secretary—" boldly fixing Solomon Mahaffy's status, "is already dipping into it; an excellent assistant, ma'am, but literary rather than legal."

Little Steve reappeared bearing a silver tray on which was a decanter and glass.

"Since you insist, ma'am," the judge poured himself a drink, "my best respects—" he bowed profoundly.

"If you are quite willing, judge, I think I will keep Hannibal. Miss Bowen, who has been here—since—" her voice broke suddenly.

"I understand, ma'am," said the judge soothingly. He gave her a glance of great concern and turned to Hannibal. "Dear lad, you'll be very quiet and obedient, and do exactly as Miss Malroy says? When shall I come for him, ma'am?"

"I'll send him to you when he is ready to go home. I am thinking of visiting my friends in North Carolina, and I should like to have him spend as much time as possible with me before I start for the east."

It had occurred to Betty that she had done little or nothing for the child; probably this would be her last opportunity.

The state of the judge's feelings was such that with elaborate absence of mind he poured himself a second drink of whisky; and that there should be no doubt the act was one of inadvertence, said again, "My best respects, ma'am," and bowed as before. Putting down the glass, he backed toward the door.

"I trust you will not hesitate to call upon me if I can be of any use to you, ma'am—a message will bring me here without a moment's delay." He was rather disappointed that no allusion had been made to his recent activities. He reasoned correctly that Betty was as yet in ignorance of the somewhat dangerous eminence he had achieved as the champion of law and order. However, he reflected with satisfaction that Hannibal, in remaining, would admirably serve his ends.

Betty insisted that he should be driven home, and after faintly protesting, the judge gracefully yielded the point, and a few moments later rolled away from Belle Plain behind a pair of sleek-coated bays, with a negro in livery on the box. He was conscious of a great sense of exaltation. He felt that he should paralyze Mahaffy. He even temporarily forgot the blow his hopes had sustained when Betty spoke of returning to North Carolina. This was life—broad acres and niggers—principally to trot after you toting liquor—and such liquor!—he lolled back luxuriantly with half-closed eyes.

"Twenty years in the wood if an hour!" he muttered. "I'd like to have just such a taste in my mouth when I come to die and probably she has barrels of it!" he sighed deeply, and searched his soul for words with which adequately to describe that whisky to Mahaffy.

But why not do more than paralyze Solomon—that would be pleasant but not especially profitable. The judge came back quickly to the vexed problem of his future. He desired to make some striking display of Miss Malroy's courtesy. He knew that his credit was experiencing the pangs of an early mortality; he was not sensitive, yet for some days he had been sensible of the fact that what he called the commercial class was viewing him with open disfavor; but he must hang on in Raleigh a little longer—for him it had become the abode of hope. The judge considered the matter. At least he could let people see something of that decent respect with which Miss Malroy treated him.

They were entering Raleigh now, and he ordered the coachman to pull

his horses down to a walk. He had decided to make use of the Belle Plain turnout in creating an atmosphere of confidence and trust—especially trust. To this end he spent the best part of an hour interviewing his creditors. It amounted almost to a mass-meeting of the adult male population, for he had no favorites. When he invaded virgin territory he believed in starting the largest possible number of accounts without delay. The advantage of his system, as he explained its workings to Mahaffy, was that it bred a noble spirit of emulation.

He let it be known in a general way that things were looking up with him; just in what quarter he did not specify, but there he was, seated in the Belle Plain carriage, and the inference was unavoidable that Miss Malroy was to recognize his activities in a substantial manner.

Mahaffy, loading away the afternoon in the county clerk's office, heard of the judge's return. He heard that Charley Norton had left a will; that Thicket Point went to Miss Malroy; that the Norton cousins in middle Tennessee were going to put up a fight; that Judge Price had been retained as counsel by Miss Malroy; that he was authorized to begin an independent search for Charley Norton's murderer, and was to spare no expense; that Judge Price was going to pay his debts. Mahaffy grinned at this and hurried home. He could believe all but the last; that was the crowning touch of unreality.

The judge explained the situation. "I wouldn't withhold hope from any man, Solomon; it's the cheapest thing in the world and the one thing we are most miserably about extending to



"Yes, Ma'am—Why, Miss Betty, They're Lovely Men!"

our fellows. These people all feel better—and what did it cost me?—just a little decent consideration; just the knowledge of what the unavoidable associations of ideas in their own minds would do for them!"

What had seemed the corpse of credit breathed again, and the judge and Mahaffy immediately embarked upon a characteristic celebration. Early candle-light found them making a beginning; midnight came—the gray and purple of dawn—and they were still at it, back of closed doors and shuttered windows.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Betty Leaves Belle Plain.

Hannibal had devoted himself loyally to the judge's glorification, and Betty heard all about the letter, the snuffing of the candles and the reward of five thousand dollars. It vastly increased the child's sense of importance and satisfaction when he discovered she had known nothing of these matters until he told her of them.

"Why, where would Judge Price get so much money, Hannibal?" she asked, greatly astonished.

"He won't have to get it, Miss Betty; Mr. Mahaffy says he don't reckon no one will ever tell who wrote the letter—he 'lows the man who done that will keep pretty mum—he just desent tell!" the boy explained.

"No, I suppose not—" and Betty saw that perhaps, after all, the judge had not assumed any very great financial responsibility.

"He can't be a coward, though, Hannibal," she added, for she understood that the risk of personal violence which he ran was genuine. She had formed her own unsympathetic estimate of him that day at Boggs' race-track; Mahaffy in his blackest hour could have added nothing to it. Twice since then she had met him in Raleigh, which had only served to fix that first impression.

"Miss Betty, he's just like my Uncle Bob was—he ain't afraid of nothing!" He toted them pistols of his—loaded—if you notice good you can see where they bugle out his coat!" Hannibal's eyes, very round and big, looked up into hers.

"Is he as poor as he seems, Hannibal?" inquired Betty.

"He never has no money, Miss Betty, but I don't reckon he's what a body would call pore."

It might have baffled a far more mature intelligence than Hannibal's to comprehend those peculiar processes by which the judge sustained himself and his intimate fellowship with adversity—that it was his magnificence of mind which made the squalor of his daily life seem merely a passing phase—but the boy had managed to point a delicate distinction, and Betty grasped something of the hope and faith which never quite died out in Slocum Price's indomita-

ble breast.

"But you always have enough to eat, dear?" she questioned anxiously. Hannibal promptly reassured her on this point. "You wouldn't let me think anything that was not true, Hannibal—you are quite sure you have never been hungry?"

"Never, Miss Betty; honest!"

Betty gave a sigh of relief. She had been reproaching herself for her neglect of the child; she had meant to do so much for him and had done nothing! Now it was too late for her personally to interest herself in his behalf, yet before she left for the east she would provide for him. If she had felt it was possible to trust the judge she would have made him her agent, but even in his best aspect he seemed a dubious dependence. Tom,

for quite different reasons, was equally out of the question. She thought of Mr. Mahaffy.

"What kind of a man is Mr. Mahaffy, Hannibal?"

"He's an awful nice man, Miss Betty, only he never lets on; a body's got to find it out for his own self—he ain't like the judge."

"Does he—drink, too, Hannibal?" questioned Betty.

"Oh, yes; when he can get the lick, he does." It was evident that Hannibal was cheerfully tolerant of this weakness on the part of the austere Mahaffy. By this time Betty was ready to weep over the child, with his knowledge of shabby vice, and his fresh young faith in those old tattered demagogues.

"But, no matter what they do, they are very, very kind to you?" she continued tremulously.

"Yes, ma'am—why, Miss Betty, they're lovely men!"

"And do you ever hear the things spoken of you learned about at Mrs. Ferris' Sunday-school?"

"When the judge is drunk he talks a heap about 'em. It's beautiful to hear him then; you'd love it, Miss Betty," and Hannibal smiled up sweetly into her face.

"Does he have you go to Sunday-school in Raleigh?"

The boy shook his head.

"I ain't got no clothes that's fitten to wear, nor no pennies to give, but the judge, he 'lows that as soon as he can make a raise I got to go, and he's learning me my letters—but we ain't a book. Miss Betty, I reckon it'd stump you some to guess how he's fixed it for me to learn?"

"He's drawn the letters for you, is that the way?" In spite of herself, Betty was experiencing a certain revulsion of feeling where the judge and Mahaffy were concerned. They were doubtless bad enough, but they could have been worse.

"No, ma'am; he done soaked the label off one of Mr. Pegloe's whisky bottles and pasted it on the wall just as high as my chin, so's I can see it good, and he's learning me that a-way! Maybe you've seen the kind of bottle I mean—Pegloe's Mississippi Pilot; Pure Corn Whisky?" But Hannibal's bright little face fell. He was quick to see that the educational system devised by the judge did not impress Betty at all favorably. She drew him into her arms.

"You shall have my books—the books I learned to read out of when I was a little girl, Hannibal!"

"I like learning from the label pretty well," said Hannibal loyally.

"But you'll like the books better, dear, when you see them. I know just where they are, for I happened on them on a shelf in the library only the other day."

After they had found and examined the books and Hannibal had grudgingly admitted that they might possess certain points of advantage over the label, he and Betty went out for a walk. It was now late afternoon and the sun was sinking behind the wall of the forest that rose along the Arkansas coast. Their steps had led them to the terrace—where they stood looking off into the west. It was here that Betty had said good-by to Bruce Carrington—it might have been months ago, and it was only days. She thought of Charley—Charley, with his youth and hope and high courage—unwittingly enough she had led him on to his death! A sob rose in her throat.

Hannibal looked up into her face. The memory of his own loss was never very long absent from his mind, and Miss Betty had been the victim of a similarly sinister tragedy. He recalled those first awful days of loneliness through which he had lived, when there was no Uncle Bob—soft-voiced, smiling and infinitely companionable.

"Why, Hannibal, you are crying—what about, dear?" asked Betty suddenly.

"No, ma'am; I ain't crying," said Hannibal stoutly, but his wet lashes gave the lie to his words.

"Are you homesick—do you wish to go back to the judge and Mr. Mahaffy?"

"No, ma'am—it ain't that—I was just thinking—"

"Thinking about what, dear?"

"About my Uncle Bob." The small face was very wistful.

"Oh—and you still miss him so much, Hannibal?"

"I bet I do—I reckon anybody who knew Uncle Bob would never get over missing him; they just couldn't, Miss Betty! The judge is mighty kind, and so is Mr. Mahaffy—they're awful kind, Miss Betty, and it seems like they get kinder all the time—but with Uncle Bob, when he liked you, he just laid himself out to let you know it!"

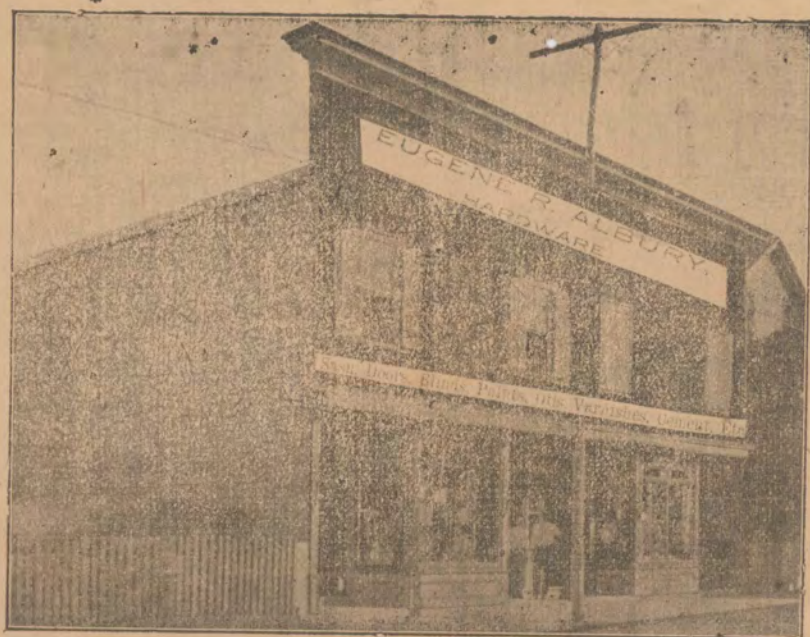
"That does make a great difference, doesn't it?" agreed Betty sadly, and two piteous tearful eyes were

(Continued on Page 5)

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—The scene at the opening of the story is laid in the library of an old worn-out southern plantation, known as the Barony. The place is to be sold, and its history and that of the owners, the Quintards, is the subject of discussion by Jonathan Crenshaw, a business man, a stranger known as Bladen, and Bob Yancy, a farmer, when Hannibal Wayne Hazard, a mysterious child of the old southern family, makes his appearance. Yancy tells how he adopted the boy.

NOTICE

Of Intention to Apply for Letters Patent.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned will apply to the Honorable Albert W. Gilchrist, governor of the State of Florida, at Tallahassee, Florida, on the 14 day of June A. D. 1912, for letters patent incorporating KEY WEST WHARF & COAL COMPANY, under the following proposed charter, the original of which is now on file in the office of the Secretary of State of Florida.
E. M. Semple, (SEAL)
J. L. Watrous, (SEAL)
H. H. Taylor, (SEAL)

PROPOSED CHARTER OF KEY WEST WHARF & COAL COMPANY.
The undersigned and such other persons as may hereafter become associated with them as stockholders, do hereby associate themselves together for the purpose of becoming incorporated under the laws of Florida, in accordance with this proposed charter, and hereby adopt these articles of incorporation.

ARTICLE 1.
The name of this corporation shall be KEY WEST WHARF & COAL COMPANY, and its principal place of business shall be in the City of Key West, County of Monroe, State of Florida, but it may establish branches in other places in the United States, or foreign countries, whenever and wherever deemed necessary or expedient.

ARTICLE 2.
The general nature of the business or businesses to be transacted by this corporation shall be to buy, sell and convey, purchase, acquire, hold, charter, lease, mortgage, hypothecate, repair, remodel, rebuild and otherwise own, manage, and dispose of wharves and wharf property, warehouses, docks, tanks and storage facilities of every kind steamships, sailing vessels and other floating property and other real and personal property including chattels and choses in action; to dispatch, load, unload, discharge and act as agent for all kinds of vessels but not to use the said means of transportation for the purpose of doing the business of a common carrier, and to receive profits and tolls therefrom; to insure storage and warehouse receipts; to do a general sponge business in all its branches to conduct and carry on a general brokerage, shipping and commission business in and about Key West and all the matters and things herein including a custom house brokerage business; to handle, care for, receive and dispose of consignments of vessels and any other personal property; to conduct a wholesale and retail coal, water, lumber, naval stores, and general merchandise business; to buy, sell, own, mortgage, lease, and pledge lands within the State of Florida or elsewhere; to advance and loan money upon securities of land, personal property, commercial paper, steamships, sailing vessels, cargoes, materials from vessels and upon other floating agent in the purchase, sale, management and disposition of real estate in the State of Florida and elsewhere; to take and hold real and personal estate in trust, to borrow money and secure the same and to secure moneys otherwise owing by mortgages, deeds, bonds, or other obligations therefor; to improve real estate by building, constructing thereon or removing thereto stores, residences, warehouses, docks, wharves, mills, factories or structures of any kind whatsoever; to have such improvements constructed by contract or to make and erect them otherwise and to purchase or manufacture all material therefor and market the surplus; to issue bonds or other obligations of the corporation in payment of property purchased or acquired by it or for any other lawful object in or about this business; to act as attorney in fact, agent, broker or factor for any person, firm or corporation in any part of the world and generally to do any or all acts and things which may be beneficial or profitable to the corporation or which may be necessary and expedient to accomplish the objects and purposes of the corporation and to do any and all things usual or incident to corporations organized under the laws of the State of Florida.

ARTICLE 3.
The amount of the capital stock of the corporation shall be Two thousand five hundred dollars, divided into twenty five shares of the par value of one hundred dollars each. Ten per cent of the said capital stock may be paid for in property, labor or services and the remaining stock shall be paid for in United States currency.

ARTICLE 4.
The term for which the corporation shall exist shall be ninety-nine years.

ARTICLE 5.
The business of the corporation shall be conducted by a President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer and Board of Directors to consist of not less than three nor more than five members, the number to be fixed by the by-laws of the corporation, and such officers, agents and servants as may from time to time be deemed advisable by the Board of Directors. The office of Secretary and Treasurer may be held by one person. The duties, functions and responsibilities of the officers shall be fixed by the by-laws, not inconsistent with the law.

The annual meeting for the election of officers by the stockholders shall be held on the first Monday in July of each year.
The date of the annual meeting may be changed by the by-laws. The first meeting of the stockholders shall be held on Monday the 1st day of July, 1912 for the purpose of electing officers, adopting by-laws and the transaction of any other business that may come before the meeting and until the first meeting the following persons shall hold office and conduct the business of the corporation. E. M. Semple, President, J. L. Watrous, Vice-President, H. H. Taylor, Secretary and Treasurer and E. M. Semple, J. L. Watrous and H. H. Taylor, Directors.

ARTICLE 6.
The highest amount of indebtedness or liability to which the corporation can at any time subject itself shall be twice the amount of the capital stock.

ARTICLE 7.
The names and residences of the subscribers and incorporators and the amount of stock subscribed by each are as follows:
E. M. Semple, Key West, Florida, One share.
J. L. Watrous, Key West, Florida, One share.
H. H. Taylor, Key West, Florida, One share.
E. M. Semple, One share.
J. L. Watrous, One share.
H. H. Taylor, One share.
State of Florida, County of Monroe.

Before me, the undersigned authority, personally appeared E. M. Semple, J. L. Watrous and H. H. Taylor, to me known to be the persons described in and who signed the foregoing Articles of Incorporation, and after being by me first duly sworn, each for himself acknowledged that he subscribed his name thereto for the uses and purposes therein expressed.

JAMES H. CURTIS,
Notary Public.
My commission expires Jan'y. 31, 1915.



SEARCH FOR "LITTLE IOWA"

Romance is Related of Baby Born on Sherman's March to Sea—Whole Regiment Takes a Peek.

Forty-six years ago, down near Columbia, S. C., there was born a little black-eyed baby girl to a Confederate mother, in a Federal ambulance accompanying General Sherman's army, then on its famous march to the sea. In recognition of the kindnesses of the 25th Iowa troops, who cared for her at the time, the southern mother called the baby "Little Iowa," and smilingly told the officers of that regiment that when "Iowa" reached the age of 16 years she should be given in marriage to the youngest soldier of the regiment.

As a sequel, Sergeant O'Donnell, of Mapleton, Iowa, whom the records show to have been the youngest man in the regiment, is out at this late date seeking the whereabouts of "Little Iowa," with the intention, it is presumed, of asking the fulfillment of the promise made so many years ago



The Regiment Filed Past and Took a Look.

by the grateful mother. O'Donnell has called to his assistance practically all the surviving members of the regiment, and hundreds of letters are being written by these veterans to acquaintances in the south asking for information of "Little Iowa."

None of the Iowans remembers even the surname of the mother—in fact, nothing other than "Little Iowa" is remembered by the old soldiers, who have not a single clue upon which to base their search. However, they have all joined Sergeant O'Donnell in the hunt, and if "Little Iowa" is not located it will not be the fault of the old soldiers.

It was the day following that on which General Sherman's army left Columbia that the young woman was encountered. No physician was near. The army could not be delayed. So the 25th Iowa soldiers placed the woman in an ambulance under the care of Surgeon Marsh and took her along with them.

That night the child was born and next morning all the members of the regiment filed past and took a "look" at the little one. The men of Gen. G. A. Stone's brigade took up a collection for the babe and \$200 was handed the mother. Then it was that the latter made the promise that in sixteen years the youngest soldier in the regiment could claim as his bride, if he chose to do so, the baby who was then and there named "Little Iowa." The mother and her child were taken to Charleston and the Iowa soldiers lost track of them.



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Furnished room for rent, Fleming street, opposite Court-House. Love Turner. 16 tf

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If you can't come, just phone us, and we will be glad to send them to you, for your selection.
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--THE KEY WEST MORNING JOURNAL--

Official Paper Of The City Of Key West

Published every morning except Monday at 433 Front street Key West, Fla. by

THE KEY WEST JOURNAL PUBLISHING COMPANY

Editor

Frederick H. Mathews

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES

One Year	\$5.00
Six Months	2.50
Three Months	1.25

SPECIAL NOTICE

All copy for advertisements must be in this office by 5 p. m., of the day preceding publication. This rule cannot be deviated from and advertisers are requested to govern themselves accordingly.

Realization Comes But Slowly

Even now, the bulk of the people of this city do not realize what the completion of a railroad to Key West means to the city. One may stand on Trumbo Island and see a palatial train dash up to the depot, transfer their passengers to this city and to the awaiting steamer bound for Cuba; see solid train loads of produce move in and out of the city; feel the throbbing of a mighty commercial organization, just now beginning to gather the momentum which will draw trade from North, South, East and West. We see these things actually happening every day now, but the immensity of the thing, the daring enterprise which mastered the seemingly unconquerable forces of nature has us stunned for the moment.

When we consider that just a few short years ago old ocean rolled where today are great wharves, warehouses, railroad yards and all the accompaniments which make for commercial greatness, we cannot grasp the enormity of this thing which has been done by the hand of man. And great as are the changes in Key West, this is but the beginning. Men are working every day with the most modern machinery to enlarge and improve that which has already been done, and to make preparation for the vast amount of traffic which will pour through this city within a few years, making Key West one of the greatest ports of the South.

Only those who knew the barren waste of water a few years ago can appreciate the miracle that has been wrought.

In all sections of the city hand-some residences and substantial business structures are going up. Healthy building activities indicate prosperity.

Frank Clark should have called Key West the fairest garden in Florida. The fairest flowers in Florida's garden are our blond and brunette beauties.

If Park Trammell does not have to go into the second primary with an opponent, he will be the first Governor of Florida who was not the choice of a majority of the people. That wouldn't be his fault, but he should want an opponent just to prove that he really is the choice of the whole people.

The Pensacola Journal hopes John Beard will render Pensacola the same service Jeff Brown rendered Key West by writing a history of the city. Mr. Beard could not possibly render the same service to his city as did Mr. Brown for the reason that he will not have anything nearly so interesting to write about.

One of the first noticeable effects of the completion of the railroad to Key West is the fact that immense quantities of pineapples are being diverted to this port for shipment North and West from Cuba. The people of Cuba have been quick to take advantage of close railroad

connections for the handling of their perishable fruits and vegetables. And this is not all; the completion of the Panama Canal will bring shiploads of perishables here for shipment.

The increasing number of well kept lawns and attractive flower gardens throughout the city indicates the power of example. If there are no lawns or flower gardens in the block in which you live, set the example yourself, and we venture the assertion that within a year most of your neighbors will be right in line. There is nothing which will give your premises such a home-like appearance and, incidentally, you will be helping out in the city's forward movement.

The discovery by a German physicist makes the human body as transparent as glass. There will be some terrible upheavals if this discovery is extended to the mind.

A chewing gum factory is to be established at Newport. People who have insisted that gum chewing is impolite may as well turn their attention to something else.

Another jolt for our emotions. A French scientist says that microbes really cause spring. We have always supposed the robin did it.

Good Shoes Are Cheap

Even at a high price; but we are selling good shoes at a low price.

Come and let us show you the values we are offering.

The sooner you investigate the advantages of wearing our shoes, the better it will be for you—and us.

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DUVAL STREET

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

All persons having claims and demands against the Estate of Juan Rodriguez, deceased, will present the same within the time prescribed by law, otherwise the same will be barred. Key West, May 14th, 1912.

Edelmiro Morales,
Last Will and Testament of
Execut. Rodriguez. Mar. 15-7m

FOR SALE—One bay horse with Columbia Saddle and Harness. Apply to Chas. Curtis. 12-1w

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bent upon him.

"Don't you reckon if Uncle Bob is alive, like the judge says, and he's ever going to find me, he had ought to be here by now?" continued Hannibal anxiously.

"But it hasn't been such a great while, Hannibal; it's only that so much has happened to you. If he was very badly hurt it may have been weeks before he could travel; and then when he could, perhaps he went back to that tavern to try to learn what had become of you. But we may be quite certain he will never abandon his search until he has made every possible effort to find you, dear! That means he will sooner or later come to west Tennessee, for there will always be the hope that you have found your way here."

"Sometimes I get mighty tired waiting, Miss Betty," confessed the boy. "Seems like I just couldn't wait no longer—" He sighed gently, and then his face cleared. "You reckon he'll come most any time, don't you, Miss Betty?"

"Yes, Hannibal; any day or hour!"

"Whoop!" muttered Hannibal softly under his breath. Presently he asked: "Where does that branch take you to?" He nodded toward the bayou at the foot of the terraced bluff.

"It empties into the river," answered Betty.

Hannibal saw a small skiff beached among the cottonwoods that grew along the water's edge and his eyes lighted up instantly. He had a juvenile passion for boats.

"Why, you got a boat, ain't you, Miss Betty?" This was a charming and an important discovery.

"Would you like to go down to it?" inquired Betty.

"Deed I would! Does she leak any, Miss Betty?"

"I don't know about that. Do boats usually leak, Hannibal?"

"Why, you ain't ever been out rowing her, Miss Betty, have you?—and there ain't no better fun than rowing a boat!" They had started down the path.

"I used to think that, too, Hannibal; how do you suppose it is that when people grow up they forget all about the really nice things they might do?"

"What use is she if you don't go rowing in her?" persisted Hannibal.

"Oh, but it is used. Mr. Tom uses it in crossing to the other side where they are clearing land for cotton. It saves him a long walk or ride about the head of the bayou."

"Like I should take you out in her, Miss Betty?" demanded Hannibal with palpitating anxiety.

They had entered the scattering timber when Betty paused suddenly with a startled exclamation, and Hannibal felt her fingers close convulsively about his. The sound she had heard might have been only the rustling of the wind among the branches overhead in that shadowy silence, but Betty's nerves, the placid nerves of youth and perfect health, were shattered.

"Didn't you hear something, Hannibal?" she whispered fearfully.

For answer Hannibal pointed mysteriously, and glancing in the direction he indicated, Betty saw a woman advancing along the path toward them. The look of alarm slowly died out of his eyes.

"I think it's the overseer's niece," she told Hannibal, and they kept on toward the boat.

The girl came rapidly up the path, which closely followed the irregular line of the shore in its windings. Once she was seen to stop and glance back over her shoulder, her attitude intent and listening, then she hurried forward again. Just at the boat the three met.

"Good evening!" said Betty pleasantly.

The girl made no reply to this; she merely regarded Betty with a fixed stare. At length she broke the silence abruptly.

"I got something I want to say to you—you know who I am, I reckon?" She was a girl of about Betty's own age, with a certain dark, sullen beauty and that physical attraction which

you; there ain't no time to lose!" The girl stamped her foot impatiently.

Betty made a sign to Hannibal and he passed slowly back along the path. He went unwillingly, and he kept his head turned that he might see what was done, even if he were not to hear what was said.

"That will do, Hannibal—wait there—don't go any farther!" Betty called after him when he had reached a point sufficiently distant to be out of hearing of a conversation carried on in an ordinary tone. "Now, what is it? Speak quickly if you have anything to tell me!"

"I got a heap to say," answered the girl with a scowl. Her manner was still fierce and repellent, and she gave Betty a certain jealous regard out of her black eyes which the latter was at a loss to explain. "Where's Mr. Tom?" she demanded.

"Tom? Why, about the place, I suppose—in his office, perhaps." So it had to do with Tom. Betty felt sudden disgust with the situation.

"No, he ain't about the place, either! He done struck out for Memphis two hours after sun-up, and what's more, he ain't coming back here to-night—" There was a moment of silence. The girl looked about apprehensively. She continued, fixing her black eyes on Betty: "You're here alone at Belle Plain—you know what happened when Mr. Tom started for Memphis last time—I reckon you ain't forgot that!"

Betty felt a pallor steal over her face. She rested a hand that shook on the trunk of a tree to steady herself. The girl laughed shortly.

"Don't be so scared; I reckon Belle Plain's as good as his if anything happened to you?"

By a great effort Betty gained a measure of control over herself. She took a step nearer and looked the girl steadily in the face.

"Perhaps you will stop this sort of talk, and tell me what is going to happen to me—if you know?" she said quietly.

"Why do you reckon Mr. Norton was shot? I can tell you why—it was all along of you—that was why!" The girl's furtive glance, which searched and watched the gathering shadows, came back as it always did to Betty's pale face. "You ain't no safer than he was, I tell you!" and she sucked in her breath sharply between her full red lips.

"What do you mean?" faltered Betty.

"Do you reckon you're safe here in the big house alone? Why do you reckon Mr. Tom cleared out for Memphis? It was because he couldn't be around and have anything happen to you—that was why!" and the girl sank her voice to a whisper. "You quit Belle Plain now—tonight—just as soon as you can!"

"This is absurd—you are trying to frighten me!"

"Did they stop with trying to frighten Charley Norton?" demanded Betty, with harsh insistence.

Whatever the promptings that inspired this warning, they plainly had nothing to do with either liking or sympathy. Her dominating emotion seemed to be a sullen sort of resentment which lit up her glance with a dull fire; yet her feelings were so clearly and so keenly personal that Betty understood the motive that had brought her there. The explanation, she found, left her wondering just where and how her own fate was linked with that of this poor white.

"You have been waiting some time to see me?" she asked.

"Ever since about noon."

"You were afraid to come to the house?"

"I didn't want to be seen there."

"And yet you knew I was alone."

"Alone—but how do you know who's watching the place?"

"Do you think there was reason to be afraid of that?" asked Betty.

Again the girl stamped her foot with angry impatience.

"You're just wastin' time—just foolin' it away—and you ain't got none to spare!"

"You must tell me what I have to fear—I must know more or I shall stay just where I am!"

"Well, then, stay!" The girl turned away, and then as quickly turned back and faced Betty once more. "I reckon he'd kill me if he knew—I reckon I've earned that already—"

"Of whom are you speaking?"

"He'll have you away from here to-night!"

"He? . . . who . . . and what if I refuse to go?"

"Did they ask Charley Norton whether he wanted to live or die?" came the sinister question.

A shiver passed through Betty. She was seeing it all again—Charley as he groped among the graves with the hand of death heavy upon him.

A moment later she was alone. The girl had disappeared. There were only the shifting shadows as the wind tossed the branches of the trees, and the bands of golden light that slanted along the empty path. The fear of the unknown leaped up afresh in Betty's soul; in an instant flying feet had borne her to the boy's side.

"Come—come quick, Hannibal!" she gasped out, and seized his hand.

"What is it, Miss Betty? What's the matter?" asked Hannibal as they fled panting up the terraces.

"I don't know—only we must get away from here just as soon as we can!" Then, seeing the look of alarm on the child's face, she added more quietly, "Don't be frightened, dear, only we must go away from Belle Plain at once." But where they were to go, she had not considered.

Reaching the house, they stole to

Betty's room. Her well-filled purse was the important thing; that, together with some necessary clothing, went into a small hand-bag.

"You must carry this, Hannibal; if any one sees us leave the house they'll think it something you are taking away," she explained. Hannibal nodded understandingly.

"Don't you trust your niggers, Miss Betty?" he whispered as they went from the room.

"I only trust you, dear!"

"What makes you go? Was it something that woman told you? Are they coming after us, Miss Betty? Is it Captain Murrell?"

"Captain Murrell?" There was less of mystery now, but more of terror, and her hand stole up to her heart, and, white and grim, rested against the black fabric of her dress.

"Don't you be scared, Miss Betty!" said Hannibal.

They went silently from the house and again crossed the lawn to the terrace. Under the leafy arch which canopied them there was already the deep purple of twilight.

"Do you reckon it were Captain Murrell shot Mr. Norton, Miss Betty?" asked Hannibal in a shuddering whisper.

"Hush—Oh, hush, Hannibal! It is too awful to even speak of—" and, sobbing and half hysterical, she covered her face with her hands.

"But where are we going, Miss Betty?" asked the boy.

"I don't know, dear!" She had an agonizing sense of the night's approach and of her own utter helplessness.

"I'll tell you what, Miss Betty, let's go to the judge and Mr. Mahaffy!" said Hannibal.

"Judge Price?" She had not thought of him as a possible protector.

"Why, Miss Betty, ain't I told you he ain't afraid of nothing? We could walk to Raleigh easy if you don't want your niggers to hook up a team for you."

Betty suddenly remembered the carriage which had taken the judge into town; she was sure it had not yet returned.

"We will go to the judge, Hannibal! George, who drove him into Raleigh, has not come back; if we hurry we may meet him on the road."

Screened by the thick shadows, they passed up the path that edged the bayou; at the head of the inlet they entered a clearing, and crossing



He Was Looking Into the Face of Slosson, the Tavern-keeper.

this they came to the corn-field which lay between the house and the highroad. Following one of the shock rows they hurried to the mouth of the lane.

"Hannibal, I don't want to tell the judge why I am leaving Belle Plain about the woman, I mean," said Betty.

"You reckon they'd kill her, don't you, Miss Betty, if they knew what she'd done?" speculated the boy. It occurred to him that an adequate explanation of their flight would require preparation, since the judge was at all times singularly alive to the slightest discrepancy of statement. They had issued from the corn-field and went along the road toward Raleigh. Suddenly Betty paused.

"Hark!" she whispered.

"It were nothing, Miss Betty," said Hannibal reassuringly, and they hurried forward again. In the utter stillness through which they moved Betty heard the beating of her own heart, and the soft and all but inaudible patter of the boy's bare feet on the warm dust of the road. Vague forms that resolved themselves into trees and bushes seemed to creep toward them out of the night's black uncertainty. Once more Betty paused.

"It were nothing, Miss Betty," said Hannibal as before, and he returned to his consideration of the judge. He sensed something of that intellectual nimbleness which his patron's physical make-up in nowise suggested, since his face was a mask that usually left one in doubt as to just how much of what he heard succeeded in making its impression on him; but the boy knew that Slosson Price's blind side was a shelterless exposure.

"You don't think the carriage could have passed us while we were crossing the corn-field?" said Betty.

"No, I reckon we couldn't a-missed hearing it," answered Hannibal. He had scarcely spoken when they caught the rattle of wheels and the beat of hoofs. These sounds swept nearer and nearer, and the darkness disgorged the Belle Plain team and carriage.

"George!" cried Betty, a world of

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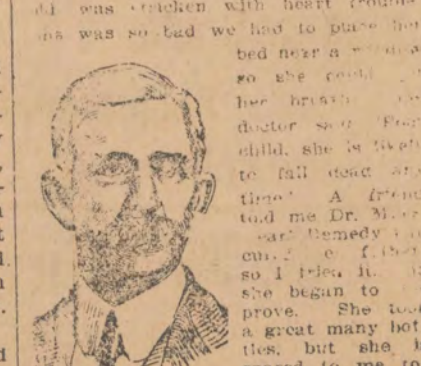
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Tom, in spite of his vexed mood, had taken note of earlier in the day.

"You are Bess Hicks," said Betty.

"Make the boy go back toward the house a spell—I got something I want to say to you." Betty hesitated. She was offended by the girl's manner, which was as rude as her speech. "I ain't going to hurt you—you needn't be afraid of me. I got something important to say—send him off, I tell

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Notice is hereby given that on the 24th day of May 1912, I will apply to the County Judge of Monroe County, Florida, for authority to sell at private sale the interest of my wards, Ulmont Boyle, Frederick Boyle, Carl Boyle and Renton Boyle in and to the following described real estate, viz:
In the State of Florida, County of Monroe and City of Key West and known as Whitehead's map of said City, as a part of lot four in square Twenty. Commencing at a point on James street one hundred feet and six inches from the corner of James and Margaret street and running thence in a Northeasterly direction fifty feet; thence at right angles in a Southeasterly direction one hundred and fifty feet; thence at right angles in a Southwesterly direction one hundred feet; thence at right angles in a Northwesterly direction fifty feet; thence at right angles in a Northwesterly direction one hundred feet to the place of beginning.

Jos. P. Boyle, Guardian Est. Ulmont, Frederick, Carl and Renton Boyle. a-17-5t

relief in her tones.
"Whoa, you!" and George reined in his horses with a jerk. "Who's dar?" he asked, bending forward on the box as he sought to pierce the darkness with his glance.
"George—"
"Oh, it you, Missy?"
"Yes, I wish you to drive me into Raleigh," said Betty, and she and Hannibal entered the carriage.
"All right, Missy. Yo'all ready fo' me to go along out o' here?"

"Yes—drive fast, George!" urged Betty.

"It's right dark fo' fas' driving," Missy, with the road jes' almin' fo' to bus' yo' springs with chuckholes!" He had turned his horses' heads in the direction of Raleigh while he was speaking. "It's scandalous black in these heah woods, Missy—I 'clar' I never seen it no blacker!"

The carriage swung forward for perhaps a hundred yards, then suddenly the horses came to a dead stop.

"Go along on, dar!" cried George, and struck them with his whip, but the horses only reared and plunged.

"Hold on, nigger!" said a rough voice out of the darkness.
"What yo' doin'?" the coachman gasped. "Don't yo' know dis de Belle Plain carriage? Take yo' han's off den hosses' bits!"

Two men stepped to the side of the carriage.

"Show your light, Bunker," said the same rough voice that had spoken before. Instantly a hooded lantern was uncovered, and Hannibal uttered a cry of terror. He was looking into the face of Slosson, the tavern-keeper.

CHAPTER XIX.

Prisoners.

In the face of Betty's indignant protest Slosson and the man named Bunker climbed into the carriage.

"Don't you be scared, ma'am," said the tavern-keeper, who smelt strongly of whisky. "I wouldn't lift my hand ag'in no good-looking female except in kindness."

"How dare you stop my carriage?" cried Betty, with a very genuine anger which for the moment dominated all her other emotions. She struggled to her feet, but Slosson put out a heavy hand and thrust her back.

"There now," he urged soothingly. "Why make a fuss? We ain't going to harm you; we wouldn't for no sum of money. Drive on, Jim—drive like hell!" This last was addressed to the man who had taken George's place on the box, where a fourth member of Slosson's band had forced the coachman down into the narrow space between the seat and dashboard, and was holding a pistol to his head while he sternly enjoined silence.

With a word to the horses Jim swung about and the carriage rolled off through the night at a breakneck pace. Betty's shaking hands drew Hannibal closer to her side as she felt the surge of her terrors rise within her. Who were these men—where could they be taking her—and for what purpose? The events of the past week linked themselves in tragic sequence in her mind. What was it she had to fear? Was it Tom for whom these men were acting? Tom who would profit greatly by her disappearance or death?

They swept past the entrance at Belle Plain, past a break in the wall of the forest where the pale light of stars showed Betty the cornfield she and Hannibal had but lately crossed, and then on into pitchy darkness again. She clung to the desperate hope that they might meet some one on the road, when she could cry out and give the alarm. She held herself in readiness for this, but there was only the steady pounding of the big bays as Jim with voice and whip urged them forward. At last he abruptly checked them, and Bunker and Slosson sprang from their seats.

"Get down, ma'am!" said the latter.

"Where are you taking me?" asked Betty, in a voice that shook in spite of her efforts to control it.

"You must hurry, ma'am," urged Slosson impatiently.

"I won't move until I know where you intend taking me!" said Betty.

"If I am to die—"

Mr. Slosson laughed loudly and indulgently.

"You ain't. If you don't want to walk, I'm man enough fo' to tote you. We ain't far to go, and I've tackled jobs I'd a heap less heart fo' in my time," he concluded gallantly. From the opposite side of the carriage Bunker swore nervously. He desired to know if they were to stand there talking all night. "Shut your filthy mouth, Bunker, and see you keep tight hold of that young rip-staver," said Slosson. "He's a perfect eel—I've had dealings with him afore!"

"You tried to kill my Uncle Bob—at the tavern, you and Captain Murrell. I heard you, and I seen you drag him to the river!" cried Hannibal.

Slosson gave a start of astonishment at this.

"Why, ain't he hateful?" he exclaimed agast. "See here, young feller, that's no kind of a way fo' you to talk to a man who has riz his ten children!"

Again Bunker swore, while Jim told Slosson to make haste. This popular clamor served to recall the tavern-keeper to a sense of duty.

"Ma'am, like I should tote you, or will you walk?" he inquired, and reaching out his hand took hold of Betty.

"I'll walk," said the girl quickly, shrinking from the contact.

"Keep close at my heels, Bunker, you tuck along after her with the boy."

"What about this nigger?" asked the fourth man.

"Fetch him along with us," said Slosson. They turned from the road while he was speaking and entered a narrow path that led off through the woods, apparently in the direction of the river. A moment later Betty heard the carriage drive away. They went onward in silence for a little time, then Slosson spoke over his shoulder.

"Yes, ma'am, I've riz ten children, but none of 'em was like him—I trained 'em up to the minute!" Mr. Slosson seemed to have passed completely under the spell of his domes-

actions, for he continued with just a touch of reminiscent sadness in his tone. "There was all told four Mrs. Slossons; two of 'em was South Carolinians, one was from Georgia, and the last was a widow lady out of east Tennessee. She'd buried three husbands, and I figured we could start perfectly even." The intrinsic fairness of this start made its strong appeal. Mr. Slosson dwelt upon it with satisfaction. "She had three to her credit, I had three o' mine; neither could crow none over the other."

As they stumbled forward through the thick obscurity he continued his personal revelations, the present enterprise having roused whatever there was of sentiment slumbering in his soul. At last they came out on a wide bayou; a white mist hung above it, and on the low shore leaf and branch were dripping with the night dews. Keeping close to the water's edge Slosson led the way to a point where a skiff was drawn up on the bank.

"Stop in, ma'am," he said, when he had launched it.

"I will go no farther!" said Betty in desperation. She felt an overwhelming fear, the full horror of the unknown lay hold of her, and she gave a piercing cry for help. Slosson swung about on his heel and seized her. For a moment she struggled to escape, but the man's big hand pinioned her.

"No more of that!" he warned, then he recovered himself and laughed. "You could yell till you was black in the face, ma'am, and there'd be no one to hear you."

"Where are you taking me?" and Betty's voice faltered between the sudden sobs that choked her.

"Just across to George Hicks's."

"For what purpose?"

"You'll know in plenty of time."

And Slosson leered at her through the darkness.

"Hannibal is to go with me?" asked Betty tremulously.

"Sure!" agreed Slosson affably.

"Your nigger, too—quite a party."

Betty stepped into the skiff. She felt he hoped quicken—she was thinking of Bess; whatever the girl's motives, she had wished her to escape. She would wish it now more than ever since the very thing she had striven to prevent had happened.

Slosson seated himself and took up the oars, Bunker followed with Hannibal and they pushed off. No word was spoken until they disembarked on the opposite shore, when Slosson addressed Bunker.

"I reckon I can manage that young rip-staver; you go back after Sherrod and the nigger," he said.

He conducted his captives up the bank and they entered a clearing. Looking across this Betty saw where a cabin window framed a single square of light. They advanced toward this and presently the dark outline of the cabin itself became distinguishable. A moment later Slosson paused, a door yielded to his hand, and Betty and the boy were thrust into the room where Murrell had held his conference with Pentress and Ware. The two women were now its only occupants, and the mother, gross and shapeless, turned an expressionless face on the intruders; but the daughter shrank into the shadow, her burning glance fixed on Betty.

"Here's yo' guests, old lady!" said Mr. Slosson. Mrs. Hicks rose from the three-legged stool on which she was sitting.

"Hand me the candle, Bess," she ordered.

At one side of the room was a steep flight of stairs which gave access to the loft overhead. Mrs. Hicks, by a gesture, signified that Betty and Hannibal were to ascend these stairs; they did so and found themselves on a narrow landing inclosed by a partition of rough planks; this partition was pierced by a low door. Mrs. Hicks, who had followed close at their heels, handed the candle to Betty.

"In yonder!" she said briefly, adding toward the door.

"Wait!" cried Betty in a whisper.

"No," said the woman with an almost masculine surliness of tone. "I got nothing to say." She pushed them into the attic, and closing the door, fastened it with a stout wooden bar.

Beyond that door, which seemed to have closed on every hope, Betty held the tallow dip aloft, and by its uncertain and flickering light surveyed her prison. The briefest glance sufficed. The room contained two shake-down beds and a stool; there was a window in the gable, but a piece of heavy plank was spiked before it.

"Miss Betty, don't you be scared," whispered Hannibal. "When the judge hears we're gone, him and Mr. Ma-

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"Wait!" cried Betty in a whisper.

"No," said the woman with an almost masculine surliness of tone. "I got nothing to say." She pushed them into the attic, and closing the door, fastened it with a stout wooden bar.

SUMMER SCHEDULE NO 4 SEASON 1912.

HAVANA, NASSAU, PORT TAMPA, MIAMI AND KEY WEST.

Peninsular and Occidental Steamship Company
United States Fast Mail Route for Key West, Havana, the West Indies and Nassau, Bahamas
Via Key West and Port Tampa, Fla.
Proposed sailings in effect on dates shown. Subject to change and individual postponement without notice.

PORT TAMPA-KEY WEST-HAVANA LINE.

Port Tampa	Key West	Havana	Effective Apr. 4, 1912
Lv. Port Tampa	Ar. Key West	Lv. Key West	Ar. Havana
Sun.	Mon	Tue.	Wed
11:30 P.M.	5:30 P.M.	9:00 P.M.	6:30 A.M.
Lv. Havana	Ar. Key West	Lv. Key West	Ar. Port Tampa
Tue.	Sat	Sun	
12:00 M.	8:00 P.M.	9:00 P.M.	5:00 P.M.

(When southbound connecting train is more than 30 minutes late, ship will not leave Key West until 9:00 p. m. arriving Havana next day at 6:30 a. m.)
Above boats are based on 20th Meridian Standard time.
Information as to passenger and freight rates to all points in the United States, Cuba, West Indies and Bahamas cheerfully furnished upon application.

Chas. L. Myers, Manager. P. J. Saunders, G. F. & P. A.
JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA.

Florida East Coast Railway

Corrected to April 7 1912

NO 36: THE OVERSEA LIMITED: Daily.
Leaves 5:00 p. m. Arrives Miami 11:20 p. m.
West Palm Beach 2:06 a. m. Ft. Pierce 4:10 a. m. New Smyrna 8:20 a. m. Daytona 9:00 a. m. St. Augustine 11:30 a. m. Jacksonville 12:45 p. m. Carries through sleeping cars Key West to New York via the A. C. L. & S. A. L. without change. Dining car service. Local sleeper Key West to Miami.

For Local Time Card, See The Ticket Office

Grusland Steamship Line

PLYING BETWEEN
KEY WEST AND MIAMI
MAKING CONNECTIONS WITH

The Mallory Steamship Company to and from New York, Mobile, Galveston and Tampa.
South-western Steamship Company Philadelphia, Charleston, Jacksonville Key West and Tampa.
P. & O. Steamship Company, Havana, Key West and Nassau.
Tampa Steamship Line, Ft. Myers and the West Coast.
A daylight trip down the Hawk Channel getting a full view of the Extension.

For Particulars Apply **Norman Sweeting** At Mallory

JOHN LOWE JR. SONS

Corner Greene & Elizabeth Streets.
Commission Merchants, Marine Railway, Shingles and Lumber
SHIP CHANDLERY AND PROVISIONS

PEACON'S SPECIALTIES

Fleischmann's Yeast	Pim Olive Cheese
Home made pie cakes	Pimento Cheese
Dr. Johnson's Educator	Philadelphia Cream Cheese
Crackers	Sardines in Mustard
Kipperd Herrings	Crisco
Boneless Herrings	Fine as can be Fish Flakes
Peanut Mar Syrup	Nut Meats

Telephone NO 67 **R. PEACON** Fleming and William St.

LARKINS

PLACE OF BUSINESS IS ON
THE CORNER OF SIMONTON & EATON STREETS.

TELEPHONE 219 FOR YOUR ELECTRICAL WANTS
LARKINS

(R. D. & L. MASON)
DENTAL SURGEON
Phone 3542
Cor. Simonton and Caroline Sts.
KEY WEST FLA.

Dr. W. O. Kemp

VETERINARIAN
Georgia & Olivia Sts. Phone 518
Formerly with U. S. Q. M. Dept. in Manzanillo, Cuba after Spanish-American war as acting veterinarian for the 10th U. S. Cavalry.

GASOLINE

Stoves and Ranges All Styles and Sizes
Terms Easy
Sweeting Bros.
712 Caroline Street
Telephone No. 376

Advertise in the Official Paper of the City of Key West.

You'd Walk a Rule



TO GET TO

THE AIRDOME To-Night

if only you knew what you would see there. We are putting forth every effort to give our patrons FEATURES just as often as we can and the increased number of people who are coming to the Airdome night after night is proof that the people are enjoying our show. Tonight we will show that big feature film

The Stampede

that big Military picture, taken by special permission of the United States Government. The crack

15th U. S. Cavalry

take the leading part in this great feature film, and you will enjoy it without doubt.

Two Other Pictures

Her Captive, a great Western picture, and Back to the Sail, will be shown also.

7.30 O'clock To-night

AT THE AIRDOME

STRAWS

You will find here A HAT for every face and figure at prices to meet every pocket book.

Come in today and change that shabby looking Hat for New up-to-date style at little cost.

The HOME of Cut Prices on W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES.

THE NAVAL STORE

Undersells Its Competitors all the Time.
J. LEIBOVIT 123 DUVAL STREET

Monroe Theatre

Week of May 13th.

This Week Will Be

"ALL PICTURE WEEK"

---With 2 exceptions---

Tuesday and Thursday nights benefit performance will be given.

Wm. Curry's Sons' Co

GENERAL MERCHANTS

MARINE RAILWAY, HARDWARE, BUILDING MATERIAL, PROVISIONS, COAL, WATER AND ICE.

Cable Address "Curry" Key West

611 FRONT STREET, KEY WEST, FLA.



Appearance is what makes or mars one's Good looks and the IMPRESSIONS which he or she makes on those whom they meet on the street and in a social way from day to day.

YOU WANT TO LOOK NEAT

And you cannot help your GENERAL APPEARANCE more in any way than by making a visit to the popular

EL LOUVRE

Our Panamas for Ladies and Gentlemen, and the famous Hand-Made Dresses and Kimonos are just the thing.

WHY NOT SMOKE A GOOD CIGAR?

That is the only kind we manufacture. When you are buying Cigars next time look for our name on the box. That is the only guarantee you need. Gwynn, Martin and Strauss Cigar Manufacturers.

Tax Assessor's Notice

Notice is hereby given that I am making up the city tax assessment roll for the year 1912. Parties desiring blanks for making returns will be furnished same by making application at the City Clerk's office.

R. E. L. McClintock, City Tax Assessor.

Take Dr. Allen's Laxative Tablets for constipation. They will help you.



Our unusually large line of Diamonds is now larger than ever, and the low prices at which we are selling them simply cannot be duplicated elsewhere. We sell all our diamonds on a guarantee and they will be repurchased by us, at any time, at 10 per cent less than purchase price.

We call our customers attention to the prices quoted below:

- 1 Princess Diamond Ring, 1 3-16 carats, \$178.00
- 1 Princess Diamond Ring, 2 1-4 carats, \$187.20
- 1 Single Stone Diamond Ring, Blue White, 1 11-16 carats, \$275.00
- 1 Single Stone, Perfect Cut, 1 9-16 carats, \$210.00
- 1 Brooch, Blue White, consisting of 2 1-4 carats, \$200.00
- 20 Diamond Rings, 1-5 carat each, Blue White, choice, \$10.50
- 35 Genuine Diamond Rings, choice, \$5.75

THE DIAMOND PALACE
P. WEINBERG, PROP.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS

A regular meeting of the City Council will be held tonight at City Hall.

M. Garfunkel, left on a short business trip to Marathon yesterday evening.

Tom Knowles was a passenger on train No. 36 yesterday evening for Pine Channel.

Mrs. J. P. Roberts and daughter left yesterday evening for Central Supply on a short visit.

The schooner New Venice will sail this morning for Miami and points along the Keys.

Many of the Seminary teachers are preparing to leave for their homes on Saturday.

Mrs. Calvin Roberts accompanied by her children, left last night for a short visit at Central Supply.

The Mallory steamer Concho arrived yesterday from New York with a large cargo of freight for Key West.

Geo. Roberts was a passenger on train No. 36 yesterday evening for Pine Key. He will return Friday morning.

The regular meeting of the Loyal Order of Moose will be held tomorrow night at their club rooms on Front street.

Miss L. Howe, who has been teaching at the Hargrove Institute this winter, left for her home in Kentucky yesterday evening.

N. B. Nickerson Jr., a Civil Engineer on the F. E. C. with headquarters at Spanish Harbor, was a pleasant visitor in the city yesterday.

8x12 E. Bamboo porch screens \$2.50. Key West Furniture Co. 700 Duval street corner Angela St. 5 3 tf

Mrs. Charles Brown, wife of Resident Engineer Brown of the F. E. C., left yesterday evening for New York, where she will make an extended visit.

Mrs. L. W. Bethel left yesterday on the evening train for Miami where she will join Judge Bethel who is holding a term of Circuit Court there.

The regular weekly hop given by the Misses Cele O'Brien and Camille McKillip at the Louis Pavilion will be held tonight instead of Friday night as heretofore.

The best coffee on the market today is Cabrera's coffee. Two grades 30c and 35c per pound. 28 tf

The salvage claim of \$13,000 from the steamer Mary Ann was received by United States Commissioner Monday morning, and is being distributed among the share holders.

The pocket lost by Miss Otille Maloney which was advertised in The Journal was found and returned to the owner. Little Miss Maloney says Journal Ads. are great things.

Testimony taken yesterday before Julius Otto, United States Commissioner, in the case of Alfred Atchinson Et Al Vs. The British steamship Indore and an amended libel was filed.

Insist upon your grocer giving you the best coffee on the market. That means Cabrera's Coffee, 30c and 35c a pound. 28 tf

The action was taken on account of reported inefficiency and for the good of the service at the instance of Lieutenant Albert G. Goodwyn, U. S. A., who recently inspected the militia.

Dr. and Mrs. J. Yates Porter, Jr. moved into their handsome new residence on South Beach yesterday. The house is of very pleasing design and is quite an addition to the South Beach residential section.

For Rent—Comfortable ten room house, with large cut rooms and yards. Apply to Mrs. M. Clayton, 106 Whitehead street, or to owner P. O. Box 61, Lemon City, Fla 16 tf

Joseph Curry, generally known as "Budweiser", was tried before the Criminal court yesterday on a charge of vagrancy and sentenced to three months in the county jail. Court adjourned until ten o'clock this morning.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Cayo were arrivals from Cuba on the steamer Mascotte yesterday. Mr. Cayo is a large tobacco grower of Cuba and his tobacco is used in the manufacture of the very highest grade cigars.

The following passengers left yesterday afternoon on the Mallory steamer Concho for Tampa: A. J. Norrell, J. A. Oweberg, J. L. McDonnell, J. R. Copeland, Chas. Belgrave, Antonio Weris, H. O. Ansorge, C. M. Norfleet, Mr. and Mrs. Gus Nordenson

Refrigerators, ice cream freezers, filters and water coolers. Standard makes at the same price you pay in the large cities. Reedy's. 5 3 tf

John Gaskell of Miami is spending a few days in the city before leaving for North Carolina where he will spend the summer. This is Mr. Gaskell's first visit to Key West in a number of years, and he expresses surprise at the great improvement over a few years ago.

In season. Hammocks, porch swings and lawn swings. Put in place free of all charge. Reedy's. 5 3 tf

Mrs. Jack Weeks—who has been visiting her parents here Capt. and Mrs. Wm. H. Shaw on Simonton St., left on the evening train yesterday for her home in Savannah. Mrs. Weeks was accompanied by her sister, Mrs. Nellie Kingman and child who will visit with her in Savannah for two or three months.

For Rent—Store and residence at the corner of Olivia and Francis sts. Apply to F. W. Roberts, 803 Olivia street. 5-8-1w

Enoch Baker, a young lad about 13 years old, was arrested Tuesday night by Sheriff Jaycocks on a charge of breaking and entering with intent to commit grand larceny. Resident on the lower end of Simonton street have been terrorized for several months by the depredations of young Baker and several other boys of about the same age.

Those people who really know what good coffee is will invariably recommend Cabrera's coffee, 30c and 35c a pound. 28 tf

The following passengers arrived from Havana on the Mascotte yesterday evening: Geo. W. Weidit, F. E. Holloway, Miss W. W. Gray, S. J. Ulberg, Mrs. S. J. Ulberg, J. H. Cayo, Mrs. J. H. Cayo, Juan De D. Ora, Juan Amezaga, L. E. Bronson, Jose Amezaga, D. D. Hall, Thomas Greenwood, C. M. Norfleet, I. C. Methley, Ernest Rofflaer, J. M. Cadson, Mrs. J. M. Cadson, Wm. R. Volseley, Lady Anita Wolseley, Louise Blackburne and C. Peterson.

That delicious, invigorating coffee which you drink every morning is Cabrera's coffee, 30c and 35c a pound. 28 tf

J. R. Copeland, general manager of the Southern Paving and Asphalt Company which company has the contract for the street work here, left yesterday afternoon for Tampa via Mallory Line enroute to Lakeland where his company has submitted a bid for the contract for paving there. This contract amounts to about as much as the one here and Mr. Copeland hopes to be the fortunate bidder. He expressed himself as pleased with the progress of the work here.



Round Ticket Stockings for Boys and girls, the most durable 25c stocking made, four thread LITEN HEEL AND TOE, hard to wear out.



THEO. HOLTSBERG
Next to San Carlos

Chester Lowe
Electrical Contractor.
Phone 604.

PROPOSALS.

Bids will be received at the office of the City Clerk until 7 o'clock p. m. Thursday June 6th, 1912 for furnishing the city with Bituminous coal for the period of one year. The city reserves the right to reject any and all bids.
By order of City Council.
H. K. COLD, City Clerk.

TUNGSTEN LAMPS

SIZE	OLD PRICE	NEW PRICE
12 c. p. Clear or Frosted	55	45
20 c. p. " " "	55	45
32 c. p. " " "	65	45
50 c. p. " " "	80	65
85 c. p. " " "	1.15	95
125 c. p. Clear	1.65	1.35
125 c. p. Frosted	1.75	1.45
200 c. p. Clear	2.35	1.90
200 c. p. Frosted	2.50	2.00
4 c. p. Clear (sign lamps)	.35	.25
4 c. p. Frosted (sign lamps)	.35	.30
12, 16, 20, 24 c. p. Gem Lamps	.25	.20
32, 40 c. p. Gem Lamps	.35	.30

The Key West Electric Co.

SALES DEPARTMENT

THE TRUE BLUE

Blue Serge of Real Quality

There are two ways of possessing a purple suit, the better of which is to buy the purple suit, providing you desire one.

The other way is to buy a cheap blue serge suit.

There is not a poor piece of serge in all the hundreds of Hart Schaffner and Marx Serge Suits in this store, and every suit is finely tailored

\$16.50 to \$25.

And worth the money. We are sole agents for Knox Straws, Walk-Over Shoes, Manhattan Shirts and they have our O. K.



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A. Louis & Son

Department Store.



A Message for You

You, who want Pure Drugs

ANNOUNCEMENT EXTRAORDINARY

When you telephone your drug store for drugs you want only one kind—the BEST. When you come to us for drugs you get only one kind—the BEST. BECAUSE when we buy drugs there is only one kind that we buy—the BEST. You may rest assured that when you buy drugs at FOGARTY'S you get only the BEST.

C. B. FOGARTY & CO.

PHONE 52. Cor. Eaton & Elizabeth Sts.

Special.

White Flannel pants, Cream Flannels, & Light striped pants. Regular price \$6, now 3.75

A. Wolkowsky

Reliable Mdse. Distributor.