

THE NEWSPAPER THAT IS READ BECAUSE IT STANDS FOR SOMETHING

KEY WEST MORNING JOURNAL

VOLUME 4 NO. 178

KEY WEST, FLORIDA, WEDNESDAY, JULY 17, 1912

PRICE FIVE CENTS

NINETEEN RATS WAS YESTERDAY'S RESULT

Jailer McCook Expects to do Land Office Business Today, However

Nineteen rats kicked the bucket yesterday. In other words, they became entangled with sundry small boys, to the great detriment of the rat and the financial betterment of the boy. Nineteen rats is not very many, especially when it was thought that they of the long tails would arrive at city hall yesterday in bunches. But there's a reason, just as there's a reason why people won't stop drinking coffee. The small boy did not take that offer of five cents apiece for rats seriously. In fact for many hours he refused to consider the proposition at all, and although he was advised that the offer was absolute and sober truth, he advised his informants to go chase themselves.

Yesterday morning, a few hours after The Journal was on the street, a small boy appeared before Jailer McCook and inquired if that offer of five cents was straight goods, or whether it had arrived from Punta Rassa Monday night. On being informed that it was "straight" he produced a large rat from somewhere about his person and received his nickel. He immediately started on a hunt for rats, spending the glad tidings of five cents a piece to other boys as he went, and displaying his nickel as an evidence of good faith. The result will be that beginning at daylight this morning Jailer McCook will probably be one of the busiest men in this city, and by nightfall, the city will be minus a great many rats.

PANAMA ELECTIONS PASSED OFF QUIETLY

Under American Supervision—Opposition Candidate Was Elected

Panama, July 16.—The Panama elections were conducted quietly under American supervision. Dr. Belisario Porras, former minister to Washington, the candidate of the Liberals or opposition party, will be unanimously elected president when the assemblies convene on August 30, the party winning all the presidential electors.

General Pedro Dias, the candidate of the Patriotic Union or government party, who was the personal choice of President Arosemena, was convinced by the result that his election was impossible and withdrew, leaving no opposition to Porras. The elections were expected to be accompanied with violence but the strength of the opposition was so evident that the other side gave up.

Mrs. W. M. White of Miami, wife of Capt. White of the steamship Miami, was an arrival in the city Monday afternoon on the Olivette and is stopping at the Jefferson. Capt. White arrived from Havana last night on the Miami.

READER DEPLORES AND CONDEMNNS GAMBLING HERE

Th following from a gentleman in public life in this city is highly appreciated by The Journal:

Dear Sir: Anyone interested in the welfare of the city must be pleased with the attitude The Journal has assumed against the degrading vices which seem to be going on with full force. Your voice of protest has been heard all over the city, through the medium of your columns. The serious crimes committed recently, the places where they were committed, the prevalence of gambling, etc., you have spoken of in no uncertain tones. You have not failed to call the attention of the officers in authority that the crimes which stand out so glaringly were perpetrated in places which were conducting their business contrary to law, and within a stone's throw of one of the temples of Justice.

Also worthy of note was your fearless stand against what seemed to you, and to many of our citizens, rather too much leniency toward a man charged with murder when his case was laid over until a later date. Last, but not least, your prompt defense of those who murmured against the slow procedure of one of the cases on trial, when a writer in the afternoon paper cited the Texas Judge who did not and would not be guided by an infuriated mob (or

MANY CIVIL SERVICE POSITIONS NOW OPEN

Numerous Positions to be Filled Next Month by Competitive Exams

Announcement is made by the civil service commission of the United States government of a number of examinations for federal positions, which will be held during this month and August. The first examination is for the position of aid to the coast and geodetic survey, July 24 to 25.

The other examinations will be held July 29, August 3, and August 7. The July 29 examinations are for the positions of concrete building designer and of steel bridge designer. The greater number of examinations are set for August 3, when examinations are to be held for the positions of nurseryman, Painter, physical director, gardener and strain guage operator.

The examinations set for August 7, are for the positions of gardener, and field station superintendent, junior physical chemist (bureau of mines) and scientific assistant (bureau of fisheries).

Detailed information as to qualifications, requirements, age limit and subjects of examination can be had by application to the United States Civil Service Commission Washington, D. C., from whom also will be obtainable information as to the places where the examinations will be held and also examination forms.

50 POLICE LOSE PLACES.

Santiago de Cuba, July 16.—Fifty policemen of this city who were employed during the negro uprising, were discharged today. Mayor Grillo ordered their dismissal because the situation has become so quiet the ordinary police force is sufficient to maintain order.

CULLOM'S VOTE WAS SELFISH THEY SAY

Lorimer's Friends Say Cullom Wanted to Prolong His Term

Washington, July 16.—Following conjecture as to why Senator Cullom of Illinois, voted for Lorimer, his colleague, in the first investigation of Lorimer, but Saturday voted against Lorimer, it is reported that Cullom is slated to succeed Lorimer in the senate and that Lawrence Sherman who was nominated over Cullom recently, will succeed to Cullom's place.

Such an arrangement will give Cullom a longer life in the senate. Cullom's term expires March, 1913.

Lorimer has many offers from all sections of the country for Chautauqua dates, the offers saying "Name your subject and terms." He may accept speaking engagements and in this way enlighten the people against what he and many others consider an outrageous injustice done him through his expulsion from the senate.

HAVANA SITUATION REMAINS THE SAME

City Health Officer Light Says There is no Cause For Apprehension

The Journal was informed yesterday evening by City Health Officer Light that the situation in Havana, in relation to bubonic plague was unchanged, and that there was no cause for apprehension here but—

Dr. Light stated further that Key West could not rest on her oars. That while there seemed no special danger from Havana, it was absolutely necessary that the rats here be killed off in order to guard against the possibility of there already being rats here infected with the plague, or having on them those fleas, the bite of which conveys the disease to human beings.

Dr. Light believes that Key West will be perfectly safe from an invasion by plague if the citizens of the city cooperate with him and Dr. Fogarty in their efforts to clean up the city and get rid of the rats.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

Notice is hereby given to all restaurants, meat markets, ice cream stands and all others who are required by law to have their places screened, that they will be given until next Monday, July 29, to comply with the law in every particular.

The proprietor of any place not properly screened, or who allows the screen doors or windows to remain open will be arrested without further notice after the above date.

ROLAND CURRY,
State Sanitary Inspector.

WOLGAST WON FAIR AND SQUARE

New York, July 16.—Referee Jack Welch made no mistake in raising Ad Wolgast's hand as winner in the lightweight mill on July 4. This is the verdict of the moving pictures, given their first production at a private showing a day or two ago at Los Angeles, Cal. Coast dispatches indicate that Wolgast won fairly and squarely, and not on a foul as most of the spectators, Rivers and his manager claimed. The films show practically every blow struck by the two fighters from the first to the eighteenth round, and will probably be accepted by fight enthusiasts all over the country, showing the Cadillac Wildcat knocking the Mexican cold.

If Wolgast fouled Rivers in the thirteenth round, coast information says the pictures do not show it. In the final round the films show the

SWEEPING REDUCTION OF EXPRESS RATES

Reductions Will Mean Great Saving to Express Shippers in Key West

Washington, July 14.—Sweeping reductions in express rates, averaging in general approximately 15 per cent; drastic reforms in regulations and practices, and comprehensive changes in the methods of operation are prescribed in a report made public by the Interstate Commerce Commission of its investigation into the business of the thirteen great express companies of the United States.

Dealing with the identity of interest between the various companies, the report finds that while these companies are separate legal entities, "it is of interest to regard this fact that by stock ownership and otherwise they are so interrelated, intertwined and interlocked that it is with difficulty we can trace any one of the greater companies as either wholly independent in its management or the agency of a single railroad system. So that while these companies operate separately and compete with each other for traffic, the express business may be said to be almost a family affair. An interesting genealogical tree, in fact, might be drawn showing a common ancestry in all of the larger companies. And while many names may be used to designate these companies, it is within the fact to say that, aside from the operations of the minor and distinctively railroad express companies, the express business of the United States is managed by not more than three groups of interests."

RE-ARRESTED AFTER ESCHEATING HIS BOND

Menso Abad Found Guilty of Selling Liquor Without a License

On June 16, Menso Abad, a young Cuban, was arrested by city police officers for selling liquor without a license, or in other words, conducting a "blind tiger." Abad put up a bond of \$25 for his appearance in court, but when the case was called he did not appear and the bond was forfeited.

Yesterday, Abad was again arrested by order of the court, and forced to appear at a trial on a charge of selling liquor without a license. After listening to the testimony in the case, Judge Curry sentenced Abad to pay a fine of \$100 or spend thirty days in the city jail. Up to the early part of last night the fine had not been paid and Abad was still confined in the city jail.

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FIRST IMPEACHMENT SINCE SWAYNE TRIAL

Unducky Number of "13" Charges Preferred Against Judge Archbald

Washington, D. C., July 16.—Congressman Henry D. Clayton, of Alabama, chairman of the committee on judiciary, presented to the house thirteen articles of impeachment against Judge Robert W. Archbald of the United States Court of Commerce reported unanimously by his committee.

Chairman Clayton will present a resolution providing for the management of the trial before the senate. Charges against Judge Archbald range from his business transactions with actual and possible litigants in his court to a European trip, alleged to have been given him by Henry W. Cannon, a railroad magnate of New York. This is the ninth attempt at impeachment of a judicial or civil official of the United States since the foundation of the government, and the first since the impeachment trial in 1905 of Judge Swayne of Pensacola, Florida, who was acquitted.

CITY HEALTH DEPT. TO WAGE WAR ON RATS

Communication From City Health Officer Emphasizes Importance of War

Key West, Fla., July 16, 1912.

To the Citizens of Key West:

At a special meeting of the city council, held yesterday, this office was authorized to start a crusade on rats and mice, and a bonus of five cents will be paid for each rat delivered, dead or alive, to the city jailer at the city jail, and one cent for each mouse. Bubonic plague made its appearance in our neighboring city, Havana, Cuba, recently and while no undue apprehension need be felt about the matter, at this time, yet it is imperative that we as a community begin a city-wide movement to free the community of rats at once.

Plague epidemics follow the usual shipping channels and it is customary for the rat population of a place to become afflicted with this disease for months before human cases develop. Even at this date it is possible that we may have infected rats in our community.

The disease is contracted by inoculation through the bites of fleas from plague infected rats and one case of rat plague is infinitely more dangerous to a community than many human cases.

Plague can only gain a foothold where there are rats and by destroying these pests we can become immune to this dreaded scourge.

There is no "best" way for killing rats and mice; the various rat poisons sold by druggists and stores in general, are all effective when used according to directions.

Trapping should be resorted to and the cat, the rat's natural enemy, should not be forgotten. It should be remembered that rats will at once quit your premises if the kitchen refuse is kept in closed receptacles and no food left accessible to them.

The seaports from Boston to Galveston have all started killing rats and Key West, having more frequent communication with Havana than any of them, should certainly not delay this urgent work.

(Sd.) SAML. D. W. LIGHT,
City Health Officer.

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STATE HEALTH OFFICER PORTER TALKS OF PLAGUE

(From the Times-Union.)

Quarantine has been raised by the board of health of the state of Florida to the extent of permitting first class passengers from Cuban ports to enter this state without detention, upon their being armed with a certificate from the representative of the marine hospital service of the United States, to the effect that they are not from a district infected with the bubonic plague.

This was the news given out by Dr. Joseph Y. Porter, state health officer, to a representative of the Times-Union last night.

"You can say," said Dr. Porter, "that I have been in close touch with the United States marine hospital service ever since the plague broke out, and have been kept thoroughly acquainted with every condition."

"Yesterday I received a telegram from Surgeon General Blue, in which he advised me that there was only a very small area of Havana that was infected, this covering the district from Cuba street down to the water front, a distance of about four blocks."

ROOSEVELT ANNOUNCES.

Oyster Bay, N. Y., July 16.—Theodore Roosevelt made the first definite announcement today of his plans for the campaign of the National Pro-

CUBAN BALL PLAYER JUMPED 3 STORIES

Mendez, Cuba's Star Pitcher Forced to Jump for Life in Chicago

Chicago, July 16.—Jose Mendez, the Cuban star pitcher who is here with the Cuban Stars, had a narrow escape from death when fire broke out at 3603 Cottage avenue where he is staying. Mendez was cut off from escape by the stairway and there was only one thing for him to do and that was to jump for it.

The firemen held a blanket for him and told him to jump. Mendez hesitated a moment, looked back at the flames steadily growing nearer, as if watching a man on second who he thought might try to steal third, took another look at the waiting firemen below and jumped as coolly as if the catcher had just asked for an out curve. He alighted without mishap and showed up this afternoon at Gunther's Park as if he had not been within a short step of the other world a few hours before.

SWIMMING PARTY YESTERDAY.

Miss Marie Watrous entertained a few friends yesterday afternoon at her home on South Beach with a swimming party. The party waded into the "big pond" at about 5 o'clock and spent about an hour of great enjoyment in the invigorating waters of the Gulf.

After the swim the party assembled on the porch of the residence where refreshments were served. Following this the young people formed a chorus and many vocal selections were rendered with piano accompaniment.

In the party were the Misses Florence Maloney, Nathalie Reynolds, Rubie Hobson, Rosalie Boyer, Marguerite Brown, Marie Watrous, and Mrs. J. Y. Porter, Jr.; Messrs. Ferris Lowe, Murray Lowe, Bob Spottswood and B. L. Grooms.

YAQUI INDIANS GOT A SURPRISE PACKAGE

Indians Were Surprised And Wipped Before They Knew What Happened

Oaxaca, Mex., July 16.—The tables were turned on the Yaqui Indians here today by a force of 600 whites. As a result there are 43 fewer Indians.

The Indians came down from the mountains to attack the town. The whites were warned of their approach and formed a strong defensive band. The Indians were surprised before they had entered the town and driven back. Forty-three of their number were captured.

The Indians have a habit of killing all prisoners. As a measure of reprisal and an object lesson to the Indians of what they might expect if they made further attacks on the whites, the 43 prisoners were executed.

"JIMMY" LAVENDER ONCE PLAYED BALL IN KEY WEST

Now Famous Twirler of Chicago Cubs Was Here With St. Petersburg Team

The sporting sections of all the newspapers in the country have had much to say of late about one "Jimmy" Lavender, the bush leaguer who humbled "Rube" Marquard, the idol of New York fans and caused the latter to break his winning streak after establishing a world's record. Lavender is a spit ball artist, and the way he makes the leather "break" is a joy forever. Yesterday afternoon he handed another package to the New York Giants when he won his game, with Tesreau in the box for the Giants.

Lavender came to Key West in 1908 or 1909 with the St. Petersburg Fla., ball team. He pitched excellent ball at that time but was unfortunate in having weak support. However, none of the fans at that time thought that "Jimmy" Lavender would blossom forth as one of the stars of the major leagues.

Coffee Retailer, Attention!

Prices of Green Coffee are steadily rising, and there is no prospect of lower figures for the present. As consequence, the price of the ground article will also be raised by the different roasters supplying it. Perhaps there are many among you who are already paying this penalty. I have secured several lots, though, at such figures as to leave the price unchanged, as long as the lots last.

THE PRICE IS 25c PER POUND

for the same good, satisfactory and reliable article which has made "EL CENTRAL" famous for over twenty five years. Think of this if you want to save dollars on the coffee which you sell.

J. F. CARBONELL,
610 DUVAL STREET



LIKES HIS MEALS TASTILY PREPARED, and not only that, but he likes to have them prepared in a hurry when he is rushed for time. We are making a specialty of serving Business Men's meals.

OUR THE FAMILY RESTAURANT

Our family dining room is equipped for the best and nicest family service and we make a specialty of serving families.

Our meals are always tastily prepared and we give you quick service. When you want a good meal quick come to the

DUVAL RESTAURANT.

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INSURANCE
OFFICE OVER THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK
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In selecting an insurance agency let it be the one whose record and strength guarantee the liberal fulfillment of all its obligations.

Our success is the reward of merit and the result of nearly twenty years honorable dealing with our patrons.

WHY TAKE CHANCES ELSEWHERE?

DO YOU KNOW

That our's is the coolest and largest place in town? That we carry a complete stock of fine liquors and cigars? That this is the place where the beer is "Always" cold? Drop in and see us

ST. PATRICK'S BAR
Cor. Front and Fitzpatrick Sts

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

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Y. GUICHARD
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THOMSON'S "GLOVE-FITTING"



CORSETS

THE name of these corsets is Expressive — it says snug, graceful, soft and pliable—it says beauty and comfort in the plainest kind of language.

THEO. HOLTSBERG
Next to San Carlos.

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.

The Lady

OF THE

Mount

By FREDERIC S. ISHAM

Author of

"The Strollers"

"Under The Rose"

Etc.

Illustrations by

RAY WALTERS

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That evening found the Black Seigneur in the Desaurac forest; where, as a boy, he had fled for shelter, now some instinct, or desire he did not strive to analyze, drew him. As slowly he made his way through the wood, on every hand familiar outlines and details, seen vaguely in the last light of day, invited him to pause; but without stopping he moved on to the castle, and up to the chamber, where Sanchez, returning from America, had found him, a vagabond lad. Through the window the same unobstructed view of the Mount dimly unfolded itself in the dusk, and for some moments he regarded it—august, majestic; gilding its heart's black secrets with specious and well-composed bearing! As he looked, there suddenly came to him the remembrance of another impression; the same picture, seen through the eyes of a boy—standing where he was now! Then had the Mount seemed a marvelous series of structures, air-drawn, magical—home of a small and fairy-like creature, with hair of shining gold. Dusk turned to night; in the distance the Mount vanished, and through the break in the forest only the stars twinkled.

Then lighting his fire, the young man sat down at the side; with faculties alert, listened to the wind; looked at the flames. Demon-like they leaped before his eyes, as when he had waited and watched for the emissaries of his Excellency; and mechanically he placed his weapons on the same spot he had been wont to lay them in those days. There was little likelihood they would seek him now, however; the Governor was fully occupied elsewhere, looking to interests more important to himself and to—

Her ladyship! the fire leaped wildly, as laughing at fate's foolish prank. Her life for his! What irony! If she had betrayed him? "If?" His laugh crushed possibility for supposition; but almost at once itself died away! Indissolubly associated with the thought, a scene in a dungeon must needs recur; her denials; the touch of a hand; the appeal of light fingers



Looked Toward the Mount.

thrust through the bars! Why? The questions he had asked then, were reiterated now; the hand that had gripped hers opened, closed; once more he seemed to see the steadfast, unswerving eyes; once more seemed to read in their depths, "Believe!"

The pine branches continued to crackle as with merriment; but his gaze was somber. How glad she must have been to see the end of her captivity! The sudden leaping of yonder flame was like the quick, bright flush that had mantled her cheek at sight of her liege lord to be! They should have arrived at the Mount ere now; about this time were entering the gates! He could see her, the Marquis at her side—

A sudden sharp detonation afar dissipated the picture. Other explosions followed, like volleys of muskets; and, springing to the window, the Black Seigneur looked toward the Mount; from it, flashes of light gleamed and glimmered. Then the loud report of a cannon reverberated in the distance.

CHAPTER XXXI.

The Attack on the Mount.

The rock loomed black before them, as the troopers, escorting the Governor's daughter, rode up to the Mount. Entering the town, at its base, dark walls on either side of them shut out the broad map of the heavens and left but a narrow open space above; few lights were visible, so that many of the houses seemed tenantless; even at the tavern, unwonted stillness prevailed. Apparently was the return well-timed; in twisting street and tortuous byway, where hostile faces had been prone to glare upon the soldiers,

ascending to, the stronghold of the summit, now only chill drafts of air swept down to greet them; passed on with shrill whisperings, and died away in the distance.

Nearing the massive portals that opened wide into his Excellency's realm, my lady suppressed a shiver; but the Marquis, in a low tone, ventured to jest on the depressing and melancholy aspect of the Mount at that hour. To these light remarks she returned no answer, and he had just begun to rally her on a certain quietness of spirits, apparent on the beach and irreconcilable with the circumstances of the moment, when a sharp exclamation fell from the girl's lips.

In front of them, between the soldiers and the entrance to that upper part of the Mount, many dark forms had suddenly darted forth; at the same time from near-by houses came unmistakable sounds of life and activity; doors were thrown open and windows raised. The town they thought asleep had merely been watching; now showed its bright eyes in a multitude of menacing lights around them; below, where likewise a mysterious marshaling had occurred, from alleys, corners, and hovels, immediately after the passing of the Governor's party!

"What does it mean?" Again she heard the Marquis' tones, less confident now, as he turned to the commandant.

"Treachery!" The commandant's voice rang out. "They've broken faith with us!"

"Dogs!" My lord gazed uncertainly ahead; dubiously behind. "What are we going to do?"

"Do?" The commandant suppressed an imprecation. "Push on to the upper gates!"

"To the gates!" cried the Marquis; then wheeled quickly. "But you—Elise!"

"Never mind me!" she returned, with steady lips and eyes.

There was no time for further words; a sharp order from the commandant and the troopers spurred forward toward the entrance in the wall and those whose purpose it was to oppose them.

What happened thereafter the girl was but vaguely cognizant of; reports of guns, flashing of steel surrounded her; the clattering of hoofs mingled with the loud shouts of men.

"The Bastille of the North! Down with it!"

This was her battle-cry; on every side she heard it, though hardly realizing the purport of the words; confused, she listened to her father's name—her own—banded about. She wondered why those on the wall, the soldiers within, did not fire and repel all these people.

Then almost at once came the answer. The troopers' comrades were mixed in the melee without; she and they, too—so adroitly had the moment for striking been planned—might be swept down in the volleys from the ramparts. A cannon boomed above; but its deafening reverberations were answered only with laughter and jeers.

—Mon dieu! Did his Excellency think to frighten them with sound, as if they were timid children fleeing from thunder? Was his Excellency aiming at stars?"

And again that cry: "The Bastille of the North! We, too, will take our Bastille!"—dominated the clashing of arms and the tumult of strife.

For what seemed an interminable period, the Governor's daughter saw, through flashes of light, men struggling, striking; then launched suddenly forward, by an irresistible movement of the horses, found herself within the gates. The Marquis who had early been separated from her in the strife, was nowhere in sight. Behind now sounded the fray; a short distance from the wall, and she looked back; fiercer than ever, soldiers and people contended within the entrance; beneath the portals. As she strove to restrain her horse she heard the voice of her father.

"Mon pere! Mon pere!" she cried eagerly, divining his face in the light of lamps on that side of the wall. He answered only with a laconic command to go at once to the palace; and, regarding his features, tragically appealing to her at the moment—so strange and different they seemed!—she prepared to obey. But ere turning: "You think the soldiers can hold the gates?" she asked.

"Yes; yes!" he replied sharply, as if annoyed at the question.

"But if—"

"There is no 'if!'" said the Governor, and as the girl rode away, his look, hard, steeled, shifting to the soldiers, made quick mental note; they were holding the gates. Satisfied with the front his men presented, and, delivering a few brief orders to the commandant whose valor in rallying his forces had been commendable, his Excellency walked toward the great stairway leading up to the open space near the church. Arrived at this high point from which the town unfolded itself in the starlight and flicker of lamps, he sought, as best he might, to acquaint himself further with the situation; to judge the numbers of the assailants and the extent of their preparations.

The scene that met his eyes was not so reassuring as he had expected; that which until now he had considered but a spasmodic outbreak of a comparatively few townspeople, excited by the news of the Bastille and bent on any petty mischief, resolved itself into more than an orderless, desultory uprising. To his startled gaze the rock, like an ant-hill disturbed, seemed swarming with life. Even as he peered down, new relays of men poured upward from the dark byways to the reinforcement of those already gathered at the portals, and, for the first time, his confidence, bred of contempt for

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Surplus and Undivided Profits \$46,000

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Charles A. Collins, Asst. Cashier
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You need something to build you up
Rexall Specific and Alternative Compound
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Don't put it off buy a bottle now and start in, because as you all know you need your health at the present time more than anything else.

Sold on a Guarantee, Money Refunded if You do Not Get Results

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204 Eaton Street
Beds For 15c and 25c
No beds after 9 o'clock.

Baker Bros. RESTAURANT

Will Open April 3rd at the Corner of Caroline and Margaret Streets.

Regular Meals and Short Orders
We Solicit Your Patronage.

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Centrally Located, and Convenient To All
HOT AND COLD WATER BATH
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KEY WEST, FLA.

STANDING OF THE TEAMS

	Won	Lost	Pct.
Boston	57	26	687
Washington	51	33	600
Philadelphia	47	37	560
Chicago	44	36	556
Cleveland	42	44	494
Detroit	40	44	482
New York	24	56	300
St. Louis	22	55	286

BASE BALL PAGE

DETAILED RESULTS IN THE MAJOR LEAGUES YESTERDAY
SPECIAL CABLE SERVICE TO THE JOURNAL

STANDING OF THE TEAMS

	Won	Lost	Pct.
New York	58	20	744
Chicago	48	28	632
Pittsburg	46	30	605
Cincinnati	41	40	506
Philadelphia	36	37	493
St. Louis	30	50	388
Brooklyn	30	49	380
Boston	22	59	272

AMERICAN LEAGUE

St. Louis Takes Doubleheader.

New York, July 16.—St. Louis took sweet revenge for the defeat of yesterday when they took both games of a double header from the Highlanders this afternoon. In the first game Warhop and Sweeney worked for New York, and Baumgardner and Krichell and Stephens were the St. Louis battery. New York made 1 run, 6 hits, and no errors. St. Louis made 5 runs, 9 hits and 1 error.

Second game:

Davis and Sweeney were the New York battery and Hamilton and Stephens worked for St. Louis. New York made 1 run, 7 hits and 2 errors. St. Louis made 3 runs, 8 hits and 2 errors. Hart and Connolly umpired both games.

Boston 7; Detroit 2.

Boston, July 16.—The Boston Red Sox defeated the Detroit Tigers here this afternoon. Collins and Carrington worked for Boston, and Moran and Stanage and Onslow worked for Detroit. Boston made 7 runs, 9 hits and 1 error. Detroit made 2 runs, 6 hits and 1 error.

Dineen and Sheridan were the umpires.

Philadelphia 5; Cleveland 2.

Philadelphia, July 16.—The Athletics defeated the Cleveland Naps here this afternoon. Houck and Thomas were the Athletics battery, and Steele, Greeg and Livingstone worked for Cleveland. The Athletics made 5 runs, 10 hits and 1 error. Cleveland made 2 runs, 10 hits and no errors. Westervelt and Evans were the umpires.

Washington 7; Chicago 2.

Washington, July 16.—Washington defeated the Chicago White Sox here this afternoon and the game was called in the 8th inning to allow the Chicago team to catch their train. Johnson and Ainsmith were the Washington battery, and Peters, and Bell, Benz, Lang and Kuhn were the Chicago battery. The Senators made 7 runs, 9 hits and 2 errors. Chicago made 2 runs 6 hits and 2 errors. O'Loughlin and Eagan umpired the game.

Where They Play Today.

Chicago at Boston.
St. Louis at Washington.
Detroit at Philadelphia.
Cleveland at New York.

The Latest Baseball Page

On this page every morning, The Journal gives a detailed report of all the games played in the National and American Leagues every afternoon---and gives you the news twelve hours earlier than any other medium.

On this page you will find the batteries of the teams, the number of hits and errors made, number of runs, number of innings played, umpires officiating, any features of interest in connection with the games.

If you are a "FAN" you want to watch page 3 carefully every morning.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Pittsburg 5; Brooklyn 4.

Pittsburg, July 16.—In a hotly contested game which went 10 innings the Pirates defeated the Brooklyn Dodgers this afternoon. Cole, Robinson and Simon worked for the Pirates, and Yingling, Rucker and Miller for the Dodgers. Pittsburg made 5 runs, 12 hits and 1 error. Brooklyn made 4 runs, 8 hits and no errors. At the end of the 9th inning with the score standing 4 to 4, the fans were wildly excited, and it was then that the Pirates slammed out a hit which meant the winning run. Rigler and Finneran umpired the game.

Philadelphia 5; Cincinnati 0.

Cincinnati, July 15.—The Reds were shut out this afternoon by the Philadelphia team. Suggs, Davis and McLean were the Cincinnati battery, and Alexander and Doolin worked for the Phillies. Cincinnati failed to score, made 4 hits and 2 errors. Philadelphia made 5 runs, 13 hits and no errors. Eason and Emslie were the umpires.

Chicago 3; New York 1.

New York, July 16.—With "Jimmy" Lavender, the bush leaguer, and the humbler of the mighty Marquard's pride, in the box this afternoon, Chicago walloped the New York Giants to the tune of 3 to 1. Lavender and Archer were the Chicago battery, and Tesreau and Meyers worked for the Giants. Chicago made 3 runs, 6 hits and 4 errors. New York made 1 run, 7 hits and 3 errors. Brennan and Owens handled the indicators.

Boston-St. Louis.

Game not scheduled.

Where They Play Today.

Boston at Cincinnati.
Brooklyn at St. Louis.
Detroit at Philadelphia.
Cleveland at New York.

A train ran a race with a cyclone in Kansas—and won. The cyclone must have rubbed the earth too close and got full of friction.

"Imports of diamonds have fallen off heavily," says the New York World. Perhaps all the hotel clerks are now supplied with 'em.

A society woman in New Jersey died while playing bridge. The game is often a shock to its players, but not often such a fatal one.

ONE CENT
TODAY

E. A. WADDELL

ONE CENT
TODAY

124 DUVAL STREET

A LOT ON THE EASY PAYMENT PLAN

We have several lots in tract 12 that are ideal residence lots. They are each one worth more than seven hundred dollars. You may own one in just

16 DAYS FROM TODAY

by paying one cent today, doubling the one cent tomorrow, doubling tomorrow's amount the next day, and so on for sixteen days. If you want to own one of these beautifully located lots, come in today and make the

FIRST PAYMENT OF 1 CENT.

In addition to giving you a deed to the lot you pick out, we will on the 16th day pay you \$35.35 with which to start your residence, if you are going to build within the next five years.

ONE CENT
TODAY

E. A. WADDELL

ONE CENT
TODAY

The Key West Morning Journal

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF KEY WEST

PUBLISHED DAILY, EXCEPT MONDAY, AT 433 FRONT STREET BY
The Key West Journal Publishing Company, Inc.FREDERICK H. MATHEWS Editor
J. A. WILLIS Business Manager
H. O. EVISTON Circulation Manager

Entered as second class matter, September 6, 1909, at the Post Office in Key West, under act of March 3, 1879.

Delivered to any part of the city for 10 cents a week. Sent postpaid to any part of the Postal Union for \$5 a year; \$2.50 for 6 months; \$1.25 for 3 months.

News by Special Cable Service

WEDNESDAY, JULY 17, 1912.

IT WOULD SEEM SO.

When a newspaper, by its silence, shows that it has no inclination (to say nothing of backbone) to lay before its readers matters of public record which are flagrantly irregular, it would seem that common decency would prompt it to remain silent when an official report condemned these irregularities and expressed the most emphatic disapproval. There are times when silence is golden, and the newspaper which attempts to condone neglect of duty or any other irregularity on the part of a public official is placing itself in a most unenviable light. So far as The Journal is concerned, we have published the report made (and it didn't cost the County Commissioners a cent) and it seems to us that there is nothing further to be said concerning the matter.

COOPERATE WITH THE DOCTORS.

City Health Officer Bight and Dr. Fogarty have assumed charge of the campaign to protect Key West against the plague. These gentlemen propose to exert themselves to the utmost, are doing so now, in fact, to see that every precaution is taken guarding against the dread disease. On these men rests a grave responsibility, and much is expected of them, but the citizens of Key West must realize that there is a limit to what two men can do. It is only through cooperation that we can hope to make this campaign or crusade a success; it is only by individual effort on the part of every citizen that we can hope for large results.

It might be that the rat in your house is the particular rat which is causing the city and county to go to the expense of exterminating all of them, and by killing out the rats in and around your own home you will be doing yourself and the city a great service.

Cooperate with the doctors. Get out your rat traps and do your part toward ridding the city of this menace.

THE MORAL PLAGUE IS HERE.

Bubonic is one sort of plague, and gambling is another. Bubonic plague affects the body; gambling affects the morals. Key West has had the moral plague for a long time, so long in fact that there are those who claim that the disease is incurable. But that is not a fact. If one-half the effort was made to stamp out the plague of gambling as is made to stamp out bubonic plague, there wouldn't be a roulette wheel or a dice board this side of Hades.

To those who have the welfare of the Democratic party at heart, who believe in preserving the party at all costs, we would say that failure to suppress gambling is one of the greatest reasons for the

OFFICE OVER THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

the breeding of independentism. Party ties are strong, but they are not so strong as to bind a man to accept a condition of affairs which is antagonistic to every principle of law and order. They are not so strong as to bind a father to support party nominees who are not going to protect his sons from the open and evil influence of gambling.

As a matter of good politics, if for no other reason, those who possess the official authority and who expect to retain that authority by the vote of the people, should come out of their trance and look matters squarely in the face. It is better to face the issue now than to have it forced upon you at some later day.

THE EDITOR.

Allegorically speaking, the editor is a happy medium between a soup-bone and a porterhouse steak. Nobody ever saw a rich editor, says H. J. Ramm, in the Birmingham (Ala.) News, and on the other hand no one ever encountered an editor who didn't head every subscription with a notation of four bits and a stub pen.

The editor is said to belong to the fourth estate because that is the only kind he ever leaves. He is also one of the most cheerful and over-worked prevaricators now passing as legal tender. He has to be.

Whenever a girl with a face like a cream puff marries a youth who never earned a dime outside the shooting gallery, the editor has to paint the bride as a radiant vision of blushing beauty and the groom as one of our rising young business men, or else disappoint an expectant list of delinquent subscribers. If the editor fails to spread a two-column obituary over the death of a prominent citizen who never paid a grocer's bill outside of the justice court he is liable to be waited on by some two-listed relative of the deceased with an injured air and a punch in either hand.

It has been libelously reported that the editor's diet is confined mainly to sight drafts and summer squashes taken on subscription but he appears to be as resigned to his lot as a man whose wife has gone to the seashore, and the only thing that can cause him to change his occupation is a sheriff's sale or an untimely death. Nowadays few editors go to the case and set up their editorials in long primer with a three-point lead. Modern machinery does everything but meet the pay roll and pay the hired girl.

Monroe Theatre The Picture House TONIGHT

- 1 The Black Wall Vitagraph Drama
- 2 The Morris Bride Cines Drama
- 3 Price of Silver Lubin Drama
- 4 When Memory Calls Selig Drama

TOMORROW WEDNESDAY

The great 3 reel production
'The Price of Beauty'

PRICE 10 AND 15 CENTS



R. S. Howard Player Pianos

R. S. Howard Player Pianos

J. L. Stowers Music House

426 Duval Street

The Modern Home Has a Piano
That Every One Can Play
HAS YOURS?

If you have an ordinary silent piano, we will exchange one of the famous R. S. HOWARD PLAYER PIANOS for it. The limitations which you have will not find a place in your home, once you have installed a nice, new R. S. Howard Player Piano installed there. You and your family can enjoy it, whether you know anything about playing or not.

TWO PIANOS IN ONE

Our player pianos give you two pianos in one. You can learn to lay the best music in five minutes, even better than if you had taken music lessons for twenty years. If you have never seen a player piano, you have no idea of what it means for a family. We will gladly show you the workings of the famous "Player Piano" any time that you can come in.



This picture will give you a good idea of the fun and amusement that can be had with one of our famous R. S. Howard Player Pianos and there are hundreds of other ways in which you may enjoy this latest of

all piano creations.

Guaranteed to Stand This Climate
Our pianos and player pianos are built to stand this climate; they are built of solid brass hardware and have copper-wound brass strings. Our player piano has one of the finest player actions made, built, as they are, with double nickel plated valves over brass and metal tubing.

Make Life Worth Living

Make life worth living---enjoy your family life and make it possible for them to enjoy it too. There is no better way to pass an evening pleasantly than with one of these new player pianos of ours. They are guaranteed for twenty years, and we stand ready at all these to make this guarantee good. We have been here too long, and will be here far too much longer, to make any statement that is not absolutely and unqualifiedly true. Our reputation is behind every sale that we make and we realize that fact at all times. We want you to realize it too.

Your Credit is Good.

We have one price for every one, and whether you have the Money or not---you can always get what you want here. In other words, your credit is good with us, and we mean just that. We realize that thousands of people will read this advertisement in The Journal, and it is to all of those many thousands that we are talking. If you have no piano, then come and let's talk the matter of the player-piano over.

IF you have a Shoe need now or anticipate one soon, it's to your interests to drop in here now and see the stylish new footwear. You will be under no obligation to buy because you look. It will be a pleasure for us to show you how and why we can and do sell "better shoes for less money."

GEORGE S. WAITE

92 and 94 DUVAL ST.

Clothing, Hats, Shoes
and Furnishings

There's Nothing That Indisputably Associated with the thought, a scene in a dungeon must needs recur; her denials; the touch of a hand; the appeal of Vent, fingers

to a tired man or woman

so much as a tastily prepared meal, and there's nothing helps make a tastily prepared meal so much as the BEST groceries. For that kind, Telephone "Your Grocer"

WM. E. ROBERTS,

220 Duval St.

"If Roberts hasn't got it, it isn't in the city."

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.

LEGAL NOTICE.

In Court of County Judge, State of Florida, Monroe County.
In re estate of Matilda Williams.
Notice is hereby given to all whom it may concern, that on the 10th day of December, A. D. 1912, I shall apply to the Honorable Hugh Gunn, Judge of said court, as judge of probate, for final discharge as administrator of the estate of Matilda Williams deceased; and that at the same time I will present my final accounts as administrator of said estate, and ask for their approval.
Dated June 4th, 1912.
PETER T. KNIGHT,
Administrator.

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 Manufacturer.

Specials at Frank Holtsberg Department Store

A fine line of Colored Lawns, 15c goods all colors now 8c a yard
Just received a full line of Val Laces, Edging and Insertions 10 yd, now 3 for 10c
Brown linen for skirts 12 1-2c values now 7c yd.
Brown linen 25c value at 12 1-2c a yd.
Nice assortment of gingham, linens, finished checks and stripes, 20c values now 10c a yd.

Frank Holtsberg's

ORDER THE ORIGINAL BOTTLING



I.W. HARPER WHISKEY

Uniformity of whiskey excellence is always admitted without question by every man who knows the history of Old I. W. Harper Whiskey.

Here's a brand that you can depend on always; the kind of whiskey that never disappoints. It is the same Good Old liquor that brings health and good cheer.

FOR SALE BY RAFAEL SOLANO

J. C. WHALTON FURNITURE CO.

Corner of Simonton and Angela Streets

We are headquarter's for everything in up-to-date house furnishings goods, and you will be pleasantly surprised to know for just how little we can fit up your home as you'd like to have it fitted up.

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Philip G. Blanck

1018 Division Street

Today We Sell

Men's Pongee Shirts

\$2.08 and 2.50 Values for 98 Cents

We sell all other goods at proportionately Low Prices

the commonality, became slightly shaken. Fate, which had struck him sharply in the capture of his daughter and the enforced negotiations leading to the release of one he would have dealt with after his own fashion.



"They Will Not Spare You!"

now gripped him closer. What did it portend? Whence came all these people?

Not all of them from the immediate neighborhood! Voices, among the assailants, had called out in what was surely the Parisian dialect of the rabble; here to propagate the revolution; extend the circle of flame! And they had seen that arms were not wanting! Muskets, pikes, swords, must have been kept concealed for some time in the town at the base of the Mount or on the shore. In his mind's eye, too late perhaps, his Excellency could see now how the assault had been planned, how all these people had only been waiting. For what? The opportunity afforded by a treacherous word! Spoken by whom?

But a moment these reflections surged through his brain; an instant, and his gaze swung around, at towers—turrets—as a magician might apprehensively survey a fabulous architectural creation, handwork of his dark craft, threatened, through an influence beyond his control, with destruction; then with a quick start, his Excellency wheeled; walked toward the stairway. About to descend, the sight of a figure coming up, caused him, however, to pause; in the flare of the light below, something in the manner of the man's advance impressed the governor as peculiar.

The movements of this person, who was under-sized, wiry, were agile and catlike; first would he stop, look around him and listen; afterward spring forward a few steps as not quite sure of his course. But still he came on, keeping as closely as might be to the cover of the shadows, until a growing impression he had seen the fellow before resolved itself into positiveness in his Excellency's mind. And with the conviction and a sudden remembrance of the place and the character of their previous meeting, a definite disinclination to encountering the figure on the stairs caused the Governor abruptly to draw into the entrance of the church. There, concealed, impatiently he waited for the man to pass on, thus affording him the opportunity to slip by and return to the gate.

Meanwhile, the Lady Elise had repaired to the palace; a prey to harassing doubts her father's words had failed to remove, she listened to those sounds of the strife she no longer saw. But that she wished to obey her father unquestioningly now—at, perhaps, a supreme moment for both of them!—she could not have remained where she was. Never had the palace looked so blank and deserted; she rang her bell; no one answered. The servants had apparently all left—gone, it might be, to look down on and behold this guerre a la mort waged near the gates. Or, perhaps, had they all, except the old nurse, fled from the palace, never to return?

As she asked herself these questions, in the distance the noise of the conflict grew louder; the shouts of the people more distinct, nearer! With a sudden premonition of disaster close at hand, the desire to see what was happening—to know the worst—seized her. No longer could she remain in her apartments; she must return to the ramparts—to her father; and then it need be—The thought drove some of the color from her cheek, but in a moment her braver instincts spoke; there awoke within her the courage and spirit of her Norman ancestry.

Pale, yet determined, she hastened down the long, dimly lighted corridor, and was nearing the door leading to the street when it suddenly opened and a man, tall and dark, showing in his appearance many signs of the fray, stepped in. At sight of her a quick exclamation fell from his lips; his bold, anxious eyes lighted. "My Lady!"

"You!" Her startled glance met his. "I heard the firing; hastened to the Mount—here! I trust not too late!" "Too late!" she repeated wildly. "Where else should the Black Seigneur be than here, at the Mount—at such a moment!" "True!" he returned quietly. "Where else?"

—her father, and where she had last seen him! That she was seized, held, restrained, seemed but a natural, though terrible, incident of the moment.

"Pardon, my Lady! In a moment they will be here, and they will not spare you! Your father is not at the gate; he left before the soldiers gave way! Believe me, or not—it is the truth! As true as that, if you go out, they will kill you!"

And did he not want that; why else was he here? The young man's face darkened; he made an impatient gesture. They were but wasting time; already were the people close without; one of the assailants, a woman, had been shot in the assault; the others? Her Ladyship would understand; if she wished to save herself? His tones vibrated with strange eagerness. The palace had a rear entrance, of course? Then had they better flee upward to some place of concealment, and, later when the people were concerned most in pillage, endeavor to find a way to leave the Mount. After that, it would be easy; his ship was waiting—Her wild words interrupted; her father—she would go only to him! She would never leave him now!

That which she proposed was impossible, quickly the young man answered. The mob—the terrible mob! Did she realize to what she would expose herself? More plainly he told her. As for her going, it was not to be thought of; he must see she did not persist in her purpose.

"You?" My lady flashed him a glance "You!" she repeated. "Whose men broke faith?"

"That may be!" His voice rang bitterly. "Yet, with stubborn resolution, 'your Ladyship must not go!'"

"Must not! And you presume—dare tell me that! You, the—" "I would there were no need to cross you, my Lady," he returned, when behind him the door, leading from the street, suddenly opened; closed.

"Elise!" The voice of the Marquis, who had hurriedly entered, rang out; changed. "Mon dieu! What is this?"

In the dim light, an instant my lord stared hard at the man before him; then with drawn blade threw himself upon him.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Near the Altar.

"Morbien! Here's a madman!" Ere the Black Seigneur could unsheathe his sword, that of the Marquis had pierced slightly his shoulder. "Put up your blade, my Lord!" As quickly springing back and drawing his own, he held himself in an attitude of defense. "In this matter are we, or should we be—of a mind!"

"We!" My lord's weapon played in fierce curves and flashes; he laughed derisively.

"I am here to serve her ladyship—if I can!"

"You!" A rapid coup de tierce was the Marquis' reply. "You! Whose outlaws carried her off before! You are pleased to jest, Monsieur Bandit!"

"No jest, my Lord!" coolly. "Moreover, it is you who serve her ladyship ill at such a moment in—"

"Mon dieu! You instruct!"

"I have no wish for this combat, Monsieur le Marquis!" As he spoke, the Black Seigneur retreated slowly toward the door. "But if you press too close—"

"Ma foi! You talk very brave, but I notice your legs take you backward. However, it will not serve; you shall not escape."

"No?" His back now against the door, the Black Seigneur defended himself with his right hand, the while his left felt behind for a bolt which it found; shot into place. "Then let us remove temptation by locking the door!"

"What! You did, then, intend—"

A sudden fierce pounding from without on the door, interrupted.

"It was necessary to keep them out—but it will be only for a moment. So put up your blade!" peremptorily.

"There is no time to lose."

"You are right!" The Marquis' face expressed scorn and unreasoning anger; his sword leaped to an accelerated tempo. "There is no time to lose. I shall honor you! The Marquis de Beauvilliers will stop to cheat the fourches patibulaires!" And my lord lunged, a dangerous and clever thrust that was met; answered. From the Marquis' hand the blade flew; struck the pavement; at the same time, a rending and tearing of wood came from the door.

The Black Seigneur leaped forward; but the stroke his adversary, now disarmed, expected, fell not on him; directed toward a lamp overhead, sole source of illumination of the corridor, the weapon struck hard. Shattered by the blow, the ornamental contrivance crashed to the floor; the place was plunged in darkness.

"Save yourself, my Lord!" said a calm voice, and my lady, standing, as it were, in the center of a vortex of wildly rushing figures, felt her waist suddenly clasped; herself swept on! Once or twice she struggled; resisted, hardly knowing what she did; but the sound of a low, determined voice, not unfamiliar to her, and the consciousness of a physical force—or was it all physical?—that seemed to beat down her will, left no choice but to obey.

Darkness gave way to waves of light; reflections of flame surrounded them; black trails of smoke coiled around. The girl's strength went; her breath came faster. A thick cloud choked her; she wished only to stop, when arms closed about her.

Upward! Still upward! By winding stairs, through passages and doorways, vaguely she felt herself borne, until a cold breath of air, blowing suddenly in her face, revived her; awoke her to a confused realization of

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If Not we want to Make it So.

We want to know how our patrons feel towards us. We are earnestly striving to please you. Our drivers are instructed to give full weight in all instances. If the one that serves you fails to do so, phone 211 at once. ...

Consumers Ice & Cold Storage Company.

Richard Peacon's Grocery

Call around and examine our line of Aluminum Ware, Round Trays, Rice Boilers, Water Kettles, Deep Stew Pans, Berlin Kettles, Berlin Sauce Pans, Fry Pans and Casseroles.

Cor. Fleming and William Sts.
PHONE 67



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JOHN LOWE JR. SONS

ARCHITECT

Plans prepared for any class of Building from Cottage to Sky scraper, Drawings and Blueprints made of anything you wish. All work guaranteed.

T. M. BRYAN
Office 710 Caroline St.

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.



Julius Waterson & Co.
Have the Most Up-to-date
MACHINE SHOP

In the city, and they do work of All kind on short notice. Repair anything and everything.

Machine Work of All Kind
314 Simonton Street
Opposite Masonic Temple

R. W. Harrison
Highest Grade
Photography
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GEO. LOESSNER

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We Clean and Press your Clothing Like it Ought to be Done

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Imported Goods
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Panama Hats

If you have been to our store recently, you know without being told that we have the classiest lines in the above mentioned articles, to be found in the city.

Your Wife Wants

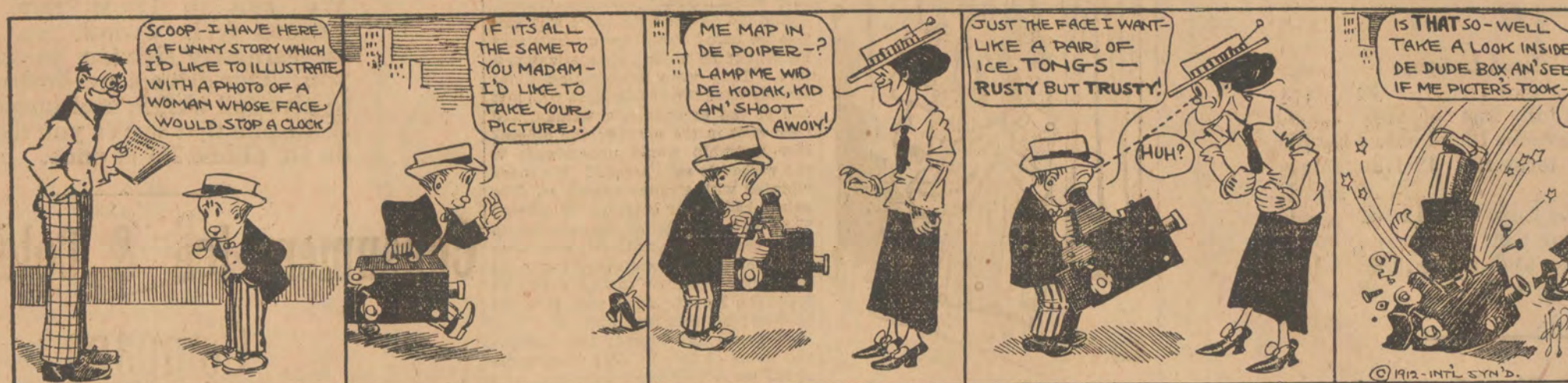
something that is DIFFERENT: she likes originality in design and pattern, just as you do; so if she hasn't visited our store, we would suggest that you REQUEST her to do so.

EL LOUVRE
V. MENENDEZ, Prop.

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

"Scoop's" Doings During the Past Week

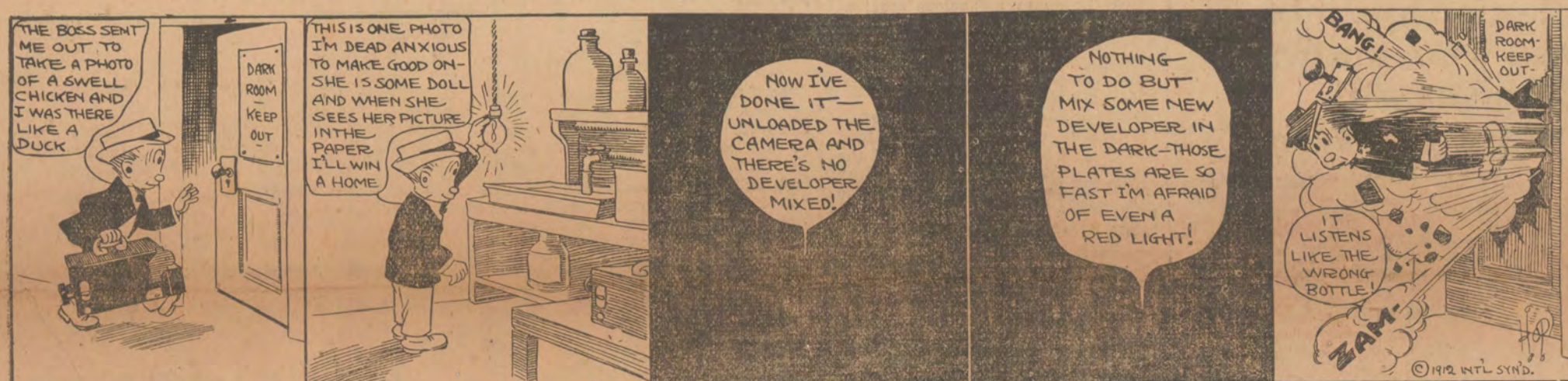
Now, Scoop, That Line of Talk Won't Get You Anything



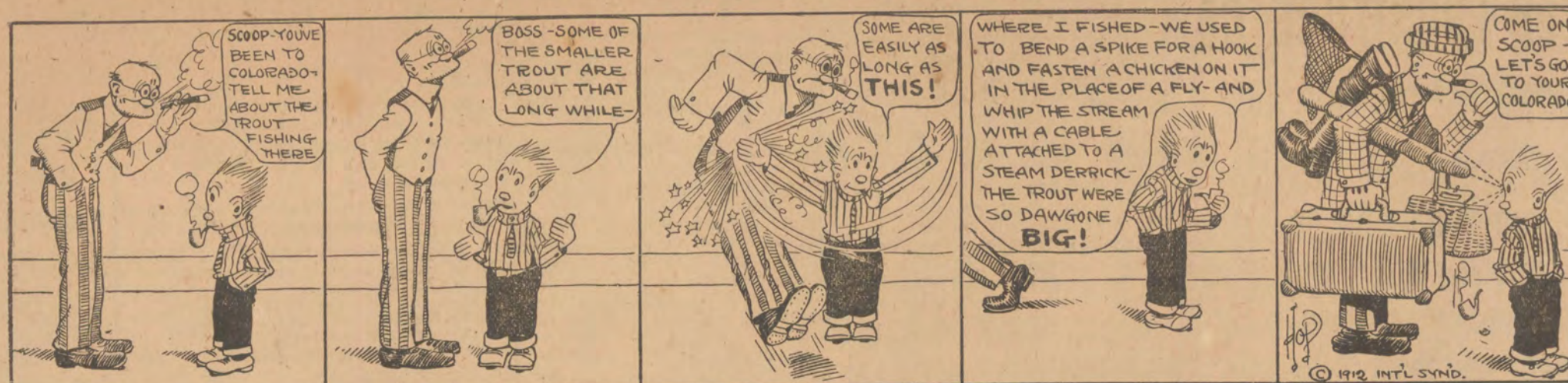
It Looks Like Your Subject Moved, Scoop



Sounds Like Water Poured Into a Bottle of Sulphuric Acid



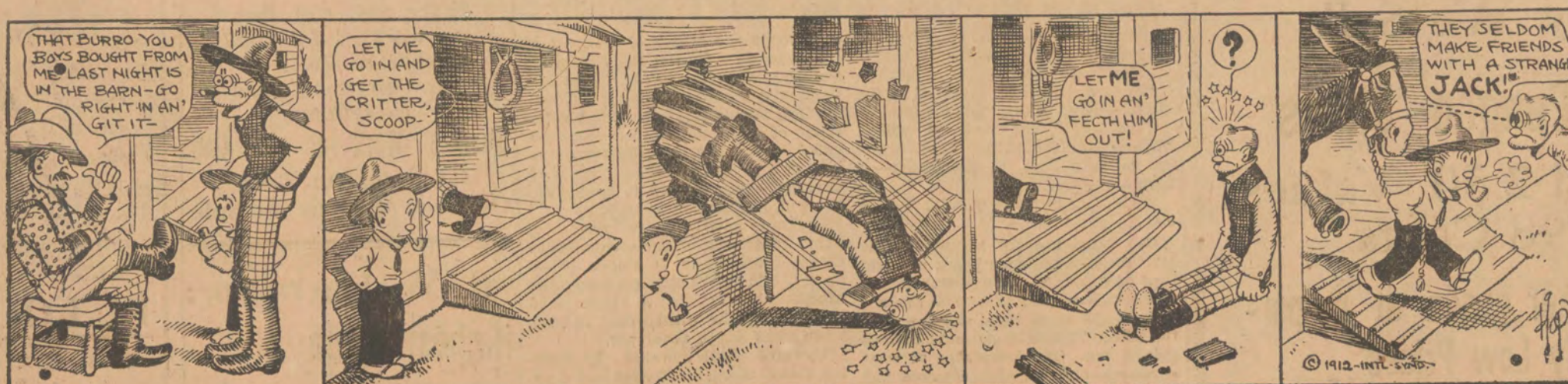
It Was Too Tempting For The City Editor



Scoop Thanked The Boss For His Vacation Without Work



It Was A Case Of Mistaken Identity



the place they had at last reached—the upper platform at the head of the long, open stairway of granite. And with that consciousness, she again sought to free herself; but, for an instant the arms held tighter, while a dark face bent close, scanning her features, then abruptly he released her.

"Your Ladyship is uninjured?"
"Yes, yes!"
"One moment!" Turning, he left her, and walking to the verge of that open space, searched quickly the waste of darkness below, far out to sea. The girl's glance followed him; wavered; her first apprehension awoke anew. Her father! Where was he? She clasped her hands despairingly as she gazed down the Mount; then around her. Suddenly, a bright patch of light—open doorway to the church—caught her eye and she started. At the picture, framed by the masonry, which the glow revealed, a low exclamation fell from her lips, and crossing the platform, and descending a few steps, she ran to the entrance of the sacred edifice.

"Eh, your Excellency; has your Excellency any orders?" sounded a voice. There, before an altar, in the dim flicker of candles and the variegated gleaming from the ancient stained-glass windows, she saw at last him she sought; in one of the chapels, near the white marble monument to her mother, was his Excellency; but, not alone! Before him stood, or half crouched, the man Sanchez, who now was speaking.

"Shall I ring for your Excellency's servants and have the noise stopped?" Grotesquely he bowed, the while watching like an animal studying its prey. "Beppo! Where are you—fat rascal? Consign these swine to the gibbets! What! You can't obey because your ears have been cut off and your throat slit? That's too bad!" Fiercely the man laughed; then waved his arm toward the window, as if calling the Governor's attention to the sounds of demolition; the abrupt breaking of glass! Patter! Patter! Merry little bullets, presents from the people, your Excellency! Metayage, your Highness!

Still the other said no word; a figure, so motionless and white, it seemed but a wraith pausing at the side of its own "narrow house." A louder clamor without; a more vivid brightness of the red, yellow and purple hues, like a sudden wealth of strange flowers strewn on the marble floor, and again Sanchez laughed.

"Too bad! But 'tis I who must pay first! Who owe so much! Has your Excellency his strong box with him? Ah, he leans on it! Such a fine one, all of marble! Not easily broken into—or out of! Eh, your Excellency?" Swinging back something bright. "Full payment, this time! Not coppers, or round bits of lead, but steel, beautiful steel!"

Heid to the spot by the abrupt terror and fascination of the scene, the



"Here is Something That Belonged to Your Father."

Governor's daughter had made no sound, fearful of hastening the inevitable; but at the moment the man, with a last taunting word, launched forward, a cry, half articulate, burst from her lips. It was drowned by another voice, loud and commanding, which rang out from the entrance to the church.

"Sanchez!"
Perhaps the call disconcerted him; robbed the old servant's eye of its certitude; his arm of its sureness, for the blow aimed at his Excellency the latter was enabled to evade. At the same time, as with singular agility he moved aside to save himself, the hand the Governor had been holding to his breast, shot out like an adder. It struck viciously; stung deep—full in the side of his tormentor.

"That for your metayage!"
But a momentary expression of satisfaction was, however, permitted his Excellency; the petty tragedy became overshadowed by the greater!

"The Bastle! Our Bastle!"
And again a shower of bullets, directed in hatred, fell upon the church, because its windows were priceless; shone with saints of inestimable value! In the chapel, an ambury and a piscina were struck; around the Governor, glass began to clatter and break into bits on the pavement, when suddenly he wavered; his hand sought his heart, then felt for and clung to the monument, as if abruptly seeking support.

"Why did you do it, Seigneur?" As my lady, exclaiming wildly, ran to her father, Sanchez, from where he lay, looked up to his master.

"Call out, I mean? Not that it matters much now!" His implacable glance, swerving to the Governor, lighted with satisfaction. "The people have seen it. And 'twas I—showed them

"It was you, then—who broke faith in the negotiations for the exchange of prisoners?"

A smile came to the face of the old servant. "I had to," he said simply. "I am to blame. No one knew; except, perhaps, the poet, who may have surmised! It was treachery for treachery!" with sudden fierceness. "You could not have done it, nor your father, nor any of the seigneurs before him!" The young man seemed scarcely to hear; his glance had again sought my lady. "But I am only a servant—and in dealing with a viper I used its own tricks! Did you think I had forgotten those stripes? Or the blow he gave your father—in the back?" A moment Sanchez' hand fumbled at his coat; drew out a bag of oilskin. "Here is something that belonged to your father. I took it from his breast the day he died, thinking some time—I can't tell what—only it contains a letter from the former lady of the Mount! When my master got it, he told me to pack a few belongings—that we were going—never to return!"

Sanchez' voice broke off; again he strove to speak; could not; put out his hand. Mechanically the Black Seigneur's closed on that of the old servant; even as it did so, the latter's fingers clutched suddenly; ceased to move. In the church now all was silent, but without arose discordant sounds, cries, harsh and vengeful, for the Governor!

Starting, the Black Seigneur gazed about, toward him they were clamoring for, now lying still, at the base of the monument. Then releasing the fingers, that seemed yet to hold him, the young man sprang forward, as my lady threw herself wildly, protecting, over her father. At that touch, the Governor's eyes opened; met hers; the Black Seigneur's!

Nearer the door, now rang the shouts. His Excellency seemed to listen; to realize what they meant; to him—his daughter—
"The Governor! The Governor!"
"Tremble! Tremble!"
An ironical flash lit up, for an instant, the dying eyes. He, soon, would be beyond reach of these dogs—canaille! But she? His gaze again rested on the Black Seigneur; in that tense, fleeting second, seemed reading his very soul!

"Et la belle comtesse, sa fille!" cried the menacing voices.
A tremor crossed the Governor's face; his pale lips moved. "Forget! Save her!" An instant his eyes lingered persistently on the young man; then passed to his daughter; as they did so, slowly the light, more human and appealing than any that had ever shone there before, went out of them. My lady's fair head dropped until it lay on her father's breast; unconscious, she seemed yet to shield him with figure bent. But only for a moment!

"Et la belle comtesse!"
Steeping, the Black Seigneur snatched the slender form to his breast; ran back to the altar. There, looking around him, as one who made himself familiar with the place, his glance apparently found what it sought—a small stairway, entrance to the crypt. At the same time he started to descend, the people swept into the church.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

On the Sands.

A man, bearing in his arms the motionless form of a woman, paused later that night in the shadow of a low stone hovel, near the lower gate of the Mount. As he crouched beneath the thatch protecting like the rim of an old hat above him his eyes, eager, fierce, studied the distance he had yet to traverse from the end of the narrow alley, where he had stopped, to the open entrance at the base of the rock to the sands. The goal was not far; but a few moments would have sufficed to reach it; only between him and the point he had so long been striving to attain, an obstacle, or group of obstacles, intervened. Before a bonfire of wreckage of stuff—furniture and household goods—several ragged, dissolute fellows sat with bottles before them, drinking hard and quarreling the while over a number of glittering gems, gold snuffboxes and trinkets of all kinds.

"This bit of ivory for the white stone!"
"Add the brooch!"
"Not I! Look at the picture! Her ladyship, perhaps!"
"They have not found her?"
"No; for all the searching! But she is somewhere; can't have escaped from the Mount. And when the drabs and trulls lay hands on her!"
"Ay, when!" casting the dice.

The man, peering from the alley, hesitated no longer; behind sounded the footsteps of others, and gathering his burden more firmly, he strode boldly forth toward the group and the gate. At his approach, their talk—a jargon of "thieves' Latin" that

smacked more of the cabarets of Paris than those of the coast—momentarily ceased; beneath lowering brows, they stared hard.

"What have you there, comrade?" said one.

"Look and see!" answered the man in a rough tone.

"Poor booty! A woman!" quoted another with a harsh laugh. "You're easily pleased. As if wenches were not plentiful enough on other occasions, without wasting time on a night like this, when diamonds and gold are to be had for the searching!"

"And silver plates and watches and rare liquors!" cried a third in knaves' argot. "Every one, however, to his taste; An you prefer a light-of-love to light such as these have," juggling with the gems, "you but stamp your

You're welcome to your opinion, my friend!" The man with the burden spoke brusquely. "Good night!"
"Stay; why such haste? You seem not a bad fellow. Set the wench down. We'll have sight of her, and, perhaps, with coarse expletives, 'if she's a pretty face, and a taste for this fiery liquor the old monks laid down, we'll find a gewgaw or two to her liking!" But the man made no answer; was



The Black Seigneur Gazed Only Ahead.

about to pass on, when the speaker noticed for the first time the woman's hand, white and small, hanging limply. "What's this? More jewels?" His exclamation was caught up by the others. "Not so fast, comrade! This puts a different face to the matter. Set down the booty, and," springing to his feet, "we'll see what it's worth."

"I'll not stop!" The man looked at him steadily. "On the Mount is, or should be, plenty for all! Go seek for yourself!"

"Pardie!" softly. "Here's one dares speak his mind!"

"I speak plainly, in a tone of authority, 'and you would do well to heed!'"

"Perhaps," interposing. "What say you comrades?"

Evil smiles illumined evil faces; they, who had just been on the point of blows among themselves, now regarded one another with common understanding. One weighed tentatively that delicate weapon, a sponto; a second stroked his halberd, as liking to feel the smoothness of the shaft, while a third reached for a gleaming "Polard's Partizan." And in the glare of the fire every implement showed sign it had been used that night. The point of the sponto was as steel encrusted o'er; the ax of the halberd might have come from a butcher's; the blade of the "Partizan" resembled a great leaf at autumn-time. This last hovered perilously near the unconscious burden; had the man made a movement to resist, would have struck; but the Black eyes, only, combated—held the blood-shot ones. Though not for long; again the weapon seemed about to dart forth; the man about to hurl himself and his burden desperately aside, when, from above, came the sound of hoarse laughter and singing, and simultaneously a number of peasants, Bretons by their dress, burst into view.

"Eh, cockatoo, what now!"
Many of these new-comers were hurt; few free from cuts; but none thought of stanching their wounds. Their principal concern seemed for articles they carried—heavy, light; valuable, paltry—spoils from the high! Two staggered beneath a great chest stamped with the arms of the Mount and its motto, and appeared anxious to hurry—perchance toward the forest on the shore where they might bury their treasure. Others had in their arms imposing pieces of silver; vases and a massive surcoat de table that had once belonged to the Cardinal Dubois. A woman, gaunt, toothless, wore a voluminous bonnet of l'Argus, left at the Mount by one of the ladies of the court; and waved before her a fan, set with jewels. She it was who called out:

"Eh, cockatoo!" shrilly. "Who would you be killing?"

"A selfish fellow that refuses to share!" answered he of the halberd, as if little pleased at the interruption. "Refuses to share, does he?" she repeated, and, swaggering down, peered forward; only to start back. "The Black Seigneur!"

"The Black Seigneur!"
Those who accompanied her—a rough rabble from field and forest—gazed, not without surprise, at uncouth admiration, at one whose name and fame were well known to that northern coast; but these evidences of rough approval were not shared by the alien rogues. On my lady's finger the gem sparkled; held their eyes like a lure. Black Seigneur, or not, they muttered sullenly, what knew they of her he had with him; whose hand was not that of cinder-wench or scullery maid? Let them look at her face! She might be a great lady—she might be the Governor's daughter herself!

"The Governor's daughter!" All, alike, caught at the word.

"And if she were!" fiercely the Black Seigneur confronted them.

While, hesitating, they sought for a reply, quickly he went on. Who had a better right to her? The Black Seigneur! The Lady Elise! Harshly he laughed. Was it not fair spoil? His Excellency's enemy; his Excellency's daughter. Did they think treasure sweeter than revenge? Let them try to rob him of it! As for the ring? Contemptuously he took it from my lady's hand; threw it among them.

A few scrambled, others were still

for finishing the tragedy then. The people versus the lords and their spawn. "Kill at once!" the injunction had gone forth from Paris.

As he spoke, one of the fiercest put out his hand; touched my lady, when the fingers of the Black Seigneur gripped hard his throat; hurled him so violently back, he lay still. Companions sprang to his aid; certain of the peasants interfered.

"Let him alone!"
"He speaks fair!"
"Bah! Tonight all are equal."

"Your Black Seigneur is no better than others!"
"You lie!" In a high tone the woman with the great lady's hat broke in. "At them, my chickens! Beat well these Paris rogues, who come only for the picking!"

"Yes; beat them well!"
But the runagates of the great city were not of a kind to submit lightly; curses and blows were exchanged; knives gleamed and swords flashed. Amid a scene of confusion, the cause of it stayed not to witness the outcome; running down the sloping way, soon found himself on the sands; then keeping to the shadows, passed around the corner of the wall.

Here, for the time concealed was he safe; none followed, and, leaning against the damp blocks of masonry, breathing hard, as a man weak from fatigue, loss of blood, he sought to recover his strength. It returned only too slowly; the passing lassitude annoyed him; for the moment he forgot he had but recently come from the dungeon and the hardships that sap elasticity and vigor. He was impatient to move on; looked at my lady—and a sudden fear smote him! How white she appeared! Had she—His hand trembled at her heart; a blank dismay overcame him; then joy—At that instant he thought not of the gulf between them; was conscious only of held her—slender, beautiful—in his arms; that she seemed all his own, with her breath on his cheek, her soft lips so close. Above sounded the madness of the night; the crackling of flames; the interperate voices! In the angle of the will, with darkness a blanket around them, he pushed back the hair from her clear brow, bent over, closer—suddenly straightened.

"Pardie!" he muttered, a flush on his face. "Am I, then, like the others, pillagers, thieves?"

Several moments he yet stood, breathing deep; then, starting away, set himself to the task of crossing the vast stretch of beach between the Mount and the distant lights of a ship.

The sandy plain had never seemed so interminable; before him, his shadow and that of my lady danced ever illusively away; behind, the great rock gave forth a hundred shooting flames, while, as emblematic of the demolition of so much that was beautiful, higher than saint with helpless sword on cathedral top, a cloud of smoke belched up; waved sideways like a monstrous funeral plume. A symbol, it seemed to fill the sky; to move and nod and flaunt its ominous blackness from this majestic outpost of the land. Walking in a vivid crimson glow, the Black Seigneur gazed only ahead, where now, on that monotonous desert, the rim of the sea on a sudden obtruded. As he advanced, sparkles red as rubies—laughing lights—leaped in the air; at the same time a seething murmur broke upon the stillness.

Toward those leaping bright points and the source of that deep-sounding cadence, the young man stumbled forward more rapidly, less cautiously, also, it may be; for while he was yet some distance from the water's rim, his feet fell on sand that gave way beneath them. He would have sprung back, but felt himself sinking; strove to get out, only to settle the deeper! The edge of the lise, with safety beyond, well he could see, where the satin-like smoothness of the treacherous slough merged into a welcome silk-like shimmering of the trustworthier sands. That verge, however, was remote; out of reach of effort of his to attain; his very endeavors caused him to become the more firmly imbedded. Had he cast my lady aside, possibly could he have extricated himself; but with her, an additional weight, weighing him down—

Loudly he called out; only the sea answered. Now were the clinging particles at his waist; he lifted my lady higher; clear of them! Once more raised his voice—this time not in vain! "Mon capitaine! Where are you?"
"Here!"
"We don't see you."
"You won't soon, unless—"

The end of a line struck the sand.

The night had almost passed; its last black hour, like a pall, lay over the sea, where, far from the Mount, a ship swayed and tossed. In the narrow confines of her master's cabin, the faint glimmering of a lamp revealed a man bending over a paper, yellow and worn; the lines so faint and delicate, they seemed almost to escape him!

How strange, after all these years, the sight of your handwriting!—and now, to be writing you! Yet is it meet to say farewell! For that which you have heard, mon ami, is true. I am going to die. You say, you heard I was not well; I answer what really you heard: the question, mon ami, beneath your words! . . . And dying, it is well with me. I have wronged no soul on earth—except you, my friend, and you forgive me. . . . I had hoped the years would efface that old memory. You say they have not. . . . It is wise you are going away.

The reader paused; listened to the sea; the moaning and sighing, like voices on the wings of the storm.

You speak in your letter about "trickery"—used to estrange us! Think no more of it, I beg you. What is past, is gone—as I, part of that past, when we were boy and girl together—soon shall be. And come not near the Mount. There can be no meeting for us on earth. I send you my adieu from afar.

To be Continued

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Effective Apr. 4, 1912	Northward	Lv. Havana Ar. Key West Lv. Key West Ar. Port Tampa	Tue. Tue. Wed.	Sat. Sat. Sun.	12:00 M. 8:00 P.M. 9:00 P.M. 5:00 A.M.
KEY WEST HAVANA Effective Apr. 8, 1912		Lv. Key West Ar. Havana Lv. Havana Ar. Key West	Daily Except Sunday		9:30 A.M. 5:30 P.M. 9:30 A.M. 4:30 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 hours are based on 90th Meridian Standard time.

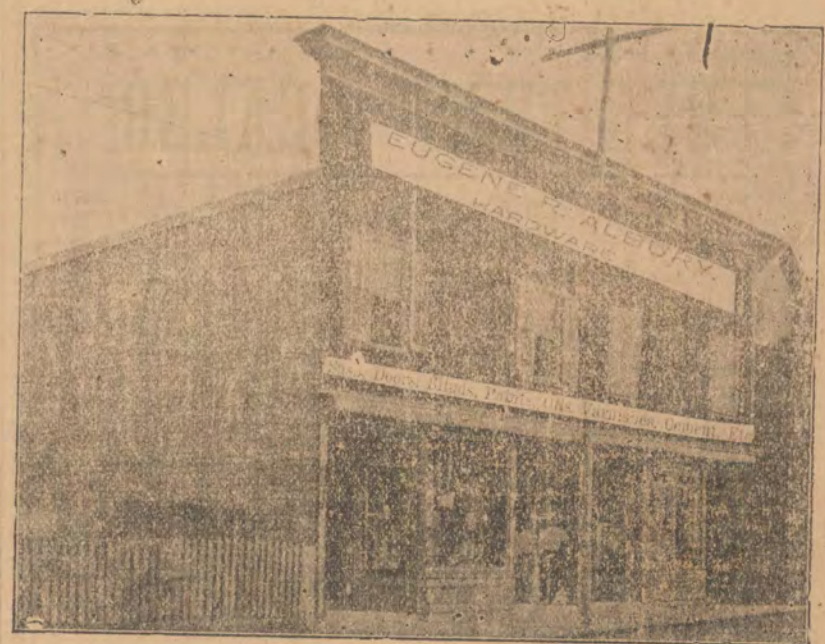
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That you lose on account of sickness means money to you. You can not afford to be sick—but you can afford to buy drugs at this Drug Store, and our Drugs prevent sickness

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Asks the following Questions:

1. Do you need a Bamboo porch screen?
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4. Did you know that we are headquarters for everything in the furniture line?

It matters not what it is,
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We beg to announce to the public,
Reductions in

Refrigerators Ice Cream Freezers
Filters Porch Shades
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The Season is waning and if possible we do not wish to carry these lines through the Winter.

THAT'S OUR BUSINESS AND WE
ARE THE RIGHT PEOPLE TO BUY
FROM, ASK OUR CUSTOMERS.

THOMAS E. REEDY

CORNER GRINNELL & DIVISION STREETS

City Brevities

Miss E. E. Cordova was a passenger to Tampa on the Olivette last night.

Miss Mary Galindo was among the passengers to Tampa on the Olivette last night.

A regular meeting of the city council will be held tomorrow night at city hall.

For Sale—Lot 46.3x92 feet, next to corner of South and Grinnell Sts. Apply to W. F. Sawyer, 93 Duval St.

Miss Anna Shepard left last night on the Olivette for Tampa en route to Lakeland where she will visit for a time.

Miss Dorothy Devoe of Marathon is the house guest of Miss Edna Fulford at her home on Simonton street.

Among the passengers to Tampa on the Olivette last night were W. M. Ferrill, A. G. Gulden and R. T. Jollie, Jr.

For Rent—6 room house with bath, fully furnished. Parlor, 3 bedrooms, dining room, kitchen and bath. Apply to W. F. Sawyer, 93 Duval Street.

E. M. Love, representative of the Studebaker E. M. F. automobiles was a passenger to Tampa last night on the Olivette.

Wanted—Furnished room in the downtown section of the city. (Private family preferred) Address R. care of Key West Journal. 16-3t

Luke Smith, an attendant from the insane asylum at Chattahoochee left last night with a patient, Abram Brady, who has been confined in the county jail.

Mrs. Laura Parrish, who conducted a rooming house in the building which was burned on Duval street a short time ago, left last night on the Olivette for Tampa.

Mrs. A. Bates Curry, and little Miss Lamar Louise Curry left last night on the Olivette for Tampa en route to Williston, Fla., where they will visit for a time.

Registered at the Jefferson last night were R. E. Davis, A. B. and A. Railroad, Jacksonville; E. M. Love, Atlanta, J. K. Dorn, Miami, and Mrs. W. M. White, Miami.

Messrs. E. M. Love and J. K. Dorn spent yesterday in looking over the automobile situation here and in deciding on some one to act as local agent for the E. M. F. cars.

Lost—A tiny, ladies' watch last Thursday night. Open face, Astor movement, and has rose enameled on it. In initial space a small "D" is engraved. Reward if returned to Journal office. 17-3t

Service at Holy Innocents church will be held tonight at 7:30 o'clock by Rev. C. T. Stout. It is hoped that there will be a large attendance of the congregation and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Simmons entertained at cards last night at the barracks, whilst being the game. Refreshments were served and the evening was altogether a most delightful one.

FOR SALE.
Fine quality of silica sand. Particularly suitable for the top dressing of sidewalks. Has been inspected and approved by the city engineer. The Porter Dock Co. 6-30 tf

Geo. L. Harris and C. D. Bush who have been in the city several days telling of the merits of Bagdad and Comet tobaccos, and incidentally selling some of it, left last night for Miami.

Geo. Robinson, secretary of the Key West Cigar Factory, left last night on the Mallory steamer Sabine for New York where he will spend about two weeks on business connected with his factory.

Furnished apartments for rent. Apply to F. R. Hayes, 802 Eaton st. 12tf.

FOR SALE.
Fine quality of silica sand. Particularly suitable for the top dressing of sidewalks. Has been inspected and approved by the city engineer. The Porter Dock Co. 6-30 tf

While a party of young men were in swimming last Sunday, a fight started, and Amando Galindo in an effort to separate the combatants had his middle finger broken. Mr. Galindo who lives on Southard street is suffering considerably from the injury.

The Journal is in receipt of a schedule from Portland, Oregon, showing the formation of the big Elks parade in that city. It will be interesting to people of this city to learn that Hon. J. B. Browne, of Key West Lodge, No. 551, was on the staff of the Chief Marshal during the parade.

The Pensacola Journal is doing its level best to stir up some enthusiasm in West Florida for the winter tourist business. Just as if—our perfectly elegant tourists would ever learn to like gopher gumbo. It's taken years to educate them to conch soup.—Miami Metropolis.

A HELPFUL COLUMN FOR THE BUSY HOUSEWIVES

**What to Have For Breakfast,
Dinner And Supper And
Where to Get it**

This column has been started with a view of helping housewives in their daily task of marketing and deciding the menu for the day. It will be a regular feature in the future; and without a doubt, it will be a great help both in buying for, and preparing meals. A member of the Journal staff will visit all the principal groceries, fruit stands and butcher shops each evening and ascertain what vegetables, meats, etc., will be in the market the following morning, and will also keep an eye open to any reduction in prices in any of the staple foods.

Today's Menu:

Breakfast
Key West Morning Journal
Fruit
Cereal
Dinner
Scrambled Eggs
Parkerhouse Rolls
Coffee
Tomato Soup
Roast Beef
Mashed Potatoes Beet salad
Apple Pie
Iced Tea
Supper
Cold Tongue
Vegetable Salad
Toast
Iced Tea or Chocolate
Cakes

In the Market Today

The Monroe Market which is situated on Fleming street near the corner of Duval, is offering a nice line of fresh vegetables this morning consisting of cabbages, sweet peppers, turnips, beets, carrots and Bermuda onions. With the exception of the onions, these vegetables were all received yesterday, and are absolutely fresh. This market deals exclusively in Florida fresh meats, which sell from ten to fifteen cents a pound cheaper than western meats, but is preferred by many of the best cooks. Telephone orders to No. 411.

Wm. E. Roberts, the downtown grocer, has received his first shipment of alligator pears from Cuba, and is retailing them at 2 for 15c. He is also selling what will probably be the last watermelons of the season at 30 and 35c. Mr. Roberts always carries a full line of staple foods, and is very reasonable in his prices. A well satisfied customer seems to be his only object. Orders always receive prompt attention whether telephoned or delivered personally.

The Parkerhouse rolls, and the apple pie mentioned in the today's menu may be had at Wilder's City bakery.

A new butcher shop on Duval street near the corner of Caroline was opened several days ago, and will be a very handy market for the downtown residents. A thorough inspection of the premises showed it to be scrupulously clean and offering a nice line of smoked and fresh meats.

The fruit stand at the corner of Caroline and Duval streets received fresh shipments of green string beans, Georgia peaches, sweet peppers, okra, cantaloupes, and alligator pears yesterday. In addition to the shipments received yesterday the proprietors are offering limes, lemons, apples, oranges, watermelons, musk melons, Irish and sweet potatoes. Heretofore this stand has had no delivery but a limited service was installed yesterday. In the future orders will be delivered within seven blocks of the stand. Telephone orders to No. 615.—Adv.

Give Her A W. W. W. Guaranteed

Set Ring and Make Her Happy



There is nothing that gives one so much pleasure as the wearing of a W. W. W. GUARANTEED RING. In the first place, a ring is attractive causes much admiration, and always indicates prosperity.

If you are not wearing a W. W. W. GUARANTEED RING, let me suggest that your next gift to yourself be one of these famous rings that are made so well that they can be guaranteed.

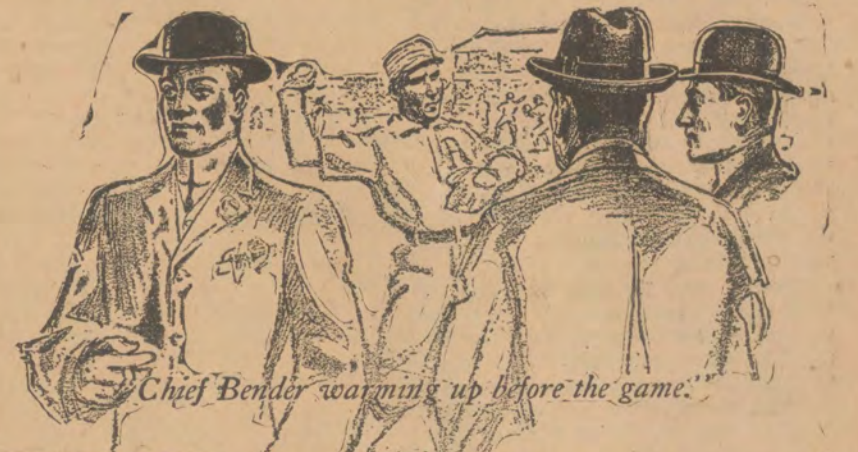
W. W. W. RINGS can be had in thousands of different styles—all popularly priced—each one guaranteed. My stock of these famous rings is complete and I would like an opportunity, to show them to you.

The Diamond Palace
P. WEINBERG, Prop.

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SIZE	OLD PRICE	NEW PRICE
12 c. p. Clear or Frosted	55	45
20 c. p. " " "	55	45
32 c. p. " " "	55	45
50 c. p. " " "	1.30	65
85 c. p. " " "	1.15	95
25 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

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WE never have a customer leave our store with the remark that he cannot be suited in a STETSON hat. This is due to three things—style, price and quality. The "Stetson" hat is the standard for style. The quality is the best and the prices right. This season be sure to select a "Stetson" hat here.

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Ladies



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JUST RECEIVED—all styles, all shapes, all leather. Come in and make your selection, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00, \$4.50 and \$5.00

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PROPOSALS.

Bids will be received at the office of the City Clerk, until 7:30 o'clock, p. m. Thursday June 6th, 1912, for the lease of foot of Petronia Street, at North Beach, for Bath House purposes.
The City reserves the right to reject any and all bids.
By order of the City Council,
H. K. COWD, City Clerk.