

Over 1,000 copies of The Journal read this morning.

THE KEY WEST MORNING JOURNAL

Official Paper
Of The City Of
Key West Fla.

VOLUME 4 NO. 115

SUNDAY, APRIL 21 1912

PRICE FIVE CENTS

THE OPENING INSTALLMENT OF 'MY LADY OF DOUBT' APPEARS IN THIS ISSUE

HAPPENINGS ALONG BUSY WATERFRONT

Items of Interest Concerning Vessels Entering And Leaving Port

AT SWEENEY'S DOCK.

The schooner Mount Vernon, Captain John Sawyer, arrived yesterday from Miami with a general cargo of merchandise. The yacht Halifax and launch O. B. Roberts are tied to the dock.

AT CURRY'S DOCK.

The schooner Magnolia and Newport are lying along the East wall. The dredge Key West, the U. S. R. C. Forward and the tug Edgar F. Koehler are tied to the dock. The schooner Geo. Wallen, the sloop Reeper and a large barge are on the ways.

AT THE P. & O. DOCK.

The steamers Mascotte, Miami and Olivette arrived and sailed on their schedules yesterday.

AT TAYLOR'S DOCK.

The schooner Edward H. Blake finished unloading her cargo of asphalt blocks yesterday and expects to sail for Gulf Port, Miss., today where she will load with lumber.

AT THE MALLORY DOCK.

The S. S. Comal arrived from Tampa and cleared for New York yesterday morning.

AT THE NAVY DOCKS.

The tugs Osceola and Massasoit are lying "A" dock. The tug Tuna will sail for Key West today. The tug Tuna is tied to "B" dock. The Light House dock is clear.

A Great Lecture

I think the citizens of Key West are to be congratulated on having the opportunity to hear Miss Mabelle Biggart, the "Sunshine Preacher", of New York, who will give her famous interpretative dramatization of Adam Bede in the Baptist Church Monday evening at 8 o'clock. No tickets are sold for this lecture and no charge will be made at the door. Of course "the laborer is worthy of his hire" and during the evening an offering will be voluntarily made to help bear the distinguished lecturer's expenses. I think I can assure an evening of up-lift and pleasure for all who attend. Remember Monday evening, at 8 o'clock.

C. E. W. Dobbs.

For Member of Board of Public Instruction.

(2nd District)

GEO. F. ARCHER.

FOR MEMBER HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVE

Marcey B. Darnall

To Start business Tomorrow

The Key West Bottling Company, whose place of business is located on Carroll Street, opposite the Box Factory, will start business tomorrow morning. This new company has installed one of the most complete plants in the State, and will doubtless meet with the success which it will deserve. The company was to have started business a month ago, but were unable to make the desired arrangements for water. The company condenses all of its own water, and they are prepared to make the best drinks on the market today.

THE AIRDOME MAKES BIG SWEEP TOMORROW NIGHT

Real Burial Services Over The 'Maine' Dead Will Be Shown

The Airdome is really getting to be one of the most popular places in town, and those who go there tomorrow night will feel that it deserves the great popularity that is coming its way. The management of that popular play house have got the one big and genuine SINKING OF THE MAINE picture and will show it tomorrow night. This picture shows the services conducted over the dead sailors, and parade, and then the real SINKING of the ship. In addition to that "Rah! surrenders to Washington," will be shown and "Tweedledum and the Adventurers" also. Then the great Celebration Picture will be shown for the last time. Remember, all this on Monday night.

LOCAL NOTICE TO MARINERS

Florida—West Coast—Tampa Bay—Hillsboro Bay Light, No. 10 NE, temporarily shown from atop on signal ship, twelve feet high.

List of Lights, etc., Atlantic Coast, 1911, p. 156, No. 1304.

By direction of the commissioner of lighthouses.

W. C. Dibrell,

Inspector.

Key West Bottling Company

The Key West Bottling Company, whose place of business is located on Carroll Street, opposite the Box Factory, will start business tomorrow morning. This new company was to have started business about a month ago, but because of the fact that they were unable to make the proper arrangements for the best water to be used, they did not start. They will open for business tomorrow, however, and will make the highest class soft drinks to be had.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER.

I will be a candidate for nomination to the office of County Treasurer at the Democratic primary. I will appreciate every X that is placed opposite my name. If elected I will attend to the duties of the office in future as I have in the past. Respectfully,

W. M. B. CURRY.

FOR SUPERVISOR OF REGISTRATION,

Hubert T. Roberts.

WM. SANDS DIED AT HOME LAST NIGHT

Funeral Will Take Place This Afternoon From Residence 3 O'clock

Wm. W. Sands, age 69 years, died at nine o'clock last night at his home in the rear of 1008 Fleming St. The funeral will take place this afternoon at 3 o'clock from the residence, Rev. W. B. Tresca of Sparks Chapel officiating. The interment will be in the City Cemetery under the direction of undertaker Benj. Lopez.

The deceased is survived by his widow, two daughters and one son. The daughters are Mrs. Thos. Adams and Mrs. John F. Roberts. The son is Geo. W. Sands. He also leaves a sister, Mrs. Wm. H. Bethel, and a brother, Jonathan Sands.

The bereaved family have the sympathy of all who know them in their hour of sorrow.

PROPOSALS.

Bids will be received at the office of the City Clerk until 7 p. m., Thursday, May 2nd 1912, for hauling 150 tons of 6-inch and 8-inch cast iron pipe, from the dock, to be distributed along the County Road, White, United and Florida streets, under the direction of the Engineer of water works.

The City reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

F. H. Ladd, Chairman,

Water Works Committee, 12-17

H. K. Cold, City Clerk.

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PROF. MURPHREE COMING WEDNESDAY

Distinguished Florida Educator Will Speak At Commencement

Prof. A. A. Murphree, president of the University of Florida and the leading educator of the State will arrive in Key West Wednesday to deliver an address at the Commencement exercises of the Harris High School on Wednesday night at 8 o'clock. Prof. Murphree, in addition to being a very learned man, is a pleasing speaker, and the people of Key West will consider it a privilege to listen to his address. Prof. Murphree will doubtless have something highly interesting to say to the graduates as well as to the balance of his audience.

The graduation exercises Wednesday night will be the final event of Commencement and it is safe to predict that the Opera House will be crowded to the doors. The program includes many interesting numbers, and during intermissions, the moving picture classics "Evangeline" and "Cinderella" will be shown, a very interesting departure from former programs.

While there is great interest in the approaching graduation exercises, this interest is stimulated and heightened by the announcement that so distinguished a scholar as Prof. Murphree is coming to Key West especially for the purpose of delivering an address on that occasion.

Penacola Yard A "Dead One"

Pensacola, Fla., Apr. 20.—With the departure of the United States steamship Sterling, all articles that will be removed from the Pensacola navy yard during its period of idleness, will be taken, and it is believed that shortly afterwards the head of the navy department will make good the job of abandonment, for it is highly probable that not even Chief Carpenter Halley, who is in charge now, will be held behind. It is believed that Mr. Halley will be transferred to other quarters and that what remains at the station will be looked after by a minor official.

A WHOLE WEEK OF FUN AT MONROE THIS WEEK

Al Reeves Will Make Thousands Laugh At The Monroe Theatre

This week will be a great one for the theatre goers who go to the Monroe, and from the great crowds that came out of Mr. Carbonel's play house every night, it would seem as if everybody in town goes there. That great character comedian, Al Reeves, will be there and Al never fails to make the crowd call him back and that several times every time he appears. Then, too, Harney and Haynes will be there, and there are no better to be found on the stage. So if you want to have a week of fun just make your way to the Monroe every night the coming week.

(Political Advertisement.)

For National Committeeman.

Eugene S. Matthews, of Bradford, Fla., a member of the House of Representatives in 1907, is a candidate for member of the National Democratic Executive Committee. One of the candidates for this office has advertised himself extensively as "the Woodrow Wilson candidate." Mr. Matthews is not the candidate of any faction, but will strive to serve the best interests of the Democratic party of Florida if he is honored with election, and on this basis solicits the support of all Democrats, irrespective of whether they favor Wilson, Harmon, Underwood or Clark for the presidency. 18-17.

Capt. O'Brien Announces.

To the voters of Monroe County: I am a candidate for Congressman at Large, and take this method of soliciting your vote at the coming primary election.

Should I be the choice of the people I assure that I will always be working for the best interest of the people.

I was born in Key West, in October, 1856, and therefore most naturally feel a deep interest in all that pertains to my native town.

Captain J. Ed. O'Brien

Notice.

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 Elmont, 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 section 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 Northerly direction fifty feet; thence at right angles in a Southeasterly direction one hundred and thirty feet; thence at right angles in a Southeasterly direction one hundred feet; thence at right angles in a Northerly direction fifty feet; thence at right angles in a Northerly direction fifty feet; thence at right angles in a Northerly direction one hundred feet to the place of beginning.

Jos. P. Boyle, Guardian Est. Elmont, Frederick, Carl and Renton Boyle.

Fleming Street Methodist. Morning services 10:30 a. m. Subject "Man Chosen and Ordained, a co-worker with God."

Sunday School 3:30 p. m. Robt. W. Thompson, Supt.

Evening services 7:30 p. m. Subject, "Losing the Last Chance." We worship in the Harris High School on Southard street. Side doors will be open giving good ventilation.

Welcome to all.

W. B. Tresca.

Pastor.

Holy Innocent's Sunday the 21st April 1912, 2nd Sunday after Easter.

Morning Prayer at 11 a. m. Sunday School at 3:30 p. m. Evening prayer at 7:30 p. m.

BROWNE'S HISTORY OF THE ISLAND CITY

Some Complimentary Comment From The State Press Concerning It

KEY WEST, THE OLD AND THE NEW.

A comprehensive and interesting History of Key West by Jefferson B. Browne.

No house should be without one. Valuable information about the institutions of Key West, and interesting sketches about the people and the place.

On sale at Key West News Co., 412 Greene St. and Jefferson Hotel. Price, Cloth, \$1.50; Paper, \$1.00.

What The Press Has to Say About It.

From a typographical standpoint the book is pleasing, but its literary quality is vastly more pleasing. To anyone, the perusal of this book would prove most interesting. How much more so than to one who was born on this island, who grew up among the scenes which Mr. Browne's pen describes, who bears blood relationship to many of the people to whom the historian refers. To the younger generation who have not paid much attention to this city's history, Mr. Browne's history will come as a sort of revelation.—Key West Morning Journal.

Mr. Browne is one of those masters whose motto is "Dulce cum utile," whilst bearing in mind to state facts and avoid fiction, calling a spade a spade, nevertheless he conveys his phrases in elegant and rhetorical fashion.

His anecdotes and wrecking episodes are well told and fascinating. The chapter containing the "History of the East Coast Railway" is a work of art.

Space is inadequate to quote here some of the salient episodes in subsequent chapters, some of which are brimful with witty and humorous narratives. The book promises to be the "Yade" lesson in every Key West household, and a guide book to the student of history of his native city.—Dr. Samuel A. Binola.

Hon. Jefferson B. Browne has written a history of Key West. It is entitled "Key West, The Old and the New" and is an accurate and interesting account of the Island City's past performances and possibilities. We envy Key West. A citizen like Mr. Browne is worth as much to a city as a railroad.—Pensacola News.

To the Honorable Jefferson B. Browne, The Journal is indebted for a most excellent book, "Key West, The Old and the New," of which Mr. Browne is the author. It is an able description of the southernmost city of the United States, its history and its possibilities told in the inimitable style of Mr. Browne. The book is illustrated and is one which should be in every Florida household because reliable information about the early history of Florida has not been preserved in all cases as it should have been, and Mr. Browne's book has done much to perpetuate the early life of Key West. When Jefferson B. Browne was defeated for Governor his friends could not understand why, but being the author of "Key West, The Old and the New" is a much higher honor than being governor of the State.—Pensacola Journal.

The writer is in receipt of a most interesting and valuable book entitled, "Key West, The Old and the New," by Hon. Jefferson B. Browne, a native of that city, and at one time railroad commissioner for Florida, and candidate for governor four years ago. This book is splendid reading from beginning to end, and the author tells his story in such an interesting manner that does away with the usual monotony of history and makes it as entertaining as the best novel.—Baker County Standard.

"Key West, The Old and the New," is the title of a 230-page book by Hon. Jeff B. Browne giving a concise history of that city from August 26th, 1815, to the earl 1912, recorded data about the island to the present time. It is probably one of the most complete historical sketches ever compiled of any city in Florida, and is written in Mr. Browne's own interesting style. The work shows great care and labor of preparation and is dedicated by the author to his father and mother.—Gainesville Sun.

The history dates from August 26th, 1815, and it should have a place in the library of every Floridian. It is an admirable work — so much so in fact that it will live for many years to come, being quoted as authority on matters pertaining to Key West. The Times extends congratulations to Mr. Browne.—Apalachicola Times. April 20.

FOR COUNTY JUDGE.

I will be a candidate for re-nomination for the office of County Judge in the coming Democratic Primary. Since holding the office I have given it every attention, and will appreciate and try and merit a re-nomination and election for a full term.

Hugh Gunn.

R. W. Harrison
Highest Grade
Photography
DUVAL STREET

Charles E. Young
TAILOR
504 WILLIAM STREET
Cleaning and Pressing a Speciality

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK
OF KEY WEST
Capital - - - \$100,000
Surplus and Undivided Profits \$46,000
Total Resources, Over One Million Dollars
Depository and Disbursing Agent of the U. S. Government

OFFICERS
Geo. W. Allen, President;
G. Bowne Patterson, Vice-pres.
Geo. L. Lowe, Cashier,
Charles A. Collins, Asst. Cashier,
Richard H. Kemp, Asst. Cashier.

DIRECTORS
John Lowe, Jr.
John W. Allen,
Geo. L. Lowe,
William R. Porter,
G. Bowne Patterson,
Chas. A. Collins,
Geo. W. Allen.

STANDING OF THE TEAMS

	Played	Won	Lost	Pct.
Cincinnati	6	4	2	667
New York	8	5	3	625
St. Louis	7	4	3	571
Philadelphia	7	4	3	571
Boston	8	4	4	500
Pittsburg	7	3	4	429
Chicago	6	2	4	333
Brooklyn	7	2	5	286

WHERE THEY PLAY TODAY.

Pittsburg at Chicago
St. Louis at Cincinnati

STANDING OF THE TEAMS

STANDING OF THE TEAMS				
	Played	Won	Lost	Pct.
Boston	6	5	1	833
Philadelphia	6	4	2	667
Cleveland	7	4	3	571
Detroit	7	4	3	571
Washington	6	3	3	500
Chicago	8	4	4	500
St. Louis	8	2	6	250
New York	6	0	6	000

WHERE THEY PLAY TODAY.

Chicago at St. Louis
Cleveland at Detroit



CHAPTER I.

A Perilous Mission.

Several of us had remained rather late that evening about the cheerful fire in front of my hut—for the nights were still chilly, although it was May, and the dreadful winter passed—discussing the improved condition of our troops, the rigid discipline of Baron de Steuben, and speculating on what would probably be attempted now that Sir Henry Clinton had succeeded to the command of the forces opposing us. I remember Maxwell joined us, together with Knox of the artillery, each man with a different theory of campaign, but alike agreeing that in spite of all we had endured during those months of suffering and privation at Valley Forge, the time to strike once again was near at hand, although our numbers were barely half that of the enemy.

It must have been midnight when I crept into a bunk, and even then found sleep absent, my eyes gazing out through the open door to where the embers of the fire glowed red, and a sentinel paced back and forth in regular monotony. Suddenly he halted, and challenged hoarsely, flinging forward his gun. There was an indistinguishable answer, and as I straightened up the figure of a man blotted out the doorway.

"Major Lawrence?"

"Yes. What is it?" I swung to the floor, unable to recognize the voice. The man's hand rose to salute.

"I am Colonel Gibbs' orderly. General Hamilton wishes you to report at once at headquarters."

"The Potts house?"

"Yes, sir."

I dressed hastily, my pulses throbbing with eagerness. Whatever the message meant, there was certainly some purpose of vital importance in sending for me at this unusual hour, and I was boy enough still to welcome any form of active service. No duty of the war had so tried me as the long winter of waiting. Yet, rapidly as I moved, the orderly had disappeared before I got outside, and I picked my way as best I could along through the darkness, along the rear of McIntosh's huts, until I reached the low fence surrounding the Potts house. Here a sentinel challenged, calling the corporal of the guard, and in his company I trudged up the path to the front door. There was a light showing through the window to the left, although the shade was closely drawn, and a guard stood within the hall. At the first sound of our approach, however, a side door was flung open, letting forth a gleam of illumination, and I perceived the short, slight figure of Hamilton, as he peered forward to get a better glimpse of my face.

"All right, corporal," he said tersely, gripping my hand. "Come in, major; your promptness would seem to indicate a readiness to get into service once more."

"I had not yet fallen asleep," I explained, "but we are all eager enough for action of any description."

He smiled cheerily.

"You will soon be busy, never fear." He closed the door behind us, and, with a glance, I viewed the room and its occupants. It was a small, low-ceilinged apartment, containing a table, a few chairs and a high commode. A few coals glowed in the wide fireplace, and the walls were dingy with smoke. Three candles, already burning low, gave fitful illumination, revealing four occupants, all known to me. At an open door to the right stood a sweet-faced woman, glancing back curiously at my entrance, and I whipped off my hat bowing low. Once before I had seen her, Mistress Washington, and welcomed the gracious recognition in her eyes. Colonel Gibbs stood before the fireplace motionless, but my glance swept past him to the calm, uplifted face above the pile of paper littering the table. He was not looking at me, but his eyes were turned toward his wife.

"It is not necessary for you to retire," he said quietly. "We shall not detain this gentleman except for a few moments."

"It is not because of the major's coming I withdraw," she replied pleasantly, "but the hour is late, and I am very tired. Good night, all."

Washington's eyes were upon the door until it closed; then he turned slightly, facing me. Before he spoke again, Hamilton broke in:

"This is the officer, sir, recommended by General Maxwell—Major Lawrence of the Maryland line."

I bowed silently, and the commander rose to his feet, extending his hand. "No doubt we have met before," he said slowly. "You have been with us for some time?"

"My first action was at Harlem, sir."

"You could not have been at Valley Forge during the past winter, however?"

"I was with the Marquis de la Fayette at Albany."

"Ah, yes," his face clouding at the

recollection. "A young officer, Hamilton, but capable, no doubt. You have used him before, you said?"

"Yes, at Long Island, and he entered New York once at my request." Washington's gray eyes were still on my face.

"Lawrence is a Massachusetts name."

"Not exclusively," I returned, "as our branch are Virginians."

The stern lines about the mouth relaxed into a smile.

"Indeed; from the eastern shore, then. I recall now having once met a Judge John Lawrence, whose wife was a Lee."

"My father, sir."

His hand rested firm on my shoulder, as his glance turned to Hamilton.

"I require no further commendation, colonel. You will find the papers in the second drawer. Please explain all the details carefully to Major Lawrence."

"This is a simple duty, major," said Hamilton, "but may prove a dangerous one. You have been selected because of previous successful efforts of a similar nature, but the commander-in-chief does not order your going; we seek a volunteer."

"Without asking the nature of the service," I answered sincerely, "I rejoice at the privilege."

"I knew that, Lawrence," he heartily.

"That answer accords with your well-earned reputation throughout the army. I will explain briefly the situation. Early this evening our pickets—rather some partisan scouts near Newtown—captured a British officer, in field uniform, on his way from New York to Sir William Howe in Philadelphia. The prisoner was brought here, and on examination proved to be Lieutenant Edgar Fortesque of the Forty-second regiment of foot. These troops came over with the last detachment, and arrived in New York less than a month ago. On searching Fortesque's clothing we found this dispatch," holding out a sealed paper, "which we opened. It is not of any great military importance, being merely an order for Howe to proceed at once to New York, taking with him certain officers of his staff, and placing a naval vessel at his disposal."

He paused, turning the paper over in his hands.

"However," he went on slowly, "it affords us the opportunity we have long been seeking of getting a competent military observer into Philadelphia. Now that Sir Henry Clinton is in command of the British forces directly opposing us, it is necessary that we know accurately their number, state of discipline, guns and any point of weakness in the defenses of the city. We require also information regarding the division of troops under Sir Henry's command—the proportion of British, Hessians and Tories, together with some inkling as to Clinton's immediate plans. There is a rumor abroad that Philadelphia is to be evacuated, and that the British forces contemplate a retreat overland to New York. Civilian fugitives drift into our camp constantly, bearing all manner of wild reports, but these accounts are so varied as to be practically valueless. We must possess accurate details, and to gain these a man would need to be in the city several days, free to move about, observe, and converse with the officers of the garrison. Do I make myself clear?"

"Yes, sir; you propose forwarding the dispatch by an officer who shall impersonate this captured lieutenant."

"Exactly. Fortesque is a young fellow of about your age and build. He has been in the army only eight months and in this country less than thirty days. It is scarcely probable he is known personally to any of the present Philadelphia garrison. There is a risk, of course, but in this case it would seem to be small. He picked up a paper from off the table. 'Here is an officer's roster of the forty-second regiment. It might be well for you to familiarize yourself with a few of the names.'"

I studied the list a moment, bending down closer to the nearest candle, while rapidly reviewing in my own

mind the duty required. I had no thought of refusal, yet, appreciated to the full the possible danger of the venture, and felt anxious to make no serious mistake. I had achieved a reputation for reckless daring, yet this kind of service was hardly to my liking. To wear British uniform meant my condemnation as a spy, if discovered, and a death of disgrace. I had been within the lines of the enemy often before, but always as a scout, wearing the homespun of the Maryland line, but this was to be a masquerade, a juggling with chance. I was not greatly afraid of being unmasked by the officers of the garrison, but there were those then in Philadelphia who knew me—loyalists, secret sympathizers with our cause, and not a few deserters from the army—whom I might encounter at any turn in the road. The prospect was not alluring, yet a glance aside at the profile of Washington, now bending low over a mass of papers, instantly stiffened my resolve. It was work I had no excuse to shirk—indeed no inclination—so I returned Hamilton's glance of inquiry frankly.

"You wish me to go at once?"

"The earlier the better. I will furnish passports through our lines, and hard riding will put you across the neutral ground by daylight."

CHAPTER II.

Within the Enemy's Lines.

A long cavalry cape concealing the British uniform I wore, my horse and myself were ferried across the Schuylkill, just below the mouth of Valley creek, and there, amid the silence and darkness of the eastern shore, I parted with Hamilton, who had accompanied me thus far, whispering final words of instruction. My horse was a fresh one, chosen from the stables of the Life Guard, but the trappings were of the British service. Within five minutes I was out of sight of the picket fire on the river bank, riding steadily southeast through the night, every nerve alert. An hour's riding found me well beyond our outermost pickets, yet, in fear that I might encounter some body of irregulars, scouting the neutral ground, I held on to my passport until I perceived the first flush of dawn in the east. Then, convinced of close proximity to the British guard lines, I tore the paper into fragments. Avoiding all roads, and seeking every bit of concealment possible, it was already sunrise before I plunged suddenly into a Hessian picket post, the distant smoke of the Philadelphia chimneys darkening the sky ahead. Unable to speak German, my uniform won sufficient courtesy, so that I was escorted back under guard to an outpost of the Queen's Rangers, where I explained my presence, and rank to a red-faced captain in Tory green, so insolent in manner as to be insulting, until I exhibited the sealed dispatch, and demanded to be escorted at once to Sir William Howe. This brought results, and I entered the city under escort of a dozen horsemen, their green coats faced with dirty white, cocked hats flapping as they rode.

It was thus we came to Callowhill, and the encampment of British grenadiers, an officer of the Fifty-fifth regiment volunteering to guide me to Howe's quarters in High street. He was a genial fellow, and pointed out various places of interest, as we rode more slowly through the streets close along the river side, questioning me often upon affairs in New York, to which I returned such vague answers as pleased me, paying small heed to the truth. All along the river were redoubts, well garrisoned, with black gun muzzles pointing out across the water. Many houses had been razed, and their debris, together with the fire ruin of the past winter, gave to everything a look of desolation. Much artillery was parked in the state house yard, and several vessels of war were lying at anchor in the stream, while the entire shore line was filled with barges, decorated as for a fête, a large force of men laboring about them. My companion, observing my interest attracted in that direction, reined up his horse to explain.

"Those are the galleys being made ready for the Mischianza, Fortesque," he said, waving his hand. "You came to us at a lucky hour."

"The Mischianza?" I asked, puzzled by the strange term. "Some festival, you mean?—some gala day?"

"'Tis an Italian word, they tell me, signifying merriment. The officers give it in farewell to Sir William, who will sail tomorrow. A pretty penny it costs. See, there is Major O'Hara, now one of the managers; there are three others, Sir John Wrottesley, Major Gardiner, and the chief engineer, Montresor. Do you know them? No? Oh, I had forgotten you have only just arrived. You will know them ere long, however, for they are the leaders in such affairs. That is Captain Andre there with O'Hara. He waved his hand, and the younger officer lifted his cocked hat in acknowledgment. "Let us spur over there, lieutenant, until I get you a ticket of invitation."

I followed, careless of the loss of time so I could both see and hear.

"Andre, this is Lieutenant Fortesque just in from New York with dispatches for Howe. I have promised him a ticket for tonight."

The young officer laughingly extended a hand.

"The more the merrier, Craig. With the Forty-second I see, sir; knew your colonel well. You'll find America isn't so bad, after you get used to it. We've had a gay time here, eh, O'Hara? The best of liquor, and the prettiest of girls, and now we'll show the town something it won't forget in a hurry."

He held out a card to me. "Rather ornate, considering the printers in these colonies; designed it myself."

It was certainly a handsome souve-

venir, perhaps six inches by four in size, engraved as in a shield, yielding a view of the sea, with the setting sun, and on a wreath the words, "Lucco discendens, ancto splendore resurgam," while at the top was the general's crest, bearing the words, "Vive la vale."

"A fine conceit, indeed," I confessed, "and if the pageant be equal to its promise 'twill be well worth the seeing. What is the purpose, gentlemen?"

"To give Sir William fit farewell," returned Andre, pleased at my unstinted praise. "And now that the Lord has sent us a fine day, I can promise a festival worthy the herald. But, Fortesque, if you would have audience with Howe, I advise you to get on, for he will have few spare moments between now and day-dawn tomorrow."

We parted with much bowing, Craig and I guiding our horses through the crowded streets, being kept too busy avoiding accidents to exchange conversation. Howe's headquarters on High street were not pretentious, and, except for a single sentinel posted at the door, were unguarded. I was admitted without delay. An aide took my name, and within a very few moments Sir William himself entered through a rear door, attired in field uniform. He greeted me with much affability, glancing hastily over the papers handed him, and then into my face.

"These do not greatly change my former plans," he said, "but I am glad

the knowledge that I was in the very heart of the enemy's camp, with grim, stern duties to perform and a return journey to accomplish, kept me nerved to a point where I thought of little else than my task. But now I dared not remain indifferent, and, indeed, the enthusiasm of my companions became contagious, and I joined with them eagerly, as they hurried forth to the best point of view. Once there the sight revealed aroused me to an enthusiasm scarcely less than that of those crowding about. Few, indeed, have ever witnessed so gorgeous a spectacle as that river presented.

Well out in the stream lay the vessels of war—the Fanny, Roebuck and Vigilant—together with a long line of transports, stretching as far as the eye could see, flags flying, and decks crowded with spectators. The pageant came down with the tide, moving in three divisions to the inspiring music of several bands, the cars of galleys and barges keeping exact intervals. As they passed us the officers beside me named the various occupants. In the leading galley were Sir William, Lord Howe, Sir Henry Clinton, the officers of their suites and some ladies. In the last of the boats stood General Knyphausen, the Hessian commander. Between these were flat-boats, covered with green cloth, loaded with ladies and gentlemen, or else containing bands. Six barges, darting here and there, kept open space amid the swarms of small boats. Everywhere the eye swept over a riot of color, and the ear caught a babel of sound. As the last barge glided by the man next me growled in disgust:

"Those are lucky dogs off duty today." His eye caught mine. "Why don't you go after them, Fortesque? There will be plenty of fun afoot wherever they land."

"Where is that?"

"At the old fort; follow the crowd, and you'll not go astray. Have you a ticket?"

"Captain Andre honored me with one this morning."

"Then you are good for the first row. Don't miss it, man," with enthusiasm. "Twill be such a sight as has not been witnessed since the Field of the Cloth of Gold."

"A passage at arms, you mean?"

"Ay! as gorgeous as those of the old-time knights; a fair conceit as I read the program. I'd be there now but for the damned orders that hold me here. If you ride hard you can make the spot before they come ashore."

There was no reason I should not go, and much in the glittering prospect appealed to me. Five minutes later I was trotting out of the Yager camp, pressing passage through the crowds, already headed southward, the dragon riding silently at my heels. Mounted men that day were few, and, doubtless believing we were connected with the pageant, the jam sullenly parted, and gave us opening, so we reached the site of the old fort as the barges began discharging their occupants. A glance about, however, convinced me as to where the lists were to be run, and I headed my horse in that direction and gained a point of vantage before the throng poured in.

I was somewhat to the right of the big stand, the restive heels of my horse keeping the crowd away, and with a clear view as far as the river bank. It was, maybe, 400 yards down a gentle slope to the water's edge, where the line was forming. This passageway was lined with onlookers, held back by numerous guards, while to my left extended a square lawn, perhaps 150 yards each way, surrounded by a double rank of grenadiers, the bayonets gleaming on their guns. This open space was equipped with everything needed for the coming tourney, and on three sides were tiers of raised seats. I had barely observed all this when the guns of the Roebuck, echoed by those of the Vigilant, began to boom a salute, and the head of the column of marchers began slowly mounting the slope. The costumes worn were as varied as those of a masquerade, representing all the changes since the days of chivalry. The whole line glowed with color, and gleamed with steel.

Like some great serpent, glittering in the sun, this procession passed under the triumphal arches and disappeared as its members took prescribed positions on the stands, or in the pavilions bordering the field of contest. As thus arranged the grouping of colors was most brilliant. In the front of each pavilion were seven young ladies, attired picturesquely in Turkish costume, wearing in their turbans those favors with which they meant to reward the knights contending in their honor. Behind these, and occupying all the upper seats, were the maidens representing the two divisions of the day's sports—ladies of the Blended Rose and ladies of the Burning Mountain. From the crowd surging around I heard name after name mentioned, as famous Philadelphia belles were pointed out, not a few familiar to me. Even as I gazed upon that galaxy of beauty, half angry that Americans should take part in such a spectacle of British triumph, the field was cleared for the lists, and a sound of trumpets came to us from a distance.

Ont into the opening rode the contending knights, attended by esquires on foot, dressed in ancient habits of white and red silk, and mounted on gray horses. From the other direction appeared their opponents, in black and orange, riding black steeds, while to the center advanced the herald loudly proclaiming the challenge. I knew not who they all were, but they made a gallant show, and I overheard many a name spoken of soldiers met in battle—Lord Cathcart, Captain Andre, Major Tarleton, Captain Scott. Ay! and they fought well that day, those

White and Black knights on the mimic field. At last the two chiefs—Lord Cathcart for the Whites, and Captain Watson of the Guards, for the Blacks—were alone contending furiously, when the marshal of the field rushed in between, and struck up their weapons, declaring the contest done, the honor of each side proven. As the company broke up, flowing forward to the great house beyond, the vast crowd of onlookers burst through the guard lines, and, like a mighty torrent, swept over the field. It was a wild, jubilant, yelling mass, so dense as to be irresistible, even those of us on horseback being pressed forward, helpless chips on the stream.

I endeavored to press back, but my restive animal, startled by the dig of the spur, the yells, the waving of arms, refused to face the tumult, and whirled madly about. For a moment I all but lost control, yet even as he plunged rearing into the air, I saw before me the appealing face of a woman. How she chanced to be there alone, in the path of that mob, I know not; where her escort had disappeared, and how she had become separated from her party, has never been made clear. But this I saw, even as I struggled with the hard-mouthed brute under me—a slender, girlish figure attired as a lady of the Blended Rose, a white, frightened face, arms outstretched, and dark blue eyes beseeching help. Already the front of the mob was upon her, unable to swerve aside because of the thousands pushing behind. In another moment she would be underfoot, or hurled into the air. Reckless of all else, I dug in my spurs, yelling to the Light Dragoon beside me, even as my horse leaped. I scarcely know what happened, or how it was accomplished—only I had the reins gripped in my teeth, both my hands free. That instant I caught her; the next she was on my arm, swung safely to the saddle, held to me with a grip of steel, the animal dashing forward beneath his double burden into the open field. Then the dragoon, riding madly, gripped the bit, and the affair was over, although we must have galloped a hundred yards before the trembling horse was brought to a stand. Leaving him to the control of the soldier, I sprang to the ground, bearing the lady with me. We were behind one of the pavilions, facing the house, and she reeled as her feet touched the earth, so that I held her from falling. Then her lashes lifted, and the dark blue eyes looked into my face.

"You must pardon my roughness," I apologized, "but there was no time for ceremony."

She smiled, a flood of color coming back into the clear cheeks, as she drew slightly away.

"I appreciate that, sir," frankly, shaking out her ruffled skirts, "and you have made knighthood real."

"Then," I ventured, "may I hope to receive the reward, fair lady?"

She laughed, a little tremor of nervousness in the sound, but her eyes full of challenge.

"And what is that?"

"Your name; the hope of better acquaintance."

Her eyes swept my uniform questioningly.

"You are not of the garrison?"

"No; a courier just arrived from New York."

"Yet an officer; surely then you will be present tonight?"

"The privilege is mine; if sufficiently tempted I may attend."

"Tempted! How, sir?"

"By your pledging me a dance."

She laughed again, one hand grasping the long silken skirt.

"You ask much—my name, a better acquaintance, a dance—all this for merely saving me from a mob. You are not a modest knight, I fear. Suppose I refuse?"

"Then am I soldier enough to come unaided, and win my welcome."

"I ought as much," the long lashes opening up to me the depths of the blue eyes. "I promise nothing

then, nor forbid. But there is Captain Grant seeking me. If I do not speak of gratitude, it is nevertheless in my heart, sir," she swept me a curtsy, to which I bowed hat in hand, "and now au revoir."

I stood as she left me, staring while she crossed the lawn and joined a dark-faced officer of Rangers. Once she glanced back over her shoulder, and then disappeared in the crowd of revelers.

I had not intended to remain in Philadelphia through the night. Already I had secured the information sought, and now must consider the safest and quickest method of escape. It seemed to me this night, given up to revelry, afforded the best possible opportunity for my safely passing the British guard lines. Tomorrow discipline would be resumed, the soldiers

(Continued on Page Three.)

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"By your

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PERSONAL

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would return to their posts and the citizens of the city would again appear on the streets. This would greatly intensify my danger, for, at any moment, I might encounter some one who knew me, who might denounce me to the authorities.

That this was the exact truth of the situation could not be denied, yet, now, every reckless impulse of my disposition urged me to remain; the invitation of those laughing blue eyes, the challenge I read in the lady's fair face, the unsolved mystery of her identity, all combined in a temptation I found it impossible to resist. For a dance with her, a possible understanding, I was willing to venture life itself.

It must have been nearly nine o'clock when, in company with a young cousin, I rode up to the house given up to festivities, and, turning over our horses to the care of cavalry grooms, climbed the wide steps to the door leading into the hall.

All was a riot of color, rich, bewildering, with smiling faces, and laughing lips everywhere. In such a spot, amid such surroundings, war seemed a dream, a far-off delirium.

My companion disappeared, and, to escape the pressure of those surging back and forth through the wide doorway, I found passage close to the wall, and half circled the room, finally discovering a halting place in the recesses of a window, where, partially concealed myself by flowing curtains, I could gaze out over the brilliant assemblage. Half ashamed of the plainness of my own attire, and feeling a stranger and an alien, I was yet consciously seeking the one face which had lured me there.

Enough conversation reached me to disclose a promised display of fireworks on the lawn, and almost immediately a magnificent bouquet of rockets shot up into the black sky, illuminating everything with a glare of fire. This was followed by the lighting up of the triumphal arch, and the bursting of balloons high overhead. Attracted by the spectacle, I was staring out at the dazzling scene, when a voice spoke at my shoulder.

"Tis a relief to see even one soldier present ready for duty."

I turned to look into a pair of steady blue eyes, with a bit of mocking laughter in their depths, the face revealed clearly in the glare of the rockets.

"Necessity only," I managed to reply. "I can be as gorgeous as these others, had I brought a bag with me."

"No doubt; every British regiment tries to outdo the others in ribbons and gold lace. Really they become tiresome with such foppery in war times. See how they play tonight, like children, the city practically unguarded from attack," she waved an ungloved hand toward the dark without. "I venture there are men out yonder, sir, who are not dancing and laughing away these hours."

My cheeks burned.

"You mean Washington's troops?"

"Ay! I saw them here in Philadelphia before Sir William came," her voice lowered, yet earnest, "and they are not playing at war; grim, silent, sober-faced men, dressed in odds and ends, not pretty to look at; some tattered and hungry, but they fight hard. Mr. Conway was telling us yesterday of how they suffered all winter long, while we danced and feasted here, Washington himself sleeping with the snow drifting over him. You do not know the Americans, for you are not long across the water, but they are not the kind to be conquered by such child's play as this."

"You are an American, then?"

"By birth, yes," unhesitatingly. "We are of those loyal to the king, but—I admire men."

It was with an effort I restrained my words, eager to proclaim my service, yet comprehending instantly that I dare not even trust this plain-spoken girl with the truth. She respected the men, sympathized with the sacrifices of Washington's little army, contracted all they endured with the profligacy of the English and Hessian troops, and yet remained loyal to the king's cause. Even as I hesitated she spoke again.

"What is your regiment?"

"The Forty-second Foot."

"You have not yet been in action in America?"

"No, but I have just crossed the Jersey with dispatches."

She shook her head, her cheeks glowing.

"My home was there when the war began," she explained simply. "Now it is hate, pillage and plunder everywhere. We fled to Philadelphia for our lives, and have almost forgotten we ever had a home. We loyalists are paying a price almost equal to those men with Washington. 'Tis this memory which makes me so bitter toward those who play amid the ruins."

"Yet you have seemed to enter into the gay spirit of the occasion," and my eyes swept over her costume.

"Oh, I am girl enough to enjoy the glitter, even while the woman in me condemns it all. You are a soldier—a fighting soldier, I hope—and still you are here also seeking pleasure."

"True; I yielded to temptation, but for which I should never have come."

"What?"

"The dare in your eyes, this afternoon," I said boldly. "But for what I read there I should be out yonder riding through the night."

She laughed, yet not wholly at ease, the long lashes drooping over her eyes.

"Always the woman; what would you do without my sex to bear your mistakes?"

"But was this a mistake? Did I read altogether wrong?"

"Don't expect a confession from me, sir," demurely. "I have no memory of any promise."

"No, the barest suggestion was all your lips gave; it was the eyes that challenged."

"You must have dreamed; perhaps you recall the suggestion?"

"I took it to mean that you would not be altogether averse to meeting me again through the kindness of some mutual friend."

"No doubt you have found such a friend?"

"I have scarcely seen a face I know tonight," I pleaded. "I cannot even guess from what place of mystery you appeared so suddenly. So now I throw myself upon your mercy."

"I wonder is it quite safe?" hesitatingly. "But, perhaps, the risk is equally great on your part. Ah! the lights go on again."

"And the band plays a Hungarian waltz; how better could we cement friendship than to that measure?"

"You think so? I am not so sure, and there are many names already on my card."

"Do not look," I interrupted swiftly, "for I claim first choice since this afternoon."

"You do?" and her eyes laughed into mine provokingly. "And I had forgotten it all; did I indeed promise you?"

"Only with your eyes."

"Oh, my eyes! always my eyes! Well, for once, at least, I will redeem even that visionary pledge," and her glance swept the room hastily. "But I advise that you accept my surrender quickly, sir—I am not sure but this was Captain Grant's dance, and he is coming now."

CHAPTER IV.

The Beginning of Trouble.

Her hand was in mine, my arm already around her waist, when the officer bowed before us. He had been



"If I Leave You Now as You Request I Must First Have Promise of Welcome Again."

but a dim figure in the afternoon, but now I saw him for a tall, slender man, somewhat swarthy of face, with black hair and moustache, and a keen eye, attired in the green and white of the Queen's Rangers. He smiled, but with a sarcastic curl to the upper lip not altogether pleasant.

"Your pardon, Mistress Claire," he said boldly, sweeping me with a supercilious glance, "but am I mistaken in believing this waltz was pledged to me?"

"By mistake, captain," her lips smiling, her eyes steady. "It seems I overlooked a promise made during the afternoon."

"Oh, indeed," he turned toward me, staring insolently. "The hero of the rescue, I presume."

I felt the restraining pressure of her hand upon my sleeve, and her voice replied calmly, before I succeeded in finding words.

"This is the gentleman who protected me from the mob, if that is what you mean. Permit me to present Captain Grant of the Queen's Rangers. Lieutenant—pardon my having already forgotten your name."

"Fortesque," I stammered, intensely hating the necessary deception.

"Ah, yes—Lieutenant Fortesque of the Forty-second British Foot."

We bowed coldly, neither extending a hand, the captain twisting his moustache as he continued staring at me.

"Fortesque," he repeated slowly.

"Fortesque; not of this garrison, I believe."

"No, from New York," coolly. "I regret having interfered with your program."

"Don't mention it; there are other ladies present, and, no doubt, your gallant act was worthy the reward; a pleasant evening, sir," and he withdrew aside, stiffly military. Eager to lose as little as possible of the measure, I swung my partner forward, catching glimpse again of the man's face as we circled.

"Pleasant disposition," I ventured, without meaning to be uncivil.

"Oh, very," and her eyes met mine frankly. "But you must not quarrel with him; that is his one specialty, you know."

"Is the warning on your account, or my own?"

"Both, perhaps. Captain Grant's family and mine are neighbors—and between our fathers exists a life-long friendship. I could never consent to be the cause of his quarreling with anyone, and I have reason to know how quick tempered he is."

"I have little use for any man who swaggers about seeking trouble," I returned, as she hesitated. "It has been my experience that there is usually cowardice back of such a disposition."

"Not in this case," earnestly. "Captain Grant's courage has been sufficiently tested already. I warn you not to presume on your theory so far as he is concerned. I advise the safer course."

"What is that?"

continued on page six.

For Key West and Monroe County
First Last and All the Time



Marcy B. Darnall

Candidate for
MEMBER OF THE HOUSE
OF REPRESENTATIVES
Florida Legislature.

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I have helped many to own their own homes.

The only way a poor man, who can save but little out of his month's wages, can expect to ever own a home, is by putting the money into it month by month that he is paying rent.

Follow this plan. Location is everything. A place where values will increase. See me before buying.

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THE DELMONICO

RESTAURANT

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SEPARATE SKIRT A NECESSITY

Many Materials From Which to Choose, but Garment Must Be in One's Wardrobe.

If you would profit by the example of French tailors, you will order separate skirts of one of the following materials:

First, a double-faced cloth that has leaped into important place is being used. It practically trims itself, and will be very popular for this economical reason.

Then there are chevrons and serges for lightweight models, and all colors are in vogue, the neutral shades and dark blue leading.

Heavy fancy suitings are very popular. The English tweeds and mixed suitings are having a tremendous favoritism shown them by the leading houses.

Tailored skirts are not so straight in outline, many showing slashed effects at the side, and all are made walking length.

Some have a slightly raised waistband, so that no belt is needed, while others show a normal line, with a stitched band attached to the skirt. On others, a back panel is attached with a modified front edge that extends toward the front, thus forming a belt or girdle.

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In Circuit Court, State of Florida, 11th Judicial Circuit, Monroe County.
IN CHANCERY.
Jerry J. Warren, Complainant
vs.
Alice M. Warren, Defendant.
It appearing by affidavit filed in the above stated cause that Alice M. Warren, the defendant therein named is a non-resident of the State of Florida, and she is a resident of New York City, and that she is over the age of twenty-one years; it is therefore ordered that said non-resident defendant be and she is hereby required to appear to the bill of complaint filed in said cause on or before Monday, the 3rd day of June, A. D. 1912, otherwise the allegations of said bill will be taken as confessed by said defendant.
It is further ordered that this order be published once each week for four consecutive weeks in the Key West Journal, a newspaper published in said County and State.
This April 13th, 1912.
E. W. Russell,
Clerk Circuit Court.
J. B. Browne and L. A. Harris,
Solicitors for Complainant.

FOR SUPERVISOR OF REGISTRATION
Frank Cates

To the Democratic Voters of Monroe County

I hereby announce my candidacy for nomination at the next Primary election for the position of Clerk of the Circuit Court of Monroe County, which position I now hold.

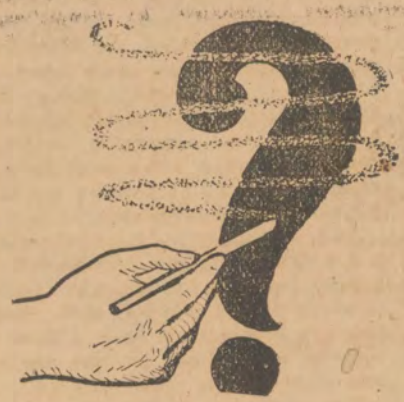
The duties and responsibilities of this office are such that it requires experience as well as ability.

Before aspiring to this office, I served my apprenticeship under a former clerk.

For my ability to perform the duties of this responsible position, I refer you to any lawyer that has ever practiced before the Circuit Court of Monroe County or to any County Commissioner holding office during my term.

I respectfully solicit your support.
Eugene W. Russell.

Children like Dr. Miles' laxative Tablets because they taste like candy.



The Question of That Mid-Summer Hat!

There's not a shadow of a doubt but that there are several hundred Ladies and Misses in Key West this morning who haven't as yet bought that MID SUMMER HAT which they are going to buy. There is probably nothing that gives a woman so much genuine worry as that matter of "BUYING MY HAT." but if you haven't bought the hat you are going to wear this summer, you need not think so much about it as you have done here-to-fore, for THE VOGUE has solved the problem for you. We have undoubtedly made it easier for you to get just the very hat you want and we want you to know it.

We have the daintiest and most fashionable Line of Hats and Millinery Goods strictly for MID-SUMMER WEAR that we have ever seen brought to Key West, and we are going to sell every one of them AT COST. Beginning tomorrow morning, we will sell every hat in the store AT COST, and those of you who have seen the line of Millinery carried here know that you can get far prettier and more stylish hats at THE VOGUE than you can get anywhere in the city; so if you haven't got that hat for the MID-SUMMER, then come and let us show you what we have on display this week.

THE VOGUE

MISS M. R. McCORD, PROP.

NONE AHEAD OF HIM

SPEED STRENGTH SERVICE

PHONE 1602.

BAILEY'S BICYCLES
"THE WHEELS OF FORTUNE"
KEY WEST GARAGE
422 GREENE ST.

MR. MAN---

Do You Shave Yourself?



Our line of shavers supplies comprise---Shaving Cream, Shaving Soap, Rapid Shave Powder, Lather Brushes, Razors, Strops, Extra Blades, Powder, Witch Hazel and Rexall Shaving Lotion.

Key West Drug Co.

TWO STORES. BOTH GOOD.

WE ARE AGENTS FOR

Five of the very best pianos that money and brains can build.

Quality goes in before the name goes on any one of the five following makes:

Schomaker Pianos and Player Pianos.

Sohmer Pianos and Player Pianos.

Chickering Pianos and Player Pianos.

Fischer Pianos and Player Pianos.

AND THE FAMOUS

R. S. Howard Pianos and Player Pianos.

All the above Pianos are guaranteed to stand this climate for 20 years.

TERMS TO SUIT YOUR POCKET BOOK.

J. L. STOWERS MUSIC HOUSE.

29 San Rafael,
Havana, Cuba.

126 Duval Street,
Key West, Fla.

TO THE DEMOCRATIC VOTERS.

We desire to correct an impression which prevails to some extent among our mutual friends, that we are candidates for the same office.

Mr. Harris is a candidate for Delegate to the National Democratic Convention, from the 1st District, and Mr. Browne is a candidate for Presidential Elector, a number of our group opposed they are supporting each other for their respective positions.

The delegates to the National Convention will assist in the nomination of the candidate for the Presidency, and the Presidential Electors will vote in December for the candidates who are nominated in the Convention.

We solicit your votes, and those of Key West will be counted with a majority. Please vote for both of us.

Respectfully yours,
W. H. Harris
James B. Browne.

Baker Bros.

RESTAURANT

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

Regular Meals and Special Orders

We Solicit Your Patronage.

FOR SUPERVISOR OF REGISTRATION,
Learn more about it.

For the tailoring see the Philadelphia Tailors.

ALBERT M. WILLIAMSON



CONGRESSMAN STATE AT LARGE



JOHN LOWE JR. SONS

THE LABOR SMILES

when he sees a load of our cement or other building materials dumped on the job. He knows there's going to be no trouble in mixing, no time lost in sorting out the good from the bad. There is no bad. Our building material are high-class in every respect except price. That is decidedly low. Ready to order to-day?

THE PORTER-ALLEN CO. INSURANCE

OFFICE OVER THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

TELEPHONE NO. 1
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 early twenty years honorable dealing with our patrons.

WHY TAKE CHANCES ELSEWHERE?

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

Furniture OF EVERY GRADE AND PRICE

For every home in the city of Key West
Key West Furniture Company.
700 Duval St.

Her eyes met mine, smiling slightly, and yet grave enough in their depths. "To let this one dance prove sufficient reward for your act of rescue."

"You request this?"

"Oh, you must not place the entire burden of decision on me, sir. I can only suggest."

"Has Captain Grant any authority to dictate who shall be your partner?"

Her lashes lifted, and then fell before my gaze.

"He at least assumes the power, and generally with fair success. I must ask to be excused from discussing this matter further now, but—but," her voice trembled to a whisper, "I—I am sure your safety depends upon your leaving me."

Astonished by these words, suddenly wondering if she suspected me, scarcely comprehending what she meant, I stared into her face, as we circled the room. Grant stood stiffly against the wall where we left him, his eyes fastened moodily on the crowd; I realized his presence, yet my whole thought was concentrated on the girl, the strands of her hair brushing my lips, her steps lightly following the music, her eye downcast. Into the cheeks there came a flush of pink, and she glanced up to read the surprise in my face.

"Do I need to say more?"

"Yes, you must," I insisted, "you can never believe I would leave you because of personal fear."

"I did not know—at first. Now I realize it will require a higher motive to influence you; not love of life, but love of country."

I felt the closer clasp of her fingers on my guiding hand, and knew I took a deep breath of surprise.

"Lean your head just a little closer," she whispered. "I—I know you, Major Lawrence, and—and I wish you well."

How I kept to the measure I cannot imagine, for, in an instant, all my house of cards crumbled into nothingness. She knew me, this blue-eyed girl; knew me, and sought to aid my mission, this daughter of a loyalist, this lady of the Blended Rose. It was inconceivable, and yet a fact—my name had been whispered by her lips.

Suddenly she looked up laughing, as though to make others feel that we conversed lightly. We passed Grant, even as I held my breath, almost afraid to venture with words. Yet they would not be restrained.

"You certainly startled me; how do you know this? Surely we have never met before?"

"I refuse to be questioned, sir; it means nothing how I know—the fact that I do should be sufficient."

"Must Mistress Mortimer?"

"Yet the captain called you Claire."

"And we were children together—you can scarcely claim such familiarity."

"I warrant you can name me."

"Allen, is it not, sir?"

"What was it the witch did not know! This was no guess work, surely, and yet how could her strange knowledge be accounted for? Sweet as the face was, greatly as it had attracted me, there was nothing to awaken a throb of memory. Surely I could never have seen her before, and forgotten that would have been impossible. The music ceased, leaving us at the farther extremity of the hall.

"And now you will go?" she questioned eagerly.

"You mean, leave here?"

"Yes; you said once tonight, that but for me you would be riding yonder. I realized all you meant, and you must not remain. The guard lines are slack tonight, and you can get through, but if you wait until tomorrow it may be too late. Believe me, I am your friend, a friend of your cause."

"I do believe you; I could not connect you with deceit, but I am bewildered at this sudden exposure. Does Captain Grant also suspect my identity?"

"I think not—not yet, at least, for if he did you would be under arrest. But there are others here who would recognize you just as I have. There is no mystery about it: I was in Philadelphia when the Continental troops were here, and you were pointed out to me then. No, we have never met, yet I was sure I recognized you this afternoon."

"I was pointed out to you by whom?"

"My brother—my twin brother on the staff of General Lee."

"Did you not inform me your family were loyalists?"

"Yes; it is true," earnestly, her foot tapping the floor, as though annoyed at such persistent questioning. "I have a father and brother in the king's service—but one is a renegade, and I—I—"

"You are what?"

"I am merely a woman, sir, unable to determine whether to finally become loyalist or rebel."

I looked gravely into her eyes until they fell, velling their revelation of truth behind long lashes.

"Mistress Mortimer," I murmured, bending so close to her pink ear, I felt the soft touch of her hair on my lips, "you dissemble so charmingly as to even puzzle me. But if I leave you now, as you request, I must first have promise of welcome again."

"Then you mean to return—a prisoner? I am always merciful to the suffering."

"No; we are coming back to Philadelphia victors, and soon. I am not afraid to tell you. I have learned much today, and go back to report to Washington that the exchange of British commanders means the early evacuation of the city. When we meet again you will not be a lady of the Blended Rose, nor will I be wearing this uniform."

Her eyes sparkled brightly into mine, then dropped demurely.

"I—leather like the color of your hair, wearing now, and am sure this dress is most becoming. I—I have a passion for masquerade."

"I recognize that, but have already discovered where I can read the truth beyond the masque—what is occurring now?"

She turned to look, attracted as I had been by the change and bustle about us. A few feet from where we stood conversing, large folding doors, previously concealed by draperies, were suddenly flung wide open, revealing a magnificent dining hall. Dazzled by the magnificent spectacle, I turned to my companion, unable to resist temptation. She must have instantly read the purpose in my face, for she grasped my sleeve.

"No; you must not think of remaining a moment longer. There will be a seat reserved for me, and Captain Grant is coming this way now. Something is wrong, I am sure; I have no time to explain, but promise me you will leave here at once—at once."

Her eyes, her words, were so insistent I could not refuse, although as I glanced about I felt convinced there was no danger in this assembly, not a familiar face meeting mine. At the instant Grant came up, elbowing his way through the press, and staring insolently into my eyes, even as he bowed politely to the lady beside me.

"At least this is my privilege," he insisted, "unless there be another previous engagement of which I am ignorant."

"Oh, no," and she rested her hands on the green sleeve, smiling from his face into mine. "We were waiting for you to come. Goodnight, Lieutenant Fortesque."

They had taken a step or two, when Grant halted, holding her arm tightly as he glanced back to where I stood. "Would Lieutenant Fortesque spare me a moment after I have found the lady a seat?" he questioned politely.

"Gladly, if you do not keep me waiting too long."

"Then there will be no delay. Shall we say the parlor below?"

I bowed, conscious of the mute appeal in the lady's face, yet with no excuse for refusal.

"As well there as anywhere, sir."

Once again we bowed with all the punctilious ceremony of mutual dislike, and he whispered something into her ear as they disappeared in the stream of people. My cheeks burned with indignation at his cool insolence. What could it mean? Was he merely seeking a quarrel? or was there something else concealed behind this reticence? In either case I knew not how to act, and yet felt no inclination to avoid the meeting. Studying over the situation I pushed my way through the crowd across the floor of the ballroom. There were a few people still lingering on the stairs, but, except for the servants, the parlors below were deserted. I walked the length of one of the great rooms, and halted in front of a fireplace to await Grant's coming. I was eager to have this affair settled, and be off. I comprehended now the risk I had assumed by remaining so long, and began to feel the cords of entanglement drawing about me. There was a door opposite where I stood, and, staring toward it, I saw it open slightly, and, back in the darkness, the beckoning of a hand. Startled, yet realizing that it must mean me, I stepped closer, gripping the hilt of my sword, half suspecting treachery.

"Quick," and I recognized the deep contralto of the voice. "Don't stop to question; there is not a moment to lose."

CHAPTER V.

The Threat of Swords:
Stepping from the glare of those gleaming parlor lights into the gloom of that narrow passage, blinded me for the instant, yet a moment later, I became aware of the distant glimmer of a candle, the faint reflection revealing the girl's face.

"Please do not talk; do not ask anything—yet," she urged hurriedly, noiselessly closing the door at my back, and as instantly gripping my sleeve. Her breath came quickly; her voice trembled from suppressed excitement. "Come with me, beyond the light yonder."

I followed her guidance, bewildered, yet having every confidence the reason for this mysterious occurrence must be fully justified. The passage curved slightly, terminating at a closed door. Scarcely a reflection of the candle reached us here, yet my eyes were by now sufficiently accustomed to the gloom so that I could trace the outlines of her face. A vague doubt took possession of me.

"You are causing me to run away from Grant," I protested blindly. "You are making me appear afraid to meet him."

"No, it is not that," swiftly. "He was not coming to you personally at all—you were to be arrested?"

"What! He knew me then?"

"I am not sure—some one did, and mentioned his suspicions. Captain Grant was glad enough of an excuse, no doubt, but he," the soft voice faltering, "he made a mistake in twitting me for being friendly toward you."

"And you came to warn, to save me!" I exclaimed, pressing her hand.

"That was nothing; I could do no less. I am only glad I knew the way."

"You mean how you might reach me first?"

"Yes; it came to me in a flash when he first left me alone, only I was not certain in which parlor you would be waiting. I ran through the kitchen and down the back stairs; I helped the officers plan their decorations, and in that way learned of this private passage beneath the stairs. It was easy, but—oh, listen! they are in there now!"

SUMMER SCHEDULE NO 4 FASON 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

Proposed sailings in effect on dates shown. Subject to the change and individual postponement without notice.

PORT TAMPA-KEY WEST-HAVANA LINE.

Port Tampa Key West Havana	Lv. Port Tampa Ar. Key West Lv. Key West Ar. Havana	Sun. Mon. Tue.	Thu. Fri. Sat.	
				5 30 PM
				6 30 AM
				12 00 M
				8 00 PM
				9 00 PM
				5 00 PM

KEY WEST Havana	Lv. Key West Ar. Havana Lv. Havana Ar. Key West	Daily Except Sunday Daily Except Sunday Daily Except Sunday Daily Except Sunday	9 30 AM 5 30 PM 9 30 AM 4 30 PM

(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.

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

Corresponded to April 7, 1912

NO 88: THE OVERSEA LIMITED: Daily.
Leaves 5:00 p. m. Arrives Miami 11:20 p. m.
West Palm Beach 2:00 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. without change. Dining car service. Local sleeper Key West to Miami.

For Time Card, See The Ticket Office

Crusland Steamship Line

PIPING BETWEEN
KEY WEST AND MIAMI
MAKING CONNECTIONS W

The Mallory Steamship Company to and from New York, Mobile, Galveston and Tampa.
Southern Steamship Company Philadelphia, Charleston, Jacksonville Key West and Tampa.
P. & O. Steamship Company—Havana, Key West and Nassau.
Fowles 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 Merchant, Marine Railway, Shingles and Lumber
SHIP CHANDLERY AND PROVISIONS

PEACON'S SPECIALTIES

Fleischmann's Yeast	Pim Olive Cheese
Home made rice 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
Penn Mar Syrup	Nut Meats

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

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

TELEPHONE 219 FOR YOUR ELECTRICAL WANTS
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DR. D. A. THOMASON
—DENTAL SURGEON—
Phone 3542
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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

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



THERE'LL

Be No Question

ABOUT YOUR BEING ABLE TO KEEP

COOL

IF YOU HAVE A CRATE OF THAT

DELICIOUS

Coco Cola

MADE AND SOLD ONLY BY
CONSUMERS BOTTLING CO.

Sent up to your home. It's an easy matter to place several bottles in your refrigerator or ice box and always have it cool. A crate of two dozen bottles delivered for 70 cents.

MY LADY OF
DOUBT

BY RANDAL PARRISH

A GRIPPING STORY
OF THE
REVOLUTIONARY
WAR

READ IT!

INTERNATIONAL
SUNDAY SCHOOL
LESSON

(By E. O. SELLERS, Director of Evening Department, The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)

LESSON FOR APRIL 21.

THE APPOINTING OF THE
TWELVE.

LESSON TEXT—Matt. 10:1-42

GOLDEN TEXT—"Ye did not choose me, but I chose you, and appointed you, that ye go and bear fruit."—John 15:16 (R. V.).

Things do not happen in the realm of religion, they come to pass. No man can alone accomplish any great task. Every great leader has been blessed by one or more equally great helpers. Luther had his Melancthon; Wesley had his brother Charles, Whitfield and others; Moody had Whittle, Bliss, Sankey and more. These leaders but followed "in his steps."

Jesus' ministry made him very much observed and at the same time greatly multiplied his duties and burdens. When, therefore, he chose these disciples he desired not only to obtain help and to begin to teach those who were afterward to take up his work, but like every other act, he desired to teach a lesson to those who were so carefully observing his life.

So it was that the significant number of twelve, corresponding to the twelve tribes, at once confirmed his assumption of the Messiahship. This meant that in him those wondrous prophecies were being fulfilled, and it also served to stimulate those upon whom the choice fell. Moses who led this people out of Egypt had to be helped (Ex. 18:17-24) in his work; and a greater who is to found a new kingdom calls about him those who shall do a greater work than merely to judge the people. Why greater? Because they are not only to judge results but are to change results by altering causes. They are to have power over demons even as the Master, for evil has no rights. The source of their power is to be Jesus for he is to be "with them"—power and protection as well. So with us. (Matt. 28:20.) Their power is to grow with usage, for we learn by doing, hence he sends them forth.

Some Things It Teaches and Why.

This lesson is different from our previous one where Jesus first called his disciples. Luke tells us that these twelve were selected from among the rest of the disciples. The greater fearlessness and more extended author-

ity of these "messengers" called upon them greater testings than the others who were disciples or "learners."

Matthew tells us what Jesus said is to be the character of his representatives. He likens them to salt and to a light. "Nothing is better for the whole body than salt and sun" were the words of Pliny. Salt is a great cleansing agency; it is a strong tonic; it has great preservative qualities; it is a great preventive against corruption, but Jesus adds, if salt loses its saline quality it becomes like any other earth; it has no distinguishing essential, characteristic. Let not the Christian, who is "the salt of the earth" lose his identity, lose his saltiness and become like the world about him. If he does he is fit then only to be trodden under the foot of man. These disciples are to be the light of the world. It is a good thing to preserve, to purify, to cleanse, but it is a greater thing to energize, to direct, to lead.

How Men Are Saved.

These apostles came from many walks in life and represent varied temperaments. The aggressive Peter and the other "son of thunder" who would call down fire upon those who walked not with Jesus. The reflective cautious Thomas, the plotting practical Judas, "who also betrayed him."

These are the men who are sent forth, some as public heralds (John 1:36) and some by personal solicitation (Jas. 1:41) to win yet other followers. Men are saved through saved men and those whom he sends forth are those who have first learned to follow. Their work is made permanent only as they "abide" in him. God wants the hearing ear, the believing heart and the confessing mouth—(Rom. 10:14).

Those whom Jesus sends are to offer his kingdom to men not to force it upon them. They must expect to be received as he was received and how that shall be he plainly foretells (Matt. 10). Their work shall bring variance upon earth, yes even among those of the same family, but the man who refuses to go, to take up this cross, is none of his, "is not worthy of me."

Jesus saw plainly that the victories of his kingdom are often hindered rather than helped by the presence of great crowds (v. 12).

Why send out Judas? Undoubtedly he had all the desired qualifications for leadership, and chosen as he was that he "might be with him" he need not have hardened his heart, bringing upon himself the greater condemnation. Jesus had a three-fold work for these disciples: (1) to preach; (2) to heal; (3) to cast out demons—note the spiritual need is the foremost one. Then comes the ministry of healing, to invert the order is to prevent the teaching of the Book. As to the third it is evident it was something different than disease.

ONE BIG NIGHT AT

THE AIRDOME

MONDAY NIGHT WE WILL SHOW

The Sinking of the Maine

Rahl surrenders to Washington, Tweedledum and the Adventuress and for the last time.

The Great Celebration
Picture.

Remember tomorrow night and come to

PRICE 10c.

The Airdome

PRICE 10c.

The Store

THEY ALL TALK ABOUT
THE HOME OF CUT PRICES
ON W. L. DOUGLASSHOES

THE NAVAL STORE

Undersells Its Competitors all the Time.

J. LEBOVIT

128 DUVAL STREET

FOR SALE

The furnishings and three year lease of
CHICAGO HOUSE.

at 3188 Simonton Street. The house has 15 rooms, with all modern improvements.

Also the furnishings of the adjoining house, 310 Simonton, with furnished rooms, barber shop and coffee shop.

Also two nice lots near Louis pavilion.

Proprietor wishes to leave the city, and wants to make quick sale.

See Proprietor Chicago House.

Monroe Theatre.

Week of April 15th.

Al Hendricks and the Wright Sisters.

Dancing; a Trio
of Refined Entertainers.

PRICES: 10c, 15c and 20c.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS

Among the passengers to Tampa or the Olivette last night were J. S. Conway, Juan Acosta, Mrs. Kate Whitmarsh, Geraldine Watson, Antonio Hernandez, W. B. Wheeler, and wife, B. Fernandez and M. Rippa.

For Rent—Comfortable tea room house, with large cut rooms and yards. Apply to Mrs. M. Clayton, 406 Whitehead street, or to owner, P. O. Box 6, Lemon City, Fla. 16 ft

It is understood that Col. T. J. L. Brown of this city will arrive from Washington next Friday evening on the Olivette and will leave again the next day.

Just a week's trial of one of our lights convince you that you're using a own gas plant. The Best Light Agency. Cleveland R. Pierce Agent. 22 ft

The S. S. Lampasas which is due to arrive from New York today has the following passengers aboard for Key West, R. S. Lesev, Miss E. Walda, A. Walda, E. Walda, and R. Walda.

Phone 156 A, or call at S. Ellis Kemp's for first class groceries. Free delivery.

Chas. A. Roberts, cashier of the P. & O. office here left last night on the Olivette for a short visit to Tampa, accompanied by his little daughter Margaret. They will return Monday afternoon.

Found—Pair of eye glasses in case. Finder may have same by applying to Chas. Curtis, 511 Frances St. 18 ft

Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Jones, Mrs. J. D. Simons and Leslie Simons are booked for passage to Galveston on the S. S. Lampasas.

Satin Starch Tablet gives a snow like and lasting finish and stops iron from sticking. A help for the housewife. Try it at 5c. S. Ellis Kemp, 1214 Olivia street, near White. Phone 156 A. 17 ft

Lost—A gold cuff button with initials "R. W. T." engraved on it. Reward if returned to Root, Thompson, 607 Grinnell street. 21 ft

John Davies who is employed in the engineering department of the Consumers Ice Company will leave on the evening train to spend a vacation of three weeks at Miami and Nassau.

Call up 156 A, for Wax Floor Oil for cleaning polished floors; gives them a lustre and makes them look new. S. Ellis Kemp, 1214 Olivia street near White. 17 ft

The greatest thing discovered in a generation for making wash day a pleasure is La France Laundry Tablets. S. Ellis Kemp 1214 Olivia street, near White. Phone 156 A. 17 ft

Lost—An Ingersol Watch and lot. Finder please return to Perry Sawyer, 1024 Southard street. 21 ft

Chester Lowe
Electrical Contractor.
Phone 604.



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



THEO. HOLTSBERG
Next to San Carlo

Mrs. Will Helings has been ill for several days at her home on South Beach.

The Key West Furniture Co. 700 Duval street is headquarters now for house furnishings and anything in this line you need we will be glad to show you and quote you prices. 22 ft

Mr. and Mrs. Dave Filer now have their residence on Whitehead street near the corner of Olivia.

Another mail carrier has been added to the present force of the Post Office. Substitute Carrier Eli Albury has qualified for the position.

Treat your house to a coat of Benjamin Moore's Paint for sale at Ellis Kemp, 1214 Olivia street. Phone 156 A. 17 ft

Joseph Torano, charged with unlawfully buying uniform shirts from the soldiers of the Barracks, was given a preliminary hearing yesterday morning before United States Commissioner Julius Otto. The case was dismissed on account of lack of evidence.

The best coffee on the market today is Cabrera's coffee. Two grades 30 and 35c per pound. 9 ft

Civil Engineer Geo. McDonald left yesterday evening for Jew Fish Creek where he will do some surveying for Richard Penoon, The F. E. C. Ry. and the Curtis Real Estate Agency.

Proposals

This city requires about 2,000 pounds Lead for joints in Water Mains and will receive tenders for sale of same until 7 p. m. May 2nd 1912 at the office of the City Clerk.

The City reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

F. H. Ladd, Chairman,
H. K. Cold, Water Works Committee.
City Clerk.



STOP!

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Machine Shop.

No. 314 Simonton Street, Front of Masonic Temple.

Blacksmith, Wheelwright, Wagon Builders, Pipe Fitters,

Horse Shoeing a Specialty.

Automobile repairing, carriage repairing, and upholstering, rubber tiring, etc.

Machine Work of all Kind.
Share of your business solicited.

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SEE PAGE 2

Adults 10c Children 5c.

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TRANSFER CO.

We can transfer your baggage day or night. Let us serve you. We guarantee you efficient service at reasonable rates. Try us.

Blue Line Transfer
Brost Bros. Mgrs
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