

THE KEY WEST MORNING JOURNAL

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THE LADIES CIVIC ASSOCIATION IS WISE IN ASKING FOR A DAIRY INSPECTOR

LOTS OF BUSINESS TRANSACTED AT REGULAR MEETING OF THE CITY COUNCIL LAST NIGHT

More Fire Hose to Be Purchased—Grinnell Street Paving Ordinance Passed on Final Reading—City Has no Right to Mains through Gato Property

A regular meeting of the City Council was held last night. The minutes of the last regular meeting, adjourned regular meeting and special meeting were read and approved after a few minor corrections. A communication was read from the L. C. A. calling attention to the poor quality of the milk here and asking that a milk inspector be appointed. The Clerk was requested to acknowledge the letter and the matter was laid on the table for further consideration.

A communication from A. Louis through his attorney, H. Taylor was read stating that his property, corner Duval and Smith Lane was doubly assessed in 1906 and 1907. Clerk was instructed to reply to the effect that a former Council had decided that the property was not doubly assessed.

A communication was read from Judge A. E. Curry to which was attached a petition from the Southern Paving and Asphalt Company requesting that the fine of \$25 assessed against John Williams for driving over unfinished paving be remitted. So ordered.

The reports of officers for the months of March and April were then read.

Bids for 1000 pounds of lead were then opened and the contract awarded to the Merchant Evans Company, of Philadelphia at \$4.85 per 100 pounds. Bids for hauling 6 and 8 inch pipe which is to be laid were opened and the contract awarded to the Blue Line Transfer Company on condition that they put up a bond of \$100. Bids for wharfage on these pipes were opened and the contract

PARK TRAMMELL'S OVERWHELMING MAJORITY IS KEY WEST'S LATEST DEVELOPMENT TO BE TELEPHONE CONNECTION WITH HAVANA?

Jacksonville, May 2.—With the count complete from all but four counties in the State, Park Trammell is leading his nearest opponent for Governor by 13,371 votes. In fact his majority over his nearest opponent is considerably larger than the total vote received by latter. With the count almost complete, the figures show that Trammell came within 3868 votes of being elected over all his opponents in the first primary. The count for Governor, with the exception of the four counties mentioned as follows:

Park Trammell 23,008; Cromwell Gibbons 9637; W. H. Milton 9,481; J. W. Watson 8,805; E. M. Semple 1953.

Cuban Telephone Company proposes to Run a Telephone Line to this City from Havana Connecting That City with Principal Cities of this Country

It will probably come somewhat as a surprise to most people in this city to learn that telephone communication between Havana, Cuba and Key West is contemplated. La Discusion, one of the big Havana dailies states that this is not only considered possible, but highly probable at an early date. Continuing this paper says that the Cuban Telephone Co., of which Mr. Talbot an American, is President, has extended their line from Havana to Casa Blanco. After a thorough investigation this company has decided that it is entirely possible to run a telephone line to Key West by cable, which would put Havana in direct touch with New York, Washington and other cities of the country. While this line would cost many thousands of dollars, Mr. Talbot is of the opinion that it would be worth all it cost, both to the people and to his company. The Cuban Telephone Co. at present has eight thousand telephones in operation in Havana and predict that in less than two years they will have 25,000.

News from the World of Sports

DETAILED RESULTS IN THE MAJOR LEAGUES YESTERDAY (SPECIAL CABLE SERVICE to The JOURNAL)

NATIONAL LEAGUE RESULTS.

New York Beat Phillies.
New York, May 2.—The New York Giants defeated the Philadelphia team this afternoon 6 to 4. Turran and Meyers worked for the Giants and Moore and Graham were the Philadelphia battery. The Giants made 6 runs, 9 hits and 2 errors. Philadelphia made 4 runs, 10 hits and 1 error. Klem and Bush umpired the game.

Doves Beat Dodgers.
Boston, May 2.—The Boston Doves defeated the Brooklyn Dodgers this afternoon 11 to 7. Brown and Gowdy were the Boston battery and Knepper, Schady, Yingling and Erwin worked for Brooklyn. Boston made 11 runs, 14 hits and 6 errors. Brooklyn made 7 runs, 7 hits and 3 errors. The game was refereed by Rigler and Flanagan.

Chicago Cubs Shut Out.
Pittsburg, May 2.—O'Toole of the Pirates refused to allow the Cubs a single measly run this afternoon. Gibson playing behind the bat. McIntosh, Reulbach and Archer were the Chicago battery. The Pirates made 6 runs, 11 hits and 1 error. Chicago made no runs, 5 hits and 1 error. The game was umpired by Brennan and Owens.

Reds Win Another Game.
St. Louis, May 2.—In an exciting game the Cincinnati Reds beat the St. Louis Cardinals 10 to 0 this afternoon. Herman and Osgood worked for St. Louis and Gasper and McLean were the Red battery. St. Louis failed to score, made 4 hits and 4 errors. Cincinnati made 10 runs, 15 hits and no errors. Johnstone and Eason umpired the game.

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., 112 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 then 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 couches 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 by itself.

AMERICAN LEAGUE RESULTS.

Champs Lost A Game.
New York, May 2.—The Champion Athletics were defeated this afternoon by the New York Yankees 11 to 5. Morgan and Thomas worked for Athletics and Vaughn and Street were the New York battery. Philadelphia made 5 runs, 11 hits and 6 errors. While New York made 11 runs, 11 hits and 3 errors. O'Laughlin and Westervelt umpired the game.

Boston Beat The Senators.
Washington, May 2.—The Washington Senators were defeated this afternoon by the Boston team. Strong and Barry worked for Washington and Hall and Nunnaker for Boston. Washington made 5 runs, 7 hits and 3 errors. Boston made 6 runs 11 hits and 1 error. Connelly and Hart refereed the game.

Tigers Shut St. Louis Out.
Detroit, May 2.—The Tigers shut out the St. Louis team this afternoon. Works and O'Neill worked for Detroit and the St. Louis battery was Bailey and Ketchell. Detroit made 1 run, 6 hits and 2 errors. St. Louis made no runs, 5 hits and no errors. The game was umpired by Egan and Evans.

White Sox Beat The Naps.
Chicago, May 2.—The home team defeated the Cleveland Naps this afternoon. Walsh and Blick worked for Chicago and Kaier and Eastery were the Cleveland battery. Chicago made 3 runs, 5 hits and 2 errors. Cleveland made 1 run, 5 hits and 2 errors. Dingen and Perry refereed the game.

the student of history of his native city.—Dr. Samuel A. Binion.

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 a 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 volume, written in a single- at the edge of a ravine. avarymen were in front, tied to a rail fence, but tington was alone, except aide, writing at a rude light of a half-dozen

THE PETITION FOR MOVING PICTURES

Which Was Recently Submitted to City Council For Consideration

Key West, Florida, April 9th, 1912. To the Honorable Members of the City Council, Key West, Fla. Gentlemen:

We, the undersigned, citizens and tax payers of this City, do respectfully petition you to amend the Ordinance of the City which closes all places of entertainment on Sunday, so that entertainments may be conducted which are of such a nature as not to be detrimental to the morals of this community; and in making this request we would respectfully and with all due regard for the religious belief of those who do not look upon the question as we do, call your attention to the fact that a large number of the people of this community believe it to be right and proper to give and attend entertainments of this nature on Sunday. We think that our wishes and beliefs in this respect are entitled to as much consideration as are those of every city of this size or larger in the whole country. Many of the entertainments which are given on Sunday are for benevolent and charitable purposes, and they do not in any way, unless it be in sentimentality or disturb those whose religious training make entertainments objectionable. We believe, too, that entertainments of a clean character, such as would not be objectionable on any other day than Sunday, are in large measure, the means of affording entertainment to many persons who would seek amusement in some more vicious form, if this class of amusement is taken away from them.

We would also respectfully remind you that the City of Key West is at this time vastly behind other cities in this matter of providing innocent amusement and places of recreation for those whose means are limited, and who usually look to the public to provide public parks, reading rooms, lectures, concerts, and similar class of diversions. Even the benefit of the water front is in a large measure an impossibility to the poor, because it is in the hands of private individuals and corporations, who consider the use of it by the public to be trespassing.

We therefore respectfully ask that you amend the Ordinance so that those of us who see no harm in innocent amusement on Sunday, may exercise our natural rights and privileges without abridgement. We make this request with all due respect to the representatives of the churches and those who think differently on this subject.

Yours respectfully,
John H. Sawyer, E. P. Ball, Virgilio Cordero, James H. Albury, Julius Otto, W. L. Delaney, C. M. Watson, E. E. Bates, Geo. L. Babcock, H. K. Cold, Sam. J. Wolf, Charles R. Wolf, E. R. Albury, Louis Wolfson, W. M. Adams, William Sawyer, C. Nestor Recio, Bolivio Recio, Frank J. Recio, J. Lancelot Lester, W. A. Thompson, J. C. Walton, Charles Zequeira, Mary B. Darnall, Jno. T. Durst, P. M. Miller, C. D. Bragg, Chas. Falk, Donald Stewart, Key West Electric Company, Donald Stewart, Manager, A. Volkowsky, J. L. Watrous, E. F. Page, Wm. Hilton Curry, Arthur H. Sheppard, Alfred Recio, C. Stirrup, W. O. Kemp, Chas. Lester, Wm. McKillip, Alex. C. Jenks, Ben. D. Trevor, John Lopez, Thos. H. Gato, George W. Reynolds, Dr. D. J. Bartum, Geo. G. Brooks, Joseph Currie, and 450 others.

Hon. Jeff B. Browne giving a concise history of that city from August 26th, 1815, the earliest recorded date 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 labor of preparation and is by the author to his

All persons having claims and demands against the Estate of Juan Rodriguez, deceased, will present the same under oath for payment, with Key time provided by law, otherwise the same will be barred. Key West, March 14th, 1912. Edelmoro Morales, Last Will and Testament of Juan Rodriguez.

UNCLE SAMUEL SAYS HE IS SATISFIED

Mail Service Between Tampa, Key West and Havana Works Well

Tampa, May 3rd. Through Postmaster George W. Bean, following complaints of the Tampa Board of Trade regarding the Tampa-Havana mail service, Second Assistant Postmaster General Joseph A. Stewart sends word that Tampa is getting as good service as possible.

He says: "With reference to the exchange of local mails between Tampa and Havana, I have to invite your attention to the fact that, except Sunday, mail service is provided between Key West and Havana. Mails dispatched from Tampa at 9:45 a. m. (via Orange City Junction) connect at Key West by the boat due to leave the place at 9:30 a. m., the next day, also mails may be dispatched from Havana daily, except Sunday, at 9:30 a. m., and reach Tampa via Key West and Palatka by 7 a. m., the next day. The six times a week service mentioned is in addition to the twice a week service by boat between Port Tampa and Key West.

"Referring especially to the statement that it is desired to receive promptly invoices of importations of tobacco from Havana and Key West, I have to say that it is thought when ship service becomes familiar with the service, they may post communications concerning shipments by the 12 m. train time for dispatch by mail to leave at 9:30 a. m. That would permit the receipt of such mail at Tampa the next day by train due at 7 p. m., which is one and one-half hours earlier than the arrival of the train from Port Tampa connecting with the freight boat from Havana. It is thought that the interests of the mail service taken as a whole are best subserved by the schedule making connection with trains at Key West, and that adequate facilities are afforded for the exchange of local mails passing between Tampa and Havana."

100 Witnesses to Testify
Wyethville, Va., April 30.—More than one hundred witnesses will testify in the trials of the Allen gang which began here today. Floyd Allen will be the first defendant to go on trial. Extraordinary efforts will be made to guard the prisoners.

READ THE CLOSING CHAPTERS

The serial, "My Lady of Doubt," which The Journal is publishing, will close very probably tomorrow. We are publishing a big installment of the very interesting narrative this morning, and the readers will find it highly interesting—the installment today. The story is one of the best we have yet published and there are numbers of our readers who have expressed their appreciation of the effort the management of The Journal is making to give its readers a live, interesting newspaper, from every point of view. Read the installment today and then look for the closing chapters tomorrow. It will interest our readers to know that the climax of the story will appear in the closing chapter.

ther 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. A. L. Lachica Times, taken as a

It is further ordered that in the 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.

POOR OLD ROCKEFELLER ONLY HAS A FEW MILLION

His Holdings of Stock in One Concern Are Fairly Stagg ring

New York, April 20.—A list of the present stockholders in the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey has been published here by a Wall street house, which obtained its data, it asserts, from the stock books. The list credits John D. Rockefeller with 244,500 shares, worth \$220,000,000 at the latest quotations. This sum of course, does not include his holdings in the various subsidiaries which in the Indiana company alone are worth nearly \$25,000,000. Mary L. Flagler has 15,337 shares, worth \$14,343,000, and H. M. Flagler is credited with 15,445, valued at \$13,909,000.

"A VICTIM OF THE MORMONS" AGAIN TONIGHT.

The people of Key West did not all get to see the great picture, "A Victim of the Mormons," last night, add the management of the Airdome was forced to get the picture for one more night. They got busy with the wires last night when it was seen that the people wanted it another night so much, and the result was that they were allowed to keep the film over for tonight. But Mr. McInnis begs us to state that it will be a night that he will be allowed to keep the film; so those who have not as yet seen the picture will have yet one more opportunity to see it tonight. It is a great picture and every one in Key West ought to see it while it is being shown here. It.

MILITIA OFFICERS WILL LEAVE TOMORROW NIGHT

School Of Instruction For Officers Will Be Held At St. Augustine

Major Samuel J. Wolfe and other commissioned officers of the local company of guards will leave here next Saturday night enroute to St. Augustine, where a camp of instruction for Commissioned officers of the line and of the medical corps of the National Guard of Florida will be held from May 6 to 10, inclusive. Two years ago a similar school was held as an experiment and proved so successful, that it has been made a regular annual feature of the guards. Last year, however, it was interrupted by the maneuvers of the National and State troops along the Texas border.

The instructions this year for the line officers will be on the new Infantry regulations, which in some respects are a decided departure from the old methods. The local officers have been studying these new regulations for the past month, and in accordance with General Order No. 3 will be given a preliminary examination at the Army tonight under the supervision of Major Sam Wolfe.

R. W. Harrison Highest Grade Photograph DUVAL STREET

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BIG

Annual Clearance Sale

Started Wednesday Morning

Our doors will open at 8 o'clock every morning and the sale will last through 10 business days.

As is our custom at this time of the year, we have started our Big Clearance Sale of Spring and Summer goods this morning. We have no old stock to work off, but we bought more heavily than usual this year, and we have a Big Stock of new Summer Goods on hand. For 10 business days we are going to sell these summer goods AT COST. Our Customers know us well enough to know that when we say we have taken off the profits, we mean what we say, you do not often find such bargains as we are offering, and we know that the prices we have made on all Summer goods cannot be duplicated anywhere else.

DRESS GOODS

36-inch White Cambric, 10 yds. for 70c
 36-inch White Cotton, 10 yds. for 70c
 Good Quality White Cotton, special, yd 5c
 36-inch Lonsdale Cambric, 15c quality 10c
 36-inch Lonsdale Cambric, 20c quality 15c
 36-inch English Nainsook, 25c quality 15c
 36-inch Brown Cotton, special, yd 5c
 36-inch English Nainsook, 25c quality 15c
 36-inch Brown Cotton, special, yd 5c
 36-inch Brown Cotton, 10c quality 7c
 36-inch Brown Cotton, best quality, yd 8c
 40-inch White Lawns, 15c quality 9c
 36-inch White Linen, 15c quality 9c
 36-inch Colored Indian Head, special 10c
 White Flaxon, Special Sale Price, yd 15c
 White Cross Bar Flaxon, special 12c
 White Striped Flaxons, special 12c
 40-inch White Check, Nainsook, 15c values 10c
 White Cross Bars, Special Sale Price 5c
 White Cross Bars, 20c quality, special 7c
 White Silk Madras, 25c values, special 15c
 Silk Mull, 35c values, Sale Price 20c
 White Silk Mull, 35c quality, yd 20c
 Colored Foulards, 25c values, special 15c
 Colored Foulards, 35c values, special 20c
 Colored Pongee, Special Sale Price 12-12
 Serpentine Kimono Crepe, 25c values 15c
 Colored Batiste, 20c values, special 15c
 15c Colored Lawns, Sale Price 9c
 10c Colored Lawns, Sale Price 8c
 Other qualities of colored Lawns during sale to go at, the yard 4 and 5c 5c
 35c Flowered Organdies, latest patterns 25c
 50c French Voiles, with borders 25c
 50c French Voiles, plain colors 25c
 44-inch Cream Serge, \$1.25 values 90c
 44-inch Black Serge, \$1.25 values 90c
 Black Taffeta Silk, \$1.50 values, yd 80c
 Poplins, in colors, 25c values, yd 15c
 72-inch White Net, special 35c

SPECIAL

A Red Coral Bracelet will be given to every child that spends 25c at the Sale.

ANKLE STRAP SLIPPERS

250 pairs Ladies' Ankle-strap Slippers, Special Sale Price \$1.60

STAPLES

Our Gingham's Are Always the Best that can be bought, good patterns and fast colors.
 36-inch Gingham, 15c quality 10c
 36-inch Gingham, 12c quality 8c
 36-inch Gingham, 10c quality 8c
 A leader in Chambrays, worth 10c, colors Pink, Blue and Linen Shade 5c
 White Lace Goods for Curtains 8c
 Black Calico, 8c quality, special 5c
 Calico, 5c quality, Sale Price, 3 yds 10c

READY-TO-WEAR GOODS

Ladies' \$1.50 Shirtswaists, special 98c
 Misses' Linen Dresses, sailor style, \$1.50 values, special \$1.10
 Misses' Porcelaine Dresses, Sale Price \$1.00
 Misses' Gingham Dresses, Sale Price 90c
 Children's Linen Dresses, Sale Price 60c
 Children's Porcelaine Dresses, Sale Price 48c
 Splendid Assortment of Ladies' Skirts all to be closed out at Sale Prices. 35c
 Large Gingham Aprons, 50c values, special Sale Price 25c
 Large Gingham Aprons, fancy 20c
 Large Gingham Aprons, plain 25c
 Large White Aprons, White 10c
 Ladies' Tea Aprons, Sale Price 25c
 Fancy-worked Tea Aprons 25c
 Fancy House Aprons 23c
 Children's rompers, in check and plain colors, Sale Price 45c
 Children's White Rompers, finely made, special 45c
 Madras Blouse, finely made 50c
 Men's 75c Shirts, Special Price 40c
 Men's 50c Shirts, Special Price 40c
 Uncolored Sam Blu Chambray Shirts 48c

MILLINERY

Our Millinery and Hat Department is complete.
 Hats for Ladies, trimmed and untrimmed.
 Hats for Children, trimmed and untrimmed.
 Hats and Bonnets for the small girl.
 Hats for the Baby Boy.
 Hats for the Boy, in Duck and Straws.
 Hats for Men.
 Hats for everyone, and all will be sold at the very lowest prices.
 Do not miss this Hat Sale.

CURTAIN GOODS

White Lace Goods, for Curtains, Sale Price 8c
 Colored Madras, for Curtains, 20c quality, Special Sale Price 15c
 Colored Curtain Goods, 15c quality 10c
 White Scrim, for Curtains, Sale Price 5c

LADIES' VESTS

Ladies' Vests, regular sizes, special Sale Price 3 for 25c
 Ladies' Vests, extra sizes 10c
 Cuff Cut Ladies' Vests special 15c

LADIES' HOSIERY

Ladies' Black Silk Hosiery, 75c values, Special Sale Price 40c
 Ladies' Black Silk Hose, a genuine bargain, the pair 25c

SHEETING

Sheeting, extra width, the yard 33
 Sheetting, good quality, extra width yd 25c
 Sheetting, regular width, Sale Price 22c

SPECIAL

Gold and Silver Beads, 7c the Strand.

SPECIAL

Ladies' Long Silk Gloves, 25c the pair

SPECIAL

The Greatest of all Bargains, 40-inch Lawn, 3 yds for 25c

LACES AND EMBROIDERIES

Laces, from 1c per yard upward.
 Linen Laces, from 2c per yard upward.
 Embroideries, 10c values, special 4c
 Corset Cover Embroidery, special 10c and 15c
 35c Cross Bar Corset Covers, special 25c

In the list quoted above, we have not enumerated all the bargains that you will find at our store; we prefer that you come and see with your own eyes. We are sure that in quality and price you will be more than surprised, and we agree to cheerfully refund the purchase price should you become dissatisfied over any purchase at our store.

H. A. INGRAHAM

Fleming Street.

Gallat's Tonsorial Parlor

Centrally Located, and
Convenient To All
HOT AND COLD WATER BATH
Latest Tonsorial Appliances, and
the most modern sanitary method
THE PLACE YOU'RE LOOKING FOR IS

Next Hotel Jeffn.

In Court of the County Judge, State of
Florida, Monroe County.

Estate of Francisco Maury.
By the Judge of said Court.

Whereas, Casiano Yllanes has applied
to this Court for Letters of Administra-
tion on the estate of Francisco Maury
deceased, late of said County of
Monroe.

These are, therefore, to cite and ad-
monish all and singular the kindred
and creditors of said deceased to be and
appear before this Court on or before
the 9th day of May A. D. 1912, and file
objections, if any they have, to the
granting of Letters of Administration
on said estate, otherwise the same will
be granted to said Casiano Yllanes or to
some other fit person or persons.

Witness my name as County Judge
of the County aforesaid this the 9th
day of April, A. D. 1912.

(Seal) Hugh Gunn,
County Judge.

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

DRUGS

We are centrally located and
carry a complete line of
Drugs and Drug Sundries.

Y. GUICHARD

419 Duval Street.

FOR RENT

Two nice rooms for offices.
Large, airy and comfortable.
Reasonable Rent. Apply to Ra-
mon Garcia at
DELMONICO RESTAURANT

WHY NOT SMOKE A CIGAR?

That is the only kind of manufac-
ture when you buy cigars next time
look for our name in the box. That is
the only guarantee you need. Gwynn,
Martin and St. Cigar Manufac-
turers.

GOOD THINGS TO EAT
AT DUVAL RESTAURANT

We wish to announce that we are better prepared than any other
restaurant in Key West to serve you just the things you want to eat.
prepared just in the shortest possible manner. We have a separate
apartment for family service.

DUVAL RESTAURANT

Cor. Greene and Duval Streets.

Is Our Service Satisfactory to You
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 21 at once

Consumers Ice & Cold Storage
Company.

THE
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Corner of Greene & Fitzpatrick,
is the best place to get Cigars, Coffee,
Chocolate, Sandwiches, Cow Milk
and Soup.

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Magnolia Draught Beer you

can always get it at Mul-

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PERSONAL

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

YOU WANT TO LOOK NEAT

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

EL LOUVRE

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

MY LADY
OF DOUBT

BY RANDALL
PARRISH

Author of "Love Under
Fire," "My Lady of the North Sea"

Illustrations by HENRY THIEDE

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do you account for such disorder and
confusion?" he exclaimed, his voice
ringing above the uproar, his angry
eyes blazing into Lee's face. "Answer
me."

The other muttered some reply I
failed to catch.

"That's not true," returned Wash-
ington, every word stinging like a
whip. "It was merely a covering party
which attacked you. Why did you ac-
cept command, sir, unless you intend-
ed to fight?"

"I did not deem it prudent, General
Washington, to bring on a general en-
gagement."

"You were to obey my orders, sir,
and you know what they were. See!
They are coming now!"

He wheeled his horse about, point-
ing with one hand across the valley.
"Major Cain, have Oswald bring up
his guns at once; Lieutenant McNeill,
ride to Ramsey and Stewart; have
their troops on the ridge within ten
minutes—General Maxwell, these are
your men?"

"They are, sir."

"Hold this line at any cost, the re-
serves will be up presently."

As he drew his horse about he again
came face to face with Lee, who sat
his saddle sullenly, his gaze on the
ground. Washington looked at him
a moment, evidently not knowing what
to say. Then he asked quietly:

"Will you retain command on this
height, or, not, sir?"

"It is equal to me where I com-
mand."

"Then I expect you will take proper
measures for checking the enemy."

"I shall not be the first to leave the
ground; your orders shall be obeyed."

What followed was but a medley of
sight and sound. I saw Washington
ride to the left; heard Lee give a hur-
ried order, or two; then I was at the
rear of our own line strengthening it
for assault. There was little enough
time left.

Under the smoke of several batter-
ies, whose shells were ripping open
the side of the hill, the British were
advancing in double line, the sun
gleaming on their bayonets, and re-
vealing the uniforms of different
corps.

"Steady, men! Steady!" voice after
voice caught up the command. "Hold
your fire!"

"Wait until they reach that fallen
tree!" I added.

Every man of us had a gun, officers,
all. Countless as though we came from
the hazy field, the perspiration
streaming down our faces, we waited.

The rifle barrels glowed brown in the
sun, as the keen eyes took careful
sight. We were but a handful, a single
thin line; if the reserves failed we
would be driven back by mere force
of numbers, yet before we went that
slope should be strewn with dead.

Crashing up from the rear came Os-
wald with two guns, wheeling into
position, the depressed muzzles spout-
ing destruction. Yet those red and
blue lines came on; great openings
were ploughed through them, but the
living mass closed up. They were at
the fallen tree, beyond, when we
poured our volleys into their very
faces. We saw them waver as that
storm of lead struck; the center
seemed to give way, leaving behind
a ridge of motionless bodies; then it
surged forward again, led by a wav-
ing flag, urged on by gesticulating of-
ficers.

"The cavalry! The cavalry!"

They were coming around the end
of the morass, charging full tilt upon
the right of our line. I saw that end
crumble up, and, a moment later,
scarcely realizing what had occurred
we were racing backward, firing as we
ran, and stumbling over dead bodies.

Maxwell rallied us beyond the
causeway, swearing manfully as he
drove us into position behind a low
stone wall. Again and again they
charged us, the artillery fire shatter-
ing the wall into fragments. Twice
we came to bayonets and clubbed
guns, battling hand to hand, and
Wayne was forced so far back upon
the left, that we were driven into the
edge of the wood for protection. But
there we held, out front a blaze of
fire. It seemed to me the horror of
that struggle would never end. Such
heat, such thirst, the black powder
smoke in our nostrils, the dead under
foot, the cries of the wounded, the
incessant roar of the guns. Again and
again it was hand to hand; I could
scarcely tell who faced us, so fierce
the melee, so suffocating the smoke;

I caught glimpses of British Gren-
adiers, of Hessians, of Queen's Rangers.

Once I thought I heard Grant's nasal
voice amid the infernal uproar. Stew-
art and Ramsey came to our sup-
port; Oswald got his guns upon an
eminence, opening a deadly fire; Liv-
ingston's regiment charged, and, with
a cheer, we leaped forward also, mad
with the battle fever, and flung them
back, back down that deadly slope.

It was not in flesh and blood to stand;
we cut the center like a wedge, and
drove them pell-mell to where Lee

had been in the morning. Here they
rallied, flanked by thick woods and
morasses. Too exhausted to follow,
our men sank breathless to the
ground.

It was already sunset, and our work
done. The artillery still already, and
I could see long lines of troops—
Poor's and the Carolina brigade—mov-
ing to the right. Night came on,
however, without more fighting, and,
as soon as we had recovered suffi-
ciently, we devoted ourselves to the
care of the wounded.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Road to Philadelphia.

It must have been 10 o'clock, and,
if I had slept at all, I was scarcely
conscious of it. All about me the men
lay outstretched upon the ground, still
in their shirt-sleeves, as they had

fought, their guns beside them. The
night was clear and hot, scarcely a
breath of air moving. Here and there
against the sky-line passed the dark
silhouette of a sentinel. There was no
sound of firing only an occasional
footfall to break the silence of the
night. The wounded had been taken
to the field hospitals at the rear;
down in our front lay the bodies of
the dead, and among these shone the
dim lights of lanterns where the last
searching parties were yet busy at
their gruesome task. I was weary
enough to sleep, every muscle of my
body aching with fatigue, but the ex-
citement of the day, the possibility of
the morrow, left me restless. I had
received no wound, other than a slight
thrust with a bayonet, yet felt as
though pummeled from head to foot.

The victory was ours—the army re-
alized this truth clearly enough; we had
repulsed the red-coats, driven them
back with terrible losses; we had seen
their lines shrivel up under our fire,
officers and men falling, and the re-
mant fleeing in disorder. It meant
nothing now that a force outnumber-
ing us yet remained intact, and in
strong position. Flushed with victory,
knowing now we could meet the best
of them, we longed for the morrow to
dawn so we might complete the task.

I reviewed the vivid incidents of the
day, looking up at the stars, and
wondered who among those I knew
were yet living, who were dead. I
thought of others in those lines of the
enemy, whom I had known, speculat-
ing on their fate. Then along our
rear came a horseman or two, riding
slowly. A sentry halted them, and I
arose on one elbow to listen.

"Lawrence? Yes, sir, Major Law-
rence is lying over there by the scrub
oak."

I got to my feet, as the first rider
approached.

"This you, Lawrence?" asked a
voice I instantly recognized as Ham-
ilton's. "You fellows all look alike
tonight. Where is your horse, major?"

"I have been on foot all day, sir."

I answered saluting.

"Ah, indeed; well, you will have
need for a horse tonight. Wait-
wright," turning to the man with him,
"is your mount fresh?"

"Appears to be, sir; belonged to a
British dragoon this morning."

"Let Major Lawrence have him.
Major, ride with me."

We passed back slowly enough to-
ward the rear of the troops, through
the field hospitals, and along the edge
of a wood, where a battery of artillery
was encamped. We rode boot to boot,
and Hamilton spoke earnestly.

"The battle is practically won, Law-
rence, in spite of Charles Lee," he
said soberly. "Of course there will be
fighting tomorrow, but we shall have
the red-coats well penned in before
daybreak, and have already captured
ammunition enough to make us easy
on that score. Poor, and the Carolina
men, are over yonder, while Woodford
is moving his command to the left.
At dawn we'll crush Clinton into frag-
ments. Washington wants to send a
despatch through to Arnold in Phila-
delphia, and I recommended you, as
you know the road. He remembered
your service before, and was kind
enough to say you were the very man.
You'll go gladly?"

"I should prefer to lead my own
men tomorrow, sir."

"Pshaw! I doubt if we have more
than a skirmish. Sir Henry will see
his predicament fast enough. Then
there will be nothing left to us, but
guard prisoners."

"Very well, colonel; I am ready to
serve wherever needed."

"Of course you are, man. There
should not be much danger connected
with this trip, although there will be
stragglers in plenty. I'm told that
Clinton lost more than three hundred
deserters crossing Camden."

Headquarters were in a single-
roomed cabin at the edge of a ravine.
A squad of cavalymen were in front,
their horses tied to a rail fence, but
within Washington was alone, except
for a single aide, writing at a rude
table in the light of a half-dozen

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CEST and the daintiest
DELICACY that you have
ever tasted, and then tic-
kie your palate at

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you want something tempt-
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and served just right. For
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door for 10 cents a week.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

All persons having claims and de-
mands against the Estate of Juan Ro-
driguez, deceased, will present the same
witnessed by law, other-
wise time prescribed by law, other-
wise the same will be barred.

Key West, March 14th, 1912.

Edelmiro Morales.

Last Will and Testament of

Executors Rodriguez.

Dr. J. Dendrick

ST.

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Just a week of one of our
lights—convoy that you're
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Light Agency, Ireland K. Pierce
Agent 22 ft.

In the Matter of Estate of William
Reed Kerr, late Monroe County
deceased.

Notice is hereby given, that I, Sheriff
of Monroe County, Florida, on Tuesday
of the 14th day of May A. D. 1912, at
10 o'clock in the forenoon for action on
my petition on file in office of said
County Judge, praying the Estate of
part in lieu of dower in said Estate of
William Reed Kerr, late of Monroe
County, Florida, deceased, be allocated
and set off to me as provided by law,
and that I, the undersigned, do hereby
granting of Letters of Administration,
on the Estate aforesaid, elected to take
on the Estate aforesaid, of dower in the
said estate

John E. Kerr
Administrator of the Estate of Wil-
liam Reed Kerr, late of Monroe County,
deceased, at, Fla.

Key West, A. D. 1911.

Ap 22nd. A. D. 1911.

23-4w

In Circuit Court, State of Florida, 11th
Judicial Circuit, Monroe County.

JERRY D. WARREN, Complainant

vs.

Allice M. Warren, Defendant.

Appearing by affidavit filed in the
above stated cause that Allice M. War-
ren, the Defendant therein named is a
non-resident of the State of Florida,
and that she is over the age of twenty
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. Brown and L. A. Harris,
Subscribers for Complainant.

(Continued on Page Six.)

PHONE 2401

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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.

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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 fact. Our building material are high-class in every respect except price. That is decidedly low. Ready to order today?



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BEST FOR YOU

GIANT TREE OF THE TROPICS

Product of Madeira Island Rivals America's Great Redwoods in Age and Size.

Lisbon.—When Madeira island is mentioned, people usually associate with it the name of the wine which was made from its luscious grapes, before the blight practically destroyed the vines. They have given little, if any, thought to the real meaning or derivation of the word Madeira.

The Portuguese were the first of the white race to colonize the picturesque island northwest of Africa, and the pioneers found the mountains and valleys covered with forests of giant trees. So pronounced was this feature that they gave the island the name of Madeira, which means timber in their language. Some imposing remnants of the great forests still re-



The Dragon Tree.

main and among the most interesting are the dragon trees, a specimen of which may be seen pictured in this column.

This tree is more than a century old, and some of greater age, still standing, are much larger. A tree of this same species recently blew down in the island of Tenerife and scientists have estimated that its growth began before the birth of Christ. In circumference, age and quantity of timber the dragon trees rival many of the great redwoods of California, and their huge bulbs of spreading branches often make them appear much larger. They are the products of tropical regions where heat and moisture contribute to their growth.

WOMAN DRESSES LIKE A MAN

Female Chauffeur Wears Bloomers and Leggings and Says the Field Is Promising.

Philadelphia.—Mrs. Ellsworth of Chicago may be the first professional woman chauffeur in the world, but Miss Jeannette Everett of this city is the first to become a professional and to don bloomers as her professional attire. Her appearance in the new field, and especially in the new garments, startled grave Philadelphia. Miss Everett is of an old New England family and has many friends in the social world here. Her bloomers are rather loose fitting, resembling the



Philadelphia's Woman Chauffeur.

soldier's khaki trousers. They are stuck into leggings, a tight-fitting coat of buff, a prim little cap, a fascinating smile and suede slippers complete her outfit. The suede slippers are the incongruity of the entire costume, but Miss Everett declares they are soft on her feet and she proposes to continue to wear them.

Another necessity of Miss Everett not necessary to the ordinary chauffeur is a helper. She declares she is not prepared to throw trunks on the seat of her taxi, so she hires a husky youth to do this. She pays him \$10 a week, and for this wage he keeps at her side all the time, answering calls with her and accompanying her on trips.

Miss Everett got backing to purchase a taxicab, but none of the local taxicab companies would hire her. She made arrangements with a large local hotel to be allowed to have her stand in front of the hostelry and receive telephone calls at the desk. And she started in business.

Have You Tried

The New Drink?

If you haven't, you've missed something,

and your friends who have tried a crate of it will tell you that there is nothing in the world like the new, delightfully tasting, and health-giving



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

It is 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.

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Young Man

If you Knew

That you could buy the necessary household and kitchen furniture for your home for the small sum of \$75.45, and that the furniture house you buy from would sell you the furnishings for your home on the easiest possible term would you wait longer to marry that girl? We will sell you the furnishings---You get the girl. We will sell you the furnishings for a house as described below for \$75.45, and will give you easy terms on them if you want us to.

FOUR ROOMS COMPLETE FOR \$75.45
If you could see this furniture all assembled in a cozy little cottage, you would never believe so beautifully furnished a house could be had for just \$75.45.

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6 Chairs, Sofa, 1 Over Table, 4 Rockers, 3 Window shades, 1 Art square.

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1 Iron bed complete with Springs, Mattress and Pillows, 2 Chairs, 2 Window shades, 1 Bureau and Wash stand.

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1 Dining table 6 Chairs, 1 Set for china etc., 2 window shades.

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1 Oil stove, 1 Kitchen table, 2 Chairs, Washpan, Coffee pot, Frying pan, Buckets, Spoons, etc.

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"Pardon Me, Sirs, but There Are Horsemen Ahead."

candles. He glanced up, greeting us with a slight inclination of the head. "A moment, gentlemen."

He wrote slowly, as though framing his sentences with care, occasionally questioning the aide. Once he paused, and glanced across at Hamilton.

"Colonel, do you know a dragoon named Mortimer?"

"I have no recollection of ever having met the man, sir. I have written him orders, however; he is a scout attached to General Lee's headquarters."

"Yes; I recall the name. He is the one who brought us our first definite information this morning of Clinton's position. I remember now, you were not with me when he rode up---young, slender lad, with the face of a girl. I could but notice his eyes; they were as soft and blue as violets. Well, an hour ago he came here for a favor; it seems the boy is a son of Colonel Mortimer, of the queen's rangers."

"Indeed; Wayne reported the colonel killed in front of his lines."

"Not killed, but seriously wounded. The son asked permission to take him home to a place called Elmhurst near Laurel Hill."

"I know the plantation, sir," I said, my interest causing me to interrupt. "It is on the Medford road."

"Ah, you have met the lad, possibly, major," and he turned his face toward me. "The boy interested me greatly."

"No, sir; I endeavored to find him at Lee's headquarters, but failed. I have met his father and sister."

"A lovely girl, no doubt."

"To my mind, yes, sir."

His grave face lighted with a sudden smile.

"I sometimes imagine, Colonel Hamilton," he said quietly, "that this unhappy war might be very pleasantly concluded if we could only turn our young officers over to the ladies of the enemy. Would such a plan meet with your approval, major?"

"I should prefer it to the present method."

"No doubt, and Mistress Mortimer? But let that pass, until we hold council of war upon the subject. Just now we shall have to be content with the more ordinary plans of campaign. I gave the boy permission to remove his father, and they are upon the road ere this. I would that all the British wounded had homes close at hand. You have informed the major of his mission, I presume, Hamilton, and there is nothing I need add."

"He understands clearly, sir."

"Then I will complete the letter. Be seated, gentlemen."

He wrote for several minutes steadily, once pausing to consult a map, signed the paper, and enclosed it in another sheet, across which he scratched a line of address.

"You will deliver this to General Arnold in person, major; do not spare horse-flesh. You were in the action today?"

"With Maxwell's brigade."

"That was a hard fight along the stone wall; you came out unhurt?"

"A slight bayonet wound, sir; nothing to incapacitate me from duty."

"Very well; take ten dragoons as escort. Hamilton will write you an order. I have told Arnold our victory is practically complete. Clinton may slip away in the night, for he is a wily old fox, but he has lost his power to injure us in the Jerseys. I hope to bottle him up before morning, so that any retreat will be impossible, but even if he succeeds in getting his army to the transports at Sandy Hook, he has lost prestige, and the victory is ours. Good-bye, major, and the Lord guard you on your journey."

Ten minutes later, mounted on a rangy sorrel, my dragoon escort trotting behind, I rode south on the Plainsboro road, as swiftly as its terrible condition would warrant.

The evidences of war, the wreckage of battle, were everywhere. Several times we were compelled to leap the stone walls to permit the passage of marching troops being hurried to some new position; several batteries passed us, rumbling grimly through the night, and a squadron of horse galloped by, the troopers greeting us with shouts of inquiry.

We took to the fields, but, as there seemed no end to the procession, I turned my horse's head eastward, confident we were already beyond the British rear-guard, and struck out across country for another north and south road. We advanced now at a swift trot, the sound of our horses' hoofs on the soft turf almost the only noise, and, within an hour, came again to parallel fences, and a well travelled road.

This was the road running a mile, or so, to the west of Elmhurst. It led as straight as any, toward Philadelphia, but whatever stragglers the British army had left behind would

be found along here. However, they would probably be scattered fugitives, unwilling to interfere with as strong an armed party as this of mine. If I was alone it would be safer to turn aside. Then, it was a strong temptation to me to pass thus close to Elmhurst. It would be after daylight when we reached there; I might even get a glimpse across the apple orchard of the great white house. Would Claire be there? It seemed to me quite probable, as Eric was taking the wounded colonel home for nursing. The girl's face rose before me against the black night, and my heart beat fast. When I came back, I would ride to Elmhurst---surely she would be there then. The sergeant touched my arm.

"Pardon me, sir, but there are horsemen ahead."

"Indeed? I was lost in thought, Conroy. Coming this way?"

"No, sir, they seem to be traveling south slowly. I noticed them first as we turned the corner back there; I could see outlines against the sky."

"How large a party? They form merely a lumping shadow to my eyes."

"Not more than three or four, sir, with a covered rig of some kind. They're halted, now; heard us coming, I reckon."

I could perceive the little group, but merely as a black smudge. Then a mounted figure seemed to detach itself from the darkness, and advance toward us.

"Halt your men, sergeant," I said quietly. "I'll ride forward and learn what the fellow wants."

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Escort.

The figure of the man approaching was hardly distinguishable, as he appeared to be leaning well forward over the saddle pommel, yet my eyes caught the glimmer of a star along a pistol barrel, and I drew up cautiously, loosening my own weapon.

"Who comes?" he questioned shortly, the low voice vibrant. "Speak quick!"

"An officer with dispatches," I answered promptly, "riding to Philadelphia---and you?"

"We are taking a wounded man home," was the reply, the speaker riding forward. "Are you Continental?"

"Yes, Major Lawrence, of Maxwell's Brigade."

"Oh!" the exclamation was half smothered, the rider drawing up his horse quickly. I could distinguish the outline of his form now, the straight, slender figure of a boy, wearing the tight jacket of a dragoon, the face shadowed by a broad hat brim.

"Unless I mistake," I ventured cordially, "you must be Eric Mortimer."

"Why do you suppose that?"

"Because while at General Washington's headquarters he mentioned that you had asked permission to take your father---Colonel Mortimer, of the Queen's Rangers---to his home at Elmhurst. You left, as I understand, an hour or two ahead of us. Am I right?"

"Yes, sir; this is Colonel Mortimer's party."

"Then we will pass on without detaining you longer, as we ride in



"Merely That Tom Claire Mortimer," and Lifting the Hat, the Young Rider Was Revealed as My Lady.

haste. I met your father once; may I ask if his wound is serious?"

"Serious, yes, but not mortal; he was shot in the right side when Monkton fell. His horse was hit at the same time, and the animal's death struggles nearly killed his rider. The surgeon says he may be lame for life."

I reached out my hand, and with just an instant's hesitation, he returned the clasp warmly.

"My father is suffering too much for me to ask that you speak to him, Major Lawrence," he said a little stiffly. "Perhaps later, at Elmhurst."

"I understand perfectly," I interrupted. "I am very glad to have met you. We shall ride within a short distance of Elmhurst. Shall I leave word there that you are coming?"

"Oh, no," quickly, his horse taking a step backward, as though to a sudden tug of the rein. "That would be useless, as there is no one there."

"Indeed! I thought possibly your sister."

The lad shook his head, glancing toward the carriage. The slight motion made me think again of the wounded man we were detaining, and reminding me as well of my own duty.

"Then good-night, sir. Sergeant, we will trot on."

The lad touched my sleeve, even as I pricked my horse with the spur, and I drew the rein taut in surprise.

"What is it?"

"Could you send your men forward, and ride with me a moment? You could catch up with them easily within a mile or two. I---I have a word I wish to say to you---alone."

(Continued on Page Seven.)

SUMMER SCHEDULE NO 4 FASON 1912.

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"Why, certainly. Sergeant, take your men down the road at an easy trot. I will join you presently."

They went by us like shadows, leaving a cloud of dust behind. The boy spoke a brief word to those in charge of the carriage, and it also began to move slowly forward.

"We will go ahead," he said, sitting the action to the word. "What I wish to say will not take long."

Within a minute, riding side by side, our horses walking rapidly, we were out of sight of the lumpy shadow of the ambulance. I glanced aside curiously at my companion, noting the outlines of his slender, erect figure, wondering vaguely what his message could be. Had Claire spoken to him of me? Was he going to tell me about his sister? We must have ridden a quarter of a mile before he broke the silence.

"Major Lawrence," he began, and I noticed the face was not turned toward me. "I am sure you are not deceived, although you act the part well."

"I hardly understand."

"Oh, but I am sure you do. I—I could not permit you to go away despising me."

"But, my boy, this is a mystery—"

"Do you mean to insist you do not know—have not recognized me?"

"I—what can you mean?"

"Merely that I am Claire Mortimer," and lifting the hat, the young officer was revealed in the dim light as my lady. "Surely you knew?"

"But I did not," I insisted, earnestly, recovering from my surprise, and leaning forward to look into her face. "Why should I? General Washington told me it was Eric who came for his horse. Why should I suspect in this darkness?"

"I—I represented myself as Eric," she stammered.

"And was it you also who rode into our lines yesterday, telling of Clinton's whereabouts?"

"Yes," hesitatingly, her eyes lifting to my face.

"But you must listen to me, Major Lawrence; you must learn why I did so unmanly an act."

"First answer one question."

"Gladly."

"Is there an Eric Mortimer?"

"There is," she answered frankly; "my brother. It was for his sake I did all this."

A moment I sat in my saddle silently, our horses walking side by side through the night, while I endeavored to grasp the meaning of her confession. I knew that she was riding bareheaded, her face turned away.

"Go on," I said at last, "tell me the whole story."

"I will," firmly, her head uplifted. "I was tempted to do so at Elmhurst, but something seemed to seal my lips. There is now no longer any excuse for silence. I—I wish you to know, and then, perhaps, you may feel more kindly disposed toward me."

"Your father is aware—"

"No, not even father. He is scarcely conscious of what is going on about him. Peter knows, and Tonophah," with a wave of her hand into the dark shadows.

"They are with you, then—keeping guard over him?"

"Yes; they have known from the beginning; not everything, of course, for that was not necessary. Peter is an old servant, silent and trustworthy. He would never question an act of mine, while the Indian has reason to be grateful and loyal to me. What ever indiscretion, Major Lawrence, I may have been guilty of, I have gone nowhere unaccompanied by these two. You will believe that?"

"Yes, and whatever else you tell me."

"That, now, must necessarily be the entire story. As I proceed you will be convinced, I think, that only a true confidence in you would enable me to speak with such frankness. I—I know of no one else in whom I can confide, and—and the time has come when I must have help—the help of a friend. I should have explained to my father—indeed intended to do so—but now he is helpless to aid me. There is no one else I feel able to trust. I—I—were in my thought to-night; I—I am not sure I did not even pray for your coming, and—and then God sent you."

My hand sought hers, and held it against my horse's mane.

"Tell it in your own way, dear," I whispered.

She flashed one glance into my face, leaving her hand in mine, while our horses took a dozen strides.

"It will not take long," she began, in so low a voice, that I leaned forward to listen, "and you already know many of the characters and can judge their motives. I have been strangely situated since the commencement of this war, only, surely ours is not the only family divided in its loyalty. My father was a King's officer, and felt it his duty to serve the crown. While he has said little, yet I know that down in his heart his sympathies have been with the Colonies. Those of my brother were openly from the start, and my father has never attempted to interfere with his actions. They talked it all over together, and Eric chose his own course. Only Alfred Grant made trouble, presuming on what he termed our engagement, and endeavored to force my brother to join the King's troops. The two quarreled bitterly, and Eric, a hot-headed boy, struck him. Grant has never forgiven that blow, nor Eric's influence over me."

To the latter he attributes my dislike—yet this was not true; it was because as I grew older I realized the ill character of the man."

She paused a moment, gathering the threads of thought more closely.

did not speak, preferring she should tell the story in her own way.

"The two did not meet after that for many months. The Queen's Rangers, in which regiment my father secured Grant a commission, were in New York, while Eric was stationed up the river with Morgan's riflemen. When New Jersey was invaded, both commands came south, and, because of Eric's knowledge of this country, he was detailed as scout. This reckless life was greatly to his liking; I saw him occasionally by appointment, usually at Elmhurst, and became aware that his old quarrel with Captain Grant was seemingly forgotten. There appeared to be some understanding, some special connection between them. They met once, at least, and I delivered one note between them."

"Perhaps I can explain that later," I interrupted, "from something mentioned at Lee's headquarters."

"You! Oh, I wish you could, for their relationship has mystified me; has made me afraid something might be wrong with—Eric."

"I think not, dear; say rather with Grant."

"If that be so, then it may prove the key to all the mystery. What made their intimacy so difficult to understand was that I knew the captain's dislike of Eric had in no way diminished. He spoke of him as savagely as ever."

"Perhaps he played a part—his ultimate purpose revenge."

"It might be that—yes, it might be that, and—and the consummation of that revenge may account for all which has occurred. But I must go on with what I had to tell."

I had forgotten the passage of time, the men riding steadily in advance, constantly increasing their distance, even the possible importance of the dispatch within my jacket pocket. The evident distress of the girl riding beside me, whose tale, I felt sure, would fully justify her strange masquerade in male garments, her risk of life and exposure to disgrace in midst of fighting armies, held me neglectful of all else. I realized that, whatever the cause, I had unconsciously become a part of its development, and that I was destined now to be even more deeply involved. Whatever the mystery, I must solve it for her sake. My hand again sought hers, holding it in firm clasp. There was a sound of hoofs on the dusty road behind us.

"It is Peter," she whispered. "What can have happened?"

The rider barely paused, turning his horse's head even as he spoke hastily.

"Captain Grant is with the ambulance, Mistress Claire," he reported. "He came up alone about five minutes ago."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Before General Arnold.

I felt her hand withdrawn quickly, and the swift intake of her breath, yet there was no sharpness in the voice.

"Captain Grant, Peter? What can the man want here?"

"He claimed to be hunting deserters," returned Swanson, as calmly deliberate of speech as ever. "But that was false. He knew we were on the road, and asked for you."

"For me? And you told him—"

"Merely that you rode ahead to see that the road was clear. Then I left at once, fearing he might join you."

She sat a moment in silence, her head bowed; then looked across into my face.

"This arrival must end our conference, Major," she said soberly. "Captain Grant must not know that you are with me—that would mean fighting."

"Surely you do not wish me to run away?"

"Yes, this time, for my sake as well as your own. If I could have completed my confession you would realize the necessity. However, the fact that you are the bearer of dispatches should be sufficient; your duty to the Colonies is more important than any private quarrel. You will go?"

"Yes—but you? Are you safe with him?"

"Perfectly. I wish I might be clothed in my own proper dress, but with Peter and Tonophah on guard, Captain Grant alone is not dangerous. Besides, I wish to learn his purpose in seeking to join us."

"You must not fear for me, but—but I wish to tell you all, and—and I am sure I shall need your help."

"You mean I am to join you again—at Elmhurst?"

"Is that asking too much?"

"Claire," I whispered, bending toward her, so Peter could not overhear, "nothing shall keep me from coming, dear. I will ride back the moment my dispatches are in Arnold's hands. But tell me, first, if you are not afraid of Grant himself, what is it you need me for?"

"Eric," she answered swiftly. "He has disappeared, dead or deserted. Oh, I cannot believe the last is true. It was to save his reputation that I dressed in this uniform, performed the work assigned him. I feel sure Grant knows where he is, what has become of him. I went to him in Philadelphia, but he only sneered, and said the boy had doubtless run away. I know better; that is not like a Mortimer. But I cannot search for him; I must stay with my father. But if I can only be assured you will come."

"You can be assured."

"Mistress Claire," broke in Peter, "some one is riding up the road."

"Yes, Peter, yes. Major, wait here! Don't move. We will go back and meet him."

I held my horse steady, although he made an effort to follow. Voices came back to me through the darkness—Grant's loud enough to be clearly heard.

"What, is this you, Claire?" he laughed gruffly. "By all the gods, I thought it must be Eric. I never ex-



"Special Service, Sir! But You Are Not Assigned to My Command!"

pected to find you togged out in this style. By Jove, I wish it was daylight."

Wherever she replied must have sobered the fellow.

"Everything I say you take wrongly. Of course it's all right, for the country is full of stragglers out of both armies. Lord, I don't care what you wear, as long as it suits you. My business? Oh, I explained all that to your putty-faced servant—Saint Anne! that fellow! But I'll review the matter again. I'm drumming up Clinton's deserters, but now I've met you I'm tempted to go along with you as far as Elmhurst."

"Become a deserter yourself?"

"Oh, no, or at least only temporarily. There will be plenty of fighting yet in the Jerseys. Clinton's whipped all right, and is going to have a time getting away to the ships. In my judgment there will be richer picking for a Jerseymen right here at home, then with the army in New York."

There was a moment's silence; then the girl asked, a shade of horror in her voice:

"Surely, you cannot mean to ally yourself with guerrillas, Captain Grant? With—Fagin?"

"That would be horrible, wouldn't it? Well, personally I fail to see why Fagin is any more of a scoundrel than some of these other fellows in gilt epaulettes. However, I've not come to that point yet. The fact is I have a private affair to attend to before I leave this neighborhood. Can you guess what it is?"

"I? Certainly not."

"Well, you will know shortly—the ambulance is coming."

I rode my horse slowly forward, keeping at the edge of the road, until assured a sufficient distance separated us. Then I gave the restive animal a sharp touch of the spur, sending him swiftly forward. My escort would have a mile or two the start, yet that was nothing. My thoughts were not with them, or with my military duty, but reverted to the little company around the wounded man. The bearing of the dispatch to Arnold was mere routine, involving only steady riding, but the relations existing between Claire, Grant, and Eric Mortimer were full of mystery. There were connecting links I could not understand; no doubt had the girl been permitted to conclude her story I might fit it together, but as it was I was left groping in the darkness. Yet my mind tenaciously held to its original theory, as to Eric's strange disappearance—he had been betrayed by Grant, and was being held prisoner. But where? By whom? And for what purpose?

I pondered on this problem as my horse ploughed forward through the dust, my eyes unconsciously scanning the dark road. Grant could not have known that Colonel Mortimer was being taken home. His meeting with the ambulance party was altogether an accident. Yet I had no faith the man was out seeking British stragglers, for had he been dispatched on such a mission he would have had at least a squad of soldiers with him. Then what? The probability was that he was either riding to Elmhurst, or to some rendezvous with Fagin. Some plan had been interrupted by Clinton's sudden march, by the British defeat at Monmouth, and Grant was risking his commission, braving the charge of desertion, for some private purpose. This might be love of Claire, revenge upon Eric, or possibly both combined. The latter would seem most probable. He would use Eric in some way to threaten the sister, to compel her to sacrifice herself. She was of a nature to do this, as was already abundantly proved by her assumption of male attire to save Eric's reputation. My own responsibility loomed large as I reached this conclusion, and remembered her appeal for help. She, also, must suspect the truth, and had turned to me as the only one capable of unraveling the mystery. She trusted me, loved me, I now believed—and, under God, I would prove worthy of her faith. With teeth clinched in sudden determination I caught up with my little squad of plodding horsemen, and, with word of command, hurried them into a sharp trot.

Riding ahead, boot to boot with Conroy, I thought out a plan for action, and finally, in the gray of the morning, told him enough of the story to arouse his interest. Just before sunrise we passed Elmhurst, the great white mansion appearing silent and deserted. There was no halting, although we turned in the saddle to

look, and my eyes swept over the troopers trotting behind us. They were a sturdy lot, their faces bronzed from exposure, their uniforms stained and dust-covered.

"Regulars?" I asked, nodding back across my shoulder.

"Not a man but has seen two years' service," he replied proudly. "Hamilton knows the troop, and he picked us out."

"I may need them for a bit of desperate work."

"They'll do it, sir, never fear."

"Good, sergeant; we'll ride hard, and trust to getting fresh horses in Philadelphia. I'll tell Arnold the story. When we arrive there have your men get all the sleep they can. I'll attend to rations and ammunition. You are simply to have the men rested and ready. Cannot we make better time? The horses seem in good condition."

We passed swiftly over the level country, meeting a few stragglers, but paying them small attention. By two o'clock we were on the banks of the Delaware, and a half-hour later, I swung down stiffly from the saddle in front of Arnold's headquarters on High street.

He was an officer I never greatly liked, with his snapping eyes and arrogant manner, but he was courteous enough on this occasion, questioning me after reading the dispatch, and offering me a glass of wine.

"You look tired, major, and must rest before you start back. I shall have my report ready by sundown."

"General Arnold," I said, standing respectfully hat in hand, "I have a favor to ask—that you will send your report by some other messenger, and give me a detail for special service."

He looked up in surprise.

"Special service, sir! But you are not assigned to my command."

"That is true, general," I insisted, "but the conditions warrant the unusual application."

"What service is contemplated?"

"An attempt to kill or capture Rod Fagin, and release a scout whom I believe he holds prisoner."

"You hope to accomplish all this alone?"

"With the assistance of the sergeant and ten dragoons who came here with me. They are in camp now on the Jersey shore."

He walked across the room, stared out of the window, and then again faced me.

"By God, sir, this is a most extraordinary request. Damme, I'd like to get hold of Fagin all right, but I need to know more of your plan, and the reason you have for asking such a detail. It looks foolhardy to my mind."

I went over the situation carefully, watching the effect of my words in the man's face. He sat at the table now, leaning forward eagerly. Arnold had the reputation of a gallant, and my first reference to a young lady aroused him.

"The name, please—you mentioned no name."

"Claire Mortimer, sir."

"Ah! Ah! I remember her well. Danced with her myself. Now go on, sir; I can appreciate the tale better for my recollection of the fair heroine."

I was not long at it, although he interrupted me occasionally by shrewd questioning. As I concluded he kept silent a moment, looking at me from under his heavy brows.

"It looks like rather a blind trail to me, major," he said kindly, "but I'm no sportsman in such an affair. You might have the luck to stumble onto your party, and I'd take the chance myself if I were in your shoes. You wish to start at sunset?"

"Yes, sir."

"You need horses, rations and pistol ammunition for twelve men?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well, major, the quartermaster will attend these details. Go and lie down. Washington may not approve, but I'll take the responsibility."

He extended his hand across the table, and I felt the firm clasp of his hand.

CHAPTER XXIX.

I Run Across Eric.

I slept three hours, the dead sleep of sheer exhaustion, but felt refreshed and strong when roughly aroused. Before sunset I was across the river where I found my little squad of dragoons prepared for their night's adventure. Arnold had kept his word, the fresh horses being fine animals the ammunition in excess of our needs. Conroy was enthusiastic, and somewhat loquacious, but I cut his conversation off rather sharply, and ordered the men into their saddles. With brain clarified by sleep I realized the importance of the work before us, and how imperfect my plans were. I could merely ride forth to Elmhurst, hoping to pick up some clue to aid me. As we rode rapidly along the deserted road leading to Farrell's I reviewed over and over again every remembered detail, only to conclude that I must get hands on Grant, and by threats, or any other available means, compel him to confess his part in the villainy. Dusk settled about us, succeeded by night, as we pressed steadily forward, the men riding silently, the only sound the thud of hoofs, and the slight jingle of accoutrements. As we passed the black walls of Farrell's shop, I recalled the papers found in Grant's coat, and the reference in Fagin's note to a rendezvous at Lone Tree. Probably that was the spot where the two had been accustomed to meeting. If true in the past, why not now as well? Suddenly it occurred to me that it was at a place called Lone Tree that the minute men had gathered for their attack on Delavan's wagon train. Could this, by any possibility, be the

same spot? I grew my horse back beside Conroy.

"Ever heard of a place called Lone Tree?" I asked quietly.

He rubbed his head thoughtfully.

"Not just about here, sir. We camped over east of there once, maybe a year ago, down in a hollow where there was one big tree standin' all alone, kind of an odd-lookin' tree, sir, and seems to me, the guide said the place was called something like that. Say, Tom, to the nearest dragoon, 'do you remember that Lone Tree where we camped when we were out hunting' Tarleton?"

"Sure; in east Medford. There was a farmhouse across on the side of a hill. I got some buttermilk there."

"Wasn't that what the guide called the place—Lone Tree?"

"Derned if I know, sergeant. Don't recollect hearin' the guide say anythin' 'bout that, but the woman at the house told me her place was called Lone Tree cottage—so I reckon he might."

This was a chance worth trying.

"We will take the first turn to the left, and have a look at the place," I said. "Conroy, you and Tom ride ahead, and keep your eyes open."

We reached the hollow where the big tree stood about midnight, but found little reward. The house on the hill had been burned to the ground. Near the tree, however, we discovered evidence of recent camp fires, one not yet cold, and apparently there had been quite a body of men camped there lately. Conroy manifested a torch, and scouted about, finally reporting:

"I don't know how many were here, sir, altogether, but there was a lot o' horses picketed over near the creek. I reckon the last of them didn't leave until dark tonight, an' they rode north toward the main road. There was maybe a dozen in that party."

We followed the general direction the fellows seemed to have taken. Conroy and I on foot, scanning the trail by aid of a pine knot. The dust lay thick on the clay road through the cut, where we had charged the foragers, and it was easy to see the band had turned east. There was but one conclusion possible; if this was Fagin's gang of cutthroats, as I suspected, then they were either returning to their sand caves in Monmouth county after a raid, or else were starting forth on some new project near at hand. Whichever was true, Elmhurst lay in the direction taken. Determined to learn the truth, we pressed forward, riding as lightly, yet exercising the utmost caution, two scouts with no other weapons than the blades of our sabres.

Have been near the house, and we reached the house, and found within a few hours, and found awaiting us.

My first glance across the darkness revealed the outlines of the house.

The name, please—you mentioned no name."

"Claire Mortimer, sir."

"Ah! Ah! I remember her well. Danced with her myself. Now go on, sir; I can appreciate the tale better for my recollection of the fair heroine."

I was not long at it, although he interrupted me occasionally by shrewd questioning. As I concluded he kept silent a moment, looking at me from under his heavy brows.

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"Yes, sir."

"You need horses, rations and pistol ammunition for twelve men?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well, major, the quartermaster will attend these details. Go and lie down. Washington may not approve, but I'll take the responsibility."

He extended his hand across the table, and I felt the firm clasp of his hand.

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"Yes, sir."

"You need horses, rations and pistol ammunition for twelve men?"

"Yes, sir."

"Sergeant," I said, determining swiftly on a course of action, "take your men, dismounted, across the ravine, and into the orchard. Keep under cover, but get as close to the house as you can safely. Picket your horses back there beside the road."

"And you, sir?"

"I'll take Tom with me, and we'll circle that horse herd, and come up to the house from the rear. I want to discover where those fellows are, and what they are up to. See this whistle, sergeant?"

"Yes, sir."

"It gives a sharp, shrill blast. If I blow it twice, get your men inside the house instantly. I'll not sound it unless I need you at once. We'll wait here until you get across."

The disappeared into the black depths of the ravine, moving cautiously and with little noise. Tom and I plunged down the steep slope

low, tremulous; the
I saw no reason to re-

"Why, certainly. Sergeant, take your men down the road at an easy trot. I will join you presently."

They went by us like shadows, leaving a cloud of dust behind. The boy spoke a brief word to those in charge of the carriage, and it also began to move slowly forward.

"We will go ahead," he said, sitting the action to the word. "What I wish to say will not take long."

Within a minute, riding side by side, our horses walking rapidly, we were out of sight of the lumpy shadow of the ambulance. I glanced aside curiously at my companion, noting the outlines of his slender, erect figure, wondering vaguely what his message could be. Had Claire spoken to him of me? Was he going to tell me about his sister? We must have ridden a quarter of a mile before he broke the silence.

"Major Lawrence," he began, and I noticed the face was not turned toward me. "I am sure you are not deceived, although you act the part well."

"I hardly understand."

"Oh, but I am sure you do. I—I could not permit you to go away despising me."

"But, my boy, this is a mystery—"

"Do you mean to insist you do not know—have not recognized me?"

"I—what can you mean?"

"Merely that I am Claire Mortimer," and lifting the hat, the young officer was revealed in the dim light as my lady. "Surely you knew?"

"I did not," I insisted, earnestly, recovering from my surprise, and leaning forward to look into her face. "Why should I? General Washington told me it was Eric who came for his horse. Why should I suspect in this darkness?"

"I—I represented myself as Eric," she stammered.

"And was it you also who rode into our lines yesterday, telling of Clinton's whereabouts?"

"Yes," hesitatingly, her eyes lifting to my face.

"But you must listen to me, Major Lawrence; you must learn why I did so unwomanly an act."

"First answer one question."

"Gladly."

"Is there an Eric Mortimer?"

"There is," she answered frankly; "my brother. It was for his sake I did all this."

A moment I sat in my saddle silently, our horses walking side by side through the night, while I endeavored to grasp the meaning of her confession. I knew that she was riding bareheaded, her face turned away.

"Go on," I said at last, "tell me the whole story."

"I will," firmly, her head uplifted. "I was tempted to do so at Elmhurst, but something seemed to seal my lips. There is now no longer any excuse for silence. I—I wish you to know, and, then, perhaps, you may feel more kindly disposed toward me."

"Your father is aware—"

"No, not even father. He is scarcely conscious of what is going on about him. Peter knows, and Tonopah," with a wave of her hand into the dark shadows.

"They are with you, then—keeping guard over him?"

"Yes; they have known from the beginning; not everything, of course, for that was not necessary. Peter is an old servant, silent and trustworthy. He would never question an act of mine, while the Indian has reason to be grateful and loyal to me. What ever indiscretion, Major Lawrence, I may have been guilty of, I have gone nowhere unaccompanied by these two. You will believe that?"

"Yes, and whatever else you tell me."

"That, now, must necessarily be the entire story. As I proceed you will be convinced, I think, that only a true confidence in you would enable me to speak with such frankness. I—I know of no one else in whom I could confide, and—and the time has come when I must have help—the help of a friend. I should have explained to my father—indeed intended to do so—but now he is helpless to aid me. There is no one else I feel able to trust. I—I—were in my thought to-night; I—I am not sure I did not even pray for your coming, and—and then God sent you."

My hand sought hers, and held it against my horse's mane.

"Tell it in your own way, dear," I whispered.

She flashed one glance into my face, leaving her hand in mine, while our horses took a dozen strides.

"It will not take long," she began, in so low a voice, that I leaned forward to listen, "and you already know many of the characters and can judge their motives. I have been strangely situated since the commencement of this war, only, surely ours is not the only family divided in its loyalty. My father was a King's officer, and felt it his duty to serve the crown. While he has said little, yet I know that down in his heart his sympathies have been with the Colonies. Those of my brother were openly from the start, and my father has never attempted to interfere with his actions. They talked it all over together, and Eric chose his own course. Only Alfred Grant made trouble, presuming on the fact that he termed our engagement, and endeavored to force my brother to join the King's troops. The two quarreled bitterly, and Eric, a hot-headed boy, struck him. Grant has never forgiven that blow, nor Eric's influence over me."

To the latter he attributes my dislike—yet this was not true; it was because as I grew older I realized the ill character of the man."

She paused a moment, gathering the threads of thought more closely.

did not speak, preferring she should tell the story in her own way.

"The two did not meet after that for many months. The Queen's Rangers, in which regiment my father secured Grant a commission, were in New York, while Eric was stationed up the river with Morgan's riflemen. When New Jersey was invaded, both commands came south, and, because of Eric's knowledge of this country, he was detailed as scout. This reckless life was greatly to his liking; I saw him occasionally by appointment, usually at Elmhurst, and became aware that his old quarrel with Captain Grant was seemingly forgotten. There appeared to be some understanding, some special connection between them. They met once, at least, and I delivered one note between them."

"Perhaps I can explain that later," I interrupted, "from something mentioned at Lee's headquarters."

"You! Oh, I wish you could, for their relationship has mystified me; has made me afraid something might be wrong with—Eric."

"I think not, dear; say rather with Grant."

"If that be so, then it may prove the key to all the mystery. What made their intimacy so difficult to understand was that I knew the captain's dislike of Eric had in no way diminished. He spoke of him as savagely as ever."

"Perhaps he played a part—his ultimate purpose revenge."

"It might be that—yes, it might be that, and—and the consummation of that revenge may account for all which has occurred. But I must go on with what I had to tell."

I had forgotten the passage of time, the men riding steadily in advance, constantly increasing their distance, even the possible importance of the dispatch within my jacket pocket. The evident distress of the girl riding beside me, whose tale, I felt sure, would fully justify her strange masquerade in male garments, her risk of life and exposure to disgrace in midst of fighting armies, held me neglectful of all else. I realized that, whatever the cause, I had unconsciously become a part of its development, and that I was destined now to be even more deeply involved. Whatever the mystery, I must solve it for her sake. My hand again sought hers, holding it in firm clasp. There was a sound of hoofs on the dusty road behind us.

"It is Peter," she whispered. "What can have happened?"

The rider barely paused, turning his horse's head even as he spoke hastily. "Captain Grant is with the ambulance, Mistress Claire," he reported. "He came up alone about five minutes ago."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Before General Arnold.

I felt her hand withdrawn quickly, and the swift intake of her breath, yet there was no sharpness in the voice. "Captain Grant, Peter? What can the man want here?"

"He claimed to be hunting deserters," returned Swanson, as calmly deliberate of speech as ever. "But that was false. He knew we were on the road, and asked for you."

"For me? And you told him—"

"Merely that you rode ahead to see that the road was clear. Then I left at once, fearing he might join you."

She sat a moment in silence, her head bowed; then looked across into my face.

"This arrival must end our conference, Major," she said soberly. "Captain Grant must not know that you are with me—that would mean fighting."

"Surely you do not wish me to run away?"

"Yes, this time, for my sake as well as your own. If I could have completed my confession you would realize the necessity. However, the fact that you are the bearer of dispatches should be sufficient; your duty to the Colonies is more important than any private quarrel. You will go?"

"Yes—but you? Are you safe with him?"

"Perfectly. I wish I might be clothed in my own proper dress, but with Peter and Tonopah on guard, Captain Grant alone is not dangerous. Besides, I wish to learn his purpose in seeking to join us." She hesitated. "You must not fear for me, but—but I wish to tell you all, and—and I am sure I shall need your help."

"You mean I am to join you again—at Elmhurst?"

"Is that asking too much?"

"Claire," I whispered, bending toward her, so Peter could not overhear, "nothing shall keep me from coming, dear. I will ride back the moment my dispatches are in Arnold's hands. But tell me, first, if you are not afraid of Grant himself, what is it you need me for?"

"Eric," she answered swiftly. "He has disappeared, dead or deserted. Oh, I cannot believe the last is true. It was to save his reputation that I dressed in this uniform, performed the work assigned him. I feel sure Grant knows where he is, what has become of him. I went to him in Philadelphia, but he only sneered, and said the boy had doubtless run away. I know better; that is not like a Mortimer. But I cannot search for him; I must stay with my father. But if I can only be assured you will come."

"You can be assured."

"Mistress Claire," broke in Peter, "some one is riding up the road."

"Yes, Peter, yes. Major, wait here! Don't move. We will go back and meet him."

I held my horse steady, although he made an effort to follow. Voices came back to me through the darkness—Grant's loud enough to be clearly heard.

"What, is this you, Claire?" he laughed gruffly. "By all the gods, I thought it must be Eric. I never ex-



"Special Service, Sir! But You Are Not Assigned to My Command!"

pected to find you tagged out in this style. By Jove, I wish it was daylight."

Wherever she replied must have sobered the fellow.

"Everything I say you take wrongly. Of course it's all right, for the country is full of stragglers out of both armies. Lord, I don't care what you wear, as long as it suits you. My business? Oh, I explained all that to your putty-faced servant—Saint Anne! that fellow! But I'll review the matter again. I'm drumming up Clinton's deserters, but now I've met you I'm tempted to go along with you as far as Elmhurst."

"Become a deserter yourself?"

"Oh, no, or at least only temporarily. There will be plenty of fighting yet in the Jerseys. Clinton's whipped all right, and is going to have a time getting away to the ships. In my judgment there will be richer picking for a Jerseyman right here at home, then with the army in New York."

There was a moment's silence; then the girl asked, a shade of horror in her voice:

"Surely, you cannot mean to ally yourself with guerrillas, Captain Grant? With—Fagin?"

"That would be horrible, wouldn't it? Well, personally I fail to see why Fagin is any more of a scoundrel than some of these other fellows in silk epaulettes. However, I've not come to that point yet. The fact is I have a private affair to attend to before I leave this neighborhood. Can you guess what it is?"

"I? Certainly not."

"Well, you will know shortly—the ambulance is coming."

I rode my horse slowly forward, keeping at the edge of the road, until assured a sufficient distance separated us. Then I gave the restive animal a sharp touch of the spur, sending him swiftly forward. My escort would have a mile or two the start, yet that was nothing. My thoughts were not with them, or with my military duty, but reverted to the little company around the wounded man. The bearing of the dispatch to Arnold was mere routine, involving only steady riding, but the relations existing between Claire, Grant, and Eric Mortimer were full of mystery. There were connecting links I could not understand; no doubt had the girl been permitted to conclude her story I might fit it together, but as it was I was left groping in the darkness. Yet my mind tenaciously held to its original theory, as to Eric's strange disappearance—he had been betrayed by Grant, and was being held prisoner. But where? By whom? And for what purpose?

I pondered on this problem as my horse ploughed forward through the dust, my eyes unconsciously scanning the dark road. Grant could not have known that Colonel Mortimer was being taken home. His meeting with the ambulance party was altogether an accident. Yet I had no faith the man was out seeking British stragglers, for had he been dispatched on such a mission he would have had at least a squad of soldiers with him. Then what? The probability was that he was either riding to Elmhurst, or to some rendezvous with Fagin. Some plan had been interrupted by Clinton's sudden march, by the British defeat at Monmouth, and Grant was risking his commission, braving the charge of desertion, for some private purpose. This might be love of Claire, revenge upon Eric, or possibly both combined. The latter would seem most probable. He would use Eric in some way to threaten the sister, to compel her to sacrifice herself. She was of a nature to do this, as was already abundantly proved by her assumption of male attire to save Eric's reputation. My own responsibility loomed large as I reached this conclusion, and remembered her appeal for help. She, also, must suspect the truth, and had turned to me as the only one capable of unraveling the mystery. She trusted me, loved me, I now believed—and, under God, I would prove worthy of her faith. With teeth clinched in sudden determination I caught up with my little squad of plodding horsemen, and, with word of command, hurried them into a sharp trot.

Riding ahead, boot to boot with Conroy, I thought out a plan for action, and finally, in the gray of the morning, told him enough of the story to arouse his interest. Just before sunrise we passed Elmhurst, the great white mansion appearing silent and deserted. There was no halting, although we turned in the saddle to

look, and my eyes swept over the troopers trotting behind us. They were a sturdy lot, their faces bronzed from exposure, their uniforms stained and dust-covered.

"Regulars?" I asked, nodding back across my shoulder.

"Not a man but has seen two years' service," he replied proudly. "Hamilton knows the troop, and he picked us out."

"I may need them for a bit of desperate work."

"They'll do it, sir, never fear."

"Good, sergeant; we'll ride hard, and trust to getting fresh horses in Philadelphia. I'll tell Arnold the story. When we arrive there have your men get all the sleep they can. I'll attend to rations and ammunition. You are simply to have the men rested and ready. Cannot we make better time? The horses seem in good condition."

We passed swiftly over the level country, meeting a few stragglers, but paying them small attention. By two o'clock we were on the banks of the Delaware, and a half-hour later, I swung down stiffly from the saddle in front of Arnold's headquarters on High street.

He was an officer I never greatly liked, with his snapping eyes and arrogant manner, but he was courteous enough on this occasion, questioning me after reading the dispatch, and offering me a glass of wine.

"You look tired, major, and must rest before you start back. I shall have my report ready by sundown."

"General Arnold," I said, standing respectfully hat in hand, "I have a favor to ask—that you will send your report by some other messenger, and give me a detail for special service."

He looked up in surprise.

"Special service, sir! But you are not assigned to my command."

"That is true, general," I insisted, "but the conditions warrant the unusual application."

"What service is contemplated?"

"An attempt to kill or capture Rod Fagin, and release a scout whom I believe he holds prisoner."

"You hope to accomplish all this alone?"

"With the assistance of the sergeant and ten dragoons who came here with me. They are in camp now on the Jersey shore."

He walked across the room, stared out of the window, and then again faced me.

"By God, sir, this is a most extraordinary request. Damme, I'd like to get hold of Fagin all right, but I need to know more of your plan, and the reason you have for asking such a detail. It looks foolhardy to my mind."

I went over the situation carefully, watching the effect of my words in the man's face. He sat at the table now, leaning forward eagerly. Arnold had the reputation of a gallant, and my first reference to a young lady aroused him.

"The name, please—you mentioned no name."

"Claire Mortimer, sir."

"Ah! Ah! I remember her well. Danced with her myself. Now go on, sir; I can appreciate the tale better for my recollection of the fair heroine."

I was not long at it, although he interrupted me occasionally by shrewd questioning. As I concluded he kept silent a moment, looking at me from under his heavy brows.

"It looks like rather a blind trail to me, major," he said kindly, "but I'm no sportsman in such an affair. You might have the luck to stumble onto your party, and I'd take the chance myself if I were in your shoes. You wish to start at sunset?"

"Yes, sir."

"You need horses, rations and pistol ammunition for twelve men?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well, major, the quartermaster will attend these details. Go and lie down. Washington may not approve, but I'll take the responsibility."

He extended his hand across the table, and I felt the firm clasp of his hand.

CHAPTER XXIX.

I Run Across Eric.

I slept three hours, the dead sleep of sheer exhaustion, but felt refreshed and strong when roughly aroused. Before sunset I was across the river where I found my little squad of dragoons prepared for their night's adventure. Arnold had kept his word, the fresh horses being fine animals the ammunition in excess of our needs. Conroy was enthusiastic, and somewhat loquacious, but I cut his conversation off rather sharply, and ordered the men into their saddles. With brain clarified by sleep I realized the importance of the work before us, and how imperfect my plans were. I could merely ride forth to Elmhurst, hoping to pick up some clue to aid me. As we rode rapidly along the deserted road leading to Farrell's I reviewed over and over again every remembered detail, only to conclude that I must get hands on Grant, and by threats, or any other available means, compel him to confess his part in the villainy. Dusk settled about us, succeeded by night, as we pressed steadily forward, the men riding silently, the only sound the thud of hoofs, and the slight jingle of accoutrements. As we passed the black walls of Farrell's shop, I recalled the papers found in Grant's coat, and the reference in Fagin's note to a rendezvous at Lone Tree. Probably that was the spot where the two had been accustomed to meeting. If true in the past, why not now as well? Suddenly it occurred to me that it was at a place called Lone Tree that the minute men had gathered for their attack on Delavan's wagon train. Could this, by any possibility, be the

same spot? I grew my horse back beside Conroy.

"Ever heard of a place called Lone Tree?" I asked quietly.

He rubbed his head thoughtfully.

"Not just about here, sir. We camped over east of there once, maybe a year ago, down in a hollow where there was one big tree standin' all alone, kind of an odd-lookin' tree, sir, and seems to me, the guide said the place was called something like that. Say, Tom, to the nearest dragoon, 'do you remember that Lone Tree where we camped when we were out hunting' Tarleton?"

"Sure; in east Medford. There was a farmhouse across on the side of a hill. I got some buttermilk there."

"Wasn't that what the guide called the place—Lone Tree?"

"Darned if I know, sergeant. Don't recollect hearin' the guide say anythin' 'bout that, but the woman at the house told me her place was called Lone Tree cottage—so I reckon he might."

This was a chance worth trying.

"We will take the first turn to the left, and have a look at the place," I said. "Conroy, you and Tom ride ahead, and keep your eyes open."

We reached the hollow where the big tree stood about midnight, but found little reward. The house on the hill had been burned to the ground. Near the tree, however, we discovered evidence of recent camp fires, one not yet cold, and apparently there had been quite a body of men camped there lately. Conroy maneuvered a torch, and scouted about, finally reporting:

"I don't know how many were here, sir, altogether, but there was a lot o' horses picketed over near the creek. I reckon the last of them didn't leave until dark tonight, an' they rode north toward the main road. There was maybe a dozen in that party."

We followed the general direction the fellows seemed to have taken. Conroy and I on foot, scanning the soil by aid of a pine knot. The dust lay thick on the clay road through the cut, where we had charged the foragers, and it was easy to see the band had turned east. There was but one conclusion possible; if this was Fagin's gang of cutthroats, as I suspected, then they were either returning to their sand caves in Monmouth county after a raid, or else were starting forth on some new project near at hand. Whichever was true, Elmhurst lay in the direction taken. Determined to learn the truth, we pressed forward, riding as lightly, yet exercising the greatest caution. Two scouts were sent ahead, and we reached the place where the band had been seen to turn, within a few hours, and found the house, and found the band.

My first glance across the road revealed the outlines of the house, and the band remained motionless, their faces bent almost to their knees. Down below the horses stamped restlessly, and switched their tails. Watching each motion like a hawk, I saw Tom dip over the crest, and worm his way down behind the root. The he disappeared, until, as he cautiously arose to his feet, his head and shoulders emerged shadowy just beyond. Realizing he was ready, I got my knees, gripping a pistol butt. About an arms gripping the astonished band, with the hug of a bear. He gave a barrel to one grunt, and then I clasp his belt, Tom, yes, take his gun. If he moves, or utters a sound, shoot him down."

I wheeled to face the other, who had lifted his head, and was staring at us through the darkness. He was no longer a mere shapeless shadow, but a slender, straight figure, and my heart gave a sudden throb.

"Who are you?" I asked sharply.

"Eric Mortimer?"

"Yes," he answered, in evident surprise. "Do I know you?"

"No," and I cut the rope binding his ankles. "But I was searching for you. I am an officer of Maxwell's brigade; my name is Lawrence. Tell me first what has happened—why you are being held prisoner."

He stretched his cramped arms and legs, lifting his hat so that I saw his face dimly. In the gloom his resemblance to Claire was so remarkable that I involuntarily exclaimed:

"Heavens! but you look like your sister!"

"Like Claire! they all say so; you know her?"

"It is at her request I am here; you need not fear to tell me your story."

"Oh, I do not. I can see your uniform. But damn it, I don't know any too much about what is up myself. This is Rod Fagin's outfit."

"I thought so. Where did he get you? How long have you been a prisoner?"

The boy laughed recklessly, his eyes upon the others.

"Well, my story is a short one, Lawrence. I had a fellow in the British service who occasionally gave me information. Word came to me to meet him at a certain spot—"

"You mean Captain Grant?"

"Hell! How did you know that?"

"Never mind; I do know—so you can go on."

"I had no intention of speaking names."

"Oh, let that pass. You may think Grant all right, but the rest of us know he is at the bottom of the whole matter."

"You mean he betrayed me?"

"There is no doubt of it. He is in with Fagin."

The lad drew a long breath.

"I half suspected it," he said slowly.

One thing was sufficiently certain—we could gain little information remaining where we were.

He Give Utterance to One Grunt and Then the Barrel of My Pistol Was at His Head.

above the low trees of the orchard. All appeared peaceable enough, and I felt a sudden relief. There were lights burning on the lower floor, streaming through several windows, while upstairs one window was ablaze. Late as it was, this illumination was not surprising, however, as the care of the wounded man would necessitate night watches, while, no doubt, Claire would anticipate by reaching there before morning. All this flashed over me, as my eyes hastily surveyed the familiar surroundings. Then I became aware that the older scout was reporting.

"There's quite a bunch of horses picketed down there in the ravine, sir," he said, pointing toward the right.

"How many?"

"Oh, maybe twenty-five or thirty. Joe an' I couldn't get very close, as there's a couple of men on guard on top of the bank. A hundred feet down you can see 'em plain against the sky."

"Wasn't what you saw a cattle herd?"

"No, sir," positively. "They're horses, picketed in line like a cavalry troop, and they've got their saddles on."

What this all meant could not be guessed at, but there must be some scheme of devilry under way.

"Have either of you crossed the ravine?" I asked, endeavoring to reach some conclusion.

"Yes, sir, Joe did. He was up in the edge of the orchard."

"See any men?"

"Not a man, sir, outside," answered the other. "But I saw shadows against the curtains on that lower floor. I couldn't tell how many; they just come an' go, only they wasn't dressed alike."

One thing was sufficiently certain—we could gain little information remaining where we were.