

THE KEY WEST
MORNING JOURNAL

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WEDNESDAY MAY 15 1912

PRICE FIVE CENTS

MANY CARLOADS OF PINEAPPLES NOW BEING SHIPPED FROM HERE TO THE WEST

PUPILS RENDERED
SPLENDID PROGRAM

Entertainment at Institute
Last Night To Raise
Funds for Speakers

An excellent program in two parts was rendered last night at the auditorium of the Hargrove Institute. The first part of the program included songs, readings, dialogues and a drill all by pupils of the school. The second part of the program, the Cantata, "The Rose and the Laurel", as given by thirty young girls attired in colored costumes, was especially worthy of mention and was applauded long and loud by the appreciative audience.

Prof. Mohr stated last night that the purpose of this entertainment was to raise money for the speakers who are to be here during the commencement exercises, that is, an amount sufficient to cover their traveling expenses.

All who attended the entertainment last night were well repaid for their time and came away more than satisfied and with a high appreciation of the talent displayed by the pupils of the school.

The schooner Paul Palmer which was assisted off of Tennessee Reef by the wreckers from Key West is on her way here and will probably arrive this morning.

PENCIL PUSHERS OF
FLORIDA WILL MEET

Florida Press Association
Will Convene in Palatka
Next Month

Tallahassee, May 14.—The Florida Press Association will meet in annual session in the city of Palatka, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, June 2-4, 1912. The opening sessions will be held on the evening of June 19, and the meetings continue through Friday and up to Saturday morning's session. In connection therewith a circular has been issued by railroad lines participating therein, the rates given being for the round trip, via the Apalachicola Northern, Atlantic Coast Line, Georgia Southern and Florida, Louisville and Nashville railways.

Arrangements are being perfected by which editors desiring to attend the national Democratic convention can do so immediately on adjournment of the meeting of the Florida Press Association. Letters explanatory of this will be mailed to each newspaper man in the State.

WELL KNOWN FORT MYERS
MAN IN CITY YESTERDAY

A. W. Gardner Owns Ice
And Electric Plants In
Cuba And Florida

Mr. A. W. Gardner will leave this morning on the steamer Mildred for Fort Myers. He has been spending a day or two in Key West where he met his business partner from Cuba to discuss matters pertaining to their business. Mr. Gardner owns two ice and electric plants in Cuba, one of which is at Guines. Mr. Gardner also owns the electric light and ice plant at Fort Myers.

ST. PETE TO BUILD MIAMI P. O.

Washington, D. C., May 14.—The treasury department today let a contract for construction of the federal postoffice building at Miami, Fla., to the Trabell company of St. Petersburg, Fla. The contract price is \$40,435.

LOCAL WEATHER REPORT

U. S. Department of Agriculture.
Weather Bureau.
May 15, 1912.
7 a.m. 7 p.m.
Barometer.....30.04 29.97
Temperature.....81 82
Wind velocity.....3 3
Wind direction.....E SE
State of weather.....Cloudy Clear
Highest temperature.....87
Lowest temperature.....79
Mean temperature.....83

Almanac May 14
Sun rises.....4:22 a.m.
Sun sets.....6:34 p.m.
High tide.....3.44 a.m. 8:12 p.m.
Low tide.....12:20 a.m. 1:26 p.m.
H. B. BOYER,
Local Forecaster.

SUICIDE BY BABY'S GRAVE.

Tampa, May 14.—Mrs. Maria Morrell, wife of a prominent Tampa manufacturer, after kneeling by the side of the grave of her baby son, poured wood alcohol over her body and set herself on fire. She died on the way to a hospital. It is believed that grief over the death of her baby preyed on her mind so she became mentally deranged.

DIRECT ACTION NO
GOOD SAYS BERGER

Majority of Delegates at
Socialist Convention of
Same Opinion

Indianapolis, Ind., May 14.—With 250 delegates present the Socialist National Convention was organized in this city. Rules and an order of procedure were adopted.

The convention will formulate its platform on Wednesday and Thursday, on Friday will nominate candidates for President and Vice President of the United States.

One of the most important questions to be determined is the formal attitude of the party toward the Industrial Workers of the World.

"Conservative Socialists will demand that the convention go on record as denouncing the actions of the Workers," said Mr. Berger. "Ten to one the delegates are opposed to 'direct action' and other violent principles of the Industrial Workers. The Socialist party cannot afford to continue to be embroiled with this riotous organization. There has been too much of this on the Pacific coast and elsewhere."

William D. Haywood, also a member of the Socialist's executive committee, and a leader of the Industrial Workers, said:

"We believe in militant methods and many delegates to this convention are with us."

SOUTHERN EXPRESS MEN
WERE HERE YESTERDAY

Inspected The Local Office
And Returned On The
Evening Train

Messrs. T. T. Welch, road agent for the Southern Express Company at Jacksonville, R. E. Brown, agent at Miami, and C. H. Cook, road agent at Miami arrived in the city yesterday morning and spent the day. Mr. Cook's visit was for the purpose of inspecting the affairs of the local office, of which Mr. Chas. J. Ladd is agent, and found them in first class order. The party left yesterday evening over the F. E. C.

EXCURSION TO MIAMI.

Excursion to Miami via Florida East Coast railway account of meeting of State Horticultural Society. Round trip \$8.20. Tickets on sale May 12, 13 and 14, with final limit May 31, 1912. For further information see the ticket agent. 5-1117

NOTICE.

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

KENTUCKY FEUDISTS ARE
GATHERING FOR BATTLE

The Callahans Are Gathering
To Avenge The Shooting
Of Their Leader

Jackson, Ky., May 14.—Ed. Callahan, the feudist and leader of the Callahan clansmen, who was shot from ambush a week ago, is rapidly sinking and death seems to be but a few hours away.

Clansmen of the feudist are gathering here from all parts of the county at his Crooksville home, and it is feared there will be a general battle with the rival clan, members of which are supposed to be responsible for Callahan's condition.

The following were passengers to New York on the S. S. Sabine yesterday: E. R. Wilson, J. Meyers, Z. M. Williams, James Narda, Charles D. Anglo, Geo. Post, H. C. Daves, D. C. Fernandez, Jno Dales, and Wm. Crowl.

WANTED:—Bids for about two hundred linear foot of cement sidewalk. For further information and specifications inquire at 410 Simon-ton St. 14-2t.

Parties leaving city would like to sell out household effects. Call early 406 Elisabeth St., upper flat. 14-2t.

PEOPLE DISAPPROVE
OF MILTON'S ACTION

His Friends Say He Had
No Right to Withdraw
His Candidacy

"Friends of W. H. Milton are not at all pleased at his withdrawing from the race for Governor of Florida, they claiming that he owed it to his constituency to remain in the race until the very end," said one of the candidate's ablest supporters to a Times-Union representative yesterday.

"At a conference between Mr. Milton and his friends at the Hotel Jackson his supporters were all unanimously opposed to his giving up the race. It is said that his action was the result of the influence of men who opposed him in the recent primary.

The claim made by Mr. Milton's friends is that the vote of the people of Florida is not a thing to be bartered. In fact, a first primary is not a real test of the will of the people, when there are three or more candidates to be voted for. In a primary of this character votes are swapped about until the contest is narrowed down to the two best available men.

"For this reason, if nothing else, Mr. Milton, even if he did not wish to make a further personal fight should have left it to the voters of the state to decide which of the two high men they wanted in office as chief executive of the state," concluded the speaker.—From The Times-Union.

WILL NOT ADJOURN
BEFORE CONVENTION

Congress Finds It Impossi-
ble To Take Even A
Brief Recess

Washington, D. C., May 14.—Senate leaders were depressed today over the unfavorable outlook for an early adjournment of congress. There were a number of informal conferences with the result that it was practically everybody agreed that it was impossible for congress to adjourn before the meeting of the national conventions and there was no likelihood of an agreement for a recess of congress to permit senators and representatives to attend the conventions. Estimates on the date of adjournment run from July 1 to September 1.

There was considerable talk among senate leaders about the advisability of taking a two weeks' recess from June 15 to July 1 to permit senators and representatives to attend the democratic and republican national conventions, but the sentiment of the senators seemed to be overwhelmingly against the proposition as impracticable. It will not be the first time that congress has been in session while the national conventions have been held. Many senators and representatives will be delegates to the convention.

The schooner Dr. Lykes will sail this morning for Miami.

Advertising Talks.

BY THE A. E. MAN.

Those of you who took a look at the thermometer yesterday, and, as a matter of fact, those of you who did not, as well, know that summer is here. And from the way our colars feel limply about our necks, we know that it is not to be one of those "hot" summers, but a "hot" summer, which we remember having read in days gone by. It is not the pleasant "Indian Summer" that we have upon us, but it is the typical Key West season—It is hot, hot, HOT as well, as hot as it can be, and we don't feel like doing any more than we have to do. I passed a large store down on—well, down on one of the warm, sunny streets yesterday afternoon and awoke the proprietor from his afternoon nap. He was dreaming of the days when it would be cool again and men and women would come to his place of business and buy. I struck him for an advertisement for his place of business, but he shook his head—"It's too hot to advertise, too hot!"

Now, Mr. Merchant and Mr. Business Man, if you want to take a vacation this summer, and you are determined that you will put forth no extra effort to bring trade to your place of business during the hot summer months that we are going to have, then this article is not addressed to you and you will do you no good, whatever, to read further. But, if you want to make your business PAY you right straight through the summer, then we ask that you read this, and think about the matter from a purely business point of view. Now, we will take for granted that you ARE OPEN TO DO BUSINESS ALL SUMMER. Then the first thing you want to consider is this: HOW ARE YOU GOING TO GET THE PEOPLE TO YOUR STORE? You know that it is going to take some extra effort on your part to get the people to come to your store or place of business during the SUMMER MONTHS—that much is certain.

Now, there are several methods of bringing the people to your place of business, and you are, of course at liberty to use any one or all of them, if you choose. But remember one thing—if you are going to bring the people to your store, you HAVE GOT TO USE SOME PULLING FORCE TO BRING THEM.

Now, as to the PULLING FORCE that you are going to use—I believe that the best PULLING FORCE that you can use is the advertising columns of the city's newspapers. You want the people to come to your store and have the things which you have to sell; you doubtless are willing to make some concessions or inducements to get them to come out during the hot summer days; if they know that you are willing to do this they will come; you want to tell them what you are going to do; and the thing to consider is how you are going to tell them. The most obvious answer is THROUGH THE NEWSPAPERS, OF COURSE.

WILL IT PAY ME TO ADVERTISE? That is the question that confronts each and every merchant who starts out to wage an advertising campaign, at this or any other time of the year. I am not going to give you merely an opinion of my own, but I am going to furnish you the PROOFS, if proofs you need.

Several weeks ago the Consumers Bottling Company contracted with The Journal for a quarter of a page, to be used every day, in advertising the world famous drink—COCOA COLA, together with the other drinks which they make. The manager of the Consumers told me yesterday afternoon that he had DOUBLED his Cocoa Cola sales since he began to advertise it. Do you think it has PAYED the Consumers to advertise?

A few weeks ago the Key West Bottling Company began operations and at the same time began to make a new drink, called CLEARY TONIC. It was something new and untold, and the people had to be told of its merits. The manager of this new popular company contracted with The Journal for a quarter of a page, to be used every day, and he has ADVERTISED his drink in a business-like and systematic way. Today the Key West Bottling Company are not able to make enough CLEARY Tonic to supply the demand made for it. They are working overtime every day, and yet the orders for CLEARY pile up. Do you think it has payed the Key West Bottling Company to advertise?

Several weeks ago the AIRDOME was operating with small houses. They were showing as good pictures as any house in the city. In fact, they were showing FEATURES by the score, but the people didn't seem to know it. Mr. McInnis, the genial manager of the Airdome, contracted with The Journal for a large amount of space to be used every week. He advertises his popular house in a page advertisement one day and a half page the next, every day in the week. Do you know what the result has been? The Airdome is now showing to a full house nearly every night in the week. Saturday night alone more than eleven hundred people saw the Airdome pictures. The Airdome is now one of the most popular places on the island. Do you think it has payed the Airdome to advertise?

Sunday morning Mr. C. L. Baker advertised through the columns of the Journal that he had lost a valuable cuff button, and asked that the finder leave it at The Journal office. Monday afternoon Miss Mamie Saunders brought the cuff button to the office and left it. Do you think it payed Mr. Baker to advertise?

I have the names of numerous other right here in the city who have found that The Key West Morning Journal's advertising space pays and PAYS BIG. It will pay you to advertise in any paper in the city—there's no doubting that fact. It will PAY YOU BIG to advertise in The Key West Morning Journal. If you don't believe it, then I should just like the opportunity of talking to you about it. If you will consider the matter carefully, and will let me help you PLAN your advertising campaign for the summer, I know that together we can plan one that will make the summer months seem like fall months from a business point of view.

WIFE OF THAW IN SECLUSION.

New York, N. Y., May 14.—It has just been learned that Evelyn Nesbit Thaw, wife of Harry K. Thaw, gave birth to a son twenty-one months ago in Hamburg, Germany, a little less than a year after the last testimony in the Thaw insanity case was given at White Plains. She and the baby are now living in New York in seclusion.

READER REPLIES TO
A VICIOUS ATTACK

Editor of a St. Petersburg
Paper Goes Out Of His
Way to Knock City

Key West, Fla., May 13, 1912.

To the Editor:—The following article was taken from the Tampa Times, where it was quoted from the St. Petersburg Independent. I would like to make a few remarks concerning it.

"Although the Florida Bankers' association was in session and Key West was supposed to be in gala attire, and on its best behavior, its one impression was filth, poverty, disgusting mixture of population and evil atmosphere, writes Editor Lew Brown of the St. Petersburg Independent."

Honestly, I would not live and raise children in the town if the whole outfit should be handed over to me as a precious gift. I say this with regret, for I have indulged the hope that the completion of the wonderful Flagler over-sea railroad would cause Key West to develop into an important place. Mr. Flagler's money and daring enterprise have accomplished some wonderful things, but it seems to me that it is 'up against' the impossible in trying to make a silk purse of civic pride out of the sewer's ear of Key West.—St. Petersburg Independent.

The jealousy naturally aroused in the breast of a St. Petersburg citizen against the prosperity and present condition of Key West, finds a vent in the above "entirely truthful" pastiche. "The mean man's actions be they good or bad, reach not far." I do not know whether Lew Brown was in Key West during the Bankers' Convention or not (his fame would not warrant his visit being heralded) but if any members of the St. Petersburg Banks were here, Lew Brown should let them tell of the reception accorded the visiting Bankers; let them tell him the appreciation the assembled bankers expressed at that time; let them tell him the resolutions the Association adopted thanking the Mayor, the Committee, the Officers of the Army and Navy, and the citizens of Key West, for their hospitality and entertainment extended to them, for the many "comforts and conveniences" and "for the many courtesies and kindness extended." Let them tell Brown the views expressed by the Convention in regard to the progressiveness, alertness and growth of our Island City. The Bankers are competent and far-seeing men and their opinion counts.

If Brown was here during the Celebration he could have heard the high praise given this city by Senators, Congressman, Ambassadors and men of mark throughout the country and the world. And their opinions count just a little more than Brown's.

If Brown was here in April, he was here when Key West was a veritable bee hive; he saw the city in its working garb; he saw the streets torn up; the city in a state of seeming confusion; but, was he so narrow-minded or did he so lack the perspicacity of the average intelligent man, that would enable him to see that this upheaval meant advancement; that torn streets meant improvements to follow; that the installation of a gas system indicated further improvement; that the laying of the best rail in the country was being undertaken by the Key West Electric Company to replace the rail that has been down for years; that the Naval Station was building a new quay wall; that our docks were all being repaired or remodelled; that there was in course of construction countless buildings in the city; that every part of the city was undergoing a change that foretold progress.

To sum his views up, he cannot possibly comprehend that what he terms "filth, poverty, evil atmosphere" are but a condition due to the upbuilding of our streets which he should have named progress, wealth and work-shop atmosphere, for that condition means that this little city thinks so much of its future that it is investing in the space of six months over one million dollars in improvements. Does that mean poverty—where would a poverty stricken or non-progressive city get the prestige to host bands in such amount.

And furthermore the civic pride of Key West is well earned pride, with achievements behind the pride to warrant our boasting—all done by inhabitants of the town at that. We will refrain from making any remarks concerning St. Petersburg, because we think it is a nice little town; but some of its citizens of the

SMOKER LAST NIGHT
ENJOYABLE AFFAIR

Spanish War Veterans Pre-
sented Dr. Artaud Hand-
some Card Case

The B. F. McCalla Camp of Spanish War Veterans gave a smoker last night at the Naval Militia's armory on Ashe street, in honor of Dr. Frank E. Artaud, U. S. A., who will leave shortly for his new post in Alaska.

The evening was spent in "Old camp fire" style, with the exception that refreshments, which are generally lacking in real camp life, were added to the appreciation of the old Vets.

As the evening drew to a close, the Veterans realizing that they were about to lose one of their most active and popular members, grew serious, and at this time Veteran Graham, with an appropriate speech, presented Dr. Artaud with a beautiful card case, as a remembrance from the McCalla Camp. Dr. Artaud in a short but very impressive speech expressed his appreciation of the gift, and also of the spirit which had prompted in giving it. Following Dr. Artaud, Commander of the Camp, John McCloy, and several others made impromptu speeches.

A great deal of credit is due Senior Vice Commander, Frank Dale, who accepted as Master of ceremonies, for the success of the affair.

CHILD DIES FROM
RATTLESNAKE BITE

Stepped On Poisonous rep-
tile and Dies After Suf-
fering Agony

Leesburg, May 14.—Allery Morrison the eight-year-old grandson of Bishop Morrison, of the Methodist Church, died as the result of being bitten by a snake between 3 and 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon. The little boy was playing near a hammock with his brother, Robert, aged five, when he stepped on the snake, which is thought to have been a moccasins. The snake plunged his fangs into the boy's instep.

When little Allery Morrison screamed with the pain the other boy ran back to the house to get help, after carrying him part of the way. When rescuers arrived the little fellow was unconscious. Drs. Hall and Morrison, the latter an uncle of the boy, were called and were in attendance within a very short time. They did everything possible but the boy's condition grew worse until death ended his agony.

LOCAL SPONGE MARKET
RAATHER DULL YESTERDAY

Only About Two Thousand
Dollars Worth Sold—Six
Buyers In Market

There was not much doing in the local sponge market yesterday. With six buyers in the market the sales only amounted to about two thousand dollars. The individual purchases were as follows: John Roberts bought wool to the amount of \$1,085 04 Geo. L. Bartlum bought wool to the amount of 275 74 Norberg Thompson bought wool to the amount of 225 86 Leland Roberts bought wool to the amount of 196 52 A. B. Curry bought wool to the amount of 114 35 Joseph Smith bought wool to the amount of 10 22

Total for the day\$1,907 73

A Washington office boy, after using all the excuses possible from his dead grandmother to a raging toothache, in order to get off for the ball game, went to the boss and said he wanted to get off for the ball game. It touched the boss' heart and—they both went.—Miami Metropolis.

The L. C. A. will hold a business session this afternoon at four o'clock at the residence of Mrs. C. E. W. Dobbs, 524 Eaton street. Business of importance will be transacted and it is desired that there be a good attendance of the members. New members are always welcome. L. C. A.

The tug, Osceola returned from Tortugas yesterday.

Thinking caliber of Brown are detrimental to any community. I will close with this to Brown: if your spirit will not let you retract, yet you shall do well to repress any more of such vituperative and untruthful utterances. B. A. RILEY.



THE PRODIGAL JUDGE

By VAUGHAN KESTER
Illustrations by D. MELVILLE

SYNOPSIS.

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

CHAPTER II.—Nathaniel Ferris buys the Barony, but the Quintards deny any knowledge of the boy. Yancy to keep Hannibal, Captain Murrell, a friend of the Quintards, appears and asks questions about the Barony.

CHAPTER III.—Trouble at Scratch Hill. Yancy's home, when Hannibal is kidnapped by Dave Blount, Captain Murrell's agent. Yancy overtakes Blount, gives him a thrashing and secures the boy.

CHAPTER IV.—Yancy is served with a warrant for assaulting Blount. Yancy appears before Squire Balaam, and is discharged with costs for the plaintiff.

CHAPTER V.—Betty Malroy, a friend of the Quintards, has an encounter with Captain Murrell, who forces his attention on her, and is rescued by Bruce Carrington, who threatens to whip the captain.

CHAPTER VI.—Betty sets out for her Tennessee home. Carrington takes the same stage. Yancy and Hannibal disappear with Murrell on their trail. He overtakes them in the mountains of Tennessee. Murrell gets Yancy drunk and stabs him in a fight that followed. Hannibal escapes in a canoe.

CHAPTER VII.—Hannibal arrives at the home of Judge Slocum Price.

CHAPTER VIII.—The Judge recognizes in the boy, the grandson of an old time friend. Murrell arrives at Judge's home. Hannibal bears the finding of Yancy's body. Price arrested as counterfeiter.

CHAPTER IX.—Cavendish family on raft rescue Yancy, who is apparently dead. Price breaks jail.

horse-thief, he gave his companion in misery a coldly critical stare, seated himself on the stool, and with quite a fierce air devoted all his energy to mastication. He neither altered his position nor changed his expression until he and the judge were alone, then, catching the judge's eye, he made what seemed a casual movement with his hand, the three fingers raised; but to the judge this clearly was without significance, and the horse-thief manifested no further interest where he was concerned. He did not even condescend to answer the one or two civil remarks the judge addressed to him.

As the long afternoon more itself away, the judge lived through the many stages of doubt and uncertainty, for suppose anything had happened to Mahaffy!

Standing before the window, the judge watched the last vestige of light fade from the sky and the stars appear. Would Mahaffy come? The



"Neighbor, That Means Me!" He Cried.

suspect was intolerable. Suddenly out of the silence sounded a long-drawn whistle. Three times it was repeated. The horse-thief leaped to his feet.

"Neighbor, that means me!" he cried.

The moon was rising now, and by its light the judge saw a number of horsemen appear on the edge of the woods. They entered the clearing, picking their way among the stumps without haste or confusion. When quite close, five of the band dismounted; the rest continued on about the jail or cantered off toward the road.

"Look out inside, there!" cried a voice, and a log was dashed against the door; once—twice it rose and fell on the clappers, and under those mighty thuds grew up a wide gap through which the moonlight streamed splendidly. The horse-thief stepped between the dangling cleats and vanished.

The judge tossed away the stool. He understood now. With a confident, not to say jaunty step, the judge emerged from the jail.

"Your servant, gentlemen!" he said, lifting his hat.

"Gill!" said one of the men briefly, and the judge moved nimbly away toward the woods.

Now to find Solomon and the boy, and then to put the miles between himself and Pleasantville with all diligence. As he thought this, almost at his elbow Mahaffy and Hannibal rose from behind a fallen log. The Yankee motioned for silence and pointed west.

CHAPTER X.

Belle Plain.

"Now, Tom," said Betty, with a little air of excitement as she rose from the breakfast table that first morning at Belle Plain, "I want you to show me everything!"

"I reckon you'll notice some changes," remarked Tom.

He went from the room and down the hall a step or two in advance of her. On the wide porch Betty paused, breathing deep. The house stood on an eminence; directly before it at the bottom of the slight descent was a small bayou, beyond this the forest stretched away in one unbroken mass to the Mississippi.

"What is it you want to see, anyhow, Betty?" Tom demanded.

"Everything—the place, Tom—Belle Plain! Oh, isn't it beautiful! I had no idea how lovely it was!" cried Betty, as with her eyes still fixed on the distant panorama of wood and water she went down the steps, him at her heels—he bet she'd get sick of it all soon enough, that was one comfort!

"Why, Tom! Why does the lawn look like this?"

"Like what?" inquired Tom.

"Why, this—all weeds and briars, and the paths overgrown?"

Mr. Ware rubbed his chin reflectively with the back of his hand.

"That sort of thing looked all right, Bet," he said, "but it kept five or six of the best hands out of the fields right at the busiest time of the year."

"Haven't I slaves enough?" she asked.

The dull color crept into Ware's cheeks. He hated her for that "I!"

So she was going to come that on him, was she?

"Don't you want to see the crops, Bet?"

The girl shook her head and moved swiftly down the path that led from terrace to terrace to the margin of the bayou. At the first terrace she paused.

"It's positively squalid!" cried Betty, with a little stamp of her foot.

Ware glanced about with dull eyes.

"I'll tell you, Betty, I'm busy this morning; you poke about and see what you want done and we'll do it," he said, and made a hasty retreat to his office.

Betty returned to the porch and seating herself on the top step, with her elbows on her knees and her chin sunk in the palms of her hands, gazed about her miserably enough. She was still there when half an hour later Charley Norton galloped up the drive from the highroad. Catching sight of her on the porch, he sprang from the saddle, and, throwing his reins to a black boy, hurried to her side.

"Inspecting your domain, Betty?" he asked, as he took his place near her on the step.

"Why didn't you tell me, Charley—or at least prepare me for this?" she asked, almost tearfully.

"How was I to know, Betty? I haven't been here since you went away, dear—what was there to bring me? Old Tom would make a cow pasture out of the Garden of Eden, wouldn't he—a beautiful, practical, sordid soul he is!"

Norton spent the day at Belle Plain; and though he was there on his good behavior as the result of an agreement they had reached on board The Naid, he proposed twice.

Tom was mistaken in his supposition that Betty would soon tire of Belle Plain. She demanded men, and teams, and began on the lawns. This interested and fascinated her. She was out at sun-up to direct her laborers. She had the advantage of Charley Norton's presence and advice for the greater part of each day in the week, and Sundays he came to look over what had been accomplished, and, as Tom firmly believed, to put that little fool up to fresh nonsense. He could have booted him!

As the grounds took shape before her delighted eyes, Betty found leisure to institute a thorough reformation indoors. A number of house servants were rescued from the quarters and she began to instruct them in their new duties.

Betty's sphere of influence extended itself. She soon began to have her doubts concerning the treatment accorded the slaves, and was not long in discovering that Hicks, the overseer, ran things with a heavy hand. Matters reached a crisis one day when, happening to ride through the quarters, she found him disciplining

a refractory black. She turned sick at the sight. Here was a slave actually being whipped by another slave while Hicks stood looking on with his hands in his pockets, and with a brutal, satisfied air.

"Stop!" commanded Betty, her eyes blazing. She strove to keep her voice steady. "You shall not remain at Belle Plain another hour."

Hicks said nothing. He knew it would take more than her saying so to get him off the place. Betty turned her horse and galloped back to the house. She felt that she was in no condition to see Tom just at that moment, and dismounting at the door, ran upstairs to her room.

Meantime the overseer sought out Ware in his office. His manner of stating his grievance was singular. He began by swearing at his employer. He had been insulted before all the quarter—his rage fairly choked him; he could not speak.

Tom seized the opportunity to swear back.

"Sent you off the place, did she; well, you'll have to eat crow. I'll do all I can. I don't know what girls were ever made for anyhow, damned if I do!" he added.

Hicks consented to eat crow only after Mr. Ware had cursed and cajoled him into a better and more forgiving frame of mind.

Later, after Hicks had made his apology, the two men smoked a friendly pipe and discussed the situation. Tom pointed out that opposition was useless, a losing game; you



She Instantly Recognized the Broad Shoulders.

could get your way by less direct means. She wouldn't stay long at Belle Plain, but while she did remain they must avoid any more crises of the sort through which they had just passed, and presently she'd be sick of the place.

At the midst of her activities Betty occasionally found time to think of Bruce Carrington. She was sure she did not wish to see him again! But when three weeks had passed she began to feel incensed that he had not appeared. She thought of him with hot cheeks and a quickening of the heart. It was anger.

Then one day when she had decided forever to banish all memory of him from her mind, he presented himself at Belle Plain.

She was in her room just putting the finishing touches to an especially satisfying toilet when her maid tapped on the door and told her there was a gentleman in the parlor who wished to see her.

"Is it Mr. Norton?" asked Betty.

"No, Miss—he didn't give no name, Miss."

When Betty entered the parlor a moment later she saw her caller standing with his back turned toward her as he gazed from one of the windows, but she instantly recognized those broad shoulders, and the fine poise of the shapely head that surmounted them.

"Oh, Mr. Carrington—" and Betty stopped short, while her face grew rather pale and then crimsoned. Then she advanced boldly and held out a frigid hand. "I didn't know—so you are alive—you disappeared so suddenly that night—"

"Yes, I'm alive," he said, and then with a smile, "but I fear before you get through with me we'll both wish I were not, Betty."

"Do you still hate me, Betty—Miss Malroy—is there anything I can say or do that will make you forgive me?" He looked at her penitently.

But Betty hardened her heart against him and prepared to keep him in place.

"Will you sit down?" she indicated a chair. He seated himself and Betty put a safe distance between them.

"Are you staying in the neighborhood, Mr. Carrington?" she asked, rather unkindly.

"No, I'm not staying in the neighborhood. When I left you, I made up my mind I'd wait at New Madrid until I could come on down here and say I was sorry."

"And it's taken you all this time?" Carrington regarded her seriously.

"I reckon I must have come for more time, Betty—Miss Malroy. In spite of herself, Betty glowed under the caressing humor of his tone.

"Really—you must have chosen poorly then when you selected New Madrid. It couldn't have been a good place for your purpose."

"I think if I could have made up my mind to stay there long enough, it would have answered," said Carrington. "But when a down-river boat tied up there yesterday it was more than I could stand. You see there's danger in a town like New Madrid of getting too sorry. I thought we'd better discuss this point—"

"Mayn't I show you Belle Plain?"

asked Betty quickly.

But Carrington shook his head. "I don't care anything about that," he said. "I didn't come here to see Belle Plain."

"Then you expect to remain in the neighborhood?"

"I've given up the river, and I'm going to get hold of some land."

"Land?" said Betty, with a rising inflection.

"Yes, land."

"I thought you were a river-man?"

"I'm a river-man no longer. I am going to be a planter now. But I'll tell you why, and all about it some other day." Then he held out his hand. "Good-by," he added.

"Are you going?—good-by, Mr. Carrington," and Betty's fingers tingled with his masterful clasp long after he had gone.

CHAPTER XI.

The Shooting-Match at Boggs'.

The judge's faith in the reasonableness of mankind having received a staggering blow, there began a somewhat furtive existence for himself, for Solomon Mahaffy, and for the boy. They kept to little frequented byways, and usually it was the early hours of the morning, or the cool of late afternoons, when they took the road.

A certain hot afternoon brought them into the shaded main street of a straggling village. Near the door of the principal building, a frame tavern, a man was seated, with his feet on the horse-rack. There was no other sign of human occupancy.

"How do you do, sir?" said the judge, halting before this solitary individual whom he conjectured to be the landlord. "What's the name of this bustling metropolis?" continued the judge, cocking his head on one side.

As he spoke, Bruce Carrington appeared in the tavern door; pausing there, he glanced curiously at the shabby wayfarers.

"This is Raleigh, in Shelby county, Tennessee," said the landlord.

"Are you the voice from the tomb?" inquired the judge, in a tone of playful sarcasm.

Carrington, amused, sauntered toward him.

"That's one for you, Mr. Pegloe!" he said.

"I am charmed to meet a gentleman whose spirit of appreciation shows his familiarity with a literary allusion," said the judge, bowing.

"We ain't so dead as we look," said Pegloe. "Just you keep on to Boggs' race-track, straight down the road, and you'll find that out—everybody's there to the horse-racing and shooting-match. I reckon you've missed the shooting. Why ain't you there, Mr. Carrington?"

"I'm going now, Mr. Pegloe," answered Carrington, as he followed the judge, who, with Mahaffy and the boy, had moved off.

"Better stop at Boggs'!" Pegloe called after them.

But the judge had already formed his decision. Horse-racing and shooting-matches were suggestive of that progressive spirit, the absence of which he had so much lamented at the jail raising at Pleasantville. Memphis was their objective point, but Boggs' became a side issue of importance. They had gained the edge of the village when Carrington overtaken them. He stepped to Hannibal's side.

"Here, let me carry that long rifle, son!" he said. Hannibal looked up into his face, and yielded the piece without a word. Carrington balanced it on his big palm. "I reckon it can shoot—these old guns are hard to beat!" he observed.

"She's the closest shooting rifle I ever sighted," said Hannibal promptly.

Carrington laughed.

There was a rusty name-plate on the stock of the old sporting rifle; this caught Carrington's eye.

"What's the name here? Oh, Turberville."

The judge, a step or two in advance, wheeled in his tracks with a startling suddenness.

"What?" he faltered, and his face was ashen.

"Nothing, I was reading the name here; it is yours, sir, I suppose," said Carrington.

"No, sir—no; my name is Price—Slocum Price! Turberville—Turberville!"

Hannibal gave him a frightened glance and edged toward Mr. Mahaffy's side.

He muttered thickly, staring stupidly at Carrington.

"It's not a common name; you seem to have heard it before," said the latter.

A spasm of pain passed over the

judge's face.

"I—I've heard it. The name is on the rifle, you say?"

"Here on the stock, yes."

The judge took the gun and examined it in silence.

"Where did you get this rifle, Hannibal?" he at length asked brokenly.

"I fetched it away from the Barony, sir; Mr. Crenshaw said I might have it."

The judge gave a great start, and a hoarse, inarticulate murmur stole from between his twitching lips.

"What do you know of the Barony, Hannibal?"

"I lived at the Barony once, until Uncle Bob took me to Scratch Hill to be with him," said Hannibal.

"You—you lived at the Barony?" repeated the judge, and a dull wonder struck through his tone. "How long ago—when?" he continued.

"I don't know how long it were, but until Uncle Bob carried me away after the old general died."

The judge slipped a hand under the child's chin and tilted his face back so that he might look into it. For a long moment he studied closely those small features, then with a shake of the head he handed the rifle to Carrington, and without a word strode forward. Carrington had been regarding Hannibal with a quickened interest.

"Hello!" he said, as the judge moved off. "You're the boy I saw at Scratch Hill!"

Hannibal gave him a frightened glance, and edged to Mr. Mahaffy's side, but did not answer.

The judge plodded forward, his shoulders drooped, and his head bowed. For once silence had fixed its seal upon his lips, no inspiring speech fell from them. He had been suddenly swept back into a past he had striven these twenty years and more to forget, and his memories shaped themselves fantastically. Surely if ever a man had quitted the world that knew him, he was that man! He had died and yet he lived—lived horribly, without soul or heart, the empty shell of a man.

A turn in the road brought them within sight of Boggs' race-track, a wide, level meadow. The judge paused irresolutely, and turned his bleared face on his friend.

"We'll stop here, Solomon," he said rather wearily, for the spirit of boast and jest was quite gone out of him. He glanced toward Carrington. "Are you a resident of these parts, sir?" he asked.

"I've been in Raleigh three days altogether," answered Carrington, and they continued on across the meadow in silence.

Here were men from the small clearings in homespun and butternut or fringed hunting-shirts, with their women folk trailing after them. Here, too, in lesser numbers, were the lords of the soil, the men who counted their acres by the thousand and their slaves by the score. There was the flutter of skirts among the moving groups, the nodding of gay parasols that shaded fresh young faces, while occasionally a comfortable family carriage with some planter's wife or daughter rolled silently over the turf.

The judge's dull eye kindled, the haggard lines that streaked his face erased themselves. This was life, opulent and full. These swift-rolling carriages with their handsome women, these well-dressed men on foot, and splendidly mounted, all did their part toward lifting him out of his gloom.

A cry from Hannibal drew his attention. Turning, he was in time to see the boy bound away. An instant later, to his astonishment, he saw a young girl who was seated with two men in an open carriage, spring to the ground, and dropping to her knees put her arms about the tattered little figure.

"Why, Hannibal!" cried Betty Malroy.

"Miss Betty! Miss Betty!" and Hannibal buried his head on her shoulder.

"What is it, Hannibal; what is it, dear?"

"Nothing, only I'm so glad to find you!"

"I am glad to see you, too!" said Betty, as she wiped her tears away. "When did you get here, dear?"

"We got here just today, Miss Betty," said Hannibal.

Mr. Ware, careless as to dress, scowled down on the child. He had favored Boggs' with his presence, not because he felt the least interest in horse-racing, but because he had no faith in girls, and especially had he profound mistrust of Betty. She was so much of a portable wealth, a pink-faced child ready to fall into the arms of the first man who proposed to her. But Charley Norton had not seemed disturbed by the planter's forbidding air.

"What ragamuffin's this, Betty?" growled Ware disgustedly.

But Betty did not seem to hear. "Did you come alone, Hannibal?" she asked.

"No, ma'am; the judge and Mr. Mahaffy, they fetched me."

The judge had drawn nearer as Betty and Hannibal spoke together, but Mahaffy hung back. There were gulfs not to be crossed by him. It was different with the judge; the native magnificence of his mind fitted him for any occasion.

"Allow me the honor to present myself, ma'am—Price is my name—Judge Slocum Price. May I be permitted to assume that this is the Miss Betty of whom my young protegee so often speaks?"

Tom Ware gave him a glance of undisguised astonishment, while Norton regarded him with an expression of stunned and resolute gravity.

Betty looked at the judge rather inquiringly.

"I am glad he has found friends,"

she said slowly. She wanted to believe that Judge Slocum Price was somehow better than he looked, which should have been easy, since it was incredible that he could have been worse.

"He has indeed found friends," said the judge with mellow unction, and swelling visibly.

Now Betty caught sight of Carrington and bowed. Occupied with Hannibal and the judge, she had been unaware of his presence. Carrington stepped forward.

"Have you met Mr. Norton, and my brother, Mr. Carrington?" she asked. The two young men shook hands, and Ware improved the opportunity to inspect the new-comer. But as his glance wandered over him, it took in more than Carrington, for it included the fine figure and swarthy face of Captain Murrell, who, with his eyes fixed on Betty, was thrusting his eager way through the crowd.

Murrell had presented himself at Belle Plain the day before. For upward of a year, Ware had enjoyed great peace of mind as a direct result of his absence from west Tennessee, and when he thought of him at all he had invariably put a period to his meditations with, "I hope to hell he catches it wherever he is!"

More than this, Betty had spoken of the captain in no uncertain tones. He was not to repeat that visit.

As Murrell approached, the hot color surged into Betty's face. As for Hannibal, he had gone white to the lips, and his small hand clutched hers desperately.

Murrell, with all his hardihood, realized that a too great confidence had placed him in an awkward position, for Betty turned her back on him and began an animated conversation with Carrington and Charley Norton.

Hicks, the Belle Plain overseer, pushed his way to Murrell's side. "Here, John Murrell, ain't you going to show us a trick or two?" he inquired.

Murrell turned quickly with a sense of relief.

"If you can spare me your rifle," he said, but his face wore a bleak look.

"Don't you think you've seen about enough, Bet?" demanded Tom. "You don't care for the shooting, do you?"

"That's the very thing I do care for! I think I'd rather see that than the horse-racing," said Betty perversely.

Betty now seated herself in the carriage, with Hannibal beside her, quietly determined to miss nothing. The judge, feeling that he had come into his own, leaned elegantly against the wheel, and explained the merits of each shot as it was made.

"I hope you gentlemen are not going to let me walk off with the prize?" said Murrell, approaching the group about the carriage. "Mr. Norton, I am told you are clever with the rifle."

"I ain't no shooting today," responded Norton haughtily.

Murrell stalked back to the line.

"At forty paces I'd risk it myself, ma'am," said the judge. "But at a hundred, offhand like this, I should most certainly fail—"

"It would be hard to beat that—," they heard Murrell say.

"At least it would be quite possible to equal it," said Carrington, advancing with Hannibal's rifle in his hands.

It was tossed to his shoulder, and poured out its contents in a bright stream of flame. There was a moment of silence.

"Center shot, ma'am!" cried the judge.

"I'll add twenty dollars to the purse!" Norton addressed himself to Carrington. "And I shall hope, sir, to see it go into your pocket."

"Our sentiments exactly, ma'am, are they not?" said the judge.

"Perhaps you'd like to bet a little of your money?" remarked Murrell.

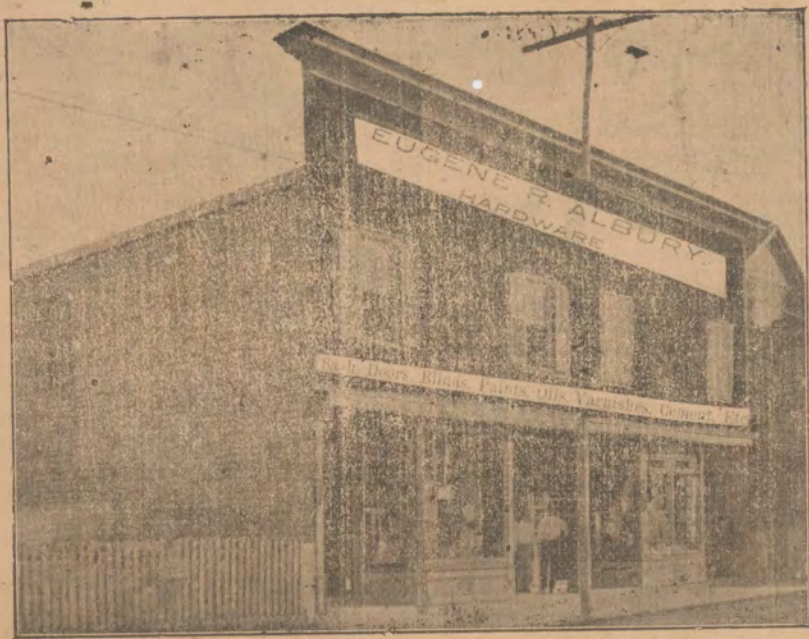
"I'm ready to do that too, sir," responded Norton quietly.

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Sal. e Wouldn't Let Them Score At All And Gave Up But Two Hits.

St. Louis, May 14.—The home team unmercifully walloped the Brooklyn trolley car dodgers this afternoon. Salee twirling for St. Louis was unusually stingy in the matter of giving up hits. Salee was on the mound for the Cardinals and Wingo caught the game. Knetser and Phelps were the Brooklyn battery.

St. Louis made 6 runs, 9 hits and no errors. Brooklyn made no runs, 2 hits and 2 errors.

Johnstone and Eason umpired the game.

Chicago 2; Philadelphia 0.
Chicago, May 14.—The Phillies were shut out this afternoon by the home team. Cheney and Archer worked for Chicago and Alexander and Killifer for Philadelphia.

Chicago made 2 runs, 8 hits and 2 errors. Philadelphia made no runs 4 hits and no errors.

Rigler and Pinneran were the umpires.

Two Inning Game.

Pittsburg, May 14.—The game between New York and Pittsburg was called in the second inning this afternoon on account of rain. Mathewson and Meyers were the New York battery and Hendrix and Kelly for Pittsburg.

Brennan and Owens handled the indicators.

Rain Again.

Cincinnati, May 14.—The game between the Reds and The Boston Doves was prevented this afternoon on account of rain.

Where They Play Today.

Boston at Cincinnati
Brooklyn at St. Louis
Philadelphia at Chicago
New York at Pittsburg.

STANDING OF THE TEAMS

	Won	Lost	Pct.
Cincinnati	17	5	.765
New York	16	5	.762
Pittsburg	11	9	.559
Chicago	10	13	.435
St. Louis	10	14	.417
Brooklyn	7	13	.350
Boston	8	16	.333
Philadelphia	9	14	.300

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incorporation of my own class. I feel that I shall have it here," resumed the judge pensively. "Will you stroll into town with me, Solomon?" he asked. Mahaffy shook his head.

"Then let your prayers follow me, for I'm off!" said the judge.

Ten minutes' walk brought him to the door of the city tavern, where he found Mr. Pegloe directing the activities of a small colored boy who was mopping out his bar. To him the judge made known his needs.

"Goin' to locate, are you?" said Mr. Pegloe.

"My friends urge it, sir, and I have taken the matter under consideration," answered the judge.

"Well, the only empty house in town is right over yonder; it belongs to young Charley Norton out at Thicket Point Plantation."

The house Mr. Pegloe pointed out was a small frame building; it stood directly on the street, with a narrow porch across the front, and a shed addition at the back. The judge scuttled over to it. The judge's pulse quickened. What a location, and what a fortunate chance that Mr. Norton was the owner of this most desirable tenement! He must see him at once. As he turned away to recross

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IRON MAN COOMBS COULDN'T STEM TIDE

World Champs Were Shut Out By Chicago, Benz In The Box.

Philadelphia, May 14.—The Chicago White Sox shut out the Athletics here today. Philadelphia made 0 runs, 7 hits and 2 errors. Chicago made 7 runs, 9 hits and 2 errors.

Philadelphia battery: Coombs and Lapp.

Cleveland: Benz and Kuhn.

Umpires: Connolly and Hart.

Washington, D. C., May 14.—Cleveland came back at the Senators today with a stronger battery than the one used yesterday and evened up matters a little. The game was a fight from start to finish, both pitchers allowing only four hits.

Washington made 2 runs, 4 hits and 3 errors. Cleveland made 3 runs, 4 hits and 1 error.

Groome and Henry were the Washington battery. Gregg and Livingston worked for Cleveland.

Dineen and Perrine umpired the game.

New York 1; Detroit 5.

New York, May 14.—A big crowd of enthusiastic fans turned out here today to see the Yankees teach the Detroit Tigers how to play ball, but alas Detroit came back on the field in their old time form—enough said.

New York made 1 run, 4 hits and 0 errors.

Detroit made 5 runs, 7 hits and 7 errors.

New York battery: Caldwell and Street.

Detroit battery: Mullen and Stange.

Umpires: O'Loughlin and Westervelt.

Boston 7; St. Louis 6.

Boston, May 14.—The Boston Red Sox defeated the St. Louis team here again today, the score being 6 to 5. Boston made 5 runs, 10 hits and 2 errors.

St. Louis made 5 runs, 10 hits and 1 error.

Boston batter: Cicotte and Thomas.

St. Louis battery: Baumgartner and Krichell.

Umpires: Egan and Evans.

Where They Play Today.

St. Louis at Boston.

Detroit at New York.

Chicago at Philadelphia.

Cleveland at Washington.

STANDING OF THE TEAMS

	Won	Lost	Pct.
Chicago	21	5	.808
Boston	15	8	.625
Washington	12	12	.500
Cleveland	11	11	.500
Detroit	11	13	.429
Philadelphia	9	12	.462
New York	6	14	.333
St. Louis	6	19	.273

to Thicket Point. "The house is quite at your service, sir," he said, at length. "The rent—" began the judge.

But Mr. Norton, with a delicacy equal to his own, entreated him not to mention the rent. The house had come to him as boot in a trade. It had been occupied by a doctor and a lawyer; these gentlemen had each decamped between two days, heavily in debt at the stores and taverns, especially the taverns. And thus hand-somely did Charley Norton acquit himself of the mission he had undertaken at Betty Malroy's request.

That same morning Tom Ware and Captain Murrell were seated in the small detached building at Belle Plain, known as the office, where the former spent most of his time when not in the saddle.

"So your sister doesn't like me, Tom—that's on your mind this morning, is it?" Murrell was saying.

"Make it worth my while and I'll take her off your hands," and Murrell laughed.

Tom favored him with a sullen stare.

There was a brief silence, during which Murrell studied his friend's face. When he spoke, it was to give the conversation a new direction.

"Did she bring the boy here last night? I saw you drive off with him in the carriage."

"Yes, she makes a regular pet of the little ragamuffin."

"Is the boy going to stay at Belle Plain?" inquired Murrell.

"That notion hasn't struck her yet, for I heard her say at breakfast that she'd take him to Raleigh this afternoon."

"That's the boy I traveled all the way to North Carolina to get for Pentress."

"Eh—you don't say?" cried Ware.

"Tom, what do you know about the Quintard lands; what do you know about Quintard himself?" continued Murrell.

"He was a rich planter; lived in North Carolina. My father met him when he was in congress and got him to invest in land here. They had some colonization scheme on foot—this was upward of twenty years ago—but nothing came of it. Quintard lost interest."

"And the land?"

"Oh, he held on to that."

"Quintard has been dead two years. Tom, and back yonder in North Carolina they told me he left nothing but the home plantation. The boy lived there up to the time of Quintard's death, but what relation he was to the old man no one knew. Offhand, Tom, I'd say that by getting hold of the boy Pentress expects to get hold of the Quintard land."

"That's likely," said Ware; then struck by a sudden idea, he added, "Are you going to take all the risks and let him pocket the cash? If it's the land he's after, the stake's big."

(Continued on Page Five.)



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Official Paper Of The City Of Key West

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

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SPECIAL NOTICE

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

THE PRICE OF PUBLIC IMPROVEMENTS.

Many times since the great work of public improvement which is in progress has been going on, The Journal has reminded its readers that cities have to pay more for these improvements than merely dollars and cents measure. A great deal of inconvenience is caused the public and sometimes some annoyance. But this follows such work just as the day follows the night. We could not expect to have paved streets, a system of gas and improved street railway service without a certain amount of inconvenience to all of us. It is true that the city has not presented a very attractive appearance for some months past, but visitors to the city have gloried in the upheaval of the streets and the general apparent confusion, seeing in these things the unmistakable signs of progress; realizing that out of temporary tumult and turmoil there would emerge a more modern city. As a matter of fact, nothing in years has so impressed the visitor in Key West as the torn up condition of our streets, and when all these improvements now in progress, all of which are more than half completed, are finished, residents of the city will realize that the temporary inconvenience which they cost was a small price.

For the sake of peace and harmony we trust that one or the other of the editors of the Pensacola News and the Miami Metropolis will not attend the convention of the Florida Press Association.

We hope the voters of Monroe County will give Edwin D. Lambright a big vote for Delegate at Large to the National Democratic Convention in the second primary. As good an editor as Lambright is would certainly make a good Delegate to the Convention.

There are four candidates for Delegate to the National Democratic Convention from the First district whose names will appear on the ballot in the second primary. Only one of them can be elected. One of these four men is Judge W. Hunt Harris and Monroe will give him a rousing vote to go with. The other Underwood Delegate is A. P. Jordan.

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Keep Look for the letter K on the bottom of all bottles, as a guarantee that the product is bottled by

Consumers Bottling Company

PHONE 2401

OUR LEADERS

Coca Cola

RED WHITE and BLACK
Strawberry Plain Soda Sarsaparilla

Orange Phosphate

"IT'S CLEAN AND PURE THAT'S SURE."

CONSUMERS BOTTLING CO.

G. H. Ketchum, Pres.

H. J. Sawyer, V. P.

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PHONE 2401

CAN I HELP YOU?

I have helped hundreds to own their own homes.

I can help you to do the same thing.

It makes no difference if you can save only a few dollars each month. I can and will help you.

Come talk to us about the easy payment plan.

E. A. WADDELL

124 Duval Street.

enough to divide."

"He can have the whole thing and welcome. I'm playing for a bigger stake." His friend stared at him in astonishment. "I'm kicking a speculation into shape that will cause me to be remembered while there's a white man alive in the Mississippi Valley! Have you heard what the niggers did at Hayti?"

"You let the niggers alone; don't you tamper with them," said Ware. He possessed a profound belief in Murrell's capacity. He knew how the latter had shaped the uneasy population that foregathered on the edge of civilization to his own ends, and that what he had christened the Clan had become an elaborate organization, disciplined and flexible to his ruthless will.

"Look here, what do you think I have been working for—to steal a few niggers? That furnishes us with money, but you can push the trade too hard and too far. The planters are uneasy. The Clan's got to deal a counter blow or go out of business. Between here and the gulf—" he made a wide sweeping gesture with his arm. "I am spotting the country with my men; there are two thousand active workers on the rolls of the Clan, and as many more like you, Tom—and Fentress—on whose friendship I can rely."

"Sure as God, John Murrell, you are overreaching yourself! Your white men are all right, they've got to stick by you; if they don't they know it's only a question of time until they get a knife driven into their ribs—but niggers—there isn't any real fight in a nigger, if there was they wouldn't be here."

"Yet you couldn't have made the whites in Hayti believe that," said Murrell, with a sinister smile.

Ware, feeling the entire uselessness of argument, uttered a string of imprecations, and then fell silent.

"Well, how about the girl, Tom?" asked Murrell at length. "Listen to me, Tom. I'll take her away, and Belle Plain is yours—land, stock and niggers!" said Murrell.

Ware shifted and twisted in his seat.

"Do you want the land and the niggers? I reckon you'll have to take them whether you want them or not, for I'm going to have the girl."

CHAPTER XIII.

Bob Yancy Finds Himself.

Mr. Yancy awoke from a long dreamless sleep; heavy-lidded, his eyes slid open. For a moment he struggled with the odds and ends of memory, then he recalled the fight at the tavern, the sudden murderous attack, the fierce blows Slosson had dealt him, the knife thrust which had ended the struggle. Therefore, the bandages that now swathed his head and shoulders; therefore, the need that he should be up and doing—for where was Hannibal?

Suddenly a shadow fell obliquely across the foot of his narrow bed, and Cavendish, bending his long body somewhat, thrust his head in at the opening. He found himself looking into a pair of eyes that for the first time in many a long day held the light of consciousness.

"How are you, stranger?" he demanded, in a soft drawl.

"Where am I?" The words were a whisper on Yancy's bearded lips.

"Well, sir, you are in the Tennessee river for certain. Polly! you jest see here."

But Polly had heard Cavendish speak, and the murmur of Yancy's voice in reply. Now her head appeared beside her husband's.

"La, you are some better, ain't you, sir?" she cried, smiling down on him. "It's been right smart of a spell, too; yes, sir, you've laid like you was dead, and not for a matter of hours either—but days."

"How long?"

"Well, high on to three weeks."

They saw Yancy's eyes widen with a look of dumb horror.

"And you don't know nothing about my nevy?—you ain't seen or heard of him, ma'am?" faltered Yancy.

Polly shook her head regretfully.

"Ten or thereabouts, ma'am. He were a heap of comfort to me—" and the whisper on Yancy's lips was wonderfully tender and wistful. He closed his eyes and presently, lulled by the soft ripple that bore them company, fell into a restful sleep.

The raft drifted on into the day's heat; and when at last Yancy awoke, it was to find Henry and Keppel seated beside him, each solacing him with a small moist hand. Mrs. Cavendish appeared, bringing Yancy's breakfast. In her wake came Connie with the baby, and the three little brothers who were to be accorded the cherished privilege of seeing the poor gentleman eat. Cavendish presented himself at the opening that did duty as a door.

"This looks like bein' alive, stranger," he commented genially.

"You-all ain't told me yo' name yet?" said Yancy.

"It's Cavendish. Richard Keppel Cavendish."

"My name's Yancy—Bob Yancy."

Mr. Cavendish exchanged glances with Mrs. Cavendish. By a nod of her dimpled chin the lady seemed to urge some more extended confidence on his part. Chills and Fever seated himself at the foot of Yancy's bed.

"Stranger, what I'm a-goin' to tell you, you'll take as bein' said man to man," he began, with the impressive air of one who had a secret of great moment to impart. "Ever hear tell of lords?"

"No." Yancy was quick to notice the look of disappointment on the

faces of his new attendants.

"Are you ever tired of royalty?" and Cavendish fixed the invalid's wandering glance.

"You mean kings?"

"I shore do."

Yancy made a mighty mental effort.

"There's them Bible kings—" he ventured at length.

Mr. Cavendish shook his head.

"Them's sacred kings. Are you familiar with any of the profane kings, Mr. Yancy?"

"Well, taking them as they come, them Bible kings seemed to average pretty profane." Yancy was disposed to defend this point.

"You must a heard of the kings of England. Sho, wa'n't any of yo' folks in the war agin' him?"

"I'd plumb forgot, why my daddy fit all through the war!" exclaimed Yancy. The Cavendishes were immensely relieved.

"Now you-all keep still," said Cavendish. "I want Mr. Yancy should get the straight of this here! The various orders of royalty are kings, dukes, earls and lords. Earls is the third from the top of the heap, but lords ain't no slouch."

"Dick had ought to know, fo' he's an earl himself," cried Polly exultantly.

"Sho, Richard Keppel Cavendish, Earl of Lambeth! Sho, that was what he was! Sho!" and some transient feeling of awe stamped itself upon their small faces as they viewed the long and limber figure of their parent.

"These here titles go to the eldest son. He begins by bein' a viscount," continued Chills and Fever. "It was my great grandfather come over here from England. His name was Richard Keppel Cavendish, same as mine is. He lived back yonder on the Carolina coast and went to raisin' tobacco. I've heard my grandfather tell how he'd heard folks say his father was always hither in his lick that he was a heap better than he seemed, and if people only knowed the truth about him they'd respect him mo', and mebbe treat him better. Well, sir, he married and ris a family; there was my grandfather and a passel of girls—and that crop of children was the only decent crop he ever riz."

"My grandfather said, he never knowed a man with the same aversion agin labor as his father had. Folks put it down to laziness, but they misjudged him, as come out later, yet he never let on."

"Then one day he got his hands on a paper that had come across in a ship from England. All at once, he lit on something in the paper, and he started up and let out a yell like he'd been shot. 'By gum, I'm the Earl of Lambeth!' he says, and took out to the nearest tavern and got 'bim' full. Afterward he showed 'em the paper and they seen with their own eyes where Richard Keppel Cavendish, Earl of Lambeth, had died in London. My great grandfather told 'em that was his uncle; that when he left some there was several cousins—but they'd up and died, so the title come o' him. He never done a lick of work after that."

"I'm an orphan man of title now and it's been my dream to take Polly and the children and go back to England and see the king about my title. Don't you reckon he's got the notion he Cavendishes has petered out?"

Mr. Yancy considered this likely.

The furious shrieking of a steam-packet's whistle broke in upon them.

"It's another of them haws, want-in' all the river!" said Mr. Cavendish, and fled to the steering wheel.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Judge Sees a Ghost.

Charley Norton's good offices did not end when he had furnished Judge Price with a house, for Betty required of him that he should supply that gentleman with legal business as well.

Thus it happened that Judge Price, before he had been three days in Raleigh, received a civil note from Mr. Norton asking him to search the title to a certain timber tract held by one Joseph Quaid. The judge, powerfully excited, told Mahaffy he was being understood and appreciated.

The immediate result of Norton's communication had been to send the judge up the street to the court house. He would show his client that he could be punctual and painstaking.

Entering the court house, he found himself in a narrow hall. He entered the county clerk's office. He was already known to this official, whose name was Saul, and he saw greeted him.

"A little matter of business brings me here, sir," began the judge, with a swelling chest and mellow accents.

"I am in some haste to look up a title for my client, Mr. Norton."

Mr. Saul scrambled up out of the depths of his chair and exerted himself in the judge's behalf.

"This is what you want, sir. Better take the ledger to the window, the light in here ain't much." He drew forward a chair to be spoke, and the judge, seating himself, began to polish his spectacles with great deliberation.

"You've set on the bench, sir?" suggested Mr. Saul.

"In one of the eastern counties, but my inclination has never been toward the judiciary." He was turning the leaves of the ledger as he spoke. Suddenly the movement of his hand was arrested.

"Found it?" asked Mr. Saul. But the judge gave him no answer. He was staring down at the open pages of the book. "Found the entry?" repeated Mr. Saul.



His Face Went White and the Book Slipped From His Fingers.

"Eh—what's that? No—" he appeared to hesitate. "Who is this man Quintard?"

"He's the owner of a hundred-thousand-acre tract in this and adjoining counties," said Mr. Saul.

"Who has charge of the land?"

"Colonel Fentress; he was old General Ware's law partner. I've heard it was the general who got this man Quintard to make the investment, but that was before my time."

The judge lapsed into silence.

A step sounded in the narrow hall. An instant later the door was pushed open, and grateful for any interruption that would serve to take Mr. Saul's attention from himself, the judge abruptly turned his back on the clerk and began to examine the record before him. Insensibly, however, the cold, level tones of the voice that was addressing itself to Mr. Saul quickened the beat of his pulse, the throb of his heart, and struck back through the years to a day from which he reckoned time. He turned slowly, as if in dread.

What he saw was a man verging on sixty, lean and dark, with thin, shaven cheeks of a bluish cast above the jaw, and a strongly aquiline profile. Long, black locks swept the collar of his coat, while his tall, spare figure was habited in sleek broadcloth and spotless linen. For a moment the judge seemed to struggle with doubt, then his face went white and the book slipped from his fingers to the window ledge.

The stranger, his business concluded, swung about on his heel and quitted the office. Mr. Saul, bending above his desk, was making an entry in one of his ledgers. The judge shuffled to his side.

"Who was that man?" he asked thickly, resting a shaking hand on the clerk's arm.

"That?—Oh, that was Colonel Fentress I was just telling you about."

"Has he always lived here?"

"No; he came into the county about ten years ago, and bought a place called The Oaks."

"Has he a family?" The judge appeared to be having difficulty with his speech.

"Not that anybody knows of. Some say he's a widower, others again say he's an old bachelor; but he don't say nothing. The colonel's got his friends, to be sure, but he don't mix much with the real quality. One of his particular intimates is a gentleman by the name of Murrell."

The judge nodded.

"I've met him," he said briefly.

Acting on a sudden impulse, the judge muttered something about returning later, and hastily quitted the office.

In the hall the judge's steps dragged and his head was bowed. He was busy with his memories. Then passion shook him.

"Damn him—may God—for ever damn him!" he cried under his breath, in a fierce whisper.

They finished supper, the dishes were cleared away and the candles lighted, when the judge produced a mysterious leather-covered case. This he opened, and Mahaffy and Hannibal saw that it held a handsome pair of dueling pistols.

"Where did you get 'em, judge?—Oh, ain't they beautiful!" cried Hannibal, circling about the table in his excitement.

"My dear lad, they were purchased only a few hours ago," said the judge quietly, as he began to load them.

Norton had ridden down to Belle Plain ostensibly to view certain of those improvements that went so far toward embittering Tom Ware's existence.

"Do you think Belle Plain is ever going to look as it did, Charley?—as we remember it when we were children?" asked Betty.

"Why of course, it is, dear, you are doing wonders!"

Ware stalked toward them. Having dined with Betty as recently as the day before, he contented himself with a nod in her direction. His greeting to Norton was a more ambitious undertaking.

"I understand you've a new overseer?"

"Then you understand wrong—Carlington's my guest," said Norton.

"He's talking of putting in a crop for himself next season, so he's willing to help me make mine."

"Going to turn farmer, is he?" asked Ware.

Continued on Page Seven.

DRINK

C
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We give no prizes
or premiums but
full value in the
quality of goods
we sell.

Phone 137---We deliver it.

Key West Bottling Co.
PHONE 137



YOU ARE TAKING CHANCES
if you go blindly to first
one restaurant and then
another. It would pay
you to pick out

The Naval Hotel and Restaurant.

(Open Day and Night)
OPPOSITE POSTOFFICE.

Heart Disease Almost Fatal to Young Girl

"My daughter, when thirteen years old was stricken with heart trouble. She was so bad we had to place her



checked girl. No one can imagine the confidence I have in Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy." A. R. CANON, Worth, Mo.

The unbounded confidence Mr. Canon has in Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy is shared by thousands of others who know its value from experience. Many heart disorders yield to treatment, if the treatment is right. If you are bothered with short breath, fainting spells, swelling of feet or ankles, pains about the heart and shoulder blades, palpitation, weak and hungry spells, you should begin using Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy at once. Profit by the experience of others while you may.

Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy is sold and guaranteed by all druggists.

MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.



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

OUR FAMILY DINING ROOM

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

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

DUVAL RESTAURANT.

Coffee Retailer, Attention!

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

THE PRICE IS 25c PER POUND

For the same goods, satisfactory and reliable article which has made "EL CENITAL" famous for over twenty five years.

Think of this if you want to save dollars on the coffee which you sell.

J. F. CARBONEIL,
610 DUVAL STREET.

Avoid the mosquitoes. They are dangerous. We have all kinds of mosquito bars and put them up free of charge. Brody's

SHELTER LODGING HOUSE

24 E. on Street

Beds For 15c and 25c

No beds after 9 o'clock.

THE PORTER-ALLEN CO.

INSURANCE OFFICE OVER THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

TELEPHONE NO. 1

In selecting an insurance agency it is the one whose record and strength guarantee the liberal fulfillment of all its obligations.

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

WHY TAKE CHANCES ELSEWHERE?

ORDER THE ORIGINAL BOTTLING



I.W. HARPER
WHISKEY

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

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

FOR SALE BY RAFAEL SOLIS

The Key West Furniture Co.

Asks the following Questions:

1. Do you need a Bamboo porch screen?
2. Do you need an extra Mosquito bar?
3. Do you need an extra porch chair or two?
4. Did you know that we are headquarters for everything in the furniture line?

It matters not what it is, we have it, and at prices that defy competition.

Key West Furniture Company.
700 Duval St.

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.

ARCHITECT
Plans Prepared for Any Class of Building from Cottage to Sky scraper. Drawings and Blue prints made of anything you wish. All work guaranteed.
F. M. BRYAN
Office 710 Caroline St.

Don't forget, if you want Magnolia Druggist Beer you can always get it at Mulberg's saloon. Also Bottled Beer of all kinds.
Front and Fitzpatrick Ste
JOS. MULBERG, Prop

The Morning Journal delivered at your door for 10 cents a week.

NOTICE.
Of Intention to Apply for Letters Patent.
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned will apply to the Honorable Albert W. Gilchrist, Governor of the State of Florida, at Tallahassee, Florida, on the 12th day of June, A. D. 1912, for letters patent incorporating Taylor & Company, Inc., under the following proposed charter, the original of which is now on file in the office of the Secretary of State of the State of Florida:

W. J. H. TAYLOR, (Seal)
E. M. SEMPLE, (Seal)
H. H. TAYLOR, (Seal)
Proposed Charter of Taylor & Company, Inc.
The undersigned and such other persons as may hereafter become associated with them as stockholders, do hereby associate themselves together for the purpose of becoming incorporated under the laws of the State of Florida, in accordance with this proposed charter, and hereby adopt these articles of incorporation:

Article 1.
The name of this corporation shall be "Taylor and Company, Inc.," and its principal place of business shall be in the city of Key West, county of Monroe, state of Florida, but it may establish branches in other places in the United States, or foreign countries, whenever and wherever deemed necessary or expedient.

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

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

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

Article 5.
The business of the corporation shall be conducted by a president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer and a board of directors to consist of not less than three nor more than five members, the number to be fixed by the by-laws of the corporation, and such officers, agents and servants as may from time to time be deemed advisable by the board of directors. The office of secretary and treasurer may be held by one person. The duties, functions and responsibilities of the officers shall be fixed by the by-laws, not inconsistent with law.

The annual meeting for the election of officers by the stockholders shall be held on the third Monday in June of each year. The date of the annual meeting may be changed by the by-laws. The first meeting of the stockholders shall be held on Monday, June 17, 1912, for the purpose of electing officers, adopting by-laws and such other purposes as may be necessary and until the first meeting the following persons shall hold office and conduct the business of the corporation:

W. J. H. Taylor, President,
E. M. Semple, Vice-President,
H. H. Taylor, Secretary and Treasurer.
And W. J. H. Taylor, E. M. Semple and H. H. Taylor, Directors.

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

Article 7.
The names and residences of the

subscribers and incorporators, and the amount of stock subscribed by each are as follows:

W. J. H. Taylor, Key West, Florida, five shares.
E. M. Semple, Key West, Florida, one share.
H. H. Taylor, Key West, Florida, four shares.

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

(J. L. WATROUS,
Notary Public, State of Florida.
My commission expires Mar. 9, 1914.
State of Arkansas,
County of Garland.

Before me the undersigned authority, personally appeared W. J. H. Taylor, to me known to be one of the persons described in and who signed the foregoing articles of incorporation and a resident of Key West, Florida, who after being by me duly sworn, acknowledged before me that he subscribed his name thereto for the uses and purposes therein mentioned.

(Seal) JOHN H. AVERY,
Notary Public.
My commission expires Nov. 4, 1914.
5-7-4w3t

WOULD NEED A CART



The Professor—In the very ancient days they used to write letters on bricks.

The Letter Carrier—Gee! I'm glad I wasn't a letter carrier in those days.

HIS GOOD REASON



Bronson—Old De Swell seems more proud of his horse than of his family.

Woodson—No wonder. The horse has a pedigree.

MEAN OF HER



Everlyn—My suitor is one of those literary chaps. You should see the beautiful letters he writes in which he tells how much he loves me.

Natica—Ah! I see; he is a joke writer.

Battlefield Is Marked.
An imposing monument marking the revolutionary battlefield at Chestnut Neck, near Atlantic City, N. J., was unveiled the other day with interesting exercises, under the auspices of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Governor Wilson, former Governor Port and other notables were among the speakers.

Victor and His Spoils.
At Spring Hill, a dilapidated rebel sharpshooter came upon one of his victims and took the dead man's boots. A comrade came along and wanted to trade for them.

"Go on now. Kill a gentleman for yourself and get a pair."

SUMMER SCHEDULE NO 4 SEASON 1912.

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

Dominican and Occidental Steamship Company

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

PORT TAMPA-KEY WEST-HAVANA LINE.

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

(When southbound connecting train is more than 30 minutes late, ship will not leave Key West until 9:00 p. m., arriving Havana next day at 6:30 a. m.)
Above schedule is based on 90th Meridian Standard time.
Information as to passenger and freight rates to all points in the United States, Cuba, West Indies and Bahamas cheerfully furnished upon application.

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

Florida East Coast Railway

Corrected to April 7, 1912

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

For Local Time Card, See the Ticket Office

Cresland Steamship Line

PLING BETWEEN

KEY WEST AND MIAMI

MAKING CONNECTIONS W

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

For Particulars Apply **Norman Sweeting** At Mollery

JOHN LOWE JR. SONS

Corner Greene & Elizabeth Streets.

Commission Merchant, Marine Railway, Shingles and Lumber
SHIP CHANDLERY AND PROVISIONS

PEACON'S SPECIALTIES

Fleischmann's Yeast	Pim Olive Cheese
Home made rye cakes	Pimento Cheese
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	Sardines in Mustard
Kipperd Herrings	Crisco
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Penn Mar Syrup	Nut Meats

Telephone NO 67 **R. PEACON** Fleming au William

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KEY WEST, FLA.

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

GASOLINE

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

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

"So he says," Norton was extremely disappointed when the planter manifested a disposition to play the host and returned to the house with them, where his presence was such a hardship that Norton shortly took his leave.

Issuing from the lane he turned his face in the direction of home. He was within two miles of Thicket Point when, passing a turn in the road, he found himself confronted by three men. One of them seized his horse by the bit. Norton had not even a riding-whip.

"Now, what do you wish to say to me?" he asked.

"We want your word that you'll keep away from Belle Plain."

"Well, you won't get it!" responded Norton.

In the same instant one of the men raised his fist and struck the young planter in the back of the neck.

"You cur!" cried Norton, as he wheeled on him.

"Damn him—let him have it!"

It was mid-afternoon of the day following before Betty heard of the attack on Norton. She ordered her horse saddled and was soon out on the river road with a groom in her wake. Betty never drew rein until she reached Thicket Point. As she galloped into the yard Bruce Carrington came from the house.

"How is Mr. Norton?" she asked, extending her hand.

"The doctor says he'll be up and about inside of a week. If you'll wait I'll tell him you are here."

Carrington passed on into the house. He entered the room where Norton lay.

"Miss Malroy is here," he said.

"Betty?—bless her dear heart!" cried Charley weakly. "Just toss my clothes into the closet and draw up a chair. . . . There—thank you, Bruce—let her come along in now."

And as Carrington quitted the room, Norton drew himself up on the pillows and faced the door. "This is worth several beatings, Betty!" he exclaimed as she appeared.

He bent to kiss the hand she gave him, but groaned with the exertion. Then he looked up into her face and saw her eyes swimming with tears.

"What—tears?" and he was much moved.

"It's a perfect outrage!" Betty paused irresolutely. "Charley—"

"Yes, dear?"

"Can't you be happy without me?"

"No."

"But you don't try to be!"

"No use in my making any such foolish effort, I'd be doomed to failure."

"Good-by, Charley—I really must go—"

He looked up yearningly into her

face, and yielding to a sudden impulse, she stooped and kissed him on the forehead, then she fled from the room.

CHAPTER XV.

At the Church Door.

Tom found Betty at supper.

"You were over to see Norton, weren't you, Bet? How did you find him?"

"The doctor says he will soon be about again."

"Betty, I wish you wouldn't go there again—that's a good girl!" he said tactfully, and as he conceived it, affectionately. Betty glanced up quickly.

"Why, Tom, why shouldn't I go there?"

"It might set people gossiping. I reckon there's been pretty near enough talk about you and Charley Norton."

The planter's tone was conciliatory in the extreme, he dared not risk a break by any open show of authority.

"You needn't distress yourself, Tom. I don't know that I shall go there again," said Betty indifferently.

At Thicket Point Charley Norton, greatly excited, hobbled into the library in search of Carrington. He found him reading by the open window.

"Look here, Bruce!" he cried. "It's settled; she's going to marry me! Can't you wish me joy?"

Carrington held out his hand.

"You are not going to take any risks now, you have too much to live for," he said haltingly.

"No, I'm to keep away from Belle Plain," said Norton happily. "She insists on that. Everything is to be kept a secret until we are actually married; it's her wish—"

"It's to be soon, then?" Carrington asked, still haltingly.

"Very soon."

There was a brief silence. Carrington, with face averted, looked from the window.

"I am going to stay here as long as you need me," he presently said.

"Miss Malroy asked me to, and then I am going back to the coast, where I belong."

Betty ate supper with big Steve standing behind her chair and little Steve balancing himself on one foot and then on the other near the door.

The long French windows, their curtains drawn, stood open. She wandered down to the terrace. There was the sound of a step on the path. Betty turned. It was Carrington who stood before her, his face dropped. Without a word he started to her

and took her hands rather roughly.

"What am I to do without you?"—his voice was almost a whisper.

"What is this thing you have done?" Betty's heart was beating with dull sickening throbs.

"If you had only come!" she moaned. "Now I am going to be married tomorrow. I am to meet him at the Spring Bank church at ten o'clock."

"How can I give you up?" he said, his voice hoarse with emotion. He put her from him almost roughly, and leaning against the trunk of a tree buried his face in his hands. Betty watched him for a moment in wretched silence.

"It's good-by—" he muttered.

She went to him, and, as he bent above her, slipped her arms about his neck.

"Kiss me—" she breathed.

He kissed her hair, her soft cheek, then their lips met.

Another hot September sun was beating upon the earth as Betty galloped down the lane and swung her horse's head in the direction of Raleigh. She would keep her promise to Charley and he should never know what his happiness had cost her.

Norton joined her before she had covered a third of the distance that separated the two plantations.

"We are to go to the church. Mr. Bowen will be there; I arranged with him last night; he will drive over with his wife and daughter, who will be our witnesses, dear."

Afterward Betty could remember standing before the church in the fierce morning light; she heard Mr. Bowen's voice, she heard Charley's voice, she heard another voice—her own, though she scarcely recognized it.

"I'll tie the horses, Betty," said Norton.

He had reached the edge of the oaks when from the silent depths of the denser woods came the sharp report of a rifle. The shock of the bullet sent the young fellow staggering back among the mossy and myrtle-covered graves.

For a moment no one grasped what had happened, only there was Norton who seemed to grope strangely among the graves. He had fallen now. Even as the shadows deepened he was aware that Betty was coming swiftly toward him.

"I'm shot—" he said, speaking with difficulty.

"Charley—Charley—" she moaned, slipping her arms about him and gathering him to her breast.

He looked up into her face.

"It's all over—" he said, but as much in wonder as in fear. "But I



"Charley—Charley!" She moaned.

knew you could come to me—dear— he added in a whisper.

She felt a shudder pass through him. He did not speak again.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Judge Offers a Reward.

The news of Charley Norton's murder spread quickly over the county. For two or three days bands of armed men scoured the woods and roads, and then this activity quite unproductive of any tangible results ceased.

Matters were allowed to rest with the constituted authorities, namely Mr. Betts, the sheriff, and his deputies.

No private citizen had shown greater zeal than Judge Slocum Price. One morning he found under his door a folded paper:

"You talk too much. Shut up, or you'll go where Norton went."

A few moments later he burst in on Mr. Saul.

"Glance at that, my friend!" he cried, as he tossed the paper on the clerk's desk. "What do you make of it, sir?"

"Well, I'd keep still."

The judge laughed derisively as he bowed himself out.

He established himself in his office. He had scarcely done so when Mr. Betts knocked at the door. The sheriff came direct from Mr. Saul and arrived out of breath, but the letter was not mentioned by the judge. He spoke of the crops, the chance of rain, and the intricacies of county politics. The sheriff withdrew mystified, wondering why it was he had not felt at liberty to broach the subject which was uppermost in his mind.

His place was taken by Mr. Pegloe

and on the heels of the tavern-keeper came Mr. Bowen. Judge Price received them with condescension, but back of the condescension was an air of reserve that did not invite questions. The judge discussed the extension of the national roads with Mr. Pegloe, and the religion of the Persian fire-worshippers with Mr. Bowen; he permitted never a pause and they retired as the sheriff had done without sight of the letter.

The judge's office became a perfect Mecca for the idle and the curious, and while he overflowed with high-bred courtesy he had never seemed so unapproachable—never so remote from matters of local and contemporary interest.

"Why don't you show 'em the letter?" demanded Mr. Mahaffy, when they were alone. "Can't you see they are suffering for a sight of it?"

"All in good time, Solomon." He became thoughtful. "Solomon, I am thinking of offering a reward for any information that will lead to the discovery of my anonymous correspondent," he at length observed with a finely casual air, as if the idea had just occurred to him, and had not been seething in his brain all day.

"There you go, Price—" began Mahaffy.

"Solomon, this is no time for me to hang back. I shall offer a reward of five thousand dollars for this information." The judge's tone was resolute.

"Yes, sir, I shall make the figure commensurate with the poignant grief I feel. He was my friend and client—"

The next morning it was discovered that some time during the night the judge had tacked his anonymous communication on the coat house door; just below it was another sheet of paper covered with bold script:

"To Whom It May Concern:

Judge Slocum Price assumes that the above was intended for him since he found it under his office door on the morning of the twenty-fifth inst.

"Judge Price begs leave to state it as his unqualified conviction that the writer is a coward and a cur, and offers a reward of five thousand dollars for any information that will lead to his identification."

Tom Ware was seated alone over his breakfast. He had left his bed as the pale morning light crept across the great fields that were alike his pride and his despair—what was the use of trying to sleep when sleep was an impossibility! He was about to quit the table when big Steve entered the room to say there was a white fellow at the door.

"Fetch him along in here," said Ware.

The white fellow delivered a pencilled note from Murrell. When he was gone, the planter ordered his horse.

As Ware rode away from Belle Plain he cursed Murrell under his breath. His own inclination toward evil was never robust; he could have connived over a long period of years to despoil Betty of her property, but murder and abduction was quite another thing.

Three miles from Belle Plain he entered a bridge path that led toward the river. A growth of small timber was standing along the water's edge, but as he drew nearer, those betterments which the resident of that lonely spot had seen fit to make for his own convenience, came under his scrutiny; these consisted of a log cabin and several lesser sheds.

Landing, he advanced toward the cabin. As he did so he saw two women at work heckling flax under an open shed. They were the wife and daughter of George Hicks, his overseer's brother.

"Morning, Mrs. Hicks," he said, addressing himself to the mother, a hulking ruffian of a woman. "Anybody with the captain?"

"Colonel Pentress is."

"Humph!" muttered Ware. He moved to the door of the cabin and entered the room where Murrell and Pentress were seated facing each other across the breakfast table.

"Well, what the devil do you want of me, anyhow?" demanded the planter.

"How's your sister, Tom?" inquired Murrell.

"I reckon she's the way you'd expect her to be," Ware dropped his voice to a whisper.

"John, you'll ruin yourself with your damned crazy infatuation!" It was Pentress who spoke.

"No, I won't, colonel, but I'm not going to discuss that. All I want is for Tom to go to Memphis and stay there for a couple of days. When he comes back Belle Plain and its niggers will be as good as his. I am going to take the girl away from there tonight. How soon can you get away from here, Tom?" he asked abruptly.

"By God, I can't go too soon!" cried the planter, staggering to his feet. He gave Pentress a hopeless beaten look.

"You're my witness that first and last I've no part in this!"

The colonel shrugged his shoulders. Murrell reached out a hand and rested it on Ware's arm.

"Keep your wits, Tom, and within a week people will have forgotten all about Norton and your sister. I am going to give them something else to worry over."

To be Continued



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Do you want to know, and do you want to know bad enough to come and see?

We have rubbed out all Question marks and you will be greatly surprised—you will simply be more surprised in our show tonight than you have ever expected, so we would advise you to come see for yourself.

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

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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.

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



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

We call our customers' attention to the prices quoted below:

- 1 Princess Diamond Ring, 1 3-16 carats, \$178.00
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- 1 Single Stone Diamond Ring, Blue White, 1 11-16 carats, \$278.00
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- 1 Brooch, Blue White, consisting 2 1-4 carats, \$200.00
- 20 Diamond Rings, 1 8 carat each, Blue White, choice \$10.50
- 35 Genuine Diamond Rings, choice \$5.75

THE DIAMOND PALACE
P. WEINBERG, PROP.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS

The British steamer Belford, consigned to Taylor & Co., of this city put in yesterday for orders and has proceeded to Mobile for a cargo.

R. A. Warren of Havana is registered as a guest of the Jefferson.

Refrigerators, ice cream freezers, filters and water coolers. Standard makes at the same price you pay in the large cities. Reedy's. 53 tf

Adolph Glass manager of the Palace meat market, was a passenger to Miami yesterday evening on train No. 36.

In season. Hammocks, porch swings and lawn swings. Put in place free of all charge. Reedy's. 53 tf

Professor Wineland of the Hargrove Institute, left for his home in Westerville, Ohio, yesterday evening.

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

The following passengers were arrivals on the Miami yesterday evening from Havana: R. H. Warren, F. G. Hudson, F. G. Hudson, Jr., H. Janse, P. Janse, Jno. F. Reilly, Mrs. G. C. Patterson, E. B. Marks, S. H. McDonald, J. W. Horvath, E. M. Thorn, H. S. Kimbly, Mrs. H. S. Kimbly, Geo. F. Young, C. W. Bryan, J. L. Albert, J. G. Hann, J. Mingrik, C. E. McIntosh, Jose Espinosa, Samuel Klemmer, Clasey and 9 second class.

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

Phone 1891 for fine, large, fat hens. Just received. For sale cheap.

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

Camille Oliveri, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Oliveri is ill with typhoid fever at the home of her parents on Elizabeth street.

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

A postal from Dr. Maloney who is now in Paris was received by the editor of The Journal yesterday. Dr. Maloney states that he is somewhat improved in health and expects in a few days to leave for Vienna where he will, as he expresses it, "do" the great hospitals.

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

The funeral of Augusta Arnold, six year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Arnold will be held this morning at 9:30 o'clock. The funeral procession will go from the residence on United St. to St. Paul's Episcopal Church where funeral services will be held, and will then proceed to the City Cemetery where the interment will be directed by undertaker Benj. Lopez.

Lost—A locket marked "O. L. M.". Three pictures are inside the locket. Lost somewhere on Caroline Eaton, Whitehead or Duval streets. Reward if returned to Miss Ottillie Louise Maloney, corner Fleming and Simonton streets. 11-3t

8x12 ft. Bamboo porch screens \$2.50. Key West Furniture Co. 700 Duval street corner Angela St. 53 tf

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at 318 Simonton Street. The house has 35 rooms, with all modern improvements.

Also the furnishings of the adjoining house, 316 Simonton, with tennis and rooms, barber shop and coffee shop.

Also two nice lots near Louis pavilion.

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

See Proprietor Chicago House.

The following passengers arrived on the Sabine yesterday from Galveston: G. E. Fairfield, A. Baldecchi, N. Celli, W. M. Davis and Robert Jackson.

Fire engine No. 1 which has been repaired by the City Engineer, was given a test yesterday afternoon before a committee, and found to be in excellent condition.

Major Sam Wolf, Captain Joseph R. Stirrup and Lieut. Clifford Hicks returned from St. Augustine yesterday morning where they have been attending the school for the Officers of the National Guard of Florida.

The German Minister to Cuba, Adolf Paul, and the English Minister to Cuba, Steven Leech, who have been visitors in the city for several days, will leave this morning for the north.

Clem Knowles left on the Olivette last night enroute to Ocala, where he will attend the Republican convention next Friday.

The following were passengers on the Olivette for Tampa last night: Rev. I. Feldma, H. G. Seagroatt, A. Gehorsam, T. W. Johnson, Walter Stickler, J. Baugher, Lewis Otto, Mrs. Joe Gent, M. J. Bloom, C. L. Knowles, W. T. Ingraham and 20 second class.

Lewis Otto was a passenger on the Olivette last night enroute to Ocala where he will attend the progressive republican convention next Friday.

The funeral of Mr. John Scheurer was held yesterday afternoon. The Masonic orders marched from Masonic Temple to the house where they view the body. The funeral procession then formed, the pall bearers being members of Dade Lodge. An escort of uniformed Knights Templar accompanied the procession and the Masonic orders marched in a body. Funeral services were conducted at St. Paul's Episcopal Church by Rev. C. T. Stout. The funeral procession then moved to the City Cemetery where church services were held, the choir singing "Nearer My God To Thee." Then followed the impressive Masonic funeral ceremonies.

An immense quantity of floral offerings were sent to the cemetery and the funeral procession, which was one of the longest seen here, attested the esteem in which the deceased was held in this community.

The Mallory liner Concho, enroute from New York to Tampa and Mobile, will arrive here today. There are no Key West passengers on board.

A board of inquiry took evidence yesterday at the Naval Station in the case of Paymaster Bleeker, who was recently mixed up in an alleged kidnapping in Tampa.

Mr. G. W. Pettengill, Auditor of the Mallory line who has been spending several days in the city, will join Mrs. Pettengill on the Concho today and proceed to Tampa.



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



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TUNGSTEN LAMPS

SIZE	OLD PRICE	NEW PRICE
13 c. p. Clear or Frosted	55	45
20 c. p. " " "	55	45
32 c. p. " " "	65	45
50 c. p. " " "	90	65
80 c. p. " " "	1.15	85
125 c. p. Clear	1.65	1.35
125 c. p. Frosted	1.75	1.45
200 c. p. Clear	2.35	1.90
200 c. p. Frosted	2.50	2.10
4 c. p. Clear (sign lamps)	35	25
4 c. p. Frosted (sign lamps)	35	30
12, 16, 20, 24 c. p. Gem Lamps	25	20
32, 40 c. p. Gem Lamps	35	30

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



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