KEY WEST MORNING JOURNAL

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Jack Johnson Retains the Belt

BLACK GIANT WINS FIGHT IN THE 9TH ROUND BY REFEREE'S DECISION

Owing to Flynn Repeatedly Butting Johnson, the Rangers Stop Fight and the Referee Gave the Decision to Johnson

JOHNSON WHIPPED CONTESTANT ALL THE WAY THROUGH

Flynn Gives Champion a Fearful Beating--Story as Told by the Press Smirches With Fake--Sports Evidently Had Their Money on Wrong Man

Las Vegas, N. Mex., July 4. (Special to The Journal).—The fight between Jim Flinn, the heavy-weight fighter who had been selected to win back the championship from Jack Johnson, the negro champion pugilist and the man who made the valiant Jeffries bite the dust two years ago, was pulled off according to schedule here today, the first round opening up just as the clock struck the half hour between two and three o'clock (Key West time 4:30). Thousands of people from every section of the country and from many foreign countries, had come to Las Vegas to see the great Flinn make the negro take the count, and when the gong sounded the opening of the encouter, the great arena that had been constructed for the combat was packed from the ring to every outer edge. The city has been filled and every available place in which a man might sleep has been filled for several days. Last night thousands of visitors slept on the city's squares, with only a blanket to keep the dew from falling on them.

First Round.

Just as the half past two o'clock bell sounded. Flinn and Johnson toed the mark in the center of the ring. Flinn placed a good strong blow in Johnson's stomach. They clinched for a minute, when Johnson landed an uppercut on Flinn's jaw, using his great right arm swing. They clinched again, when Johnson got in a pretty upper cut on Flinn's chin. They clinched, and Flinn butted Johnson in the chest. When they broke, Johnson landed a light left tap on Flinn's jaw. They clinched, again. Johnson holds Flinn and grins. Johnson landed another hard right upper cut ad clinched. It was this blow of the negro's that brought the first blood of the fight. Flinn rushed in with two hard left blows in Johnson's stomach. Johnson cuffed Flinn on the jaw with a hard right swing, and immediately followed it with another. They were in a fierce rally as the gong sounded. The first round was distinctly Flinn's round.

Round Two.

Both men were promptly at their places, and Johnson jabbed Flinn with three straight lefts and upper cuts. Johnson then jabbed Flinn five straights, but Flinn got a light left into the negro's stomach. They clinched, and when they broke loose Flinn got a good left into Johnson's jaw. They clinched again, and Johnson drove a straight right swing against Flinn's jaw. They clinched and the referee ordered them to break. In the break Johnson sent an uppercut home with his right hand, and hooked his left into Flinn's jaw. They clinched, when Flinn drove home a good left swing against Johnson's jaw and an equally good right into the negro's stomach. They clinched and Flinn got two good light lefts into the negro's stomach again. Johnson hooked his right hand against Flinn's jaw as the gong sounded. Johnson laughed and winked at some friends as he took his seat.

Round Three.

Flinn got a good one into the negro's abdomen before he was out of the corner. Flinn then pounded the negro's stomach good and strong in the break. Johnson got a light left jab on to Flinn's nose. Flinn rushed Johnson and gave him a strong overhand on the head. Johnson uppercut Flinn three times in a clinch, and Flinn tried for the negro's eye, but missed. Johnson drove home a hard right into his white opponent's stomach. Flinn uppercut with his left hand and landed on Johnson's jaw. They clinched and during the clich Flinn pounded Johnson's stomach. Flinn drove home a hard left swing to Johnson's mouth, and Johnson bleeds. They clinch and Johnson uppercuts three times with right hand. Flinn is covered with blood, and is hanging on Johnson. The negro rocks Flinn's head twice as the bell sounds with stiff uppercuts. This was Johnson's round.

Round Four.

Johnson started the fourth round off by shoving a straight left jab into Flinn's jaw, when they clinched. Johnson holds Flinn off with a left uppercut and with two right jabs. Flinn Jabs Johnson in the stomach and Johnson lands a hard blow onto the white man's nose. Blood flew all over Flinn's face. Flinn drove two lefts into Johnson's stomach. Johnson rushed Flinn to the ropes with straight rights to the white man's nose. Flinn got in two body blows. He tried an uppercut, but missed, and the negro laughed loudly. The two clinched, and in the break Flinn tried a left swing and missed. Johnson sent a right into Flinn three times in succession. In a fierce rally on the ropes, Flinn drove his right swing three times in succession onto the negro's jaw. The gong sounded.

Round Five.

Johnson's white wife waved to him as he entered the ring for the fifth round. Flinn answered the wave by landing a good left and right to Johnson's ribs. They clinched and Johnson landed a left hand blow on Flinn's eye. As they break in another clinch, Johnson gets Flinn's mouth with a light left. Johnson jabs Flinn's nose three times in quick succession. Flinn rushes to clinch and tries to drive a couple into Johnson's head with strong uppercuts. They stomach, but Johnson rocked Flinn's clinched and Flinn pounded the negro's stomach four of five times. Johnson started the crowd to cheering by patting Flinn on the back of the head. Johnson rebuked Flinn for butting and Flinn tells the negro to "let go." They clinched as the bell sounded. Flinn smiled for the first time as he started for his corner.

Round Six.

Flinn came with a rush, clinched the negro and butted him twice on the chin. Flinn hollered for the referee to call the negro from the clinch. In a fierce rally Flinn drove five or six vicious blows into Johnson's stomach. Johnson broke ground plainly worried. They clinched again and Flinn drove a hard right and left into Johnson's stomach. Johnson jabbed Flinn's nose as they clinched. Then Johnson hollered that Flinn was butting him. Johnson's seconds raised an uproar. Flinn drove a strong and Johnson used his uppercuts. Flinn drove a hard right into the right to Johnson's ribs. They mixed negro's stomach and rushed the black champion to the ropes as the bell rang. This was a round of punishment for the negro. Kelly went to Flinn's corner.

Round Seven.

Flinn rushed into a clinch to begin with. Johnson held Flinn. They broke and Johson jabbed Flinn three times lightly on the nose. Flinn could not get to close quarters with the negro, for Johuson backed all around the ring. Flinn poked two hard lefts into Johnson's stomach, and then drove a right and left swing into the negro's stomach again. Johnson grabbed Flinn's nose and held him until the referee made him break. Flinn then put a strong right to Johnson's jaw, and received three uppercuts from Johnson's left on the jaw. In a mix-up Flinn got Johnson on the right ear. Johnson landed a left on Flinn's ear, and they clinched as the bell rang. The crowd yelled at the negro: "What are you holding Flinn for?" and he replied, "Because I'm strong."

Round Eight.

Johnson landed a left to Flinn's jaw and they clinched. Flinn butts and Johnson gets sore. He called the referee's attention to Flinn's butting. Johnson drove a right to Flinn's jaw and a left to his mouth. They clinched and after the break Flinn tore into Johnson, driving two hard body blows. Johnson scored heavily with a right on to Flinn's nose. They clinched and Flinn butted the negro three times. The referee broke them. Johnson jabs left to Flinn and Flinn lands right on the negro's nose. They clinched and the negro held the white man. Flinn got a hard right to Johnson's heart and a good strong left onto the negro's nose. They clinched. Johnson held Flinn and Flinn jumped up and butted the negro twice on the chin. Flinn was covered with blood when the bell rang.

Ninth Round.

The two combatants came to a clinch in the beginning of what proved to be the last round. Johnson held Flinn and they wrestled. In the break Johnson jabbed a left to Flinn's nose, and followed that by several rights on the same place. Flinn drove two rights to the negro's stomach and a strong left to his heart. At this jucture the police entered the ring, for the purpose of stopping the fight. Jack Curley was seen talking to the sheriff and immediately afterwards the referee decided that Johnson had won. The rangers entered the ring and the fight was brought to an end. The fight was stopped on account of Flinn's butting. He lost the chance of his life, for he had Johnson worried, and the chances are that he would have made the negro take the count. The crowd wanted the fight to go on. Spider Kelly exclaimed: "Good God, what a chance Flinn had and tossed off."

Flinn Really Won.

Spider Kelly said after the fight that Flinn had it won. However, the official decision was given to Johnson on agreement of both of them, that in case of police interference, the one who had the best of the fight up to the time of the interference should get the decision. Over-zealousness on the part of the police and the governor's staff spoiled a grand fight. All bets go as they stood, those betting on Johnson winning. Those who bet on knockout lost. The sentiment of the crowd is not in accord with the action of the officials. People are still in the arena late this afternoon, discussing the contest. Flinn is downhearted. He felt himself the winner. He says that Johnson was weak and getting weaker every round. He used no foul tactics until Johnson held him and then he took advantage of every situation that presented itself. Flinn's most severe wound is a cut over the nose which bled profusely.

Last Night at 9:30.

Las Vegas, N. M., July 4.—The thousands of people who have been here for the last two days for the Johnson-Flinn fight, are beginning to leave for their homes in different parts of the country. The majority of those who saw the fight believe that it would have bee Flinn's had not the Police interfered.

BIG BATTLE IS NOW RAGING IN MEXICO

Federals Attack Rebels After Manoeuvring--Battle Will be Decisive

Bachimba, Mexico, July 4.—After a week's jockeying, active operations between the federal forces under General Huerta and the Mexican rebels under Orozco began at dawn this morning.

The federal troops have been busy for several days in reaching designated positions by flank movements. General Huerta finally gave the command to attack the rebels at 5 o'clock this morning.

The government troops advanced cautiously to avoid the mines which have been placed in position by the rebels. The latter were fully prepared for the attack, having taken positions to the southward on the west bank of the Yaqui river.

There were no gains on either side after the troops had met and fought for siz hours. Nearly 10,000 men are involved. The federals have 5,000 men and the rebels are said to be nearly as strong. It is indicated that if the rebel ammunition holds out the issue will not be decided for several days. A federal victory would mean the end of organized revolution. The federals are shelling the rebel camp tonight. Slight rebel losses are reported.

AN OPEN LETTER.

To the Editor of the Morning Journal
Dear Sir:

Please insert this letter in your valuable morning paper:

As a citizen of Key West and Florida I think that Mr. Cauthorn, a man who was a witness for the people in the Cochran case, deserves protection from the abusive language of Judge Parkhill.

To sit and listen to Judge Parkhill denounce Mr. Cauthorn in unmeasured language as a liar time and again, very ill becomes any man when there is no need to do so, and possibly no truth in calling Mr. Cauthorn a liar.

Judge, remember in the future that the God you called upon to help you is a God who is very jealous about any man attacking another man's character without a cause.

Character is the highest and most valuable part of man, for this world and character will seal his eternal destiny.

The writer, along with many other intelligent citizens, believes that Judge Parkhill owes to Mr. Cauthorn a public apology through our daily newspapers.

S. KAY DARLINGTON.

SLUGGERS AND MIAMI TEAM EACH WIN GAME

Miami Wins Morning Game But Key West Retaliates in the Afternoon

Miami, Fla., July 4.—The Key West team won and lost a game here today, the series now standing: Key West 3; Miami 2.

Miami won this morning's game by a score of 7 to 1. The game was featured by heavy hitting on the part of Miami, there being three home runs knocked. Mira, Dion, Kirchenbaum and Keeley were the battery for Key West, and Lutrell and Tenny for Miami.

The afternoon game, which was attended by a record crowd of enthusiastic fans, was won by the Sluggers by a score of 7 to 5, due to the bonehead playing of Miami and the good steady playing by the visitors. The game was exciting throughout, a number of brilliant individual plays being made by both sides. Sanchez batting was the feature of the game, and he won the hearty applause of the fans several times. Medina brought the grand stand to its feet by making a one handed stab which landed in due center, he also a little later knocked a home run. Sanchez and Keeley worked for the Key West team and Price and Tenny for Miami.

The following telegram was received at this office last night from manager Keeley:

"Played five games, won 3 lost 2; will play Friday and Saturday; large Fourth of July attendance. Keeley."

WOLGAST REMAINS CHAMPION ON FOUL

Joe Rivers Fouls Him in the 13th Round, Referee Gives Him Decision

Los Angeles, Cal., July 4. (Special to The Journal).—In the thirteenth round, Ad Wolgast won the lightweight championship from Joe Rivers here today. The decision was given by the referee on account of a foul on the part of Rivers, and all bets are declared off. There were many thousands of people in Los Angeles for the fight, and many hundreds of them are disappointed in the outcome. They preferred to have the fight fougth to a finish and not decided by the referee, on the foul, that was made. However, the decision was given to Wolgast, and Rivers is tonight a defeated man.

COCHRAN CONVICTED MURDER 2ND DEGREE

Jury Returns Verdict After Over Eighteen Hours Deliberation

After over eighteen hours of almost continuous debating and balloting the jury in the case of the state of Florida against C. P. Cochran, brought in a verdict yesterday afternoon at three o'clock of murder in the second degree and were dismissed by Judge Bethel. Murder in the second degree carries with it a penalty of life imprisonment, and unless the defense is granted a new trial or the case is carried to the supreme court, this will be the penalty tha tCochran will pay for the killing of E. E. Gibson.

LOCAL WEATHER REPORT

U. S. Department of Agriculture.
Weather Bureau.
July 5, 1912.

	7 A. M.	7 P. M
Barometer	30.04	29.97
Temperature	82	82
Wind Veloci y	10	4
Wind Direction	N. E.	N. E.
State of Weather	P Cloudy	P Cloudy

H. Temperature	87
L. Temperature	78
M. Temperature	82.5

Almanac July 4.

Sun Rises		4.42
Sun Sets		6.21
High Tide	12.20	11.38
Low Tide	5.22	6.13

CELEBRATION OF FOURTH WAS SUCCESS IN EVERY PARTICULAR

The People Who Celebrated at Home Were Better Entertained Than Any Citizens in the Entire State of Florida

THE PROGRAM WAS CARRIED OUT WITHOUT A HITCH

Parade, Speech-making, Ball Game And Field Meet Are All Largely Attended And Appreciated--Grand Ball Climaxed Day of Festivities

The celebration of our national holiday was an unqualified success in every way, and those who stayed at home to celebrate were amply rewarded.

The parade moved on scheduled time and in the following order: Detail of city police with grand marshal and assistant; admiral's band from the naval station; Eighteenth company of coast artillery; marines, sailors and band from battleship New Jersey; marines, sailors and band from battleship Georgia; naval militia; boy scouts and Patriotic Sons of America. It was a showy and impressive function. The perfect alignment of the men and the regular rythm of their steps called forth applause along the entire route of the parade. Every man was alert and carried a business-like air as they moved down the street, headed by as gallant officers as it has been our good fortune to look upon. The equipment was in perfect condition and made a beautiful show as the parade moved across the city to the Barracks' grounds. The streets were thronged by a cheering and enthusiastic crowd.

The reviewing stand on the balcony of the Helling building was a brilliant sight, and occupied by "The Two Admirals," Lucien Young, commandant of the naval station and A. B. Fiske, commander of the third division of the Atlantic fleet, with their respective staffs; the Cuban consul, A. D. Carrasco, the mayor of Key West, city and county officials, celebration committee, government officials, and last but not least, many beautiful ladies, who added to the attractiveness of the reviewing stand.

At the Barracks' grounds the parade was called to a halt and the men from the ships marched back to the landing, where they embarked to their floating homes. If they took as much pleasure in their fine work as the people in this city enjoyed in seeing it, we are sure they feel amply repaid for their trouble.

Immediately following the breaking up of the parade an immense crowd gathered on the Barracks' grounds and listened to the oration of the day delivered by Hon. W. H. Malone. At the conclusion of the speech the Boy Scouts, who during the entire day showed themselves to be real scouts, repeated the Scout's oath. Following this Mayor Fogarty read the Declaration of Independence in his usual impressive manner.

The baseball game at the Barracks which was called at 2 p. m., equalled any game played in the major leagues yesterday, and had the fans on their feet from start to finish. The Georgia team won by a score of 6 to 5, but it was a hard-earned victory, as the soldiers showed wonderful strength and fought every minute of the game. Shadey and Snedeker were the Georgia's battery, and Pendleton, Smith and Nepper worked for the soldiers.

The track meet, which heretofore has never attracted very wide-spread attention in this city, proved to be the main attraction of the day, and was attended by one of the largest and most interested crowds ever gathered in Key West. Lieut. Pendleton of the Barracks and Lieut. Gill and Ensign Stolz of the Navy who were in charge of the meet, and are deserving of the lion's share of credit for its sucsess.

The first event of the program was a hundred yard dash, which was easily won by Sherman (Key West) in 10 1-5 seconds. Guy (Navy) came in second with Fleming (Barracks) a close third.

The Navy claimed all honors in the following event, which was a 220 yard dash. Miller crossed the line first, and was closely followed by Hartman and Guy.

The 440 yard dash was won by McKee (Navy) in 55 seconds. Clemmens (Barracks) got second place and Guy (Navy) came in third.

Following the 440 yard dash the most interesting event of the meet, the relay race, was run. The New Jersey's team composed of Miller, Guy, Hartman and West won first prize with the Barracks team composed of Baldwin, Vail, Clemens, and Roberts, second and the Georgia's team composed of Saroine, Rose, Meyers, and Rondo, third.

The mile race was won by Burrage (Key West) in 4 minutes and 37 seconds. Prevatle (Navy) came in second and Moore (Navy) third.

The three-legged race, which made a decided hit with the crowd was won by the Barracks' team composed of Clemens and Wright, who made the course in 17 1-2 seconds. Walker and Hartman, the Navy team, came in second and another Barracks team composed of Newcomb and Nichols, took third money.

The crowd's sides had barely stopped shaking from laughter over the three-legged race, when two more feature races were pulled off which caused the crowd to go into spasms of merriment. The sack race was won by Nichols of the Barracks in 23 seconds, but Shane and Watson of the Navy were close on his heels. The Barracks also produced the champion wheelbarrow experts, Nichols and Newcomb, easily winning the race.

Sherman (Key West) won both the running high jump and the running broad jump, clearing the line at 5 feet 4 inches in the high jump, and 19 feet 9 inches in the broad jump. Miller (Navy) cleared the line at 5 feet 2 inches and took second place in the high jump, and also took place in the broad jump, clearinb 19 feet 2 inches. Woodruff (Barracks(wan third place in the high jump, clearing the bar at even 5 feet, and Guy (Navy) took second place in the broad jump clearing 19 feet 5 inches.

Allen of the Navy put the shot 33 feet 6 inches, and wo nfirst money.

The Army failed to make any showing at all against the Navy in the tug-of-war, and were pulled across the line in short order.

As a fitting climax to the day's festivities a grand ball was held at the Louis Pavilion yesterday evening, which was largely attended by the younger social set of the city and many of the officers from the battleships. The hall was prettily and tastefully decorated with the flags of all nations, and as the dancers crossed and recrossed the floor, the many beautiful gowns worn by the ladies produced an effect so pleasing to the eye, which together with the excellent music, stirred even the most disintrested onlooker to expressions of delight.

CUBAN CABINET OFFICERS WANT TO QUIT THEIR JOB

New Budget Does Not Satisfy Them so Tney Hand in Their Resignations

Havana, July 4.—A crisis in the cabinet of President Gomez is threatened by the resignation of Secretaries Gutierrez Quiros and Carrera of the treasury and public works departments. It is reported that both resignations have already been presented.

Both of the secretaries are said to be dissatisfied with the way the government has begun the fiscal year. Secretary Gutierrez Quiro's objection is alleged to be the power which has been given General Raimundo Sanchez, sub-secretary of the treasury. The secretary called on President Gomez yesterday morning and remained with him for some time. He did not go near his office during the morning and this act gave color to the report that he had resigned, but that the president had persuaded him to reconsider it before acting finally.

Secretary Carrera's grievance is with the new budget. He is said to maintain that the allowance of the department of public works has been cut to such an extent that he is greatly handicapped. He also called on the president yesterday and remained with him some time. He refused to discuss the object of his visit.

Coffee Retailer, Attention!

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

THE PRICE IS 25c PER POUND

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

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John Henry MAKES A HOLIDAY

By GEORGE V. HOBART

I was beginning to hatch a dark and devilish plot, and in the morning, bright and early, I had Barney Doolin at work painting our automobile the exact colors of the machine owned by the Hon. William Gray, who had the temerity to run against Uncle Peter for mayor.

This was Saturday, and since early morning a score of boys roamed all over town, distributing 10,000 cards whereon was printed "Bunch's Advice to Society"—a canard of my own devising to queer Bunch with the Society push.

The cards made an awful hit. Nine citizens out of every ten didn't know whether it was straight goods or a josh, but after reading the card over for the second time nearly everybody concluded that the strenuous campaign had overcrowded Bunch's mental seating capacity and that he had gone dippy.

When the afternoon paper, the Ruraldene Palladium, made its appearance, it contained a paid get-back from Bunch on the first page, and it was surely a dizzy dish of words.

Ruraldene, as everybody knows, is an extremely popular suburban town and is sometimes called "The Commuter's Paradise." It consists of a hustling "business center" and beyond this, dotting the green in all directions, are the villas and country homes of the suburbanites.

It was through our army of Commuters that Bunch tried to reach me.

This is what he had in the afternoon paper:

"Voters and citizens of Ruraldene: There is in our midst an ardent supporter and adherent of the Hon. Peter Grant who spends most of his time besmirching the fair name of the Commuter. This man is the author of a literary stab in the Suburbanite's back, a copy of which has recently come into our possession and which is published herewith to prove its author's villainy, and to warn the voters who may well ask 'If Peter Grant's henchman belittles the Commuter in this cruel manner what will Mayor Grant do to them?' We give space to this cruel slanderer's effusion that our citizen Commuters may be on their guard hereafter:

"THE COMMUTER."
(By John Henry.)

"Mirabel!"

"Yes, dear," answered the Commuter's wife.

"The Suburbanite pins his faith to a railroad schedule only to find that somebody pinches the pin!"

"Yes, Claudius," the wife answered.

"Mirabel! the Commuter's life is a moving one and full of cinders!"

"Yes, Claudius!"

"Mirabel!"

Commuter Goosedipper paused and shook the family growler slowly from side to side.

"Yes, Claudius," the faithful wife responded.

"It is now a little less than daylight on Monday morning," he said; "and I must leave Insomniahurst and go forth to the great city where I get my wages."

Goosedipper sighed and squeezed the pitcher.

"And today the Chokeup and Crawlalong R. R. takes off fourteen more trains!" he gasped.

"Claudius!" the wife exclaimed, pale from one end of her face to the other.

"Today I must go forth on a train which will look no more upon Insomniahurst until many bitter years have faded into the elsewhere," he muttered all foam-bedecked into the pitcher.

"And must I lose you so soon?" said the good wife, bursting into tears.

"It is the will of Fate," he said.

"The years will be long between us," she said, sobbing with her voice.

"Yes, but I will telegraph you money once in a while," he whispered, restraining the impulse to cross his fingers.

"Oh! the awful suburban railroad system," she shuddered, "separating the wife from the husband and the father from the children he can never know in their infancy!"

"Teach the children not to forget me while I am away at the office," said Goosedipper, eagerly.

"I will, Claudius, if I have to do it with a shawl strap," said the loving wife.

Then Goosedipper arose.

"Let me look around the old home once again before I go away to duty on the 7:09 accommodation, which runs eagerly like a rabbit, hither and thither, and no where in particular!"

Together with his wife, hand in hand, followed by the cat and the little Goosedippers, the brave Commuter took a parting walk among his household.

And when his emotion overcame him and he stepped not unkindly but heavily withal upon the cat the scene was too pitiful for words.

It was a touching sight to see them.

Then with a sob Goosedipper grabbed his lunchbox and was gone.

* * * * * *

"I caught a train many years ago but we had to change cars at Salt Lake City, so I came home by the way of Bangor, Maine," was the only explanation the Commuter made.

"Don't apologize, Claudius," said the loving wife. "I knew you would be home some day if you had to wait for the Panama Canal to get finished."

Such is the simple faith of the Commuters.

"Where is Spartacus?" said Goosedipper. "When I left you he was our oldest son. I hope no change has happened to him, Mirabel? The day before I went on the 7:09 train little Spartacus put on his first knickerbocker pants. Where is he?

"That was many years ago," sighed the wife. "When Spartacus grew old enough to learn the schedule of the trains he swore never to leave home until the railroads made some arrangement to get him back again, and so he is now a hermit."

"A hermit?" inquired Goosedipper; "what is a hermit?"

"A hermit," answered the wife; "a hermit is a Commuter who loves his home too well to commute."

"And little Augustus Appius, where is he?" inquired the husband after a while.

"Little Augustus Appius has grown up and developed the brain of a deep thinker," said the wife. "With ten years more study he will be able to think deep enough to invent a suburban train that will have the sense and the courage to keep on going till it reaches the place it started for."

"Yes, Claudius," continued the wife, "our little Appius is a scientist. Every time he reads about a new idea he sits down and invents it! He is now working on a useless pole for the wireless telegraph."

The husband went out on a thunder strike.

"My, my, my!" said Goosedipper. "I go away on the Chokeup & Crawlalong R. R., and before I get back my children grow up and get famous. Such is the suburban railroad system! Where is little Gladiolus? When I left she was the youngest. I hope she did not change her mind during my absence?"

"No," said the wife, "but she has grown up to be a car-shy girl!"

"Car-shy?" echoed her husband.

"Yes," responded the wife; "once when she was just a little child I thought I heard the shriek of a locomotive, and I fainted with surprise. It was a false alarm because the shriek was made by the yeast brewery over behind the hill, but the scene made a deep impression on Gladiolus. Ever since that moment she throws a fit when anybody mentions a railroad train because she doesn't believe there is such a thing in the world."

Bunch fell down on his scheme of revenge, because the only man who reads the local afternoon paper in Ruraldene had to go to New York on business that day.

Uncle Peter spent hour after hour in the library, arranging and rearranging the oratorical brickbats with which he intended to demolish Uncle William's citadel at the joint debate

Continued on Page 5

"The John Henry Home Guards."

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

Regular Meals and Short Orders

We Solicit Your Patronage.

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

Next Hotel Jeffa.

DO YOU KNOW

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

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

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

THEO. HOLTSBERG
Next to San Carlos

LARKINS

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

TELEPHONE 219 FOR YOUR ELECTRICAL WANTS
LARKINS

Dr. W. O. Kemp
VETERINARIAN
Georgia & Olivia Sts. Phone 518

Formerly with U. S. Q. M. Dept. in Manzanillo, Cuba after Spanish-American war as acting veterinarian for the 10th U. S. Cavalry.

DRUGS

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

Y. GUICHARD
419 Duval Street.

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

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

Pure Food Ice Cream Co.

ORDER YOUR CREAM FOR TODAY FROM US. CREAMS OF EVERY FLAVOR AND THEY ARE MADE RIGHT.

PHONE 371

Wm. Curry's Sons' Co
GENERAL MERCHANTS

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

Cable Address "Curry Key West"

611 FRONT STREET. KEY WEST, FLA.

STANDING OF THE TEAMS

	Won	Lost	Pct.
Boston	4[illegible]	23	681
Philadelphia	40	28	588
Washington	43	31	581
Chicago	40	30	571
Cleveland	35	35	500
Detroit	36	37	493
New York	19	47	288
St. Louis	19	49	279

BASE BALL PAGE

DETAILED RESULTS IN THE MAJOR LEAGUES YESTERDAY

SPECIAL CABLE SERVICE TO THE JOURNAL

STANDING OF THE TEAMS

	Won	Lost	Pct.
New York	54	13	806
Pittsburg	39	27	591
Chicago	37	26	587
Cincinnati	36	35	507
Philadelphia	28	35	444
Brooklyn	36	44	380
St. Louis	27	40	403
Boston	21	50	296

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Philadelphia-Boston, Break Even.

Philadelphia, July 4.—In the doubleheader played here today between the Athletics and the Boston Red Sox, each team won a game. The Athletics won the morning game by a score of 4 to 3, while the Red Sox took the game this afternoon by a score of 6 to 5. Both games were hard fought, and well played through out.

Morning game:

Philadelphia made 4 runs, 8 hits and 2 errors.

Boston made 3 runs, 8 hits and 1 error.

Philadelphia battery: Plank and Rapp.

Boston battery: Wood and Cody.

Afternoon game:

Philadelphia made 5 runs, 10 hits and 3 errors.

Boston made 6 runs, 11 hits and 3 errors.

Philadelphia battery: Bender, Brown and Lapp.

Boston battery: Bedient and Carrigan.

Umpires (both games): Egan and O'Laughlin.

Washington Wallops New York.

Washington, July 4.—The doubleheader played here today was a farce, as the Senators easily won both games from the New York Yankees.

In the morning's game 9 errors were chalked up against the Yanks and the Senators simply played with them. The second game failed to show any improvement.

Morning game:

Washington made 12 runs, 11 hits and 1 error.

New York made 5 runs, 4 hits and 0 errors.

Washington battery: Cashon and Ainsworth.

New York battery: McConnel and Sweeney.

Afternoon game:

Washington made 72 runs, 14 hits and 1 error.

New York made 1 run, 5 hits and 2 errors.

Washington battery: Croome and Henry.

New York battery: Quinn and Street.

Umpires (both games): Westervelt and Evans.

St. Louis Beaten By Detroit.

Detroit, July 4.—The Tigers won both games of the doubleheader played here today with the St. Louis Browns. In the morning game the Tigers piled up a score of 9 to 3, and in the afternoon game the Browns not only failed to score, but failed to get one hit off Mullen.

Morning game:

Detroit made 9 runs, 10 hits and 1 error.

St. Louis made 3 runs, 10 hits and 1 error.

Detroit battery: Willet, Stanage and Anslow.

St. Louis battery: Baumgardner, C. Brown, Kriechel and Alexander.

Afternoon game.

Detroit made 7 runs, 12 hits and 1 error.

St. Louis made 0 runs, 0 hits and 5 errors.

Detroit battery: Mullen and Strange.

St. Louis battery: Adams, Hamilton, Mitchell and Stephens.

Umpires (both games): Dineen and Sheridan.

Naps-White Sox Break Even.

Chicago, July 4.—The honors were equally divided between the White Sox and the Cleveland Naps in the doubleheader played here today, as each team won a game. Chicago won the morning game by a score of 2 to 1, but the Naps retaliated this afternoon with defeating them 9 to 4.

Morning game:

Chicago made 2 runs, 8 hits and 1 error.

Cleveland made 1 run, 6 hits and 4 errors.

Chicago battery: Peters and Kuhn.

Cleveland battery: Blanding and Easterly.

Afternoon game:

Chicago made 4 runs, 10 hits and 0 errors.

Cleveland made 9 runs, 13 hits and 2 errors.

Chicago battery: Montridge, Jordan, White and Block, Sullivan.

Cleveland battery: Cregg and O'Neill.

Umpires (both games): Connelly and Hart.

EDDIE FOSTER A STAR

His Work Has Been Beneficial to Washington.

Former Rochester Player Not Thought Good Enough for New York Giants Has Proven Tower of Strength for Griffith.

There are innumerable instances where good ball players have been let out by one major league club only to become stars for another after a little experience in a minor league. Eddie Foster is one of these. The question is often asked how Foster came to get away from New York. That club sent him to Rochester with the agreement that it would have the pick of the team in the fall. It is said that John Ganzel, the manager of that club, gave it as his opinion that Foster would not be of any help to his team, and he then consented to the sale of Foster to Washington, a deal which he undoubtedly has had reason to regret. Maurice Rath furnishes another instance of where a good ball player was allowed to slip through the hands of two major league clubs and is now making good for the White Sox with a vengeance. Philadelphia and Cleveland both had Rath, but he made good for neither because he was not played at the position where he belonged. They tried him at third and he failed, while he appears to be a wonderfully clever player at second.

What a wonderful difference the addition of one man can make in a ball team is proved in the case of Foster. While of course there have been many other changes in the make-up of the Nationals since last season, none of these appears to have been as beneficial to the team as the acquisition of Foster. He has filled a place where the team has always been weak and by his clever work at the bat has filled even a greater gap.

To Foster belongs the credit for most of the victories the Nationals have earned this spring. When he has not taken a part in the offensive end of the game he has prevented disaster by his remarkable fielding around third base. With a player less capable than he covering that position, it can be easily figured that three or four of the games which have been won would have been defeats.

On what he has shown this spring Foster is a remarkably clever ball player in every respect. One wonders that a man of his ability should have spent so long a time in the minor

Eddie Foster.

leagues. Few third basemen have shown themselves in the same class with the little fellow, nor does it seem reasonable to suppose that his showing has been a flash in the pan, for he is keeping up his good work at a consistent rate.

Demaree Wins Again.

Another thirteen-inning game was played in the Southern league, this one in Mobile, and it was won by the Gulls from Chattanooga, with Demaree pitching. In thirteen innings he allowed five hits. Chapelle pitched a good game for the Lookouts.

Now another royal prince is reported to be eager to marry a pretty American girl. After all, royal princes are but men, and, like other men, want to take their pick from the best

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Dodgers Wallop Giants.

New York, July 4.—The Brooklyn Dodgers won both games of the doubleheader played here today with the Giants. At no time in either game did the Giants stand a show to win, although all of the favorite pitchers were tried in succession with the exception of Marquard and Ames. The mighty Matty started the game off this morning but son went down before the clever Dodgers.

Morning game:

New York made 4 runs, 8 hits and 2 errors.

Brooklyn made 10 runs, 16 hits and 2 errors.

New York battery: Mathewson, Tesrau, Crandall and Meyers, Wilson.

Brooklyn battery: Yingling, Ragon and Miller.

Afternoon game:

New York made 2 runs, 4 hits and 1 error.

Brooklyn made 5 runs, 11 hits and 1 error.

New York battery: Wiltse and Meyers.

Brooklyn battery: Strike and Miller.

Umpires (both games): Brennan and Emslie.

Boston-Phillie Play Even.

Boston, July 4.—The game played here this morning was won by the Boston Doves by a score of 7 to 3. The Phillies were not to be caught on the same game twice however, and won the game this afternoon by a score of 7 to 4.

Morning game:

Boston made 7 runs, 9 hits and 3 errors.

Philadelphia made 3 runs, 8 hits and 1 error.

Boston battery: Donnelly and Rariden.

Philadelphia battery: Moore, Seaton and Dooin.

Afternoon game:

Boston made 4 runs, 10 hits and 3 errors.

Philadelphia made 7 runs, 15 hits and 1 error.

Boston battery: Brown and Kling.

Philadelpaih battery: Brennan and Killifer.

Umpires (both games): ason and Johnstone.

Pirates Win From Reds.

Pittsburg, July 4.—The Pirates won both games of the doubleheader played here today with the Cincinnati Reds. The games this morning was a walkaway for the Pirates, but this afternoon the Reds gave the home team a hard game.

Morning game:

Pittsburg made 11 runs, 12 hits and 0 errors.

Cincinnati made 5 runs, 7 hits and 4 errors.

Pittsburg battery: Camnitz and Simons.

Cincinnati battery: Benton, Taylor, Keefer and Clark.

Afternoon game:

Pittsburg made 3 runs, 8 hits and 0 errors.

Cincinnati made 2 runs, 10 hits and 0 errors.

Pittsburg battery: Hendrix and Sisnon.

Cincinnati battery: Suggs and McLean.

Umpires (both games): Klem and Bush.

Chicago Trims St. Louis.

Chicago, July 4.—In the doubleheader played here this afternoon between the Cubs and the St. Louis Cardinals, the Cubs won the first game by a score of 2 to 0 and tied the second game, which was called on account of darkness.

First game:

Chicago made 2 runs, 10 hits and 1 error.

St. Louis made 0 runs, 6 hits and 2 errors.

Chicago battery: Brown and Archer.

St. Louis battery: Sottee and Bresnahan.

Second game:

Chicago made 2 runs, 9 hits and 1 error.

St. Louis made 2 runs, 7 hits and 2 errors.

Chicago battery: Wiltse, Seifield and Wingo.

St. Louis battery: Richie and Needham.

Umpires: Rigler and Finneran.

Art of Stealing Bases.

"Stealing bases is not for the fact of stealing bases alone," said Fred Clarke in discussing the running end of baseball. "It is a double-headed ax that works for or against you two ways. The fast man who steals bases not only advances himself toward the plate, but he unsteadies an opposing pitcher more or less and often helps the man who follows him to a base on balls. Stealing bases may bring bases on balls, bad throws and other fortunate points to your side, but the attempt may waste a run for you and cost the game."

ONE CENT TODAY

E. A. WADDELL

ONE CENT TODAY

124 DUVAL STREET

A LOT ON THE EASILY PAYMENT PLAN

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

16 DAYS FROM TODAY

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

FIRST PAYMENT OF 1 CENT.

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

ONE CENT TODAY

E. A. WADDELL

ONE CENT TODAY

The Key West Morning Journal

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF KEY WEST

PUBLISHED DAILY, EXCEPT MONDAY, AT 433 FRONT STREET BY

The Key West Journal Publishing Company, Inc.

FREDERICK H. MATHEWS ..... Editor
J. A. WILLIS ..... Business Manager
H. O. EVISTON ..... Circulation Manager

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

News by Special Cable Service

FRIDAY, JULY 5, 1912.

KEY WEST'S FOURTH OF JULY.

Key West took yesterday off and celebrated the birthday of the greatest nation on the face of the globe. Every true American so considers his native land, and the position which the country occupies in the affairs of the world at large justifies that opinion just some ninety odd millions of times. The day was celebrated in fitting style in Key West, and the citizens generally took a marked interest in the day's events. The sailors on board the New Jersey and the Georgia, together with the officers of the two great vessels; joined with the citizens and the soldiers and marines here, in making the day one long to be remembered. The grand parade was an inspiring sight, and every heart beat livelier as the steady tramp of sailors, soldiers, marines, boy scouts, and city organizations went marching by, to the tunes of lively airs, played by the different bands in the line of march. Then yesterday afternoon at the barracks of the garrison here, the field events were witnessed by some twenty-five hundred or three thousand enthusiastic lovers of clean sport. Taken altogether, we rather doubt if there was a more fitting celebration anywhere in the country than that held in the southernmost city of the great American republic yesterday.

ANENT THE PRIZE RING YESTERDAY.

The eyes of the sporting world were turned on Las Vegas, New Mexico yesterday; and ever and ann a side glance was cast towards Los Angeles, California. It was in these two cities that the two great pugilistic contests of the year were scheduled to come off. And come off they did, but how? In Las Vegas, where the greatest fight of the year had been arranged between the so-called "white hope" and the negro, Jack Johnson, the fight ended in the ninth round; the black fighter held Flinn time after time, and Flinn, taking advantage of the foul tactics of the negro, butted and butted hard. It was because of the butting of the white man that the fight was called off and the decision given once again to the black, who flaunts himsel upon the people of this country carrying about with him a white woman for a wife. Foul, foul was the fight; but not so coul as is the convention in a certain section of this great republic which allows the negro, Jack Johnson, to occupy the place which he occupies in the public eye—he and his white wife! In Los Angeles, too, the press dispatches tell us that the fight was closed because of a foul. This fight was between two white contestants for the lightweight championship; but it was foully played, also. If we cannt do better than we did yesterday, prize fighting should be outlawed by every state and city in the country—as stringent a law as the good old state of Florida has on the subject should be passed; but should it be enforced no better than the Flrida laws on the prize ring subject are enforced in Key West, perhaps it might as well be let alone. However that may be, the nation did not gain in self-respect, because of the way in which the fights were conducted yesterday.

A LAW UNTO OURSELVES.

Wednesday one of the local news papers carried the following notice and advertisement, combined:

"Jimmie Ellis and Jimmie Spitz will meet tomorrow afternoon at 4 o'clock in the San Carlos hall to oattle for ten rounds for the championship of Florida in the lightweight class.

"Both men are in first class condition, and lovers of the sport will no doubt see a fine exhibition of the art. Tickets can be had at Abe's cigar store Greene street."

This fight was advertised, and was pulled off as scheduled, despite the fact that the laws of the State of Florida plainly state that any man who engages in a pugilistic contest, for money, points, or honor, or who engages in any kind of a fight for which an admission fee is charged, either directly or indirectly, shall be fined not less than twe thousand dollars nor more than five thousand dollars, or be given a prison sentence of a specified length of time.

The law also states plainly that IT SHALL BE THE DUTY OF THE SHERIFF OR HIS DEPUTIES, IN ANY COUNTY WHERE SUCH A CONTEST IS ABOUT TO BE CONDUCTED, TO ENTER THE HOUSE OR ENCLOSURE WHERE THE FIGHT IS BEING CONDUCTED, AND SHALL ARREST THE CONTESTANTS, OR THOSE WHO ARE ABOUT TO CONTEST IN THE MANNER MENTIONED ABOVOE. Now, the statutes of the State of Florida leaveno room for doubt as to what is meant, on the subject of prize fighting, and the sheriff of Monroe county, even though he were less intelligent than he is, KNOWS what his duty was yesetrday afternoon at four o'clock. It was his DUTY to stop that disgraceful "fight" that took place in one of the local theaters yesterday afternoon; and when he failed to uphold the law which he had SWORN to obey and uphold, he violated the trust that had been imposed upon him, and public justice should demand that he either voluntarily surrender the post that he has proven false to, or that he be forced to resign. The fact of his having made no attempt, whatever, to see that the law that he swore to uphold was obeyed yesterday, might be overlooked, were this his first offense. It is not his first offense, however. Fights are advertised and pulled off here every few weeks, and the high sheriff of Monroe county raises no voice of protest. He allows the strong arm of the law to lie limp, when he should see that it is raised in strong defense of the law that he is supposed to execute.

The Morning Journal has gotten tired of the ways things are being run in Monroe county, and the high sheriff's little independent republic of Monroe has awakened to the fact that it is the best part of a great state, and that the same laws that govern that sovereign state govern this county also. And this awakening is going to bring about a revolution in the way things are being "run" by Monroe county's "ring." So now it is up to the sheriff of this county to show WHY he failed in the performance of his duty yesterday, or the powers that remove high sheriffs from office are going to be invoked. The man who is writing this article isn't bluffing, and the article means just what it says.

WHY, MR. SHERIFF, DID YOU NOT UPHOLD THE LAWS THAT YOU HAVE SWORN TO UPHOLD, YESTERDAY AFTERNOON AT FOUR O'CLOCK?

HONOR WHERE HONOR IS DUE.

To Geo. W. Reynolds is due all the credit for the idea of having a celebration on the Fourth; and for making it the success that it was, the thanks of this city are due to Admiral Young, Admiral Fiske, Captain Willis, Lieutenant Gill, of Admiral Fiske's staff, Lieutenants Barnett and Brice of the navy, Lieutenant Wston, of the medical corps, Ensigns Niles, Niyn, Force, Robottom, Masek, Nelson, McGuigan and Mathews.

Lieut. Pendleton, of the 80th Co., Coast Artillery Corps, and Ensigns Stotz, of the navy, had a strenuous day, and are entitled to special honor for their work in making the field events s entirely satisfactory and entertaining. Thus is the honor apportioned out to those to whom the most honor is due for our first ourth of July celebration, since the city became connected with the great state of Florida by bonds of steel.

Pure Food Ice Cream Co.

ORDER YOUR CREAM FOR TODAY FROM US. CREAMS OF EVERY FLAVOR AND THEY ARE MADE RIGHT.

PHONE 371

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

GEORGE S. WAITE

92 and 94 DUVAL ST.

Clothing, Hats, Shoes and Furnishings

There's Nothing That Appeals to a tired man or women so much as a tastily prepared meal, and there's nothing helps make a tastily prepared meal so much as the BEST groceries. For that kind, Telephone

"Your Grocer"

WM. E. ROBERTS,

220 Duval St.

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

Tax Assessor's Notice.

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

R. E. L. McClintock,
City Tax Assessor

s-8

LEGAL NOTICE.

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

In re estate of Matilda Williams.

Notice is hereby given to all whom it may concern, that on the 10th day of December, A. D., 1912, I shall apply to the Honorable Hugh Gunn, judge of said court, as judge of probate, for final discharge as administrator of the estate of Matilda Williams deceased; and that at the same time I will present my final accounts as administrator of said estate, and ask for their approval.

Dated June 4th, 1912.

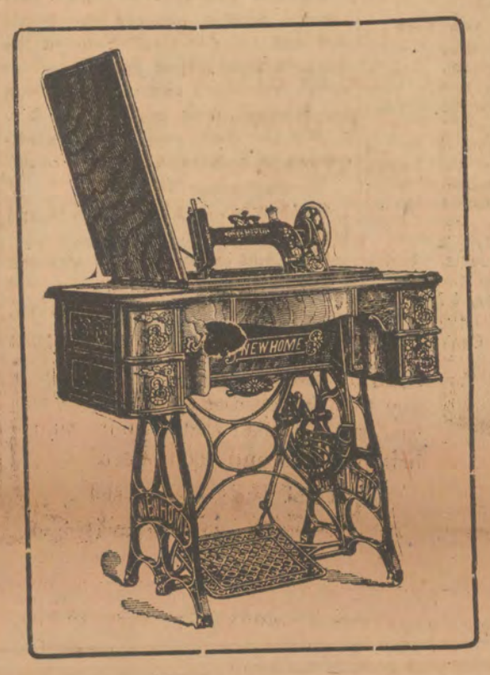
PETER T. KNIGHT,
Administrator.

WHY NOT SMOKE A GOOD CIGAR?

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

EIGHTY FOUR New Home and Standard

Sewing Machines sold within the last twenty-seven days, and every one of them sold to homes in Key West, is our record.



TUESDAY, JUNE 4, WE SOLD 2 MACHINES
WEDNESDAY, JUNE 5, WE SOLD 5 MACHINES
THURSDAY, JUNE 6, WE SOLD 4 MACHINES
FRIDAY, JUNE 7, WE SOLD 3 MACHINES
SATURDAY, JUNE 8, WE SOLD 6 MACHINES
SUNDAY, JUNE 9, STORE CLOSED
MONDAY, JUNE 10, WE SOLD 5 MACHINES
TUESDAY, JUNE 11, WE SOLD 3 MACHINES
WEDNESDAY, JUNE 12, WE SOLD 2 MACHINES
THURSDAY, JUNE 13, WE SOLD 3 MACHINES
FRIDAY, JUNE 14, WE SOLD 4 MACHINES
SATURDAY, JUNE 15, WE SOLD 6 MACHINES
SUNDAY, JUNE 16, THE STORE WAS CLOSED
MONDAY, JUNE 17, WE SOLD 4 MACHINES
TUESDAY, JUNE 18, WE SOLD 3 MACHINES
WEDNESDAY, JUNE 19, WE SOLD 2 MACHINES
THURSDAY, JUN 20, WE SOLD 2 MACHINES
FRIDAY, JUNE 21, WE SOLD 1 MACHINE
SATURDAY, JUNE 22, WE SOLD 5 MACHINES
SUNDAY, JUNE 23, THE STORE WAS CLOSED
MONDAY, JUNE 24, WE SOLD 2 MACHINES
TUESDAY, JUNE 25, WE SOLD 4 MACHINES
WEDNESDAY, JUNE 26, WE SOLD 3 MACHINES
THURSDAY, JUNE 27, WE SOLD 4 MACHINES
FRIDAY, JUNE 28, WE SOLD 7 MACHINES
MONDAY, JULY 1, WE SOLD 4 MACHINES

That is a fine record, we think, and it was made possible only by the New Home and the Standard's popularity. We only have 16 more of these machines to be sold at $47.40, $2 down and $1 a week.

Stowers' Muisc House

426 Duval Street

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.

ORDER THE ORIGINAL BOTTLING

I. W. HARPER WHISKEY

Uniformity of whiskey excellence is always admitted without question by every man who knows the history of

Old I. W. Harper Whiskey.

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

FOR SALE BY RAFAEL SOLANO

that was to be pulled off Monday night.

In the meantime the town was seething with anticipation, and all kinds of rumors were flying about.

The Gray faction started the story that Uncle Peter had suddenly declined to meet his opponent in joint debate, so it was up to me to start another story to the effect that old Bill Gray had imported 219 Dago floaters, and had opened a night school in his barn where Bunch Jefferson was teaching the Guineas enough English to get by the challengers on election day.

I think that sent them to the rock pile.

Saturday night we had our final parade with the fireworks finish, and it was a lallapalootza!

First came the Silver Cornet Band, in the new uniforms Uncle Peter had

Lizzie Joyce, Our Cook, Marched, a Freckled Parasol in One Fist and a Transparency in the Other.

bought for them, and the way they blew Sousa across lots and showered the community with rag-time was a caution.

Then followed the "John Henry Home Guards," 250 strong, marching with cape-mackintoshes, plug hats and canes. We were immense, with the exception of three or four dubs who had borrowed top-pieces too small for their brainieries, and who had to break ranks every five minutes to coax their lids away from the street-car tracks.

We carried transparencies reading as follows:

PETER GRANT WILL MAKE GOOD! BOOST HIM IN.

WHO IS PETER GRANT'S OPPONENT? A PIECE OF CHEESE!

VOTE FOR THE REAL RINA KABOO! PROGRESSIVE PETER!

WILL WE PASS BILL GRAY THE ICE-PITCHER? O, MAYBE!

GEORGE WASHINGTON AND PETER GRANT NEVER TOLD A LIE!

DID OLD BILL GRAY? ASK ME!

REMEMBER THE MONROE DOCTRINE AND VOTE FOR PETER GRANT!

Next came the "Peter Grant Zouaves," consisting of Conrad Puffenlotz, four assistant hop-beaters from the brewery, and thirty-six school boys, not one of whom would have a vote coming to him for at least twelve years.

But the Zouave make-up was a hot favorite with Uncle Peter. He was out to have a splotch of color in that parade no matter what the cost, and he got his wish.

Following the Zouaves came the "Martha Grant League of Helping Hands," consisting of Conrad's wife, the lady friends of the four hopbeaters, Hank, the gardener's wife, and enough of Hank's children to make that portion of the parade look like the recess hour in a public school.

Lizzie Joyce, our cook, had been led to believe by some unscrupulous person that the Hon. William Gray, if elected, would introduce the Irish eviction gag into Ruraldene. So the parade for Lizzie, and she marched among the Helping Hands with the freckled parasol in one fist and in the other a transparency evidently edited by Barney Doolin, which read:

My Chice For Mayor
Is Pete grant
the ladies Pet an pride!

It certainly was a tart collection of enthusiastic pave pounders that marched through Ruraldene that evening and whooped it up for the Hon. Peter Grant.

The Candidate, with his wife and niece and friends, reviewed the parade from the "Peter Grant headquarters" in town. Then, after marching around the Hon. William Gray's villa three times, with the band playing "Your Neck Is a Good Place To Get It, Mr. Man!" we planted our transparencies deep in the grassy lawn owned by the furious Uncle William, and with Gabe Malone's bull dog to watch them we left them there for the entertainment and enlightenment of the Opposition while we adjourned to the little Riverside Park for the fireworks display.

With the exception of a roman candle that sailed into Conrad Puffenlotz, and after knocking at his dining-room door insisted upon doing its turn inside his Zouave jacket, the fireworks were shot off successfully, and the day wound up in a blaze of glory.

It was a great day for everything in Ruraldene—except Uncle Peter's bank account.

(Copyright by G. W. Dillingham Co.)

Is Our Service Satisfactory to You? If Not we want to Make It So.

We wan to know how our patrons feels owards us. We are earnestly striving to please you. Our drivers are Instructed to give full weight in all instances. If the one that serves you fails to do so, phone 211 at once. .:. .:.

Consumers Ice & Cold Storage Company.

Richard Peacon's Grocery

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

Cor. Fleming and William Sts.

PHONE 67

WE UNFURL OUR FLAG

and declare our motto—the best and nothing but the best. A house made of our building materials will stand the test of time, wind and flood Get your building materials from us and save yourself vain after regrets.

JOHN LOWE JR. SONS

CASH OR CREDIT

J. C. Whalton Furniture Co.

CASH OR CREDIT

CORNER OF SIMONTON AND ANGELA STREETS

We want to announce the change in management of the furniture store formerly conducted by J. C. Whalton, Sr, and to state that we are now ready to handle any and all orders, large or small. We have stocked our big store and ware-rooms with new furniture, and we have variety enough to suit every body.

Every boat and every train for the last several days has brought new furniture for our store. We know that we can say without fear of contradiction from any source, that we are selling furniture cheaper, for cash, than any other furniture house in the city. There are many reasons why we are able to do this, and a visit to our store will show you why.

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CASH OR CREDIT

The Lady OF THE Mount

By FREDERIC S. ISHAM

Author of "The Strollers" "Under The Rose" —Etc.—

Illustrations by RAY WALTERS

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At one of the apertures looking out to the barren waste of sand stood the Lady Elise; the words of the old Norman chant she was singing in desultory fashion rang softly, oddly, in that spot, where black-clad brethren for centuries had been wont to tread. Mechanically the Governor listened, but the voice soon ceased abruptly and again, after the manner of one of orderly habits, he bent over the big book; once more the curving finger slid up and down, and parsimony, the vice of the aged, had begun to shine from his pinched features, when a footstep rang on the marble pavement.

"Your Excellency sent for me?" The commandant stood respectfully near.

The Governor closed the book with deliberation; lifted his eyes. "The prisoners that were taken last night are safely housed?"

"Housed? Yes, your Excellency! But we have little room. The upper cells are all occupied; the dungeons, fairly full! Even the In-pace and Les Deux Jumeaux have been pressed into service."

"Hum!" The long hand tapped restlessly a moment; the cold eyes gleamed, then shot an inquiring look. "There are no new particulars about last night's encounter with this—Black Seigneur?"

"None, your Excellency, except," the commandant drew a paper from his breast pocket, "I have here in writing the detailed account of the officer in charge of your Excellency's boat, who was wounded himself in the encounter."

"Read it."

The commandant obeyed. "'Our schooner, belonging to his Excellency, the Governor, was returning last night to the Mount with troops—reinforcements for the garrison from St. Dalard—when it happened quite by accident near a ship, maneuvering at a respectful distance from the island of Casque. The night was dark and cloudy, but our men got a look at her and suspecting who she was and knowing her armament, against our will, we felt obliged to bear away. She, having no reason to think us other than a fishing schooner, or that we were freighted with troops instead of cod, did not follow and we had passed out of sight, and were rounding the island when we ran into two small sail-boats that had just set out from there.'"

"To join the ship of this outlaw!" interposed the Governor. "Go on!" shortly.

"'We hailed; their answer was unsatisfactory; we ordered them to halt, whereupon they tried to sail away. We followed and overtaking them, commanded them to surrender. Their leader, who was the Black Seigneur himself, refused, and we attacked—'"

"Bien! 'We attacked!' But what then? Eh, what then?"

"'With fury they responded; in spite of their inferiority of numbers tried to board us. Bravely our men repulsed them; yet still they persisted; led by their captain, the Black Seigneur, had gained the deck when a chance shot struck him. As he fell back, the others tried to escape; one boat was sunk—'"

"And the other, bearing their leader, got away!" interrupted the Governor harshly.

"In the confusion—yes, your Excellency."

The Governor waved his hand impatiently.

"'By this time the ship of the Black Seigneur had drawn nearer and our men put about and made for the Mount with a number of prisoners. Several shots were sent after us, but we managed to reach port.'"

"The officer in charge of the troops thinks this fellow, their leader, was wounded severely—fatally perhaps?"

"He thinks it most probable, your Excellency."

For some time the Governor, with frowning brows, sipped silently from a glass of liquor at his elbow, and, stiff, motionless, the commandant waited; close at hand, a dove plumed itself on the roof of the cloister walk; beyond, the girl again began to sing fitfully.

Out of the corner of his eye the commandant dared look at her, leaning now against the wall, the clear-cut, white features outlined against an illimitable blue background.

"Les amours—"

Involuntarily he started to raise a hand to his warlike mustache, when abruptly was his wandering attention recalled. "The man ashore I spoke to you about, has been taken into custody?"

"Yes, your Excellency; and is now at the barracks."

"Send him here. One moment—" The commandant paused, vaguely conscious the girl had moved away from the wall. "You spoke of there being a lack of room—these new prisoners must be confined in the dungeons; if necessary, crowd more of the others in the upper cells, and—there is still the Devil's Cage."

"The Devil's Cage?" Through the rose-tinted columns, above the Governor's head, the commandant could discern the figure of the Lady Elise, who had approached and now was gazing inquiringly at them. "Your Excellency would use that? One can neither lie down in it, nor sit in it, upright?"

"Well," the cold eyes flashed, "it is not intended for upright people! But the man you were ordered to arrest!" with sudden sharpness; "the man from the shore! Send him to me!"

"At once, your Excellency!" And responding promptly to his superior's mood, the commandant saluted briskly, and retired.

"What man?" The drapery of her gown drawn back, the Lady Elise stood poised on the court's low coping between the fairy-like pillars.

"No one you know, my dear."

"Which means—it is none of my concern?"

"Not at all." His voice was now perfunctory; and his expression, as he surveyed her, slightly questioning. "You are looking somewhat pale today?"

"Am I?" carelessly. "I—I feel very well." As she spoke, she went to him and leaned over the back of his chair. "Mon pere, won't you do something for me?"

"What?"

"Promise first." With her hand on his shoulder.

He reached up; the long, cold fingers stroked the shapely, warm ones. "One should never leap into the dark with a promise," he answered. "Especially to a woman."

"Not even when that woman is one's own daughter?" she asked, sliding to the arm of the chair.

He regarded the bright face now thoughful; the lips, usually laughing, set sensitively. "Is it another trip to the court, or do you wish to turn this stern old Mount again into a palace of pleasure? To invite once more the Paris lords and ladies—the King, himself, perhaps? It would not be the first time a monarch has been entertained at the Mount—or a Marquis, either, eh? Shall we ask the Marquis?"

She made an impatient movement. "I want you to promise to break up the terrible iron cage, and—"

"Tut!" Jocosely he pinched the fair cheek. "A girl's thoughts should be of the court and the cavaliers."

She turned away her head. "You treat me like a child," she said with a flash in her eyes.

"No, no! Like a woman," he laughed. "But the Marquis—perhaps he could not come here; perhaps he is too much concerned with the gaieties of Paris!" Her figure straightened; she was about to walk away, when—

"You ride this afternoon?" he asked.

"I had not thought of it."

"If you do I desire that some one accompany you." Her face changed; she looked at him quickly, and half turned. "Remember Saladin as well, and—keep closer to the Mount in the future."

"Poor Saladin!" she breathed, with averted glance.

"He got his deserts!" answered the Governor harshly. "An ugly trick that of his—to bolt and leave you stranded at the extreme point of the mainland where the bay swings around!"

"The 'grand' tide—it came in so fast—and made so much noise—"

"It frightened him! Well, fortunate it was, indeed, you were not on his back; that you had already reached the point, and had had time to dismount! An unpleasant experience, nevertheless—with the water separating you from the Mount, and a great curve of land to be walked before you could arrive at a human habitation!"

"I—it wasn't a very comfortable feeling," she acknowledged, flushing.

"And if the fisherman hadn't subsequently seen you and taken you across in his little boat, you would have been more uncomfortable later. You rewarded him well, I trust?"

"He—wouldn't take anything."

"And you neglected to inquire his name?"

"I—did not think."

"You were so glad to get back?" remarked the Governor, regarding her closely. "What sort of man was he?" abruptly.

"Old."

"And—"

"That—is all I remember."

"Hum! Not very lucid. No doubt you were too overwrought, my dear, to be in an observant mood." His voice sank absently; his fingers sought among the papers, and, as his glance fell, the girl walked away. Again she leaned on the parapet, and once more regarded the barren waste below—the figures of the cockle-seekers, mere specks, the shadow of the Mount, stamped on the sand, with the saint, a shapeless form, holding up a tapering black line—a sword—at the apex.

"She is keeping back something. What?" Above an official-looking document the Governor watched her, his lips compressed, his eyes keen; then shrugged his shoulders and resumed his occupation. The death-like hush of an aerial region surrounded them; the halcyon peace of a seemingly chimerical cloister; until suddenly broken by an indubitable clangor—harsh, hard!—of a door, opening; shutting. The Governor lifted his head in annoyance; the dove on the roof of the cloister-walk flew away, and a short, fat man, breathing hard, appeared.

"Pardon, your Excellency! But the drafts! They seem sometimes to sweep up from the very dungeons themselves, and—"

"Well?"

Beppo cut short excuse, or explanation. "A prisoner is waiting without. The man, Sanchez, from the shore! Monsieur le Commandant, who brought him, told me to inform you."

The Governor considered a moment with down-bent brows. "You may show him in, but first," he glanced up with a frown, "I have a question to put to you."

"Your Excellency?"

"This morning you thought fit to apprise me," Beppo looked uncomfortable, "in view of the events of last night—that you saw yesterday this fellow, Sanchez, setting out in a sailboat, accompanied by a priest—a fact that might have been of great service to me, had I been aware of it in season!" The Governor paused to allow the full weight of his disapproval to be felt. "At what hour did you see them start out?"

"About dusk, the time of the 'grand' tide," was the crestfallen answer. "I was following the shore, feeling anxious on account of the Lady Elise, who, I knew, had gone in the direction of the forest, when I saw them, some distance out, but not too far to recognize this fellow's boat and in it two men, one of them in the black robes of a priest. I attached no importance to the incident until—"

The Governor interrupted. "You may send the prisoner in," he said shortly. "No—wait!" Toward the spot where the girl had been standing the Governor glanced quickly, but that post of observation was now vacant, and his Excellency more deliberately looked around; caught no sight of her. "You may send him in here," he said, "alone. I will speak with the prisoner in private."

CHAPTER XI.

The Governor Is Surprised.

But the Lady Elise had not gone. Passing from the cloister through the great arched doorway leading to the high-roofed refectory, she had stopped at the sight of a number of people gathered near the entrance. At first she had merely glanced at them; then started, as, in the somewhat dim light prevailing there, her eyes became fixed upon one of their number.

Obviously a prisoner, he stood in the center of the group, with head down-bent, a hard, indifferent expression on his countenance. Amazed, the girl was about to step forward to address him—or the commandant—when Beppo appeared from the cloister, walked toward the officer, and, in a low ill-humored tone, said something she could not hear. Whatever it was, the commandant caused him to repeat it; made a gesture to the soldiers, who drew back, and spoke himself to the prisoner. The latter did not reply nor raise his eyes, and the commandant laid a heavy hand on his shoulder, whereupon the prisoner moved forward mechanically, through the doorway.

"You are sure his Excellency said 'alone'?" asked the commandant.

"As sure as I have ears," answered Beppo.

"But her ladyship—see! She is walking after him."

Beppo shrugged his shoulders. "She always does what she pleases; no orders apply to her."

In the shadow of the cloister roof, at a corner where the double row of pillars met, the girl paused; looked out through the columns, her hand at her breast. The Governor was unconcernedly writing; not even when the prisoner stepped forward did he turn from his occupation; at his leisure dotted an "i" and crossed a "t;" sprinkled sand lightly over the paper; waited a moment; then tapped the fine particles from the letter. For his part, the prisoner displayed equal patience, standing in an attitude of stolid endurance.

"Your name is Sanchez?" At length the Governor seemed to notice the other's presence.

"Yes."

"And you formerly served the Seigneur Desaurac? Followed him to America?"

"As your Excellency knows." The servant's tone was veiled defiance.

A trace of pink sprang to the Governor's brow, though the eyes he lifted were impassive. "You will answer 'yes' or 'no'!" He reached for a stick of wax, held it up to the tiny flame of a lamp; watched the red drops fall. "When you returned, it was to live in the forest with—a nameless brat?"

"My master's son!"

"By a peasant woman, his—"

"Wife!"

The Governor smiled; applying a seal, pressed it hard. "The courts found differently," he observed in a mild, even voice, as speaking to himself and extolling the cause of justice.

"The courts! Because the priest who married them had been driven from Brittany! Because he could not be found then! Because—" The man's indignation had got the better of his taciturnity, but he did not finish the sentence.

"Either," said the Governor quietly, "you are one of his simple-minded people who, misguided by loyalty, cherish illusions, or you are a scheming rogue. No matter which, unfortunately," in crisp tones, "it is necessary to take time to deal with you."

"At your Excellency's service!" And the man folded his arms but, again turning to his table, the Governor apparently found some detail of employment there of paramount importance; once more kept the prisoner waiting.

The silence lengthened; in the dim light of the walk noiselessly the girl drew nearer; unseen, reached the old abbot's great granite chair with its sheltering back to the court and close to the Governor's table. Into the capacious depths of this chilly throne, where once the high and holy dignitary of the church had been accustomed to recline while brethren laved his feet from the tiny stone lavatorium before it, she half sank, her cheek against one of its cold sides; in an attitude of expectation breathlessly waited. Why was it so still? Why did not her father speak? She could hear his pen scratch, scratch!

They were again speaking; more eagerly she bent forward; listened to the hard, metallic voice of the Governor.

"You left the castle at once when the decree of the court, ordering it vacated, was posted in the forest?"

"My master told me to, pretending he was going, but—"

"Remained to resist; to kill." The Governor's tones, without being raised, were sharper. "And when, after the crime against the instruments of justice, he escaped to the high seas, why did you not go with him?"

"He wouldn't have it."

"Thinking you would be more useful here? A spy?"

"He said he would be held an outlaw; a price put on him, and—he dismissed me from his service."

"Dismissed you? An excellent jest! But," with sudden incisiveness, "what about the priest, eh? What about the priest?"

The man straightened. "What priest?" he said in a dogged tone.

"You are accused of harboring and abetting an unfrocked fellow who has long been wanted by the government, a scamp of revolutionary tendencies; you are accused of having taken him to sea," the prisoner started, "to some rendezvous—a distant isle—to meet some one; to wait for a ship; to be smuggled away—?"

The man did not reply; with head sunk slightly, seemed lost in thought.

"Speak—answer!"

"Who accuses me?"

From the stone chair the girl sprang; looked out. Her face white, excited, peering beneath the delicate spandrils and stone roses, seemed to come as an answer.

"Have I not told you—" began the Governor sternly, when—

"Bah!" burst from the prisoner violently. "Why should I deny what your Excellency so well knows? I told my master not to trust her; that she would play him false; and that once out of his hands—"

"Her? Whom do you mean?" The Governor's eyes followed the man's; stopped. "Elise!"

"I think," her eyes very bright, the girl walked quickly toward him, "I think this man means me."

"Elise!" the Governor repeated.

"Forgive me, mon pere; I didn't intend to listen, but I couldn't help it—because—"

"How long," said the Governor, "have you been there?"

"Ever since—he came in. I suppose," proudly turning to the man, "it is useless to say that I did not play this double role of which you accuse me, and that I did keep, in every particular, the promise I made—"

"Have I Not Told You—"

"Oh, yes; you could say it, my Lady!" with sneering emphasis.

"But you reserve to yourself the right not to believe me? That is what you mean?" The man's stubborn, vindictive look answered. "Then I will deny nothing to you; nothing! You may think what you will."

His face half-covered by his hand, the Governor gazed at them; the girl, straight, slender, inflexibly poised; the prisoner eyeing her with dark, unvarying glance.

"Dieu!" he muttered. "What is this?" and concern gave way to a new feeling. Her concern for something—somebody—held him. A promise! "You can step back a few moments, my man!" to Sanchez. "A little farther—to the parapet! I'll let you know when you're wanted." And the prisoner obeyed, moving slowly away to the wall, where he stood out of earshot, his back to them. "You spoke of a promise?" the Governor turned to his daughter. "To whom?"

A suggestion of color swept her face, though she answered at once without hesitation: "To the Black Seigneur."

The slight form of the Governor stirred as to the shock of a battery.

"There is no harm in telling now," hurriedly she went on. "He saved me from the 'grand' tide—for I was on Saladin's back when he bolted and ran. I had not dismounted, though I allowed you to infer so, and he had carried me almost to the island of Casque when we heard and saw the water coming in. The nearest place was the island—not the point of the mainland, as I felt obliged to lead you to think, and we started for it; we might have reached the cove, had not Saladin stumbled and thrown me. The last I remembered the water came rushing around, and when I awoke, I was in a watch-tower, with him—the Black Seigneur!"

The Governor looked at her; did not speak.

"I—I at first did not know who he was—not until this man came—and the priest! And when he, the Black Seigneur, saw I had learned the truth, he asked me to promise—not for himself—but because of this man!—to say nothing of having met him there, or the others! And I did promise, and—he sent me back—and that is all—"

"All!" Did the Governor speak the word? He sat as if he had hardly comprehended; a deeper flush dyed her cheek.

"You—can not blame me—after what he did. He saved me—saved my life. You are glad of that, mon pere, are you not? And it must have been hard doing it, for his clothes were torn, and his hands were bleeding—he can't be all bad, mon pere! He knew who I was, yet trusted me—trusted!"

The Governor looked at her; touched a bell; the full-toned note vibrated far and near.

"What are you going to do?" Something in his face held her.

Again the tones startled the stillness. "Remember it is I who am responsible for—"

"Your Excellency?" Across the court appeared Beppo, moving quickly toward them. "Your Excellency?"

"One moment!" The servant stepped back; the Governor looked first at the girl; then toward the entrance of the cloister.

"You want me to go?" Her voice was low; strained; in it, too, was a hard, rebellious accent. "But I can't—can't—until—"

"What?"

"You promise to set him free! This man who brought me back! Don't you see you must, mon pere? Must!" she repeated.

His thin lips drew back disagreeably; he seemed about to speak; then reached among the papers and turned them over absently. "Very well!" he said at length without glancing up.

"You promise," her voice expressed relief and a little surprise, "to set him free?"

"Have I not said so?" His eyelids veiled a peculiar look. "Yes, he shall be liberated—very shortly."

"Thank you, mon pere." A moment she bent over him; the proud, sweet lips brushed his forehead. "I will go, then, at once." And she started toward the door. Near the threshold she paused; looked back to smile gratefully at the Governor, then quickly went out.

CHAPTER XII.

At the Cockles.

A rugged mass of granite, rent by fissures, and surrounded by rocks and whirlpools, the Norman English isle, so-called "Key to the Channel," one hundred miles or more northwest of the Mount, had from time immemorial offered haven to ships out of the pale of French ports. Not only a haven, but a home, or that next-best accommodation, an excellent inn. Perched in the hollow of the mighty cliff and reached by a flight of somewhat perilous stairs, the Cockles, for so the ancient tavern was called, set squarely toward the sea, and opened wide its shell, as it were, to all waifs or stormy petrels blown in from the foamy deep.

Good men, bad men; Republicans, royalists; French-English, English-French, the landlord—old Pierre Laroche, retired sea-captain and owner of a number of craft employed in a dangerous, but profitable, occupation—received them willingly, and in his solicitude for their creature comforts and the subsequent reckoning, cared not a jot for their politics, morals, or social views. It was enough if the visitor had no lenten capacity; looked the fleshpots in the face and drank of his bottle freely.

The past few days the character of old Pierre's guests had left some room for complaint on that score. But a small number of the crew of the swift-looking vessel, well-known to the islanders, and now tossing in the sea-nook below, had, shortly after their arrival toward dusk of a stormy day, repaired to the inn, and then they had not called for their brandy or wine in the smart manner of seamen prepared for unstinted sacrifice to Bacchus. On the contrary, they drank quietly, talked soberly, and soon prepared to leave.

"Something has surely gone wrong," thought their host. "Why did not your captain come ashore?" he asked. "Not see his old friend, Pierre Laroche, at once! It is most unlike him."

And on the morrow, the islanders, or English-French, more or less privateersmen themselves, were equally curious. Where had the ship come from? Where was it going? And how many tons of wine, bales of silk and packages to tobacco, or "ptum," as the weed was called, had it captured? Old Pierre would soon find out, for early that day, despite the inclemency of the weather, he came down to the beach, and, followed by a servitor, got into a small boat moored close to the shore.

"He is going aboard!"

"Who has a better right? His own vessel!"

"No; Andre Desaurac—the Black Seigneur's! They say he long ago paid for it from prizes wrested from the Governor of the Mount."

"At any rate, old Pierre entered into a bargain to build the boat for him—"

"And added to his wealth by the transaction."

Later that morning the old man came ashore, but, according to habit, preserved a shrewd silence; in the afternoon a small number of the crew landed to take on stores and ammunition—of which there was ever a plentiful supply at this base; that night, however, all, including their master, betook themselves to the Cockles.

"Glad to see you ashore, mon capitaine." Pierre Laroche, standing at the door, just beyond reach of the fierce driving rain, welcomed the Black Seigneur warmly; but the young man, one of whose arms seemed bound and useless, cut short his greeting; tossed bruskly aside his heavy cloak, and called for a room where he might sit in private with a companion. This person the landlord eyed askance; nevertheless, with a show of bluff heartiness, he led the way to a small chamber, somewhat apart, but overlooking the long low apartment, the general eating and drinking place of the establishment, now filled by the crew and a number

Continued on Page 7.

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of the islanders.

"Your capitaine has been hurt? How?" A strapping, handsome girl, clad in red and of assured mien, passing across the room, paused to address a man of prodigious girth, who drank with much gusto from a huge vessel at his elbow.

"Did not your father, Pierre Laroche, tell you?"

"He? No; all he thinks of is the money."

"Then must le capitaine speak for himself, Mistress Nanette."

"You are not very polite, Monsieur Gabarie," she returned, tossing her head; "but I suppose there is a reason; you have been beaten. In an encounter with the Governor's ships? Did you sink any of them? It would be good news for us islanders."

"You islanders!" derisively.

"Yes, islanders!" she answered defiantly. "But tell me; a number of you wear patches, which make you look very ugly. They were acquired—how?"

"In a little clerical argument!" growled the poet.

She glanced toward the secluded apartment; its occupants—the subject of their conversation, and a priest, a feeble-looking man of about seventy, whose delicate, sad face shone white and out-of-keeping in that adventuresome company. "At any rate, the Black Seigneur hasn't lost his good looks!"

"Take care you don't lose your heart!"

"Bah!" Her strong bold eyes swept back. "Much good it would do me!"

"And for that reason—"

"Messieurs!" the landlord's voice broke in upon them; "behold!" it seemed to say, as pushing through the company, he preceded a lanky lad who bore by their legs many plucked fowls and birds—woodcock, wild duck, cliff pigeons—and made his way to the great open fireplace at one end of the room. There, bending over the glowing embers, the landlord deliberately stirred and spread them; then, reaching for a bar of steel, he selected a poulet from the hand of the lanky attendant and prepared to adjust it; but before doing so, prodded it with his finger, surveyed it critically, and held it up for admiring attention.

"Who says old Pierre Laroche doesn't know how to care for his friends? What think you of it, my masters?"

"Plump as the King's confessor," muttered the poet.

"Or your King himself!" said one of the islanders.

"On with the King! Skewer the King!" exclaimed a fierce voice.

"And then we'll eat him!" laughed the girl, showing her white teeth.

"Thoughtless children!" From his place at the table in the small room adjoining, the priest, attracted by the grim merriment of the islanders, looked down to regard them; the red fire; the red gown.

"Here, at least, will you find a safe asylum, Father," said his companion, the Black Seigneur, in an absent tone; "a little rough, perhaps, to suit your calling—"

"The rougher, the more suitable—as I've often had occasion to learn since leaving Verranch."

"Since being driven from it, you mean!" shortly.

"Ah, those revolutionary documents—placed in my garden!"

"To make you appear—you, Father!—a sanguinary character!" But the other's laugh rang false.

"Alas, such wickedness! But I was too content; the rose-covered cottage too comfortable; its garden, an Eden! It was more meet I should be driven forth; go out into the highways, where I found—such misery! I reproached myself I had not sought it sooner—voluntarily. From north to south peasants dying, women and children starving, no one to administer the last rites—on every side, work, work for the outcast priest! For ten years it has occupied him—a blessed privilege—"

"And then," the young man, who had seemed absorbed in other thoughts, hardly listening, looked mechanically up, "you came back?"

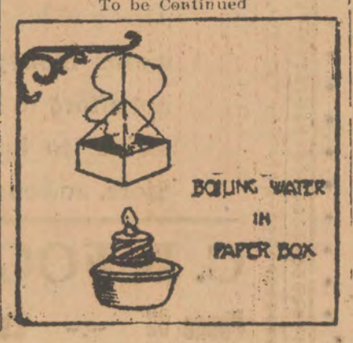
"A weakness of age! To see the old place once more! The little church; God's acre at its side; to stand on the hill at Verranch and look out at last time over the beautiful vale toward the Mount!" Briefly he paused. "Yet I am glad I yielded to the temptation; otherwise should I not have met your old servant, Sanchez; who told me all—how you had long been looking for me, and arranged our meeting for that day—on the island of Casque!"

"But not," the young man's demeanor at once became intent; his eyes gleamed with sudden fierce lights, "for what followed!"

The priest sighed. "Shall I ever forget it? The terrible night, the troop-ship, the killed and wounded. And the poor fellows taken prisoners! I can not but think of them and their fate. What will it be?"

The other did not answer; only impatiently moved his injured arm and, regarding him, the down-turned, dark countenance, the knit brows, quickly the priest changed the subject of conversation.

To be Continued



SUMMER SCHEDULE NO 48 SEASON 1912.
HAVANA, NASSAU, PORT TAMPA, MIAMI AND KEY WEST.

Peninsular and Occidental Steamship Company

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

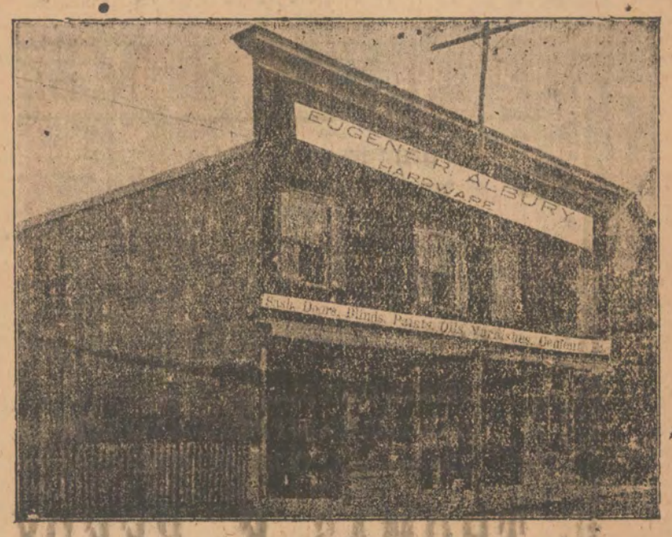
PORT TAMPA-KEY WEST-HAVANA LINE.

Port Tampa Key West Havana Effective Apr. 4, 1912	Southward	Lv. Port Tampa	Sun.	Thu	11:30 P M
		Ar. Key West	Mon	Fri	5 30 PM
		Lv. Key West	Mon	Fri	9 00 PM
		Ar. Havana	Tue.	Sat	6 30 AM
	Northward	Lv. Havana	Tue	Sat	12 00 M
		Ar. Key West	Tue	Sat	8 00 PM
		Lv. Key West	Tue	Sat	9 00 PM
		Ar. Port Tampa	Wed	Sun	6 00 A M
KEY WEST HAVANA Effective Apr. 8. 1912		Lv. Key West	Daily Except Sunday		9 30 AM
		Ar. Havana	Daily Except Sunday		5 30 PM
		Lv. Havana	Daily Except Sunday		9 30 AM
		Ar. Key West	Daily Except Sunday		4 30 PM

(When southbound connecting train is more than 30 minutes late, ship will not leave Key West until 9.00 p. m. arriving Havana next day at 6.30 a. m.
Above hours are based on 90th Meridian Standard time.
Information as to passenger and freight rates to all points in the United States, Cuba, West Indies and Bahamas cheerfully furnished upon application.

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

A. C. ELGIN, Local Agent



For Sashs, Doors, Blinds and in fact anything in building matrial, as well as all kinds of hardware call on EUGENE R. ALBURY
10-512 Fleming St. Phone 366

Fourth of July

SPECIALS

Are You Ready for the 4th?

We are Offering Special Reduced Prices on Our

CLOTHING, HATS AND FURNISHINGS

Come in, let us show you some attractive styles at very low prices.

We are Specialists on High Grade Merchandise at Lowest Possible Prices.

THE NAVAL STORE

Undersells Its Competitors at All Times

J. LEIBOVIT :-: 128 DUVAL STREET

Markovitz 5 & 10c Store

710 Duval Street

We are offering the best bargains to be obtained in the city, in the lines mentioned in our advertisement below, and we want the housekeepers, especially, to read our advertisement toda.

10 qt granite water pails, 25c
14 qt deep granite dishpan, 25c
21 qt " " " , 25c
7 qt granite tea kettles, 43c
4 qt " " " , 33c
1 1-2 qt tea or coffee pots 15c

36x38 Inch Japanese Straw Rugs 38c

GLASSWARE

Thin brown, bell shaped water glasses 2 sizes 5c each. Thin brown engraved water-glasses, 3 beautiful designs, 5 cent each

Only a few more days for our friends and patrons to purchase our water coolers at sale prices.

Headquarters for all kinds of decoration goods and fire works for July 4th.

Markovitz 5 & 10c Store

FURNITURE DEALER

Furniture, Floor Coverings
Window Shades, Crockery
Trunks, Framed Pictures
Bedding, Stoves

HOUSE FURNISHINGS GOODS.

THATS OUR BUSINESS AND WE ARE THE RIGHT PEOPLE TO BUY FROM, ASK OUR CUSTOMERS.

THOMAS E. REEDY

CORNER GRINNELL & DIVISION STREETS

City Brevities

Admiral Young left yesterday evening for a short visit in Havana.

—o—

Train No. 35 did not arive until 8:30 last night owing to a bridge at Titusville breaking down.

—o—

Lost—A hand painted pin. Finder will please reutrn to 812 Caroline street and receive reward. 5-3t

—o—

The "Full Pocket Book" which opposed Claude L'Engle in the recent primaries, has gone to the wall, in other words the pocket book is empty.

—o—

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Taylor left yesterday evening for Havana, where Mr. Taylor will attend to some legal business.

—o—

30c and 35c per pound is the price of Cabrera's coffee; but when you buy Cabrera's, you buy coffee that is coffee. Ask your grocer for it. tf

—o—

FOR SALE.

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

—o—

Cabrera's coffee will make the meal seem right, when everything else has gone wrong. Ask your grocer for Cabrera's, 30c and 35c a pound. tf

—o—

Cabrera's is the first word in the coffee market. If you get Cabrera's you have the satisfaction of knowing that you have got the best, and at 30c and 35c a pound.

—o—

FOR SALE.

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

—o—

There is just one thing that Cabrera sells, and that one thing is coffee; and there is just one kind of coffee that he sells, and that is the best coffee. Ask your grocer for Cabrera's. tf

—o—

The coroner's jury brought in a verdict that Pastor Burgos came to his death by a pistol wound over the right temple, which was inflicted by himself. Stella Papy was released from custody, the jury failing to find any evidence to implicate her in any way.

—o—

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

—o—

In a general mixup in Jungletown yesterday evening, Ramarez, a member of the Naval Militia, drew a rifle and attempted to cut a sailor from one of the battleships. Officer Albury arrested Ramarez, and he will tell his troubles to Judge Gunn this morning.

—o—

Lost—In the down town section, an open face silver watch with number 113 engraved on case and with owner's name in red enamol. J. C. Vaughan. Finder will be suitably rewarded by returning same to office of the British Vice Consulate.

—o—

Hon. Geo. W. Allen returned to the city Wednesday evening from Chicago, where he has been attending the republican national convention as a delegate from Florida. Mr. Allen reports some very strenuous times at the convention. It will be recalled that Florida has twice saved us from Rooseveltism, and should receive the gratitude of all true Americans.

DRUGS

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

Y. GUICHARD

419 Duval Street.

ELLIS EASILY DESPOSES OF FAMOUS JIMMIE SPITZ

Fake Fighter Doesn't Last one Round of a Scheduled Ten Round Bout

Another pugilistic fizzle was pulled off at the San Carlos theater yesterday afternoon, when Kid Ellis put Jimmie Spitz to sleep in the first round of a scheduled ten round bout. The said Jimmie Spitz was plainly a fake, as he failed to show the least sign of any knowledge of the fighting game, and it is said that he wanted to withdraw from the fight before he entered the ring.

A number of sports, who never tire of being faked into parting from a dollar to witness these exhibitions, attended the affair, and as usual sent up their old time wail of "fake."

The preliminary was a farcical sketch of prize fighting pulled off by two men, who appeared to be very much under the influence of liquor. None of the Journal staff attended the disgraceful affair, but we received pretty straight information that one of the city's police officers refereed this bout.

Cabman (from the south)—Ah'll carry yo' anywhah fo' fo' bits, mistah.
Cholly (who is broke)—What I'm looking for is four bites, don't you know.

Give Her A W. W. W. Guarenteed Set Ring and Make Her Happy

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

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

W. W. W. RINGS can be had in thousands of different styles—all popularly priced—each one guaranteed.

My stock of these famous rings is complete and I would like an opportunity, to show them to you.

The Diamond Palace

P. WEINBERG, Prop.

AND EVERY DAY

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

C. B. FOGARTY & CO.

Phone 52 -:- Corner Eaton and Elizabeth Streets

TUNGSTEN LAMPS

SIZE	OLD PRICE	NEW PRICE
12 c. p. Clear or Frosted	55	45
20 c. p. " " "	55	45
32 c. p. " " "	35	45
50c. p. " " "	90	65
85 c. p.	1.15	95
25 c. p. Clear	1.65	1.35
125 c. p. Frosted	1.75	1.45
200 c. p. Clear	2.35	1.90
200 c. p. Frosted	.50	2.00
4 c. p. Clear (sign lamps)	35	25
4 c. p. Frosted (sign lamps)	35	30
12 16, 20, 24 c. p. Gem Lamps	25	20
32, 40 c. p. Gem Lamps	35	30

The Key West Electric Co.

SALES DEPARTMENT

THERE'S a jaunty air about the new Spring and Summer Pumps, Colonials and Oxfords that appeals to every woman.

"Dorothy Dodd" Shoes have the happy faculty of not only feeling and fitting well, but "going" well with the latest dress fashions. You'll have no difficulty in finding here styles to harmonize with your new Spring costumes.

A. Louis & Son,

518-520 Duval Street

PALM BEACH CLOTHES

Wash Suits

JUST THE THING FOR THIS WEATHER

Price $8.00

A. WOLKOWSKY

Reliable Mdse. Distributor.

THE COFFEE SHOP

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

o -- o — o

E. Morales & Co.

GASOLINE

Stoves and Ranges All Styles and Sizes

Terms Easy

Sweeting Bros.

712 Caroline Street

Telephone No. 376

L. A. Greaux

WATCHMAKER & JEWELER

ESTABLISHED 1877

Fine repairing to delicate watches and jewelry

Work done promptly and with satisfaction.

209 DUVAL ST.

Dr. J. D. Kendrick

DENTIST

GOLD CROWN & BRIDGE WORK A Specialty

Office Hours: 8.30 to 1 2:20 to 5.00

Office over Otto's Drug Store

Phone No 2902

PROPOSALS.

Bids will be received at the office of the City Clerk, until 7.30 o'clock, p. m. Thursday June 6th, 1912, for the lease of foot of Petronia Street, at North Beach, for Bath House purposes.

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

By order of the City Council.

H. K. COLD,

City Clerk.

5-19 tf.