

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

THE KEY WEST MORNING JOURNAL

Official Paper
Of The City Of
Key West Fla.

VOLUME 4 NO. 117

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 24 1912

PRICE FIVE CENTS

IF YOU WANT TO READ ALL THE NEWS ALL THE TIME READ THE KEY WEST JOURNAL

EMINENT JURIST STANDS BY HIS CITY

Writer Believes Voters
Should Remember Men
Who Stand Right.

Editor Journal—
Some few years ago I was asked to support Duncan U. Fletcher for United States Senator, on the ground that he had materially aided in the passage of Senator Bill No. 11 (Key West Railroad Bill) and that he was a friend of Key West.

I heard his speech at Ayala's corner and I supported—He was elected.

Our railroad was about finished—We wanted to celebrate—We wanted the National Government to recognize the celebration.

I was told that Congressman Clark got Congress to officially approve our celebration.

Lately I consulted the record and I find that the basis of Clark's magnificent speech in the house was on a motion to adopt the Senate Resolution relative to the celebration—And the Record further shows that the resolution that had passed the Senate and was then before the House, had been introduced in the Senate by Fletcher—and passed.

We had the celebration—Among our visitors was General Bixby.

Bixby went out on the boat that the P. & O. S. S. Co. kindly placed at the disposal of our citizens to take the Congressional Committee around our harbor.

Bixby recommended to the Secretary of War immediate improvement of our harbor and as a strat suggested the removal of "heads" in the channel. Your dispatches yesterday mentioned the fact that the Secretary sent to Congress a special recommendation for immediate appropriation of \$40,000 for this purpose.

Yesterday's Times-Union has a dispatch headed "Senator Fletcher's Good Days Work" for river and harbor work in Florida. And goes on to tell how Fletcher got the Senate committee to an amendment in the House River & Harbor Bill appropriating "\$48,000.00 for improvements to the Harbor at Key West."

We Key Westers must stick together and incidentally look out for those who take care of us.
Key West.

Proposals

This city requires about 2,000 pounds lead for joints in Water Mains and will receive tenders for sale of same until 7 p. m. May 2nd 1912 at the office of the City Clerk.
The City reserves the right to reject any or all bids.
F. H. Ladd, Chairman,
Water Works Committee.
H. K. Cold,
City Clerk.

Charles E. Young
TAILOR

504 WILLIAM STREET
Cleaning and Pressing a Specialty

R. W. Harrison
Highest Grade
Photography
DUVAL STREET

THE BIG PROGRAM TONIGHT

In yesterday morning's Journal it was announced that the "Sinking of the Maine" and other feature films would be shown at the Airdome last night. This was a mistake on the part of The Journal. Mr. Melonis telephoned this office that this big program would be shown on Wednesday night, and that on last night a performance would be given for the benefit of the Mercedes Hospital. The member of the staff of this paper receiving this telephone message misunderstood Mr. Melonis, with the result that we announced that the "Sinking of the Maine" would be shown last night. We hasten to acknowledge our mistake and to announce that the program announced for last night will be shown tonight at the Airdome.

THE SOUTH BEACH IS BECOMING POPULAR

Only A Matter of A Year
Or Two Until This Is
Residential District

Without any question, THE residential district of the city is on and along the South Beach. Building activities in that vicinity during the past year or two indicates that this is true beyond the shadow of doubt. The erection of handsome domicile of Hon. J. Vining Harris on South Beach may be said to have been the beginning of the move in that direction. This is perhaps the most costly residence in the city and there is every apparent reason why it should have cost a pretty penny. It is the embodiment of comfort and luxury and of most pleasing architectural design. Further along the beach are the residences of Louis A. Harris, Capt. J. L. Watrous, Capt. James Adams and now in course of erection is the handsome residence of Dr. J. Yates Porter, Jr. This new residence will be ready for occupancy in a few weeks. Dr. J. B. Maoney owns lots on the South Beach, acquired by recent purchase and expects this fall to begin the erection of a residence for himself. Others have purchased lots on South Beach and expect soon to start the erection of handsome dwelling places. In the South beach section may be classed the comfortable homes of Hon. Geo. W. Reynolds and Hon. E. M. Semple, both of which are models of modern architectural designs. Mr. H. H. Taylor will shortly move his residence to this section, a comfortable home now being in course of erection adjoining Hon. E. M. Semple.

With the growth of the city, Key West is fast dividing itself into sections, and South Beach seems destined to be the residential section.

LOCAL WEATHER REPORT

U. S. Department of Agriculture.
Weather Bureau.
April 23, 1912.
Barometer..... 7 a.m. 7 p.m.
..... 30.12 30.12
Temperature..... 81 80
Wind velocity..... 6 3
Wind direction..... E E
State of weather..... Clear Clear
Highest temperature..... 86
Lowest temperature..... 77
Mean temperature..... 81.5

Almanac April 24

Sun rises..... 4:57 a.m.
Sun sets..... 5:55 p.m.
High tide..... 6:44 a.m. 9:16 p.m.
Low tide..... 3:12 a.m. 2:04 p.m.
H. B. BOYER,
Local Forecaster.

PAYMASTER BLEEKER TRIES TO SAVE YOUNG GIRL AND LANDS IN TAMPA POLICE STATION

Gallant Young Naval Officer Was Playing Sir Lancelot To Miss Ella Calvin When He Was Pulled.
Miss Calvin Is Some Pretty.

(From The Tampa Tribune.)

"Stop an automobile with two men and a young girl in it headed for Tampa. The girl has been kidnapped. I am her brother and am on the way to Tampa to get her. When you find them hold them until I come."

This was the message received from Lakeland over the long distance telephone at the police station between 10 and 11 o'clock last night by Desk Sergeant Scarlett, and in a few moments thereafter the police department was busy. One hour after they had the man and the girl at police headquarters and the chauffeur, the latter of whom was held on the charge of speeding.

The man in the case is Russell B. Bleeker, who says he married and that he is connected with the United States navy stationed at Key West. His visiting cards read this way. The girl is Ella Calvin, not unknown to Tampians, because she played here during last season at the Orpheum theatre with her brother John Calvin. The story of their capture is exciting and the developments somewhat strange.

As soon as the police department here was notified of the alleged kidnapping Detective Kissinger was dispatched to Seventh avenue and Twenty-second street to look for the car. Councilman Fred Ball was at the station at the time and volunteered the use of his machine, which offer was very quickly accepted by Detective Kissinger. The two went away at top speed to head off the alleged kidnappers. They went further than Twenty-second street, proceeding out on the road toward Plant City for some distance. Here they headed the car toward Tampa with the engine running and waited developments.

It was not long before a car coming at a rapid gait was seen down the road. When it passed Detective Kissinger noticed that the people in it answered the description given and immediately the chase was on. At first the people in the front car did not realize that they were being followed, in fact, did not appear to notice it until they had reached the Tampa Bay Hotel. Detective Kissinger was on top of the car in a moment and told the occupants thereof that they would have to go to the police station with him, at the same time placing the chauffeur under arrest for speeding.

Meanwhile another message had been received at the police station from Plant City. It said that the car looked for had passed through there going at sixty miles an hour and could not be stopped. Chief Woodward immediately sent Motorcycle Policeman Edwards to Ybor City to look for the cars coming in at a rapid gait but, as his instructions were to meet Detective Kissinger at Ybor City and there to get a description of the people desired, he kept on going. Chief Woodward followed out in his own buggy. At Ybor City he could not find Kissinger so proceeded out as far as the city limits. Here he turned and returned to Twenty-second street, where across Seventh avenue there was stretched a cord of police, Edwards included. They helped their hands to stop the car which the chief did, of course.

When the police found it was the chief in his auto they told him that they had been unable to find Kissinger. A phone message to the police station brought the information that Detective Kissinger was already there and had the parties with him. Chester two of this story took place at the police station.

When the chief arrived the entire party were still in the automobile. The naval officer was somewhat up-tight at being detained, but was assured by the chief that he would have to get out; also the young

SHEA LOST OUT IN THE FOURTH ROUND

After Giving Johnson The
Hardest Fight Of His
Career He Lost

Young Johnson got one of the worst beatings last night he has ever received since he has been in Key West. Although Jack Shea was defeated in the fourth round, he gave Johnson one of the worst beatings the latter has ever received from anyone he has met in Key West. When Johnson met Kid Ellis, he had a cinch. He was fighting a lightweight when he knew that he himself was a welterweight. He whipped Ellis, but the fans gave him no credit for this. The only fighter

in the city who is his equal is Kid Ashe and it seems that Johnson would rather fight and one else in the world except Ashe. As long as he thought Ashe would not fight he has been nagging him. When Ashe challenged him last night under certain conditions one of Johnson's backers attempted to show that Johnson had given Ashe ample opportunity to fight him but Ashe had not availed himself of the opportunity.

Some man, overstocked with hot air, said that he would wager a certain amount of money that a certain lightweight would beat Johnson if the latter would call at Mr. Hot Air's office today. This would be sport and it is safe to assume that he hasn't any. At any rate, if he has a "wad" that he would like to risk, the sports would like to see the color of it. "Hot air" is away below par in Key West.

A CORRECTION OF A CORRECTION

United States Commissioner Otto stated to a representative of the Journal last night that the article published in the Sunday's issue regarding the preliminary hearing of Joseph Torano, charged with unlawfully buying shirts from soldiers of the garrison, was correct in every detail. Mr. Otto said "The supposed correction of Sunday's article about this case is wrong. The case was dismissed simply because there was a lack of evidence to convict, and I gave Mr. Torano the benefit of the doubt. Mr. Torano produced no evidence at all to prove the falseness of the charge. I am not certain that the case is ended yet for in all probability the matter will be referred to the Grand Jury."

BIG IMPROVEMENTS GOING FORWARD HERE

Key West Is Apparently
Torn to Shreds But It
Means Improvement

Key West is in the throes of a public improvement movement. Everywhere is disorder and apparent confusion. In reality, there is no confusion; no disorder. Great public works are going forward to a successful conclusion, and only to the uninitiated is there the appearance of disorder and confusion. The work of paving the streets of the city is going forward very rapidly, and the work has received an added impetus by the recent arrival of several shiploads of paving brick and asphalt block. The Key West Gas Co. is making strenuous efforts to complete their work at the earliest possible moment. Their gas mains are laid along practically every street of importance in this city, and along many streets which are not so important. The erection of their power plant, which by the way is the most artistic building of the kind in the city, is progressing rapidly and will prove a pleasing addition to that part of the city in which it is situated. The laying of new rails by The Key West Electric Company is progressing more rapidly than was thought possible. Although laboring under many and trying difficulties, the street railway company has managed so far to maintain a schedule which is convenient and which is far superior to any that was expected.

Key West is on a boom. Not the "over-night" kind, but one of those steady, perpetual booms which makes for large cities. Keep your eyes on Key West and watch her grow.

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

NATIONAL LEAGUE RESULTS.

Brooklyn Beat Boston
Brooklyn, Apr. 23—The Brooklyn Dodgers beat the Boston Doves 11 to 0. Kent and Phelps were the battery for Brooklyn and Tyler and Kling was Boston's battery. Klem and Bush umpired the game. Brooklyn made 7 runs, 5 hits and 2 errors. Boston made no runs, 4 hits and 2 errors.

Cold Weather Again
Philadelphia, Apr. 23—A cold spell prevented the game this afternoon between New York and Philadelphia.

Reads Beat Cardinals
Cincinnati, Apr. 22—The Cincinnati Reds beat the St. Louis Cardinals this afternoon 4 to 1. Benton pitched for Cincinnati and Big Larry McLean caught the game. Harmon twirled for St. Louis and Bliss played behind the bat. Owen and Brennan umpired the game. Cincinnati made 4 runs, 8 hits and 3 errors. St. Louis made 1 run, 4 hits and 1 error.

Pirates Beat Cubs
Chicago, Apr. 23—The Pittsburgh Pirates beat the Chicago Cubs today 5 to 3. Brown and Archer was the battery for Chicago and Adams and Gibson was the battery for Pittsburgh. Johnstone and Eason umpired the game. Chicago made 3 runs, 6 hits and no errors. Pittsburgh made 5 runs, 9 hits and no errors.

STANDING OF THE TEAMS

	Played	Won	Lost	Pct.
Cincinnati	9	7	2	.778
New York	8	6	2	.750
Philadelphia	7	4	3	.571
Boston	9	4	5	.444
Pittsburgh	9	4	5	.444
St. Louis	10	4	6	.400
Chicago	8	3	5	.375
Brooklyn	8	3	5	.375

WHERE THEY PLAY TODAY.

Boston at Brooklyn
New York at Philadelphia
Cincinnati at Pittsburgh

HAZE HURST TALKS ABOUT PAVING WORK

City Engineer Says He Recommended One Thing
And Council Another

J. N. Hazlehurst, Consulting Engineer of the city, who has been inspecting the local paving for the past three days expressed himself to a representative of the Journal last night as being well pleased with the manner in which the Paving Co. was fulfilling their contract.

Mr. Hazlehurst said that the work was progressing at the rate of 1,000 yards (about a city block) a day, and that 52 per cent of the work was already completed.

In reference to the construction of the pavement between the street car tracks, Mr. Hazlehurst stated that his original idea, and the one for which the specifications were drawn, a grided or grooved rail had been provided, which would bring the top of the pavement flush with the top of the rail. This idea, however, was later proven impractical owing to the fact that the Electric Co. refused to voluntarily provide this type of rail, and the city Attorney had ruled that there was no way in which to compel them to do so.

The Electric Co. contended that owing to the heavy losses which they had suffered during the two hurricanes, and the large expense connected with the paving, that the company would have to go into bankruptcy, if it were dependent on local resources, if the grooved type of rail be used. The present plan of construction was submitted as a substitute, the Electric Company stating that this construction was used almost exclusively on the entire lines, including Tampa Jacksonville and many other large cities. The Board of Public Works, after thoroughly going over the matter with the Electric Co. and satisfying themselves that the present construction was the best obtainable under the circumstances, requested Mr. Hazlehurst to approve the plans, which he did.

Comparing the paving with that of other Florida cities, Mr. Hazlehurst said "I am satisfied that Key West is getting a better pavement in every particular than any other city in Florida, and the people are getting full value for every dollar expended."

AMERICAN LEAGUE RESULTS.

New York Beat Athletics

New York, Apr. 23—The New York team defeated the Boston Red Sox this afternoon 6 to 2. Wood and Nunnemaker were the battery for New York and Morgan and Thomas was the Philadelphia battery. O'Loughlin and Westervelt umpired the game. New York made 3 runs, 5 hits and 1 error. Philadelphia made no runs, 4 hits and 1 error.

Senators Licked Boston
Boston, Apr. 23—The Washington Senators beat the Boston Red Sox this afternoon 6 to 2. Wood and Nunnemaker were the battery for Boston and Groom and Henry held the fort for Washington. Connely and Hart umpired the game. Boston made 2 runs, 5 hits and 2 errors. Washington made 6 runs, 9 hits and 4 errors.

Chicago Beat Cleveland
Cleveland, Apr. 23—The Chicago White Sox beat the Cleveland Naps 7 to 4 today. Cleveland's battery was Mitchell and Easterly and Chicago's battery was Walsh and Block. Perrine and Dineen umpired the game. Cleveland made 4 runs, 5 hits and 4 errors. Chicago made 7 runs, 9 hits and 2 errors.

St. Louis Beat Tigers
St. Louis, Apr. 23—The home team defeated the Detroit Tigers this afternoon 2 to 0. Brown and Stephens was St. Louis' battery, and Fubula and Stange was the battery for Detroit. Evans and Egan umpired the game. St. Louis made 2 runs, 6 hits and 1 error. Detroit made no runs, 5 hits and 3 errors.

STANDING OF THE TEAMS

	Played	Won	Lost	Pct.
Boston	7	5	2	.714
Chicago	9	6	3	.600
Philadelphia	7	4	3	.582
Washington	7	4	3	.582
Cleveland	9	5	4	.556
Detroit	10	4	6	.400
St. Louis	10	4	6	.400
New York	7	1	6	.143



MY LADY OF DOUBT

BY RANDALL PARRISH

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

Illustrations by HENRY THIEDE

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Major Lawrence, son of Judge Lawrence of Virginia, whose wife was a Lee, is sent on a perilous mission by Gen. Washington, just after the winter at Valley Forge.

CHAPTER II—Disguised in a British uniform arrives within the enemy's lines.

CHAPTER III—The Major attends a great fete and saves the "Lady of the Blended Rose" from mob. He later meets the girl at a brilliant ball.

CHAPTER IV—Trouble is started over a waltz, and Lawrence is urged by his partner, Mistress Mortimer, (the Lady of the Blended Rose), to make his escape.

CHAPTER V—Lawrence is detected as a spy by Captain Grant of the British army, who agrees to a duel.

CHAPTER VI—The duel is stopped by Grant's friends and the spy makes a dash for liberty, swimming a river following a narrow escape.

CHAPTER VII—The Major arrives at the shop of a blacksmith, who is friendly, and knows the Lady of the Blended Rose.

CHAPTER VIII—Captain Grant and rangers arrive and search the blacksmith shop in vain for the spy.

CHAPTER IX—Lawrence joins the minute men who capture Grant and his train.

CHAPTER X—Major Lawrence is made prisoner by an Indian and two white men.

CHAPTER XI—Lawrence's captors lock him in a strong cell, where he meets Peter the jailer.

CHAPTER XII—Peter advises Lawrence not to attempt escape as "some one" will send for him.

"Duval," said the blacksmith quietly, "you an' the Major feel your way along to the top, an' discover what is happening. I'll stay here, an' take care of the boys."

The road was a gradual rise, the lay packed hard under foot, but from the summit we could look away for some distance over a level country, dimly revealed under the new moon. There was nothing in sight, and no sound disturbed the solitude. We sat down on a bunch of turf, rifles in hand, to wait patiently, our eyes scanning the distance.

"Who are those fellows back there?" I questioned at last, made nervous by the silence.

"The boys in the gulch? Jersey militiamen," he explained shortly. "You see there's some of us that can't get away all the time, because of the women and children, and the farm work. Besides, regular soldiering don't just appeal to our sort. So we do our fighting round home in our own way. However, the most of us manage to have a hand in the real thing once in a while even at that. We were over at Germantown, and down at Brandywine. Farrell's got a commission, but the rest of us are taking our chances. It's neighbor against neighbor. Whatever we've got left has been held at the point of the rifle. We're doing our share in this war, an' Washington knows it. Over there to the east 'Red' Fagin, Old Man Kelly, an' their gangs of Pine Robbers, are making the fields red; sometimes they get down this far raiding the farms, but mostly, we're fighting foragers out of Philadelphia, and they're not much better. Half the houses in this country have been burned, and mercy isn't very common on either side. Those lads yonder are not pretty soldiers to look at, but they're wolves to fight, and hungry for it."

"They are called on whenever Farrell wishes?"

"Well, yes; those come who can. They're not always the same bunch. You see Farrell covers quite a bit of country, with a lieutenant in each section who is in touch with the neighbors there. I belong in Camden, and don't go outside very often, but there is a sort of organization all the way between here and New York. Whenever there is a big fight on, the most of us get into it somehow. Washington counts on us in a pinch, but mostly we're raiding or cutting off British supplies. Say, Major, isn't that those fellows coming?"

He pointed into the east, in which direction the road ran, barely revealed by the faint light of the moon for perhaps a hundred yards. I looked eagerly, and could dimly distinguish a vague shadow on the summit of a distant rise of land. The shadow moved, however, and as we both stared in uncertainty, there came to our ears the far-off crack of a whip. We drew farther back against the bank, pausing to make sure there was no deception. One by one we could perceive those vague shadows topping the rise and disappearing. I counted ten, convinced they were covered wagons, and then the night wind brought to us the creaking of wheels, and the sound of a man's voice. Duval's hand gripped my arm, and to the signal we crept back beyond the crest, and then hurried down to where Farrell had concealed his men. He was awaiting us in the middle of the road, his short broad figure almost laughable in the moon shadow.

"Well, are they coming?" "Just over the crest," replied Duval brusquely. "I counted fifteen wagons."

"Quite a convoy, an' worth fighting for. Take the left, Duval; Major, come with me."

We drew aside under the protection of a boulder, from where we could see clearly to the top of the ridge. Only for a moment was there silence, the men all about us lying low in their covert, breathless and intent. Then we heard horses' hoofs and the murmur of approaching voices.

We could see them quite clearly, as they topped the crest, the moonlight revealing men and horses so distinctly I could even guess at their uniform. Those in advance rode slowly, four abreast, down into the black shadows, lolling in their saddles, voices murmuring, seemingly unconscious of any danger. It was easy to comprehend their state of mind. Delavan had been left alone for a week, permitted to sweep the countryside unmolested. He and his command had naturally grown careless, never suspecting that every move had been watched by keen-eyed scouts. Now, guarded by Grant's troop, they believed themselves sufficiently strong for any emergency; that no force the scattered enemy could gather would venture upon attack. By daylight they would be within sight of the Philadelphia outposts, and serenely confident in their numbers, the night march had therefore become a mere routine. I heard Farrell chuckle grimly to himself as he observed the careless approach of those advance riders.

They were the Queen's Rangers, the white facings of their coats conspicuous, their guns swung at the shoulder in reckless confidence. A slim young lieutenant appeared to be in command. Ten wagons passed without a movement or sound from the men lying concealed almost within arm's reach of the unconscious guards. Farrell never stirred, and I scarcely ventured to breathe. Then there came a squadron of Rangers, an officer riding alone in front, the black shadow of another section of the wagon train looming over the ridge behind them. The horsemen passed us, the officer turning in his saddle with an order to close up their ranks. I recognized Grant's voice, and then, sharp as a blow, rang out Farrell's whistle at my very ear.

There was a leap of flame from both sides the road, lighting up that gash in the clay bank as though it was an inferno, the red and yellow glow cleaving the night asunder, with car-splitting roar. I was on my feet, my rifle spitting, yet hardly conscious of any act, stunned by the suddenness of the reports, confused by those black figures leaping forward through the weird glare. I saw and heard, and yet it was all a confused medley, in which I bore active part while scarcely realizing its significance. It was a fierce hand-to-hand melee so swiftly fought as to be over with almost in a minute, and yet so desperate the narrow roadway was strewn with bodies. Frightened horses whirled and ran; wagons were overturned; hemmed in against the high walls, Germans and British made one mad effort to extricate themselves; the advance guard came spurring back, pushing blindly into the ruck, the boyish voice of their young lieutenant sounding above the uproar. But our men were between the two, a compact body, each borderman fighting independently, but knowing the game. I heard no word of command, no shout of direction from either Farrell or Duval, yet we ripped them asunder with sweeping rifle butts, and, almost before I could catch a second breath, the few who remained on their feet were helplessly trapped. Farrell saw it was all over, and his whistle sounded again, stilling the uproar. Up to that moment he was beside me; with the echoing of the shrill blast he disappeared.

It was Duval who emerged from the wreck of the train, demanding surrender.

"Who commands here?" he shouted.

"Speak up quick."

There was hesitancy, and then out of the black mass huddled against the bank I recognized Grant's voice.

"I suppose I do; has any one seen Captain Delavan?"

"He fell at the first fire, sir," answered some one huskily.

Grant stepped forth into the moonlight, bareheaded, his sword in hand.

"Then I am the senior officer," he announced, his voice shaking slightly.

"Who are you?"

"Camden minute men. Do you surrender?"

He took a long breath, glancing about at the dark shadows. Some one held a lighted torch, the red flame casting a sudden gleam over the surrounding faces. It was clear that further resistance was useless, yet Grant temporized.

"Are you in command?" "No," said Duval; "but I represent the commander."

"I deal with the one responsible in this affair and demand terms. Who is your leader?" Duval smiled, turning his head inquiringly.

"I don't think you have much choice," he commented dryly. "However, perhaps you are not too proud to talk to a regular who outranks you—I present Major Lawrence, of the Continental Line."

Surprised as I was by being thus suddenly thrust forward into supreme authority, I as instantly understood the purpose, and stepped to the front. Grant stared at my face in the gleam of the smoking torch, almost as though he looked upon a ghost.

"You!"

"Certainly, Captain. It is a pleasure to meet with you again, especially under such happy circumstances. But my men are becoming impatient. Do you surrender?"

"Under what terms?" he parleyed.

"None, but we are not savages. You will be treated as prisoners of war."

His hatred of me made him obstinate, but the utter helplessness of their position was too apparent to be ignored. A Hessian muttered something in German, and Grant dropped the point of his sword with an oath.

"Good," I said promptly. "Lieutenant, have your men disarm the prisoners."

There was no resistance, and the militiamen herded them against the bank, encircled by a heavy guard. Duval singled out the officers from among the others, and brought them forward to where I stood. There were but three—Grant and two Hessians. I looked at them keenly, recalling the slight figure of the young lieutenant with the boy's voice. Could the lad have been shot, or what had become of him?

"Are you three all that are left?"

I questioned bluntly. "Who commanded the vanguard?"

The two Hessians looked at each other stupidly, and I asked the question again before Grant saw fit to reply. His manner was excessively insolent.

"That is more than I know. We joined after dark, and I did not meet Delavan's officers."

"He was at you call maybe a volunteer lieutenant," added one of the Germans brokenly. "At Mount Holly we met, yah, and from there he joined."

"Not one of Delavan's men then?"

"I don't know; he was Light Dragoon. I had the wagon guard—the first wagon—ah! see him there. Mine Gott! he come pack vid his mens all right—sleaz, shoot—his horse rear up; that was the last I see already."

The lad got away with three others, sir," broke in a new voice at my back. "They wheeled and rode through us, across the bank, and not thought the horse guard would get them over there, but I guess they didn't; anyhow there was no firing. The fellows must have turned in under the bank, and rode like hell."

Satisfied as to this incident, and not altogether regretful that the boy had thus escaped, I held a short consultation with Duval, seeking explanation as to why the command had been so unceremoniously thrust upon me. A few words only were required to make the situation clear. Farrell's ability to injure and annoy the enemy largely depended on his leadership not being known. While taking part in every engagement, he always required his lieutenants to represent him in negotiations, so that up to this time, whatever the British might suspect, they ever the British might suspect, they had no positive proof that he was openly in arms against them. Duval, in turn, taking advantage of my presence, had shifted the responsibility to my shoulders.

"But what do you people do with your prisoners?" I asked.

"Send 'em to the Continental lines when we can," he explained, "and if we can't then turn 'em loose. No use paroling 'em, as they consider us guerrillas. If I was you I'd run 'em back to the farm house across the creek, an' hold 'em there till we get rid of this stuff. Maybe it'll take twenty-four hours to hide it all, and burn the wagons. Then the boys can turn 'em loose, an' there's no harm done. I'd like to take that fellow Grant into our lines—he's a mean pillaging devil—but it's too big a risk. Bristol is about the nearest picket post, and the redcoats have got cavalry patrols all along in back of the river."

"But I cannot wait here," I answered, impatiently. "Farrell understood that. I have important information for Washington, and only came with you tonight because you were following along my route. I've got to go on."

"That's all right; just give your orders, and we'll attend to the rest. What we want in for these lads is to go back to Philadelphia saying they were attacked by a force of militia under command of an officer of the Continental line. That will give Clinton a scare, and turn suspicion away from us. Grant knows you, I understand, so he'll report the affair that way. You can be off within thirty minutes."

It was easy to grasp the point of view, and I saw no reason for refusing assistance. I gave the necessary orders, standing under the torchlight in full view, and waited while a squad of partisans rounded up the disarmed prisoners, and guarded them down the slope to the edge of the stream. Teams were doubled up, and several of the heavy wagons rumbled away into the darkness. Two, too badly injured to be repaired, were fired where they lay, the bright flames lighting up the high banks on either side the road. I found a big black horse, with



Buster Brown Shoes

Are the right kind of shoes for all girls and boys, and our new summer shoes just received are just the best and nobbiest, and at the same time the most comfortably wearing shoes your Girl or Boy can get. We have this summer tried to get just the shoes that would be most suitable for the Hot weather and you will be delighted when you see our line of "BUSTER BROWN" shoes for boys and girls.

M. RIPPA

607 Duval Street,

Opposite Estevis Studio.



DO YOU KNOW WHAT THE ELEVEN LETTERS

C-E-L-E-R-Y

T-O-N-I-C

SPELL?

YOU WILL VERY PROBABLY SAY
THEY SPELL

"Celery Tonic"

And you will have answered correctly, But you cannot know all that those eleven letters spell, unless you have had the pleasure of drinking a bottle of that

DELICIOUS,
REFRESHING,
and

HEALTH-GIVING

"CELERY TONIC"

The Drink Your Physicians Recommends.
It doesn't cost much by the bottle,
And it costs even less by the crate.

Key West Bottling Co.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENT

Member House of Representative
John M. Warren

For Representative
Peter T. Knight.

For Superintendent Public Instruction
Dr. C. F. Kemp. 1-3

For Member of Board of Public Instruction 3rd District
Francisco Fleitas.

FOR SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION
Virgil S. Lowe

FOR MEMBER OF BOARD OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION
(First District)
Wm. R. Warren

For Member of Board of Public Instruction
(Second District)
Capt. J. L. Watrous

FOR MEMBER OF BOARD OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION
(Third District)
Chas. R. Pledge

For Member School Board of Public Instruction
(1st District)
Geo. S. Waite

For Member of Board of Public Instruction
(Third District)
George Robinson

DRUGS

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

V. GUICHARD
419 Duval Street.

FOR RENT

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

WHY NOT SMOKE A CIGAR?

That is the only kind of manufacture. When you are buying cigars next time look for our name in a box. That is the only guarantee you need. Gwynn, Martin and Son, Cigar Manufacturers.

GOOD THINGS TO EAT
AT DUVAL RESTAURANT

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

DUVAL RESTAURANT

Cor. Greene and Duval Streets.

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

We want to know how our patrons feel towards us. We are earnestly striving to please you. Our drivers are instructed to give full weight in All instances. If the one that serves you fails to do so, phone 21 at once

Consumers Ice & Cold Storage
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THE
COFFEE SHOP

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

E. Morales & Co.

ARCHITECT

Plans Prepared for Any Class of Building from Cottage to Sky-scraper. Drawings and Blue-prints made of anything you wish. All work guaranteed.

I. M. BRYAN

Office 710 Caroline St.

Don't forget, if you want Magnolia Draft Beer you can always get it at Mulberg's saloon. Also Bottle Beer of all kinds.

Front and Fitzpatrick Sts.
JOS. MULBERG, Prop



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

YOU WANT TO LOOK NEAT

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

EL LOUVRE

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

British arms on the bridge, and a group of loaded pistols in the holsters, a fine-looking animal, and came back into the fire glow, determined to lose no more time. Duval had disappeared, but, as I stood there looking about for him to say good-bye, a young country fellow came up hurriedly from out of the darkness.

"You're wanted down there," he said, with the jerk of a thumb over his shoulder. "The Tory officer wants to see ye."

"What officer? Captain Grant?" "I reckon that's the one," indifferently; "anyhow I was told to fetch ye down there. Bannister sent me."

I went as he directed down the rutty road, my newly appropriated horse trailing along behind. Grant was pacing back and forth restlessly, but, as soon as I appeared within the fire radius, he came toward me.

"Can I see you alone?" he asked brusquely.

"If there is any reason for privacy, certainly," I answered in surprise.

"What do you wish to say?" "This is a matter strictly confidential," I evasively. "I prefer not to discuss it publicly here."

I had a suspicion of treachery, yet was not willing to exhibit any reluctance.

"Very good," Bannister, to the partisan in charge, "I want a word with Captain Grant, and will be responsible for his safe return."

The man looked after us doubtfully, yet permitted us to pass beyond the guard lines. There was a stump beside the ford, barely within the flicker of the distant fire, and there I stopped, leaning against my horse, and turned, so as to look into the man's face.

"Well, Grant," I said, rather sternly. "We are alone now; what is it?"

He cleared his throat, evidently uncertain how best to express himself.

"Why did you ask so many questions about Delavan's lieutenant?" he began sullenly. "What were you trying to find out?"

CHAPTER X.

A Capture.

What was the matter with the fellow? Could he have sent for me merely to ask that question, insisting on privacy? There must surely be some hidden purpose behind this. Yet if so, there was no betrayal in the man's face. His eyes had an angry gleam in them, and his words were shot at me in deadly earnest.

"The lieutenant?" I repeated, not prepared for a direct reply. "Why, I hardly know—curiosity largely."

He stared at me in manifest unbelief.

"What do you expect to gain by lying?" he exclaimed sullenly. "You saw him, no doubt, or you would not have asked what you did."

"Certainly I saw him," more deeply puzzled than before at his insistence. "That was what aroused my interest. He seemed such a mere lad as he rode past and later I heard his voice, the voice of a boy."

"Was that all?"

"All! What else could you suppose? It was dark, only a little gleam of moon revealed outlines. I couldn't distinguish the face, but when he failed to appear after the fight I remembered him, and was afraid he had been hurt. Now I want to know what you mean. Who was the lad?"

He had seated himself on the stump, and was leaning forward, his face hidden from the light of the fire. "Well, go on then," he returned finally. "If that's all you saw of him it's all right."

"No, it's not all right," I insisted, aroused by his peculiar actions. "What is all this mystery about? You told me you didn't know the man."

"I said I hadn't seen him, that we joined Delavan after dark," he corrected sharply. "But you needn't try to interview me, Major Lawrence," stiffening with anger, "for I haven't anything to say to a spy and leader of guerrillas."

"You requested this interview; however, if you are satisfied I am, and you can return to your men. Shall I call the guard?"

He hesitated a moment, but whatever it was which had first inspired



"If You Interfere in My Personal Affairs Again I Am Going to Kill You."

him to question me, was too strong to be thrown aside.

"Did—did Mistress Mortimer help you escape from Philadelphia?" he asked bluntly.

"That is entirely my affair. Why don't you ask the lady herself?"

"See here, damn you!" he burst out. "I haven't seen the lady. When I got back to the dining room she was gone, and then I was ordered out here. But you knew you were being sought after, and I cannot imagine who else told you."

"You do not exhibit very great faith in the lady—the daughter of a loyalist."

He drew a quick breath, suddenly aware that he had gone too far.

"It is your sneaking spy methods, not the girl. She is innocent enough, but I suspect you dragged the truth out of her. Now see here!" and his voice took on the tone of a bully. "You are in power just now, but you won't always be. You can't hold me prisoner; not with these ragamuffins. They'll turn us loose as soon as they loot those wagons. I know how they work in the Jerseys. But first I intend to tell you something it will be worth your while to remember. Claire Mortimer is going to be my wife—my wife. War is one thing, but if you interfere in my personal affairs again, I am going to kill you."

"Indeed," smilingly. "Is Mistress Mortimer aware of the honor you are according her?"

"She is aware of the engagement, if that is what you mean. It has been understood since our childhood."

"Oh, I see; a family arrangement. Well, Grant, this is all very interesting, but I am unable to conceive what I have to do with it. I met Mistress Mortimer by accident, and then was fortunate enough to dance with her once. 'Tis scarcely likely we shall ever meet again. The daughter of a colonel of Queen's Rangers is not apt to come again into contact with an officer of the Maryland Line. I don't know why you should single me out in this matter. I don't even know the lady's brother."

"Her brother?"

"Yes, the family renegade; the twin brother on Lee's staff."

I could not perceive the expression of the man's face, but he was a long while answering.

"Oh, yes. She told you about him?"

"It was mentioned. Would I know the boy from any resemblance to his sister?"

"Yes, at least I should suppose so. You must have become very intimate for her to have told you that. You see it—it is a family secret."

"Nothing for Tories to boast over, I should imagine. However, it came up naturally enough while we spoke of the sufferings of the American army during the winter. It is a sad thing the way this war has divided families. Has Mistress Claire any Colonial sentiments?"

"How the devil do I know! She would not be likely to air them before me. I don't know what fool trick you played on her last night, but she's on the right side just the same."

"I think so, too."

His manner was so disagreeable that I instantly determined to have an end. I had more important work before me than quarreling with this fellow, and, somehow, his claimed intimacy with Mistress Mortimer grated upon me strangely.

"If that is all you requested an interview for, Captain Grant," I said coldly, "I'll trouble you to return to your men."

Irritated that I had even condescended to question him, I turned back up the road to where the men were yet busy about the wagons, spoke a few words to Duval, he explaining to me the best route toward the river crossing at Burlington, and then swung into the saddle and sent the black forward to the crest of the ridge.

I permitted the animal to go his own gait, and for a mile or more he kept up a hot gallop, finally tiring to a trot. So far as I could judge from the few stars visible we were traveling almost due north. However, I was certainly getting farther away from the British lines, and could swing to the left at daylight. It made little difference where I struck the Delaware; every mile north added to my safety.

My horse had fallen into a long, swinging lope, bearing us forward rapidly. The moon had disappeared, but the sky was glittering with stars, and I could distinguish the main features of the country traversed. I was on the summit of a slight ridge, but the road swerved to the right, leading down into a broad valley. There were no signs of habitations, until we rounded the edge of a small grove, and came suddenly upon a little village of a dozen houses on either side the highway. These were wrapped in darkness, apparently deserted, shapeless appearing structures, although I thought one had the appearance of a tavern, and another seemed a store.

There was a well in front of this last, and water sparkled in a log trough beside it. My horse stopped, burying his nostrils in the water, and, suddenly made aware of my own thirst, I swung down from the saddle. My hands were upon the well-rope when, without warning, I was gripped from behind, and flung down into the dirt of the road. I made desperate effort to break away, but two men held me, one with knee pressed into my chest, the other uplifting the butt of a pistol over my head. There was not a word spoken, but I could see they were in uniform, although the fellow kneeling on me had the features and long hair of an Indian. My horse started to bolt, but his rein was gripped, and then a third figure, mounted, rode into the range of my vision.

"Search him for weapons, Tonepah," said a boyish voice briefly. "There are pistols in the saddle holsters, but he may have others. Then tie him up as quick as you can."

There was no mistaking my captors—the young dragoon lieutenant, and the three who had escaped with him. But why had they ridden in this direction? What object could they have in thus attacking me? They afforded me little opportunity for solving these problems. Had I been a hale old to-bacco I could not have been treated

(Continued on Page Six.)

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

Marcy B. Darnall

Candidate for
MEMBER OF THE HOUSE
OF REPRESENTATIVES
Florida Legislature.

CAN I HELP YOU

I have helped many to own their own homes.

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

I sell you on this plan. Location is everything. Get in on a house, where values will increase. See me before buying.

E. A. WADDEL

124 Duval Street



Of the very best thing you would like to have to eat—the VERY NICEST and the daintiest DELICACY that you have ever tasted, and then tickle your palate at

THE DELMONICO
RESTAURANT

(American & Spanish)

In summer time you just naturally want something DIFFERENT. You want something tempting—it must be cool and refreshing, or cooked and served just right. For that kind of a meal, try us.

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

Estate of Francisco Maury.

By the Judge of said Court. Whereas, Casiano Ylanes has applied to this Court for Letters of Administration on the estate of Francisco Maury deceased, late of said County of Monroe.

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

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

(Seal) Hugh Gunn, County Judge.

a-10-4w

PROPOSALS.

Bids will be received at the office of the City Clerk until 7 p. m., Thursday, May 2nd 1912, for hauling 180 tons of 6-inch and 8-inch cast iron pipe, from the dock, to be distributed along the County Road, White, United and Florida streets, under the direction of the Engineer of water works.

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

E. H. Ladd, Chairman, Water Works Committee, H. K. Cold, City Clerk. 12-11

FOR MEMBER HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Marcy B. Darnall

Dr. J. D. Kendrick

DENTIST.

OLD CROWN & BRIDE WALK

A. Specialists

Office Hours: 8:30 to 12:20 to 5:00

Office over Otto's Drug Store.

Phone No. 2402

--THE KEY WEST MORNING JOURNAL--

Official Paper Of The City Of Key West

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

KEY WEST JOURNAL PUBLISHING COMPANY

Entered as second-class matter, September 6th., 1908, at the Postoffice at Key West, Florida, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Foreign Advertising Representatives, American Press Association, New York City.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES	
One Year	\$5.00
Six Months	2.50
Three Months	1.25
One Week	10

If Your Paper does not reach you regularly, we will esteem it a favor if you will call us up, phone 85 and notify us.

SPECIAL NOTICE

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

CONCERNING THE RECENT MARINE DISASTER.

The sinking of the giant ocean liner "Titanic" and the snuffing out of hundreds of lives brings a lot of thoughts to mind.

A few months ago, Col. John Jacob Astor, the New York millionaire, was severely criticized by the sensational press and the sensational preachers because of the fact that he had married a young girl and that he was a divorced man. Now if Col. Astor had been a poor man, the sensational press would not have uttered his name. Because his immense wealth made him a public figure, both assailed him mercilessly, thinking to make capital out of the "stink". To a certain extent they succeeded. They pictured Astor as an arch fiend. But when the moment of life or death came on the Titanic, when she was sinking in mid-ocean, Astor showed that he was a true American. He saw his wife safely placed aboard a life boat, assisted other women to safety—and then went down with the ship like a true man. Those who so recently assailed him may derive some pleasure from the realization that Astor was a man among men.

Then there is J. Bruce Ismay, managing director of the White Star Line, a quivering coward who should have been shot down by the crew whose wages he paid. Ismay is a disgrace to the British nation. More so because the British are renowned for their bravery and this poltroon has brought disgrace upon the Nationality which he claims. The English language contains no words which can fittingly express the contempt in which Ismay is held, not only by his own countrymen, but by the world.

Then there is Capt. Smith, the commander of the Titanic, a Briton and a brave man. He preserved the traditions of his race and went down with his ship as befitting a brave man and a Briton. Although there may be some who attach a degree of blame to Capt. Smith, it cannot be denied that he died like a man, just as we would expect an American to die under similar circumstances.

Major Archibald Butt, aide to the President of the United States, could not have died except as a hero. In the first place he was an American. In the second place he was a Southerner. If the third place he was a Georgian, and he died as would be expected of any true American. God be praised that no incident of the awful marine disaster has brought a stain of shame to the Star Spangled Banner.

In conclusion, we must remember the scores of steerage passengers who went to their death. Their names we know not. But we know there were sons aboard who were the idols of some mother's eye. Sons who had been reared with tender care and who at mother's knee had learned to say, "I pray the Lord my soul to keep". The loss of the steerage passengers is all the more pitiful because so little is known of them. But many a mother's heart is broken; many a gray haired father's head is bowed in grief, and many a poor little orphan boy or girl today is calling for the "mama" and "papa" whom they will never see again until the Creator, in his divine wisdom, gathers them together again on that shore from which the traveller never returns.

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

Take Dr. Miles' Laxative Tablets
regularly. They will help you.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER.

I will be a candidate for nomination
to the office of County Treasurer at the
Democratic primary. I will appreciate
every vote that is placed opposite my
name. If elected I will attend to the
duties of the office in the most efficient
manner possible.
Respectfully,
W. H. CURRY.

Wm. Curry's Sons' Co

General Merchants

MAIN RAIL AND HARDWARE BUILDING
M. T. HALL, PROVISIONS COAL,
W. H. ANDICE

Address 'Curry, Key West,'
401 STREET.

KEY WEST, FLA

ALBERT M. WILLIAMSON



CONGRESSMAN STATE AT LARGE

Good Shoes Are Cheap

Even at a high price; but we are selling good shoes at a low price.

Come and let us show you the values we are offering.

The sooner you investigate the advantages of wearing our shoes, the better it will be for you—and us.

Geo. S. Waite

92 and 94 Duval Street
Clothing, Hats, Shoes
& Furnishings

Proposals

Bids will be received at the office of the City Clerk, until 7 p. m. Thursday May 2nd 1912 for about 10 tons of scrap Cast Iron piping & etc. which can be seen at the Water Works plant.

The City reserves the right to reject any or all bids.
E. H. Ladd, Chairman,
Water Works Committee.
H. K. Cold,
City Clerk.

FOR CLERK CIRCUIT COURT

I will be a candidate for the office of
Clerk of the Circuit Court in the Primary
to be held on April 30, and so
forth your support. If elected, I will
exercise the duties of said office with
credit to all concerned.
-17-
Eugene L. Albury.



Most men do, and in addition, they like to get WHAT THEY WANT and the only way to get it in the shortest possible time after giving their order.

The Naval Hotel and Restaurant

Makes a specialty of serving the best meals and tastefully prepared dishes in the shortest notice. The restaurant is open day and night.

The Naval Hotel and Restaurant.

OPPOSITE POSTOFFICE.

See the Philadelphia Telors

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.

FOR COUNTY TAX COLLECTOR

To the Voters of Monroe County.
I will be a candidate for re-nomination for the office of Tax Collector in the coming Democratic Primary, and will appreciate your support.
T. Andrew A. S. King.

FOR COUNTY JUDGE

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



DELICIOUS

Coca Cola

There is nothing that will so refresh you and make you feel like a new man, as

Coca Cola

That cool, invigorating and delightfully tasting drink that has become so popular the world over.

CONSUMERS BOTTLING CO.

Makes this popular drink, and they are anxious for their friends and customers to try a crate of it. They will deliver a crate or two dozen bottles anywhere in the city for 70 cents.

KEY WEST, THE OLD AND THE NEW.

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

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

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

What the Press Has to Say About It.

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

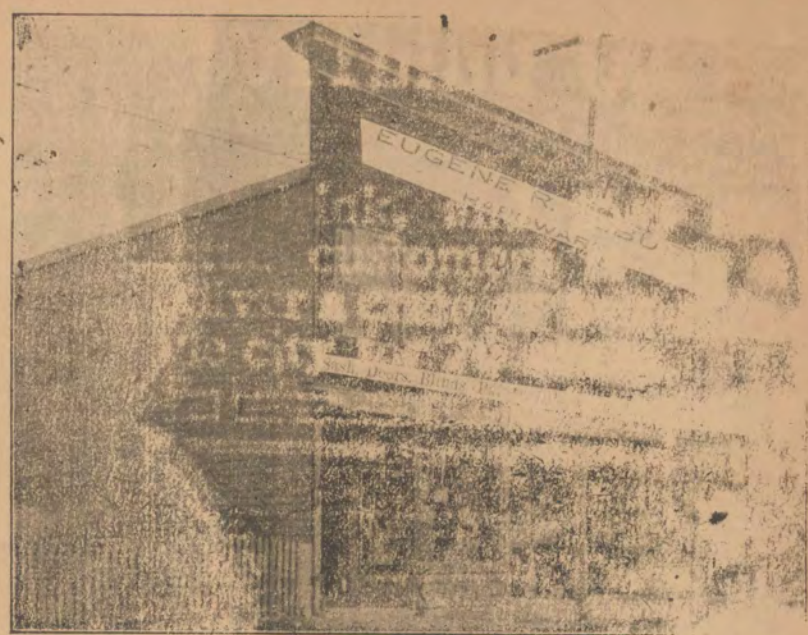
Mr. Browne is one of those masters whose motto is "Facts come first," whilst bearing in mind to state facts and avoid fiction, calling a spade a spade, nevertheless he couches his phrases in elegant and rhetorical fashion.

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

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

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

To the Honorable Jefferson B. Browne, The Journal is indebted for a most excellent book, "Key West, the Old and the New," of which Mr. Browne is the author. It is an able description of the southernmost city of the United States, its history and its possibilities told in the inimitable style of Mr. Browne. The book is illustrated and is one which should be in every Florida household because reliable information about the early history of Florida has not been preserved in all cases as it should have



For Sashes, Doors, Blinds and in fact anything building material, as well as all kinds of hardware call on
EUGENE R. ALBURY.

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Phone 336

been, and Mr. Browne's book has done much to perpetuate the early life of Key West. When Jefferson B. Browne was defeated for Governor his friends could not understand why, but being the author of "Key West, the Old and the New" is a much higher honor than being governor of the State.—Pensacola Journal.

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

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

dedicated by the author to his father and mother.—Gainesville Sun.

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

(Political Advertisement.)

For National Committeeman.

Eugene S. Matthews, of Bradford County, Speaker of the House of Representatives in 1907, is a candidate for member of the National Democratic Executive Committee. One of the candidates for this office has advertised himself extensively as "the Woodrow Wilson candidate." Mr. Matthews is not the candidate of any faction, but will strive to serve the best interests of the Democratic party of Florida if he is honored with election, and on this basis solicits the support of all Democrats, irrespective of whether they favor Wilson, Harmon, Underwood or Clark for the presidency. 18-4.

For SUPERVISOR OF REGISTRATION,
Hubert T. Roberts.

NOTICE

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

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

Emma E. Kerr
Administratrix of the Estate of William Reed Kerr, late of Monroe County deceased.
Key West, Fla.
April 22nd, A. D. 1912.

FOR SUPERVISOR OF REGISTRATION

Frank Cases

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

The duties and responsibilities of this office are such that it requires experience as well as ability. Before aspiring to this office, I served my apprenticeship under a former clerk.

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

Eugene W. Russell.

with less ceremony, the white man unclasping my belt, while the Indian, with a grunt, flung me over on my face, and began binding hands and feet. I kicked him once, sending him tumbling backward, but he only came back silently, with more cruel twist of the rope, while the boy laughed, bending over his horse's neck.

"Hoist him up on the black, lads," he said shortly, reining back out of the way. "Delavan's horse, isn't it? Yes, tie his feet underneath, and one of you keep a hand on the reins. Peter, you and Cass ride with him. I want Tonepah with me. All ready? We'll take the east road."

Some one struck the horse, and he plunged forward, swerving sharply to the right in response to the strong hand on his bit. I swayed in the saddle, but the bonds held, and we went loping forward into the night.

CHAPTER XI.

Introducing Peter.

It was a new country to me that we traversed, a rolling country, but not thickly settled, although the road appeared to be a well-beaten track. The gloom, coupled with the reality of our movements, prevented me from seeing anything other than those dim objects close at hand, yet we were evidently traveling almost straight east. I endeavored to enter into conversation with the two fellows riding on either side of me, but neither one so much as turned his head in response to my voice, and I soon tired of the attempt. The night told me little of who they might be, although they were both in the uniform of the Queen's Rangers, the one called Peter on my right a round, squat figure, and bald-headed, his bare scalp shining oddly when once he removed his cocked hat; the other was an older man, with gray chin beard, and glittering display of teeth.

The movements of my horse caused the ropes to lacerate my wrists and ankles, the pain increasing so that once or twice I cried out. The fellows guarding me did not even turn their heads, but one lieutenant drew up his horse so as to block us.

"What is the trouble? Are you hurt?" "These ropes are tearing into the flesh," I groaned. "I'd be just as safe if they were loosened a bit."

I saw him lean forward, shading his face with one hand, as he stared toward me through the darkness. I thought he drew a quick breath as from surprise, and there was a moment's hesitancy.

"Let out the ropes a trifle, Peter," came the final order.

The little bald-headed man went at it without a word, the lieutenant reining back his horse slightly, and drawing his hat lower over his eyes. In the silence one of the horses neighed, and the boy seemed to straighten in his saddle, glancing suspiciously about.

"Ride ahead slowly, Tonepah," he ordered. "I'll catch up with you." He turned back toward me. "Who are you, anyway?"

Surprised at the unexpected question, my first thought was to conceal my identity. These were King's men, and I was in ordinary clothes—the rough homespun furnished by Farrell. If, by any chance, I was not the party they had expected to waylay, I might be released without search.

"Who am I?" I echoed. "Do you mean you have gone to all this trouble without knowing whom you hold prisoner?"

"It seems so," coolly. "We know who we thought you were, but I am beginning to doubt your being the right man. Peter, take his hat off."

I straightened up bareheaded, the faint star-gleam on my face. The lieutenant remained quiet, but Peter broke his sphinx-like silence.

"T ain't him, is it?" "No; he must have taken the other road after all," with a slight laugh. "We've been on a wild-goose chase. However, it's too late now to catch the fellow on this trip."

Peter rubbed his bald pate, his eyes on me. "An' what'll we do with this lad?" he answered drawlingly. "Tie him loose?"

"Bring him along. We'll find out tomorrow who he is, and what his business may be. Men are not riding these roads at midnight without some purpose."

He wheeled his horse, and, with a touch of the spur, disappeared in the darkness ahead. Peter clambered back into the saddle, and gripped my rein. "Come on," he said disgustedly, kicking the black in the side. "It's a ways yet afore yer lie down."

We rode steadily, and at a good pace. Occasionally the older man swore solemnly, but Peter never uttered a sound, not even turning his head at my attempts to draw him into conversation. The situation mystified me, but it became more and more evident that I should have to wait until morning before learning the truth.

Neither Peter nor the Indian seemed to belong to the class with which the army was recruited. Peter appeared more like a well-trained servant, and his riding was atrocious. And the lieutenant! There came back to me the haunting memory that he had joined Delavan as a volunteer—the Dragon uniform sufficient proof that he was neither of the original foraging party of Hessians, nor of Grant's detachment of Rangers. Yet these others were green and white, and must, therefore, have been in Grant's command. How did the four manage to escape from our attack, evidently animated by one purpose? Why was Grant so anxious to learn if I had seen the lieutenant, and whether we had a party

cut seeking him? And one of these questions could I answer; not one could I even guess at with any degree of satisfaction.

We were coming out of the low, swamp lands into a more thickly settled, and cultivated region. Rail and stone fences could be seen on either side the road, and we passed swiftly by a number of farmhouses, some simple log structures, although one or two were more pretentious.

It may have been two miles further along, when the lieutenant, and his Indian companion, wheeled suddenly to the right, and, without slackening speed, rode through an open gate, and up a gravelled roadway, circling through a grove of trees to the front door of a great square mansion. It was dark and silent, a wide porch in front supported by huge pillars, a broad flight of steps leading from the driveway. The Indian ran up these, leaving the lieutenant holding his horse, while we drew up some yards to the rear. I heard the boom of the fire-knocker, followed by a gleam of light through a lower window. Then a negro's voice spoke, and the front door opened, disclosing two figures, one with sputtering candle in hand. The two exchanged a dozen words before the lieutenant asked impatiently:

"Is it all right Tonepah?" The taciturn Indian made no attempt at speech, but gave an expressive gesture, and the young officer turned in his saddle. "Take the prisoner to the lower room, Peter," he ordered curtly. "I'll decide tomorrow if he can be of any use to us."

The two fellows loosened the rope about my ankles, and Peter waddling ahead, the graybeard gripping my arm, we climbed the steps, and entered the hall. A tall, slim negro, evidently a house-servant from his sleek appearance, eyeing me curiously, handed the little fellow a second lighted candle, and the three of us went tramping along the wide hall, past the circling stairs, until we came to a door at the rear. This the black flung

open, without a word, and I was led down into the basement. The flickering candle yielded but glimpses of great rooms, beautifully decorated, and, almost before I realized what was occurring, I had been thrust into a square apartment, the door behind me closed and locked. The two guards left the sputtering candle, perhaps a third burned, behind, and I heard them stumbling back through the darkness to the foot of the stairs. I glanced about curiously, shaking the loosened rope from my wrists, my mind instantly reverting to the chance of escape.

Whoever these fellows might be, whatever their purpose, I had no intention of remaining in their hands a moment longer than necessary. Somehow their silence, their mysterious movements, had impressed me with a strange feeling of fear which I could not analyze. I could not believe myself a mere prisoner of war, but rather as being held for some private purpose yet to be revealed. The room offered little promise. It was nearly square, the walls of stone solidly imbedded in mortar, the door of oak, thickly studded with nails, and the two small windows, protected by thick iron bars. It was a cell so strong that a single glance about convinced me of the hopelessness of any attempt at breaking out.

I was not there to exceed ten minutes when, without warning, the lock clicked, and Peter came in. I sat up quickly, but as instantly he had closed the door, and actually stood there grinning cheerfully. I would never have believed him capable of so pleasant an expression but for the evidence of my own eyes.

"Spring lock," he grumbled, a thumb over his shoulder, "opens outside." Whatever resemblance to a soldier he might have previously shown while in uniform was now entirely banished. Bareheaded, his bald dome of thought shining in the candle-light, his round, solemn face, with big innocent gray eyes gazing at me, an apron about his fat waist, the fellow presented an almost ludicrous appearance. Somehow my heart warmed to him, especially as I perceived the tray, heavily laden, which he bore easily on one arm, and the towel flung over his shoulder. And as I stared at him his movements became professional. Silently, solemnly, his mind strictly upon his duties, he wiped off the table top, and arranged the various dishes thereon with the

(Continued on Page Six.)



It Was a Cell So Strong That a Single Glance About Convinced Me of the Hopelessness of Any Attempt at Breaking Out.

WE ARE AGENTS FOR

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

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

Schomaker Pianos and Player Pianos.

Sohmer Pianos and Player Pianos.

Chickering Pianos and Player Pianos.

Fischer Pianos and Player Pianos.

AND THE FAMOUS

R. S. Howard Pianos and Player Pianos.

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

TERMS TO SUIT YOUR POCKET BOOK.

J. L. STOWERS MUSIC HOUSE.

29 San Rafael, Havana, Cuba. 126 Duval Street, Key West, Fla.

TO THE DEMOCRATIC VOTERS.

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

Mr. Harris is a candidate for Delegate to the National Democratic Convention, from the First District, and Mr. Browne is a candidate for Presidential Elector, and instead of being opposed they are supporting each other for their respective positions.

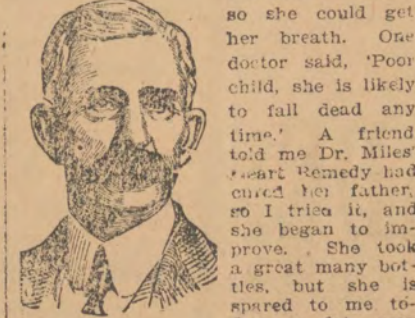
The delegates to the National Convention will assist in the nomination of the candidate for the Presidency, and the Presidential Electors will vote in December for the candidates who are nominated in the Convention.

We solicit your votes, and hope that Key West will help give us a good majority. Please vote for both of us.

Respectfully yours,
W. Hunt Harris
Jefferson B. Browne.

Heart Disease Almost Fatal to Young Girl

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



bed near a window so she could get her breath. One doctor said, 'Poor child, she is likely to fall dead any time.' A friend told me Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy had cured her father, so I tried it, and she began to improve. She took a great many bottles, but she is spared to me today, a fat, rosy

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

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

Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy is sold and guaranteed by all druggists. MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

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

Just a word of one of our lights of nature you that you're using it.

The Best Light Agency. Cleveland R. Pierce Agent.

Baker Bros.

RESTAURANT

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

Regular Meals and Short Orders

We Solicit Your Patronage.

FOR SUPERVISOR OF REGISTRATION, Leon F. Roberts.

For the tailoring see the Philadelphia Tailors.

Proposals

Bids will be received at the office of the City Engineer and City Clerk, Thursday, May 2nd, 1912, at 10 o'clock a.m. on 180 feet of water to be laid from pipe to be delivered at Key West, early in May. The City Engineer reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

E. H. Ladd, Chairman.
H. K. Co. Clerk.
Water Works Committee.

L. A. Greaux

JEWELER

WATCHES, JEWELRY, RINGS, ETC.

REPAIRING AND CLEANING

220 Duval Street

THE BEST IS NONE TOO GOOD

HERE ARE SOME FRESH GOODS

Philadelphia Cream Cheese

Imported Swiss Cheese

Roquefort Cheese

Pimento Cheese

Borden's Condensed Coffee

Eagle Brand

White Rose Mackerel Roe

Wm. E. Roberts

220 Duval Street

Why scowl when you can smile after taking Dr. Miles' Laxative Tablets?

NONE AHEAD OF HIM

BAILEY'S WHEELS ARE WINNERS

SPEED STRENGTH SERVICE

PHONE 1602.

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

JOHNSON'S SHAVING CREAM SOAP

NO SHADOW OF A DOUBT THAT

25c JOHNSON'S SHAVING CREAM SOAP

GIVES A MORE DELIGHTFUL SHAVE THAN ANY OTHER BRAND

We want Your Phone Orders.

Key West Drug Co.

TWO STORES. BOTH GOOD

THE LABOR SMILES

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

JOHN LOWE JR. SONS

THE PORTER-ALLEN CO.

INSURANCE

INSURANCE

OFFICE OVER THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

TELEPHONE NO. 1

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

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

WHY TAKE CHANCES ELSEWHERE?

ORDER THE ORIGINAL BOTTLING

I. W. HARPER WHISKEY



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

Old I. W. Harper Whiskey.

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

FOR SALE BY RICHARD SOLAN

Furniture OF EVERY GRADE AND PRICE

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

greatest care, polishing cups and glasses, and finally placing one of the chairs in position. Stepping back, napkin still upon arm, he bowed silently. I took the seat indicated, and glanced up into his almost expressionless face.

"Peter, you old fraud," I said swiftly, "have you eaten?"

"Not as yet, sir," his voice showing just the proper tone of deference, his eyes staring straight ahead.

"Then take that chair and sit down."

"Oh, no, sir; indeed, sir, I am not at all hungry, sir."

I squared myself, fingering the knife at my plate.

"Peter," I said, sternly, "I'm a better man than you are, and you'll either sit down there and eat with me, or I'll lick you within an inch of your life. There is food enough here for three men, and I want company."

He rubbed his hand across his lips, and I caught a gleam of intelligence in his eyes.

"Well, sir, seeing you put it in that

way, sir," he confessed, almost as though in regret, "I hardly see how I can refuse. It is very flattering, sir."

He drew up the other chair and sat down opposite me. "Would you care for a glass of wine first, sir?" he asked solicitously. "It has been a rather dusty ride."

CHAPTER XII.

I Interview Peter.

I accepted the wine gratefully, and sat in silence while he served the meal, wondering at the odd character of the man, and striving to determine how best to win his confidence. I was hungry, and, not knowing what to say, fell to work with some zest, insisting on his doing likewise. Yet even as I disposed of the food that stolid face opposite fascinated me, and held my gaze. The fellow was not so big a fool as he looked, for while the features remained expressionless and vacant, there was a sly glimmer to the eye, betraying an active, observant mind behind the mask. I began to suspect some purpose in his play acting.

"What is your name, my man?" I asked finally, made nervous by his silence.

"Peter Swanson, sir," he humbly.

"Oh, a Swede?"

"By ancestry only, sir," he explained, wiping his mouth with a corner of the napkin, but not lifting his eyes from the plate. "It is a hundred years since we crossed the sea."

"And you've been good King's men ever since?"

He cocked one eye up at me. "It would seem so, sir."

"The fellow with the gray chin beard was Irish, was n't he?"

"He might be, sir."

"A Swede, an Irishman, and an Indian," I said musingly. "That makes a nice combination for the Queen's Rangers. Come now, Peter, give me the straight of all this."

He stopped with his fork in a bit of meat, favoring me with another stare. "I think I don't to comprehend, sir."

"No, you don't, you rascal," a bit of anger in my voice. "Did you bring this supper yourself, or were you sent here?"

"Under orders, sir."

"The Lieutenant?"

He bowed solemnly, and asked: "Would you object if I smoked, sir?"

"Certainly not; only answer my questions. Good heavens, man! do you think I am a log of wood? Act like a human being. Who is the Lieutenant?"

"A Dragoon, sir."

"Peter," I broke out, irritated beyond patience, "I have some reason to believe you a liar. But I'm going to get the truth from you if I have to choke it out."

"Yes, sir; very good, indeed, sir. However, there would seem to be no need of your resorting to such extreme measures, sir."

"Then you will tell me what I wish to know?"

"It will afford me pleasure, sir."

Somewhat I could not rid myself of the suspicion that the fellow was secretly laughing at me, yet his round face was innocent and placid, his eyes discreetly lowered.

"Then kindly inform me, first of all, who this young lieutenant is."

"I fear, sir," solemnly, "that I may have misinformed you when I said he was a Dragoon."

"Yes!" eagerly.

"I would correct my statement somewhat—he is a Light Dragoon, sir."

In spite of my effort at self-control, I swore, tempted to batter that stolid face, yet realizing the utter uselessness of such violence.

"Now, see here!" I broke forth fiercely. "Have done with your play. You are no soldier; I doubt if you were ever on a horse's back until to night. And those fellows with you are not Queen's Rangers, I'll swear."

"How do you know, sir?" he interrupted gently. "Are you in the army, sir?"

"Of course I am," I cried, answering without consideration.

"I thought so, sir; although your clothes do not proclaim the fact. May I ask which army?"

He had turned the tables most neatly, and I glanced down over my rough garments, awakening suddenly to the knowledge that I was also in masquerade. To be sure I had one advantage—I knew these men had been part of Delavan's foragers, and hence at heart must be loyalists.

"That is not a question I intend answering to every ruffian who stops me on the highway," I returned shortly. "I wish to know what this outrage means? I will know, you wooden-headed imago! I was about my business when the four of you attacked me. I wasn't the man you were after at all, and yet I am held prisoner, shut up here behind iron bars. What is this

place, anyhow?"

"It is called 'Elmhurst,' sir."

"Elmhurst? A country estate?"

"Yes, sir, one of the old plantations."

"It's a name I never heard. Where is that precious lieutenant?"

"I presume he is in bed, sir," and Peter rose quietly to his feet, and began replacing the dishes on his tray.

Apparently there was not a nervous throb to his pulse, and he remained blissfully indifferent to my presence.

I stared helplessly at him, even words failing me.

"You refuse to inform me as to the truth of this affair?" I faltered at last, as he lifted his burden on one arm. He turned a stolid face my way.

"I would seem so, sir. I have to thank you for a most delightful evening, sir. Your conversation has been both instructive and entertaining. However, sir, the hour is now late, and I should advise your retiring."

He bowed solemnly, backing toward the door, and I sprang to my feet, overtaken by a sudden determination to make a break for freedom. There was a slight glimmer in Peter's gray eyes, as he rapped sharply with his heel on the door.

"I may think that would be advisable, sir," he warned softly. "The man outside is armed, and in the excitement might hurt you."

There was a click of the lock, and the heavy door swung open. I stood motionless, tempted to spring, yet not daring the venture. Peter backed majestically out, and I caught a glimpse of the gray beard, and the black outline of a pistol. Then the door closed, leaving me alone. The little scrap of candle left sputtered feebly, and, after walking across the floor a half-dozen times, striving to gain control of my temper, I blew it out, and crawled into the bunk. There was nothing I could do, but wait for morning; not a sound reached me from without, and before I realized the possibility, I was fast asleep.

I must have slept long and soundly, for when I finally awoke a gleam of sun lay the full length of the room, and food was upon the table. Some one—Peter, no doubt—had entered and departed without arousing me. Sleep had left me in a pleasant frame of mind, and I ate heartily, wondering vaguely what the day would disclose. I determined one thing, that when Peter returned for the dishes, I would back him into a corner and choke at least a portion of the truth out of his unwilling throat. I had hardly reached this decision when the door opened, and he stood there gazing at me with sphinx-like stolidity. I arose to my feet, gripping the back of a chair, but the utter vacancy in that face seemed to numb action.

There was no positive expression, no dim glimmer of interest in his features; the shining bald head alone gave him a grotesque appearance, restraining me from violence. I could as easily have warred with a baby.

"I trust, sir, you slept well," he said soothingly, "and that the service is satisfactory."

I choked back my indignation, the quiet deference of his manner causing me to feel like a brute.

"Nothing could be added to my happiness," I answered, "unless it might be a little information which you seem disinclined to furnish."

He waved one hand, as though brushing calmly aside some imagined insect.

"Disinclined? Oh, no, sir; there is nothing to conceal, sir, I assure you."

"Then, for God's sake, let it out of your system, man!" I burst forth impatiently. "Whom am I a prisoner to? What am I held for? What sort of treatment is this I am receiving?"

Peter bowed, without the tremor of an eyelash.

"Do not mention it, sir," he murmured smoothly; "we are only too proud to have you as our guest at Elmhurst. It has been very quiet here now for some weeks, sir, and your coming was welcome to us all."

I could only stare at the fellow with open mouth, so dumbfounded as to be speechless. Of all the idiots I had ever met he was the worst, or else his acting was magnificent. To save me I was now certain which might be the correct guess. He continued in stately solemnity:

"I trust there remains nothing more you desire to learn? If not, I am requested to conduct you to the library. Ah, thank you, sir—this way, please."

He stood aside, statue-like, his eyes following directly past me, and pointed with dignity to the open door. I obeyed the calm movement of that hand as though it had been a military order, but, as I stepped into the twilight of the outer basement, I suddenly perceived the presence there of the attendant graybeard. He moved in advance, and I followed, aware that Peter was closely at my heels. A glance told me here was a library, not only in name, but in fact, a large square room, well lighted, the furniture mahogany, shining like glass, three of the walls lined with books, mostly in sombre bindings. A green

To be Continued.

SUMMER SCHEDULE NO. 4 FASON 1912.

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

Consular and Occidental Steamship Company

United States Fast Mail Route for Key West, Havana, the West Indies and Nassau, Bahamas
Y. Key West and Port Tampa, Fla.

a reported change in effect on dates shown. Subject to the change and individual notices. Sent without notice.

PORT TAMPA-KEY WEST-HAVANA LINE.

Ports/Tampa Key West Havana	Lv. Port Tampa Ar. Key West Lv. Key West Ar. Havana	Sun. Mon. Tue. Wed.	Thu. Fri. Sat.	
Effective Apr. 2, 1912	Lv. Havana Ar. Key West Lv. Key West Ar. Port Tampa	Tue. Tue. Wed.	Sun.	5:30 PM 6:30 AM 12:00 M 8:00 PM 9:00 PM 5:00 PM

KEY WEST HAVANA
Effective Apr. 2, 1912

(When southbound connecting train is more than 30 minutes late, ship will leave Key West until 9:00 p. m. arriving Havana next day at 6:30 a. m.)

Above items are based on 90th Meridian Standard time.

Information as to passenger and freight rates to all points in the United States, Cuba, West Indies and Bahamas cheerfully furnished upon application.

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

Florida East Coast Railway

Corrected to April 7, 1912

NO. 36: THE OVERSEA LIMITED: Daily.

Leaves 5:00 p. m. Arrives Miami 11:20 p. m.
West Palm Beach 2:00 a. m. Ft. Pierce 4:10 a. m. New Smyrna 8:20 a. m. Daytona 9:00 a. m. St. Augustine 11:30 a. m. Jacksonville 12:45 p. m. Carries through sleeping cars Key West to New York via the A. C. L. & S. A. L. without change. Day car service. Local sleeper Key West to Miami.

For Local Time Card, See the Ticket Office.

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PLING BETWEEN

KEY WEST AND MIAMI

MAKING CONNECTIONS W

The Mallory Steamship Company to and from New York, Mobile, Galveston and Tampa.

Southern Steamship Company Philadelphia, Charleston, Jacksonville Key West and Tampa.

P. & O. Steamship Company Havana, Key West and Nassau.

Towles Steamship Line Ft. Myers and the West Coast.

A daylight trip down the Hawk Channel getting a full view of the Extension.

For Particulars Apply Norman Sweeting At Mallory

JOHN LOWE JR. SONS

Corner Greene & Elizabeth Streets.

Commission Merchants, Marine Railway, Shingles and Lumber
SHIP CHANDLERY and PROVISIONS

PEACON'S SPECIALTIES

Fleischmann's Yeast

Home made cakes

Dr. Johnson's Educator

Cockers

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Fine as can be Fish Flakes

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Fleming and William S

LAR KINS

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

TELEPHONE 219 FOR YOUR
ELECTRICAL WANTS.
LARKINS

DR. D. A. TROVASKO
-DENTAL SURGEON-
Phone 3542
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KEY WEST FLA.

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VETERINARIAN

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Formerly with U. S. Q. M.
Dept. in Mazatlan, Cuba after
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veterinarian for the 10th U. S.
Cavalry.

GASOLINE

Stoves and Ranges All
Styles and Sizes

Terms Easy
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Furnished room for rent. Fleming
street, opposite Court-House. Love
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SHOW Genuine
SINKING OF
THE MAINE

for one night only, and we are going
to show it tonight.

IN ADDITION, WE ARE

GOING TO SHOW TONIGHT

The Great Celebration Picture

For the Last Time

We are going to show tonight
also the two following picture

"Rahl Surrenders to Washington"

AND

"Tweedeldum and the Adventuress"

Remember That

Tonight is the big night

at the Airdome

The Store

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

THE NAVAL STORE
Undersells Its Competitors all the Time.
J. LEIBOVIT 123 DUVAL STREET

FOR SALE

The furnishings and three year lease of
CHICAGO HOUSE.

at 318 Simonton Street. The house has 35 rooms, with all modern improvements.
Also the furnishings of the adjoining house, 320 Simonton, with furnished rooms, barber shop and coffee shop.
Also two nice lots near Louis pavilion.
Proprietor wishes to leave the city, and wants to make quick sale.

See Proprietor Chicago House.

Monroe Theatre.

Week of April 22nd.

Al Reeves

that great Character Singing Comedian at the Monroe Theatre

Harney and Haynes

also, in their great Singing, Talking and Piano Act.
Then some corking good reels that will please.

PRICES: 10c, 15c and 20c.

NEW BUICK AUTOMOBILE

TO HIRE
50c to any part of the city. This allows one extra passenger free.
We furnish the machine at \$3.00 an hour.

Telephone either
R. S. Navarro, or Otis Johnson
Phone 6121 Phone 4142

SHELTER LODGING HOUSE

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

FOR PRESIDENTIAL ELECTOR
Jefferson B. Brown

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS

Captain E. E. Phelps, Master of the schooner Robert Burner, which has been laying in the harbor for several weeks, arrived from Jacksonville Monday night, and will take the boat out this morning for Round Key, where he will be loaded with sand consigned to the paving company.

The Naval tug Massachusetts, Captain Deeks, which has been at the local yard for a number of weeks, sailed yesterday for Norfolk, Va., where she will be stationed in the future.

For Sale—At a bargain. My Chalmers Automobile, household, kitchen and office furniture.

Dr. D. A. Thomason, 23 ft.
Ben R. Leigh, manager of the branch store of the Key West Drug Company on Duval street who has been ill since last Saturday is out again and "on the job" with his usual energy.

The Key West Furniture Co. 700 Duval street is headquarters now for house furnishings, and anything in this line you need we will be glad to show you and quote you prices. 29 ft.

Among the passengers to Tampa on the Olivette last night were L. T. Harris, J. W. Stevenson, J. H. Carroll, E. T. Dally, Mark Mayer, Louis Willis, B. T. Forsythe, Major E. O. Sarrett, H. Kleiner, F. A. Ross and Herbert S. Phillips.

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

Hon. E. M. Semple was the first speaker on the program at the Good Roads convention held in Jacksonville and was given an enthusiastic ovation as he was introduced.

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

The new building in course of erection on Duval street opposite the Hotel Jefferson is nearing completion. The lower floor will shortly be used as a drug store.

Lady—Should your ambition tend to art.
Your work will find a ready mart.
And you will paint with lighter heart.

In White House shoes.
M. Rippa.

For Rent—Comfortable ten room house, with large out rooms and yards. Apply to Mrs. M. Clayton, 404 Whitehead street, or to owner, P. O. Box 61, Lemon City, Fla. 15 ft.

"To find a horse shoe in the road is good luck"—to wear White House shoes is a sign of good sense. M. Rippa. 1 ft.

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

B. L. Forsythe, traveling representative of the Remington Typewriter Company, who has been here for some time in the interests of his Company, left for Tampa last night, after appointing Bart A. Riley, the well known local, public and court stenographer as permanent representative. Mr. Riley will have the exclusive sale in Key West of the different Remington Typewriter Company's products, which include the sale of the Remington Smith Premier and Monarch typewriters, the Rotary Neostyle, Weiss Filing Cabinets, etc. We wish Mr. Riley success in this new line of work.

Lost—A good hat pin between Division street and the Seminary. Reward if returned to the Seminary.

(Political Advertisement.)
FOR A DEMOCRATIC VICTORY.

Sound Democrats With No Factional Ax to Grind Should be sent to National Convention.

The Democratic party has a fine opportunity to win a national victory this year if no mistake is made at the Baltimore convention. The best way to avoid the making of a mistake is to elect as delegates men who are sound Democrats without any factional axe to grind. The interests of the Florida democracy will be in safe hands if the following well-known Democrats are sent to the convention. These gentlemen favor Harrison or Underwood, but will be governed by the instructions of the primary and use their best effort to promote harmony in the party.
For Delegates—National Democratic Convention, State at Large.
Vote for six.

FRANK E. CHASE.
E. S. CRILL.
A. W. GILCHRIST.
FRANK HARRIS.
EDWIN D. LAMBRIGT.
B. S. WILLIAMS.
For Delegates National Democratic Convention, First Cong. Dist.
Vote for two.

W. HUNT HARRIS.
ADRIAN P. JORDAN.
Cut this out and save for reference in election day. 18 ft.

For Member of Board of Public Instruction.
(2nd District)
GEO. F. ARCHER.

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



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Julius Walters & Co.

Machine Shop.

No. 44 Simonton Street, Front of Masonic Temple.

Blacksmith, Wheelwright, Wagon Builders, Pipe Fitters.

House-hoeing a Specialty.

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

Machine Work of all Kind.

Share your business with us.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

All persons having claims and demands against the Estate of Juan Rodriguez, deceased, will present the same wise undersigned for payment, with Key time prescribed by law, otherwise the same will be barred.
Key West, March 14th, 1912.
Edelmiro Morales.
Last Will and Testament of Execut. Rodriguez. Mar. 15-7m

Gallat's Tonsorial Parlor

Centrally Located, and Convenient To All
HOT AND COLD WATER BATH
Latest Tonsorial Appliances, and the most modern sanitary method

THE PLACE YOU'RE LOOKING FOR IS
Next Hotel Jeffn.

Facts That Are Cold.

Six tenths of one cent is the cost of operating a 12 inch Electric Fan for one hour.

Three tenths of one cent will operate an 8 inch fan for an hour.

We also have 16 inch fans and 52 inch ceiling fans.

All fans for sale on easy terms.

Hesitation may lead to heat prostration.

The Key West Electric Co.

SALES DEPARTMENT

Everybody's Doing It DOING WHAT?

Trying to have clothes in this progressive age that will be totally different from the other party. All modern, wide awake young men and women like distinct style in clothes. They also want clothes that are unobtrusive, classy clothes with dignity, and yet with ultra-fashion. We have specialized in these features for this season, and in our

MEN'S DEPARTMENT

You will find such clothes in profuse variety.

HART SCHAFFNER & MARK

Special 1912 clothes are the master stroke of these master tailors. The styles are made to meet the requirements of all classes of young fellows. In these garments are incorporated, exterior and interior, all the best thing in clothes making. In style and high class finish, they represent the very best. In fit they are faultless. We have a vast assortment of new models in hundreds of new weaves and colors. \$15 to \$30.

WALKOVER SHOES

For Men And

DOROTHY DODD

Shoes for Women are high quality shoes. The prices are low, considering the value and that is what you want to consider. Hundreds of new styles and finishes are waiting for you from \$2.50 to \$5.

YOU WILL ALSO FIND

In profusion, Onyx, Phoenix and Wunder lose for the entire family. Manhattan shirts, Remar Givats, Stetson, Knox and Howard hats.

Come in and get Acquainted.

A. Louis & Son

Department Store

Special

White Flannel pants,
Cream Flannels, &

Light striped pants.

Regular price \$6, now 3.75

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Reliable Mdse. Distributor.



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When a man leaves his watch at a jeweler's for repairs, he wants it when the jeweler promises it to him. He doesn't like to have to wait, and we do not make him wait. All work ready when promised.

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