

A KING'S SECRET.

He Changed His Principles, but Could Not Change His Record.

By THOMAS R. DEAN.
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[European history, beginning with the storming of the Bastille in Paris to the battle of Waterloo, embraces more startling romances than any other period. All the remarkable careers of that remarkable period were sky-rockets save one. Among the parvenu kings and queens created by the little Corsican or through his influence, the descendants of none sit on a throne today save those of the king of Sweden. The motif of the following story is historical and needs no embellishment. It is in itself a subject for a great drama.]

"Jean, I have heard that instead of following in my footsteps, remaining on the farm and being a notary like your father, you are going to be a soldier. Know, my son, that the life you would choose is one of hardship. When the first enthusiasm has worn off you will have nothing to repay you for the rigid discipline, the hard marches, the wounds that you will receive, and there is every chance that your life will be short."

These words were spoken at a time when the first mutterings of revolution were heard in France. The family were peasants. The father attended to petty law cases, but did not rise above his class. Jean was but fifteen years old when thus admonished to let soldiering alone, but there was in him a spirit too adventurous to permit him to remain a plowboy, and he entered as a private in the king's marines. When he marched away his parents and all the household shook their heads, as much as to say, "You will soon be very homesick, my boy, but will not be permitted to come back to us."

Jean was sent to an island in the Mediterranean sea the same year that



"I CHOOSE TO BE BLEED FROM THE LEFT ARM."

a certain boy, eleven years old, was sent to school in France. These two boys, the one but four years older than the other, were destined to play an important part in each other's life.

Young Jean served two years on the island, then was sent to the East Indies, where he was wounded and taken prisoner. Returning to France, his family, hoping that his experience had been enough to crush his soldierly ambition, made another effort to induce him to remain with them. But he was promoted to be sergeant, and this decided him to enlist for another term.

Soon after the revolution broke out, Jean was with his regiment in Marseilles. His colonel, attempting to subdue a mob, was surrounded and would have been killed had not the young sergeant who had promoted him argued the crowd, calmed them and saved his commander.

Jean was present at another scene, perhaps the most important which took place during that eventful period. His regiment was drawn up on the "Place de la Revolution in Paris in a hollow square, the center being occupied by a guillotine. Presently the wheels of a tumbrel (two wheeled cart) were heard rolling over the stones, and a man was standing the king of France. Jean saw him mount the scaffold and his head drop into a basket. By his presence as a guard the boy aided and betted the execution, thus constituting himself a regicide.

When the regiment was marched back to the barracks Jean, who had become a staunch revolutionist, in order to commemorate the scene in which he had taken part tattooed on his right arm a guillotine with a figure lying on it. Underneath were the words, "Death to Kings and Tyrants!"

The surest road to advancement at his time was by means of the revolution. Jean, a furious Republican, was raised from one rank to another till he became a major general. But it was of his political affiliations alone that aided his advancement. He fought his enemies of his country on the line and showed himself a brave and skillful officer. Meanwhile that same boy who had come to France to school Jean was going to the island had been in the military service and had

been given command of a force opposing the enemies of France in Italy. Jean was sent at the head of 20,000 men to aid the young commander of his army at the southward.

Then followed two decades that rest remain in history the most remarkable epoch of modern times, these two young men—one of them a conqueror of Europe, the other one of his most efficient assistants—were related by marriage. Their interests were identical, but they never got together. The one lost his interest in the deposing of the tyrant king ex-

cept so far as it left a vacancy for him to slip into as emperor. The other for a time, either through a natural leaning toward the motto, "Death to Kings and Tyrants!" or seeing that his chief was absorbing the state into himself, opposed him. But both in time cut loose from their moorings and from revolutionists became monarchists.

During this shaking up of the kingdoms of Europe one of the thrones—was electoral—became vacant. The notary's boy had fought on their territory and had been kind to the people. Owing to his connection with the great conqueror he was taken up as a candidate and elected king. And so it was that Jean Baptiste Jules Bernadotte, a French peasant, who had stood good while his king was executed, who had tattooed on his arm the motto "Death to Kings and Tyrants!" became King of Sweden.

And now those words became obnoxious to him. When the king took off his underclothes before going to bed, there on his arm was the picture of the guillotine with the motto beneath. When they had been placed there, who would have guessed that fate intended taking up this peasant soldier and one day placing him on a throne? The king was rich and would gladly have given liberally of his gold to any one who would remove the picture and the words. There was no surgeon in those days so skillful that he could remove them, and though today tattoo work may be so deodated as to be ordinarily invisible, on rubbing the skin it will faintly reappear to confront the one who would banish it.

One day the king fell ill. The royal physicians were sent for and decided that his majesty must be bled. The king raised the sleeve on his left arm. "We usually bleed a patient on the right arm, your majesty," said the operator.

"And will not blood taken from the left serve as well?" the king asked shortly.

"It may be."

"Then draw it from the left." "Perhaps it is custom, your majesty, perhaps because the left arm is nearer the heart, that physicians bleed from the right."

"I choose to be bled from the left arm," insisted the king, by this time showing a choleric redness in the face. They bled his majesty as he directed, and he recovered. When again he needed bleeding another physician was called. Again the king bared his left arm. The physician asked him to raise the right sleeve. This time his majesty had lost some of his patience.

"Bleed me where I direct!" he thundered. "Do you suppose that I, who have commanded on many battlefields and detested taking orders from the emperor himself, am to be dictated to by a surgeon?"

The king's command was obeyed. And so it came to pass that the story got abroad in the palace that the king would never submit to be bled from his right arm. It was repeated in whispers, and all who heard it wondered. The king never heard it, but he dreaded lest by what must seem his strange action he had excited comment.

When his majesty awoke in the morning, unlike other sovereigns, he must need exclude his chamberlains and his gentlemen of the bedchamber. Not even a valet could be admitted during the change from night to day clothes or during the bath lest the blue picture of the guillotine and the words beneath be seen and the secret come out. Who knows but the knowledge that the king was thus chained to the murder of a king spread among his people might cause a sensation that would end in revolution? And how would end the revolution? Well might his majesty shudder and see in the tattooed guillotine a picture of his own end.

And so the king lived, chained, as it were, to the scene in which he had assisted in his early youth and which now he would have to forget. Even though he seldom saw the picture and the motto he knew that they were on his arm. At times as he grew old and was losing the strength that had enabled him to help build up an empire the blue characters on his arm would seem like a serpent coiled there. How often at night in the loneliness of his chamber he cried out at the ever present witness of his inglorious change of principle was not known, for his majesty slept alone.

At last the king fell ill and this time knew that the hand of death was upon him. His secret would be known. His crown he could not take with him, and he did not care to take it. One thing only he would like to take, and that was those tattoo marks he had pricked on his arm with a needle and India ink. But this memento of his past, this link that bound him to the dishonour and murder of a sovereign, he could no more carry with him than the insignia of royalty.

The king died. When a menial went to the death chamber to prepare the body to lie in state and be viewed by his majesty's subjects, on baring the chest and arms he saw the picture of the guillotine and read the words below: "Death to Kings and Tyrants!"

Really Antique. An excel in plaster of paris cast may be seen in one of the Egyptian galleries of the British museum of the famous sycamore statue known as the "Sheikh-el-Beled," or "Village Sheikh." The original dates from 2900 B. C. and is still in perfect condition, although it is the oldest known specimen of woodcarving. It represents an overseer of the workmen engaged in building the pyramids close to Sakkarao, where it was discovered.—London News.

Natural. The Stranger—Was the new candidate much put out when they threw the stale eggs at him? Native—He was, sorr. He was awful decomposed.—London Sketch.

Will Never Know. Seymour—It is better to be right than president. Ashley—How do you know? You've never been either and never will be.—Chicago News.

When the fight begins within himself a man's worth something.—Browning.

PETE INTERFERED.

He Was Not Returned and Healed the Breach.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.
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Evelyn, having returned her engagement ring to Richard Hallam, was collecting her other gifts for the same purpose when it occurred to her that she would like to keep one of them. What should she retain?

Why, Pete. She caressed his brindled coat, and a strange lump came into her throat as his pink tongue licked her little, ringless hand. Then she sat up and blinked back the brightness to her eyes and completed her task.

She wondered if Richard would come tonight. No; he would sulk one day, and then tomorrow evening he would come.

The next day Evelyn shopped and lunched and called with exceeding diligence. Late in the afternoon she slipped home to a quiet cup of tea in her own sitting room. There were no letters, no messages—nothing for her.

In the evening Mr. Hallam was announced. Evelyn tried to subdue the wild beating of her heart and dallied over the adjustment of a rose in her hair. It would be all right after all. Her soul sang with joy; but, coquette that she was, Evelyn schooled her face to proper severity as she entered the drawing room.

"Good evening, Miss Lovell," said Hallam, with grave politeness, taking her hand for an instant and dropping it hastily. "I received your note last evening. I have brought Jones around with me to help carry the stuff away."

"The—stuff?" she stammered, nonplused at his manner and the strangeness of the situation.

"Why, yes," he replied cheerfully; "you wrote that you had some trifles you wanted me to remove from the premises, and here I am."

Evelyn lifted her head haughtily. "Certainly," she said with assumed

carelessness; "I had forgotten for the moment. I will ring for Martin to bring them."

They sat in silence until Martin's fat white calves staggered into the room under the weight of an assortment of neatly tied packages. Evelyn stared miserably at the sight. Hallam grinned broadly. "Looks like a Christmas festival," he said, with ill timed levity.

Martin deposited the packages on the floor and departed. Dick Hallam drew a slip of paper from his pocket. "I have an inventory here," he remarked, with a businesslike air that was disconcerting. Evelyn felt that she was the victim of some horrible nightmare. It could not be possible that Dick Hallam had been so mean as to keep an account of the gifts he had given on birthdays and at Christmas! Where was the generosity and love that had always characterized her life?

"Let me see," he continued thoughtfully, scanning the paper in his hand. "I will call off the items, and you may tell me if they are all here. I am sorry to be obliged to trouble you in the matter," he added politely.

"It is no trouble," she said faintly. "All the things are there."

"A jeweled bangle, pearl batpins, lace fan, clock, books, gold purse—er—a picture?" he interrogated her doubtfully.

"Yes," she murmured in a low, distressed tone, "a picture."

"And one dog," he ended sharply, replacing the paper in his letter case. "Oh, no—Pete?" she cried, with an involuntary gesture of alarm.

"Oh, yes, Pete, of course," he said in a matter of fact tone. "I cannot let him go," she said defiantly.

"I insist that the dog shall be included among the articles."

"I beg you will leave Pete with me. We understand each other. I love him so," she said, with a lump in her throat.

"I regret the necessity, but I cannot leave him," he replied relentlessly. "I will bring him myself," she said. Twenty minutes passed, and Evelyn did not return. He rang the bell. "Please remind Miss Lovell that I am waiting," he said to Martin.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but Miss Evelyn went out," explained the man. "Where did she go?"

"She didn't say, sir. She had the dog, and she said she might not return tonight."

Hallam smiled enigmatically. "Just tell my man to call a cab and take these packages around to my rooms," he said to Martin. Then he left the house.

It so happened that Richard Hallam was her vis-a-vis at the Lumley dinner the following night. They greeted one another with frigid politeness, and then Evelyn turned her attention to

Percie Goodall, who took her in, while Richard devoted himself to Mary Cameron.

Percie was a dog fancier. He loved dogs, bought dogs, thought dogs, wrote dogs and showed dogs; but, above all, he talked dogs. He was talking dogs now.

"For a good, all around, companionable dog, one that is affectionate, intelligent and a genuine sport, commend me to a Boston terrier," he said enthusiastically.

Evelyn shot an apprehensive glance across the table. Hallam was discussing an entree with careful attention, but she knew he had heard Goodall's loud, crisp tones.

"Oh, yes," she said carelessly, "dogs are interesting, but I want to hear about that skating rink you are building at Vinceliff, Mr. Goodall."

"But," expostulated Goodall, "I thought you were a dog lover. Miss Lovell. Surely your Pete won't be a blue ribbon?"

"Yes, yes," she interrupted in agonized haste. Why should she persist in talking about horrible dogs? "I adore them, you know, only I want to hear about the rink now," she added in a low tone.

"Very well," he laughed good naturedly, "exit the dog and enter the rink! It's a tank 100 feet square; glass roof, with an ice plant concealed in the cellar. When it is completed I shall have a carnival, and I know you will be queen of the festivities! How's that?"

"That will be delightful," she said, with a relieved laugh. Dick was frowning into his plate now, and she felt a little better. It was apparent that Mr. Hallam was experiencing the pangs of jealousy.

After that they went to the play, and Dick Hallam still danced attendance upon Mary Cameron.

"Nice girl, Miss Cameron," ventured Goodall as he helped Evelyn into her cloak after the curtain had rung down for the last time.

"Lovely!" exclaimed Evelyn enthusiastically.

"Engaged to Hallam's cousin, isn't she?" asked Goodall.

"I didn't know," faltered Evelyn. "So they say. Bob Hallam is in the Philippines, you know. The engagement hasn't been announced, although it leaked out at the club."

"Oh!" said Evelyn, and it is not on record what Evelyn thought.

Three miserable weeks dragged by, miserable for Evelyn Lovell. Dick she saw occasionally, always the same cool, courteous, distant Dick. Nothing more had been said about Pete, and he remained in Evelyn's possession, the hostage of her love. Once in the solitude of her room she had attacked the astonished Pete and shaken him forcibly.

"You hateful, horrible dog! If it hadn't been for you I do believe"—What she believed Evelyn did not utter, so the aggrieved Pete never knew. One crisp morning she sallied forth with Pete at her heels. She shopped without enthusiasm, then, overcome by a weariness that was unnatural to her buoyant temperament, she went into a certain smart little tea room and ordered luncheon. Pete sat on a chair beside her loftily indifferent to the tempting sights and smells that surrounded him.

The room was deserted save for herself and a group at another table in a far corner screened with palms. She discussed her salad languidly. Suddenly she raised her eyes and saw that it was Richard Hallam who was seated at the opposite table—and of course the Cameron girl. She lifted her chin with hauteur and bowed coldly. He returned it stiffly. She thought he was looking pale and tired and somewhat bored. It was strange that such a busy lawyer as Hallam could spend time dangle after a creature like the Cameron girl. Oh, everything was strange and so horrid anyway!

Pete sat beside her, his black nostrils twitching and bulging, expectant eyes fastened on Dick Hallam's face. His whole body quivered as if controlled by a multitude of tiny muscles of steel. Suddenly, as if in response to some anticipated signal, he uttered a loud yelp of joy and bounded across the table, leaving disaster in his wake.

Straight as a die he shot toward Hallam, who rose hastily and endeavored to quiet the excited animal.

Evelyn had arisen from her seat. Her face was quite white, and it was evident that he was agitated over the contretemps. Hallam advanced toward her, determination in his manner.

"Come and join us, Evelyn," he said authoritatively.

"I cannot," she whispered brokenly. "Nonsense!" he laughed. "Come; my cousin from the Philippines is concealed behind the palms. You must meet him."

She went. There was gladness in her heart, in her eyes and in the caress she vouchsafed the faithful Pete.

"Dick," she said later when they were making all things right between them, "did you call Pete to come to you?"

Hallam laughed happily. "I did," he admitted, "and—"

"And I told him to go," she murmured to the lapel of his coat.

Mourning Colors. Intending to symbolize the gloom of night, "when all men sleep," black is the color of mourning all over Europe. In Persia pale brown materials are worn for mourning, the color of withered leaves. Both sorrow and hope are expressed to the south sea islander in black and white stripes, white in Ethiopia the mourning color is grayish brown, which represents "the earth to which all men shall return." Purple and violet have been the mourning colors for cardinals and kings of France, and white I worn to express grief in China. In Syria and Armenia sky blue is worn at the death of a relative and is intended to express the belief that the deceased has gone to heaven. In Egypt and Burma yellow is worn, to symbolize the sere and yellow leaf.—London Answers.

Steel Trust Moves River. An unusual feat in engineering has been begun in Gary, Ind., when work was started to move the Grand Calumet river a quarter of a mile south in order to make room for the new coke ovens which the United States Steel corporation is building alongside the blast furnaces.

A LEADEN MEDAL.

It Played an Important Part in a Love Affair.

By SARAH J. ATWATER.
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At the breaking out of our war with the Japanese I had been somewhat surprised at the devotion of a young lieutenant in the army who seemed to consider me the object of a grand passion. He was several years younger than I and extremely boyish. We Russians are a fair haired race, but Paul Nevinsky's hair was almost white with age, for he was but nineteen years old. His eyes were a light blue and his complexion milk and rose, suitable for a girl. No beard had yet sprouted.

I will remember the day Paul called upon me to say that his regiment was

splendid match, and I was by no means ready to permit this condition of sentiment to interfere with my taking advantage of what it would bring me.

This was Paul's story: He had disappointed the surgeons by recovering from his wound and far more quickly than could have been anticipated. He had taken part in the subsequent battles of the war fought by the army with which he served and had returned a general of brigades, covered with decorations.

I asked him why he had not informed me of his recovery. He replied in a shamefaced way that, having sent me the bullet that killed him, he had felt that to announce that he had not been killed after all would have put him in a ridiculous position before me. He had therefore put off the announcement of his continued existence from time to time and finally had concluded to communicate it to me in person. He hoped that I would not think any the less of him for not having been killed.

While I could not forbear smiling at this absurd self abnegation, I confess I was touched by it. I could not forbear taking his hand, and when he bent forward for a kiss I could not help giving him one.

I now had two lovers between whom it was not easy for me to decide. On the one hand, there was Gravenieff, who permitted me to understand that it was a great condescension on the part of his family to consent to mingle its blood with mine. Indeed, considering that he came of the oldest stock in Russia and I was noble only on my mother's side, the match would be very advantageous to me. On the other hand was my boy soldier, who was so anxious to honor me that he apologized for returning alive after having sent me as a mark of his devotion the bullet that was supposed to have killed him. Never was a woman called upon to decide between such extremes.

And while I was undecided, or, rather, while I was unable to hurt my young lover by turning him away for the man it seemed best for me to marry, my position was a delicate one. When the count learned that Paul Nevinsky was his rival he was very much astonished. Paul had no fortune, was a commoner and was in years and appearance a mere boy. That such a man should presume to compete with him for the favor of any woman was a great blow to Gravenieff's vanity. That I should consider Paul at all in competition with a nobleman of his rank and wealth somewhat diminished the count's good opinion of me. I believe that on this account, had he not been too proud to give in to such an inferior person, he would have withdrawn his proposal for my hand.

As for Paul, when he first learned that he had a rival in Count Gravenieff all hope deserted him. "I would not truly love you," he said, "should I insist upon your bestowing yourself on me when a position so much more exalted than I could give you is in store for you?"

I could not but contrast the self confidence of the count with the modesty of the little general. Nevertheless I was not so affected by this difference between the two men as by the fact that the one considered himself too good for me, while the other cared only for the honors he had won that he might lay them at my feet.

One evening my two lovers happened to call upon me at the same hour. As soon as the count saw the general his brow darkened. I introduced them. The count bowed stiffly. The general returned the salute with more amiability than might have been expected under the circumstances. The count's forbearance with me for keeping him so long in doubt broke down.

"I cannot consent," he said haughtily, "to be placed in rivalry with one who, though he has distinguished himself on the field of battle, belongs to an entirely different class from my own. I have offered you my heart and hand. It remains for you to decide whether you prefer to be the wife of a noble or the wife of a commoner. If General Nevinsky can bestow upon you what I am able to bestow I will resign you for your own good. If not, let him cease to come between you and me."

"Count," I said, "I will no longer keep you in ignorance of my decision. I fully appreciate the substantial honors you are able to bestow upon me. General Nevinsky has already made me one gift which I hold in greater esteem than the wealth I would share with you as your countess. That gift has won. Being called upon to choose between you, I choose him who gave me this."

Catching hold of a small gold chain about my neck, I drew from under my bodice that which was attached to it—a leaden bullet.

The count stood for a moment astonished that a bit of metal should overbalance his estates; that the little general should have won me with a bullet. But he knew that my decision was against him and in favor of the giver of the ball of lead. He with drew haughtily, and the moment the door was closed behind him my accepted suitor knelt at my feet.

Waiting For the Nots. An English churchman tells the following: "At one of our cathedrals the minor canon was ill and could not sing. A suffragan bishop had a good voice and volunteered to sing the litany. 'Go,' he said to the vergers, 'and tell the organist that I will sing the litany and ask him to give me the reciting note.' 'Please, sir,' said the vergers to the organist, 'the bishop has sent me to you to say he will sing the litany.' 'All right,' said the organist. Seeing the vergers remain, he said, 'You need not stay.' 'Please, sir, the bishop asked me to ask you if you would give him a something—I didn't quite catch that.' 'You mean the reciting note.' 'That's it, sir; that's it.' Seeing the vergers still remaining, he said, 'You need not stay.' To which the vergers said, 'Please, sir, shall I take it to his lordship?'"

The Human Mind. Slow in forming, swift in acting; slow in the making, swift in the working; slow in the summit, swift down the other slope. It is the way of nature and the way of the human mind.—Anthony Hope.

Arizona Aviator to Haul Machinery in Monoplane. Dr. J. P. Armstrong has contracted with Arthur Williams, an aviator of Douglas, Ariz., to convey placer mining machinery from Douglas to a property in the Chihuahua mountains, in Mexico. The distance is about 300 miles. The machinery is such that it can be carried only in 100 pound lots.

Williams owns and operates a monoplane. This is probably the first contract calling for the commercial use of a heavier than air machine.

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CO-OPERATION IS PAWNEE'S PROFIT

Nebraska Town's Merchants Pool Deliveries of Goods.

NO BOTHER AND NO JEALOUSY!

Success of Plan Furthers Community of Interest Idea and Erection of Opera House and Co-operative Produce Exchange Are Cited as Evidence of Benefits of Unity.

A novel example in community co-operation is shown in the town of Pawnee City, county seat of Pawnee county, Neb., one of the richest agricultural sections in the west. One of the causes assigned for the increase in prices of the necessities of life has been the abuse of the delivery system from stores. This has grown to the point where it is not unusual for patrons to telephone to the grocer or dry goods man for a single article of small cost, with the request that it be sent up.

The Pawnee City merchants think they have solved this problem. The Commercial club is the organization through which this novel experiment was launched. The club has 100 members, who pay \$5 a year apiece. Through the bringing closer together of the business men of the city in the boosting of several enterprises there was established a confidence and a mutualty that made the delivery scheme easy of accomplishment.

Merchants Pool Deliveries. In Pawnee City no merchant makes his own deliveries. Instead the association has a contract with a local teaming company, which is paid \$40 a week to do all of the hauling needed. Notwithstanding the fact that all merchants do not pay the same proportion of the cost, it has proved a thorough success.

What is regarded as the amazing part of it is the elimination of business jealousies. Fifteen business firms patronize the co-operative delivery. The only exceptions are the feed stores, the laundry and the furniture store, the business necessities of which require independent action. For the others this scale of prices was made and agreed upon:

Two hardware stores, each \$1.50 per week.
Two clothing stores, each \$1 a week.
Three general stores, each \$2 a week.
One exclusive grocer, \$5 a week.
Three drug stores, each \$2 a week.
Two meat markets, each \$3.50 a week.
One dry goods store, \$2 a week.

This schedule was agreed upon after a committee had made a thorough investigation of conditions. The general stores were taxed higher than most others because they maintain various departments.

Towns and Suburbs Covered. Two wagons are employed in making the deliveries. Each covers half of the town. These start at one end of the business street one week and from the other end the next week. They collect all of the goods to be delivered, stopping at the larger stores each time and at the others only upon a red flag signal. Four trips are made each day at stated hours, while one trip is made outside the city limits, where a number of families reside.

This enables the grocer, for instance, to secure all his deliveries for \$20 a month, whereas before it cost him \$60 or \$70. The saving of \$500 a year he computes to be a substantial profit, being 6 per cent on \$8,333.

This co-operation has led to a still further community of interest. The merchants meet once a month to discuss credits and exchange information about customers. It led also to an agreement for early closing in the evening, 6:30 for all stores save the groceries, which keep open an hour longer. Nobody keeps open on a particular occasion unless he consults with the others.

When it was proposed to build an opera house it was easy to secure enough money pledged for the purpose. It is now proposed to build a co-operative produce exchange, and other schemes for bringing money into town and keeping it there are being incubated.

AERIAL FREIGHT LINE HERE.

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