

EVENING STAR

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City Editor and Business Manager

MRS. P. L. DURISOE

Undertaker E. C. Smith received a telephone message yesterday afternoon from Conner ordering a coffin for the funeral of Mrs. P. L. Durisoe, who died yesterday morning.

Mrs. Durisoe in her efforts to aid at the Lynne barbecue in May last, over-worked and suffered a stroke of paralysis. She rallied slowly and it was thought would recover, but a week ago she suffered a relapse and never survived it.

What we can say will in no way add to the noble character of this good woman who led a consecrated life all of her days and was truly beloved by all with whom she came in contact. She was a helpmeet to her devoted and loving husband, Mr. P. L. Durisoe, and a comfort and joy to her household, in which her spirit dwelled and her good work was in constant evidence. Mrs. Durisoe was a life-long member of the Baptist church. She was a sister of Mrs. L. M. Graham, of Conner and was in the seventieth year of her age.

The remains of Mrs. D. B. Cappleman, whose death was noted in the Star yesterday, were buried this morning in the old cemetery. She was 88 years of age and the mother of Mrs. F. N. Foy of this city. She possessed a most estimable character and was highly respected by the old timers, who had the pleasure of her acquaintance. The pall bearers were Messrs. F. E. Harris, W. C. Jeffords, E. P. Thagard, John Dozier, Geo. C. Crom and L. N. Green.

AN UNUSUAL CALLER

Mrs. W. J. Lohrig had an experience yesterday afternoon such as never before here before and the surprise may never rack her nerves in the sweet bye and bye as did the unexpected entrance into her parlor of a caller, not of the conventional kind, nor wearing a Merry Widow hat, but came clothed in the habiliments of nature, with head up, eye afame, her caudal appendage elevated, and lashed fury by the great surprise that awaited her, as she stopped suddenly in her mad career and facing a large mirror, gazed with mute surprise on her own form, regardless of the shrieks, ex postulations and frantic appeals of the occupants of the room, and especially the gracious hostess of the occasion, as though they never existed. The unexpected caller was none other than a pursued bovine, who in mortal dread of being incarcerated in the city pound sought refuge in Mrs. Lohrig's parlor. Having got in, the perplexing question was how shall she be gotten out, for the cow seemed perfectly fascinated with seeing herself in the glass and stood before it like a statue. It was while the perplexity and fright was at its height that S. B. Long, the new city cow man appeared on the scene and it was only through the united efforts of Mrs. Lohrig and Mr. Long that her bovine ladyship was ejected from the room. This incident merits mention of the fact that it is the only experience of its kind known in the history of Ocala. True, it is said, in years gone by, a monster bull that was driven through the streets of Ocala, took a header for McGrath's saloon and occupied it to the consternation of all.

NOTORIOUS THIEF
KILLED IN OCALA

Last night at 12:15 o'clock, while the law abiding citizens of the second ward were sleeping the sleep of the just, and feeling that their property was safe under the vigilance of Mayor Nash's efficient police force, a sudden alarm was made by the poultry in the yard of one of the residents of ward two. The eldest son of the family, whose room is on the ground floor of the residence, was suddenly awakened by the noise, and rushed out with a heavy hickory walking stick. He caught the thief red-handed in the very act, and gave him such a blow as completely stunned him. He yelled well, I'll admit that it's rather more diverting here."

"There is no debating that, senator. How do you like being a statesman? It was so sudden and all that. I read an awful roast of you in an English paper. They took your election to the senate as another evidence of the complete domination of our politics by the plutocrats."

Sanderson winked prodigiously. "The papers have rather skinned me; but, on the whole, I'll do very well. They say it isn't respectable to be a senator these days, but they oughtn't to hold it up against a man that he's rich. If the Lord put silver in the mountains of Montana and let me dig it out, it's nothing against me, is it?"

"Decidedly not! And if you want to invest it in a senatorship it's the Lord's hand again."

"Why, sure!" And the senator from Montana winked once more. "But it's expensive. I've got to be elected again next winter—I'm only nailing out Billings term—and I'm not sure I can go up against it."

"But you are nothing if not unselfish. If the good of the country demands it you'll not falter, if I know you."

"There's hot water beat in this hotel, so please turn off the hot air. I saw your foreman in Helena the last time I was out there, and he was sober. I mention the fact, knowing that I'm jeopardizing my reputation for veracity, but it's the Lord's truth. Of course you spent Christmas at the old home in England—one of those yule log and plum pudding Christmases you read of in novels. You Englishmen!"

"My dear Sanderson, don't call me English! I've told you a dozen times that I'm not English."

"So you did, so you did! I'd forgotten that you're so sensitive about it," and Sanderson's eyes regarded Armitage intently for moment, as though he were trying to recall some previous discussion of the young man's nativity.

"I offer you free swing at the bar, senator. May I summon a Montana cocktail? You taught me the ingredients once—three dashes orange bitters, two dashes acid phosphate, half a jigger of whisky and half a jigger of

rum."

"I am wholly agreeable," laughed Armitage. "The sooner the better and be done with it."

"The room had slowly filled, and they strolled about, dividing attention between distinguished personages and the less celebrated works of art.

"Oh, by the way, Mr. Armitage, there's the girl I have chosen for you to marry. I suppose it would be just as well for you to meet her now, though that dark little foreigner seems to be monopolizing her."

"I am wholly agreeable," laughed Armitage. "The sooner the better and be done with it."

THE PORT OF MISSING MEN

By Meridith Nicholson

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CHAPTER VIII**"THE KING IS DEAD; LONG LIVE THE KING!"**

JOHN ARMITAGE lingered in New York for a week, not to press the Clairoles too closely, then went to Washington. He wrote himself down on the register of the New American as John Armitage, Clinch Tight, Mont., and took a suit of rooms high up, with an outlook that swept Pennsylvania avenue.

It was on the evening of a bright April day that he thus established himself, and after he had unpacked his belongings he stood long at the window and watched the lights leap out of the dusk over the city. He was in Washington because Shirley Claiborne lived there, and he knew that even if he wished to do so he could no longer throw an air of inadvertence into his meetings with her. He had been very lonely in those days when he first saw her abroad. The sight of her had lifted his mood of depression, and now, after those enchanted hours at sea, his coming to Washington had been inevitable.

Many things passed through his mind as he stood at the open window. His life, he felt, could never be again as it had been before, and he sighed deeply as he recalled his talk with the old prime minister at Geneva. Then he laughed quietly as he remembered Chauvenet and Durand and the dark house on the Boulevard Frossart, but the further recollection of the attack made on his life on the deck of the King Edward sobered him, and he turned away from the window impatiently. He had seen the sick second cabin passenger leave the steamer at New York, but had taken no trouble to watch or to avoid him. Very likely the man was under instructions and had been told to follow the Clairoles home, and the thought of their identification with himself by his enemies angered him. Chauvenet was likely to appear in Washington at any time and would undoubtedly seek the Clairoles at once. The fact that the man was a scoundrel might in some circumstances have afforded Armitage comfort, but here again Armitage's mood grew dark. Jules Chauvenet was undoubtedly a rascal of a shrewd and dangerous type, but who, pray, was John Armitage?

The bell in his entry rang, and he dashed on the lights and opened the door.

"Well, I like this, setting yourself up here in gloomy splendor and never saying a word. You never deserved to have any friends, John Armitage!"

"Jim Sanderson, come in!" Armitage grasped the hands of a red bearded giant of forty,

the possessor of alert brown eyes and a big voice.

"It's my rural habit of reading the register every night in search of constituents that brings me here. They said you guessed you were in, so I just came up to see whether you were opening a poker game or had come to speak past the watchdog of the treasury."

The somber attache was speaking of the Japanese.

"They must be crushed—crushed," said Franzel. The two had been conversing in French.

"Yes, he must be crushed," returned Armitage absent-mindedly, in English; then, remembering himself, he repeated the affirmation in French, changing the pronoun.

Mrs. Sanderson was now free. She was a pretty, vivacious woman, much younger than her stalwart husband—a college graduate whom he had found teaching school near one of his silver mines.

"Welcome once more, constituent! We're proud to see you, I can tell you. Our host owns some marvelous tapes and they're hung out tonight for the world to see!" She guided Armitage toward the secretary's gallery on an upper floor. Their host was almost as famous as a connoisseur as for his achievements in diplomacy, and the gallery was a large apartment in which every article of furniture, as well as the paintings, tapestries and specimens of pottery, was the careful choice of a thoroughly cultivated taste.

"It isn't merely an art gallery. It's the most beautiful room in America," murmured Mrs. Sanderson.

"I can well believe it. There's my favorite Vibert—I wondered what had become of it!"

"It's not surprising that the secretary is making a great reputation by his dealings with foreign powers. It's a poor ambassador who could not be persuaded after an hour in this splendid room. The ordinary affairs of life should not be mentioned here. A king's coronation would not be out of place—in fact, there's a chair in the corner against that Gobelin that would serve the situation. The old gentleman by that cabinet is the Baron von Marhof, the ambassador from Austria-Hungary. He's a brother-in-law of Count von Stroebel, who was murdered so horribly in a railway carriage a few weeks ago."

"Ah, to be sure! I haven't seen the baron in years. He has changed little."

"Then you knew him—in the old country?"

"Yes; I used to see him—when I was a boy," remarked Armitage.

Mrs. Sanderson glanced at Armitage sharply. She had dined at his ranch house in Montana and knew that he lived like a gentleman; that his house, its appointments and service were unusual for a western ranchman. And she recalled, too, that she and her husband had often speculated as to Armitage's antecedents and history without arriving at any conclusion in regard to him.

"There's hot water beat in this hotel, so please turn off the hot air. I saw your foreman in Helena the last time I was out there, and he was sober. I mention the fact, knowing that I'm jeopardizing my reputation for veracity, but it's the Lord's truth. Of course you spent Christmas at the old home in England—one of those yule log and plum pudding Christmases you read of in novels. You Englishmen!"

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ian vermouth. You undermined the constitutions of half Montana with that mess."

Sanderson reached for his hat with sudden dejection.

"The sprinkling cart for me! I've got a nerve specialist engaged by the year to keep me out of sanitarians. See here, I want you to go with us tonight to the secretary of state's push. Not many of the Montana boys get far from home, and I want you for exhibition purposes. Say, John, when I saw 'Cinch Tight, Montana,' written on the register down there it increased my circulation seven beats! You're all right, and I guess you're about as good an American as they make—anywhere—John Armitage!"

The function for which the senator from Montana provided an invitation for Armitage was a large affair in honor of several new ambassadors. At 10 o'clock Senator Sanderson was introducing Armitage right and left as one of his representative constituents. Armitage and he owned adjoining ranches in Montana, and Sanderson called upon his neighbor to stand up boldly for their state before the millions of effete monarchs.

Mrs. Sanderson had asked Armitage to return to her for a little Montana talk, as she put it, after the first rush of their entrance was over, and he waited in the drawing room for an opportunity of speaking to her he chatted with Franzel, an attaché of the Austrian embassy, to whom Sanderson had introduced him. Franzel was a gloomy young man with a monocle, and he was waiting for a particular girl, who happened to be the daughter of the Spanish ambassador. And, this being an object, he had chosen his position with care, near the door of the drawing room, and Armitage shared for the moment the advantage that lay in the Austrian's point of view. Armitage had half expected that the Clairoles would be present at a function as comprehensive of the higher official world as this, and he intended asking Mrs. Sanderson if she knew them as soon as opportunity offered. The Austrian attaché proved tiresome, and Armitage was about to drop him, when suddenly he caught sight of Shirley Claiborne at the far end of the broad hall. Her head was turned partly toward him. He saw her for an instant through the throng. Then his eyes fell upon Chauvenet at her side, talking with liveliest animation. He was not more than her own height, and his profile presented the clean, sharp effect of a cameo. The vivid outline of his dark face held Armitage's eyes. Then as Shirley passed on through an opening in the crowd her escort turned, holding the way open for her, and Armitage met the man's gaze.

It was with an accented gravity that Armitage nodded his head to some declaration of the melancholy attaché at this moment. He had known when he left Geneva that he had not done with Jules Chauvenet, but the man's prompt appearance surprised Armitage. He ran over the names of the steamers by which Chauvenet might easily have sailed from either a German or a French port and reached Washington quite as soon as himself. Chauvenet was in Washington, at any rate, and stared at the messenger for a moment in blank unbelief.

The young man now repeated in English, in a tone that could be heard in all parts of the hustled room:

"His majesty the Emperor Johann Wilhelm died suddenly tonight in Vienna," he said and gave his arm to his chief.

It was a strange place for the delivery of such a message, and the strangeness of it was intensified to Shirley by the curious glance that passed between John Armitage and Jules Chauvenet.

The attaché hurried to his chief and addressed him in a low tone. The ambassador stopped, grew very white and stared at the messenger for a moment in blank unbelief.

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