

THE RONAN PIONEER

FRIDAY, APRIL 12, 1912.

Mail Schedule

Stage arrives from Ravalli at 12:00 m.
Departs for Ravalli at 9:30 a. m.

Church Directory

CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS

Order of Services

Services will be held in the Catholic church on the 1st and 3rd Sunday of every month and during some week days.

On Sunday the first mass will be said at 8 o'clock a. m.
High mass will be sung at 10 o'clock and catechism will be taught at 2 o'clock p. m.

The Father will reside partly in Ronan, partly in Polson.
FATHER EDWARD GRIVA S. J.

METHODIST.

Preaching services every first and third Sunday each month at 11:30 a. m.
Sunday school, to which all are invited at 10:30 a. m.
Rev. A. D. Welch, pastor.

JOHN E. FUHRER, M. D.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
U. S. R. SERVICE
"FLATHEAD PROJECT"
Independent phone 284
OFFICE NEXT DOOR
RONAN STATE BANK
RONAN, MONTANA

DR. GEO. H. PUTNEY

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
GLASSES FITTED
OFFICES IN THE PABLO BUILDING.
INDEPENDENT 164
BELL PHONE 16
RONAN, MONT.

MILLTON WESTON HALL, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon

Office 1st door west BELL Phone 3
of Pablo & Potvin's RONAN, MONT.

A. SUTHERLAND

Attorney-at-Law

Special attention given to collections.
RONAN, MONTANA

JOHN P. SWEE

Lawyer

Practices in all the courts and before the U. S. Land Offices.
Office up stairs in the Pioneer Building.
RONAN, MONTANA

H. P. NAPTON

Attorney at Law

Will practice in State and Federal courts
POLSON, MONTANA.

C. F. RATHBONE,

U. S. Commissioner.

Transacts all kinds U. S. land business and prepares legal papers.
Pioneer office RONAN, MONTANA

LOUIS K. POOL

Civil Engineer and Surveyor

My reservation maps of vacant lands are now up to date.
POLSON, MONTANA

COL. M. E. CAMPION

Auctioneer

Ronan, Montana
Dates can be made at the Pioneer office

Foss--The Employment Man

has opened the Montana Labor Agency, 120 W. Front Street, Missoula, Florence Hotel block. Phone orders for help at our expense. Bell 726.

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Lake Shore Livery and Feed Barn

NEAR THE DOCKS

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Ronan, : : Montana

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Fine Confectionery Cigars and Tobacco

New line of elegant Stationery, also Tablets, etc.

Hot Chocolate, Cocoa, and other hot drinks. Try them.

In the Opera House block.
H. M. COX, Prop.

THE ST. IGNATIUS

POOL HALL

ED. DESCHAMPS, Proprietor.

First Pool Hall on the hill
above the Mission Hotel

Four Good Tables, Soft Drinks
Candies, Cigars, Tobacco.

Courteous Treatment to All.

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Frank H. Elmore, Vice President
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Harvey S. Holt, Asst. Cashier

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Our aim is to please our customers.

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2nd door East of M. J. Benedict's

A. Sutherland

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\$6,000 A 125 acre irrigated hay ranch, 6 miles north of Bigfork; fairly well improved; yields a \$1,000 crop every year.

\$500: To loan on real estate.
400 Acres near Ronan to lease. Cheap.

Ronan Choice building lot on north side at \$225.00

Large well built house and lot. \$1250.00
House 14 x 24 and lot on the north side \$425.

Two room house and two lots (one a corner lot) cheap \$700.00
Call and list your property and I will find you buyers. If interested watch this adv. for frequent changes.
Ronan, Montana.

The Spotted Death

A Story of Vengeance

By F. A. MITCHEL

Years ago in the little town of Fréjus, France—the same Fréjus at which Napoleon I. landed when he escaped from Elba—located on the shore of the Mediterranean sea, there lived in adjoining places a veritable Paul and Virginia. The young man, Edouard Le Fevre, at eighteen was rather of the northern than the southern type, having a profession of light curly hair and blue eyes. Helene Bonclaut was at seventeen a tall, slender girl with hair and eyes contrasting with those of her lover. Both were strikingly handsome, and when together the difference in type rendered them especially noticeable.

Then, too, they delighted to climb to the heights behind their homes, where they could look down upon the long tortuous line of foam extending northward and southward, fringing the sea a deep blue, a pale green or liquid silver. Their companionship grew into love without their being conscious of the transition. Loving was like breathing, and, not having been sensible of its beginning, they took no thought of its ending.

When the break came it was a great shock to both. Edouard was sent to Paris to complete his education and study a profession. For some time before his departure there was scarcely an hour that the two lovers were not together. It is usually the man who encourages the woman, but in this case it was the woman who encouraged the man, though of the two it is probable she suffered the more. She held up before him pictures of his return at vacation time and finally, after he had acquired his profession, their



"I AM THE SPOTTED DEATH!" SHE SAID.

home together in Marseilles or some of the larger places on the French Mediterranean coast. But Edouard seemed to have a foreboding that these pictures would never be realized.

The lovers counted the days between vacations, and as one vacation after another brought a realization of Helene's prediction Edouard's forebodings seemed likely to have been merely the result of some physical depression. He completed his academic studies, then began a course to fit him for the law. A brilliant scholar and prominent in other respects, he was marked by his fellow students one day to take an active part in the political doings of France.

One evening when young Le Fevre was dining with some of his associates in a cafe a man entered and sat at a table near them. As soon as he appeared the conversation among the students was hushed, while they cast covert glances at the newcomer.

"Who is he?" asked Edouard.

"The 'spotted death' whispered one of the party.

"Why is he called that?"
"The name is given him from the Asiatic plague, which occasionally finds its way into Europe and kills every person it attacks. He has fought many duels and has never failed to kill his man."

"Does he seek quarrels?"

"Yes; he delights in them. Don't talk so loud. If he should hear you speak ill of him he would call you out and kill you."

"Why has no one undertaken to put him out of the way? He should be shot down like a dog."

The spotted death's eye flashed. He had overheard Le Fevre's words. He had ordered a bottle of wine and had poured out a glass. Rising with it in his hand, he advanced a few steps toward Edouard and threw its contents in his face.

Every member of the party of students was horror-stricken. Le Fevre saw the position in which he was placed and, though he regretted his rashness, did what was expected of him. He asked one of his friends to go to the man who had insulted him and secure his address, then, without

waiting for a reply, arose with the others and left the cafe.

In Le Fevre's rooms a consultation of his friends was held to determine what was to be done. Considering the reputation prevalent at that time, it was determined that if Edouard did not meet the spotted death he might as well give up his career so far as his native country was concerned, and there was then no civilized land where a man was excused from rendering an insult. Edouard resigned himself to his fate. He sent a challenge, and the meeting was arranged for the following morning at sunrise.

That night Edouard wrote a letter to Helene, couched in the terms of one who expected to die within a few hours. He had no skill at any weapon and knew he was to be murdered. The main trouble that occupied his mind was the suffering his murder would occasion her. He begged her to do all in her power to forget him.

As was to have been expected, the spotted death the next morning made short work of his antagonist, running him through the heart with ease. The student expired immediately. His comrades regretted the want of emotion that led to his death, and in a short time he was forgotten.

One night a masked ball a friend entered the hall on whose mask was painted the spotted death. Evidently an artist had designed the mask, for nothing could be more harshly, repulsive, or it did, a man dying with the spotted death. The spots had been so artistically painted as to appear those of the vegetable infection.

Every one started from the loathsome looking masker, who gazed about the room till his eye fell on a man dressed as a Spanish grandee, then walked across the floor, every one withdrawing before him with a shudder. All, including the Spanish gentleman, he stood very close to him and spat in his face.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the aggressor, "two two—I and this man—two twin brothers. We are both the spotted death. I wear a yellow on my person, his on his nose."

At receiving the insult the Spaniard recoiled for a moment then, recovering himself, tore off his mask and revealed the features of the duelist who had killed Edouard Le Fevre.

"Unmask as I have done and let me know who you are," he said to the man who had spat upon him.

"That is unnecessary. I am the spotted death, the person of your twelve victims. The thirteenth is about to die."

"And he is?"

"Yourself."

Whether it was the confident tone in which the word was spoken or the livid agony expressed in the mask the duelist could not repress a slight start.

"Enough of this!" he said. "Your coming here to disturb these festivities shall be punished. I will send a friend to any address you name."

"Pardon me; but, lest the insult I have given you should not be sufficient, I will duplicate it."

Bending forward quick as lightning the speaker struck the duelist on the cheek with the palm of his hand. A drop of blood followed the blow. The duelist did not notice it at once, but in a moment, putting up his hand, he wiped it away.

"Your address!" he cried, irritated at this second insult.

"You shall have it in time. Messieurs and mesdames, pardon for interrupting your festivities. On with the dance! It is now 10 o'clock. By midnight or within an hour later my twin brother shall have my address. I desire to accord him a few hours of merriment before I embrace him!"

The duelist with difficulty maintained his composure.

At midnight the revelers unmasked. The duelist, who after the altercation had resumed his face covering, on taking it off a second time was seen to be suffering. He attempted to leave the hall, but staggered, and before reaching the door fell. It was noticed by those who went to his assistance that his face was covered with spots such as were painted on the mask of the man who had insulted him.

"The spotted death!" some one exclaimed.

Then his enemy, still masked, appeared on the scene and, bending over him, said:

"I embrace you, my brother."

Then, tearing off his own mask, instead of a man's a woman's face was revealed—a woman whose rare beauty had been marred by suffering.

"You will not need my address," she said. "When I slapped your cheek, in my palm was a needle on whose point was the virus of the spotted death. Your victims, including Edouard Le Fevre, are avenged."

While she spoke the spots on the man's face grew stronger and its expression like the mask she had worn. There was something startling in his own expression at seeing the change when she unmasked from the hideous apparition to the features of a delicate woman who hung over him like an avenging angel. The disease with which she had inoculated him worked quickly, and the man was already dying. She continued to gaze upon him while his breath grew shorter till at last he fell back dead in the arms of one supporting him.

Helene Bonclaut returned simultaneously to her native town with the news of her avenging act. Paris was glad to get rid of the man whom all dreaded, and she was never called to account for her act. How she tracked her lover's murderer, prepared for her work, she never told, for she never spoke of the tragedy in any part. She lived many years, some asserting that she had become demoralized by being robbed of her lover, others claiming that she was mentally sound.

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