OFFICIAL BALLOT---City of Cape Girardeau, Missouri.

SPECIAL ELECTION, FRIDAY, JUNE 23rd 1911.

INDEPENDENT TICKET	PROGRESSIVE TICKET	CITIZENS TICKET
For Police Judge HARRY E. ALEXANDER	For Police Judge ORREN WILSON	For Police Judge EDWARD L. DRUM

STATE OF MISSOURI. }
County of Cape Girardeau } ss.

I, Chris. F. Betten, City Clerk of the City of Cape Girardeau, Missouri, Missouri, do hereby certify that the foregoing represents the Official Ballots to be voted at the Special Election for Police Judge, to be held on Friday, June 23rd, 1911. I also certify that the candidates to be voted for on the the respective tickets named, were nominated by electors, and the certificates of nomination filed in my office within the time prescribed by law.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the seal of said city of Cape Girardeau, Missouri, at my office, this Ninth day of June, 1911.

[Seal]

CHRIS. F. BETTEN, City Clerk.

F. B. GOODWIN

THE MAIN STREET TAILOR

Is showing an unusual nobby line of Summer Suitings at prices to suit.

Also does Cleaning, Pressing and Repairing of all kinds.

The De Vasher Dry Cleaning Machine assures you the best of work in the dry cleaning process. Work called for and delivered.

PHONE 675.

Your patronage solicited

Mrs. Sarah Elizabeth Houson, aged 68 years, died at the St. Francis hospital.

J. A. Snider, of Jackson, was in the city last Saturday.

J. M. Wilson, of Kennett, had business here Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Edmond Hach, of Chicago are the guests of relatives here this week.

Watermelons have arrived on the local market.

The Eastern Star met last Saturday night.

The Riverside Lumber company sheds were destroyed by fire Tuesday morning.

F. A. Kage had business in Chaffee last Monday.

The graduating exercises of St. Vincent's College closed last Tuesday. This is the seventy-second year of school for this college in this city.

Engineer Edwards of the Frisco was scalded in the round house Tuesday morning.

Everyone you meet is a druggist.

Fred Hahn, a prosperous farmer of Egypt Mills, had business here Wednesday.

Dr. T. Ben Turnbaugh of Bloomfield is attending the M. P. A. here this week. The doctor is one the oldest members present.

The commencement exercises of the eighth grade of the Normal training school were held yesterday.

H. E. Miller, of Bloomfield, was in the city last Monday.

H. D. Lance transacted business at Bainbridge last Monday.

DeWitt Henderson has accepted a position on the road as salesman for a furniture company in St. Louis.

August Buckheitt and H. W. Ponder, of Longtown left last Saturday for an extended trip throughout the golden west.

The Cape Stars won three out of four games at the Bluff last week.

Gov. Hadley granted a pardon to Warren Stanley, Monday. He was sent to the penitentiary two years ago from Dunklin county, for killing a man while at a base ball game.

For Sale—One full blooded Jersy male calf and 9 Berkshire pigs; cheap. Call at 25 South Spanish street. 8w

The new postal savings bank opened here last Monday for business. Two per cent interest will be paid on deposits.

ORDINANCE No. 950.

An ordinance appropriating the City Revenue for the fiscal year ending on the thirteenth day of June, 1912.

BE IT ORDAINED BY THE COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF CAPE GIRARDEAU, MISSOURI, AS FOLLOWS:

Section 1. The sum of forty-two thousand, eight hundred and fifty dollars, ($48,850.00) is hereby appropriated out of the general Revenue Fund of the city of Cape Girardeau, Missouri, as hereinafter specified, and as the same shall have been paid into the city treasury to the credit of said fund, for the current expenses of said city for the fiscal year beginning on the first day of July, 1911. Said amount to be drawn upon by motion or resolution of the City council of said city, or as otherwise provided by ordinance, not to exceed the sums for the purposes herein specified:

For grading streets and making local repairs and material for same, to be borne by the city,. $5000.00

For officers salaries, not including officers hereinafter mentioned, ...$7500.00

For salaries of Police Judge, City Attorney, Marshal and Police, and fees and expenses of police court'.....$6000.00

For Engineer's department, salaries, supplies and expenses.....$3000.00

For rentals, repairs, feed and other items necessary in maintaining the fire department, including salaries and compensation of officers and members,.....$3200.00

For extra police ser'ce $200.00

For attorney's fee and other fees and costs in actions brought for or against the city, or in which the city is interested, ...$1000.00

For printing, advertising and stationary.....$1500.00

For tools and repairs to same,.....$200.00

For cemeteries, repairs and other expenses connected therewith.....$1000.00

For sanitary purposes, including expenditures ordered by the Board of Health.....$800.00

For court house and court house park, repairs and improvements.....$500.00

For repairs to and lighting the jail.....$250.00

Board of prisoners....$900.00

Election expenses..... 300.00

For necessary expenses and flushing of sewers.....$1000.00

For street lighting....$4000.00

For hydrant rental, fire protection and flushing Sts. $5000.00

For aid, provisions and transportation of poor persons. $300.00

For contingent expensives and incidentals.....$1200.00

Total $42850.00

Section 2. The duties of the City Clerk and the Appropriations Committee, in connection with this ordinance, shall be the same as defined in Sections 2 and 3 of Ordinance No. 566, approved August 5, 1892.

Section 3. This ordinanec shall be in force and take effect from and after its passage.

Passed by the Council, this 5th day day of June, 1911.

F. A. KAGE.
President of the Council

Approved, this 5th day of June, 1911.

[Seal] F. A. KAGE, Mayor.

Attest: Chris. F. Betten,
1w City Clerk.

ORDINANCE No. 949.

An ordinance providing for the leving of the Annual City Revenue Tax, the Normal School Sinking Fund Tax, and a City Funding Sinking Fund Tax, for the fiscal year ending on the 30th day of June, 1912.

BE IT ORDAINED BY THE COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF CAPE GIRARDEAU, MISSOURI, AS FOLLOWS:

Sec. 1. There is hereby levied for the fiscal year ending on the 30th day of June, 1912, a City Revenue Tax of Fifty Cents (50c) on the one hundred dollars ($100.00) assessed valuation of all property within the city limits made taxable by law for state and county purposes and by ordinance of the city, and not by general law exempt from municipal taxation.

Sec. 2. There is hereby levied for the fiscal year ending on the 30th day of June, 1912, a Normal School Sinking Fund Tax of Ten Oents (10c) on the one hundred dollars ($100.00) assessed valuation on all property within the city limits made taxable by law for state and county purposes and by ordinances of the city, and not by general law exempt from municipal taxatioc.

Sec. 3. There is hereby levied for the fiscal year ending on the 30th day of June, 1912, a city Funding Sinking Fund Tax of Twenty Cents (20c) on the one hundred dollars ($100.00) assessed valuation on all property within the city limits made taxable for state and county purposes and by ordinance of the city, and not by general law exempt from municipal taxation.

Sec. 4. This ordinance shall be in force and take effect from and after its passage.

Passed by the City Council, this 5th day of June, 1911.

F. A. KAGE,
President of the Council

Approved, this 5th day of June, 1911.

[Seal] F. A. KAGE, Mayor.

Attest:
CHIS. F. BETTEN,
City Clerk

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS

WITH DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY

FOR COUGHS COLDS PRICE 50¢ & $1.00 TRIAL BOTTLE FREE

AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES

GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.

NO OTHER STOVE DOES THIS

Cole's Hot Blast Heater maintains a continuous fire; also a steady, even heat. It will hold fire from Saturday night until Monday morning (48 hours). It will hold fire over night with less coal than any other stove. Open the drafts in the morning and the rooms are quickly heated with the coal put in the night before. Come in and examine Cole's Original Hot Blast Heater. Price $12.00 and up, according to size. (R-11)

"Alias Jimmy Valentine"

"Valentine [illegible] laughed in their superior knowledge.

"No, no," protested Valentine, "this photograph proves I was at a banquet in St. Paul. I'll beat Doyle and I'll make him like it."

"You can't," was Avery's pessimistic comment.

"You said we couldn't go square, any of us, and we all have," was Valentine's rejoinder. "And if we can beat the thing inside of us that calls we can beat one man that hunts."

A clerk knocked at the door and entered to ascertain if he should now bring in a trayful of cash which Valentine was to count. He was ordered to do so at once, and Avery's face became a study as the young man soon re-entered with a tray on which new banknotes of large denominations were piled among glistening rows of gold coin.

"Great snakes, what a chance!" exclaimed the one time thief, looking from Valentine to the watchman. "This is no place for me. Oh, just for one grab and the quick getaway!" He mopped his wrinkled brow. "I'm sweating like a polar bear on the Fourth of July."

"Haven't got it out of your blood yet, eh?" asked Valentine.

"Not the craving for real money. I learned to let the wheat in the grain elevator alone after a month or two, but coarse money like that—wow!" The old man stared fascinatedly at the enticing tray.

"Well, we watched each other for awhile," commented Red, pointing to his chief.

"And ain't neither of you ever snatched even one bundle?" asked Avery incredulously.

"No."

"Well, you better get me out of here. I'm going to have lockjaw in both hands in a minute." He reached for his hat and stick.

"No, you're not," put in Valentine. "Come on, Red," he said, walking to the vault room door. "I'm going to prove to Bill that he's honest. He's going to watch that money till we come back."

Avery cried out in protest, but Red followed his superior, and the time worn thief, who had confessed to his friends the weakness that he well knew yet lurked within him, was left alone in the banking office before a tray containing $63,000 in cash. Within reach was the door leading into the open hallway through which it was but a few seconds' dash to the busy street, where a man would immediately be lost to view in the passing throng.

"It's a dirty trick," muttered the old man, starting after the others. A shaft of yellow light reflected from one of the golden coins caught his eye, drove into his very brain, into the thin red blood that coursed through his hardening veins. He stopped. He turned full around and slowly, with hands eagerly outstretched, tiptoed back to the table bearing the precious burden. His brows narrowed down over his pale gray eyes, his fingers, long talons in their curved fixedness, began to nervously twitch. Then Avery jerked himself away of a sudden. He straightened himself up and started toward the vault room door to summon Valentine. But even as he did so his glance roved back to the alluring tray. He was drawn to it as the nerveless rabbit that succumbs to the insidious charm of the oscillating head of the hungry python.

He stepped to the tray. He seized two packages of hundred dollar bills, thrust them into his pockets, then clutched two more. The fever had him. His eyes shone with the fire of gone days and gone nights. His poisoned blood sang through his veins. Then he stopped once more. He raised his head.

"And have the coppers after me again," he murmured thoughtfully. He laid down a package. "And 'double cross' a pal that put me straight. Not me, not me!" He replaced the remainder of the money. "And coin that comes crooked never was any good."

Avery stood before the tray of money. Now he looked at the tempting fortune with the sure knowledge that he had conquered—that he had faced his greatest test and had not been found wanting.

The thought of how narrowly he had escaped committing the meanest crime of his career came over him, and he realized that he had been on the verge of plunging himself into the death dealing life from which Valentine had rescued him. Ungoverable rage possessed him at his insane lapse into the self that he had cast from him. He swung his fist at the neatly stacked piles of gold pieces.

"Curse you, curse you!" he cried in frenzy. The tray and its contents crashed to the floor and the money scattered in all directions.

Valentine and Red, hearing the noise, came rushing in from the vault room. They saw the floor littered with banknotes and coins. And crouching forlornly in a chair was the figure of old Bill Avery. His hands were pressed over his eyes, and he sobbed in the agony that gripped the soul which had been restored to him.

CHAPTER XIII.

"I TOOK—some of—that money," Avery finally managed to say as he saw his two friends before him.

"And you put it back," smiled Valentine. "The minute you touched it you found you couldn't"—

"That's it," put in Avery eagerly as he arose and proceeded to aid Red in restoring the scattered money to its place. "I couldn't take it then. Now I can go out of here and know that I'll never steal again."

"You mustn't go until Doyle comes in, for he might see you on the street," warned Valentine. "With his coming you can go out through the vault room and make your getaway while I stall him here."

In talking with Avery, Jimmy Valentine unconsciously fell into the use of the vernacular of his early vocation.

With a parting handshake Avery went out into the vault room, where Red was to exhibit to him the new safe. The assistant cashier, now that the tray of money had been replaced on the table, picked up the photograph, hung it in the place of another affixed to the wall at the right of his desk and inspected it with pronounced satisfaction.

The hall door opened, and Rose Lane came into the office. The girl was in a peculiar mood that day—there was no denying it. Valentine had always found his benefactor, young though she was, particularly difficult to fathom, and today she was more baffling than ever. She talked at length regarding her plans for the children's Christmas celebration, and, standing before his desk, while he stood behind it, she said, "And I want to know what you want for Christmas."

"Is there anything I could want?" he answered in low tones. "Think of what you and two short years have done for me."

"And there's never anything more you want? Don't you ever dream—dreams of, say, two years more?" She turned her eyes to the floor.

"Oh, yes, to go on as I've been going these last two, since your father gave me a position of trust, and make everything good and pile up the money for you."

She drew away from him.

"Haven't you ever thought there might be something I want more than money?"

Valentine hesitated. His voice became intensely serious.

"I don't let myself think of you only as your employee," he finally answered.

Rose turned sideways to him, so that he could not see her face as she delivered her next question, although she would have given much to have been able to watch the expression of the assistant cashier—her assistant cashier—as she asked it.

"But," she ventured, "you must have thought that I would marry some day."

Silence, with Valentine fumbling in embarrassment a pencil which lay upon his desk.

"Yes—I"— he began, but Rose continued his sentence for him.

"And it hurts you to think of it doesn't it? Say it."

"Y-e-s."

"Go on."

He could endure the situation no longer. The girl had penetrated his very soul with her questions, had uncovered in Jimmy Valentine the secrets of his new life—the secrets which he had resolved to keep buried forever. But now he must speak. He must tell her the truth about his situation as regarded her—part of the truth, at least.

"And the thought of you brings darkness, desolation," he said, keeping a firm grip on the emotions that threatened to unnerve him. "What is the use? You're all there is to live for—to just see you now and then. You're all there is to life. Men have loved and slaves have loved and animals that have been saved have loved, but never were the three loves fused in one. And you're good, and your life is clean, while mine—but you know all that." He inclined his face from her.

"I have forgotten," she said simply.

"You cannot. And any day the shadow of other days may fall. But I want you to know this and believe it as your God—my love for you is a holy thing, sacred and deathless." Valentine was looking earnestly into her eyes now. His hand was resting on the desk. She seized it in hers and drew him toward her.

"Take me in your arms, Lee," she cried fervently. "I love you. I'll love you till"— Her face was upraised to his as she clung to him. He held her

HE KISSED HER AGAIN AND AGAIN.

in his arms and kissed her again and again. "How I have longed for you—years—years"— Her words were smothered in his kisses.

"There is no end to the happiness you bring," murmured Valentine at the first moment he thought he could spare his lips for conversational purposes.

"Oh," exclaimed Rose, drawing away at arm's length temporarily, "I want to tell you something. Lee, something [illegible] and years—[illegible] years by [illegible] time his arms once [illegible]

"I love [illegible] will never end," he whispered [illegible].

The telephone bell rang at his desk. As he released her and placed the receiver at his ear she encircled his neck in her arms and kissed him. "Hello!" he called. As the response came she felt a tremor run through him. Haggardness came into his eyes. He seemed almost to forget her presence.

"Yes, yes," he answered. "I'll see the gentleman in a few minutes."

He hung up the receiver. "God," he groaned. "Doyle!"

Valentine turned toward the girl, who surveyed him anxiously.

"What is it?" she asked. She saw that he was deeply worried.

"I don't know," he stammered, "but it is most important—most important."

"Well, I'll run down-town; the car is waiting," she said happily. "Then I'll come back and get you and dad and take you home."

His face had taken on the pallor that marked the visages of men who came from Warden Handler's game of solitaire.

"Yes, but should this man have business which would take me out of town"—

"But you mustn't go out of town—now hear me." She, of course, had not the slightest suspicion of the true importance of that telephone call.

"I won't if there's a way out."

"Well, just don't—just don't," pleaded Rose. "I am going to leave the children here to take care of you."

"Rose," he cried, going to her, "Rose, it was chance that brought us together; it was chance that brought you to a prison one day. Chance is uncertain, capricious, and that same chance may separate us suddenly."

"Nothing can separate us," confidently.

"Let that be our prayer to all the gods. But this I want you to remember—from my soul I love you. Now go."

She kissed her hand and waved it toward him as she went out of the door.

"Goodby, Rose."

He stood a moment; then, taking down the telephone receiver, he said into the mouthpiece:

"Hello. All right. Send the gentleman in." After a pause: "What? He's gone into Mr. Lane's office?" The telephone receiver fell to the desk with a crash. Doyle gone into the office of Mr. Lane, Rose's father! Here was a new complication, a new danger, one which Jimmy Valentine had not included in his calculations. Well, come what may, he must face the situation.

"Miss Taylor—Miss Mabel," he called, taking up the receiver and asking for the "central" of the bank's private exchange, "give me Mr. Lane's office. Hello, Mr. Lane. Oh, now regarding that Germond note, he says that he—Oh, you are coming into my office now with a Mr. Doyle? All right. I'll be here. Very well. Goodby."

The receiver clattered into its wonted position on the hook, and Jimmy Valentine stood at his desk awaiting the arrival of Rose Lane's father and Detective George Doyle.

CHAPTER XIV.

AFTER a few moments Valentine again glanced at the photograph of the dinner group. Next he opened a drawer at his left and took out a square green book with the legend "Scrap Book" in fancy green letters on its cover.

He placed the volume in a drawer at the right of his desk and on top of it laid several other books taken from another drawer. He slammed the drawer shut, straightened himself and walked across the office to the table on which was laid the tray of gold, silver and greenbacks.

"I'm going to beat you, Mr. Doyle!" he said fiercely, half aloud. "I'm going to beat you, and I'm going to make you like it."

He seated himself before the tray and began counting the money as the door opened to admit Mr. Lane, followed by Detective Doyle.

Valentine looked up.

"Mr. Randall," began Rose's father, "this is Mr. Doyle, a detective, who has been asking me some questions about you that I feel you can better answer."

"Indeed?" looking at Doyle. "What is the name?" Valentine asked innocently.

His attitude made Doyle snort with anger.

"Doyle," the detective grunted impatiently, staring at the man he had known as No. 1289.

Valentine rose and shook hands with Doyle. "Glad to know you, Mr. Doyle."

He seated himself before the tray. "Well, what can I do for you?" he asked.

The detective's mouth gaped open. He glared at the smoothly speaking, indifferently acting ex-convict before him, then at the tray containing thousands of dollars in bills and coin. Valentine went on counting the money as unconcernedly as though playing a game of jackstraws with Robby or Kitty.

"What can you do?" exploded Doyle. "You can do nine years for"—

"You will excuse me," interrupted Mr. Lane, stepping toward the door. "I have no interest in the conversation, I am sure. And, Mr. Doyle," he said pointedly to the bewildered detective, "I want you to thoroughly understand that I have every confidence in Mr. Randall, as also have all the other directors." The door closed in-