

LYNN COUNTY NEWS.

VOLUME 11

TAHOKA, LYNN COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, MAY 28, 1915.

NUMBER 39

First Tuesday Is Trades Day

Preparations Are Made, and Some Natural Born Swappers Will Be Present. Amusements Too

Tuesday coming is Trades Day. Coming to Trades Day Tuesday?

Well you had better, and that is a tip straight from the shoulder. Of course if you are expecting a picnic or something of the sort, you will be slightly disappointed. For this is a regular, trade-marked, advertised, dyed in the wool, yard wide Trades Day. AND THERE WILL BE TRADES MADE BY THE HUNDREDS. If you are a doubter, pick anything on your place, bar nothing; bring it to town and banter anybody for a trade, and if you are not careful, you will get swapped out of what ever you offer.

Don't think for a minute that our merchants have lost sight of that time worn and dog-eared quotation: "All business and no amusement makes any gathering a fake." They have not. Tahoka's ball team will play three games of match ball that day. A double-header with Brownfield and a single with the Slaton Federals. There will be a couple of foot races and other amusements. Any community having a fast will be welcome to enter.

Our court yard is a nice place to spread dinner and those from afar are invited to come and make use of it. On the side we might mention that the mulberry trees are loaded with fruit and it is now ready to eat. These berries make a nice desert, and you are welcome to pick them. Come, we are looking for you.

When you think of farm, hail or stock insurance, you always think of the old reliable St. Paul. The company that has proved their slogan of years: "If We Loose, We Pay." I represent this company, and will try and call on every farmer in Lynn county, in the next two weeks. Will appreciate any business you see fit to give me. Wishing you a prosperous year. I remain your friend.—D. A. Parkhurst. 38 39

J. V. Dyer, of the Edith community, has had some remodeling and finishing work done on his residence. As soon as the paper hangers can get to it he will have the house papered.

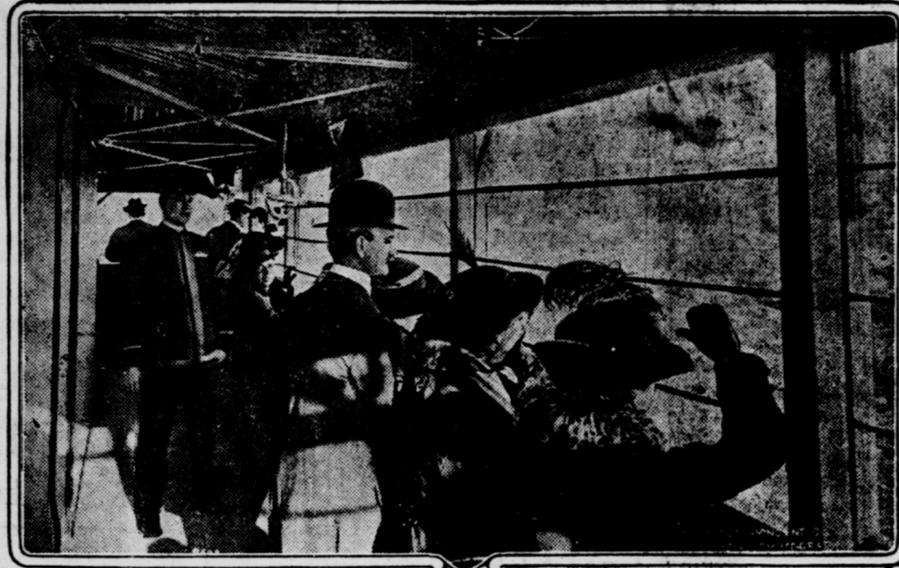
M. M. Anthony informs us that he has had several inquiries from men in the oil fields of Texas in regard to agricultural development in this county and immediate vicinity. Mr. Anthony has sent them a straight forward statement of the facts, substantiated by his own experience and literature published by the Santa Fe development department. Lynn county offers a fine opportunity to outside capital.

Statistics show that fewer people die between the age of one and twenty than any other period under sixty; that the average life of the negro is longer than the caucasian; that a greater per cent of still births occur among the black race than the white.

JERSEY BULLS.

Two Registered Jersey Bulls will make the season at my place in East Tahoka. Season \$2.00. A. D. SHOOK. 37 44

THE WONDERFUL AEROSCOPE, HIGHER THAN THE FERRIS WHEEL, GIVES VISITORS MARVELOUS VIEW OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST EXPOSITION



VISITORS ON THE AEROSCOPE 265 FEET ABOVE THE EARTH



THE GIANT FRAME OF THE AEROSCOPE AS IT APPEARED UNDER CONSTRUCTION

For the seeker of amusement there is opportunity a-plenty in the unique mechanical achievement, the Aeroscope, on "The Zone," at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. The Aeroscope resembles a giant crane of a novel and intricate design, its steel construction recalling that of the Bascule bridge. At the extremity of the long arm of the crane is a two-story car with a seating capacity for 100 persons and standing room for 20 more. At the short end of the crane is a giant mass of concrete, which serves as a counter-balance for the long arm of the crane. Beneath the car are two great water tanks, which take on water or discharge it as passengers enter or leave the car, thus always preserving the balance to a nicety. When, for example, a man weighing 160 pounds enters the car an amount of water of equal weight is released from the tank, and when the passenger departs 160 pounds of water are automatically discharged into the tank below the car. The car ascends without perceptible motion, and perfect safety and a jarless ride of ten minutes is assured to passengers while enjoying this trip of 265 feet into the clouds, or four feet higher than the Ferris wheel. Two motors control the ascent and descent in conjunction with the counter-balance of the huge car, and when it reaches its extreme height it begins to swing slowly around on the wheels at its base, giving a magnificent view of the exposition, of San Francisco Bay and of the city of San Francisco.

SOUTH TEXANS PLEASED WITH LYNN COUNTY

Messrs. W. R. Wilson and R. H. May, of Whiteright, Texas, were here the first of the week looking over the country. These gentlemen are no strangers to this section; however they have disposed of most of their holdings here. It will be remembered that they bought the old McGonagill place and sold to the Bartley brothers of Lynn. They expressed themselves as being highly pleased with our prospect and were very interested in Sudan culture.

Conversing with M. M. Anthony Tuesday morning at the train, Mr. May made the remark that he intended offering a premium for a knocker in this country. He declared that he had not talked to an unsatisfied man during his stay.

Drink Ell Ma-te The tingling tang that tones the great South American drink at our fountain. Parkhurst Broken \$ Store. A check given with each five cent drink. 38 39

Sam Ramsey, driving Oscar Rutledge's Buick roadster, bumped into a box car Sunday morning. He was on his way to the ice house and in making the turn into the platform, lost control and the collision followed. The car was little damaged.

Let Me Do Your Feed Grinding

I have purchased the Utility Grinding machinery and am now ready to grind your feed or corn meal. Will grind every Tuerd at the Tahoka Blacksmith Shop, H. C. SAITH, Prop. 50-4

LYNN FARMER SHIPS SUDAN SEED TO SOUTH AMERICA

This week, M. M. Anthony, of south of Tahoka, shipped one thousand pounds of Sudan seed to South America. The shipment was routed by the way of New Orleans. Mr. Anthony has been raising Sudan seed for the past two years. The first crop he planted was from a half pound package sent out by the department of agriculture, and from this he raised three hundred and fifty pounds. He planted a goodly portion of this and expected to make a great thing of the seed industry, but owing to the immense amount raised, seed has dropped to ten cents a pound and a slow sale at that figure.

Now is the time to kill your DOGS with CARBON. Let us supply you.—Thomas Bros. Drug Co. 33-4J.

Some of our merchants are to be congratulated on the improvement they are making in the streets in front of their places business. The old dump from Thomas Bros. to Bailey's stores has been worked over and the sides balasted with rock. The concrete gutter on the west side has been reinforced with rock to prevent the washing of the street. A crossing has also been put in between Larkin's and Wells' stores. Edwards Bros., are filling the hole in front of their grain store down by the track. G. W. King & Son are grading the yard to the livery stable. This was a much needed improvement for the sanitary condition of the town.

WILL INSTALL PLANING MILL IN TAHOKA SOON

F. H. Gershenberger has dissolved partnership with R. S. Davidson, the two having been partners in contracting and construction work.

Mr. Gershenberger has erected a building on the northeast corner of the block west of the Higginbotham-Harris lumber sheds in which he will install a first class planing mill. While the mill will not have an extra large capacity, it will fill a long felt need of local contractors and those from a distance who buy their bills here.

The building is 20x40 feet. He will install a planer, lathe and saws. The machinery is on the road and the building is ready to receive it as soon as it arrives.

Mr. Gershenberger entertained the young people of the city Monday night with a dance. It was a very enjoyable affair for those devotees of the terpsichorean art lucky enough to be present.

S. N. Weathers has become owner of the Brownfield barber shop.

A SEVERE HAIL STORM may destroy your crop; see me for insurance.—C. T. Beard, in court house. 37 40 p

The thirteen year old son of Mr and Mrs. J. W. Hinton, returned Monday from Lubbock, where he has been attending school.

We want to do your baking—H & B. Bakery. Phone 57. 34tf

Prohibition Election June 5th

When you think of farm, hail or stock insurance, you always think of the old reliable St. Paul. The company that has proved their slogan of years: "If We Loose, We Pay." I represent this company, and will try and call on every farmer in Lynn county in the next two weeks. Will appreciate any business you see fit to give me. Wishing you a prosperous year. I remain your friend.—D. A. Parkhurst. 38 39

MIDLAND-LAMESA PROJECT TAKES DEFINITE SHAPE

From the Sweetwater Daily Reporter issue of May 22, we learn that the Commercial Club of Midland and W. L. Carlile and associates, represented by T. J. O'Donnell have tentatively entered into a contract whereby the citizens of Midland agree to pay to W. L. Carlile and associates the sum of \$100,000 and rightofway ten miles from Midland in a northerly direction along such route as may be selected by the surveyors of the promoters; also a plot of ground in Midland not to exceed 35 acres upon which depot, offices, shops and other terminal buildings may be erected.

Lamesa is the objective point of this road building out of Midland. Should the citizens of Midland ratify the above mentioned contract, construction will begin within 15 days from ratification, and said road is to be completed not later than nine months after the 15th day of June, 1915.

Now in town with highest market prices for poultry and eggs. See me at Larkins Store N. B. Beard. 39 42

Drink Ell Ma-te, The tingling tang that tones the great South American drink at our fountain. Parkhurst Broken \$ Store. A check given with each five cent drink. 38 39

What was announced as a game between the school teams of Slaton and Tahoka was played on the local diamond Tuesday. In reality a more or less mixed team of both places played a burlesque game in which the most notable features were the frequency with which they changed umpires and the continuity of the wrangling between umpire and players. J. Frank Denton umpired the first five innings. Red Rose held the same precarious position one inning, and a sub with the Slaton team presided till the end. Score 17 to 9 Tahoka's favor.

WANTED—Eggs—Highest cash price, paid, Sanitary Market, Tahoka. 39 tf

Died Sunday mornng at five o'clock, the three days old baby of Mr. and Mrs. Lovelace, who are living on the Ray place adjoining the town section on the south. It was buried at 10:30 in the Tahoka cemetery.

Get your ice at the Sanitary Market, G. W. Snider. 39 3t

Bob Davidson delivered the screens for the Three Lakes school house Tuesday. This building completed about two months ago; is 24x90 feet, frame structure, well lighted and ventilated. Davidson & Gershenberger, contractors.

HAIL.

See me before insuring your crop.—C. T. Beard, in the court house. 37 40 p 39 tf

Pros Confidant of Majority—Fear However Planting and Neglect May Throw Election

By order of the Commissioners' Court in regular session the second week in May, it was ordered that the voters of Lynn county decide whether or no the County of Lynn, State of Texas, be a prohibition county under the last act of the legislature regulating the manufacture, sale and use of intoxicating liquors. The date of said election will be the first Saturday in June, the same being the fifth day of said month.

Only seven days will intervene between now and the above stated election, and the people of the county should give more than a little serious consideration to this measure. But whether you study it much, or whether you do not; go to the polls Saturday and vote one way or the other.

Personally we believe that prohibition territory is a more desirable place to live, that the inhabitants of such territory are more thrifty and consequently more prosperous and contented.

Furthermore we believe that the use of intoxicants destroys the mental and moral fibre of the youth of our country, at least this is the contention of our best physiologists.

Furthermore we believe the citizens of Lynn county prefer prohibition by a fair majority, but the full strength of the prohibition contingent will have to be polled.

We want to do your baking—H. & B. Bakery. Phone 57. 34tf.

Mrs. Guy King returned Wednesday morning from an extended visit to points south.

Cash for poultry and eggs. See N. B. Beard at Larkins Store. 39 42

S. S. Ramsey is in the Midway community this week making an addition to a residence

WANTED—Stock to pasture—J. F. Carter, Tahoka. 39 4tp

Miss Vera Noble is spending the week with Miss Christine Swan.

HAIL INSURANCE.

See McMill Clayton for Hail Insurance in old line companies that pay the loss. 37tf

Monday evening, Douglas Henderson, driving a sixteen Buick colided head on with Ed. Henderson in his car. The collision took place on Porterfield street north of the Hotel St. Clair. The car Ed. was driving was considerably scared up and several spokes knocked out of the front wheel. The other car was not injured.

WANTED—Eggs—Highest cash price, paid. Sanitary Market, Tahoka. 39 tf

Raymond Weathers was brought home Tuesday from Lubbock suffering from the small pox. He was immediately quarantened and latest reports are that he is doing well. The doctors say he has a very light case.

I have bought the C. L. Williams ice business and will sell ice at 60 cents per hundred at the warehouse, or 75 cents per hundred delivered. Ask about our coupon books.

For the convience of those who want a small quantity at odd times, I have installed a box at the Sanitary Market. G. W. SNIDER, 39 tf

Lynn County News

Published every Friday by
H. C. CRIC & CO., TAHOKA,
J. CRIC, ED. & MGR.
One Year \$1.00—Strictly in Advance
Advertising Rates on Application
Entered as second-class matter, July
10, 1905, at the post office at Tahoka,
Texas, under the Act of Congress of
March 3, 1879.

Mrs. H. C. Cric, ex-editor of the Lynn County News, acknowledges receipt of a commission from Gov. Ferguson as delegate to the international Press Meet at San Francisco.

In accordance with our vows as a member of the flowers-to-the-living club, we record the following: In looking over our exchange table for the Sunday Amalillo News this week, we passed it up twice thinking it was the Gal-Dal.

June twelve the citizens of Tahoka will vote on incorporation. Will you put in your vote for progress or paralysis? Will you vote for a city or a hamlet? All cities and some hamlets incorporate, but an unincorporated town never amounts to a hill of beans.

The Hesperian suggests that the demoralized maize market is due to the lack of publicity. That is, the farmers pay more for corn because they have not been educated to know that maize has the same feeding properties of corn. All true perhaps, but the best solution of the problem, it seems to us, would be for each farmer to feed his crop on his own place and market it in the form of finished pork, mutton or beef.

There is much talk pro and con in regard to the voting of bonds to build a new court house for Lynn county. The rumor that the last Commissioners' court ordered such an election is unfounded. But it is thought that a petition calling for a bond election for this purpose will be presented to the next court, which meets the second Monday in June.

A nice new court house would be an improvement the county would benefit by, and in the course of a very few years the need for such a building will be imperative.

Speaking of bonds reminds us. The harvest of 1915-16 will be the greatest ever gathered, unless the heavens fall, or some other like calamity overtakes us. And the roads are in no condition to accommodate the heavy traffic. We must fix them up, and when we improve them, why not make the improvements permanent. The only way to do this is to vote

June 7th Will Be Observed As Decoration Day at Cemetery

Monday June seventh all parties interested in the Tahoka cemetery are invited to gather there to do some much needed improvements. Some of the stones are broken and deranged. The graves have slumped in, dogs have dug burrows into the last resting place of some who have gone before, the weeds have grown up, and there are several other improvements that need to be made.

June sixth is the official decoration day of the Woodmen of the

World, and it being Sunday, it is requested that all Woodmen and Circle ladies, whether they have loved ones buried here or not, be present Monday June seventh to fulfill their solemn vows to keep green the graves of the departed severigns.

It is intended to spread dinner on the lawn, so be sure to bring a well filled lunch basket. If a tempting dinner is in store for them, we are certain the men will labor better.

J. N. JONES

Democrat

Furniture and Undertaker's Supplies

sufficient bonds to construct a system of county roads that will withstand the wear and tear of the great volume of traffic within and thru the county. After we have the roads built the road tax and work required will keep them in A1 condition. This is a question of vital interest to the farmer. Firstly, because he will be the most benefited class of citizens, and secondly, because he will only his prorata of the tax to retire said bonds. Delay is expensive: every season we put it off, we double the initial expense of building the roads.

Tahoka as a town has never been incorporated, and the citizens are feeling the need of a few sidewalks, street crossings, and sanitary ordinances this spring. So they propose to incorporate. Any town that wishes to be progressive and a builder must first incorporate.—Slaton Slatonite.

Speaking of the girl who flirts with every body in the corporate limits and changes partners six times a week in the parlor with the lights turned low, an exchange says:

"It is harder to marry off a girl that has been pawed over by every yap in the community than it is to fatten a hog on pineapple ice. You can't gold brick a suitor with second hand goods any more than you can fit a bathrobe onto a goat."

The puns on the Ford automobile have done more to make it the "Universal Car" than any other one thing. The paper that devotes its space to humorous sketches of the mail order business and names famous in the catalogue world, should be on the pay roll of said concerns, but they delude themselves with the idea that they are driving these concerns into the last ditch with that much vaunted weapon—ridicule. One of our wise men has said, "It makes no difference what you say of a person or thing, so you say enough."

Apropos the woman's sufferage movement, Gov. Ferguson says: "If the women of the country wish to exercise the ballot, then I'm willing for them to have it, but I do not want to put upon them burdens that they do not want to assume."

Why not let the women vote on it? In regard to the petition of 384 Amarillo citizens to the Governor of Georgia, asking the pardon of Lec Frank, the Plainview News says: "No wonder our murder laws are so weakly administered that life is not safe anywhere. When 584 people in a town 1500 miles away will sign a petition asking a governor for the pardon of a convicted murderer of whom they know absolutely nothing, it is enough to make the spirits of Justice, Law and Order hang their heads in shame."

That there is a place for every thing is the belief of the city commission of Dallas. Bill board advertising will be prohibited in that city. The newspaper and magazine are the mediums of the legitimate advertiser and the public are demanding that the unsightly bill board be done away with,

The ten commandments of the cleanup campaign might read:

1. Thou shalt let no other town be cleaner than thine.
2. Thou shalt not make unto thee cess pools and trash heaps wherein flies and germs may multiply.
3. Thou shalt not take the name of the health officer in vain, for he is protecting the health of the community.
4. Remember the Sabbath day and make thyself clean.
5. Honor the sanitary regulations of the authorities that thy days may be long in the land in which thou hast chosen to live.
6. Thou shalt not kill. Filth brings death to thy neighbor and thee. Clean up.
7. Thou shalt not permit water to stand in thy yards and lots.
8. Thou shalt not steal thy neighbor's cleanliness by throwing thy trash in the ally.
9. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor; make thy home as clean as his—cleaner if possible.
10. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor his clean house, his clean lots and yard and alley: Thou shalt go and do likewise to thine own premises.

Will advertising sell goods for the merchant? It will not. And any merchant that expects his advertising to sell his goods is throwing the money away. Advertising will create a demand for an article. Advertising will interest people in your store; people that know you are in town and in business, but who never spent a penny with you because you never told them you had things they needed and wanted; or told them of things you had in a way to make them want them. In short, all we claim for advertising, is that it will bring people to your store, and there we turn them over to you. If you have the goods you advertise, treat them with courtesy and consideration you will sell to them. On the other hand if you advertise, for instance, all kinds of calico at five cents; when in reality you have only a few bolts of shop worn junk, you have not only convinced those who investigate that you are a crook, but you have stigmatized the medium of your advertising. You can draw one crowd with a fake advertisement. You can fool all the people once, part of them twice, but you can not fool any of them all the time. Now Mr. Advertiser if you are expecting your goods, quit waiting your money, but if you expect it to create trade for you, and if you back up your advertisements by delivering the goods and trying to please, your advertising will pay bigger dividends than any other investment you make. We invite you to try.

THE EXCLUSIVE GROCERY
Bill of Fare for Following Week
Hens 7 cents, Fryers 12 cents,
Roosters 15 cents each, Turkeys
No. 1 only 8 cents.
We Pay Cash.
We Sell For Cash.
(CASH) Is Our Motto.
39 1t H. M. ANTHONY.

The County Fair

Thousands of acres of Lynn county soil is being planted, there are yet many hundreds of acres to be planted. The season is good, and only the most perverse fate can snatch away the fruits of a bounteous harvest from our farmers. It is indeed a pleasant outlook. Yet there are places in this state and nation where conditions are not so good and from whence countless numbers are seeking an elkorado.

We have not a paradise, but we have a land of plenty; here the "flesh pots of Egypt" are accessible to all; and we need these people.

In this day and time, the most expedient way to convince a man, is to show him.

Must we say it? If we expect to receive our share of the immigrants that will flood this part of the state this fall, we must have a county fair; prepare exhibits from individual farms and communities, display them here a few days, pick the winners and prepare an exhibit for the show places of the state and nation. Now is the time to begin.

Space forbids us to make a detailed enumeration of why it is to the farmers interest to cooperate with the townsmen in this movement, and we hardly believe it necessary to do so. What helps the town increases farm values, and increased rural population does both. This argument alone should urge each and every farmer to set aside some plot and devote to it some extra care and cultivation for exhibition purposes.

We need the fair and we believe our farmers will make the greatest of the Plains if we work in unison.

Farm and Ranch Loans six per cent. M. F. Young, Plainview, Tex.

G. W. Snider has bought out the ice business of C. L. Williams. He has repaired and improved the warehouse on the track, and will continue to ship in ice until his own plant is installed. He hopes to be able to begin work the first of the month.

WANTED—Eggs—Highest cash price, paid. Sanitary Market, Tahoka. 39 1t

Breathes there a man with soul so dead, who never to himself has said "That editor has quite a head. I'm glad I take his paper. He's got a raft of grit and sand, he prints the news of all the land, he boosts the town to beat the band and that's the proper caper. He soaks the grafters in the neck, he saves the Ship of State from wreck, he's Johnnie on the spot, by heck, when things are in a jumble. He writes the ads that bring the dough, he chases all our gloom and woe, he tells us all we want to know—and yet he is quite humble. He never gets a bit stuck up, he's worked since Hector was a pup to earn his daily bite and sup and have a little over. I know we owe him many plunks, so let us shame the other skunks and furnish him with kale in chunks, wherewith to live in clover."—E. F. McIntyre.

J. W. B. Johnson, of Jones county, will deliver a lecture at the Baptist church Sunday night on the "Relation of the Laymen's Movement to the Kingdom."

Pure, Wholesome, Home Made Ice Cream will be sold Trades Day—June 1—by the Banner Class of the Methodist Sunday School. Try a saucer and you will want more. 39 1t

\$100 Reward, \$100
The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.
Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio.
Sold by all Druggists, etc.
Beware of cheap imitations.

PROTECTION FOR WIDOWS AND ORPHANS



MANY women, particularly those widowed, are often INEFFECTIVE in financial matters. This bank willingly offers SERVICE to assist women to SAFEGUARD their FUNDS. Our EXPERIENCE in money affairs may be of aid to YOU, madam. Our institution offers the very BEST and SAFEST PROTECTION for those who walk the road of life with eyes that see not the PITFALLS of financial unwary.

WE PROTECT WOMEN AND CHILDREN First National Bank of Tahoka, Texas

Black Kentucky Jack Tom Goody

4 year old, 15 hands high now making the season at KING'S LIVERY BAR in TAHOKA. Price \$10, payable when the colt stands and sucks or when mare is sold. Not responsible for accidents—A.D. Sho

You Are Invited
to visit and judge for yourself the stock of home grown young bearing trees that Plainview Nursery has. Also all kinds of garden plants. Prize winning Maize, Feterita, and Sudan seed for sale. Agents wanted to sell on commission.

That the Way We Clean, Press and Repair Garments of All Kinds Will More Than Meet Your Every Expectation
YOU CANT HELP BUT FIND OUT TRY US ONCE! Then Decide For Yourself.
S. N. WEATHERS
HAT WORK THE TAILOR

The Price, Quantity & Quality of Our Goods Is the Keynote of Our Success
EDWARDS BROS.
Wholesale And Retail Dealers In Grain, Coal, Cotton and Cotton Seed Products

PROFESSIONALS

C. H. CAIN
Lawyer
Office in old First National Bank Building
Tahoka Texas

M. M. HERRING
Lawyer and Abstractor
Office over Postoffice
Tahoka Texas

C. P. GENTRY
Jewelry
All Repair Work Guaranteed
Office in Parkhurst Bldg.
Tahoka Texas

Drs. Hutchinson and Peobler
HUTCHINSON, M. D.
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat
O. F. PEOBLER, M. D.
General Medicine and Surgery
Rooms in 1st Nat'l. Bank Bldg.
LUBBOCK, TEXAS

DR. J. R. SINGLETON
DENTIST
Permanently Located
Tahoka Texas

—AND You won't know the old place when you brighten it up with a few gallons of **HUGHES HOUSE PAINT!**

A. G. McAdams Lumber Co.

By Pete The Painter



— Made by —
C. R. COOK PAINT CO.,
Kansas City, Mo.

The Trey O' Hearts

A Novelized Version of the Motion Picture Drama of the Same Name Produced by the Universal Film Co.

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

Author of "The Fortune Hunter," "The Iron Bow," "The Black Bag," etc.

Illustrated with Photographs from the Picture Production

Copyright, 1914, by Louis Joseph Vance

SYNOPSIS.

The Trey of Hearts is the "death-sign" employed by Seneca Trine in the private way of vengeance which, through the agency of his daughter, Judith, a woman of violent passions like his own, he wages against Alan Law, son of the man, now dead, who was innocently responsible for the accident which rendered Trine a helpless cripple. Alan loves Rose, Judith's twin and double, but in all other respects her precise opposite. Judith promises her father to compass Alan's death, but under dramatic circumstances he saves her life, and so, unwillingly, wins her love. Thereafter Judith is by turns animated by the old hatred, the new love and jealousy of Rose.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Detail.

Across the plain purple shadows were sweeping, close-ranked, like some vast dark army invading the land, pouring on over the rampart of mountains in the east.

Within the rim of hills that ringed the plain like the chipped and broken flange of a titanic saucer, silence brooded and solitude held away—dwarfing the town of Detail that occupied the approximate middle of the sagebrush waste, to proportions even less significant than might be inferred from the candor of its christening.

A platform, a siding, a water tank, a Wells-Fargo office and a telegraph and ticket office, backed by three rough frame buildings; that is Detail itemized completely.

Shortly after nightfall the steel ribbons of the Santa Fe began to hum. A headlight peered suspiciously round a shoulder of the eastern range, took heart of courage to find the plain still wrapped in peace, and trudged stolidly toward Detail, the engine whose eye it was pulling after it a string of freight cars, both fat and box.

At Detail the train paused. Its crew alighted and engaged in animated argument. Detail gathered that the excitement was due to the unaccountable disappearance of the caboose; none seemed to have any notion as to how it could have broken loose; yet missing it conspicuously was.

In the pause that followed, while a report was telegraphed to headquarters and instructions returned to proceed without delay, one of the trainmen spied a boyish figure lurking in the open door of an empty box car. Cunningly boarding this car from the opposite side, the trainman caught the skulker unawares and booted him vaingloriously into the night.

As the figure alighted and took to its heels, losing itself in the darkness, it uttered a cry of pained surprise and protest which drew a wrinkle of astonishment between the brows of the trainman.

"Sounded like a woman's voice," he mused; then dismissed the suggestion as obviously absurd.

It was not. Shortly after the freight train had gone on its way—before, indeed, the glimmer of its rear lights had been lost among the western hills—a second headlight appeared in the east, swept swiftly across the plain and in turn stopped at Detail.

The second bird-of-passage proved

to be a locomotive drawing a car—a Pullman.

Hardly had it run past the switch, however, when the brakeman dropped down, ran quickly back to the switch and threw it open.

Promptly the train backed on to the siding.

As the Pullman jolted across the frogs the brakeman, interposing himself between it and the tender, released the coupling.

By the time that the Pullman had come to a full stop on the siding, the locomotive was swinging westward like a scared jackrabbit—though no such milk-and-watery characterization of the traitor passed the lips of any one of the three men who presently appeared on the Pullman's platform and shook impotent fists in the direction taken by the fugitive engine.

When the last of these had run temporarily out of breath and blasphemy, a brief silence fell, punctuated by groans from each, and concluded by the sound of a voice calling from the interior of the car—a voice as strangely sonorous of tone as it was curiously querulous of accent.

The three men immediately ran back into the car and presented themselves with countenances variously apologetic, to one who occupied a corner of the drawing room: a man wrapped in a steamer rug and a cloud of fury.

Now when he had drained the muddy froth of profanity from his temper it left a clear and effervescent well of virulent humor: the wrath of the valetudinarian began to vent itself upon the hapless heads of the trio who stood before him.

While this was in process, the person of boyish appearance, who had been keeping religiously aloof and inconspicuous in the background of Detail ever since that unhappy affair with the trainman, stole quietly up to the rear of the stalled Pullman, climbed aboard, and creeping down the aisle unceremoniously interrupted the conference just as the invalid was polishing off a rude but honest opinion of the intellectual caliber of one of the three named Marrophat, who figured as his right-hand man and familiar genius.

"Amen to that!" the boyish person ejaculated with candid fervor, lounging gracelessly in the doorway. "There's many a true word spoken in wrath, Mr. Marrophat. Father forgot only one thing—your mastery way with a revolver. From what I've seen of that, this day, I'll go ball that the only safe place for a man you pull a gun on is right in front of the muzzle. There's something downright uncanny in the way you can hit anything but what you aim at!"

"Judith!" exclaimed the invalid. "Where did you drop from?"

"From that freight," Judith explained carelessly, neglecting to elucidate the exact fashion of her drop. "I judged you'd be along presently, and thought I'd like to learn the news. Well—what luck?"

Her father shrugged with his one movable shoulder. Mr. Marrophat grunted indignantly. The others shut-

ted unseeingly and looked all ways but one—at the girl in man's clothing.

"None?" Judith interpreted. "You don't mean to tell me that after I had taken all that trouble—cast the caboose loose in the middle of that trestle at the risk of my life—you didn't have the nerve to go through with the business!"

"We went through with it all right," replied Marrophat defensively; "but as usual, they were too quick for us. They jumped out and dropped off the trestle before our engine hit the caboose. We smashed that te kindling wood—but they got away just in time to miss the crash. And by the time we had stopped and calmed down the engineer—well, it was dark and no way of telling which way they had run."

The girl started to speak, but merely dropped limp hands at her sides and rolled her eyes helplessly.

"We do our best," Marrophat observed. "We can't be blamed if something—somehow—always happens to tip the others off."

The girl swung to face him with blazing eyes. "Just what does that mean?" she demanded in a dangerous voice.

Marrophat lifted his shoulders. "Nothing—much," he allowed. "I am only thinking how strange it is that Mr. Law can't be caught by any sort of stratagem—when you are on the job, Miss Judith!"

The girl's hands were clenched into fists, white knuckles showing through the flesh. "You contemptible puppy!" she snapped.

But on this her voice failed; for her eyes traveled past the person of Mr. Marrophat to the doorway of the drawing room and found it framing a stranger.

"Excuse me, friends," he offered in a lazy, semi-humorous drawl. "It pains me considerably to butt in on this happy family gathering, but business is business, same as usual, and I got to ast you-all to please put up your hands!"

"What do you want?" the invalid demanded.

"Why," drawled the bandit, "nothing in particular—only your cash. Shell out, if you please—gents all and the lady, too." He ran an appreciative glance down the figure which Judith's disguise revealed rather than concealed. "If you'll pardon my taking notice," he amended. "Perhaps I wouldn't if the lady's clothes didn't fit her so all-fired quick!"

"Keep a civil tongue in your head, my man!" Judith counseled, without any show of fear.

At the same time her father's voice brought her to her senses.

"Judith! Be quiet. Let me deal with this gentleman. I am sure we can come to some arrangement."

"You bet your life," agreed the gentleman as the girl mutiniously stepped back. "I know what I want, and you-all know you got it: so the name of the said arrangement is just 'shell out.'"

"One minute," the invalid interposed. "Don't misunderstand me: I guarantee you shall be amply satisfied. I give you my word—the word of Seneca Trine."

The eyes of the bandit widened. "No? Is that so? Seneca Trine, the railroad king? Sure's you're born you're him: I've seen your picture in the papers a dozen times. Well, now, it looks like I'd drawn a full house to this pair of deuces, don't it? You ought to be able to pay something handsome—"

"I'll pay you far more handsomely than you dream of if you'll do as I wish," Trine interrupted quickly. "Do me the service I wish—and name your price: whatever it is, you shall have it!"

"Nothing could be fairer'n that!" the two-gun man admitted suspiciously. "But what's the number of this here service—like you call it?"

"Listen to me," Trine bent his head forward and jabbed the air with an emphatic forefinger. "What's the life of a man worth in this neck of the woods?"

"How much you got?"

"I'll pay you ten thousand dollars for the life of the man I will name."

The eyes of the bandit narrowed. "Hold on, my friend: is that what you call my naming my own price?"

"Name it, then," said Trine. "Give me a thousand on account," said the other, "and a paper saying you'll pay me nineteen thousand more in exchange for it and one dead man, properly identified as the one you want—signed by you—and your man's as good as dead this minute, providing he's in riding distance of this here car."

Trine waved his hand at his secretary. "Jimmy, find a thousand dollars for this gentleman. Make out the paper he indicates for the balance, and I'll sign it."

"Ain't you powerful trustful, Mr. Trine? How do you know I'll do anything more'n pocket that thousand and fade delicately away?"

"My daughter and this gentleman, Mr. Marrophat, will accompany you."

"Oh, that's the way of it, is it?"

"Name?" interjected the secretary, writing busily with the top of his attaché case for a desk.

"Slade," said the bandit, "James Slade." Again Trine punctured the atmosphere with his index finger. "The man whose life I want is named Alan Law. He is running away with my daughter, Rose, accompanied by a person named Barcus, disguised as a Pullman porter."

"The three of them having recent escaped from a train wreck up yonder on the trestle?" Hopi Jim interposed. "You've met them?" Judith demanded, whirling round.

"About an hour ago, or maybe an hour and a half," Hopi Jim replied. "A good ways down the road. They stopped and ast where they could get put up for the night. I kindly directed them on to Mesa, down in the Painted hills yonder."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Fireplay.

Contented with the promise of a thousand dollars advance on his contract, providing he returned with horses within a stipulated time, Mr. Hopi James Slade drifted quietly away into the desert night.

Well content, persuaded that the morrow's sun would never set upon a world tenanted by one Alan Law, that monomaniac, Seneca Trine, forgot his recent ill temper and set himself diplomatically to adjust the differences between his daughter, Judith, and his first lieutenant, Marrophat.

It was no facile task: Marrophat could not be trusted to work with a single mind because of his infatuation for Judith; Judith could no more be trusted faithfully to serve out her vow to bring Alan Law to her father's feet, alive or dead, because—O cruel irony of Fate!—she herself had fallen in love with that same man whose death she had pledged herself to compass. Only when, as now, half mad with jealousy, determined to see Alan dead rather than yield him to the woman he loved, her sister, might Judith be counted upon to serve her father in his lust for vengeance as he would be served—and even so not without Marrophat at her elbow to egg her on through her resentment of his surveillance. Neither could be trusted, indeed, to work alone to the desired consummation; for Trine had secret reasons to fear lest Marrophat might, given opportunity, connive at Alan's escape in order that he might marry Rose and so throw Judith back into his, Marrophat's, arms.

Floor, deluded fool!

Such was the private comment of Marrophat's master.

For all that, it was the man and not his daughter, whom Trine designated to lead the expedition, cunningly counting on Judith's chagrin to work upon her passions and excite her to one last, mad, blind attempt that should prove successful.

Smiling his secret smile, Trine announced his decision at the last moment, while Hopi Jim waited with his horses and an assistant—one Texas—for whose utter innocence of scruples Mr. Slade unhesitatingly vouched.

Sullenly submissive, at least in outward seeming, Judith bowed to this decision; marched out of the car, and suffered Marrophat to help her mount her horse.

Now, deliberately, as the little cavalcade rode through the moonlit desert night, the girl maneuvered her horse to the side of Hopi Jim, and then dropped back, permitting Marrophat to lead the way with Texas.

As deliberately she set herself to work upon the bandit's susceptibility to her charms.

Within an hour she had him ready to do anything to win her smile.

In that first rush of golden day a thwart the land, the party came quietly into the town of Mesa, riding slowly in order that the noise of their approach might not warn the fugitives, who Hopi asserted confidently would still be sound asleep in the accommodations offered by the town's one hotel.

It was to be termed a town only in courtesy, this Mesa: a straggling street of shacks, ramshackle relics of what had once been a promising community, the half-way station between the railroad and the mining camps scattered in the fastnesses of the Painted hills—camps now abandoned, their very names almost faded out of the memory of mankind.

Midway in this string of edifices the hotel stood—a rough, unpainted, wooden edifice, mainly veranda and bar-room as to its lower floor.

Jealously Judith watched the windows of the second floor; and she alone of the four detected the face that showed for one brief instant well back in the shadows beyond one of the bedroom windows—a face that glimmered momentarily with the pallor of a ghost's against the background of that obscurity, and then was gone.

Her eyes alone, indeed, could have recognized the features of Alan Law in that fugitive glimpse.

Two sentences exchanged between Hopi Jim and a bear-eyed fellow whom he roused from sodden slumbers behind the bar sealed their confidence with conviction: the three fugitives were in fact guests of the house, occupying two of the three rooms that composed its upper story.

In the rush that followed up the narrow stairway, Judith led with such spirit that not even Marrophat suspected her revolver was poised solely with intent to shoot from his hand his own revolver the instant he leveled it at a human target.

Closed and locked doors confronted them; and their summons elicited no response; while the first door, when broken in by a whole-voiced kick, discovered nothing more satisfactory than an empty room, its bed bearing the imprint of a woman's body, but that woman gone.

From the one window, looking down the side of the house, Texas announced that the woman had not escaped by jumping out.

So it seemed that the three must have had warning of their arrival, after all; and presumably were now herded together in the adjoining room, which looked out over the veranda roof, waiting in fear and trembling for the assault that must soon come—and in fact immediately did.



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But it met with more stubborn resistance than had been anticipated. The door had been barricaded from within—re-enforced by furniture placed against it. Four minutes and the united efforts of four men (including the bleary loafer of the barroom) were required to overcome its inert resistance. But even when it was down, the room was found to be as empty as the first.

Only the fingers of two hands gripping the edge of the veranda roof showed the way the fugitives had flown; and these vanished instantly as the room was invaded.

Followed a swift rush of hoofs down the dusty street, and a chorus of blasphemy in the hotel hallway: for Judith had headed the concerted rush for the staircase and contrived to block it for a full half minute by pretending to stumble and twist her ankle.

In spite of that alleged injury, she never limped, and wasn't a yard behind the first who broke from the hotel to the open, nor yet appreciably behind him in vaulting to saddle.

Well up the road a cloud of smoky dust half obscured the shapes of three who rode for their very lives.

The pursuit was off in a twinkling and well bunched—Marrophat's mount leading by a nose, Judith second, Hopi Jim and Texas but little in the rear. And in the first rush they seemed to gain; moment by moment they drew up on the flying cloud of dust.

Judith heard an oath muttered beside her and saw Marrophat jerking a revolver from its holster. The weapon swept up and to a level; but as the hammer fell, Judith's horse caromed heavily against the other, swinging it half a dozen feet aside, and deflecting the bullet hopelessly.

The shock of collision was so great that Marrophat kept his seat with difficulty. He turned toward Judith a face livid with rage.

Simultaneously, as if taking the shot as the signal for a full-scale, Judith saw Alan lean back over his horse's rump and open fire.

An instant later his companion, Barcus, imitated his example.

In immediate consequence, Texas dropped reins, slumped forward over the pommel, wobbled weakly in his saddle for a moment, then losing the stirrups, pitched headlong to the ground; while Hopi Jim's horse stopped short, precipitating his rider overhead, and dropped dead.

Continued on page four

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Trey O'Hearts

Continued from preceding page

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

The Upper Trail.

In the ten minutes' delay necessitated by this reverse, a number of more or less innocent bystanders picked up the man Texas and carried him off to breathe his last beneath a roof, Hopi Jim picked himself up,



Caught the Skulker Unawares.

brushed his person tolerably clear of clouds of dust and profanity, and departed in search of a mount to replace the horse that had been shot under him; and Judith sat her horse calmly, smiling sweet insolence into the exasperated countenance of Marrophet.

Incidentally the fugitives disappeared round a bend in the road that led directly into the wild and barren heart of the Painted hills.

In the brief interval that elapsed before his return with Hopi Jim, Marrophet contrived to persuade the bandit that Judith had been, at least indirectly, responsible for the catastrophe, with the upshot that, temporarily blinded to her fascinations by the glitter of nineteen thousand dollars in the near distance, Mr. Slade maintained his distance and a deaf ear to her blandishments. The only information as to their purpose that she was able to extract from either man, when the pursuing party turned aside from the main trail, some distance from Mesa, was that Hopi Jim knew a short cut through the range, via what he termed the upper trail, by which they hoped to be able to head the fugitives off before they could gain the desert on the far side of the hills.

Copy of King Edwards and they draw back to permit Hopi Jim to make reconnaissance of the lower trail that threaded the valley on the far side of the ridge.

Toward noon he returned in haste from the last of these surveys—scrambling recklessly down the mountain-side and throwing himself upon his horse with the advice:

"We've headed 'em—can make it now if we ride like all get-out!"

For half an hour more they pushed on at the best speed to be obtained from their weary animals, at length drawing rein at a point where the trail crossed the ridge and widened out upon a long, broad ledge that overhung the valley of the lower trail, with a clear drop to the latter from the brink of a good two hundred feet.

One hasty look back and down into the valley evoked a grunt of satisfaction from Hopi Jim.

"Just in time," he asseverated. "Here they come! Ten minutes more . . ."

His smile answered Marrophet's with unspeakable cruel significance.

"Texas will sleep better tonight when he knows how I've squared the deal for him!" the bandit declared.

"What are you going to do?" Judith demanded, reining her horse in beside Marrophet as the latter dismounted.

A gesture drew her attention to a huge boulder poised insecurely on the very lip of the chasm.

"We're going to tip that over on your friends, Miss Judith!" Marrophet replied, with a smack of relish in his voice. "Simple—neat—efficient—ah? What more can you ask?"

She answered only with an irrepressible gesture of horror. Marrophet's laugh followed her as she turned away.

For some moments she strained her vision vainly, endeavoring to penetrate the turbulent currents of superheated air that filled the valley. Then she made out indistinctly the faintly marked line of the lower trail; and immediately she caught a glimpse of three small figures, mounted, toiling painfully toward the point where death awaited them like a bolt from the blue.

Hastily she glanced over-shoulder: Hopi Jim and Marrophet, ignoring her, were straining themselves against the boulder without budging it an inch, for all its apparent nicety of poise. For an instant a wild hope flashed through her mind, but it was immediately extinguished when Hopi Jim stepped back and uttered a few words of which only two—"dynamite" and "fuse"—reached her ears.

Kneeling beside the boulder he dug busily for an instant, then lodged the stick to his satisfaction, attached the fuse, and breaking off, edged on his belly to the edge of the cliff and looked down, carefully calculating the length of the fuse by the distance of the party down below from the spot where the rock must fall.

But while he was so engaged and Marrophet aided him, all eager interest, Judith was taking advantage of their disregard of her.

Hurriedly unbuttoning her jacket, she whipped a playing card from her pocket, a trey o' hearts, and with the stub of a pencil scribbled three words on its face—"Danger! Go back!"

Then finding a small, fattish bit of rock, she bound the card to it with a bit of string; and with one more backward glance to make sure she was not watched, approached the brink.

Hopi Jim was meticulously shortening the fuse, Marrophet kneeling by his side.

In the canyon below the three were within two minutes of the danger point.

It was no trick at all to drop the stone so that it fell within a dozen feet of the leading horseman.

She saw him rein in suddenly, dismount, cast a look aloft, then dismount and pick up the warning.

As the others joined him, he detached the card and showed it to them.

At the same time Hopi Jim and Marrophet jumped up and ran back, each seizing and holding his horse by nose and bridle.

Constrained to do likewise lest she lose her mount, Judith waited with a lightened heart.

The explosion smote dull echoes from the flanks of the Painted hills, all drowsing in the noon-day hush: the boulder teetered reluctantly on the brink, then disappeared with a tearing sound followed by a rush of earth and gravel; a wide gap appeared in the brink of the trail.

Leaving Marrophet to hold the two frightened horses while the girl soothed her own, the bandit rushed to

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the edge, threw himself flat and groined bitterly, with an accent of groaning as he rose.

From the canyon below a dull noise of galloping hoofs advertised too plainly the failure of their attempt.

And Hopi Jim turned back only to find Judith mounted, reining her horse in between him and Marrophet, prepared to give emphasis to what she had to say with an automatic pistol that nestled snugly in her palm.

"One moment, Mr. Slade," she suggested evenly. "Just a moment before you break the sad news to Mr. Marrophet, I've something to say that needs your attention—likewise, your respect. It is this: I am parting company with you and Mr. Marrophet. I am riding on toward the west, by this trail, either of you care to follow me"—the automatic flashed ominously in the sun glare—"it will be with full knowledge of the consequences. Mr. Marrophet will enlighten you if you have any doubt of my ability to take care of myself in such affairs as this. If you are well advised, you will turn back and report failure to my father."

She nodded curtly and swung her horse round.

"And what shall I tell your father from you?" Marrophet demanded sharply.

"What you please," the girl replied, flashing an impish smile over-shoulder. "But, since when I part company with you, I part with him as well—for all of me, you may tell him to go to the devil!"

"Well," Mr. Marrophet admitted confidentially to Mr. Slade, "I'm damned!"

"And that ain't all," Mr. Slade confided in Mr. Marrophet, whipping out his own revolver: "You're being held up, too. I'll take those guns of yours, friend, and what else you've got about you that's of value, including your horse—and when you get back to old man Trine you can just tell him, with my best compliments, that I've quit the job and lit out after that daughter of his'n. She's a heap sight more attractive than nineteen thousand dollars and not half so hard to earn!"

CHAPTER XXXIX.
Burnt Fingers.

Once she had lost touch with her father's creatures, the girl drew rein and went on more slowly and cautiously.

Below her, in the valley, the lower trail wound its facile way. From time to time she could discern upon some naked stretch of its length a cloud of dust, or perhaps three mounted figures, scurrying madly on with fear of death snapping at their heels.

It was within an hour of midnight a night bell-clear and bitter cold at the heights, and bright with moonlight, when Alan's party made its last pause and camped to rest against the dawn, unconscious of the fact that a quarter of a mile above them, on the upper trail, a lonely woman paused when they paused and made her own camp on the edge of a sharp declivity.

The level shafts of the rising sun awakened her. She sat up, rubbed her eyes, yawned, stretched limbs stiff with the hardship of sleeping on a yielding, sun-baked earth—and of a sudden started up, surprised by the grating of footsteps on the earth behind her.

Before she could turn, however, she was caught and wrapped in the arms of Hopi Jim.

She mustered all her strength and wits and will for one last struggle—and in a frenzied moment managed to break his hold a trifle, enough to enable her to snatch at the pistol hanging from her belt and present it at his head.

But it exploded harmlessly, sending its bullet on the blue of the morning sky. The bandit caught her wrist in time, thrust it aside and subjected it to such cruel pressure and such savage wrenchings that the pistol dropped from fingers numbed with pain.

And now all hint of mercy left his eyes; remained only the glare of rage. He put forth all his strength in turn, and Judith was as a child in his hands. In half a minute he had her helpless, in as much time more her back was breaking across his knee, while he bound her with loop after loop of his rawhide lariat.

Then, leaving her momentarily supine on the ground, Hopi Jim caught and unhobbled her horse, and without troubling to saddle it, lifted the girl to its back, and placed her there, loop upward, catching her hands and feet, as they fell on either flank of the animal, with more loops of that unbreakable rawhide, and deftly placing the master knot of the hitch that bound this human pack well beyond possibility of her reach.

She panted a prayer for mercy. She laughed in her face, bent and kissed her brutally, and stepped back laughing to admire his handiwork.

Thus he stood for an instant between the horse and the edge of the declivity, a fair mark, stark against the sky, for one who stood in the valley below, holding his rifle with eagle fingers, waiting for just such opportunity with the same impatience with which he had waited for it ever since the noise of debris kicked over the edge by the struggling man and woman had drawn his attention to what was going on above.

Alan pressed the trigger and the shot sounded clear in the morning stillness, Judith saw a look of griefed amazement cross the face of Hopi Jim Slade.

Then he threw his hands out, closed blindly at the air, staggered, fell against the horse's flank so hard that it shied in fright, and almost shot from sight over the edge of the bluff.

(TO BE CONTINUED)