

LYNN COUNTY NEWS.

VOLUME 9,

TAHOKA, LYNN COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, JULY 5, 1912

PAGE 44

TO THE FARMERS OF TEXAS

The recent rains have been of incalculable value to the State, but great as the value is, it can be wonderfully increased if every farmer will get into his field just as soon as the top of the ground is dry enough to pulverize properly, and by using a sweep or a very short tooth harrow, that will cut not more than one inch or an inch and a half deep, and make a soft cushion or mulch on top of the soil, the major part of this moisture can be conserved for the use of crops, instead of being pumped out by myriads of small pores or tubes that operate actively like so many steam jets, when the surface of the ground is hard. If this character of cultivation is repeated just as often as the condition of the top soil indicates the necessity for this work, splendid crops can be made with the moisture that is already in the soil, in all sections where there was anything like a good rain-fall. Do not lay your crops by but continue this shallow cultivation that will put air into the soil, keep the weeds down and prevent the loss of moisture by this pumping process.

HENRY EXALL,
Pres. Texas Industrial Congress.

Parkhurst's Broken Dollar Store will serve ice cream in the future. We solicit a share of your patronage. Always headquarters for the best candies, fruits and vegetables, also the famous El Kraco, Bailed Import, Havana Crook and Tribby cigars.

J. W. Luttrell, of south of town, was trading in Tahoka Saturday, he was accompanied by his little girls.

Cultivator sweeps from 6 to 16 inches already sharpened at the Tahoka Blacksmith Shop, north of the square. 32-tf

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Larkin visited Mrs. Milliken, of Lynn, Friday, Mr. Larkin reports extra fine looking crops in the Lynn community.

H. R. Minor, of New Home was in Tahoka Saturday. He is making arrangements to move to Tahoka this fall in time to take advantage of our public school.

It takes cash to run a saddle and shoe shop, so do not ask for credit, for I am now on a cash basis, Yours for business, 41-4t G. R. Milliken, Tahoka.

Mrs. S. J. Smith, of Silver Valley, Texas, is in Tahoka visiting her father, Eld. Newt Lewis, and her sisters, Mrs. H. M. Larkin of this place, and Mrs. Milliken of Lynn.

J. T. Kidd, manager of the Petty farm, was in town Saturday. He has not had any of the late rains, but says that his feed stuff his holding up splendidly. He planted some feed last week in the dry, as he thought, but it came up to a good stand and is growing nicely.

Mr. Powell, of Brownfield brought in 9,400 pounds of wool last week. He made two trips, storing the first load in Bigham & Sniders warehouse until he could get in with the rest. The wool was clipped from only 1,000 head of sheep and the wool was so sandy that the buyer for Cobb & Elliott, of Plainview, who was here to see it could not offer over 10 cents a pound for it. Mr. Powell shipped it through the above firm, hoping to realize a better figure.

JAPAN DAY

The ladies of the Baptist Ladies Aid will hold a Missionary Rally on Monday afternoon, July the 8th, at 4:00 o'clock at the Baptist church.

They have prepared quite a nice program on conditions in Japan as follows:

The Influence of Christianity in Japan—Mrs. J. B. Walker.

Present Conditions Favorable and Unfavorable to Missionary Work in Japan—Mrs. J. R. Balch.

Reaching Japanese Women—Mrs. J. B. Lowe.

The Work of the American Bible Society in Japan—Mrs. D. A. Parkhurst.

Every lady in Tahoka is invited to attend and help discuss this interesting subject.

J. H. Cowan sends The News to his father, W. Cowan, and his wife's father, C. E. Evans, at Alexander, Texas, for a year.

A. R. McGonigal, of Edith, brought in a load of baled oats Saturday which he had no trouble in disposing of at 65 cents a bale. He took advantage of our low rate and had his subscription run up another year.

For Sale or Trade—Three rebuilt buggies, look like new, wear like new and priced at less.

W. P. Phenix,
South of Square, Tahoka, Texas.

W. D. Knighton, of near Wilson, was in Tahoka Saturday and subscribed for The News while here. Our Wilson list continues to grow steadily.

John Burnett, of four miles this side of Brownfield, was here last Friday after coal, posts and lumber. Mr. Barnett reported a fine rain at his place the Sunday before.

J. B. Lowe finished an 85 foot well for J. W. Elliott, Wednesday of last week and got 12 feet of good water which was good enough for Mr. Elliott to put in a two and a half in pumping outfit and a 12 foot windmill. They put in a five foot piece of casing and it fell over on a slant, the upper end getting under a rock and it was found to be impossible to get it either up, down or to one side so they will have to dig another well, which Mr. Lowe is doing this week.

Rev. J. R. Miller, of New Home, was in town Saturday after some oats to feed his teams. This is a very unusual thing for Bro. Miller to have to do and we venture the assertion that if he continues to farm in Lynn county it will be many a long year before he has to buy feed again. He reports splendid crop prospects with some feed bunching to head. Bro. Miller took advantage of our low rate to run up his subscription for another year although his time was not quite up, but he always keeps one or even two years in advance.

L. L. Williams, proprietor of the Hotel St. Clair, on the north east corner of the square, had us print him a nice lot of stationery last week for his hotel. Mr. Williams bought the building from B. H. Black and has done considerable improving on the yard and building, and he says that he is not near done yet; the upstairs is being papered this week and when it is finished it will be very nice. Mr. Williams has installed a hollow wire gasoline light in the office which makes it as bright as day.

GOV. WILSON IS NOMINATED

Democrats at Baltimore Select the New Jersey Executive Over Speaker Champ Clark After Prolonged Balloting.

FORTY-SIX ROLL CALLS WERE NECESSARY

Contest Was Long Drawn Out and Convention Was Scene of Many Demonstrations and Changes—Wilson's Gain Gradually Rose From 324 on the First Vote to 990 on the Last Count Tuesday.



Marshall Nominated Vice President

Baltimore, Md., July 3.—For President—Woodrow Wilson.

For Vice President—Governor Thomas R. Marshall of Indiana.

This was the ticket completed by the Democratic National convention at 1:56 a. m. Wednesday.

The nomination of Gov. Marshall came as something of a surprise for when the night's balloting for vice president began it seemed that the Bryant-Wilson contingent in the convention had definitely settled upon Gov. John E. Burke of North Dakota.

There was not much of a fight, however, and when two ballots disclosed Marshall was easily in the lead. Gov. Burke's name was withdrawn and Marshall was declared the nominee by acclamation and a minute later the convention had adjourned sine die.

Convention Hall, Baltimore, July 3.—After a protracted struggle of one week, Woodrow Wilson was Tuesday nominated for president by the Democratic National convention. The nomination came as a dramatic close to a series of dramatic and historical events. From the time last

Friday, with Champ Clark as leading candidate, William J. Bryan deserted the Clark camp and went to Wilson, the New Jersey candidate had been making steady gains. The nomination came on the forty-sixth ballot, following the withdrawal of Mr. Underwood by Senator Bankhead and the releasing of the Clark delegates by Senator Stone.

The managers of Governor Wilson confidently expected his nomination on the forty-fifth ballot, but at that time his total was 633 against 725 1-3 necessary to nominate. Clarks total at the time had dwindled to 306. The end came in sight when at the beginning of the forty-sixth ballot, Senator Bankhead of Alabama, manager of the Underwood forces mounted the platform.

"Mr. Chairman," he began, "Mr. Underwood entered this contest hoping he might secure the nomination from this convention. But I desire to say for him that his first and greatest hope was, that through this contest he

could find some work to do. He will probably bring them home with him again if they get able to stand the trip.

(CONTINUED ON 2ND PAGE)

EDITH ITEMS

Most of our Edith people spent Sunday at Lynn, we certainly enjoyed the singing also the good things they had to eat.

Mrs. Will Shepherd, from Ragtown spent Saturday night and Sunday with her mother Mrs. Dyer.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Sherrod: from Tahoka, were visiting Carl's mother and father Saturday and Sunday.

Last Saturday morning Mr. Guy King stuck a thorn in his foot, and Sunday he was unable to wear his shoe, but is getting along very well now.

Mr. John Henderson was visiting at Mr. Reece's Sunday.

Cline Thomas and Hilbert Duncan, of Tahoka, are hoeing for Irvin Shattuck this week.

Mrs. Iva Shaffer from Slaton is visiting her mother Mrs. Sherrod this week.

A few of the neighbors enjoyed themselves at the home of Mr. Dyer, Saturday night, eating ice cream.

TATTLER

Dr. R. G. Anderson, Dentist of Snyder, will be here for the week beginning July 15th.

MONEY

To loan in large or small amounts on real estate.

M. M. HERRING,
42-tf Tahoka, Texas.

J. H. Cowan, of five miles south of town, was in Saturday. He had received a message from his brother, at Alexander, Texas, saying that his father was very ill at that place. He received an other telegram Saturday to the effect that his father was better but wanted him to come anyway. Mr. Cowan's father has had several severe shocks in the last two years. Mr. Cowan was called to the bedside of his father and mother last summer, after they had improved so that he could safely do so he brought them both out here. They both got well and while his father has one or more attacks each month at Alexander, he did not he did not have a single one during the six weeks he stayed in Lynn county. Mr. Cowan said his mother got so frisky that she just had to go home where she could find some work to do. He will probably bring them home with him again if they get able to stand the trip.

Baptist Ladies Aid will give a chicken pie supper the night of the election returns, Saturday night July 27. We solicit your patronage. 33-46

For dependable windmill work get E. N. McReynolds. Satisfaction guaranteed. Phone 32. 41-tf

E. T. Payne and wife, of Midway, New Mexico, came in Friday of last week to lay in a supply of groceries and other necessities needed on his farm, 80 miles west of here. Mr. Payne said that if Tahoka had a wholesale grocery house, it would get every bit of the trade west of here for 100 miles, as the roads are so very much better than to any other place. Mr. Payne takes The News as do many others along the State line, and when our merchants put on a sale it is no trouble to hitch up and take advantage of the same.

Dr. R. G. Anderson, Dentist of Snyder, will be here for the week beginning July 15th.

SINGING CONVENTION

The News man accompanied by his father, E. H. Crie, and daughters, Misses Bessie and Isabel, and sister-in-law, Miss Linda Adair, attended the Fifth Sunday Singing Convention at Lynn school house, Sunday June 30th.

These Singing Conventions are very enjoyable affairs, especially when they are held in a community like Lynn where there are many fine singers, lots of good things to eat and the best of cooks to prepare dinner.

The News bunch arrived at Lynn about eleven o'clock after a very pleasant drive of two hours over the rolling prairies, driving in the fresh breezes and feast our eyes on the green grass and the bountiful crops that we passed on the way.

There were twelve or fifteen conveyances there from Tahoka, among those we met were: Mr. and Mrs. Manly and family, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Baldrige, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Small, Jr. and family, Mr. and Mrs. Bert King, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Small, Sr., and Miss Noba Stroud, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Henderson, J. E. and J. L. Stokes, Brown Bishop, Cauld Wells and Miss Crite Wright, Belton Howell and Miss Minnie Keever, Misses Kate Ketner, Lura Howell, Coy Williams and Maud King. There were probably others whose names we failed to make a note of.

The singing, led by Boyce Hatchett, Jesse Murrah, Brown Bishop and Mr. Manly, was excellent and greatly enjoyed by every one.

The dinner of which there was a great abundance spread on wagon sheets on the grass was all that the appetite of man could desire.

When the question of where the next convention would be held was presented: Boyce Hatchett nominated, Lynn and Guy King nominated Tahoka, and when the vote was taken Tahoka won by a vote of 15 to 11.

There were many Tahokaites who had enjoyed the day so well at Lynn that they did not vote either way, and some even looked like they wished Lynn would carry.

It is now up to Tahoka to do their very best to entertain the next convention, and we will certainly have to do our best if we equal this occasion and it would be impossible to surpass the kindness of the people of Lynn last Sunday.

G. W. Hickerson of T-Bar was a Tahoka visitor Monday.

C. E. Brown spent Sunday with Fisher Patterson and promised to tell us all about crops down in that community but "he didn't."

W. L. Tunnell, of south of Tahoka, was in town Saturday and while here subscribed for The News to be sent to J. S. Tunnell, Hyde, Texas, for one year.

H. A. Johnson and family, of Slaton, came down Monday to visit old friends here. They subscribed for The News to be sent to their son Eddie, but they all expect to read it for a year.

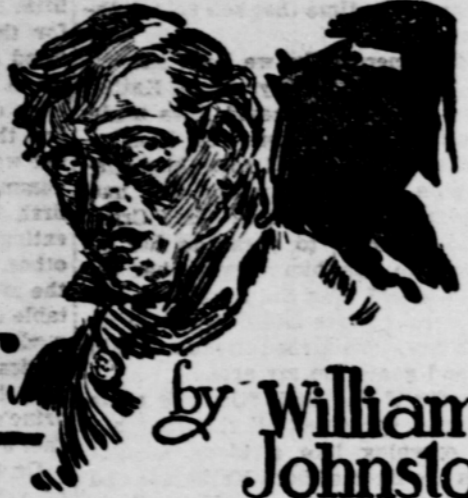
Notice to the Public.

I now have my new Grinder installed and can grind Meal and Chops at any time. 41-tf J. L. RUSSELL, Tahoka.

S. N. McDaniel

Wholesale and retail dealer in Hay, Grain, Coal and Salt. We are receiving feed and coal all the time and are prepared to fill large and small orders promptly. Give us a trial order. Feed and coal delivered to all parts of town. Phone No. 14 your wants or call at the yard one block north of the Santa Fe Depot, Tahoka, Texas. :-:

The Yellow Letter



by William Johnston

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THE DOBBY-HERRILL COMPANY

Illustrations by YL Barnes

CHAPTER I.

Into the maelstrom. They say that coming events cast their shadows before, but certainly I had no intimation when I left my office in the afternoon of April twelfth, of the maelstrom of mystery and tragedy into which I was about to plunge. I was worried and anxious, it is true, but only as every young man is who finds himself for the first time deeply in love. There was no portent of evil, no foreshadowing of the terrible chain of events that all but destroyed my belief in my fellow-man, and left its mark so deep upon my memory that I do not believe time ever can wholly efface it.

Even now that it is all ended, and the shadow which hung so heavily over the household of my sweetheart has been dispelled and the hand whose devilish ingenuity brought shame and grief and wreck to so many innocent lives is paying the penalty behind prison bars—even now I shudder at the sight of anything yellow. A scrap of yellow paper vividly recalls—and I fear always will recall—the painful events of the last few weeks.

I had been waiting ever since my return from court for a telephone message that had not come—the word from Louise which I felt would decide my fate. I had written to her the night before, asking if I might go to her in the afternoon to speak on a subject of importance. I knew she would understand the object of my letter, though all that I had asked was that she would telephone me earlier than four whether she would be at home.

From my window I had watched the great hand on the Metropolitan tower clock creep slowly to twelve. As the chimes began to ring the hour of four I felt that I could bear the suspense no longer. Message or no message, I would go to her at once. Before the vibrant note of "On-u-n-n-e" had died away I closed my desk with a bang. As the fourth stroke reverberated I stood with hat and overcoat on, my hand on the knob of my office door, hoping yet to hear my telephone ring. Impatiently I waited a minute and then dashed toward the elevator. The telephone, I learned afterward, rang almost the minute I was out of the room and Louise's voice called frantically for me, but I was not there to hear.

It was only a short walk up Madison avenue to the home of General Farrish, the father of Louise. With the doubt that possesses every lover on such a mission as this, I walked it, now laggardly, as misgivings filled my heart, now quickening my pace as hope routed my fears. As I turned the corner into the street where the Farrish home is situated my steps were leaden. What right had I to ask Louise Farrish to be my wife? The daughter of a man worth many millions, a girl of exquisite beauty and of many accomplishments, one who could choose a husband where she willed—what right had I to hope that she would ever consent to become the wife of a struggling young lawyer such as I? To be sure, my family was of the best. With my earnings and the modest little fortune my father had left me I would be able to provide for her. But as yet, though my prospects were bright, I amounted to nothing in my profession. It would be years before I could hope to give my wife the luxuries to which Louise Farrish had been accustomed.

On the other hand, I felt that with Louise as my wife I could do great things. I loved her with a great love. I felt that her affection and companionship would be inspiration enough for any man to conquer the world. I hoped that she loved me. I recalled the trifles which seemed to show, at least, that she found pleasure in my society. I tried to comfort myself, too, by remembering that General Farrish was a self-made man, that when he married he was as poor as I, if not poorer. I knew that he liked me and had confidence in me. Was it then, after all, I asked myself, presuming in me to hope that Louise would listen to me and that her father would consent to her becoming my wife—yet, why had she not telephoned?

As I dragged my hesitating feet across the street I was aroused from my reveries by the rush of an automobile that all but knocked me over. With an angry imprecation at such reckless driving I glanced up and recognized the man who occupied it.

He was standing beside his chauffeur, as if ready to leap out. It was Doctor Wilcox, a noted practitioner who attended the Farrish family, and whom I had met at their home. I plunged forward in anxious dismay as I saw the machine halt before the Farrish door and the doctor jump out and run up the steps.

My first, my only thought, was of Louise. What could have happened? She must be ill—desperately ill, as the doctor's haste suggested. Did not this explain her failure to telephone? Could it be that she was dead? What thoughts flashed through my mind I cannot analyze further. I only know I reached the house but a step behind the doctor. He had hardly passed through the door when I, too, flung myself into the hall and stood there awfully, with not voice enough to ask a question of the white-faced, horror-stricken maid who had answered the doctor's ring.

"Where is she?" I heard the doctor ask as he flung his coat to the maid and started up the stairs. Before she could answer him there were hurried foot steps on the upper landing and Louise peered down, the anxiety in her face lessening at the welcome sight of the doctor.

I gave a silly cry of joy and started up the stairs. Doctor Wilcox was ahead of me, three steps at a time, and, following Louise's silent direction, had disappeared in a room on the second floor, when I, with outstretched arms, approached her. I did not think to ask what had happened or who was ill or what the matter was. My only thought was one of joy that she was alive and well. What mattered if Louise was safe? And the emotion that filled me was still more intensified when she ran to me, and throwing herself into my arms, cried out:

"Oh, Harding, thank God, you've come!"

It was almost the first time she had called me by my name, certainly the first that she ever had given herself to my embrace, and I held her closely, thrilled through at the thought that it was to me she turned in time of trouble. Then, all at once, I was aroused by the opening of the door through which Doctor Wilcox had gone and the appearance of a maid, who ran along the hall.

"What is it? What has happened?" I asked.

"Katharine," moaned Louise, "Katharine—she has killed herself!"

For a moment I was stunned. The first thought that came to me was the impossibility of it. What place had tragedy in this happy, quiet home? Familiar enough, though I was, with deeds of violence, with self-murder as it thrust itself forward in the courts and in the lurid headlines of the newspapers, that such a thing could



"Oh, Harding, Thank God, You've Come!"

Intrude on the peace of this well-ordered household seemed beyond my comprehension.

"I telephoned to you, but you were not in your office," sobbed Louise, still clinging to me in the abandonment of grief.

"When did you telephone?" I asked, even under such circumstances rejoicing to learn that she had telephoned.

"Just after she did it—I don't know when it was—it seems ages ago. I

couldn't—get you and—I thought—you would never come—then—then—I telephoned for the doctor and father."

Just after she did it! I had been trying to make myself believe it must have been an accident, though from Louise's manner I feared the worst. Yet Katharine Farrish was the last person in the world of whom one would think in connection with suicide. A quiet, reserved girl of great strength of character, several years older than Louise, her dignity and her well-considered actions had led me to believe her far less emotional than her younger sister.

"It was an accident, of course," I said, though doubtfully.

"No!" gasped Louise, shuddering anew at the thought of the horror she had just witnessed. "I heard the shot and found her on the divan in her room. The revolver was still in her hand—her own revolver."

For the first time it came to me with sudden vivid force that in the elder sister's life, behind the smiling mask of reserve she always wore, was hidden some secret sorrow. I understood, how, that far-away look in her eyes. I felt there may have been—there must have been—concealed the knowledge of some mystery that impelled her to this awful deed. Yet little did I suspect whether my efforts to find why Louise's sister had shot herself would lead me. Little did I imagine in what a web of criminal cunning, of baffling crime, of hidden evil, I would find myself.

As I strove to soothe Louise's agitation the doctor appeared at the doorway and imperiously beckoned me. I tried to persuade Louise to wait outside, but she clung to me like a frightened child and insisted on accompanying me into the room.

"Here," said the doctor in the curt tones of authority, "I want you to help me carry her into a quieter place before I operate."

"This way," said Louise, recovering herself as soon as she saw the opportunity to be useful, "into my rooms. They are off the street and much quieter."

I saw the look with which she tried to read the doctor's face and put the question she dared not ask.

"Will she live?"

Doctor Wilcox shook his head gravely.

"She is just alive and that is all. I can not tell yet whether or not we can save her. There must be absolute quiet. I am going to probe for the bullet and see what course it has taken. Please telephone at once for these two men. They are my hospital aides. As soon as they arrive I will operate."

As quickly as we had laid the senseless girl on Louise's bed, I telephoned for Doctor Wilcox's assistants, and was fortunate in being able to reach

both immediately. Louise and the maids meanwhile were kept busy by the doctor preparing for the operation, so it fell to my lot to break the news to General Farrish when he arrived. Louise had merely told him over the telephone that Katharine had met with an accident, so he entered the house almost wholly unprepared for the shock my news gave him.

I had before seen strong men in grief, but never had I witnessed such a wave of heartrending agony as swept over the general. He came into his home erect, military, slightly perturbed, but still in manner and bearing the vigorous old soldier, fully master of his emotions. My words that told him as gently as was possible what had happened seemed to sap all his vitality. His face became ashen pale, his lips quivered, great tears coursed down his cheeks, his shoulders bent under the weight of his grief and he tottered as if about to fall.

While he was fond and proud of both his daughters, the elder had always been his favorite. As is often the case with fathers who have no son, Katharine had been both son and daughter to him. Since her mother's death some years ago she had been practically head of the household. It was on her that he relied for everything, and it was with her that he discussed all his business affairs. Such association between them naturally had strengthened the bonds into far

more than the ordinary father-and-daughter affection.

"My poor little girl—Katharine—my little Katharine," he moaned in tones of agony that wrung my heart for him.

His first thought was to go to her, but the doctor forbade his presence in the room. I persuaded him to go to his own apartments, leaving him in the hands of his valet and promising to keep him informed as to Katharine's condition.

Deeply as I felt for him, it was of Louise I thought most. I wanted to be with her constantly, to give her the succor of my presence. As soon as Doctor Wilcox's assistants arrived, bringing with them a nurse, Louise and I were both banished from the room. Gently I drew her into a little sitting-room, where, with the door ajar, we waited to see if our aid might be needed. Tearless sorrow now weighed heavily on her.

"Tell me everything," I said, with my arm about her. "Why did she do it?"

"I don't know," she cried out. "I can't understand it at all! There is some mystery, some terrible mystery that I cannot fathom."

"When did you see your sister last?"

"We had luncheon together. She was sweet and kind, as she always was, but I could see that something was worrying her. We were to have gone shopping together this afternoon

-Announcements-

We are authorized to announce Joe Baldrige as a candidate for the office of Tax Assessor of Lynn County subject to the action of the Democratic Primaries of 1912.

We are authorized to announce F. E. Redwine as a candidate for re-election to the office of Tax Assessor of Lynn County subject to the action of the Democratic Primaries of 1912.

FOR COUNTY JUDGE

We are authorized to announce T. G. Marks as a candidate for the office of County Judge of Lynn County subject to the action of the Democratic Primaries of 1912.

We are authorized to announce Joe L. Stokes as a candidate for the office of County Judge for Lynn County subject to the action of the Democratic Primaries of 1912.

FOR DISTRICT JUDGE

We are authorized to announce W. R. Spencer as a candidate for re-election to the office of District Judge of the 72nd Judicial District, subject to the Democratic Primaries of 1912.

We are authorized to announce H. C. Ferguson as a candidate for the office of District Judge of the 72nd Judicial District, subject to the action of the Democratic Primaries of 1912.

We are authorized to announce J. H. Moore as a candidate for the office of District Judge of the 72nd Judicial District, subject to the action of the Democratic Primaries of 1912.

We are authorized to announce James R. Robinson as a candidate for the office of District Judge 72nd Judicial District subject to the action of the Democratic Primaries of 1912.

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY

We are authorized to announce J. E. Vickers as a candidate for re-election to the office of District Attorney of the 72nd Judicial District, subject to the Democratic Primaries of 1912.

We are authorized to announce G. E. Lockhart, as a candidate for the office of District Attorney of the 72nd Judicial District subject to the action of the Democratic Primaries of 1912.

FOR SHERIFF AND TAX COLLECTOR

We are authorized to announce J. H. Edwards as a candidate for re-election to the office of Sheriff and Tax Collector of Lynn County subject to the action of the Democratic Primaries of 1912.

We are authorized to announce S. W. Joplin as a candidate for the office of Sheriff and Tax Collector of Lynn County subject to the action of the Democratic Primaries of 1912.

FOR COUNTY AND DISTRICT CLERK

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for re-election to the office of County and District Clerk of Lynn County subject to the action of the Democratic Primaries of 1912.

J. W. BILLOREY.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER

We are authorized to announce McMill Clayton as a candidate for the office of County Treasurer, Lynn County, Texas, subject to the action of the Democratic Primaries of 1912.

FOR COMMISSIONER PRECINCT NUMBER 1

We are authorized to announce J. V. Dyer as a candidate for the office of Commissioner Precinct No. 1, Lynn County, Texas, subject to the Democratic Primary, July 27th, 1912.

Shoe Repairing

The best of work at reasonablePRICES.....

PLEASE GIVE ME A TRIAL

G. W. Harrison

At Tahoka Hardware Co.'s Store

NEW THE SEWING MACHINE OF QUALITY.

NOT SOLD UNDER ANY OTHER NAME. HOME

WARRANTED FOR ALL TIME.

If you purchase the NEW HOME you will have a life asset at the price you pay, and will not have an endless chain of repairs.



Quality Considered it is the Cheapest in the end to buy.

If you want a sewing machine, write for our latest catalogue before you purchase.

The New Home Sewing Machine Co., Orange, Texas

Are You a Woman?

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The Woman's Tonic

HIGGINBOTHAM---HARRIS CO.

Want to figure your bill for Lumber, Sash, Doors, Shingles, moulding, Eclipse Wind-mills, Stock Tower, Piping and Fittings of all kinds, Lime, Brick, Cement, Posts and Wire.

Geo. Small, Manager

TWO BLOCKS EAST OF SQUARE

TAHOKA, Lynn County, TEXAS

THE YELLOW LETTER

BY WILLIAM JOHNSTON
Illustrations BY V. L. BARNES

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(Continued From Fourth Page)

been unable to carry the burden of shame. Could this have been the secret that these two shared and kept Louise in ignorance of? A word from Louise all at once upset my theory.

"I wonder," she said, "if this isn't part of a letter about Hugh Crandall."

Both she and I were convinced that in some way Crandall was involved. My theory would not account for his connection with the case and I at once abandoned it, listening intently to one Louise advance.

"There must have been some connection between his having telephoned her and what she did this afternoon. Before she shot herself she burned this letter, or most of it. Father must have known about the letter, so I am certain that it concerned Crandall."

"Has Crandall as sister?"

"I do not know," said Louise. "I know nothing about his family. It seems strange, too, when for months and months we saw so much of him. I do not recollect his ever having mentioned any of his relatives."

My brain recorded a victory for woman's intuition over man's logic. Her theory seemed infinitely better than mine. After all it was absurd to suspect a skeleton in the life of a man like General Parrish, who had been constantly under public scrutiny for thirty years. It was much more probable that the letter referred to some incident in the life of Crandall, something so disgraceful that the general had been forced to forbid Katharine having anything to do with him. This theory would account for the quarrel between father and daughter, for Crandall's reticence about his family, for Katharine's distress, and naturally the sight of the letter that had caused all the trouble would upset the general. I began to see a plan for action.

"Louise, dear—" How quickly adversity strips off conventionality and puts us where our hearts would have had "Louise, dear," I said, "it will probably be days before either your father or Katharine will be able to give us any assistance, yet the knowledge that everything has been cleared up, that the specter has been driven away, undoubtedly would hasten the recovery of both. So I feel that we must go ahead."

"Oh, Harding," she breathed. Her head stole out and sought mine. "What a comfort you are to me! What would I have done this afternoon without you! You're right, dear, we must solve this awful mystery at once. We must."

"The first thing for me to do," I went on, "is to find Hugh Crandall. He can probably tell us all about this letter. Even if he can't he can say why he telephoned Katharine and where she went this afternoon. When we have learned this much we shall at least have made a good start. The next thing will be to trace the letter. If Crandall does not know about it, we will try to learn from whom it came."

"That's impossible," objected Louise. "Haven't we looked everywhere in Katharine's room for the envelope in which it came. I am positive that she burned it. Without the envelope you can never discover where it was mailed or to whom it was addressed."

"I'm not so sure about that. The post office has wonderful ways of tracing mail. One of the inspectors is a friend of mine and we will enlist his help. But first I must find Crandall. Probably he can tell us everything if he will. Do you know where he lives?"

"He has bachelor apartments somewhere along the avenue, I don't know just where. I know his place of business."

"I know that, too, but it is useless to try to find him there tonight."

"Katharine used to send all her notes to one of his clubs where he received his mail—I think it was the University."

"Come into the library," said I, "we can quickly locate him."

I stopped in the hall to examine the telephone book, hoping it might give his home address, but it contained only the office of his firm. However, I had no difficulty in finding in the library the volume I sought—the club directory—and turning to his name I saw that he was a member at both the University and the Harvard.

As I was a member of the University myself I had no difficulty in getting Crandall's address over the telephone. Loath as I was to leave Louise alone, I felt that prompt action was demanded, so I took my departure at once.

"If I find Crandall I will bring him back with me so that you may hear all he has to say. Whether or not I succeed, I will return within an hour. My friend, the post office inspector, lives somewhere out in Jersey, but I will see him the first thing in the morning."

The grateful look Louise gave me as I left imbued me with a new and really delightful sense of responsibility. The ten minutes it took me to reach Crandall's rooms were filled with that incipient bliss that comes to every man who realizes for the first

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time what it means to have an confidence entirely his.

Crandall lived in one of those remodeled mansions so common in that part of Fifth avenue from which the families have fled before the advance of trade. The basement and first floor were given over to shops and the upper floors to bachelor apartments. I had no difficulty in finding among the door-plates the name I sought, but repeated ringing brought no response. Determined not to leave until I had learned his whereabouts I gave the janitor's bell a vigorous push.

"Where can I find Mr. Crandall?" I asked as soon as he appeared.

His manner made it evident that he considered my question an impertinence, but I had met Fifth avenue janitors before.

"I am a lawyer," I persisted. "I must see Mr. Crandall tonight on an important matter."

"You won't," he replied, almost gleefully it seemed to me.

"Why not?" I demanded sharply.

"What do you mean?"

My manner was not without its effect.

"He's gone away," the man explained a little more respectfully.

"Gone!" I exclaimed. Here was a new mystery, or perhaps the explanation of the first one. It may have been his departure that had depressed Katharine so.

"Where has he gone? When did he go? How long will he be away?" I volleyed.

Exasperatingly he delayed his reply. At last it seemed to occur to him that I was not making these inquiries purely for his amusement. Somewhat more politely than at first, he answered: "Only an hour or two ago—about three o'clock it was—he came rushing down into my room with his keys in his hand. 'Mike,' says he, 'I'm going away tonight. I may be gone a week and I may be gone a month. I don't know how long. Here are my keys and don't let nobody into my rooms while I'm away, on any pretext whatever.' And wid that he was into a taxicab and off before I could be saying my thanks for the bill he left in my hand."

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Crandall suddenly gone, Katharine dying by her own hand, General Parrish stricken, all within two hours. I knew now there must be some connection between these events. More than ever I was anxious to find Crandall, yet I felt that the janitor had told me all he knew. I could see in the young broker's departure guilty knowledge of the shadow descending on the Parrish home. Surely his flight was confession.



"All About the Suicide," He Bawled.

There was nothing to be gained by further questioning of the janitor. From the manner of Crandall's departure it would be useless to look for him at either of the clubs to which he belonged. I might try to trace him through the taxicab, which he had probably called from the University Club near by, but that could wait until later. Just now I felt it my duty to hasten back to Louise and tell her of this new development.

As I turned from the door a newsboy with an armful of evening "extras" thrust one at me. Impatiently I waved him away.

"All about the suicide," he bawled as he darted off after another passer-by.

Quickly I pursued him and fairly snatched one of his papers from him. Had the reporters, after all, learned of the tragedy in the Parrish home? Doctor Wilcox and I had discussed the matter of notifying the police and the coroner. We both felt that it would be wiser not to communicate with them, for such a course would inevitably bring publicity.

There was enough agony in the Parrish home without having this sorrow-

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ful secret blazoned to a curious world in three-inch type, without having a horde of reporters and camera men constantly surrounding the house. Besides, if Katharine recovered, sooner or later she would be sure to learn what the papers had said. The knowledge that her foolish crime against herself had been thus sensationally proclaimed would be a blow from which the sensitive girl—hitherto jealously shielded—would never recover. If she should not recover—Doctor Wilcox and I were trusting to chance to find a way of explaining her death. The servants—all of them trustworthy and long in service—had been cautioned not to talk to anyone about the afternoon's events. The doctor's aides and nurses, of course, had been silent. This is part of their business. How, then, had the papers obtained the news so quickly? I could think of but one possible way. More than likely some telephone girl who had heard Louise calling Doctor Wilcox had given it to the press. Even in the half-darkness of the middle of the block where I stood I could read the word "SUICIDE" stretched across the page in letters of red. I hastened to the corner where the double globes shed down a brilliant light, anxious yet dreading to read what the paper said. At the first glance I breathed a sigh of relief. The article was not about Katharine Parrish. I had not thought of the possibility of there having been another suicide that day, but there it was:

Mystery in Self-Murder of Aged Lawyer.

Ordinarily I pay little attention to stories of crime. But the afternoon had given me a new and bitter appreciation of the meaning of suicide. Standing there under the light of a Fifth avenue corner I read the hastily written article word by word.

Andrew Elser, the article explained, had lived for many years in a West Twenty-third street boarding-house. Little was known about him there ex-

(Continued)

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In June, 1885, he was married in Savannah, Ga., to Miss Helen Louise Axson, and he practiced law in Atlanta in 1882-3. From 1885 to 1888 he was associate professor of history and political economy at Bryn Mawr College; from 1888 to 1890 he was professor of history and political economy at Wesleyan University, professor of jurisprudence and politics from 1890 till 1902 and president of of Princeton University from 1902 to 1910. In January, 1911, he was elected governor of New Jersey.

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