

LYNN COUNTY NEWS.

VOLUME 12

TAHOCA, LYNN COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, JANUARY 21, 1915.

NUMBER 21

New and Old Firms Get Into Business

The Knight & Brashear building north of the post office is rapidly receiving the finishing touches. The doors have just arrived and are being swung, and the fixtures are being finished and placed. Already the firm has quite a bit of stock unloaded and Mr. Brashear is expected to arrive any day. It is thought that the next week or so will see the doors of this new firm swung open to the buying public.

The Tahoka Lumber Co., whose announcement is now appearing in these columns, began the unloading of their lumber stock Wednesday, and by the time this paper reaches our subscribers will have a force of carpenters busy on their offices and sheds, if the weather permits.

Thomas Bros., are busy this week fitting the brick next door north of Parkhurst's with temporary fixtures, and their store will take on its wonted appearance of efficient service in the drug line.

D. Parkhurst has partitioned off several rooms in the back of his new brick and the carpenters are busy finishing his show windows. He is getting back into the game as fast as his fixtures and stock arrives.

J. E. Ketner has his his the plate glass replaced in his store front, and will soon have all evidences of the fire eradicated.

There is an undenied report current to the effect that the new bank will open in the Jones building north of Ketner's within the next three weeks. When asked where he would be located after this institution opened up: Ed. Meyers, who has his furniture stock in this building, said that there was only one thing that he was sure of, and that was that he would still be in Tahoka selling furniture for less than the mail order houses. Just where he was unable to tell.

Tahoka is certainly a busy place these days. As proof of this state of affairs, we cite the fact that even the politicians have gone to work. While other counties' political rats are merrily bubbling, we don't even hear a sinner.

PAID IN FULL.

Monday of this week, A. D. Shook received a draft from the Western Assurance Co., for \$3,000, the full amount of his policy in that company on the Lynn Hotel. If you want insurance in an old line company that makes full and prompt payment, see, W. S. Swan & Son, agts., Tahoka, Texas. 21 1t

W. R. Cox, the Photographer, has located in Tahoka for a few weeks, have your beauty struck now. 21 1t

AT THE TRAIL'S END.

Suggested epitaph for any editor's tombstone.
Here lies what's left of a man
Who always thought he knew,
Every day and all the time,
What his fellow man should do.
He pegged away along that line,
Till he died of bronchial wheezes
And his fellow man still goes along
Doing just as he darn pleases.

SNYDER CREAM LIGHT BREAD

Baked fresh every day especially for our trade.
SANITARY MARKET. 21tf

FROM TERRY COUNTY HERALD

TAHOCA.

Extract from Holiday Trip:
We thought we were going to find this town in mourning, on account of a big fire that had visited them a few days before, wiping out almost a third of the business section. But not so. While there was much regret that \$35,000.00 worth of stock and a loss of nearly \$20,000.00 had gone up in flames, there was a strong current of optimism circulating around that made one forget the smouldering ruins, and from these ashes will rise a bigger and better Tahoka.

Almost without exception, the unfortunate business men will rebuild with brick and go back in business as soon as possible. In fact some of them were in business again in a few hours and others open as soon as they got adjustment from the insurance companies.

There are several new bricks now under construction, and others to start immediately, and there is no excuse for the idle in Tahoka.

All the gins, lumber yards and business establishments are busy and the town is growing and prospering as never before.

By West Wind.

T. I. Hammond of Tahoka, has bought the T. P. Lovelace place two miles east of town, and has moved over to become one of our citizens.

Most everyone of the freighters in and near Gomez are off to Tahoka this week.

We learn that Rev. Vinson of Lynn county, has accepted the call of the Brownfield Baptist church, and will move over in the near future to begin his work.

Have your Portrait made now on west side square, Tahoka. 21

Classified Column

LOST—Between Pat Northcross' residence and court house, pair of nose glasses in worn case, each lens chipped. Return to Clerk's office. 21 1t

POSTING NOTICE.

No hunting allowed on my land. All offenders prosecuted. My land extends west to the big road. C. W. Slover 20-23p

NOTICE

No hunting allowed in Tahoka Lake pasture without my permission. Please shut gates in going through pasture. J. T. LOFTON. 16 8t

FOR SALE.

One House and Lot 1 1/2 block of square. Address Box 256. 21 22p

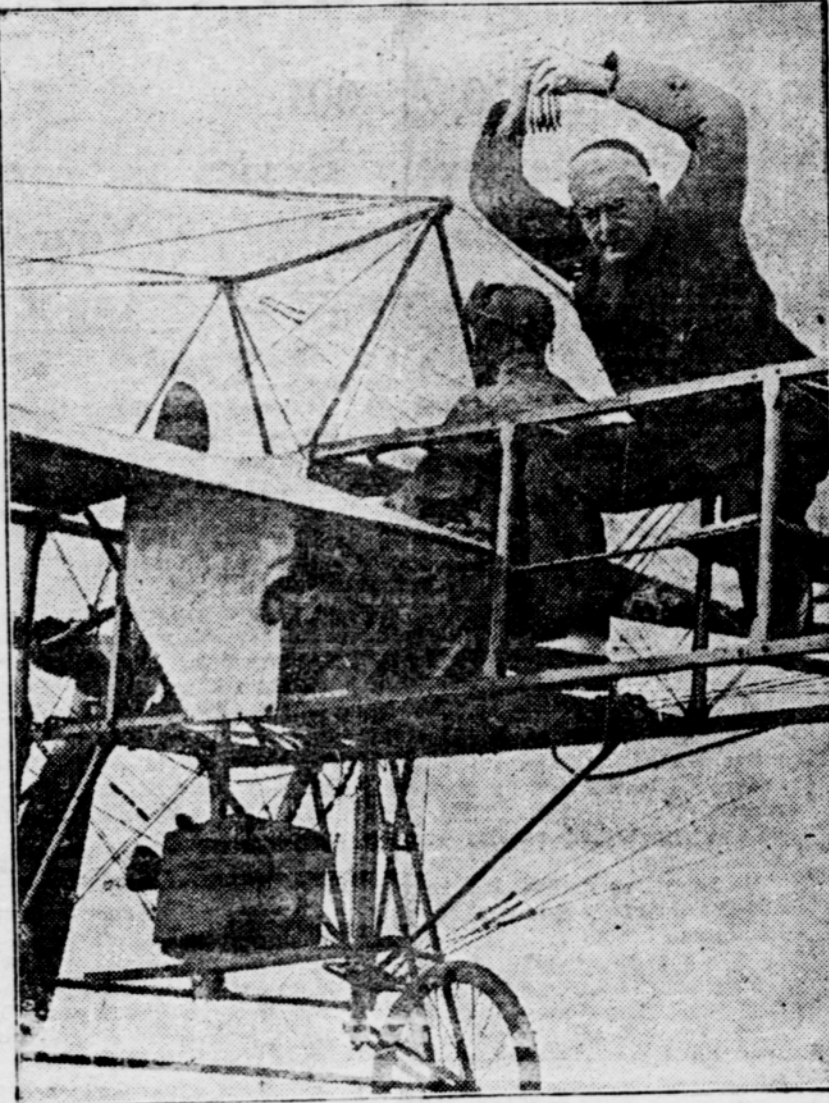
FOR RENT—A large business house on a corner of the square. Address Box No. 233, Tahoka. 16-tf

FOR SALE—Mare and Horses, broke to work. Thomas and Redwine. 19tf.

FOR SALE—Section No. 425, Abstract 403. Certificate 697 Lynn County. Address: H. G. Thayer, Box 865, Charleston, Kanawha County, W. Va.

THE POOR MAN'S CHANCE

1440 acres of land for sale in LYNN County, in 160 acre tracts. Every foot first class farming land. \$20.00 per acre. No cash payment required; purchaser to put \$500. worth of improvements on each tract. Next payment two years. Balance in ten annual payments eight per cent. Buy from the owner. M. M. Herring, 19-2t
Tahoka, Texas.



"Now," Ground Out Wu, Releasing the Bunch of Deadly Arrows.

I. O. O. F. FRUIT SUPPER

Tahoka Lodge No. 663, I. O. O. F., will serve a free supper of cake and fruit to all Odd Fellows belonging to this Lodge no matter how ancient also visiting members welcome. A number of the boys have promised to meet at the hall Saturday afternoon to fix things up. Will you be there? Doors of the Lodge will be open Tuesday night from 7:30 to 8:30 only. Members requested to come early with their cakes. 21 1t

H. C. CRIE, Sec.

We have plenty of Prairie Dog Poison on hand.—Thomas Bros. Drug Co., north of the Picture Show. 21 22

You Know What You Are Doing Other People May Not.

Tell Them Through an Advertisement In This Paper.

Mr. and Mrs. Sanders came in Thursday evening from Sweetwater, where Mrs. Sanders has been undergoing treatment for the past month. Her health is greatly improved.

Hampered--

By close quarters and other inconveniences, we are nevertheless still selling High Grade Furniture in competition with all mail order prices.

And at the earliest opportunity we will be located in well lighted commodious quarters where we can give you better service. You loose money and time by ordering before seeing us, anything used in the home.

ED. MEYERS

Wilson Mercantile Co.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers In

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Including Hardware, Implements, Harness and Leather Goods

Largest Stock on the South Plains

No Matter How Far You Live You Can Save Money Buying From Us. Nothing Misrepresented

WILSON, on the Santa Fe, Lynn County TEXAS

HOME GROWN TREES.

Plainview Nursery has the largest and best stock of home grown trees that they have ever had, propagated from varieties that have been tested and do the best. We make a specialty to grow the kinds that seldom get killed by late frost. We are agents for Warnock's Tree Paint, which is guaranteed to protect trees from rabbits and disease, also for arsenate of lead in 50 and 100 lb. cans only, and spray pumps.

PLAINVIEW NURSERY, PLAINVIEW, TEXAS

PEST EXTERMINATION WEEK

The week beginning Monday, January 24th, has been set apart by the Department of Agriculture as "Pest Extermination Week."

Several of the field force have been in Tahoka during the past several weeks in the interest of this campaign, and a Mr. Dove was here last week and gave a demonstration of the mixing of the poison and preparing of the bait.

For the extermination of rats, the following plan is suggested by the department:

In buildings: Prepare run-way and play-ground for rats by placing box bottom up about three inches from wall, remove narrow strip from bottom edge of box next to wall. Those co-operating in this movement propose baiting January 24th, by stroking in the play-ground inside the box oat meal dough, buttered bread or meat scraps to induce the rats to congregate at these play-grounds. On Saturday night January 29th, they will put out the bait as usual but containing poison. Strichline may be used, but borium carbonate mixed with three parts of meal, or seven parts of oatmeal into a stiff dough is preferred. Borium carbonate may also be used on meat scraps.

To eradicate rats in poultry yards proceed as in barns, form run-way and play-ground by placing two boxes in same position side by side, forming one run-way and two play-grounds.

For poisoning in field it is suggested that several shocks about the field be baited during the week to induce the rats to congregate there and then Saturday night, place rat proof fences around these shocks, when the shocks may be lifted out and the rats killed by a dog or other methods as may be wished.

The baiting system is poisoning rats is made necessary by the peculiar habits of these pests.

OLD LINE FIRE INSURANCE

has proven to the most skeptical by our recent fire that no owner of property can afford to neglect carrying a policy.

D. A. Parkhurst's line of ten old and reliable Companies will supply your every need and he needs your business. 20 tf

W. M. (Pap) Moore of near Southland, Lynn county, is in Tahoka this week helping S. N. McDaniel, general merchant, with his invoicing.

L. Trautwein accompanied by John Lukas, both of Shiner, came in Saturday of last week. Mr. Trautwein is a News subscriber and Mr. Lukas, who is a Bohemian, would be also only he does not read English. This is Mr. Trautwein's fourth visit to Tahoka and he stated to the News man that he liked this county and town better each time he sees them.

The insurance adjustments after the fire of Thursday, December 30th, have been made, and we are glad to say that all settlements were highly satisfactory, and are as follows: Hotel Lynn, covered by \$8,000, adjustment in full: Post Office and Jones buildings, adjustments to cover damage; Thomas, full settlement on fountain and stock, twenty five percent discount on fixtures; D. A. Parkhurst, full settlement on fountain and fixtures, satisfactory on stock; C. H. Cain and St. Clair and son both made satisfactory adjustments.

THE MORE YOU ADVERTISE
THE BUSIER YOU GET

More Bricks and Residences Let

Tahoka has the habit, and don't seem to be able to break away.

Building brick stores and cosy bungalows, is the habit we have reference to.

As soon as their plans arrive, and weather conditions are such that they can lay a foundation without it freezing, Thomas Bros. Drug Co. will begin the erection of a brick 50x125 feet, the front half two stories, on their lots on the northwest corner of the square. By the time spring is here they hope to be doing business at the same old stand, in new palatial quarters, furnished with 1916 fixtures.

And now comes the announcement that the Tahoka Hardware Co., have received plans for a 25x125 foot brick on their present location, the front half of which will be two stories.

Marcus Edwards, of the Edwards Bros., coal and grain firm started last week a neat little bungalow in north Tahoka, a block north of the park.

Saturday of last week, Bob Davidson, with the Higginbotham Harris Lumber Co., began the erection of a new home in south Tahoka, across the street from the old Whipp place.

B. F. Montgomery, grain buyer, has purchased the two lots just north of the John Thomas residence in North Tahoka, and has secured the estimates from contractors for a 28x38 residence containing five rooms and a bath.

LYNN COUNTY LARD

Fresh, sweet and best ever, for only \$1.50 per gallon at the Sanitary Market. 16-tf

C. E. Brown closed a deal this week with I. L. Beard, nephew of A. T. and C. T. Beard, and I. H. Parks of Winters, Texas, for section 48. This means two more families in Lynn county, occupying new houses, one of which is now under construction. This makes 7200 acres Charley has sold since the tenth of August, and ten or a dozen families he has located in Lynn county during this period of time.

I am prepared to finish your Kodak work. See me on west side square. W. R. Cox, Tahoka, Tex. 21 1t

J. T. Lofton of Fort Worth, was in Tahoka last Saturday for the first time since the fire. Like every one else, who had ever seen it, he deplored the loss of the Hotel Lynn.

FRESH LIGHT BREAD

Baked every day, for sale at all times at the Sanitary Market, east side Main St., Tahoka. 21tf

The two Baptist churches of Slaton have effected a reconciliation and have united their forces. The Rev. W. J. Durham has been called as pastor.

A father lost his head and began beating his boy for being out late nights. When the whipping was over, the old man said: "There, I guess that will hold you for a while. When I was a boy of your age, my father would not let me hang around late nights."

At this rebuke the boy replied: "He must have been a devil of a father."

This got the old man's goat, and he yelled at the lad, with an emphasis on the adjective: "He was a damn sight better father than you have!"

Every time a man loses his head, he spills his brains.

PROFESSIONAL

C. H. CAIN Lawyer

Office in old First National Bank Building

Tahoka, Texas

M. M. BERRING

Lawyer and Abstractor

Office over Postoffice

Tahoka, Texas

DR. J. R. SINGLETON

DENTIST

Permanently Located

Tahoka, Texas

DRS. INMON & TURBENTINE

Physicians & Surgeons

Tahoka, Texas

Dr. J. H. McCoy

Physician and Surgeon

Office over Tahoka Drug Co. Office 3 Phone Res. 108

DRS. HUTCHINSON AND PEEBLER

J. T. HUTCHINSON, M. D. Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat O. F. PEEBLER, M. D. General Medicine and Surgery Rooms in 1st Nat'l. Bank Bld'g. LUBBOCK, TEXAS

Willis Meeks Cline Thomas

Meeks & Thomas

Interiors & Paper Hangers

Estimates Furnished Free

Let Us Show You Work We Have Done For Others

Live and Let Live Prices

Geo. Allen

The House Reliable

Oldest and Largest PIANO and MUSIC HOUSE in Western Texas. Latest Sheet Music, MUSIC TEACHER'S Supplies, etc., etc. Catalogue and BOOK OF OLD TIME SONGS FREE for the asking. Established 1890. SAN ANGELO

Burned Tommy and All.

Appleton, Wis.—Desiring to see a tomcat burn, a seven-year-old boy living on the outskirts set fire to the animal, the aftermath being the destruction of a carpenter shop. The blazing fur of the feline communicated to shavings in the building, and the structure was converted into ashes within a few minutes.

RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR.

To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and 1/4 oz. of glycerine. Apply to the hair twice a week until it becomes the desired shade. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Full directions for making and use come in each box of Barbo Compound. It will gradually darken streaked, faded gray hair, and removes dandruff. It is excellent for falling hair and will make harsh hair soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off.

Beware of Ointments for

Catarah That Contain Mercury

Mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarah Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarah Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Sold by Druggists. Price 75c per bottle. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

P. H. Northcross

Miss Bertha Bauder, Manager

G. E. Lockhart

West Texas Abstract Company

ABSTRACTING A SPECIALTY

Five Years Experience In The Abstract Business Enables Us To Give You The Best Service Obtainable. Work Entrusted To Us Will Be Treated Strictly Confidential

Office In Court House, Tahoka, Texas

Exploits of Elaine

SYNOPSIS.

The New York police are mystified by a series of murders and other crimes. The principal clue to the criminal is the warning letter which is sent the victims, signed with a "clutching hand." The latest victim of the mysterious assassin is Taylor Dodge, the insurance president. His daughter, Elaine, employs Craig Kennedy, the famous scientific detective. He is to unravel the mystery. What Kennedy accomplishes is told by his friend, Jameson, a newspaper man. After many fruitless attempts to put Elaine and Craig Kennedy out of the way the Clutching Hand is at last found to be none other than Perry Bennett, Elaine's lawyer and the man she is engaged to marry. Bennett flees to the den of one of his Chinese criminals. The Chinaman forces from Bennett the secret of the whereabouts of \$7,000,000. Then he gives the lawyer a potion which will suspend animation for months. Kennedy reaches Bennett's side just after he has lost consciousness.

NINETEENTH EPISODE

THE SAVING CIRCLES.

In an opium den down in a cellar in the heart of Chinatown, Long Sin lay in a bunk, contemplating what form of revenge he might suggest to his master, Wu Fang.

About him were many Chinese and even white men, all dreaming of the great things they would do, dreams which were dissipated into ashes, even as the drug in the pipes which gave them their shadowy forms.

Hop Ling, the proprietor, was just about to hand Long Sin a pipe with a half-cooked pill, when a well-dressed white man entered and gazed about. "See—a white devil," he muttered to Hop under his breath, calling his attention to the newcomer.

"Why does the white man visit us?" he asked eavesdropper, though coldly.

"I am Jack Sprague, the aviator," replied the visitor, still looking about. "I smoke the stuff for my nerves. Come across with a pipe, boss."

Hop considered a moment, then at a nod from Long Sin, whose opinion he valued highly, led Sprague over to an empty bunk near by.

Long Sin continued to eye the stranger critically. Finally as Sprague settled himself, the Chinaman pulled himself out of his bunk and moved over to the airman.

"How are you?" greeted Long Sin in English.

It was Sprague's turn now to be suspicious of Long Sin with his sinister face.

"Are you an aviator?" pursued the Chinaman.

Sprague nodded. "You said it," he replied in laconic slang.

Long Sin squatted down and they talked and smoked. Half an hour later, Jack Sprague, his nerve restored and his cupidry aroused by the promises of Long Sin, accompanied his new friend out of the hop joint.

They passed through the narrow streets of the Chinese quarter and finally entered what looked like a squalid tenement. There Long Sin nodded and whispered to a servant, and a moment later they were admitted to an anteroom of Wu Fang, the Serpent.

"Master," bowed Long Sin as Wu received him, "I have here a man whom we may use."

Wu nodded graciously to Sprague, while his slave bent down and whispered in his ear in deep gutturals, moving his hands in expressive circles through the air. Wu's brow clouded, but at last he seemed to catch the idea.

"You mean, then, that he flies?" he asked.

Long Sin nodded. "Not only does he fly, master," he said, "but from his aeroplane he can drop anything and hit a mark."

"Come with me," beckoned Wu to Sprague, as he put on his street clothes to go out.

Somewhat earlier in the day Lieutenant Waters of the army, who had already interested Kennedy in a new explosive of his own invention, trotted, had invited Craig to visit the fort on Staten Island at which he was stationed, and Craig had taken Elaine down on a visit.

They saw about everything there was to be seen, but the thing that interested Kennedy most was, of course, the explosive and the handling of it. In a storeroom of the fort Elaine picked up from a table a peculiar pointed instrument with a weighted head.

"That is one of the new aeroplane arrows that are being used in the European war," explained the lieutenant.

"How interesting," remarked Elaine. They stood for a moment chatting, then passed on until at last they came again to the entrance to the grounds of the fort where a sentry, pacing back and forth, saluted.

"Thank you so much," said Elaine as she gave Lieutenant Waters her hand.

"Yes, indeed," agreed Craig, "we have had a most interesting visit. By

A Home Bank,

The First National Bank

Of Tahoka

Capital \$50,000.00

We offer every service and consideration, consistent with good banking Your business solicited

For Home People

Surplus \$5,000.00

the way, Lieutenant, come to my laboratory tomorrow morning. I would like to show you one of two very novel effects that I have been able to get from your invention."

"I shall be delighted," returned Lieutenant Waters, as they parted.

Just below the gate, on the slope, was a pile of pipe. None of the party noticed, but in one of the pipes, lying flat on his stomach, was a short, undersized Chinaman, one of the emissaries of Wu Fang, Sing Lee by name. With a keen air he was listening to all that Kennedy said.

No sooner had Craig and Elaine disappeared than Sing Lee, watching his chance while the sentry's back was turned, crept out of his hiding place and darted behind another shelter farther along.

He kept it up until at last he was out of sight of the sentry, shadowing Elaine and Craig.

I was busy pounding out a story for the Star when Craig, having left Elaine at the Dodge house after their visit to the fort, returned to the laboratory.

"Hard at it, I see, Walter," he greeted as he entered, ruffling up my hair playfully. I rose and lighted a cigarette. As I struck the match I happened to glance out of the open window. There in the sunlight I could see what looked like the reflection of a mirror across the street in an empty lot.

"Look out of the window, Craig!" I cried excitedly, moving closer to him and taking his arm. "I believe someone is watching us from that empty lot across the street."

"Wait a minute," he cautioned, now thoroughly alive to the situation. "Stoop down. We'd better not be seen looking over."

As we dodged out of the line of vision Kennedy seized the periscope which he had used often before and put it jointed sections together.

Craig raised the periscope slowly and gazed through it. There, sure enough, as I had guessed, in the loft of the old warehouse down the street could be seen the reflection of the lenses of a pair of glasses in the sunlight. In surprise we crept back and stood up.

The fact was that no sooner had Craig entered the laboratory than the same spying Sing Lee who had followed his every movement at the fort, came cautiously down the street. He stopped before the laboratory, paused a moment, then went on.

A moment later the young Chinaman had entered the empty loft diagonally across the street from us. Locking the door carefully, he went to the window and cautiously peered out.

Then he went to a cupboard near by and opened it. From a shelf he took a pair of opera glasses and returned to the window, leveling them at our laboratory and searching intently. Sing Lee was still gazing through the glasses out of the window when he heard someone approaching his outside door.

Lee jumped to the door and flung it open. Wu Fang, followed by Long Sin and Sprague, entered.

"Where is Kennedy—is he there?" demanded Wu.

"Yes—see—master," returned the young Chinaman, turning toward the window.

They all moved over and took up the field glasses in turn.

"Where has he been today?" queried Wu.

"At the fort on Staten Island with the white girl and a man, Lieutenant Waters. They are coming to the workshop across the street tomorrow morning to see some western magic with a thing named trotlite that explodes."

At the word "explodes" Wu glanced quickly at Sprague.

"I have a plan," he remarked subtly, gathering them all about him and assigning separate parts to each as he outlined it.

That night at the fort all was quiet. In the railroad yards near by stood a

freight train on a siding where it had been drilled late, loaded with a fresh consignment of the new explosive, trotlite, from the mills.

A sentry was pacing up and down the cinders beside the train, when a very pretty girl made her way along the tracks.

"Can you tell me the way to the trolley?" she asked.

It was a perfectly simple question. But there was no mistaking the look she gave him. It was Flirty Florrie. She did not want the trolley. She wanted to flirt, and she used her eyes effectively.

"Two blocks to the left, madam," the sentry returned, setting his face sternly, for he had a sweetheart quite the equal of Flirty.

"Are you a man?" Flirty taunted, piqued at her failure.

He hesitated not knowing just what to do, then taking discretion to be the better part of valor, shouldered his musket and resumed his measured tread back and forth, while Flirty, with a grimace at him, disappeared toward the trolley.

But while Flirty had engaged his attention Sing Lee had come out of a hiding place near the yards and managed to sneak back of the shadow of the cars.

Between two of the cars sat a detective of the secret service smoking and hating his job. The Chinaman had passed the first line of defense. He now managed to sneak up behind the second. He raised a Chinese club and brought it down on the head of the unsuspecting detective, knocking him out.

The sentry paced by on the other side of the train. Quickly, after he had passed, the Chinaman went through the detective's pockets until finally he found a bunch of keys. He detached one from the ring, still keeping in the shadow as the sentry paced up and down, looked stealthily about until he saw a chance, then unlocked the door of the car and entered, closing it safely.

A few minutes later, laden with as much of the trotlite as he could well carry and a bundle of heavy aero arrows he stole away as silently as he had come.

It was well after midnight when Kennedy and I were preparing to leave the laboratory. I was just about to switch off the lights when Kennedy raised his hand to stop me.

The far-away look on his face told me that he had heard a peculiar noise. He looked quickly at the ceiling.

"Listen, Walter," he continued.

I did. There was a noise above us on the roof, apparently as though someone had slid off.

Craig switched out the light himself and went quickly over to the table where he had left the periscope. Carefully putting it together again, he tiptoed over to the window, put the periscope out and slowly raised it to the roof.

We gazed through the eyepiece. A large white circle had been painted on

our roof.

"What does it mean?" I queried.

Kennedy was in a brown study. Suddenly he clapped his hands.

"I think I have it," he exclaimed. "Walter, take this turpentine. Go up and scrub the circle out. If you need more, get it. Only remove every trace of the circle."

While I was scrubbing away for dear life at the fresh paint on our roof Kennedy secured a large can of white paint and a brush and stealthily made his way to the rear of the old warehouse across the street.

Kennedy found a shed from which it was easy to get to the roof. There he set to work, too, immediately, painting a large circle on the warehouse exactly like that on our own roof which I was erasing.

We went home, and I, at least, thought little more about the matter.

Quite early the next morning, however, we got around to the laboratory again to prepare for the visit of Lieutenant Waters in response to Kennedy's cordial invitation to witness the experiments with trotlite.

Our speaking tube sounded finally, and I answered it. It was Elaine, Aunt Josephine and Lieutenant Waters, who had all arrived at the same time.

"Most peculiar thing, Kennedy," remarked the lieutenant after the greetings were over. "We had a robbery at the fort last night—or rather, not exactly at the fort, for that would be impossible, but from a freight car in the yards."

"What did they get?" asked Craig.

"Some trotlite—enough to blow up a house, and some of those aeroplane arrows."

"Hm," considered Kennedy, gazing involuntarily at the ceiling and thinking doubtless of the white circle that he had seen on the roof.

"Listen!" cautioned Craig.

Outside we could hear a buzz, as though a gigantic cicada were predicting warm weather. It was a peculiar sound, and Kennedy seemed to recognize it instantly. He sprang to the window and strained his eyes up at the sky.

"Look!" he exclaimed, pointing.

We crowded about the window. There was an aeroplane passing over the city.

"Just watch that warehouse over there."

We riveted our eyes on it. It was an anxious moment.

Already, had we known it, Sing Lee had quietly left himself into the loft, taken the glasses from the cupboard and leveled them at us in the laboratory.

Meanwhile, Sprague, of whom we learned later, had started his aeroplane flying from his hangar in the suburbs, and was now speeding over the city. As he passed he peered down, looking eagerly for the target—the white circle.

With expert precision he let go the bomb, and the deadly engine of destruction swooped down.

Straight to its mark it went.

The old warehouse across from us rocked with the detonation. It seemed as if the whole top of it were blown to pieces.

The bomb that had been meant to destroy the laboratory had, by the quick change of the white circle, destroyed the hangout and the emissary of the Serpent!

Half an hour later, Long Sin was nervously reporting to Wu Fang in the secret den in Chinatown.

"That white devil, Kennedy, has defeated us again, master," he said deprecatingly.

"Again?" demanded Wu, his face livid with anger.

"Yes, master. He saw the circle—wiped it out—and painted a new one on the warehouse. The bomb fell on that—and Sing was killed."

"Someone shall pay for that," hissed Wu.

Far uptown, on the East side, Sprague led Wu and Long Sin to a little machine shop kept by a foreigner, Anton Schmidt.

"What can I do for you, gentlemen?" asked Schmidt.

"I wish you'd show us your new gyroscope stabilizer," asked Sprague.

Schmidt proudly led them to a corner. In an aluminum case was a peculiar little fly wheel set on gimbals so that it could rotate in any plane.

The inventor started it revolving. "Press down on it," suggested Schmidt.

Wu did so. The uncanny little wheel seemed actually to resent being forced to move out of the plane in which it had been started rotating.

"You know," explained Schmidt to Wu, "that when the gyroscope is started rotating in one plane, it tends always to keep in that plane."

"With that steadying my airship," put in Sprague, "there will be no chance for a mistake the next time. We can aim perfectly."

"I'll buy it, then," agreed Wu, quickly producing the money.

After the explosion in the warehouse, Kennedy, thoroughly alarmed for the safety of Elaine, had ordered me to accompany her on another visit to her cousin, Mary Brown, at their estate, Rockledge, near Lakewood, while he stayed in the city to help Lieutenant Waters trace down the robbery at the fort, if possible.

Elaine was easily reconciled to the banishment now that the weather was fine, and decided to do a little sketching in the country. She had loaded me down with the pleasant burden of her painting kit—sketch box, folding easel, camp chair and a large and gaudy sun umbrella. Jennings followed us to the car with the luggage.

As we entered the car we were all too happy at the idea of a holiday to notice that down the street was another young Chinaman of the same tong as Sing Lee.

We had all seated ourselves and Jennings had gone back into the house when Sam skulked around back of the car and, serpentlike, as was his master, Wu, wriggled over, crouching

Honesty Is The Best Policy Besides being right We could not afford to misrepresent, in the slightest degree, anything that we sell, because we realize that every permanent success is based upon the principle that-- "Honesty is the Best Policy" EDWARDS BROS. Grain, Hay, Coal, Salt, Cotton and Cotton Seed Products ONE BLOCK NORTH OF DEPOT WAGON YARD IN CONNECTION

Exploits of Elaine

down in the rear of the top, which was down and overhung the back of the car.

"Go over the Forty-second street ferry, Francois," directed Elaine to the chauffeur. "Then we'll tell you just how to strike the best roads to Lakewood."

The spying Sam waited to hear no more, but glided quietly up the street as we shot down along the avenue to the ferry.

Rockledge was a handsome estate, and the house was one of the show places of Lakewood. Accordingly, Elaine lost no time in taking advantage of the recreation in the country which she had promised herself.

I had scarcely set down the art paraphernalia when she announced that she was going to use it right away. For several minutes I stood on the veranda overlooking the bright green terraces, holding the sketching kit and the umbrella and admiring the view.

Elaine came tripping gayly out on the porch in the neatest of little sketching costumes.

"Some parasol," I bantered, opening the gay green and white striped shade. I shouldered it and paraded off with it, while Elaine followed, laughing.

"Here," she cried at last, "I'm going to do a landscape. Isn't that bit of hill beautiful? I want you over there—like that."

I took a pose where she directed, and she started to sketch.

Outside his hangar, a rough shed with a runway before it, Sprague was standing, talking to Wu and Long Sin.

"Master!" interrupted a low voice, deferentially.

It was Sam, who had hurried to the hangar after watching Elaine and the rest of us ride off.

"Well?" demanded Wu.

"The girl with another, her cousin, has gone with that slave of Kennedy to a place they call Lakewood across the river."

Though they did not know it, Kennedy had not been idle. With the aid of an agency of private detectives, which he had often employed for routine jobs, as well as the police and some secret service men, he had located and set a watch, with his characteristic thoroughness, on every aeroplane hangar in and about New York.

Even as the three plotters moved over to the aeroplane one of Craig's detectives lay hidden directly under the runway.

Out on the aviation field, in front of the hangar, Sprague had dragged the aeroplane down the runway, and there he stopped to explain to Wu and Long Sin the workings of the gyroscope stabilizer.

"I'll make the flight to Lakewood easily," he remarked, then tapping the bundle of arrows confidently, added, "and it won't be long before Elaine and that fellow Jameson are settled, you bet."

"I shall go with you," he said at length laconically to the aviator.

"Very well," Sprague agreed. "Two of us will make it twice as certain."

"He climbed into the machine, and Wu followed.

Kennedy's detective, from his hiding place, had not missed a motion. As the aeroplane disappeared he crawled out and quickly made his way down the road.

Meanwhile, high over the country, Sprague and Wu were flying, easily picking out the general direction of Lakewood.

People at Lakewood may still recall the aeroplane that circled again and again over the town and the beautiful estates. Sprague finally located Wellington Brown's, but Elaine was not there, and there was no use wasting the precious arrows on anyone else. Wu peered about eagerly through a field glass.

"There they are—over on that hillside," he muttered with a low, guttural exclamation.

Sure enough, they could see Elaine under the umbrella, quite conspicuously, with myself posed some feet away.

"Hurry—speed it up," Wu urged Sprague, indicating the exact spot.

Kennedy had hastened out to the fort even before our departure, and there he had met Lieutenant Waters.

As they were examining the freight car, an orderly came running to them. "Is there a Professor Kennedy here?" he asked.

"Yes," spoke up Craig. "I am Mr. Kennedy."

"Someone on the telephone, sir. You can take it at the guardhouse. He says it's urgent."

Craig hastened across with the orderly.

"I've located our man," shouted his detective over the wire, "an aviator named Sprague—a crook and a dope fiend. Somehow they have found out that Miss Dodge has gone to Lakewood with Mr. Jameson. Sprague has just gone in the aeroplane, carrying a bundle of aero arrows, with that Chinaman, Wu Fang."

"The deuce!" muttered back Craig. "Well, you get the local police in force and surround the hangar. Arrest them if they return. I must get to Lakewood myself."

He hung up the receiver and was about to dash out, when another idea occurred to him.

"Lakewood, 626," he almost shouted at long distance. "Hello—oh, is that Mr. Brown? Is Elaine there? This is Kennedy. Gone sketching with Jameson? Well, for heaven's sake, and Jameson at once and tell

him to keep Elaine under cover until I get there. Good-by! Waters!" he called, as he hung up the receiver. "Have you got a car here—a fast one?"

"Yes, I'll get you one—in a minute," returned the lieutenant, hurrying out, followed nervously by Kennedy.

Standing by the fort entrance was an automobile in which Waters had mounted an aeroplane gun for scouting about the country after aero spies. He leaped into the car and Craig followed.

"Take the Tottenville Ferry. We're going to Lakewood," cried Kennedy. "And let her out!"

Down at Lakewood, Mr. Brown, whose placid life was not accustomed to the high pressure under which we had been living, repeated the message to Mary.

"I'm not quite sure what he is talking about," he said doubtfully, still looking at the telephone and rubbing his head. "Where do you think Elaine and Mr. Jameson are?"

"I don't know, but they started that way," pointed out Mary anxiously. "Father, we must find them. Mr. Kennedy would never have telephoned if it hadn't been important."

Wellington Brown, at last spurred into action by his daughter, hastily ran out of the house.

Elaine had been sketching only a few minutes when we heard a shout behind us. There was Mr. Brown, hatless, his hair flying, running toward us, waving his arms wildly.

"Mr. Kennedy has just called up," he panted breathlessly, "and asked me to tell you, Mr. Jameson, to get Elaine under cover and keep her there till he comes."

The nearest shelter I could see was a bridge over a small creek, and I made for it as rapidly as I could.

We were not a moment too soon. There was the aeroplane with two men in it.

"Hurry—hurry!" Wu was urging Sprague as he saw us moving across the hillside. Fly lower—so I can drop these arrows better."

On toward us swept the machine, as Wu urged its driver.

But we had been warned in time. "Make the turn and get away behind those trees," Wu shouted angrily above the deafening noise of the propeller. "Perhaps if they don't see us they'll come out again."

Gradually the drone of the aero engine grew more and more indistinct, and we cautiously came out from our shelter.

Through the trees Wu Fang was now straining his eyes at the field glasses, staring back to see us.

Apparently to him we had gone back, and Elaine was under the umbrella, while I was speaking to her and leaving her there, although the umbrella hid her from him.

"Turn back now," cried Wu.

In a huge, wide circle, like a hawk, Sprague turned while Wu eagerly got the heavy round package of arrows ready to release. Meanwhile I managed to get behind a big tree, where I could see, but could not be seen.

"Now," ground out Wu, releasing the bunch of deadly arrows.

Down they came, hurtling from the sky, piercing the gaudy umbrella in a dozen places.

Wu's exclamation of satisfaction at hitting the mark quickly turned to rage, as he peered back through his glasses.

The umbrella was smashed, but under it, transfixed by the arrows, was a scarecrow which I had arranged.

Kennedy and Waters were literally eating up the miles of good Jersey roads on their way to us.

As they neared Lakewood, Kennedy heard, above the noise of the car, a familiar sound.

"Stop," he cried, "there's an aeroplane about. Hear it?"

As this terror in the air made off from us, Craig caught a glimpse of it, heaving in sight.

"Fire!" Craig directed as they approached close.

The aero gun barked hoarsely. Again and again it sent out shots.

"The devils!" growled Sprague, looking over uneasily at the gyroscope stabilizer. "They have an aero gun—they've hit us!"

One shot had indeed penetrated the vacuum case of the gyroscope and stopped the little flywheel inside. Instead of being an aid to safety, now the stabilizer was a positive menace.

The machine swayed and acted crazily as Sprague tried to catch it.

Suddenly, to the surprise of Elaine, Mr. Brown and myself, who had no idea Kennedy was so close, we saw the aeroplane swoop down.

"Something wrong with it," I cried excitedly. "Come!"

Perhaps half a mile up the creek, it had fallen with a splash, a tangled mass of wires and scrap, in the water.

Sprague, emmeshed in the debris, did not move. But Wu, though terribly shaken, had fallen on him, and with a superhuman effort, he pulled himself together and managed painfully to crawl up the bank into the hiding rocks and underbrush, before any of us arrived in either direction.

"Here it is," cried Craig, bursting through the brush.

"Dead," muttered Waters, examining Sprague. "The other's gone."

With a flash of unspeakable hate, Wu crawled off farther in the shelter. Just then I arrived, with Elaine close beside me.

"Oh, I'm so glad you're safe!" gasped Craig.

Elaine looked at Sprague's broken and bruised body and shuddered.

"Sure—yes," she tried to smile at Craig. "An inch is as good as a mile."

"Yes, but a lot more uncomfortable," he returned, drawing her arm into his sight of us all.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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SHERIFF'S SALE
No. B. 5230.
THE STATE OF TEXAS,
County of Lynn.

In the District Court, 73rd. Judicial District, Bexar County, Texas.
A. Becher, et al, plaintiffs,
—vs—
Frank Simmag, et al, defendants.

NHEREAS, by virtue of an alias execution issued out of the District Court of Bexar County, Texas, 73rd. Judicial District, on a judgement rendered in said court on the 3rd. day of April, 1913, in favor of the defendant, Louise Willag and against Frank Simmag, defendant, No. B. 5230 on the docket of said court, I did on the 3rd. day of January, A.D. 1916 at 10 o'clock, a. m., levy upon the following tracts and parcels of land situated in the County of Lynn, State of Texas, and belonging to the said Frank Simmag, as follows, to wit:

(1st.) The South-west one-fourth (¼) being the south one-half of the West of Survey Six (6) Block D-23, surveyed as public free school land in Lynn County, Texas, and containing 160 acres of land.

(2nd.) All of the North-west one-fourth (¼) of a 640 acre survey of land described as Survey No. 11, in Block 11, located by virtue of Certificate No. 632, issued to E. L. & R. R. Ry. Co., by patent No. 250, Vol. 53 containing 190 acres of land in Lynn County, Texas.

(3rd.) The North-west one-fourth (¼) being the North (½) of the West ¼ of Survey No. Six (6) in Block D-23, surveyed as public free school land in Lynn County, Texas, and containing 160 acres of land.

And on the 1st. day of February, A. D. 1916, being the first Tuesday of said month, between the hours of ten o'clock a. m. and four o'clock p. m. of said day, at the court house door of said Lynn County, in the town of Tahoka, I will offer for sale, and sell at public auction for cash, to the highest bidder, all the right, title and interest of the said Frank Simmag in and to said property.

Dated at Tahoka, Texas, this 3rd. day of January, A. D. 1916.

F. E. Redwine, 19-21
Sheriff of Lynn County, Texas.

SHERIFF'S SALE
THE STATE OF TEXAS
COUNTY OF LYNN

A. J. HOOD, PLAINTIFF,
VS P. H. NORTHCROSS, DEFENDANT, IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF MIDLAND COUNTY, TEXAS.

WHEREAS by virtue of an execution issued out of the District Court of Midland County Texas on the judgement rendered in said court on the 4th day of February 1913 in favor of the said A. J. Hood and against the said P. H. Northcross in said cause numbered 949 on the docket of said court, I did on the 3rd day of January 1916 at 10 o'clock a. m. levy upon the following described tracts or parcels of land situated in Lynn County Texas and belonging to the said P. H. Northcross to wit:

Lots 1-2-3-4- in Blk. 26 in North Tahoka, Lynn County Texas as per the map or plat of said town recorded in Vol. 11 at page 515 of the deed records of Lynn County Texas. And on the 1st day of February 1916 same being the first Tuesday of said month between the hours of 10:00 o'clock a. m. and 4:00 o'clock p. m. on said day at the court house door in the town of Tahoka in Lynn County, Texas; I will offer for sale and sell at public auction for cash all right, title and interest of the said P. H. Northcross in and to the above described property.

Witness my hand this 3rd day of January 1916. 19-21.

F. E. Redwine,
Sheriff of Lynn County, Texas.

SHERIFF'S SALE
STATE OF TEXAS
County of Lynn

In the County Court of Tarrant County, Texas.
James McCord Co., plaintiff vs Jack Alley et al defendants:

Whereas, by virtue of an execution issued out of the County Court of Tarrant County, Texas, on a judgement rendered in said court on the 10th day of February A. D. 1914, in favor of the said James McCord Co., plaintiff vs Jack Alley, E. Payne, Luke Riley,

and T. M. Bartley, No. 13240, on the docket of said court, I did, on the 3rd day of January, A. D. 1916, at 5 o'clock p. m. levy upon the following described tracts and parcels of land situate in the County of Lynn, State of Texas, and belonging to the said T. M. Bartley, to wit:

All of the West half of the North West one fourth of Survey No. 482 Cert. No. 462 Blk. No. 1, E. L. & R. R. R. Co., containing 80 acres of land, in Lynn County, Texas;

130 acres out of the N. W. ¼, Sur. 27 Blk. 8, Cert. 654 E. L. & R. R. R. Co.,

S. E. ¼, Sur. 462 Cert. 483 Blk. 1 E. L. & R. R. R. Co., and Gibson all in Lynn County, Texas.

Also all of the following described lots situated, lying and being in North Tahoka Addition to the original town of Tahoka Lynn County, Texas, as shown by the plat of said town of record in Vol. 11 page 515 Deed records of Lynn County, Texas, and being Lot 6 Blk. 13; Lots 4 and 7 in Block 32; Lots 13, 14, 15 and 16 in Blk. 35; Lots 3, 4, 9 and 10 in Blk 20; Lots 6 and 7 in Blk 55, Lot 20 Blk 45; Lot 8 Blk 43 and Lots 3 and 4 Blk 40 all in said town.

And on the 1st day of February, A. D. 1916, being the First Tuesday of said month, between the hours of 10 o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m. on said day, at the court house door of said county I will offer for sale and sell at public auction, for cash, all the right, title and interest of the said T. M. Bartley in and to said property.

Dated at Tahoka, Texas, this 3rd day of January A. D. 1916.

F. E. Redwine
Sheriff of Lynn County, Texas;

Coming!
Thurs. Jan. 27

The
House of Bondage
IN SIX BIG REELS
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MONDAY
1 & 2 Helen's Babies, Than.
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1 & 2 A Ceremonial Turquoise, Rel.
3 Jimmy on the Job, Beaut.
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5 & 6 Exploits Of Elaine, Patie

WEDNESDAY
1, 2 & 3 Shorty's Rauch, Broncho
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THE HOUSE OF BONDAGE, 6 reels

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1 & 2 The Barren Grain, American
3 Stum's Swimming Soul Mate, Falstaff
4 Lilliputians Courtship, Novelty

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Save your coupons for the set of dishes Thursday night.

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GET some **TEXWAX**. Shave off about half a cup full, put it into the wash boiler with the clothes. It makes the dirt fly, and yet cannot harm the most delicate fabric. It eliminates the need for heavy rubbing.

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ACCURACY IN NEWSPAPERS

Professor Hugo Munsterberg is a professor of psychology at Harvard. His head is filled with ideas, and he knows many things; but some things he doesn't know. For instance, he has been taking a fling recently at newspaper reporters, who, he says, habitually distort what men say and do, and the professor regards this as a bad thing for public morals. Evidently the professor's experience has been with the metropolitan newspaper. On these newspapers a vast quantity of news must be gathered in an extraordinarily short time. Accuracy is aimed at and attained to a remarkable degree. But the metropolitan press is but a very small part of the country's press. Professor Munsterberg is provincial, like many other dwellers in Eastern cities. In the small towns the people are close to their newspaper. Frequently the editor knows every body in the country. Accuracy becomes a deadly necessity. No reporter or editor who is worthy the name dares say he does not care whether what he writes is true or not. His profession and his pride in it demand that he gives to it the best he has in him. Accuracy, attention to detail, truth are only some of the things he must give to his paper. Professor Munsterberg may be a great psychologist, but he will never be a great man until he learns that outside of Harvard, Boston and New York there is a great country filled with newspapers and newspaper men, and that in the lot the venal, the deliberately untruthful, the mountebank are as scarce as exactitude is in psychology.

Miss Christine Swan came up on the Saturday morning train from Lamesa to spend Sunday with home folks. She returned to her school Sunday with Miss Paylor, who was up on a visit home, and a party of Lamesa young folks.

Will of a Man Who Has Been Missing Twenty-One Years, Offered for Probate.

Denver.—For the first time in the history of the Denver county court the will of a man of whose death there is no record has been lodged with the clerk of the court. It may become necessary to have the maker, George T. Sheets, declared legally dead before the instrument is offered for probate. Sheets, a contractor, made the will in 1893. He was then seventy-two years old. A year later he disappeared. The family did not know of the existence of the will until a few days ago, when Attorney Edwin Parke discovered the document in his safe. Parke turned it over to the clerk of the court.

IN DAYS OF GOLD

Immense Output Follows Discovery of Metal in California.

For Eleven Years, From 1850 to 1861, the Yield Was Prodigious, Amounting in 1852 to Over \$65,000,000.

Washington.—The historically important discovery of gold in California was made in January, 1848, at John Sutter's mill on South Fork of American river, near Coloma, a point only ten or fifteen miles southwest of the town of Auburn," says a statement by the geological survey.

"From 1850 to 1853 the greatest yield was derived from the gravels, and the largest annual output for this period was more than \$65,000,000 in 1852. There was some reaction in 1854, due to previous wild speculation, but a production of about \$50,000,000 a year, chiefly from placer mines, was maintained up to 1861.

"At first the gold was won chiefly from the gravels along the present streams. Those who first got possession of the rich bars on American, Yuba, Feather and Stanislaus rivers and some of the smaller streams in the heart of the gold region made at times from \$1,000 to \$5,000 a day. In 1848 \$500 to \$700 a day was not unusual luck; but, on the other hand, the income of the great majority of miners was far less than that of men who seriously devoted themselves to trade or even to common labor.

"The gold pan, the 'rocker,' the 'tom,' the sluice and the hydraulic giant, or 'monitor,' named in the order of increasing efficiency, were the tools successively used by the miners. Into the 'rocker' and the 'tom' the miner shoveled gravel or 'dirt,' rocking the machine as he poured in water and catching the gold, often with the aid of quicksilver, on riffles set across the bottom of his box. Sometimes a stream was diverted into a flume to lay bare the gravel in its bed so that the miner could get at it.

"In sluicing, the gravel was shoveled into a similar but much longer box through which a stream of water was allowed to run.

"The hydraulic giant was employed to wash into long riffle-set sluices immense quantities of gravel, especially from the higher (Tertiary) deposits, much of which was too lean to work out by hand. Water was brought for many miles in ditches and flumes from the high Sierra and conducted under great head to a nozzle, from which it was projected with tremendous force against the gravel.

"It was the vast quantity of refuse washed into the streams by these hydraulic operations that brought about the conflict between mining and agricultural interests, finally decided in favor of the farmers."

MORE JOBS THAN CHEMISTS

Scarcity of Engineers Shown at Columbia University Since Outbreak of War.

New York.—Since the outbreak of the war and the resulting increase in chemical projects in this country the demand for chemical engineers has grown so rapidly that the companies are finding it difficult to fill the many places that are now open.

Indication of this was given at Columbia university when Dean Frederick A. Goetze of the graduate engineering school reported that he had received a call from a mining company for several chemical engineers familiar with the iron and steel industry, but that he has been unable to find any of the recent graduates who were not already well placed.

IS LONELIEST OF PUPILS

Missouri Youth Has School and Teacher All to Himself—Sports Are Eschewed.

Chillicothe, Mo.—Livingstone county has the smallest possible school in the world—it has just one pupil. But, despite the small enrollment, it keeps grinding steadily away, confining its activities principally to the text books and eschewing football and other forms of athletics.

The school in question is in district No. 2 in Medicine township and Miss Mary Phillips is the teacher. The list of matriculants has not been published. When the term began five weeks ago, it was anticipated that a number of children would enroll, but only this one boy came, so the teacher started in with the course.

It's a Hummer.

Pine Grove, Ark.—Katherine Lucy boasts of being the possessor of the only brindle Bosco tomcat in these parts. A few days ago tabby brought in a black snake 39 inches long.

STOMACH TROUBLE FOR FIVE YEARS

Majority of Friends Thought Mr. Hughes Would Die, But One Helped Him to Recovery.

Pomeroyton, Ky.—In interesting advices from this place, Mr. A. J. Hughes writes as follows: "I was down with stomach trouble for five (5) years, and would have sick headache so bad, at times, that I thought surely I would die. I tried different treatments, but they did not seem to do me any good. I got so bad, I could not eat or sleep, and all my friends, except one, thought I would die. He advised me to try Thedford's Black-Draught, and quit

taking other medicines. I decided to take his advice, although I did not have any confidence in it.

I have now been taking Black-Draught for three months, and it has cured me—haven't had those awful sick headaches since I began using it.

I am so thankful for what Black-Draught has done for me."

Thedford's Black-Draught has been found a very valuable medicine for derangements of the stomach and liver. It is composed of pure, vegetable herbs, contains no dangerous ingredients, and acts gently, yet surely. It can be freely used by young and old, and should be kept in every family chest.

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Hammerless—12, 16, 20 gauges—have Solid Steel Breech; Solid Top; Side Ejection; Matted Barrel; 6 Quick Shots (5 in 20-ga.); Press-Button Cartridge Release; Automatic Hang-Fire Safety Device; Double Extractors; Take-Downs; Trigger and Hammer Safety. See catalog.

The Marlin Firearms Co. With Visible Hammer—12, 16, 20 Gauges, Solid Top, side ejection, matted barrel, take down, etc. \$21.00
42 Willow Street, New Haven, Conn.

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