

LYNN COUNTY NEWS.

VOLUME 8.

TAHOKA, LYNN COUNTY, TEXA, FRIDAY, JULY 19, 1912

NUMBER 46

LYNN COMMUNITY NEWS

July 18th 1912:
Miss Celeste May, of Anson, Texas, is visiting her brother, W. H. May, for a few days.
Mrs. H. S. Hatchett was quite sick last week, having to call Dr. Innon in to see her, but is doing nicely at this writing.
The young folks enjoyed themselves eating cream and cake at Mr. W. H. Mak's Saturday night.
Mr. W. H. May and family and Mr. J. E. Brown, who is visiting them, were visiting in Tahoka Saturday.
Mrs. J. T. Curb visited Mrs. H. S. Hatchett Friday.
W. H. May was in Slaton Monday to carry Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Brown to leave for Floyd county to visit his sister. Mrs. May accompanied them.

Hon. Hatchett left Monday for Morpha, President county, with Dr. Windham prospecting.
Mr. E. Phillips, Bag Town team manager, visited at C. T. Beard's Sunday eve.

Mrs. Murrah and daughter visited Mrs. Shaw and daughters Sunday.

J. T. Curb and family visited C. T. Beard and family Sunday.

Mrs. I. W. Meyer visited Mrs. H. S. Hatchett Monday.

J. W. Joplin, candidate for sheriff, was shaking hands with the Lynn voters Thursday.

Guy King and family, of Edith visited Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Hatchett Monday.

Messrs. Walker and Marks, candidates for judge, were canvassing Lynn voters last week.

Alfred Beard, of Draw, visited his brother C. T. Beard last week.

Miss Lotta Murrah is visiting in Tahoka this week.

Mrs. Dora Murrah visited Mrs. H. S. Hatchett.

Claydies Farmer who is visiting her grandmother, Mrs. H. S. Hatchett, was on the sick list last week.

no. Yates is visiting home folks this week at Three Lakes.

Mr. Bainer, the farm demonstrator of the Santa Fe, was visiting in our community Wednesday.

Lynn had a nice shower Wednesday eve.

HOOSIER

Messrs. W. F. Bigham and O. M. Wylie left Thursday morning for Brownfield where they will take in the W. O. W. picnic today, Friday, and incidentally take up the feed and lumber business for Tahoka.

Let us have your watch or any kind of jewelry repaired.
46-tf Thomas Bros. & Co.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Ivey, of Plains, accompanied by T. L. Martin, of the National Stock Yards of Oklahoma City, spent Tuesday night in Tahoka, and left for the Singleton Ranch Wednesday morning. While here Mr. Ivey purchased a car load of rock salt of Bigam & Snider, to be delivered in a few days. Mr. Ivey also made a conditional trade for 500 bushels of oats.

Terrific Explosion

One of the worst explosions that has happened in quite a while, took place when J. L. Russell bought 7,000 gallons of gasoline, coal oil, and lubricating oils from the Texas Co. and put prices to 12 and 18 cents to the consumer. Quality, the best that can be had at any price. Terms, cash.
Yours for business,
J. L. Russell, Tahoka.
P. S. Bring in your cans. 35-tf

F. M. Hamilton, of Brownwood, Post Office Inspector, was in town Tuesday afternoon and Wednesday morning. The only thing he advised Mr. Alley to do that he has not done, was to close all lock boxes where the rent had not been paid in advance. Otherwise the affairs of the Tahoka Post Office are in fine shape.

We serve the best grape juice—Welch's—Thomas Bros. & Co. 46

Tuesday afternoon it rained in several places around Tahoka, Wednesday afternoon we had a good shower and in the west part of town a heavy rain which extended west several miles and Thursday morning we had another nice gentle shower, and at this time, Thursday noon, indications are fine for a good rain.

Drink Fepsin Punch, 5 cents at Thomas Bros. & Co.'s Soda Fountain. 46-tf

JOE BAILEY ITEMS

We had a nice rain the 16th which was highly appreciated by the farmers in this part of the county.

Mr. T. D. Crawford was in the Draw settlement Sunday.

John Brewer spent Saturday night with his brother at H. E. Baldrige's.

Mr. Bill Paterson was wind milling Sunday.

Rev. Knight's meeting closed at B. Flat last Sunday night.

Bill Paterson and wife and mother-in-law, Mrs. P. P. Brewer, went fishing last week, and reported good luck.

Rev. Knight will hold a two weeks meeting at O'Donnell beginning Friday night the 19th of this month.

T. A. Harris was visiting Bill

Miller Sunday.

John Berry and wife spent the day with Mr. Harris last Monday.

Little Mary, daughter of Ed. Brewer, is on the sick list this week.

The people of B. Flat gathered in Monday and prayed for rain and it sure came Tuesday.

JOE BAILEY NEWS STROWER.

We trade new watches for old ones. Come in and see us.
46-tf Thomas Bros. & Co.

Mrs. W. J. Rutledge and daughter, Miss Romania, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Ramsey, left on the Thursday morning train for Floydada.

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.

EDITH NEWS ITEMS

Bro. Balch filled his regular appointment Sunday afternoon at the school house and we believe he preached to the largest crowd and also preached one of the best sermons we have had in some time.

Oscar Sanders, of Tahoka visited his brother Joe Sanders Sunday.

J. B. Reece and family and J. V. Dyer and family spent Sunday with John Henderson.

Miss Mattie Dyer returned from Post Sunday morning where she had been visiting several days.

L. E. Bigham and mother, of Tahoka, spent Tuesday on the farm looking after their stock.

G. R. King cut his millet last week and sold it Monday to the Tahoka Livery Stable.

The young folks as well as the older ones enjoyed a good singing at Mr. Fiuche's Sunday night.

Ben and Bert King and their families and S. N. Weathers were out driving in this part Sunday.

Uncle Frank and Alex Vaughn were shaking hands with the candidates in town Monday.

Edith has a singing class now and as soon as we get a little practice we can show you some as good singing as any of our neighboring communities.

TATTLER

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

Friday morning July 5th at 10:15 o'clock at the family residence in Floydada, Mrs. F. P. Henry died of cancer of the stomach after an illness of about a year.

Services were held by the Presbyterian pastor in the Baptist church. The funeral was conducted by the Floydada Chapter of the Eastern Star.

She leaves a husband, County Judge Henry, of Floydada; three children, Sam A. Henry, of Lockney; Mrs. T. M. Bartley, of Tahoka and Wells Henry, of Floydada.

Cultivator sweeps from 6 to 16 inches already sharpened at the Tahoka Blacksmith Shop, north of the square. 3-tf

Eld. and Mrs. R. P. Littlepage and family returned Saturday from Riverside, California, where they spent the winter. They intend to make their home here again and moved into the Hutto house in East Tahoka Tuesday.

Extra High Patent Flour \$3.00,
High Patent Flour \$2.75.
THE FAIR. 46-tf

Oscar Sanders sends The News this week to D. Sanders, Rfd. 1, Colorado, Texas, for six months.

MONEY

To loan in large or small amounts on real estate,
M. M. HERRING,
42-tf Tahoka, Texas.

The Baptists will begin a protracted meeting in Tahoka the second Sunday in August. Rev. Gates, of Plainview, will help Bro. Balch with the preaching. Every body is invited to make to make their preparation to attend and help in this meeting.

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 Trilby cigars.

THREE LAKES LOCALS

Bro. Thomas preached at our school house Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Noble were visiting Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwards visited Mr. and Mrs. Hickerson Sunday.

Mr. Joe and Miss Mary Lee Cow were visiting relatives Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Linnie Babston was shopping in town Friday.

John Yates visited home folks this week.

Mr. Hickerson made a business trip to town Monday.

Miss Linnie Babston is visiting Miss Vera Nebles this week.

Mr. Kaigler was in town Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Kaigler spent Sunday with Mrs. Marshall.

Mr. W. A. Yates was in Tahoka Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Darrow spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Hickerson.

Misses Thelma Hickerson and Velta Edwards spent Saturday and Saturday night with Misses Hattie and Duma Yates.

BEAVER

The Dallas News in its issue of June 23rd gives a list of all the candidates for the Thirty-Third Texas Legislature and in this list we find the name of T. M. Bartley, of Tahoka, as a candidate for the 122 District. As far as it goes this is all right, but they mention several names of prominent men who have not heretofore served in the Legislature, and the name of Hon. T. M. Bartley is not among them. Now, with the exception of two or three of these men like Kirby of Houston, or Robbins of Austin, Judge Bartley is known over more miles of Texas than any of them, and two years hence when he announces for Re-election we will have to except none when it comes to being well and favorably known.

Just Received—A nice assortment of new watches.
46-tf Thomas Bros. & Co.

Sheriff J. H. Edwards returned on the Monday afternoon train from Temple, where he has been with his little son to have an operation performed on the little fellow. The surgeons cut into the skull behind the right ear and scraped the inside of the bone. Four days after the operation the boy was up and playing around, although they wanted him to remain in the sanitarium four weeks after the operation.

Welch's Grape Juice at Thomas Bros. & Co.'s Fountain. 46-tf

Rev. Wood, Presbyterian preacher, of Lamesa, will occupy the pulpit at the Methodist church Sunday during the absence of the pastor in a protracted meeting. Every one invited to attend Sunday School and church services.

Extra High Patent Flour \$3.00,
High Patent Flour \$2.75.
THE FAIR. 46-tf

J. W. Miller, a Tredway merchant, was in Tahoka Wednesday stocking up his grocery department at the Fair.

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

H. P. French, of Three Lakes, subscribed for The News Saturday for himself and E. D. French, of Killen, Texas,

OFFICIAL BALLOT

Democratic Primary

I am a Democrat and pledge myself to support the nominees of this primary. : : : : :

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| <p>UNITED STATES SENATOR Jake Wolters Harris County Morris Sheppard Bowie County C. B. Randall Grayson County Matt Zollner Rockwall County</p> <p>GOVERNOR O. B. Colquitt Kaufman County W. F. Ramsey Johnson County</p> <p>LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR Wiley M. Imboden Cherokee County Will H. Mayes Brown County</p> <p>COMPTROLLER Bob Barker Bexar County W. P. Lane Tarrant County</p> <p>ATTORNEY GENERAL B. F. Looney Hunt County James D. Walthall Bexar County M. B. Harris Tarrant County</p> <p>TREASURER J. M. Edwards Rannels County W. N. Adams Brown County Frank B. MacCammon Tarrant County J. L. Aston Grayson County</p> <p>COMMISSIONER GENERAL LAND OFFICE James T. Robinson Morris County Charley Geers Tarrant County</p> <p>COMMISSIONER OF AGRICULTURE Ed R. Kone Hayes County H. A. Halbert Coleman County Eugene Irion Callahan County H. E. Singleton Collin County</p> <p>SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION F. M. Brawley Fannin County</p> <p>RAILROAD COMMISSIONER Place 1—Full Term W. D. Williams Tarrant County Place 2—Unexpired Term John L. Wortham Harris County J. C. Mason Lamar County Theo. G. Thomas Harris County Earle B. Mayfield Bell County</p> <p>SUPREME COURT Chief Justice T. J. Brown Grayson County Associate Justice, Term Expiring 1916 Nelson Phillips Dallas County John C. Townes Travis County R. A. Pleasants Harris County Ocie Speers Tarrant County K. R. Craig Dallas County Associate Justice, Term Expiring 1914 J. B. Dibrell Gaudalup County W. E. Hawkins Cameron County JUDGE COURT OF CRIMINAL APPEALS J. C. Muse Dallas County W. B. Green Gonzales County A. C. Pendergast McLennan County</p> <p>CONGRESSMAN-AT-LARGE Jeff McLemore Harris County J. K. Street Dallas County E. W. Bounds Falls County S. C. Harris Rannels County James N. Browning Potter County Daniel E. Garrett Harris County E. I. Kellie Jasper County Alexander S. Garret Parker County Joe E. Lancaster Hale County R. E. Yantis Henderson County Hatton W. Summers Dallas County Method Pazdral McLennan County C. M. Cureton Bosque County W. T. Loudermilk Comanche County George A. Harmon Dallas County Sebe Newman Ellis County Frank T. Roche Williamson County V. W. Grubbs Hunt County Frederick Opp Llano County R. R. Smith Atascosa County Will A. Harris Rains County W. B. Featherstone Johnson County</p> | <p>CHIEF JUSTICE CIVIL APPEALS 7TH JUDICIAL DISTRICT S. P. Huff Wilbarger County J. A. Graham Potter County</p> <p>ASSISTANT JUSTICE CIVIL APPEALS 7TH JUDICIAL DISTRICT Place 1 J. M. Preslar Fisher County Harrg S. Hendrick Potter County</p> <p>ASSISTANT JUSTICE CIVIL APPEALS 7TH JUDICIAL DISTRICT Place 2 R. M. Hall Wilbarger County</p> <p>CONGRESS W. R. Smith Mitchell County</p> <p>STATE SENATOR—28TH DISTRICT Jno. W. Overton Nolan County H. P. Brelsford Eastland County</p> <p>REPRESENTATIVE 122ND DISTRICT Frank E. White Crosby County T. M. Bartley Lynn County</p> <p>DISTRICT JUDGE 72ND JUDICIAL DISTRICT W. R. Spencer Lubbock County Jno. H. Moore Lubbock County James R. Robison Lubbock County H. C. Ferguson Lubbock County</p> <p>DISTRICT ATTORNEY 72ND JUDICIAL DISTRICT J. E. Vickers Lubbock County G. E. Lockhart Lynn County</p> <p>COUNTY JUDGE T. G. Marks J. B. Walker J. L. Stokes</p> <p>SHERIFF AND TAX COLLECTOR J. H. Edwards S. W. Joplin</p> <p>COUNTY CLERK J. W. Elliott</p> <p>COUNTY TREASURER McMill Clayton</p> <p>TAX ASSESSOR F. E. Redwine Joe Baldrige</p> <p>PUBLIC WEIGHER J. G. Scott</p> <p>HIDE AND ANIMAL INSPECTOR</p> |
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- COMMISSIONER PRECINCT NO. 1**
J. V. Dyer
- COMMISSIONER PRECINCT NO. 2**
W. A. Waller
- COMMISSIONER PRECINCT NO. 3**
H. T. Gooch
- COMMISSIONER PRECINCT NO. 4**
O. L. Miller
- CONTSABLE PRECINCT NO. 1**
- CONSTABLE PRECINCT NO. 2**
- CONSTABLE PRECINCT NO. 3**
- CONSTABLE PRECINCT NO. 4**
- COUNTY CHAIRMAN**
- CHAIRMAN PRECINCT NO. 1**
- CHAIRMAN PRECINCT NO. 2**
- CHAIRMAN PRECINCT NO. 3**
- CHAIRMAN PRECINCT NO. 4**

Mr. Get-Rich-Quick Saves Some Money?



LYNN COUNTY NEW

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Vol. 8 TAHOKA, TEXAS, FRIDAY, JULY 19, 1912. No. 46

PROFESSIONALS

Dr. E. H. INMON,
 Dr. I. E. TORENTINE,
 Associated
 Physicians & Surgeons
 Tahoka, Texas.

DR. J. H. MCCOY
 Physician and Surgeon
 Office at, Thomas Bros. & Co.
 Tahoka, Texas.

G. E. LOCKHART
 Attorney-At-Law
 Office South of Square
 Tahoka, Texas.

Dr. A. W. THOMPSON
 Physician and Surgeon
 Office in Geo. Riley's Drug Store
 O'Donnell, Texas

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

DR. BACHELOR
 Dentist
 Will be in Tahoka third Thursday, Friday and Saturday in each month

Dr. HUTCHINSON & PEEBLER
 Practices Limited to Diseases of the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat
 Lubbock, Texas

THE WRIGHT-CAMPBELL SANITARIUM
 Drs. Wright and Campbell
 Physicians in Charge
 Equipped for the treatment of all Medical and Surgical Cases. Contagious Diseases not admitted. Trained Nurses in attendance. Open to all Physicians. Big Springs, Texas

THE NORTH SIDE BARBER SHOP

Will be pleased to serve you when in need of an artistic hair cut, clean smooth shave, mass., shampoo or tonic.
 Bath room and laundry basket in connection
SHOOK & CLAYTON
 North Side Square Tahoka

ANVIL SPARKS

He who breaks his word smashes himself.
 The lazy man considers all toll slavery.
 Intention is a poor thing without attention.
 It doesn't require brilliancy to cast reflections.
 You can't butter it when you have to swallow pride.
 The world always looks brighter from behind a smile.
 When you trip up, fall forward, and get up farther along.
 People who take too much liberty lose it all sooner or later.
 The way to get ahead of the devil is to move on; he doesn't run very fast upward.—The Christian Herald.

HOW SPITEFUL!

What is that rustling sound?
 It is made by an editor turning over the pages of a manuscript.
 He will place it in an envelope with a rejection slip.
 Why does he use such terrible language?
 He has jabbed his hand on a paper-hook.
 Is the hook rusty?
 The hook is rusty.
 Do you suppose the poor editor will die of blood poison?
 Yes, I suppose so.
 Would not that be sad?
 Yes, it would not.—Lippincott's.

TRIPPING AUTHORS.

A line by W. J. Locks runs: "He talked incessantly all the time." Oh, Willium!
 Writes Arnold Bennett: "She won 15,000 francs in as many minutes." Pretty long session that!
 Another novelist says: "Her eyes filled with silent tears." Generally they boom like billows, you know.
 "He rested his feet on the back of a chair and blew smoke rings with half-crossed eyes." We've seen it done with the mouth.
 According to another, the hero brushed her hair with his lips." Scarcely an improvement on the old method, we think.
 Another writer remarks: "Charlotte von Stern was, when Goethe first met her, several years older than himself." But later, of course, 'twas otherwise.
 Marjorie would often take her eyes from the deck and cast them far out to sea." As a caster, old Ike Walton had nothing on Marjorie, believe us!
 "Speechless with horror and loathing, I uttered a helpless jelly against the jamb." We believe that the mess was cleaned up in the next chapter.—Boston Transcript.

Blacksmithing

Every time a man stands up for his rights he is apt to tread on some other fellow's toes.
 A girl's face is usually a great disappointment to the young man who meets her after having seen her photograph.

Flows made any size, wagon and boggy work done.

Satisfaction Guaranteed at
J. Macfarlane's
 South of Square

Tahoka Tailor Shop

WADE RAY, PROPRIETOR
 Don't Wear a Baggy, Misfit, Hand-me-down Suit, Let Us Take Your Measure For a Real Suit Made of Better Cloth & Guaranteed to Fit Perfectly
Price the Same
 We Do the Best Work in Cleaning and Pressing Ladies and Gents Clothing. A Trial Is All We Ask.

NORTH SIDE PUBLIC SQ Tahoka, Texas

WHY OWN WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

THE MERRIAM WEBSTER?
 Because it is a NEW CREATION, covering every field of the world's thought, action and culture. The only new unabridged dictionary in many years.
 Because it defines over 400,000 words; more than ever before appeared between two covers. 2700 Pages. 6000 Illustrations.
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 Because it is accepted by the Courts, Schools and Press as the one supreme authority.
 Because he who knows Wins Success. Let us tell you about this new work.

WRITE for specimen of new divided page. C. & C. MERRIAM CO., Publishers, Springfield, Mass. Mention this paper, receive FREE a set of pocket maps.

LOVE AS VIEWED BY SAGES

An oyster may be crossed in love.—Sheridan.
 It is good to love the unknown.—Charles Lamb.
 The sweetest joy and wildest woe is love.—Bailey.
 'Tis what I love determines how I love.—George Elliot.
 Love understands love; it needs no talk.—F. R. Havergal.
 Sure the shovel and tongs, To each other belong.—Samuel Lover.
 Then fly betimes, for only they Conquer love that run away.—Thomas Carew.
 True love is like ghosts, which everybody talks about and few have seen.—De la Rochefoucauld.
 To Chloe's breast young Cupid slyly stole, But he crept in at Myra's pocket hole.—William Blake.
 What will not woman, gentle woman dare, When strong affection stirs her spirit up?—Southey.

DON'T DECEIVE YOURSELF.

Are you afraid at times to confess your ignorance?
 Now, be honest and say yes.
 And if it's any consolation to you—I'll say—"Me, too."
 But I'm gradually learning a lesson—a valuable one.
 I'm learning to say I don't know—when I don't.
 I'm getting over bluffing my way through the dark.
 Why? Because I can't learn by remaining ignorant.
 And if I don't confess my ignorance—to some one, maybe myself.
 I'll never learn.
 Learn to seek reasons; ask questions; be inquisitive; find out.
 If you keep on supposing and guessing, you'll grow into a chronic supposer, and worst of all, you'll get to fooling yourself. First thing you know, you'll be able to convince yourself that everything which isn't so—is so.
 That's bad business.
 What every man needs is to know that which isn't so, and to confess when he doesn't know.
 Ignorance is better than deception.—"Tips" in Christian Herald.

FACT AND FANCY

Fed men tell no tales.
 Men being clay, woman makes a mug of him.
 The walter's favorite flower is the forget-me-not.
 Colombia has in Muzo the world's sole emerald mine.
 The only difference between a debutante and a suffragette is twenty years.
 Woman is like a promissory note—when she reaches maturity she should be settled.
 Horses, on the unpaved, sandy roads of Australia, are shod, like men, with leather shoes.
 Some people, to brush the cobwebs from their brains, would require a vacuum cleaner.
 Burgundy, on Escoffier's authority, should be drunk at the temperature of a pretty girl's hand.

We Want You

A bank account has many advantages besides providing an absolutely safe place for your money. Your bank deposit book affords a complete record of cash receipts, while the stubs of your check book are a perfect record of expenses and payments. Paying a laborer, store account or any other bill with a bank check is much safer than with money, because you avoid the risk of handling the actual cash and the endorsed check returned by the bank is the best kind of a receipt. A large number of the best farmers and business men have accounts with us now—we want you—Your business is solicited, with every safeguard known to modern banking offered as security. We will look carefully after your banking interest and treat you with every courtesy and consideration. Our methods are thorough and conservative, our resources abundant, our facilities and our stability and trustworthiness beyond question. Why not open an account today?

The First Nat'l Bank Of Tahoka, Texas

For Trade

at
BOB MAJOR'S FURNITURE STORE,
 Main Street, Tahoka, Tex.
First Class Kitchen Range.
Extra Fine Rich Tone Piano
Other second-hand Furniture
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A. G. McAdams Lbr. Co.

For All Kinds Of
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Famous Star Windmills

O. M. Wylie, Mgr. Tahoka, Tex.

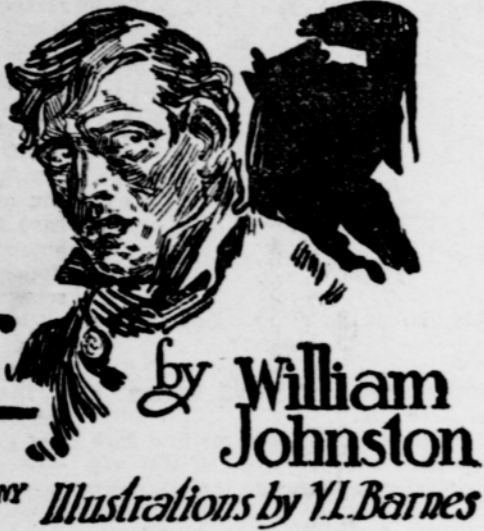
Tahoka Blacksmith Shop

H. G. Smith, Mgr.
 Let Us Make Your Plow Points To Order As They Will Last Longer Than The Ones You Buy.
ALL WORK GUARANTEED
 Bring In Your Points Now And Do Not Wait Till You Need Them To Have Them Fixed Up

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 BOBBY-HEPPELL COMPANY

Illustrations by YL Barnes

(Continued)

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Harding Kent calls on Louise Farrish to propose marriage and finds the house in great excitement over the attempted suicide of her sister Katharine. Kent starts an investigation and finds that Hugh Crandall, suitor for Katharine, who had been forbidden the house by General Farrish, had talked with Katharine over the telephone just before she shot herself. A torn piece of yellow paper is found, at sight of which General Farrish is stricken with paralysis.

CHAPTER II—Kent discovers that Crandall has left town hurriedly. Andrew Elser, an aged banker, commits suicide about the same time as Katharine attempted her life.

CHAPTER III—A yellow envelope is found in Elser's room. Postoffice Inspector Davis, Kent's friend, takes up the case.

CHAPTER IV—Kent is convinced that Crandall is at the bottom of the mystery.

rooms with only two things—the hypodermic syringe and a post-office address. Surely there must have been in those rooms something more definite, something more damaging to Crandall than the things we had obtained, and of the two I believed that my discovery was the more significant. How could Davis possibly know that this was the address from which the yellow letters emanated?

"It is a simple problem in addition and subtraction," said Davis. "The yellow letter connects the Farrish and Elser cases. Many things connect Crandall with the Farrish case. A criminal using the mails for illegal purposes naturally locates, if possible, in another state from the scene of his operations, foreseeing the better chance of legal delays and possible escape. A criminal working in New York naturally seeks New Jersey as headquarters. If Crandall was cognizant of the yellow letters, whether his connection was innocent or guilty, he naturally would have known or would have tried to find out whence they came. I went into his rooms with one question in my mind and I soon found the answer. In Crandall's address book will there not be some address in New Jersey that may give a clue? Almost the first thing I learned to was this one of Lock Box 17. Now in the postal business one of the first things we learn is that the criminal always tries to get a post-office box. For that reason two references are always required. In spite of that precaution, many of the boxes are constantly being used for fraudulent purposes. When we find out who rented Lock Box 17 at Ardway, we shall be close on the trail of the yellow letter."

"Were there any letters of Katharine Farrish's in the desk?" I asked.

"I guess so," said Davis unconcernedly. "I saw a bundle of letters in a woman's handwriting, but I didn't even look to see whose they were."

I was disappointed thus far with the inspector's handling of the case. His regard of what appeared to me to be vital evidence and the decision he had made about this address being that of the sender of the yellow letters seemed to me wholly illogical.

"You'll grant, of course, that Crandall is a morphine user," I ventured.

"A pair of swords in a man's room don't make him a fencer. Excuse me for a minute while I telephone my office."

While he was telephoning I reviewed the case in my mind. I was strongly tempted to break with him and continue the investigation my own way, and yet what had I to gain by it? After all, we had learned very little except that Crandall was connected with the mystery. Where were we likely to find Crandall? Davis had had much more experience in tracing men. He was resourceful, as the method in which he had affected entrance into Crandall's apartments showed. Just as I made up my mind that I would be wise to continue to follow his lead, making one of my own, Davis returned, an expression of annoyance on his face.

"Kent," he said, abruptly, "you've got to start at once for Ardway. I had planned to go out there, but as I have to appear in court to-morrow there is no use in my going to-night."

"I'll go first thing in the morning," said I, determined to see Louise again and have a talk with her.

"There's a train out there at four o'clock this afternoon," he said, looking up from a schedule he had picked up in the lobby. "It takes nearly three hours to get there. Never let a trail

get cold if you can help it."

"But—" I protested.

"You can telephone her," he said. "It is for her sake that you will be going, and she will appreciate your energy in the matter more than anything else."

I had not looked at it in that light, yet I felt that he was right. There could not be a moment of happiness for the girl I loved until the black shadow that menaced her home and those she loved had been dispelled. Yes, Davis was right. I would go to Ardway that evening. I stopped only long enough to telephone Louise of my intention and to go to my rooms for a bag.

"If you have a revolver you'd better take it with you," said Davis.

"I never owned one in my life," I replied.

He drew out his own and handed it to me. It was of the hammerless variety, flat and almost square.

"Be careful how you use it," he warned me. "It's a magazine gun and goes off with a very light touch."

"What do you expect me to find in Ardway?" I asked him as a taxicab hurried us to the Hudson tunnel.

"There are two things. First: find out if Hugh Crandall is there, when he arrived and what he has been doing. Probably if he is at the hotel he will be registered under an assumed name. Second: find out who has Lock Box 17. There is a list of box-owners kept in every office, with the names of the two references. Find out all you can without arousing suspicion. I'll be out and join you there to-morrow evening. I'll come out on this same train. I'll leave it to you to find a plausible pretext for questioning the postmaster."

Tedious as the trip to Ardway would ordinarily have been, so absorbed was I in puzzling over the mystery I hardly noted the passage of time and was startled to hear the brakeman calling my station. I had learned from the conductor that it was a village of less than two thousand inhabitants and that there was only one hotel, about a block from the station. It proved to be a country hotel of the better sort, doing a thriving business in feeding motor-car folk who passed through and in taking care of traveling-men and farmers' supply agents who visited the neighborhood.

As I signed the register I scanned the names, hoping to see that of Crandall, but it did not appear. Yet registered the night before was a name "Henry Cook" that caught my eye. Something about the writing made it as distinctively that of a city man as his clothes would have distinguished him from the country boy behind the desk.

"Where will I find the post-office?" I asked the clerk. "I want to get a special delivery letter off to-night."

"It's a couple of blocks up Main street," he told me, "but you'd better go in and get supper. The dining-room closes at half-past seven and the post-office stays open until eight."

I took his advice and, after an excellent meal, lighted my cigar and walked in the direction he had indicated. The streets were lighted after a manner by oil lamps at the corners. There was no moon and the villagers for the most part seemed to live in the



I stood motionless for a minute or two, listening intently.

straggling stores had their windows lighted, so it was with difficulty I read the signs on the buildings I passed, yet I had little trouble finding the post-office. It was a one-story building that stood on a vacant lot in the middle of the block. It evidently had been built by some local politician for the purpose, as it was not quartered in the corner of a cigar or grocery store, as most country offices are. Peering into the darkness I read the sign "Post-Office," and noted with some surprise that the windows were without lights. I drew out my watch and striking a match looked at the time. It was half-past seven. For lack of something better to do I walked round the building. To my amazement when I reached the end away from the street I found the rear door standing wide open. Thinking perhaps that the postmaster might merely have gone to supper, relying on the honesty of his neighbors to leave things undisturbed, I loitered in the vicinity for a full half-hour. At last, growing impatient, I entered the rear door and striking another match looked about me. As far as the uncertain light permitted me to see, the place looked as if the postmaster had been unexpectedly called away in the midst of his work.

I recalled that in my bag at the hotel was one of those storage battery lights, which happened to be there because I often found it useful in the cabin where I went to shoot ducks. I decided to get this and investigate further. It had begun to rain and there were few people on the street. I returned with my light in a very few minutes and began to explore. I did not greatly fear interruption, for the mail-boxes on the street side served as a screen to shut off the shaft of light by which I worked.

My second inspection convinced me that the postmaster had left in considerable hurry. A pile of mail sorted, a stamp drawer left wide open and the books standing in an open safe seemed to bear out this theory. Even the cash-drawer stood open, revealing a few bills and some change.

"If the cash-drawer had been rifled," I said to myself, "I might suspect that the postmaster had been murdered and robbed."

I pushed the cash-drawer shut and heard the automatic lock click on it, and then began a search for the list of box-owners. At the back of each box a slip was pasted with the owner's name. To my great disappointment Box No. 17 was blank. I turned next to the safe and at last found the book in which the accounts of boxes were kept. In this were neatly entered the name of each box-holder and the two references given, for every box except No. 17.

As I stood poring over this book, perplexed by my failure to discover the owner, I became conscious that I was watched. A sixth sense convinced me that some one else was near. Quickly I pressed the button that extinguished my electric lantern. Noiselessly I turned toward the rear door by which I had entered. I caught just a fleeting glimpse of a man's face being hastily withdrawn. Undoubtedly it was the postmaster who had turned and caught me there. Of course he must take me for burglar. It had been too dark for me to recognize the features of the man and I was certain he could not identify me. I stood motionless for a minute or two, listening intently, but I could not hear even a footstep—nothing but the patter of the rain.

Yet undoubtedly whoever had discovered me had gone to summon assistance. It would never do for me to be caught there. While I felt I was perfectly justified in my mission, it would be hard to make a satisfactory explanation. If I was captured there it certainly would mean an unpleasant night in a vermin-filled shack, perhaps in irons. It might take several days to establish my innocence. I decided to attempt an escape. The sense of having a revolver in my pocket comforted me, though I realized its possession would be most damaging if I should be caught. I moved swiftly to the door and peered out. There was no one in sight.

Thrusting my lantern in my pocket and turning up my collar I made a dash around the corner of the building and looked up and down the street. It was entirely deserted. The thought struck me that the man who

had been watching me might still be in hiding on the other side of the building, but I did not stop to investigate. With the best air of unconcern I could assume, I walked, not over-hastily, back to the hotel. There was no one in the office but the clerk behind the desk and I stood there for a moment beside the big old-fashioned stove drying my clothes. The door opened and a tall smooth-shaven chap came in and approached the desk to get his key. As he saw me standing there he gave me a keen glance of scrutiny. I had noticed that he had come from the direction of the post-office and he must have seen that my clothing was rain-soaked. He halted as if about to speak to me, but changed his mind. I heard the clerk say:

"Good night, Mr. Cook," as he vanished up-stairs.

If this was the man who had seen me in the post-office, plainly he was not the postmaster. If not, who was he? What was he doing there?

It was long after midnight before my mystified brain would let me sleep. Every step I had taken seemed only to be leading me deeper and deeper into darkness.

CHAPTER VI.

The Third Suicide.

Something had happened. I awoke the next morning with a start and sat up in bed listening to

the strange confusion in the hotel. Instinctively I recognized that the sensation of the unusual that so affected me was something more than the feeling every one experiences on suddenly awaking for the first time in a strange place.

I sprang from the bed and, opening my door, looked out into the hall. I could see nothing, for a turn of the corridor shut me off from the main hall. From the floor below came the confused murmur of many voices and the sound of men moving about—many men. My first thought was of fire, but there were no cries and there was no smell of smoke. The memory of my experience in the post-office recurred to me. I vaguely wondered if I had been tracked and discovered.

I hastened to dress. If they suspected me of robbing the post-office, the sooner I found out the sooner I could plan some method of action. As I put on my collar I heard footsteps in the corridor, and, careless as I was, I flung open my door. A chambermaid was passing.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Haven't you heard about it?" she asked in wonder.

"Heard about what?"

"The suicide in the hotel—in the room right under yours. They discovered it hours ago. The coroner's just come and is getting ready to hold the inquest."

"Who was he?" I asked. I was

[Continued on Fourth Page]

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Cut to suit the most exacting

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S. N. WEATHERS, PROP.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Ice

Tahoka Saddle Shop

R. MILLIKEN Prop.

Saddles, Harness,

Fancy Belts Made

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"Cardui Cured Me"

For nearly ten years, at different times, Mrs. Mary Jinks of Treadway, Tenn., suffered with womanly troubles. She says: "At last, I took down and thought I would die. I could not sleep. I couldn't eat. I had pains all over. The doctors gave me up. I read that Cardui had helped so many, and I began to take it, and it cured me. Cardui saved my life! Now, I can do anything."

TAKE THE CARDUI Woman's Tonic

If you are weak, tired, worn-out, or suffer from any of the pains peculiar to weak women, such as headache, backache, dragging-down feelings, pains in arm, side, hip or limbs, and other symptoms of womanly trouble, you should try Cardui, the woman's tonic. Prepared from perfectly harmless, vegetable ingredients, Cardui is the best remedy for you to use, as it can do you nothing but good. It contains no dangerous drugs. It has no bad after-effects. Ask your druggist. He sells and recommends Cardui.

Write to: Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions, and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent free. J 54

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

-Announcements-

We are authorized to announce Joe Baldridge as 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. C. 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 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 the office of County and District Clerk of Lynn County subject to the action of the Democratic Primaries of 1912.

J. W. ELLIOTT.

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. H. Hines as a candidate for the office of Commissioner Precinct No. 1, Lynn County, Texas, subject to the Democratic Primaries of 1912.

Shoe Repairing

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WE GIVE A TRIAL

W. W. Harrison

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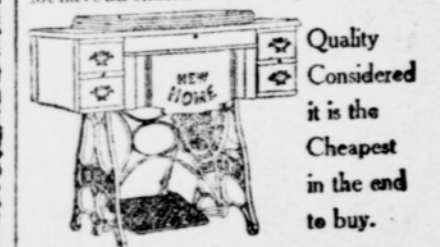
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The YELLOW LETTER

BY WILLIAM JOHNSTON
Illustrations BY V. L. BARNES

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(Continued From Third Page)

thinking it might be Hugh Crandall, dead in some suicide pact with Katharine. A sense of disappointment began to take hold of me. I felt that if it were Crandall my efforts to clear the mystery would be still more futile, but the woman's answer quickly dispelled the thought.

"It wasn't a 'he.' It's a woman."

She hurried on down the corridor and I hastened to finish my dressing, recalling as I did so Davis' belief that there would be other suicides. It seemed absurd that there could be any connection between the suicide of a woman in a country hotel in an obscure New Jersey village and the two suicides the day before in New York, and yet there was at least one link between them. It was Crandall who had telephoned Katharine. Some one had telephoned Elser, too. It was in Crandall's rooms that we had found the address of this place where the third suicide in the series had taken place.

With the triumphant feeling that my friend the inspector finally would have to accept my theory of Crandall's guilt, I hurried down-stairs and forced my way into the room where the coroner had already begun his inquest.

On the bed, covered with a sheet, except for the face, lay the lifeless body of a woman perhaps fifty, the face still distorted from the death agony. A bit of rope attached to a rod among the rafters of the room showed that she had hung herself. The woman's outer clothing lay neatly piled on a chair near the bed. This much I had time to notice before the coroner finished selecting his jury. Near the coroner, too, I observed the man whom the clerk had called Cook. I thought he gave a quick glance in my direction, but I could not be sure. The first witness was called, Mahlon Williams, the proprietor of the hotel.

"Mr. Williams," said the coroner, "do you know this woman?"

"I can't say as I do."

"What was her name?"

"She was registered here in the hotel. The name's on the book. You can see for yourself. I don't know if it was her real name or not."

"Mary Jane Teller, Bridgeport, Conn.," was the entry in the hotel register which was produced and submitted for the jurors' inspection.

"Tell us, Mr. Williams, what you know about the deceased."

"Mighty little; nothing at all, in fact. She come here night before last. Got in on the seven-two train from New York, I calculate, from the time of her arrival. She had no baggage, only that little black bag yonder, and she asked for a room for the night—a cheap room. She seemed so feeble I gave her this room on the ground floor, No. 4, and only charged her seventy-five cents for it, though it's a dollar room, or a dollar and a half for bridal couples. She paid for it for one night and right after supper she went into it and stayed there. Yesterday morning after breakfast she went out somewhere and was gone maybe an hour or an hour and a half. I didn't see her when she come in but I heard—"

"Mahlon Williams," said the coroner severely, "you ought to know enough about the law to understand that what you heard ain't evidence. Tell only them things you know of your own knowledge."

"All I know," said Williams, perceptibly miffed, "is that she come out along about three in the afternoon and paid another seventy-five cents, saying she wanted the room another night. That's all I seen of her."

"Can I ask a question?" said one of the jurors, all of whom were townsmen of the class usually to be found around the hotel bar-room.

"If it is a proper question," said the coroner judiciously.

"Where did she go when she went out?"

"The question is a proper one, if the witness can answer it of his own knowledge," the coroner ruled.

"If I knowed I'd a told already," said the hotel keeper.

One or two of the other jurors asked questions, prompted plainly more by curiosity than by intelligent effort to ascertain the facts; but it was plain that Mr. Williams had revealed all that he knew, and he was dismissed.

Doctor Allen, who had been sent for as soon as the suicide was discovered, gave it as his opinion that the woman had hung herself early the evening before, as nearly as he could judge about five o'clock.

"Who was it found the body?" the coroner asked.

"Mary Evans, the chambermaid," the constable volunteered. "Here she is, right here."

The coroner proceeded to examine her.

Much embarrassed by the prominence into which she found herself thrust, but manifestly enjoying the unusual situation, the girl told how, early in the morning, as soon as she began her work, she had gone to the room.

"I didn't know there was anyone in No. 4," she explained. "I knew the

woman had taken it for just one night and I hadn't bothered making it up the day before. None of the other roomers was up yet and I thought I might just as well get No. 4 off my mind. I knocked like I always do and getting no answer I opened the door right wide all of a sudden. Such a shock as it gave me I never expect to have again to my dying day. There was the poor creature a-hanging there. I let a yell out of me that must have waked the dead, and then I ran and called Mr. Williams."

"Had you seen the deceased on the day previous?"

"Yes, but she wasn't deceased when I saw her."

"Did you have any conversation with her?"

"No more than to pass the time of day with her you might say."

I was thoroughly disgusted with the drivelling way in which the proceedings were being carried on. I could see little hope of any discovery that would establish connection with the similar events in New York. I turned from listening to the witness to studying the face of the man Cook. Could it be possible he was Hugh Crandall? I saw that he was watching the testimony with eager interest. Against my will I had to confess that his face was one that attracted rather than repelled me. While there was a shrewdness about the eyes, the chin well-balanced. I tried to read in the shape of the mouth or the curve of the ears some sign of the criminal, such as I expected to find written on the countenance of Crandall, but it was not there.

"She was sitting there crying."

A sentence of the maid's testimony suddenly thrust itself forward from my subconsciousness as if demanding my attention and I listened intently to what she was saying.

"That was the way it happened that didn't make up the room the day be-

fore. When I went in to do it she was sitting there crying and tearing a letter to bits."

A letter! It came on me in a flash that here was the clue, that this was the connecting link with the other two cases.

I pushed my way forward into the room, determined to learn all there was about this new phase of the case. The proceedings stopped abruptly at the bustle my movement made, and everybody, coroner, jurors and spectators, gaped at me.

"I am a lawyer," I said. "May I ask the witness one or two questions?"

Still the coroner gaped and I waited no longer for his permission.

"Was it a yellow letter?" I asked.

"Now that you speak of it I kind of remember that it was."

"Has the letter been found?"

"She was tearing it in pieces."

"Where are the pieces?"

The eyes of everybody present began roving about the room, as if in answer to my question. The constable instituted a hasty search, in which I myself, the coroner and the jurors joined. I felt that if we could only find those pieces, the mystery might be solved. While the room was being ransacked I kept my eye on Cook. As I asked the question about the letter's color I noticed that he looked startled. I was amazed now to see him edging toward the door. I was tempted to demand that he be restrained and searched. I felt almost sure that if the pieces of the yellow letter were to be found anywhere it would be in his pocket. Yet second thought advised against such rash action. I had no positive proof that Cook was Crandall. Until I had, surely it would be unwise to accuse him. I remembered that there was no train by which he could leave the town until late in the afternoon, so there was little prospect that he could escape me.

"How did you know it was a yellow letter?" the coroner asked me suspiciously, pausing suddenly in his search.

It was an awkward question. I realized that my impetuosity had placed me in a predicament. I was by no means ready to tell him the whole story, and yet the fact that I knew or suspected the color of the letter that she was tearing up certainly indicated that I knew something about the woman.

"I didn't know it."

"Well, what'd you ask the question about it for?" he repeated, his suspicion of me rapidly increasing.

I was thinking quickly what I could say that would divert his thoughts. I noticed with annoyance that the eyes of every one in the room were on me and that they were curiously awaiting an answer. I assumed an air of mystery and drew the coroner to one side.

"I am perfectly willing to tell you everything," I said. "I am out here on another matter that is something of a mystery in which a yellow letter figures. The letter has disappeared. I never saw or heard of this old woman before, but when the witness mentioned that she was tearing up a letter a sudden notion came to me that it might be the one of which I was in search. A detective who is working on the case will be out here this evening and then I can tell you more about it."

I spoke the last sentence in a whisper so low that it reached only the coroner's ear. He pondered over my statement and then abruptly announced that the inquest was adjourned until nine o'clock the next day. I would have escaped him if I could, but I saw that he was determined to worm out everything I knew or suspected. I decided that activity would be the best remedy for his curiosity. Accordingly I invited the coroner and the constable to come up to my rooms where, without waiting for them to question me, I began firing questions hot-shot at them, suggesting things for them to do, simple things that would have been the first thought of the police of New York or any other large city, but which they had not thought of. Had they telephoned a description of the woman to the Bridgeport police with her name to see if she could be identified as any one who was missing from that city? Had they examined her clothing to see if there was any mark on it that might identify her? Had they studied her writing on the register to see if it gave any indication of being assumed or disguised? Had they examined her pocketbook to see if it contained any clue to a motive? Had they considered whom she might have come to this town to see?

"That idea of calling up the Bridgeport police ain't such a bad one," said

the coroner. "Suppose you do it now," he said, turning to the constable.

"I'd like to know who's going to pay for it if I do," the constable objected. "There ain't enough fees in this office for me to be spending my money that way."

"You go ahead and do it and I'll see that you get the money back."

"If you're going to pay it out of your own pocket I'll do it, but if you expect me to wait till you put it through as a lawful expense I ain't taking no chances."

Their petty wrangling over such a trifling amount exasperated me not a little.

"Here," said I, pulling a five-dollar bill from my pocket, "take this and pay for it and tell them to telephone you as soon as they can what they have found out. This ought to cover both the message and the answer and if there is anything left get yourself some cigars with it."

The constable needed no second bidding. As soon as he had disappeared I turned to the coroner.

"Did you notice anything about Cook's 'Le Inquest' when he was here?"

"I don't know what you mean," he replied. "The only Cook I know here in the town is Hugh Cook, and he's hid up with a broken leg."

"Didn't you notice a tall, smooth-shaven fellow who stood right close beside where you were sitting? He listened closely to the testimony and the minute we began looking for the scraps of the letter, didn't you see him slip out of the room?"

"Come to think of it," said the coroner, "I believe I did notice him but I can't say as I seen him going out. Maybe 'twas one of the guests of the hotel."

"I think he is, and I'm pretty sure he's registered in the hotel as Mr. Cook, too, but I'd like to know more about him."

"Let's go down and ask Mahlon. If there's anybody in his hotel he don't know about it's a thing unusual."

We found Mahlon Williams in the little boxed-off corner behind the hotel desk that was labeled "Private Office." The curious crowd was still gazing at the door of the room where



"May I Ask the Witness One or Two Questions?"



In the Corner of the Handkerchief Was a Neatly Embroidered 'S'

List of Lands and Lots Sold to the State or Reported Delinquent in Former Years Not Redeemed and are also Delinquent for 1911 in Lynn County

| NAME OF OWNER | LAND | | | | TOWN OR CITY LOTS | | | STATE TAXES | | | | COUNTY TAXES | | | | TOTAL TAXES |
|---------------|-----------|-----------|-----------|------------------|-------------------|--------------|------|-------------|--------------|-----------|----------|--------------|------------|----------|-----|-------------|
| | Abst. No. | Cert. No. | Surv. No. | Original Grantee | Acres | City or Town | Lots | Blk. | Reve. | Sch. alt. | Pen alt. | Ad Valorem | Dist. Sch. | Pen alt. | | |
| Unknown | 162 | 621 | 7 | E. L. & R. R. | 160 | | | | 70 | 94 | 16 | 1.12 | 56 | 1.12 | 28 | 4.88 |
| | 190 | 181 | 3 | NW 1/4 | 160 | | | | 70 | 94 | 16 | 1.12 | 56 | 1.12 | 28 | 4.88 |
| | 194 | 1319 | 5 | | 320 | | | | 1.40 | 1.87 | 33 | 2.24 | 1.12 | 5.60 | 90 | 13.46 |
| | 208 | 661 | 41 | | 80 | | | | 35 | 47 | 8 | 56 | 28 | 42 | 12 | 2.28 |
| | 248 | 634 | 15 | | 320 | | | | 1.40 | 1.87 | 33 | 2.24 | 1.12 | 2.80 | 62 | 10.38 |
| | 340 | 197 | 91 | D. & L. E. | 320 | | | | 1.40 | 1.87 | 33 | 2.24 | 1.12 | 1.68 | 50 | 9.14 |
| | 351 | 690 | 167 | E. L. & R. R. | 160 | | | | 70 | 94 | 16 | 1.12 | 56 | 1.40 | 31 | 5.19 |
| | 354 | 1025 | 7 | | 234 | | | | 1.03 | 1.37 | 24 | 1.64 | 82 | 1.23 | 37 | 6.70 |
| | 357 | 686 | 159 | N 1/2 | 320 | | | | 1.40 | 1.87 | 33 | 2.24 | 1.12 | 2.80 | 62 | 10.38 |
| | 359 | 685 | 143 | E 1/2 | 320 | | | | 1.40 | 1.87 | 33 | 2.24 | 1.12 | 1.68 | 50 | 9.14 |
| | 364 | 1333 | 1 | | 640 | | | | 2.80 | 3.73 | 65 | 4.48 | 2.24 | 3.36 | 101 | 18.27 |
| | 367 | 1434 | 17 | | 320 | | | | 1.40 | 1.87 | 33 | 2.24 | 1.12 | 5.60 | 90 | 13.46 |
| | 369 | 1432 | 13 | E 1/2 | 320 | | | | 1.40 | 1.87 | 33 | 2.24 | 1.12 | 5.60 | 90 | 13.46 |
| | 370 | 1431 | 11 | | 237 1/2 | | | | 68 | 88 | 16 | 1.00 | 50 | 2.80 | 43 | 6.45 |
| | 371 | 1430 | 9 | | 394 | | | | 1.76 | 2.34 | 41 | 2.82 | 1.40 | 7.04 | 102 | 16.79 |
| | 373 | 1428 | 5 | | 480 | | | | 2.10 | 2.79 | 49 | 3.36 | 1.68 | 8.40 | 134 | 20.16 |
| | 382 | 1441 | 31 | | 320 | | | | 1.40 | 1.87 | 33 | 2.24 | 1.12 | 5.60 | 90 | 13.46 |
| | 384 | 1443 | 35 | W 1/2 | 320 | | | | 1.40 | 1.87 | 33 | 2.24 | 1.12 | 5.60 | 90 | 13.46 |
| | 390 | 1356 | 29 | | 320 | | | | 1.40 | 1.87 | 33 | 2.24 | 1.12 | 2.24 | 56 | 9.76 |
| | 391 | 1356 | 31 | | 640 | | | | 2.80 | 3.73 | 65 | 4.48 | 2.24 | 4.48 | 112 | 19.50 |
| | 409 | 590 | 101 | H. E. & W. T. | 640 | | | | 2.80 | 3.73 | 65 | 4.48 | 2.24 | 4.48 | 112 | 19.50 |
| | 559 | 2-225 | 484 | T. C. Reed | 4 2-5 | | | | 13 | 17 | 3 | 20 | 10 | 50 | 8 | 1.21 |
| | 599 | 66 | 77 | H. E. & W. T. | 377 | | | | 1.62 | 2.16 | 38 | 2.59 | 1.29 | 3.24 | 71 | 11.99 |
| | 611 | 680 | 28 | W. B. Johnson | 370 | | | | 1.62 | 2.16 | 38 | 2.59 | 1.29 | 3.24 | 71 | 11.99 |
| | 661 | 1314 | 4 | Pete Earnest | 200 | | | | 87 | 113 | 20 | 1.40 | 70 | 1.05 | 31 | 3.66 |
| | 678 | 668 | 79 | H. E. & W. T. | 320 | | | | 1.40 | 1.87 | 33 | 2.24 | 1.12 | 2.24 | 56 | 9.76 |
| | 727 | 399 | 434 | A. J. Beavers | 120 | | | | 53 | 70 | 12 | 84 | 42 | 63 | 19 | 3.43 |
| | 745 | 1442 | 32 | C. E. Brown | 640 | | | | 2.40 | 3.20 | 56 | 3.84 | 1.92 | 9.60 | 154 | 23.00 |
| | 748 | 833 | 38 | J. W. Cone | 152 | | | | 63 | 83 | 15 | 1.5 | 75 | 75 | 30 | 4.01 |
| | 796 | 652 | 24 | B. Humphries | 160 | | | | 63 | 80 | 14 | 98 | 48 | 72 | 23 | 3.03 |
| | 800 | 212 | 33 | W. R. Ingram | 320 | | | | 1.40 | 1.87 | 33 | 2.24 | 1.12 | 2.24 | 56 | 9.76 |
| | 801 | 1-8 | 2 | W. R. Ingram | 640 | | | | 2.80 | 3.73 | 65 | 4.48 | 2.24 | 4.48 | 112 | 19.50 |
| | 860 | 644 | 8 | W. L. Self | 320 | | | | 1.20 | 1.60 | 28 | 1.92 | 96 | 1.44 | 12 | 7.82 |
| | 921 | 638 | 112 | P. D. Sanders | 80 | | | | 25 | 33 | 6 | 40 | 20 | 50 | 11 | 1.85 |
| | 1015 | 833 | 38 | E. D. Copeland | 320 | | | | 1.40 | 1.87 | 33 | 2.24 | 1.12 | 1.68 | 50 | 9.14 |
| | 1027 | 638 | 112 | T. B. Hilton | 80 | | | | 35 | 47 | 8 | 56 | 28 | 70 | 15 | 2.59 |
| | 1029 | 638 | 112 | J. H. Hilton | 160 | | | | 70 | 93 | 16 | 1.12 | 56 | 1.40 | 31 | 5.18 |
| | 1114 | 1432 | 14 | H. & T. C. | 320 | | | | 1.20 | 1.60 | 28 | 1.92 | 96 | 4.80 | 77 | 11.53 |
| | | | | | | Tahoka | | | 13 | 17 | 3 | 20 | 10 | 50 | 8 | 1.20 |
| | | | | | | | | | 4.5, 6, 7, 8 | 45 | 31 | 42 | 7 | 50 | 25 | 1.25 |
| | | | | | | | | | 4 & 7 | 46 | 12 | 17 | 3 | 20 | 10 | 50 |
| | | | | | | | | | 7 | 48 | 6 | 7 | 1 | 9 | 4 | 21 |
| | | | | | | | | | 7 | 55 | 6 | 7 | 1 | 9 | 4 | 25 |
| | | | | | | | | | 2 & 7 | 56 | 12 | 16 | 3 | 18 | 9 | 16 |
| | | | | | | | | | 6 & 7 | 57 | 9 | 13 | 2 | 14 | 7 | 33 |
| | | | | | | | | | 5 & 8 | 63 | 10 | 14 | 2 | 16 | 8 | 40 |
| | | | | | | | | | 8 | 64 | 5 | 7 | 1 | 8 | 4 | 20 |
| | | | | | | | | | 8 | 65 | 5 | 7 | 1 | 8 | 4 | 20 |
| | | | | | | | | | 1 & 4 | 66 | 8 | 10 | 2 | 12 | 6 | 30 |
| | | | | | | | | | 4, 6, 7 | 67 | 15 | 18 | 3 | 24 | 12 | 54 |
| | | | | | | | | | 2 & 8 | 68 | 8 | 10 | 2 | 12 | 6 | 30 |
| | | | | | | | | | 3 | 70 | 6 | 8 | 1 | 10 | 5 | 25 |
| | | | | | | | | | 6 | 71 | 6 | 8 | 1 | 10 | 5 | 25 |
| | | | | | | | | | 5 & 6 | 73 | 10 | 14 | 2 | 16 | 8 | 40 |
| | | | | | | | | | 3, 6, 8 | 76 | 13 | 18 | 3 | 21 | 11 | 52 |
| | | | | | | | | | 4 & 7 | 77 | 8 | 10 | 2 | 12 | 6 | 30 |
| | | | | | | | | | 5 | 79 | 4 | 6 | 1 | 7 | 3 | 16 |
| | | | | | | | | | 5, 6, 7, 8 | 80 | 17 | 22 | 4 | 28 | 14 | 67 |
| | | | | | | | | | 3, 4, 7, 8 | 88 | 13 | 17 | 3 | 20 | 10 | 50 |
| | | | | | | | | | 1, 2, 5, 6 | 92 | 13 | 17 | 3 | 20 | 10 | 50 |
| | | | | | | | | | 3 & 4 | 93 | 7 | 9 | 2 | 10 | 5 | 25 |
| | | | | | | | | | 5, 6, 7, 8 | 95 | 17 | 17 | 3 | 20 | 10 | 50 |
| | | | | | | | | | 7 | | | | | | | |

List of Lands and Lots Delinquent on March 31st, 1912

For Taxes of 1911 Only in Lynn County

| NAME OF OWNER | LAND | | | Acres | TOWN OR CITY LOTS | | | STATE TAXES | | | | COUNTY TAXES | | | | TOTAL TAXES | |
|------------------------|-----------|-----------|-----------|----------------------|-------------------|---------------|---------|-------------|-----------|---------|---------|--------------|------------|----------|-----------|-------------|----------|
| | Abst. No. | Cert. No. | S. v. No. | | Original Grantee | CITY OR TOWN | Lots | Blk. | Reve. nue | Sch-ool | Pol-ity | Pen-alty | Ad Va-lore | Spe-cial | Dis-trict | | Pen-alty |
| Jack Alley | 204 | 170 | 527 | E. L. & R. R. | 640 | Tahoka | 4, 5, 6 | 72 | | | | | | | | | |
| " | 644 | 624 | 14 | Jack Alley | 640 | North Tahoka | 6 | 13 | | | | | | | | | |
| " | 646 | 418 | 4 | " | 640 | " | " | " | | | | | | | | | |
| " | 401 | 525 | 23 | H. E. & W. T. | 640 | Tahoka | 2 | 72 | | | | | | | | | |
| " | 1062 | 2 | 2 | Juo Fancher ne 1/4 | 160 | North Tahoka | 4 | 13 | | | | | | | | | |
| " | 859 | 3 | 3 | D. W. Scott, W 1/2 | 320 | " | " | " | | | | | | | | | |
| " | 245 | 631 | 9 | E. L. & R. R. ne 1/4 | 480 | Tahoka | 3, 4 | 92 | 15.84 | 21.12 | 3.70 | 25.35 | 12.68 | 29.45 | 6.75 | 114.89 | |
| A. L. Black | | | | " | | " | " | " | | | | | | | | | |
| J. W. D. Davis | 726 | 461 | 426 | A J. Beavers se 1/4 | 160 | " | " | " | 1.04 | 1.37 | 1.50 | 3.91 | 1.67 | 25 | 1.67 | 44 | |
| J. H. Fancher | 777 | 594 | 18 | L. L. Forrester | 640 | " | " | " | 8.88 | 11.83 | 2.08 | 14.20 | 7.10 | 10.65 | 3.19 | 57.93 | |
| L. L. Forrester | 892 | 1033 | 50 | " SE 1/4 | 160 | " | " | " | 79 | 1.05 | 1.50 | 1.18 | 1.26 | 3.15 | 50 | 7.56 | |
| " | 893 | 0 | 0 | " | 640 | Shook's Ad'n. | 2, 3 | 8 | 57 | 1.05 | 1.50 | 2.8 | 46 | 2.28 | 39 | 7.40 | |
| S. H. & Ed. S. Johnson | 1040 | 38 | 56 | O. B. Shook | 160 | Tahoka | 2, 3 | 8 | 79 | 1.05 | 1.50 | 1.18 | 1.26 | 3.15 | 50 | 7.56 | |
| Bert King | 939 | 1437 | 24 | C. C. Alford | 480 | " | " | " | 1.21 | 1.62 | 2.8 | 1.94 | 97 | 4.85 | 78 | 11.65 | |
| J. A. Martin | | | | " | | " | " | " | 2.65 | 3.53 | 5.2 | 4.24 | 2.12 | 10.60 | 1.70 | 25.36 | |
| J. C. Nevels | 212 | 660 | 39 | E. L. & R. R. | 640 | " | " | " | 4.33 | 5.77 | 1.01 | 6.92 | 3.46 | 17.30 | 2.77 | 41.56 | |
| G. R. Pearce | 998 | 7 | 7 | F. C. Millard | 320 | " | " | " | 81 | 1.08 | 1.50 | 1.34 | 1.30 | 65 | 25 | 1.85 | 41.99 |
| L. A. Robinson | 246 | 632 | 11 | E. L. & R. R. | 160 | Shook's Ad'n. | 3, 4 | 34 | 93 | 1.24 | 2.2 | 1.49 | 74 | 3.72 | 60 | 8.94 | |
| C. T. Shook | | | | " | | " | " | " | 2.50 | 3.33 | 5.8 | 4.00 | 2.00 | 10.00 | 1.60 | 24.01 | |
| S. N. Weathers | | | | " | | " | " | " | 52 | 69 | 12 | 83 | 41 | 2.08 | 33 | 4.98 | |
| J. F. Blevens | 739 | 523 | 42 | G. W. Brazill | 640 | " | " | " | 1.30 | 1.73 | 30 | 2.08 | 1.04 | 2.08 | 52 | 9.05 | |
| J. W. Everett | 993 | 477 | 18 | S. W. Joplin | 142 | " | " | " | 5.75 | 7.67 | 1.34 | 9.20 | 4.60 | 9.20 | 2.30 | 40.06 | |
| H. K. Fenn | 772 | 11 | 11 | W. F. Fenn ne 1/4 | 160 | Shook's Ad'n | 1 | 17 | 6 | 8 | 1 | 10 | 5 | 25 | 4 | 59 | |
| J. V. Hobbs | 1146 | 649 | 4 | J. V. Hobbs | 629 | North Tahoka | 15 | 45 | 1.40 | 1.87 | 33 | 2.24 | 1.12 | 1.68 | 50 | 9.14 | |
| J. L. Nevels | | | | " | | " | " | " | 5.62 | 7.50 | 1.31 | 9.00 | 4.50 | 22.50 | 3.60 | 54.03 | |
| D. W. E. Rood | 144 | 647 | 11 | E. L. & R. R. S 1/2 | 320 | " | " | " | 5.98 | 7.98 | 1.39 | 9.57 | 4.78 | 7.88 | 2.14 | 39.02 | |
| Staked Plains Tel. Co. | 326 | 235 | 5 | Julian Coats | 1367 | " | " | " | 70 | 93 | 17 | 1.12 | 56 | 84 | 25 | 4.57 | |
| T. B. Spaulding | 141 | 629 | 5 | E. L. & R. R. nw 1/4 | 160 | " | " | " | 70 | 93 | 16 | 1.12 | 56 | 2.80 | 45 | 6.72 | |
| Jacob Womac | 11 | 461 | 479 | " | 160 | " | " | " | 2.96 | 3.95 | 69 | 4.74 | 2.37 | 4.74 | 1.19 | 20.64 | |
| Unknown | 40 | 556 | 1301 | " | 677 | " | " | " | 16 | 1.12 | 56 | 1.12 | 56 | 84 | 25 | 4.56 | |
| " | 48 | 452 | 459 | " SE 1/4 | 160 | " | " | " | 2.80 | 3.73 | 65 | 4.48 | 2.24 | 4.48 | 1.12 | 19.50 | |
| " | 69 | 219 | 579 | C. W. Post | 640 | " | " | " | 2.80 | 3.73 | 65 | 4.48 | 2.24 | 5.60 | 1.23 | 20.73 | |
| " | 129 | 968 | 3 | E. L. & R. R. | 640 | " | " | " | 1.40 | 1.87 | 33 | 2.24 | 1.12 | 1.68 | 51 | 9.15 | |
| " | 143 | 646 | 13 | " SI 1/2 | 320 | " | " | " | 2.80 | 3.73 | 65 | 4.48 | 2.24 | 3.36 | 1.01 | 18.27 | |
| " | 290 | 527 | 7 | H. E. & W. T. | 640 | " | " | " | 2.80 | 3.73 | 65 | 4.48 | 2.24 | 11.20 | 1.79 | 26.89 | |
| " | 302 | 535 | 37 | " | 640 | " | " | " | 1.40 | 1.87 | 33 | 2.24 | 1.12 | 2.24 | 56 | 9.76 | |
| " | 303 | 530 | 35 | " | 640 | " | " | " | 2.80 | 3.73 | 65 | 4.48 | 2.24 | 3.36 | 1.01 | 18.27 | |
| " | 336 | 193 | 3 | D. & S. E. | 320 | " | " | " | 16 | 1.07 | 54 | 80 | 25 | 14.38 | | | |
| " | 353 | 1135 | 11 | E. L. & R. R. | 640 | " | " | " | 2.10 | 2.80 | 49 | 3.36 | 1.68 | 4.20 | 92 | 15.55 | |
| " | 437 | 181 | 23 | G. T. Ry. Co. | 152 | " | " | " | 2.80 | 3.73 | 65 | 4.48 | 2.24 | 5.60 | 1.33 | 20.85 | |
| " | 674 | 660 | 76 | W. R. Hampton | 480 | " | " | " | 2.50 | 3.33 | 58 | 4.00 | 2.00 | 3.00 | 90 | 16.31 | |
| " | 708 | 680 | 130 | Albert Taylor | 640 | " | " | " | 1.98 | 2.66 | 47 | 3.19 | 1.59 | 3.90 | 88 | 14.77 | |
| " | 728 | 70 | 38 | W. S. Bell | 640 | " | " | " | 1.63 | 2.17 | 38 | 2.60 | 1.30 | 2.60 | 65 | 11.33 | |
| " | 755 | 9 | 9 | W. Copeland | 455 | " | " | " | 70 | 94 | 16 | 1.12 | 56 | 1.12 | 28 | 4.88 | |
| " | 773 | 707 | 402 | W. T. Fenn | 320 | " | " | " | 2.40 | 3.20 | 50 | 3.84 | 1.92 | 9.60 | 1.54 | 23.06 | |
| " | 938 | 224 | 506 | J. C. York | 160 | " | " | " | 53 | 70 | 12 | 84 | 42 | 84 | 21 | 3.66 | |
| " | 973 | 1440 | 30 | M. M. Skinner | 640 | " | " | " | 1.20 | 1.60 | 28 | 1.92 | 96 | 1.44 | 73 | 7.83 | |
| " | 1110 | 707 | 402 | R. D. & H. K. Fenn | 120 | " | " | " | 1.20 | 1.60 | 28 | 1.92 | 96 | 4.80 | 77 | 11.53 | |
| " | 1113 | 2 | 2 | R. M. Haverty | 320 | " | " | " | 60 | 80 | 14 | 96 | 48 | 96 | 24 | 4.18 | |
| " | 1126 | 30 | 28 | W. K. Ray | 320 | " | " | " | 30 | 40 | 7 | 48 | 24 | 36 | 11 | 1.96 | |
| " | 1134 | 143 | 422 | T. M. Bartley | 160 | " | " | " | 1.50 | 2.00 | 35 | 2.40 | 1.20 | 1.80 | 54 | 9.78 | |
| " | 1136 | 68 | 20 | J. T. Blackburn | 80 | " | " | " | 70 | 93 | 16 | 1.12 | 56 | 1.12 | 28 | 4.87 | |
| " | 1114 | 1120 | 46 | J. C. Criswell | 470 | " | " | " | 70 | 93 | 16 | 1.12 | 56 | 1.12 | 28 | 4.87 | |
| " | 1153 | 1-5 | 2 | LLPowers & Hudson | 160 | " | " | " | 70 | 93 | 16 | 1.12 | 56 | 1.12 | 28 | 4.87 | |
| " | 1154 | 1-5 | 2 | " | 160 | " | " | " | 30 | 40 | 7 | 48 | 24 | 36 | 11 | 1.96 | |
| " | 1151 | 1-5 | 2 | " | 160 | " | " | " | 19 | 25 | 4 | 30 | 15 | 75 | 12 | 1.80 | |
| " | 1156 | 71 | 40 | B. H. Robinson | 80 | " | " | " | 7 | 50 | 25 | 1.20 | 20 | 2.02 | 20 | 2.92 | |

The **YELLOW LETTER**

BY **WILLIAM JOHNSTON**

Illustrations BY **V. L. BARNES**

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(Continued From Fourth Page)

families of Tellers in the telephone book and only four in the directory, and they are going to look them up and telephone inside of an hour."

"Maybe her name wasn't Teller," suggested the hotel-keeper. "I recollect seeing her kind of lesstate as she went to write in the register."

"That's just what I was thinking," I cried, glad to divert his attention once more. "Let us go and look at the register and then examine her clothing. Maybe there are some marks on it."

"That's a good idea," said the corner. "Wonder we didn't think of that before."

The hotel register showed us little save the name "Mary Jane Teller" in the tremulous old-fashioned hand little used to handling the pen. There was perhaps a little more space between the last two names than after the first—as if she hesitated a moment while deciding what name to use or perhaps with an honest woman's natural aversion to assuming any other name than her own.

"Let's look at the clothing," I suggested, eager for an opportunity to see whether there were any indications that would point to anything other than suicide.

The four of us hastened to the room again. To my annoyance I noted that he hope had been removed from the rafters, though the woman's outer clothing still lay piled on the chair. There seemed to be nothing about the inexpensive black suit to identify the owner, no mark of any kind except the label of the concern in New York from which it had been purchased.

"Where's the black bag she carried?" asked the corner.

"There was some money in it," Mr. Williams replied. "I put it in the safe."

As we left the room to return to the hotel office I gave a hasty glance at the corpse. From the condition of the face and throat it was all too plain that death had been by strangulation, still, I reasoned, a powerful man might have strangled the woman first and hanged her afterward to conceal his crime. I determined to put the theory up to Davis as soon as he arrived.

Twirling the knob of the ancient safe that stood in the corner, the hotel-keeper reached in and drew out a well-worn handbag of black leather and upset the contents on the desk. There were three one-dollar bills, neatly folded, three dimes and eight pennies—a meager amount that suggested the hoarding of pennies for this trip, whatever its purpose. There was a half-ticket, the return stub of a ticket from Bridgeport and another one from New York to Ardway, and that was all, save two neatly folded black-bordered handkerchiefs.

"Looks like she came from Bridgeport, after all," the constable volunteered.

"Maybe she did," said the landlord, unfolding one of the handkerchiefs and holding it up to our gaze. "Maybe she did come from Bridgeport, but her name wasn't Teller—not Mary Jane Teller by a long shot."

In the corner of each handkerchief was a neatly embroidered "S."

It gave me quite a shock as I looked at that mute evidence of her assumed name, to her effort to mask her identity.

Could her name have been Elser?

Was this the way in which she was connected with the two suicides in New York? But even so, suppose she was the sister or relative, or even the unrecognized wife of old Andred Elser, what possible connection could these two humble people have with Katharine Farrish?

The mystery was growing deeper. How I wished that Inspector Davis would come.

CHAPTER VII.

Two Disappearances.

I looked at my watch and saw that it was nearly noon. I remembered that I had not yet called up Louise as I had intended to do the very first thing

BETTER TO TAKE THAN CALOMEL

Dodson's Liver Tonic a Wholesome, Reliable Medicine that takes the Place of Calomel

Dodson's Liver Tonic strengthens the liver—it does not drive it to its work by over stimulating it as calomel does.

Dodson's Liver Tonic does not have any of the dangerous after-effects of calomel. It is a vegetable liquid—absolutely safe for either children or grown people. Every body likes its taste.

No restriction of habit or diet necessary.

Get a bottle at McGill's Drug Store, 50c, and try it. If it doesn't satisfy you, if it doesn't take the place of calomel, you can get your money back by asking for it.

that morning. What a laggard lover she must think me! How heartless it must seem to her for me to leave her alone so long in the mansion, where here father and sister lay dying, perhaps dead, with the black shadowy mystery still hanging over her and them! What must she think of me? Filled with self-reproach I sprang up without a word of apology or explanation to the others and hastened to the telephone booth I had observed in the hall.

"Give me 0141 Madison," I demanded of central.

"What's the matter?" she repeated, with surprise in her tone, which struck me peculiarly until I considered that long-distance calls from Ardway must be such a rarity as to surprise even the operator.

"I want long-distance—New York," I explained, enunciating distinctly, "0141 Madison."

"Again," central replied, flippantly, it appeared to me.

I repeated the number, more than annoyed by her response. "Oh, I've got your number all right by this time."

It was a good thing for her that she tried no more jocularity with me, or the rules of the company against profanity would have been shattered.

There was a wait of several minutes, filled with the usual false alarms of long-distance telephoning, during which I stood and fumed. At last I heard my dear Louise's voice and hastened eagerly to ask after her welfare. Her voice seemed strong and cheerful, though she admitted that she had slept little the night before. I apologized for not having called up before. She told me that while her father's condition was unchanged, the doctor thought he was in no immediate danger, and that Katharine was much improved. The doctor believed now that she could live. She was conscious, but very weak, and Louise had been forbidden to speak to her and was allowed in the room only for a minute at a time. I hastily sketched for her the events of the morning.

"Oh, Mr. Kent," said Louise's voice—how I wished she would call me by my first name—"who do you suppose called up?"

"Who?"

"Hugh Crandall."

"What's that?" I exclaimed, hardly believing my ears.

SHERIFF'S SALE

THE STATE OF TEXAS)
County of Lynn.) Whereas,

by virtue of an Order of Sale, issued out of the District Court of Lubbock County, Texas, on a judgment rendered in said court on the 19th day of June, A. D. 1912, in favor of J. W. Kokernot and H. L. Kokernot and against W. H. Bledsoe, T. T. Price, M. C. Overton, W. R. Ingram No., 646 on the Docket of said Court, and to me, as Sheriff, directed and delivered, I did, on the 28th day of June, A. D. 1912, at 7 o'clock p. m., levy upon the following described tracts and parcels of land situated in Lynn County, Texas, and belonging to W. H. Bledsoe, T. T. Price, M. C. Overton, W. R. Ingram, to-wit:

North Half (N. 1/2) of Survey Eighteen (18) in Block "J", Certificate No. 212, E. L. & R. R. R. Co., containing 320 acres of land.

And on the 6th day of August, A. D. 1912, 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 Lynn County, Texas, in the town of Tahoka, I will offer for sale and sell at public auction, for cash, all the right, title and interest of the said W. H. Bledsoe, T. T. Price, M. C. Overton, W. R. Ingram, in and to said property.

Witness my hand, this the 28th day of June, A. D. 1912.

J. H. EDWARDS, Sheriff of Lynn County, Texas. 45-47

Notice of Sale of Real Estate Under Execution.

The State of Texas)
County of Lynn.) In the County Court of Dallas County, At-Law, Texas, Sanger Brothers, a firm composed of Isaac Sanger, Alex Sanger and Mrs. Cornelia Sanger, a feme sole, Plaintiffs, vs. Jack Alley and T. M. Bartley, Defendants.

Whereas, by virtue of a 2nd Pluries Fieri Facias Execution issued out of the County Court of Dallas County, Texas, on a judgment rendered in said court on the 5th day of Sept. A. D. 1911, in favor of the said Sanger Brothers, a firm composed of Isaac Sanger, Alex Sanger and Mrs. Cornelia Sanger, a feme sole, and against the said Jack Alley and T. M. Bartley, No. 6876 on the docket of said court, I did, on the 6th day of June A. D. 1912, at 11:30 o'clock a. 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, as follows, to-wit:

Uses 1/3 Less Coals
The best Baker ever built
Built like a locomotive boiler
Riveted, not bolted together. No stove putty
Easy to keep clean. Saves work and money

ARCADIAN

AMERICA'S BEST RANGE

The Arcadian is a perfect baking range, and stays a perfect baker for a lifetime because it is built like a locomotive boiler. Built of malleable iron and charcoal iron riveted together instead of being bolted together. Made airtight without the use of stove putty to crumble and fall out, as happens in cast iron and so-called steel ranges, allowing false drafts to fan the fire or deaden it.

The Arcadian Range will never have false drafts—it will always do perfect baking, using a third less fuel than common ranges.

Never need to use blanching—a rub with an oiled cloth makes it appear like new. It pays for itself over and over in the fuel it saves, to say nothing of the way it makes a woman's work easier and allows her to do perfect baking.

THE ARCADIAN IS SOLD BY U.S.
We invite you to call as we wish to demonstrate the value of this range to you.

Tahoka H'dw'e. Co.

Complete Line of Shelf and Heavy Hardware, Sweeps of All Kinds and Makes, Hoes, Rakes, Garden Plows and Implements, Screen Wire, Screen Doors, Poultry Netting

COMPLETE LINE of LEATHER GOODS

Let Us Build Your Iron Tank And Gutter Your House

It is easy for a girl to believe that a certain young man is her affinity—until after they are married.

Nothing is more disappointing than the actions of a pretty girl who thinks her good looks an excuse for impoliteness.

Happy is the calm, unruffled man who takes life philosophically and grows old gracefully—even if he doesn't amount to much.—Chicago News.

PROFESSIONAL

DR. BUCK HENRY
Dentist and Optometrist
All Work Strictly Guaranteed,
Office at Hotel St. Clair
Tahoka, Texas



SUMMER Excursions

Spending the hot days of July and August in the Colorado Mountains.
Special Excursion Rates on sale for tickets via



Call on or Phone P. T. PITTS, Agt. Phone 63.

Notice of Sale of Real Estate Under Execution.

The State of Texas, in the County of Lynn, Texas, in the County Court of Dawson County, Texas, J. E. McDonald, Plaintiff, vs. W. F. and B. Humphries, Defendants.

Whereas by virtue of a Vendition Ex Ponas issued out of the County Court of Dawson County, Texas, on a judgment rendered in said Court on the 3rd day of May A. D. 1911, J. E. McDonald, Plaintiff, recovered judgment against W. F. Humphries and B. Humphries which said judgment was appealed to the Court of Civil Appeals for the 7th Supreme Judicial District of Texas by writ of error and Defendant executed a writ of error bond with R. P. Brazier, J. E. Stokes, Bob Majors and W. C. Wells, sureties, and said judgment was affirmed the 2nd day of Feb. 1912 and judgment rendered against said sureties and said Defendants for the sum of Two Hundred and Ninety Nine and 83/100 with interest thereon from the 3rd day of May A. D. 1912, at the rate of 10 per cent per annum, and all costs of suit as of record is manifest in Minute Book 1, page 98 et seq. of the Minutes of said Court; and, whereas a pluries execution thereon issued to Lynn County, on the 18th day of April A. D. 1912, and whereas J. H. Edwards Sheriff of Lynn County has by virtue of said execution issued upon certain property of the said W. F. Humphries, B. Humphries and R. P. Brazier, of the following description to wit:

The South West One-fourth (1/4) of Survey No. 24, Abstract No. 796, Cert. 652, original grantee B. Humphries, containing 180 acres of land in Lynn County, Texas, said land advertised said land to sell on the 4th day of June 1912 and the Defendant, W. F. Humphries paid to Plaintiff the sum of \$299.50 said payment being applied as follows: \$44.35 in payment of all costs to that date and \$255.15 being credited on the principal and accrued interest on said judgment to said date, leaving a balance of \$77.35 balance of said judgment with 10 per cent interest from June 4th 1912.

I did, on the 22nd day of June A. D. 1912, at 4 o'clock p. m. levy upon the following described tract and parcel of land situate in the county of Lynn State of Texas, and belonging to the said W. F. Humphries, B. Humphries and R. P. Brazier, to-wit: Abstract 796, Cert. 652, Sur. 24, Original Grantee B. Humphries, and being the southwest 1/4 of said survey in Lynn County, Texas, and containing 180 acres of land, more or less; and on the 6th day of August A. D. 1912 being the first Tuesday in 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 W. F. Humphries, B. Humphries and R. P. Brazier in and to said property.

This 22nd June 1912.
J. H. Edwards, Sheriff.

The Yellow Letter

by William Johnston
Illustrations by V.L. Barnes

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THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY

[Continued From Fifth Page]

"Cook Crandall," she repeated a little louder and more distinctly. "He asked for Katharine, and the maid called me to the telephone. I told him my sister was ill and could not come to the telephone. He seemed greatly pleased and insisted on knowing what the matter was. He was so agitated and persistent, I finally told him she had met with an accident. He was silent for so long I thought he had left the telephone, but all of a sudden he asked, 'Did she shoot herself?' and before I thought I answered 'Yes.' Then he cried out, 'Oh, my God!' or something like that and asked if she was fatally injured. I told him that she was alive, but unconscious, and then, Harding, he asked if I had seen

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ESTIMATES FURNISHED FREE.
Hours Built at Reasonable Prices, by Skilled Workmen.

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Largest and best equipped Nursery in West Texas, supplied with plenty of water, a necessity in handling Nursery stock
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Good Rigs—Careful Drivers

WANTED—To trade for some good driving stock. We have some good second hand buggies we will trade for anything.

North of the square, Tahoka, Texas.

JUST ARRIVED ANOTHER CAR OF FEED
If it is hay, grain, cottonseed cake, coal or salt you want just phone 38 and let us deliver it. **BIGHAM & SNIDER**

the office.
"Have you seen anything of Cook?" I asked, trying to mask the eagerness with which I sought him.

"Not since this morning," the landlord volunteered. "I guess you saw him after I did. The coroner told me you saw him leaving the room during the inquest."

"I seen him," volunteered the clerk. "Where? When?" I asked excitedly. "About an hour ago, driving past here hickety-split with the black mare from Jones' livery stable."

"Which direction did he go?" I cried, all excitement at the thought that Crandall was escaping just at the very moment when I, for the first time, had made sure of his identity.

"He must be followed and found at once," I said, turning to the landlord. "Don't his actions look to you like those of a guilty man? The minute he hears me ask about a yellow letter he disappears from the hotel. There is no train by which he can escape. So desperate is he that he hires a horse and tries to get away cross country."

I had hoped by my eagerness to stir in the landlord something of my own feeling in regard to Crandall's guilt, but these country yokels are hard to move.

"What do you suspect him of?" he inquired calmly. "Why should he want to escape from you? Have you got a warrant for him?"

I was not yet ready to divulge my reason for wanting Crandall captured. Even if we had him, what definite crime was there of which I could accuse him? I was morally certain that the yellow letter or letters emanated from him, yet how could I prove it? A new thought came to me.

"Where is his baggage?" I asked. "He only had a hand-satchel with him," said Mr. Williams, "and I guess that is up in his room."

"Suppose we go look for it," I suggested. "You don't do no such thing as that in my hotel," said the landlord decisively, "not unless you've got a warrant. He's paid for his room for a week in advance, and there ain't no law to prevent his going and coming as he pleases, so long as there ain't no warrant out for him. If he wants to get out of town behind the fastest horses in Jones' stable I ain't a-going to try to stop him, and what's more, if he has left his grip in his room it is going to stay there. Maybe or maybe not there are things in it, but there ain't no prying stranger going to know what's there unless he can show me due warrant of law."

"You may be defeating the ends of justice," I warned him sternly, indignantly resenting his remark, yet seeing no way in which I could successfully dodge his appellation of "prying stranger" without revealing my whole hand, and this I was determined not to do until Davis arrived and I had had an opportunity to consult with him.

"I may be blocking your plans," said the landlord gruffly, "but you'll get no more help out of me unless I know what it is you are after. The right kind of a mystery doesn't hurt the hope."
(Continued)

SMITH SAYS COLQUITT MANAGERS MISREPRESENTED THINGS TO HIM

PROHIBITIONIST WHO WROTE WYATT LETTER GIVING REASONS FOR SUPPORTING COLQUITT DID SO UNDER MISAPPREHENSION.

Demands That Justice Be Done Both Himself and Judge Ramsey.

Dallas, Texas, July 16th.—Perhaps the greatest sensation of the present campaign was sprung today when a letter written by Mr. R. E. Smith, of Sherman, Texas, calling upon the Colquitt campaign management to correct mis-statements which they had made to him and which had caused him to write a letter to the prohibitionists of Texas urging them to support Colquitt. The letter Mr. Smith wrote was addressed to Mr. D. E. Wyatt, of New Boston, Texas, and has been distributed broadcast over prohibition counties by the Colquitt headquarters. The publication of Mr. Smith's letter of Friday, together with the statement issued by the four gentlemen who have been chairmen of the prohibition forces in Johnson County for the past sixteen years, denying that Judge Ramsey had represented the anti in the injunction case in that county as stated by Colquitt and McDonald, have thrown the Colquitt men in a state of consternation.

The most unusual part of the Smith letter of last Friday was his calling upon the Colquitt management to use the telephone, telegraph and circular letter to correct the misrepresentations regarding Judge Ramsey's record, and the deception that had been practiced on Smith.

To date not a word has been issued from Colquitt headquarters correcting the mis-statements referred to in Mr. Smith's letter, which is as follows:

Sherman, July 12, 1912.
Mr. R. M. Colquitt,
Austin, Texas,
and
D. M. Cameron,
Dallas, Texas.

Dear Sirs:
Before signing the letter to D. E. Wyatt the report was everywhere circulated that Judge Ramsey was attorney for the anti who kept the prohibition election from going into effect in Johnson county in addition to which I inquired of the Colquitt headquarters at Austin and at Dallas, both represented by you two. I also inquired of Mr. Ben Cabell and had heard the statement so frequently made supposed there was no doubt as to its truthfulness. Did not quite understand why the facts should be published even if true. Did not see why it should be to the credit or discredit of a lawyer to accept employment from the anti as well as from the pro or others to see that they get their legal rights. But I have a letter from Mr. J. B. Joiner for which I am thankful, who lives at Cleburne, stating that Judge Ramsey had nothing to do with that case. As you are issuing from your headquarters copies of this letter in circular form, I am writing to ask that you not do this until you examine the records of the courts. And if Judge Ramsey's name is not found there I hope you will do me the justice and the credit to make public a correction of this mis-statement, giving it as much publicity as this circular letter.

I have known Judge Ramsey long

and favorably, have never heard anything of him to his discredit, would not have signed the letter making this statement had I thought it discreditable and knew it to be true, but he and others might think different anyhow if the statement is not true it is inexcusable and there is nothing left except to make full and complete retractions, and I beg you to be prompt and active in doing JUSTICE TO ME AND TO JUDGE RAMSEY FOR THE RECEIPT OF THIS LETTER GIVES ME NO LITTLE WORRY.

I have discharged my stenographer, doing my own work, on account of hard times; have not the time nor the means to attend to this myself. Have dictated this crude letter to an untrained typewriter, to get a carbon copy to Mr. J. B. Joiner and have not time to write it and put it in proper shape, being in act of boarding the train to meet the Governor at Bonham. I am enclosing the Joiner letter to R. M. Colquitt.

THE TRUTH MUST PREVAIL THOUGH THE HEAVENS FALL. I HOPE YOU WILL USE THE NEWSPAPERS, CIRCULAR LETTERS, ETC., AND ALSO TELEGRAPH AND TELEPHONE AND DO WHAT IS NECESSARY WITHOUT THE LEAST DELAY.

Yours truly,
R. E. SMITH.

P. S.—That letter was signed as I was boarding the train for the coast country. I called up Mr. Cabell over the phone at Dallas told him I did not know myself that Judge Ramsey was the lawyer for the anti; thought it made no difference if it was. And thought it was the understanding that this clause was to be erased from my letter. Thought I either erased it myself or instructed my clerk to do it with other erasures that were made. Please examine original manuscript, perhaps it was dimly erased and overlooked.—R. E. S.

WHY NOT?

Did Balaam's ass talk Assyrian?

Is the wall of an invalid kitty mew-sick?

Do bees do their buzzing in their buzzums?

Can a near-sighted man have a far-away look?

Should the socially fastidious return telephone calls?

Does a hungry horse never regret that he can't eat a bit?

Do not the waiters furnish all the palms any restaurant needs?

Is it easier to elevate the stage because it has wings and flies?

Is the boy forever at the foot of his class cut out for a chiropodist?

Do the letters tacked on to the names of our celebrities mean they "got there my degrees?"

When a man's puzzled does he scratch his foot instead of his head to stir his understanding?

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Practical jokers are anything but joy-makers.

Judge not your neighbor until you stand in his shoes.

Broken heads, loosened slats; partly football, partly "frats."

A soft answer will not turn away an agent with something to sell.

A woman's idea of making a fifteen minute call is to stay two hours.

We can't all get rich quickly. In fact, most of us can't even get rich slowly.

A girl likes to be secretly engaged so that she can tell all her girl friends.

Only a man who is known to be truthful can tell a lie big enough to attract attention.

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