

# LYNN COUNTY NEWS.

VOLUME 7.

TAHOKA, LYNN COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, JUNE 16 1911

NUMBER 42

**DRS. INNON & TURRENTINE**  
Physicians & Surgeons

Local and Long  
Distance Phones  
Tahoka, Texas.

**DR. J. H. McCOY**  
Physician and Surgeon  
Office at, Thomas Bros. & Co.

**G. E. LOCKHART**  
Attorney-At-Law  
Office South of Square

**DR. J. B. HALL, DENTIST**  
of Plainview Texas

Will be in Tahoka the second  
Monday in each month and  
will remain a week

## Down at Our Store

- Bell of Wichita Flour per sack \$1.55
- Monogram Flour per sack 1.40
- White Lilly Flour per sack 1.15
- 25 of Granulated Sugar for 1.50
- 10 pound pail of Cottole 1.35
- 10 pound pail of White cloud 1.15
- 10 pounds of Soda .60
- 6 Bars of Sunny Monday Soap .25
- 6 Bars of Crystal White Soap .25
- 6 Bars of Clairott Soap .25
- 4 Pounds Fancy Peaberry Coffee 1.00
- 50 Pound sack Refined Salt .40
- 100 Pound sack Refined Salt .60
- 500 Pound sack Stock Salt .85
- Boys' Wash Suit from 85 cents to 1.50
- Boys' Spring Wool Suits \$2.50 to 5.00

**J.S. Wells**

## Don't Dodge The Dollar

What you can buy at other stores with \$30.00 we will sell you for \$12.00 or \$15.00, in other words when you are trading with us the "Dollars are calling your way so, 'Don't Dodge 'Em."

We are giving a demonstration of this, "DOLLARS FOR YOU" in our Dry Goods Department. Every article of dry goods will be sold at actual cost. If you wish to give your dollar the sure test, come to our store and you will be surprised to find how much it will buy. Full line of shirts, hats, shoes, ladies' furnishings and Groceries.

**CASH STORE**  
South of Square Tahoka Texas

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. S. N. Weathers, Friday June 16, 1911, a daughter.

We are prepared to do all kinds of windmill and well work Lewis & Mike, "The Windmill Doctors." 39-1f

P. B. Hall, the Tahoka Livery Stable man, left Wednesday for Slaton with the buss which he will run during the celebration.

Read the ads carefully, it pays.

Mrs. Joplin and Mrs. Crie spent Tuesday with Mrs. J. D. Donaldson at her country home. The day is one long to be remembered for the hospitality and good cheer enjoyed.

Everything is looking fine. Mr. Donaldson has a thirty acre crop of corn about waist high, thirty acres of millit nearly ready to head and we don't know how much cotton, but we saw two large fields that looked as fine as any one could wish. Mrs. Donaldson has 150 little chickens and an orchard full of fruit to ripen in a few days.

She invited us to come again, which we fully intend to do; she made sure of our return by giving us one of her good dinners.

## REPORT OF THE CONDITION of the First National Bank

At Tahoka in the State of Texas,  
At the Close of Business  
June 7, 1911.

RESOURCES	DOLLARS
Loans and Discounts	58,368.09
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	2,473.60
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	7,500.00
Premiums on U.S. Bonds	187.50
Banking house, Furniture and Fixtures	2,560.60
Other Real Estate Owned	3,250.00
Due from National Banks (not reserve agents)	12,714.95
Due from State and Private Banks and Bankers, Trust Companies and Savings Banks	3,658.44
Due from approved Reserve Agents	57,211.60
Notes of other National Banks	3,040.00
Fractional Paper Currency, Nickels and Cents	26.85
Lawful Money Reserve in Bank, viz:	
Specia 4,513.60	4,513.60
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 p. c. of circulation)	375.00
<b>Total</b>	<b>155,880.23</b>

LIABILITIES	DOLLARS
Capital stock paid in	25,000.00
Surplus fund	4,500.00
Undivided Profits, less Expenses and Taxes paid	1,268.01
National Bank Notes outstanding	7,500.00
Individual deposits subject to check	117,612.22
<b>Total</b>	<b>155,880.23</b>

State of Texas, County of Lynn, ss:  
I, W. D. Nevels, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

W. D. NEVELS, Cashier.  
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of June, 1911.  
Joe. L. Stokes, J. P. Ex-officio Notary Public.

CORRECT—Attest:  
(A. L. Lockwood,  
S. N. McDaniel,  
W. B. Slaton,

## Editor's Trip to O'Donnell.

Last Thursday morning the editor and her father, E. H. Crie, accompanied by her daughters, Mrs. Julia Clayton and Misses Bessie and Isobel, went to O'Donnell for the day.

Some of the country along the way was needing rain and some other portions in fine condition. None of the crops are damaged for want of rain, though things are dry.

We stopped at the home of George Vaughn, who lives 10 miles south of Tahoka, to ask directions, and were treated in a friendly way by the good people. Granma Martin directed us on our road and assured us we were not lost.

Their cattle were coming in to water and their sheek looks spoke volumes for the range on which they live.

After reaching O'Donnell we went to the Doak Hotel where we received a typical Plains welcome from our old time friends, Mr. and Mrs. Chasley Doak who were among those who first settled in Tahoka. Mrs. Doak gave us what she called a short notice dinner, which to our way of thinking was fit to a king. She told us if we had sent word ahead we would have got fried chicken for dinner as she has a line of frers.

After dinner we went out to take a look at the town. A. H. Langley & Co.'s store, a branch house of their Lamesa business, was our first stop. Miss Madison, the manager, showed us through the store and we were agreeably surprised at the variety and quantity of their stock. Before we knew it we had bought a nice bill of goods. The goods purchased were up to date for style and the staple articles were displayed in all their variety. The grocery stock was hard to beat, we know because we bought some goodies for our lunch on the way home. Miss Madison gave us a cordial invitation to come again, which we hope to do.

We then visited the store of our old friend L. G. Phillips, who moved to O'Donnell this Spring. We had another treat looking through his stock of nice goods displayed to tempt his customers, we know because we got tempted and bought some things from him; truly the folks near O'Donnell don't have to send away to get something to eat and wear, as their enterprising merchants can supply all their wants.

They tell us that they will soon have a good school district and upwards of 30 pupils enrolled. The post office is located in the hotel and kept by Mr. and Mrs. Doak. The O'Donnell folks have a real estate office and do a good business.

We heard lots of base ball talk, and Mr. Doak told us of some good games and fine playing.

We had some of as fine water

## Tahoka Farmers' Institute, June 23.

Under the direction of the State Department of Agriculture, Farmers' Institutes will be held at the following places:

Lamesa, June 22, 1:30 p. m.  
Tahoka, June 23, 1:30 p. m.  
Lubbock, June 24, 1:30 p. m.

The place of meeting will be announced by the local committee at each point.

These Institutes will be conducted by Mr. J. W. Niell, Director of Farmers' Institutes, who will discuss Dry Farming; the Conservation of moisture; Selection and Improvement of the Home Grown Seed; Diversification of Crops; the Cotton Root Rot; Boll worm; the Meion Louse; and the Potato Weevil.

Officers of Institutes already organized will please assist in getting the farmers out to hear these important questions discussed.

The State Department of Agriculture publishes from time to time, valuable reports upon topics of vital interest to the farmers of the State. All Institutes will receive copies of all bulletins issued by the Department free of cost, and will be placed on the regular mailing list for future bulletins and reports.

These Institutes are farmers' meetings devoted to the upbuilding of the best interests of the farmer. It is urged, therefore, that the farmers bring their families and devote, at least one day to a careful study and discussion of the agricultural questions which lie nearest to their hearts.

ED. R. KONE,  
Commissioner.

to drink as any one could ask and they tell us it is soft as rain water and is fine to wash in.

The country around O'Donnell is smooth, rolling slightly, and the grass is green and thick; in fact we fell completely in love with O'Donnell and are proud she is growing up in our county. We heard of a lot of improvements to be made this summer.

John Stokes, of Gail, came home with his brother, J. E. Stokes, who was at Gail the first of the week. They both went to Slaton yesterday to the celebration. Joe Stokes went with them and stayed over for all the festivities.

### NOTICE.

To all land owners adjoining the Wilson County School Land: Notice is hereby given, that I have rebuilt my fences and have moved them from 15 to 20 feet inside of my lines for the benefit of the public travel, and I want same left open, and no gates or fences placed across my lines.  
WM. GREEN. 40-43

Make your weak wells better by casing out the sand. Milliken & Redwine can do this for you. 39-1f

## Lands, Loans & Insurance E. D. Skinner & Son TAHOKA, Lynn County, TEXAS

## THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK TAHOKA, TEXAS

NO. 8507

Condensed Statement of condition as made to the Comptroller of currency at the close of business June 7th, 1911

RESOURCES	LIABILITIES
Loans and Overdrafts - \$60,841.69	Capital - \$25,000.00
Bonds and Premiums - 7,687.50	Surplus and Profits - 5,768.01
House and Fixtures - 2,560.60	Circulation - 7,500.00
Real Estate - 3,250.00	Deposits - 117,612.22
Redemption Fund - 375.00	Total - \$155,880.23
<b>Cash and Exchange - 81,165.44</b>	
<b>Total - \$155,880.23</b>	

The above statement is correct.  
O. L. SLATON, President. W. D. NEVELS, Cashier.  
A. L. LOCKWOOD, Vice President. W. B. SLATON, Secretary.

Oscar King and family were in Tahoka Wednesday.

For dependable windmill work get E. N. McKeynolds. Satisfaction guaranteed. Phone 32. 41-1f

Tom Preston, manager of the T-Bar ranch, was a Tahoka visitor Wednesday.

If there is anything wrong with your well, ask Milliken & Redwine, "The Windmill Doctors." Consultation free. 39-1f

A fine rain visited this section of the Plains Sunday; extending from Magtown on the east to Gomez on the west.

CALL—And see the new process in enamel ware. All wares also looks well a little time.—Broken Dollar Store Agents for Tahoka.

Mrs. Grace Skinner who has been visiting her father, B. L. Snook, for some time returned to her home in Lubbock Saturday.

The members of the basket ball team are greatly rejoiced at having received their book of instruction and they have gone to work in earnest.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Nevels went to Lubbock last Friday to spend the day; at the last minute Miss Saran Kuhn elected to go, which she did, enjoying the trip immensely.

The Commissioners' Court was in session the first of the week as a board of equalization. The also established another school district to be known as O'Donnell County Line No. 10.

### JEWELER AND OPTITION

C. W. Anderson, Jeweler and Optician has established himself at Thomas Bros. Drug store and is prepared to do all kinds of Jewellery and optical work. Eyes tested free. All Work Guaranteed. 39-1f

Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Payne, of Earth, moved into the McGonagall, house in the south west part of Tahoka Thursday. We understand that Mr. McGonagall and family move out to the Payne farm; the two gentlemen having made a trade of their homes. This is all right, as it gives us Mr. and Mrs. Payne in Tahoka again, and locates Mr. McGonagall and his family in Lynn county again; when Mr. Mack came back from the south this last time we sure thought we were going to loose them.

A Carload of the celebrated Hodge Fence in three, four and five foot heights at the Higginbotham-Harris & Co.'s Lumber Yard. You will have to hurry if you want any. 37-1f

Stewart Schooler's infant died Saturday and was buried here Sunday afternoon; its mother died Wednesday and was buried here yesterday. We will give the particulars next week.

Sheriff J. H. Edwards while filling a gasoline iron this morning, got some of the gasoline on his sleeve which caught fire and burned his hands quite severely. Dr. Innon was called and soon had him easy.

While Newt McKeynolds was working on P. B. Hall's wind mill Tuesday, a piece of piping slipped and crashed his left hand breaking several bones. It seems Newt had taken out an accident policy just the week before.

Molly Bailey's big railroad show is billed for Tahoka Monday June 19th. This will be the first railroad show to come to Tahoka. The last time Molly Bailey came to Tahoka people came 35 miles and we never heard a kick. Every one had a good time and went home happy.

POSTED—Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8 in Block 87; also lots 1, 2, 7 and 8 in block 107; lots 5 and 6 in block 106; lots 3 and 4 in block 115 and the 12 acres fenced there with, all in the south part of the town of Tahoka and belonging to T. C. Leedy, Tahoka, Texas, and any one found trespassing

## Below is a list of some of the bargains that are being sold at the famous Parkhurst Broken Dollar Store:

- No. 2 Lamp Globes, each 5c
- No. 2 Lamp complete 50c
- Wick, Burner, Globe Parlor or Dining room Pictures 16x20 1.00
- Small Art Pictures superb quality 10 to 25c
- 13 inch Chopping Bowls 15c
- Ladies' Handkerchiefs Plain and Crossbar 5c
- Ladies' Gauze Vests 10c
- Ladies' or Gents' Hose per pair 10c
- A few choice remnants left and going very cheap. Come see
- Foilet Soaps, the very best 6 bars 25c
- Plain Envelopes good quality per pkt 5c
- Large variety PostCards 4th of July etc. each 1c
- 5 Quart Blue Enamel Siever 20c
- Fresh Mixed Candy Per pound 20c

With each \$1.00 cash purchase we give you a beautiful Dish Souvenir of Tahoka, Texas.

Don't forget the place.

## Parkhurst's Broken Dollar Store.

**Tahoka, Grove CIRCLE, No. 714**  
Meet the 1st and 3rd Saturday afternoon at three o'clock, Mrs. T. J. Blankenship, Guardian, Mrs. Fannie N. Henderson, Clerk.

**Tahoka Lodge No. 420**  
Knights of Pythias  
Meet 2nd and 4th Monday nights in each month.  
S. W. Joplin, C. G.  
F. E. McDaniel, K. of R.S.

**Tahoka Lodge No. 653 I. O. O. F.**  
Meet Tuesday Nights  
D. T. Rogers, N. G., O. T. Bryant, Sec.

**Tahoka Rebekah Lodge No. 150**  
Meet 2nd Tuesday afternoon, 4th Friday night.  
Mrs. W. A. Stoddum, N. G.  
Mrs. F. E. Redwine, Secretary.

**Tahoka, Camp No. 1603**  
Meet every Saturday night at W. O. W. Hall.  
D. T. Rogers, C. C. H. M. Larkin, Clerk.

**DR. I. E. SMITH**  
SPECIALIST  
EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT



# Household Remedy

Taken in the Spring for Years.

Ralph East, Willis, Mich., writes: "Hood's Sarsaparilla has been a household remedy in our home as long as I can remember. I have taken it in the spring for several years. It has no equal for cleansing the blood and expelling the humors that accumulate during the winter. Being a farmer and exposed to bad weather, my system is often affected, and I often take Hood's Sarsaparilla with good results."

Hood's Sarsaparilla is Peculiar to itself. There is no "just as good." Get it today in usual liquid form or chocolate tablets called Sarsatabs.



As allied with... **Thompson's Eye Water**

The ship in which many fond hopes go down is courtship.

Garfield Tea, invaluable in the treatment of liver and kidney diseases!

It is in the mirror acts of our daily life that our character is revealed.—Lee.

If you wish beautiful, clear, white clothes use Red Cross Ball Blue. Large 2 oz. package, 5 cents.

He who gives pleasure meets with it; kindness is the bond of friendship and the book of love.—Basilie.

Constipation causes and aggravates many serious diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. The favorite family laxative.

First Set Own house in Order. How unconscious we all are of our own faults and failings! As we see others, so others see ours. It is our own faults we have to correct first before we tell others where to get off.

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of **CASTORIA**, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the **Signature of Dr. J. C. Fletcher** in Use For Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

It Came Too Easy.

Cashier—I'm sorry, madam, but I can't honor this check. Your husband's account is overdrawn.

Lady—Huh! I thought there was something wrong when he wrote this check without waiting for me to get hysterical.

Close Guess.

Schmidt—Ye got a new baby yet your house yesterday.

Schmaltz—Vas iss; poy or girl?

Schmidt—I vond dell you. You haf got to guess it.

Schmaltz—Iss id a girl?

Schmidt—You cho-p-ost missed it.—Youngstown Telegram.

Bloodless Battles.

"What we want," said the peace promoter, "is a system that will permit candid discussion to take the place of actual conflict."

"Don't you think," inquired the man who was reading the sporting page, "that our professional pugilists have come pretty near solving the problem?"

Absent-Minded Bridegroom.

John Adams has always been absent minded, says the Kansas City Journal. Yesterday he went with Ida Lee, of Kansas City, Mo., to Kansas City, Kan., to be married by Paul Huff, acting probate judge. When Judge Huff asked him if he would "take this woman to be your lawfully wedded wife," he was looking out of the window and didn't answer.

"If you've any doubts about it we will stop right here," the bride said defiantly.

Adams protested that he had not hesitated at all, but had merely been thinking about something else. The ceremony as completed without further hitch.

DAME NATURE HINTS When the Food is Not Suited.

When Nature gives her signal that something is wrong it is generally with the food; the old Dame is always faithful and one should act at once.

To put off the change is to risk that which may be irreparable. An Arizona man says:

"For years, I could not safely eat any breakfast. I tried all kinds of breakfast foods, but they were all soft, starchy, messes, which gave me distressing headaches. I drank strong coffee, too, which appeared to benefit me at the time, but added to the headaches afterwards. Toast and coffee were no better, for I found the toast very constipating.

"A friend persuaded me to quit coffee and the starchy breakfast foods, and use Postum and Grape-Nuts instead. I shall never regret taking his advice.

"The change they have worked in me is wonderful. I now have no more of the distressing sensations in my stomach after eating, and I never have any headaches. I have gained 12 pounds in weight and feel better in every way. Grape-Nuts make a delicious as well as a nutritious dish, and I find that Postum is easily digested and never produces dyspepsia symptoms.

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Get the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pgs. "There's a Reason."

Have read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

# Practical Fashions

SIMPLE AND SMART.



This is a waist which can be made in a morning. It has the peasant shoulder and the tucks which begin at the line of the bust, continue to the shoulder and over it to the waist line in the back. The sleeves are of full length, and finished at the wrist with a cuff. The center of the back is a plain panel and the front is plain and flat, but the closing is placed here and the line is bias at the top and straight lower down. The neck may be finished with a band so that the various collars may be worn with the waist. This style is excellent for French flannel, taffetas, satin, linen and pongee silk.

The pattern (5412) is cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 2 1/2 yards of 36 inch material.

To procure this pattern send 10 cents to "Pattern Department," of this paper. Write name and address plainly, and be sure to give size and number of pattern.

Form for pattern order: NO. 5412. SIZE..... NAME..... TOWN..... STREET AND NO..... STATE.....

## PRETTY YOKE DRESS.



This dress was designed for very little people. The yoke is rather deep and the lower edge is shaped in a double pointed scallop in both front and back. The skirt of the dress is straight at the lower edge. It is gathered across the top and attached to the lower edge of the yoke and a double box plait is placed under the arm to take up the extra fullness, without making the seam too bias. Batiste, lawn, cambric, challis, organdy and fine cashmere will make pretty dresses in this style. By trimming the yoke as suggested in the picture the frock will be made more ornamental or the entire yoke may be of all over lace or embroidery.

The pattern (5390) is cut in sizes 1, 3 and 5 years. Medium size requires 2 yards of 36 inch material, 1 1/2 yards of insertion and 1 1/4 yards of edging to make as pictured.

To procure this pattern send 10 cents to "Pattern Department," of this paper. Write name and address plainly, and be sure to give size and number of pattern.

Form for pattern order: NO 5390. SIZE..... NAME..... TOWN..... STREET AND NO..... STATE.....

## As He Figured It.

"I hear your daughter has gone east to school."

"Yes."

"Preparing for college, I suppose?"

"Well, as nearly as I am able to figure it out she is preparing to stick me for a gorgeous commencement outfit."

## As to Flutterby.

Rivers was looking over the obituary column in the morning paper.

"Well," he said, "I see my old friend Flutterby has joined the great majority."

"Why, has he been getting mixed up in some of these bribery cases?" inquired Mrs. Rivers, who never had heard of Flutterby.

The Critic—My dear, just fancy having your portrait painted in your car. Why, a motor car goes out of fashion in a single year!

# The KITCHEN CABINET



VERY right action and true thought sets its seal of beauty on every person's face; every wrong action and foul thought its seal of distortion.

—Ruskin. "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he."

## Cheap Cuts of Meat.

Housewives must get away from the idea that only the high priced meats are valuable as food. On the contrary, the cheaper cuts are often more highly flavored and fully as nutritious.

The chuck is one of the cheapest portions of the beef, and when cooked slowly in a small amount of water, with or without vegetables for seasoning, a most appetizing dish is the result.

In stewing the most tender and juicy meat, if too high a temperature is used in the cooking it will toughen the fiber of the meat, leaving it hard and dry. Another mistake often made is to overcook the meat until it falls in shreds.

The skirt steak is the diaphragm of the animal, and being a much used muscle, is rather tough. The skirt steaks sell in most markets two or three cents cheaper than the other steaks, and if properly treated and cooked, are most palatable. Lay the steak on a meat board and score it well with a meat scorer or a chopping knife, dredge with flour and put it into a smoking hot frying pan that has been greased enough to keep the meat from sticking to it. When well seared over on both sides, pour over it a little boiling water and allow it to simmer slowly for two hours. Seasoning may be added to suit the taste.

A bit of carrot or onion, a bay leaf, and a little vinegar to soften the fiber will add to the flavor of the meat.

All light meats are best stewed and browned just before serving, mutton or beef are best browned first, then stewed.

A Swiss steak is prepared as above, but is a steak cut two inches thick from the top of the round.

Cheaper cuts of meat are cooked in the ideal way in the fireless cooker. When roasting meat it should be quickly seared over to retain the juices and then cooked slowly until done. Usually 15 minutes to the pound is required for the time of roasting. Beef and mutton may be served rare, but pork, lamb and chicken should always be well done.



FLETCHERIZING is getting the best out of life and out of things with the least effort and expense. It is a practical system of vital economics, constructed on business principles, and it applies horse-sense to the run of human affairs from the cradle to the grave.

## Chocolate Dishes.

Chocolate needs no special mention as to its food value as that is a well established fact. As a drink it is both refreshing and nourishing and for cakes, desserts and cake filling as well as confectionary it has no rival.

## Plain Chocolate.

Melt two squares of chocolate, add four tablespoonfuls of sugar, a pinch of salt and a cup of boiling water; boil five minutes then add three cups of hot milk and beat well with a Dover egg beater to prevent the scum from forming. Serve very hot.

A chocolate sauce to serve hot with ice cream is a favorite dessert. Prepare by creaming a fourth of a cup of butter; add half a cup of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch and two squares of melted chocolate and a pint of boiling water. Cook for ten minutes, add a pinch of cinnamon, strain and serve.

## Chocolate Balls.

Create one-third of a cup of butter; add two squares of grated chocolate, a cup of sugar, two cupfuls of flour in which two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and a fourth of a teaspoonful of salt have been sifted; add a half a cup of milk, beat well and cut and fold in the whites of four eggs. Pour into individual molds and steam 40 minutes. Serve with the chocolate sauce.

## Chocolate Bread Pudding.

Take three-fourths of a cup of bread crumbs, add two cups of scalded milk, two squares of grated chocolate, two eggs well beaten, a pinch of salt, a half teaspoonful of vanilla, a fourth of a cup of cold milk and three-fourths of a cup of sugar. Pour into a baking dish, set in a pan of hot water and bake one hour, stirring twice during the baking.

A little grated chocolate added to a spice cake adds to the flavor.

## To Keep Potatoes Hot.

Place kettle of mashed potatoes in pan of hot water and cover. If the meal is delayed the spuds will keep hot and moist.

## A Few Fritters.

Fritters are universally liked and a batter which may be used for all kinds of fruit fritters is the following:

Mix and sift together a cup of flour,

a teaspoonful of salt and two table-spoonfuls of sugar, and the beaten yolks of two eggs, the grated rind of a lemon and half a cup of milk. Beat well and cut and fold in the beaten whites of the eggs.

When making apple fritters, core, pare and cut in round slices. For eight apples, mix one-fourth of a cup of sugar and four table-spoonfuls of lemon juice. Let the apples stand in this sirup for an hour; dip in the fritter batter and fry in hot fat. Drain on brown paper. Sprinkle with sugar.

Treat bananas in the same way, cutting them in quarters. Orange, peach and pear fritters are prepared the same way.

## Corn Fritters.

Chop a can of corn and add a cup of flour sifted with a teaspoonful of baking powder and two teaspoonfuls of salt, a fourth of a teaspoonful of paprika, then add the yolks of two eggs well beaten and fold in the stiffly beaten whites. Drop by teaspoonfuls in hot fat and drain on brown paper.

## Parasip Fritters.

Mash cooked parsnips, removing the tough fibers. To each cup add a beaten egg; season with salt, pepper and a pinch of sugar. If thin add a little flour. Fry in deep fat or in a small amount on a griddle.

## Shell Fritters.

Add the grated rind and juice of a lemon to a cup of water and half a cup of butter; cook two minutes. Add a half cup of sugar and two cups of flour; beat until the mixture leaves the side of the pan. Cool and add five eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Drop by spoonfuls into hot fat and fry 10 to 12 minutes. Drain on brown paper, sprinkle with sugar and serve with chocolate or orange sauce.



THE mother is the one supreme asset of national life. She is more important by far than the successful statesman, or artist, or scientist.

—T. Roosevelt.

## Sweets as Food.

The sugar found in all ripe fruits is in a form most acceptable. Children who are given dates, raisins and figs will not crave sugar and candy. Fruit sugars are ready for assimilation, while cane sugar must undergo digestion in both the stomach and intestines.

Milk sugar is like fruit sugars; does not undergo a change in the digestive tract, and is naturally perfectly assimilable, which proves, as we say in geometry, that cow's milk diluted with water and sweetened with cane sugar, is not wholesome for infant feeding.

Those who have studied the subject say that more children are killed each year by table sugar than by disease. A point which will appeal to most women is that the candy or sugar habit is largely the cause of bad livers, sick headache and muddy skins. Starch in large quantities will cause the same result, as starch is changed to sugar in the process of digestion, and stored in the liver; so if we take more than the body can use it overcrowds the liver and causes biliousness and kindred evils.

Cane sugar is, of course, a natural sweet, as is maple sugar, but a barrel of the juice is necessary to make a pound of sugar. It is the large amount, which we consume that causes the trouble.

Beware of cultivating an appetite for sweets. It is dangerous.

When your child is irritable, unreasonable and unmanageable, look into his diet before allowing yourself to criticize, as it may be wholly your method of feeding which has caused the disorder. Children when well trained and fed are naturally happy and agreeable, and when they are otherwise it is often the fault of the parents, who are either too careless or too indifferent to study the real cause.

Badly fed children crave sweets as the fathers who are poorly nourished crave strong drink.

## Sprained Wrist or Ankle.

Beat together salt and the white of an egg until the mixture is of a salve-like thickness, then spread on a stout cloth and wrap about the sprained part.

Nellie Maxwell.

## Daughter of Julia Ward Howe.

The youngest daughter of the late Julia Ward Howe, Mrs. Maud Howe Elliott, through her writings bids fair in many respects to equal the literary genius of her distinguished mother.

Mrs. Elliott has had an interesting life. During many of the later years of her mother's life this youngest daughter was her companion and grew up with all the traditions of the illustrious Howe family. At one time she lectured in Chicago, St. Paul and other cities as well as in Boston, New York and small places in New England.

Mrs. Elliott began her literary career early, her first work being a novel. She has written much on the social life in Rome and other European cities. Before her mother's death Mrs. Elliott's readings at Newport were the closing events of the season.—Boston Post.

# UNLOOKER by WILBUR D. NESEBIT

## Jonah Jones



When things is bright an' all is fair An' birds a-singin' ever'where, An' you got whistlin' down th' street, W'y, purty soon you're sure to meet Ol' Jonah Jones, who frowns an' scowls About how many things is vain.

Ol' Jonah Jones In doleful tones Sez: "Still, it may cloud up an' rain!"

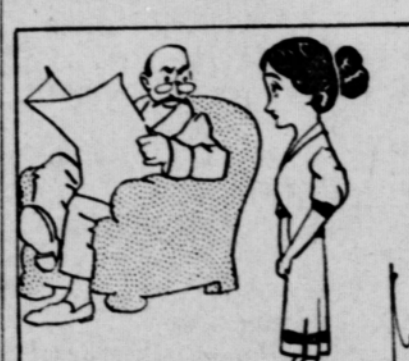
You take it 'long 'bout almost spring, Green leaves on almost ever' thing, An' sky as blue as blue kin be, An' all th' whole world good to see, You put your new spring outfit on, An' low you think of winter's gone, But Jonah Jones sez: "Not a bit!" Ol' Jonah Jones In gloomy tones Sez: "We'll git snow in April, yit!"

An' when you're feelin' strong an' well, Your voice as clear as any bell, An' you can walk ten mile an' more, An' feel good as you did afore, W'y, you meet Jonah Jones an' say: "I'm feelin' all tiptop today," Then you'll feel sorry that you spoke, Ol' Jonah Jones In graveyard tones Sez: "Folks feels that way 'fore a stroke!"

Jr when you're prosperin' a lot, An' feelin' glad for what you've got, An' plannin' how you'll save your cash Till you git where you'll cut a dash, Then Jonah Jones will shake his head An' purty soon your joy has fled, "I've known men think they wuz a trust," Sez Jonah Jones In hollow tones, "An' very next day they'd go bust!"

An' when you think th' world is good An' filled with gladness, as you should, When you b'lieve in your fellow man As part o' th' eternal plan, An' cross your laigs an' nod an' grin About this world we're livin' in, "O, why with worldly shams be vexed?" Asks Jonah Jones In fearful tones, "We should be thinkin' o' th' next!"

## HAROLD'S LIMITATIONS.



"But, papa, I would be content to live on a crust with Harold."

"On a crust? Huh! Harold couldn't raise the dough."

## Passed Them On.

"Some shrimps?" asked the man of Antietam.

"No, thank you; I really can't eat 'em— But if you insist I've a notion that—Whist!— We'll not waste them; we'll make my aunt eat 'em."

## Speed No Aid.

"Of course," says the visitor to the employer of a large force, "you must find from time to time instances of crookedness among your many employees."

"That is, unfortunately, to be expected," answers the employer of the large force.

"And do you keep sort of an espionage upon them?"

"We have to."

"Naturally, you catch them once in a while. No matter how fast a man may be, sooner or later—"

"O, the faster the man is the sooner he is caught."

## Just for Spite.

"She seems to be a woman of exceptionally unpleasant disposition," observes the newcomer, referring to an absent one.

"Unpleasant disposition?" echoes the native. "Why, did you never hear of what she did to cause heartburnings among her acquaintances? She announced a big dinner and ball for a certain evening, and then never invited a soul to it."

## Knew Her Limitations.

"Wouldn't you like to drive for a little while, Mollie?"

"Mercy, no! Why, I can't drive a horse any better than I can drive a tack."

W. D. Nesbitt.

# ATTEMPT 7 YEARS SUFFERING

I Was Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Waurika, Okla.—"I had female troubles for seven years, was all run down, and so nervous I could not do anything. The doctors treated me for different things but did me no good. I got so bad that I could not sleep day or night. While in this condition I read of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and began its use and



wrote to Mrs. Pinkham for advice. In a short time I had gained my average weight and am now strong and well."

—Mrs. SALLIE STEVENS, R. F. D., No. 3, Box 31, Waurika, Okla.

Another Grateful Woman. Huntington, Mass.—"I was in a nervous, run down condition and for three years could find no help."

"I owe my present good health to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier which I believe saved my life."

"My doctor knows what helped me and does not say one word against it."

—Mrs. MARI JANETTE BATES, Box 134, Huntington, Mass.

Because your case is a difficult one, doctors having done you no good, do not continue to suffer without giving Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. It surely has cured many cases of female ills, such as inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, and nervous prostration.

## THESE MONEY BURNERS.



Miss Bondsen Stocks (at Monte Carlo)—What luck yesterday?

Miss Billyuns—I won twenty thousand or lost twenty thousand, I forget which.

## Avoid the Cheap and "Big Can" Baking Powders.

The cheap baking powders have but one recommendation: they certainly give the purchaser plenty of powder for his money but it's not all baking powder; the bulk is made up of cheap materials that have no leavening power. These powders are so carelessly made from inferior materials that they will not make light, wholesome food. Further, these cheap baking powders have a very small percentage of leavening gas; therefore it takes from two to three times as much of such powder to raise the cake or biscuit as it does of Calumet Baking Powder. Therefore, in the long run, the actual cost to the consumer of the cheap powders is more than Calumet would be.

Why not buy a perfectly wholesome baking powder like Calumet, that is at the same time moderate in price and one which can be relied upon? Calumet gives the cook the least trouble.

The truth is that the love of dress is, next after drink and gambling, one of the curses of our country.—Mrs. Humphrey.

## Millions Say So

When millions of people use for years a medicine it proves its merit. People who know **CASCARETS'** value buy over a million boxes a month. It's the biggest seller because it is the best bowel and liver medicine ever made. No matter what you're using, just try **CASCARETS** once—you'll see.

CASCARETS are a box for a week's treatment, all druggists. Biggest seller in the world. Million boxes a month.

## Splendid Crops

In Saskatchewan (Western Canada) 800 Bushels from 20 acres

160 ACRES

FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE

This excellent showing of return from a Lloyd-minister farm in the season of 1910. Many fields in that as well as other districts yielded from 25 to 35 bushels of wheat to the acre and other grains in proportion.

LARGE PROFITS are thus derived from the FREE HOMESTEAD LANDS of Western Canada.

This excellent showing of return from a Lloyd-minister farm in the season of 1910. Many fields in that as well as other districts yielded from 25 to 35 bushels of wheat to the acre and other grains in proportion.

For particulars as to location, low settlers' railway rates and descriptive illustrated pamphlet, and "Building in a Free Homestead," write to Sup't of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to Canadian Government Agent.

CANADIAN GOVERNMENT AGENT No. 125 W. Wash Street (Use address nearest you.)



# The Sky-Man

HENRY KETCHUM WEBSTER  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHAS. W. ROSSER  
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## SYNOPSIS.

Philip Cayley, accused of a crime of which he is not guilty, resigns from the army in disgrace and his affection for his friend, Lieut. Perry Hunter, turns to hatred. Cayley seeks solitude, where he perfects a flying machine. While soaring over the Arctic regions, he picks up a curiously shaped stick he had seen in the assassin's hand. Mounting again, he discovers a yacht anchored in the bay. Descending near the steamer, he meets a girl on an ice floe. He learns that the girl's name is Jeanne Fielding and that the yacht has come north to seek signs of her father, Captain Fianck, an arctic explorer. A party from the yacht is making search ashore. After Cayley departs Jeanne finds that he had dropped a curiously-shaped stick. Captain Fianck and the surviving crew of his wrecked whaler are in hiding on the coast. A giant ruffian named Roscoe, had murdered Fielding and his two companions, after the explorer had revealed the location of an enormous ledge of pure gold. Roscoe then took command of the party. It develops that the ruffian had committed the murder witnessed by Cayley. Roscoe plans to capture the yacht and escape with a big load of gold. Jeanne tells Fanshaw, owner of the yacht, about the visit of the sky-man and shows him the stick left by Cayley. Fanshaw declares that it is an Eskimo throwing stick, used to shoot darts. Tom Fanshaw returns from the searching party with a sprained ankle.

## CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

She was addressing the elder man as she spoke, and as she mentioned the name—it was the first time she had mentioned it to any one—she saw him shoot a startled, inquiring glance at his son. Following it, she met Tom Fanshaw's eyes staring at her in utter amazement.

"Cayley," he said, half under his breath; "Philip Cayley—"

"That was the name," she answered—

"And yet, I'd be willing to swear," he said, "I've never mentioned that name to you in my life."

"No," she said. "Why should you? I know you didn't. I knew I had never heard it before when he told me it was his." She hesitated a moment; then: "Did you ever know a man named Philip Cayley, Tom?"

He let the question go by, unheeded, and, for a long time, gazed silently out over the land. "I suppose," he said at last, "that a coincidence like this, any coincidence, if only it be strange enough, will bring a touch of superstitious fear to anybody. I never had even a touch of it before, in all my life; and I always had a little feeling of contempt for the men who showed it. But now—well, well, I wish poor old Hunter hadn't strayed away last night. I wasn't alarmed about him before, and I've no rational ground for alarm about him now. Only—"

He did not go on until she prompted him with a question. "And has the sky-man, Philip Cayley, anything to do with the coincidence?"

Still it was a little while before he spoke. "I suppose I'd better tell you the story—a part of it, at least; I couldn't tell it all to you." He turned to his father. "You, I think, already know it." Then with evident reluctance, he began telling the story to Jeanne.

"There was a man named Philip Cayley," he said, "in Hunter's class at the Point, three classes ahead of me, that was. He and Hunter were chums, the 'David and Jonathan,' you know, of their class. I remember what a stroke of luck for them everybody thought it was when they were assigned to service in the same regiment. It seems to me, as I think back to our days at the Point—of course, my memory may be playing me a trick—but it seems to me that even then Cayley was interested in the navigation of the air. Somebody kept a scrap-book of all that the newspapers and magazines reported on the subject, any way; I remember seeing it. I think it was Cayley.

"I lost sight of him and Hunter when they went to the Philippines. It is only justice to Hunter to say that I never heard a word of the thing that happened out there from him. He never seemed to want to talk to me about it, and, of course, I never forced him. Well, I can make a short story of it, any way, though it has to be a nasty one.

"A man came into the post one day, the head man of one of the neighboring villages out there, a man with white blood in him—Spanish blood. They carried him in, for he couldn't walk. He was in horrible condition. He had been tortured—I won't go into the details of that—and flogged nearly to death. He said that Cayley had done it. He had remonstrated with Cayley, he said, because he feared for his daughter's safety—she was a pretty girl, whiter than her father—and it seems that the man's fears had some justification. It appears that Cayley had come out there, blind drunk, with a couple of troopers, who deserted that same night, and man-handled the old man. The girl joined in her father's accusation, at least she didn't deny anything.

"Cayley was away on scout duty at the time when the man came in—the thing had happened some days prior, just before he started out. It came like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky, for everybody liked Cayley and thought him an exceptionally decent, clean sort of chap, though he and Hunter both were drinking a good deal just then. Poor Hunter was all broken up about it. Everybody believed that he really knew some in-

criminating facts against Cayley, but he never would speak.

"As for Cayley himself, he made no defense whatever. He denied he did it, and that was all. There wasn't any real corroborative evidence against him, so the court-martial dismissed the case as not proved. But he wouldn't testify himself, nor have a single witness called in his behalf, and he resigned from the service then and there, and disappeared, so far as I know, from the world. I heard he had a ranch down somewhere in New Mexico, near Sandoval, I think the place was."

His father saw a quick tightening in the girl's horror-stricken eyes at the sound of the name, which evidently, in some way, helped corroborate the story to her, but he did not question her about it.

There was a silence after that, while the three out there on the Aurora's deck looked blankly into each other's faces.

The silence was broken at last, by none of them, but by a hail from the shore. "Ahoy, Aurora!" cried the voice.

Mr. Fanshaw answered with a wave of his arm. "That's Donovan," he said to the others; then, "Yes; what is it?" he cried.

"Will you send a dinghy for me, please?"

The boat was dispatched at once, and while they waited, Mr. Fanshaw borrowed Jeanne's field-glasses for a look at the man who had halted them. "He's in a hurry," said the old gentleman. "He looks if he had news of one sort or another." They all had felt it in the mere tinkle of his voice—something urgent; something ominous.

It seemed an interminable while before the returning boat came alongside the foot of the accommodation ladder. When the new-comer appeared at the head of it, his face had plainly written on it the story of some tragedy.

"What is it?" Jeanne asked, not very steadily. "Oh, please don't try to break it to me! Tell me, just as you do the others."

"It's nothing concerning you, miss, not especially, I mean; nothing to do with your father." Then he turned to Mr. Fanshaw, "I found Mr. Hunter, sir."

"Dead?" The tone in which Donovan had spoken made the question hardly necessary.

"Yes, sir. His body is lodged deep down in one of the ice fissures in the glacier. I could see it perfectly, though I couldn't get down to it."

Tom Fanshaw covered his face with his hands for a moment. Then he looked up and asked, steadily: "He slipped, I suppose?"

At the same moment his father asked: "Do you think we shall be able to recover the body?"

Donovan answered this question first.

"We can try, sir, though I've not much hope of our succeeding."

Then, after a moment's hesitation, he turned to the son.

"No, sir, he didn't fall; at least it wasn't the fall that killed him. I found this in a cleft in the ice near by. It must have been driven clean through his throat, sir."

He held out, in a shaking hand, a long, slim ivory dart, sharp almost as steel could be, and stained brown with blood. "He was murdered, sir," Donovan concluded simply.

"Give me the dart," the old gentleman demanded. As he examined it, his fine old face hardened. "Do you see?" he asked, holding it out to his son. "There is no notch in the end for a bow-string, but it will lie very truly in the groove of that throwing-stick that Jeanne brought aboard the yacht this morning."

Then he turned to the girl. "I'm afraid your visitor last night was no vision, my dear, after all."

But the girl was looking and pointing skyward.

## CHAPTER V.

### The Dart.

High, high up in the clear opaline air was a broad, golden gleam. Nearer it came, and broader it grew, and as it grew, and as it caught more fully the slanting beams of the low-hanging arctic sun, it shone with prismatic, iridescent color among the gold, like an archangel's wings. The shining thing towered at last right above the mast-head, but high, high up in the sky.

Then the four watchers uttered, in one breath, a horror-frozen cry, for, as a falcon does, it dropped, hurtling. But not to the destruction they foresaw: once more it darted forward, circled half round the yacht, so close to her rail that they heard the whining scream of the air as those mighty wings cleft through it. And then, as on the night before, his plans upstanding straight, Cayley leaped backward, clear of them, and alighted on the floe beside the yacht.

Old Mr. Fanshaw walked quickly around the deckhouse and hailed the new arrival. "Won't you come aboard, sir?" Jeanne heard him call. "I'll send the dinghy for you."

"Thank you," they heard him an-



"Did You Ever Know a Man Named Philip Cayley, Tom?"

swer. "There wasn't much room for alighting on the deck or I could have spared you the trouble."

Jeanne stole a glance into Tom Fanshaw's stern, set face, wondering if by the tone and the inflection of that voice would impress him as it had her. "Don't you find it hard to believe that he could have done such a thing?" she asked; "a man with a voice like that?"

"I only wish I found it possible to believe he hasn't. Not every villain in this world looks and talks like a thug. If they did, life would be simpler." He paused a moment, then added: "And we know he did the other thing—out there in the Philippines."

Her face paled a little at that, stiffened, somehow, and she did not answer. They sat silent, listening to the receding oars of the dinghy as it made for the ice-floe. Suddenly the girl saw an expression of perplexity come into Tom Fanshaw's face.

"When you talked with him, Jeanne, last night, did you tell him our name? Mine and father's, I mean? Did you give him any hint who we were, or that we were people who might know him?"

"No, only my own; and who father was. He asked me about that."

"Ah," he said. "Then that accounts for his coming back."

She had hoped that in some way or other the trend of her answer might be in the sky-man's favor, and was disappointed at seeing that the reverse was true.

She had to repress a sudden impulse of flight when they heard the returning dinghy scrape alongside the accommodation ladder. And even though she resisted it, she shrank back, nevertheless, into a corner be-

hind Tom Fanshaw's chair. The old gentleman was waiting at the head of the ladder, blocking, with the bulk of his body, the new-comer's view of the deck and those who were waiting there until he should have fairly come aboard.

"Mr. Philip Cayley," he inquired stiffly. "My name is Fanshaw, sir; and I think my son, who sits yonder—" he stepped aside and inclined his head a little in Tom's direction—"is, or was once, an acquaintance of yours." From her place in the background, Jeanne saw a look of perplexity—nothing more than that, she felt sure—come into Philip Cayley's face.

The old gentleman's manner was certainly an extraordinary one in which to greet a total stranger, 500 miles away from human habitation. Cayley seemed to be wondering whether it represented anything more than the individual eccentricity of the old gentleman, or not.

Evidently he recognized Tom Fanshaw at once, and, after an almost imperceptible hesitation, seemed to make up his mind to overlook the singularity of his welcome. "I remember Lieutenant Fanshaw well," he said, smiling and speaking pleasantly enough, though the girl thought she heard an underlying note of hardness in his voice. "You were at the Point while I was there, weren't you? But it's many years since I've seen you."

At that he crossed the deck to where young Fanshaw was sitting, and held out his hand. Tom Fanshaw's hands remained clasped tightly on the two arms of his chair, and the stern lines of his face never relaxed, though he was looking straight into Cayley's eyes. "I remember you at the Point very well," he said, "but, unfortun-



"It Was a Moment Before He Spoke."



ly, there are some stories of your subsequent career which I remember altogether too well."

The girl did not need the sudden look of incandescent anger she saw in Philip Cayley's face to turn the sudden tide of her sympathy toward him. It was not for this old wrong of his that they had summoned him, as to a bar of justice, to the Aurora's deck, but to meet the accusation of the murder of Perry Hunter. Whether he was guilty of that murder, or not, this raking up of an old, unproved offense was a piece of unnecessary brutality. She could not understand how kind-hearted old Tom could have done such a thing. Thinking it over afterward, she was able to understand a little better.

From behind Tom's chair she could see how heavily this blow he dealt had told. For one instant Philip Cayley's sensitive face had shown a look of unspeakable pain. Then it stiffened into a mere mask—icy; disdainful.

It was a moment before he spoke. When he did, it was to her. "I don't know why this gentleman presumes to keep his seat," he said. "If it is as a precaution against a blow, perhaps, he need not let his prudence interfere with his courtesy."

"He has just met with an accident," she said quickly. "He can't stand—No, Tom. Sit still," and her hands upon his shoulders enforced the command.

Cayley bowed ever so slightly. "I suppose," he continued, "that since last night you also have heard the story which this gentleman protests he remembers so much too well?"

"Yes," she said.

At that, he turned to old Mr. Fanshaw: "Will you tell me, sir," he asked, "for what purpose I was invited to come aboard this yacht?"

Tom spoke before his father could answer—spoke with a short, ugly laugh. "You weren't invited. You were, as the police say, 'wanted.'"

"Be quiet, Tom!" his father commanded. "That's not the way to talk—to anybody."

Cayley's lips framed a faint, satirical smile; and again he bowed slowly. But he said nothing, and stood, waiting for the old gentleman to go on.

This Mr. Fanshaw seemed to find it rather difficult to do. At last, however, he appeared to find the words he wanted. "When Miss Fielding gave us an account, this morning, of the strange visitor she had received last night, we were—I was, at least—inclined to think she had been dreaming it without knowing it. To convince me that you were real and not a vision, she showed me a material and highly interesting souvenir of your call. It was an Eskimo throwing-stick, Mr. Cayley, such as the Alaskan and Siberian Indians use to throw darts and harpoons with. It happens that I've had a good deal of experience among those people, and that I know how deadly an implement it is."

He made a little pause there, and then looked up suddenly into Cayley's face. "And I imagine," he continued very slowly, "that you know that as well as I do."

Cayley made no answer at all, but if Mr. Fanshaw hoped to find with those shrewd eyes of his, any look of guilt or consternation in the pale face that confronted him, he was disappointed.

Suddenly, he turned to his son: "Where is that thing that Donovan brought aboard with him just now?" he asked.

The blood-stained dart lay on the deck beside Tom's chair. He picked it up and held it out toward his father, but the elder man, with a gesture, indicated to Cayley that he was to take it in his hand; then: "Jeanne, my dear," he asked, "will you fetch out from the cabin the stick which dropped from Mr. Cayley's belt last night?"

When she had departed on the errand, he spoke to Cayley: "You will observe that the butt of this dart is not notched, as it would have to be if it were shot from a bow."

He did not look at Cayley's face as he spoke, but at his hands. Could it be possible, he wondered, that those hands could hold the thing with that sinister brown stain upon it—the stain of Perry Hunter's blood—without trembling? They were steady enough, though, so far as he could see.

When Jeanne came out with the stick, he handed that to Cayley also. "You will notice," he said, "that that dart and the groove in this stick were evidently made for each other, Mr. Cayley."

The pupils of Jeanne's eyes dilated as she watched the accused man fit them together, and then balance the stick in his hand, as if trying to discover how it could be put to so deadly a use as Mr. Fanshaw had indicated. He seemed preoccupied by nothing more than a purely intellectual curiosity.

His coolness seemed to anger Mr. Fanshaw, as it had formerly angered his son. For a moment this sudden anger of his rendered him almost inarticulate. Then:

"We don't want a demonstration!" came like the explosions of a quick-fire gun. "And you have no need for

trying experiments. You knew how nicely that dart would fit in the groove that was cut for it. You know, altogether too well, what the stain is that discolors it. You know where we found that dart. You're only surprised that it was ever found at all—and the body of the man it slew."

"Everything you say is perfectly true," said Cayley, very quietly. "I am surprised that the body of the man was ever recovered. I'm a little surprised, also, that you should think, because this stick fell from my belt last night, and this dart, which you found transfixing a man's throat this morning—"

Tom Fanshaw interrupted him. His eyes were blazing with excitement. "It was not from us that you learned that that dart transfixed the murdered man's throat!" he cried.

"I knew it, nevertheless," said Cayley in that quiet voice, not looking toward the man he answered, but still keeping his eyes on old Mr. Fanshaw. "And also a little surprised," he went on, as if he had not been interrupted, "that you should think, because this stick and this dart fit together, that I am, necessarily, a murderer."

"You have admitted it now, at all events," Mr. Fanshaw replied. His voice grew quieter, too, as the intensity of his purpose steadied it. "I suppose that is because, upon this 'No-Man's-Land,' you are outside the pale of law and statute—beyond the jurisdiction of any court. I tell you this: I think we would be justified in giving you a trial and hanging you from that yard there. We will not do it. We will not even take you back to the states to prison. You may live out here and enjoy, undisturbed, your freedom, such as it is, and your thoughts and your conscience, such as they must be. But if ever you try to return to the world of men—"

Cayley interrupted the threat before it was spoken: "I have no wish to return to the world of men," he said. "I wish the world were empty of men, as this part of it is, or as I thought it was. I abandoned mankind once before, but yesterday when I saw men here, I felt a stirring of the blood—the call of what was in my own veins. Last night when I took to the air again, after the hour I had spent on that ice-floe yonder, I thought I wanted to come back to my own kind; wanted, in spite of the past, to be one of them again. Perhaps it is well that I should be rid of that delusion so quickly. I am rid of it, and I am rid of you—bloody, sodden, stupid, blind."

"Yet, with all my horror of you, my disdain of you, I should not expect one of you to do murder, without some sort of motive, some paltry hope of gain, upon the body of a stranger. It is of that that you accuse me—"

"A stranger!" Tom Fanshaw echoed. "Why, when you confess to so much, do you try to lie at the end? You can't think we don't know that the man you murdered was once your friend—or thought he was, God help him! Why try to make us believe that Perry Hunter was a stranger to you?"

The girl's wide eyes had never left Cayley's face since the moment of her return to the deck with the throwing-stick. Through it all—through Fanshaw's hot accusation, and his own reply—through those last words of Tom's, it had never changed. There had been contentment and anger in it, subdued by an iron self-control; no other emotions than those two, until the very end. Until the mention of that name—"Perry Hunter."

But at the sound of that name—just then, the girl saw his face go bloodless, not all at once, slowly, rather. And then after a little while he uttered a great sob; not of grief, but such a sob as both the Fanshaws had heard before, when, in battle or skirmish, a soft-nosed bullet smashes its way through some great, knotted nerve center. His hands went out in a convulsive gesture, both the stick and the dart which he held, falling from them, the stick at the girl's feet, the dart at his own. Then leaning back against the rail for support, he covered his face with his hands. At last, while they waited silently, he drew himself up straight and looked dazedly into her face.

Suddenly, to the amazement of the other two men, she crossed the deck to where he stood. "I'm perfectly sure, for my part, that you didn't do it; that you are not the murderer of Mr. Hunter. Won't you shake hands?" He made no move to take hers, and though his eyes were turned upon her, he seemed to be looking through, rather than at her, so intense was his preoccupation.

Seeing that this was so, she laid her hand upon his forearm. "You didn't do it," she repeated, "but you know something about it, don't you? You saw it done, from a long way off—saw the murder, without knowing who its victim was."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Restoring Color to a Stone.

A turquoise which has lost its blue color and becomes green may be restored by soaking it in pure alcohol for two weeks and drying carefully in sawdust for a week. If the color changes again repeat.



Send The News to your friends.



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IRA DOAK, PROP.  
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Baths always on tap: Try one  
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### You'll Have A Fit



If You Let Us Take Your Measure For Tailor Made Clothing. Orders Taken For Ladies Skirts And Suits.

### Tahoka Tailor Shop

Francis Sharp was a Slaton visitor Monday.

For satisfactory well work and lower building get Neut McReynolds. Phone 32. 42-tf

G. R. Caldwell, of Amarillo, came in on the train Friday afternoon and left for Slaton on the Tuesday morning train. Mr. Caldwell was representing the Amarillo Daily News, which is running a series of articles descriptive of the Plains counties, which make good reading.

**J. R. HONEA**  
The North Side Barber  
Will be pleased to give you an artistic Hair Cut; a Smooth, Clean Shave, Massage, Shampoo, or a Good Tonic  
Bath Room Attached  
N. SIDE SQ.

W. F. Bigham has given his house a new coat of paint which greatly improves its looks.

Sumner and McMill Clayton spent Wednesday and Thursday in Slaton at the town opening.

Bro. Littlepage preached at Youngs school house, in Lubbock county, Sunday.

L. P. Kenedy, of the west part of the county, was in Tahoka Monday and reported a good rain at his place Sunday.

If there is any thing in the way of wind mill work you want, see Neut McReynolds. Prices reasonable. Phone 32. 42-tf

Ray King and Marshall Swan left Wednesday for the H Ranch pastures where they will hunt plums for the next few days.

Mrs. George Cathey, of Brady, arrived in Tahoka enroute to Gail to visit her parents. J. E. Stokes took her from here to her destination in a buggy.

The Womans' Home Mission Society will meet at the Methodist church Monday eve, June 19th. Each member is requested to be present.

**FOR SALE**—Rebuilt buggies and hacks. New buggy shafts, tongues and buggy tops, single trees, double trees, neck yokes, Etc. All kinds of material for repairing buggies always on hand. W. P. Phenix.

Mr. and Mrs. Blackburn, of Amarillo, arrived in Tahoka Friday of last week.

Mrs. Blackburn is a cousin of J. R. Honea, and Mr. Blackburn is a brother of Wm. P. Blackburn who made his home among us last winter.

They spent several days with Mr. Honea's family, after which they rented the Fred McDaniel house and will live here awhile.

Mr. Blackburn is a medical student and was forced to give up his studies by failing health.

#### SHERIFF'S SALE.

The State of Texas )  
County of Lynn ) In the Dis-  
County of Lynn County, Texas, R. C. Forrester vs J. N. McReynolds.

Whereas by virtue of an execution issued out of the District Court of Lynn County, Texas, on a judgment rendered in said Court on the 17th day of May A. D. 1911, in favor of the said R. C. Forrester, and against the said J. N. McReynolds, No. 73 on the docket of said Court, I did on the 6th day of June A. D. 1911, at 10 o'clock a. m. levy upon the following described tracts, lots and parcels of land situated and being in Tahoka, Lynn County, Texas, and belonging to said J. N. McReynolds to wit:

All of lots No. seven and eight (7 and 8) in block No eleven (11) in Shook's Addition to the town of Tahoka, Lynn County Texas, as same appears of record in the deed records of Lynn County, Texas, Vol 9 page 222.

And on the 4th day of July A. D. 1911, 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 J. N. McReynolds in and to said property.

Dated this the 6th day of June A. D. 1911.

J. H. Edwards, Sheriff of Lynn County, Texas,

By M. M. Herring deputy. 41-43

## "Tin Tanks"

Of the very highest quality made to order at the very lowest price. Plumbing Of All Kinds Done.

**Complete Line Of**  
Shelf and heavy hardware  
Buzzard-wing sweeps, Enamel ware  
**Tahoka Hardware Co.**

P. B. HALL



## Tahoka Livery, Feed and Sale Stable

P. B. HALL, Proprietor.

PHONE No. 9.

We have good teams, good rigs, and our prices are reasonable. We sell all kinds of feed and will deliver anywhere.

North of the square, Tahoka, Texas.

## Tahoka Saddle Shop

G. R. MILLIKEN Prop.

Saddles, Harness,

Fancy Belts Made

Repairing Done



## Howell's Wagon Yard

### And Feed Store

We are now ready to serve you with the best accommodations that can be had, when in town put up at our yard, we'll treat you right.

We have a large stock of grain and hay. If you want your stock to look well, buy your feed from us.

S. W. Corner Square, Tahoka

## Ramsey & Ramsey

CONTRACTORS & BUILDERS

Now is the best season to build. Let us have your plans to figure on for Brick Business Houses. We build anything---Nothing too large or too small.

Tahoka - - - - Texas

## The Palace Meat Market

WEATHERS & KING, PROPS.



When you buy Fresh Meat, you want the best:

We sell the best; Cut just right every time.

We buy and sell all kinds of country produce.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers In Ice

We will pay the highest market prices for all of your hides and furs

## KRESO DIP No. 1

GOING AFTER THE LICE.

You need something to clean up, disinfect and kill parasites.

## KRESO DIP No. 1

will do the work.

**DEPENDABLE SURE INEXPENSIVE**

EASY TO USE

We have a special booklet on diseases of Poultry. Call or write for one.

**McGILL'S DRUG STORE**

(17)

## Furniture! Furniture!!

Just received a carload of swell furniture. We can sell you the right piece of furniture at right price. Come and look our stock over we will be glad to have you.

Complete line undertakers goods constantly on hand. : : : : :

**Bob Majors**

Work Guaranteed

## H. C. Smith.

Prices Are Cash

### General Blacksmith

Tires shrunk hot or cold upto 4 inches. Let us put new rubber tires on your buggy. New spindles and boxes for buggies and wagons always on hand.

Phone No. 60. North of Square

## \$8.00 COAL

We are in a position now that we can sell you the Best Coal on the market at \$8.00 per ton, at the crib.

We also sell the best feed, and pay the highest price for hides and furs of all kinds. Are you from Missouri?

## W. F. BIGHAM'S WAGON YARD AND FEED STORE

## 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