

# LYNN COUNTY NEWS.

VOLUME 11 TAHOCA, LYNN COUNTY, TEXAS. FRIDAY, JUNE 4, 1915. NUMBER 37

## Biggest Trades Day In History

The first Trades Day of 1915 is now history.

Monday night a few came in and stayed over. Tuesday morning by ten o'clock people were coming to town in streams. Every road leading to Tahoka, and every road was traveled by scores of people. And we pulled off a sure enough Trades Day.

There was to have been a ball game in the forenoon between the Slaton and Brownfield boys, and Tahoka was to play the winner that afternoon. Owing to the fact that both teams did not arrive before noon, the game was not called until two o'clock.

The picture show commenced at one o'clock and repeated the program until time to change for the night program. And held a good crowd all the time.

The ball games, two walk-overs for Slaton, from two to five-thirty entertained several hundred, while at the same time quite a crowd enjoyed a bronc busting. And the merchants we have heard express themselves declare they hadn't missed the crowds from the streets until they began to return after the games.

It was one big Trades Day. The biggest we have ever pulled off. There was something doing every minute of the afternoon and evening for those seeking a good time. There was trading all day. The first trade reported was a horse swap about eleven. Trades were made right along from then till it was too dark to see a horse's teeth. One outfit reported seven different swaps and claims to have cleaned up fifty dollars. Other traders reported swapping cows and calves for pigs, different pieces of farm machinery and other things too numerous to mention.

Another feature of the event, was the big dance given at the pavillion north of the St. Clair Hotel. Paul Miller built the platform forty feet square, and pitched a tent over it for shade. Monday night quite a crowd enjoyed this pastime until twelve m. Tuesday during the day a rest was taken, but by the time the sun was down the music started and the sound of gliding feet might be heard as an undertone to the rhythmic pulse of the favorite airs, until the early hours. Several car loads of people from Lamesa, Slaton and Brownfield attended.

The town was glad to have each one here, and extends a hearty invitation to all to return when we entertain in July.

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

### NOTICE.

In accordance with an order of the Commissioners' Court of Lynn County, Texas, and as provided by Chapter 12, Article 7564 of the Revised Civil Statutes of Texas, 1911, I, P. H. Northcross, County Clerk of Lynn County, Texas, do hereby give notice to all persons owning property taxable in Lynn County that the Commissioners' Court of said county will convene as a Board of Equalization on the second Monday in June A. D. 1915, and all such persons are hereby notified to appear at said time to show cause why the valuation of their property should not be raised.

P. H. NORTH-CROSS, County Clerk, Lynn County, Texas. 40

## Ware House Burns Wednesday Night

About nine-thirty Wednesday night, fire was discovered in the Snider warehouse on the house track just south of Lockwood street. The alarm was turned in and in a short time half a hundred people gathered in more or less dishabile, according to whether they had retired or not. The building was doomed when the fire was discovered. Building and contents were a total loss.

G. W. Snider, owner of the building carried \$800 insurance, value \$1100. The firm of Vinson & Wyatt had the building in charge.

In the building at the time was: A car of salt value \$150, 22 barrels of dip value \$250, belonging to Vinson & Wyatt; four bales of cotton belonging to Mr. Wyatt; \$50 sack corn and \$60 worth household goods belonging to Harry Bradford of Terry county; and a ton and a half of tankage belonging to G. W. Snider value \$75. Total value of building and contents \$1885. No insurance was carried on the contents.

Mr. Snider announces he will rebuild as soon as settlement is made by the insurance company. An agent will be in today to look over the ruins.

### JERSEY BULLS.

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

Mrs. C. M. Whipp and one of her daughters is visiting friends in Tahoka at present.

### HAIL.

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

The gap on Main street between Parkhurst's and Ketter's is being filled with a temporary structure built from the old Williams building from across the street which was wrecked this week.

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

There is a new house under construction in the west side of Tahoka. We have failed so far to learn who is building it.

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

Misses Willie and Frankie Slover returned Friday last from Hall county where they have been teaching school.

THERE IS NEWS IN ADVERTISING COLUMNS THAT BUYERS ARE LOOKING FOR.

Fifth Sunday meeting at Edith was indeed a success, both from a spiritual and social viewpoint. Rev. Ledger addressed a crowd of about three hundred from Lynn, Garza and Borden counties. After services dinner was served, and while the biggest crowd ever assembled at the school house was present, one could hardly tell they had eaten, so lavishly had the good women prepared the good things to eat for which they are famous.

Rev. Ledger delivered a prohibition lecture at Dray Sunday afternoon, and at O'Donnell at night.

## Scene From Episode 12--Trey O'Hearts



"Rose—Miss Trine—Reason With the Madman—"

## Incorporation Election June 12

Shall we incorporate? Make up your mind, for you will be called upon to decide Saturday June 12th.

We are talking now to the qualified voters within the proposed corporate limits of the town, which is composed of the original townsite and all platted additions.

There are a few things that you will do well to consider before you make your final decision:

If Tahoka is big enough, clean enough and prosperous enough to suit you, then do not hesitate to vote against incorporation. If Tahoka does not fulfill all the above, then consider that: No unincorporated town ever grew into a city. That thousands of unincorporated towns have de-

teriorated into cross roads villages.

There is not a town on the Plains that has a brighter outlook than has Tahoka for the coming year. If we show the world that we are wide awake, progressive, and that any movement for the advancement of the town in general will receive the hearty support of our citizens, we may expect the outside world to take notice of us, and outside capital to come to our aid in developing our resources. On the other hand if we are contented to drift with the current, to take what is thrust upon us, never turn our hand to better our condition, we may expect nothing more and perhaps quite a bit less at the end of the next decade.

### COUNTY CONVENTION

June first, 1915 To the Editor of the Lynn County News:

As announced in the News some weeks since, the singing at Three Lakes school house, has come and gone and as a result, a county singing convention was organized with the following officers: G. W. Hicker-son President, G. R. Strong Vice President, Mrs. P. M. Williams Secretary. A committee was appointed to get up rules to govern the convention.

Next meeting will be held at the T— school house, on the

### CARD OF THANKS.

To our friends and neighbors of Tahoka and vicinity: We hereby offer our heartfelt thanks for their kind ministrations and gracious tokens of sympathy and respect in our recent sickness and bereavement.

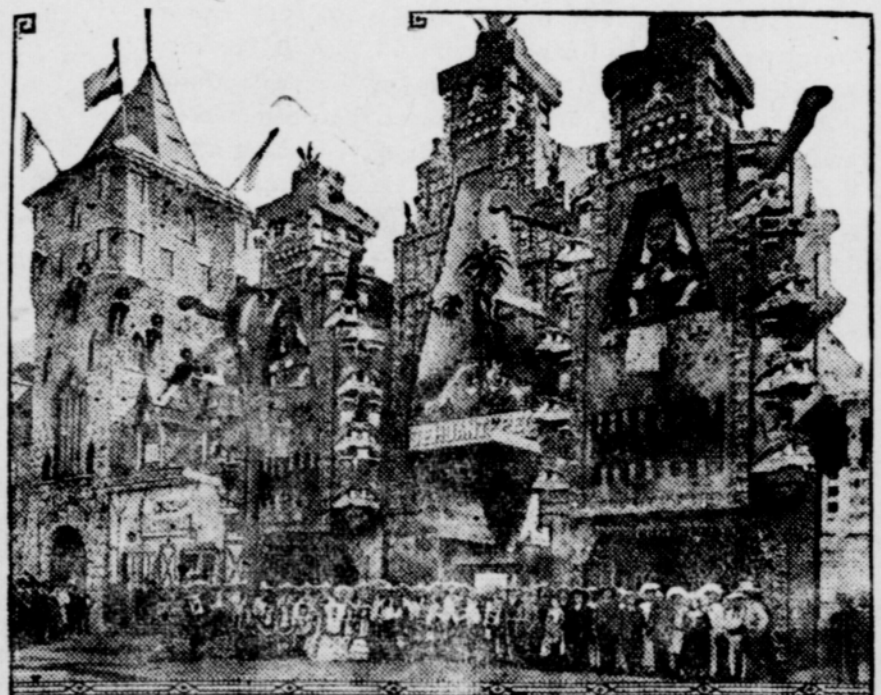
J. D. LOVELADY AND WIFE.

fifth Sunday in August. As our Secretary probably will give an account of the singing, I will ring off.

Ye Scribe, ROUGH-ENOUGH.

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

## ARTS AND CRAFTS OF 10,000 YEARS AGO SHOWN IN THE TEHUANTEPEC VILLAGE AT THE PANAMA-PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION



The Tehuantepec village on the Zone at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition is a bit of the oldest civilization of the world brought to San Francisco from the country of the Aztec ruins in Central America. Beautiful carpet weaving is shown, together with onyx cutting, clay and wax modeling, ancient dancing and singing, pottery making and coloring and other arts characteristic of the people. A typical garden is open to the visitor in the concession in which is to be seen the landscape art of this people.

## Two Story Edifice Porterfield-Main

The two story building on the north side of the square recently occupied by C. L. Williams' saddle shop, has been razed and the Sanitary Meat Market and Frank Blake's restaurant have been pulled out into the street to make room for a two story frame building 45x125 feet, extending from Porterfield and Main north one block to Main and Harper.

The above building will be built by A. D. Shook, the real estate man who opened up Main street some three years ago.

The southwest corner on Main and Porterfield will be occupied by the Myers furniture company. Mr. Myers is from Post City, and is an experienced furniture man. He promises to put in one of the best stocks of goods on the Plains.

It is also stated that the Sanitary Market and Blake's restaurant will go into the new building. We are unable to learn who will occupy the upper story and the northwest corner.

Main street will some day be a business thoroughfare, and would no doubt have been substantially built up today had not the war demoralized finances as it did. And tho we have been retarded to some extent, you can not keep a good town down, and the day will come in the near future when Tahoka will make a big black circle on the map. Others are coming to Tahoka; you had better come along.

Contractor Davidson informed us this week that he has figured bills for: a house in O'Donnell for Prof. W. B. Bishop, a residence for Mike Redwine, an addition to the Williams saddle and hardware store, a residence for Mr. Meyers, the new furniture man on Main street, and a bill for a tabernacle which has been contemplated by the Tahoka citizens for some time.

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

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

Bruce Watson, of the Lynn neighborhood, called on the News Friday afternoon of last week. In answer to our query as to how he liked here, Mr. Watson stated: "I came here a year ago last December from Wapanoka, Oklahoma, with \$30 in my pockets; I bought rent crop on the Myers place for \$130 and cleared \$500 on the transaction. I have some good fat mares and milch cows, feed enough to run me two years, a good crop planted, owe no man, and have a wife and baby I did not have when I came here." He also stated that his father-in-law, J. I. Bartley, made 65 bales of cotton on 50 this past season, and that his feed crop averaged \$30 per acre. And yet we have people write to us every now and then, asking, if a man can make a living on the South Plains?

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

Judge and Mrs. Lockhart made a flying trip to Brownfield the first of the week.

## Go To Polls And Do Duty Saturday

Tomorrow the voters of Lynn county will decide whether or not intoxicating beverages shall be sold within the county limits. Prohibitionists have expressed themselves during the week, as being of the opinion that the county would go dry by no less than two to one and some prophesied as large odds as five to one.

There may be those who can forecast an election, but they are few and far between, so just to be certain that your conscience will be clear we urge every qualified voter in the county to go to the polls tomorrow, June fifth, and vote his convictions.

If the majority of the people want this to be wet territory, then under the laws of democracy we may not say them nay. But if the majority favors prohibition, and thru negligence and indifference, the minority wins; every voter who did not do his duty is guilty of criminal carelessness. There is no punishment meted out by the state for this offence because it is not necessary. Sooner or later it will come back to him.

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

G. G. Hazel, principal of the High School here the past term, returned Saturday from Cisco and other southern points in the state. He was accompanied by Miss Anita Jaegglio, of Hermleigh.

W. H. Izard pushed up his News to the good year 1916 one day last week.

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

Mrs. W. E. Morton and little twin daughters, Aline and Irene, returned to their home; Kress, the first of the week, after a ten days visit with his sister, Mrs. J. D. Lovelady at Tahoka.

### HAIL INSURANCE.

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

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

Thursday evening Prof. and Mrs. G. G. Hazel entertained with a picnic to Guthrie Lake in honor of Miss Anita Jaegglio, who is visiting them. The party left the Hazel home about six o'clock and proceeded to the lake. An hour or two was pleasantly spent in strolling around the shores of the lake, after which a camp fire was kindled and supper served. The party then returned home. Those present were: Prof. Carl Montgomery and Miss Anita Jaegglio, Prof. St. Clair and Miss Rescola McDaniel, James Crie and Miss Pauline Ramsey, N. B. Beard and Miss Lillie Harrison, Otho Thomas and Miss Robbie Chisum, and Prof. and Mrs. G. G. Hazel. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Harper piloted the float.

### Let Me Do Your Feed Grinding

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



**Linn County News**

Published every Friday by  
H. C. CRIS & CO. PUBLISHERS  
J. CRIS, ED. & MGR.

One Year \$1.00—Strictly in Advance  
Advertising Rates on Application

Entered as second-class matter, July  
10, 1906, at the post office at Tahoka,  
Texas, under the Act of Congress of  
March 3, 1879.

It is the vogue among newspapers at present to denounce as unchristian, and class as murderers, fiends incarnate and desecrators of the laws of God, those rulers of Europe who are engaged in the present conflict across the waters. Who is able to judge?

Every reform the world has ever known was launched upon a sea of blood. We believe we can substantiate this assertion by historical retrospection: Slavery was not abolished until our country entered and emerged from the maelstrom of war; one of the most horrible forms of strife—war between brothers. Too, the birth of our nation was preceded by a deluge of blood. And before and since, all republics have been brought into existence only by the setting of human gore. For centuries the cross and the sword went hand in hand. And who has the courage to say this was not a part of God's great plan? For in the days of the prophets He sent the armed hosts of Heaven to aid the children of Israel in battle.

Inasmuch as the atmosphere is clearer and bluer after the last storm cloud has passed below the horizon, to that extent we shall realize a broader and more comprehensive civilization when the last ground swell from the present turmoil of the waters of the sea of life shall have broken on the shores of time.

About a month ago Mr. Gershenberger put a 50 cents local in the News advertising for a \$175 horse. The local has found the horse for him he announced this week. We wonder if it paid to do it?

Tuesday of last week, county prisoner of Floyd county, being allowed the liberty of the court yard following his inability to make bond, unhitched a team from the court yard fence and leisurely drove out of town. The theft was discovered about an hour later. Up to Thursday evening no clue had been discovered to the prisoner or the team.

Waldo McLauride and mother, of south of Tahoka, were in town several days the first of the week. Mrs. McLaurine was here taking treatment from one of the doctors.

Sunday morning the death angel entered the Barrett home south of Tahoka and plucked the spirit of little Thelma from its earthly abode. Little Thelma had only been in the home seven months when the Master called her home. Interment was made in the Tahoka Cemetery Monday about twelve o'clock.

**PROFESSIONAL**

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

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

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

**Dr. Hutchinson and Peebler**  
J. H. JUCHINSON, M. D.  
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat  
O. F. PEEBLER, M. D.  
General Medicine and Surgery  
Rooms in 1st Nat'l. Bank Bld'g.  
LUBBOCK, TEXAS

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

**When It Is To Eat Or Wear---**

We have one of the freshest, best selected stocks of **Staple and Fancy Groceries** to be found in Tahoka, and our prices will meet all competitors.

**Dry Goods!** Well come and see them, and if you want to save money, we will make a deal.

**S. N. McDaniel**

**No More Blackleg**



VACCINATE WITH **BLACKLEGOIDS**

and save the animals.

**BLACKLEGOIDS**

are **EASIEST SAFEST SUREST.**

Used and endorsed everywhere that blackleg is known. Call on us for circulars describing the disease and telling how to prevent it.

**Thomas Bros Drug Co. Tahoka, Tex**

**ANTHONY-RILEY**

Sunday morning, May 30th, Rev. C. H. Ledger united Mr. W. B. Riley and Miss Imo Anthony in matrimony.

Mr. Riley is an industrious young farmer of this county. The bride is the charming young daughter of M. M. Anthony of the Nugget Hill farm south of Tahoka. Each has a host of friends who wish them much happiness in their journey thru life.

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

Mrs. Jack Alley, of Soash was visiting her daughter, Mrs. B. H. Robinson, of North Tahoka, this week.

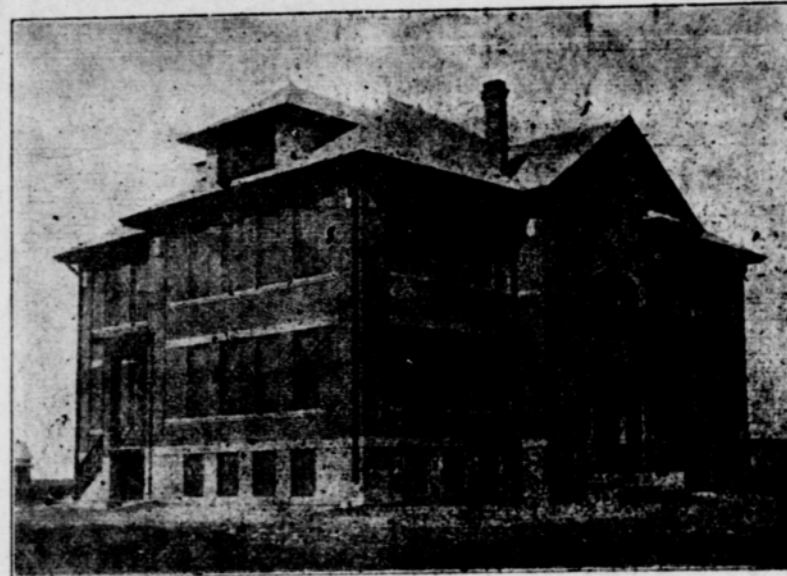
Booty Swan left Thursday for the Gooch ranch, where he will be employed during the summer.

H. T. and Paul Gooch were in town Thursday to have their car worked over.

Miss Vera Herring, of Matador, sister of Atty. M. M. Herring, and Miss Lillie O'Brien, of El Paso, a friend of Mrs. Herring, are visiting at the Herring home this week.

**Program. Opening, South Plains Summer Normal Monday Morning**

The South Plains Summer Normal will open its third regular session in Tahoka Monday morning June 7th, with the faculty in full force. Arrangements has been made to provide board for all that will likely come from abroad. The high school section of the Normal carried out Monday morning at 10:00 a. m:



Organization and enrollment. Let us all come out and give the live, energetic and industrious folks a hearty reception, and make them know that we as a town and people appreciate the educational institution and the work they are doing for our young people.

**AFFIDAVIT OF COMMISSIONERS' COURT TO TREASURER'S QUARTERLY REPORT**

IN THE MATTER OF COUNTY FINANCES IN THE HANDS OF C. T. BEARD, Treasurer of LYNN COUNTY, TEXAS.

COMMISSIONERS COURT LYNN COUNTY, TEXAS, In Regular Quarterly Session, May Term, 1915.

WE, THE UNDERSIGNED, as County Commissioners within and for said Lynn County, and the Hon. J. L. Stokes, County Judge of said Lynn County, constituting the entire Commissioners' Court of said County, and each one of us, do hereby certify that on this, the 12th day of May A. D. 1915, at a regular quarterly term of our said Court, we have compared and examined the quarterly report of C. T. Beard Treasurer of Lynn County, Texas, for the quarter beginning on the 1st day of February A. D. 1915, and ending on the 30th day of April A. D. 1915, and finding the same correct have caused an order to be entered upon the minutes of the Commissioners' Court of Lynn County, stating the approval of said Treasurer's Report by our said Court, which said order recites separately the amount received and paid out of each fund by said County Treasurer since his last report to this Court, and for and during the time covered by his present report, and the balance of each fund remaining in said Treasurer's hands on the said 30th day of April A. D. 1915, and have ordered the proper credits to be made in the accounts of the said County Treasurer in accordance with said order as required by Article 867, Chapter 1, Title XXV, of the Revised Statutes of Texas, as amended by an Act of the Twenty-fifth Legislature of Texas, at its regular session, approved March 20, 1897.

And we, and each of us, further certify that we have actually and fully inspected all assets in hands of the said Treasurer belonging to Lynn County at the close of the examination of said Treasurer's Report, on this the 12th day of May A. D. 1915, and find the same to be as follows, to-wit:

	JURY FUND	Dr.	Cr.
Balance on hand as shown by Treasurer's Report on the 1st day of February 1915	70.35		
To amount received since said date	674.16		
By amount disbursed since said date		698.27	
By amount to balance		46.24	
TOTAL	744.51	744.51	
Balance to credit of said JURY FUND as actually inspected by us on the 12th day of May A. D. 1915, and including the amount balance on hand by said Treasurer at the date of the filing of his report on the 10th day of May A. D. 1915, and the balance between receipts and disbursements since that day, making a total balance of		46.24	
ROAD AND BRIDGE FUND	Dr.	Cr.	
Balance on hand as shown by Treasurer's Report on the 1st day of February 1915	1,997.01		
To amount received since said date	705.92		
By amount disbursed since said date		17.65	
By amount to balance		2,685.28	
TOTAL	2,702.93	2,702.93	
Balance to credit of said ROAD AND BRIDGE FUND as actually inspected by us on the 12th day of May A. D. 1915, and including the amount balance on hand by said Treasurer at the date of the filing of his report on the 10th day of May A. D. 1915, and the balance between receipts and disbursements since that day, making a total balance of		2,685.28	
GENERAL FUND	Dr.	Cr.	
Balance on hand as shown by Treasurer's Report on the 1st day of February 1915	639.54		
To amount received since said date	3,231.31		
By amount disbursed since said date		2,819.07	
By amount to balance		1,051.78	
TOTAL	3,870.85	3,870.85	



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

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

Balance to credit of said GENERAL FUND as actually inspected by us on the 12th day of May A. D. 1915, and including the amount balance on hand by said Treasurer at the date of the filing of his report on the 10th day of May A. D. 1915, and the balance between receipts and disbursements since that day, making a total balance of	1,051.78	Cr.
COURT HOUSE AND JAIL FUND	Dr.	
Balance on hand as shown by Treasurer's Report on the 1st day of February 1915	748.99	
To amount received since said date	585.15	
By amount disbursed since said date		179.79
By amount to balance		1,194.93
TOTAL	1,334.14	1,334.14

Balance to credit of said COURT HOUSE AND JAIL FUND as actually inspected by us on the 12th day of May A. D. 1915, and including the amount balance on hand by said Treasurer at the date of the filing of his report on the 10th day of May A. D. 1915, and the balance between receipts and disbursements since that day, making a total balance of

DATE	RECAPITULATION	AMOUNT
May 1st	Balance to credit of Jury Fund on this day	46.24
"	Balance to credit of Road and Bridge Fund on this day	2,685.28
"	Balance to credit of General Fund on this day	1,051.78
"	Balance to credit of Court House and Jail Fund on this day	1,194.93
Total Cash on hand belonging to Lynn County in the hands of said Treasurer as actually inspected by us		4,938.23

WITNESS OUR HANDS, officially, this 12th day of May A. D. 1915

J. L. Stokes, County Judge.  
W. T. Petty, Commissioner Precinct No. 1.  
W. A. Waller, Commissioner Precinct No. 2.  
H. T. Gooch, Commissioner Precinct No. 3.  
J. J. Nettles, Commissioner Precinct No. 4.

SWORN TO AND SUBSCRIBED before me, by J. L. Stokes, County Judge, and W. T. Petty and W. A. Waller and H. T. Gooch and J. Nettles County Commissioners of Lynn County, each respectively on this, the 12th day of May A. D. 1915.

P. H. NORTHCROSS,  
Clerk County Court Lynn County, Texas.

**TAN-NO-MORE AND FRECKLELEATER**

Two of the most Scientific Beautifying Agencies Known.

**TAN-NO-MORE THE SKIN BEAUTIFIER**  
The scientific combination of Cream and Powder. Delightful in appearance and pleasing in its effect. Used during the day it is a protection from the sun and wind. In the evening its use assures a faultless complexion.

**FRECKLELEATER CREAM**  
For the removing of Liver Spots, Freckles, Ring Worm and all blemishes of the skin. It will bleach the skin in 10 days and make it as soft and sooth as a baby's.

Makes Bad Complexions Good  
Good Complexions Better.

50 AND 35 CTS. 50 AND 25 CTS.

BAKER-WHEELER MFG. CO. DALLAS, TEXAS

**J. N. JONES Furniture and Undertaker's Supplies**

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





Dearest, will you be mine, he said, She smiled and nodded her pretty head, Then tossing back her fragrant curls, She said in the manner of up-to-date girls; If thou wilt not ask me to cook or sew— For nothing like that appeals to me— And take me each night to the Picture Show, Then I will keep house with thee.



# Theatre

E. L. HOWARD, PROP.

## Blacksmithing

Flows made any size, wagon and buggy work done Satisfaction Guaranteed at

## J. Macfarlane's

South of Square

# Black Kentucky Jack Tom Goody

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

Special Excursion to San Francisco, Calif. from Tahoka. Round trip, Via Santa Fe Lines, from \$50.95 to \$75.95. Side trip to Los Angeles and San Diego without extra charge. Limited to three months.

### ED ROBINSON DEAD

Lubbock people were shocked Tuesday morning when they learned that W. E. Robinson had died at an early hour, at Dallas, where he underwent an operation for appendicitis several days previous.

Mr. and Mrs. Robinson had gone to Dallas the week before to visit relatives and to look after business matters, and Ed was not complaining, but rather feeling fine, but while there was seized with a severe attack of appendicitis and an operation was necessary which was immediately performed and for several days it seemed that the patient was improving but a change for the worse came and he gradually sank till the end of this life came for Mr. Robinson at about six o'clock Tuesday morning.

Mr. Robinson was among Lubbock's most progressive citizens and business men and he will be missed by the people of the entire Lubbock territory, and his sudden death entails a heavy loss to the community. He was a son of Judge and Mrs. Jas. R. Robinson, and by his death the family loses a much loved member, his wife a devoted husband, the Methodist Church and Sunday School a devoted member, society a greatly appreciated character and thousands of Lubbock people a kind friend. We will all miss him, and we all join in extending sympathy to the bereaved families.

The remains arrived on the early morning train from Dallas Thursday, and funeral services will be conducted at the home this afternoon, after which interment will be made in the Lubbock Cemetery at about 4 o'clock. Lubbock Avalanche.

### \$100 Reward, \$100

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by all Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

### PRICES

For Knife

## -Go-Devils-

Made To Order From

\$5 to \$10

letter Order New Price The Rush Season

## H. C. Smith

Blacksmith.

## Those Summer Shirts

ARE HERE

All the Latest Patterns Included in this Shipment

WON BY A NECK

MANY A CONTEST HAS BEEN. TRY ONE OF OUR FAMOUS IDE COLLARS, NEW SHIPMENT THIS WEEK TIES, PINS, CUFF LINKS and COLLAR BUTTONS

## St. Clair's Gents' Furnishings

## The Trey O' Hearts

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

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

Author of "The Fortunate Hunter," "The Green Book," "The Black Dog," etc.

Illustrated with Photographs from the Picture Production

Copyright, 1914, by Louis Joseph Vance

### SYNOPSIS.

The 3 of Hearts is the "death-sign" employed by Seneca Trine in the private war of vengeance which, through the agency of his daughter Judith, he wages against Alan Law, son of the man, now dead, who was innocently responsible for the accident which rendered Trine a helpless cripple. Alan loves and is loved by Rose, Judith's twin and double. Judith vows to compass his death, but under dramatic circumstances Alan saves her life and so, unwillingly, wins her love. Thereafter Judith is by turns animated by the new love, the old hatred, and jealousy of her sister. In escaping her persecution, Alan and Rose and their friend Barcus take refuge in the Painted Hills—a range of arid mountains bordering the Arizona desert. Judith, while pursuing, suffers a change of heart and warns them in time to avert an attempt upon their lives. In return for this she is seized by an outlaw accomplice and bound helpless to the back of a horse. Alan shoots the accomplice and the horse runs away, following a perilous mountain trail.

### CHAPTER XL

#### The Man in the Shadow.

Two hundred feet, if one, Hopi Jim fell from the lip of the cliff. Then suddenly the thing that had been Hopi Jim Slade was checked in its headlong descent by the outstanding trunk of a tree, over which it remained, doubled up, limp, horrible.

The miniature landslide that had been caused by his fall went on, settling gradually as the slope became less sheer. Only part of it, a double handful of pebbles, gained the bottom of the canyon.

Its muffled impact on the ground round his feet roused the man who had compassed the bandit's death from the pose he had unconsciously assumed on the instant of firing.

He stepped back, and snatched up a case containing binoculars. Not before the glasses were adjusted to his vision did he find time to respond absently to the alarmed and insistent inquiries of his two companions, a man of his own age and a girl of some years less, who had been awakened from their sleep by the report of the rifle.

Now the latter plucked his sleeve, momentarily deflecting the glasses from the object which they were following so sedulously as it moved along the heights; a wildly running horse with a woman bound helpless upon its back, both sharply in silhouette against the burning blue.

"Alan!" the girl demanded, "what is it? Why did you fire? Why won't you answer me? What is it?" "Judith," Alan replied tersely, again pecking up with the glasses the runaway horse that fled so madly along the perilous and narrow track of the hill trail.

The name was echoed from two throats as Alan swung sharply and thrust the glasses into the hands of the girl.

"Judith," he affirmed with a look of poignant solicitude. "She's roped to the back of that crazy broncho—helpless! See for yourself; one false step—suppose a stone turns beneath its hoof—she'll be killed!"

While the girl focused her glasses upon that speck that flew against the sky Alan turned to the two horses

on with his self-appointed task.

"Go after her, Tom, of course," he replied. "What else? That animal is crazy, I tell you."

"Even so," Tom Barcus argued, "you can't climb that hillside on horseback—and if you could, you'd be too late to catch up, much less prevent an accident."

"I know it. But suppose it doesn't fall . . . You know what's beyond these hills—deserts! And the girl is helpless, I tell you, bound hand and foot. Think of her being carried that way—all day, perhaps—face up to this brutal sun! She'll go mad if something isn't done—"

"You've gone mad yourself already," Mr. Barcus contended darkly. "What's it to you if she does? Suppose you do succeed in rescuing her; what then? As soon as she gets on her pins she'll try to stick a knife into you—like as not. What's she been chasing you for, all over this land of the brave and home of the free, but to take your fool life? And now you want to sacrifice yourself to her, out of sheer, downright foolishness in the head! I suppose you'll like me to call it chivalry; I'll tell you what I call it—lunacy!"

"Don't be an ass!" Alan responded temperately, gathering the reins together and instinctively lifting a foot to the stirrup. "Who warned us yesterday in time to prevent our being crushed by that rock? Judith! Why was she separated from Marrophat and the others—alone up there when that beast sneaked up behind her—O, I saw him—I saw it all—and grabbed her and roped her to that broncho—if it wasn't because she had broken with them for good and all and started to fight on our side?"

"You're raving," Barcus commented in a hopeless tone. He looked to the girl. "Rose—Miss Trine—reason with this madman—"

Dropping the glasses, the girl came swiftly and confidently to her lover's side, lifting her lips to his.

"Go, sweetheart!" she told him. "Save her if you can!"

"Did you dream for an instant Rose would see her own sister carried to her death if anything could be done to avert it—no matter what we may have suffered at Judith's hands?"

With an indignant grunt, but considerate none the less, Mr. Barcus caught up the glasses and turned his back.

"Go on!" he grumbled, pretending to ignore the hand Alan offered him from the saddle. "I've got no patience with you . . . But go!" he insisted, of a sudden seizing the hand and pressing it fervently. "And God go with you, my friend!"

Then hoofbeats drumming on the hard-packed earth of the canyon trail struck a hundred echoes from its rugged, rocky walls.

Mr. Barcus showed Rose Trine a face almost ludicrous with its anguished smile that was intended to seem reassuring.

"Let's look sharp and follow him as quick as may be," he urged. "Lightning will never strike us so long as we stick to Mr. Law of the charmed life—but I don't mind telling you, once out of his company, I'm just naturally afraid of the dark!"

### CHAPTER XLII

The Trail of Flying Hoof-Prints. In the still air of that young day the chill of night lingered stubbornly—and would until the shadow of the eastern rampart had crept slowly down the canyon's western wall, telescoped upon itself and vanished, leaving in the sun to make the place a pit of torment and of burning.

Refreshed from rest and exhilarated by this grateful coolness, his horse responded willingly to the first light touch of Alan's spur. In a twinkling the overnight camp dropped from view behind the rounded shoulder of a hillside, mesquite-cloaked.

Then from its first spirited flight the horse settled down to steady going, lengthened its stride, and ran for leagues with the long, apparently effortless and tireless lope of the plains-bred broncho, ventre-a-terre. Alan's departure from camp had anticipated by a round quarter-hour the appearance on the upper trail of friends of the slain bandit, to the number of four or five, who had both discovered and recovered his body, called his death murder and pledged themselves to its avengement—laying



Moistened His Parched Lips and Throat.

hobbled near by and seizing a saddle threw it over the back of one.

At this the other man turned to his side and dropping a detaining hand upon his arm asked:

"What are you going to do?" Alan shook the hand off and went

responsibility for the putative crime at the door of the man and woman to be seen in the canyon, immediately below the scene of Hopi Jim's fall.

Between the moment when discovery of the men on the ridge trail interrupted their simple and hurried breakfast and that which found Rose and Barcus mounted on the back of their own horse and making the best of their way down the canyon in pursuit of Alan, but little time had elapsed.

And even with its double burden, their horse made better time upon the broad lower level than those who followed the ridge trail. By mid-morning, when they approached the foothills that ran down to the desert, the pursuit was more than a mile in the rear and shut off to boot by a monolithic hill, while Alan was many a weary mile in advance.

He sat upon his horse, just then, at standstill upon the summit of a rounded knoll, the Painted hills lifting up behind him, the desert before unfolding like a map—but like a map all blurred.

Was Judith out there, somewhere, ost, defenseless, forlorn, impotent to lift a hand to shield her face from the blast of that savage sun?

No rest for Alan till he knew

deavor: the animal balked, flung its hoofs deep in the sand, stiffened its legs and resisted with the stubbornness of a rock; then, of a sudden, jerked his head smartly, snapped the bridle from his grasp and flung away, scudding before the storm.

Pursuit was out of the question; indeed, the bridle was barely torn from his hand before Alan lost sight of the broncho.

For a moment he stood rooted in consternation as in a bog—with an arm upthrown across his face.

Then the thought of Judith recurred. . . .

Head bended and shoulders rounded, he began to forge a way into the teeth of the sandstorm.

How long he fought on, pitting his strength against the elements, cannot be reckoned.

In the end he stumbled blindly down a slight decline and was abruptly conscious that he had in some way found shelter from the full force of the wind.

He staggered on another yard or two, breathing more freely, and blundered into a rough-ribbed wall of rock—some sporadic outcrop, he understood, whose bulk stood between him and the storm.

He thought to rest for a time, until

To let us convince you that our cleaning repairing and clothes pressing service is

Are You **UNPARALLELED?**

Willing **WORK GUARANTEED**

OR **MONEY REFUNDED**

**S. N. WEATHERS**

HAT WORK

THE TAILOR

Descending the knoll he reined his agging mount back into the trail, following its winding course through the foothills and round the base of that monolithic mountain toward the junction with the ridge trail, miles away.

It approached the hour of noon before he gained the point where the two trails joined and struck out across the desert. And here he discovered what he thought indisputable indication that the fright of Judith's horse had persisted.

Abandoning immediately all notion of returning through the hills by the ridge-trail, he turned and swung away at the best pace he could spur from his broncho, delivering himself into the pitiless embrace of that implacable wilderness of sun and sand.

At long intervals he would check the broncho and, reeling in his saddle, endeavor to sweep the desert with his binoculars.

And toward the middle of the afternoon he fancied that something rewarded one such effort; something for an instant swam athwart the field of the glasses: something that seemed to move like a weary horse with a human figure bound to its back.

But now the phenomena were discernible which, had he been more discerning, would have made him pause and think before he ventured farther from those hills, already beyond reach as they were.

His first appreciated warning came when the surface of the desert seemed to lift and shake like the top of a canvas tent in a gale. At the same time a mighty gust of wind swept athwart the waste, hot as a furnace blast. In a trice dust enveloped man and horse, a stifling cloud of super-heated particles that stung the flesh like a myriad needles. And then darkness fell, the twilight of hades, a copper-colored pall. Nothing remained visible beyond arm's length.

Blinded, half suffocated, unspeakably dismayed and bewildered, the broncho swung round, back to the blast, and refused to budge another inch.

Himself more than half-dazed, but still hounded by his nightmare vision of Judith, Alan dismounted to escape being torn bodily from the saddle by that hellish sand-blast, and seizing the bridle sought to draw the horse on with him.

He wasted his strength in that en-

the storm had spent its greatest strength; but as he laid his shoulder gratefully against the rock and scrubbed the dust from his smarting eyes he saw what he at first conceived to be a hallucination: Judith Trine standing within a yard of him, alive, strong, free.

He stared incredulously, saw her recognize him, open her mouth to utter a wondering cry that was inaudible, and come quickly nearer.

"Alan! You came for me! You followed me, through all this!"

He threw off her hand with a bitter laugh—that was like the croaking of a raven as it issued from his bone-dry throat—and in momentary possession of hysterical madness, reeled away from the woman and the shelter of the rock and delivered himself anew to the mercy of the dust-storm.

### CHAPTER XLIII

#### Open Mutiny.

Though she had been schooled to hold the very name of Law in loathing unspeakable and to think of Alan as a mortal enemy and as one whose death alone could properly requite the cruel injury that had been done her father; and though the man himself had laughed to scorn her first involuntary confession of that love for him which now consumed her being with its insatiable fires, she swallowed her chagrin and followed him with the solicitude of one whose love can recognize no wrong in its object. Through all the remainder of that day of terror she was never far from his side.

With the meekness of the strong she made herself his shadow. And she was now the stronger, for she had had more than an hour's rest beneath the waterhole, which he had missed on the way of that rocky windbreak. Sooner or later his strength must fail him and he would need her; till then she was content to bide her hour.

It befell presently in startling fashion; she was not a yard behind him when he vanished abruptly.

But the next moment Judith herself was trembling on the crumbling brink of an arroyo of depth and width indeterminate in the obscurity of the duststorm. Down this, evidently, Alan had fallen in his dizzy blindness. She found him insensible, lying with

Continued on page four

The Price, Quantity & Quality of Our Goods Is the Keynote of Our Success

# EDWARDS BROS.

Wholesale And Retail Dealers In Grain, Coal, Cotton and Cotton Seed Products



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

**A. G. McAdams Lumber Co.**



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

## Trey O'Hearts

An arm bent under him in a pose frightfully suggestive of dislocation. Yet when she turned him on his back and released the arm, he made no sign to indicate that the movement had caused him the slightest pain.

There was a slight cut upon his brow, a bruise about his left temple. She tore linen from her bosom, beneath her coarse flannel shirt, and with sparing aid from the canteen, washed the cut clean and bandaged it.

Then, seeing that the storm held with fury unabated, she rose, reentered and returned to exert all her strength and drag the unconscious man across the dry bed of that ancient water-course and under the lee of its farther bank.

There, sitting, she pillowed his head upon her lap, and bending over him made her body an additional shelter to him from the swirling clouds of dust.

And for hours on end Judith nursed him there, scarce daring to move save to minister to his needs, bathing his fevered brow and moistening his parched lips and throat.

In the course of the first hour she was once startled by the spectral vision through the driving sheets of dust of a horse that plodded up the arroyo, bearing two riders on its back.

Wary of the weight of its double burden, it went slowly and passed so near to Judith that she was able to recognize the features of her sister and Tom Barcus.

Be sure she made never a sign to catch their attention.

Within the next succeeding hour the coppery light lost something of its hot brilliance, took on a darker shade, and then one darker still. Twilight stole athwart the desert, turning

its heat to chill, its light to violet.

Growing more intense, the cold eventually roused the sleeping man.

And hardly had his eyes unclosed and looked up into the eyes of Judith bending over him than he started up and out of her embrace, got unsteadily upon his feet and after a moment of pause, watching her rise in turn, strode away—or, rather, staggered—with the gesture of exorcism.

Uncomplaining, hugging her newborn humility to her with the ecstasy of the anchorite his horse-hair shirt, Judith followed him patiently, at a little distance.

Not far from where he had rested there was a break in the overhanging wall of the arroyo. Through this he scrambled painfully, reaching the level of the desert only after cruel effort, the unheeded woman at his heels.

A brief pause there afforded both time to regain their breath and survey the desert for signs of assistance: it offered none, other than what they might accomplish through their own exertions. For leagues in any quarter it stretched without a break other than the black cleft of the arroyo, gleaming a bleached and deathly white in the moonshine—like the face of a frozen world.

With tacit consent both turned that way, Alan leading, Judith his perturbed shadow, with never a word or sign between them to prove that either was aware of the other's company.

But this was a state of affairs that could not long endure. Judith had the price to pay for her own trials, suffering and privation: the strain began to tell sorely upon her. She reeled slightly as she walked, weaving a winding trail across and across the straighter line of footprints that marked Alan's course through the ordered pattern of the powdered sargol.

And of a sudden she collapsed. Instinct alone made Alan glance over-shoulder: for she had made no sound whatever.

He turned and came directly back to her, knelt beside her, lifted her head, pillowed it gently on his arm and plied her in turn with the dregs of the canteen.

With a sigh, a stifled moan and a little shiver, she revived.

He helped her gently to regain her feet, passed an arm round her.

In this fashion they struggled on in strange, dumb companionship of misery and wonder.

Thus an hour passed; and for all their desperate struggles neither could see that the light on the mountainside was a yard the nearer.

Behind them other lights appeared, two staring yellow eyes that peered up over the horizon, seemed to pause a time in search of the two, then leaped out directly toward them.

Of this they were altogether ignorant; and when a deep, droning sound disturbed the desert silence, like the purring of some gigantic cat, both ascribed it to the drumming of their laboring pulses.

The two lights were not a mile behind them when, silently, without a sign to warn the girl, Alan released her, took a step apart and dropped as if shot.

Instantly she was kneeling by his side. But in the act of bending over him she drew back and remained for several moments motionless, staring at those twin glaring eyes, sweeping down upon them with all the speed attainable by a six-cylinder touring car negotiating a trackless desert.

When Judith did move it was not to comfort Alan. On the contrary, her first act was to draw from her pocket a heavy, blunt-nosed revolver, break it at the breech and blow its barrel clear of dust. Her hand went next to the holster on Alan's hip. From this she extracted his Colt's .45, treating it as she had the other. Then she crouched low above the man she loved, as if thinking perhaps to escape notice from the occupants of the motorcar.

If that were her thought, it was bred of an idle hope. Alan had chosen to fall in the middle of a wide space so arid that not even sagebrush had ventured to take root there. When the glare of the headlights fell upon them it was inevitable that discovery should follow. The motor car stopped within twenty feet. Three men jumped out and ran toward the pair, leaving two in the car—the chauffeur and one who occupied a corner of the rear seat; an aged man with the face of a damned soul, doomed for a little time to live upon this earth in the certain knowledge of his damnation.

As this happened, Judith Trine leaped to her feet and stood over the body of Alan, a revolver poised in either hand.

"Halt!" she ordered imperatively. "Hands up!"

The three who had alighted obeyed without a moment's hesitation; her father's creatures, they knew the daughter's temper far too well to dream of opposing her will.

In the six hands that were silhouetted against the headlights' radiance, three revolvers glimmered; but at her command all three dropped harmlessly to the earth.

Then, sharply, "Stand back two paces!" she required.

They humored her unanimously.

Darting forward, she picked up and pocketed the three weapons, then with one of her own singled out the man she named.

"Now, Marrophet—and you, Hicks—pick Mr. Law up and carry him into the car. And treat him gently, mind! If one of you lifts a finger to harm him, that one shall answer to me."

Still none ventured to dispute her. The two men designated, without a sign of disinclination, stepped forward. One lifted Alan Law by the shoulders; the other took the legs. Between them they bore him with every care toward the motor car.

But now a second will manifested itself. The man in the rear seat lifted up a weirdly sonorous voice:

"Stop!" he cried. "Stop this nonsense! Drop that man! Judith, I command you—"

"Be silent!" the girl cut in sharply. "I command here—if it's necessary to tell you."

There was a pause of astonishment. Then the old man broke out in exasperation that threatened to wax into fury: "Judith! What do you mean by this? Has it indeed come to this that my own daughter defies me to my face?"

"Apparently!" she shot back, with a short laugh. "Judge for yourself!" "Have you forgotten your vow to me?"

"No. But I take it back and cancel it: that is my privilege, I believe. . . . Silence!" she stormed as he strove to gainsay her. "Silence—do you hear?—or it will be the worse for you!"

As well command the sea to still its voice: her father raged like a madman that he was, for the time being divested of his habitual mask of frigid heartlessness.

And seeing that there was no other way of quieting him, the girl turned to the third man.

"Now Jimmy!" she said crisply. "Into that car—and be quick about it—and gag him!"

"If you do," her father roared, "I have your life—"

A flourish of her weapons gained instant obedience.

She stepped up on the running board and shot a quick, searching glance at the face of the chauffeur.

"Straight ahead, my man!" she said. "Make for the nearest pass through those hills yonder, and don't delay

unless you are anxious for trouble. Off you go!"

The car began to move. She swept the three men in the desert a mocking bow, jumped into the body of the car and slammed the door.

They made no effort to plead their cause and secure passage even as far as the edge of the desert: doubtless they knew too well the futility of that, she thought, as she settled back in a seat, chuckling with the memory of those three masks of dismay unmitigated.

It was not until five minutes later, when she straightened up from making Alan comfortable that she realized what had made them so content to abide by her will.

Then she heard their voices lifted together in a long, shrill howl that was quickly answered by fainter yells from a distant quarter of the desert, then by pistols popping and flashing some two miles away, then by a growing rumble of galloping hoofs.

The night glasses in the car afforded her flashes of a body of several horsemen—some six or seven, she judged—making at top speed toward the spot where Marrophet, Hicks and Jimmy waited beside a beacon which they had built and lighted.

Half a dozen sentences exchanged with the chauffeur advised her that these were horsemen from the town of Mesa who had charged themselves with the duty of avenging the death of Hopi Jim Slade.

A sardonic chuckle from within Trine's gag goaded the girl into a sulky fury.

Exact his utmost speed from the chauffeur, under penalty of her dis-pleasure, she set herself to revive Alan.

With the aid of such stores of food and drink as the car carried, this was quickly enough accomplished.

Strangling with an overdose of brandy too little diluted with water Alan sat up, grasped the conditions in a flash, and gained further information as he devoured sandwiches and emptied a canteen.

The mountain pass was now, he judged, a mile distant. The light of the hillsides, according to the chauffeur, was that of a prospector who had camped there temporarily. There was nothing, then, to be feared from that quarter, but solely from the rear—where the horsemen, having picked up Marrophet and his companions had instituted hot pursuit, and were now strung out in a long, straggling line, three horses carrying double the farthermost—perhaps a mile and a half away—one with a single rider



Ages and ages ago this huge beast, the Dinosaur, roamed the earth.

He took up a great deal of room and consumed too much food.

He could not meet changing conditions and so passed away.

That ability to note changing conditions is the secret of permanency and success. You can see it in our business.

We owe a great part of our steadily growing sales and the permanency with which customers stand by us, to our ability to meet conditions.

Careful study of mechanical features and improvements keeps us in a position where we can supply you with a

## TEXACO LUBRICANT

which is the right oil for the right place, at any time.

If you are using heavy, slow moving machinery, we have a sturdy lubricant to reduce the friction and save wear.

If you are using superheated steam, we have a Texaco Cylinder Oil intended for just that service.

If your machines are exposed to cold, we can meet THAT difficulty, and so on through an endless list of requirements.

Try any one—or, better yet—the line of Texaco Engine and Machine Oils, Texaco Cylinder Oils, and Texaco Greases.

You will see why our business keeps growing.

Order from our Agent

For Texaco Service

The Texas Company  
General Offices, Houston, Texas

No. 39



## Wilson Mercantile Co.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers In

### GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Including Hardware, Implements, Harness and Leather Goods

Largest Stock on the South Plains

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

WILSON, on the Santa Fe, Lynn County TEXAS

## Saved Girl's Life

"I want to tell you what wonderful benefit I have received from the use of Thedford's Black-Draught," writes Mrs. Sylvania Woods, of Clifton Mills, Ky.

"It certainly has no equal for la grippe, bad colds, liver and stomach troubles. I firmly believe Black-Draught saved my little girl's life. When she had the measles, they went in on her, but one good dose of Thedford's Black-Draught made them break out, and she has had no more trouble. I shall never be without

### THEDFORD'S

## BLACK-DRAUGHT

in my home." For constipation, indigestion, headache, dizziness, malaria, chills and fever, biliousness, and all similar ailments, Thedford's Black-Draught has proved itself a safe, reliable, gentle and valuable remedy.

If you suffer from any of these complaints, try Black-Draught. It is a medicine of known merit. Seventy-five years of splendid success proves its value. Good for young and old. For sale everywhere. Price 25 cents.

## REWARD!

Awaits those who wish to buy cedar products at low prices. All kinds of cedar products, coral, gate, shed, and telephone poles. Club together, and buy in car lots.

If you only wish a few hundred, write as I may be able to ship them with someone who orders from your shipping point.

**S. M. PATTERSON**  
P. O. Box 344  
Belton, Tex.