

LYNN COUNTY NEWS.

VOLUME 9,

TAHOKA, LYNN COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1912

NUMBER 2

Tahoka School Opens With 153

Monday morning Sept 9 the Tahoka public school opened with 156 pupils enrolled. No regular opening exercises were held, the pupils repaired to their respective rooms and were classed.

Mr. White, our Principal, has the work well in hand and the boys and girls in fine spirits for their duties.

The outlook for the coming year is the finest Tahoka has ever known.

Mrs. Elliott, nee Missie Chambers, with the seventh and eighth grades promises splendid advancement for those under her care. Mrs. Elliott has the rare faculty of imparting her own ambition to her pupils, thereby giving them a double chance of success.

Mr. Phillips and the fifth and sixth grades spent a busy morning classifying and planning their work for the term. Mr. Phillips has the children at their most difficult age, but handles them with a master hand.

Miss K Gilmore with her third and fourth grades had her hands full with the room full of restless little folks eager for new lessons and more eager to display how much knowledge they had brought through vacation without forget-

ting. Miss Hargett, with the primary and kindergarten classes put in a busy morning. The little "tots" were almost delirious in the joy of meeting their beloved teacher once more and beginning the lessons where they left off last term. It is a revelation to the untutored to watch Miss Hargett at her work and see how she imparts to the hardest task the spice of play which is so potent in holding the attention of the infantile mind. Our school this year is to be strictly graded, no high and low of the same grade is to be allowed. This will be a great improvement over the old order of things and will be a great benefit to both pupils and teachers. More English is to be added to the course and enable this school to affiliate with the State Normal. We are going to have a school this year worthy of the magnificent new building which was built last year.

School supplies of all kinds at McGill's Drug Store. 2-1t

ONE BETTER.

Englishman—You Americans like nothing better than a nine days' wonder.

American—Oh, yes we do.

Englishman—What?

American—A nine-inning wonder, for instance.—Puck.

NOT INQUISITIVE

"Ever take the trouble to inspect the parts of your car, Willigus?" asked BJones.

"Not since the first time," said Willigus.

"First time?" said BJones. "Why, what do you mean?"

"Oh, the first car I had," said Willigus, "I dropped a lighted cigarette in the gasoline tank and I saw all the parts I wanted to in two seconds. Never had any curiosity since."—Judge.

APPARENTLY PROVES CASE.

"If wars perfect the races, then the most belligerent nations should be the handsomest. But such is not the case. In fact, the contrary is true. The English are most certainly one of the handsomest people on earth. They are also the least warlike, since they alone, of all the European nations, have abolished military service."—War, by J. Novikow.

Three Lakes Locals

Otis Keigler left last week for a prospecting trip in New Mexico.

Mr. T. E. Fisher and family of Bronco, New Mexico, visited with Mr. and Mrs. Yates Sunday. Mr. Fisher was delighted with our good roads. Said he had been going to Lubbock for his supplies, but from now on he would patronize Tahoka merchants. This speaks well for Lynn county.

Mrs. Hines spent Sunday with Mrs. Doak of West Point.

Mrs. Dial came home Sunday, having spent last week with Mrs. Lile of North Tahoka.

Mr. Doak reports everything dry and in a bad shape in Sweetwater and Nolan county.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall spent Sunday with Mrs. Babston and family of West Point.

It was a mistake about Jakey Duck Marshall being drowned during the last big rain. He is very much alive.

Miss Vera Noble will leave for Canyon City this week where she will attend school.

S. W. Joplin made a business trip to Tahoka Monday.

Hattielu Yates visited with Eunice Edwards Monday.

Burton Edwards must be better to get his wife plenty of wood than most of these fellows around here for he has got four good rains in the last three days.

BEAVER.

School supplies of all kinds at McGill's Drug Store. 2-1t

E. H. Crie celebrated his 68th birthday Monday Sept 9th. Father Crie invited some of his young friends to come up after church and spend the remainder of the evening with him.

The youngsters spent a pleasant time playing games and listening to the phonograph. Japanese lanterns lighted the porch and furnished the light the moon failed to provide.

Refreshments of ice cream and cake were served. The birthday cake was white and decorated with red candles and candy. The candles were lighted before the cake was brought in and Grandpa was required to blow them out before the cake was cut. The company left at eleven, wishing many happy returns and thanking Father Crie for their pleasant evening.

Try a case (10 gallon) of Crystalite Kerosene oil at The Fair.

School supplies of all kinds at McGill's Drug Store. 2 1t

J. L. Thomas, of Kirkland, Texas, took charge at the Santa Fe depot here September 5th. Mr. Thomas brought his wife, daughter and little boy with him. He says this is the first time that they have moved at the same time; heretofore he went to his new appointment first and his family moved later. We were told that Mr. Pitts has gone on a vacation trip.

O. M. Wylie, manager of the A. G. McAdams Lumber Yard at this place, left on the Tuesday morning train for Coleman, Texas, to visit his sick father.

School supplies of all kinds at McGill's Drug Store. 2-1t

POLICE MUST LEARN TO BOX.

In the Swiss Canton of Vaud the director of police has ordered all the policemen under his control to learn English boxing and be able when attacked to deal the "knock-out blow." The Swiss gendarme has no truncheon, but carries a revolver which he must not use unless his life is in danger, and he has to prove this fact before the court should he fire a shot. The men have taken up the study of the "noble art" with enthusiasm.

Christian Meeting

Bro. S. A. Ribble, the Christian preacher who was to have begun a meeting at draw week before last, was detained and went through on the train last Friday. He came up on the Saturday morning train, and The News man had the pleasure of meeting him. Bro. Ribble used to edit the Andrews Times some years ago and remembered remembered exchanging with The News. Bro. Ribble expects to begin a meeting in Tahoka Friday night before the fourth Sunday in this month.

Have several parties who want to buy Lynn county land, 1/4, 1/2, and full sections. If you want to sell write me at once, giving number of sections, distance from Tahoka and lowest price—Chas. Fertch, Hallettsville Texas. 2-3

W. H. May and family arrived in Post City last Saturday. Mr. May has bought the residence formerly owned by H. D. Holmes and has located in Post City for educational advantages. Our school has done splendid work during the past three years and is making a reputation that is attracting the very best class of citizens.—Post City Post.

Boyce Hatchett and family were here from Lynn county last Saturday.—Post City Post.

Mrs. A. B. Ellis of Tahoka visited friends in Slaton from Saturday until Monday.—Slatonite.

*All goods are cash at Parkhurst Broken \$ Store. 1-2

J. R. Honea, recently of Plainview, has taken charge of and opened the barber shop on the west side of the square.—Slatonite

For Sale—At the News office, Tahoka, Texas; Blank Notes, Joint Acknowledgements, Real Estate Contracts of Sale, Bonds for Title, and Quit Claim Deeds. Prices reasonable for any quantity.

List of letters in the postoffice that will be sent to the dead letter office Sept. 21st, 1912, if not called for. When calling for the same please say advertised.

Gentlemen

Mr. A. Walker Pe.
Mr. W. H. Platt letter
Mr. S. D. Moreman "
R. B. Jones "
Russell B. Jones "
Schley Flack "
G. W. Ferrel "
Ben McKinney "

Ladies.

Annie Carlton letter
Mrs M Mercer, 3
Myrtle Mercer, pc.

We have been forced to turn our store on strictly cash basis. Please do not ask for credit.—Parkhurst Broken \$ Store. 1-2

The Hale County Herald published in Plainview, Texas, was bought last week by B. O. Brown of Fort Worth, Texas, who assumes control this week. The Herald was established in 1889 by B. D. Hill and John Davidson. J. M. Shafer bought it in 1891 and for the last seven years his son, Tom M. Shafer has had active control of the paper.

MONEY TO LOAN—If you want to borrow money on your land on long time in sums of \$2,000 to \$50,000, or have vendor's lien notes for sale or to be extended, write to R. A. UNDERWOOD, Tulia, Texas, giving description of the security and amount desired. 52-3

Edith Items.

Thursday, Sept. 12th 1912

Edith community had another little shower Wednesday evening.

Most of our young people went to the ice cream supper at Mr. Beard's last Saturday night, but did not get back home until two o'clock Sunday morning.

Our school started Monday morning with about 18 pupils present. Miss Jennie Lowe, teacher.

Mrs. Charley Cash is spending this week with Mrs. King.

Mrs. Lela Hutto and Mrs. Beulah Shattuck were visiting Mrs. Murry and daughters Tuesday.

Mr. Ruby Wells and sister, Miss Nettie, were Edith visitors Sunday afternoon, also Mr. Bonnie Milliken and Miss Lillie Harrison.

Mr. and Mrs. Barnes took dinner at Mr. Recce's Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Hutto and Mr. and Mrs. Irvin Shattuck attended church in Tahoka Sunday night.

Mr. G. R. King made a business trip to Post City Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. John Henderson took dinner with Irvin Shattuck and family last Sunday.

Miss Alice McIntyre is staying in town going to school.

Mr. McGonigall and family spent Sunday at Mr. Porter's. Mrs. Guy King, Mrs. Charley Cash and Mrs. Irvin Shattuck were pleasant callers at Mrs. Sherrods Monday afternoon.

Mr. Hobson is helping Mr. Pitecock stack feed this week.

Mr. Earnest Porter spent the latter part of Tuesday evening at the home of Irvin Shattuck.

TATTLER.

Millinery.

It will give me great pleasure to show you through my new line of Gold Medal Hats and the great variety of shapes I have on display in my shop.

MISS B. MADISON,
2 1t at J. E. Ketner's Store.

F. P. Pitecock and J. T. Curb were in town Saturday on school business.

Dr. I. E. Smith.

Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Specialist, of Big Springs, will be here September 19th. 2-1t

Dud Burns, of Lometa, Texas, came in Saturday to attend court and visit his uncle, George Small.

W. H. May, of Lynn, renewed his subscription to The News, and ordered it sent to Post City, where he has moved his family during school.

CHANGE IN NAME.

Hereafter, the Palace Meat Market will be known as the Cash Meat Market, and it will take cash to get anything.

S. N. WEATHERS, Prop.

County Commissioner J. M. Noble, was in town Saturday and while here called on The News and told us he had not received a paper for more than a month. He had really missed two weeks, but he said it sure seemed much longer. We gave him the back numbers, and the only way we could figure it out, that he failed to get these two papers was, that some one else got interested in them and swiped them.

J. D. Donaldson moved his family to town Thursday of last week.

Our First Bale

D. L. Estes, of south-west of Tahoka brought in the first load of this season's seed cotton and got it ginned Tuesday.

This cotton was picked after the rain and did not sample out as well as it might have otherwise done, however Mr. Estes sold to J. S. Wells at 10 1/4 cents per pound for the 436 pound bale. Paul Miller got up a premium of \$28.00 in just a few minutes spent among the citizens who happened to be on the square at the time. We lack the space to give the names of the contributors. Besides the premium of \$28.00, Edwards Bros. ginned and wrapped this first bale free.

Rev. J. R. Miller, of the New Home community, and his cousin J. H. White, were in town Monday.

NO. 8597.

Report of the Condition of the FIRST NATIONAL BANK

At Tahoka in the State of Texas, At the Close of Business Sept. 4th, 1912.

RESOURCES	DOLLARS
Loans and discounts	71,734 85
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	669.37
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	7,500 00
Bonds, Securities, etc	80.00
Banking house, Furniture and Fixtures	10,000.00
Other Real Estate owned	1,500.00
Due from National Banks (not reserve agents)	166.38
Due from State and Private Banks and Bankers, Trust Companies, and Savings Banks	2,728.75
Due from approved Reserve Agents	13,595 18
Notes of other National Banks	950.00
Fractional Paper Currency, Nickels, and Cents	12.30
Lawful Money Reserve in Bank, viz:	
Specie	5,167.15
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 p. c. of circulation)	375.00
Total	114,478 98

LIABILITIES	DOLLARS
Capital stock paid in	25,000 00
Surplus fund	6,000.00
Undivided Profits, less Expenses and Taxes paid	1,867.20
National Bank Notes outstanding	7,500 00
Due to other National Banks	7,500.00
Individual deposits subject to check	47,011 78
Time certificates of deposit	2,100.00
Bills payable, including certificates of deposit for money borrowed	17,500.00
Total	114,478 98

State of Texas, County of Lynn, ss:

I, W. B. Slaton, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

W. B. SLATON, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 9th day of September, 1912.

J. L. Stokes, County Judge.

CORRECT—Attest:

{ W. D. Nevels,

{ A. L. Lockwood,

{ S. N. McDaniel,

Directors.

The Other Fellow's Facts And Figures

A bunch of Terry county men unloaded a 32 ton car of coal in Tahoka Friday evening, beginning at three o'clock in the afternoon and working well into the night. There were ten outfits in the bunch, although the News man didn't get to interview but five of them as follows:

W. D. Winn, of six miles northwest of Gomez, had three wagons, seven head of horses and mules, and had 10,000 pounds of stuff, coal, lumber and merchandise.

J. W. Welch, of Brownfield, had a four horse team and 5,000 pounds of coal on two wagons.

W. M. Green, of one and a half miles this side of Gomez, had four horses, two wagons and 5,000 pounds of coal.

H. M. McPherson, of Gomez, had six head of horses, two wagons and 8,000 pounds of coal, and said he could have hauled 2,000 more just as well.

D. R. Carter of five miles the other side of Gomez, had five head of horses, two wagons and 5,000 pounds of coal.

In reply to our question as to the relative routes from Gomez, to Lubbock, and to Tahoka, one man said that the Tahoka road was 10 miles the shortest or a saving of 20 miles for the round trip. Another man said that the Tahoka route was a good days time the shortest. Still another man said that he could haul at least 400 pounds to the horse from Tahoka than he could from Lubbock.

Now taking these five outfits as representing half of the outfit that hauled the car load of coal from here and figuring a little we will see something of the advantages of the Tahoka route over the Lubbock one. With fifty two head of horses they could haul, on their own estimation, 20,800 pounds more from Tahoka than from Lubbock, or one-third of a car nearly. The trip was one day shorter or ten day for the bunch. You can't hire a man, two wagons and five horses for less than \$8.00 a day, making a saving of \$80.00 in time and 10 tons in capacity on one car of coal.

Think this over you Brownfield, Gomez and Plains freighters. Figure it out for yourselves and you will see that your railroad town is Tahoka every time. Come to Tahoka.

Carpenter D. T. Rogers came down on the Saturday afternoon train. He reported the 24x60 foot general store building that he is building in Wilson as about half covered.

CHANGE IN NAME.

Hereafter, the Palace Meat Market will be known as the Cash Meat Market, and it will take cash to get anything.

S. N. WEATHERS, Prop.

J. H. Cowan moved his family to town Thursday of last week. They are occupying the McLoud house on east Porterfield street.

Cultivator sweeps from 6 to 16 inches already sharpened at the Tahoka Blacksmith Shop, north of the square. 43-tf

Judge James R. Robinson, of Lubbock, came down Friday and returned home Saturday.

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

41-tf

LYNN COUNTY NEWS

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H. C. CRIE & COMPANY, TAHOKA, TEXAS

MRS. H. C. CRIE : : : : : EDITOR

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Vol. 9 TAHOKA, TEXAS, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1912. No. 2

WHAT GOOD ROADS DO COST

New York to Expend Over \$6,000,000 This Year in Repair Work.

How few automobilists and tourists realize as they glide over the good roads of New York state what the upkeep of these highways and byways is costing their town, county and state, and indirectly them. If they would stop to think of this there would be much less profanity when one chances upon a mud puddle difficult to dodge.

In the first place, the average, or, rather, the majority of tourists have no idea of the number of miles of roads in New York state which must be annually repaired, oftentimes semi-annually. Frank D. Lyon, the deputy commissioner of the state highway department, has furnished statistics and information on this subject which are not only startling and surprising, but vastly interesting to motorists.

There are in the Empire state 80,000 miles of roads, a greater mileage of which is improved highways than all the other eastern states put together, not including Massachusetts. There are now 1,000 miles of state

roads and more under construction. There are macadam roads totaling in mileage 2,400, constructed by towns. There are more than 40,000 miles of earth roads, properly shaped and crowned, stones picked and removed, depressions filled, culverts and bridges repaired. Towns have constructed 8,000 miles of gravel roads, in first-class condition.

To keep these roads navigable, so to speak, shape means work, systematic, untiring labor on the part of a great corps of people. The state is divided into nine districts, with Mr. Lyon in actual charge of these. Each district has a superintendent, an assistant to Mr. Lyon. Then the state is again subdivided into forty-four counties under the supervision of fifty-four superintendents, who in turn are answerable to the nine assistants of Mr. Lyon. Then it is further subdivided into 934 towns, under 934 town superintendents. By this system Commissioner Lyon can reach within twenty-four hours after notification any road in the state in need of repair.

Work of construction and repair is now at its height, and Mr. Lyon's report of recent date showed that on one particular day there were 26,000 men and teams on the roads of the state.

Co-operation on the part of automobilists with the state authorities is urged by the state highway department. Mr. Lyon asks that tourists running across anything wrong with the roads immediately report the same to him. In this way tourists—those who are actually using the roads—will not only aid the state, but themselves, in keeping the highways in the best of condition.

"The upkeep of motor cars," says Mr. Lyon, "will this year be reduced 40 per cent. in my mind, on account of repairs to highways being made."

Towns are this year raising by taxes for highway improvement the sum of \$2,504,675.23. The state is turning over to the towns to aid them in this work \$1,593,070. Bridge work during the year 1911 is to cost \$628,414.62. The amount to be paid out for new machinery is \$180,011.25. Special road improvements in towns of the state are to cost \$279,706.22, making in all \$5,185,877.33 to be expended by towns this year.

The state is to bond itself for \$19,000,000 for the construction of state roads. Towns and counties are to be called upon to provide as their share \$5,000,000. The state legislature has appropriated \$1,800,000 for the maintenance of state roads already constructed.

The sum of \$21,985,877.33 is to be expended in one year for road construction and improvement throughout the great Empire state—that is, this amount is available for the work, and in all probability will be utilized by the state department of highways.

Utilization of Waste.

A distinguished chemist once observed that "My lady writes tender sentiments to her lord with ink made from an old copper coffee pot on paper made from old collars." The utilization of waste products, which is adding so enormously to the wealth of the world, furnishes many such fantastic adaptations.

"Give me," Dr. Long said, "the sewage of New York, and I will return you yearly the superior milk of 100,000 cows." The waste soapsuds from woolen factories which used to pollute hundreds of rivers, is now precipitated and the coagulum is pressed into bricks and converted into superior illuminating gas. These are only examples of the ingenuity of man. That the field is far from exhausted is instanced in the estimate that from 600 to 1,000 tons of fine coal are thrown away every day in the ashes of New York. It is not impossible that some one will shortly invent a process for reclaiming this wasted material.

Good.

"A fool and his money are soon parted," quoted the bunko steerer. "Yes," replied the green goods man. "But the trouble is that a fool usually hasn't much money to start with."

Teaching School Girls to Swim.

In the apparatus in use in Germany for teaching school girls how to swim the pupil is supported in such a position as to leave the legs and arms free to perform the motions of a swimmer. The body is hung in a wide belt, suspended from an overhead rail, while the feet are attached to a pair of ropes running over pulleys and adjustable to various requirements.

The pupils thus suspended are then taught how to perform the movements of the breast stroke until the action becomes almost instinctive. There is a decided advantage in teaching these movements in such a way instead of in the water, for the pupil is not distracted by the fear of a ducking. It is not at all easy to learn the swimming movements even out of water, hence the advantage of acquiring this knowledge until it becomes almost instinctive before entering the water.—Scientific American.

ECONOMICAL TABLE SYRUP.

From August Holland's Magazine

We dislike the corn syrup, and good molasses is hard to get. Sugar is so high that I hit on this plan of thickening my syrup with corn starch, and we like it so much. To make, take 2 cups of sugar and 2 tablespoonfuls of corn starch. Mix thoroughly, add 2 cups of boiling water and cook in double boiler until clear. Flavor with a few drops of vanilla.

"All productive work is social service," such is the slogan of Mr. O. J. Kern, of Illinois, who was the most notable speaker before the educators gathered to observe Rural Education Week at the University of Texas in July. That is what he tells his teachers starting out into the country to their little one-room schools. "All productive work is social service, and the best service the average person can render the community is to do his regular work well. The first service a teacher can offer is to teach the best school that was ever taught in that whole neighborhood. Teach arithmetic for example, well—better than it was ever taught there before. And then on the side get a boy or two interested in better corn, or better beef, and just as much more good is accomplished. For the first service of a school is to fit its pupils for public work."

America's Greatest Weekly, The TOLEDO BLADE

The Best Known Newspaper in the United States.

Circulation 240,000. Popular in Every State.

No Whiskey Advertising.

The seventy-eighth year of its existence finds the Toledo Blade more popular than at any period during its long and successful career. It is read each week by more than a million people. The Blake's field is national and it goes into every state and territory in the United States, thereby giving it an unquestionable right of claiming to be the greatest national weekly newspaper published in America.

The Weekly Blade is distinctly a family newspaper. The one object of its publishers has always been to make it fit for the American home, for the fireside, and of interest to every member of the family. To fulfill this purpose it is kept clean and wholesome. The news of the world is handled in a comprehensive manner, and the various departments of The Blade are edited with painstaking care. The Household page is a delight to the women and children; current affairs are treated editorially without prejudice; the serial stories are selected with the idea of pleasing the greatest number of fiction lovers; the Question Bureau is a scrapbook of information; the farmstead columns are conducted with the purpose of giving the patrons a medium for the exchange of ideas and information on farm topics. No department is neglected, but every feature is taken care of with the idea of making The Blade worth many times the price of subscription—one dollar a year. Sample copies mailed free. THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio. The Lynn County News and the Blade, both for one year, \$1.40.

O. L. Slaton, President. W. D. Nevels, Vice President. A. L. Lockwood, Vice President
W. B. Slaton, Cashier. A. B. Ellis, Assistant Cashier

The First National Bank

Of Tahoka, Texas

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits \$33,000.00

Make Our Bank Your Bank. We extend all accommodation consistent with good banking methods.

Concerning a Sky-piece



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Will be in Tahoka third Thursday, Friday and Saturday in each month

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Tahoka Saddle Shop

R. MILLIKEN Prop.

Saddles, Harness,
Fancy Belts Made
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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.
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TWO BLOKS EAST OF SQUARE

TAHOKA, Lynn county, TEXAS

Bad Spells

"I suffered, during girlhood, from womanly weakness," writes Mrs. Mollie Navy, of Walnut, N. C. "At last, I was almost bed-ridden, and had to give up. We had three doctors. All the time, I was getting worse. I had bad spells, that lasted from 7 to 28 days. In one week, after I gave Cardui a trial, I could eat, sleep, and joke, as well as anybody. In 8 weeks, I was well. I had been an invalid for 5 weary years! Cardui relieved me, when everything else failed."

TAKE CARDUI The Woman's Tonic

If you are weak and ailing, think what it would mean, to you, to recover as quickly as Mrs. Navy did. For more than 50 years, this purely vegetable, tonic remedy, for women, has been used by thousands of weak and ailing sufferers. They found it of real value in relieving their aches and pains. Why suffer longer? A remedy that has relieved and helped so many, is ready, at the nearest drug store, for use, at once, by you. Try it, today.

Write to: Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn. for Special Instructions, and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent free. 157

LITTLE JACK IN A DILEMMA

Could Not Produce Button Representing "Happiness of Life" Because Mother Had Used It.

A school mistress was trying to make clear to her class the fundamental doctrines of the Declaration of Independence. "Now, boys," she said, "I shall give each of you three ordinary buttons. Here they are." And she handed three buttons to each member of the class. "Now," she went on to explain, "you must think of the first button as representing Life; of the second as representing Liberty; of the third representing the Pursuit of Happiness. Tomorrow I shall ask you what the three buttons signify."

True to her word, the school mistress asked the class on the following day regarding the names of the three buttons. She began by putting the question to Jack, the largest boy of the class, a lad of about ten years of age. "Now, Jack, produce your buttons and tell me what they stand for." Jack drew from his pocket two of the buttons and held up one at a time. "This-un, mum," he said, looking at the first button, "is Life. At this-un," holding up the second, "Liberty." Then his face reddened and he looked to be on the point of crying. "I ain't got t'other button. I sewed Pursuit of Happiness onto my shirt."

!! The News, 1 year, 1 dollar, In advance

The Yellow Letter



by William Johnston
Illustrations by V.L. Barnes

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THE BOBBAS-BERRILL COMPANY

(Continued)

SYNOPSIS.

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER V—Kent and Davis search Crandall's room and find an address, Lock Box 17, Ardway, N. J. Kent goes to Ardway to investigate and becomes suspicious of a "Henry Cook."

CHAPTER VI—A woman commits suicide at the Ardway Hotel. A yellow letter also figures in this case.

CHAPTER VII—Kent calls Louise on the long distance telephone and finds that she had just been called by Crandall from the same booth. "Cook" disappears. The Ardway postmaster is missing.

CHAPTER VIII—Inspector Davis arrives at Ardway and takes up the investigation. He discovers that the dead woman is Sarah Sackett of Bridgeport. Louise telephones Kent imploring him to drop the investigation.

CHAPTER IX—Kent returns to New York to get an explanation from Louise. He finds the body of a woman in Central Park and more yellow letters. He sees Crandall, whom he recognizes as "Cook," enter the Farrish home.

CHAPTER X—Louise again implores Kent to drop the investigation and refuses to give any explanation. Later Kent sees Crandall and Louise in an automobile.

CHAPTER XI—Kent returns to Ardway. Davis announces that he has planned to arrest the missing postmaster and also the master criminal.

CHAPTER XII—While seeking the criminals, Kent comes across Louise and Crandall. Pursued by Davis the postmaster jumps off a precipice and is killed. Aleck Young, the master criminal, is found in a hut in a morphia storeroom.

CHAPTER XIII—Louise tells Kent that she and Crandall had come to get papers from Young which gave him a strange hold over General Farrish.

CHAPTER XIV—It is shown that Crandall's only interest in the case was to help Katharine recover her father's papers.

the other chain of suicides, unless it was that both devilish plots originated in the drug-fueled, malevolent brain of the poor fellow in yonder. It is true that General Farrish got yellow letters. Once a week for months and months he has found one in his mail, each more threatening, more menacing than its predecessors. He has for a long, long time been living in daily dread that the anonymous writer of these letters might at any moment carry out his threats and expose him to public shame, and disgrace him in the eyes of his beloved daughters.

"But how did you learn all this?" I asked.

"Young boasted to Crandall about the weekly letters. So sure did he feel that General Farrish would not dare openly to prosecute him that with fawning malignity he took delight in retelling to Crandall the dread-inspiring phrases he had employed and in dilating on the terror they undoubtedly were causing the general. It is small wonder that the sight of you and Louise examining the scrap of one of the yellow letters, coming as it did

right on top of Katharine's desperate act, brought on a stroke of paralysis.

"Poor old man," I said, "how he must have suffered!"

"Far more than we can imagine," said Davis. "I do not think any one but a half-crazed drug fiend, either, could have conceived such refinement of torture as of always using the same peculiar yellow stationery. Think what a shock it must have given General Farrish each time he saw one of those yellow envelopes lurking among his morning mail! Think what a strain it must have been as he waited morning after morning for them, bearing the burden of his awful silence! Think what horrible specters in yellow must have haunted his brain as he tried to sleep! No wonder he collapsed when he did."

"But are you sure Young wrote all the yellow letters?"

"Certainly," said the inspector, getting up from the bench and entering the cottage.

When he returned a few minutes later he had in his hand a bundle of yellow paper and envelopes. As I examined them I saw that they were of exactly the color and texture of all the fragments of yellow letters that I had seen.

"Where did you find them?" I asked.

"In a cupboard over there by the fireplace. I don't know whether you noticed it or not, but over there, too, is the type-writer on which Young wrote the letters that he gave Rouser to mail for him."

"What makes you think Rouser mailed them?"

"There are six different things that prove Rouser's connection with Young's devilish plots. The stamps were put on by a left-handed man, and Rouser was left-handed. The answers were received in the Ardway post-office, where Rouser was post-master. Lock Box 17, to which they were addressed, was not entered in the list of box-holders. You yourself found a large sum of money in the post-office cash-drawer that had no business being there. Rouser himself mysteriously disappeared when he found that some one was on the trail of the yellow letters. And lastly, Rouser and Young for weeks have been together most of the time."

"How did you learn that?"

"Young, it seems," the inspector continued, "is well known in Ardway, his boyhood having been spent in the town. His father was a well-to-do lawyer who became addicted to drugs. His mother died in the state asylum for the insane. The constable, Dodds, has known him for many years. He went to Harvard and there was a classmate for a while of Crandall. He has been going from bad to worse, each time he returned to Ardway on his periodic visits seeming to be more and more addicted to morphia. His inheritance was spent long ago and it has been a mystery to every one where he got considerable sums that he has had at times. With all his faults, he has much magnetism and a plausible tongue and makes friends readily. So far as I can discover, after he had concocted his plot against General Farrish he had some difficulty in obtaining satisfaction and tried to enlist the aid of Crandall. Crandall went at once to General Farrish and was ordered out of the house. Crandall, despite his treatment by the general, was determined to solve the mys-

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tery, and for months kept track of Young, trying to worm out the secret and render him powerless. At times he gave Young small sums and for a while, as I have said, had him in his rooms. One day Young disappeared, taking with him some jewelry of Crandall's and it was only a few days ago that Crandall succeeded in finding him here in Ardway. Young, having failed to blackmail General Farrish, tried to open up negotiations for the sale of his documents through Crandall. Crandall, of course, could not communicate with General Farrish, so he called Katharine on the telephone and made an appointment with her. Evidently he explained the whole affair to her, and when the negotiations failed it was more than she could bear.

"That all seems logical," I said, "but I fail to see yet what connection there is between General Farrish and old Andrew Elser. Nor do I see the connection between the suicide of the old woman in the hotel at Ardway and the suicide of the young woman in the park lake, yet in each of these cases there were yellow letters."

"I do not see it myself, yet," said Davis frankly, "and yet I know it exists. I know that the hellish idea that drove them all to death was planned by that distorted brain inside the cottage there."

He was silent for several minutes as he gazed at the rising sun, seeming absorbed in the glorious spectacle.

"I'll find out!" he said explosively. "I'll make him tell."

"What are you going to do?" I asked. "How will you make him?"

For answer he took from the pocket of his coat two sets of thin steel cuffs, one for the arms and the other for the ankles, and stepped within the cottage. I followed wonderingly and watched him as he turned Young over on his face and, bringing his hands together behind him, snapped on the cuffs. He shackled his feet, too, and then picking up a stout rope, passed it between the two sets of shackles and around a beam in the side of the cottage wall, leaving enough slack to permit the shackled man a small amount of liberty. During the whole operation Young hung limp and apparently lifeless, still in the drug stupor, but as Davis finished his work he began to talk incoherently.

"The shaking up I gave him in fastening him up," said Davis, "will bring him to. He will wake up in a few minutes and then I'll find out everything I want to know. I'll make him tell."

"What are you going to do," I gasped, "torture him?"

"No," said the inspector grimly as he dragged a stool over near the couch and placed on it a hypodermic syringe he had found in the cabin, and with it a morphia preparation.

He gaged the distance with his eye, and moved the stool so that while it would be in plain sight of the shackled man when he awoke, it would be utterly impossible for him to reach it.

"No," he said, "I'm not going to torture him. His drug-racked nerves will do it for me."

CHAPTER XV.

The Torture.

Hell is a place of unsatisfied desires, and in its lowest depths are those who, writhing in the agony of their decaying nerves, shriek for their beloved morphia and shriek in vain.

Many times in my life I have seen the souls of men, and women, too, put to hard and bitter tests.

Once I saw a motorman whose car had crushed a lovely child. Around him pressed a howling, angry mob, led by the baby's father, who would have had his life. With bold daring, he stood on his platform as on a throne, with his controller bar for his only weapon, and defied them all. Yet, even as he stood there outwardly so bold, I saw in his eyes a misery as great as man could bear and live. For days and months I doubt not that his nightly dreams brought him constant horror-pictures of the child he had killed.

Once, too, I had to be the bearer of the news when a workman's misstep on a frame of steel sent him plunging down eighteen stories to death. In the foul tenement where I told my news I saw a tired, gaunt woman walk the floor and scream and moan, three frightened little children clinging to her skirts.

Often, too, in my practice in the

courts, I have seen men in dreadful misery—a ruffian bold and defiant despite the blood-guilt on his soul, face all the world courageously until the jury's foreman said the word that brought the death-chair's horror to his heart and crumpled him weeping to the floor. I have seen men of good repute sentenced for shameful crimes with their saddened families looking on as they burned with grief and shame that their sins had found them out.

Yet all the concepts that my brain had formed of the utmost in pain and shame and misery faded into insignificance before the things I saw in that rude cottage in the Jersey hills where for two long days Davis and myself kept watch on the fettered master criminal—waiting, waiting, waiting till his drug-tortured nerves should make him tell us the secret of his yellow letters.

Shackled hand and foot though he had found himself when he came out of his stupor, his self-control was at first wonderful. For a few minutes after Davis had fastened his bonds he lay there tossing and twitching, then suddenly opened his eyes—piercing, devilish, uncanny black eyes they were—and tried to sit up.

The rope through the manacles behind him stopped him short and threw him back on his couch. At the same time he caught sight of Davis sitting near the foot of his couch. In silence they eyed each other, neither of them saying a word. Stealthily Young shifted, first his hands and then his feet as if to ascertain the extent of his bonds. Finding himself securely fastened, he let his eyes rove around the room, and discovered me. He studied my face sharply, as if to read my mission, but quickly turned



He Studied my Face Sharply as if to Read My Mission.

his gaze to Davis again, as if recognizing in him his master captor.

Then he laughed—a hideous, chilling, defiant laugh, that ended in an unhealthy gurgle in his throat.

"Well?" he asked inquiringly.

I looked for Davis to seize on this propitious moment, when Young, just aroused from drug-slumber, would be weak and nervous, to ply him with questions about the things we wished to know, but the inspector was too much a master of his craft for that. As if he had not heard his prisoner's question, he sat there staring fixedly at the man before him.

One minute passed, two minutes—three, and still Davis sat silent and unanswering. The cumulative force of prolonged silence began to grow on my nerves. This waiting, waiting, was torture. If only one of them would speak. To Young it must have been far worse.

Still they kept at it, Davis staring straight into Young's eyes and Young trying to stare back. For a few minutes he succeeded, and then his eyes shifted and fell. With a master effort of his will he brought them back to Davis and held them steady. There the two of them sat as in a duel, the prisoner's baleful eyes shooting forth venom, hate, murder, while in the other's steady glance was pictured relentless justice.

Of course, there could be but one end to it. Powerful as was the will in the drug-racked body, the twitching of the muscles, the involuntary drawing up of the limbs and arms as far as the bonds would permit, and

most of all the clasping and unclasping of the fingers told what torture the silence was bringing to Young.

He burst forth at last in a wild flow of profanity, cursing Davis, cursing me, cursing everything, cursing God, and still Davis sat there as rigid and as silent as the superior of a Trappist monastery doing penance. At times the prisoner's voice was raised to a hideous shriek, at times it sank to a pitiful sob, and all the while he tugged and strained at his bonds, twisting, turning, reaching, trying always to find some position in which he could gain possession of the morphia that lay on the chair just beyond his reach.

At last—it must have been an hour later—physical exhaustion conquered him and he lay back, after one last frantic struggle, weak and panting, unresisting.

The inspector arose, and, walking over to the couch, stood there looking down at him.

"Aleck Young," he said evenly, "your whole game is up. I know all about General Farrish and Andrew Elser and the woman from Bridgeport. I know about Dora Hastings, who committed suicide in the park lake yesterday, and about Henry Eberle, who sent you the five thousand. I know everything that your unfortunate aide, Rouser, knew, and now I want you to surrender all the letters and papers in your possession."

"You will never get them," sneered Young, as I sat there marveling at the inspector's revelations. It was news to me that he knew the name of the Central Park suicide, and while I myself had found the five thousand dollars, I had had not the slightest intimation that Davis knew from whom it had come.

"Either I get those letters," said Davis evenly, "or you get no more morphia."

Young laughed in his face.

"You haven't the slightest evidence against me for anything. Without letters or documents you can prove nothing. You have no right to keep me bound up here. I shall get free and shall make you pay for this. I don't care what Rouser has told you, you'll get nothing out of me and you have proof of nothing."

"Very well," said the inspector, "no letters, no morphia."

Turning away from the couch, he spoke to me in a tone as indifferent as if we had been camping together:

"Come on, Kent, let's see what we can dig up for breakfast."

We found the cottage well supplied with provisions, as if it had been the intention of the conspirators to make it their headquarters for some time. In a very few minutes Davis had some bacon fried and toast and coffee made, which he spread in the little lean-to that was used as a kitchen.

"So you mean to starve him, too?" I asked in an undertone, pointing to the couch.

"It won't be necessary," said Davis. "Take something in to him if you like. You'll find that the only appetite he'll have will be for morphia."

Nevertheless, I took a cup of coffee and some toast in to the prisoner. A volley of oaths was my only reward, so I returned and sat with Davis while he ate. I myself had no appetite, but the events of the night did not seem in the least to have affected his. I drank only part of a cup of coffee, though he urged me to eat something.

"It is apt to be a long sleep," he said, "and you must keep your strength. Our prisoner is a man of considerable will power and is not going to confess readily. If you will

keep guard on him hours I am going to sleep."

"Of course, I will."

"Under no circumstances," said Davis, as he flung himself down on the floor of the lean-to, "loosen any of his bonds, and pay no attention to his pleas for mercy. He has a winning way about him that is dangerous."

"You need not fear," I replied. "Remember the agony he has caused to the woman I love."

"And to many others," said Davis. "Speaking of that," said I, "I wish you would tell me before you go to sleep how you learned where the five thousand came from."

"Rouser told me."

"I was not aware that you had any opportunity to talk with him."

"I didn't," said the inspector. "I just used my eyes in the postoffice. I thought I had used mine pretty well in the post office, but certainly I had seen nothing that would lead me to identify the person who had sent the five thousand dollars I had found in the cash drawer."

"Don't talk in riddles!" I exclaimed rather petulantly. "What did you find in the post office?"

Davis grinned.

I nodded assent.

"Did it not strike you as peculiar that there should be over two thousand names and addresses in the forwarding list of a small post office like Ardway, where probably not more than ten families move away in ten years?"

"I did not examine it closely," I replied, "but even if I had I am afraid I would have failed to identify it as important."

"If you had seen the name of An-



I Felt My Eyes Bulge, My Lungs Fill to Bursting.

dreww Elser in it," said Davis, "would you not have examined it?"

"Was his name there?"

"Yes, and also the names of the Bridgeport victim and Dora Hastings and Henry Eberle. It was Young on Rouser who sent out the yellow letters and checked the list, using just plain, ordinary shorthand for such words as 'Sent,' 'Answered,' 'Five Thousand.' Fortunately, the list shows that while more than five hundred letters were sent out, hardly a dozen had brought responses, and in only three cases had money been received."

"Was General Farrish's name on the list?"

"No," answered Davis sleepily, "but I hardly expected to find it there."

"And the letters sent out," I persisted, "were they the yellow letters?"

(Continued)

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beyond description. Even a very large top is sometimes thrown as the Australian casts the boomerang, so that while it appears to be going straight toward the head of the spectator it returns to the thrower and is caught on his palm. When it arrives thus the performer takes it by the spindle, apparently stops it, sets it down and it recommences. Turn it upside down and it proceeds just as merrily on its iron-spiked head. The spinners balance it on any kind of surface, round or flat, on the edge of a fan, the sharpest Japanese sword, along a thin cord, and after some moments of unconcerned spinning there it is tossed on the table, with apparent carelessness, when it goes on working, unexhausted and inexhaustible.

One of the most delicate performances consists in spinning a top in the left hand, up the left arm, round the edge of the lobe at the back of the neck and down the other arm into the palm of the right hand. Another is to toss it spinning into the air and catch it on the hem of the sleeve, whence it runs down into the hand. A third is to fling it up and catch it on the bowl of a pipe, pass it behind the back, toss it to the front and there catch it again.

A large, heavy top is sometimes set in motion by rolling the peg in the bight of a cord, one end being held in each hand, then flung ten or twenty feet in air and caught with the same cord, spinning always. This can be done ten times in succession. But the most wonderful display consists in sending a top spinning up a rope to the head of a mast, and then recalling it.

WHY MILK WILL TURN SOUR

Reason Is That Fluid Contains Small Microbe That Makes an Acid From the Sugar.

Perhaps you have often wondered why it is that if you let milk stand for a short time, especially in warm weather, it will turn sour and become unfit to use in your tea or coffee, but if it is boiled and then sealed up in some sort of airtight can or jar it will keep for any length of time in any weather.

Many persons believe that a thunderstorm will turn milk sour, and if you ask them what the thunder, which is nothing but noise, can do to the milk you will find that they have no idea, but they just know it is so. So there!

The reason that milk turns sour is that it contains a small microbe that makes an acid from the sugar in the milk. When the milk is boiled these microbes are killed and the acid is never developed. Warm air, and even electricity in the air, is very favorable to the rapid growth of these microbes, which are really a sort of plant, and all plants flourish in warmth.

The acid which is made by these microbes in the milk is called lactic acid, and if the milk is good and clean it is none the worse for turning sour, although it is not just the thing to put in tea. For some persons sour milk is a much more wholesome drink than sweet milk and is recommended by some doctors for the cure of certain diseases. There is a famous Chinese statesman who believes he will live to be one hundred and fifty because he drinks so much sour milk every day.

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Sheriff's Sale

The State of Texas: Whereas by virtue of order of sale, issued out of the District Court of Lynn County, Texas, On a judgement rendered in said Court on 30th day of March A. D. 1912 in favor of Jno. F. Robinson and against T. M. Bartley, G. S. Williams, H. E. Ford, First National Bank, Lubbock, Texas, J. W. Baker, and S. J. McFarlin. No. 97 on the docket of said Court, and to me, as sheriff directed and delivered, I did on the 3rd day of September, A. D. 1912 at 2 o'clock P. M. levy upon the following described tract and parcel of land situated in Lynn County, Texas, and belonging to T. M. Bartley, G. S. Williams, H. E. Ford, First National Bank, Lubbock, Texas, J. W. Baker, and S. J. McFarlin, to wit:

The N. E. and S. W. quarters of Section No. 482, Block No. One, Cert. 462, E. L. & R. Ry. Co., being 320 acres of land in Lynn County, Texas. And on the first day of October A. D. 1912, the same being the first Tuesday of said Month, between the hours of 10 o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m. on said day, at the Court House door of Lynn County, Texas, in the town of Tahoka, I will offer for sale and sell at public auction, for cash: all the right, title and interest of the said T. M. Bartley, G. S. Williams, H. E. Ford, First National Bank, Lubbock, Texas, J. W. Baker, and S. J. McFarlin, in and to said property.

Witness my hand, this 3rd day of September, A. D. 1912. J. H. Edwards, Sheriff of Lynn County, Texas.

Division Extraordinary. At the Zoological park it became necessary to cut down a large tree. A log about twenty feet long was one of the results. Dr. Hornaday, the director, gave orders to one of the workmen, a stalwart Irishman, to split the log, with a small charge of dynamite, into two halves and scoop out each half for a trough to be used in feeding some of the animals. Later in the day the son of Erin appeared at the director's office, much excited, and stammered: "Th' dynamite has blowed thot log into t'ree halves."

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TRYING TO AVOID THE HURLY

Motorists of Dundee Having Strenuous Time Trying to Sidestep Boys' Favorite Machine.

Motorists are having a lively time in Dundee just now.

They need to keep an extra sharp lookout passing along thoroughfares which are flanked by side streets on a gradient, for no matter how slow they drive the boy in the street continues to get in front, and it is sometimes a near thing, inches only, avoiding a fatality.

The hurly is a favorite machine for amusing Dundee youth, says the Courier. It consists of a soap box which has served its day and is



Come Darting Out.

mounted on four wheels, the front pair turning on an axle, which enables the occupants to do a bit of steering.

The favorite place for the running of these toy carts is a gradient, and motorists have lately been tortured in the stretches of Perth road and Ferry road.

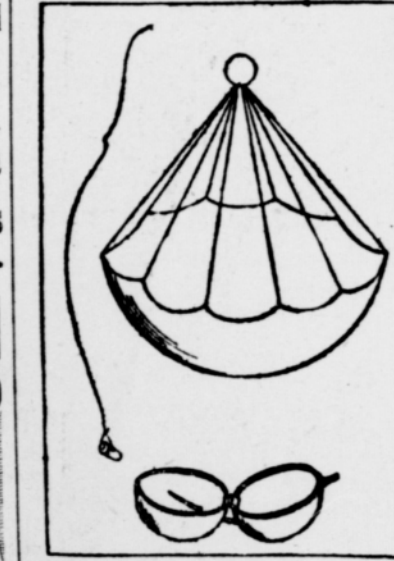
The little carts come darting out of the side streets irrespective of the possible approach of a tram or motor car, and the result is to give the most careful driver a touch of nerves.

Recently a Dundee motoring party got scared three times on the route named, and though the speed was never more than five miles an hour, a miracle only prevented a mishap, and two ladies with the car arrived home in a state of collapse.

PARACHUTE TOY IS AMUSING

Indiana Man Invents New Plaything Consisting of Globular Casing, Held Closed by Catch.

An amusing toy has been devised by two Indiana men. It consists of a globular casing, hinged at one point and held closed by a catch. Inside this casing is packed a parachute, with a small ball for a weight. The catch of the receptacle is held shut by a pin, which is unwound and allowed to lie loose on the ground so it will pay out freely and the ball thrown as high into the air as it will go. When it comes to the end of the cord the pin will be jerked out and the shell will fly open. This will release the para-



New Parachute Toy.

chute and the weight of the latter will at once straighten the little float on out, whereupon all will descend gently to the earth, the shell preceding it, to be ready for another throw.

A Real Handy Tree.

Did you ever hear of a thread and needle tree? It is rather a handy tree to have growing in the back yard, don't you think? Especially when there are boys in the house with buttons coming off about every other minute.

This strange tree grows in nearly all tropical countries and in some places nearer home where the climate is warm. It gets its name by which we know it from the curious formation of its leaves. At the tip of the leaf there is a sharp thorn, which is the needle. If you grasp it firmly and pull it out, there you are with a needle already threaded for your sewing. This fiber thread is very strong and the Mexicans use it for weaving a coarse kind of cloth as well as for sewing.

HOW TO LIFT SMALL PLATE

Clever Little Trick May Be Performed by the Use of a Heavy Piece of Blotting Paper.

Fill a glass full to overflowing of water. Place over it a piece of heavy blotting paper, and then a small plate or a saucer about the size of the paper. Carefully invert the whole, holding plate and glass firmly together, so no air is admitted. In a few moments,



Lifting a Plate.

when the blotting paper has become damp, you can lift the glass and the plate will hang tightly to it.

Money Was Safe.

John—See, James, I have a scent bottle. James—Let's see you get the penny out.

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A Perfect Baker

Saves Work and Fuel



Built Like a Locomotive Boiler

ARCADIAN MALLEABLE NON-BREAKABLE RANGE

The Arcadian—America's Best Range, cuts down the fuel bill at least one-third. It stays a perfect baker, not only for the first year but for a lifetime. It never needs blackening—just a wipe-off with oily cloth and it looks like new. It saves a woman steps and makes enough saving in fuel to pay for itself over and over. BUILT LIKE A LOCOMOTIVE BOILER

The Arcadian is built of malleable iron, and charcoal iron—no cast iron or steel. It is riveted together, metal to metal, not simply bolted together and the seams stuffed with stove putty, like cast iron and so-called steel ranges. Because it is riveted air-tight without the use of stove putty, it stays air-tight.

There are no bolts to loosen in the Arcadian, no stove putty to crumble out and let in false drafts to boost your fuel bills as happens with brittle cast iron and steel ranges.

The Arcadian is Sold By Us. We invite you to call as we wish to demonstrate the value of this range to you.

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FLAGS FLYING HALF MAST

Custom Long Ago Passed From Purely Military Usage to Public Life of All Kinds.

Perhaps you have noticed that whenever a prominent person dies, especially if he is connected with the government, the flags on public buildings are hoisted only part of the way up. This is called half mast. Did you ever stop to think what connection there could be between a flag that was not properly hoisted and the death of a great man?

Ever since flags were used in war it has been the custom to have the flag of the superior or conquering nation above that of the inferior or vanquished. When an army found itself hopelessly beaten it hauled its flag down far enough for the flag of the victors to be placed above it on the same pole. This was a token not only of submission, but of respect.

In those days when a famous soldier died flags were lowered out of respect to his memory. The custom long ago passed from purely military usage to public life of all kinds, the flag flying at half mast being a sign that the dead man was worthy of universal respect. The space left above it is for the flag of the great conqueror of all, the Angel of Death.

GRADES AND GOOD ROADS

Highways Traveled by Heavily Loaded Vehicles Should Be Kept Down to Three Per Cent.

A one per cent. grade on a road means a rise of one foot for each hundred feet of distance traveled up the hill. A ten per cent. grade means ten feet rise in each hundred feet so traveled. A one per cent. grade, then, means that in traveling up hill one mile an ascent is made of 52.8 feet, while a ten per cent grade means a rise in altitude of 528 feet in a mile. Accurate tests have shown that a horse which can pull 1,000 pounds on a level road can pull only 810 pounds on a rise of one foot in fifty, and on a rise of one foot in ten he can pull only 250 pounds. These facts show that the greatest load than can be hauled over a road is the load which can be taken up the steepest hill on that road, or through the deepest mud hole. It is therefore advised that all highways traveled by heavily loaded vehicles should be kept within a three or four per cent. grade if practicable. To do this may require a change of location to get around hills, always keeping in mind that the lower the grade the larger the load may be hauled and the cost of haulage kept at the lowest point.

Birds a Help to the Farmer.

The demand for the protection of wild birds was once based solely on humane and esthetic grounds; now the demand is coming to be based in addition on economic grounds, which will commend it to a larger number of men and insure it a more careful hearing in the court of public opinion. Bird slaughter not long ago was decreed because the native songsters were being killed at the behest of millinery fashion.

Now another note is sounded. The increase of insect pests and consequent reduction of the harvests has corresponded with the decrease of the birds. In addition to filling their craws with insects numerous wild birds feed on weed seeds, and weeds are a handicap in agriculture.

In several states increasing safeguards are being thrown around birds because of their worth as aids to agriculture.

DODSON'S LIVER TONE BEATS CALOMEL

No Need Now to Risk Your Health Taking Dangerous Drug—New Remedy Is Guaranteed

Next time your liver gets sluggish and you feel dull and headachy go to McGill's Drug Store and get a bottle of the successful medicine, Dodson's Liver Tone.

It will start your liver, gently but firmly, and cures a case of constipation or biliousness without any restriction as to habit or diet.

Dodson's Liver Tone is a pleasant tasting vegetable liquid, for both children or grown up people. Its use is not followed by any of the bad after-effects which some times follows taking calomel.

McGill's Drug Store will give you your money back if you do not find it a perfect substitute for calomel.

DEMOCRATIC NOMINEES

For Tax Assessor: F. E. REDWINE
For County Judge: J. L. STOKES
For District Judge: W. R. SPENCER
For District Attorney: J. E. LOCKHART
For Sheriff and Tax Collector: J. H. EDWARDS
For County and District Clerk: J. W. ELLIOTT
For County Treasurer: McMILL CLEYTON