

# LYNN COUNTY NEWS.

VOLUME 9,

TAHOKA, LYNN COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1912

NUMBER 7

## Broom Factory

Tahoka has secured another new enterprise that will tend to make this a trade center.

Messrs. H. C. Smith and Bob Chambers have ordered machinery and will open a broom factory as soon as their equipment arrives. They are advertising in the Record and Dallas News for a couple of expert broom makers.

This firm intends to use the very best of everything and the plant will be large enough to use all the output of Lynn and the counties west of here where there has been considerable in-migration in the culture of broom corn.

## For Sale or Trade.

A fine \$3,000 Registered German Coach Stallion, solid black, 8 years old, 15 hands high, weighs 1500 pounds, very pretty and stylish, considered the finest looking horse in our part of the country. Will sell him or trade for mules, horses, mares, or a tract of land.

For particulars write the owner, Dr. G. Schulte, Shiner, Lavaca County, Texas. 4-7

## Three Lake Locals

October 15th, 1912.

Bro. J. L. Thomas, of Brownfield, preached Saturday and Sunday and resigned the care of the Church at this place. We regret to see him and his good wife leave the field. They go from here to Cisco, their old home.

Mrs. J. M. Noble and family visited with Mrs. Yates Sunday.

Otis Keiglar made a business trip to Tahoka since our last.

Miss Linnie Babston spent the day with Eula Yates Sunday.

Saturday October the 26th has set aside as Missionary day and all are invited to meet at W. B. Edwards and pick cotton the wages to go to State Missions.

T. C. Marshall was a Tahoka visitor Saturday.

W. A. and John Yates leave to take in the Dallas fair and visit relatives.

J. C. Nettles, of New Home, was buying cattle here since our last.

Misses Robinson and Lowe are guests at Mrs. S. W. Joplin's this week.

Mrs. Nora Hines and children spent Monday with Mrs. Tom Doak, of West Point.

Inez Porter returned home last week after spending some time with Mrs. S. W. Joplin.

BEAVER.

## DIKE'S.

Eiler's Show arrived in Tahoka Thursday morning and pitched their tent south of the square and made their preparations for the evening performance, entitled Rip Van Winkle. The tent was comfortably full and the play was excellent. The faculty of the school advised the pupils to attend and those who took their advice counted the time well spent, both for the enjoyment and educational features.

Dr. Robertson, Veterinay Surgeon of Lamesa, was called to Tahoka the last of this week on professional business. He found more work than he could finish this trip and will be back in the near future. Those wishing his services should make arrangements accordingly. Date announced next week. Refer to any one he has practiced for. 6-1t

# The Women's Candidate

BYRON WILLIAMS

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### SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—In a spirit of fun Mayor Bedight, a summer visitor, is chased through the woods by ten laughing girls, one of whom he catches and kisses.

CHAPTER II.—The girls form themselves into a court and sentence him to do the bidding of one of their number each day for ten days.

CHAPTER III.—A legislative measure opposing woman suffrage, which dropped from the mayor's pocket, is used to compel him to obey the mandates of the girls.

CHAPTER IV.—His first day of service is with Mae Andrews, who takes him fishing. They are threatened by the sheriff with arrest.

The girl in the boat screamed. "Don't you dare go away. If you do, I'll—we'll send that bill to O-sian!"

The mayor groaned. "Come on!" ordered the warden impatiently. "I ain't got no time to be argin' with skirts. You've violated the law an' I reckon you'll haf to pay th' fiddler."

Bedight reached to the beach as if to pick up his fish. Instead, he reached six inches farther, took a quick, strong hold on the bottom of one leg of the warden's trousers, gave a mighty tug upward and, as the disconcerted native turned a somersault in midair, broke for the boat. Seeing his evident intent, Miss Andrews encouraged the leap, but alas for human precision! In his rush he struck the gunwale, there was a clatter, a soft thud and the next instant Miss Andrews found herself in seven feet of water. She came up with a gasp and would have swum to safety, for she was athletic, but the mayor, in the same predicament, came gallantly to the rescue, carrying her

here," she declared firmly as he faced about on the beach, "until I— I wring out this awful wet skirt!" blushing.

He looked at the dress thoughtfully. It was dripping water all about her. Then his eyes fell upon her big sunshade. Without a word he picked it up, walked down the dry beach and stuck it in the sand, its dome at an angle of forty-five degrees. Then he came back and sat down on the prow of the boat, his back to the umbrella.

The girl looked at him and then at the umbrella.



Mae Andrews.

"Do you promise not to peek?" in a confused voice.

"I'm the sphinx," he said, quietly. "Take your time—and get it good and dry. Er—hang it on the umbrella, you know—where the sun can get at it."

He heard her soft footfalls in the sand—and waited. He waited a long time. Once he almost forgot and was at the point of viewing the landscape in her general direction, when he heard a discreet cough and jerked his head about-face, giving himself up to the cantankerous conduct of a fish hawk pestering a kingfisher, much to the vocalistic annoyance of the latter, who chattered angrily.

And then from the weedy country road behind the hill there came voices. The warden and his assistants were returning.

Would the girl never reappear?

Rushing toward the hill, the mayor waved his arms and shouted: "Go back, you fellows! Go back, there's a lady dressing! There's—"

"Oh, Mr. Bedight," cried a clear voice from the rear, "I'm ready." The mayor turned and ran precipitately down the hill, the natives in full pursuit. But this time he reached the boat in safety and flung a derisive laugh at the angry warden's peremptory command to:

"Come back here, gol darn ye, an' git arrested!"

The girl watched the man narrowly. "If you don't mind, Mr. Bedight, we'll go over on the lee side of the island. There's a nice warm beach over there and while I investigate the condition of this lunch we can dry out a bit. I'm not going back to that hotel in the daylight!"

It was dusk when the two climbed up the steps of the Squirrel Inn. The judge came forward officially to receive the report.

"He's—he's a perfect gentleman," whispered Mae to Jackie as she slipped by to her room.

On the beach of Arrow island, on the leeward side, two sand hummocks that showed convincing evidence of having been leaned against might have been seen in the shimmering moonlight—and they were about 80 feet apart.

### CHAPTER V.

Eleven o'clock on a moonlight night in July is a bewitching time to sit alone on a balcony and dream, and if the dream be staged at Squirrel Inn, where the scent of perennial stock and the rich, salubrious tang of the hemlocks waft up to meet the nostrils, if it be in the midst of towering trees with a lake lullaby chanting and crooning on the beach and if the spirit of wanderlust is abroad to charm and inspire, ah, then the time and place and the girl are in harmony sublime!

Judge Jackie Vining, clothed in a loose, clinging house gown, sat alone

(CONTINUED ON SECOND PAGE)

## Want A State Prairie Dog Law

The following article is self-explanatory and we request our readers to read it carefully. We will say that we are heartily in favor of the object aimed at, and certain that everyone else is, but as to this being the proper method to pursue to secure the object of this article we are not at present prepared to say.

State of Texas (It having County of Borden) It has been suggested to the Court that the State of Texas should exterminate the prairie dogs in her western sections; and

Whereas, it is a matter of public knowledge that the said prairie dogs are a pest, a nuisance, and extremely detrimental to the territory inhabited by them:

Therefore be it resolved by the Commissioners' Court of Borden County in special session convened that we ask and we hereby do ask our Representative-Elect from Representative District One hundred and Twenty-Two to lend his heartiest support in the Thirty-Third Legislature toward the enactment of a statute and an appropriation to pay for same, whereby the State will take the matter in hand and exterminate the prairie dogs within her boundaries.

Be it further resolved that we invite and we do hereby invite the various Commissioners Courts of this representative district to extend a like invitation and request to the Hon. T. M. Bartley of Tahoka, Representative-Elect from the One Hundred and Twenty-Second District:

Furthermore that we invite the various Commissioners Courts of this section of Texas, and they are hereby invited to extend a similar invitation and request to their severall Representatives and Senators; that two petitions be signed by the Commissioners Courts of all Counties interested: one to be presented to the Thirty-Third Legislature—Senate and House, and one to be presented to the Hon. O. B. Colquitt, his Excellency.

Wherefore it is ordered that a copy of this resolution be spread upon the minutes of this court, and that the Presiding officer, the County Judge of Borden County, be and is hereby authorized and directed to send a copy of this order to the County Judge in each adjoining and neighboring county, and urge that he take the matter up with his court at the November Term A. D. 1912; also a copy of this resolution be sent to different news papers over the State.

Witness our hands and official signatures at Gail, Texas, this 5 day of October A. D. 1912.

Joe J. Good, County Judge.

F. M. Christopher, Com. Prect. No. 1; J. F. Coates, Com. Prect. No. 2; Walter Bishop, Com. Prect. No. 3; J. K. Scoggin, Com. Prect. No. 4.

## DIKE'S.

Mrs. J. E. Stokes returned home Wednesday evening from a trip to Lubbock.

Hulen's Big Red Apple Car will be on the track near the depot, at Tahoka, Texas, Monday and Tuesday, October 21 and 22.

Try a bottle of Dike's Family Remedies—Sold and guaranteed, only by McGill's Drug Store 6-1t



B. B. CAIN

## Commission to Assist Farmers

Dallas, Texas, October 14—Mr. B. B. Cain, President of the Texas Commercial Secretaries & Business Men's Association, has recommended the organization of Farm Life Commission to study agricultural problems. Mr. Cain, in connection with Mr. Peter Radford, President of the Farmers' Union, has made a searching investigation into the agricultural needs of the State. In discussing this subject before the annual meeting of the Commercial Secretaries' Association, at Houston recently, Mr. Cain said in part:

"A sale of any commodity at less than price of production is an economic waste and all most approaches a crime. After studying the subject I am firmly convinced that any permanently successful plan for the raising and marketing of farm products is practically impossible without strong organization.

"I am so deeply impressed with the importance of aiding the producer that I present for your consideration as the special feature of our work for the coming year, the creation of a Farm Life Bureau, whose duty it shall be to co-operate with the Farmers' Union, if possible, and make a thorough study of farm life and farm problems with the single purpose of making the business of farming, fruit growing and truck raising more remunerative and the environment of that class of citizens more attractive."

The Commercial Secretaries will organize the commission at an early meeting of the executive committee.

## DIKE'S.

G. W. Small, Sr., returned to Tahoka on the Wednesday evening train.

Hulen's Big Red Apple Car will be on the track near the depot, at Tahoka, Texas, Monday and Tuesday, October 21 and 22.

### NOTICE TO HUNTERS

Any one hunting in the Tahoka Lake Pasture without my permission, will be prosecuted under the law, some people come in, tear down the fences, leave open the gates and cause lots of trouble—J. T. Lofton. 5-8p

C. O. Edwards, of Fort Worth came in on the train Wednesday evening to look after his cattle interests here.

### NOTICE.

Any one caught hauling wood out of the Jno. B. Slaughter or Post pasture will be prosecuted. A. R. McGonagill will report to me any one he sees hauling my wood. 4-tf

JNO. B. SLAUGHTER.

## Lynn County Brooms

Saturday Mr. Will Izard of north of town sent in a couple of brooms to The News.

They are strictly a Lynn county product and speaks well of our country as a broom corn growing district.

Mr. Izard only planted a small patch but raised enough to make about 300 brooms.

The brooms are a nicely finished product and speaks well for Mr. Izard's outfit. The main point about them is their ability to sweep; the straw is soft and pliable yet tough, combining all the qualities of an ideal broom.

## For Oil, Grain

And Water Storage Tanks, from 8 to 340 barrels capacity; the Kairrogated Kind stock water tanks and storm cellars, see J. L. Russell, Tahoka, Texas 7-tf

## Birthday Party

Miss Allie Ellis entertained a number of her friends Monday night in honor of her seventeenth birthday.

The evening was spent in games and music and at a late hour Mrs. Ellis, assisted by Misses Christine Swan and Belle Burleson, served a delicious lunch consisting of sandwiches, pickles, cake and chocolate, after which the birthday cake was cut and passed. About 11 o'clock the guests departed thanking their host for a pleasant evening and wishing her many, many happy recurrences of the day.

## DIKE'S.

Saturday evening the Post City High School base ball team crossed bats with the Tahoka High School boys on the home diamond. The evening was raw and cold and both teams were on their toes and played a fast, snappy game from the first inning. The Post City boys were valiant foes but at the close of the first half of the ninth acknowledged defeat to tune of six to five.

## Notice

We have sold our Insurance business to Mr. A. B. Ellis of the First National Bank, and take this method of thanking the public for their past patronage and respectfully ask you to continue the same with Mr. Ellis. 7-pd E. D. Skinner & Son.

Ben Olliver, of Amarillo, traveling for Colliers Weekly, was here Monday.

Hulen's Big Red Apple Car will be on the track near the depot, at Tahoka, Texas, Monday and Tuesday, October 21 and 22.

We have a six room residence in Tahoka, a six room residence in Waco, a business house in Tahoka, 320 acres of improved land in Lynn county, 320 acres of unimproved land in Garza county and 640 acres in Yoakum county to exchange for a body of land suitable for a small ranch. These buildings will bring \$50 to \$75 per month rent. 7-1t-h E. D. Skinner & Son.

C. W. Slover was in Tuesday with a bale of cotton.

Get prices for cleaning overcoats, suits and skirts. Russell Ramsey, Agt. 7-tf

Go to McGill's Drug Store for Dike's Family Remedies. 6-1t



# LYNN COUNTY NEWS

Published every Friday by  
H. C. CRIE & COMPANY, TAHOKA, TEXAS

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

Subscription Rates  
One Year \$1.00 Strictly in Advance Six Months 50c

Advertising Rates:—Locals 10 cents per line first insertion, 5 cents each subsequent issue. Display 15 cents per single column inch, 12 1/2 cents each subsequent issue. Discount on time contracts.

Letters, Write Ups, Country Communications and News Items Solicited  
PHONE, OFFICE 3-5 RESIDENCE 1-3

Entered as second-class matter, July 10, 1935, at the post office at Tahoka, Texas, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Vol. 9 TAHOKA, TEXAS, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1912. No. 7

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(Continued from first page)



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She gave her face a look enjoying the serenity of the night and the alluring promises of her air castles. And ever and anon as she mused there crept into her thoughts with suffusion of blood to her cheeks, the scene of the dogwood swamp, the face of the man who had held her close against her will and sipped the nectar of her lips.

"A perfect gentleman!" Somehow she felt a thrill of gratification at the verdict as rendered by Mae Andrews, for Mae was one of the most charming of the ten girls who filled at Squirrel Inn and her approval of the prisoner promised well for the remaining nine. And, too, it relieved her mind, somewhat, for the responsibility rested heavily on her fair head. As the accepted leader of the vacationists she felt her accountability—and besides, if one is kissed by a man one likes to know that after all he is a gentleman, though bold. Confession is good for the soul, and Jackie decided that if she must be her own father confessor, she at least need not blush for the character of the man who made the confession necessary.

Her rejoicing was broken in upon by the redolent odor of tobacco blending pungently with the perfume of the stock. She drew back into the shadows. As she did so, a white-clothed form sped lightly across the lawn toward the house.

Miss Vining's heart thumped strangely. The scudding figure was that of a woman and in the moonlight her hair was fair. The apparition in white flitted up the hotel stairs and disappeared.

The "judge" waited furtively, watching the summer house—from which there soon emerged the figure of a man—and in the night the red coal of his cigar glowed in the darkness! Jackie's indignation sprang into monstrous being. Who of the ten young ladies was holding a clandestine meeting with His Honor, The Mayor?

Could it be Mae Andrews? Hastily slipping down the hotel corridor, Judge Vining gently tried the door of Miss Andrews' room. It was locked. With a heavy heart Jackie returned to her apartment; but as she lay tossing in dainty negligence upon her bed, a new worry was harassing her.

Any married woman will bear me out when I say that if there is anything a man dislikes it is to go shopping. When Mabel Arney, the Tuesday girl, apprised Bedight that she desired his protection on an expedition to Lakeville, he was ungracious enough to deplore the fate that bound him to do as directed—and, besides, there was double reason why he should not go to Lakeville. The game warden and his company of quick-archers undoubtedly loafed at the village livery stable and would bag him instantaneously. He suggested Hornby as a trading post, dwelling enticingly upon the advantages offered by the enterprising merchants of that four-cornered community. But Miss Arney sniffed coldly and commanded him to bring forth the two saddle horses owned by Mine Host.

The mayor went away with misgivings—but as the pair cantered off down the wood road, his spirits rose with the sun. Who could be so distrustful and gloomy with such a bewitching little lady as Miss Mabel Arney smiling upon him from the saddle opposite?

Miss Arney was petite, with hair of that violet black color, big, laughing eyes and the faintest red-lipped mouth imaginable. Vivacity and Miss Mabel were pairs and mischief lurked in her horizon like the rosy petals in the sunset's glow.

"I love horses," she babbled, patting the sleek neck of her mettlesome black mount. "I have an Arabian at home—and he's simply perfect."

"I go in for bulldogs myself," confessed the mayor, tactfully. "Nothing beats a bulldog on the front seat of an automobile."

"With the man under it on his back," rippled the girl, curbing her horse as a pig wuffed from the highway into the weedy roadside. The mayor laughed.

"And with a woman in the back seat putting at Charles and telling him every five minutes in a shrill voice that 'that isn't what's the matter with the machine at all!' he scoffed. The girl shrugged her shoulders.

"Your wife?" "No, my bulldog."

Striking her horse with the whip, the girl dashed off ahead. "I'll race you to Lakeville!" she cried over her shoulder.

Bedight's face clouded as he followed. The horse Miss Arney rode was a nervous, long-limbed beast with a wicked eye. She had chosen him of the pair against the mayor's suggestion that she ride the mare he bestrode.

Around a turn in the road she flew on the black, his ears back, the bit in his teeth. Bedight spurred after her, but the mare was no match for her mate. The twisting road kept the girl from view, but ahead he could hear the rapid hoof-beats of the flying animal.

Then, above the noise of the race, there came piercingly a sharp whistle followed by a woman's scream!

The mayor urged the mare forward. At the turn he saw ahead a traction engine on the turnpike. In the wood beside the road two grimy workmen stood over a woman lying upon the leaf mold. The mayor rode up and dismounted. As he approached the girl sat up, bewildered. An ugly scratch on her bridle hand was bleeding freely.

"He—she died at the engine," she explained, gamely, "and scraped me off under this tree."

Bedight's relief was plainly depicted in his face.

"You are not seriously hurt?" he inquired, soberly.

"No," she laughed. "In the words of Richard III, 'Give me another horse and bind up my wounds.'"

He tore a linen handkerchief into strips, knelt before her and carefully bound up her hand.

"Thank you," she said, gayly, "and now if you will catch my horse we will proceed."

One of the workmen came forward leading the runaway.

"You were lucky," congratulated the mayor as they set out on the road. "But be careful of that animal. He's a fetterer."

"A nervous horse and a nervous woman always fret themselves into trouble," she said, laughing, "but really he wouldn't have thrown me if I had had a clear field."

"I'm not so sure," admonished the man.

"I'll prove it," cried the girl, spiritedly, giving the black full rein and dashing off again, like a madcap.

The mayor, raging, set out as the tail to the kite. They were near the village now. Down the hill the black went like a race horse in a swirl of dust. Across the bridge and through the main street they tore like two leaders on the county-fair course.

And then a baby-car, propelled by a small boy, rolled directly in the path of the mare. Bedight tried to guide free, but the mare was heavy on her feet. There was a crash, a cry from the boy, a wall from the babe—and the devil to pay.

The girl came back trying to hold her fidgeting horse. Some one grasped the rein of the animal.

"Get off, lady!" ordered the stolid individual, who looked like the village blacksmith. "You're arrested!"

The mayor in the clutches of the village marshal, a burly native, red-faced, thick-necked, stern, looked at the girl blankly. Here was a pretty mess!

And thus they went up the main street to the jail—the mayor and the town policeman in the lead, the stolid individual and Miss Arney second, while behind trailed the baker, the groceryman, the photographer, the town loafer, the village drunkard and thirty-seven small boys!

"Get in here," commanded the marshal, "until I kin communicate with Judge Harrison. I reckon the lady went nutted awfully with the race until I kin arrange with the sheriff's wife to take care of her, with a grin on his face.

"Not at all!" sniffed the girl, her chin elevated to a degree of high dignity.

When the key had turned in the lock, Bedight thrust his hands deep into his coat pockets and said: "Damn!"

"If you don't mind," commented the girl, her face serious in spite of herself, "you may repeat that again—for me!"

The mayor refrained—but he liked the girl for her genuineness.

"Was the baby hurt?" she asked anxiously.

"Crowded like a young rooster when they picked him up," replied Bedight, "but the peace and the dignity of Lakeview is shattered to splinters. We're in for it, I'm afraid."

The girl looked up bravely.

"Are you still my prisoner—under parole?"

"Under lock and key," he replied, looking at his watch.

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"Then try that window," pointing to a grated aperture through which He went over and peered through the grimy glass.

"This handbox is on the river bank," he said, "and—yes, there's a boat down there. If we could get these bars loose—"

"Try the leg of this chair," suggested the girl.

"These village lockups are easy to get into—and—not—very—hard—working—to get out of," as the rattling casing lay on its hold upon the floor.

"Hurry," urged Miss Arney. "They'll be back before we can get out."

"No fear," replied the mayor. "They don't go very fast in towns like Lakeville—and besides, the justice of the peace, knowing he is to try a pretty young lady," bowing, "will have to change, shave and put on his army button. We'll make it."

Ten minutes later the body of the mayor slipped through the hiatus of the village jail.

"How—can I get out?" queried an anxious voice from within. "I can't come feet first—I—"

"Let me lift you through. They like that," placing the woman's hand upon his shoulders.

As she came out, he took her in his arms, her breath upon his cheek, and set her gently down upon the ground.

"Now, we'll run for it," he cautioned. "There are no oars, but we can drift!"

They scampered across the bridge, the evening sward. He broke the chain that held the chain of the boat. They climbed in. The current carried them gently down stream in the moonlight.

As the girl sat facing him she could not resist breathing:

[Continued on third page]

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(Continued from second page)

## The Women's Candidate

By BYRON WILLIAMS

"If you will permit the liberty, may I say that you are a very pretty jailbird?"

"Prisoners should never be facetious with their keepers," she replied, making a face at him in the sunlight.

"Here, gol darn ye, where ye goin' in the mornin' fer you!"

It was the voice of the game warden, bawling excitedly from the bank. For answer, Bedight shaped his hands like a horn and, in mock earnestness, called back:

"I'm on my honeymoon! 'Everybody's doin' it now!'"

It was dark when a farmer's wagon stopped a block from Squirrel Inn. The mayor and Miss Arney strolled leisurely to the veranda of the hotel.

"He's perfectly lovely!" confided Mabel to Jackie, blushing rosily.

"Hi!" responded Judge Vining, with a queer little feeling under her corsage. "I'm glad to hear it. The sheriff is waiting for him in the office!"



Harriet Brooks.

### CHAPTER VI.

In the office, smoking one of Mine Host's best cigars, his dignity outraged, sat the sheriff, waiting.

Mayor Bedight walked up the hotel stairs, oblivious to his pending fate.

Suddenly a door opened and a head appeared, a blonde head, a piquant head, a head to catch the fancy of an artist.

"Shh!" said the owner of the pretty profile.

Bedight stopped, looking around cautiously.

"Hurry!" commanded the girl, holding open the door of her room.

His Honor, the Mayor, hesitated for a moment—and then, throwing conventionality to the winds, bolted through. The girl turned the key in the lock and faced him accusingly.

"Well of all the blundering bounders! Do you know the sheriff has been hanging around here all afternoon waiting to arrest you?"

The mayor looked brazenly at the girl.

"I expected as much," he said, carelessly.

"What have you been doing now?" she demanded, giving him a severe reprimand from two otherwise kindly hazel eyes.

"Oh, chuck the attitude, Bess," growled the mayor, disgustedly. "That little imp of a Mabel Arney insisted on riding the black saddle. He ran away with her and in trying to catch the mix, I collided with a baby carriage and spilled the baby's milk. That's all. The confounded natives are always ready to arrest a summer resorter, and believing the peace and the dignity of the village had been shattered, they threw us in jail. We broke out," sullenly. "Do you blame us?"

Before she could reply there was a knock on the door.

The girl's face went white.

"I—I'm afraid somebody saw you come in here!" she whispered.

"Nonsense," he breathed. "Here—I'll slip under the bed. Go to the door."

In a twinkling the mayor was safely out of sight. The girl opened the door.

"Oh, hello, Jackie," she cried, in a relieved voice. "Come in."

"Bess, we're in a terrible pickle," sobbed Miss Vining. "That horrid man took Mabel Arney to Lakeville this morning and got her arrested. The sheriff insists she must be in the hotel and I've promised to bring the entire crowd out on the veranda for

inspection. Mabel is frightened almost to death. Bess," dramatically, "we've got to dress her so the officer won't know her. Have you a switch of that flaxen hair of yours? I've got Mae Andrews' puffs. They'll match yours. We'll cover Mabel's black tresses until she looks like an albino. Here she is now," as the rustle of skirts proclaimed a new arrival.

The mayor lay on his back, facing the mattress.

"Where's that white princess of yours?" demanded Jackie. "She wore brown today. We'll have to take some tucks in it," going to the closet and helping herself.

"Here, Mabe, get into this, and live."

"Oh, not here!" protested Bess Winters, snatching the dress from Miss Vining's hands.

The judge looked at Bess blankly.

"Why not?"

"Be—because!" shrieked Bess. "I'm afraid. Slip into your room, that's a dear, and I'll bring the switch in at once."

"Oh, who's afraid?" gurgled Mabel, reaching for the gown.

"Step into the closet," implored Miss Winters. "Somebody might come."

"Bess, you're an awful coward," anathematized the judge, sternly.

The man under the bed heard the closet door close and waited. There didn't seem to be anything else to do.

Presently Miss Arney reappeared. With hysterical laughter the changing of black-haired Mabel into a ravishing blonde proceeded rapidly.

"There!" exclaimed Miss Vining triumphantly, "the sheriff will never know her in the world. Come on."

Mayor Bedight heard the door close. Rolling from under the bed, he locked the door and sat down to await developments. Half an hour later somebody knocked at the door.

The mayor waited.

"Walter!" whispered an excited voice. "Open the door. It is I—Bess."

"Come in," replied the mayor, turning the key.

"We fooled him!" she cried, radiantly. "He couldn't find his prisoner. Mine Host told him there were but ten young ladies—and he went away bewildered—but he's coming back tomorrow to watch for you."

The man shrugged his shoulders.

"Bess, you scot out and discover what Harriet Brooks—" consulting his list,—"would like to have me do tomorrow and whatever it is we start at five in the morning."

The girl hurried away.

The mayor seated himself at a small desk and began to write. He was still at it when Bess returned.

"She has discovered an Indian mound on Glen Island and she wants you to go with her and open it. I have arranged to have her meet you at the bathing beach at sun-up."

The mayor scowled. He was not



Margaret Farnsworth.

fond of grave-digging.

"Thank you, Bess," he said finally. "And now if you don't mind, I want to write a while."

"Very well, Walter," she consented, taking up a magazine.

For an hour neither spoke. Then the man laid down his pen and, looking at the sand:

"Bess, I want to know where Jackie Vining keeps that confounded anti-suffrage bill of mine."

"I refuse to enlighten you," sniffed the girl determinedly.

"Bess, you've got to tell me. I must get out of this confounded hole. My campaign opens on the following Saturday and I must be there. I wouldn't mind serving out my sentence but these outraged natives have butted in on the game and they'll have me in jail inside of a week, as sure as Fate. You wouldn't want me to lose my election, Bess?" looking at her with appealing eyes.

"Walter, it is downright mean of you to even think of introducing a bill such as you have prepared. You deserve to lose—but I'm willing," condescendingly, "to do what I can for you. The bill—your bill—is in the personal possession of Judge Vining. She—in fact, she wears it inside her shirt-waist to avoid losing it," blushing.

"Now I hope you are satisfied—and you may go. The sheriff has disappeared for the night. You can safely occupy your apartment."

"You're a good sport," said the mayor, patting the girl tenderly on the cheek—and passed out.

### CHAPTER VII.

"There is the mound," advised Har-

riet Brooks on Wednesday morning, pointing to a rounded heap of earth just beyond the shade of a bur-oak a half mile inland from Sylvan Lake on Glen Isle.

Mayor Bedight took off his coat ruefully. Being prisoner to a prematurely gray-haired young lady with a clear, rosy complexion and a sweet, winsome manner was not so bad—but to be told to dig like a terrier in the rough soil was a horse of another color. But the mayor was game.

Grasping a spade, he set to work diligently. It was a warm morning and the perspiration began to ooze from his heated body.

"Come and sit in the shade a while," invited the girl, thoughtfully. "We have all day to ourselves—and the skeletons will not run away."

Bedight obeyed gratefully, throwing himself at the woman's feet in the cool shadows of the oak.

"I'm awfully interested in ancient and medieval things," she explained, smiling down at him over her book.

"Once when I was in Iowa I met a man who was engaged in collecting curios—and he found a real mound-builder skeleton along the Cedar river while I was there. What if this should turn out to be something like that?" hopefully.

"Pardon me," said the mayor, boldly, "but a nice girl like yourself should not be so interested in dead ones—especially when the woods are full of live ones."

The girl's face flushed, the red against her white hair making her very attractive in the eyes of the man on the sand.

"The dead ones," she said slowly, "never stay out late nights, never tyrannize, never take everything for granted, never get a grrouch, never—"

The mayor interrupted her, his face serious as he said:

"There were Darby and Joan."

"But these are the days of divorce courts," she answered, "and—gen-fuses—"

"I am old-fashioned," he parried.

"I like to dream of home with the woman in it."

"I fear it is going to rain," evaded Miss Brooks, looking anxiously at the cloud-filled west. "Do you mind digging a bit, Mr. Bedight?"

"As the wife said to her husband when she wanted a sealskin," he taunted, returning to the mound.

She came and stood over him as he worked.

His spade struck something—and her excitement grew.

"Oh, I do hope it's a mound builder!" she cried excitedly.

The mayor grinned and kept digging. A clap of thunder pealed in the distance. As she turned apprehensively, the digger's spade pried up a long, rosy object.

"Here is your mound builder," he said soberly, raising the object upon his spade.

She gasped.

The man smiled.

"Oh!" from the woman.

"I am afraid," he breathed, softly, "it is exactly what it looks like—the tail of a cow!"

As she stood frowning at him, great drops of rain began to fall. He looked about hurriedly for shelter under a tree.

"Come on," he cried, starting for the boat upon the beach. "We'll have to camp out."

She followed him blindly.

He pulled the dory high and dry and tipped it keel up.

"Crawl under," he said as the rain began to fall in torrents.

"Why, Mr. Bedight, I can't do that!"

The man took her gently by the arm.

"You have no other choice—and besides, I'm not a cannibal!"

She stooped and sat down upon the sand under the shelter. He followed, sitting close to her, of necessity. The fury of the storm broke. The day became as dusk, lighted only by the



Alice Mason.

vivid flashes of anger that tore across the sky. He felt the woman tremble.

"I—I'm afraid," almost sobbing.

The mayor put his arm about her gently, soothing her as only a tactful man may soothe a nervous woman. Unconsciously she drew toward him.

"Lightning seems terrible," he said evenly, "but as a matter of fact there is always more danger on the cars. Statistics prove—"

"What's that?" cried the woman, apprehensively. "I heard a voice."

The mayor peered out.

"The sheriff!" he muttered under his breath.

Three men were running toward them on the beach, their heads down, ducking the rain.

Scrambling from under the boat, Mayor Bedight set off at top speed



Mayor Bedight Took Off His Coat Ruefully.

up the beach, pausing at the start long enough to whisper:

"I'll be back. Wait."

The sheriff and his two deputies, weathering the gale with lowered eyes, had not seen the mayor's flight. In fact, so blinded were their eyes that they ran almost into the girl and the boat before they could stop.

"Hello!" bawled the sheriff. "You're from Squirrel Inn, ain't ye? Where's yer beau?" bluntly. "We're lookin' fer him."

Miss Brooks drew her feet back under her skirt and replied coldly:

"One of the best ways to find a man," witheringly, "is to go where he is."

The sheriff's chest shot out immediately.

"Now, look-a-here, young lady, none of your smartness or we'll take you along fer accessory before the act. Understand?" blustering.

"You are wasting your time trying to bully me," replied the girl, without a tremor in her voice. "I am perfectly harmless and I have told you all I know. The man has gone up the beach."

"Aw, come on, Sid," broke in a slender young fellow, turning his back to the rain. "What the use of arguin' with th' gal? She ain't th' one we had yesterday."

Without a word the sheriff veered around the boat and, following the fast fading trail, set out in haste after Bedight. Fifteen minutes later the mayor came up from the opposite direction.

"I am sorry, Miss Brooks," he said, sorrowfully, "but I'm afraid you'll get wet after all. We've got to get away from here! I circled around and found the boat these fellows left. I set it adrift with a gale blowing it across the lake, but they are not far behind. We must get under way as soon as possible."

"I don't mind a soaking," replied the young woman, bravely. "It's the lightning that frightens me—and that's about quit."

The man righted the dory hurriedly, piled in their belongings and set the boat from the shore with a sturdy shove. A half mile below, on the beach, he caught sight of three men running toward them—and far away on the wave-whipped lake, a tiny dot of brown could be seen rising and falling as it scudded before the wind.

It was the sheriff's row boat.

"Sleeping out of doors," said the mayor, smiling at the woman opposite, "is very beneficial to the lungs—especially on an island."

### CHAPTER VIII.

When the waves are running freely it is a stiff pull from Mine Host's select little hotel in the Wisconsin woods to Glen Island, but on a perfect moonlight night, with just breeze sufficient to ripple the fair hair of a pretty girl opposite, the man at the oars seldom finds the task arduous.

Nor did Mayor Bedight complain. The running ripple slapped the prow of the boat rhythmically and from the shadows along the approaching shore of the island the weird hoot of an owl proclaimed the witchery of the night.

With a scarcely perceptible tilt, the boat grounded on the shelving sandy shore. Bedight sprang out

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[Continued on back page]



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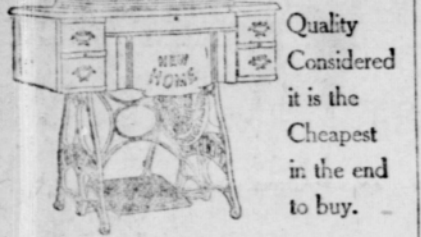
It's so much simpler and safer to cure your liver troubles with the pleasant tasting liquid, Dodson's Liver-Tone. You can get a large bottle at McGill's Drug Store for fifty cents and every member of the family can use it. Dodson's Liver-Tone is an all vegetable liver medicine that starts the liver to acting within a few hours and has no bad after effects. No restriction of your habits or diet necessary.

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Get a bottle instead of calomel next time. 7-33

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(Continued from third page)

**The Women's Candidate**

By BYRON WILLIAMS

and pulled the craft further upon its cushioned anchorage. The girl sat on the boat, intently watching the mayor. That gentleman took steps

**Notice of Sale of Real Estate Under Execution.**

The State of Texas, In the Justice County of Lynn, Court of Precinct No. 1, Lynn County, Texas, the Tahoka Hardware Company, Plaintiff, vs. Preston Majors, Defendant.

Whereas, by virtue of a certain alias execution issued out of the Justice Court of Precinct No. 1, Lynn County, Texas, on a judgment rendered in said court on the 31st day of March A. D. 1911, in favor of the Tahoka Hardware Company, and against the said Preston Majors, No. 95 on the docket of said court, I did on the 9th day of October A. D. 1912, at 11:00 o'clock a. m. levy upon the following tract or parcel of land situate and being in Lynn County, Texas, and known and described as follows, to-wit: The E 1/2 of Survey No. 6, Block No. 10, Cert. No. 699, E. L. & R. R. Ry. Co. and containing 320 acres of land, and being situated about fourteen miles south-east from Tahoka, levied as the property of Preston Majors; and on the 5th day of November A. D. 1912, being the first Tuesday in said month between the hours of ten o'clock a. m. and four o'clock p. m. on said day, at the court house door of said county, I will offer for sale and will sell at public auction, for cash, all the right, title and interest that said Preston Majors had in and to said land on the 17th day of December A. D. 1910 or at any time since said date.

Dated at Tahoka, Texas, this the 9th day of October A. D. 1912 5-8  
J. H. Edwards, Sheriff Lynn County, Texas, by J. B. Walker, deputy.

**WANTED**—The Cosmopolitan Group requires the services of a representative in Tahoka and surrounding territory, to look after subscription renewals, and to extend circulation by special method which have proved unusually successful. Salary and Commission desirable but not essential. Whole time or spare time. Address, with references, Charles C. Schwab, The Cosmopolitan Group 381 Fourth Ave., New York City.

**Notice of Sale of Real Estate Under Execution.**

The State of Texas, In the District County of Lynn, Court of Lynn County, Texas, W. F. Hudman, Plaintiff, vs. R. A. Henderson, Defendant.

Whereas, by virtue of a certain execution issued out of the District Court of Lynn County, Texas, on a judgment rendered in said court on the 4th day of December A. D. 1908, in favor of the said W. F. Hudman, and against the said R. A. Henderson, No. 43, on the docket of said court, I did on the 9th day of October A. D. 1912 at 4:10 o'clock p. m. levy upon an undivided one-fifth interest in and to the following described tract or parcel of land situate in Lynn County Texas, and belonging to R. A. Henderson, to-wit: Survey No. 452, Cert. No. 448, Block No. 1, E. L. & R. R. Ry. Co. and on the 5th day of November A. D. 1912, the same being the first Tuesday in said month, between the hours of ten o'clock a. m. and four o'clock p. m. on said day, at the court house door of said county, I will offer for sale and sell to the highest bidder for cash, all the right, title and interest of the said R. A. Henderson in and to said property.

Dated at Tahoka, Texas, this the 9th day of October A. D. 1912  
J. H. Edwards, Sheriff Lynn County Texas, by J. B. Walker, Deputy. 6-8

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the locker a basket well laden. Quickly gathering some dry wood, he stacked it over a bunch of tinder-like weeds, touched a match to the pile, set the basket at a safe distance and pulling a revolver from his pocket, fired in the general direction of the moon.

Having maneuvered thus peculiarly, he hastened back to the boat, shoved off and rowed from the shore a hundred yards. Resting on his oars, he let the boat toss idly upon the lake. Five, ten minutes passed. The dry wood burned brightly, making a beacon of light, into the circle of which there came, at last, three shadows, followed by unintelligible conversation.

"They've found it," said the mayor, picking up his oars and turning the boat toward the hotel.

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Equipped for the Treatment of all Medical and Surgical Cases. Contagious Diseases not admitted. Trained Nurses in attendance. Open to all Physicians. Big Springs, Texas.

It was midnight when the sides of the craft rubbed its sister boats at Mine Host's dock. The mayor and the girl crept softly up the winding pathway toward the hotel. Suddenly, in the moonlight ahead, the form of a woman appeared advancing to meet them. The mayor and the girl saw her simultaneously. He stopped instantly with a restraining hand upon the girl's arm.

"Quick!" he commanded, springing in front of his companion and turning her about face. "Walk rapidly down the path to the boathouse."

She complied instantly. Over his shoulder the mayor saw the woman hesitate, then follow determinedly through the shimmering moonlight.

"Go into the boathouse," directed Bedight hurriedly. "Wait until I engage her in conversation. Then open the rear door and run for the hotel. And be quiet!"

"I understand," whispered the girl, excitedly. Slipping through the door, she

**NOTICE**  
I own the north 1/2 of section 567 adjoining the town section on the west, and here by notify all people to quit dumping garbage on this land. J. T. Lofton. 7-10

**Sheriff's Sale**  
State of Texas, In the Justice County of Lynn, Court of Precinct No. 1 of Howard County, Texas, J. W. Ingram Wallace Lumber Co., a Corporation, Plaintiff, vs. B. H. Black, W. C. Barnett, Defendants.

Whereas, by virtue of an execution issued out of the Justice's Court of Precinct No. One of Howard County, Texas, on a judgment rendered in said court on the 24th day of June A. D. 1912, in favor of the said J. W. Ingram Wallace Lumber Co., a Corporation, and against the said B. H. Black and W. C. Barnett, No. 1208 on the docket of said court, I did, on the 25th day of September, A. D. 1912, at 4 o'clock p. m., levy upon the following described tracts and parcels of land situate in the county of Lynn, State of Texas, and belonging to the said B. H. Black, to-wit: Sur. 10, Cert. 645, in Block No. 8, E. L. & R. R. Railroad Company, containing 640 acres, and on the 5th day of November, A. D. 1912, being the first Tuesday of said month, between the hours of 10 o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m. on said day, at the courthouse door of said county, I will offer for sale and sell at public auction, for cash, all the right, title and interest of the said B. H. Black in and to said property.

Dated 25th day of September A. D. 1912.  
J. H. Edwards, Sheriff of Lynn County, Texas.

**Notice of Sale of Real Estate Under Execution.**

The State of Texas, In the Justice's County of Lynn, Court of Precinct No. 1 Lubbock County, Texas, First National Bank, Lubbock, Texas, Plaintiff, vs. T. E. Campbell as Principal & W. H. Bledsoe as endorser Defendants.

Whereas, by virtue of an execution issued out of the Justice's Court of Precinct No. One, of Lubbock County, Texas, on a judgment rendered in said court on the 1st day of June A. D. 1912, in favor of the said First National Bank, of Lubbock, Texas, and against the said T. E. Campbell as principal and W. H. Bledsoe as endorser, No. 501 on the docket of said court, I did, on the 25th day of September A. D. 1912, at 2 o'clock p. m. levy upon the following described tracts and parcels of land situate in the county of Lynn State of Texas, and belonging to the said T. E. Campbell, to-wit:

Being 80 acres of land out of the North West quarter (N. W. 1/4) of Survey No. 176 Block 12, Cert. 694, Grantee E. L. & R. R. Co., and being the West half of said quarter, and situated in the North west part of said Lynn County, Texas; And on the 5th day of November, A. D. 1912, being the first Tuesday of said month, between the hours of 10 o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m. on said day, at the courthouse door of said county, I will offer for sale and sell at public auction, for cash, all the right, title and interest of the said T. E. Campbell in and to said property.

Dated at Tahoka, Texas, this the 25th day of September A. D. 1912.  
J. H. Edwards, Sheriff of Lynn County, Texas.

**\$100 Reward, \$100**  
The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded 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 rebuilding the constitution and assisting nature in doing her work. The proprietors are that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.  
Address P. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by all Druggists, T. C. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Try a bottle of Dike's Family Remedies—Sold and guaranteed, only by McGill's Drug Store. 6 11

closed it softly. Pulling a cigar from his pocket, the mayor scratched a match on the sole of his shoe and blew a puff of smoke at the same target which earlier in the evening he had failed to hit with his leaden missile.

The woman rounded the corner and came directly toward him. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Bedight," said "Judge" Vining in a cold, formal voice, "for following you, but as chaperone of the young ladies at the hotel I feel that it was my duty to do so."

The mayor bowed. "Duty to the one performing it," he interrupted gallantly, "is oftentimes irksome, but begrudgingly done frequently conveys pleasure to another. I do not desire to appear selfish in your eyes, but I find your duty pleases me greatly," bowing again. "Now, the moonlight—"

The "Judge" made a deprecating gesture.

(Continued)

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