

LYNN COUNTY NEWS.

VOLUME 8.

TAHOKA, LYNN COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, JULY 26, 1912

NUMBER 47

M. M. Herring Elected Special Judge

Judge G. W. Perryman being incapacitated to perform his duties as county judge of Lynn county, the bar composed of the following lawyers: James R. Robinson, G. E. Lockhart, C. H. Cain, M. M. Herring and Rhea Skinner, met Monday morning to elect a special judge to preside at the county court for this term. Rhea Skinner was elected chairman and called the meeting to order. County Clerk J. W. Elliott prepared the ballots and M. M. Herring was elected as special judge for this term. Some of the cases were continued for this term and a few were continued for the week and the jury were discharged until next week when the court will reconvene for the consideration of these cases.

O. L. Miller and sons, of New Home, were in Tahoka, Saturday, trading.

J. V. Dyer and Uncles Frank and Alex Vaughn, of Edith, were trading and talking politics on our streets Monday.

J. D. Caldwell and J. M. Hughes, of Lubbock, representing in the Great Western Loan & Trust Co., of Sweetwater, were in Tahoka the first of the week.

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.

Judge T. M. Bartley, candidate for representative for this the 22nd District, went over to the Brownfield W. O. W. Picnic last in his auto, taking a goodly bunch of Bartley boosters with him composed of Misses Alma Edwards and Mary Whipp and Messrs. W. T. Petty, J. E. Stokes and Joe Penney.

J. F. McManis, of New Home, was in Saturday and told he got good rain Friday which he was beginning to need. Mr. McManis was in Slaton Thursday and he says they had a big rain there. He informs us that his cotton is doing fine, that his cotton is blooming and in better shape than at this time last year, and he prophesies a large yield this year than last.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Nelson, of about Oak, Texas, came in last Thursday evening to visit their daughter, Mrs. S. N. McDaniel. This is the first trip Mr. Nelson has made to Lynn county, although Mrs. Nelson was out there about three years ago. Mr. Nelson is delighted with the rains in general and Lynn county in particular and says that Tahoka is as pretty a little city as he has ever seen. So many people tell us this that we have come to believe it must surely be true.

Terrific Explosion

One of the worst explosions that has happened in quite a while, occurred at a place when J. L. Russell was carrying 7,000 gallons of gasoline, and lubricating oils from the Texas Co. and put prices to 12 cents to the consumer. The best that can be had for any price. Terms, cash. Yours for business, J. L. Russell, Tahoka

Bring in your cans. 35 tf

Lynn Locals

July 25th 1912:

Mrs. W. H. May returned home Wednesday from Floydada on a visit to relatives.

Miss Celeste May returned to her home at Anson after several days visiting with her brother, W. H. May, Sunday.

S. T. Johns, of Ragtown, was a business visitor at C. T. Beard Thursday.

Rube Lewis, of Draw, visited his neices and nephews here Thursday last.

Geo. Embry and wife visited J. T. Curb and wife Sunday eve.

Boyce Hatchett and wife visited in Tahoka Sunday eve and night and Boyce to attend county court Monday.

Little Joe Denton, son of F. M. Pitcock and wife, was quite sick several days this week.

W. S. Swan and J. E. Ketner were business visitors here Tuesday.

Miss Lolla Murrah visited Mrs. H. S. Hatchett Wednesday.

F. E. Redwine and Joe Baldrige, candidates for assessor, were shaking hands with the Lynn voters Tuesday and Wednesday.

Lonnie Bigham was a business visitor in our midst Wednesday. HOOSIER

M. M. Redwine, of Draw, was in Tahoka Monday.

L. L. Forrester, of Terry county, was among the Tahoka visitors Monday.

Ben Redwine, of 12 miles west of Tahoka was visiting relatives here Monday.

J. G. Scott, of Draw, was shaking hands with the voters of Tahoka Monday.

Bonnie Milliken, of Lynn, was in Tahoka the first of the week as a county court juror.

W. R. Standifer, of the south part of Lubbock county, was in Tahoka Monday on a business trip.

FOR SALE—220 acres of land 3 miles north of O'Donnell. Address: J. B. Thomas, Skirum, Alabama. 47-48

J. E. Vickers, candidate for re-election as district attorney, for this district, came down Monday from Lubbock.

Mrs. W. T. Petty informs us that she picked the first ripe tomato out of her garden last Friday. Mrs. Petty is one of Lynn County's most successful gardeners.

J. M. Elliott, of Memphis, Texas, was in Tahoka Saturday visiting his brother, county clerk J. W. Elliott, and campaigning for Judge Huff. Mr. Elliott reported good crops in his part of the state.

Quite a stunt was pulled off down at the railroad track Monday when the boys hitched the big gray horse of G. W. Snider's to a freight car loaded with 33,000 pounds of rock salt and pulled it from the warehouse down the track to the new platform just built for the salt. They hitched old Jumbo to the car and gave it a start with pinch bars and he rolled it right along. Mr. Snider says that old Jumbo can pull anything that is loose at both ends. The boys say that he could pull the earth if he only had something to stand on and someone to give it a roll.

Robinson Boosters Attend Picnic

Ben King took a buss load of "Robinson Boosters" over to the W. O. W. Picnic at Brownfield last Friday composed of the following Tahokaites: Ben King, Hall Robinson, Guy King, G. M. Clayton, John Thomas, J. T. Kidd, H. C. Crie, S. S. Ramsey and Paul Miller. Ben drove four horses and we started from the livery stable at 5:30 o'clock in the morning. When we got out to the twin wind mills we stoped and decorated the buss with banners on each side and one on top advising the public to "Vote for James R. Robinson," and just before we arrived in Brownfield we pinned on some ribbon badges printed at The News office with the legend "For District Judge Vote For James R. Robinson." We arrived in Brownfield at 11:30 o'clock, after having pulled through the mud nearly all the way. We immediately spread out over the city to root for our candidate and eat all we could hold, which as most of us had eaten nothing since supper the night before, enabled us to tuck away considerable of the good cooking prepared by the ladies of Terry county. Every body soon knew we were there for the men pointed us out to each other as "That Robinson Bunch" and the ladies designated us as the "Blue Ribbon Chicken Eaters."

There was a large crowd at the picnic and we all had a fine time, starting for home about 5:30 o'clock. As we went over the road was muddy in spots all the way, especially after we got into Terry county where they have been having a good many showers lately. In every low place water was standing six or eight inches deep for perhaps fifty yards at a time. Coming home just this side of the T-Bar gate twelve miles from Tahoka we came through a lake of water three or four hundred yards long and over hub deep. We got to the stable at 10:30 o'clock, tired, sleepy and happy and able to walk home by ourselves.

H. C. Crie & Co., printed some circulars Thursday morning for a mule buyer who will be in Tahoka Monday.

Rev. J. R. Miller, of the New Home community, was in Tahoka Saturday on a light freighting trip. He had one buggy trailed on behind the other like the old time freighters do their wagons, and he loaded the rear buggy with several sacks of oats. Bro. Miller will leave immediately after voting tomorrow morning for Recheater, Texas, where he will hold a two weeks meeting. He will receive The News while there so as to keep posted.

Will Montgomery, of one mile west of Tahoka, gave us an invitation Monday to come out and eat roasting ears and fresh ripe grapes. Will also stated that they had fresh fish from their own tank twice a week. Will is one of Lynn county's most progressive farmers and is always experimentin with something new either in his farm, garden or orchard. If there is anything that you want to know about as to how it succeeds in Lynn county, whether it is fish, flesh, fowl, fruit, vegetable or field crops, ask him about it and the chances are that he has tried it and can tell you what you want to know.

Election Returns Saturday By Wire

The Western Telephone Co., at this place, has made arrangements to receive the election returns by wire, the bulletin board will be located in front of the West Side Barber Shop. The bulletin will be in charge of H. M. Larkin, Chairman of the Lynn County Democratic Executive Committee.

These returns will be as nearly correct as any first class city could secure; the Western Telephone Co. having direct connection with headquarters.

It will be remembered that this will be the first time in the history of Tahoka that we will have the complete returns from headquarters as fast as they are turned in.

The county returns will also be placed on the bulletin, and owing to the fact that there is a phone within two or three mile of every voting box it is calculated that we will know who our next county officers will be by ten o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Lockwood, of one mile north of town, left on the Saturday morning train for Snyder, where they will visit Mr. Lockwood's father for a few days.

J. H. Cowan returned Friday afternoon with his father, W. Cowan, of Alexander, Texas, who has been very sick, but is now improving rapidly. This Plains air will likely bring him around all right again as a trip out here once before did.

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

E. C. Dosch returned Monday evening from Amarillo where he had been to take his wife and bay. The baby is suffering from stomach trouble and the doctors advised that they take it to Amarillo to the hospital where it could have better care than would be possible here.

The Pricilla Club

Wednesday afternoon the home of Mrs. Swan was the scene of a pretty social function. The Pricilla Club met with her and enjoyed a very pleasant time, with seven members present. Mrs. Bartley, of Floydada, and Mrs. J. D. Donaldson, of south of town, were present as guests. Some very beautiful embroidery is being done by the members of this charming little club. Delicious refreshments of nut cake were passed around to the delight of every one. The afternoon waned all too soon, the flying needles were put away and dainty fingers ceased from their labors, goodbyes were said and the Pricillas wended their way to their several homes, wishing their charming hostess farewell, with many thanks for the good time she had given them.

Bob Majors went to the Brownfield W. O. W. Picnic in his auto last Friday taking Wade Ray and Marshall Swan over and bringing them an Paul Miller and G. E. Lockhart back with him.

Ray King drove a team to the livery stable surry to Brownfield last Friday to the W. O. W. Picnic taking S. N. McDaniel, one of our feed men, over, and bringing back Mr. McDaniel and Judges Ferguson and Moore.

Three Lakes Locals

Four nice showers in the last three days and it was sure needed.

Judge Wolker, of Tahoka, was shaking hands with the voters Three Lakes last Wednesday.

Inez Porter, of Tahoka, is visiting with Mrs. Joplin this week. Otis Keigler had business in the city last Thursday.

Ella Darrow spent Saturday night and Sunday with Eula Yates.

Judge Marks was out in the interests of his candidacy Saturday.

Now if Judge Stokes would come out and visit the voters we might get a Big Rain.

W. D. Nevels, of Tahoka, was buying cattle here last week.

Miss Linnie Babston, Mrs. Marshall and Grandmother Babston were shopping in the city Friday.

Mrs. Kirkland, of Hamlin, is visiting her sister, Mrs. G. W. Hickerson.

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

A. R. Kimbrell, of southeast of town, was in on jury duty Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Elton George and children, of 12 miles northwest of Tahoka, were in town Monday laying in a supply of groceries.

A. C. Wilson, of the south part of Lynn county, was in Monday and reported his cotton doing splendid and most of his feed crops are looking well.

For Sale or Trade—Three rebuilt buggies, look like new, wear like new and priced at less.
W. P. Phenix,
South of Square, Tahoka, Texas.

Mr. and Mrs. B. T. Sumners, of the north part of the county, were in Tahoka Monday trading with our merchants. Mr. Sumners reports a good shower Sunday morning and most of his crops are doing fine.

Parkhurst's Broken Dollar Store will serve ice cream in the future. We solicit a share of your patronage. Always headquarters for the best candies, fruits and vegetables, also the famous El Kraco, Bailed Import, Havana Crook and Trilby cigars.

The News office turned out 500 election tickets this week with 91 names printed on them besides the presidential electors. Out of this number 35 will be elected to office and 56 rejected. In Lynn county we will elect 10 men out of the 14 who have their names on the ticket. In the different districts we will elect 8 out of 16, and in the state offices 17 out of the 61.

Judge T. M. Bartley, candidate for representative of this district, made a trip to Floydada in his auto Saturday. He was accompanied by Miss Mary Whipp, Mrs. Lizzie L. Adair, Miss Linda Adair and Isabel Crie. Miss Mary Whipp went up for the trip and accompanied Judge and Mrs. Bartley and children home Tuesday. Mrs. Adair went to Floydada to visit her daughter, Mrs. C. J. Menefee and Miss Linda to visit her sister and friends, and Miss Isabel went to visit Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Menefee and family, her uncle, aunt and cousins, also friends, she having lived there four years.

Primitive Baptist Association to Meet

The Primitive Baptist Association will meet in Tahoka Friday before the first Sunday in August. Eight churches will be represented in the Association by delegates from the following counties: Borden, Floyd, Crosby, Swisher, Dickens, Dallam, Terry and Lynn. This will be quite an occasion as there will be ten or fifteen preachers present besides the lay delegates and their families. This Association takes in quite a large territory as from Dallam county on the north to Borden county on the southeast is about 220 miles on a bee line, and from the nearest point of Dickens county on the east to the Terry county line is 50 miles. Everybody is invited to attend this Association and learn what the Primitive Baptists are doing.

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

R. L. Darrow, of Three Lakes, was a Tahoka visitor the first of the week.

W. S. Swan is putting in good time this week learning to run his new Overland auto.

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

J. N. LeMond and W. A. Waller, of Draw, were taking in the sights of Tahoka the first of the week.

A. R. McGonigal, of Edith was in town Monday. His daughter, Mrs. Joe Stokes, returned home with him for a short visit.

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

Albert and Bill Miller, of south east of town, were dodging the candidates on the streets of Tahoka one day the first of the week.

Rev. R. J. McElrath returned home Wednesday afternoon from helping in a meeting at Abernathy since Saturday of last week.

Messrs. G. W. Hibkerson and Burton Edwards, of Three Lakes were in Tahoka Monday and took dinner with J. H. Edwards and family.

Messrs. Bigham & Snider built a raised platform near the railroad track just south of their warehouse, Monday. This platform is to be used for storing rock salt and other articles of that class, so that they may have more room in their warehouse.

S. S. Ramsey left Monday morning for Slide, Lubbock county, to build a new school house. The building is to be completed in time to open the 1910-11 session in it.

Holiness Meeting.

We are requested to announce that a Holiness Camp Meeting will be held two miles east of Meadow, to begin the 9th of August and will continue until the third Sunday. Rev. J. W. Wells will do the preaching, with E. S. Hamlett as general manager. Every body is invited to come and camp and help in this meeting for the saving of souls and the purefying of mankind.

Stop Thief! Stop! But It Wasn't a Thief



LYNN COUNTY NEWS

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

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
 Strictly in Advance Six Months 50c

One Year \$1.00

ADVERTISING RATES:—Locals 10 cents per line first insertion, 5 cents each subsequent issue. Display 15 cents per single column inch, 12½ 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, 1905, at the post office at Tahoka Texas, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Vol. 8 TAHOKA, TEXAS, FRIDAY, JULY 26, 1912. No. 47

PROFESSIONAL

Dr. E. H. INMON,
 Dr. L. E. TURBETTINE,
 Associated
 Physicians & Surgeons
 Tahoka, Texas.

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

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

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

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

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

rs. EUTCHINSON & PEEBLER
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The **YELLOW LETTER**
 BY **WILLIAM JOHNSTON**
 Illustrations BY **V. L. BARNES**

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

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

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

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

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.

tel business, but there's things that do, and if you want any help from me, young man, I've got to know what's going on."
 "I wish I knew myself," I said mentally, adding aloud: "When I am ready to speak you will hear many things that will astound you. Meanwhile, I tell you that I have every reason to believe that that man who fled from here is a great criminal and that if you do not aid in his apprehension you will be doing a serious wrong to the community. I'll tell you this much, I am convinced that he was responsible for this woman's death and for other deaths."
 "Maybe he is and maybe he ain't," said the landlord. "I saw the lady myself, and nobody can persuade me it was anything but a suicide. Why, I cut her down!"
 "I am not denying that she committed suicide," I replied with some asperity, "but I am morally certain that if she killed herself she was driven to it by the man who has just fled. I insist on being allowed to examine his baggage."
 "Look here, young man," said Mr. Williams, "I have told you once and for all that the baggage of no guest in this house is going to be examined without due process of law. And I want to say right here that it's evident that you yourself know a lot more about this case than you are telling. If you are an officer and can show me a warrant I am ready to give you all the aid and assistance I can, but until you do, I'd advise you to keep your nose out of things that ain't your business and to stay out of places you ain't got a right to be in."
 The suspicion crossed my mind that

it might be he who had discovered me in the post office the night before. I decided quickly that it could not have been, for he was in the hotel when I arrived. I felt sure it must have been either Crandall or the postmaster. Plainly, though, there was nothing further to be gained by argument with the obtuse Mr. Williams. After all,

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there ought not to be much difficulty in tracing Crandall by the vehicle in which he had driven away. That could wait until Davis arrived. Meanwhile I pondered on what I could do to throw light on the case. I had it. I would visit the post office again and see what I could learn about the holder of the lock box from which Davis believed the yellow letters came.

Abruptly leaving the landlord, I strolled out into the street, determined to go boldly to the post office and make inquiries. As I approached the building I saw a little group of idlers gathered in front of it, the faces of some of whom I had noted at the inquest. They seemed to be excitedly discussing some happening. It was not without some trepidation that I came closer. If my visit to the post office had been discovered and there was anyone in the crowd who could identify me, an awkward situation might develop. I put on a bold front, however, and approached closer.

"What's the matter?" I asked, trying to make my inquiry seem casual.

"The postmaster's disappeared," some one explained.

"Where?"

"Don't know," said my informant. "He didn't come to the office at all today. When the people come for their mail after the New York train got in he wasn't here. Hank Rollins always brings it up on the stage, and as he's passing, throws it off on the board walk and the postmaster comes out and gets it. Nobody ever goes for their mail for a few minutes after that, to give him a chance to get it sorted. The first persons who got here today found the mail-sack lying just where the driver had flung it."

"Yes, sir," broke in an old man whom I heard them call "Dad" Hutchinson. "Yes, sir, I was the first to notice it. I was going to the office to see if maybe there was a letter for me from my daughter Mary, who lives up Boston way, and I noticed the sack lying right over there. I went into the office to tell the postmaster about it and kind of have a little fun with him, and bless my soul if there was hide or hair of him to be seen anywhere. Looking through the boxes, I could see that the back door was standing open, and I went around there and looked, and I couldn't see anything of him, either. It didn't seem right for the mail to be lying out there on the sidewalk, 'twas like taking undue liberty with government property, so I dragged the sack around and flung it in the door and went looking for the constable. Then I heard about the suicide and the inquest down to the hotel, so I went down there to fetch him, and all the crowd that had been down to the inquest come trailing along."

"I noticed when I come along here last night that the post office was dark," volunteered another of the crowd. "I don't know just what time it was, but it was just before it began to rain. I remember, now, thinking it kind of funny the office was shut up so early, but I didn't stop to investigate. I'll bet he wasn't here last night, either."

"It's burglars, that's what it is," said an excited youngster. "I saw them at work. I come along here last night and there was a flash, like from a dark lantern. Right in there behind the boxes, it was. They must a been at work then. I'll bet they killed him and hid his body and made away with all the money and stamps."

"How many of them were there?"

"Did you see them?"

"What time was it?"

Questions poured thick and fast on the youngster, who evidently had told all he knew and a little more. I took advantage of the furor his story had created to slip around to the rear of the building, where I found a self-appointed committee of citizens and the constable guarding the door.

"Has anything been stolen?" I asked.

"Not as far as we can discover," said the constable. "There ain't no disorder about the place and the safe hasn't been busted, as far as I can see. I ain't made any regular investigation, being as this is government property."

"Has no one any idea where the postmaster is?" I asked.

"That's just what we've been trying to find out. Jim, here, as soon as we found Rouser wasn't here, went up to the Widow Smith's, where he boards. Thought maybe he'd just overslept or something like that, or maybe was sick. But Mrs. Smith went up and looked in his room and come down and

A Limit on Your Possibilities

No person on earth can place a limit on your possibilities, but it is equally true that a growing account in the bank will increase them. Remember that one dollar in a good bank is worth more to the community than five dollars in any body's pocket. Do you keep your money hid at home? If so you do wrong to take money out of circulation for it was made to circulate and not to hoard, and when kept in circulation is the life blood of trade and good prices and you do yourself and the community an injustice when you block the wheels of circulation. If your name is not on our books it would give us pleasure to put it there. A bank account will give you prestige you may never have enjoyed before. Why not start one today? This bank has progressed with the times. Its methods meet today's requirements. It solicits your account on the basis of meritorious service.

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(CONTINUED ON 3RD PAGE)

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

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

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

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

Tahoka H'dw'e. Co.

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

COMPLETE LINE of LEATHER GOODS

Let Us Build Your Iron Tank And Gutter Your House

it seems rather remarkable that when a man is down and out he is at the same time up against it.

The rough and the smooth come in most lives; and it is well when the rough comes early, before the heart is too faint and the brain too tired to bear it.

There is a great chance for the colored folks in the rural districts to get into the poultry business if they could only be made to see it; they are our most natural chicken raisers.

PROFESSIONAL

DR. BUCK HENRY
Dentist and Optometrist

All Work Strictly Guaranteed.
Office at Hotel St. Clair

Tahoka, Texas

The Yellow Letter

by William Johnston

Illustrations by Y. L. Barnes

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THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY

(Continued From Fifth Page)

...had been home all night." "Yes," interrupted Jim, "and what's more, she said it was nothing unusual for him not to come home. There was lots and lots of nights recently when he didn't show up. She had no idea where he spent his nights. She's a woman that minds her own business and don't interfere none with her boarders' goings and comings as long as they pay their money regular."

"What are you going to do about keeping the office open?" I asked, much puzzled over this new mystery. How I wished for Davis! Mystery seemed to be piling on mystery with every step I took. Beyond the one conviction I had that Hugh Crandall was in some way to blame for it all, I

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Give me a trial at the garage. Work done each Saturday by John Yates, Tahoka.

S. S. RAMSEY, General Contractor

ESTIMATES FURNISHED FREE:

Houses Built at Reasonable Prices, by Skilled Workmen.

L. N. Daumont N. J. Sechrist M. S. Keller
Mail Orders Receive Prompt Attention. Ask for Catalog

The Plainview Nursery Co.

Growers of Native Trees, of the best selected varieties on the Plains. Fruit, Shade and Ornamental Trees; Evergreens, Privet Hedge, Roses, Flowering Shrubs, Bulbs, Grasses, Berries, Rhubarb and Asparagus. Tomato, Potato and Cabbage plants in season.

Largest and best equipped Nursery in West Texas, supplied with plenty of water, a necessary handling nursery stock.

Investigation solicited. Plainview, Texas

G. W. King & Son

Livery, Feed & Sale Stable

Good Rigs—Careful Drivers

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

North of the square, Tahoka, Texas.

JUST ARRIVED ANOTHER CAR OF FEED

If it is hay, grain, cotonseed cake, coal or salt you want just phone 38 and let us deliver it. BIGHAM & SNIDER

combination of the safe and the money-drawer, and has been sworn in as special assistant. She'll know what to do and who to notify."

"It may interest you to know that Post Office Inspector Davis will be out here tonight," I told them. "I left him in New York last night, and he promised to join me here."

Suspicion flashed into the faces of all my auditors.

"Maybe that's why Rouser has disappeared," suggested the constable. "He's been spending a lot of money lately, Rouser has. Maybe he knew the inspector was coming and was short in his accounts."

"He couldn't have known it," I protested. "The inspector himself didn't know he was coming here until late yesterday afternoon, and there isn't any way possible that the postmaster could have been advised of his coming."

The arrival of the substitute official diverted the conversation. Miss Cox, an unimaginative, unattractive woman of thirty, in a most matter-of-fact way entered the building and took charge.

"The first thing," she said as she calmly hung up her hat and coat, "is for all you men to get out of here so that I can sort the mail."

Even the constable moved toward the door, impelled by the authority in her tone and his own respect for government property. I determined not to be routed so easily. It seemed to me that the occasion afforded me an excellent opportunity, not to solve the mystery of the missing postmaster, but to work out one of my own puzzles—who it was that had rented Lock Box 17.

"Miss Cox," I said, "as a personal friend of Post Office Inspector Davis, who is to join me here in a few hours in connection with an important matter, and for your own sake as well, I would suggest that you should keep at least two of us here as witnesses. This is government property. The postmaster has disappeared and some of the government's property may be missing. If your inspection is made in the presence of two witnesses there can be no question about your statement of the condition in which you found things. I really think it is a necessary precaution. I would suggest that two of us, say the constable and myself, be permitted to remain as witnesses."

"By ginger, he's right," said the constable, whose attitude toward me at once became one of decided friendliness.

"Maybe I had," said I to Miss Cox. "You two may stay, but the rest get out."

With a narrow sense of duty she insisted on sorting the morning's mail before she made any investigation. Meanwhile the constable and I discussed the case. From him I learned that Rouser, the postmaster, was a likable young fellow of twenty-five or six, who had held the office for two or three years.

"The way he came to be postmaster was this: His father had represented this district in Congress for twenty years or so before he died. The old man was an able citizen, but never had accumulated much money, though he gave the boy a good education. Charlie, however, wasn't much good. He was bright and smart enough, but he seemed to lack the grit-up and git-to-do for himself. After his father died he lived on the little money left him till it was all gone and then just drifted around, getting a meal where he could and his clothes growing shabbier and shabbier. The women-folks all liked him and was always trying to find something for him to do. He'd work if he had it, but he wasn't the kind of a fellow to be teaming or gardening or trucking, and it was the hardest sort of a job to find something that would suit him. The old postmaster died and the politicians was about equally divided as to who was entitled to the place. They didn't seem able to agree on no one. Then somebody

suggested Charlie Rouser, some of the women-folks I guess it was, and first thing you know he had it.

"It don't pay much, only six hundred a year, but Charlie don't drink and don't gamble, so he's been able to get along on that well enough, and he ain't made a bad postmaster. He's a weak youngster and easily led, and if he'd ever got into bad company I can see his finish. Lately I've noticed he seemed to be spending a lot of money, though where it came from, if the books is all straight, is more than I can imagine."

"What's he been spending it for?"

"Well, I noticed him the other day wearing a big diamond in his necktie and he bought himself a gold repeater watch and he's always hiring horses at the livery stable and going off for drives in the evening. One night I seen him buy a round of drinks that cost a dollar and ten cents. That's what I call spending."

"Maybe he met with an accident on his drive."

"Maybe he did, but I don't believe it likely. A fellow that can get along with women can get along with horses, and while Charlie wasn't athletic or anything like that, I never seen the horses yet he couldn't drive."

By this time Miss Cox had her mail sorted and turned to us with: "If you two gentlemen want to see what's in the safe, now is your chance. I'm going to open it."

Everything inside the safe was in the neatest order. She removed the ledgers and put them on the desk, inspected the cash-drawer of the safe and made a tab of the amount. She also carefully counted the reserve supply of stamps, postal-cards and stamped envelopes, and added them to her tally.

"Now for the daily cash-drawer," suggested the constable. "Let's see if he's taken any of the cash."

"That's just like a man," snapped Miss Cox. "How are you going to tell till I go over these books and see how much there ought to be? We'll open the cash-drawer after I'm through looking."

There was nothing to do but wait, and it was perhaps half an hour before she completed her calculations, being often interrupted by callers for mail.

"If the cash-drawer hasn't been robbed," she said, "we'll find exactly sixteen dollars and forty-eight cents in it."

In the presence of both of us she opened the drawer and carefully counted out its contents. One five-dollar bill, two two's, four ones and three dollars and forty-eight cents in silver and pennies were in the drawer.

"Right to a 't,'" she exclaimed triumphantly. "I believe you two are disappointed at not finding a shortage. Charlie Rouser may have his faults, but he's honest."

"What's that there at the back of the drawer?" asked the constable, paying no attention to her remark.

The drawer, one of those heavy wooden affairs with a circular pocket for silver, had been pulled out almost to its utmost length. Where the money compartments fitted into the back of the drawer a little space was left, barely visible under the overhang of the desk. It was at this particular space that the constable was pointing.

Following the line of his finger, I caught a glint of yellow, just as the energetic Miss Cox gave the drawer a hard jerk that brought it out to its full length. She reached into the slit and brought out a neat package of one-hundred-dollar bills—fifty of them.

The three of us gazed at each other in blank amazement.

What was a poor country postmaster on six hundred dollars a year doing with five thousand dollars carelessly concealed thus?

Where did he get it?

Where was he?

CHAPTER VIII.

A New Clue.

"So, Davis," I concluded, "you see that every new clue points to Hugh Crandall."

The post office inspector sniffed.

"What have they done with the dead woman's clothes?" he asked. "I want to see them at once."

I had been anxiously awaiting Davis' arrival, not without some little feeling of triumph, to tell to him the startling developments in the mystery since I

had left him hardly more than twenty-four hours before at the ferry. I was at the station awaiting him, and led him at once to the little hotel. The noise of his coming had been bruited about by the village gossips, and as his fame had penetrated even to the

(Continued on Last Page)

RAM'S HORN BROWN.

Going back often begins by looking back.

The man who would be a leader must be the first to start.

It never makes a sin any whiter to call it a mistake.

To be a lion for a day would spoil a mouse forever.

The man who goes out to look for trouble will have a short walk.

A whole Noah's ark full of sin can hide behind a single doubt.

The man who always looks for good could not be in any better business.

There is no pew in any church that the devil has not sometimes occupied.

The millennium would soon be here if we all lived up to what we demand of others.

Character is something that can never be taken to the graveyard in a hearse.

Some people give according to their means, and others give according to their meanness.

There are men who will talk to a Sunday school as if every child in it had the wisdom of Solomon.

As long as prize fighting pays so much better than preaching the devil will have plenty of hired help.

Don't forget that when you are in the wrong place your right place is empty.—Indianapolis News.

HUMOR IN ADVERTISING.

For Sale—Baby carriage slightly used. Going out of business.

No person having once tried one of these coffins will ever use any other.

Wanted—A laborer and a boy; with grazing for two goats; both Protestants.

Wanted—A young man to take care of a pair of mules of a Christian disposition.

Just received a fine lot of Ostend rabbits. Persons purchasing will be skinned and cleaned while they wait.

Wanted—A competent person to undertake the sale of a new medicine that will prove highly lucrative to the undertaker.

Lost—Near Tipperary, on or about Tuesday morning last, a large pig. Had no marks on his ears except a short tail, and a slight limp in one leg.

Personal—Edward Jones has opened a shoe shop on Front street. Mr. Jones guarantees that anyone can have a fit in his establishment.

Personal—If this should meet the eye of Lewis J. Smith, and he will send present address to old home, he will hear something to his advantage. His wife is dead.

THE VILLAGE SAGE'S NEWS.

Hard luck stories are usually harder on the listener.

Some men are able to hold their own, but prefer to hold others.

A man can put his foot in it without actually stepping into a grave.

Of course, there's no such thing as a sea-serpent until it has actually been seen.

SUMMER Excursions

Spend the hot days of July and August in the Colorado Mountains.

Special Excursion Rates on sale for tickets via

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

Notice of Sale of Real Estate Under Execution.

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

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

The South West One-fourth (1/4) of Survey No. 24, Abstract No. 796, Cert. 652, original grantee B. Humphries, containing 180 acres of land in Lynn County, Texas, said Sheriff advertised said land to sell on the 4th day of June 1912 and the Defendant, W. F. Humphries paid to Plaintiff the sum of \$299.50 said payment being applied as follows: \$44.35 in payment of all costs to that date and \$255.15 being credited on the principal and accrued interest on said judgment to said date, leaving a balance of \$77.16, balance of said judgment with 10 per cent interest from June 4th 1912.

I did, on the 22nd day of June A. D. 1912, at 4 o'clock p. m. levy upon the following described tract and parcel of land situate in the county of Lynn State of Texas, and belonging to the said W. F. Humphries, B. Humphries and R. P. Brazier, to-wit: Abstract 796, Cert. 652, Sur. 24, Original Grantee B. Humphries, and being the southwest 1/4 of said survey in Lynn County, Texas, and containing 160 acres of land, more or less; and on the 6th day of August A. D. 1912, being the first Tuesday in said month, between the hours of 10 o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m. on said day, at the court house door of said County, I will offer for sale and sell at public auction for cash, all the right, title and interest of the said W. F. Humphries, B. Humphries and R. P. Brazier in and to said property.

This 22nd June 1912.

J. H. Edwards, Sheriff.

The YELLOW LETTER

BY WILLIAM JOHNSTON

BY V. L. BARNES

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obscure Jersey village, there was a curious crowd gathered at the station. Some of them even followed us as far as the hotel lobby, pressing so close that private conversation was impossible. To avoid interruption, I took him at once to my room and ordered our supper served there.

While we waited for it I summarized as briefly as I could the new features of the case, beginning with my finding the post office deserted, the name missing from Lock Box 17, the suicide of the woman, the calling up of the Bridgeport police, the testimony of the maid that the woman had been crying over a yellow letter, the discovery of the five thousand dollars in new hundred-dollar bills in the cash-drawer, the coincidence in the initials of Cook and Crandall that had first attracted my attention to the missing guest in the hotel, his peculiar conduct the minute I mentioned the yellow letter and his flight from the town behind the fastest horse obtainable.

While I was only an amateur in criminal investigation, I prided myself that I had followed everything as far as Davis himself could have done. I doubted if even he, with all his shrewdness, could learn the identity of the dead woman or could explain what the postmaster was doing with such an unusually large sum, left so carelessly hid in the cash-drawer. My private opinion was that the money was probably counterfeit and that when we had solved the mystery we would find that Hugh Crandall was at the head of a band of skillful rogues who were defrauding the government. More than likely they had headquarters somewhere in the vicinity. Probably with the connivance of the postmaster they conducted some sort of green-goods or other swindling game through Lock Box 17. It seemed to me more than possible that Crandall, taking advantage of Katharine Farris's love for him, had snared her father into some nefarious scheme. Such a theory would explain her sudden break with him and might even account for her father's terror at the sight of the yellow letter that had revealed to her his error. The knowledge of her father's plight, too, might have driven her to try suicide. Old Elser possibly was one of the gang's dupes or agents who saw exposure coming, through Katharine's activity, and feared to face it. The one flaw in my theory, it seemed to me, was that it in no way accounted for the second woman's suicide, and in spite of Davis' prophecy that there would be more suicides, I was inclined to believe that perhaps, after all, it was only a coincidence. Learning her identity, I did not regard as half so important as to locate Crandall. I almost wished that I had gone in pursuit of him alone. I would have felt an unholty joy in rousing him up single-handed, while Davis followed other minor clues. I felt considerably annoyed that Davis apparently was more interested in learning who the dead woman was than in discovering Crandall's whereabouts.

"I have no idea what they have done with the clothes," I said almost crossly. "I suppose they are still in the room. The inquest was adjourned until tomorrow morning. Maybe they have been taken to the undertaker's. He came this afternoon and took the body away. I forgot to tell you that Crandall called up the Farris house this morning and asked for Katharine—right from this very hotel."

"What did he say?" he asked apathetically.

I repeated the conversation with Louise word for word as she had told it to me.

"That," said I, "is definite evidence that Crandall, the man whom we suspect, was here in the place where you sent me—here under an assumed name. What greater proof of guilt can you have, unless it is actual confession?"

"The man you suspect," he corrected with some asperity, turning abruptly to the waiter, who had entered with our supper.

"Tell the proprietor to come up here at once," he said, "and tell him to bring with him the garments worn by the woman who killed herself."

If I had sent Mahlon Williams such an order I am positive he would have paid no attention to it, but Davis' was obeyed. So quickly that it almost seemed as if Williams had been listening outside the door the landlord appeared carrying the black coat and skirt the woman had worn. Perhaps it was something in Davis' authoritative manner, perhaps it was due to respect for his position, but at any rate Williams brought the clothes at once.

"There's no use in your looking those over," I said. "They were carefully examined today, and there is not a mark on them. The only clue is the letter 'S' on two black-bordered handkerchiefs and a return ticket to Bridgeport. She signed her name as Mary Jane Teller, but there is none of the Bridgeport Tellers who answers her description, nor are any of them missing. I found out all that long ago."

Davis was paying little attention to my conversation. I doubted if he was even aware that I had spoken. With a small pocket tape measure he was taking the various dimensions of the coat and skirt. He turned up the hem of the latter and inspected it as carefully as if he expected to find a name written there. He did the same thing first with one sleeve and then with the other.

"You say that she registered as Teller and that her handkerchiefs were marked with an 'S'?" he suddenly asked me, showing that he had heard all I said.

Both the landlord and I answered him affirmatively.

"Where is the telephone?" he asked. "I want to call long distance."

There was a note of excitement in his voice that indicated to me that he believed himself on the verge of some discovery, though what it was I could not imagine. If there were any clues that had been revealed in those rusty garments his methods were too much for me.

He dashed away to the telephone, the landlord following. I ate my supper alone and waited. Just as I was finishing he came back into the room, and, seating himself, began to eat, apparently indifferent to the fact that everything had grown cold in the half-hour he was absent.

"Well," I said inquiringly, "did you learn anything?"

He nodded and calmly finished drinking his cold coffee, seemingly with a relish.

Expectantly I sat there, waiting for him to go on. He seemed not to notice my impatience, though it must have been apparent, and waited until he had pushed back his chair and lighted a cigarette. He always rolled his own, and never before had I realized what an irritating operation rolling a cigarette can be made. It seemed to me that he was taking entirely unnecessary pains to have the ends twisted just so. Finally I could brook no further delay, and burst out with: "Well, what have you discovered, Mr. Inspector?"

I supposed that he might have obtained a clue to where the woman's garments had been manufactured, some tiny thread by which he hoped to run her identity to earth. Little was I prepared for the startling discoveries he volleyed at me, so tersely, so concretely put that I could not doubt the accuracy of his information.

"The woman was Sarah Sackett, spinster. She lived on a little farm just outside Bridgeport with her brother Robert, who is somewhat older than she. They inherited the farm from their parents and have lived there all their lives. The brother is employed as cashier in a little country bank about ten miles away. Every morning he drives into Bridgeport and takes the train. When his sister left, two days ago, he came with her to the station. He evidently is not aware of her death, though he seems greatly worried over her absence. He presumably expected her to return last night, for he waited over several trains. This morning he was asking the station agent if he had seen her."

The dry, matter-of-fact way in which he recited the facts he had learned added to the value of his narrative. More and more I marveled at the man's detective ability. I was overwhelmed with a sense of my own incapacity. All day long the coroner, the constable and I had been trying to ferret out the mystery of the unfortunate woman's identity with practically the same properties to draw deductions from, the inspector in a very few minutes had not only learned her identity, but many other important facts about her. Nor did it occur to me to doubt the truth of his information. The assurance with which he spoke was in itself a sufficient guarantee.

"How on earth did you learn all this so quickly?" I asked in amazement.

He smiled with that grim tantalizing smile of his that I had seen before. His cigarette had burned itself to a stub as he spoke. He turned it carefully in his fingers, inspecting it as if to see whether he could extract another puff before throwing it away. He finally decided that he could not, and drew forth his cigarette papers and tobacco, preparatory to rolling a new one. Meanwhile I awaited his answer in suspense.

"Go on," I continued. "Tell me about it. I must know how you did it."

"The principal part of a magician's art," he said as he lighted his new cigarette, "lies in what is called 'misdirection.' With a glance from his

List of Lands and Lots Sold to the State or Reported Delinquent in Former Years No Redeemed and are also Delinquent for 1911 in Lynn County

NAME OF OWNER	LAND			TOWN OR CITY LOTS		STATE TAXES				COUNTY TAXES		TOTAL TAXES					
	Abst. No.	Cert. No.	Sur. No.	Original Grantee	Acres	CITY OR TOWN	Lots	Blk.	Reval. Tax	School Tax	Penalty		Ad Valorem	Spec. Tax	Dist. Tax	Penalty	
Unknown	102	621	7	E. L. & R. K.	160				70	94	16	1.12	50	1.12	28	4.88	
	190	181	3	" " NW 1/4	160				1.40	1.87	33	2.24	1.12	5.60	90	13.46	
	194	1319	5	" "	320				35	47	8	56	28	42	12	2.28	
	208	661	41	" "	80				1.40	1.87	33	2.24	1.12	2.80	62	10.38	
	248	634	15	" "	320				1.40	1.87	33	2.24	1.12	1.68	50	9.14	
	340	197	91	D. & L. E.	320				70	94	16	1.12	50	1.12	31	5.19	
	351	690	167	E. L. & R. R.	160				1.03	1.37	24	1.64	82	1.23	37	6.70	
	354	1025	7	" "	234				1.40	1.87	33	2.24	1.12	2.80	62	10.38	
	357	686	159	" " N 1/2	320				1.40	1.87	33	2.24	1.12	1.68	50	9.14	
	359	685	143	" " E 1/2	320				2.80	3.73	65	4.48	2.24	3.35	1.01	18.27	
	364	1333	1	" "	320				1.40	1.87	33	2.24	1.12	5.60	90	13.46	
	367	1434	17	" "	320				1.40	1.87	33	2.24	1.12	5.60	90	13.46	
	369	1432	13	" " E 1/2	320				68	88	16	1.00	50	2.80	43	6.45	
	370	1431	11	" " 237 1/2	320				1.76	2.34	41	2.82	1.40	7.04	1.02	16.79	
	371	1430	9	" "	394				2.10	2.79	49	3.36	1.68	8.40	1.34	20.16	
	373	1428	5	" "	480				1.40	1.87	33	2.24	1.12	5.60	90	13.46	
	382	1441	31	" "	320				1.40	1.87	33	2.24	1.12	5.60	90	13.46	
	384	1443	35	" " W 1/2	320				1.40	1.87	33	2.24	1.12	2.24	56	9.76	
	390	1356	29	" "	320				2.80	3.73	65	4.48	2.24	4.48	1.12	19.50	
	391	1356	31	" "	640				2.80	3.73	65	4.48	2.24	4.48	1.12	19.50	
	409	590	101	H. E. & W. T.	640				13	17	3	20	10	50	8	1.21	
	559	2-225	484	T. C. Reed	4 2-5				1.62	2.16	38	2.59	1.29	3.24	71	11.99	
	599	66	77	H. E. & W. T.	377				1.62	2.16	38	2.59	1.30	3.24	71	12.00	
	611	680	28	W. B. Johnson	370				87	1.13	20	1.40	70	1.05	31	5.66	
	661	1314	4	Pete Earnest	200				1.40	1.87	33	2.24	1.12	2.24	56	9.76	
	678	668	79	H. E. & W. T.	320				53	70	12	84	42	63	19	3.43	
	727	399	434	A. J. Beavers	120				2.40	3.20	56	3.84	1.92	9.60	1.54	23.06	
	745	1442	32	C. E. Brown	640				63	83	15	1.50	75	75	30	4.91	
	748	833	38	J. W. Cone	152				60	80	14	96	48	72	22	3.92	
	796	652	24	B. Humphries	160				1.40	1.87	33	2.24	1.12	2.24	56	9.76	
	800	212	33	W. R. Ingram	320				2.80	3.73	65	4.48	2.24	4.48	1.12	19.50	
	801	1-8	2	W. R. Ingram	640				1.20	1.60	28	1.92	96	1.44	42	7.82	
	860	644	8	W. L. Self	320				25	33	6	40	20	50	11	1.85	
	921	638	112	P. D. Sanders	80				1.40	1.87	33	2.24	1.12	1.68	50	9.14	
	1015	833	38	F. D. Copeland	320				35	47	8	56	28	70	15	2.59	
	1027	638	112	T. B. Hilton	80				70	93	16	1.12	56	1.40	31	5.18	
	1029	638	112	J. H. Hilton	160				1.20	1.60	28	1.92	96	4.80	77	11.53	
	1114	1432	14	H. & T. C.	320				13	17	3	20	10	50	8	1.21	
						Tahoka			5	41	13	17	3	20	10	50	8
									4.5	6.7	8	45	31	42	7	50	25
									4	7	46	12	17	3	20	10	50
									7	48	6	7	1	9	4	21	3
									7	55	6	7	1	9	4	25	4
									2	7	56	12	16	3	18	9	46
									6	7	57	9	13	2	14	7	33
									5	8	63	10	14	2	16	8	40
									8	64	5	7	1	8	4	20	3
									8	65	5	7	1	8	4	20	3
									1	4	66	8	10	2	12	6	30
									4	6	67	15	18	3	24	12	54
									2	8	68	8	10	2	12	6	30
									3	70	6	8	1	10	5	25	4
									6	71	6	8	1	10	5	25	4
									5	6	73	10	14	2	16	8	40
									3	6	76	13	18	3	21	11	52
									4	7	77	8	10	2	12	6	30
									5	79	4	6	1	7	3	16	3
									5	6	78	17	22	4	28	14	67
									3	4	78	13	17	3	20	10	50
									1	2	5	6	92	13	17	3	20
									3	4	93	7	9	2	10	5	25
									5	6	78	14	17	3	20	10	50
									7	8	95	7	9	2	10	5	25
									5	8	97	5	7	1	8	4	20
									3	4	98	4	6	1	7	3	16
									7	8	101	4	5	1	6	3	15
									3	4	102	4	5	1	6	3	15
									3	4	105	4	5	1	6	3	15
									7	8	109	5	7	1	8	4	20
									1	3	111	7	8	2	10	5	25
									4	5	112	4	8	1	9	3	22

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

For Taxes of 1911 Only in Lynn County

NAME OF OWNER	LAND			Original Grantee	Acres	TOWN OR CITY LOTS				STATE TAXES					COUNTY TAXES			TOTAL TAXES
	Abst. No.	Cert. No.	S. v. No.			CITY OR TOWN	Lot	Blk	Reve. Tax	Sch. Tax	Pen. Tax	Ad. Val. Tax	Spec. Tax	Dist. Tax	Pen. Tax			
Jack Alley	204	170	527	E. L. & R. R.	640	Tahoka	4, 5, 8	12										
"	644	624	14	Jack Alley	640	North Tahoka	6	13										
"	646	418	4	"	640	Tahoka	2	72										
"	401	525	23	H. E. & W. T.	640	Tahoka	2	72										
"	1062	2	2	Jno Faucher ne M	160	North Tahoka	4	13										
"	859	3	3	D. W. Scott, W 1/2	320	"												
"	245	631	9	E. L. & R. R. ne 1/4	480	Tahoka	3, 4	92	15.84	21.12	3.70	25.35	12.08	29.45	6.75	114.80		
A. L. Black				"		"	5, 6	78	18	23	4	28	14	70	11	1.68		
W. D. Davis	726	461	426	A. J. Beavers se 1/4	160	"			1.04	1.37	1.50	39	1.67	84	25	1.67	44	9.17
H. Faucher	777	594	18	L. L. Forrester	640	"			8.88	11.83	2.08	14.20	7.10	10.65	3.19	57.93		
L. Forrester	892	1083	50	"	160	"			57	76	1.50	28	91	46	25	2.28	39	7.40
"	893	0	0	"	640	"			79	1.05	18	1.26	63	3.15	50	7.56		
H. & Ed. S. Johnson				"		Shook's Ad'n	2, 3	8										
Bert King	1040	38	56	O. B. Shook	160	Tahoka												
A. Martin	939	1437	24	C. C. Alford	480	"	1, 2	94	1.21	1.62	28	1.94	97	4.85	78	11.65		
C. Nevils				"		"			2.65	3.53	52	4.24	2.12	10.60	1.70	25.36		
O. R. Pearce	212	660	39	E. L. & R. R.	640	"			4.33	5.77	1.01	0.92	3.46	17.30	2.77	41.56		
A. Robinson	998	7	7	F. C. Millard	320	"			81	1.08	1.50	1.34	1.30	65	25	1.85	41	9.19
T. Stock	246	632	11	E. L. & R. R.	160	"												
S. N. Weathers				"		Shook's Ad'n	3, 4	34										
"				"		"	2	36	93	1.24	22	1.49	74	3.72	60	8.94		
P. Blewett	739	523	42	G. W. Brazill	640	"			2.50	3.33	58	4.00	2.00	10.00	1.60	24.01		
W. Everett	993	477	18	S. W. Joplin	142	"			52	69	12	83	41	2.08	33	4.98		
H. K. Kern	772	11	11	W. F. Fenn ne 1/4	160	"			1.30	1.73	30	2.08	1.04	2.08	52	9.05		
V. Hobbs	1146	49	4	J. V. Hobbs	629	Shook's Ad'n	1	17	5.75	7.67	1.34	9.20	4.60	9.20	2.30	40.06		
L. Nevils				"		North Tahoka	15	45	6	8	1	10	5	25	4	59		
W. E. Rook	144	647	11	E. L. & R. R. S 1/2	320	"			1.40	1.87	33	2.24	1.12	1.68	50	9.14		
W. Spaulding	326	235	5	Julian Coats	1367	"			5.62	7.50	1.31	9.00	4.50	22.50	3.60	54.03		
W. W. Womac	141	629	5	E. L. & R. R. ne 1/4	160	"			5.98	7.98	1.34	9.57	4.78	7.88	2.14	39.02		
Unknown	11	461	479	"	160	"			70	93	17	1.12	56	84	25	4.57		
"	40	556	1361	"	677	"			2.96	3.95	69	4.74	2.37	4.74	1.19	20.64		
"	48	452	459	"	160	"			70	93	16	1.12	56	84	25	4.57		
"	69	219	579	C. W. Post	640	"			2.80	3.73	65	4.48	2.24	4.48	1.12	19.50		
"	129	968	3	E. L. & R. R.	640	"			2.80	3.73	65	4.48	2.24	5.60	1.23	20.73		
"	143	646	13	"	320	"			1.40	1.87	33	2.24	1.12	1.68	51	9.15		
"	290	527	7	H. E. & W. T.	640	"			2.80	3.73	65	4.48	2.24	3.36	1.01	18.27		
"	302	535	37	"	640	"			2.80	3.73	65	4.48	2.24	11.20	1.79	26.89		
"	303	530	35	"	640	"			2.80	3.73	65	4.48	2.24	11.20	1.79	26.89		
"	336	193	3	D. & S. E.	320	"			1.40	1.87	33	2.24	1.12	2.24	56	9.76		
"	353	1135	11	E. L. & R. R.	640	"			2.80	3.73	65	4.48	2.24	3.36	1.01	18.27		
"	437	181	23	G. T. Ry. Co.	152	"			2.80	3.73	65	4.48	2.24	3.36	1.01	18.27		
"	674	660	76	W. R. Hampton	480	"			2.10	2.80	49	3.36	1.68	4.20	92	15.55		
"	708	680	130	Albert Taylor	640	"			2.80	3.73	65	4.48	2.24	5.60	1.33	20.85		
"	728	70	38	W. S. Bell	640	"			2.50	3.33	58	4.00	2.00	3.00	90	16.31		
"	755	9	9	W. Copeland	455	"			1.98	2.66	47	3.19	1.59	3.90	88	14.77		
"	773	707	402	W. T. Fenn	320	"			1.63	2.17	38	2.00	1.30	2.60	65	11.33		
"	938	224	506	J. C. York	160	"			70	94	16	1.12	56	1.12	28	4.88		
"	973	1440	30	M. M. Skinner	640	"			2.40	3.20	50	3.84	1.92	9.60	1.54	23.06		
"	1110	707	402	R. D. & H. K. Fenn	120	"			53	70	12	84	42	84	21	3.66		
"	1113	30	2	R. M. Haverty	320	"			1.20	1.60	28	1.92	96	4.40	77	11.53		
"	1126	143	422	T. M. Bartley	160	"			60	80	14	96	48	96	24	4.18		
"	1136	68	20	J. T. Blackburn	80	"			30	40	7	48	24	36	11	1.96		
"	1114	1120	46	J. C. Criswell	470	"			1.50	2.00	35	2.40	1.20	1.80	54	9.78		
"	1153	1-5	2	L. Powers Hudson	160	"			70	93	16	1.12	56	1.12	28	4.87		
"	1154	1-5	2	"	160	"			70	93	16	1.12	56	1.12	28	4.87		
"	1151	1-5	2	"	160	"			70	93	16	1.12	56	1.12	28	4.87		
"	1156	71	40	B. H. Robinson	80	"			30	40	7	48	24	36	11	1.96		

The Yellow Letter

by William Johnston

Illustrations by V. L. Barnes

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[Continued From Fourth Page]

press agent, and he gave me the rest of my facts. "Did he tell you why she committed suicide?"

"He doesn't dream that she has," the inspector replied. "I put my questions in a guarded way and he happened to be a garrulous fellow, who readily followed my leads. All I asked him was where a letter would reach Miss Sarah Hackett, saying I had forgotten which rural free delivery route it was that she lived on. He told me that she and her brother were still living on the old Sackett place, Route No. 1. I explained that I wanted to make sure of an important letter reaching her at once. He told me she was away, explaining that he had seen her come down to the station with her brother, and suggested that it might be a good idea to send the letter in her brother's care, and told me the address of the bank where her brother could be reached. So you see it is all quite simple when you know how."

"I don't see, though," I objected, "how anything that you have learned in any way connects this woman with the Farrish mystery."

"I told you there would be other suicides, didn't I?"

"It looks to me like a mere coincidence."

"How about the yellow letter she was reading?"

I started. For a moment I had forgotten the strange, tinted link that seemed to bind the Farrish tragedy, the Wiser case and the Sarah Sackett suicide together in the terrible chain of mystery.

"We've got to find Hugh Crandall!" I exclaimed. "I will not be content until we do. There is no doubt in my mind that he is the author of those letters. We've got to find him, Davis, and make him explain. I promised the girl I love I would not rest until I had cleared away the mystery, until I had lifted the cloud that is hanging over her father and her sister. Nothing, nothing shall stand in the way! Think what it means to me! The one I love, the one who is dearer to me than anything else in the world, is living in constant dread of an unknown terror. I feel that Crandall is responsible. I am positive that he is guilty. Help me find him, Davis! We must find him!"

As I spoke Davis sat regarding me with unmoved countenance. He puffed leisurely at his cigarette two or three times, and then, with cutting asperity, without the slightest indication of sympathy for my anxiety, said slowly:

"Harding, I told you that one of the reasons for my success was that I never undertake anything that I can not accomplish. I came out here to find the man who has been using the mails illegally to terrorize people to such an extent that they are driven to suicide. I am confident that we will quickly locate him and his accomplice in crime. Rest assured that you can safely leave the plan of action to me."

"But—but," I stammered, "what is your plan of action? What are you going to do now?"

"I'm going to bed," he replied, yawning as he rose from his chair. "There's nothing more that can be done tonight."

Impatient as I was, and anxious though I was to alleviate Louise's fears at the earliest moment possible, I could not but feel that he was right. There was nothing that could be done that night. I showed him where the room was that I had engaged for him—next to mine—and, feeling much depressed and perplexed, was preparing to turn in when I was startled by a sharp rap on my door.

"Come in," I called, thinking, of course, it was Davis with some new theory to suggest.

Instead it was the clerk from the office below.

"You're wanted on the telephone."

(Continued on Sixth Page)

SHERIFF'S SALE

THE STATE OF TEXAS)
County of Lynn.)

Whereas, by virtue of an Order of Sale, issued out of the District Court of Lubbock County, Texas, on a judgment rendered in said court on the 19th day of June, A. D. 1912, in favor of J. W. Kokenot and H. L. Kokenot and against W. H. Bledsoe, T. T. Price, M. C. Overton, W. R. Ingram No. 46 on the Docket of said Court, and to me, as Sheriff, directed and delivered, I did, on the 28th day of June, A. D. 1912, at 7 o'clock p. m., levy upon the following described tracts and parcels of land situated in Lynn County, Texas, and belonging to W. H. Bledsoe, T. T. Price, M. C. Overton, W. R. Ingram, to-wit: North Half (N. 1/2) of Survey Eighteen (18) in Block "J", Certificate No. 212, E. L. & R. R. Co., containing 320 acres of land.

And on the 6th day of August, A. D. 1912, being the first Tuesday of said month, between the hours of 10 o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m. on said day, at the Court House door of Lynn County, Texas, in the town of Tahoka, I will offer for sale and sell at public auction, for cash, all the right, title and interest of the said W. H. Bledsoe, T. T. Price, M. C. Overton, W. R. Ingram, in and to said property.

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

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

Notice of Sale of Real Estate Under Execution.

The State of Texas)
County of Lynn.)

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

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

ALL OF Lots 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20 in Blk. 39, Lots 3, 4, 9, 10, 11, 12, Blk. 40, Lots 5, 6, 7, 8, 13, 14, 15, 16, Blk. 49, Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 11, 13, 15, 17, 19, Blk. 50, also Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 9, 10, 11 and 12, Blk. 42, all situate and being in North Tahoka Addition to the town of Tahoka, Lynn County, Texas, as shown by the plat of said addition recorded in Vol. 11, page 55, Deed Records of Lynn County, Texas.

And on the 6th day of August, A. D. 1912, being the first Tuesday of said month, between the hours of 10 o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m. on said day, at the court house door of said County, I will offer for sale and sell at public auction, for cash, all the right, title and interest of the said T. M. Bartley in and to said property.

Dated at Tahoka, Texas, this the 2nd day of July A. D. 1912.

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

SALIVATED BY DANGEROUS CALOMEL

If You Ever Saw a Man Salivated, You Don't Want Any More Calomel Yourself

There is no real reason why a person should take calomel anyway, when you will buy a large bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone—a perfect substitute for calomel. It is a pleasant tasting vegetable liquid which will start the liver just as surely as calomel and which has absolutely no bad after-effects.

Children and grown people can take Dodson's Liver Tone without any restriction of habit or diet. McGill's Drug Store sells it and guarantees it to take the place of calomel and will refund your money if it fails in your case.

State of Texas)
County of Lynn.)

I, J. W. Elliott, County Clerk of Lynn County, Texas, do hereby certify that the above and foregoing List of Lands and Town Lots reported delinquent for former years, not redeemed, and also delinquent for 1911, and List of Lands and Town Lots reported delinquent for taxes of 1911, only, is a true and correct copy of the same as they were certified to by J. H. Edwards, Tax Collector of Lynn County, Texas on the 9th day of April, 1912, and as same were certified as correct by the Commissioner's Court of Lynn County, Texas, on the 9th day of April, 1912, and by said Court on said date ordered published.

Given under my hand and seal of office this the 9th day of July, 1912. [SEAL] J. W. Elliott, County Clerk, Lynn County, Texas.

S. N. McDaniel

parts of town. Phone No. 14 your wants or call at the yard

Wholesale and retail dealer in Hay, Grain, Coal and Salt. We are receiving feed and coal all the time and are prepared to fill large and small orders promptly. Give us a trial order. Feed and coal delivered to all parts of town. Phone No. 14 your wants or call at the yard one block north of the Santa Fe Depot, Tahoka, Texas. :-

Wheat Ground Preparation.

As soon as the oats or wheat has been taken off the field, it is desirable to double-disc the ground at once. It will pay well to disc immediately behind the binder or header. If after the binder or header would be thrown off on a raised ground. The sooner this work is done after harvest, the better. Every day's delay means that more moisture is lost.

In case the discing has been done in time, the ground can be plowed at any time later. Some will say, "Why not begin plowing at once instead of wasting time discing?" This would be all right if we could hold the moisture long enough, but usually one or two weeks hot, dry weather after harvest will dry out the ground too much for plowing. The disc will cover the ground quickly and will insure holding the moisture until we have time to complete the plowing.

There is no question but that wheat ground should be plowed early. For this reason summer tilled land nearly always out yields land that is plowed just before seeding time. Wheat requires a firm seed bed. On account of this, early preparation should be deep rather than later work. Deep plowing just before seeding time is not desirable as the ground will not have time to become well settled. Early deep preparation, is very favorable to wheat production, especially where the ground has been thoroughly packed with machinery or has had enough moisture to settle it properly.

The wheat roots penetrate this packed soil very readily and are not damaged by gradual settling. Later, or from an undue loss of moisture on account of too loose soil.

The following data on results of tillage methods on wheat in 1917, on the Kansas Agricultural Ex-

perimental Farm, as quoted in part from Bulletin No. 176, of that station, can be well applied to our conditions.

Land plowed July 15th, (the right time) seven inches deep (the right depth,) gave a yield of 38 1/3 bushels per acre. After paying for the cost of preparation, there was left \$25.74 per acre.

Land plowed July 15th, three inches deep, (plowed at the right time but too shallow,) produced 33 1/3 bushels per acre, a net return of \$22.32.

Land plowed August 15th, seven inches deep, not worked until September 15th, showed a yield of 23 2/3 bushels per acre and a net return of \$15.34 per acre, after deducting the cost of preparation.

Land plowed at proper depth, seven inches, September 15th, (too late) produced 15 3/4 bushels per acre and gave a net return of \$9.08 per acre.

Land plowed three inches deep (too shallow) September 15, (too late) gave a yield of 14 1/2 bushels, a net return of \$8.52 per acre, after deducting cost of preparation.

Land disced but not plowed, cost \$1.95 per acre for preparation and produced 4 1/2 bushels per acre the crop when sold returned \$1.47 per acre over cost of preparation of ground.

After the seed bed has been prepared, whether before seeding time or after, the surface should not be allowed to crust. The common peg tooth harrow or weeder should break this crust as often as it forms, until the wheat gets too large to work. Do not let the ground get too dry before harrowing as it is likely to work up too fine and make it liable to blow.

H. M. BAINER, Agricultural Demonstrator, Santa Fe System, Amarillo, Texas.

E. E. McManis, of New Home community, was a Tahoka visitor Saturday.

The Yellow Letter



by William Johnston

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(Continued From Fifth Page)

come to her father or Katharine. "Is that you, Mr. Kent?" she asked. "Yes, yes," I cried. "What is it?" "This is Louise Farrish speaking. I want you to promise me that you will drop your investigation at once and return to the city."

"What's that?" I cried, not believing my ears. "If you love me"—she was speaking

NOTICE TO THE VOTERS

Notice is hereby given that the name of Frank E. White of Crosbyton, will appear on the official ballot and he is still in the race for Representative for this the 12nd District, and your vote and influence in the Democratic Primary on Saturday July the 27th will be appreciated.

Rev. J. R. Miller was in Tahoka Wednesday on his way to hold a meeting in Haskell county.

Thursday of last week they had a good rain in the north-west part of the county near T. M. Campbell's place.

CALOMEL GIVES ONLY TEMPORARY RELIEF

So Powerful it Shocks the Liver, Leaves it Weaker Than Before. Dodson's Liver-Tone Perfect Substitute.

Nearly everybody who has ever tried calomel for constipation or a sluggish liver has found that it gives only temporary relief. For calomel is such a powerful drug that it shocks and weakens the liver and makes it less able afterwards to do its duty than in the first place.

This is one of the reasons why McGill's Drug Store would rather sell Dodson's Liver-Tone to you than calomel. We know that Dodson's Liver-Tone is a pure vegetable liver tonic that will cure constipation quickly and gently without any danger of bad after-effects. We guarantee it to do this with a guarantee that is simple and fair. If you buy a bottle of Dodson's Liver-Tone for yourself or your children, and do not find it a perfect substitute for calomel, then come back to the store and get your money. If you don't get value for your money out of this tonic, it's your right to expect your money back, and we will gladly give it to you.

The Baptists have changed the date of their protracted meeting in Tahoka to begin Friday before the first Sunday in August.

slowly and enunciating with labored distinctness that there might be no mistake—"you will drop all investigation at once without any questions. Do you hear me? Repeat what I have said so I can be sure you understand."

Word for word I repeated her message, amazed beyond thought at its import. As I finished repeating it, I cried, "Why, tell me why—" but I heard the thud of the broken connection.

Frankly I called central. I pleaded, urged, demanded that she get the person at the other end of the wire again. It was no use. I called for the Farrish's number. Central reported, "Don't answer." I said that I had been called just now from there. After weary, impatient minutes of waiting and wrangling, she told me the call had come from another number, from a pay station. I demanded that number at once and finally she got it for me. It was a drug-store near the Farrish home. The druggist's clerk said that the young lady who had been telephoning had left the store. I tried to get him to send a messenger around to the Farrish's to ask Miss Louise Farrish to come to the telephone. He refused. It was useless. I was forced to give it up.

I emerged from the telephone booth perspiring, frantic, puzzled beyond measure at the sudden and startling turn in affairs.

What could have induced Louise to send me such a message? What could have happened?

CHAPTER IX.

A New Mystery.

I was up with the dawn the next morning and down-stairs to find a train schedule. The only thought in my mind was that I must go to Louise at once. I could not understand her sudden amazing change of front. Why, after pledging me to solve the mystery, should she all at once be as insistent that I should immediately stop all inquiry? I had lain awake the whole night, pondering the situation and seeking a solution. What reason could she have? Who could have influenced her to such action?

The first train, I found, left two minutes before six. I ordered breakfast, though in no mood for eating, and went to Davis' room. I felt that I needed his advice. I found him awake, smoking a cigarette in bed. Briefly I related to him the amazing telephone conversation I had had with Louise the night before.

"What possible reason could have influenced her to make such a strange request?" I concluded. "A woman doesn't have to have a reason," he answered—flippantly, it seemed to me.

"You don't understand!" I cried. "Louise is not the ordinary flighty girl. She has the finest, best-balanced mind of any woman I ever knew. She never acts on impulse." Davis looked at me with that exasperating smile of his. "Kent," he replied, "when you have been married as long as I have, when you know women as well as I do, you will realize the folly of trying to find reasons for the things women do. Their minds are not governed by reason, but by impulse. Every sane woman knew that the hobble skirt was an absurdity, yet when Fashion decided in favor of the hobble skirt it was worn. I doubt very much if Miss Farrish herself could tell you why she asked you to discontinue your investigation. Probably she acted on impulse. By this time she undoubtedly is just as eager as she ever was for you to go on."

"What would you advise?"

"I'd go on," said Davis laconically, as he lighted another cigarette. For a moment I was almost shaken in my determination to do nothing until I had seen Louise. It seemed as if Davis might be right. Perhaps she had acted only on impulse. Perhaps her love for me had made her feel that the investigation might lead me into danger. But I reconsidered. She had given me her love and trust and confidence. She surely was entitled to full confidence from me. I could not honorably entangle the investigation without first seeing her.

"I am going to town on the first train," I said decisively. "I shall do nothing until I have seen her." "And I shall go on with the investigation," said Davis with that ex-

perating smile of his.

Impatiently I turned and left him. I choked down a cup of coffee and hurried to the station. The journey seemed miles and miles long, though the train made few stops. As soon as the ferry landed me in New York I sprang into a taxi and ordered the driver to take me at once to the Farrish house. Not until we had turned into their street did I realize that it was still too early for me to try to see Louise, even on such an urgent mission as mine. A few doors away from the house I stopped the chauffeur and bade him drive up the avenue to the entrance of Central park.

I dismissed him there and strolled aimlessly into the park. I would wait until ten o'clock before I tried to see Louise. Still pondering the situation, I strolled along one of the park walls and flung myself on a bench by the little lake where the swan boats are. There was no one about at that early hour and I was glad of it. I wanted to be alone and think.

How long I sat there I do not know. I was so deep in thought that there was neither sight in my eyes nor hearing in my ears. Yet the eyes will not be denied their rights. A feeling came over me that some part of my brain was trying to tell me something. It came more and more forcefully. My eyes were seeing something which they were trying to compel me to notice.

What was it? I looked myself together with a start and pulled about me.

With an exclamation of horror I sprang from the bench and gazed into the lake just in front of me. Floating on the surface, not fifty feet from where I had been sitting, was the body of a woman.

"Other suicides, other suicides!"—Davis' remark of two days before kept jiggling through my brain. Other suicides! Katharine, Elser, the woman at Arday—his prophecy had been right—and was this another in the terrible chain?

I ran like a madman toward the park entrance, where I remembered I had passed a policeman. It was with relief that I found him still there.

"There's a woman—drowned—in the lake!" I gasped, pointing over my shoulder.

He ran back to the lake with me and together we waded out in the shallow water where the body lay. In my horror at the unexpected sight I had not stopped to note her appearance, nor could I have told whether she was young or old, dark or fair.

I looked at her now with more than interest—with a feeling of sorrow, of understanding. The deed of Katharine Farrish had brought me to a closer sympathy with unfortunate persons influenced to seek death. As I saw that this poor girl was young and fair I sadly wondered what tragedy had driven her to drowning. Never shall I forget the impression the picture of this suicide made on me! She lay on her back, with long blonde tresses of well-kept hair floating out on either side of her shapely head. Her eyes were closed, but her shapely brows and long dark lashes made her face comely even in death. Her clothing, I observed, was well-made, and though wet and soiled as it was by the water it still gave the impression of neatness.

We grasped the body gently by the arms and drew it in to the bank, where we lifted it to the park bench on which I had been sitting.

"I wonder if there is anything about her to identify her by?" said the policeman, and together we looked.

Apparently there was nothing. There were no rings on her hands, though the fingers were those of a woman of refinement. The officer turned back the collar of her coat, but the name of the maker had been cut away.

"She didn't want nobody to know who she was, I guess," he said after a hasty examination. "They generally try to hide their names."

"Yes, I suppose they do," I said apathetically.

"I've got to go over to the arsenal and report this and send for the wagon. Will you wait till I come back? I won't be long."

"I'll wait," I said. He disappeared up the path and I was left alone with the body. As I sat there, meditating on the mystery that had caused so many other tragedies, I became conscious of the fact that one of this girl's hands was closed, as if, even in death, she was striving to conceal something.

Stooping over, I gently pressed back the stiffening fingers.

An exclamation of horror came to my lips as I saw what had been concealed there.

It was a little scrap of yellow paper. I could hardly believe my eyes. It must be that this poor girl here was another of the victims in the baffling chain of crime I was seeking to unravel. I held the water-soaked fragment up to the light, but there was nothing on it—not a word. Yet there was no mistaking the color and texture of the paper. It was undoubtedly the same that Louise and I had found in Katharine's room after she had tried to kill herself. It was the same that the police had discovered in An-

(Continued)

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-Announcements-

We are authorized to announce Joe Baldrige as candidate for the office of Tax Assessor of Lynn County subject to the action of the Democratic Primaries of 1912.

We are authorized to announce P. E. Redwine as a candidate for re-election to the office of Tax Assessor of Lynn County subject to the action of the Democratic Primaries of 1912.

FOR COUNTY JUDGE

We are authorized to announce T. G. Marks as a candidate for the office of County Judge of Lynn County subject to the action of the Democratic Primaries of 1912.

We are authorized to announce Joe L. Stokes as a candidate for the office of County Judge for Lynn County subject to the action of the Democratic Primaries of 1912.

FOR DISTRICT JUDGE

We are authorized to announce W. R. Spencer as a candidate for re-election to the office of District Judge of the 72nd Judicial District, subject to the action of the Democratic Primaries of 1912.

We are authorized to announce H. C. Ferguson as a candidate for the office of District Judge of the 72nd Judicial District, subject to the action of the Democratic Primaries of 1912.

We are authorized to announce J. H. Moore as a candidate for the office of District Judge of the 72nd Judicial District, subject to the action of the Democratic Primaries of 1912.

We are authorized to announce James R. Robinson as candidate for the office of District Judge 72nd Judicial District subject to the action of the Democratic Primaries of 1912.

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY

We are authorized to announce J. E. Vickers as a candidate for re-election to the office of District Attorney of the 72nd Judicial District, subject to the action of the Democratic Primaries of 1912.

We are authorized to announce G. E. Lockhart, as a candidate for the office of District Attorney of the 72nd Judicial District subject to the action of the Democratic Primaries of 1912.

FOR SHERIFF AND TAX COLLECTOR

We are authorized to announce J. H. Edwards as a candidate for re-election to the office of Sheriff and Tax Collector of Lynn County subject to the action of the Democratic Primaries of 1912.

We are authorized to announce S. W. Joplin as a candidate for the office of Sheriff and Tax Collector of Lynn County subject to the action of the Democratic Primaries of 1912.

FOR COUNTY AND DISTRICT CLERK

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for re-election the office of County and District Clerk of Lynn County subject to the action of the Democratic Primaries of 1912.

J. W. ELLIOTT.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER

We are authorized to announce McMill Clayton as a candidate for the office of County Treasurer, Lynn County, Texas, subject to the action of the Democratic primaries of 1912.

FOR COMMISSIONER PRECINCT NUMBER 1

We are authorized to announce J. V. Dyer as a candidate for the office of Commissioner Precinct No. 1, Lynn County, subject to the Democratic Primary, July 27th, 1912.

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