

LYNN COUNTY NEWS.

VOLUME 9.

TAHOKA, LYNN COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1912

NUMBER 3

Methodist Meeting Continues.

The Methodist meeting which began Friday night before the second Sunday in this month, will continue through Sunday. This will be the third Sunday of the meeting. Bro. McElrath preaching the first five or six days, and Bro. Speer has been doing the preaching since then.

Tuesday of last week a large tent was put up just west of the church but on account of the rain and cold weather services have been held in the church all the week.

Many of the merchants have been closing their stores and in company with professional and working men coming to the morning services, making the attendance, especially of men, exceptionally large.

Bro. Speer preaches a plain bible gospel for every day life, and great interest is being shown and much good has been accomplished.

Bro. J. L. Speer left on the train this Friday morning for his home at Winters, Texas, and there will be no services today.

Born, Friday morning, September 20th, to Rev. and Mrs. R. J. McElrath, a boy.

Rev. L. M. Wood, Presbyterian minister, will preach in the Methodist church, morning and night the fourth Sunday in each month.

GOOD ROADS BETTER COUNTRY

Highways Tell Tale of Profit or Loss and Spell Ruin for Country That Neglects Them.

The plain people of the land are familiar with the truths of history. They know the past. They realize that often difference between good roads and bad roads is the difference between profit and loss. Good roads have a money value far beyond our ordinary conception. Bad roads constitute our greatest drawback to internal development and material progress. Good roads mean prosperous farmers; bad roads mean abandoned farms, sparsely settled country districts, and congested populated cities, where the poor are destined to become poorer. Good roads mean more cultivated farms and cheaper food products for the toilers in the towns; bad roads mean poor transportation, lack of communication, high prices for the necessities of life, the loss of untold millions of wealth, and idle workmen seeking employment. Good roads will help those who cultivate the soil and feed the multitude, and whatever aids the producers of our country will increase our wealth and our greatness and benefit all the people. We cannot destroy our farms without final decay. They are today the heart of our national life and the chief source of our material greatness. Tear down every edifice in our cities and labor will rebuild them, but abandon the farms and our cities will disappear forever.

I take an abiding interest in this all-absorbing question for better highways by some plan it can be done honestly, economically and constitutionally. I am not committed to any pet scheme. I have no vanity in the matter. I care not who gets the glory so long as the people get the results. I am for the cause and in the fight to stay. Good roads mean progress and prosperity, a benefit to the people who live in the cities, an advantage to the people who live in the country, and it will help every section of our vast domain. Good roads, like good streets, make habitation along them most desirable; they enhance the value of farm lands, facilitate transportation, and add untold wealth to the producer and consumers of the country; they are the milestones marking the advance of civilization; they economize time, give labor a lift, and make millions in money; they save wear and tear and worry and waste; they beautify the country, bring it in touch with the city; they aid the social and the religious and the educational and the industrial progress of the people; they make better homes and a happier hearth sides; they are the avenues of trade, the highways of commerce, and mail routes of information, and the agencies of speedy communication; they mean the economical transportation



HON. B. F. LOONEY.

Greenville, Texas, September 16.

Hon. B. F. Looney, successful candidate for Attorney General, has announced that the policy of the legal department during his term of office will be that of co-operation with the commercial, agricultural and industrial interests of the state in the development of our resources and that he will hold up the arms of the Governor in the performance of his duties.

"Every good citizen must stand for the enforcement of the laws," said Mr. Looney, in discussing the policy of his department, "but no man with good sense and proper motives would want to disturb an investment, hinder or frighten capital from our state or do otherwise than encourage all proper development of our resources. While I stand for the enforcement of law, about the wisdom or policy of which I have nothing to do, I do not propose to use the great power of the office of Attorney General for any purpose other than to execute the law and in no sense in a demagogic or ill advised spirit."

No department of government is more influential in either accelerating or throttling progress than that of the Attorney General, and in standing for a sensible enforcement of the law, Mr. Looney shows a keen appreciation of the responsibilities and possibilities of the office, a clear understanding of the needs of state government and a patriotic desire to serve the people honestly, faithfully and intelligently. When the policy outlined by Mr. Looney is made effective it will result in improved public highways, more interurban lines better rural schools, more steam roads and better facilities for the transportation of products, opening of our mines and development of our latent agricultural resources.

Mr. Lovelady, of Meadow, was a Tahoka visitor Monday and Tuesday.

of marketable products—the minimum burden at the minimum cost; they are the ligaments that bind the country together in thrift and industry and intelligence and patriotism; they promote social intercourse, prevent intellectual stagnation and increase the happiness and the prosperity of our producing masses; they contribute to the glory of the country, give employment to our idle workmen, distribute the necessities of life—the products of the fields and the forests and the factories—encourage energy and husbandry, inculcate love for our scenic wonders and make mankind better and greater and grander and broader.

Good roads are the arteries of industrial life of a great and powerful people. Good roads make a good country. In a government such as ours all sorts of men and women are more or less absolutely dependent upon the best and speediest means of communication and transportation. If you say that good roads will only help the farmer, I deny it. The farmer who produces the necessities of life are less dependent than the millions and

Three Lakes Locals Fine Rain Sept. 12th

Sept. 18th, 1912.

Otis Keigler and Mr. Singleton had four cows killed by lightning last week.

W. A. Yates and family returned from Howard and Dawson counties after spending several days visiting friends and relatives.

Mr. Yates said Lynn county was far ahead with crops water and grass. His tank has more water in it than it has ever had.

G. W. Hickerson made a business trip to Tahoka Saturday.

Terry Noble passed through yesterday with his new machine.

Mrs. Keigler spent Tuesday with Mrs. Marshall.

Mr. Keigler has seen Tahoka this week.

Mr. Dan McDonald, of Pride, passed through our community Monday to Tahoka.

Mr. S. W. Joplin was in Tahoka Monday.

BEAVER.

Cultivator sweeps from 6 to 16 inches already sharpened at the Tahoka Blacksmith Shop, north of the square. 43-1f

Let McGill's Drug Store have your watches for repairs. 3-1t

The Tahoka cotton gin has turned out 22 bales this season.

Another shipment of Millinery expected next week. 3-1t

Miss B. Madison.

Miss Ruby Black is at home with the folks for a couple of weeks.

Dr. McCoy has been in Brownfield for a couple of weeks attending to Dr. Ellis' patients while he is away on a trip.

As Per Custom, Little James had been imparting to the minister the important and cheerful information that his father had got a new set of false teeth. "Indeed," James, replied the minister, indignantly. "And what will he do with the old set?" "Oh, I s'pose," replied little James, "they'll cut 'em down and make me wear 'em."

HE LOST HIS JOB.

"Woodrow Wilson," said a Princeton man, "often illustrates with a story the chief drawback of school teaching."

"This drawback is an arbitrary tone, a tone of command, due to the constant ordering about of the young. Dr. Wilson's story is about a youth, an ex-teacher, who got a clerkship in a bank. The youth happened to look up from his work one day, and saw the president dreaming at his desk. Thereupon, forgetting that he was a bank clerk and not a school teacher now, he whacked the counter with his fist and shouted at his chief in a voice of thunder: "Say, you, get on with your work!"

millions of people who live in our cities. The very lives of the latter depend on the farmers—the producers of the necessities of life. The most superficial investigation of this subject will clearly prove that good roads are more important to the consumers than they are to the producers of the country.

The fathers of the republic wisely recognized the importance of this question. Washington and Jefferson advocated good roads and projected the construction of a great highway from the capital to the Mississippi valley. The far-seeing statesmen of the early days of our national existence championed and passed measures to better the means of transportation. They knew that of all human agencies the one which has done most for civilization has been the building of good roads—the bridging of distances, the shortening of time—in the facility of communication. They realized the necessity of good roads, how important they were to the country, to its growth and its development; and to mankind, morally, physically, intellectually and industrially.

WILLIAM SULZER.

Fine Rain Sept. 12th

Thursday night of last week a nice slow falling rain fell in the larger part of Lynn county, followed by several days of cold, damp weather. Early this Friday, morning a cold norther blew up, and at 11:00 o'clock a. m. a heavy bank of cloud is rapidly rising in the north.

H. P. French, of the north-west part of the county, reported a splendid rain at his place, Thursday night of last week.

More water is reported to be in the double lakes than there has been for some time.

Mr. Hamlet, of four miles this side of Meadow, reported two very heavy rains Thursday afternoon and night of last week.

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

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.

The ladies are invited to call at the Millinery Store on the west side of the square and inspect my complete stock of fall and winter hats.—Miss Cryte Wright. 3-1t

Miss Ammie McLarry, of Lubbock, came in Wednesday afternoon to visit Mrs. R. J. Roberts.

Picture framing done at the McGill Drug Store. 3-1t

"Isn't it queer how many apparently sensible people fall for these ridiculous Oriental cults and religions?"

"I don't know about that. Isn't it quite usual to find people, young parents especially, given to son-worship?"

KILLED BY ENGLISH SPARROW.

One of the most peculiar deaths ever chronicled occurred recently in Huron, West Virginia. A prosperous farmer, who owned and operated a farm of 117 acres near that place, was the victim and two fighting English sparrows were the unusual cause of his death. The man was sitting, asleep, in a large old-fashioned hickory rocking chair on the front porch of his house with his head tilted back. Suddenly the sparrows, which had been fighting in midair, swooped violently across the porch and either a beak or a talon of one caught in the flesh of the sleeping man's neck, tearing a large, jagged wound and cutting the jugular vein. By the time the unfortunate man's wife came to the porch from the kitchen her husband lay unconscious on the floor. Efforts to check the flow of blood were futile.

WANTED HIM TO BE RIGHT.

Bank Director—I am surprised, sir, to learn that you drop into our bank every day and whisper tips to our cashier. Don't you know the information must be a great temptation to him to use the bank funds to speculate with?

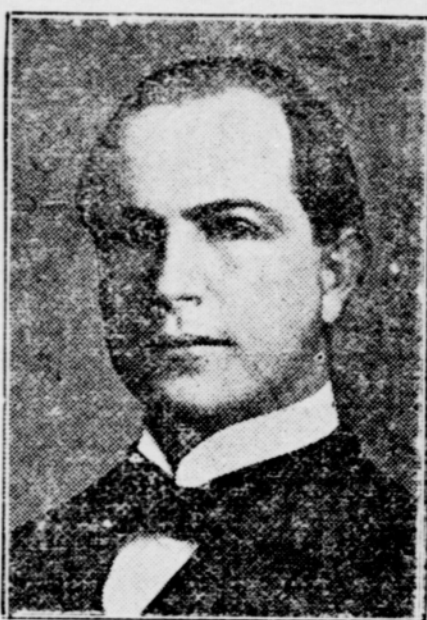
Wealthy Broker—Yes.

"And yet you are a heavy stockholder in our bank."

"Just so."

"Then, in the name of common sense, what is your motive?"

"Well, the fact is, I don't know whether your cashier is honest or not, but if he isn't honest, and if he does use the bank funds to speculate with, I want him to keep on the right side of the market. See?"



HON. EARLE B. MAYFIELD.

Meridian, Texas, September 13.

Hon. Earle B. Mayfield, successful candidate for Railroad Commissioner, who made his campaign on a platform of "more railroads and better service" and who has incessantly preached a gospel of "live and let live" and who brings to the Railroad Commission a spirit of progress, a disposition of fairness, a desire to co-operate and a restless energy much needed in the work of that department of government.

He is entering the Commission at the most trying time in its existence. Construction work is at a standstill and can hardly be stimulated by unreasonable bonuses: a pending car famine of mammoth proportions is upon us; our passenger service is in need of improvement and the people have cried out to the Commission through the State Democratic convention for relief. The services of Mr. Mayfield will be valuable to the Commission in modernizing its methods and adjusting its policies to Twentieth Century conditions.

Mr. Mayfield served six years in the State Senate and is a present member of that body. His faithfulness, fidelity and ability have won for him leadership in the Senate and merited the promotion he has received from the people.

Let McGill's Drug Store have your watches for repairs. 3-1t

Dr. Ponton, of Post City, was in Tahoka Tuesday on Professional business. He was accompanied by his father and mother, of Oklahoma, and Dr. Finley, of Post City, who came over to visit Dr. Turrendine who is an old friend.

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

Mrs. Charley Andrews and daughter Miss Floy, of Greenville, Texas, have been visiting in Tahoka for the past ten days as the guests of Mrs. Andrews' nieces, Mrs. Shed Weathers and Mrs. Ben King.

GREED CAUSED SNAKE'S DEATH.

A snake in search of food at East St. Kilda, near Melbourne, Australia, writes our correspondent, came upon a chicken's egg. The snake sucked in the egg, which passed towards the region of his tail in the form of an oval swelling. The snake then raised its head and, perceiving a knot-hole in the wooden henroost wall, inserted its head and the fore part of its body and swallowed a second egg.

On the approach of the owner of the henroost the snake tried to retire, but the second egg would not pass through the knot-hole, and when he tried to advance the egg in his tail equally impeded his progress. Thus "egg-bound" at both ends, the reptile fell a victim to its own greed.

The Meeting at the Court House.

Every member and friend of the Church of Christ is earnestly requested to be with us at the services each night and at 11:00 o'clock on Sunday, from Sept 21st to 29th inclusive. Bring your children and your neighbors with you. We will treat all kindly, and will do our utmost to benefit each and all. We will not ask you for a cent of money, but do ask your presence and influence for the meeting. A Question Box will be provided, and all sorts of Bible questions will be answered to the best of our knowledge and ability. We do not know it all, by any means, but will gladly tell you what we do know. Bring on your questions. None are excluded from this privilege. Yours for meeting.

S. A. Ribble, Minister.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Milliken, Saturday morning, September 14th, a daughter.

Picture framing done at the McGill Drug Store. 3-1t

Mr. Mayfield, of Ranger Lake, New Mexico, has been in Lynn county for several days on business. He has been stopping with his brother-in-law Oscar King.

Mr. Millman is on the sick list this week. He is suffering from an acute attack of rheumatism.

DISCARDED DOLL IS POPULAR

Head of Famous Toy Department Says Little Girls of Today Yearn for Old Playthings.

The doll, long discarded by the juvenile matrons of the nursery, is being rehabilitated.

Whatever the attraction of the soft, woolly and flexible golliwog or zoo playmates, none of them could yield that intimate soul companionship obtainable from the human doll.

The head of a famous toy department says that the arms of the little girls of today are being stretched out eagerly towards dolls of all ages and sizes, so long as they have human characteristics.

The up-to-date child, like its elders, has a craving for verisimilitude in all things, and this is exemplified in the strong reaction setting in against the various distorted and fantastic creations so popular of late. The doll is coming into its own again, in proportion as it becomes more real.

High born dolls, with all the appurtenances of wealth and fashion, are still to the fore, but are less favored than the little school girl doll with its satchel and pinafore, which is a veritable comrade and confidant.

The rising tide of dolls will be at its flood in March, when a great doll exhibition will be held in Brussels under the patronage of Queen Elizabeth of Belgium.

NO WAY OUT.

"It's easy enough to show Spartan composure on other people's behalf," said, in a Fourth of July address, Mayor Thomas Tisdeman of Savannah.

"You're heard, perhaps, of the two Hessian soldiers under Cornwallis during the revolution. These men were acting as scouts in a swampy forest: They got separated, and, an hour later, one came upon the other up to his chin in a bog of quicksand.

"Ach, Hans, Hans, how am I to get out of this? the poor fellow shrieked in fear and anguish.

"I don't think you can get out of it," the other answered with true Spartan calm."

DIFFERENT WITH A WOMAN.

"The flower never cares," says one of the philosophers, "who shall inhale its fragrance."

It is different with a woman who is wearing an expensive new hat. She is particularly anxious to have it seen by women who can't understand how she is able to afford such things.



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

That's right Bro. Herald. First keep in repair the roads you now have, and then open up new ones. And the Tahoka road is the most important road in Terry county.

There's one good reason why every socialist should be a prohibitionist. You can separate the brewery trust from more of their coin with a prohibition election than by any other known process.

THE DIFFERENCE.

When the people attack the oil trust through the courts, they advance the price of oil. When the people attack the beer trust with a

PROFESSIONAL

Dr. E. H. INMON,
 Dr. L. E. TURRENTINE,
 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. BACHELOB
 Dentist
 Will be in Tahoka third Thursday, Friday and Saturday in each month

Drs. HUTCHINSON & PLEBLER
 Practice Limited to Diseases of the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat
 Lubbock, Texas

DOCTORS
 Adkisson & Mille
 Special attention to chronic diseases, and X-Ray--cancers cured.
 Merkel, Texas

prohibition election, they give away free beer.

While we are building and laying out new roads let's not overlook the importance of keeping the old ones in passable shape. As there has been some mighty big rains this season on the Tahoka road, and water has stood over it several times in places, freighters report that the road is in deep ruts and has been washed down in places, on account of never being settled. It will not cost much now to repair these places and keep them in good shape for the heavy fall traffic. Remember a stitch in time saves nine.—Terry County Herald.

America's Greatest Weekly, The TOLEDO BLADE

The Best Known Newspaper in the United States.
 Circulation 240,000. Popular in Every State.

No Whiskey Advertising.
 The seventy-eighth year of its existence finds the Toledo Blade more popular than at any period during its long and successful career. It is read each week by more than a million people. The Blake's field is national and it goes into every state and territory in the United States, thereby giving it an unquestionable right of claiming to be the greatest national weekly newspaper published in America.

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

Good Advice On Advertising.

Don't worry; don't over buy; don't over advertise.

Do not generalize in advertising, state something definite.

A good friend is a splendid advertisement. Make friends.

Truthfulness in advertising will give you a prestige not to be shaken in the hour of need.

Large bold type, artistically arranged, attracts the eye, and attention is the very thing you seek.

He who has misgivings as to the finish will never start anything. This applies particularly to advertising.

Lukewarm arguments in an advertisement, like lukewarm water in a boiler, are poor materials to make a record on.

Salesmanship is selling goods at a profit. After all has been said, good advertising is nothing more than good salesmanship.

The convinced customer is the one made through advertising. He sticks. The induced customer looks for your rival's samples.

A SAFE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

A Mild Vegetable Medicine for the Liver That is Free From the Dangers of the Powerful Chemical, Calomel.

The McGill Drug Store has a mild, vegetable remedy that successfully takes the place of the powerful mineral drug calomel, the old-fashioned liver medicine. This remedy is Dodson's Liver-Tone, a very pleasant tasted liquid that gives quick but gentle relief from constipation without the bad after-effects which so often follow taking calomel.

Dodson's Liver-Tone is fully guaranteed to be a perfect substitute for calomel, and if you buy a bottle and it does not entirely satisfy you, McGill's Drug Store will promptly give you your money back upon request.

It is fine for both children and grown-up people. 3-29

THE IDEA.

"Why do they put so many planks in a political platform, dear?"
 "I guess it's just to lumber things up."

COULD BEAT BOTH



Askitt—Are you going to take a talking machine with you when you go to the country on your vacation?
 Wise—Yes.
 Askitt—A graphophone or gramophone?
 Wise—Neither. My wife.

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

The First National Bank

Of Tahoka, Texas

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits \$33,000.00

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

HIGGINBOTHAM---HARRIS CO.

Want to figure your bill for Lumber, Sash, Doors, Shingles, moulding, Eclipse Windmills, Stock Tower, Piping and Fittings of all kinds, Lime, Brick, Cement, Posts and Wire.

Geo. Small, Manager

TWO BLOKS EAST OF SQUARE

TAHOKA, Lynn county, TEXAS

Hints to Business Builders.

Keep down expenses but do not be stingy.

Date lines have no commercial value unless they show development or progress.

Good roads, good crops, good water are three things necessary in the march of progress.

The prime object of trades excursions is to promote good will between towns and individuals.

Start something. After a man starts a thing he can generally find something to do and a way to do it.

Reach out for new trade fields. Keep out of a rut. The only difference between a rut and a grave is the dimensions.

Use more system in your business. System in business, system in advertising, system in city building, all lead to success.

Individualize your goods with quality. Identify your goods with a mark of distinction. Then teach your customers to look for the mark.

DIDN'T HELP HIM



Restaurant Proprietor—We make our own ice cream. Consequently we know just what it contains.
 The Patron—You do, but I don't.

Couldn't Walk!

"I used to be troubled with a weakness peculiar to women," writes Mrs. Anna Jones, of Kenny, Ill. "For nearly a year, I could not walk, without holding my sides. I tried several different doctors, but I grew worse. Finally, our druggist advised Cardui for my complaint. I was so thin, my weight was 115. Now, I weigh 163, and I am never sick. I ride horseback as good as ever. I am in fine health at 52 years."

TAKE The CARDUI Woman's Tonic

We have thousands of such letters, and more are arriving daily. Such earnest testimony from those who have tried it, surely proves the great value of this vegetable, tonic medicine, for women. Cardui relieves women's sufferings, and builds weak women up to health and strength. If you are a woman, give it a trial. It should help you, for it has helped a million others. It is made from pure, harmless, herb ingredients, which act promptly and surely on the womanly organs. It is a good tonic. Try it! Your druggist sells it.

Write to: Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions, and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent free. 138

I Am A Candidate

For The Trade

If you want dry goods and fresh groceries and notions, ladies skirts, hats and hosiery, racket goods, shoes and candy, hardware and perfumes, tobacco and chewing gum, windmill oil and screw worm medicine, axle grease, tablets and fruit jars call on CARTER BROS. or phone 16 N.D. Goree, Mgr.

Tahoka Blacksmith Shop

H. G. Smith, Mgr.

Let Us Make Your Plow Points To Order As They Will Last Longer Than The Ones You Buy.
 ALL WORK GUARANTEED
 Bring In Your Points Now And Do Not Wait Till You Need Them To Have Them Fixed Up

Don't keep it; Sell it-Grain, Hay, Coal & Salt-Bigham & Snider

North of Square, Tahoka, Texas

The Yellow Letter

by William Johnston
Illustrations by V.L. Barnes

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THE BOBBY HERRILL COMPANY

(Continued)
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, a sailor 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.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER XV—Young is shackled and bound, with morphine just out of his reach. In an attempt to make him confess and give up the papers.

least there would be no harm in trying.

I entered the room where Young was, and, approaching his couch, laid my hand on his shoulder, he had been lying there with his eyes closed, and the mere touch of my hand so jolted his shattered nerves that his whole body bounded to the limit of his bonds. His tightened lips showed how difficult it was for him to suppress a scream.

"Look here, Young," said I, "I've come to you as a friend to tell you just how the land lies. Rouser is dead and the inspector has possession of all his papers. He knows everything about the yellow letters."

An evil smile was Young's only answer—the cunning leer of the man who scents a trick.

"There are stacks and stacks of evidence against you. We have the list of people to whom Rouser sent letters."

"Damn your evidence!" he sneered. "You may have evidence against that fool Rouser, but you've nothing on me. If the inspector, as you call him, had evidence enough to convict me, do you suppose he'd have me tied up here? He hasn't a bit of evidence against me. He never will have. Reach me that medicine."

He jerked his head in the direction of the morphine that lay so tantalizingly near. There was something in his voice, some indefinable power of persuasiveness that almost influenced me to do what he asked. Involuntarily my hand went out to the bottle containing the solution, but I caught myself in time.

"Go on, hand it to me," he begged. "Can't you see how I need it? Give it to me and I'll tell you anything you want to know."

"Tell me first," said I, "and you can have it."

"I can't talk, I can't think," he cried, "till I get it. You can see for yourself how shaky I am."

I could see for myself that he was suffering the torture of the damned. Every muscle in his body seemed to be jerking involuntarily, doubling itself into little hungry knots that joined his aching nerves in the shrill clamor for morphine—morphine.

"Give me just one dose," he pleaded, "and I'll tell you anything, everything you want to know. I'll die if I don't get it."

So pitiable was his condition that I found myself sympathizing with him in spite of myself. My eyes followed his glance to the chair near the couch, where, beside the hypodermic syringe and the morphine, Davis, as if to accentuate the torture of his fetters, had placed the key that unlocked them. I would not have known how to administer the morphine, even if I had wished to do so, and besides, I had a strong aversion to drugging a fellow-man, but as I saw the key there, I thought of a solution.

"Of course."
"What was in them?"
"That's just what I've got to find out from Young," said Davis, and in another minute he was fast asleep.
As I saw Davis lying there a new thought came to me. If he could extract the information he wanted from Young, what was to hinder me from doing it? Surely our prisoner by now had seen the hopelessness of his position and would be ready to talk. At

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"If I unlock the fetters on your arms," said I, "so that you can reach the morphine, will you promise me to answer my question?"

"I'll promise on my word of honor to answer every question you ask," he replied, an eager light coming into his eyes.

"I swear it—on my mother's honor." Thinking how amazed Davis would be when he awoke to learn that I had the prisoner's full confession, I reached for the key. Young turned over as far as he could to permit me to unlock the fetters.

Then, quick as lightning, as the steel fell away from his wrists, his hands shot out and clutched my neck with maniac strength. I felt my eyes bulge, my lungs fill to bursting. I put forth my hands to try to shake off his grip, but I felt my strength fast failing.

Athletically inclined though I have always been, and matched though I was against a drug-weakened wretch with fettered feet, I found myself no equal for his maniacal desperation. Back and forth over the couch we swayed in a silent death-struggle, my cut-off breath all the while pounding unpurged through my bursting lungs, my brain turning weak, and my sight growing dim. I was beaten. I knew I could hold out but a few seconds longer. I saw nothing ahead of me but death—strangled to death by a drug fiend.

There passed through my mind in my struggles a vivid picture of what was about to happen. Young would silently choke me to death. Silently he would hobble with his fettered feet to where Davis lay in the lean-to sound asleep and brain him with a blow. He would cast off his fetters and long before the constable would return to find our bodies would make his escape on Rouser's bicycle. The mystery of the yellow letters never would be explained. Poor Louise—

Young's hands fell from my throat and I staggered back gasping for breath. I thought at first that the strain had been too much for his drug-racked body, but soon I saw what had happened. His muscles had not weakened, but his will. Standing over him was Davis with a revolver pointed at his head. Even before I had recovered myself Davis had the fetters readjusted and the rope passed through them.

Our lives were saved. The mystery might yet be solved, despite my foolhardiness. I turned to the inspector to express my gratitude, but dropping the key of the shackles on the chair where it had been before, he flung himself down on the floor to resume his interrupted sleep.

As soon as my aching throat would permit me to speak I began making abject apologies for my foolhardy conduct and trying to express my thanks, but he would not listen to me.

"I guess you'll guard him safely enough now," he said, and once more was fast asleep.

With something of the feeling of a chastised school-boy who knows he deserved far more than he got, I sat down beside the couch and for four long hours watched the struggles and heard the curses and listened to the entreaties of the drug-mad prisoner.

But now I had no sympathy left for him.

CHAPTER XVI.
The Forty-Ninth Hour.

Two days—two unforgettable days—we passed there in the hut, Davis and I and our self-tortured prisoner. Each day the constable came and went, the first day to tell us that the inspector's plan for disposing of the postmaster's body had been successful and that no suspicion had been aroused. The second day a pleasant mission brought him to deliver telegrams from Crandall and Louise that all was well, that the general was slowly improving and that Katharine was recovering rapidly.

And all the while Young lay there bound, defying us, now cursing, now pleading, now in brilliant phrases striving to convince us by logical arguments so deft, so forceful, so cunning that a weaker and less wise man than Davis might have been convinced by them.

His logic falling he would turn to merciless invective and ribald threats, his penetrating voice making the whole hut hideous as he prophesied for us both grotesque horrible deaths, brain-breaking punishments in this world and the next. Then, overcome more by the intensity of his unsatisfied desire for the drug that had long been his master, he would moan and plead and weep for morphine. At times delusions would seize his brain. By the hour he would rave of beautiful cities and wonderfully fair women and pleasant pastimes. Majestic lines of poetry would flow from his fevered lips, to end in a shriek of agony as his quivering, knotted muscles all but tore his nerves apart. Again the weird morphine fantasies would take hold of him and a rush of horrible grotesque ribaldries would foul the air.

At times he dozed, moaning in agony even in his sleep. Three times a day we offered him food, and once or twice he took a little water, but the one thing only he craved, the one thing he hungered and thirsted for was morphine, and that Davis would not let him have, though all the while it lay there almost within his reach, where he could see it.

And still he defied us.

But after forty-eight hours of this terrible torture nature would be put off no longer. She demanded rest. Young had sunk into a troubled, uneasy sleep about seven in the morning. Davis and I, having spelled each other as guards during the night, sat talking about our prisoner. I happened to remark that it was a pity that capital punishment could not remove such criminals as Young from the earth. The inspector, in spite of the rigorous way he had kept up the torture, seemed to have strong sympathy for Young.

"I don't believe in capital punishment at all," he said explosively. "Our whole system is wrong. It took us a good many centuries to discover that insane persons didn't need prisons, but doctored. They just can't help being criminals. Stand behind a line of prisoners as they march in to breakfast in the penitentiary. Not one of them will have a normal head. Is that their fault? It is the fault of society. It's our fault. This poor devil here, his father a drug fiend and his mother drinking herself into insanity, what chance did he have? Yet who knows, some day this marvelous new surgery may be able to take the children of even such parents as his were, reshape their skulls and make them honest, useful citizens."

There was a stir on the couch and Young opened his eyes. The fire of the drug-madness and the look of hate seemed to have vanished.

"I give up," he said. "I can't stand the strain any longer. I'll tell you anything you want to know."

He spoke quietly and calmly. Yet there was something in his voice that rang true. I felt that this time he meant what he said. Apparently Davis, too, realized that at last Young's spirit was broken. Without hesitation, he seized the hypodermic syringe and plunged it into Young's arm. The prisoner breathed a long sigh of relief. The color came back into his face and strength to his voice. His muscles stopped twitching.

"Now," said Davis gently, "where are the yellow letters hid?"

"In a tin-box under a flat stone near the spring," Young replied.

"Which stone?"

"It's the third from the spring coming this way."

Davis was up like a shot and out the door, reappearing quickly with an ordinary document box.

"And the Farrish papers—where are they?" he asked sharply.

"They are in the box, too," said Young wearily. "May I have another shot?"

Davis studied his face and felt his pulse and then reached for the syringe.

"Where's the key?" he asked as he finished administering the morphine.

"In my left trousers' pocket," Young answered apathetically.

Quickly Davis possessed himself of the key and opened the box. In the top tray were perhaps fifty letters,

type-written on yellow paper, with a blank left for the name to be filled in. Without stopping to read the letters, which seemed to be all after the same form, Davis lifted the tray. In the bottom of the box was a type-written list of names and a bulky sealed legal envelope, marked on the outside "Papers in the Farrish case."

"Here, Kent," said Davis, handing me the envelope, "take charge of these and give them to Miss Louise or Miss Katharine. You're entitled to that."

Joyfully I stowed the envelope in my breast pocket, my heart bounding at the thought of the relief that of the package would bring to the Farrish family. But as yet the whole affair was a blind puzzle to me and I waited eagerly for further developments.

"Now, Young," said the inspector, "tell me all about your scheme."

"If the damn thieves hadn't been such cowards as to go and kill themselves," said Young with a glow of enthusiasm, "I would have been a millionaire within a year. Read one of the letters and you can see for yourself just how good the scheme was."

Lifting the topmost sheet the inspector read the yellow letter aloud:

Lock Box 17,
Ardway, N. J., Feb. 8, 1910.

Dear Sir:

I am writing to you in pursuance of my duty as executor of the late Edwin Green, who died here recently, leaving his entire estate, amounting to some \$80,000, in my hands for what he was pleased to term a "Defaulters' Fund."

I can best explain its purpose by briefly summarizing the founder's life. In his early youth Mr. Green was employed for a short time in a bank in a small city in



"Take Charge of These and Give Them to Miss Louise or Miss Katharine."

another state. Becoming involved in speculation he used several hundred dollars of the bank's funds. He had no relatives but a sister, to whom he knew it was useless to apply for aid. As discovery seemed inevitable he was contemplating suicide, seeing nothing but prison and disgrace ahead of him. But an old friend of his father, who entirely by accident learned of his plight, advanced him the money he needed to make good his defalcation, exacting from him a promise that he would help others in similar plight whenever he had opportunity.

His subsequent life was of the highest repute. Though he amassed a fortune he never found opportunity to aid any one in a plight similar to the one in which he once found himself. It became almost a mania with him and resulted in his leaving his entire fortune to aid first

offenders in turning back into the right path.

I know of no way of reaching the persons he intended to aid. I am sending out this letter to persons employed in banks and positions of trust, hoping that you or others who receive it may know of some man, young or old, who has made the first misstep and is wrongfully using funds belonging to others, but is desirous of making good his peculations. If you should know of any such I will gladly make good his defalcation and endeavor to save him from exposure, disgrace and imprisonment, asking only his word that he will not err again, for Mr. Green, in the deed of trust, expressly specifies that this is the only security to be exacted. I am, sir,

Very truly yours,
HENRY MALCOLM STEWART.

As Davis finished reading the letter I took it from his hand and carefully reread it. There could be no doubt that it was the same in form as the scrap Louise and I had found. As I scanned the lines, the words at the beginning of each, from the seventh on to the thirteenth, were the same as those over which we had racked our brains. The context now made them plain enough, but still I failed to see what deadly import the letter had or what sinister meaning it should drive its recipients to desperation and suicide. Surely on its face it appeared to present the harmless whim of an old man's slightly unbalanced brain. I turned to Davis for an explanation.

"An ingenious letter," Davis was saying. "And they fell for it!"

A look of pride came into the prisoner's face.

"Wasn't it great," he exclaimed. "Why, they ate it up like hot cakes!"

"Just plain blackmail," said the inspector.

"No, indeed—fancy blackmail," said Young indignantly. "They never had it dished up to them quite in this way before. I insist, if I've got to go to jail for it, on at least receiving credit for a new criminal invention."

"I fail to see," I interrupted, "just how the letter was a criminal one or why it should have bothered any one."

"I'm afraid you will never make a good detective," said the inspector playfully. "Don't you see how it worked? Young devised this letter. He needed the co-operation of some one in the post office to send it out without arousing suspicion. He tried yellow letters first on General Farrish to test the terrifying effects. Satisfied that his yellow letter plan would bring results, he recalled his acquaintance with Rouser, whom he knew to be weak and easily led. He returned to Ardway—his old home—and found it child's play to enlist Rouser's services. It was part of his general scheme for Rouser to send and receive all the mail through a lock box with a false name. His object in this was to enable him, in case the postal or police authorities got on his trail, to have all the documentary evidence point to Rouser alone. Before his connection with the letters could be established he could make his escape with the money the letters brought in."

"I still don't see," I protested, "how these letters could bring in money. They read exactly the opposite. They promise to give away money."

"That's the cleverest thing about it," the inspector said, and Young's malevolent eyes glistened at this tribute. "Can't you see how it worked? Young and Rouser, from tax

(Continued on last page)

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The YELLOW LETTER

BY
WILLIAM JOHNSTON
Illustrations
BY
V. L. BARNES

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Lists, bank directories, from telephone books—from a variety of sources—compiled a list of persons employed in positions of trust and began sending out these yellow letters broadcast. If one of these should reach an honest bank employe or cashier, the conspirators figured that he would look at it and "hear it up." But suppose one of them fell into the hands of a man who was guilty of peculations of some sort. Suppose, for instance, old Andrew Elser, when his law business had failed him, had begun to speculate with the funds belonging to the boy for whom he was guardian. His speculations are unfortunate. He plunges and loses still more. He becomes desperate. He sees no way of replacing the money he has stolen. It seems certain that his crime will be discovered and that he will be disgraced. He can not sleep nights. His brain, constantly agitated by fear and worry, will not permit him to rest. His judgment, never acute, or his would not have become a thief, becomes more and more unbalanced. Then one day this yellow letter comes. It reads convincingly. It promises immediate aid. It pledges secrecy. At last he sees an honorable way out. He hastens to send a reply to Lock Box No. 17, Ardway, N. J., as directed. Can't you imagine what happens then? Young communicates with him at once. You used the telephone, didn't you?"

whom she made her home," said the inspector.

"Damn her," said Young bitterly, "it was she who queered the whole game. We tackled her brother for five hundred and it came so easily we decided to make another try. The weak-kneed old thief, in his terror of us, told his sister all about it. She insisted on coming down here. She saw Rouser and tried to find the signer of the letter. Rouser denied knowing him. She was a wise old creature and pointed out that as postmaster he must know who got the mail. Her suspicion of Rouser scared him stiff. He wanted to give her the money back, but at first I wouldn't hear to it. She was threatening to commit suicide if we didn't. He was so scared that I finally consented to let him square her. I wanted to use him still further and wasn't ready to have him get cold feet. I gave him the money, and he went to the hotel late in the afternoon to see the old girl. He slipped up to her room and found her hanging there. It gave him such a shock that he dashed back to the post office, grabbed his bicycle and hustled out here as fast as he could come, where I was waiting to meet Katharine Farrish."

With difficulty I suppressed an exclamation of astonishment. I could not doubt that he was telling the truth, for his story dovetailed so well with what Louise had told me. Yet it seemed impossible to believe, it surely was preposterous to imagine that General Farrish, wealthy and honorable as he was, could have been a thief. I refused to believe it.



"Burn Them, Hugh; Burn Them at Once!"

I decided to demand an explanation from Young of why he had sought a meeting with Katharine.

"It's too bad Rouser was so easily frightened," Davis was saying sarcastically. "He was so scared that he left behind in the cash drawer five thousand he had just received from Henry Eberle."

"The accursed fool!" screamed Young in a frenzy of rage that he had failed to get his hands on this bit of plunder. "The sneak didn't tell me that. All he said was that Dora Hastings, who was a restaurant cashier, had insisted that it was utterly impossible for her to pay up. The dirty, damned sneak!"

In a fit of madness he cursed and cursed again his dead associate, foul oaths rolling in streams from his parched lips. Anxiously I waited for his fury to subside to ask him about

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We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

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Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Sheriff's Sale

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

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

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

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Katharine and Hugh Crandall. It seemed a desecration of her womanhood to mention Katharine's name in the presence of such a man, so as he subsided I merely asked: "But what about Hugh Crandall?"

"Damn him," he cried, "that was another of my mistakes! I knew Crandall in college. When I got the goods on old Farrish I thought I could rely on Crandall to help me to turn the trick. I didn't know he was in love with the daughter. When I told him about it he refused to have anything to do with it and rushed off and squealed to the general. Much thanks he got for it! The haughty old general ordered him out of the house and wouldn't let the daughter have anything more to do with him. I tried then to get him in on the scheme, but it was no go. For weeks he kept trying to worm my secret from me. I fired yellow letter after yellow letter at the general, but he kept defying me, and all the while Crandall kept after me to make me give up the papers. I was afraid I'd weaken. There are times the dope gets me and I hardly know what I'm doing, so I vanished. It struck me that if the general wouldn't come across maybe the daughter would. I put it up to Crandall and we arranged a meeting. I was to put the papers in her hands and she was to pay over the money. I slipped up on the first appointment and I guess you must have spoiled the second."

I still was puzzled. What could be the terrible mystery in proud old General Farrish's life that gave this miscreant such a hold on him? It was beyond my imagination to conjecture, so I put the question bluntly to the prisoner.

"Why ask me?" he snarled. "You've got the whole thing—every paper bearing on it in your pocket there."

Quickly I snatched the envelope from my pocket and was about to rip it open. At last I was to know the secret that had brought such unhappiness into the life of Louise. At last the mystery was to be cleared up. But just as my thumb went rudely under the flap, Davis laid a restraining hand on my arm.

"Wait," he said gently. "Would it not be just as well to deliver that envelope to Katharine just as it is? The fewer people know its contents the less unhappiness there will need

to be." Slowly and thoughtfully I put the envelope back in my pocket. Davis was right. I was beginning to think he was always right.

CHAPTER XVII.

The End of the Mystery. With one of the conspirators lying in the undertaking shop of Miller-vale and the other safe behind the prison bars in Ardway, the documentary evidence against him in our possession reinforced by his full confession signed and witnessed, Inspector Davis and I that same afternoon hastened back to New York, where, it can be imagined, I lost no time in reaching the Farrish home.

As we waited for the train I had telephoned Louise and she was expecting me. She met me in the lower hall. One glance at my radiant face told her that our mission had been successful and she flung herself into my arms while I rained happy kisses on her lips, her cheeks, her glorious hair. But thoughtful ever of others, even in such a moment of ecstasy, she gently unclasped my arms and whispered: "The papers—did you get them?"

A little cry of joy came from her lips as I handed her the envelope. "Come," she cried jubilantly, "let's take it to Katharine at once! The sight of it will do more to cure her than all the doctors in the world."

Together we hastened to Katharine's room, where we found her sitting up in bed, much stronger than when I had last seen her, though a nurse was still in attendance. Hugh Crandall was seated in a chair beside the bed. The joy I read in the faces of Katharine and Crandall as Louise handed her sister the envelope was reward enough for all I had gone through since I had set out to solve the mystery.

Frantically Katharine tore open the envelope and inspected three documents it contained.

"They are all here," she exclaimed with a sigh of relief as she passed them to Crandall.

"Yes," echoed Crandall happily, "they are all here."

"Burn them, Hugh; burn them at once," she demanded.

Crandall, gathering them up with the envelope in which they had been encased, crossed to the grate where a cheerful fire was burning and one by one fed the documents to the flames, watching carefully to see that every fragment was destroyed.

That was three months ago. Louise and I are married now and Katharine and Hugh are on their honeymoon, too, taking a six months' European trip. Though we never mention the mystery of the yellow letters in the presence of our wives, for it recalls too many sad memories unnecessarily, my new brother-in-law and I had a good laugh the night before I married Louise. As I at first suspected him of being one of the conspirators, so it seems he had suspected me. It was he who peered into the post office that night as I was examining the books by the light of my electric lantern. He knew that Young had an associate and was trying to find him. I had to admit that my conduct in Ardway fully justified Crandall's suspicions of me, and he realizes that I was justified in suspecting him.

The mystery of the disappearance of the yellow fragments that had given us the first clue is a mystery no longer. It merely had slipped behind the drawer in which Louise had put it. Aleck Young is serving a well-deserved sentence of fourteen years, as nonchalantly, I presume, as he underwent his trial. So long as prison-keepers can be bribed to keep him supplied with his beloved drug, I doubt if he bothers over his lack of freedom. Sometimes I think his punishment falls far short when I recall all the misery and suffering he caused, yet my new-found happiness has softened my view of life. I find myself wondering whether after all Inspector Davis is not right when he says that criminals, even the worst of them, should be treated as sick children, to be cured, rather than as bad children, to be punished. I can not help but feel that the parents of Young were far more to blame for his crime than he.

As for General Farrish, he died three weeks after Young's arrest. Before the end he regained his faculties sufficiently to understand that the papers that had menaced his peace and reputation had been destroyed. In his last hour he put Katharine's hand into Hugh Crandall's.

What was in the documents that Katharine and Hugh Crandall burned? What was the secret with which Young threatened him for months and months?

I do not know.

Louise does not know.

We never discuss it even among ourselves. It is better so. Only Katharine and Hugh Crandall and a poor drug sot in a distant cell know that those papers were. I might conjecture if I cared, and what would be the use? After General Farrish's death it came out that his vast estate had shrunk to almost nothing. Unfortunate investments in his old age had swept away his fortune. He was the custodian of various trust funds. It may be that in a senile effort to recoup his losses he had misused some one else's money and Young, with his devilish ingenuity, had found it out. Certain it is that while the papers commented widely on the small estate he left, in none of them was there the slightest hint of scandal. Equally certain am I that neither

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his daughters nor his sons-in-law mean the lack of an inheritance. Louise and I, I know, have learned that happiness lies not in wealth and luxury, but in loving service each to the other.

And one thing more. Both Davis and myself have quietly withdrawn our accounts from the Million bank.

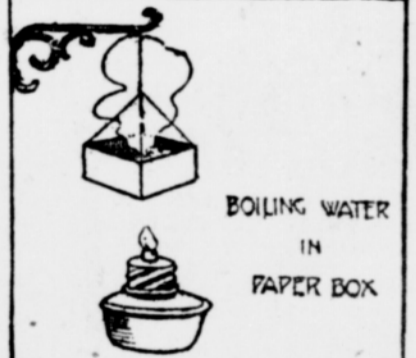
The cashier's name there is Henry Eberle.

[THE END]

WHY DOES NOT PAPER BURN?

Very Simple and Safe Experiment Will Afford Much Amusement and Set One to Thinking.

Take a piece of paper—ordinary writing paper will do—and fold it so as to make a box, and as you bring the corners round, fasten a piece of string in each corner securely. This will help to keep the corners in place and will serve to hang it with over the flame or the fire. When it is made, put some water in—the quality need only be governed by the strength of the box—hang it over a fire, and it will not be long before it will be boiling. An alcohol lamp is best because you can set it on the table and hold



Paper Will Not Burn.

the box above it, and all present may watch the proceeding. This is a very simple and safe experiment, and it will afford much amusement and set you thinking, too, how wonderful it is. What is the reason why the paper does not burn? The reason is that the heat of the flame is absorbed by the water so fast that it keeps the temperature of the paper below the point where it can take fire. Virtually the same principle is used in the biggest steam boilers. So long as there is plenty of water in the boiler the fire will not hurt it, but let the water get too low and the heat will be absorbed by the boiler and there will be an explosion.

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