

# LYNN COUNTY NEWS.

VOLUME 6, NUMBER 22.

TAHOKA, LYNN COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, JANUARY, 7, 1910

\$1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE

Mrs. H. C. CRIE, Editor

THE ONLY PAPER IN LYNN COUNTY

H. C. CRIE, Manager

## SAYS 1909 TO 1910



The Old Person—I wish you all kinds of prosperity during your term of office, bub, but I want to warn you this year's job is a fast life. In just 12 months or in about 8,760 hours, you will be wearing a long gray beard, spectacles on your nose, a seven-dollar black suit badly wrinkled, weigh

about sixty-five pounds, and carry around one of those glass thingumbobs they have in the kitchen to time the egg boiling. And some will be sorry, others glad, that you are then ready to be succeeded by another fat little infant labeled "1911."

## TO MY MOTHER.

On Her Ninety-first Birthday.  
MRS. NELLIE G. JOHNSON.

At the margin of the river  
I am waiting for the word  
That shall bid me to cross over  
To the presence of my Lord.  
One and ninety years He's given me  
Here on earth to walk with Him;  
Now my feet are growing weary,  
And my eyes are getting dim.  
But I almost see the shining  
Of the Pearly Gates so fair;  
And I seem to hear the music  
Of the Angel choirs there.  
Here I could not join the singing  
As we walked the way along;  
There the lips that here were silent  
Shall upraise triumphant song.  
Many dear ones, gone before me,  
Wait me on the other shore.  
Aged, lonely, I am waiting  
Till I too, take passage o'er.  
Lord, be still my stay and comfort,  
Here the little while I stay;  
Till my eyes, on earth-life closing,  
Open on unclouded day.

## THREE PROPOSITIONS.

Which are of More or Less Concern to Every Citizen on The Plains.

[By Don H. Biggers, Secretary Federation Newspapers and Commercial Clubs.]

This letter has not more promptly followed those preceding it on similar subjects for the reason that the writer has been engaged to the full limit of his time on other matters, and a couple of weeks may elapse before the last concluding letter of the series will be presented.

In this letter the writer shall attempt to briefly deal with at least three subjects of vital concern to the people of the Plains country just at present.

First of these is the broomcorn proposition, second the value and importance of experimental farms, and third the extensive landed interest problem and how one big concern is dealing with it.

Just now there is wide spread enthusiasm on the subject of broomcorn, and in this connection there are some things people should stop and consider in a very sensible and businesslike manner.

Broomcorn is a good money crop, no question about that, but to get this result calls for business methods. Any time the whole country goes wild over broomcorn, and every man who tackles it expects to make a fortune right now, something like a cold chill is going to run up and down somebody's spinal column when harvest time rolls around. Plant broomcorn only to the extent that you know how and have foresight enough to handle the crop, or to the extent that you can afford to experiment and acquire knowledge. There is perhaps no other crop that requires so much labor at a particular and critical time as does broomcorn.

Broomcorn is a good money crop to the extent that there is a good market, but there is at least a limit to the demand for broomcorn, and the man who handles it to best advantage must know his business. Just now three elements are to be considered in the matter of broomcorn boom. The price is now higher than it has been for years. Higher perhaps than ever before, and much higher than it will be hereafter if the crop is very materially increased. The broom manufacturer much prefer cheaper material and have enthusiastically given their support to bring about a greatly increased acreage for that means a less price. The man who with broomcorn seed for sale has

been a second and very active agent in promoting the wide spread enthusiasm, and the high price of broomcorn this season has had the usual speculative and spectacular effect on the general public. When cotton goes to fifteen cents everybody plants cotton and if the yield is great, down goes the price and if the yield is small the volume of wasted labor is incalculable, and so it is with any crop that is overdone, through enthusiasm.

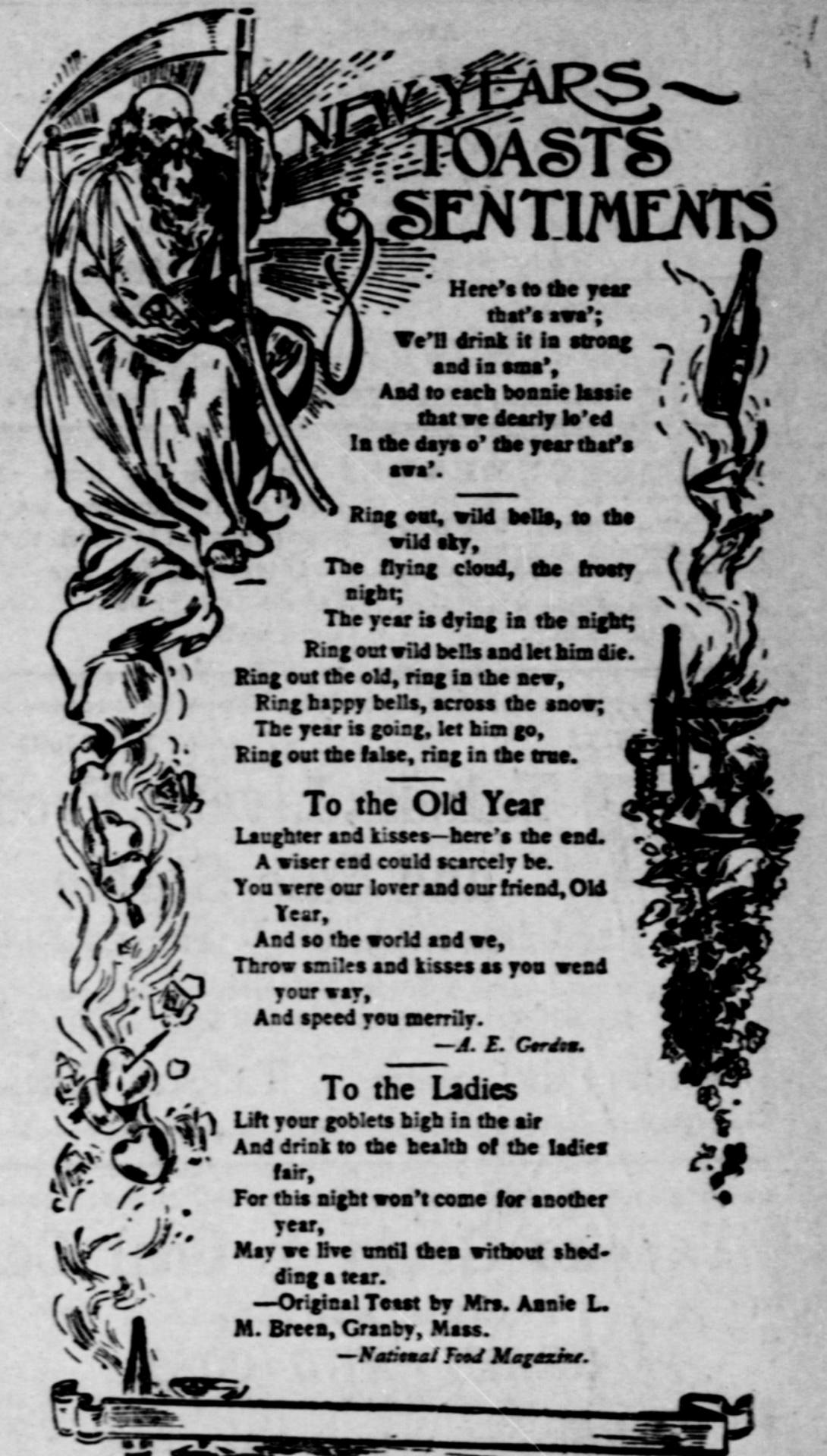
Broomcorn is a good crop and this country needs more of it. It is a reasonable profitable crop. But it requires work and lots of it, and it requires some experience. Plant a little broomcorn but don't be a fool about it. Don't think you have just discovered the secret of amassing wealth. There are a whole bunch of fellows just as chuck full of enthusiasm. A broomcorn seed agent dropped in to town the other day and had the unmitigated gall to ask me to chase around town and make spiels to the business men for him, and when respectfully declined on account of other engagements and modest repugnance, he then requested that I obligate myself and the commercial club and the federation to boost the broomcorn seed business. The gentlemen was from Oklahoma. I didn't tell him to go back home for I had in mind another place that is not reputed to be in Oklahoma.

Broomcorn is a good thing, but just now it is very much mixed up with hot air, graft and buncombe. I am not knocking the business, just delivering a few deliberate reflections on the subject. Talking to a lot of people who don't know any more about its cultivation and reasonable profits than I do. I expect to plant a small patch of it, if not this year, then next, but I am not going to go wild on the subject.

The one thing that is of special importance to the Plains country just at present is a general diversified farming development. And in this connection, demonstrations and experiments are absolutely necessary. This favorable season has had the excellent result of encouraging hundreds of people to put more land in cultivation or to put in cultivation land that has heretofore been idle. But we do not want an agricultural interest that flourishes only when the seasons are fine and prospects excellent.

Every available acre of land on the Plains should be in cultivation, and even with this fact a proper

Continued next week.



Here's to the year that's awa';  
We'll drink it in strong and in sma',  
And to each bonnie lassie that we dearly lo'ed  
In the days o' the year that's awa'.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,  
The flying cloud, the frosty night;  
The year is dying in the night;  
Ring out wild bells and let him die.  
Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
Ring happy bells, across the snow;  
The year is going, let him go,  
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

To the Old Year  
Laughter and kisses—here's the end.  
A wiser end could scarcely be.  
You were our lover and our friend, Old Year,  
And so the world and we,  
Throw smiles and kisses as you wend your way,  
And speed you merrily.  
—A. E. Gordon.

To the Ladies  
Lift your goblets high in the air  
And drink to the health of the ladies fair,  
For this night won't come for another year,  
May we live until then without shedding a tear.  
—Original Toast by Mrs. Annie L. M. Breen, Granby, Mass.  
—National Food Magazine.

## Thoughts for the New Year

We sleep, but the loom of life never stops, and the pattern which was weaving when the sun went down is weaving when it comes up in the morning.—H. W. Beecher.

We are not in this world to do what we wish, but to be willing to do that which is our duty to do.—Gounod.

It is the every days that count. They must be made to tell, or the years have failed.—W. C. Gannett.

Soberly and with clear eyes believe in your own time and place. There is not, there never has been, a better time or a better place to live in. Only with this belief can you believe in hope.—Phillips Brooks.

We may make the best of life, or we may make the worst of it, and it depends very much upon ourselves whether we extract joy or misery from it.—Smiles.

The darkest shadows of life are those which a man himself makes when he stands in his own light.—Lord Avebury.

Our life is short, but to expand that span to vast eternity is virtue's work.—Shakespeare.

The hour that is gone I cannot recall, but to-morrow I will do better than yesterday; and all to-morrows shall be better than the yesterdays. Let us leave behind our low-vaulted past.—Dyer.

Life is fruitful in the ratio in which it is laid out in noble action or patient perseverance.—Liddon.

## THE NEW YEAR'S CHOICE

It is Well to Choose Wisely for the Time That is to Come.

Once, long ago, the Lord appeared in a vision of the night to a young man with the offer, "Ask what I shall give thee." And a decisive moment was that in which the young king weighed against all others the thing which he most desired.

Centuries lie between us and the young king, Solomon, but still—and especially on each recurring New Year's—God appears to each of us with practically the same offer, "Ask what I shall give thee." And, as with him, so with every heart, there is choice of the gift. Were there an audible one, what would it be?

On each recurring New Year's, in effect, "Ask what I shall give thee."

thee." And the choice for the coming year may be our choice for all the years of life. It is by choice that men seek wealth and learning and by influence. And it is not a question of this and that, but of this or that. To choose is to decide between, to leave as well as to take. Therefore, what will be our choice for the year before us? God Himself asks the question, makes the offer.

## The Rhyme for Rachel

By Clifford Howard

(Copyright, by Shortstory Pub. Co.)

Seated in a street car, Miss Marjorie Hollis was absorbed in the latest issue of the Literary Post. It contained this week a most unusual announcement, and it was this which now occupied her attention to the exclusion of all else. The announcement read as follows:

We, the undersigned, executors under the will of a person whose name we withhold for the present, desire to announce that, in accordance with the terms of said will, the sum of \$250.00 will be paid to the first person who will submit to us a rhyme for the name Rachel. This bequest is based on the following conditions, viz.: 1. The rhyme must be a legitimate one. 2. Dialect, foreign or invented words will not be considered. 3. This offer is limited to one year, dating from December 31, 1909.

In explanation of the foregoing offer it is deemed proper to state the following facts: Among the effects of the testator above referred to is an unfinished poem addressed to a lady whose full Christian name was Fedora, Lillian Grace Lorain Hildegarde Louise Rachel. The said poem was written by the testator for the purpose of bringing into rhyme each one of the names aforementioned. He succeeded in writing six stanzas, in which the first six names were respectively introduced in accordance with his aforesaid purpose; but he was unable to complete the poem because of his failure to find a rhyme for the last name—Rachel. For certain personal reasons he provided in his will that an attempt be made, in the manner above set forth, to discover such a rhyme.

As full conditions and all necessary information are contained in the foregoing announcement, the undersigned must decline to consider any inquiries for further explanation.

DUNBURY & BORDEAU,  
Attorneys-at-Law, Washington, D. C.

Circumstances compelled Marjorie Hollis to earn her living, and against these circumstances her aristocratic and artistic soul waged constant rebellion. Her family and her acquaintances generally regarded her as a spoiled child, troubled with extravagant tastes and a lack of practical sense. On her side, she felt that she was not understood nor properly appreciated—until she met Carter Dillington.

Like herself, Mr. Dillington was poor and had literary aspirations, and Marjorie felt that in him she had at last

found a sympathetic fellow-mortal.

He accepted special invitations to the house, but rarely called of his own accord, appearing content to ride home with her in the evening. He was excessively reserved—that was one of his peculiarities—so that notwithstanding the increasing familiarity of the acquaintanceship, Marjorie knew no more of his personal affairs at the end of nine months than she did during the first week.

There was one other subject on which he was equally reticent, and that was the discussion regarding the rhyme for "Rachel." The remarkable offer in connection with this matter was a subject of unending curiosity and discussion in literary circles; but Carter Dillington pointedly avoided every allusion to it. To Marjorie, on the contrary, it was one of alluring interest.

She hesitated a long time before venturing to speak to Mr. Dillington about it. His peculiar aversion to the whole matter embarrassed her. The mere mention of the name "Rachel" disturbed him, and her occasional efforts to lead the conversation around to the subject were promptly frustrated.

Finally, however, she decided to appeal to him for help. Only one more week remained, and she beheld her dreams of wealth fading into the dull reality of drudgery. So, as he was about to take his departure after a short call on Christmas eve, she said suddenly: "If a person were to find a rhyme for 'Rachel' it would make him famous, wouldn't it?"

"I suppose it would," he answered dryly.

"And it would make him rich?"

"Oh, yes." Then in the same breath he abruptly changed the conversation. "Perhaps, Miss Hollis, it may interest you to know that I expect in the next week or two to come into possession of a small fortune, and I hope then to be married," and holding out his hand he bade Marjorie good night.

"Good night," she responded mechanically; and as the door closed she staggered into the parlor, and, throwing herself upon the sofa, burst into a torrent of passionate tears. Suddenly her sobbings ceased. She sat up, bewildered, startled in the midst of the turmoil of her troubled spirit there had burst upon her—without warning, without thought—a rhyme for "Rachel!"

Two days later Marjorie Hollis was in Washington; and on the morning of December 27 she walked into the office of Dunbury & Bordeau and quietly announced to those two gentlemen that she had come to claim the \$250,000 for a rhyme for "Rachel."

For a moment the two men stared at her without uttering a sound. Mr. Dunbury was the first to find his voice. "Impossible!" he ejaculated. Then noticing the sudden flush upon the girl's face he checked himself. "Pardon me, my dear young lady! I did not mean to doubt your word; but you have astonished us be-

yond measure. Let me explain," and he placed his chair beside hers.

"The extraordinary offer to which you have responded was made in compliance with the will of our late client, Mr. Benjamin F. Morton. He was a trifle eccentric, and one of his hobbies was writing poetry. He took a great fancy to a nephew of his and spared no money to have the boy well educated. The old gentleman himself had a very limited education, and he was determined that his nephew should not be handicapped as he had been. Well, just about the time the boy got through college the old gentleman struck a snag in this poem of his about Fedora Lillian Hildegarde et al., and he called upon his nephew to help him out with a rhyme for 'Rachel.' The young man informed him that there was no such rhyme, but his uncle refused to believe it. He insisted that as the lad had had a college education he could find a rhyme if he chose. Well, the upshot of it was that the old gentleman took it into his head that his nephew was obstinate and ungrateful, and he cast him off. A short time before he died, however, he finally concluded that perhaps there really was no rhyme for 'Rachel,' and he decided to reinstate his nephew in his will; but with this proviso: That a rhyme should first be advertised for and that should any person produce such a rhyme within a year, then the money should go to such person, instead of the nephew.

"As the executors, we, of course, followed the provisions of the will, but we were definitely satisfied there was no such rhyme. And yet you say you have found one. I am free to say it seems incredible, incredible. Still, at the same time, the offer is a bona fide one and will be carried out to the letter if your rhyme proves to be a legitimate one. It will certainly prove a most astonishing revelation to us and—to the nephew, Carter Dillington."

Marjorie felt that she was about to faint.

"May I have just a moment to think?" she asked faintly.

"Certainly, certainly! I did not mean to hurry you. Of course, I understand, you feel a trifle agitated; but take your time, and you'll recall the rhyme in a minute or two."

Several moments passed in silence. Then Marjorie arose. She faced the two lawyers, and with a tremor in her voice that she struggled bravely to subdue, she said slowly: "I have not forgotten the rhyme; but—but I have decided not to submit it."

It was New Year's day when Marjorie again saw Carter Dillington. He called late in the afternoon. Why had he come? she asked herself. Was it to torment her? To cause her wounded heart to bleed afresh? He appeared not to heed her constrained manner, nor the quick flushes that reddened her cheeks.

Continued on last page.

Send The News to your friends.

# LYNN COUNTY NEWS

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H. C. CRIE, Business Manager Mrs. H. C. CRIE, Editor

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## Advertising Rates

6 Col. x 1 1/4 in. Page 1 issue \$12. 2 issues \$18. 4 issues \$30. 26 issues \$175.  
 6 Col. x 9/16 in. 1/2 Page 1 issue 7. 2 issues 11. 4 issues 18. 26 issues 90.  
 3 Col. x 9/16 in. 1/4 Page 1 issue 4. 2 issues 6. 4 issues 10. 26 issues 50.  
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 7 single column inches, once 1.20, twice 1.80, month 3.00, six months 17.00  
 3 single column inches, once .60, twice .90, month 1.50, six months 9.00  
 Locals, 10 cents a single column line, first insertion; subsequently, 5 cents.

Subscription \$1.00 a Year in Advance.

We will greatly appreciate it if you will call us up and tell us the local news  
 PHONE NO. 35, ALL LOCALS.

Vol. 6 TAHOKA, TEXAS, FRIDAY, JAN. 7, 1910. No. 22

## ANNOUNCEMENTS

For District Attorney, 64th District.  
 REUBEN M. ELLERD.

For Sheriff and Tax Collector  
 J. H. EDWARDS.

We believe this issue of the News is the only one we have ever published in which there is no advertising for any of our Tahoka Dry Goods or Grocery Merchants.

P. B. HALL

W. R. MAJORS



## Tahoka Livery, Feed and Sale Stable

HALL & MAJORS, Proprietors. PHONE No. 9.

We have good teams, good rigs, and our prices are reasonable. We sell all kinds of feed and will deliver anywhere.

North of the square, Tahoka, Texas.

## Tahoka Grain & Coal Co.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers In  
**GRAIN AND COAL**

We will handle all kinds of feed and country produce and pay highest market prices

STRICTLY CASH

East Side Square, Tahoka, Texas

## Tahoka Saddle Shop

We have purchased the the Tahoka Saddle Shop and reopened it in the Cowan building on the West side square. Shoe and Harness repairing a specialty if you need anything in our line you are cordially invited to call and see us on the West side square.

TAHOKA SADDLE SHOP.

G. R. MILLIKEN Prop.

## South Plains Wagon Yard

GEO. SMALL, Prop.

BFST ACCOMMODATIONS FOR TRAVELERS

Wholesale & Retail Feed Dealers

One Door South of Tahoka Real Estate Office

TAHOKA

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## Do Things!

VIA THE BANK BOOK SYSTEM

If You Are A Business Or Professional Man Handle Your Money Matters Through The Bank, Or If A Wage Earner Or Salaried Man, Deposit Your Earnings In The Bank. LET US SERVE YOU.

## First National Bank

TAHOKA, TEXAS

\$25,000.00 Capital.

We Extend All The Accommodations Consistent With Business Principals.

Drs. M. E. and Amy Miles, who are discontinuing their practice in Tahoka and Lynn County, desire to thank the people for their patronage.

Two or three days this week were so exceptionally cold that we could do but little printing. It took us nearly all the time trying to keep warm.

### FOR SALE.

Second hand tent 14x16 with 4 ft wall for \$11 cash. See Tahoka Grain & Coal Company.

Both the Tahoka Grain & Coal Co., and the Tahoka Mercantile Co., have had some nice stationery printed this week by H. C. Crie & Co. the Tahoka Printers.

FOR SALE— Two wagons, team of mules, team of horses and all kinds of farming implements.— Bob Majors at the Tahoka Livery Feed and Sale Stable.

### FOR RENT.

Jack Alley will have 5 nice office rooms for rent over his store building on the west side of the square. Best located and most comfortable in Tahoka.

Jack Alley, west side square.

H. C. Crie & Co., have turned out two nice jobs of stationery this week for L. M. Kirkes, one of the principle contractors on the southern extension of the Santa Fe railroad that is building through Tahoka from the Coleman-Cut-Off.

There are now 30 teams at work on the railroad grade between here and the cut-off, that is they are at work when the weather will permit. One of the contractors told us that ground was frozen solid to a depth of eight inches Thursday morning, so it is easier to be seen that railroading is being done under difficulties at the present. C. E. Brown has a crew of 20 grubbers at work every hour that they can stand it and they are clearing the right-of-way in good shape and time. Mr. Brown is paying his grubbers \$2.60 per day each and it is to be presumed that they have to earn it by digging more grubs than any other force of the same size on the Plains.

We wish to call especial notice to the page ad for the Lubbock merchants in this issue of the News. These are so far as we can learn all good firms and if you can't find what you want in Tahoka, we ask you to accept their invitation to call on them in Lubbock and get what you want. Lubbock and the Lubbock business men are doing an immense work toward building up the entire Plains country, and after Tahoka Lubbock should receive every bit of Lynn county patronage. Let's keep all our money on the Plains that we can.

Mrs. Blaisdell, who lives in the southeast part of town, will do your washing and ironing for 65c per doz. and furnish every thing;

Frank Forry, of El Dorado Springs, Mo., came in last Friday to take the position of General Manager of the Tahoka Mercantile Company, successors to the Jack Alley Company. Mr. Forry is so well pleased with Tahoka that he thinks he will invest in some real estate here. He says that in no other place in the United States can there be found such a nice little town as Tahoka. A town so well and substantially built and with such an exceptionally fine class of citizens.

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN. My home including 1 block in Shook Addition, also my furniture at your terms. See or address, La Verne Kershner, Tahoka Texas.

When preparing cranberries for cooking, wash as usual, then scald and let stand in the hot water for two or three minutes. This scalding gives the brilliant coloring so desirable.

Continued from last week.

## A CHRISTMAS LONG DELAYED.

Woman's Loyalty Recompensed After Many Weary Years.

By FRANK H. SWEET.

[Copyright, 1908, by American Press Association.]

It was eighteen years since all this had happened, yet it did not take Mary a moment to remember it all. She had been wrong. She ought to have listened to Tom's pleadings, and, once married, they might both have escaped the misery that followed. The faded woman drew her ragged shawl closer and shivered from something sharper than the December wind. She was living it all over again. She had not dared to leave the house on that Sunday long ago, not even to take her accustomed walk with Tom. Before he left her lover had promised to protect her on her way home the next night if she would wait outside until he had closed the store. That night she had waited and let Dora go home alone. When Tom appeared they walked together down to the Cove district, and, as they had feared, Mary's uncle was waiting in the doorway of the tenement. He scowled as they stopped before him.

"Who is that man?" he demanded of Mary.

"I am the man she is going to marry," said Tom, answering for her. Mary clung to her lover's arm. She felt a thrill of pride in Tom, followed by a nameless dread of what might happen to him. Her uncle's quick anger was aroused. He cursed Tom as a liar and abused Mary in the vilest way. Suddenly he stopped and, slouching down the steps, said to Tom: "If you are going to marry her I've got something to say to you first. Meet me at Jones' place, and we will have it over."

He brushed them as he passed and disappeared around the corner of the court. Tom's hands were clinched, and he would have followed at once had not Mary hung so heavily upon him. She was more frightened than before. It was so strange, so unnatural Tom was eager to go to the saloon around the corner and find out what her uncle had to say. He had nothing to fear, he said, and would be right back. When he had gone Mary bolted the door and sat waiting fearfully in the dark. Then the minutes dragged more heavily, because she thought it was time for Tom's return, and she breathed more freely when she heard a man's step upon the stairs and a

bold knock upon the door. "Is that you, Tom?" she said. She hardly noticed that his voice sounded strange when he answered. She drew the bolt, but it was her uncle who put his foot against the door and forced his way into the room. Seizing the almost paralyzed girl by the arm, he held up a bottle which she could just see in the dim light.

"It's vitriol," he hissed. "It will burn like a flame and eat like a tiger. Now, come along and don't make any fuss."

She dared not resist, but went along with him, wondering, with sickening dread, what terrible thing he had done to the man she loved. When they got into the court by the flicker of a street lamp they saw Tom coming toward them.

"Tell him you are going with me and won't have anything more to do with him, or I'll give him the acid," muttered her uncle. Mary, half stupefied with fear and wishing to save Tom from her uncle's fiendish threat, obeyed. She coldly passed Tom by and told him "not to bother her" then, as she had important business with her uncle.

"Mary, Mary, are you mad?" Tom cried, but she walked on, leaving him standing as if he had been stung. Her uncle chose the quietest streets, and they walked rapidly across the city toward the north end. She thought many times of calling for help, but the bottle of liquid fire was still in his hand, and she knew only too well that he would use it. The real terror of the situation seized her when they came to an old wooden rookery that had once been a mansion, but was now dark and empty. Her uncle opened the street door and almost dragged her up the three flights of old-fashioned stairs. "I'll have you safe enough in a minute," he said as he fumbled with the key. It was too much for Mary's weakened nerves. She lost all sense of fear and control and, crying, "Tom, help!" slipped from her uncle's grasp to the floor. As the old man bent over her he heard quick steps coming up the stairs and a voice he recognized saying, "Yes, Mary, I'm coming!" Tom had followed them unseen to learn just what the mystery of Mary's coolness meant and was on hand to rescue her. But the thought of the dreadful bottle in her uncle's possession aroused Mary, and, seizing her uncle's hand, she screamed: "I'm all right, Tom! Go away!"

"What does this mean?" asked the panting Tom as he burst into the room and glared at Mary's uncle. The old man was cursing under his breath and, clearing himself from Mary's grasp, sprang savagely toward him.

"The vitriol, the vitriol!" was all that Mary could say. It was all over in a moment. The men grappled. Tom bent the old man over the banisters, only half realizing the danger while Mary wrenched the bottle from his grasp and threw it away. Suddenly the old banister broke, and with a gasp of horror Tom and Mary saw the old man topple headlong heavily to the floor below.

When Tom reached him there was no sign of life. The man's neck had been broken, and Tom had just made sure of this fact when a policeman put his head in the door and asked in a gruff voice what was the matter. Why Tom Haley attempted to escape he could never tell. Terrified and dazed, he made a blind rush for the back door, but found himself in a yard surrounded by a high fence with the policeman at his heels. The hand of the officer was on his collar, and his struggles to free himself were soon quieted with stinging blows on his head.

There were long months in jail until the indictment was brought against Tom and more delay before the case finally came to trial.

Oh, justice had been blind! The revolver Tom had in his pocket he had borrowed "for an old man," as the lender testified. Jones said that he had been to his place "looking for an old man." A neighbor had seen Mary's cold greeting as she started away with her uncle and had heard Tom's threat of vengeance afterward. The policeman had seen Tom entering the house and had found him bending over the dead man.

Continued on last page.

Send The News to your friends.

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North of the Public Square  
 Tahoka, Texas

FULL LINE OF  
 Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Sash, Doors Mouldings All Kinds of Building Material,  
 Bois D'Arc, Lime, Brick, Cement and Paint.  
 Our Stock of Glass is Complete. We Handle all Sizes, Shapes and Designs  
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Let Us Figure  
 Your bill for Building Material  
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 of Lynn county  
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 ATTORNEY-AT-LAW  
 Will practice in all courts  
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 DR. M. E. ...  
 PHYSICIAN and

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Will practice in  
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 EYE, EAR, NOSE  
 in connection with  
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 At The Court ...  
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FRESH MEAT

Why wait for  
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 you can get it  
 you want it, at  
 Market, Davis

AT CAS  
 PR

WANTED—A  
 acres best improved  
 part of Lynn county  
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Born to Mr. ...  
 Milliken, Wednesday  
 January 5th, a ...  
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 and and the ...  
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J. W. DeShazo & Co. Dry Goods and Groceries  
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Greenhill Bros., groceries staple and fancy  
Elite Cafe, short orders  
Hunt Grocery Co., staple and fancy groceries  
J. A. Moore, saddles and harness  
Honey & Bricker, meat market  
Jno. P. Lewis & Co., dry goods and clothing  
J. J. Reynolds & Co., hay, grain and coal  
R. H. Lowry and Son, staple and fancy groceries  
Lubbock Iron Works, horse shoeng and general repairing  
Lubbock Mercantile Co., general dry goods  
Lubbock Hardware & Furniture Co., hardware, furniture and undertakers  
Murphy Lumber Co., lumber and paints  
Palace Pharmacy, drugs and sundries  
Red Cross Pharmacy, drugs and sundries  
Lubbock Drug Company, Drugs and Sundries  
R. A. Rankin & Sons, hardware, implements and wire  
W. E. Robinson, furniture, floor coverings and undertakings  
Lubbock Lumber & Grain Co., lumber, grain and coal

Western Windmill Co., hardware, implements and windmills  
Rodd & Adams, staple and fancy groceries  
Mast-Seitz Co., wholesale, hay, grain, flour and coal  
West Plains Lumber Co., lumber, posts, coal, brick, lime and cement  
Wright and Perdue, hardware and furniture  
Caylor-Leard Lumber Co., lumber, posts and paint  
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No trouble to figure bills  
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First National Bank, banking and exchange  
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J. O. Scarbrough and Co., staple and fancy groceries  
J. D. Cowart Shop Tin Shop, sheet metal works  
City Plumbing and Sheet Metal Co., plumbing and tin work  
Wesson and Holland, jewelers and watch makers  
The "Fair," racket goods and notions  
Phillips-Bradley Auto Co., auto supplies, gas and oils  
Dawson and Bailey, meat market  
Martin and Holland, staple and fancy groceries  
B. M. Ballinger, Dental Surgeon  
J. D. Phillips, Texas Oil Company  
Peoples and Garrett, shoes and Gents furnishings

# WOMAN'S WORLD.

## HUNGARIAN DUMPLINGS.

Put into a brine for about one week as many cabbage leaves as desired. To make the dumplings wrap in each leaf three tablespoonfuls of raw chopped veal and pork mixed and one tablespoonful of uncooked rice; season with salt, pepper, paprika and onion juice if desired. Cook in salt water for one hour. Fresh cabbage leaves may be used if desired.—A. E. B.

**JAM CAKE**—three eggs, three cups flour, two cups sugar, one cup buttermilk, one teaspoonful soda, one cup citron, one cup raisins, one cup jam, one cup nuts, one cup butter, one teaspoonful each all kinds spices and nutmeg. Cream butter and sugar; add eggs when thoroughly beaten, then the milk in which the soda has been dissolved, then the flour and the spices. Roll chopped nuts, raisins and citron in the flour and beat into the butter. Bake in layers and put together with caramel filling and one cup each chopped nuts and raisins. This cake is the "best ever."—Laurie.

When serving dates, or raisins, scald the amount desired for immediate use, leaving the fruit in the hot water for several minutes; dry and let cool before serving. This will "plump" the dried fruit as well as freshen the color, and you will be interested in noting the dust and foreign matter from which the ultimate consumer is saved.

## The Rhyme for Rachel.

Continued from first page.



"Impossible!" He ejaculated.

"Marjorie," he said suddenly, with an impulsiveness and a familiarity he had never before manifested; "you have wished me a happy New Year. Do you know that it is you alone who can make the year happy for me—supremely happy? I did not dare express my feelings before I was absolutely sure that I could offer you the comforts and the pleasures you deserve. Now, I am independent—wealthy; and you, Marjorie, will you share my fortune with me?"

It was late ere the lovers were ready to part. "Is it any wonder," he was saying, as he lingered prepared to leave, "that I avoided the subject of my uncle's outlandish offer? Supposing that by some possibility there had been a rhyme for 'Rachel,' supposing some one had succeeded in finding it! But thank fortune, dear, there is none!"

"Yes, but there is a rhyme for 'Rachel,'" she answered softly, casting down her eyes to hide her sudden emotion. "Would you like to hear it? Let us sit down here—on the sofa, and I will tell it to you."

She waited a moment after they were seated, and then in a half tremulous whisper she recited the following lines:

"A fitting rhyme has long been found For each and all of these—  
Fedora, Lillian, Grace, Lorain  
And Eddegardo, Louise;  
And in these names themselves we find  
The hidden rhyme for Rachel;  
For, lo, the letters of these names  
Are F. L., G. L., H. L."

Then in the quiet glow of the midnight firelight she told him her little story.

# No New Leaf Was Needed

By WRIGHT A. PATTERSON



Said Mrs. A to Mr. A on Dec. 31:—

To-morrow another year begins. To-night is the time of all times to plan for the future. To resolve; to forswear our petty vices; to lay aside the evils in our lives. Have you, John, considered what to-night means to you, and to me? Have you thought of the things I have gone without and might have had but for your extravagance? Have you counted the cost to you, and to me, of your so-called pleasures? You sit there smoking a vile weed, but have you thought of the gowns you have burned up within a year? I venture to say no. Let's talk it over, John, just you and I, and as the old year dies plan for better and more noble things in the year to come.

Said Mr. A to Mrs. A on Dec. 31:—

Your sentiments, my dear, are noble ones, and meet with my approval. We will plan to-night for the year that is to come. Yes, not the year alone, but years. We will study and solve the problems that mean a better and truer life for you and me. There are many little things we might improve upon. So many better ways in which to spend the small sums we now but throw away. The price of that novel you are reading would have purchased the slippers I so badly need. Now let's begin by my giving up cigars, which I agree are but vile weeds, and your novels, which are but the cheapest kind of trash and twaddle.

Said Mrs. A to Mr. A on Dec. 31:—

With all the many vices with which you indulge yourself, it seems that you might overlook the one small pleasure which I have. Yes, I admit there are more elevating books than present-day novels. But am I to give up my only pleasure, the one small thing from which I get my wee mite of enjoyment? Do you, John, think it fair to ask of me this sacrifice that you might have the slippers you certainly do not need? Your vices are so great beside my small one. If you really mean all that you say about planning for the future, why not give up your club? It is but another of the many needless expenses which you incur year after year.

Said Mr. A to Mrs. A on Dec. 31:—

That's right, and I'm glad you mentioned it. I had not thought of it before. That will be money saved. Now I propose a bargain, and it's fair. My resignation from the club will go in to-night if you will join me in the good work and mail to-night your withdrawal from the bridge club or class or whatever you may call it. A good deed is always better when it's doubled, and that will be two good deeds accomplished, two savings made, instead of one. What say you, my dear; will you join me in turning over this new leaf with the opening of a new year? The question is entirely needless, for I know, of course, that you will.

Said Mrs. A to Mr. A on Dec. 31:—

You certainly can be horrid upon this one night of all nights when you should look back upon the things which you have needlessly robbed me of during the year just closing. I should think you would be ashamed to sit there and point to my few small pleasures as though they were vices from which I should escape. There is certainly little enough in life for me without being deprived of books and social intercourse. But if I must, I must, and if the sacrifice of my innocent pleasures will put a stop to your many vices I presume I must offer them on the altar of noble and obedient wifehood. But, oh, John, I did not think you would ask it. (Tears.)

Said Mr. A to Mrs. A on Dec. 31:—

Now, wife, don't cry. I am a brute and I admit it. Let's start anew and talk this over. Let's see if we have sinned against ourselves or others. Let's see if our so-called vices are not mere pleasures to which we are entitled. I think they are. I see nothing we need repent of; nothing to swear off. I'll keep my cigars and your novels. I'll keep my club and your bridge game. We'll let gowns and slippers go hang if need be, and enjoy ourselves. Now, that is better, isn't it, my dear? That meets with your approval, I am sure, and we will greet the coming year with joy and not with tears and lamentations.

Resolved by Mr. A and Mrs. A on Dec. 31:—

Durng the next year and the years to follow we will live our lives as we have lived them. We will enjoy to the full our several pleasures. We will make no new resolutions which we will later regret and break. We will not ask either of us from the other that which each is not willing to give to the other, and now let the New Year come.

Dated 12 o'clock, midnight, December 31.

Continued from second page.

All hope had left Mary's heart when she heard Tom sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment. Even the assurance that it would not be over eighteen years with good conduct on Tom's part failed to brighten her despair, for that term seemed almost a lifetime. The thought of the jail haunted her everywhere, and instead of trying to get back into the store where she had worked with Dora she found a place as waitress in a restaurant down by the market, but she was recognized even there, and when she found that men came to see her as a curiosity she would not stay. She no longer dared to be a waitress and for years lived as dishwasher in restaurants and cheap hotels. The pay was scarcely enough to keep her alive, yet she saved a few cents week by week, never falling in her hope and her trust for Tom. When his time was nearly up she was more feverishly eager to save, for after all her hardships she had but little, scarcely \$200, in all these weary years. Then she had a long sickness of typhoid fever that in three months swept all her precious savings away.



AND FROM THE CHURCHES OF THE CITY CAME THE PEAL OF BELLS.

This was her first day out after her convalescence. She was still very weak and without a dollar. But what did it matter? This was Tom's day of delivery. She knew the hour when he was to be set free.

She wanted Tom, and the long deferred hope of a happy home seemed a slight thing compared to her great longing. The great prison which she knew so well was almost in sight. At last she reached the shelter of the high wall and looked up the passageway that led to the entrance. She felt a sudden consciousness of her ragged clothes, of the limp calico skirt and of the holes in her shoes. She would not disgrace Tom by going inside, but would wait in the street where no one could see her.

What was she bringing her lover after all these years? She had neither youth nor health nor money nor home. She almost dreaded to see him in the new clothes that she knew the state would give him. He was coming. She heard his footsteps on the walk, but she could not bear to put him to the test yet and tremblingly crouched by the great wall.

He came to the street and looked about him. How old and gray he seemed, but how handsome still! Dejectedly he walked away from where she was hiding, failing at first to recognize her. Her weakness and her longing overcame her and, huskily crying "Tom, Tom!" she staggered out before him.

"Mary!" he gasped and ran to her as she was sinking to the pavement.

"I worked for you, Tom, but was sick and lost it all. I have no money for our home," she said.

She was fainting on his shoulder, and the big tears rolled from his eyes and his voice choked him as he replied:

"God bless you, Mary! You're too good for one like me."

And from the churches of the city came the peal of the bells ringing the chimes of Christmas eve.

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