

LYNN COUNTY NEWS.

VOLUME 12

TAHOKA, LYNN COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, JANUARY 7, 1916.

NUMBER 19

Fire Sale Of Furniture

The \$5000 Stock Of Ed. Meyers'

Damaged in last Thursday's Fire will be sold at Prices never before known in Tahoka before for the value.

Sale Begins Jan. 8
Closes Feb. 1
Or when Stock Is Removed

Included In This Sale will be a solid carload of Furniture now on the track and nearly a carload of local shipments at the same big reduction as that in stock at the time of the fire.

"First Come First Served"

So if you want the choicest selections, be among the first to visit us in the JONES building next to the Postoffice. Pianos, cook stoves and heaters in fact everything used in the home included in this Sale. You can't afford not to buy those new pieces furniture you need during this sale.

Come Early

Ed. Meyers,
Furniture
And Undertaking

CITY COUNCIL PASSES ON MOVING PERMITS

The City Council of Tahoka met in called session Monday morning and granted a permit to the Bargain Land Company to erect a temporary shack between Larkins Store and Cleve Williams Store. This shack is to be removed when Larkin's new building is completed.

In regular session Monday night, it was decided by the council that the emergency clause as enacted in the fire limit ordinance passed last Thursday night was null and void; therefore the ordinance does not take effect until Monday morning.

Under this ruling it was decided that the council could not restrain the moving of the Wells Doak and Brown buildings on the west side of the square. Mr. Wells moved his store west into the street and will leave it there until his new brick is completed. He will then move the front half to his farm for a barn, and use the rear part for a store-room.

C. E. Brown will move his office one lot north to make room for his new brick on the site occupied now by his office. Today, Ira Doak is busy moving his barber shop to the lot between Cleve Williams hardware store and the McDaniel office on the south side of the square; he will be located here until his new brick is completed.

All persons knowing themselves indebted to us will do a great favor by coming in and making settlement. Thomas Bros. Drug Co.

Claude Donaldson left Sunday night for Slaton in his father's car to take the train Monday for Plainview to re enter Seth Ward College after the Holiday vacation.

Classified Column

POSTING NOTICE

Positively no hunting allowed on my premises without my permission. A. L. LOCKWOOD. 16 19

NOTICE

No hunting allowed in Tahoka Lake pasture without my permission. Please shut gates in going through pasture. J. T. LOFTON. 16 8t

FOR RENT—A large business house on a corner of the square. Address Box No. 233, Tahoka. 16-tf

FOUND—in Court House after fire, Msonic pin. Call at News office. 19 2t

FOR SALE—Mare and Horses, broke to work. Thomas and Redwine. 19tf.

FOR SALE—Section No. 425, Abstract 403, Certificate 697 Lynn County. Address; H. G. Thayer, Box 865, Charleston, Kanawha County, W. Va.

FOR SALE—Patented Section No. 337 four miles northwest of Plains, Yoakum County, black rich alfalfa land underlaid with soft clay lime and marl. No sand. \$9 per acre. Good terms. E. E. Cowden, owner, Middleboro, Ky. 19. 1t.

FOR SALE—Corner lot south side of the square. Cash or terms.—Address, Owner, box 86, Tahoka, Texas. tf

THE POOR MAN'S CHANCE

1440 acres of land for sale in LYNN County, in 160 acre tracts. Every foot first class farming land, \$20.00 per acre. No cash payment required; purchaser to put \$5,000 worth of improvements on each tract. Next payment two years. Balance in ten annual payments eight per cent. Buy from the owner. M. M. Herring, Tahoka, Texas. 19-2t

FIRMS GETTING BACK INTO BUSINESS AFTER FIRE

The merchants put out of business by the burn of last Thursday are getting back into the game.

Ed Meyers is doing business in the Jones building next to the postoffice. Sumner Clayton has his barber shop established in the rear of the postoffice. Shed Weathers is on the job in the McDaniel office on the south side of the square. Clifford Thomas informed us yesterday evening that he would finish his insurance adjustment today and would soon be dispensing drugs temporarily in the brick north of the Parkhurst building. Mr. Thomas also informed this week that they would build a fifty foot brick on their old location right away. The front part of the building will be two stories, and it will probably be 125 feet in length.

NEW LUMBER YARD

Fred Lee of Roswell, was in Tahoka this week and purchased from A. D. Shook the quarter block across the street from the Bowers & Vinson lots, and informed a representative of the News that the Tahoka Lumber Co. would be at home on this site by the first of the coming month.

This new firm is composed of Willard Burton of Ft. Worth and R. H. Kemp, formerly of Big Springs, but now of Roswell. Both of these gentlemen are well known to the early settlers here and are not new to the lumber business.

ED. THANKS FRIENDS

Time and lack of space made it impossible last week for me to express my sincere thanks to all those who labored so faithfully in last Thursday's fire in the salvage of my furniture stock.

Thanking you again for your help and hoping the year just begun will bring you only happiness and prosperity, I am yours very truly, Ed Meyers, Everything to furnish the home.

Dr. I. E. Smith, Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Specialist of Snyder will make his regular visit here Wednesday, Jan., 19, only one day.

B. L. Shook and daughter, Mrs. Lessie Patton, came down Tuesday with his son Clifford for a few days visit with friends and relatives in Tahoka. Mr. Shook will look after his business interests while here.

A LETTER FROM J. W. HINTON AND FAMILY

Lubbock, Texas, Jan., 5, 1916.
Dear Mr. Crie:

I wish to say something to the people of Tahoka thru your paper. (Mrs. Hinton wrote this letter in the Lubbock Sanitarium where she is recovering from an operation.)

First I wish to say that one of the the deepest griefs of our lives is that the awful destructive fire of last Thursday morning originated in our bakery. While we lost all we had on earth, we do not regret it half so much as that we were the cause of so many other heavy losses.

If it were only in our power we would so gladly replace every dollar of it tho it, left us penniless. Also we wish to thank those who came to our rescue and tried so hard to help us save what we could from the fire, and those who befriended us in different ways after the fire. We would have you know that from the depths of our hearts we thank you and hope that you may never have to suffer such a night-mare.

And we heartily thank all who patronized our bakery and assisted us in different ways during our stay among you.

May God's richest blessings attend you one and all.

Signed: J. W. Hinton and family.

FORD DELIVERY CAR

Wednesday of this week I put on a Ford delivery car, and am prepared to haul express, baggage, merchandise deliveries, and in fact anything in the way of package freight from one part of town to the other. My car will run rain or shine, regardless of how low the thermometer goes. I will be on the job from daylight until dark. If you want your hauling done carefully and on time let me know.

Yours for the best of service, J. L. Gassaway.

Miss Hallmark returned Saturday to Seth Ward after a visit with her folks during the Holidays.

John Slover left Monday morning for Seth Ward to take up his school work there after the Christmas vacation.

Henry and Rescola McDaniel left Tuesday for Abilene where they will resume their studies at Simmons College.

New Lumber Yard

We beg to announce that within a short time we will have on hand a complete stock of lumber and building material and solicit a share of your trade.

Yours to serve,

Tahoka Lumber Comp'n'y

Lynn County News

Published every Friday by
E. C. CRIB & CO., TAHOKA
I. CRIB, ED. & MGR.

One Year \$1.00—Strictly in Advance
Advertising Rates on Application

Entered as second-class matter, July
10, 1905, at the post office at Tahoka
Texas, under the Act of Congress of
March 3, 1879.

If poll tax is not paid before
February 1st a citizen is defran-
chised and in addition a ten per
cent penalty is added to the tax.
Property taxes, too, must be paid
before the 1st of February or a
ten per cent penalty will be added.
Taxes collected to date this year,
according to Deputy Sheriff Far-
ris Frye, are less than the amount
collected on the same date last
year.—Plainview Herald.

Those who start a fuss are usu-
ally the ones who get out of the
way and escape injury when dan-
ger comes. Up at Moskogee
the other day a farmer's dog and
a policeman's dog started a fuss.
The policeman kicked the farmer's
dog, and the farmer hit the police-
man a blow on the head, killing
him instantly. The dogs then
trotted away, leaving the farmer
to go to jail and the policeman to
the grave; no doubt the dogs were
real chummy an hour later. And
this reminds us: there's going to be
a lot of politics in Texas next year
and the politicians are going to

PROFESSIONAL

C. H. CAIN
Lawyer

Office in old First National Bank
Building

Tahoka Texas

M. M. HERRING

Lawyer and Abstractor
Office over Postoffice

Tahoka Texas

DR. J. R. SINGLETON

DENTIST

Permanently Located

Tahoka Texas

DRS. INMON & TURRENTINE

Physicians & Surgeons

Tahoka Texas

Dr. J. H. McCoy

Physician and Surgeon

Office over Tahoka Drug Co.
Office 3 Phone Res. 108

DRS. HUTCHINSON AND PEEBLER
J. T. HUTCHINSON, M. D.
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat
O. F. PEEBLER, M. D.
General Medicine and Surgery
Rooms in 1st Nat'l. Bank Bld'g.
LUBBOCK, TEXAS

Willis Meeks Cline Thomas

Meeks & Thomas

Painters & Paper Hangers

Estimates Furnished Free

Let Us Show You Work We Have

Done For Others

Live and Let Live Prices

Geo. Allen
The House Reliable
Oldest and Largest Piano
and Music House in
Western Texas. Latest Sheet
Music, MUSIC TEACHER'S
Supplies, etc., etc. Catalogue
and BOOK OF OLD TIME
SONGS FREE for the asking.
Established 1890. SAN ANGELO

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot
reach the diseased portion of the ear.
There is only one way to cure deafness,
and that is by constitutional remedies.
Deafness is caused by an inflamed con-
dition of the mucous lining of the Eusta-
chian Tube. When this tube is inflamed
you have a rumbling sound or imperfect
hearing, and when it is entirely closed,
deafness is the result, and unless the in-
flammation can be taken out and this
tube restored to its normal condition,
hearing will be destroyed forever; nine
cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh,
which is nothing but an inflamed condi-
tion of the mucous surfaces.
We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of
Deafness (caused by Catarrh) that cannot be cured by
Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.
P. J. HENNEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio.
Sold by Druggists, etc.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

start some rows. Make up your
mind to keep cool and let the po-
liticians do all the rowing. If you
don't you'll be in trouble after
the election, while the politicians
will eat a Dutch lunch and tell of
the fun they had.—Honey Grove
Signal.

The commercial printing depart-
ment of the country newspaper
office is one of the most important
sources of the revenue, and with-
out job printing there are many
country newspapers which would
have to go out of business. A
local newspaper does hundreds of
dollars worth of advertising every
year for its town and even for the
business men individually for
which the paper never receives a
cent of pay. The paper doesn't
expect any pay directly for this
publicity expense item, but the
patrons can reciprocate by giving
the newspaper all the job work
that their business requires. We
have often thought that the last
thing we would want to do for a
living would be to solicit printing
for a mail order printing house.
The solicitor for a mail order print-
ing house takes away the revenue
that is the country shop's meal
ticket; he never spends a cent in
the town, while the editor of the
home paper spends all his earnings
in his home town. The pay roll
of the home paper supports two,
three or more families who spend
their earnings in the town they
live in. The solicitor of a mail
order printing house thinks of a
town only enough to speculate:
"How much money can I get out
of that burg to take away with
me?"—Slatonite.

DISSOLUTION NOTICE.

We wish to inform the public
that the partnership heretofore
existing between J. E. Nichol-
son, Jeff Fleming and J. F.
Denton, has been dissolved by
the withdrawal of said Denton,
and the Bargain Land Company
now consists of J. E. Nicholson
and Jeff Fleming.

J. E. NICHOLSON,
JEFF FLEMING.

17-19

A traveler passed down the
Jericho road, he carried of cash a
pretty fair load, (the savings of
many a toilsome day) on his Jeri-
cho home a mortgage to pay. At
a turn of the road in a lonely
place, two villainous men met him
face to face. Hands up! they cried
and they beat him sore then off to
the desert his swag they bore.
Soon a priest came by who had a
fold, he sheared his sheep of silver
and gold. He saw the man lie
bruised and bare, but he passed on
by to his place of prayer. Then a
levite, temple bound, drew nigh:
He saw the man, but let him lie,
and clad in silk and filled
with pride, he passed him by on
the other side. Next on the way
a Samaritan came: (to the Priest
and Levite a hated name.) The
wounded man he would not pass,
he tenderly placed him on his ass.
He took him to an inn hard by,
dressed his wounds; bathed his
eye: Paid the landlord his full
score; if more was needed, would
pay more. Ah! Many travel the
Jericho way, and many are robbed
and beaten each day; and many
there be on the road of need,
whom priest and Levite never
heed; and who to fate would yield
alas! if some Samaritan did not
pass. He is my friend in word
and deed who provides protection
in time of need, to disabled trav-
elers by night and day who have
traveled to Jericho or other way.
—Selected.

One thing is quite certain, and
that is practically every newspa-
per in Texas is opposed to abol-
ishing capital punishment. The
editors know that the fear of pos-
sible hanging keeps many murder-
ers at heart from carrying out
their desires. In England to com-
mit murder means almost certain
conviction and a sentence on the
gallows, hence in all of England,
with its 40,000,000 people, there
are fewer murders in a year
than there are in Dallas county in
a month. Sixty-three murders
were committed in Dallas last
year, and only one murderer, a
negro, was hanged.

A Home Bank,

The First National Bank

Of Tahoka

Capital \$50,000.00

Surplus \$5,000.00

We offer every service and consideration, consistent with good banking
Your business solicited

LYNN COUNTY LARD
Fresh, sweet and best ever,
for only \$1.50 per gallon at the
Sanitary Market. 16 tf

SHERIFF'S SALE

No. B. 5230.
THE STATE OF TEXAS,
County of Lynn.

In the District Court, 73rd. Judi-
cial District, Bexar County, Texas.
A. Becher, et al, plaintiffs,
—vs—
Frank Simmang, et al, defendants.

WHEREAS, by virtue of an
alias execution issued out of the
District Court of Bexar County,
Texas, 73rd. Judicial District, on
a judgement rendered in said court
on the 3rd. day of April, 1913, in
favor of the defendant, Louise
Willag and against Frank Sim-
mang, defendant, No. B. 5230 on
the docket of said court, I did on
the 3rd. day of January, A.D. 1916
at 10 o'clock, a. m., levy upon the
following tracts and parcels of
land situated in the County of
Lynn, State of Texas, and belong-
ing to the said Frank Simmang,
as follows, to wit:

(1st.) The South-west one-fourth
($\frac{1}{4}$) being the south one-half of
the West of Survey Six (6) Block
D-23, surveyed as public free
school land in Lynn County, Tex-
as, and containing 160 acres of
land.

(2nd.) All of the North-west one-
fourth ($\frac{1}{4}$) of a 640 acre survey
of land described as Survey No.
11, in Block 11, located by virtue
of Certificate No. 632, issued to
E. L. & R. R. Ry. Co., by patent
No. 250, Vol. 53 containing 190
acres of land in Lynn County,
Texas.

(3rd.) The North-west one-fourth
($\frac{1}{4}$) being the North ($\frac{1}{2}$) of the
West $\frac{1}{2}$ of Survey No. Six (6) in
Block D-23, surveyed as public
free school land in Lynn County,
Texas, and containing 160 acres
of land.

And on the 1st, day of Febru-
ary, A. D. 1916, being the first
Tuesday of said month, between
the hours of ten o'clock a. m. and
four o'clock p. m. of said day, at
the court house door of said Lynn
County, in the town of Tahoka, I
will offer for sale, and sell at pub-
lic auction for cash, to the highest
bidder, all the right, title and in-
terest of the said Frank Simmang
in and to said property.

Dated at Tahoka, Texas, this
3rd. day of January, A. D.
1916.

F. E. Redwine, 19-21
Sheriff of Lynn County, Texas.

SHERIFF'S SALE
THE STATE OF TEXAS
COUNTY OF LYNN

A. J. HOOD, PLAINTIFF,
VS P. H. NORTHCROSS, DE-
FENDANT, IN THE DISTRICT
COURT OF MIDLAND COUN-
TY, TEXAS.

WHEREAS by virtue of an ex-
ecution issued out of the District
Court of Midland County Texas
on the judgement rendered in said
court on the 4th day of February

1913 in favor of the said A. J.
Hood and against the said P. H.
Northcross in said cause numbered
949 on the docket of said court.
I did on the 3rd day of January
1916 at 10 o'clock a. m. levy upon
the following described tracts or
reels of land situated in Lynn
County Texas and belonging to
the said P. H. Northcross to wit:

Lots 1-2 3-4 in Blk. 26 in North
Tahoka, Lynn County Texas as
per the map or plat of said town
recorded in Vol. 11 at page 515 of
the deed records of Lynn County
Texas. And on the 1st day of
February 1916 same being the
first Tuesday of said month be-
tween the hours of 10:00 o'clock
a. m. and 4:00 o'clock p. m. on
said day at the court house door
in the town of Tahoka in Lynn
County, Texas; I will offer for
sale and sell at public auction for
cash all right, title and interest of
the said P. H. Northcross in and to
the above described property.

Witness my hand this 3rd
day of January 1916. 19-21,
F. E. Redwine,
Sheriff of Lynn County, Texas.

SHERIFF'S SALE

STATE OF TEXAS
County of Lynn
In the County Court of Tarrant
County, Texas.

James McCord Co., plaintiff vs
Jack Alley et al defendants:

Whereas, by virtue of an execu-
tion issued out of the County
Court of Tarrant County, Texas,
on a judgement rendered in said
court on the 10th day of February
A. D. 1914, in favor of the said
James McCord Co., plaintiff vs
Jack Alley, E. Payne, Luke Riley,
and T. M. Bartley, No. 13240, on
the docket of said court, I did, on
the 3rd day of January, A. D.
1916, at 5 o'clock p. m. levy upon
the following described tracts and
parcels of land situate in the County
of Lynn, State of Texas, and
belonging to the said T. M. Bar-
tley, to wit:

All of the West half of the North
West one fourth of Survey No.
482 Cert. No. 462 Blk. No. 1,
E. L. & R. R. R. Co., con-
taining 80 acres of land, in Lynn
County, Texas;

130 acres out of the N. W. $\frac{1}{4}$.
Sur. 27 Blk. 8, Cert. 654 E. L. &
R. R. R. Co.,

S. E. $\frac{1}{4}$. Sur. 462 Cert. 453
Blk. 1 E. L. & R. R. R. Co.,
and Gibson all in Lynn County,
Texas.

Also all of the following de-
scribed lots situated, lying and
being in North Tahoka Addition
to the original town of Tahoka
Lynn County, Texas, as shown by
the plat of said town of record in
Vol. 11 page 515 Deed records of
Lynn County, Texas, and being
Lot 6 Blk. 13; Lots 4 and 7 in
Block 32; Lots 13, 14, 15 and 16
in Blk. 35; Lots 3, 4, 9 and 10 in
Blk. 20; Lots 6 and 7 in Blk. 50.
Lot 20 Blk. 45; Lot 8 Blk. 43 and
Lots 3 and 4 Blk. 40 all in said
town.

And on the 1st day of February,
A. D. 1916, being the First Tues-
day of said month, between the
hours of 10 o'clock a. m. and 4
o'clock p. m. on said day, at the
court house door of said county, I
will offer for sale and sell at public
auction, for cash, all the right,
title and interest of the said T. M.
Bartley in and to said property.

Dated at Tahoka, Texas, this
3rd day of January A. D. 1916.
F. E. Redwine
Sheriff of Lynn County, Texas;



Round Trip Excursion Fares to All Points

Account Xmas and New Year Holidays
Ask J. L. Heare, Agt.

See WILSON LUMBER CO. Wilson, Texas

For high class building material of all kinds: Paints,
oils, varnishes, builder's hardware, implements, wagons,
wire, posts, windmills, and windmill supplies of all kinds.

First Class Lumber Always In Stock

See our stock and let us figure with you: We have satisfied
others, Why Not You?

Wilson Lumber Company, Wilson, Tex

Wilson Mercantile Co.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers In

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Including Hardware, Implements, Harness and Leather Goods

Largest Stock on the South Plains

No Matter How Far You Live You Can Save Money Buying
From Us. Nothing Misrepresented

WILSON, on the Santa Fe, Lynn County TEXAS

The one best all-around gun is the fast
handling, hard-hitting
Marlin
12-Gauge Repeater. It is a wonderful gun
for ducks, geese, foxes, for trap shooting
and all small game.
The 16 and 20 Gauge Marlin
repeaters are built smaller,
lighter and trimmer—
perfectly designed
for the lighter
loads.

Get This Gun Book!
Send 3c post-
age for 140 page
catalog of Marlin
repeating rifles and shot-
guns. It helps select right
gun!

Hammer-
less—12-16-20
gauges—have Solid
Steel Breech; Solid Top; Side
Ejection; Matted Barrel; 6 Quick
Shots (5 in 20-ga.); Press-Button Car-
tridge Release; Automatic Hang-Fire Safety
Device; Double Extractor; Take-Down; Trigger
and Hammer Safety. See catalog.

The Marlin Firearms Co.
42 Willow Street, New Haven, Conn.
With Visible Hammer—12, 16, 20
Gauges, Solid Top, side ejection,
matted barrel, take down, etc. \$21.60

GAMBLE GARAGE

Open Day and Night. All Work Guaranteed

Free Air, Gasoline and Oil

Located On the South Side of the Square

Tahoka, Texas

J. N. JONES

Dealer in

Furniture and Undertaker's Supplies

Exhilarating
Ideal Refreshment
Energy Builder
At Fountains
5c

We Treat You Right

Every time you buy Groceries and Dry Goods, Either in Large or Small Quantities
S. N. McDaniel, the West Side Merchant, Tahoka, Texas

**P AND O
IMPLEMENTS**

Full carload just unloaded and set up. We can fill the bill

G. L. Williams

Hardware, Harness, Saddles—South Side of the Square

Tin Shop Under
Expert Workman

Shoe and leather Repair
Work done Satisfactorily

MORAL TRAINING

Read By Vada Walden, Teacher at Lynn, duving Institute

The moral training of the vast number of our school children, outside of the training received in the home, depends largely on

the teachers of the land. If the teacher can answer efficiency test in Personality, Professional zeal and the recitation, it is inevitable that she should inspire her children and lift them above the ordinary plains of living and thinking. The test of a teach-

Ready For Business Again

In the yellow office on the south side square and am ready to do all kinds of cleaning and pressing with the same degree of satisfaction as before the fire

S. N. Weathers, The Tailor

er's worth is not measured so much by what she has done or is doing for herself, as it is by what she is doing for her children, their parents and the community. She is expected to give service and not to receive service, and the service rendered can be measured to a degree by considering her native ability, multiplied by her preparation for teaching, and all duplicated by her native or acquired habit of industry. If a teacher is energetic, dynamic, poised; if she is resourceful, tactful, cautious, independent and positive, her pupils are likely to emulate her example, for to a child the teacher is one always to be trusted and her characteristics closely imitated. This is seen in the daily attitude of the child to his teacher, his little acts of courtesy, his ready smile and unselfish attitude of mind and heart. If the teacher is optimistic, enthusiastic, and sincere, if she has any pretense to seriousness, if she comprehends the serious obligations and great possibilities of her profession and does not heartlessly consume the precious years of the children, she must assuredly possess the means of inculcating habits of thought and action in the lives of her children that will be strongly felt in the years to come. It is true that your teacher can answer to a certain

rigid efficiency test, that in almost every case the teacher is characterized by some humanizing fault, either in personality, professional zeal or the recitation; yet to the impartial mind, the teacher still controls in a large measure the possibilities of the morrow, because moving as she does in the mysterious realm of the intangible, unseen, and ever changing world of the mental life, together with the intrinsic values of the seen present and the everyday actualities of living, the teacher's sphere is ever receding, more intensive and supremely broadening.

In the teacher lies largely the power of fitting each child for his life work, always a delicate task that requires tact, understanding and withal a sincere interest in the welfare of the child. If she can bring to the surface all that is best in the child; teach him the beauty of a life of service; give to him of the best in her own soul, then, the result of her giving will be a wise and beautiful training that will also be lasting to the child.

The morality of conduct is conditioned upon knowledge, feeling and will. No higher service can be rendered by the teacher than to exercise in all possible and legitimate ways, constant diligence in revealing the intellectual element in con-

Continued on other side

TAHOCA

Star Theater 2 Nights

Coming Friday January 14-----Matinee Saturday

Wamshers Musical Comedy Company

22 People 22---Mostly Girls---Will Present

"The Dashing
Widow" Friday
(January 14th)

"New Wizard of
Wiseland" Sat.
(January 15th).

"The Girl from
Sherry's"
(Saturday's Matinee)



Prices - Children 25c, Adults 50c and 75c

MORAL TRAINING

Continued from other side

uct and in promoting the deeper insight of the pupil.

Knowledge however is not the only element to be desired, it should be accompanied by the appropriate functioning of the feelings. The greater virtues of the man is characterized chiefly by the refinement and vigor of his emotional life.

Besides knowledge and feeling the will is another element that is ever present in the conduct of the child. The real measure of a man's morality is found in the measure of his will to do things.

The final aim of the teacher lies therefore, in the education of the will of the pupil in conformity with the highest ideals of the race.

As a practical illustration let us take the singing in the schoolroom, which certainly bears upon the better training of the child, provided it is of the best kind. Singing, with all the ethical and spiritual culture which it implies, should be a part of the schoolwork. Give an interval to singing; make it lively, inspiring and improving. Let there be at least the singing of the national and patriotic airs the old favorites and "folk

Buy your Tools from Us; you will get good Tools



DO NOT TAKE "ANY OLD THING" WHEN YOU BUY TOOLS. BUY OURS. WITH OUR TOOLS YOU CAN DO MORE WORK AND BETER WORK, WITH LESS LABOR AND THEY LAST LONGER.

WE WON'T PINGH YOU ON THE PRICE, BUT GIVE YOU THE BEST MAKES AT A LOW PRICE.

DONT YOU NEED SOME GOOD TOOLS RIGHT NOW? COME IN.

TAHOKA HARDWARE CO.

You Need a Tonic

There are times in every woman's life when she needs a tonic to help her over the hard places. When that time comes to you, you know what tonic to take—Cardui, the woman's tonic. Cardui is composed of purely vegetable ingredients, which act gently, yet surely, on the weakened womanly organs, and helps build them back to strength and health. It has benefited thousands and thousands of weak, ailing women in its past half century of wonderful success, and it will do the same for you.

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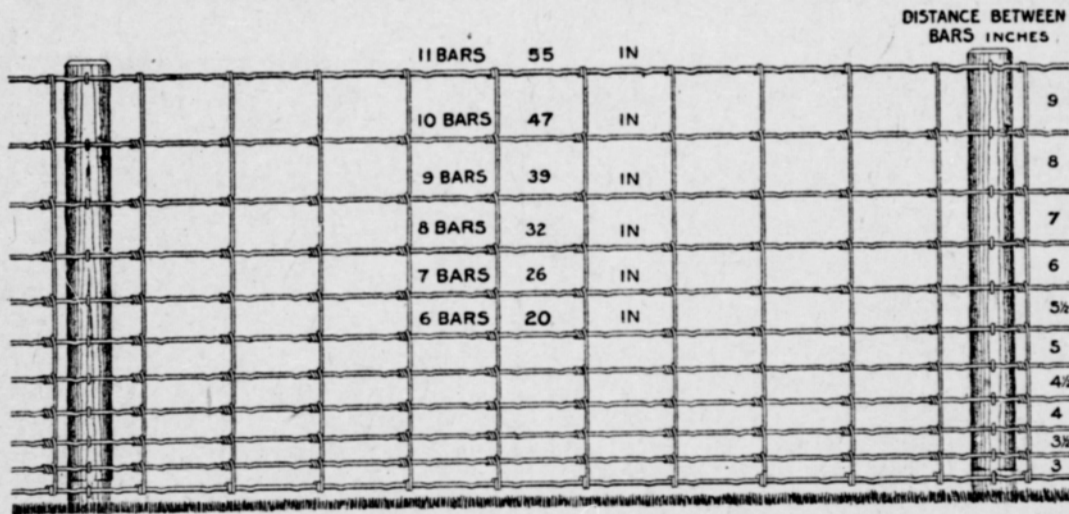
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songs". One mission of the school is to throw over every child in school years all the best' purest and noblest in music. The same inspiring influence can be attributed to the pictures which are seen on the walls of our schoolrooms. In-

deed what can be more elevating than the pictures of such artists as Rosa Bonheur, Sir Edward Lanseer, Heinrich Hoffman, Millet and other artists of equal prominence. "The Gleaners" by Millet; "The Song of the Lark" by Jules Breton; Hoffmann's "Head of Christ" and the beautiful animal pictures of Rosa Bonheur and Lanseer all help to broaden the horizon of the child, provided he is taught the real meaning of each picture.

Other refining influences of the school are the games that are played and the Friday afternoon programs which should always be interesting and attractive. There are many different ways in which to elevate the moral training of the children that need not be mentioned here. There are no set rules, however, for the training a teacher gives to her children is too much a matter of tact, wisdom and understanding to ever be measured by any definite rules. Let each teacher remember that she is a teacher, let her never forget the true spirit of teaching, the missionary spirit. Let her draw life and inspiration from the lives of her children and she will not go unrewarded, for the living of a beautiful life of service is its own reward.

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WAGON YARD IN CONNECTION

The Exploits of Elaine

SYNOPSIS.

The New York police are mystified by a series of murders and other crimes. The principal clue to the criminal is the warning letter which is sent to the victims, signed with a "clutching hand." The latest victim of the mysterious assassin is Taylor Dodge, the insurance president. His daughter, Elaine, employs Craig Kennedy, the famous scientific detective, to try to unravel the mystery. What Kennedy accomplishes is told by his friend, Jameson, a newspaper man.

After many fruitless attempts to put Elaine and Craig Kennedy out of the way, the Clutching Hand is at last found to be none other than Perry Bennett, Elaine's lawyer and the man she is engaged to marry. Bennett flees to the den of one of his Chinese criminals. The Chinaman forces from Bennett the secret of the whereabouts of \$7,000,000. Then he gives the lawyer a potion which will suspend animation for months. Kennedy reaches Bennett's side just after he has lost consciousness and supposes him dead.

SEVENTEENTH EPISODE

THE WATCHING EYE.

Not a clue had been left by the kidnapers when they had so mysteriously spirited Elaine away from the apartment of Wu Fang. She had disappeared as completely as if she had vanished into thin air.

Kennedy was frantic. Wu and Long Sin themselves seemed to have vanished, too. Where they held her, what had happened to her, was a sealed book. And yet no move of ours was made, no matter how secret, that it did not seem to be known to them. It was as though a weird, uncanny eye glared at us, watching everything.

Craig neglected no possibility in his eager search. He even visited the little house in the country which Elaine had given to Aunt Josephine, and spent several hours examining the collapsed subterranean chamber in the vain hope that it might yield a clue. But it had not.

Unescapably, he was forced to the conclusion that not only Elaine's amazing disappearance, but the tragic succession of events which had preceded it had been caused, in some way, by the curiously engraved ring which Aunt Josephine had taken from her.

Craig had taken possession of the mystic ring himself, and now, forced back on this sole clue, it had occurred to him that if the ring were so valuable, other attempts would, without doubt, be made to get possession of it. I came into the laboratory, one afternoon, to find Kennedy surrounded by jeweler's tools, hard at work making an exact copy of the ring.

"What do you think of it, Walter?" he asked, holding up the replica.

"Perfect," I replied, admiringly.

"What are you going to do with it?"

"I can't say—yet," answered Kennedy, forlornly, "but if I understand these Chinese criminals at all, I know that the only way we can ever track them is through some trick. Perhaps the replica will suggest something to us later."

"Let's see if Aunt Josephine has received any word," he remarked abruptly, putting on his hat and coat, and nodding to me to follow.

Kennedy and I were not the only visitors to the subterranean chamber where it had seemed that the clue to the Clutching Hand's millions might be found.

It was as though that hidden, watching eye followed us. The night after our own unsuccessful search, Wu Fang, accompanied by Long Sin, made his way into the cavern.

Wu examined the safe which had been broken into.

Long Sin was now going over the walls of the cavern minutely, his close-set, beady black eyes examining every square inch of it.

A sudden low guttural exclamation caused Wu to turn to him quickly. Long Sin had discovered, back of the debris, a long oblong slot, cut into the rock. Above it were some peculiar marks.

Wu hurried over to his henchman, and together they tried to decipher what had been scratched on the rock.

As Long Sin's slender and sinister forefinger traced over the inscription Wu suddenly caught him by the elbow.

"The ring!" he cried, as at last he interpreted the meaning of the cryptic characters.

But what about the ring? For a moment Wu looked at the slot in deep thought. Then he reached down and withdrew a ring from his own finger and dropped it through the slot.

They listened a moment. They could hear the ring tinkle as though it were running down some sort of tracklike declivity inside the rock. Then, faintly, they could hear it drop. It had fallen into a little cup of a compartment below at their feet.

Nothing happened. Wu recovered his ring. But he had hit at last upon the Clutching Hand's secret!

Bennett had devised a ring lock which would open the treasure vault! No other ring except the one which he had so carefully hidden was of the size or weight that would move the lever which would set the machinery working to open the treasure house.

Again Wu tried another of his own rings, and a third time; Long Sin dropped in a ring from his finger. Still there was no result.

"The ring which we lost is the key to the puzzle—the only key!" exclaimed Wu Fang finally. "We must recover it at all hazards."

To his subtle mind a plan of action came. "There is no good remaining here," he added. "And we have gained nothing by the capture of the girl, unless we can use her to recover the ring."

Long Sin followed his master with a sort of intuition. "If we have to steal it," he suggested deferentially, "it can be accomplished best by making use of the Chong Wah Tong."

The tong was the criminal band which they had offended, which had in fact stolen the ring from Long Sin and sold it to Elaine. Yet in a game such as this enmity could not last when it was mutually disadvantageous. Wu took the suggestion. He decided instantly to make peace with his enemies—and use them.

Later that night, in his car, Wu stopped near the little curio shop kept by the new tong leader.

Wu, followed by his slave in crime, entered the curio shop and passed through with great dignity into the room in the rear.

As the two entered, the tong men bowed with great respect.

"Let us be enemies no more," began Wu briefly. "Let us rather help each other as brothers."

He extended his right hand, palm down, as he spoke. For a moment the tong leader parleyed with the others, then stepped forward and laid his own hand, palm down, over that of Wu. One of the others did the same, including Long Sin, the aggrieved.

Peace was restored.

Wu had arisen to go, and the tong men were bowing a respectful farewell. He turned and saw a large vase. For a moment he paused before it. It was an enormous affair and was apparently composed of a mosaic of rare Chinese enamels, cunningly put together by the deft and patient fingers of the Oriental craftsmen. Extending from the widely curving bowl below was an extremely long, narrow, tapering neck.

Wu looked at it intently; then an idea seemed to strike him. He called the tong leader and the others about him.

Quickly he outlined the details of a plan.

"Have you received any word yet?" asked Aunt Josephine, anxiously, w

Jennings had ushered us in Dodge library.

Kennedy shook his head sadly. A few minutes later Jennings entered the room softly again. "The expressmen are outside, ma'am, with a large package," he said.

Aunt Josephine followed him out into the hall.

There, already, the delivery men had set down a huge Oriental vase with a remarkably long and narrow neck. It was, as befitted such a really beautiful object of art, most carefully crated. But to Aunt Josephine it came as a complete surprise. "I can't imagine who could have sent it," she temporized. "Are you quite sure it is for me?"

The expressman, with a book, looked up from the list of names, down which he was running his finger. "This is Mrs. Dodge, isn't it?" he asked, pointing with his pencil to the entry with the address following it. There seemed to be no name of a shipper.

"Yes," she replied, dubiously, "but I don't understand it. Wait just a moment."

She went to the library door. "Mr. Kennedy," she said, "may I trouble you and Mr. Jameson a moment?"

We followed her into the hall, and there stood gazing at the mysterious gift, while she related its recent history.

"Why not set it up in the library?" I suggested, seeing that the expressmen were getting restive at the delay. "If there is any mistake they will send for it soon. No one ever gets anything for nothing."

Aunt Josephine turned to the expressmen and nodded. With the aid of the library, and there it was uncanted. Craig walked around the vase, looking at it critically. I had a feeling of being watched, one of those sensations which psychologists tell us are utterly baseless and unfounded. I was glad I had not said anything about it when he tapped the vase with his cane, then stuck the cane down the long, narrow neck, working it around as well as he could. The neck was so long and so narrow, however, that his stick could not fully explore the inside of the vase, but it seemed to me to be quite empty.

"Well, there's nothing in it, anyhow," I ventured.

I had spoken too soon. Kennedy withdrew his cane, and on the ferrule, adhering as though by some sticky substance, was a note.

We read:

Dear Aunt Josephine—

This is a token that I am unharmed. Have Mr. Kennedy give the ring to the man at the corner of Williams and Brownlee avenues at midnight tonight and they will surrender me to him.

ELAINE.

P. S.—Have him come alone or my life will be in danger.

"I thought something like this would happen," remarked Craig at length.

"Oh," cried Aunt Josephine, "it's too good to be true."

"We'll do it," exclaimed Kennedy quickly, "only this is the ring that we'll give them."

He drew from his pocket the replica of the ring which he had made and showed it to Aunt Josephine. Then he drew from another pocket the real ring, replacing the replica.

"Here's the real one," he said in a low tone. "Guard it as you would your life."

Aunt Josephine was worn out with the sleepless nights of worry since Elaine's disappearance. After we had gone, she tried to eat dinner, but found that she had no appetite.

Although she had intended to sit up until she received some word from Kennedy that night, the long strain had told on her, and in spite of her worry about Elaine, she decided, at length, to retire.

Aunt Josephine, clasping the jewel case tightly, mounted the stairs and entered her room. She locked the door

carefully and put the jewelry case under her pillow. Then she switched off the light.

A moment later a small piece of the vase seemed to break away from the rest of the mosaic, as though it were knocked out from the inside. Then a large piece fell out, and another.

At last from the strange hiding place a lithe figure, as shiny as though bathed in oil, naked except for a loin-cloth, seemed to squirm forth like a serpent. It was Wu Fang—the watchful eye which, literally as well as figuratively, had been leveled at us in one form or another ever since the kidnapping of Elaine.

Silently he tiptoed to the doorway and listened. There was not a sound. Just as noiselessly then he went back to the library table and, muffling the telephone bell, took down the receiver. He whispered a number, waited, then whispered some directions.

A moment later he wormed his way out of the library and into the drawing-room. On he went cautiously, snake-like, up the stairs, until he came to the door of Aunt Josephine's room.

He bent down and listened. There was no sound except Aunt Josephine's breathing.

Silently he drew from a fold in the loin-cloth a screwdriver and removed the screws from the hinges of the door. Quietly he pushed the bedroom door open, pivoting it on the lock, just far enough open so that he could slip through.

Creeping along the floor, like the reptile whose sign he had assumed, he came nearer and nearer Aunt Josephine's bed. As he paused for a moment his quick eye seemed to catch sight of the bulging lump under her pillow. His long, thin hand reached out and quietly removed the jewel case from under her pillow.

In a country roadhouse Long Sin was waiting patiently. The telephone rang, and the proprietor answered. Long Sin was at his side almost before he could hand over the receiver. It was Long Sin's master, Wu.

"Beware," came the whispered message over the wire. "Kennedy has made a false ring. I'll get the real one. By the great Devil of Gobi, you

must cut him off."

"It is done," returned Long Sin, hanging up the receiver in great excitement.

He hurried out of the room and left the roadhouse. Down the road in an automobile, bound between two Chinamen, one at her head and the other at her feet, was Elaine, wrapped around in blankets, not even her face visible. The guards looked up startled as Long Sin streaked out of the shadow to the car.

"Quick!" he ordered. "The master will get the ring himself. I will take care of Kennedy."

An instant and they were gone, while Long Sin slunk back into the shadows from which he had come.

Through the underbrush the wily Chinaman made his way to an old barn.

In the dim light of a lantern hanging from a rafter could be seen several barrels in a corner. Without a moment's hesitation Long Sin seized a bucket and placed it under the spigot of one of the barrels. The liquid poured forth into the bucket, and he emptied the contents on the floor, filling the bucket again and again and swinging it right and left in every direction, until the barrel had finally run dry.

Then he moved over to the window, which he examined carefully. Satisfied with what he had done, he drew a slip of paper from his pocket and hastily wrote a note, resting the paper on an old box. When he had finished writing he folded up the note and thrust it into a little hollow-carved Chinese figure, which he took also from his pocket.

With a final hasty glance about he extinguished the lantern, letting the moonlight stream fitfully through the single window. Then he left the barn, with both front and rear doors open.

Taking advantage of every bit of shelter, he made his way across the field in the direction of the crossroads, finally dropping down behind a huge rock some yards from the finger post that pointed each way to Williams and Brownlee avenues.

Late that night Kennedy left his

apartment prepared to follow the instructions in the note which had been so strangely delivered in the vase.

As he climbed into a roadster he tucked the robe most carefully into a corner under the leather seat.

"For heaven's sake, Craig," I gasped from under the robe, "let me have a little air."

I had taken my place under the robe before the car was driven up in front of the apartment lest some emissary of Wu Fang might be watching to see that there was such a trick.

"You'll get air enough when we get started, Walter," he laughed back under his breath, apparently addressing the engine.

We had reached a point in the suburbs which was deserted, and I did not recognize a thing when he pulled up by the side of the road with a jerk.

A moment later he pulled the robe partly off me, and bent down as though examining the batteries on the side of the car.

"Get out on the other side in the shadow of the car, Walter," he whispered hoarsely. "Go down the road a bit—only cut in and keep under cover. This is Williams avenue. You'll see a big rock. Hide behind it. Ahead you'll see Brownlee avenue. Be prepared for anything. I shall have to trust the rest to you. I don't know myself what's going to happen."

I slid out and went along the edge of the road, as Craig had directed, and finally crouched behind a huge rock.

After a moment to give me a chance, Craig himself left the car pulled up close by the side of the road and went ahead on foot. At last he came to the crossroads just around the bend, where, in the moonlight, he could read the signs: "Williams avenue" and "Brownlee avenue." He stood there a moment.

Suddenly, at his feet in the dust of the road something heavy seemed to drop. He looked about quickly. No one was in sight.

He reached down and picked up a little Chinese figure. Tapping it with his knuckles he examined it curiously. It was hollow.

Continued on next page

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3 " toilet soap..... .20	Chewing Gum 3 for..... .10	" .50 Ribbed Shirts..... .40	8 men's \$5.00 Mackanaws..... 3.00
Large Bucket White Cloud..... 1 10	Sugar while it lasts..... 6.50	" .50 " drawers..... .40	6 boy's 5.00..... 3.00
" " Swift's Jewel..... 1 10			Men's 7.00 Raincoats..... 4.50

January 10 Removal Sale January 22

10 lb. box peaches..... .85	Mens \$5.00 Shoes..... 3.50	All 12 1/2c. Gingham..... .10	Boys Raincoats at Cost
10 lb. " prunes (60-70)..... 1.00	" 3.50 "..... 2.85	" 10c "..... .07 1-2	Mens 4 buckles 2.25 overshoes..... 1.85
1 gal. King Komus Syrup..... .65	All other shoes in mens or boys at cost	" 25c piece goods..... .18	" 2 " 1.75 "..... 1.35
1 " New South..... .65	Ladies \$3.50 Shoes..... 2.85	" 1.25 Serge..... .90	" 1 " 1.50 "..... 1.20
1 " Velva..... .65	" 3.25 "..... 2.65	" 1.00 "..... .75	Ladies 2 " 1.50 "..... 1.25
18 lbs. Mexican Beans..... 1.00	Childrens shoes in all sizes at cost	" Silks and Mesalines at cost	Large size 1.75 comfort..... 1.25
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Best Corn -- Case..... 2.25		" 20c "..... .15	

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The Exploits of Elaine

From the inside he drew out a piece of paper. He strained his eyes in the moonlight and managed to make out: "The Serpent is all-wise and his fang is fatal. You have signed the white girl's death warrant."

Meanwhile I had made my way stealthily, peering into the bushes and careful not even to step on anything that would make a noise and was now, as I have said, crouched behind the big rock to which Craig had directed me.

I had begun to wonder whether Kennedy might not have made a mistake when, suddenly, from behind the shadow of another rock ahead of me, but toward Brownlee avenue, I saw a tall, gaunt figure of a man stealthily rise up into the moonlight.

My heart gave a leap as he quickly raised his right arm and hurled something as far as he could in the direction that Kennedy had taken.

I stole out from my own hiding place in the shadow of my rock and darted quickly to the shelter of a bush, nearer the figure.

It turned to steal away.

I leaped at him and he went down, rolling over and over in the underbrush and stubble.

He was powerful and stronger than I and after a tough tussle he broke loose. But I had succeeded, nevertheless. I had delayed him just long enough. Kennedy heard the sound of the struggle and was now crashing through the hedge at the crossroads in our direction.

I managed to pick myself up, just as Kennedy reached my side, and, together, we followed the retreating figure as it made its way among the shadows. Across the open space before us we followed him and at last saw him dive into an old barn.

A moment later we followed hot-foot into the barn. As we entered, we could hear a peculiar grating noise, as though a door was swung open. Evidently the man had gone through and closed the back door.

We threw ourselves against the back door. But it did not yield. There was no time to waste and we turned to rush out again by the way we came, just as the front door was slammed shut.

The man had trapped us.

We could hear his feet crunching the dry leaves and twigs as he went around the side of the barn again. Suddenly the pale silver of the moonlight on the floor reddened.

The man had struck a match and thrown it into a mass of oil-soaked straw and gunpowder which protruded through one of the weather-beaten

boards, near the floor.

For a second I looked dismayed at the rapidly mounting flames.

"A very pretty situation," I forced with a laugh. "But I hope he doesn't think we'll stay here and burn, with a perfectly good window in full view."

I took a step toward the window, but before I could take another, Kennedy yanked me back.

"Don't think for a moment that he overlooked that," he shouted.

Craig looked around hastily. In a corner, just back of us, was a long pole. He snatched it up and moved cautiously toward the window.

"Keep back, Walter," he muttered, "just as far as you can."

He had scarcely raised the window a fraction of an inch when an old, rusty, heavy anvil and a bent, worn plowshare crashed down to the floor directly over the spot where I should have been if he had not dragged me away.

"I think you may try it safely now, all right," smiled Kennedy coolly.

We climbed out of the window, not an instant too soon.

Having gained the clump of woods, the gaunt figure had paused long enough to gloat over his clever scheme. Instead, he saw us making good our escape. With a gesture of intense fury he turned. There was nothing more for him to do but to zigzag his way to safety across country.

Kennedy did not pause an instant longer, but in the light of the burning barn, as best he could, started to follow the trail in a desperate endeavor either to overtake Long Sin, or at least to find the final direction in which he would go.

At the entrance of the passageway which led to the little underground chamber in which we had sought the treasure hidden by the Clutching Hand, Wu Fang was seated on a rock waiting impatiently, though now and then indulging in a sinister smile at the subtle trick by which he had recovered the ring.

The sound of approaching footsteps disturbed him. He was far too clever to leave anything to chance and like a serpent, he wriggled behind another rock and waited. It was only a glance, however, that he needed to allay his suspicions. It was Long Sin, breathless.

Wu stepped out beside him so quietly that even the acute Long Sin did not hear. "Well?" he said in a guttural tone.

Long Sin drew back in fear. "I have failed, oh, master," he replied in an imploring tone. "Even now they are following my tracks."

Wu frowned. "We must work quickly, then," he muttered.

He picked up a dark lantern near by, indicating another to Long Sin. They entered the cave, flashing the lights ahead of them.

"Be careful," ordered Wu, proceeding gingerly from one stepping stone to another. "We shall be followed no further than this."

He paused a moment and pointed his finger at the earth. Everywhere, except here and there where a stone projected, was a sticky, silmy substance. It was an old trick of primitive races.

They passed on from stone to stone until they came to the subterranean chamber itself.

Long Sin watched his master in silent admiration as, at last, he drew forth the mystic ring for which they had dared all.

Without a word Wu dropped it in the slot, a protuberance hit a trigger and pushed it a hair's breadth.

On the other side of the chamber, a great rock in the ground slowly turned, as though on a pivot. They watched, fascinated. Even then Wu did not forget the precious ring, but as the rock turned, reached down quickly and recovered it from the cup at the floor.

Inch by inch the pivoted rock moved on its axis. They flashed their lanterns full on it and, as it moved, they could see disclosed huge piles of gold and silver coins and bars and ornaments, a chest literally filled with brilliants, set and unset, rubies, emeralds, precious stones of every conceivable variety, a cave that would have staggered even Aladdin.

For a moment they could merely stand in avaricious exultation.

Painfully and slowly we managed to trail Long Sin's footprints, until we came to a road where they were lost in the hard macadam.

Kennedy chose the most likely direction, for the trail had been at an angle to the road and Long Sin was not likely to double back. We had not gone many rods before Kennedy paused a minute and looked about in the moonlight.

"It's right, Walter," he cried. "Do you recognize it?"

I looked about. Then it flashed over me. This was the back road that led past the entrance to the treasure vault at Aunt Tabby's.

We went on now more quickly, listening carefully to catch any sounds, but heard nothing. At last Kennedy stopped, then plunged among the rocks and bushes beside the road. We were at the cave.

"You go this way, Walter," he directed. "I'll go around and down where it caved in."

I had gone only a yard or two when

it seemed as though some grasped my foot.

With a great wrench I managed to pull it loose. But the weight on my other foot had imbedded it deeper in something. I struggled to free this foot and got the other caught. My revolver which I had drawn, was jarred from my hand, and in the effort to recover it, I lost my balance. Unable to move a foot in time to catch myself I fell forward. My hands were now covered by the silmy, sticky stuff, and the more I struggled, the worse I seemed to get entangled.

Wu and Long Sin paused only a minute in astonishment. Then they literally fell upon the wealth that lay before them.

Suddenly they paused. There was the slight tinkle of a Chinese bell.

Kennedy had reached Aunt Tabby's garden, outside the roof of the subterranean chamber where it had given way, had gone down carefully over the earth and rock, and in doing so had broken a string stretched across the passageway. The tinkle of a bell attached to it aroused his attention and he stopped short, a second, to look about. Wu Fang had arranged a primitive alarm.

Quickly, Wu and Long Sin blew out their lanterns while Wu gave the rock a push. Slowly, as it had opened, it now closed and they stood there listening.

I was still struggling in the bird lime, getting myself more and more covered with it, when the reverberation of revolver shots reached me.

Wu and Long Sin had opened fire on Kennedy, and Kennedy was replying in kind. In the cavern it sounded like a veritable bombardment. As they retreated, they came nearer and nearer to me and I could see the revolvers spitting fire in the darkness.

I watched them fearfully as they hopped deftly from one stone to another to avoid the lime--and were gone.

"Craig! Craig!" I managed to cry feebly. "Be careful. Keep to the stones."

Stepping from stone to stone, he followed the retreating Chinamen. But they had already reached the mouth of the cave and were making their way rapidly down the road to a bend, in the opposite direction from which we had come. There Wu's automobile was waiting.

A moment later Kennedy appeared, but they had made their getaway. Baffled, he turned and retraced his steps to the cave.

"They got away, Walter," he said, lighting a lantern they had dropped. "By George," he added, I think a little vexed that I had not been able to intercept them, "you are a sight!"

He was about to laugh, when I faintly ed. I can remember nothing until I

woke up over by the wall of a chamber where he dragged me.

Kennedy had been working hard to revive me, and, as I opened my eyes, he straightened up. His eye suddenly caught something on the rock beside him. There was a little slot carved in it, and above the slot was a peculiar inscription.

For several minutes Kennedy puzzled over it, as Wu had done. Then he discovered the little cup near the ground.

"The ring!" he suddenly cried out. I was too muddled to appreciate at once what he meant, but I saw him reach into his fob pocket and draw forth the trinket which had caused so much disaster, as if it had been cursed by the Clutching Hand himself. He dropped it into the slot.

Struggling to my feet, I saw across from me the very rock itself moving.

"Look, Craig!" I cried, involuntarily pointing.

He turned. No, it was not a vision. It actually moved. Together we

watched. Slowly the rock turned on a pivot. There were disclosed to our astonished eyes the hidden millions of the Clutching Hand.

I looked from the gold and jewels to Kennedy, in speechless amazement. "We have beaten them anyhow," I cried.

Slowly Craig shook his head sadly. "No," he murmured, "we have found the Clutching Hand's millions, but we have lost Elaine."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

They Rescued "Tige."

Huntington, Ind.--A dog belonging to William Wilcox, living west of Andrews, followed a coon into a ten-inch tile ditch recently. Hunters spent hours in trying to call the dog back, but got no response. The owners dug up the ditch at several places and finally located Tige forty rods from the opening and in an eight-inch side ditch. The dog was exhausted, but still alive.

Al Jennings

Ex-bandit, convict, candidate for Governor of Oklahoma and now evangelistic preacher will appear at the

THEATER

Thursday Night, Jan. 13th
in a six reel feature

"Beaten Back"

Our first China Set will be given away
this night