

Hallowe'en and Its Celebration

Saturday night was hallowe'en. The gossamer walked arm in arm with the hob-goblin, the sprite danced with the will-o'-the-wisp, and the owl and the cat hooted and yowled. Incidentally, the entire assembly raised the devil, judging from the topsy-turvy appearance of the square Sunday morning.

We have learned of three formal observances of the night.

Mr. and Mrs. Sid Sanders, of the Edith community entertained their young friends at a ghost walking. After masking, the ghosts of the sterner sex were marched into the front room, and the witches of the fairer sex, who had foregathered in another part of the house were led in one at a time and sold to the highest bidder for a partner for the evening.

Owing to the present financial crisis, beans were distributed among the bidders to be used in place of coin of the realm. Partners being purchased, the young people repaired to the front yard to get a breath of fresh air, here they doffed their ghostly habiliments and made themselves acquainted one with the other. But they were not long to enjoy their moonlit chat. The couples were directed to the dining room where the witch had pitched his tent and dipped for each, impartially, a future from his caldron. From thence they were directed to the living room, in one corner of which they might have their life line read by a gypsy. Followed in rapid succession, the archer's contest whereby one determined his or her future by shooting with bow and arrow at the three fates—Luck, Wealth and Happiness; candle puffing bobbing for apples and like amusements. At close the hour of midnight refreshments were served consisting of pumpkin pie, two kinds of cookies and butter milk. At an "early" hour the merry makers departed for their homes or the performance of ghostly deeds as the spirits of the night moved them.

Howard and Hansford Tunnell, of ten miles southeast of Tahoka, entertained quite a few of their friends at a cavalcade of the spirits

The Helpers Class of the Baptist Sunday School entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Herring. Among the attractions offered was a genuine gypsy who would reveal the past and future for the trifle of a four bit piece.

B. L. Shook, of Plainview, was in Tahoka the first of the week looking after his holdings here.

More human ills can be traced to an impure blood stream than any one cause on earth. Irregularities of the bowels and indigestion follow invariably. GROGAN'S MINERAL WATER is nature's own infallible remedy. It is swift, sure and pleasant; no bad after effects. It is truly a boon to humanity. Five gallons for \$1.25 and allow you 50c for the return of the jug which come back free of charge.
GROGAN WELLS,
1013 Sweetwater, Texas.

ADVERTISE YOUR TOWN
By Having Its Name on the Envelope of Every Letter You Send.
Tell Us Quote Prices For Printing Your Stationery.

EPWORTH LEAGUE PROGRAM SUBJECT—MEXICO

Leade, Jim Crie.
Roll call, with current events in Mexico.

Scripture, Isiah 63, i-iv.
Reading or Talk, Educational work in foreign fields, Miss Lucy Gathings.

Talk or Reading, Mission Schools for Mexicans in Texas, Guy Shook.

Religious conditions in Mexico, Bessie Crie.

Story of the War in Mexico, O. M. Shook.

That's the wind up of it.

TRY THESE ON YOUR FORD

There was an old geezer
And he had a wooden leg,
A rick he couldn't steal
And a ride he couldn't beg,
So he took four spoons
And an old coal hod,
And he made a little Ford
And it ran, by—Gosh.

Two schoolmates met after a number of years. After exchanging greeting and confidences, one remarked to the other: "By the way what are you doing for a living?" The other replied: "I am selling Fords, but don't tell the dear old folks at home. It would break their hearts. They think I am still in the penitentiary."

A little gar o little oil,
A little wire they call a coil,
A little piece of tin,
A twelve foot board
Nailed together—
Makes a Ford.

BARGAIN

One five year old black work horse, new riding cultivator with planter attachment, and wagon and harness. For sale at a bargain by A. M. Sullivan, Tahoka, Texas

Miss Johnny Mooreland, one of the teachers in the Tahoka Public School, returned Tuesday evening from a visit to home folks. She was accompanied by her little sister who will attend school here.

The Tahoka Cotton Gin has been having considerable trouble with one of their big gasoline engines. We understand that their water supply run low and the engine got too hot.

Let Me Do Your Feed Grinding

I have purchased the Utility Grinding machinery and am now ready to grind your feed or corn meal. Will grind every Tuesday at the Tahoka Blacksmith Shop, H. C. SMITH, Prop. 50-14

A single dewdrop, as it quivers on a leaf, of a June morning, mirrors and reflect the whole blue sky; yet what a miniature picture it gives of that great expanse of heaven! So human fatherhood is the dewdrop which mirrors the divine fatherhood; but it is only a picture compressed into the minute size, and with only a dim broken reflection of a glorious love which is infinite in its length and breadth and height and depth.—Rev. J. R. Miller.

Winter Time is Pneumonia time, lagrippe time etc. Give the children a tumbler of Grogan Mineral water at bed time three or four times a week, and thus keep their systems clean and strong. With a jug of Grogan's Mineral Water in the house all chance of sickness is expelled. Five Gallon jug \$1.25 and we credit 50c for return of jug.
Grogan Wells, Sweetwater, Tex.
1013

A Worthy Plea To Tahokaites

Next week, November 8th to 14th, is the week set aside by Board of Control and Finance Committee of the Girls Training School, the State wide campaign for individual subscriptions of \$1, or more if possible, from the women and men of Texas, in order that they may raise the balance of the necessary \$25,000 to be raised before the State appropriated \$25,000 for its establishment. When this fund is raised, the school will be established and thereafter maintained by the State.

Adollar, five, ten or more, may not mean much to you, but My! how much it may mean to some unfortunate girl's future life, when used to give her the training such as the Girls Training School would give her when established. Your contributions whether large or small, will give her that chance much quicker.

If you are interested in helping these girls, send your donation to Mrs. W. V. Gailbraith, 1610 W. Magnolia Street, Fort Worth, Texas, or to myself at Dallas.

Appealingly yours,
Quentin D. Corley,
County Judge, Dallas County,
Chairman, Finance Committee

You can enter our \$350.00 Piano contest any time up to and including Saturday, November 14th. We will begin the contest Monday, November 16th. Each contestant will be given 5000 free votes to start with. 19-14
Thomas Bros. Drug Co.

The standing of the contestants are as follows:	
LILLIE HARRISON	
Standing Oct. 28	447.725
Gain Nov. 4	89,205
Total	536,930
VIOLA ROBERTS	
Standing Oct. 21	476,405
Gain Oct. 28	67,090
Total	543,495
Lillie Harrison recieved the silver pie knife.	

Need Combined Wisdom of Men and Women In Solving Country's Problems

By Former Vice President CHARLES W. FAIRBANKS Photo by American Press Association.



THE BALLOT IN THE HANDS OF WOMAN HAS NOT BEEN A FIRE-BRAND, BUT A STEADYING, WHOLESOME INFLUENCE. BY WHAT DIVINE PATENT DO MEN MONOPOLIZE POLITICAL POWER? THE RIGHT OF WOMEN TO VOTE HAS BEEN CONFERRED IN MANY STATES. THE EXPERIMENT HAS NOT PROVED DISASTROUS. THERE WERE PROPHETS OF EVIL WHEN IT WAS ATTEMPTED, BUT THE RAFTERS OF THE REPUBLIC HAVE NOT FALLEN. CHAOS HAS NOT COME. ON THE CONTRARY, ORDERLY PROGRESS HAS BEEN MAINTAINED.

We should heed past experience, avoiding the errors committed in our immaturity. No thoughtful person fails to realize that we shall need the combined wisdom of both men and women in meeting the many problems which shall confront us from time to time in our social and political affairs.

Turkey Draws Full Hand in War Game

The war situation is changed only in one respect. Turkey has cast her lot with Germanio, having severed all diplomatic relations with England, France, Russia and Servi. Wednesday of this week. War was declared against Great Britian the 32st of October, but the final breach didn't come till November 4. Russia is charged with having opened the breach. Some dispatches asserting that she provoked attack and then retaliated, others that she wonly attacked Turkey without provocation. Scattered demonstrations by the Turkish fleet followed.

The blittle between the two amalgamated armies continues with the same determined assault by the Germans and the stolid resistance of the Allies. One in a while the Germans succeed in capturing some little cross roads hamlet, but ere the sun rises and sets they have retired to their trenches, sometimes of their own accord some times at the bayonet point. But neither do the Allies gain either, so thus it seems they must face each other and kill and kill and kill until one side begins to find gaps in their lines and no men fill them.

On sea the result is little different. Two vessels sight each other. If one flees the other sues; if neither flees, they approach warily; a few shots are fired, there is the sound of rending steel, then a great swirl of water, there appear on the water round bobbing objects, perhaps they are picked up, if not, there are a few minature swirls and only one ship sails away.

PRESIDING ELDER TERRY, TO PREACH HERE SUNDAY

The services at the Methodist church Sunday were indeed a treat to all who attended. Bro. Ledgers enforced rest Sunday before last, on account of the wet weather, seemed to have put him to the good, and he gave his flock the full benefit of it in a real live sermon.

There were two new members received into the church. Sunday, coming, being Bro. Ledger's Sunday at Slaton, Rev. Terry, Presiding Elder, will preach at the Methodist church. Quarterly conference will be held here Monday.

MOTHER, save your little infants from the ills so common to baby life. Take a glass of Grogan's Mineral Water each day for several weeks before and after the little one's birth. It insures a strong and healthy baby. Don't delay, but send \$1.25 today for five gallon jug. Satisfaction guaranteed. 50c credit for the return of the jug. —Grogan Mineral Wells, Sweetwater, Texas. 1013

The "Christmas ship, Jason," will sail from New York Tuesday, November 10.

H. D. Tally, of Slaton, Texas, claims to be some Burbank himself. While the farmers have been raising Sudan, he has been developing a hybrid plant that will serve two purposes. It is a cross between Johnson grass and sweet potatoes; the above ground section being a perfect stalk of Johnson grass, and the root being a perfect sweet potato. You don't have to stand on you head to believe this, for the Slatonite has one of the plants. Tally says he has a better plant than Sudan for he can raise two crops at the same time—sweet potatoes and hay.—Slaton Slatonite.

Notice to Hunters

Any person hunting in the Tahoka Lake pasture without permission will certainly be prosecuted. J. T. Lofton 10-17p

Miss Christine Swan left on the Saturday evening train for Lamesa where she intended taking a car for Sparenburg, at which place she commenced her career as a petit school marm. It was her misfortune that the train broke down at O'Donnell, and she had to take car from there to her destination some 40 miles distant, and over roads not of the best. She arrived safely Sunday evening, and sends back word that she has completely fallen in love with the place.

MORE SENSE THAN POETRY

My, friend, have you heard of the town of Yawn
On the banks of the river Slow,
Where blooms the Waitawhite flower fair,
Where the Sometimorother scents the air
And the soft Gocays grow?

It lies in the valley of Whatstueuse,

In the province of Letherslide; That the tired feeling is native there—

It's the home of the listless Idontcare,
Where the Putoffs abide,

The Putoffs never make up their minds,

Intending to do it to-morrow; And so they delay from day to day
Till business dwindles and profits decay
And their days are full of sorrow.

—American Bulletin.

Mrs. Hutler Crosses The Chilling Tide

Wednesday, of this week, the Grim Reaper thrust his scythe thru the portals of the Shed Weathers home and severed the slender stem that held the soul of Grandma Butler to this earth.

Mrs. Butler's death came as a bolt from the blue, she having been sick hardly two days when the end came. Monday evening Mrs. Butler was taken ill, and the doctor was summoned. She died Wednesday evening at five o'clock.

To the best of our knowledge, it seems that Mrs. Butler had congestion of the right side of the brain. She was sinking slowly Wednesday evening when the Dr. Callaway gave her a hyperdermic and when the drug reached her heart by way of the blood vessels, it ceased to beat. The injection was intended to rally her but she could not stand the shock.

Neither of her daughters, Mrs. Shed Weathers and Mrs. Ben King, with whom she has made her home the past several years, were in the room when her spirit took its flight, nor did they suspect that there was much probability of the attack proving fatal. To them the announcement from the adjoining room that their mother was no more of this earth, was as a blow between the eyes with a tangible object.

Interment took place at the Tahoka Cemetary Thursday evening immediately after the arrival of the train from the north. The services were conducted by Rev. J. F. Nicholson.

Those of the immediate family who lived in other parts of the State and were able to reach here are: Grandma Marshall, of Lockney, step mother of the deceased; Mr. Marshall, of the same place, a brother; and Mr. Alvin Butler of McCauley, a son.

We extend our heart felt sympathy to the bereaved and point them to the Great Spirit for comfort.

160 acres improved land in Terry county. Will trade for Tahoka Property, see
1014 C. L. Williams, Tahoka.

Prevents as well as cures; cleanses the system against attacks of intestinal trouble; kidney trouble and liver trouble; blood disease, rheumatism and diseases of the skin. Five gallon jug \$1.25. Fifty cents for return of the jug. It comes back free of charge.

Grogan Wells and Boone Institute of Massage, Sweetwater, Texas. 1013

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Thomas returned Tuesday from Dallas where they have been the past two weeks having Mr. Thomas' eyes treated. Cliff says his eyes are far on the way to being all right again. We are glad to have them back with us.

You can enter our \$350.00 Piano Contest any time up to and including Saturday, November 14th. We will begin the contest Monday November 16th. Each contestant will be given 5000 free votes to start with.
Thomas Bros. Drug Company.
10-14

Are You Going Visiting?

Tell Us About It So We Can Tell Your Friends and Acquaintances.

LYNN COUNTY NEWS

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Within 20 days from the date printed above, J. E. KETNER, or PARKHURST'S BROKEN & STORE, upon receipt of this coupon is authorized by Rule 12 to place 100 votes to the credit of

Candidate for Panama-Pacific Exposition trip or \$350 piano. Provided; that this coupon is countersigned by the subscriber whose printed name is attached to the other side hereof.

Countersigned:

Subscriber of the Lynn County News

PROFESSIONAL

C. H. CAIN
Lawyer

Office in old First National Bank Building

Tahoka Texas

M. M. HERRING

Lawyer and Abstracter
Office over Postoffice

Tahoka Texas

C. P. GENTRY
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All Repair Work Guaranteed
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LUBBOCK, TEXAS

W. D. Benson Percy Spencer

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Attorneys-at-Law

Rooms 3, 4 and 5, Lubbock State Bank Bldg.

LUBBOCK, TEXAS

Complete set abstracts Lubbock, Hockley and Cochran Counties in office.

Nominations

For County and District Clerk.
PAT NORTHROSS.

For Tax Assessor.
JOHN THOMAS

For County Treasurer.
C. T. BEARL.

For Sheriff and Tax Collector
F. E. REDWINE

For County Judge
J. L. STOKES
(re-election)

For District Attorney, 7nd Judicial District.
G. E. LOCKHART

For County Commissioner Precinct No. 3.
H. T. GOOCH

HOW "TIZ" HELPS SORE, TIRED FEET

Good-bye sore feet, burning feet, ten feet, sweaty feet, smelly feet, itchy feet.

Good-bye corns, calluses, bunions, raw spots, more shoe tightness, no more limping with pain or drawing up your face in agony. "TIZ" magical, acts right off. "TIZ" draws out all the poisonous exudations which pull up the feet. Use "TIZ" and forget your foot misery. Ah! how comfortable your feet feel. Get a 25 cent box of "TIZ" now at any drugstore or department store. Don't suffer. Have good feet, glad feet, feet that never swell, never hurt, never get tired. A year's foot comfort guaranteed or money refunded.



The Alison Liquor Law has been dealt a death blow by the court of criminal appeals. It has been thrust thru the vitals, and any mother's son (God pity the disgraced mothers) can order liquor and drink it to his heart's content. And if he has it, will be a strenuous proposition to keep him from passing the bottle.

Every pass of the bottle makes a new drunkard—think this over.

Fathers, wake up! The time has past when Women's Temperance Unions can handle the liquor situation. It has become a hydra-headed monster which will be put to death only by the concerted action of the manhood of the nation. Yes, we mean put to death; exterminated, root, limb and branch. Cut out the flap-doodle, piffle about "medicinal and sacramental purposes." God never meant for intoxicating liquor to be served in his house, and as sure as He sits on His Throne, so sure those who serve it there, will one day give an account for it. The medicinal clause is nothing but another loophole, pure alcohol would serve the purpose.

Take it away. Dry up the stills from which it flows. Hunt down the distributors as our forefathers hunted down the road agent; a necktie party would not be amiss either. You cannot serve God and the Devil. You have got to be wet or dry. You can't ride the fence.

Will Texas go DRY within in the next two years, dry as the Sahara; gain prohibition that will prohibit, or will she continue to strain at a gnat and swallow a camel; erect prohibition defenses and shoot them full of holes from within.

Arise Profr, shake off your lethargy, and as a single man go forth and battle till the damnable traffic is swept with out our borders, then join our sister states and press on until the demon booze and his serried ranks are shoved from our shores into the sea. Honor the man who sired you and the woman who bore you and help blot the curse from the nation.

WEAR COTTON GOODS MOVEMENT

The "wear cotton goods movement" is daily gaining ground all over the South. Communities, it was, cities, counties and states are answering to the appeal. At the opening of the opening of the Cotton Palace, at Waco, this State, October 31st, Mayor J. W. Riggins, that city, was attracted in a complete outfit; hat, suit, shirt, socks and shoes; he intends adopting this as his habitual attire. Cold Springs, this State, has just joined the movement, unanimously, and from "peasant to prince," metaphorically speaking, the inhabitants thereof, each day sally forth clad in jumper and overalls. The solid and striped weaves offer a variety to the fastidious.

Who'll start the movement in Tahoka. It is both patriotic and economical.

"War is Hell" alright, and the little scrap over in the Orient is the most Hellish edition that has ever bloodied the face of God's footstool. Men by the millions led to slaughter, to say nothing of the women, children and dumb brutes who have to suffer. And for why? The answer comes hissing back with the breath of the inborn sicon that spoke it, "The divine right of kings."

On yonders battle field, across the water, Monarchy is in its death throes. To be sure no one is fighting for a republic, nor was the Civil War declare to free the slaves. When the smoke of battle clears away, and the blood and flesh of the slaughtered has been covered by the green pall of nature, there will rise the great republic out of the ruins that Napoleon prophesied.

An exchange digs out the following questions that will keep most people guessing: "You can any day see a white horse, but did you ever see a white colt? How many different kinds of trees grow in your neighborhood, and what are they good for? Why does a horse eat grass backward and a cow forward? Why does a pop vine wind one way and a bean vine the other? Where should a chimney be largest, at the top or bottom? Can you tell why a horse, when tied with a rope always unravels it, while a cow always twists it into a kinky knot?"

We might add: What made a negro's wool kinky? Why does a chicken go across a road?

Much is written and spoken about the reduction of the cotton acreage for 1915, and many and varied are the solution offered. These range from very vague advice to the most drastic prohibition. Regulation by legislation, the freemen of the youth will not submit to. But the acreage must be reduced in some way; not abolished. There is one way, said in one word—diversification. The one-crop farmer is a failure. There never was a time when the "bottom fell out" of everything. There is a something in the destiny of nations that seems to keep an equilibrium. Then let us grow a variety.

His Majesty, announces that all enemy reservists found on neutral ships will be made prisoners of war by Greatin. Seems as tho we remember reading somewhere of a little unpleasantness caused by one of his Majesty's predecessors by boarding American vessels and removing passengers. About 1812 was it not.

The British-German naval maneuvers in the North Sea reminds me of the siege of Marius; Germany playing the title role. Said the besieger: "Come down and fight, Marius, if thou be a great general." Marius answered his adversary: "Nay, if thou be a great general, force me to come down and fight."

Russia must crush Germany, says a Moscow dispatch. Appears as if the Germans were badly damaging the crusher while being put thru the pulverizing process.

COULDN'T REACH IT

This should be good news for our energetic young men and women who are desirous of earning a good salary. The U. S. Civil Service Department has put out a most urgent appeal for as many as can to at once prepare for and take the Civil Service examination for stenographers and typists, at salaries ranging from \$840 to \$1200 per annum.

There have been five special examinations held in Tyler this year and another is to be held this month. This is one class of work he war didn't reach. Our American Government is needing more help than ever before for our present administration has been exceptionally active one. All lines of business are looking brighter, yet at all times the demands have been greater than the supply for telegraphy operators. The northern railroads are literally blocked in moving and handling merchandise. One of the northern roads within the last, ordered ten young men from the Tyler Commercial College, Tyler, Texas, at one time. In less than two weeks they ordered five more and they have now requested this institution to furnish them with all the young men they can properly qualify. This together with the fact that the United States Government has addressed the Tyler Commercial college six personal communications during the year, insisting that their graduates take the Civil Service examinations, shows there is, even in the hardest times, a demand for graduates of the Tyler Commercial College. The high class training given by this institution fits its graduates to go into the government work at splendid salaries sort into the best railroad offices, direct from the school room.

There is no use of our young people sitting down and saying they can't get work when it is a positive fact that they can enter the Tyler Commercial College, at Tyler, Texas, and in three to five

TEXAS FACTS

TEXAS HAS—

- More cotton land than any country on the face of the earth.
 - The largest State Agricultural Fair in the world.
 - Largest cotton seaport in the world.
 - Largest inland port cotton market in the world.
 - Largest farmers' organization in the world.
 - The first state-wide advertising bureau ever established in the world.
 - The largest cattle feeding plant in the world.
 - Longest reinforced concrete viaduct in the world.
 - The largest cotton seed oil mills in the world.
 - The world's leading crude oil exporting port.
 - The longest pipe line in the United States.
 - The longest interurban system in the Southwest.
 - The largest United States army post.
 - Longest telephone line in the United States.
 - Largest Bermuda onion gardens in the world.
- months prepare themselves for a splendid position at a beginning salary of from \$840 to \$1200 per year. Before I would stay idle another week, I would write or phone this institution for catalog and full particulars and make my arrangements to enter at once that they might place me in a good salaried position. Adv. 10-11

"Bunkered!"



When a golf player is "BUNKERED" he is "UP AGAINST IT" and "IN BAD," to use the slang of the day.

Local merchants are "BUNKERED" when you fail to patronize them and send your money out of town to mail order houses.

The town itself is "BUNKERED" when it does not lustle for new industries and support a live Board of Trade.

Don't Be Bunkered!

Let us sell you coal for your cook stove. We have the **GENUINE NIGERHEAD NUT COAL**. The best coal for cooking purposes on the market today. Ask those who have tried it. We have the Rockvale and Rugby Lump coal for general purposes. Can fill any size order. Also Plenty of Rock and Chrused Salt. Plenty of Oats and Bran always on hand at the Lowest Market Prices. Will have cottonseed cake on hand soon.

G. W. SNIDER, North of Square, Tahoka

A Check Book.....

Increases your Standing in Your community.
It broadens your influence, widens the scope of your usefulness, and stamps you with the label of success.
Commence the forward movement today. Open an account with us no matter how small the beginning.

First National Bank

Of ah oa, exas

Blacksmithing

Flows made any size, wagon and buggy wor done Satisfaction Guaranteed at

J. Macfarlane

South of Square

TAHOKALODGE I. O. O. No. 653, Meets Every Tuesday night J. L. STOKES, N.G. G. R. MILLIKEN, V. H. C. CRIE, Sec. & Tre

Fine Stock of The Best LUMBER

We have Ever had Wire, Posts, Paint Glass, and Oils, Star Mills and pig McAdam Lbr. Co

PRICES
For Knife
-Go-Devils-
Made To Order From
\$ 5 to \$10
Better Order Now Before Rush Season
H. C. Smith
Blacksmith.

DRINK MORE WATER IF KIDNEYS BOTHER

Eat less meat and take Salts for Backache or Bladder trouble—Neutralizes acids.

Uric acid in meat excites the kidneys, they become overworked; get sluggish, ache, and feel like lumps of lead. The urine becomes cloudy; the bladder is irritated, and you may be obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night. When the kidneys clog you must help them flush off the body's urinous waste or you'll be a real sick person shortly. At first you feel a dull misery in the kidney region, you suffer from backache, sick headache, dizziness, stomach gets sour, tongue coated and you feel rheumatic twinges when the weather is bad.

Eat less meat, drink lots of water; also get from any pharmacist four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to clean clogged kidneys and stimulate them to normal activity, also to neutralize the acids in urine, so that no longer is a source of irritation, thus ending bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive, cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which everyone should take now and then to keep the kidneys clean and active. Druggists here say they sell lots of Jad Salts to folks who believe in overcoming kidney trouble while it is only trouble.

IF HAIR IS TURNING GRAY, USE SAGE TEA

Don't look old! Try Grandmother's recipe to darken and beautify faded, lifeless hair.

That beautiful, even shade of dark, glossy hair can only be had by brewing a mixture of Sage Tea and Sulphur. Your hair is your charm. It makes or mars the face. When it fades, turns gray, streaked and looks dry, wispy and scraggly, just an application or two of Sage and Sulphur enhances its appearance a hundredfold.

Don't bother to prepare the tonic; you can get from any drug store a 50 cent bottle of "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy," ready to use. This can always be depended upon to bring back the natural color, thickness and lustre of your hair and remove dandruff, stop scalp itching and falling hair.

Everybody uses "Wyeth's" Sage and Sulphur because it darkens so naturally and evenly that nobody can tell it has been applied. You simply dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through the hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair has disappeared, and after another application it becomes beautifully dark and appears glossy, lustrous and abundant.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists. Price 50c per bottle. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

THIS PAPER REPRESENTS THE FOREIGN ADVERTISING BY THE

AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION

GENERAL OFFICES NEW YORK AND CHICAGO BRANCHES IN ALL THE PRINCIPAL CITIES

Lost Anything? An Ad. May Fetch It Back

WAR PRICES!

Need not disturb the housewife who knows the nutritive value and culinary use of 4W BREAKFAST FOOD

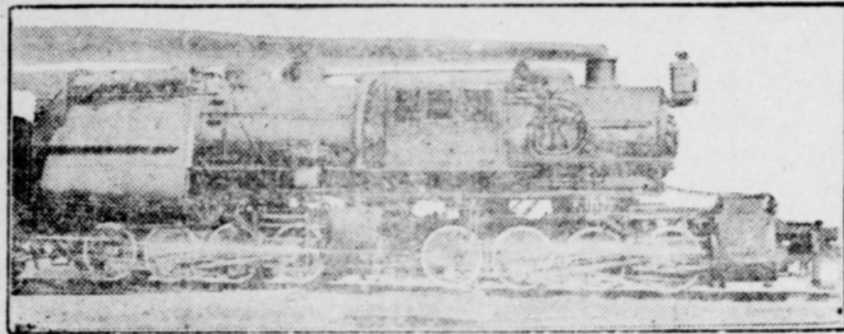
It Contains the Maximum of Nutriment at the Smallest Possible Cost. THE MOST COSTLY WAR

that has involved the human race for all time is the conflict between Nature and Disease. The first move in warfare is to clear the alimentary canal of all past food follies by eating Nature's food, 4W. Your Grocer Has It.

4. W. BREAKFAST FOOD CO. AMARILLO, TEXAS.

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We need to HARNESS HUMAN STEAM, to give it the same definite directions and tasks to perform.

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THE LAST SHOT

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by FREDERICK PALMER



SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—At their home on the frontier between the Browns and Grays, Mrs. Galland and her mother, entertain Colonel Westerling of the Grays, see Captain Lanstron, staff intelligence officer of the Browns, injured by a fall in his aeroplane.

CHAPTER II.—Ten years later, Westerling, nominal vice but real chief of staff, reinforces South La. Troop, meditates on war, and speculates on the comparative ages of himself and Marta, who is visiting in the Gray capital.

CHAPTER III.—Westerling calls on Marta. She tells him of her teaching children the follies of war and martial patriotism, begs him to prevent war while he is chief of staff, and predicts that if he makes war against the Browns he will not win.

CHAPTER IV.—On the march with the 53d of the Browns Private Stransky, anarchist, desires war and played-out patriotism and is placed under arrest. Colonel Lanstron overhears, begs him of saying the anarchist will fight well when enraged and is "all man."

CHAPTER V.—Lanstron calls on Marta at her home. He talks with Feller, the gardener. Marta tells Lanstron that she believes Feller to be a spy. Lanstron confesses it is true.

CHAPTER VI.—Lanstron shows Marta a telephone which Feller has concealed in a secret passage under the tower for use to benefit the Browns in war emergencies, pointing out its value as being in the center of the fighting zone in case of war. Marta consents for it and Feller to remain for the present. Lanstron declares his love for Marta.

CHAPTER VII.—Westerling and the Gray premier plan to use a trivial international affair to foment warlike patriotism in army and people and strike before declaring war. Partow, Brown chief of staff, and Lanstron make vice, discuss the trouble, and the Brown defenses. Partow reveals his plans to Lanstron.

CHAPTER VIII.—At the frontier the two armies lie crouched for attack and defense. In the town with the non-combatants fleeing from the danger zone, Marta bears her child pupils recite the peace oath.

CHAPTER IX.—The Gray army crosses the border line and attacks. The Browns check them. Artillery, infantry, aeroplanes and dirigibles engage. Stransky, rising to make the anarchist speech of his life, draws the Gray artillery fire. Nipped by a shrapnel splinter he goes Berserk and fights "all a man."

CHAPTER X.—Marta has her first glimpse of war in its modern, cold, scientific, murderous brutality. She allows the secret telephone to remain.

CHAPTER XI.—The Browns fall back to the Galland house. Stransky forages. Marta sees a night attack.

CHAPTER XII.—The Grays attack by force. The call of the fight too strong for Feller, he leaves his secret telephone and goes back to his guns. Hand to hand fighting. The Browns fall back again.

CHAPTER XIII.—Marta asks Lanstron over the secret telephone to appeal to Partow to stop the fighting. Vandalism by Gray soldiers in the Galland house.

CHAPTER XIV.—Marta sees Lanstron.

CHAPTER XV.—Marta sees Lanstron. The leaves clipped from the trees by bullets were blown aside with the hurricane breaths of shrapnel bursts; bullets whistled so near Marta that she heard their shrillness above every other sound. She was amazed that the houses still remained standing—that anyone was alive. But she had a glimpse of Dellarme maintaining his set smile and another of Feller, who had crept up behind the automatic, making impatient "come-on! come-on! what-is-the-matter-with-you?" gestures in the direction of the batteries in front of the castle.

"Thur-eesh—thur-eesh!" As the welcome note swept overhead he waved his hands up and down in mad rapture and then peeped over the breastwork to ascertain if the practice were good. The Brown batteries had been a little slow in coming into action, but they soon broke the precision of the opposing fire.

Now shells coming frequently fell short or went wide. The air cleared. Then a chance shell, striking at the one point which the man who fired it six thousand yards away would have chosen as his bull's-eye, obscured Feller and the automatic and its gunners in the havoc of explosion. Feller must have been killed. The dust settled; she saw Dellarme making frantic gestures as he looked at his men. They were keeping up their fusillade with unflinching rapidity. Through the breach left in the breastwork she had glimpses, as the dust was finally dissipated, of gray figures, bayonets fixed, pressing together as they came on fiercely toward the opening. The Browns let go the full blast of their magazines. Had that chance shell turned the scales? Would the Grays get into the breastwork?

All Marta's faculties and emotions were frozen in her stare of suspense at the breach. Then her heart leaped, a cry in a gust of short breaths broke from her lips as the Browns let go a rasping, explosive, demoniacal cheer. The first attack had been checked!

After triumph, terror, faintness, and a closing of her eyes, she opened them to see Feller, with his old straw hat—brim torn and crownless now—still on his head, rise from the debris and shake himself like a dog coming ashore from a swim. While the engineers hastened to repair the breach he assisted Stransky, who had also

been knocked down by the concussion, to lift the overturned automatic off the gunner. The doctor, putting a hand on the gunner's head, shook his head, and two hospital-corps men removed the body to make room for the engineers.

For once Dellarme's cheery smile deserted him. There was no one left to man the automatic, so vital in the defense, and even if somebody could be found the gun was probably out of commission. As he started toward it his smile, already summoned back, was shot with surprise at sight of the gun in place and a stranger in blue blouse, white hair showing through a crownless straw hat, trying out the mechanism with knowing fingers. Dellarme stared. Feller, unconscious of everything but the gun, righted the cartridge band, swung the barrel back and forth, and then fired a shot.

"You—you seem to know rapid-firers!" Dellarme exclaimed in blank incomprehension.

"Yes, sir!" Feller raised his finger, whether in salute as a soldier or as a gardener touching his hat it was hard to say.

"But how—where?" gasped Dellarme.

This time the movement of the finger was undoubtedly in salute, in perfect, swift, military salute, with head thrown back and shoulders stiff. Feller the gardener was dead and buried without ceremony.

"Lanstron's class, school for officers, sir. Stood one in ballistics, prize medallist control of gun-fire. Yes, sir, I know something about rapid-firers," Feller replied, and fired a few more shots. "A little high, a little low—right, my lady, right!"

Stransky was back in his place next to the automatic and firing whenever a head appeared. He rolled his eyes in a characteristic squint of scrutiny toward the new recruit.

"Beats spraying rose-bushes for bugs, eh, old man?" he asked.

"Yes, a lead solution is best for gray bugs!" Feller remarked pungently, and their glances meeting, they saw in each other's eyes the joy of hell.

"A pair of anarchists!" exclaimed Stransky, grinning, and tried a shot for another head.

As if in answer to prayer, a gunner had come out of the earth. Sufficient to the need was the fact. It was not for Dellarme to ask questions of a prize-medallist graduate of the school for officers in a blue blouse and crownless straw hat. His expert survey assured him that before another rush the enemy had certain preparations to make. He might give his fighting smile a recess and permit himself a few minutes' relaxation. Looking around to ascertain what damage had been done to the house and grounds, he became aware of Marta's presence for the first time.

"Miss Galland, you—you weren't there during the fighting?" he cried as he ran toward her.

"Yes," she said rather faintly.

"If I had known that I should have been scared to death!"

"But I was safe behind the pillar," she explained.

"Miss Galland, you're such a good soldier—please—and I'm sure you have not had your breakfast, and all good soldiers never neglect their rations, not at the beginning of a war! Miss Galland, please—" Yes, as he meant it, please be a good fellow.

She could not resist smiling at the charming manner of his plea. She felt

weak and strange—a little dizzy. Besides, her mother's voice now came from the doorway and then her mother's hand was pressing her arm.

"Marta, if you remain out here, I shall!" announced Mrs. Galland.

"I was just coming in."

Dellarme, his cap held before him in the jaunty fashion of officers, bowed, his face beaming his happiness at her decision.

"Come!" Mrs. Galland slipped her hand into Marta's. "Two women can't fight both armies. Come! I prescribe hot coffee. It is waiting; and, do you know, I find a meal in the kitchen very cozy."

Being human and not a heroine fed on lotos blossoms, and being exhausted and also hungry, when she was seated at table, with Minna adroitly urging her, Marta ate with the relish of little Peterkin in the shell cracker munching biscuits from his haversack, but the movement of the minute-hand on the clock-face became uncanny and merciless to her eye in its deliberate regularity. Dellarme had been told to hold on until noon, she knew. Was he still smiling? Was Feller still happy in playing a stream of lead

from the automatic? Was the second charge of the Grays, which must have come to close quarters when the guns went silent, going to succeed?

Mrs. Galland had settled down conscientiously to play solitaire, a favorite pastime of hers; but she failed to win, as she complained to Marta, because of her stupid way this morning of missing the combination cards.

After a long intermission came another outburst from Dellarme's men, which she interpreted as the response to another rush by the Grays; and this yelping of the demon was not that of the hound after the hare, as in the valley, but of the hare with his back to the wall. When it was over there was no cheer. What did this mean? Without warning to her mother she bolted out of the kitchen. Mrs. Galland sprang up to follow, but Minna barred the way.

"One is enough!" she said firmly, and Mrs. Galland dropped back into her chair.

In the front rooms Marta could have beyond her imagination. A portion of the ceiling had been blown out by a shell entering at an up-stairs window; the hardwood floors were littered with plaster and window-glass and ripped into splinters in places.

But she hurried on, impelled by she knew not what, through the dining-room, and, coming to the veranda, stopped short, with dilating eyes and a cry of grievous shock. Two of his men were carrying Dellarme back from the breastwork, where they had caught him in their arms as he fell. They laid him gently on the sward with a knapsack under his head. His face grew whiter with the flow of blood from the red hole in the right breast of his blouse. Then he opened his lips and whispered to the doctor: "How is it?" Something in his eyes, in the tone of that faint question, required the grace of a soldier's truth in answer.

"Bad!" said the doctor.

"Then, good-by!" And his head fell to one side, his lips set in his cheery smile.

His company was a company with his smile out of its heart and in its place blank despair. Many of the men had stopped firing. Some had even run back to look at him and stood, caps off, backs to the enemy, miserable in their grief. Others leaned against the parapet, rifles out of hand, staring and dazed.

"They've killed our captain!" "They've killed our captain!"—still a captain to them. A general's stars could not have raised him a cubit in their estimation.

"And once we called him 'Baby Dellarme,' he was so young and bashful! Him a baby? He was a king!"

"Men, get to your places!" cried the surviving lieutenant rather hopelessly, with no Dellarme to show him what to do; and Marta saw that few paid any attention to him.

In that minute of demoralization the Grays had their chance, but only for a minute. A voice that seemed to speak some uncontrollable thought of her own broke in, and it rang with the authority and leadership of a mature officer's command, even though coming from a gardener in blue blouse and crownless straw hat.

"Your rifles, your rifles, quick!" called Feller. "We're only beginning to fight!"

And then another voice in a bull roar, Stransky's:

"Avenge his death! They've got to kill the last man of us for killing him! Revenge! Revenge!"

That cry brought back to the company all the fighting spirit of the cheery smile and with it another spirit—for Dellarme's sake!—which he had never taught them.

Stransky picked up one of several cylindrical objects that were lying at his feet.

"He wouldn't use this—he was too soft-hearted—but I will!" he cried, and flung a hand-grenade, and then a second, over the breastwork. The explosions were followed by agonized groans from the Grays hugging the lower side of the terrace. For this they had crawled across the road in the night—to find themselves unable to move either way and directly under the flashes of the Browns' rifles.

Feller's and Stransky's shouts rose together in a peculiar unity of direction and full of the fellowship they had found in their first exchange of glances.

"You engineers, make ready!"

"Hand-grenades to the men under the tree! That's where they're going to try for it—no wall to climb over there!"

Continued on last page

Shoe and Glove Specials

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The Last Shot

By FREDERICK PALMER

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Continued from preceding page

"You engineered your bayonet into anything that wears a hat!"

"Get back, you men by the tree, to avoid their hand-grenades! Form up behind them, everybody!"

"No matter if they do get in at first! Back, you men, from under the tree!"

There was not a single rifle-shot. In a silence like that before the word to fire in a duel, all orders were heard and the more readily obeyed because Dellarme's foresight had impressed their sense upon the men in his quiet way.

The sand-bags by the tree were blown up by the Grays. Then, before the dust had hardly settled, came a half score of hand-grenades thrown by the first men of a Gray wedge, scrambling as they were pushed through the breach by the pressure of the

mass behind. In that final struggle of one set of men to gain and another to hold a position, guns or automatics or long-range bullets played no part.



"You, There, in Your Straw Hat and Blue Blouse."

It was the grapple of cold steel with cold steel and muscle with muscle, in the billowing, twisting mob of wres-

tlers, with no sound from throats but straining breaths; with no quarter, no distinction of person, and bloodshot eyes and faces hot with the effort of brute strength striving, in primitive desperation, to kill in order not to be killed. The cloud of rocking, writhing arms and shoulders was neither going forward nor backward. Its movement was that of a vortex, while the gray stream kept on pouring through the breach as if it were only the first flood from some gray lake on the other side of the breastwork.

Marta had come to the edge of the veranda, at once drawn and repelled, feeling the fearful suspense of the combat, the savage horror of it, and herself uttering sounds like the straining breaths of the men. What a place for her to be! But she did not think of that. She was there. The dreadful alchemy of war had made her a stranger to herself. She was mad; they were mad; all the world was mad!

One minute—two, perhaps—not three—and the thing was over. She saw the Grays being crushed back and realized that the Browns had won, while the last details of the lessening tumult fixed her attention with their gladiatorial simplicity. Here, indeed, it was a case of man to man with the weapons nature gave him.

"I thought so!" cried Feller. "Attacks on frontal positions by daylight are going out of fashion!"

It was he who mercifully arrested the shower of hand-grenades that followed the exit of the enemy. Two of the guns of the castle batteries, having chafed their position, were making havoc enough at pointblank range, with a choice of targets between the Grays huddled on the other side of the breastwork and those in retreat.

One of the Grays, his cheek bearing the mark of a boot heel, raised himself, and, in defiance and the satisfaction of the thought to his bruises and humiliation, pointing his finger at Feller, Marta heard him say:

"You there, in your straw hat and blue blouse, they've seen you—a man fighting and not in uniform! If they catch you it will be a drumhead and a firing squad at dawn!"

"That's so!" replied Feller gravely. "But they'll have to make a better job of it than you fellows did if they're going to—"

He turned away abruptly but did not move far. His shoulders relaxed into the gardener's stoop, and he pulled his hat down over his eyes and lowered his head as if to hide his face. He was thus standing, inert, when a division staff-officer galloped into the grounds.

"Where is Major Dellarme?"

When he saw Dellarme's still body he dismounted and in a tide of feeling which, for the moment, submerged all thought of the machine, stood, head bowed and cap off, looking down at Dellarme's face.

"I was very fond of him! He was at school when I was teaching there. But a good death—a soldier's death!" he said. "I'll write to his mother myself." Then the voice of the machine spoke, "Who is in command?"

"I am, sir!" said the callow lieutenant, coming up. But the men of the company spoke.

"It was not according to military etiquette, but military etiquette meant nothing to them now. They were above it in veteran superiority.

"Where's Stransky?" demanded the staff-officer.

"You're looking at him!" replied Stransky with a benign grin.

Seeing that Stransky was only a private, the officer frowned at the anomaly when a lieutenant was present, then smiled in a way that accorded the company parliamentary rights, which he thought that they had fully earned.

"Yes, and he gets one of those iron crosses!" put in Tom Fragin.

"Yes—the first cross for Bert of the Reds!"

"And we'll let him make a dozen anarchist speeches a day!"

"Yes, yes!" roared the company. "The ayes have it!" the officer announced cheerfully. He lifted his cap to Marta. With tender regard and grave reverence for that company, he took extreme care with his next remark lest a set of men of such dynamic spirit might repulse him as an invader. "The lieutenant is in command for the present, according to regulations," he proceeded. "You will retire immediately to positions 48 and 49 A—J by the castle row. You have done your part. Tonight you sleep and tomorrow you rest."

Sleep! Rest! Where had they heard those words before? Oh, yes, in a distant day before they went to war! Sleep and rest! Better far than an iron cross for every man in the company! They could go now with something warmer in their hearts than consciousness of duty well done; but this time they need not go until their dead as well as their wounded were removed.

"—he looked around at the automatic ravenously and fearfully—"I—"

"It is all simply arranged. There is time for me to use the telephone before the Grays arrive. I shall tell Lanny why you took charge of the gun."

"I've changed my mind! Exit gardener! Enter gunner! I'm going with you!" he cried in a jubilant voice that arrested the attention of every one on the grounds.

CHAPTER XIII.

From Brown to Gray.
"You, Marta—you are still there!" Lanstron exclaimed in alarm when he heard her voice over the tunnel telephone. "But safe!" he added in relief. "Thank God for that! It's a mighty load off my mind. And your mother?"

"Safe, too."

"Well, you're through the worst of it. There won't be any more fighting around the house, and certainly West-erling will be courteous. But where is Gustave?"

"Gone!"

"Gone!" he repeated dismally.

"Wait until you hear how he went," Marta said. With all the vividness of her impressions, a partisan for the moment of him and Dellarme, she sketched Feller's part with the automatic.

As he listened, Lanstron's spirit was twenty again.

"I can see him," he said. "It was a full breath of fresh air to the lungs of a suffocating man. I—"

Marta was off in interruption in the full tide of an appeal.

"You must—I promised—you must let him have the uniform again!" she begged. "You must let him keep his automatic. To take it away would be like separating mother and child; like separating Minna from Clarissa Eileen."

"Better than an automatic—a battery of guns!" replied Lanstron. "This is where I will use any influence I have with Partow for all it is worth. Yes, and he shall have the iron cross. It is for such deeds as his that the iron cross was meant."

"Thank you," she said. "It's worth something to make a man as happy as you will make him. Yes, you are real flesh and blood to do this, Lanny."

Her point won with surprising ease, when she had feared that military form and law could not be circumvented, she leaned against the wall in reaction. For twenty-four hours she had been without sleep. The interest of her appeal for Feller had kept up her strength after the excitement of the fight for the redoubt was over. Now there seemed nothing left to do.

"That's fine of you, Lanny!" she said. "You've taken it like a good stoic, this loss of your thousandth chance. You really believed in it, didn't you?"

"Forgotten already, like the many other thousandth chances that have failed," he replied cheerfully. "One of the virtues of Partow's steel automatons is that, being tearless as well as passionless, they never cry over split milk. And now, he went on soberly, "we must be saying good-by."

"Good-by, Lanny? Why, what do you mean?" She was startled.

"Till the war is over," he said, "and longer than that, perhaps, if La Tir remains in Gray territory."

"You speak as if you thought you were going to lose!"

"Not while many of our soldiers are alive, if they continue to show the spirit that they have shown so far; not unless two men can crush one man in the automatic-gun-recall age. But La Tir is in a tangent and already in the Grays' possession, while we act on the defensive. So I should hardly be flying over your garden again."

"But there's the telephone, Lanny, and here we are talking over it this very minute!" she expostulated.

"You must remove it," he said. "If the Grays should discover it they might form a suspicion that would put you in an unpleasant position."

The telephone had become almost a familiar institution in her thoughts. Its secret had something of the fascination for her of magic.

"Nonsense!" she exclaimed. "I am going to be very lonely. I want to learn how Feller is doing—I want to chat with you. So I decide not to let it be taken out. And, you see, I have the tactical situation, as you soldiers call it, all in my favor. The work of removal must be done at my end of the line. You're quite helpless to enforce your wishes. And, Lanny, if I ring the bell you'll answer, won't you?"

"I couldn't help it!" he replied.

"Until then! You've been fine about everything today!"

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Here's my guarantee—Go to any store and get a 50 cent bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone. Take a spoonful at night and if it doesn't straighten you right up and make you feel fine and vigorous by morning I want you to go back to the store and get your money. Dodson's Liver Tone is destroying the sale of calomel because it is real medicine; entirely vegetable, therefore can not salivate or make you sick.

I guarantee that one spoonful of Dodson's Liver Tone will put your sluggish liver to work and clean your bowels, that sour bile and constipated bowels which is clogging your system and making you feel miserable. I guarantee that a bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone will keep your entire family feeling fine 12 months. Give it to your children. It's harmless; doesn't gripe and they like its pleasant taste.

big nose was war's promontory. But the unexposed space of his forehead seemed singularly white when he took off his cap as Minna came in answer to his knock. Her yielding lips were parted, her eyes were bright with inquiry and suspicion, her chin was firmly set.

"I came to see if you would let me kiss your hand again," said Stransky, equipping through his brows wistfully.

"I see your nose has been broken once. You don't want it broken a second time. I'm stronger than you think!" Minna retorted, and held out her hand carelessly as if it pleased her to humor him.

He was rather graceful, despite his size, as he touched his lips to her fingers. Just as he raised his head a burst of cheering rose from the yard.

"So you've found that we have gone, you brilliant intellects!" he shouted, and glared at the wall of the house in the direction of the cheers.

"Quick! You have no time to lose!" Minna warned him.

"Quick! quick!" cried Marta. Stransky paid no attention to the urgings. He had something more to say to Minna.

"I'm going to keep thinking of you and seeing your face—the face of a good woman—while I fight. And when the war is over, may I come to call?" he asked.

His feet were so resolutely planted on the flags that apparently the only way to move them was to consent.

"Yes, yes!" said Minna. "Now, hurry!"

"Say, but you make me happy! Watch me poke it into the Grays for you!" he cried and bolted.

Within the kitchen Mrs. Galland was already slumbering soundly in her chair. Overhead Marta heard the exclamations of male voices and the tread of what was literally the heel of the conqueror—guests that had come without asking! Intruders that had entered without any process of law! Would they overrun the house, her mother's room, her own room?

Indignation brought fresh strength as she started up the stairs. The head of the flight gave on to a dark part of the hall. There she paused, held by the scene that a score or more Gray soldiers, who had riotously crowded into the dining-room, were acting. They were members of Fracasse's company of the Grays whom Marta had seen from her window the night before rushing across the road into the garden.

When, finally, they burst into the redoubt after it was found that the Browns had gone, all, even the judge's son, were the war demon's own. The veneer had been warped and twisted and burned off down to the raw animal flesh. Their brains had the fever itch of callosities forming. Not a sign of brown there in the yard; not a sign of any tribute after all they had endured! They had not been able to lay hands on the murderous throwers of hand-grenades. Far away now was barrack-room geniality; in oblivion were the ethics of an inherited civilization taught by mothers, teachers and church.

But here was a house—a house of the Browns; a big, fine house! They would see what they had won—this was the privilege of baffled victory. What they had won was theirs! To the victor the spoils! Pell-mell they

crowded into the dining-room, Hugo with the rest, feeling himself a straw on the crest of a wave, and Pilzer, most bitter, most ugly of all, his short, strong teeth and gums showing and his liver patch red, lumpy, and trembling. In crossing the threshold of privacy they committed the act that leaves the deepest wound of war's inheritance, to go on from generation to generation in the history of families.



They Saw Pilzer Go Down.

"A swell dining-room! I like the chandeliers!" roared Pilzer.

With his bayonet he smashed the only globe left intact by the shell fire. There was a laugh as a shower glass fell on the floor. Even the judge's son, the son of the tribune, law, joined in. Pilzer then ripped the leather seat of a chair. This introductory havoc whetted his appetite for other worlds of conquest, as a self-chosen leader of the increased crowd that poured through the doorway.

"Maybe there's food!" he shouted. "Maybe there's wine!"

"Food and wine!"

"Yes, wine! We're thirsty!"

"And maybe women! I'd like to see a pretty maid servant!" Pilzer added, starting toward the hall.

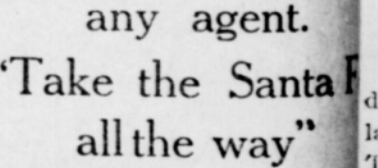
"Stop!" cried Hugo, forcing his way in front of Pilzer.

He was like no one of the Hugos; he had seen him play. His blue eyes had come an inflexible gray. He was standing half on tiptoe, his quivering muscles in tune with the quivering pitch of his voice:

"We have no right in here! This is a private house!"

"Out of the way, you white-livered bastards!"

Continued



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