

The Banner-Leader.

VOLUME NUMBER 31.

BALLINGER, TEXAS, FRIDAY, AUG. 2, 1912

NUMBER 45

We sell "McCORMICK" Grain Binders, Mowers, Rakes and Binder Twine. These are the best.

Van Pelt, Kirk & Mack

PRESIDENT LINCOLN VICTIM OF ASSASSIN

Shot While Listening to Performance at Ford's Theatre—Mrs. Lincoln Faints.

From the New York Herald, February 15, 1865.
ASSASSINATION OF LINCOLN.
Washington, April 15, 1:30 p. m.—Major General Dix, New York: This evening at about 9:30 p. m. at Ford's theatre, the President, with Mrs. Lincoln, Mrs. Harris and Major Rathbone, was shot by an assassin who suddenly entered the box and approached behind the President.

General Grant was present, the subject of the state of the country and the prospect of a speedy peace was discussed. The President was very cheerful and hopeful, and spoke very kindly of General Lee and others of the Confederacy, and of the establishment of government in Virginia.

The assassin, then leaped upon the stage, brandishing a large dagger or knife, and made his escape in the rear of the theater. The pistol ball entered the back of the President's head and penetrated nearly through the head. The wound is mortal.

All the members of the Cabinet except Mr. Seward are now in attendance upon the President. I have seen Mr. Seward, but he and Frederick are both unconscious.

The pistol ball entered the back of the President's head and penetrated nearly through the head. The wound is mortal. The President has been insensible ever since it was inflicted, and is now dying.

EDWIN M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

The Herald Dispatches.

About the same hour an assassin, whether the same or not, entered Mr. Seward's apartments, and under the pretense of having Secretary's sick chamber. The assassin immediately rushed to the bed and inflicted two or three stabs on the throat and two on the face. It is hoped the wounds may not be mortal. My apprehension is that they will prove fatal.

Washington, April 14, 1865. Assassination has been inaugurated in Washington. The bowie knife and pistol have been applied to President Lincoln and Secretary Seward. The former was shot in the head while at Ford's theatre, tonight. Mr. Seward was badly cut about the throat while in bed at his residence.

Second Dispatch.
Washington, April 14, 1865.

The nurse alarmed Mr. Frederick Seward, who was in an adjoining room, and he hastened to the door of his father's room, when he met the assassin, who inflicted upon him one or more dangerous wounds. The recovery of Frederick Seward is doubtful. It is not probable that the President will live through the night.

An attempt was made about 10 o'clock this evening to assassinate the President and Secretary Seward. The President was shot at Ford's theatre. Result not yet known. Mr. Seward's throat was cut and his son badly wounded. There is immense excitement here.

Details of the Assassination.
Washington, April 14, 1865. Washington was thrown into intense excitement a few minutes before eleven o'clock this evening by the announcement that the President and Secretary Seward had been assassinated and were dead.

The wildest excitement prevailed in all parts of the city. Men, women and children, old and young, rushed to and fro and the rumors were magnified until we had nearly every member of the Cabinet killed. Some times clapped before authentic date could be ascertained in regard to the affair.

The President and Mrs. Lincoln were at Ford's theatre listening to the performance of "The American Cousin," occupying a box on the second tier. At the close of the third act, a person entered the box occupied by the President and shot Mr. Lincoln in the head. The shot entered the back of the head and came out above the temple. The assassin then jumped from the box upon the stage and ran across to the other side, exhibiting a dagger in his hand, flourishing it in a tragical manner, shouting the same words repeated by the desperado at Mr. Seward's house, adding to it, "The South is avenged." And then he escaped from the back entrance to the stage, but in his passage dropped his pistol and his hat. Mr. Lincoln fell forward in his seat and Mrs. Lincoln fainted.

The moment the astonished audience could realize what had happened the President was taken and carried to Mr. Peter on's house, in Tenth street, opposite the theatre. Medical aid was immediately sent for and the wound was at first supposed to be fatal, and it was announced that he could not live; but at half past twelve he is still alive, but in a precarious condition. As the assassin ran across the stage, Colonel J. B. Stewart, of this city, who was occupying one of the orchestra on the same side of the house as the box occupied by Mr. Lincoln, sprang to the stage and followed him, but he was obstructed in his passage across the stage by the fright of the actors, and reached the back door about three seconds after the assassin mounted his horse to ride away.

The operations shows that the whole thing was a preconcerted plan. The person who fired the pistol was a man about thirty years of age, about five feet nine inches, spare built, fair skin, dark hair, apparently bushy, with large mustache. Laura Keane and the leader of the orchestra recognized him as J. Wilkes Booth, the actor, and a rabid secessionist. Whoever he was, it is plainly evident that he thoroughly understood the theatre and all the approaches and modes of escape to the stage. A person not familiar with the theatre could not have possibly made his escape so well and quickly.

The President Dead.
Washington, April 15, 7:30 a. m. Major General Dix, New York: Abraham Lincoln died this morning at twenty two minutes past 7 o'clock.

EDWIN M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

TO THE VOTERS OF RUNDLES COUNTY.

I wish to thank you and each of you for your splendid support during my recent candidacy for the office of County Attorney. It shall be my aim to serve all the people of the county to the very best of my ability and thus maintain the good record of my predecessor.

Yours very truly,
C. P. SHEPHERD,

Rev. J. J. Justice left Monday afternoon for Lampasas en route to Burnett where he will begin a protracted meeting this week.

Mrs. Bluett left Monday afternoon for Llano, Texas to visit her father and other relatives and friends a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Houston Puckett and children of the Pumphrey country, passed through Ballinger Monday afternoon en route to Killen on a short visit.

We are publishing below incomplete returns from the election in this county, and elsewhere in this paper will be found state returns. At the time of going to press it is impossible to tell who is elected in a number of the state offices. However the returns show that Colquitt has a safe majority over Ramsey, Sheppard wins his race over his three opponents with a good plurality and has a majority of the districts instructed for him. Edwards is elected state treasurer.

RAMSEY LOSES SHEPPARD WINS

Colquitt Governor, Mayes Lieutenant-Governor. State Returns Incomplete.

Baller No. 1	Hatchell	Benoit	Crews	Token	Fruitt	Winters	Antelope	Pumphrey	Wingate	Baldwin	Wilmoth	Cochrane	North Norton	Marie	Maverick	South Norton	Pearce	Brookshire	Miles	Rowena	Olin	Fony Creek	North Ballinger	TOTAL	
Randell	64	2	211	10	3	16	1	5	3	4	4	2	2	2	1	1	10	7	4	16	165				
Sheppard	214	44	24	38	7	18	202	15	40	55	18	50	18	15	19	19	28	25	1	3	7	28	72	1094	
Walters	135	37	10	23	12	5	62	35	10	2	9	15	8	3	11	8	9	35	11	4	46	49	69	680	
Zolner				1	0	1	1																		
Colquitt	216	43	16	42	20	12	126	8	228	93	26	11	7	18	14	12	14	56	126	46	67	106	1055		
Ramsey	191	38	25	38	12	15	196	14	37	49	20	35	18	13	19	21	24	27	1	150	5	23	65	1036	
Imboden	154	32	6	15	32	3	80	6	622				6	3	10	6				106	46	36	64	636	
Mayes	231	49	33	56	27	22	202	16	40	45			26	21	25	124				151	24	28	97	1133	
Barker	181	38	11	24		15	86	5	10	17			20	12	6	12	9	7		79	120	45	83	780	
Lane	204	41	26	44		9	198	16	37	50			18	16	24	25	32			116	11	40	75	982	
Harris	90	25	10	17		7	54	3	16	17			14	14	13	13	7	9		42	65	23	28	419	
Looney	152	25	13	21		12	163	15	30	40			11	5	10	23	32			81	9	19	63	724	
Walthal	146	32	12	24		8	52	2	10				12	1	17	2	62			62	100	35	61	582	
Adams	17	6	1	8		12	17	1	3	6			3	18	3	16	2	3		39	4	10	10	180	
Aston	3	10	1	8		2	63	7	25	16			5	2	4	12	10			45	5	3	16	278	
Edwards	297	61	20	45		19	179	6	12	34			27	12	12	16	21			74	97	62	116	1110	
Griggs	229	45	21	52	19	21	236	18	50	49	25	47	30	15	19	23	22	29		3	142	17	40	97	1169
Roberts	156	37	19	27	16	6	78	4	29	1	27	13	4	7	12	13	9	12		57	113	46	48	72	751
Kleberz	205	32	13	23	6	4	90	2	2	15	4	10	19	4	3	14	10	4		33	117	47	47	104	810
Wood	146	25	9	21	13	18	79	10	5	23	7	19	16	14	20	15	23	27		6	8	10	13	54	591
Jennings	48	27	18	38	12	5	156	9	20	34	16	40	9	8	3	10	5	9		161	2	230	12	684	
Shepherd	210	39	19	49	12	16	213	19	43	41	22	50	23	17	13	12	28	31		144	8	222	77	1110	
Zadarai	180	43	19	32	17	9	96	5	5	31	3	20	17	8	11	25	10	8		58	118	45	50	92	902
Jo Spill	181	32	11	25	8	5	110	5	8	12	4	10	19	4	4	15	6	2		55	110	44	62	88	865
Dickinson	43	10	7	18	8	9	27	1	8	33	3	27	5	11	3	4	7	6		40	1	1	4	22	304
Brown	166	39	18	42	14	13	187	15	23	26	21	31	14	10	15	19	25	22		98	8	22	60	888	
Pilcher	141	32	13	18	5	6	29	1	4	1	14	7	3	2	1	7	10			26	11	46	33	84	590
Flynt	218	43	22	54	12	12	179	10	36	41	14	44	20	15	20	26	30			4	100	230	75	1070	
Gerhart	30	6	2	10	18	8	118	10	13	29	14	21	17	7	4	8	7	3		2	75	28	11	440	
Thomason	101	24	20	35	12	11	168	10	27	33	10	33	20	8	18	14	19	24		49	11	129	35	709	
Miss Phillips	280	59	16	42	20	16	148	11	22	43	16	35	22	15	9	21	12	15		143	100	46	53	13	1287

MR. AND MRS. J. W. BONE ARE PARENTS.

News was received in Ballinger in Ballinger first of the week telling of the arrival of a girl at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Bone in Memphis, Tenn. Mrs Bone was formerly Miss Nell Butler and has many friends in Ballinger.

BARBER SHOP CHANGE HANDS.

A deal has been closed in which McWhirter & Woodson buys the Bank barber shop from Louis Boyd. The new proprietors are now in charge, and we understand that it is very probably that we will lose Mr. Boyd as he is figuring on moving to New Mexico.

HOLINESS CAMP MEETING.

The Holiness people have secured the permission of the city Council to hold their big camp meeting on the 23rd of August at the City Park. There will be a big tent 40x60 feet.

Splendid facilities for camping can be found here and it is expected that many people from a distance will come and camp during the meeting.

Rev. Jeffers of Peneil will conduct the meeting. He is the gentle man who conducted a meeting here last winter and made many friends while in Ballinger.

HIGH SCHOOL BAND ENGAGED.

The contract was closed up Saturday afternoon with the High School band to play at the Confederate Reunion, August 1st, 2nd, and 3rd, in Ballinger. Six new members will be added to the band and we are confident everybody will be well pleased with the music.

Haj Beckwith is here from Waco visiting his parents of this city.

A JOKE ON THE "OLD MAN"

Old man Jones and his son John came to town the other day and sold their oats. They both received checks on the Farmers & Merchants State Bank, Ballinger. The old man said, "Just give me the cash on mine." while John deposited his receiving the usual deposit slip, and, being in his shirt sleeves, handed it over to "Dad" to keep for him and the father placed it, along with the money he had received, in his favorite pocket-book.

Unfortunately, while returning home, the pocket-book was lost and although they looked high and low for it, it could not be found. The money and deposit slip were both gone forever. John sympathized with his father over the money that was lost, but had no worry about his deposit slip as the Farmers & Merchants Bank books showed he had money with it, subject to check.

A credit with this bank is better than cash. Open an account at once.

The Farmers & Merchants State Bank

BALLINGER, TEXAS

Welcome

We want you and your friends to make our Bank your Headquarters during the Colorado-Concho Confederate Re-Union to be held in Ballinger on Aug. 1st., 2nd., and 3rd. Good, cool, roomy quarters all yours. A nice place to meet your friends.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

ESTABLISHED 1886 UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY

Name	Address	City	State	Occupation	Age	Sex	Religion	Marital Status	Education	Income	Assets	Liabilities	Notes										
Brooks, J. B.	932	28-1	128	H. C. Wylie	100	Miles					1.25	1.67	29	1.50	2.20	2.00	14	57	9.48				
Burleson, Mrs. R. J.						2	Boy 2nd				88	1.17	21	1.05	1.54				26	5.41			
Carter, Miss House						18	C. V. H.				03	04	01	04	06				01	19	1.19		
Coakley, E. J.						1	F. V.				06	08	01	08	11				01	02	0.86		
Cookley, A. H.						3	C. V.				03	04	01	04	06				01	01	0.96		
Decker, H.						19	C. V.				31	41	07	38	55				01	09	1.81		
Dobbs, Mrs. R. L.						19	C. V.				06	08	01	08	11				01	02	0.36		
Dobbs, Maggie						13	Rob. 1st				1.88	2.50	44	2.25	3.30				01	09	10.93		
Dobbs, T. J.						6	Sp. 2nd				63	83	15	75	1.10				01	19	3.65		
Felton, J. T.						3	Boy 2nd				63	83	15	75	1.10				01	19	3.65		
Grusendorf, C.						4	Dale				38	50	09	45	66				60	12	2.85		
Gul, C. S.	130	331	449	John Early		1	C. V.				06	08	01	08	11				01	02	0.36		
Hensley, C. D.						2	C. H.				93	1.24	22	1.13	1.65				01	28	6.05		
Hall, R. L.						11	S. S.				13	38	03	15	22				01	04	0.74		
Hamilton, Callen						25	Rob. 1st				88	1.17	21	1.05	1.54				01	02	5.13		
Hamilton Bldg. & Loan Co.						89					78	1.03	18	1.36	1.24				02	26	5.84		
Hardage, R. E.	422	21-2	72	J. H. Son Mangur		13	Jackson				75	1.00	21	1.05	1.52				01	26	4.32		
Harris, C. L.						6	Boy 2nd				63	83	18	90	1.32				01	22	1.10		
Herbert, T. F.						5	Baron 2nd				19	25	04	23	33				01	06	1.19		
Holm, Frank						9	C. V.				03	04	01	04	06				01	01	1.19		
Jackson, Wm.						1	Sp. 2nd				2.19	2.92	15	75	1.10				01	19	3.65		
Jones, Mrs. M. S.	26	2060	98	H. & T. C. Ry. Co.	160	Miles	S.W. 1-40f				13	17	51	2.63	3.85				3	20	19	16.27	
Lacey, A. M.						160					2.00	2.67	47	2.40	3.52				3	20	18	15.17	
Mansfield, J. W.	369		470	R. N. Mitchell		5.6	S. S.				08	10	02	09	13				01	02	0.44		
Markowitz, L.						3	Orig.				44	58	02	53	77				01	13	2.55		
Martin, M. G. S.						3	Terry				2.96	5.27	02	4.08	6.86				6	33	3	1.80	
Montgomery, J. C.	458	9771	439	W. A. Tremper	3951-2	1731-4					1.74	2.31	41	2.08	3.05				2	77	3	79	13.15
Montgomery, C. R.	458	9771	439	W. A. Tremper	1731-4						1.74	2.31	41	2.08	3.05				2	77	3	79	13.15
Montgomery, S. M.	458	9771	439	W. A. Tremper	1731-4						54	72	13	66	95				01	16	3	15	13.15
Peerson, A. S.						16	Orig.				54	72	13	66	95				01	16	3	15	13.15
Perry, W. A.						1	Boy 2nd				31	41	03	15	22				01	04	74	74	1.81
Perry, W. A.						5	F. & P.				92	1.23	07	38	55				01	09			1.81
Pickett, Mrs. Earl						4.5	L. & M.				1.06	1.33	23	1.20	1.76				01	30			5.82
Ramsey, W. A.						4.5	Bowden				06	08	01	08	11				01	02			0.36
Reynolds, J. P.						12	Reeder				03	04	22	1.10	1.62				01	27			5.36
Robinson, E. B.						12	Orig.				03	04	01	04	06				01	01			1.19
Scott, Miss Ella						1.2	C. V.				06	08	01	08	11				01	02			0.36
Sewace, Mrs. F. E.						3	C. V.				08	10	01	08	11				01	02			0.44
Slaughter & Cox						9	Jackson				1.50	2.08	26	1.88	2.75				01	06			1.10
Smart, J. R.	357	574	366	Thos. Largent	180x124						09	12	02	12	16				01	03			8.92
Stecher, Aug.						9	Bar 2nd				1.88	2.50	44	2.25	3.30				3	00	17	86	14.23
Stokes, C. T.	218	31-132	807	G. H. & H. Ry. Co.	234						06	08	01	08	11				10	12			0.46
Tate, J. S.						5	Cathay				50	67	03	15	22				01	04			0.74
Wells, Miss Stella						320	G. & G. Sub.				4.00	5.33	93	4.80	7.04				6	40	41	1.82	30.32
Williams, T. C.	906	3962	106	F. L. Pearcey		6to9 15to18					19	25	12	60	88				01	15			2.92
Williams, Bert	416	9916	543	Geo. Ross	2131-2						1.87	2.49	44	2.24	3.29				4	48	51	1.00	15.81
Wilson, Mrs. S. J.						34	Boy 3rd				05	07	01	06	09				01	02			0.30
Wohlleb, A.						14	C. V.				05	07	01	06	09				01	02			0.30
Wohliet, Chambers						15	C. H.				1.00	1.34	23	1.20	1.76				01	02			5.83
Wright, T. H.	1036	55	510	C. M. Jackson	541-2						88	90	23	1.20	1.76				01	30			6.91
Backery, Heiss	27	109	279	Wm. Boglor	1192-10						1.39	1.85	22	1.67	2.44				2	70	24	47	6.91
Unknown	237	763	83	Johnson Hensley	100						1.12	1.67	28	1.50	2.20				2	00	44	57	9.34
Unknown	316	3958	91	H. & T. C. Ry. Co.	80						2.00	2.67	47	2.40	3.52				1	92	26	78	13.76
Unknown	446	16-213	19	S. P. Ry. Co.	5947-100						50	67	12	60	88				8	01	23		3.80
Unknown	449	776	553	N. Travis	26						58	48	11	61	1.08				94	35	26		4.02
Unknown	529	1048	106	D. Witcoff	26						17	22	04	20	29				26	06	08		1.26
Unknown	546	105	152	J. H. Carpenter	160						1.60	2.13	07	1.92	2.82				2	56	43	73	12.13
Unknown	679	5031	2	Mm. F. Wilson	2918-100						03	04	04	23	33				30	6	06		1.37
Unknown	712	6420	338	I. R. Nunn	308-100						06	08	08	43	83				1	00	46	23	3.41
Unknown	715	94	130	W. E. Pichard	68-10						41	54	01	04	06				05	11	02		2.25
Unknown	723		19	L. M. Taylor	65						4.24	5.48	02	23	33				01	06			1.09
Unknown	725		3	N. Taylor	41						30	40	07	4.94	7.24				3	95	23	1.61	28.43
Unknown	864	131	120	A. G. Willis	35						44	58	10	53	78				01	13			1.75
Unknown	869	1086	62	W. W. Welsh	120						1.06	1.41	25	1.28	1.87				1	70	25	19	6.06
Unknown	973	28-12	150	R. K. Willie	24						30	40	07	36	53				4	81	19	14	2.28
Unknown	1183	Pre.	808	C. Phillips	52						66	86	15	78	1.14				1	04	5	30	4.93
Unknown	1296	3-132	808	W. L. McAuley	431-2						44	58	10	52	76				69	38	20		3.29
Unknown	1315	28-28	120	C. D. Hale	80						75	1.07	18	90	1.32				1	20	11	34	5.69
Unknown	1324	920	70	I. R. Merrell	64						54	72	19	96	1.41				1	28	17	27	5.98
Unknown	1338	1258	2	L. C. Talley	43						49	65	13	64	95				8	62	25		4.09
Unknown	1389		28</																				

LIST OF LANDS AND LOTS DELINQUENT ON MARCH 31st 1912

For the Taxes of 1911 Only, in Runnels County. Reported Under the Provisions of Section 10, Chapter 103, Laws of 1897.

The State of Texas, County of Runnels-I, W. T. Padgett Tax Collector of said County, do hereby certify that the within lands and town lots assessed on the Tax Rolls of said County for the year 1911, are delinquent for the taxes of 1911 only, and that I am entitled to credit for the taxes as shown thereon. W. T. PADGETT, Tax Collector

NAME OF OWNER	Abat No	Cert No	Surv. No	ORIGINAL GRANTEE	No Acres	CITY OR TOWN	Lot	Block	Div	Rev.	School	Pol	Pen	AV	Spec	Pol	D S	No	Pen	Total Taxes
Allen, T. J.	346	3293	443	J. L. Lynch	146					1.64	2.18	1.50	.53	1.96	2.87	35	2.81	47	77	14.31
Bacon, F. B.	531	28-1	137	W. C. Ry. Co.	1181-4					1.64	2.14	1.50	.38	1.93	2.83	2.57	14	73	13.18	
Bair, L. E.	309	5-113	9	H. Lewis	100	Ballinger	4-5 of	9	2	1.69	3.35	1.50	.39	2.02	2.87	31	50	50	9.83	
Bairwin, L.	446	16-213	19	S. P. Ry. Co.	80					3.51	2.82	1.50	.82	3.44	5.05	25	4.59	2	1.33	23.67
Bairwin, L.						Ballinger	11-3 of	2	5	1.28	1.70	1.50	.45	1.53	3.24	35	3	40	3.35	
Bartow, O. N.						Ballinger	pt	16.18	81	1.42	56		.13	1.69	73		13	13	3.45	
Bates, Mrs. Mary						Ballinger		1.2	57	1.24	1.79		.31	1.61	2.35		3	40	7.90	
Bates, D. C.						Ballinger		9.19	121	1.08	1.43		.25	1.29	1.89		2	32	6.26	
Bennett, R. L.						Miles	50x100	3	16	3.19	4.24		.74	3.83	5.61		1	94	18.55	
Bigler & Patton						Miles	10x50	3	16									22		
Bigler, H. W.						Miles		2	34	75	1.00		.18	.90	1.32			22		4.37
Bigler, H. W.						Miles	51-2of	4	15									11		2.18
Bigler, H. W.						Miles		3	15									11		2.18
Baillier, F. A.	357	574	366	Thos. Largent	120x120					37	.50		.09	.45	.66			11		2.18
Bond, E. M.	17	917	444	H. L. Boys	236															
Boyd, Mike C.						Ballinger		1.2	19	1.56	2.08		.36	1.88	2.75			46		9.09
Busterbourn Joe	80	536	445	Ed. Connley	209					2.90	3.86		.68	3.47	5.09	11.58	22	2.01	29.59	
Cameron, Dougal	393	8097	364	Chas. Osgood	502-10	Ballinger	W1-2of	9	122	1.00	1.33		.23	1.20	1.76			30		5.82
Cameron, D. A. Sr.	1005	8102		G. W. H. Taylor	1498-10	Ballinger		1305	66	15.39	20.52		3.59	18.47	27.08			6.17		107.39
Cameron, D. A. Sr.	170	238	165	E. T. Ry. Co.	645															
Cameron, D. A. Sr.	669		164	A. J. Ropes	171															
Cameron, D. A. Sr.	1282	234	164	J. M. Touchstone	170															
Carr, B. Q.						Winters		2	S. C. H.	81	1.08	1.50	.34	.98	1.43	25		27		6.66
Cobb, M. C.	357	574	366	Thos. Largent	90x160					66	.86		.15	78	1.14			19		3.78
Corbett, O. B.						Ballinger	N1-2	18	8	13.24	17.65		3.09	15.88	23.29			3.92		77.07
Corbett & Osbourne						Ballinger		5	8	6.25	8.33		1.46	7.50	11.00			1.85		36.39
Cox, D. N.						Winters		4	40	31	41	1.50	.22	3.35	5.25	25		11		3.68
Crowe, D.	193	89	518	D. Floyd	1	Winters	1-2-3-11-12	6	Robts.	1.91	2.58	1.50	.60	2.33	3.10	25		57		12.84
Crowe, D.						Winters	1-2-3	5	Dale W.											
Crowe, D.						Winters		5	Dale W.											
Cross, J. E.						Ballinger		6	3	50	67	1.50	.27	60	88	25		17		4.84
Crosson, T. T.	357	574	366	Thos. Largent	18	Ballinger		7.8	1	3.74	4.98		.87	4.49	6.58			1.11		21.77
Crosson, T. T.						Ballinger		3.4	4											
Crosson, T. T.						Ballinger		9.10	5											
Crosson, T. T.						Ballinger	S.W.1-2of	20	W. E.											
Cullwell, C. C.						Miles	N1-2	1	Card	1.32	1.76		.31	1.58	2.32			39		7.68
Edwin, J.						Ballinger		6-7-8-9	108	3.99	5.32		.93	4.88	7.02			1.19		23.33
Dean, M. W.	150	331	449	Ino. Early	18	Ballinger		1-2-3-4	3	8.2	1.09		.19	98	1.44	1.31	12	.37		6.20
Dickinson, Mrs. C. F.	357	574	366	Thos. Largent	15	Ballinger		5	4	5.32	7.09		1.14	6.38	9.36	1.00	4	1.87		31.96
Dickinson, Mrs. C. F.	1119		541-2	J. A. Deavenport	160	Ballinger		6-7-8	4											
Dickinson, Mrs. C. F.						Ballinger		2	5											
Dickinson, Mrs. C. F.						Ballinger		2	5											
Dorsey, E. T.	893	730	1	Freemann, J. P.	3375-100	Ballinger		1	Card	1.17	1.56	1.50	.42	1.40	2.06	25	3.27	9	70	12.33
Doose & Wiginton						Ballinger	120x140	61	W. E.	.09	.13		.02	.11	.17			3		.55
Doose, Arthur						Ballinger		1	92	1.06	1.41		.25	1.28	1.87			31		6.18
Duke, L. D.						Winters		5	19	64	.83		.15	75	1.08			18		3.63
Dunn, Mrs. E. V.						Ballinger		910	22	75	1.00		.18	90	1.32			22		4.37
Farmers Gin Co.						Ballinger		6-7-8-9	26	4.50	6.00		1.05	5.40	7.92			1.33		26.20
Ferguson, W. A.	381	3286	441	L. Barton	2434-10	Winters		11	C. H.	3.01	4.02	1.50	.85	3.62	5.30	25	4.82	16	1.49	24.77
Flynt, S. F.						Winters		12	1	68	.90		.16	81	1.19			17		3.40
Grant, C. L.	121	225	420	Martin Denued	11	Winters		12	1	58	.78		.14	70	1.02			14		3.40
Green, C. L.						Winters		13	14	11.64	15.51		2.72	13.96	20.47			3.44		67.74
Green, C. L.						Winters		10	4											
Hamilton, Mrs. S. L.						Ballinger		3	2	31	.41		.07	38	.55			9		1.31
Harmon, W. S.	357	574	366	Thos. Largent	N90x160	Ballinger		3.4	5	5.83	7.78		.36	7.00	10.26			1.73		32.96
Harmon, W. S.						Ballinger		45	Orig.											
Harmon, W. S.						Ballinger		4.3	38											
Harmon, W. S.						Ballinger		8	26											
Harmon, W. S.						Ballinger		7	7											
Harmon, W. S.						Ballinger		5	14											
Harmon, W. S.						Ballinger		2.2	8											
Harper, F. L.	72	339	353	J. M. Caldwell	6091-2	Ballinger		16	2	12.09	16.12		3.82	14.51	21.27		14	78	5.07	86.66
Harper, F. L.	376	64	321	Henry Mills	22	Ballinger	7 1-2of	8	6											
Harper, F. L.	377	64	320	Henry Mills	100															
Harper, F. L.	38	97	354	S. C. Cleveland	141-2															
Harrison, J. E.	130	331	449	John Early	94															
Harvey, H. M.						Ballinger		9.10	13	1.26	1.68	1.50	.44	1.51	2.21	25	2.01	12	.60	11.46
Hinde, L. P.	234	15	267	T. J. Hardemann	500					1.19	1.58		.28	1.42	2.09			35		6.92
Huelscher, A. G.						Rowena		4	1	4.35	5.80	1.50	1.17	5.22	7.66	25	6.96	37	2.01	34.92
Jackson, E. F.						Ballinger	1-3 6&2-3-7	10	C. H.	13	17	1.50	.18	15	22	25		6		2.86
Johnson, Mrs. Ella	1031	Pre.	191-2	John Harkins	34					1.93	1.26		.24	1.25	1.80			1.23		20.52
Johnson, Mrs. Ella	236	34	437	B. T. Hall	1321-2					2.71	3.61		.63	3.25	4.76		4.33	13	1.23	
Johnson, Mrs. Ella	290	3-490	39	H. & G. N. Ry. Co.	50					8.66	8.86		.34	1.76	2.57			43		8.53
Knight, Tom	893	73	1	J. P. Freeman	711-1	Ballinger		3	39	1.47	1.96		.34	1.76	2.57			19		3.72
Lamante, F. Sr.						Winters		1	2	64	.85		.15	77	1.12			19		3.7

The **YELLOW LETTER** BY **WILLIAM JOHNSTON** Illustrations BY **V. L. BARNES**

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SYNOPSIS.

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER V—Kent had Davis search Crandall's room and find an address, "Lock Box 17, Ardway, N. Y." Kent goes to Ardway to investigate and becomes suspicious of a "Henry Cook."

CHAPTER VI—A woman commits suicide at the Ardway Hotel. A yellow letter also figures in this case.

CHAPTER VII.

Two Disappearances.

I looked at my watch and saw that it was nearly noon. I remembered that I had not yet called up Louise as I had intended to do the very first thing that morning. What a laggard lover she must think me! How heartless it must seem to her for me to leave her alone so long in the mansion where her father and sister lay dying, perhaps dead, with the black shadowy mystery still hanging over her and them! What must she think of me? Filled with self-reproach I sprang up without a word of apology or explanation to the others and hastened to the telephone booth I had observed in the hall.

"Give me 0141 Madison," I demanded of central.

"What's the matter?" she repeated, with surprise in her tone, which struck me peculiarly until I considered that long-distance calls from Ardway must be such a rarity as to surprise even the operator.

"I want long-distance—New York," I explained, enunciating distinctly, "0141 Madison."

"Again," central replied, flippantly, it appeared to me.

I repeated the number, more than annoyed by her response. "Oh, I've got your number all right by this time."

It was a good thing for her that she tried no more jocularities with me, or the rules of the company against profanity would have been shattered. There was a wait of several minutes, filled with the usual false alarms of long-distance telephoning, during which I stood and fumed. At last I heard my dear Louise's voice and hastened eagerly to ask after her welfare. Her voice seemed strong and cheerful, though she admitted that she had slept little the night before. I apologized for not having called up before. She told me that while her father's condition was unchanged, the doctor thought he was in no immediate danger, and that Katharine was much improved. The doctor believed now that she could live. She was conscious, but very weak, and Louise had been forbidden to speak to her and was allowed in the room only for a minute at a time. I hastily sketched for her the events of the morning.

"Oh, Mr. Kent," said Louise's voice—how I wished she would call me by my first name—"who do you suppose called up?"

"Who?"

"Hugh Crandall."

"What's that?" I exclaimed, hardly believing my ears.

"Hugh Crandall," she repeated a little louder and more distinctly. "He asked for Katharine, and the maid called me to the telephone. I told him my sister was ill and could not come to the telephone. He seemed greatly agitated and insisted on knowing what the matter was. He was so agitated and persistent I finally told him she had met with an accident. He was silent for so long I thought he had left the telephone, but all of a sudden he asked, 'Did she shoot herself?' and before I thought I answered 'Yes.' Then he cried out, 'Oh, my God!' or something like that and asked if she was fatally injured. I told him that she was alive but unconscious, and then, Harding, he asked if I had seen

anything of a yellow letter. I thought I had better tell him nothing about that, so I answered 'No,' and then he rang off."

"That was right," I said. "Where did he call up from?"

"I have no idea."

"When was it? How long ago?"

"Not very long—within the hour."

Hastily I explained to Louise that a man that I believed was Crandall was here in the hotel with me and that I would find him at once and make him explain the mystery. Before I left the booth I got the Ardway central again and from her learned what I had begun to suspect—that "0141 Madison" had been called from the very booth in which I stood, not over an hour be-

fore. There was no longer any doubt about it in my mind—Cook was Crandall. He evidently had gone straight to the telephone booth after slipping out of the room as I had asked the question about the yellow letter. From the questions he put to Louise, he must have been suspecting that Katharine would try suicide. Why else had he asked if she had shot herself? He must have known her motive. He surely could explain the dark mystery that burdened her father and herself.

I resolved to seek him at once and, even if I had to have him arrested on some pretext, or if I had to use physical force, to make him disgorge all he knew. I felt in my pocket to make sure that the revolver Davis had given me was there, and hurried back to the office.

"Have you seen anything of Cook?" I asked, trying to mask the eagerness with which I sought him.

"Not since this morning," the landlord volunteered. "I guess you saw him after I did. The coroner told me you saw him leaving the room during the inquest."

"I seen him," volunteered the clerk.

"Where? When?" I asked excitedly.

"About an hour ago, driving past here lickety-split with the black mare from Jones' livery stable."

"Which direction did he go?" I cried, all excitement at the thought that Crandall was escaping just at the very moment when I, for the first time, had made sure of his identity.

"He must be followed and found at once," I said, turning to the landlord. "Don't his actions look to you like those of a guilty man? The minute he hears me ask about a yellow letter he disappears from the hotel. There is no train by which he can escape. So desperate is he that he hires a horse and tries to get away cross country."

I had hoped by my eagerness to stir in the landlord something of my own feeling in regard to Crandall's guilt, but these country yokels are hard to move.

"What do you suspect him of?" he inquired calmly. "Why should he want to escape from you? Have you got a warrant for him?"

I was not yet ready to divulge my reason for wanting Crandall captured. Even if we had him, what definite crime was there of which I could accuse him? I was morally certain that the yellow letter or letters emanated from him, yet how could I prove it? A new thought came to me.

"Where is his baggage?" I asked.

"He only had a hand-satchel with him," said Mr. Williams, "and I guess that is up in his room."

"Suppose we go look for it," I suggested.

"You don't do no such thing as that in my hotel," said the landlord decisively, "not unless you've got a warrant. He's paid for his room for a week in advance, and there ain't no law to prevent his going and coming

as he pleases, so long as there ain't no warrant out for him. If he wants to get out of town behind the fastest horses in Jones' stable I ain't a-going to try to stop him, and what's more, if he has left his grip in his room it is going to stay there. Maybe or maybe not there are things in it, but there ain't no prying stranger going to know what's there unless he can show me due warrant of law."

"You may be defeating the ends of justice," I warned him sternly, indignantly resenting his remark, yet seeing no way in which I could successfully dodge his appellation of "prying stranger" without revealing my whole hand, and this I was determined not to do until Davis arrived and I had had an opportunity to consult with him.

"I may be blocking your plans," said the landlord gruffly, "but you'll get no more help out of me unless I know what it is you are after. The right kind of a mystery doesn't hurt the hotel business, but there's things that do, and if you want any help from me, young man, I've got to know what's going on."

"I wish I knew myself," I said mentally, adding aloud: "When I am ready to speak you will hear many things that will astound you. Meanwhile, I tell you that I have every reason to believe that that man who fled from here is a great criminal and that if you do not aid in his apprehension you will be doing a serious wrong to the community. I'll tell you this much, I am convinced that he was responsible for this woman's death and for other deaths."

"Maybe he is and maybe he ain't,"

said the landlord. "I saw the lady myself, and nobody can persuade me it was anything but a suicide. Why, I cut her down!"

"I am not denying that she committed suicide," I replied with some asperity, "but I am morally certain that if she killed herself she was driven to it by the man who has just fled. I insist on being allowed to examine his baggage."

"Look here, young man," said Mr. Williams, "I have told you once and for all that the baggage of no guest in this house is going to be examined without due process of law." And I want to say right here that it's evident that you yourself know a lot more about this case than you are telling. If you are an officer and can show me a warrant I am ready to give you all the aid and assistance I can, but until you do, I'd advise you to keep your nose out of things that ain't your business and to stay out of places you ain't got a right to be in."

The suspicion crossed my mind that it might be he who had discovered me in the post office the night before. I decided quickly that it could not have been, for he was in the hotel when I arrived. I felt sure it must have been either Crandall or the postmaster. Plainly, though, there was nothing further to be gained by argument with the obtuse Mr. Williams. After all, there ought not to be much difficulty in tracing Crandall by the vehicle in which he had driven away. That could wait until Davis arrived. Meanwhile I pondered on what I could do to throw light on the case. I had it. I would visit the post office again and see what I could learn about the holder of the lock box from which Davis believed the yellow letters came.

Abruptly leaving the landlord, I strolled into the street, determined to go boldly to the post office and make inquiries. As I approached the building I saw a little group of villagers gathered in front of it, the faces of some of whom I had noted at the inquest. They seemed to be excitedly discussing some happening. It was no, without some trepidation that I came closer. If my visit to the post office had been discovered and there was anyone in the crowd who could identify me, an awkward situation might develop. I put on a bold front, however, and approached closer.

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

"The postmaster's disappeared," someone explained.

"Where?"

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

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

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

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

"How many of them were there?"

"Did you see them?"

"What time was it?"

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

"Has anything been stolen?" I asked.

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

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

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

at Mrs. Smith went up and

looked in his room and come down and said he hadn't been home all night."

"Yes," interrupted Jim, "and what's more, she said it was nothing unusual for him not to come home. There was lots and lots of nights recently when he didn't show up. She had no idea where he spent his nights. She's a woman that minds her own business



She Reached Into the Slit and Brought Out a Neat Package of One-Hundred Dollar Bills.

and don't interfere none with her boarders' goings and comings as long as they pay their money regular."

"What are you going to do about keeping the office open?" I asked, much puzzled over this new mystery.

How I wished for Davis! Mystery seemed to be piling on mystery with every step I took. Beyond the one conviction I had that Hugh Crandall was in some way to blame for it all, I saw nothing that would help me in my undertaking.

"We've arranged about that. We've sent for Jennie Cox to come over and take charge. She always takes hold when Charlie Rouser wants to take a day or a half-day off. She knows the combination of the safe and the money-drawer, and has been sworn in as a special assistant. She'll know what to do and who to notify."

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

Suspicion flashed into the faces of all my auditors.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"The way he come to be postmaster was this: His father had represented this district in Congress for twenty years or so before he died. The old man was an able citizen, but never had accumulated much money, though he gave the boy a good education. Charlie, however, wasn't much good. He was bright and smart enough, but he seemed to lack the grit-up and git-to-do for himself. After his father died he lived on the little money left him till it was all gone and then just drifted around, getting a meal where he could and his clothes growing shabby and shabbier. The women-folks all liked him and was always trying to find something for him to do. He'd

work if he had it, but he wasn't the kind of a fellow to be teaming or gardening or trucking, and it was the hardest sort of a job to find something that would suit him. The old postmaster died and the politicians was about equally divided as to who was entitled to the place. They didn't seem able to agree on no one. Then somebody suggested Charlie Rouser, some of the women-folks I guess it was, and first thing you know he had it.

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

"What's he been spending it for?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Where did he get it? Where was he?

CHAPTER VIII.

A New Clue.

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

The post office inspector sniffed.

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

I had been anxiously awaiting Davis' arrival, not without some little feeling of triumph, to tell him the startling developments in the mystery since I had left him hardly more than twenty-four hours before at the ferry. I was at the station awaiting him, and led him at once to the little hotel. The noise of his coming had been bruted about by the village gossips, and as his fame had penetrated even to the obscure Jersey village, there was a curious crowd gathered at the station. Some of them even followed us as far as the hotel lobby, pressing so close that private conversation was impossible. To avoid interruption, I took him at once to my room and ordered our supper served there.

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

letter and his flight from the town behind the fastest horse obtainable.

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

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

"What did he say?" he asked apathetically.

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

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

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

"Tell the proprietor to come up here

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

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

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

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

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

Both the landlord and I answered

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.



The Postmaster's Disappeared, Some One Explained.



Look Closely at It, He Commanded.

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

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

"Well," I said inquiringly, "did you learn anything?" He nodded and calmly finished drinking his cold coffee, seemingly with a relish.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"The principal part of a magician's art," he said as he lighted his new cigarette, "lies in what is called 'misdirection.' With a glance from his eyes, with a sudden movement of his hand he attracts your attention to his right side. Meanwhile his left is doing the trick. Now, misdirection, in my business, has just the opposite effect. Amateurs, in investigating crime, examine the evidence and see clues pointing in some direction. They follow those clues and find themselves floundering. They have the right clues, but they go in the wrong direction. You read the evidence aright as to Miss Sackett coming from Bridgeport, but all your efforts to locate her as Mary Jane Teller were simply a waste of time. In the clothes she left behind her was her real name."

"Look here," I said, "you can't string me in that fashion. I myself examined those garments closely. There was no name in them and there were no marks by which she could be identified."

"Is that so?" There was deep sarcasm in his tone.

"And not only that, even if I overlooked any marks that might have been there, the landlord, the coroner, the constable and half a dozen others examined them closely. If there were marks, some one of us surely would have discovered them."

"In answer he got up leisurely and walked across to a chair where the trunk was still lying. He picked up the dirt and held it by the lower edge, looking closely at it," he commanded.

"I know nothing there?" I asked him the dusty cloth intently.

"I know my head. He picked up the trunk, offered it gravely for my inspection, even turning it inside out, unknown to all."

"What of it?" I exclaimed impatiently.

"I can't see anything there," he asked over-pleasantly.

ly. "That's where I found the woman's name."

Again I took up both garments and studied them, but I was positive that there was no name of any sort or anything to indicate a name. I felt that he must be simply jesting with me.

"You can't fool me," I exclaimed. "I would wager you a thousand dollars to five hundred that coat and skirt do not differ any in the slightest from



Breathlessly I Rushed into the Booth and Grabbed the Receiver.

hundreds of other coats and skirts worn by hundreds of other women."

"You lose," he responded tersely. With one finger he began to trace an almost invisible line on the goods where there had once been a seam. "Do you see that mark?"

"Yes," I replied. "I noticed that long ago. It simply means that the skirt has been lengthened or shortened, but what of it?"

"It means more than that," he answered almost severely, as if reproaching me for my lack of observation. "It means that a thirty-eight skirt has been lengthened an inch and a half. Look at this coat. The sleeves have been lengthened two inches. It is a thirty-eight coat. Can't you see how simple the problem has become?"

"I confess I can't see it at all." "Let me state it for you: A woman from somewhere in Connecticut buys a black suit of a rather peculiar texture from a cloak and suit house that receives a great many mail orders. She requires a thirty-eight coat with sleeves lengthened two inches and a thirty-eight skirt let down an inch and a half. That's enough to identify any person."

"I must confess I still don't see how that knowledge will help you."

"In these days of system every house that sells women's garments has elaborate card indexes. The greatest expense they have is in alterations. They figure that a roll of cloth that costs so much will make so many suits of a certain pattern which they will sell for so much in a certain length of time. They figure on making so much profit on the suits. If the cloth is all right, the pattern popular and the price reasonable, they can figure to a certainty on their profits, except for one factor—alterations. Alterations require the time of skilled work-people and also correspondence and frequently extra express charges. The aim of the manager is to reduce alteration to a minimum. For that reason he keeps a record of every alteration made. This particular dress happened to come from a store where I know the manager well. It is their busy season just now, and I took a chance on finding him in his office. I described the goods in the suit, gave him the size and the sort of alterations that had been made on it and asked him to have his card index looked up. I told him in all probability the woman I wanted to know about came from Bridgeport, Conn., or near there. It happened that only three of the eight suits they had made from this piece of goods—at least the only ones entered on the alteration cards—had gone to Connecticut. Of the three, two were thirty-six coats, so they could be eliminated at once. The third one had had the sleeves lengthened and also the skirt. The sizes corresponded, so there was very little doubt that it had been this woman who had bought it. Miss Sarah Sackett, the woman who committed suicide here."

"But even so," I protested, still marveling at his revelations, "how do you get the rest of your information about her so quickly?"

"The address she had given was in the care of the express agent at Bridgeport. Such an address in a large city would mean nothing, but in a place the size of Bridgeport the inference was plain that the agent was probably an acquaintance. If she lived in Bridgeport, she would have given street and number. I concluded at once that she lived in the suburbs near Bridgeport. I called up the express agent, and he gave me the rest of my facts."

"Did he tell you why she committed suicide?"

"He doesn't dream that she has," the inspector replied. "I put my questions in a guarded way and he happened to be a garrulous fellow, who readily followed my leads. All I asked him was where a letter would reach Miss Sarah Hackett, saying I had forgotten which rural free delivery route it was that she lived on. He told me that she and her brother were still living on the old Sackett place, Route No. 1. I explained that I wanted to make sure of an important letter reaching her at once. He told me she was away, explaining that he had

seen her come down to the station with her brother, and suggested that it might be a good idea to send the letter in her brother's care, and told me the address of the bank where her brother could be reached. So you see it is all quite simple when you know how."

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

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

"It looks to me like a mere coincidence."

"How about the yellow letter she was reading?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Instead it was the clerk from the office below.

"You're wanted on the telephone," he said.

I had already taken off my coat and waistcoat and I did not wait to put them on. Just as I was I sped through the hall to the telephone booth. Who could it be that was calling me at this hour? It must be long after ten. I could think of only two persons who know of my being in this hotel, Louise and Hugh Crandall. I felt that it must be Louise. Why should Crandall call me up? True, he could have learned my name from the hotel register, and from my question about the yellow letter he must know that I was on his trail, but having escaped from the village, why should he communicate with me? No, it could not be he. It must be Louise. She would not call me at this time unless something had happened. That was it. Something terrible had happened! Katharine was dead, or perhaps her father. Perhaps both of them. Or maybe Katharine had spoken again. Perhaps she had given some information that Louise felt would aid me in the investigation that meant so much for both of us.

Isn't it strange how fast we can think? It could not have taken me more than thirty seconds to race from my room to the telephone booth in the hall below, yet in that brief period all these thoughts and a hundred other queries and fears pursued each other in mad tumult through my brain.

Breathlessly I rushed into the booth and grabbed the receiver. It was the voice of Louise that I heard. Faint though it was, I recognized it at once, and was overjoyed to note that there was nothing in it of the sadness there would have been if the worst had come to her father or Katharine.

"Is that you, Mr. Kent?" she asked.

"Yes, yes," I cried. "What is it?"

"This is Louise Farrish speaking. I want you to promise me that you will drop your investigation at once and return to the city."

"What's that?" I cried, not believing my ears.

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

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

Frantically I called central. I pleaded, urged, demanded that she get the person at the other end of the wire

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

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

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

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

A VALUABLE SUGGESTION TO OUR YOUNG PEOPLE CONCENTRATE.

Don't spatter a pint of brain power over the vast field of art, science and literature. Don't think that a smattering of Greek and Latin, Analytically and college yells make one a learned man or fits him for business and don't hitch a business brain to a Greek lexicon. Many a man becomes nothing by trying to become all. The shot gun uses much more ammunition than the rifle, but it isn't half as effective except on little game.

The professions are all overcrowded; it requires half a life time for one to succeed in them, and half a fortune to begin success. With business it is not so.

Get busy; do things, life's too short for business men to spend effort on dead languages and other things two thousands years old, when living is used and golden opportunities are calling them on.

The things that business men want you to know are not taught in a university. They must be learned in a practical business training school like the Tyler Commercial College of Tyler, Texas. A school that has for years studied the demands of the business world, and with its own special prepared text books and "learn to do by doing" methods of teaching, are meeting them.

They are this year adding a course of business administration and finance for those who desire the most thorough business training.

possible. Young friends, there is no walk of life that you can pursue as successfully without a business training as with it.

Next week this paper will publish statements from many of America's greatest statesmen and business men as to the value of a business training.

Dr. E. R. Walker was called to San Angelo at noon Monday on a professional visit.

Otto Whitaker returned home from various points in the state Monday where he had been visiting the past month.

Ennis Shepherd, one of the valued men at the First National bank, we are glad to state is resting very nicely today since the recent operation for appendicitis was performed at the Halley & Love Sanitarium.

Walker Good, of Bronte, brought over the following parties, from that place Tuesday: Miss Bertha Tliekman, Iva Bridges, Mr. & Mrs. Ed. Cumble and Mrs. Akey. They took the train from here to Llano, on a visit to friends and relatives there.

Miss Anna Van Doren returned to Ballinger Sunday night from an extended vacation to Chicago and other Northern Cities.

Mrs. C. W. Johnson of Baird came in Monday to look after some business affairs and to visit friends in Ballinger a few days.

G. C. Furgason of Coleman came in Saturday to vote and spend Sunday with his family.

CONSTRUCTION BEING RUSHED ON INTER COASTAL CANAL.

Bay City, Texas, July—Construction work on the Inter Coastal Canal is being pushed rapidly, and at present the dredge is cutting about two miles of channel per month. The dredge is now within five miles of the San Bernard River and is moving through Cedar Lake. When the present cut is completed, the canal will be ready for operation between Galveston and Corpus Christi.

Guy Middleton had business at Miles between trains Monday.



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Wesley A. Smith, President.

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Unknown	Winters	1.2.4	34C. & H.	10	13	02	11	16	W	03	55
Unknown	Winters	5.8	34C. & H.	07	09	02	07	10	W	02	37
Unknown	Winters	14.15	34C. & H.	07	09	02	07	10	W	02	37
Unknown	Winters	19.20.21	34C. & H.	10	13	02	11	16	W	03	55
Unknown	Winters	22	34C. & H.	03	04	01	04	06	W	1	19
Unknown	Winters	3	38C. & H.	04	05	01	03	04	W	01	18
Unknown	Winters	6.7	38C. & H.	07	09	02	07	10	W	02	37
Unknown	Winters	1.2	38C. & H.	07	09	02	07	10	W	02	37
Unknown	Winters	2.4	40C. & H.	07	09	02	07	10	W	02	37
Unknown	Winters	1	41C. & H.	04	05	01	03	04	W	01	18
Unknown	Winters	6	41C. & H.	03	04	01	04	06	W	01	18
Unknown	Winters	1.2.4	42C. & H.	10	13	02	11	16	W	03	55
Unknown	Winters	5	42C. & H.	03	04	01	04	06	W	01	18
Unknown	Winters	1.2.3.4	43C. & H.	13	17	03	15	22	R	04	74
Unknown	Winters	1.2.3.4	Bowen	13	17	03	15	22	R	04	74
Unknown	Rowena	E1-2	Blot	50	67	12	60	88	R	15	2.92
Unknown	Rowena	1.2.3.4	Blot	20	27	05	24	35	R	06	1.17
Unknown	Rowena	1.3	Brad	21	27	05	25	37	R	06	1.21
Unknown	Rowena	1.2.3	P. & Brad	25	33	06	30	44	R	07	1.46
Unknown	Rowena	1.2.3	P. & Brad	19	25	04	23	38	R	06	1.19
Unknown	Rowena	8	11 P. & Brad	09	13	02	12	16	R	02	57
Unknown	Rowena	9.25	Mactorake	06	09	02	07	11	R	02	57
Unknown	Rowena	8 11 12	Mactorake	10	13	02	11	16	R	03	55
Unknown	Rowena	13.14.15.16	Mactorake	13	17	03	15	22	R	04	74
Unknown	Rowena	17.18.19.20	Mactorake	13	17	03	15	22	R	04	74
Unknown	Rowena	21.22.23.24	Mactorake	13	17	03	15	22	R	04	74
Unknown	Rowena	25.26	Mactorake	08	08	01	08	11	R	02	36
Unknown	Crews	2	Harris	01	02	02	02	02	02	02	01
Unknown	Wingate	5	Orig	31	41	07	38	55	50	12	14
Unknown	Wingate	5.9	Cathay	03	04	07	04	06	05	12	02
Unknown	Truitt	12	16	01	01	02	02	02	29	01	09
Unknown	Truitt	9.10	26	03	03	01	03	04	04	29	18
Unknown	Norwood	20	1	01	02	02	02	02	02	11	01
Unknown	Hatchell	11.12	13	06	08	01	08	11	18	46	04
Unknown	Hatchell	11.12	13	06	08	01	08	11	18	46	04
Unknown	Hatchell	11.12	13	13	17	03	15	22	35	46	07
Unknown	Hatchell	25.26	33	13	17	03	15	22	35	46	07
Unknown	Hatchell	4.5.22	34	02	04	01	04	06	09	46	02
Unknown	Hatchell	11	35	09	13	02	11	17	25	46	05
Unknown	Hatchell	13.14.15.16	40	03	04	01	04	06	09	46	02
Unknown	Hatchell	13.14.15.16	40	13	17	03	15	22	35	46	07

STATE OF TEXAS, County of Runnels; In Commissioners Court:

We certify that we have examined the within report of lands and town lots assessed on the Tax Rolls of Runnels County, for the year 1911, which are delinquent for the taxes of 1911 only, and find the same correct.

Given in open court this 25th day of April 1912.

R. S. GRIGGS, County Judge.
 FEB McWILLIAMS,
 J. E. McADAMS,
 J. M. ADAMS,
 C. N. CRAFT, County Commissioners.

Attest: O. L. PARISH, County Clerk.

CARDS OF THANKS.

To the voters of Runnels County, Texas.

I take this method of thanking each and every voter in this county for what you did for me in my race for the democratic nomination for the office of County Judge. I appreciate what you did for me, and I want to thank you individually and collectively for your support. I appreciate the support I received as much as if I had been nominated by a majority of 1000 votes. I am a man that never forgets a favor shown me, and I here and now pledge to you and each of you, that I will not forget you. You stayed with me and I will stay with you.

To the ones that cast their votes against me I want to say to you that I hold no ill will against you. I realized when I entered the race that some one had to be defeated, and while I had a desire to win, yet, I made up my mind that if the voters of this county decided to elect another I would accept the defeat and help the one elected to make us a good County Judge.

I believe that the man you have chosen, Mr. Kleberge will make you a County Judge that you will be proud of. I do not believe that he will ever do anything that will cause you to be sorry for what you have done in voting for him. He is a man that I believe will do credit to himself and honor to Runnels County while he is County Judge of this county.

I made a hard fight, and I lost. I have gone back to my law office, and I have started to do what the Farmers in this county do when a hail comes, or when a wind comes and blows the sand so hard that it kills their crops. I am planting my crop over. All the work the farmer did while he was planting before brought no revenue, and the only good he did himself was that his land was put in better shape to make a big crop. It is the same with me. While I was making the race for County Judge there was no revenue coming in. But I hope that I have my land sufficiently worked that it will pave the way for a bumper crop in the future. I will be found in my office, and at any time my good friends from the country come to town you will find a welcome awaiting you in my office. Make it your stopping place while you are in town, and if you live in town, I would like for you to come up and pay me a visit and talk with me and make my office your loafing place.

Again thanking you for what you have done, for me, I am
 Sincerely yours,
 A. E. WOOD.

NO CALOMEL NECESSARY.

The injurious effect and unpleasantness of taking Calomel is done away with by Simmons' Liver Purifier, the mildest known liver medicine, yet the most thorough in action. Put up in yellow tin boxes only. Price 25c. Tried once, used always.

LAST PROCLAMATION OF JEFFERSON DAVIS

In Beautiful Words Southern President Cheers His Followers and Admirers.

Danville, Va., April 5, 1865.

The General in Chief found it necessary to make such improvements of his troops as to uncover the capital. It would be unwise to conceal the moral and material injury to our cause resulting from the occupation of our capital by the enemy. It is equally unwise and unworthy of us to allow our own energy to falter and our efforts to become relaxed under reverses, however calamitous they may be, for many months the largest and finest army of the Confederacy, under command of a leader whose presence inspires equal confidence in the troops and the people, has been greatly trampled by the necessity of keeping constant watch over the approaches to the capital, and thus been forced to forego more than one opportunity for promising enterprises. It is for us my countrymen, to show by our bearings under reverses how wretched has been the self-deception of those who have believed us less able to endure misfortunes with gratitude than to encounter danger with courage.

We have now entered upon a new phase of the struggle. Relieved from the necessity of guarding a particular point, our army will be free to move from point to point to strike the enemy in detail far from his bases. Let us but will it and we will be free.

Animated by that confidence in spirit and fortitude which never yet failed, I announce to you, my fellow countrymen, that it is my purpose to maintain your cause with my whole heart and soul; that I never consent to abandon to the enemy one foot of the soil of any one of the States of the Confederacy and that Virginia—noble state whose ancient renown has been eclipsed by her still more glorious recent history, whose bosom has been bared to receive the main shock of this war; whose sons and daughters have exhibited heroism so sublime as to render her illustrious in all time to come—that Virginia, with the help of the people and by the blessing of Providence, shall be held and defended, and no peace ever be made with the infamous invaders of her territory.

If by the stress of numbers we shall be so compelled to a temporary withdrawal from her limits, of those of any other border state, again and again will we return, until the baffled and exhausted enemy shall abandon in despair his endless and impossible task of making slaves of people resolved to be free.

Let us, then, not depend, my countrymen; but relying on God.

meet the foe with fresh defiance and with unconquerable hearts.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

STANDS AHEAD.

There is something about Hunt's Lightning Oil that no other Liniment possesses. Others may be good, but it is surely the best. It does all you recommend it for, and more. For Sprains it has no equal on earth. It stands ahead on my medicine shelf.

Very truly yours,
 T. J. BROWNLOW,
 Livingston, Tenn.

CHANGE IN TELEPHONE MANAGERS

W. W. Davis, traveling auditor for the West Texas Telephone Co. out from Brownwood yesterday and checked out Guy M. Young who had resigned his position as manager here and checked in Ben Palmer as his successor.

Mr. Young will go to Ballinger where he will have charge of the outside work with the company there.—Winters Enterprise.

SEVERE RHEUMATISM.

Grove Hill, Ala; Hunt's Lightning Oil cured my wife of a severe case of Rheumatism and my friends of toothache. I surely believe it is good for all you claim for it.—A. R. Stringer, 25 & 50c a bottle. All Dealers.

COUGHT TO PAINT.

I ought to have painted last year but I hated to pay \$2.25 a gallon. I've got to paint this year; it'll take a little more paint; I suppose 1 gallon in 10; and a little more work, I suppose 1 day in 10. My job would have cost last year about \$52.50; it is going to cost this year \$57.75. \$5.25 gone. I suppose it'll be the same again if I wait again. What if paint goes down to \$2 a gallon? \$2.50 on the job! I shan't wait; what a fool I was. DEVOE

Ballinger Lumber Co., sells it.

Patronize our Advertisers.

A TEXAS WONDER

The Texas Wonder cures kidney and bladder trouble, removes gravel, cures diabetes, weak and lame backs, rheumatism and all irregularity of the kidneys and bladder in both men and women, regulates bladder troubles in children. If not sold by your druggist, will be sent by mail on receipt of \$1.00. One small bottle is two months treatment and seldom fails to perfect a cure. Send for Texas testimonials. Dr. E. W. Hall, 2926 Olive St., St. Louis Mo. Sold by druggists. 52¢

For soreness of the muscles, whether induced by violent exercise or injury, there is nothing better than Chamberlain's Liniment. This Liniment also relieves rheumatic pains. For sale by all dealers.

KEEP THE KIDNEYS WELL.

Health is Worth Saving, and Some Ballinger People Know How to Save it.

Many Ballinger people take their lives in their hands by neglecting the kidneys when they know these organs need help. Sick kidneys are responsible for a vast amount of suffering and ill health, but there is no need to suffer nor to remain in danger. Use Doan's Kidney Pills—a remedy that has cured thousands of kidney sufferers.

The following statement leaves no ground for doubt.

Mrs. T. F. DuBose, Coleman, Texas, says: "For years my back bothered me and I had other difficulties which proved that my kidneys were out of order and required attention. I read an account of Doan's Kidney Pills being good for kidney trouble and at once procured a box and commenced their use. After taking half the contents, I noticed that my conditions was improving. The kidney secretions became normal and my health improved. Other members of the family have been cured by the same remedy. We can highly recommend it to an one suffering from kidney trouble."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

RURAL ROUTE NO. 1.

Rural Route No four will be established on October first, 1912. This route starts out on the Crews road and goes to the Tyndal corner about 11 miles then it runs west and south to the New Home Church, from there it runs to the Green Nixon corner, thence on the old Abilene road via Old Runnels to Ballinger.

This route will give service to fully one hundred families! Postmaster Cady has surveyed this route twice and has worked for three years in trying to have this route established.

NOTICE.

To our Friends and Customers: All contracts between us and Mr. L. Shields have been cancelled and all outstanding notes and accounts will be paid to us or our present bookkeeper, Mr. J. L. Stroble. DR. HALLEY & LOVE. It.

ALL TO BALLINGER NEXT WEEK.

Let's all lay aside business cares for at least a day and go to Ballinger next week to see the sight and enjoy the Concho Colorado Confederate Reunion. An interesting program has been arranged and a fine time is promised. Aug. 1st, 2nd, and 3rd. are the days and each day will be full of enjoyment for the large crowds that are sure to be there.—Winters Enterprise.

Dr. W. A. Gustavus, Dentist. Over F. & M. State Bank. 11-4.

DELICATE APPETITES

need a variety to tempt them. This Store has, for many years, always lead in this respect.

Fresh vegetables, good butter, fruit and the very highest class of Groceries are always to be found in our store.

Many stores are short on the very thing you want, but we can always fill the bill.

A Trial Will Convince You

THE MILLER MERCANTILE COMPANY

708 Hutchings Avenue Ballinger Texas. PHONE 66

Hall Hardware Co.

Hardware, Implements and Vehicles

Standard Implements, Windmills Studebaker and Schuttler Wagons

Hal Hardware Co.

HAULING!

Give me a part of your hauling. Promptness is my motto.

W. R. BUSHONG

Phone No. 401 Ballinger, Tex.

Unknown					Winters	6	17	C. H.	03	04	01	04	06	W	01	19
Unknown					Winters	3	18	C. H.	03	04	01	04	06	W	01	18
Unknown					Winters	1	26	C. H.	03	04	01	04	06	W	01	18
Unknown					Winters	1.2.3	27	C. H.	09	13	02	11	17	W	03	55
Unknown					Winters	3.4.5.6	28	C. H.	13	17	03	15	22	W	04	74
Unknown					Winters	7.8.9	28	C. H.	09	13	02	11	17	W	03	55
Unknown					Winters	1.2	29	C. H.	06	08	01	08	11	W	02	36
Unknown					Winters	6	34	C. H.	03	04	01	04	06	W	01	18
Unknown					Winters	2	35	C. H.	06	08	01	08	11	W	02	36
Unknown					Winters	4.5.6	37	C. H.	09	13	02	11	17	W	03	55
Unknown					Winters	4.5	6	Robts.	06	08	01	08	11	W	02	36
Unknown					Winters	14.15	BB. B.		75	1	18	90	1.32	W	22	4.37
Unknown					Winters	3.9.10	1	Tinkle	19	25	04	22	33	W	05	1.09
Unknown					Winters	3.6	1	Phillips	06	08	01	08	11	W	02	36
Unknown					Winters	16	1	Grant	50	67	12	60	88	W	15	2.92
Unknown					Winters	1.2.3.4	1	Green	13	17	03	15	22	W	04	74
Unknown					Winters	3.8	3	Green	19	25	04	22	33	W	06	1.09
Unknown					Winters	9	3	Green	07	08	02	07	11	W	02	37
Unknown					Winters	120x208of	12		1	1.33	03	1.20	1.76	W	30	5.82
Unknown					Winters	2.3	4	Murry W.	13	16	05	15	22	W	04	73
Unknown					Winters	5	2	Meeks	06	08	01	08	11	W	02	36
Unknown					Winters	9	6	S. S.	06	08	01	08	11	W	02	36
Unknown					Winters	5	7	S. S.	07	09	02	07	11	W	02	37
Unknown					Winters	13	13	S. S.	03	04	01	04	05	W	01	18
Unknown					Winters	4	18	S. S.	03	04	01	04	05	W	01	18
Unknown					Winters	1.3.5	1	C. & H.	10	13	02	11	16	W	03	55
Unknown					Winters	7	1	C. & H.	04	05	01	03	04	W	01	18
Unknown					Winters	11	1	C. & H.	04	05	01	03	04	W	01	18
Unknown					Winters	20	1	C. & H.	04	05	01	03	04	W	01	18
Unknown					Winters	21.23	1	C. & H.	07	09	02	07	10	W	02	37
Unknown					Winters	13	2	C. & H.	04	05	01	03	04	W	01	18
Unknown					Winters	14.15.16	2	C. & H.	10	13	02	11	16	W	03	55
Unknown					Winters	21	2	C. & H.	04	05	01	03	04	W	01	18
Unknown					Winters	22.23	2	C. & H.	06	05	02	07	11	W	02	37
Unknown					Winters	3.5	3	C. & H.	10	13	02	11	16	W	03	55
Unknown					Winters	6.7.9	3	C. & H.	10	13	02	11	16	W	03	55
Unknown					Winters	11.12.13	3	C. & H.	10	13	02	11	16	W	03	55
Unknown					Winters	14.15.17	3	C. & H.	10	13	02	11	16	W	03	55
Unknown					Winters	18	3	C. & H.	04	05	01	03	04	W	01	18
Unknown					Winters	24.25	3	C. & H.	07	09	02	07	10	W	02	37
Unknown					Winters	3.4	4	C. & H.	10	13	02	11	16	W	03	55
Unknown					Winters	6.7	4	C. & H.	07	09	02	07	10	W	02	37
Unknown					Winters	1.2	4	C. & H.	04	05	01	03	04	W	01	18
Unknown					Winters	15.16	4	C. & H.	04	05	01	03	04	W	01	18
Unknown					Winters	19.20.22	4	C. & H.	10	13	02	11	16	W	03	55
Unknown					Winters	27	4	C. & H.	04	05	01	03	04	W	01	18
Unknown					Winters	28.31	4	C. & H.	07	09	02	07	10	W	02	37
Unknown					Winters	32.33	4	C. & H.	06	09	02	07	11	W	02	37
Unknown					Winters	5	5	C. & H.	04	05	01	03	04	W	01	18
Unknown					Winters	5.6.9	5	C. & H.	10	13	02	11	16	W	03	55
Unknown					Winters	14.15.16.17	5	C. & H.	04	05	01	03	04	W	01	18
Unknown					Winters	18	5	C. & H.	13	17	02	07	11	W	02	37
Unknown					Winters	23.24.25	5	C. & H.	04	05	01	03	04	W	01	18
Unknown					Winters	27.28.29.30	5	C. & H.	10	13	02	11	16	W	03	55
Unknown					Winters	32.33.34	5	C. & H.	10	13	02	11	16	W	03	55
Unknown					Winters	8	5	C. & H.	03	04	01	04	06	W	01	19
Unknown					Winters	1.2.3	6	C. & H.	10	13	02	11	16	W	03	55
Unknown					Winters	5.6.8	6	C. & H.	10	13	02	11	16	W	03	55
Unknown					Winters	9.10.11.12	6	C. & H.	13	17	02	07	11	W	02	37
Unknown					Winters	14.15.16	6	C. & H.	10	13	02	11	16	W	03	55
Unknown					Winters	17.18.19.20	6	C. & H.	13	17	02	07	11	W	02	37
Unknown					Winters	31.34	7	C. & H.	07	09	02	07	10	W	02	37
Unknown					Winters	1.3.4	7	C. & H.	10	13	02	11	16	W	03	55
Unknown					Winters	5.7.8	7	C. & H.	10	13	02	11	16	W	03	55
Unknown					Winters	9.10.11.13	7	C. & H.	15	17	02	07	11	W	02	37
Unknown					Winters	18.21.22	7	C. & H.	10	13	02	11	16	W	03	55
Unknown					Winters	23.24	7	C. & H.	06	08	01	08	11	W	02	36
Unknown					Winters	2.3.4	8	C. & H.	10	13	02	11	16	W	03	55
Unknown					Winters	6.8.9	8	C. & H.	10	13	02	11	16	W	03	55
Unknown					Winters	11.12.14	8	C. & H.	10	13	02	11	16	W	03	55
Unknown					Winters	15.16.17.19	8	C. & H.	13	17	02	07	11	W	02	37
Unknown					Winters	23	8	C. & H.	04	05	01	03	04	W	01	18
Unknown					Winters	24.25	8	C. & H.	06	08	01	08	11	W	02	36
Unknown					Winters	3	9	C. & H.	04	05	01	03	04	W	01	18
Unknown					Winters	11.12	9	C. & H.	07	09	02	07	10	W	02	37
Unknown					Winters	13.15.16	9	C. & H.	10	13	02	11	16	W	03	55
Unknown					Winters	17.18.19.20	9	C. & H.	13	17	02	07	11	W	02	37
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Unknown					Winters	25	9	C. & H.	03	04	01	04	05	W	01	18
Unknown					Winters	4.5.6	10	C. & H.	10	13	02	11	16	W	03	55
Unknown					Winters	8.9.10	10	C. & H.	10	13	02	11	16	W	03	55
Unknown					Winters	11.12	10	C. & H.	07	09	02	07	10	W	02	37
Unknown					Winters	15.16.17	10	C. & H.	10	13	02	11	16	W	03	55
Unknown					Winters	19.21.22	10	C. & H.	13	17	02	07	11	W	02	37
Unknown					Winters	2.4	11	C. & H.	07	09	02	07	10	W	02	37
Unknown					Winters	7.11	11	C. & H.	07	09	02	07	10	W	02	37
Unknown					Winters	15	11	C. & H.	04	05	01	03	04	W	01	18
Unknown					Winters	19.20.21.22	11	C. & H.	13	17	02	07	11	W	02	37
Unknown					Winters	24	11	C. & H.	03	04	01	04	06	W	01	19
Unknown					Winters	1.2.4	12	C. & H.	10	13	02	11	16	W	03	55
Unknown					Winters	7	12	C. & H.	04	05	01	03	04	W	01	18
Unknown					Winters	16.18.19	12	C. & H.	04	05	01	03	04	W	01	18
Unknown					Winters	20.21.22.23	12	C. & H.	10	13	02	11	16	W	03	55
Unknown					Winters	26.29	12	C. & H.	13	17	02	07	11	W	02	37
Unknown					Winters	31.43	12	C. & H.	07	09	02	07	10	W	02	37
Unknown					Winters	1.2	13	C. & H.	07	09	02	07	10	W	02	37
Unknown					Winters	8	13	C. & H.	04	05	01	03	04	W	01	18
Unknown					Winters	10.11.12.13	13	C. & H.	13	17	02	07	11	W	02	37
Unknown					Winters	16.18	13	C. & H.	07	09	02	07	10	W	02	37
Unknown					Winters	19.20	13	C. & H.	07	09	02	07	10	W	02	37
Unknown					Winters	24.25.27	13	C. & H.	10	13	02	11	16	W	03	55
Unknown					Winters	29.32	13	C. & H.	07	09	02	07	10	W	02	37
Unknown					Winters	2.3.5	14	C. & H.	10	13	02	11	16	W	03	55
Unknown					Winters	6.7.11	14	C. & H.	10	13	02	11	16	W	03	55
Unknown					Winters	15	14	C. & H.	04	05	01	03	04	W	01	18
Unknown					Winters	17.18	14	C. & H.	07	09	02	07	10	W	02	37
Unknown					Winters	20.21.23	14	C. & H.	10	13	02	11	16	W	03	55
Unknown					Winters	1.2	15	C. & H.	07	09	02	07				



AUGUST OFFERS

A TEMPTING SUMMER SALE

EVERY ARTICLE LEFT FROM OUR SUMMER STOCK IS NOW MARKED AT THE LOWEST POSSIBLE FIGURE. WE HAVE ONLY A SHORT WHILE TO DO OUR SUMMER SELLING. YOU, HOWEVER, YET HAVE A LONG TIME TO WEAR THE SUMMER THINGS WE NOW OFFER AT SUCH TEMPTINGLY

LOW PRICES. COME, SEE OUR GOODS AND OUR PRICES. YOU'LL FIND THE QUALITY OF OUR GOODS SO HIGH AND THE PRICES SO VERY LOW THAT YOU CANNOT RESIST THE TEMPTATION TO BUY AND BUY LOTS. COME IN TODAY; IT WILL PAY YOU WELL.

Money Saving Prices

ON LADIES DRESSES, SKIRTS, HOUSE DRESSES, KIMONOS AND WAISTS

We have just a few broken lots hardly any two alike, but we offer the entire lot at a reduction of 50 to 25 percent or at from 1-2 to 1-4 off the regular price. We have several dandy good styles for early Fall wear that go in this wonderful reduction. You can afford to at least come and see and then we are sure you will buy.

MONEY SAVING PRICES ON LACES AND EMBROIDERY

Take a look at the values we are offering at 5, 10, 15, 25 and 45 cents. You will be surprised at the wonderful money saving prices and can afford to buy for several months needs.

Take a look that's all. The Values will do the selling.

CLEAN UP PRICES ON LAWNS, BATISTES etc.

Three lots at 7, 9 and 13 cents. We feel sure these are the greatest values ever offered.

CORSETS

Satisfaction and Comfort as well as best Style is yours if you wear an American Beauty Corset.

MONEY SAVING PRICES ON

Ladies Collars, Combs, Bags, Belts, etc. Ask to see them

BAREFOOT SANDALS

For men, women and children. 45c and up, try a pair.

HART, SCHAFFNER & MARX CLOTHING.

Are good all the time. They are the right kind of clothes---the all wool kind---the right tailored kind---the guaranteed kind. If you find one that is not all wool, or all wool and silk, bring it back and get a new one, absolutely free.

All of our \$25.00, \$27.50, and \$30.00 suits, Blue serges excepted, go at \$19.75 All \$18.00, \$20.00 and \$22.50 suits, Blue serges excepted, go at \$16.75. These are values you can't afford to miss, get busy and get a suit or two. We have many other suits at \$7.50, \$11.75 and \$13.75. They are real bargains. Many new things in shirts and collars.

STRAW HATS

Just to clean up on Straws we make the following prices

\$4.00 Hats	-	\$1.75
3.00 "	-	1.45
2.50 "	-	1.15
2.00 "	-	.95

Better come right away as we have only a few left

E. & W. SHIRTS

Big lot of these famous shirts will be sold at 95c. These values run as high as \$1.50. A good time to buy.

Money Saving Prices from top to bottom of this big store.

HIGGINBOTHAM-CURRIE-WILLIAMS & C

The Makers of Low Prices.

Ballinger,

Texas.