

BIG BAND CONCERT

This space donated by the Magnolia Petroleum Company to advertise the Big Band Concert Feb. 22. Come and hear 16 selections by Brownfield's 28 Piece Band. Don't forget the date, Feb. 22nd, and don't forget Magnolia Oils, phone ten and be on hand.

Magnolia Petroleum Co.

Phone 10.

Tom May, Agent

WHERE EARTH AND HEAVEN MEETS

(In memory of Ella D. Bailey.)

Upon the walls of my study there hangs a picture entitled: "Where Earth and Heaven Meet."
A pale moon rising upon a deep blue sky throws its silvery rays across the blue and placid stream of water. A young mother is holding in fond embrace her first born. In the eyes of the little one there is lustre and sparkle, as if he had heard the silent footfall of an angel stirring the mysterious depths of his subconsciousness.

Upon the face of the young mother there is written, joy, tranquility and peacefulness. The attitude of the picture is that of a sunny outlook for tomorrow, for in the mother's arms is the child of her hopes—the son of her dreams. The picture is well labeled, "Where earth and heaven meet."
I have placed today upon memory's gallery a picture that defies the brush of the painter, and one on which no sky or landscape can compare. I have hung it high up on memory's wall and in future years it will tend to drive to their dungeon all doubts and fears. I stepped unexpectedly near the death chamber of a dying saint. There was a strange tenseness in the atmosphere. Friends were treading softly sorrow and anxiety were written upon the brow of her loved ones. Her little daughter, Mildred had led her aunt to a secret place of prayer and prayed thus: "Oh don't let my mamma die. I need her and papa needs her; we can't let her go, but if she has to go, Thy will be done."

From the lips of the mother that was soon to be hushed in death, we could hear: "The Lord is my Shepherd, He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters;" and "Rock of Ages cleft for me. There were cadences of tenderness from a heart that was about to be transplanted from the realm of faith into the realm of glory.

It was a fortitude that felt beneath the everlasting arms. It was the music of a soul that was replete with harmony and instinct with bliss. She had heard the swish of the boatman's oar who had come to bear her amid the chant of angels and the song of the redeemed, across the cold and silent stream. She had felt the breeze of an angel's wing that had fanned away doubts and chilling blasts that are so common to this life. She had heard the far off surf of the great hallelujahs, and had seen the flutter of white robes in the distant city of the immortal.
From the age of fifteen she had rested her faith in Christ. The great Truths of the Bible were her hope, comfort and consolation, and in death

BROWNFIELD HARDWARE ADDING FURNITURE STOCK

The Brownfield Hardware Company is adding an up-to-date stock of furniture in the building adjoining them on the south.

Mr. R. B. Collier, who is to manage this department informed us that the undertaking department would be in every detail, complete, and that the firm was to have a hearse in the near future, but in the meantime the are to take care of that department to the best of their ability.
Mr. Collier is to become a licensed embalmer before long.

HAPPY PATCH CLUB

Mrs. S. H. Holgate was hostess to the Happy Patch Club on Monday, Feb. 5th. Most every one gave helpful hints or good, tried receipts, as names were called. The next meeting will be with Mrs. Stricklin, and all members requested to be present.
Mmes. Brothers, Dallas, Markham and Mr. Robert Holgate were guests, and Mr. Holgate knows how to cook as well as the ladies. By the way he gave good receipts he must be an old hand. Delicious cake and hot chocolate sandwiches, and pickles were served to the following members and visitors: Mmes. Neill, Kendrick, Good, Rankin, McBurnett, Roberts, Hurst, Baughman—Reporter.

BRING your cream to Brothers & Brothers.

An unseen hand had reached forth to brush away the mist and fog that gathered about the outgoing of her life, and opened to her the gates of gold.

My heart felt the ecstasy. I came away with a benediction of divine grace upon me. It was like the dew of Herman that descended upon the mountains of Zion. "Let other fall what they will to win," but let me live the life of righteousness and die their happy death.
The following poem by F. A. F. White was never more appropriate:
I have heard of a land—
On a far away strand—
In the Bible the story is told—
Where no sorrow shall come,
Neither darkness nor gloom,
And nothing there ever grows old.
There's a home in that land,
At the father's right hand;
There are mansions whose joys are untold,
And perennial spring
Where the birds ever sing,
And nothing there ever grows old.
In that beautiful land
On a far away strand, no storms
With their blasts ever frown;
The streets, I am told,
Are paved with pure gold, and the
Sun it shall never go down."
—J. W. Baughman

84 PER CENT OF ALL MEN

In the United States are dependent on others at Sixty-five years of age. Ten years hence will you be prospering in business or looking for a job? It depends on whether or not you have started to save.

Make our bank the recipient of your savings where they will be surrounded with every protection we can afford. We place at your disposal courteous, efficient and appreciative banking service.

Brownfield State Bank

Brownfield, Texas

CONSERVATIVE— APPRECIATIVE— ACCOMODATIVE

"Guaranty Fund Protection"

MEMBER FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM

PANHANDLE AND SANTA FE DEMONSTRATION TRAIN

Amarillo, Texas—Farmers and others interested in dairying, hog growing and poultry raising will be invited to attend demonstrations to be given in Northwest Texas towns by the State Agricultural College in cooperation with the Panhandle and Santa Fe Railway. The Agricultural College will provide the speakers and exhibits of livestock necessary to make the demonstration. The Santa Fe is co-operating with the college because the vitally important message which this great educational institution has for the farmers of the state, can be delivered promptly in no other way.

The Cow, Sow and Hen train, as it is known, will be financed by the Santa Fe Railway. The Agricultural College will provide the speakers and exhibits of livestock necessary to make the demonstration. The Santa Fe is co-operating with the college because the vitally important message which this great educational institution has for the farmers of the state, can be delivered promptly in no other way.

A survey of the State's industrial conditions shows that during the depression of the last year or two, the farmer who kept a few milk cows, some brood sows and a bunch of chickens, did not feel the hard times so keenly as did those who confined their operations mainly to crop growing. Farmers are urged to come to the train prepared to ask questions.

The speakers from the Agricultural College will be leaders in their respective departments—Prof. Evans, dairying; Prof. Ward, hog raising; Prof. Edson, poultry raising.

T. B. Gallaher, general freight and passenger agent, will be in charge of the enterprise, and J. F. Jarrell, manager of the company's agricultural development department, and A. M. Hove, assistant editor of The Earth, the company's agricultural and industrial paper, will accompany the train.

The train will be on time and meetings will start promptly on arrival. In addition to the regular program of lectures on dairying, hog and poultry raising, there will be a meeting for boys and girls.

A special invitation is extended to the farm women to attend the demonstrations, as the speakers will have something particularly important to say to them.

Clovis, N.M., and Shattuck, Okla., are shown on the schedule. As it is necessary to include these towns on the program for operating purposes, and as farmers there requested meetings, the agricultural college authorities kindly consented to give the program. New Mexico conditions near Clovis and Oklahoma conditions near Shattuck are similar to Texas conditions in localities to be visited by the train. For the Seagrave branch the schedule is as follows:
Monday March 26th: Seagraves 8:30 A. M. Brownfield 10:50 A. M.

WE SOLICIT your patronage and will treat you right at the Sanitary Wagon Yard west of depot.

Among those who attended the funeral of Mrs. Roy Bailey at Lubbock last Friday were, Tom May, E. Burnett, D. P. Lewis, Ray Brownfield, Doc Powell, Will Adams, J. E. Shelton, Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Wheeler, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Downing, Mrs. J. W. Baughman, Mrs. Raymer, E. C. Roberts.

SPAN each of mules and horses for sale, cash or note. H. D. Leach, 3 mi. N.W. Gomez on Plains road.

NOW IS THE TIME TO PLANT TREES

The Brownfield Nursery can furnish you with the following nursery stock, at reasonable prices, all in good condition for early planting. Do not wait until the last minute before planting your trees, start now. Here are some of the things we can supply you with:

Peach, Plum, Pear, Apple, Cherry, Apricot and Mulberry trees, Blackberry, Dewberry, Strawberry and Grape vines. Flowering shrubs, Climbing Vines, and Rose bushes. Shade trees, Nut trees and Evergreens, Hedge plants and Bulbs.

Call and see our stock.

BROWNFIELD NURSERY

IT IS A FACT

THAT EVERY MAN IS THE ARCHITECT OF HIS OWN FORTUNE. WASTED TIME TODAY MEANS EXTRA WORK TOMORROW. IF YOUR BUSINESS IS REAL ESTATE, DON'T FAIL TO TAKE YOUR ABSTRACTER INTO YOUR CONFIDENCE.

C. R. RAMBO, Abstracter
BROWNFIELD, (Terry County) TEXAS

ONION SETS

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and all kinds of Staple and Fancy Groceries.

Gold Plum, Foulgers, Maxwell House, White Swan and Peberry Coffee.

Call number 4 when your supply gets low.

NATIONAL CASH GROCERY

R. W. Headstream, Mgr.
Brownfield — — — Texas

TRUSTEES DECIDE ON \$25,000 BOND ISSUE

To the patrons of the Brownfield School District—
We, the Board of Trustees, after having duly and conscientiously considered the two propositions presented to us; one petition calling for a bond issue of \$40,000 with twenty-seven signatures; the other for a bond issue of \$25,000 with forty-three signatures, did on February 1st order an election for \$25,000 bond issue, said election to be held March 5th, 1923.

In ordering said election, we have done so "feeling that this issue meets the approval of a majority of the people of the district, and also believing that it is for the best interests of the district from a financial standpoint. We heartily recommend this movement and earnestly ask the cooperation of every patron of the school in this act, and also for every other movement that is for the advancement and betterment of our school. Although the \$25,000 bond issue may not meet the exact views of some individuals, we hope each an every individual will acquiesce, and all work together and in harmony with the view of doing the thing that is best for all concerned.

Yours for service,
Board of Trustees,
Brownfield Independent School Dist.

TWO ALLEGED BOOTLEGGERS CAUGHT HERE

The fragrant smell of new corn-shine was in the air. Even the boys who indulge became a little more voracious than common: the officers sniffed the air a few times and fell in full chase. The game was soon in the "cooler"—and according to the boys who tried it—"cooler" was right last Friday night.

Even some of the boys whose blood got too hot and their language undignified, shared the "warm" bed of the visitors from Lamesa.

This moonshine, we are sorry to report, was the cause of personal encounters between men who had been good friends before, and for that reason, we hope the Lamesaites will try to consume all their "pizen" at home from now on.

Let's forget past troubles and be good friends and law-abiding citizens again.

NO REGULAR SERVICES AT CHURCHES SUNDAY

We wish to announce through the columns of the Herald that our regular preaching services are called in for Sunday.

Our Sunday Schools will meet at the regular hour and dismiss for the Community Service program at the Legion Hall.

We cordially invite our people to hear the lecture of Captain C. S. Nussbaum, which are as follows:
Sunday, 11:00 A.M.—"The Church in the Community."
Sunday, 3:00 P.M.—"The Call for Men in the Community."
Sunday, 7:30 P.M.—"The Life of Lives."

C. E. Ball,
E. M. Wheatley,
C. B. Glasgow,
J. W. Baughman

MARKET price for your cream at Brothers & Brothers.

SHALL THE EMERGENCY OF THE SCHOOLS BE MET?

Last summer when the plight of the schools for the present was seen, there was a plea by the school people of the state for a special session of the legislature to consider the "way out." It was thought by the powers-that-be that the regular session of the Legislature now in session would be able to work out ways to meet the situation. This was the view of the Governor at that time, who felt that the coming Legislature—the one that now is—would come to Austin with the clinging that the public schools must be adequately cared for. Certainly this idea was used in most of the election contests. So the schools opened in the fall with the faith in what they felt was the assurance of help.

What of the Legislative situation as to meeting the emergency for the year? Half of the session is gone and no help provided as yet—and this in the face of the fact that rural schools are beginning to close in some parts of the state. A bill for four and one-half million for aid to be distributed on the per capita basis was introduced in each legislative body, but its progress seems to be tied up for some reason. The measure was reduced to three million dollars in the Education Committees of both House and Senate, and both the committees then reported the bill out favorably and there the matter seems to be resting. Undoubtedly some unexpected opposition is behind the "slowing up" of this measure.

There never was a time when the friends of education, business and personal, needed to come to the rescue of the schools more than now; surely all who love the children will gladly pass the word on in such a way that Austin will "hear from the folks at home." To shorten the school term at this time means an unpardonable injustice to the children of Texas.—Teacher's Association.

SENIOR PIE SUPPER

Funds are lacking for our annual, so it was decided that a pie supper would be given to increase our treasury. When a large crowd gathered, an interesting program was given as follows:

Opening address Mr. Rankin
Song "Old Oaken Bucket," Glee Club
Reading Lorina Copeland
Song Mrs. Howard
Reading Miss Andrews
Reading Mrs. Ferris
Closing song: Dovey Watts and Ransom King.

And then begin the fun. The pies were auctioned off by Mr. Russell, who caused many laughs by his funny sayings. Suddenly everyone became wide awake; one pie was causing a great deal of amusement between opposing sides. Finally the crash came, the pie was sold for \$25.00.

The most striking event of the evening was the closing of the Beauty and Popularity contest. Miss Fay Broughton received the most votes for being the prettiest girl; Miss Helen Carles the most popular; Mr. Cecil Pray, the most handsome boy; Mr. Clyde Bond, the most popular boy.

Another interesting feature was the fortune telling booth held by the charming gypsy maiden, Miss Tempie Shepherd. Many a young man was lured into her tent, where they caught a glimpse of their future.

Music, which was enjoyed by all, was furnished throughout the evening by the King Trio.

Our gypsy fortune teller predicts a bright future for our annual.
Reporter

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS

Notice is hereby given that on and after March 1st, 1923, a penalty of 10 per cent will be added to city taxes then unpaid, and the \$2.00 street tax penalty will be added. This in accordance with instructions from the City Council.

B. W. Stinson, Tax-Collector,
City of Brownfield, Texas.

Olivilo Soap

Purchase one bar of Olivilo Soap and you will be convinced of the merits of a soap adopted for this particular country. Larger bars than Palm Olive or Cream Oil and has no superior when tested with other soaps, selling for the same money.

Ask your Groceryman and Druggist about this Soap.

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BOWERS BROTHERS

Located on track east of depot.

THE FARMING SEASON

Is now here and if you are in the market for plow tools, harness and etc., come in and look over our goods.

We handle the P & O Listers, Sulkeys and Disc Plow. If you need repairs for your plows, make list of what you want. We carry P & O repairs in stock. We will get others for you.

Holgate-Endersen Hd. Co.

BROWNFIELD, TEXAS

THE BRIGHT SHINING STAR!

The Texas Star was shining bright. As thru the mud with dim headlights, A tourist grimy and speckled with dirt,
Greasy trousers, and torn shirt, Stilled up at the filling station door. "What's the matter here?" the agent cried, "The motor man?"
As the foreman creature there he spied,
"You look as though by a cyclone spent,
What gives you all this discontent?"
The man his story began to spell, Of the trouble he'd had since he took the wheel.

The engine bucked and wouldn't pull, Although the gasoline tank was full, It bumped and knocked and splattered fast, And ground and yawned and stopped at last;
So I cranked and yanked and the spark plug cleaned,
And came along by jerks till you star in your eyes!

And I will store this thing out of the rain, Buy a ticket and catch a train. "Oh don't do that," the agent cried, "Until our Texaco products you've tried."

Let me fix your motor so it will run, With Texaco oil and gas it will hum. The man consented and he went to work, Drained off the oil, cleaned out the dirt, Emptied the gas tank of water, plus gas, And filled it with Texaco, the stuff that will last. He gave it a crank, the engine started off, Without a sputter, not even a cough. And away went the tourist, a smile on his face. Thanking the Stars and His heavenly grace, That guided him through the weary night, To the place where the Texaco Star showed its light.

Phone No. 5.

THE TEXACO COMPANY

W. M. Adams, Agent

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111 Cigarettes TURKISH VIRGIN BURLEY 15 for 10

OUT OF THE DARKNESS by Charles J. Dutton Illustrations by Irwin Myers Copyright 1932 By Dodd, Mead and Co. Inc.

Another autoist in a big hurry tried to beat the train to a crossing in Fort Worth this week. Same old tale. It didn't work; two are dead and another seriously hurt.

What's the matter with the east Texas cattle? Weather reports indicate only about 20 degrees there, and some cattle men reported a 25 percent loss. We had zero weather on the Plains with practically no losses. They must be both ticky and poor.

A problem in algebra: If 133,000 who went to the polls were so disgusted with the Nominee that they wrote another name on the ticket, what would the more than a million voters who didn't go to the polls have done if they had been there?—Dixie, (Dallas.)

NOT THAT WE KNOW OF

After tarring and feathering a woman in a Tencha and whipping another at Fort Worth, it was reasonable to suppose that the Klan had done enough toward uplifting womanhood and protecting the purity of the home. But evidently they are still doing business as upholders and in that capacity seized another woman, Mrs. Audrey Harrison, of Goose Creek, Texas, and flogged her for some reason known only to the floggers. This woman was torn from the arms of her eight year old daughter, badly beaten and bruised with a cut on her neck, and then her hair was cut as she lay unconscious. The mob was estimated to be from ten to twelve men, which is about the usual ratio of the Klan when assaulting a woman. In commenting upon this 100 per cent American attack, Mrs. Harrison is quoted as follows:

"I don't know who they were, and there were ten or twelve of them. It seemed and all were in disguise. It came like a thunderbolt. I was ill, having been in bed all day. Could you imagine men doing such a thing as that? They pulled me out of bed; I caught up a bath robe to cover my light muslin gown. I didn't know

what was happening. Of course the Klan will, as usual, issue a long statement to the effect that they had nothing to do with it, and are not responsible for it, and condemn such action. However, do you recall any tarring and feathering of women, whipping of women, and the branding of women in the United States of America until the Klan was formed?—Industrial Dixie.

THAT FLU STUFF

If you have the tummy-ache, It's the flu! If you're weary when you wake, It's the flu! Is your memory off the track? Is your liver out of whack? Are there pimples on your back? It's the flu! Are there spots before your eyes? It's the flu! Are you fatter than some guys? It's the flu! Do your teeth hurt when you bite? Do you ever have a fright? Do you want to sleep at night? It's the flu! Are you thirsty when you eat? It's the flu! Are you shaky on your feet? It's the flu! If you feel a little ill, Send right off to Dr. Pill. He will say, despite his skill: "It's the flu!" He won't want to diagnose. It's the flu! Hasn't time to change his clothes. It's the flu! For two weeks he's had no rest. So he'll class you with the rest— It's the flu!

WHO AM I?

I am more deadly than bullets, am more powerful than the mightiest of men, I stand in the United States alone more than \$3,000,000 each year. I spare no one and find my victim among the rich and poor alike; the young and the old; the strong and the weak; widows and orphans know me. I massacre thousands upon thousands of wage earners each year. I lurk in unseen places, and do the most of my work silently. You are warned against me, but you heed not. I am relentless, I am everywhere; in the home, in the street, in the factory, at railroad crossings and on the combined armies of the world. I bring sickness, decaying and death, and yet few seek to avoid me. I destroy, crush and maim; I give nothing but take all. I am your worst enemy. I am carelessness.

CHAPTER II In Which We Visit Mr. Slyke, but Do Not Receive a Very Warm Reception. It was not until early Sunday morning that we were able to leave the city. After the days of rain, the ride along the banks of the Hudson was very beautiful. At Albany we had luncheon in one of the large hotels to the accompaniment of an orchestra playing the popular music of the moment. Bartley was thoroughly uncomfortable that he refused to speak. It was not until we were waiting for the waiter to return with our change and he had lighted a cigar that he became more amiable. He handed to some people he knew, then turned toward me and spoke softly so that those at the next table would not hear.

"Well, we cannot say just what we will find up at the lake. I have thought the affair over carefully, and the more I think of it the more puzzled I am. If Rogers told us all the facts, then there are two well-defined conclusions to be drawn. The first is that those two men are innocent. The second is that Slyke knew who it was that broke into his house, but had strong reasons for claiming he could not recognize them. If his daughter could swear to the identity of the men that were arrested, he should also have been able to recognize them. But he says he did not, and we are told he wanted the case dropped."

He paused as the waiter appeared with our change, and we went back to our car. Saratoga was only a forty-five mile drive from Albany. Circle Lake was several miles nearer. I knew very little about the place except that it was a small lake outside of Saratoga where there were a number of large summer estates. Bob Currie, who had roomed with Bartley at Harvard, had a place there where he passed the greater part of the year.

About an hour and a half out of Albany, Bartley said suddenly, pointing to a small sheet of water in the distance. "That's Circle Lake." At the foot of the hill, the road ran beside the lake for a little way, then ascended another hill. Just before this ascent began, Bartley left the main road and followed one that ran for nearly a mile between leafy trees. At length he turned his car down a long driveway that wound its crooked way in and out through a grove of great trees. When I had begun to wonder if we should ever escape from them, we came out upon a green lawn that stretched for several acres, having in its midst a large rambling house, painted the whitest white I have ever seen. It was a cheerful-looking house, one made to live in, with a great piazza stretching across the front, and gay-colored chairs that gave it a tropical atmosphere. Even as I was thinking how much I liked it, a man came running down the steps, three at a time, whooping like a wild Indian and waving his arms at us.

Truth compels me to say that Currie was, to put it mildly, stout, nor could anyone call him good looking. His big red face, now almost purple from exercise, was a kindly, tolerant one, filled with humor; his blue eyes warm with kindness. Down the steps he came and across the lawn, yelling all the time:

"John Bartley, you old sleuth, don't you dare drive on my new lawn!" With a laugh, Bartley made a wide circle across the grass before he stopped. Currie was heading me on the step of the car in a second, his arm thrown around Bartley's shoulder and his red face beaming; but all he said was, "Well, well, John!"

Bartley's answer was just as short and had the same deep friendliness. Then Currie turned and greeted me. A second later, a servant came to take charge of our things, and we followed Currie to the house.

We entered by one of the largest living rooms that I have ever seen. It stretched almost the entire length of the building and had two fireplaces, both of which were large enough for a man to stand upright in. Currie led us up a flight of stairs to the second story where, pushing open a door, he showed us into our suite of rooms. Five minutes later, at Currie's suggestion, the three of us were sitting on the stone edge of his swimming pool. It was forty feet long and open to sun and air. For thirty minutes we swam and dived. Then we climbed out and dried ourselves in the warm sun.

Then Bartley lighted a cigarette and told his friend what had brought us to Circle Lake. Currie said nothing until he had finished, and then, rubbing his chin slowly with his hand, replied, "Do you know, John, there are a good many people around here that doubt if those two men had anything to do with the robbery. There was nothing about Slyke's face green red and he stamped, "But—well—anyway they were—proven guilty."

"But you yourself said that you could not identify them." "That may be so, but there were others that did recognize them, even though I could not," Slyke answered. Bartley changed his tactics. When he sets out to win a person, there are few that can resist him; and in a moment or two even Slyke thawed under his smile.

"I can understand," Bartley remarked, "how bored you must be with the whole affair, but, as you probably know, Mr. Slyke, there is a growing feeling that those men in prison are innocent. What I am to do to find out whether there is any ground for such a feeling. I know that you will say, 'He is a crabbled sort of chap, a

paroled if they are innocent. Can I come over tomorrow morning and have a talk with you about the burglary? My whole experience may help me to see things that the others have overlooked. The governor asked me to look into the matter, you know."

Slyke did not seem overpleased at this suggestion, and muttered that he was going fishing in the morning. He finally agreed that his step-daughter, Ruth, could give Bartley whatever information he wanted. Seeing that so far as he was concerned, the conversation has over the look over leave. As we returned to the woods, Bartley remarked with a laugh, "He was not what you might call keen to see us. That burglary for some reason seems to be a sore subject with him."

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We have just put on a new delivery truck and are in position to deliver, on a moments notice, your daily needs of our fresh high quality Groceries. We always have fresh vegetables and our free delivery truck is at your command.

Lewis Brothers & Co. BROWNFIELD, TEXAS

There is some foolish jealousy between the two branches. The state police arrested those men simply because they were speaking through the fields at three o'clock in the morning and refused to give an account of themselves. I have heard that the officer in command of the troopers never believed that these men had anything to do with the Slyke affair. Most of the evidence against them was not found until several days later—some by the local police and some by Slyke's chauffeur. When the police were first called in, they didn't find any evidence; indeed, I do not think they looked for any until the next morning.

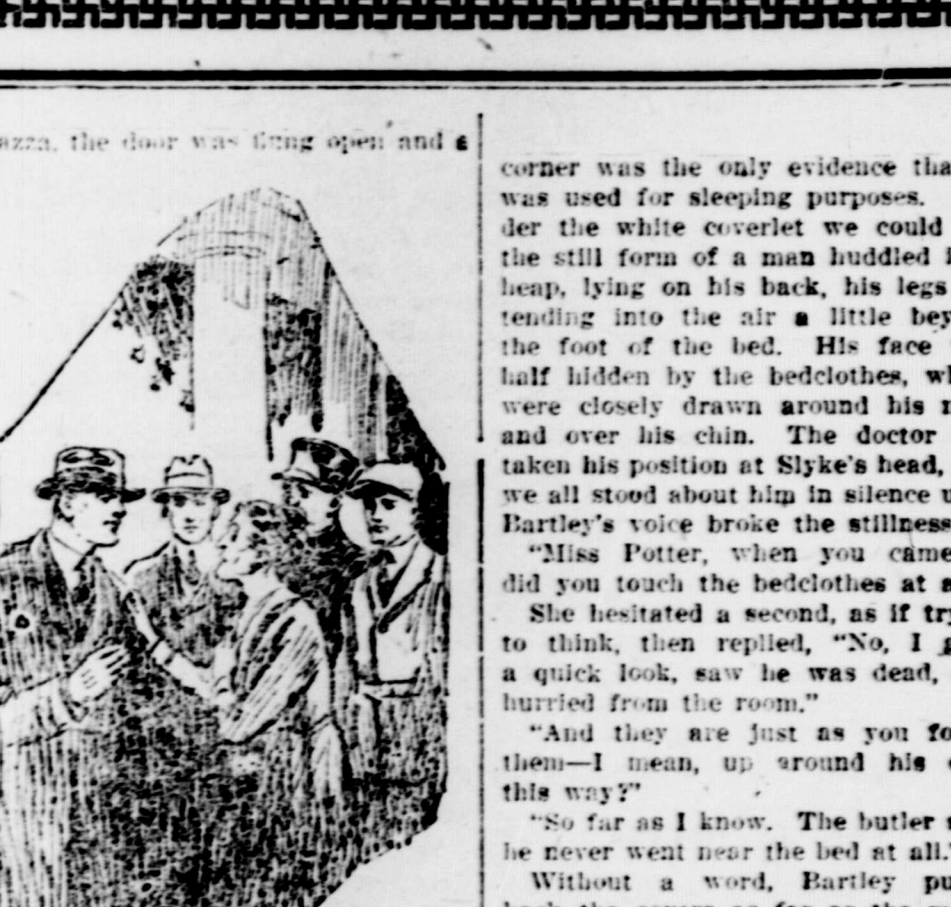
Currie rose and suggested we play a game of billiards; and the conversation about the burglary ended. While I play at the game, Bartley plays with unsteady skill, and both Currie and the doctor were almost equally good players. It was not until some hours later, when the doctor was called away by telephone, that we realized how late it was.

Bartley and I were tired after our ride and the long hours of visiting, and we went immediately to our rooms. Neither was inclined to talk, but Bartley did unburden himself enough to say he believed that Slyke knew who had committed the burglary, but for some reason wanted to hide the fact. Five minutes later, I was in bed and asleep.

I slept without dreaming, until someone aroused me by a vigorous shake. Bending over me, already dressed, was Bartley. I vaguely noticed a strange look in his eyes and traces of excitement on his face, but I was too tired to be interested and started to turn over and go to sleep again. He threw the covers off me, saying in an eager voice:

"Get up, get up quick! Doctor King has just phoned us to meet him at Slyke's house. They found Slyke in his bed!" he paused—"dead."

"Dead?" I questioned. "But why—how?" Bartley did not wait for me to finish. "Shot. They told King it was suicide."



"He Came, Doctor, It's Come, Just as I Expected—He Killed Himself!"

Woman of about fifty rushed wildly to the doctor's side. She was far from an attractive woman, thin with what is called a larder face. Her shrill voice broke as she grabbed the doctor's arm and cried:

"It's come, doctor, it's come, just as I expected. He's killed himself. Oh, I knew there would be trouble. Night after night I have had a message on the night board. It said again and again, 'Trouble, trouble, trouble.' And I have dreamed that he was dead too. It's come. He is dead!"

Bartley gave me a look. "This I know, was Miss Potter, the doctor's fiancée, was an ardent admirer of Slyke."

It was some time before the doctor could get her calmed down enough to introduce us. By the time the introductions had been completed, we were all in the big room in which we had met Slyke the day before. Currie had told us the previous evening that Slyke was to have a card party that night, and the room showed that there had been one. In the center were three card tables, with the chairs pushed back from them, evidently left as they were when the party broke up.

After a quick glance around, Bartley turned to Miss Potter. "Suppose you tell us how Mr. Slyke was discovered."

corner was the only evidence that it was used for sleeping purposes. Under the white coverlet we could see the still form of a man huddled in a heap, lying on his back, his legs extending into the air a little beyond the foot of the bed. His face was half hidden by two bedclothes, which were closely drawn around his neck and over his chin. The doctor had taken his position at Slyke's head, and we all stood about him in silence until Bartley's voice broke the stillness.

"Miss Potter, when you came in did you touch the bedclothes at all?" She hesitated a second, as if trying to think, then replied, "No, I gave a quick look, saw he was dead, and hurried from the room."

"And they are just as you found them—I mean, up around his chin this way?" "So far as I know, the butler says he never went near the bed at all."

Without a word, Bartley pulled back the covers as far as the man's chest. Slyke's nightshirt had not been buttoned. His face was calm showing not the slightest sign of a death struggle; his eyes closed; his mouth partly open. As Bartley pulled the clothes still further down, we saw that the right hand held a revolver. Then we noticed the wound that had caused his death. It was under his left ear, half hidden by the pillow on which were a few drops of blood.

The doctor knelt and examined the wound closely, then rose to his feet. Bartley in turn bent over the body, but he turned his attention to the hand holding the revolver. It lay close to the side of the body with the fingers gripping the butt firmly. Bartley moved it a little, but did not attempt to loosen the clutch. "With another glance at the pillow and the face upon it, he rose, his lips compressed, his face grave.

Roche turned to us with a half smile. "It's such a simple case, Mr. Bartley, that it won't need any of your skill to solve it. The doctor won't need to hold a long inquest. It's not a clear case of suicide as it has ever been. He undressed, got in bed, and then shot himself. There is the gun in his hand. Not much in this case, is there?"

The doctor half nodded in agreement, but Bartley, as if he had not heard, bent again over the bed, his face stern, and examined the revolver. When he straightened up, he said simply, "It's serious enough, Chief. Murder always is, and this is murder."

At his words Miss Potter, who had been standing beside me, eagerly watching everything that was done, gave a little cry. As for myself, I was not greatly surprised at his words. His manner had been so serious that I had been expecting something of the sort. Roche granted in amusement, and turned to King.

"Do you hear the man now! Murder! Why, that's foolish, Mr. Bartley. It's suicide. He has the gun in his hand."

Bartley gave him an amused glance as he answered, "It may be foolish, but it's murder. True, he has the gun in his hand, and that makes it look something like suicide. I agree; but that's just what someone wanted us to think."

This statement seemed to make Roche angry. His face flushed and he sneered. "Oh, come now, how do you expect to prove that?"

Bartley did not answer but simply pointed to the gun. I think we all looked at it rather foolishly, as if we expected to find in it, by some miracle, a clue to his statement.

As we did not speak, he replied, "Roche, you think that the gun has proved dead with the gun in his hand, but that's just what someone wanted us to think."

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IMPLEMENTS

We now have on hand a large and well selected stock of John Deere and Avery Listers, and want you to see our stock before purchasing elsewhere.

Remember that our Undertaking Department is complete should you should be so unfortunate as to need anything in this line.

Bring down that beautiful picture that you have been aiming to have put in a good frame for so long. We guarantee to please you.

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BRICK GARAGE

The human body is functioned just like a piece of machinery. In order for the different organs to perform their specific duties, they must have the proper food for nourishment, and in time of illness they must be cared for by the hands of the skilled physician. So it is with other machinery.

Give our gas and oils a trial as your car's nourishment and let our mechanics prove their ability as your car's physician.

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The loyalty of our customers has caused us to seek larger quarters and order more machinery—BUT—your appreciated business will not cause us to lower the standard of our products under any circumstances.

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Drugs, Sundries, Patent Medicines, Toilet Articles, Stationery and Prescriptions, go to

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LET ME WIRE YOUR HOUSE. WIRING DONE RIGHT. PRICES RIGHT AND ALL WORK GUARANTEED. SEE—V. E. GRUBBS.

At Sanitary Barber Shop—or—Quality Filling Station, City

Out of the Darkness

By CHARLES J. DUTTON

Illustrations by Irvia Meyers

proves murder. Not only murder, but that the gun was placed in his hand after death. Look at the way the hand grasps the revolver. It is not held so firmly but that with some effort it can be removed. The testimony of all medical legalists is that in cases of suicide or of accidents, the attitudes and acts of the person whose life is suddenly ended are continued for some seconds after death." Roche was listening attentively, but Bartley's last words were a little over his head. Perceiving that he did not understand, Bartley explained at greater length:

"What I mean by that is simply this: In cases of suicide or where a man shoots himself by accident and dies suddenly, the hand clutches the weapon so tightly that after death it is almost impossible to loosen his grip. There is a muscular spasm that follows death which causes the hand to grip the weapon even more tightly than in life. Most medical legal books agree that a weapon so held is the best evidence of suicide."

Roche was not willing to accept this statement. "That's a fine theory," he asserted. "Just the sort of a thing you city detectives dig up. You have got to have more than that to make me think he was murdered."

Bartley gave a little shrug of his shoulders, as if he cared for the whole thing. "As you wish," he said. "If you might want more evidence than that." He paused, and we waited breathlessly for his next words.

"Look at his eyes. They are tightly closed. It is a recognized fact by all medical men that, when death comes by violence, the eyes of the victim are wide open and staring. On the other hand, in cases where death comes slowly, they may be half shut. In neither instance are they ever fully closed. When we find a case where the eyes are tightly closed, we know that someone has closed them, and that it was done after the man was dead."

"Here we find the eyes closed. If he committed suicide, they would be open. If he had been murdered, they would be open also. Though the fact they are closed does not help us to decide between murder and suicide, it does point to the fact that someone has been in the room and closed them after he died. May we not suppose that the same person that placed the gun in his hand to make his death appear to be suicide, was also the one who closed his eyes, knowing that they should have remained open, no matter how he died?"

He paused, as if waiting for someone to speak, then as no one did, he continued:

"But that is not all, Roche. You should use your common sense. Here is Slyke, dead, with both hands by his sides, and the bedclothes up around his neck and over his chin. You don't expect me to believe that he could have shot himself, pulled the clothes around his neck, and then placed his arms by his sides. He did not have time enough for that; he died instantly, without even a struggle. A second after the shot was fired, this world was over as far as he was concerned. It was someone else who arranged these things. Someone who wished his death to appear to be suicide, and in trying to do that rather overdid the whole thing. No, I do not think there is the slightest doubt in the world but that he was murdered."

Roche had long since lost his confidence air. He said nothing, though, even when Bartley had finished. The doctor, too, had listened with interest, yet I was not altogether sure that he wholly agreed with Bartley's reasoning.

"But, if Slyke was murdered," the doctor asked, "why should all this trouble have been taken to make it look like suicide?"

Bartley, who was bending over the bed examining the body, did not answer until he straightened up again.

"King," he said in a grave voice, "I am sure this is murder, not suicide. The person who killed him wished us to believe he killed himself. Moreover, he was not killed in bed."

Both the doctor and Roche looked at this last statement with too much belief, and even I, who had long since ceased to be surprised at anything that Bartley might say, wondered a little.

"When you look at the pillow," he explained, "on which his head lies, you will find only one or two spots of blood. The shirt, in fact, has none at all. The wound must have bled some—not much, it is true, but far more than it seems to have done from the appearance of the bed. He was killed elsewhere and placed in this bed afterwards. I doubt if he was even undressed at the time of his death."

Miss Potter, who had remained silent although obviously very nervous, asked if she might go to her room and leave the doctor in charge. This delegating of her authority to the doctor did not appeal to Roche; and he told her that, if her brother-in-law had been murdered, it would be the police and not the doctor who would take charge of things. The ordeal through which she had passed must have been more than she could stand, for she made no comment on his challenge but started to leave the room.

"Miss Potter," Bartley asked, as she reached the door, "did you ever see this revolver in Mr. Slyke's hand?"

She hesitated a moment and then replied, "It's Mr. Slyke's; he was in the habit of keeping it in a drawer of his desk. The gun was bought soon after the burglary, but so far as I know, he has never used it."

Although her statement that the revolver had belonged to the dead man but started to leave the room.

I could not quite see how the fact that Bartley had brought forward to disprove the suicide could be overthrown.

"What makes you think, Mr. Bartley," Roche asked, "that Slyke was

undressed at the time he was killed?" Bartley answered: "If Slyke had been killed in bed there would have been more blood on the bedclothes than the few drops we see on the pillow. His nightshirt, too, if it had been worn at the time he was killed, would have had some traces of blood on it. There are no such stains. This, and the fact that death must have been instantaneous, makes me feel sure that he was undressed after he was killed and then placed on the bed in the position in which we have found him."

Bartley began a search of the room, using a small glass once or twice as



Bartley Began a Search of the Room, Using a Small Glass Once or Twice as if He Were Looking for Finger-Prints.

If he were looking for finger-prints, Slyke's clothes were flung over a chair, and one of his stockings had fallen to the floor. The way the gray suit lay on the chair made me wonder if Bartley was right when he said the murderer had undressed him after the crime. It looked so much as if it had been carelessly flung there by a man preparing for bed.

After going through Slyke's pockets Bartley said slowly, "I have grave doubts if he was even killed in this room."

He continued to examine the room, searching the floor, looking into the drawers of the desk, examining the walls even; then he came back to the clothing. Picking up the blue silk shirt from the chair, he examined it a second time before he said: "I was right. He was not killed in this room. Here is the suit he wore. You will notice that all his clothing is placed on this chair in the manner that a man would naturally place it if he was undressing for bed. But there is no button in the front of his shirt to hold his collar, and one stocking is missing. Any man who loses a collar button, but if he does, that button will be dropped at the place where he undressed. No button is in this room."

He was lost in the room in which he has undressed. These are the grave doubts if he was even killed in this room. Here is the suit he wore. You will notice that all his clothing is placed on this chair in the manner that a man would naturally place it if he was undressing for bed. But there is no button in the front of his shirt to hold his collar, and one stocking is missing. Any man who loses a collar button, but if he does, that button will be dropped at the place where he undressed. No button is in this room. He was lost in the room in which he has undressed. These are the grave doubts if he was even killed in this room. Here is the suit he wore. You will notice that all his clothing is placed on this chair in the manner that a man would naturally place it if he was undressing for bed. But there is no button in the front of his shirt to hold his collar, and one stocking is missing. Any man who loses a collar button, but if he does, that button will be dropped at the place where he undressed. No button is in this room."

His explanation seemed reasonable enough, yet somewhat mystifying. Why had the murderer taken all this trouble to undress Slyke, and why had he done it in some other room? The next question was just as puzzling. If Slyke had not been killed in this room, where had the crime taken place? As if he had read my thoughts, Roche suggested that as there was another room in the tower, we might see what could be found there.

(To Be Continued)

WHY FEED A COW when you can buy milk for less money. Goodpasture Dairy.

John Scandlay Sr., returned from Sweetwater last week where he was taking mineral water baths. He is reported to be better.

SELL your chickens and hides at the Sanitary Wagon yard west of the depot.

About an inch snow fell here Sunday night. Mercury stood at one-half degree below zero Sunday morning.

EVERBEARING Strawberry plants \$7.00 per 1000; \$1.00 per 100. Write to J. R. Whitley, Tatum, N. M., or leave order with Tom May, City.

Conductor Bert Doddridge reported a three inch snow at Seagraves on Sunday night, and about six inches at Seminole.

AFTER March 1st, 1923, the penalty and six percent interest will be added to all unpaid school taxes—Brownfield Independent School Board.

W. M. Adams, manager of the Texas Company, was a passenger to Mead on Wednesday.

MATTRESSES renovated and rebuilt at the Sanitary Wagon Yard, west of the depot.

NINE HEAD of good work horses, and harness for each, cheap for cash or good notes. See John A. King at the Hill Hotel, City.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Rankin of Lubbock, is visiting the families of Clyde and Clarence Lewis of this city.

HAUL anything at any time. Call Brownfield Transfer Co., S. A. Lauderdale, phone Nos. 87 and 93.

Elder C. B. Glasgow will preach at Gomez, Saturday night, Sunday and Tuesday night. Everybody invited to be present at all services.

CANDIES of all kinds at Brothers & Brothers, and they are fresh too.

WHEN you want to buy, sell or trade horses, mules, cows, plow tools or anything in this line, call at the Sanitary Wagon Yard west of depot.

BROTHERS & Brothers will pay the highest market price for your poultry, eggs and cream.

"STOP THAT ITCH"

Use Blue Star Remedy for Eczema, Itch, Tetter, or Cracked Hands, Ringworm, Chapped Hands and Sores, Scalp Diseases, Old Sores and Sores on Children; also or Feet troubles. Guaranteed by—

Alexander's Drug Store

SPRING READY-TO-WEAR

We are receiving daily shipments of our new spring Ready-To-Wear from the large Eastern Style Centers. Five buyers of the Jones Dry Goods Co., Inc. have just returned from the Eastern Markets where they personally selected the very latest styles and materials for the Jones' Stores. These goods are coming in and are now on display at our Store in Brownfield. You are assured of the very newest models and materials when you buy from a Jones Store, whether in Brownfield, Tahoka, Slaton or any of the Ten Busy Stores we operate in West Texas.

You will find here, Coat Suits, Three Piece Coat Suits, Capes, Coats, Dresses, Waists and Petticoats in all the wanted colors, materials and styles. And the prices very reasonable you will agree.

MILLINERY

Our Spring Millinery stock is complete from the very smallest child to the grown ups.

We welcome a visit to our store from anyone any time. Always glad to show our merchandise.

JONES DRY GOODS COMPANY, INC.
BROWNFIELD, TEXAS

DON'T FORGET the date, Feb. 22, at the school auditorium. Come and hear a 28 piece band and you will be surprised.

One of the progressive merchants of Lamesa is building homes for its employees and letting them pay for them like rent.

EVERBEARING Strawberry plants \$7.00 per 1000; \$1.00 per 100. Write to J. R. Whitley, Tatum, N. M., or leave order with Tom May, City.

An Oregon reader wrote this week to discontinue the Herald. We shall take pleasure in discontinuing the copy to their address, but several of our other readers want the paper to be published as usual.

COME PREPARED to follow Feb. 22nd, at the band concert. Dixie is going to be split wide open.

Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Rutledge are moving to Colorado City, where he will be manager of a Jones Dry Goods Store.

Messrs. Boyd & Estack, new proprietors of the Sanitary Wagon Yard are after your poultry and produce business, and are starting an advertising campaign in these columns this week. See them.

Mrs. J. J. Clayton, passed through Monday on her way to Seagraves, from Slaton, where she went to visit her husband.

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK P.M. Feb. 22nd, the ripping hurrah and good time is to start at the school auditorium.

Mayor Percy Spencer and family, of Lubbock, spent the week end last week with Mrs. Spencer's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Randall. Mayor Percy is sporting a new Buick car.

J. R. Carver, local produce man, shipped 10,000 pounds of poultry one day last week.

Mrs. Owens of Slaton, is here visiting her sister, Mrs. T. I. Brown, who has been quite ill, but is better.

Roy Bailey and his nephew, Mr. Joe Bailey, of Brownwood, came in from Lubbock, Monday. Mr. Bailey's nephew was formerly an employee of the Lubbock Avalanche, and of course has paid the Herald several calls.

Hiram Holder, who is employed on the L. R. Pounds farm, was carried to Lubbock last week where he underwent an operation at the Lubbock Sanitarium, Friday.

The Wife of the Sheik, recently put on at the American Legion Theatre, was pronounced one of the best that has ever been seen in Brownfield.

Mrs. J. R. Carver left for Plainview Tuesday morning to visit her daughter, Miss Pearl, who is a student in Wayland College.

Rev. Jasper Bogue, District Missionary of the Christian church, was an official visitor to the church here this week.

Mr. Jackson, ranchman, of Lubbock passed through Saturday enroute to Mexico to look after business affairs.

Mrs. Cadenhead, of Plains, is visiting friends in Brownfield.

Rev. E. M. Wheatley returned on Tuesday from Seagraves where he filled his regular appointment.

EGGS! EGGS! EGGS!

Feed "Martin's Egg Producer" and get more eggs or your money back. Martin's Roup Remedy cures and prevents Eczema. Guaranteed by—

Alexander's Drug Store

AN ALL-ROUND CITIZEN

Gribble & Son, wholesalers, sold a bill of goods to J. B. West, a merchant at a small cross-roads village in Missouri, and when the goods arrived at the village, Mr. West refused them. The wholesale firm prepared to institute suit for collection, and wrote to the railroad agent at the village for information about the arrival of the merchandise, to the president of the bank for information concerning the financial standing of the customer, to the mayor of the city asking him to recommend a good lawyer to handle the case, and to Mr. West, threatening suit if he did not make payment at once. Mr. West answered:

"I received a letter telling me that I had better pay up. I am the railroad agent at the Crossings, and I also received the letter you wrote to the agent. I am president and sole owner of the local bank, and can assure you as to my financial standing. As the mayor of the city, I hesitate to refer you to a lawyer, since I am the only member of the bar in this vicinity. If I were not also pastor of the Methodist church, I would tell you to go to h—l."—Windsor (Missouri) Review.

A Baptist minister who practices immersion was asked to tell what was his most awkward experience. He said: "One Sunday I was to have an immersion in the outskirts of a town. A great crowd had assembled. There were two candidates for baptism. One was an extraordinarily tall woman, coming up almost to my own six feet in height. The other was a little runt of a man hardly five feet tall. When it came time for the ceremony, I took the towering lady by the arm, intending to immerse her first, and told the little man to follow us. The lady and I had gone about up to our waists when I heard very improper tittering among the spectators. Looking back to discover the cause of this untimely levity I beheld the little candidate for baptism coming along swimming!"—Judge.

Mrs. Earl Jones and baby were passengers to Lubbock, Tuesday, to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Barton.

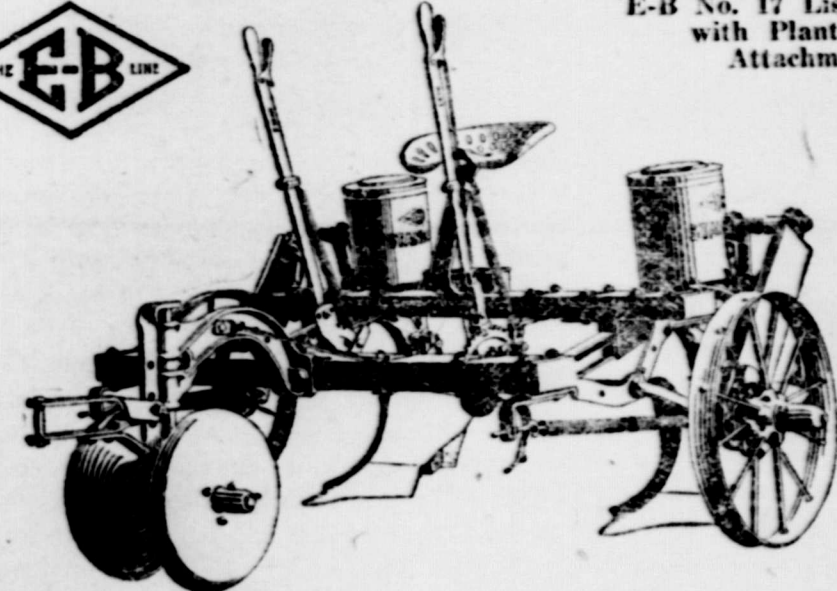
No one has claimed that the girls are wearing short sleeves so that they can wash the dishes any more conveniently.

The Herald is capable of doing a great majority of the printing you should need right here. Banks as a general rule want the best printing to be secured, and both banks have most all their printing done right here at home and are pleased with it. We recently did quite a complicated job for the State Bank that usually is sent away from the smaller town, and the officials of the above named bank informed us that it was just as good printing as they wanted.

MILCH cows for sale; fresh, for \$50 to \$75. See K. W. Howell, City.

It is claimed the girls clinch their dancing partners too tight, but perhaps they are afraid the boys will get away from them.

Among those present at the autumn weddings is the bridegroom, but you may have to hunt some time to find him.



E-B No. 17 Lister with Planting Attachment

An Unusual Offer on E-B Standard Two-Row Listers

You will admit that a dealer seldom helps you pay for what you buy, yet that is just what we will do on E-B Two-Row Listers. The Coupon below is worth \$2.50 toward the regular purchase price of one of these labor-saving machines.

The E-B Lister makes an ideal machine for either a tractor or horses. The heavy tongue truck puts the machine under perfect control of the team without excessive weight on the horses' necks. The E-B may be used with or without a pole as desired. Reversible flanged wheels may be set for running in the furrow or straddling the ridge. The beams may be easily adjusted for different widths.

Planting attachments may be quickly added to this machine and driven by chains and sprockets. They may be fitted with disc or shovel covers.

COUPON—WORTH \$2.50

This coupon signed and presented before June 1, 1923, pays \$2.50 toward the regular purchase price of this splendid lister. Do it now and the \$2.50 is yours.

Name _____
Address _____

Brownfield Hardware Company

ANNOUNCEMENT

This is to notify my friends and former customers that I have purchased the Cash Market & Grocery from C. L. Brown, and will appreciate a share of your business. Our meats are the best to be procured, and are carefully butchered. Our groceries are always fresh and of the highest quality.

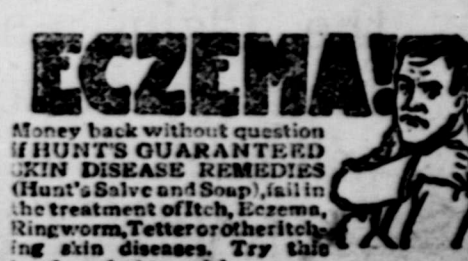
We handle "Swift Premium" Hams and Bacon.

CASH MARKET & GROCERY

PHONE 73. C. B. MARKHAM, Prop.



GEORGE ALLEN The House Reliable Oldest and Largest PIANO and MUSIC HOUSE in Western Texas. Latest Sheet Music, MUSIC TEACHER'S Supplies, etc., etc. Catalogs and BOOK OF OLD TIME SONGS FREE. The packing and shipping of pianos. Established 1890. SAN ANGELO, TEXAS.



ECZEMA! STAYS BACK WITHOUT QUESTION! HUNT'S GUARANTEED E-ZIN DISEASE REMEDIES (Hunt's E-Zin and Soap) is the treatment of Itch, Eczema, Ringworm, Tetter, or other itching skin diseases. Try this treatment at our risk.

Alexander's Drug Store

YOU ARE GOING to have an opportunity in Brownfield you never had before Feb. 22nd. Brownfield Band is going to play 16 pieces at the school auditorium and one of them is: "Who Would a Thought It." Come early; no seats reserved.

LET ME WIRE YOUR HOUSE.—I promise careful and efficient work that will pass inspection, and the charge will suit you.—D.T. Cates, Jr., City.

OUR HOMES ARE IN TERRY COUNTY

We want farmers and stockmen to know that we are striving to co-operate with them in making—
TERRY COUNTY FIRST

In production, and as a place to build one's home.

R. M. Kendrick
E. T. Powell
T. R. Prideaux
D. J. Broughton

A. R. Brownfield
Officers and Directors

W. A. Bell
Tom May
Fred Smith
H. H. Longbrake

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK
Brownfield — Texas



AMERICA NOT CULTURED SAYS SIR CHUTNEY

One Sir Chutney, an Englishman, we presume, with a sir to his name, says that American are not cultured. Listen to what Sir Chutney says of us Americans: All English investigators will agree with me that America as a whole, is totally devoid of culture. The arts and sciences languish in America. Her music is nil. Her finer sensibilities are nowhere in evidence. The only thought in America is money.

Well, the Bible says that the love of money is the root of all evil, and as yet, we have never seen an Englishman that wouldn't chase after the American dollar; and what gets his goat, the yank always beats him to it. And, what tickles us, the English pound has lost its crown, and the American dollar rules the world. Sir Chutney says that the arts and sciences languish in America. The sciences, eh? Every modern convenience the English have, they have borrowed from their cousins on this side of the pond—the steamboat, the telegraph wires and ocean cables, telephone system, the airplane, the submarine, the iron clad monsters of the sea, the automobile, electricity, and God knows what not.

In the science of surgery, you are nil, and in the realm of chemistry and research, we have outstripped you a thousand years, and under the spot-light of the X-ray we have spied out the deadly germs and microbes, furnished antidote for the alleviation of disease and pain, and converted the swamps of the world into health resorts—and yet we are crude, uncultured and the sciences languish in America. Why doggone you bigotted time, we are only 150 years old, and we have licked you twice on land and sea and will do it again if you get gay. Why yes, we have stalked across deserts iron shod, cities have sprung up over night so to speak and we have builded skyscrapers that are overshadowing your old ancient and smoky temples and makes them look like adobe huts. Oh yes, American mechanical genius has made all the world a playground and a pleasure resort, harnessed the forces of nature, unloosed the shackles of servitude and smoothed the wrinkles from the brow of labor, dignified toil, made it a pleasure rather than a curse, and the whirr of machinery scares the vol of want away from the home, and the business of making a living is only a recreation between meals. Why yes, the cotton gin was born in the brain of a Georgia goober grabbler, yes a country school teacher—science languished in his crude mind, and yet that machine stripped the fiber of cotton from its rubbish and furnished the raw products to English looms, fed your pauper millions, which made you mistress of the sea, gave you an unbroken chain of terrain around the globe and money lenders for all creation, and all the world tipped its hat to the English crown.

But time apace moved on, and hatred and jealousy, bickering and political chicanery rattled the bones in the closets of ancient kingdoms, and

the doggondest row ever staged on earth resulted. And notwithstanding, we furnished you all the accoutrements of war, you could not shoot worth a damn, nor stop the German hordes in their march down to the sea. So the crude American Yank crossed the pond, squatted down in the trenches of Chateau-Thierry and just like they did behind the bales of cotton at New Orleans, when they shot hell out of the English military dream; they looked down through the sights of their trusty guns and demolished the iron ring and shattered the magic spell of the Kaiser's mad dream for world conquest, and set the world free, and you durn fellows ain't got sense enough to man the victory, and here you are crying for the yanks to come back and help you unravel the political skein. And another thing we liked to have forgotten, the tragic move that brought victory to the allied armies was born in the crude brain of an American Yank when he told them to solidify the allied armies and place them under one command.

And in conclusion we want to say to you English folks that your minds are fossilized with ancient lore, and are sitting around the tombstones of your great men, mourning their departure, and extolling their greatness, and all stuck up about your men of letters, scientists, diplomats, poets, historians, painters and hughers of noble—and we just dare you to open the doors of Westminster Abbey, the hallowed home of England's great men and bue them up in a row, and we'll rot out a few American geniuses like Henry Ford, Thomas A. Edison, Charles Garry, Orville Wright, Bell, Campbell and James J. Hill, and not a mother's son of them ever saw the inside of a college, and yet, they solved more scientific problems, added more wealth, and have given civilization more luxuries and ease than all England's dead heroes who ever lived and died for the past thousand years. Devoid of all culture and the finer sensibilities, eh? And just to think of it, the kid is just in its swaddling clothes; been here about a century and a half, and when we get through solving all the problems of commerce, agriculture, government and finance, and make all the forces of nature man's slave, say hello to the man in the moon, converse with the Martians, tame the atom and fly around the earth in twenty-four hours, wipe the scourge of tuberculosis and cancer germs from the human system, and lengthen the span of the human life to a thousand years. But until then my dear Sir Chutney, we will shy the castor on ancient book-lore, dead language, and give more attention to the finer sensibilities of which you speak, and become high brows and leads, build colleges, defy art and the higher branches of learning, put stage clothes on dead heroes. Devoid of all culture, eh?—Albany (Texas) News.

The trouble with most English and other foreigners is that when they come to American, they only see the idle, lazy and luxury of Broadway and Fifth Avenue, with their come easy and go easy style, and think they have seen America.

50 GOOD CIGARETTES 10¢

GENUINE "BULL" DURHAM TOBACCO

HARRIS HAPPENINGS

By Sand Bur

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Tandy called on the Ely family, Monday night and found the sick folks getting along alright.

Mrs. S. T. Murphey spent Friday with Mrs. Dewey Murphey at Johnson.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Tandy were Brownfield callers, Friday.

More people moving into the Turner district has increased their school population to 12.

Mrs. Geo. Alexander has been sick for a few days, but is better at the present writing.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Frazier are the proud parents of a little girl that came to their house Thursday. All doing well at last report.

S. T. Murphey carried his cream to Brownfield, Friday.

F. M. Ellington attended the regular meeting of the Masonic lodge at Brownfield, Saturday night.

Miss Thelma Latham visited at Brownfield, Saturday.

Let us hold up before our sons and daughters both at home and school, the results that come from an unselfish devotion to home, state and country. Let us make it the fashion to celebrate patience, justice, breadth of sympathy; to lend hand music and gold lace to the services of peace and to regard hostility, national and religious narrowness as merely archaic.

THIS OLD WORLD IS MOVING

This old world is moving at a rate of speed that's most terrific. While scientists keep delving in Researches scientific.

Another noted Scientist.

The facts have clearly stated. That years and years before the flood Old Mars was populated. One hundred million miles ain't far. His wireless surer will span it. Perhaps he's now conversing with Those Martins on their planet. You can navigate among the clouds, save you the time or notion, Or radio some hoodo hand, Or tother side the ocean, they've raked the earth from pole to pole.

left little that's uncovered, But hats off to the scientist The fount of youth discovered, t beats the band for growing hair, says old dock Wizzy Wuzzy, just saturate a billiard ball'n I'll soon be real frisky.

A hypo from the chimpanzee Vin't dangerous or risky, And at the age of ninety-three You'll still be feeling frisky, In that dope jinks hopes there's a flaw.

Or the tribe of apes diminish, Of they vaccinate my ma-in-law, Sez he, "I see my finish."

For the Herald by O. Heck

CLASS MEETING

The music class of Mrs. Dallas had most interesting class meeting at the Presbyterian church, Friday afternoon, 4 o'clock, Feb. 2nd. Sketches of the lives of Padereski and Carrie Jacobs Bond were given. Choral Club girls sang two songs.

It is the intention of Mrs. Dallas to give pupils, sketch of the life of at least two musical people at each meeting. On March 2nd, Chopin and H.H.A. Beach will be studied. The program at this time was given by the pupils, the following played Feb. 2nd: Murphey May, Elizabeth Downing, Rebecca May, Frances Plain, Marie Rutherford, Sallie Mae Markham, Vonelle Hoigate, Ruth Adams, Dolores Lynn, Deotia Pounds, Mamie Sue Flache, Fay Brown. Groupe No. 2 will play March 2nd. A picnic will follow the program.

All kinds of fruit and vegetables in season, at Bros & Bros. Mrs. Faison, of Flynn, Texas, who has been visiting at Seagraves, returned home, Tuesday.

WE BUILD A BRIDGE

ACROSS THE OBSTACLES WHICH MIGHT COME IN YOUR PATH IN ARRANGING TO BUILD THAT HOME OR BUYING BUILDING MATERIAL.

We have a number of plans of cosy homes from which to select your building, different kinds of lumber for any and all occasions, and our service is given to you free and with satisfaction both to you and ourselves.

"THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING IS IN THE EATING."

Call us.

HIGGINBOTHAM-BARTLETT CO.

Brownfield, Texas

MAKE YOUR CAR PLAY A TUNE

I wonder who is selling you your oils; I wonder if you are getting good miles; I wonder who's looking into your engine, breathing sighs and using files;

I wonder if you are saying, now that's the cause. It is the oil you use. I wonder if you are buying some tires. The Racines are the best. I wonder if you want to give us a chance. If you do, we will save you money and you will buy at a glance. We sell Racine Tires and Tubes. Satisfaction guaranteed and adjust all claims here in town. Drive around to the Quality Filling Station; the place of Quality. Jim and Curley want your trade.

QUALITY FILLING STATION

LEWIS & GAMBLE, Props. Phone 43.

SANITARY WAGON YARD & EXCHANGE

WEST OF DEPOT

SOLICITS YOUR PATRONAGE. GOOD CAMP HOUSES; ROOMY STALLS; BIG CORRALS AND COURTEOUS AND FAIR TREATMENT.

Boyd & Estlack

Matress Factory Here We Buy Poultry and Hides

New GROCERY Store

We take this method of announcing to our many friends and customer of West Terry County, that we have opened a first class stock of Groceries in Brownfield, Texas, on the west side of the square.

To the people of Brownfield and Community, we respectfully solicit a portion of your patronage, when selecting the daily necessities in our line. If a clean stock of goods, prices that are right and appreciative service appeals to you, then we can please you. Come to see us.

W. R. LOVELACE

West Side of Square

MISS PYEATT HONORED

The home of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Dallas was the scene of a beautifully appointed "shower" on Saturday afternoon, Feb. 2nd, from 3 to 5, given in honor of the coming marriage of Mr. Morgan Copeland and Miss Janie Pyeatt. The entertaining ladies were Mesdames John S. Powell, E.C. Roberts and W. H. Dallas, who spared no effort in making the date one long to be remembered. Flags were used to aid in the decoration, red being the predominating color.

Pot plants added beauty to the cozy rooms, and with a comfortable warm fire, the guests were highly delighted in spite of the fact that they had faced the cold and storm. Miss Minnie Free had charge of the guest book, a most unique and original idea. A tiny red satin parol, hand made and applied to the front cover, was a clever idea carried out by one of the hostesses. Tiny bits of rain descended from the top of the page but the names of Morgan Copeland and Janie Pyeatt were safely sheltered under the tiny parol.

The ladies, about 60 in number, did not utter one word of regret of having braved the storm, for every minute was pleasure, prearranged by the hostesses, and the happy humor of the guests was the sunshine of love each carried for the bride-to-be. A charming program was of wedding music, especially appropriate, was given by the following:

Mrs. Powell in her own delightful manner read the number, viz: "Love and You"—Guy Hardelot—

Miss Mozelle Treadaway. "At Nightfall" (Metcalfe)—Mrs. M. Telford.

"The Perfect Day" (Carrie Jacobs Bond)—Mrs. Joe J. McGowan.

"At Dawning" (Cadman)—Mrs. L.B. Howard.

Original Poem (Mrs. Dallas)—Miss Loma Andrews.

The singers gave these sweet songs in a delightful manner, which all enjoyed to the fullest, and the poem was one of the links in Mrs. Dallas' clever idea. At the conclusion of Mrs. Andrews' reading, the immense red parol, held up-side-down and filled to the brim and even to the overflowing point with gifts, was ushered into the room and "dumped" in reach of the bride-to-be. Misses Free, Miller, and Mrs. Roberts made several trips before the pile of gifts were exhausted. After the "ahs" and "ohs" had somewhat subsided, Miss Pyeatt expressed her thanks and appreciation for the many lovely articles, so useful to her in her new venture in house keeping. Mrs. Ray Brownfield wished to share with her sister thanks for the remembrance.

Refreshments served consisted of vanilla ice cream, cake and black coffee. Tiny parasols were given as favors.—Reporter.

MY COTTON seed are in stock at the Holgate-Endersden Hardware Co. store, all grown in Terry county this year. No danger of weevil in these seed. See ad on another page.—G.W. Chisholm.

Conductor Doddridge, of Seagraves, is sporting a new Ford touring.

After Every Meal

WRIGLEY'S

and give your stomach a lift.

Provides "the bit of sweet" in beneficial form.

Helps to cleanse the teeth and keep them healthy.

FEDERAL FARM LOANS at 5 1/2 per cent interest, and 34 years and six months time on them. For particulars, see C. R. Rambo.

Mrs. J. L. Randall visited Mrs. J. C. Criswell, at Plains, last week.

NOTICE FOR BIDS FOR COUNTY DEPOSITORY

Notice is hereby given that the Commissioners' Court of Terry County, Texas, will at its next regular term on the 12th day of February, 1923, receive bids from Banking Corporations desiring to be selected as County Depository for the ensuing two years. Bids must be accompanied by certified check for not less than one-half of one per cent of the county revenue for the past year. When a depository is selected, it will be required to execute bonds for not less than the total amount of the revenue of the said county for the two years, with good and sufficient sureties within five days after selection. Bids will be opened at ten o'clock A.M. February 12th, 1923. Should the bidder whose bid is accepted fail or refuse to execute such bond, shall forfeit his certified check to the county.

Witness my hand, this, January 12, 1923.

D. J. Broughton, County Judge, Terry County, Texas

NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE

By virtue of a writ of execution (Order of Sale) issued out of the district Court of Stonewall County, Texas, by the Clerk thereof, in cause No. 1397 therein pending, on January 8th, 1923, wherein Mrs. M. S. Pierson, a feme sole, the same person as Mrs. Magie Pierson, is Plaintiff, and J. L. Chennault, as principal, and J. Rector Ward as endorser, and to me directed and delivered, I have levied upon as J. L. Chennault's property, and will, on the 6th day of March, 1923, it being the First Tuesday in March 1923, between the hours of 10 o'clock A.M. and 4 o'clock P.M., at the Courthouse door of said Terry County, Texas, in the town of Brownfield, proceed to sell, at public auction, for cash, to the highest secure bidder therefor, all the estate, right, title, interest, and claim that the said J. L. Chennault and J. Rector Ward, defendants, so had, of, in, and to the following described tract of land, situated in Terry County, Texas, on to-wit, December 1st, 1915, July 31st, 1919, May 17th, 1920, and January 20th, 1922, or any of said dates, and had at all times since, and do now have, to-wit:

All the South-east One-fourth (S.E. 1/4) of Section No. 10, Block D14, Certificate No. 218, C. & M. Ry Co. lands containing 160 acres, it being the land sold and conveyed by J. Proctor Ward and wife to said J. L. Chennault, by deed dated December 1st, 1915, and now of record in Volume 10 on page 186 of Terry County Deed Records.

This levy and sale are to satisfy a judgement in said cause for said Mrs. M.S. Pierson, Plaintiff, against said defendants in execution, dated Oct. 10th, 1922, as follows, to-wit:

Against J.L. Chennault for \$78.32 with 6 per cent interest from Oct. 10 1922, and costs; and against J. Proctor Ward as endorser for \$119.97 with 6 per cent from Oct. 10, 1922, and costs and against both defendants for foreclosure of liens.

All costs accrued being \$10.50 and costs for executing this writ.

Witness my signature, this January 11th, 1923.

Wood E. Johnson, Sheriff Terry County, Texas

NOTICE

This is to notify the public that all pastures belonging to Green & Lumsden in Lynn and Terry counties are posted and everybody is forbidden to hunt, fish or anyway trespass on our property.—GREEN & LUMSDEN.

T. L. TREADAWAY, M. D.
H. A. CASTLEBERRY, M. D.

Physicians and Surgeons

Office Over State Bank
General Surgery, Obstetrics, Medical Gynecology and Minor Surgery.
Office Phone 38.
Dr. Treadaway's Res. No. 18.
Dr. Castleberry's Res. is 2 rings on 502.

Brownfield, Texas

BROWNFIELD SANITARIUM

Equipped for Medical, Surgical and Obstetrical cases.

Dr. W. N. Lemmon,
Dr. J. R. Lemmon,

DR. H. H. HUGHES

Dental Surgeon

Office in the Brownfield State Bank Building

Brownfield, Texas

Brownfield Lodge No. 933, A. F. & A. M.

Meets on Saturday night before the full moon in each month in the Masonic Hall.

H. R. Winston, W. M.
H. M. Pyeatt, Secy.

THE LUBBOCK SANITARIUM

A Modern Fireproof Building

Equipped for Medical and Surgical Cases—X-Ray and Pathological Laboratories

Dr. J. T. Krueger
General Surgery
Dr. J. T. Hutchinson
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat
Dr. M. C. Overton
General Medicine
Dr. O. F. Foshler
General Medicine
Anne D. Logan, R. N.
Superintendent
Mamie A. Davis, R. N.
Asst. Supt.
Helen E. Griffin, R. N.
Dietitian
C. E. Hunt, Business Mgr.

A chartered Training School is conducted by Miss Anne D. Logan, R. N., Superintendent. Bright, healthy young women, who desire to enter may address Miss Logan

O.W. Gillespie Joe J. McGowan
Lawyers

GILLESPIE & MCGOWAN

Lawyers

Office in the State Bank Building

Brownfield, Texas

GEO. W. NEILL

Atty-at-Law

Office in State Bank Building

Brownfield, Texas

Brownfield Lodge No. 536, I. O. O. F.

Meets every Tuesday night in the Odd Fellows Hall. Visiting Brothers Welcome.

R. L. Bowers, N. G.
Tom May, Secretary

Sanitary Barber Shop

A shop that lives up to its name in every sense of the word:

Sanitary, Service and Satisfaction
Nice tub and shower bath.
ONLY LAUNDRY BASKET IN BROWNFIELD
SANITARY BARBER SHOP
Bennett Bros., Props. Brownfield, Texas

Country Produce

I am in the market all the time for your poultry and eggs. Will give every cent the market will justify. Dont sell till you see me.

J. R. CARVER, Produce Man

WE FEATURE FOR YOUR APPROVAL—

two grades of leather at 2 different prices. You may have your choice. Please specify what grade you desire when leaving your work.

Men's Shoes	Half Soled	\$1.25	Ladies' Shoes	Half Soled	\$1.00
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FLETCHER STEWART, Prop.

BUSINESS IS SENSITIVE

Goes where it is invited.

Stays where it is well treated.

We invite yours.

AMERICAN TAILOR SHOP

O. L. Jones, Prop. Phone 143 BROWNFIELD

MULES FOR SALE

30 HEAD FIRST CLASS WORK MULES

These mules were raised on the Plains and every one of them guaranteed by a man who will back it up.

My Prices Are The Lowest

T. H. HARGUS

O. K. YARD BROWNFIELD, TEXAS