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Plainview's Greatest Needs

Public Buildings Among These Necessities

ANOTHER RAILROAD

Rapid Multiplication of "Young Ideas" Puts School Building Out of Date—Other Needs

HOTEL ACCOMMODATIONS, TOO

If you were asked today, "what are Plainview's greatest needs?" three things would be uppermost in the mind of every loyal citizen, another railroad, a first class hotel, a new school building. The East Side school building, once a landmark of the Plains and a monument to the enterprise of Plainview's citizens, has ceased to be adequate to the demands.

The boys and girls upon whom, in a few years, the future of the town will depend, deserve a better place in which to spend their greater part of their young lives, than the wooden structure that stands in the eastern part of town and is called a school house.

"Have you good school accommodation?" is one of the first questions asked by newcomers. When they see the school house they are decidedly answered in the negative. Strangers see the need of a new building. Parents and pupils feel it. The faithful teachers need one. The beautiful town of Plainview deserves one, and—well, we will have it, that's all.

This is the age of progression and education. They go hand in hand. We can not have one without the other, therefore if we would progress we must educate, and to educate properly we must have accommodations. By next year the HERALD hopes that a large mod-

10,000 Bushels Corn Off a Single Farm

D. R. Baily, a progressive farmer living near Petersburg has 293 acres planted in corn from which he expects a yield of ten thousand bushels. The cost of this corn including seed, planting and hiring of hands did not exceed six hundred dollars. It will not bring less than 50 cents per bushel at the very least, hence the profit even at that price will be immense. This in conjunction with the other things produced in abundance on Hale county farms shows that farming pays in this country.

ern well lighted, well ventilated school building will take the place of the present one.

Good hotel accommodations are also needed in the Gem of the Plains. Those that are here are all right as far as they go, but unfortunately they are not sufficient for the great influx of people that is constantly coming in. Frequently beds cannot be obtained for the vast number of travelers who come in at night on some of the excursion trains. This should be obviated by an increase of accommodations for strangers. What has become of the fifty-room hotel that has so long been in contemplation by some of the business men of the town? Brick have already been placed on the ground, but the hotel is not forthcoming. If it was ever needed it is needed now, when people are flocking in day after day to investigate the resources of this vast area of virgin soil. A large well-built hotel, with all the modern improvements would be a wonderful booster for the town, and send the visitors away with a contented after-dinner sort of feeling that is so conducive to the good fellowship of mankind, and the business reputation of a town.

If Plainview is to ever become

FOR A TEMPLE

Masons Contemplate Erection of a Handsome Building—Will Also Organize a Comandery

GREAT THING FOR PLAINVIEW

The Masons of Plainview have recently organized a Commandery, one of the highest branches of Masonry. They are also considering the erection of a Masonic Temple, and plans are being perfected toward that end. It will be a three story brick building. The lower floor to be occupied as business houses, the second story will be for offices and the third for the use of the Masons themselves. This will be one of the largest of the large buildings to be built in Plainview, and will be of infinite value to the business interests of the town

Fall Opening

Mrs. W. A. Wheelock had her fall opening on Thursday and Friday of this week. Her beautiful display of autumn millinery attracted many visitors. Mrs. Wheelock showed her loyalty as a member of the Mystic club, by using the club colors in decorating.

The mystic Club will hold its first regular meeting of the season with Mrs. M. E. Best, Saturday afternoon at three o'clock. All of members are requested to be present.

a railroad center and enjoy the commercial benefits that result from railroad shops and factories, it is of vital importance that we secure another railroad. With the exception of our present road, the second line would be hardest for Plainview to get. If we had competing lines into town, there is no doubt that manufacturing enterprises would locate with us, and and probably more railroads.

Of course there are other things needed in Plainview, but if the above-mentioned things can be secured, the others will be.

Changes

Judge L. S. Kinder and family took possession last week of their new and beautiful home.

Mrs. Kate Brazele bought the old Kinder place and moved therein on Monday.

Mrs. S. M. Jenkins of Mineral Point, Wisconsin, will occupy the house owned by C. A. Bowron, in which Mrs. Brazele formerly lived.

Good Premium for First Bale of Cotton

The lucky man to bring in the first bale of cotton to the Plainview market was H. C. McComie of Floyd county living twenty miles of Plainview. It was ginned by J. N. Jordan and bought by him at eight and one-half cents per pound.

The merchants came to the front with a purse containing \$57.20. The Plainview Hardware and Implement Company headed the list with a riding corn and cotton planter valued at \$35.00. If you want tip top treatment and tip top prices bring your cotton to Plainview.

Notice

To the Democratic Executive Committee of Hale County:

You are hereby called to meet at the Court House, Wednesday the 30th day of September for the purpose of nominating a candidate for County Surveyor, and for other business as may properly come before the committee.

H. E. SKAGGS, Chairman.

Notice

To the Democratic Voters of Hale County:

You are hereby requested to assemble at the Court House at 2 o'clock p. m. Monday the 5th day of October for the purpose of organizing a Bryan Kern Club, and take such steps as necessary to advance the interest of the national ticket.

H. E. SKAGGS, Chairman.

Miss Vera Cannon received a message Tuesday stating that she was one of the successful winners in the subscription contest of the Fort Worth Telegram. A free trip to Colorado being the prize. Miss Cannon leaves on Friday for her well-deserved vacation.

W. B. Rushing left this week for Cherokee, Oklahoma.

Court House Election Near

Grave Responsibility Of Voters In County

WILL MARK EPOCH

Election Day On October 3 Will Mean a Step Backward Or a Great Stride Forward

COUNTY HAS REACHED CRISIS

The election for a new court house is drawing near, the third of October is rolling round. On that day the citizens of Hale county are to decide whether the county will have a new court house or not. The court house is needed for the good of Hale County not Plainview alone. The welfare of Hale county and its county seat are one and inseparable, there being no conflict of interests between them. The whole population of the county should be interested in procuring a new court house in keeping with the growth

A STATE FARM

Another Possible Enterprise For Hale County—Plains Due Two Farms in Apportionment

PLAINVIEW SHOULD HAVE IT

Dr. H. H. Harrington who recently retired as present of the A. and M. college, is to take up actively the work of the experiment farms. Dr. Harrington is quoted as stating that both Governor Campbell and Mr. Milner, president of A. and M., have seen the urgent necessity of these farms, and that the condition of the treasury will permit them.

He thinks that the Legislature should establish at least seven of these experimental and demonstration farms, and two of them should be on the Plains.

Let Plainview get busy and go out after one of these farms. The Campbell farm is not enough, we should have the other. One idea in connection with the establishment of the Palo Duro National Park, is to have an experimental farm placed there, and that forestry be one of the branches followed. With a government farm in Randall or Armstrong county, this Texas farm should be located in the Plainview country, the most settled and developed section of of the Plains country. Get busy, gentlemen, get busy.

and development of the county. As Plainview is the only railroad town she is perforce of circumstances the trading center of a large territory. With this trade came the growth of the town and the rapid settlement of the surrounding territory. With the growth of the county comes the need of new public building.

Prospectors for the entire south plains country get off at Plainview, and the impressions they receive as they drive for the first time up Pacific street to the public square speaks more to them of the prosperity or perchance, the backwardness of the surrounding country than volumes of words. The court house is the index to the status of county pride, progress and patriotism.

The wealth of a county lies in the substantial farmers who make up the greater part of the population out side of the town limits. These men are often called upon to attend court as jurymen and witnesses. They, as much as the citizens of the town, will feel pride in having a handsome court house which they can claim as their own. Plainview needs a new court house to correspond with the new brick buildings that are being erected by her citizens of wealth and progress, but she does not need it for her good alone. It is for the betterment of the entire county. It is for a building to which every man, woman and child in Hale county can point and say "not mine nor thine, but ours, for ours is mine and thine."

Citizens of Hale county vote for a new court house, replace the present building with one that will be an attraction to the strangers who are settling among us, and a building that will stand as a monument to the fact that the citizens of the county work together for the common good of the entire county from north to south and east to west.

If you are looking for the most elegant coal in the market, see the coal of Tandy-Coleman company.

New Bank Building About to Be Built

The new bank building for the Citizens' National will soon be a reality. The plans have been accepted and Pearson Brooks of Waco, the architect, is now making out the specifications. As soon as they are finished the contract will be let and work will begin immediately. This building will be a handsome two-story brick structure. The room used for the bank will be on the corner with door-opening on both streets. Next to it will be a dry goods store and next to that

(Continued on page 10)

REALTY DEALS

Rapid Development of Panhandle Brings About Many Deals in Hale County

MANY PROSPECTORS IN TOWN

The following are the real estate transfers for the week ending September 14, as given by W. B. Joiner Abstract Company.

Sudie Terry to John M Webb, lots 1 and 2, blk 1, Plainview, \$1575.

C C Slaughter to Jno N Branson, N 1/2 sur 15, blk D-8, \$5440.

Sneed, Barton & Barton to R H Stokes, 120 acres out of and being a part of sur 18, league 4, Sabine county, school land, \$1320.

M T Cocke and wife to A F Sparr, N E 1/4, sur 16 blk D-8, \$2000.

J B Gilliland et al to Jno H Knox, N 1/2, sur 35, blk J K 2, \$12800.

W Foote and wife to Mrs M W Hassell, lots 5 and 6, blk 19, Central Plains College and Conservatory of Music's Subdivision to sur 1, blk D-4, \$80.

J W Cox and wife to James R DeLay, 7, 8, 9 and 10, blk 36, original town of Plainview, \$50.

Jno L Brock to A D Summerfield, 40 acres of the N 1/2, sur 34, blk J K 2, \$1700.

J E Britton et al to G A London, lots 6 and 7, blk 48, original town of Plainview, \$250.

S A Alexander and wife to Wm Britt, sur 17 1/2 blk S containing 80 acres, \$160.

G C Keck and wife to John M Webb, lots 1 and 2, blk 1, Plainview, \$750.

C E McClelland and wife to T R Harris, S E 1/4 sur 5, blk J K 3, \$2688.

W M Windsor to H M Burch, 120 acres out of and being a part of sur 38, blk D-7, \$105.

Preston Bennett to Louis Kasp, E part of the N 1/2 sur No 2, blk D T, \$300.

Preston Bennett to Louis Kasp, lot 2, blk 69, town of Barton, \$50.

Ed M White and wife to W P Ross, N 1/2, sur 142, blk C, \$1398.

L G Wilson to P F Bryan, blk 9, Lakeside add to Plainview, \$1000.

W A Wood and wife to S A Bird, S W 1/4 sur 3, blk A-2, \$1900.

Geo Edick to Herman Blucher, lots 15 and 16, blk 2, Depot add to Plainview, \$1.

Central Plains College and Conservatory of Music to O W Ross, lots 9 and 10, blk 46, Central Plains College and Conservatory of Music Subdivision to sur 1, blk D-4, \$105.

Hugh McClelland and wife to L D Griffin, lot 1, blk 9, McClelland add to Plainview, \$125.

320 Acre Bargain

This land is located two miles from the Court House in Plainview, Texas, and one mile from the proposed Baptist College on which work is expected to begin this fall. A beautiful tract of land. Splendid location. It is the best bargain for investment or a home around Plainview. This is an opportunity that you cannot well afford to let pass by.

W. B. JOINER
Plainview, Texas.
Wayland Bldg.

Messrs. Goodwin, Shoots and Jenkins of White Cloud and Hiawatha, Kansas, who are great friends of C. A. Bowron, the jeweler, came in on Thursday's excursion and bought land from Irwin and Mason. They expect to return and make this their future home.

Fairs on the Plains

The success of a few county fairs on the Plains has lead other counties to undertake such events. This year there has already been held a number of fairs. Other fairs have been announced. One at Amarillo on September 28, to October 3; one at Shamrock October 9 to 10. one at Silverton, September 26; one at Dalhart in October.

All of these fairs will prove a success and do much good towards convincing, not only the visitors from other parts of the country, but the home people as well, that the Plains has a rich mine in the soil of the country.—Hereford Brand.

What's the matter with Plainview? She could have a fair that would be a fair if she tried. If it is too late this year, why not next?

Letter to Prof. Nelson

Plainview, Texas

Dear Sir: Here's another problem for those arithmetic and algebra scholars:

If Devoe is \$1.75 a gallon, and spreads a half further than average paint, and wears twice as long, what is average paint worth a gallon put-on, painters' wages being \$3.50 a day and a day's work a gallon of paint.

The answer is minus \$1.75 a gallon. That is: you could afford to paint with average paint if somebody gives it to you and pays half the painters' wages.

Yours truly

F W DEVOE & CO

On last Monday morning a party of our young men consisting of Messrs. Wilson Cope, Horace Owen, Charlie Owen, Harry Snodgrass, Lemer Dunn, Dooley Pelphrey, and probably some others left for Plainview to enter the Central Plains College. The boys all left in good spirits with a determination to improve their mental faculties as best they could. Here's wishing success to the boys and the Central Plains College.—Floydada Hesperian.

I have just been in a meeting with Bro. J. W. Winn at Barton Site, Hale county. He organized this church only one year ago. It now has a house of worship which, with the pews, cost \$2100, and all paid for in cash and pledges. Bro. Winn is a great pioneer on the plains. \$11,500 is the sum of the gifts of Plainview church this year. This amount does not include many thousand pledged to our proposed school, to which object Plainview will give \$30,000 toward endowment. To these amounts an effort is made to add \$170,000 more, a portion of which is now subscribed.—L. T. Mays.—Baptist Standard.

Gambling

your life away against 25cents is just exactly what you are doing if you neglect a cough or cold on the chest instead of treating it with Ballard's Horehound Syrup. A 25 cent bottle of this splendid remedy will cure an ordinary cough, heal the lungs and act as a tonic for your entire system.—J. H. Wayland Drug Company.

C. E. Moore, one of the immigration Agents of the Soash Land company, paid the Herald a call Monday morning and ordered the Herald to be sent to his family who came from Waterloo, Iowa, some months ago. Mr. Moore is working the state of Wisconsin for immigrants for this country and states that he has had great success in this line. He also says that the men he brings in have been living on swampy, marshy land in Wisconsin, and consequently are delighted with the high and dry atmosphere of the Plains.

ROYAL AFFAIR

Royal Neighbors and their friends Enjoy an Evening of Delightful Social Entertainment

A MOST PLEASANT AFFAIR

There are many reasons why the Royal Neighbors are the most popular and appropriate social organization in the city do they entertain the people with other, invited guests, and the good fortune to be present last Monday night at one of their social sessions. As there were some outsiders present very little of the regular business of the order was attended to and the time was almost entirely taken up with the social side of the question.

The "Artist's Nightmare" was the main feature of the evening in which both visitors and neighbors displayed their artistic skill. A committee, consisting of Mayor DeLay and Mr. Pippen, awarded the first prize, a nice box of stationery, to Elmer Anderson for the best drawing, a good sketch of a hand pump, and the booby prize to Tom Shafer for his life-like picture of a man trundling a baby buggy.

Punch and wafers were served galore to all present. Misses Mammie and Jewell Meador presiding with grace and dignity over that attractive corner.

Aside from the social part of the order, the Royal Neighbors are neighbors indeed in times of dire distress when sickness and death invade the homes of their members.

It is then that their light shines forth with peculiar brilliancy. They are sisters of charity, going where they are most needed, and doing the most menial work if necessary for those in distress.

As a social and charitable organization, the Royal Neighbors are quite an institution in Plainview, and among the best of the secret auxiliaries of the town.

Low Rates to Albuquerque, New Mexico.

For the 16th National Irrigation Congress to be held in Albuquerque, New Mexico, September 29th to October 10, 1908, inclusive the Pecos and Northern Texas Railway in connection with the Eastern Railway of New Mexico will offer unusually low rates. It is suggested that those desiring to avail themselves of this opportunity to visit Albuquerque, and assist in making the National event a memorable and successful one, notify the Railway Agent so much in advance as possible in order that necessary facilities and train service may be arranged for their accommodation.

Tickets will be on sale from September 27th to October 9th inclusive, with return limit October 31st. The round trip fare from Plainview, Texas, will be \$14.00.

D. L. MEYERS, G. P. A.,
Amarillo, Texas.

J. N. COLE, Agent
Plainview, Texas.

S. J. Rice of Harvard, Nebraska paid the Herald a call Wednesday morning. He is out here attending to his large land interests in Hale and Lamb counties.

H. Martin returned Sunday night from a weeks trip to the Plainview country where he looked at a number of tracts of land and saw all the Italy folks. He said all of them were doing well and that he liked the country. He brought back some of the products of that country but bought no land.—Italy-News-Herald.

Remember

Candy-Coleman Company

Coal and Grain Dealers

Buy your wheat and oats. Sole dealers of genuine Nigger-head coal and Piedmont Smithing coal. Headquarters for all first-class coals. Best warehouse in connection, stalls 10 cents. Come to see us when in Plainview.

E. SKAGGS

J. K. PAGE

LIST YOUR LAND WITH

The H. E. Skaggs Realty Co.

This Company belongs to no trust, or combination, and can furnish the purchaser with the best bargains in Hale County.

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CAPITAL \$100,000.00

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The Great Shallow Water Belt of the Plains

A. L. Hamilton & Brother Manufacturers of **FLUES, TANKS, MILK TROUGHS, CAMP STOVES** and all kinds of tin, copper and SHEET METAL WORK. Repairing neatly done on short notice 99 Plainview, Texas.

BERKSHIRES

We have a few spring pigs for sale, the get of our herd boar, PREMIER PRINCE

FOURTH, out of SHERMAN BELLE 47TH. These pigs are lengthy, of good bone and size. Also pigs by him out of high grade females.

Martine Bros., Plainview, Texas.

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Farm Lands, Ranch Lands, and City Property. Render lands and pay taxes for non-resident owners. All business given careful and prompt attention.

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Try

The HERALD for JOB PRINTING We have the men and the means to turn out the class of work you need

The REAL AGATHA

BY EDITH HUNTINGTON MASON

PICTURES BY WEIL WALTERS FREY CAMPBELL ALESHIRE WILSON

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CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.

"Well," he continued, "I was just enjoying that view and saying nothing, when she stopped switching the tops of the harebells with her crop and, turning those warm hazel eyes of hers on me, she said in a low voice, as if what she said didn't matter at all, 'I love you!'"

"What!" I shouted. "She didn't?" "She did," asserted Vincent ruefully, but with firmness—"She did. Just like that, out of a clear sky. Simply folded her hands and looked at me and told me she loved me."

"Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!" I ejaculated. Nothing else seemed adequate. "What under the sun did you do?"

"Why, I told her simply that I didn't love her, and couldn't marry her, and I was very sorry, but I thought we'd better get on our horses and go home."

"Quite right, if you don't really care," I said, "but oh, Vincent!" as a thought struck me. "Just think, she might have been the Honorable Agatha—the real and only honorable!"

"She was!" said Vincent.

I was speechless. This was the end of it, then. I saw the millions taking unto themselves wings, and my pan of milk spilled. The real Honorable Agatha had been discovered, the secret was out, but she had avowed herself as loving Vincent and he had spurned her. After such a performance there was no chance for either of us.

"How do you know she was?" I asked, weakly.

"She told me so herself," he answered.

"But after you refused her, I suppose?"

"Of course," said Vincent, resignedly.

"But, Wilfred, my boy," I cried, springing up, and knocking off my glasses in my excitement, "couldn't you change your mind, couldn't you fix it up? If she really cared I should think you could!"

Though this event would have proved the deathblow to my own hopes, still my interest in Vincent's welfare is so genuine that I couldn't help this anxious expostulation. But again he misunderstood.

"You don't mean that, I know, Arch," he said. "Of course I wouldn't marry the girl when I really don't care for her. But wasn't it the deuce of a position to be in?"

"Oh, Wilfred, Wilfred!" I mourned, "twenty millions right in your grasp, and you threw them away. I wish I'd had your chance. Your poor father, how disappointed he'd be if he knew."

"He'd be more disappointed in me if I had changed my mind and said I would marry her just for the sake of the money," said the young man, crossly, and turning on his heel he left the room. Vincent's getting more quick tempered every day lately, and he used to be so good natured. I'm sure it was only natural and very disinterested in me to bewail for him the result of the unfortunate affair that morning.

CHAPTER IV.

For some days after that I was in a quandary. Here, in the face of my discovery in the library, was Vincent's positive information that Agatha Fifth was the heiress. Reluctantly I determined that the likeness between Agatha Sixth and the picture of the baroness was accidental, and began to devote myself to the unfortunate Agatha Fifth. She seemed much inclined to discourage me, but I persevered and we soon became great friends. I found she was only 18, and drew my own conclusions from this fact. At 18 one's convictions are never very deep-rooted, neither are one's love affairs, and I thought it likely that the girl would soon forget her ill-prospered attachment for Vincent's handsome face, and might begin to think of someone else. Surely this was a very natural belief! So the first two weeks of our stay at the castle sped by and I saw to my satisfaction that I was gaining ground with the Honorable Agatha every day, while poor Vincent wasted his time flirting with each Agatha in turn (he had taken up Agatha Sixth since my desertion) or in assisting Miss Marsh to write up a lot of old dead barons who were much better left to a decent and dignified obscurity.

One day, toward the close of the two weeks, I met Vincent hurrying through the hall toward the stairs. He had on an old velvet coat covered with paint daubs, his luncheon basket was over his shoulder, and I guessed that he was going on one of his sketching tours in search of fresh woods and pastures new.

"Where are you going, Wilfred?" I asked, as he stopped, "and where's Agatha Second?" She usually accompanied him on his sketching expeditions.

"Painting," he replied, concisely, ignoring my second question; "and where may you be going?"

"For a walk with Agatha Fifth," I answered, smiling at him—a little pityingly, perhaps. He had lost such a chance!

Vincent chuckled and his eyes looked wicked. "Wish you luck, Arch," he said. "I've been watching your charitable efforts to cut me out and be a father to my little friend, Agatha Fifth, with great admiration—but I forgot to tell you"—he lowered his voice, for we could see Agatha Second on the veranda talking to Agatha Fifth—"I forgot to tell you that what Agatha Fifth told me isn't true!"

"Isn't true?" I repeated in consternation.

"No," she confessed to me about a week ago that she only said she was the real Honorable Agatha to make me marry her. She thought, the foolish little girl, that she only had to tell me she was the heiress to make me love her. And she said she was sorry and wouldn't do it again and cried like a child, and I forgave her and comforted her. She'll get over it all right!" and laughing hilariously the young rascal ran upstairs.

I was really vexed with Wilfred about this. I thought it was very unkind of him to keep me in the dark for so long about Agatha Fifth's confession. What a lot of time I'd be wasting! I resolved that I would return to Agatha Sixth at the first opportunity, and I felt glad, even justified, that I had not told him about that album which had betrayed the secret to me. At this moment Agatha Second appeared in the doorway.

"Hullo, Mr. Terhune," she said, "where's Lord Wilfred?"

"He went upstairs," I said; "I don't know for what." I could hear him in the distance singing at the top of his lusty young voice—

"Gentlemen rankers all are we-e-e—" till an ear-splitting shout from Agatha Second drowned the song completely.

"O-h-h-h, Freddy," shrieked the young lady, with a lung power that equaled Vincent's.

I shivered with indignation at the liberty. "Freddy!" indeed!

At the third shout he heard her and stopped singing to rend the air with an answering cry.

"For goodness' sake, what are you so long about?" she called. "Do hurry up!"

"Coming!" roared Vincent, clattering down the two flights of stairs like a wild horse, and I hurried out to join Agatha Fifth, my hands over my ears. Young people are so noisy nowadays.

Several evenings later Agatha Fourth had arranged to give a progressive dinner party. She was to be the hostess and the rest of us were her guests. It was an evening-dress affair, and I must say as we sat down to dinner I never saw a prettier group of girls.

Then the fun began. Agatha Fourth's idea in having a progressive dinner party was for each of the girls to move up one place with each course so that they could all have turns sitting by us. It was delightful; really, I don't know that I ever attended a jollier dinner party. Vincent kept quoting from the Mad Tea Party in "Alice in Wonderland," and the girls laughed at every single thing he said. Mrs. Armistead, I am ashamed to say, was not present; her head ached and she had dined in her room. I am not naturally noisy or riotous, but the laughter and jokes of those six girls were so infectious that I was obliged to join in with them. Vincent sat at one end of the table and I at the other, with three girls on each side of us. The secretary, of course, was not present.

Agatha Fourth had decorated the table with some of the yellow roses and wild fern that grew near the castle. Agatha Sixth and I had found them many times in our wanderings and, by the way, she was looking especially lovely that evening. The girls all wore shimmering white gowns, similar in design, with silver ornaments, but Agatha Sixth's gown was cream-color with ornaments of gold, and well did it become her dark beauty.

We had reached the very end of the dinner, and had just made the last change of places, which left me with my favorite Agatha Sixth on my right and Agatha Third on my left.

Suddenly, as the talk died down and a certain contented silence fell upon us, Vincent rose to his feet, and bowing to us formally, began to speak:

"Ladies and gentleman," he said, making the last word pointedly singular, while the girls all laughed. "I think you are all with me when I propose a vote of thanks to—to—er—our hostess"—(I felt that he had nearly said "Agatha Fourth!")—"our hostess, for giving us so delightful an entertainment." He bowed to Agatha Fourth and went on:

"If all progressive tea parties are termed mad I hope I may attend many such. But as I look around me, gentlemen and ladies fair, across the red glow of the candle that turns the roses to redder gold, and as I gaze upon the youth and beauty here assembled, the like of which I have never before looked upon"—he made a courtly inclination of his head that included every maid at the table, and they all sighed—I heard them—"as I look upon this noble room, this exquisite table, and think of the graciousness of such hospitality, I am inspired to propose a toast in which I feel confident you will all join me." At this climax Vincent raised his glass above his head. "To the real Agatha!" he cried—"to the real Honorable Agatha!"

There was an instant of dead silence, and then to my surprise my left-hand neighbor, Agatha Third, rose to her feet, and, with quivering lips, started to say something. But she had hardly time to rise before the other five girls sprang to their feet, and raising their glasses, Agatha Third with the rest, they cried with one voice: "To the Honorable Agatha!" and although it seemed to me that Agatha Third had very nearly let the cat out of the bag by rising, as if to acknowledge the courtesy, yet by the promptness of the other girls the day was partially retrieved, and Vincent and I were still somewhat at a loss as to the identity of our fair and wealthy hostess.

I asked Vincent afterward what he made of Agatha Third's behavior.

"It looked to me," said that young person, "as if those girls had themselves so much in command that they would never betray the secret they're guarding, no matter what you did."

"But didn't you see Agatha Third get up before the others did?" I said, excitedly. "She gave herself away. I tell you, Wilfred, she's the real honorable, without a doubt. There can be no two ways about it!"

"How keen you are!" he said; "and I tell you what it is, Arch'bald"—Vincent always calls me "Ach'bald" with the "i" left out and the emphasis on "bald" when he's particularly affectionate or sleepy; he was the latter just now—"I'm just as keen about marrying this heiress as you are; the only difference is that I insist upon being in love with her into the bargain, and you don't. For I'm hard up, fearfully hard up, you know, and the governor's so awfully good, I hate to ask him for another month's allowance just now. I'm 'way behind as it is, and I owe Jack Gordon for that prize polo pony of his. I offered him £100 for her the day of the Hurlingham games and he sold her to me on the spot. Jack's as hard up as I am—poor fellow. And then, you know, it's all perfectly fair. If we only had the time, that's all. It's pretty quick work to expect a man to find out the heiress, learn to love her and teach her to love him, all in six weeks, and propose on the last day of—"

"But that's just it," I interrupted, "you're not expected to find out the heiress first. That's just what old Fletcher Boyd wanted to prevent when he made the will."

"Nevertheless, you yourself mean to find out first, don't you, Arch?" was Vincent's facetious response.

I was disgusted and made no answer.

"Of course," he went on, "I wouldn't propose to any girl I didn't love, but I'd like the chance to learn to love this particular lady, the Honorable Agatha. I feel that there would be no trouble about her learning to love me!"

Vincent has few really serious faults, but I don't attempt to deny that he is conceited.

"The trouble is," he said, "they're all so attractive I could love one as well as another. I wish, though, I could just naturally fall in love with one of them, and I'd propose to her on the last day and take my chances. Who knows? I'm sometimes lucky. I might win the prize!"

"So you might," I said, "but as it is, we haven't even discovered the heiress as yet—"

"And I can't fall in love with any of 'em," finished Vincent, "because I'm madly in love with the whole six, and there you are!" and he shook his head hopelessly. "Come, let's to bed," he added.

(Continued on page 8)

Hoppity Hop

Are you just barely getting around by the aid of crutches or a cane? Unless you have lost a limb or have a deformity—is your trouble is rheumatism, lumbago, sprain, stiff joints, or anything of like nature use Ballard's Snow Liniment and in no time you can throw away your crutches and be as well as anyone. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00.—J. H. Wayland Drug Company.

Mckinty & McGehee

Proprietors of
The Plainview Transfer Lines

We have purchased the business of the Plainview Transfer Lines and it is our purpose to carry on the business in the same satisfactory manner that it has heretofore enjoyed, and we solicit your patronage, assuring you of the best of service and the lowest of prices consistent with good business principles.



The CLEVEREST MECHANICS

cannot make a good building with poor materials. Experienced men know this and save themselves from future trouble and expense by buying their

Building Materials from Us.

Even if they should cost you a little more it would pay you to follow their example. But they don't. Our prices are as moderate as any and more so than many. You save money now as well as in the future by getting your building materials here.

A. G. McAdams Lumber Company

PLAINVIEW

AND OTHER POINTS ON

PECOS VALLEY LINES

WEST REACHED BY DIRECT CONNECTION WITH THE A. T. & S. F.

BE SURE

Your ticket reads via SANTA FE all the way. Full information regarding the rates, etc., cheerfully furnished.

D. L. MEYERS
General Passenger Agent
Pecos Valley Lines
Amarillo, Texas

Twenty Five Dollars

INGOLD

We will pay \$25.00 in gold to the farmer living in Hale, or adjoining counties, who delivers to us at our office in Plainview, Texas, the best and largest display of Farm Products, consisting of 25 ears of corn, one peck of wheat, one peck of oats, and any and all other products grown in said county or counties. Bring in your products and get the prize. Three competent judges will be selected and the show will take place Saturday, Oct. 24, at 3 p. m. Donors to become owners of all exhibits in the show.

WHITE, WHITE & J. J. LASH



A Picked Lot

From our show case always brings happiness. With Jewelry to your taste, contentment is assured you as well as adornment. Our stock of Jewelry, Cut Glass, and Watches is complete.

Yours for Inspection,

Wilbert Peterson

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J. J. OXFORD, Manager

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University, Nashville, 1893-4
Chief Physician Wilmer Hospital, 1895
Hospital Course, New York City, 1898
Post Graduate University Nashville
Medical College, 1901

PLAINVIEW,

TEXAS

Hale County Herald

Established in 1889. Best Advertising Medium on the Plains

Published in the Interest of Plainview and Hale County.

Published every Friday

TOM SHAFER, Publisher

All communications, remittances, etc. should be addressed to THE HERALD PUBLISHING COMPANY, Postoffice Box 117, Plainview, Texas.

PHONES: Business Office, 72-2 rings. Editorial Department, 72-3. Business Manager's Res., 14. Night calls will be answered by ringing 72-3.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50 PER YEAR.

Friday, September 25, 1908.

The circulars being sent out by the Commercial Secretaries Association are calculated to arouse interest in the vital subject of taxation. The one just issued on the full rendition law, presents the subject in such a way that, "he who runs, may read." This law has much to commend it, but some things are being claimed for it to which it is not entitled, therefore, those who aspire to good citizenship, should investigate the problem of taxation and be prepared to face the grave financial issues which arise in Texas from year to year.

As Texas increases in the number of her schools and colleges and charitable institutions, her expenses and obligations are necessarily increasing in proportion to her progress in these matters, and these demands must be met as a requisite of civilization. How they must be met is of great importance to the people of this great commonwealth of Texas.

The habit to treat those who are nearest and dearest with discourtesy is one that clouds the sunshine of too many homes. If you are young

and looking for your prince, just test his home conduct. Do not be guided in your choice by what a young man is in the parlor; find out what he is in his mother's sitting room. Do not judge him by the way he can tip his hat, but by the way he treats the old, especially his parents.—Lott Clarion.

The Dutch farmer who told a New York reporter that he had come to America with his wife and three children in order to find room for a dozen or more additional young ones is invited to make his home in Texas and become a cotton picking contractor.—Dallas News.

We don't invite the gentleman to Randall county to help pick cotton. Picking cotton is too hard work for the net results. We never saw a person that followed that job for a living accumulate anything. We do invite him here for a healthy climate, fine fruit and an easily cultivated soil. Reports say he has gone to Iowa. If that's so he will land in the Panhandle yet.—Randall County News.

The Herald Reporter was fortunate enough a few days since to have a ride in Pat Todd's new row boat now located on the lake opposite the Depot. This boat is perfectly seaworthy(?) does not not leak a drop, and if the Plainview ladies would only try it once, they would repeat the process frequently. The ripple of the water around the prow makes one think of rolling rivers and shimmering sea.

There are so many children under age in Plainview who are debarred from attending school by the crowded condition of the public school that there is a fine opening here for a private school or even a kindergarten. There are dozens

of little ones running around the streets or playing around their homes, that would gladly be in the school room if they had the opportunity. Some one who is capable of teaching would do well to begin a school for these children. It would neither be a reflection nor an injury to the public school, but rather a help by preparing them to enter higher grades. The primary department of the public school is always crowded, therefore any assistance before they enter is welcome to the teachers of the lower grades. There is one good private school at present, but the town is getting so large that there is room for another.

In an interview between the Herald reporter and a lady who was at Olton during the last Soash excursion some information was gleaned in regard to the work that is being done by that company. One hundred and fifty excursionists came in last Thursday night and were taken to Olton Friday morning in a number of autos provided for that purpose. They were well cared for in two immense tents which the Soash Company keep for the use of their prospectors while in Texas. The Herald in former reported a bustling time while at Olton.

Miss Spandley of Temple, Texas who has been visiting Miss Margie Rosser left for home on Wednesday.

D. Heflfinger left this week for Midland, Texas. He may go from there to the City of Mexico to look after some land that he owns near that Place.

Miss Celestine Harp left Wednesday for a visit to Amarillo. She will leave there on Saturday for Washington D. C., where she will enter National Park Seminary.

The Ladies' Aid society of the Baptist church held an old fashioned quilting last Monday afternoon whereby they realized some money and much merriment.

Bro. Hamlin, pastor of the First Christian church, at Fort Worth, will hold a meeting, beginning Sunday, the 27inst. Members of all churches cordially invited to attend.

Mrs. John Strawn came in Tuesday night from Chillicothe, Texas. After a visit with the family of J. K. Pace she went on to Lubbock to join her husband, who is in business at that place.

Mesdames W. A. Todd and J. H. Abney left Wednesday morning to attend the Synod of the Presbyterian church, U. S. A., at Vernon, Texas. Rev. J. H. Abney left on Tuesday. Col. Smythe was to accompany him, but was prevented by sickness.

Mr. and Mrs. Husrote and little daughter left Wednesday for a visit to Narravissa, New Mexico.

Mrs. Frank Cassler went to Amarillo last Sunday in response to a telegram saying that one of her children was very ill.

J. A. Vaughn left Tuesday for his home at Modena, Texas, after spending some months in Plainview with his daughter, Mrs. John Finney.

J. J. Rushing left for Illinois on Wednesday in the interest of the of the Rushing land company. The success of this company has been phenomenal. They do a "rushing business."

Rev. B. F. Hardy of Plainview, presiding elder for this district, was here and held quarterly conference Tuesday morning in the Methodist church.—Hereford Democrat.

"Ready for You"

Fall styles are in. See them in the windows—and in the store. Special styles for young men—styles worthy the name and the label of Sincerity Clothes. . . . "Snappy" things they are. More conservative models for older men; but all with the swing, style and splendid tailoring that give character and worth to Sincerity Clothes. . . .



Wayland & Wofford

ART DEPARTMENT

CENTRAL PLAINS COLLEGE CONSERVATORY

EVERY LADY will be specially interested in the study of Art. Nothing is so refining as well as fascinating and entertaining as this study. Ladies can soon be able to decorate their homes with a variety of beautiful paintings. We are very fortunate in having secured the services of Miss Lissie Bell Walker, a graduate of Southwestern Conservatory, as teacher of Art in Central Plains College.

Miss Walker is a woman of exceptional ability as an artist and we are enabled to offer very fine opportunities to students in this department.

We print here a few from a number of splendid testimonials to Miss Walker's ability as an artist and teacher. (These testimonials are from the best artists and teachers of art in the state and are of course to be relied upon.)

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: It gives me great pleasure to recommend Miss Lissie Walker as an art teacher. She has proven herself a very able student while under me, and I am sure she will be as conscientious and thorough in instructing as she has been in her studies.
Respectfully, F. REAUGH, Southwestern Conservatory.

TO WHOM IT MAY INTEREST: It gives pleasure us to bespeak for the work of Miss Lissie B. Walker in terms of the very highest commendation. She has been in our art department during the entire season just closed, and is regarded by all of our teachers as a student possessing a very high order of talent; and in addition to this has pursued her studies with the conscientious application and intelligent understanding that is indicative of artistic success.
We heartily commend her services to anyone seeking a teacher, and believe that in her they will secure a most successful exponent of modern art.
Yours very truly, THE SOUTHWESTERN CONSERVATORY, Inc. (Per Clarence Magee)

PRICES

In order to introduce the work and build up this department in the College by securing as many students as possible, we have put the cost of tuition at the minimum. For work not nearly so good, the price is usually more than double our figures.

All work will be done at the College Art Studio under the immediate instruction of Miss Walker. She can take only so many pupils and those desiring instruction will do well to apply at once to the president of the college.

L. L. GLADNEY, D. B., President, Plainview, Texas.

Local News

Any items given this office for this page will be appreciated

Passenger arrives from North 6:40 p. m.
Passenger departs for North 8:00 a. m.

NOTICE:—All announcements of any church pertaining to services are welcomed to the columns of the **HERALD FREE**. But any announcement of a Bazaar, Ice cream supper or any plan to get money is looked upon as a business proposition and will be charged accordingly.

Jno. Oswald has been quite sick this week.

Dr. R. H. Wilkins came in Tuesday from Oklahoma City.

For choice north Texas prairie hay, see Tandy-Coleman company.

Douglass Todd left Sunday morning for the A. and M. College at Bryan.

Dr. J. B. J. Gilliam left Sunday for Ellis county on immigration business.

Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Cole left Wednesday for the Sanitarium at Amarillo.

County Judge H. R. Miller and family of Lamb County, were in the city last week.

M. W. Liddell and family are on a little vacation over at Plainview. —Hall County Herald.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Joiner of Abilene came in Saturday to visit the families of W. B. and R. C. Joiner.

T. J. Shelton and wife left Wednesday morning to visit his brother, Calvin Shelton at Tulia.

Irwin and Mason sold to nearly everyone of the large number of prospectors they got in last week.

T. D. Webb and his daughter, Miss Nellie, left Sunday morning for Goodnight where she will enter school.

Mrs. Cora Hobbs of Missouri, is the guest of her relatives, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Vaughn and Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Pippin.

Quality is essential, prompt service is pleasant, low prices are profitable. All these combined can be had at Irick & Fairris's.

Mrs. W. B. Weeks, who has been visiting Mrs. W. N. Wardlaw for the past week, left Tuesday for her home at Maypearl, Texas.

If you want corn meal made in Plainview, something that is good, just let Hammer and Marrs know it and they will see that you get it at once.

Why is it that Irick and Fairris are gaining trade every day? Answer: Because they are the best in quality, cheapest in price and promptest in delivery.

Go to the grocery near the depot and get seven pounds of coffee for one dollar.

A. M. Love of Melrose, New Mexico, an old friend of Judge Lancaster, is in Plainview this week.

L. W. Sloneker celebrated his removal into his handsome new building store by having a three days opening this week.

We want to see all the freighters in, near and around our store when they are in need of anything in our line. — Hammer & Marrs.

Mrs. McGlasson, who spent several weeks with her daughter, Mrs. Z. C. Stealy, returned this week to her home at Plainview. —Rotan Advance.

Do you need any sugar today? Irick & Fairris have just received a fresh car of pure cane sugar. Call or phone up No. 29.

Miss Lula Hardy who has been the guest of Mrs. Charles McCormack during the past two months, left for her home in Waco last Saturday morning.

There will be a musical at Central Plains College, Saturday evening. Program begins at 8 o'clock. The public is cordially invited. Free of charge.

God said "let there be light." You can have in your home the best gasoline lighting system in the world with cooking stove attached. Get the Ann Arbor from J. W. Barnett.

That superior quality, that prompt delivery you hear other grocers talk about, but don't give, can be had by phoning Irick & Fairris. The freshest of everything the grocery line.

\$500,000.00 to loan on farm and ranch land in sums ranging from \$5,000.00 upward. Vendor's lien notes bought and extended.

JOHNSON & SHELTON,
Hamlin, Texas.

C. E. Moore left this week for Madison, Wisconsin after spending a few days with his wife and daughter at this place. Mr. Moore took back a number of Hale county products with him to advertise the Plains.

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Williams and Mrs. J. B. J. Gilliam recently visited Mr. and Mrs. Smiley on their ranch south of town. This is an ideal country home; surrounded by an abundance of fruit, and everything calculated to make life pleasant.

A beautifully finished five-room cottage close in for only \$2500. Armstrong Land Company. Room 21, Wayland building.

If you want a good cheap house in Plainview, see J. M. Shafer, at Herald office or at the Shafer House.

NEW BANK BUILDING

(Continued from Page 1)

the hardware store. The second story will be devoted entirely to offices. There will also be several offices on the first floor. The whole will be a strictly first class modern business block, and an ornament to the city and a testimonial of the enterprise of some of our prominent business men.

It will be placed where the Mercantile now stands, and its one hundred and forty feet of brick will be a wonderful addition to the business houses on North Pacific street.

Plainview is growing, and growing big and broad while she is at it.

Dr. Carter has been quite sick during the past week.

Hammer & Marrs want to figure on your grocery bill when you are in town.

The infant daughter of W. C. Mathes and wife is reported quite sick.

Have you tried Hammer & Marrs on their groceries? If not give us a call or phone us.

Mrs. M. E. Best and her mother, Mrs. Horn, returned from Floydada this week.

Phone No. 140 for groceries and they will be delivered promptly and in good order.

We have just received a nice assortment of fresh canned goods of all varieties. —Irick & Fairris.

Paul F. Grote of Pittsfield, Illinois, called on the **HERALD** Wednesday and added his name to the subscription list.

Bring your produce to Hammer & Marrs, near the depot. They will take them.

Remember, that E. R. Williams is prepared to fill your wants, in any emergency, for Embalming and Undertaking. 31-1f

Embalming, Undertaking

The Embalming and undertaking department of E. R. Williams are fully equipped to meet all emergencies. Do not forget this.



The buyer of a
REMINGTON TYPEWRITER
expects good service—and gets it.
Remington Typewriter Co.
327 Broadway, New York.

Plainview Steam Laundry

R. W. King, Manager

We have made an addition to our building and put on more force, so we are prepared to give better service than ever before. We do all kinds of Laundry Work and guarantee to do as good work as the best. We have two wagons out and will be glad to call for your laundry any time

Laundry collected in the morning, if put in **SPECIAL**, will be delivered 6:30 p. m. same day

Wall Paper

Do away with the **ANNOYANCE OF WAITING**, mismatching, substitution and shortage, or a lot of surplus stock, by buying just what Wall Paper you need, and seeing just what you buy. The largest and best assorted stock on the Plains :: :: :: :: :: :: ::
FROM 5 CENTS PER ROLL UP

WYCKOFF - WILLIS DRUG COMPANY

GUARANTEE THE QUALITY

Some New Mexican Members of the French Legion of Honor

Current Events

It is not generally known, but is nevertheless the fact, that there are on one of the big cattle ranches in New Mexico, two members of the French Legion of Honor, and they are not Frenchmen either, and according to Bob Griswold, "it happened in this wise:"

"A good many years ago a fool Congress took off the duty paid on Mexican and Canuck cattle and did the same thing for wool and sheep. They were going to save the country by giving the dear farmer cheap woolen socks and cheaper leather footwear and to the workmen in the cities cheaper meat. All the Smart Alecks did was to bring the price of cattle to bed rock and then some deeper. Sheep and wool became worthless and the farmers' hogs would not bring half of what it cost to raise them.

"The farmer did save a dollar on his socks and shoes, but lost hundred dollars on his hogs, cotton and corn, and the city workman lost his job because the farmer didn't feel rich enough to buy factory goods. On top of all this came a three-years' drouth that blistered the Texas Panhandle and singed the grass off the New Mexican plains. It's not easy to raise cattle where there is neither grass nor water and so the heifers, cows, calves and yearlings were hustled to market, merely bringing enough to pay for their hides.

"On the XXXYZ ranch were two cowboys, who had not been on a 'toot' for a year, because their pay was long overdue and credit in town was played out. The 'old man' could neither borrow nor steal the money to pay them and therefore concluded to make them a proposition and did so:

"Boys, I've been to town and tried to get some money for you, but it was no go. I could take a small bunch of steers down there and if I tried real hard I might get five dollars apiece for the best of them. You have been with me ten years, and I have always done right by you and I know you don't want me to throw them steers away like that. You don't need that money now and I can feed you and will stand for any clothes you want to buy. Take as many cattle at the market price as will square accounts, put your brand on 'em, raise 'em on my pasture, and in a year or two you'll make a good thing of it."

"The proposition was accepted, and, some three years later, Tom and Bill accompanied the 'old man' to Chicago with a train load of cattle. The boys had three car-

loads of their own in the lot. The market was very good. Fancy prices were obtained and the boys got more ready cash than they ever dreamed of possessing at one time in their lives. They determined to lay over a few days and see all there was to see in the great city of Chicago. After listening to much advice from the 'old man' on the subject of keeping clear of bunko-steerers and other shady citizens, they started on their round of pleasure seeking.

"They thoroughly took in the various theaters. High-class drama and Shakespearean plays did not interest them much, but the vaudeville was simply great. They confidentially told the clerk at the Stock Yards hotel that they were going to stay in Chicago indefinitely and take in the show every night while there. The clerk told them that the only vaudeville worth seeing was in New York. A few days later Tom and Bill were in Gotham. All the theaters were visited and they agreed with themselves that the hotel clerk in Chicago was a good prophet, and that the vaudeville in New York was far superior to that in Chicago. A newly made acquaintance, who had taken many drinks with them, however, assured them that they had only seen a vile imitation and that the genuine article was only to be found in London. They had no clear ideas as to where London was, but knew that it could be reached by boat.

"Ten days later a pair of New Mexican cowboys were in London. The only good thing in it was the vaudeville show. The drinks dispensed at the public houses were in their estimation vile and the population of London worse than the drinks. After sundry fisticuffs with cabbies, hotel porters and waiters, some of which were expensive, they concluded to start for home with a half-formed resolution to thereafter lick every Englishman they might meet in New Mexico. At the railway station they met a young American who was on his way to Paris. He was an amiable chap, who had traveled far and seen much and from him they learned that the only original, simon-pure vaudeville was to be seen at Paris. When the American started he had Tom and Bill for traveling companions. Under the guidance of Mr. Smith of Providence, who had 'done' Paris several times before, they had a week of unlimited enjoyment. The vaudeville was beyond comparison; the cooking was good, though not equal to that of the ranch cook at

home; the people were the most cordial on earth, and the variety of drinks to be had in Paris was greater than either in Chicago or Tularosa. However, human endurance has its limits; the French drinks and bills of fare were beyond their capacity, though under ordinary conditions they could fast like an Indian and gorge like an ostrich. Both found themselves laid up for repairs and while convalescent spent a week in a small suburban town a few miles from the city.

"Both were lolling on a bench in front of the small hotel discussing in a reminiscent way the exciting events in which they had participated since they left New Mexico and heartily wished themselves home again, where they could see the mountains, two hundred miles away, and drink the ice-cold free-stone water of the Tularosa Canyon. A couple of cavalry officers dismounted, hitched their horses to the hitching post and entered the hotel. Tom and Bill were estimating the quality of the horse flesh before them, when their attention was attracted to a disturbance further up the street. People were shouting, running and scattering in all directions, falling over themselves to get out of the way of two black Spanish steers, which had escaped from some butcher, and were goring horses and charging at everything in sight.

"This looks like old times, let's tail them," and in an instant Tom and Bill had cut the hitching straps, mounted the horses, dodged into a side street, and emerged behind the steers. In a few seconds each had secured a firm grip on the tail of a steer while riding at full tilt. By a quick movement, utilizing the momentum of the horse and slower speed of the steer, the latter was thrown head over heels. The operation was repeated half a dozen times with like dexterity, and then it was found that one steer had broken his neck and the other a leg. The brutes were now harmless and a gendarme approached and killed the animal with the broken leg.

"Dismounting at the hotel, the two New Mexicans resumed their seats on the bench. 'Wonder if we will have to pay for them steers? If we have to, we'd better wire the 'old man' for some money to get home on.' Within a few minutes they were surrounded by a great throng of excited and gesticulating Frenchmen, and anticipating trouble of some kind, they retired to their rooms, packed their grips and awaited further developments. Smith of Providence would come in the afternoon and see them safely off on their hike for home.

"Late in the afternoon a brass band accompanied by several gentlemen in carriages called at the

hotel and the two New Mexicans were escorted down stairs and seated in one of the carriages with a smiling Frenchman. Smith of Providence had not yet arrived, and so a proper understanding of the situation was out of the question. 'Well, this is going to jail in proper style, and don't you forget it, Bill. The sheriff of Otero County could get a pointer or two here. Down our way they just put a pair of bracelets on a feller and chuck him in the hole, and there ain't no brass band trimmin's about it either. Wonder what this here entertainment is going to cost, anyway?' 'Don't know,' says Bill, but it will leave us dead broke, poco pronto, that's certain.'

"They soon reached a fine large building, and were escorted inside, where they met an old, bald-headed gentleman, who made them a long address of which they did not understand a word. They were introduced to a number of others, who bowed and scraped and also made remarks which were not understood, but they could not help reaching the conclusion that all these people were very friendly, and they began to feel easier about the cost of the steers. On their return to the hotel they found Smith of Providence and he listened to a wonderful tale, and on further inquiry from the hotel proprietor he learned that his proteges had been formally invited to an elaborate dinner that night. On the advice of their friend Smith, they each purchased an evening suit, for which they were not allowed to pay, and decked themselves out in style. The dinner was an elaborate affair, which lasted several hours, and consisted in the main of speeches and champagne. Mr. Smith of Providence and the bald-headed old gentleman did much of the speech-making, and as to the champagne Tom and Bill just stayed with the crowd. How they got back to the hotel they have never been able to intelligently explain. When they came too in the morning they found that someone had pinned a red, white and blue ribbon to each, and on their departure, a week later, they found their hotel bill paid and a large official envelope was handed to each. Everybody saluted them effusively during their stay.

"Three weeks later they were back on the ranch in New Mexico. They had related their experience to the county attorney, who happened to stop at the ranch over night, and among other things they mentioned the big official envelopes, which the attorney requested them to show him. After examining the papers, the attorney remarked, 'Well, boys, you are both Knights of the French Legion of Honor, and this pigskin with the big seal certifies for personal

bravery exercised in saving the lives of the people of the town of —.' 'Oh, Lordy, is that what all the fuss was about? Why, we just tailed a couple of black steers to keep them from horning horses that were hitched along the street. Anybody that can ride, can tail a steer.'

Road Notice to Resident Land Owners

State of Texas, }
 County of Hale, } ss:

We, the undersigned Jury of Freeholders, citizens of said Hale County, Texas, duly appointed by the Commissioners' Court of Hale County, Texas, at its August Term, 1908, to view and establish a first-class Road from the northeast corner of Survey No. 17, in Block J. K. 3, to the Floyd County line, and having been duly sworn as law directs, hereby give notice that we will on the 10th day of October, 1908, assemble at the beginning point and thence proceed to survey, locate, view, mark out and establish said road, beginning at the northeast corner of Survey No. 17, in Block No. J. K. 3, thence east to the southwest corner of the B. L. Spencer Homestead Survey, thence north to the northwest corner of said survey, thence east on Survey line to the Floyd County line.

And we do hereby notify the unknowners of Surveys Nos. 109, 110, 111, 113, 114 in Block D 2, J. M. Marlin Homestead Survey, and any and all persons owning lands through which said road may run, that we will at the same time proceed to assess damages incidental to the opening and establishment of said road, when they may, either in person or by agent or attorney, present to us a written statement of the amount of damages, if any, claimed by them. Witness our hands this 3rd day of September, A. D. 1908.

GROVER LEMASTER } Jurors
 J. T. SHELTON } of View
 S. M. NATIONS }

C. M. MERRELL, OTUS REEVES

Merrell-Reeves Realty Company

FARMS and RANCHES FOR SALE

In Hale, Swisher and adjoining counties.

If you want to buy, or have any land to sell, write or call and see us. Special attention given to lands of non-residents.

Merrell-Reeves Realty Company
 Plainview, Texas.

Students at C. P. C. From Distant States

J. I. Robinson, N. W. Workman, C. H. Workman and Mr. Redman, all of South Carolina are attending Central Plains College this year.

In speaking of the school, Mr. Robinson made this statement. "I have attended four or five schools in the south, and the Central Plains College is the best equipped and best furnished of any in which I have ever been. The table set for the students is unusually good and the climate of this country is unsurpassed. With all these advantages, the success of the school is assured." The frame of this college is spreading. It has even penetrated into the historic recesses of New England, a student being here from Massachusetts and others from the sunny clime of Louisiana and Mississippi.

\$2.50 Reward.

STRAYED—From my place on College addition last week, a brown milch cow, branded O-cross on the right side just behind the right shoulder. Is marked grub on the left and underslope the right. She is a muley and I purchased her out of a herd of cattle that came from Gomez, Terry county, and has perhaps drifted back that way. Anyone locating her for me will receive a reward of \$2.50.—A. J. McCray, Plainview, Texas.

LOST—Near depot, gold watch and leather fob. Liberal reward if returned to ticket window at depot. J. C. Whitson.

FOR SALE—One acre on Third or Main street to Baptist College addition. Will take part trade.—J. W. Peace, Plainview, Texas.

Anniversary Services

The fifty seventh anniversary of the order of Rebekahs of I. O. O. F. was celebrated last Sunday afternoon at the Baptist church. The Rebekahs and Odd Fellows met at their hall and donning as their regalia marched to the church where appropriate ceremonies were held. Dr. L. T. Mavs made a talk, and some good music was rendered.

At the close of the exercises the two Orders marched back to the hall where they remained for some time discussing matters of import to themselves.

To Be Happy

You must have good health. You can't have good health if your liver is not doing its duty—slow but sure poisoning is going on all the time under such circumstances. Ballard's Herbine makes a perfectly healthy liver—keeps the stomach and bowels right and acts as a tonic for the entire system.—J. H. Wayland Drug Company.

Mr. J. J. Suiter and family left Tuesday for Plainview, where they will make their home. They have been living in Tahoka for some time, and we are sorry to lose them from our town.—Lynn County News.

Mr. Maupin, of Plainview, father of Mrs. Joe Earhart, spent a few days in Lubbock last week and called at our office a few minutes. He reports everything in his town moving along nicely.—Lubbock Avalanche.

Judge L. Gough went to Plainview Thursday afternoon in response to a telephone message from Prof. H. W. Campbell who is now at his farm at that place. The professor has some new propositions that he wanted to discuss with the judge.—Herefore Democrat.

Splendid Residence Under Construction

Oscar Reeves, a ranchman of Briscoe county, brother of Otus Reeves of this city, has purchased lots on Restriction street and is building a modern residence thereon. The house comprises ten rooms, besides halls, alcoves closets—pantry, bath, etc, a commodious half-basement and one-hundred feet of porches. It will be modern in architecture and in fixtures, such as plumbing, lighting and steam heat. It was designed by John M. Webb, an experienced builder, who has just located here from Abilene, and who will himself superintend the work. Mr. Webb who spent several years in Abilene, building many of the best residences there, thinks the Reeves job will be one of the best homes in Plainview. Mr. Webb came here principally for his health but was so delighted with the country that he purchased several lots and becomes a permanent sojourner with us. He will build on his holdings as soon as he can turn loose some of his Taylor county property.

Davis and Bandy are doing the masonry work for the Reeves home.

Mr. Webb quotes Mr. Reeves saying that several of his ranch neighbors are contemplating moving here to live.

The Ladies' Aid society of the Christian church held a tea on Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Mayhugh on Restriction Avenue. Cake and ice-cold lemonade were served to those who called. Quite a number of ladies were present during the afternoon, and the whole affair was a social as well as a financial success.

Recent Sales

Thomas C. Steffy bought one fourth section this week ten miles west of town. He will move here in a short time and make this home in future.

M. S. Hall and C. H. Critchfield from Andrews county Indiana, each bought one quarter section near Hale Center.

F. Gilbert, from Vermilion county, Indiana bought one-half section near Runningwater. His son will move down and live on the land.

Operation for Appendicitis

An operation for appendicitis was performed last Saturday on Will Johnson son of E. F. Johnson living a few miles northeast of town.

Doctors Carter, Wardlow, Judkins and L. C. Wayland were present. At last accounts the patient was doing nicely.

Revival Meeting

The old tabernacle south of the Baptist church is being worked on this week preparatory for the meeting to be held here by R. R. Hamlin, of Fort Worth. The Baptists and Christians are uniting in having the tabernacle repaired, as the Baptists expect to use it in the near future. There will be three services on Sunday, one at eleven in the morning another at 3 and one at night. The afternoon service will be a special one for the ladies only, at which Mr. Hamlin will deliver his famous lecture on "American Queens." Every lady in Plainview is cordially invited to come Sunday afternoon and hear him.

M. S. Hotchkiss, the popular evangelist who held a meeting here a few weeks ago, preached at the Methodist church last Wednesday night.

Sixty-Bushel Wheat Is Promised to Farmers

H. W. Campbell left this week after spending some time looking after his experimental farm near town. While here Mr. Campbell arranged for the planting of fifty acres of wheat, he brought the seed from Canada, from wheat that weighed 64 pounds to the bushel and made 60 bushel to the acre. Mr. Campbell insists that if the people will follow his method of farming they will make sixty bushel per acre instead of the thirty and forty they now produce. It is up to the farmers of Hale county to prove his theory for their own benefit and for the development of the country.

C. L. Gilbert is building a pretty cottage on the corner of Jones and Slaton streets. Mr. Gilbert is doing his share toward building up Plainview, this being the fifth house he has had built in less than two years, besides remodelling one entirely.

J. O. Haydon has sold his share in the Burch & Haydon confectionery to W. G. Burch. The firm will now be known as Burch & Burch.

SEEDS

Buckbee's "Full of Life" Northern Grown Pedigreed Seeds have a reputation of 38 years of successful seed growing behind them. It pays to plant the best.

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New Stringless Green Pod . . . \$3.70 Bushel
Wardwell's Imp. Kidney Wax . . . \$4.50 Bushel
Davis New White Wax . . . \$4.75 Bushel
Currie's Rust Proof Wax . . . \$4.50 Bushel
PEAS
Extra Early Alaska . . . \$3.50 Bushel
New Early Gradus . . . \$5.50 Bushel
Horsford's Market Garden . . . \$3.50 Bushel
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THE REAL AGATHA

BY EDITH HUNTINGTON MASON

PICTURES BY WEIL WALTERS FREY CAMPBELL ALE SHIRE WILSON

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CONTINUED FROM THIRD PAGE

"Not just yet, Freddy," I said. I never call him that, as I have before stated, but his hair was all rumpled up and his face flushed and I felt warm toward him because he was so dense. "Surely with a rival as unobscuring as he is," I thought, "I am not heavily handicapped." For I had made up my mind that Agatha Third was indeed the real and only Agatha. That involuntary rising of hers was proof positive.

"I say, Vincent," I called after him, "was that a master stroke of yours, giving the toast that way? Did you intend to try to surprise one of them into betraying herself?"

Vincent laughed sleepily. "Good old Arch'bald," he drawled, "you're always looking for master strokes, but 'pon my honor I never thought of such a thing." And I might have known that he wouldn't.

Left to myself, I was thinking out my plan of campaign as regarded Agatha Third when a slight noise in the back of the room attracted my attention. I looked up, startled, for it was late, and the large, dimly lighted drawing room was rather an eerie place, and saw over the back of my chair the slight form of the secretary approaching. Her hair was as neat as usual and her dress was the same simple gray gown she wore when I had seen her first.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Terhune," she said, timidly, yet without hesitation. "I'm sorry to disturb you, but would you have the goodness to give me a little of your time?"

"Certainly," I replied, rising, "though the hour is late. Won't you be seated?" and I found her a chair. The secretary leaned back against it and folded her hands.

"I shall be quick," she said; "but I want to ask you something." She spoke in a low voice, but with perfect composure, though she never lifted her eyes. I caught myself wondering whether she cast them down habitually, so that people might observe the length of her black eyelashes.

"Yes?" I said, to encourage her. "Of course, you know Lord Vincent very well, don't you?" As she asked me this direct question she looked me full in the face, and as my eyes met hers I mentally thanked her for her mercy in not often permitting man to gaze into them.

"Yes," I said, recovering myself, "I know him very well."

"And he tells you things, doesn't he?"

"Most things," I replied, wondering at what she was driving.

"Then could you tell me, please, if—if he accepted Miss Agatha—the one with the hazel eyes that you call Agatha Fifth—when she told him she loved him?"

I was never more astounded in my life. How did she know that Agatha Fifth had told Vincent she loved him, and how did it concern her? Perhaps, however, she was acting under Mrs. Armistead's orders, but if so she ought to have said so.

"That's a question of a very personal nature," I said, and eyed her searchingly; "but I don't think Lord Vincent would mind, as long as you know so much about it, if I tell you that he refused the young lady who was indiscreet enough to ask him to marry her."

The secretary gave a sudden start, and then, by what seemed to be considerable effort, regained control of herself.

"He refused her," I continued—for the girl and her questions and her genuine feeling interested me—"although she told him she was the real Honorable Agatha." I was so proud of Vincent for that that I was glad to be able to tell someone about it.

"She said that—and he refused her?" repeated the girl in an awed tone. "How could he do it, how could he?"

"Then it was true? She is really the daughter of Fletcher Boyd?" I asked eagerly. At last I had stumbled

upon the truth, for I knew the secretary was in the secret.

But she only smiled at me. "You are a good man," she said, "a good man."

The room was growing chilly and the fire was getting low, and as she spoke she slipped down from the high chair and seated herself on a little stool at my feet, stretching out her slim hands toward the blaze. "I thank you," she said, simply, and gazed into the fire a moment, while I gazed at her slender young figure, her pink and white skin, straight, little nose, and wide, red mouth with its Du Maurier chin—and all in a moment I felt myself pitying the poor little girl. Vincent was such an attractive young

scamp, he might be playing fast and loose with her affections without intending it or realizing that he was doing so. Involuntarily I leaned toward her.

"My dear young lady," I said, and as I spoke I caught myself thinking her really good looking. "If she only did her hair decently," I thought, "I'd call her a beauty, I really believe I should." "My dear young lady," I said, "tell me in confidence and perhaps I can help you. Do you—er—are you—er—interested in Lord Wilfred? If, so, allow me, I conjure you, nay, I beg of you, to put all thought of him out of your head. He doesn't mean it, but he is a graceless young flirt. He doesn't mean a word he says. Let me warn you—be advised—"

I stopped short. In the midst of my well-meant flow of words, I stopped short, for, could I believe my eyes, the secretary was laughing at me.

"My dear old man," she said—she did, actually—"my dear old man, your warnings are superfluous, for I am a married woman," and, still laughing, she left the room.

CHAPTER V.

Alone, I sat for a moment speechless with astonishment, as the secretary left the room, and, as I took my way slowly and thoughtfully upstairs, I resolved that this was another thing that I would not tell Vincent; he would be far more likely to ridicule me than to thank me for my effort in his behalf.

Some time after this, on a perfect day, Agatha Third and I—I had spent almost every hour since the dinner in her company, I may remark—had planned a little excursion which would keep us outdoors all day. We were going on a picnic to the little river. Have you ever tried a picnic for two? Given the right companion and a day like that, I'd warrant it to cure any attack of the blues. Agatha Third had assured me that the prettiest spot for our luncheon was a little island in the center of the stream where the current ran broad and deep, about three miles below the castle.

The day was fair, the girl was fairer, and the moments were full of joy to me. We had crossed a little bridge about a mile from the castle and were proceeding up the left bank of the river when a sudden turn of the stream brought two others of our house party into view. On the opposite bank was Vincent in high boots, knickerbockers, white shirt with sleeves rolled up, and a farmer's broad-brimmed hat of straw. He was busy over a broken fishing rod which he was trying to mend. In the center of the stream, where the current ran swift and dangerously deep, a girl stood on a large boulder, fishing. Other boulders at intervals between the one she was standing on and the shore where Vincent was indicated the means by which she had attained her precarious position. I recognized the girl as Agatha Second, and smiled pityingly as I thought of poor Vincent, invariably wasting his time with the wrong Agatha.

"Hullo!" they cried, cheerfully, and we waved our hands and asked them what luck they'd had. This isn't always a safe question to ask a fisherman, but I notice that people who are not fishing themselves invariably find great satisfaction in asking it. Vincent said he hadn't caught any fish, and asked if I'd landed mine yet. Just like his impudence! He'd say anything if he thought it was funny, no matter how it might annoy other people.

Just as I was thinking of some retort polite enough to utter aloud, Agatha Second's rod began to bend and jerk, and immediately there was so much action going on that in my excitement I forgot what I was about to say. I am a fisherman of some skill myself. Well, the pole began to bend and the Agatha on the rock began to scream, and Vincent shouted directions from the bank—"Easy there, easy," he entreated her; "give him more line, Aggie, more line."

"I can't!" she screamed at the top of her voice; "something's caught, and he pulls so."

"The reel!" I shouted, jumping up and down. "The reel! Press the knob and let her go!"

I knew in a moment the sort she had. It was just like mine, a patent one with a spring reel—mine often stuck that way. All this time the fish was leaping about, sometimes jumping out of the water so that we could see him, and he was a big fellow.

"Let me alone; I can do it myself," cried the girl, as Vincent started to help her, but even as she spoke her trim little foot slipped on the wet stone, and, losing her balance completely, she fell backward into the

deep water, while the rod disappeared upstream.

In a moment Vincent was running at top speed along the bank till he came to a little point of land near which the drowning girl must pass. As she approached he leaped into the water, and, striking diagonally upstream, seized her by her clothing, and, fighting his way back, safely gained the point of land. Meantime I had run up the river toward a boat that I had

observed near the bank. Jumping in I soon reached the spot where lay the unconscious form of Agatha Second. All this time I was dimly aware of the fact that Agatha Third had never stopped screaming and was now running up and down on the opposite bank sobbing and wringing her hands. When I reached Wilfred he was anxiously bending over the girl, but apparently without the slightest idea what to do.

I immediately fell to chafing her hands and resorting to the other well-known expedients for reviving the drowned, and to enable her to breathe more freely I removed the tight-fitting dickey of her sailor suit. It was not long before she began to regain consciousness, and it was at this moment that I made a most amazing discovery, for around the neck of the girl I saw a little silver chain, and on it was strung a heavy gold ring set

whatever her reason for her action, the presence of the Wyckhoff ring on the neck of Agatha Second had proved to me the falsity of that other clew and the identity of our fair but mysterious hostess.

The next morning when she came down to breakfast I inquired with great concern as to the effects of the accident of the day previous. She replied most kindly that she felt very nearly as well as ever and thanked me earnestly for my share in her rescue. In fact, her gratitude was so profuse as to make me uncomfortable, and I protested volubly that what I had done was nothing. Nevertheless, from that day on Agatha Second clung to me in a manner that was almost touching. Vincent, to my surprise, instead of taking advantage of his part as hero, seemed rather anxious to avoid the girl, whereas, before our mutual discovery, he had seemed to be quite taken with her. Although his conduct was a puzzle to me, yet I could only rejoice that it was so, for I left the field absolutely free to me, and I felt as each day passed that now, indeed, I was hotter on the trail of that twenty millions than I had yet been.

It was the first Sunday after the accident and the fourth of our stay. We had breakfasted at eight and were sitting around aimlessly waiting until it was time to go to church.

When it was finally time to get

you realize that you're going to church all alone by yourself with six girls, the prettiest in England?"

"Seven," corrected Vincent, unmoved. "The secretary is going with us this morning."

I shook my head at him admiringly. "You're a wonderful fellow," I told him; "I couldn't manage seven of them at once to save my skin. It keeps me busy enough when I take 'em one at a time."

At this moment the girls trooped downstairs. They had their prettiest gowns on and were fully aware of the admiration in the eyes of Vincent and myself. And that admiration was perfectly excusable, for the six Agathas were looking unusually lovely in their flowered frocks, big white hats, and the dainty parasols to match the wide sashes, and I should have been hard put to it to say which was the handsomest. But as they filed out of the big door I saw Vincent look longest at the secretary, who walked a little behind the others, her plain, dark blue silk gown and little rough straw hat with the pink roses being a conspicuous contrast to the frills and furbelows of the six Agathas. I thought

I had never seen her look so well, and she passed us men without so much as glancing in our direction, though Vincent's gaze, I thought, was a trifle rude.

They had been gone some 15 minutes when it occurred to me that it might do my head good to go out and get some fresh air. Besides which I had begun to regret that I had permitted Vincent to go to church the only esquire of such a galaxy of beauty. So I put on my hat and strolled out over the lawn and down the long drive, and before I knew it I had reached the bottom of the hilly road and had set out over the fields. The church party had gone by the way of the path over the fields, for that was a shorter route than the main road.

As I walked quickly along the well-beaten path between the thickets I stopped suddenly and stooped to pick up a small dust-covered object which proved to be a prayer book. "One of those careless girls has dropped it," I said to myself, for they had all carried them. Opening it to find the owner's name, I was much agitated to read on the flyleaf this inscription: "To my daughter Agatha, from her father, Fletcher Boyd," and the date, 1900. It was, then, a gift which Fletcher Boyd had made to his daughter only two years before his death.

I was wild with excitement in a minute. I would keep the book, and some time when all the girls were gathered together I would announce that I had it in my possession and see if one of them did not betray herself by asking me for it. But Fate decreed that I should make my test of the prayer book more speedily, for I spied in the distance the white figure of a girl hastening back. The path was dusty and the sun was shining right in her face, so I trusted she had not seen me, and, putting the little volume down just where I had found it, I jumped behind the bushes. The owner of the book was looking for her property. On she came, running slowly and glancing eagerly from side to side of the pathway. As she came opposite me she stopped and snatched up the book, and when she had run back again the conviction that the Honorable Agatha was no other than Agatha Fourth was forced in upon me.

So roused was I by this event that I turned my steps homeward at once. Suspicion had now fallen on every one of the six Agathas, but this—this was the most convincing of proofs! That night I could hardly wait for the end of the evening, so that I could drag Vincent into my room and disclose to him my final and greatest discovery. I was so full of excitement over it, besides feeling a certain pride in my wit and sagacity which had led to the discovery of so many important clews, that I was rather disappointed when Vincent received my disclosure with indifference.

"At it again, Arch," he said, rather gloomily, as he sat cross-legged before my fire in extreme deshabille, and smoking his vile pipe. "What is the use? I should think you'd get tired of pursuing the elusive gold. I admire your patience, my boy, but I don't take any more stock in this 'clew' than I did in your others. When you think that you have now fastened suspicion upon each one of the six fair ladies who have been christened Agatha I marvel at the sanguine temperament which permits you to place so much importance on this last find of yours." He stopped, and I answered him rather sarcastically, as I didn't like the gentle ridicule of his tone or his lack of enthusiasm.

"It seems to me," I said, "that considering how you've spent your time, my dear boy, you are a very poor person to look down upon my efforts to turn this adventure of ours to some account. The fact that I have kept my eyes open and used those faculties of penetration and observation of which I am the natural possessor to discover a piece of information which might prove of great value, not only to myself, but also to you—this fact, I say, Vincent, ought hardly to bring upon me your derision as well as your lack of sympathy." I don't mind admitting that I really felt hurt, and Vincent saw that I did.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



AGATHA THIRD.

with a large cross of old-fashioned heralds.

I called to Vincent, and as I pointed at the magnificent and telltale piece of jewelry we both gazed at it, speechless with surprise at discovering in such a manner the secret of the Honorable Agatha's identity. Before she had quite regained her consciousness I readjusted her dickey, and when she was able to stand we wrapped her in our coats and carried her to the boat. There wasn't room in it for more than two, so I made Vincent get in with her and row back to the castle. So they left us, and Agatha Third and I, too thoroughly upset by the accident to wish to carry through our picnic, followed them back, walking one on each side of the stream until we reached the bridge, where we joined forces.

As we returned I did a great deal of thinking. So it was Agatha Second, after all, who was the real Honorable Agatha. For certainly her possession of the Wyckhoff ring, mentioned in the will, was proof positive. Now that I thought of it, the suspicious circumstance of Agatha Third's seemingly involuntary rising when Vincent toasted the Honorable Agatha, admitted of many explanations. At any rate,

ready my head ached from the sun, for I had been sitting without my hat, and I decided that I would not go that morning, though there was a flattering chorus of protests when I made this announcement.

"I shall go," said Vincent, positively, just as if anyone had disputed it. "I always go, don't I, Miss Marsh?" appealing to the secretary, who was present, but who, of course, had been rather left out of the conversation.

"Yes," she answered, smiling at him faintly. "You always do—ever since we've known you, that it. You're a saint, Lord Wilfred." But she laughed as she said it, and Vincent, for no reason at all, looked pleased.

Then the girls all went into the house to change their frocks, and Vincent, too, had to go and get himself rigged out in all the swiftness of his Bond street afternoon things.

"Are you going to ride or walk?" I asked him as he came downstairs ahead of the young ladies.

"Walk," he said. "It's such a ripping day the girls thought they'd like it. The phaeton is coming for us after church. What's the matter with you? We shall miss you."

"Oh, just a bit off my feed this morning. But, Vincent, my boy, do

James W. Pipkin, who was formerly a resident of this city, but who is now in the gents furnishing business at Plainview, was in the city the first of the week visiting his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Pipkin.—Randall County News.

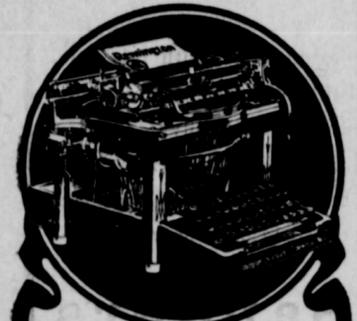
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Plainview, Texas
August, 26, 1908.

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**:: WOMAN'S HOME MISSION ::
SOCIETY**

Written by W. H. M. S. Reporter

With our able first vice president, Mrs. Donohoo, in the chair and our faithful secretary, Mrs. Martin and little Conrad, at their post the meeting opened at the appointed hour September 21.

We regret that quite a number were absent on account of sickness. Following a synopsis of the editorial notes from "Our Homes," Mrs. Shropshire read a most interesting paper on "Scarritt Bible and Training School."

Mrs. Faulkner's subject, Institutional Churches Kansas City, Missouri, was well represented, the "Day Nursery", "Juvenile Court", "Relief Department", "Sewing School", "Clubs", "Pure Milk Stations" etc. were clearly explained.

Mrs. Griffin told us of the "night school" a school of more than one-hundred pupils represented by five nationalities: Americans, Italians, Assyrians, Germans, Jews and Greeks, and of the Jewish Sewing School, under the direction of Miss Florence Blackwell.

Mrs. Barcus in her concise manner informed us on Miss Locards work at Waco, Texas. Interesting papers on working together and the "evils of separate schools" by Mrs. Beebe finished the program. Miss Mabel Heard, associate secretary of the Womans Board of Home Missions, and Miss Daisy Davis, secretary of the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions will conduct an Institute in Amarillo October 17 and 18 We are urged to attend.

The society adjourned to meet October 5, which day will be included in our week of prayer, more of which will appear in next weeks paper.

Notice of Appointment of Administrator

Notice is hereby given that R. M. Engel has been appointed by the county court of Hale county, Texas, Administrator of the Estate of N. G. Engel and Mary E. Engel, deceased, and all persons having claims against said estate are notified to present the same within the time required by law; Such letters were granted to R. M. Engel August 6, 1908, and the Postoffice address of said R. M. Engel is Plainview, Texas, where he resides.

R. M. ENGEL, Administrator.

Your Chance

Will consider vendor's lien notes or good team of mules, as part payment on two propositions mentioned elsewhere in this paper. See G. A. London.

Born.—Last Saturday afternoon, a fine girl to Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Sowder. Mother and baby are doing well. Mr. Sowder is in charge of the arrangements for the laying of the cornerstone for the court house next Saturday and with that and the new daughter he is as busy as an old hen with one chicken.—Randall County News.

Mr. Sowder has quite a number of old friends here who will be glad to learn of the new addition to his family.

FOR SALE—1908 four-cylinder Buick automobile. Buick automobile Brand new, model 10. Price \$800. For full particulars write postoffice box 202, Amarillo, Texas.

Mrs. Anna Allen, nee Consineau, passed through Canyon City this week en route to her home at Plainview. She had been visiting relatives at Amarillo and Mobetie. While in the city she was the guest of Mrs. Mittie Gatewood Newberry.—Randall County News.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Guinn left Wednesday for their home at Belle Plaine, Iowa after spending some weeks in Plainview. Mr. Guinn is a prominent banker in his home town, but may return and locate here.

For Sale

Two lots with five room house, windmill, well house, etc. Close in. A bargain. See G. A. London, owner. 31-tf

Trees, Trees, Trees

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CONTINUED FROM EIGHTH PAGE

He took his pipe out of his mouth and looked at me with those big, truthful eyes of his so penitently that I smiled inwardly; then he gathered up his long limbs from my hearthrug and came and ensconced himself at my feet as I sat in my easy chair.

"Well there, then," he said, patting my hand as if I'd been an old woman or a small child. "Poor old Arch'bald, did I make it cross? Well, it was a shame!" And he smiled at me with such a mixture of contrition and fun that I was obliged after a short struggle to laugh unconstrainedly.

"Well, I suppose you will begin operations according to your latest clew to-morrow?" he laughed at me.

I did not answer him, and silence fell upon us. I was pondering over the problem and did not look at Vincent for a long while, but when I did I saw that his face wore a troubled, hopeless look, and that his whole attitude indicated profound dejection.

"Vincent," I said, leaning over him, "what's the trouble?" I had been noticing of late that he had been subject to fits of melancholy altogether out of keeping with his character, and I had come to the conclusion that he had some trouble on his mind. I wanted to know what it was, so that I could help him. When I spoke he turned his head slowly and looked at me a moment solemnly, then smiled faintly, the very ghost of that splendid, boyish smile of his, so that it went to my heart.

"Oh, Arch," he burst out, "everything's wrong! But it's not my fault; how could I help loving her?"

I was amazed. What was the boy talking about, and who was it that he loved?

"Yes, sir," he went on; "I met her four miles from town carrying an old beggar-woman's bundle because the poor old thing had hurt her foot. And when I drew up the dogcart and asked her to get in and take the bundle too, she shook her head, and, by Jove, she wouldn't get in till I let the old beggar-woman get in, too!" Vincent turned to me positively radiant. "Ah Terhune!" he cried, "you don't know

what it is. I love her so!"

And as he stood there, his face transfigured, I grasped in a moment the meaning of the whole thing and the understanding struck like a blow at my heart and I knew how dear the welfare of this boy was to me. Somehow, Vincent represents to me the things I might have been, and am not, the things I might have won, and have lost; he represents the first flush of my own youth. And now that I had wasted those opportunities to lead the selfish existence of the average bachelor, I found a certain joy in again experiencing those first throbs of living that had been mine, in the person and life of young Vincent.

As he stood before me, glowing with feeling, I felt that it was for me to wipe that look from his face, cruel as it seemed, and my anger at the woman who had so deceived the boy by withholding from him the knowledge that she was married helped me to do the deed.

"Vincent," I said, slowly, "do you mean—do I gather from your ravings that you honestly—er—care for this person?" I had risen to my feet, and as I spoke Vincent's whole expression changed in a flash.

"Your inference is perfectly correct," he said. His face went white and there was war in his tone, for he perceived that I meant trouble.

The necessity of saving the boy I loved from the consequences of his own folly took possession of me, and I was full of rage at Vincent and at that conscienceless woman in the gray gown who had entrapped him.

"You fool," I said, putting my face close to his square, cleft chin, "why do you throw away your chance in life like that? What do you want to let yourself get entangled with an adventuress for? Don't you know the woman's married? She confessed to having one husband; she may have a dozen, for all I know!"

The inevitable happened, for Vincent, with a half-articulate cry like a wild animal, raised his clenched fist and struck at me. Fortunately for us both, he struck wildly in his anger and I caught the blow on my arm.

"You liar!" he shouted, "oh, you liar!" and in a rage that shook him

from head to foot he rushed from the room and slammed the door.

I was sick at heart as I stood staring after him to think that matters had come to such a pass between Vincent and myself. Although no man can hear himself called a liar, even by his best friend, without resenting it, still, when the first flash of my wrath had passed, I forgave him for it, for I knew that the heat of his passion would permit no satisfaction but violence, and, of course, if he really cared for the woman, the words I had used were about the most insulting possible. However, I had done what seemed to be my duty, and I only reproached myself bitterly for not having told him of the secretary's marriage before his unhappy infatuation had gained such headway. But he had disarmed my first suspicions and I had never dreamed that anything so serious was on foot. That was a restless night for me and it was dawn before I fell into a light sleep.

CHAPTER VI.

When we met at breakfast the next morning there were no signs of the breach between Vincent and myself except his unusual pallor, which suggested to me that he, too, had spent a sleepless night.

The girls were inclined to joke our solemn faces, but so long as the meal passed off without disclosing that something was amiss between us I did not care. All day we saw nothing of each other, but this was not unusual, as we always pursued different courses. I spent most of my time with Agatha Fourth, the only honorable, whom I found to be a really delightful girl and certainly the possessor of remarkable musical talent.

In the evening the others went out to row on the lake and left Agatha Fourth alone with me. She sat at the piano and played everything she could think of, while I lay on a broad divan where I could watch her and listen to the soft music.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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