

RAILROAD SITUATION

Two Letters Throwing Light on Subject

PLAINVIEW OUT

Stockholders Here Opposed to Col. Massie's 'Independent' Feature In Railroad Proposition

"What is the status of the railway extension projects?" is the question now being asked by many of our readers. The time is nearing for construction to begin on the Floydada extension according to the contract with the stockholders. The Plainview stockholders have balked on account of the inability or failure of the promoters to show any connection with the Santa Fe company. The following communication from Col Massie and the reply on behalf of Plainview by Judge J. E. Lancaster are self-explanatory:

Floydada, Texas,
Jan. 4th, 1909.

J. E. Lancaster,
Plainview, Texas.

Dear Sir:—

I demand sufficient station grounds, trackage grounds, stock pens, together with right-of-way to Floyd and Hale county line, said right-of-way to include such Santa Fe grade as may be desired, (\$25,000) twenty-five thousand dollars to be taken as stock.

W. M. Massie.

Plainview, Texas,
Jan. 4, 1909.

Mr. W. M. Massie,
Floydada, Texas.

Dear Sir and Friend:—

In accordance with my promise to you this morning, I got a meeting of some of our most prominent citizens, and those most interested in the railroad promotion, and submitted to them your proposition. After a full discussion of the matter they requested that I should say to you that they did not wish to join in the promotion of simply an independent line from Plainview to Floydada and take chances of a possible loss incident thereto, but they desire me to assure you that if you or your proposition is backed definitely by either the Santa Fe or Rock Island system or any other railroad system coming from the east or southeast, we are more than willing to assist you in such undertaking. What our people desire is an association directly with the Santa Fe or with any other company, which will be able to take care of itself in the operation of the traffic over the proposed extension, and it is only the independent feature that they object to. It is this feature of your proposition and this feature alone that is rejected by our people.

With kindest regards, I beg to remain,

J. E. Lancaster,
Committee.

The Herald has interviewed several citizens of Floyd county who

think that the action of the Plainview people was unwarranted. They claim that even if Col. Massie has any connection with the Santa Fe (and they doubt not that he has) that the Colonel could not divulge it on account of the alleged agreement of the railroads not to build any more in Texas unless there is some favorable legislation at the present session of the state legislature. All this of course is gossip and has no connection with the official communications above given.

J. P. Meyer and John Pfeister of Burlington, Ok., were here prospecting this week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Bond of Kent Texas, returned Tuesday from Amarillo, where they went to meet Misses Katie and Eunice Bond, who have been attending school at that place.

C. Franklin and Leslie Cutler returned from Temple, arriving Tuesday.

Ranger Killed at Amarillo

In an altercation which arose between a deputy sheriff and a ranger at Amarillo Tuesday morning, to which there were no eye witnesses, the ranger was shot in the head and almost instantly killed. The ranger's name was Doc Thomas, Company A. He is from Weatherford and served for years as an officer at that place.

James Keeton, the man who did the shooting, was in the office of the county attorney at the time of the killing and the sheriff had just stepped out. The county judge and other parties were in an adjoining room when the trouble occurred. They heard vociferous language, but could not understand all that was said.

When the shot was fired, Keeton came from the room and placed himself at the disposal of the officers. The dying ranger was found senseless in the chair where he had been sitting, with a frightful wound in his head and his brains oozing out. An undertaker was telephoned for and the body embalmed, waiting directions from relatives at Weatherford.

Keeton declined to make any statement further than that Thomas had been looking for trouble with him for several years and that he had himself tried to avoid it. Citizens of Plainview who were in town at the time of the homicide think the trouble was over the custody of a prisoner.

Want Ads Pay

By a Herald want ad a man rented a piano, the owner was found for a watch, a man sold his place for 1000 times as much as the ad cost, a lady found a position; all these happened recently. Many valuable trades have been closed through Herald ads. A lady at Bovina bought a place in Plainview she saw advertised in the Herald, a man at Lockney found his watch. Herald ads fail when the finder of what you lose is dishonest; when the article you advertise for is not to be had etc., but as a rule, Herald ads get the goods.

At the Pioneer.

Last night and the night before and all the other nights for six days in the week, as well as every afternoon, except Sunday, there is something doing at the Pioneer Theatre.

On every occasion there is a good attraction put on, and the price is so small that show lovers can go every night and not feel themselves extravagant.

The portrayal of real life, comedy, drama, in fact every variety of attraction must appeal to those who wish to spend a couple of hours in real rest and mental recreation. The seats are comfortable, the stage is large, the furnishings elegant and there is something of the air of the real theatre about this play-house.

For the past two weeks the management has had on the boards some excellent specialties, and the price was 25 cents. Those in attendance pronounced the show a liberal return for their money. The regular moving pictures were given as usual. When there is no out-of-town company employed the moving pictures are given for a dime. These are of good quality and in connection there is music and singing, alone well worth the price. The bill is changed daily, and there is always something fresh and crisp.

The managers of this theatre deserve the patronage of the showgoers, as they have provided them with a permanent source of amusement. Especially should this institution appeal to the business men, as its managers are here to stay and spend there money here.

The supreme court has turned down the \$29,000,000 fine assessed against the Standard Oil company on some technicality. Another suit will be filed against the offenders in which it is the confident hope of District Attorney Sims to get a fine of forty millions out of the Standard. The question now involved seems to be what is the "unit of offense." In the former case it was held that each car on which a rebate is accepted constituted an offense, but this the higher courts turned down, giving no opinion as to what constitutes an offense. If the court decides that each shipment is an offense, then the fine will be large, as there are about 2,000 shipments embraced in the indictments.

Mrs. L. C. Haynes and daughters, Misses J. J. and Mattie Haynes, of McLain returned to their home Monday after visiting Mrs. Haynes' father, Rev. W. H. Carr.

"Don't Tell My Wife."

The play known by the above title appeared at the Bain theatre Monday and Tuesday nights of this week. The company, which failed to divulge its name to the curious public, showed to a fair-sized house on the first night and to a mere handful on the second. Whither they went and whence they came is also a matter of conjecture. The advertising their advance man placed in the Herald which, by the way, they failed to settle for, gave no clue to the identity to the composing it. Whether the company is a founding and has not been named or had just exhausted its list of aliases we are unable to say. As to the presentation of the play, the least said the better.

APPROVED THE BONDS

The Excursion

The usual semi-monthly excursion which arrives at Plainview about Thursday or Friday came in today and last night in three sections. One section at midnight contained two coaches, one today, nine coaches, and the other two coaches. A large contingent of buggies, autos and land agents was on hand to take charge of the prospectors. Most of them were taken at once to the lands of the various companies. If a good per cent of these arrivals become buyers it will mean a hundred or more new settlers for the Plainview country.

Mrs. A. Nichols of New Mexico who has been visiting here, left Tuesday for a visit to Panhandle.

Miss Amy McLarry of Lubbock left for Amarillo Tuesday.

T. W. McCormick returned Tuesday from his former home, Denton.

Italy Earthquake Horror Grows

It seems that Italy itself at first had no idea of the appalling horror of the shake-up she got from the earthquake. News at first was meager, as the wires were down and the living were busy relieving the misery of the wounded and searching for the dead.

A United States fleet is now in Mediterranean waters, on a tour of the world and has been ordered to assist in the relief of the sufferers. Congress has voted \$500,000 for the relief of the stricken people. Starvation and pestilence will soon work havoc. Cities all over the country are sending donations to the sufferers.

The following from the Figaro of Paris, dated January 3 is most concise description of the condition the Herald has seen:

"As each day day goes by the disaster appears more horrible, terrifying and immense. It is without precedent in the history of the world. In my earlier dispatches I spoke of over 150,000 dead. This number doubtless will be exceeded for now it is conservatively estimated that 200,000 persons perished miserably in this staggering catastrophe and the worst is not yet known. The scourge has not yet done its final work.

"The tremblings of the earth continue with sinister rumblings and at times boiling water esurges from the crevasses. The sources of the streams are poisoned by putrid water.

"In spite of the Herculean efforts the succor is still insufficient. In the more remote regions the unhappy injured are dying for want of food and medical treatment. Dogs and swine, enraged by hunger, spring upon the wounded and devour them. Insatiable fire and uncontrolled famine will inexorably claim their victims."

That Plainview should send a small donation is apparent. About \$100 would be in keeping with her population and the amounts sent by other Texas towns.

Two Public Utilities of Great Importance

WATER, SEWAGE

An Important Step In the Legal Preliminaries Has Approval of the Attorney General

In a growing town like Plainview, the wheels of public enterprise, especially those having to do with public service and public utilities, like the "mills of the gods," seem to the anxious public to "grind slow," but if they "grind exceeding fine," this will more than compensate for their slowness.

The public forgets that there is a considerable amount of "red tape" to be reeled off before a public enterprise based on this issue of bonds can be launched into usefulness. That the most important stretch of this tape has been reeled off is evidenced to the fact the city attorney, Mr. E. Graham, has just received word from the office of the attorney general at Austin that the form of the bonds, to be issued by the city are in good legal form according to the opinion of the attorney general.

The bonds have been ordered printed. This done, the attorney general will take a passing look to see that the approved form has been followed, and the sale will then take place.

That these bonds are a good investment and will find a ready sale, there is no doubt in the minds of the city fathers and the leading citizens of the town.

As soon as the bonds are sold it is confidently asserted that the council will lose no time in getting up plans for the waterworks and having the survey made for the sewerage system. It is hoped that they will be able to do this before warm weather makes the installing of the sewerage so necessary.

As will be remembered, the amount of the bonds to be issued as authorized by the election held to determine same, was \$16,000 for waterworks and \$12,000 for sewerage. While these amounts will not be sufficient to extend the service all over the city, it is thought that it will be sufficient to reach all of the business portion, where it is most needed.

The item of fire protection alone will be of considerable importance in connection with the waterworks, and the improved sanitary conditions to be gained by the putting in of the system of sewers will also be valuable to the city.

Mrs. H. V. Knieriem of Kansas City returned to her home Monday after a visit to her brother, S. M. Underwood, accompanied by Miss Dora Underwood, who will attend school at the city.

Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Burns and baby, formerly of Lockney, have moved to Collin county.

ANSLEY REALTY COMPANY

Wholesale Land Dealers

THREE YEARS SALES EIGHT HUNDRED THOUSAND ACRES. IS THAT GOING SOME?

To Land Owners: Give us your property and watch us move it. **To Everybody:** When you see our buyers pat them on the back, and tell them this is the best country on earth. If they are old friends or relatives, don't try to steal them, act a white man. Tell us about your bargains. We have calls for Plainview property and can sell yours.

Room 21, Wayland Building - Plainview, Texas

Galveston News Writes Up Hale County

J. S. French, city editor of the Galveston News, whose father is a resident of Plainview, paid this country a visit a few weeks ago, and writes the following very interesting story relative to the Plainview country, back to his paper. This article appeared in the Galveston News of December 13.

Plainview, Hale Co., Texas.—On the maps studied by the school children ten or fifteen years ago there was a great bare space in northwestern Texas marked "Llano Estacado or Staked Plains." Other parts of the state were traversed by railroads, dotted by towns and cities and intersected by rivers. Not so with these high plains and Panhandle. The unorganized and, in a very large matter unpopulated counties were marked off in checker board fashion, and that was about the end of it. The imagination of the school child was left free to picture the country according to any fancy and it usually did this by picturing it as a cold and sterile plateau on which the cattle of a few ranges

gained an uncertain existence from sparse grasses.

But a mighty change is being wrought in the plains country now. It has been going on with marked rapidity for only two or three years, but it seems destined to result in giving homes to hundreds of thousands of families who have not homes now, and of yielding products of the soil in untold abundance. The homeseekers who are filling this country from the Middle West and from Texas find for their feet a carpet of thick, curly mesquite grass and a soil that by demonstration will yield farm products in plenty and of many varieties.

To accomplish what has been accomplished has required a revolution. It means the displacement of the cattle range by the farmer. The old Western cattle man has looked on at what is going on about him and said: "You are ruining the greatest cattle country on earth." The incoming farmer has replied: "We are making the finest farming country in the world." It is the old story; the cattle ranch must give way to the farmer when the farmer needs the land and the land will produce what he wants.

This development of the plains and Panhandle country is not without a romance—a romance that attaches itself to all countries which have their frontiersmen. Ten years ago this fall a man with his family left Coryell county in central Texas and started in his covered wagon for the plains. He did not know what he would find, but he was seeking a new country, a country in which the chances are more evenly matched for a poor man desirous of getting along in world. Up through central and west Texas his way lead, the team to his wagon ever headed to the northwest. At last he reached the foothills and made the ascent.

One afternoon he passed over the cap-rock and was upon the level floor of the plains. He camped that night among the wolves, the coyotes and the swiftcats. The next day a prairie fire got started off the southwest and as there were then no roads or farms to check or stop the progress of the invading flames they swept over hundreds of sections of land, burning the dry grass and leaving it black and bare. One whole day the family drove on into the plains and did not get off that blackboard. That family then was poor; today they are on the way to wealth. They stuck to it. They came west to stay, and they stayed. Now they are reaping the frontiersman's just reward.

Land then was low in price, ridiculously low, as compared with present values. The man mentioned above, who settled about ten miles southeast of Plainview, got his first section of land, 640 acres, for a small mule securing \$40 to boot. His neighbor a short time

These two sections do not happen to be on the market now, but an adjoining section sold the other day for \$21 per acre.

Land is the one great commodity of exchange and sale out here. Everybody talks land. The farmers of Iowa, Kansas, Illinois, Indiana, Nebraska, Texas and half a dozen other states have found that the land is good for farming, as good, many of them say, as their own land at home, and as it is cheaper, they are going after it. Homeseekers and investors are pouring into the west, trainload after trainload. Many of them are buying and building homes. The country is settling up very fast. Good-sized towns are springing up in two year's time. Two years ago Plainview had not more than 1,500 people. There are now 3,500. Seventy new resident buildings are now under construction, and the people say there has hardly been a time in the past two or three years when it was not the same way. The records of the Santa Fe Railway show that in October of this year 314 cars of freight were forwarded out of Plainview, as compared with 128 cars in October of 1907. There were 369 car loads of freight received in the town this year in October, as compared with 217 received the same month last year. Forty-four cars of emigrant freight were received in October of this year.

In all this business and sale of land the land agent, of course, flourishes. Likewise those early settlers who were fortunate enough to own a few sections of land when the boom struck the country. But they are entitled to it. The early settler suffered many inconveniences and discomforts before the reward of his efforts came, and the land agent is doing much to settle up and develop the country at the same time he takes down the commission on land sales.

It is a great country for automobiles. The town alone has seventy autos registered at the county clerk's office. There are more at Amarillo, which is a larger city. The country is level and the roads hard. It is a common sight to see a string of autos coming over the pike at a fifty or sixty miles an hour clip. On the streets you will see a bronzed, booted and dusty Westerner, wearing the auto cap and goggles. It is a striking and curious mixture of West and East, of border roughness trimmed in the trappings of the so-called effete East.

Land is selling now at from \$15 to \$50 per acre, according to its proximity to railroad or town. In quality the land in a given county is about all alike. Sometimes there is a small canyon or draw or lake to mar in a degree a given section or a half section of land, but it amounts to little. Quarter-section farmers are needed most now for the proper development of the country, and from the way they

Rectigraph Abstract Co.

Incorporated

Capital \$15,000.00

Room 27 1st. Nat. Bnk. Bldg.

Plainview - Texas

We Have a Complete Abstract of all Lands and Town Lots in Nine Counties. Let us make your Abstracts. We will make them right. We will make the price right, too. Try us. Notary in the office.

A Home at a Bargain

5-Room House Lots, sheds, good water-works, some nice trees, a nice location, a good bargain for the man who wants a home, and lots to spare, and on which a nice margin can be made. **MUST GO EARLY**, hence the price is low. See the undersigned at once if you want to pick up something good.

J. M. SHAFER

A SPLENDID FARM CHEAP

1 section 4 miles north of Plainview, 3 miles from College, joins Campbell model farm, 5 miles fence, 2 wells with mills and earth tanks, orchard, 4-room house and out buildings. No better farm on the plains; very desirable location. Will rapidly advance in value. Must sell quick to secure means to improve other lands near by. Terms reasonable.

S. J. RICE, Harvard, Nebraska

E. M. WALLING
CLAUDE GOKN
Lockney

S. R. McLAUGHLIN
JIM HWARD
Plainview, Texas

TEXAS @ NEBRASKA LAND COMPANY

HEADQUARTERS AT LOCKNEY AND PLAINVIEW, TEXAS

General Agents for Lands in Hale and Adjacent Counties

The Great Shallow Water Belt of the Plains

Armstrong Land Co.

W. E. ARMSTRONG, Manager

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

L. A. KNIGHT, Pres.
L. G. WILSON, V.-Pres

J. H. SLATON, Cash.
GUY JACOB, Asst. Cash.

The First National Bank

OF PLAINVIEW

CAPITAL \$100,000.00

Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$85,000.00

We offer all accommodations consistent with prudent management

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 33 Plainview, Texas.

Professional Cards

DR. A. L. HAWKINS,

DENTIST.

Successor to Dr. Hall. Phone 83.

L. C. WAYLAND M. D. O. H. JUDKINS M. D.

WAYLAND & JUDKINS

PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS

Office over Citizens' State Bank. Phone 197.
PLAINVIEW TEXAS

R. P. SMYTHE

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

Abstracts to lands in Hale County
Land Litigation a Specialty

Plainview, Texas

D. T. WEBB

R. C. JOINER

WEBB & JOINER

LAWYERS

Plainview, Texas

DR. N. C. LETCHER

DENTIST

Wayland Building Room No. 5

Miller's MEAT MARKET

PHONE 48

Handles High-Grade Meats Only

Special Attention given to children when sent

North Side Square
Plainview - Texas

are coming in it seems it will not be long until this is a well-populated section of the state.

The people are talking railroads. Hardly a map is to be found in Plainview that has not penciled through it two or three railroads radiating in various directions. The road most needed and the most talked of is the one to the south-east giving the great plains country an outlet to the gulf and thereby the commerce of the world, and at the same time giving them lower freight rates on lumber and many imported articles. It is a question of only a short time when there will be many more railroads on the plains than there are now. The peopling of this country and the development it will attain make the roads necessary, and they will be built.

The products of the land are alfalfa, kaffir corn, milo maize, Indian corn, cotton, apples and other fruits, watermelons and all forms of garden truck. Peanuts produce in great abundance. It is said, in fact, that anything that grows on a vine does especially well, the soil being peculiarly adapted for such growth. It is said, also, to be a very fine apple country. As to some things it will take a little more time to demonstrate whether they can be grown profitably. A large number of hogs are raised each year on the alfalfa, kaffir corn, Indian corn and shipped to Fort Worth and Kansas City.

Specialist

I treat all diseases of eye, ear, nose and throat. Also have glasses, and pay special attention to fitting them. Consultation and examination free. Plainview, Jan. 20 and 21. I. E. SMITH, M. D., Weatherford, Texas

College Notes

Xmas is over and the students are hard at work again. You could scarcely tell they ever had a holiday. There was quite a bit of fun for a few days; but it is all over now; and every one is down to business.

Just a few days ago an entertainment was given at Mr. Slonekers to the students of the college. All reported a good time and say they enjoyed themselves immensely.

Soon the semester of the school session will have passed. It always seems that it is a long pull up the mountain side, but the descent is made very quickly. We shall soon be going down the other side. College Reporter.

On Dec. 4, 1908 the death angel visited the home of Jas. Helms, near Runningwater, and summoned therefrom his wife, Lu-la Maude, leaving to his lone care in this broken home, the two little ones with which God had blessed them.

Mrs. Helms was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Knight of Runningwater and leaves, besides her family, a host of relatives and friends who are saddened because she is no longer with them as a friend or neighbor. In early life she professed faith in Christ and joined the Baptist church of which she was a faithful member till death.

Tenderly her friends laid the still form in the cold ground, but they knew the spirit had merged its flight to that home which Jesus prepares for those who love and serve him. J. H. ABNEY.

P. L. Adkinson of Carthage, Texas, arrived Tuesday to visit Messrs Singletary and Zandt, new settlers here.

Strip Notes.

Jan. 5.—As I have seen no items from Strip lately I will write a few words and tell you what we have been doing Christmas time.

Our Christmas tree was a success and everybody seemed to enjoy themselves.

Mr. Ed Jones and Miss May McLaughlin were married at the church Christmas eve.

Mr. Rastus Brown and Miss Avie Fitzgerald were married at the bride's home Wednesday evening before Christmas, and a bountiful supper served.

The concert given by the young people at Pierce's Chapel on December 28 was a great success, taking in \$26.71 which they gave the Home Mission society for the purpose of helping furnish the new church. The society voted their thanks to them for their generosity. May they ever be found working for God, is the prayer of the society.

Farmers are getting anxious for a rain now, as it is too dry to sod. With this I will close.

CHEROKEE

That Spring Wheat

W. W. English, the man who is introducing into this country real spring wheat with no selfish motive more than to get what seed he needs for his own use, reports that he has had many inquiries from farmers since the notice appeared in the Herald some time ago. The Herald gave the matter the prominence it thought it deserved, and the ripple it created was somewhat surprising to Mr. English. He had an inquiry from a daily paper for a lengthy article on the subject. Several prominent papers copied the Herald notice in full. However, if the hopes of Mr. English are realized, he will receive the thanks of many farmers, for it will make the wheat crop of this country a bankable security. At any rate the Herald will never regret the part it has taken in the matter. Farmers wanting this wheat should see Mr. English and arrange for their pro rata of the seed. It is just that all should help to try this experiment and make it as general and satisfactory as possible.

Quanah to Paducah.

Fort Worth, Texas, Dec. 19.—According to information obtained here today, it is evident that Quanah is to have another railroad at a no distant future date. The proposed line has already been surveyed from Quanah to Paducah, in Cottle county, and it is expected that work will begin between these points soon. This line leads from Quanah in the direction of Roswell, N. M., and El Paso, Texas, which are contemplated in the extension of the road, thus opening up to railway traffic a very important portion of West Texas, which is now without railroad facilities.

In the interests of this line ex-Senator D. E. Decker, County Judge J. C. Marshall, Judge M. M. Hankins and Dr. J. H. Wilson of Quanah were in the city today. These were reticent on the subject, but the information that the preliminary work is under way was obtained from a reliable source.

Rev. F. H. Neal and wife and Miss Taylor of Mooers, N. Y. are holding at the Mission hall of the Holiness people on Pacific street. A good deal of enthusiasm is already manifest at the meeting, and the attendance is good. The public has been pleased especially with their singing. Those who have not heard them should not miss the opportunity. They will be here Sunday and perhaps longer.

W. C. Brown of Lubbock was here on business this week.

We've Got It

LONG LEAF YELLOW PINE

Lumber

AT BEST PRICES

J. C. Wooldridge

PLAINVIEW - TEXAS

MONEY TO LOAN AT FIVE PER CENT

If you do not own your home, Build one.
If you are paying rent, Stop it.
If you own no real estate, Buy some.
If your real estate is unimproved, Improve it.
We furnish money for all these purposes.
For Particulars, See W. B. JOINER,
Room No. 1, Wayland Building.

OWN A FARM

In the BEST part of the Plains

and for a Bargain in City property or Plains land. Call on or write

W. W. JONES,
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.



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

Come to the Plainview Country

The Garden Spot of the Great Panhandle Country

Land values are yet low and Opportunities await you in scores of the avenues of enterprise, tried and proved in the Plains country. A personal investigation will convince the most skeptical that we have The Richest Farming Lands of the Southwest

For Full Particulars Write to
The Rushing Land Co.
Plainview, Texas

For Cheap Lands in Hale and Adjoining Counties

See

J. D. Hanby Realty Company
of Plainview, Texas

If you want to sell, list your lands with the above firm, and you can expect courteous treatment and quick sales

Pay It Now

Your Taxes will be delinquent February 1, 1909. Unless your poll tax is paid by that time, you cannot vote

G. A. LONDON, Tax Collector

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

L. P. ADAIR, Local Editor

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

PHONES: Business Office, 72
Business Manager's Res., 14.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50 PER YEAR.

Friday, January 8, 1909.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Blanton of Stratford left Wednesday, he to Canoon City on business, she to her home.

1908 Was a Prosperous Year for the Second-hand Man.

I take this method of thanking the good people of Plainview, Hale and adjoining counties, for their liberal patronage given the Second-hand Store and Rooming House. We have had a splendid trade in both and it continues to get bigger and better. We are going to do in the future as we have in the past—sell you everything, both new and second hand, at the lowest prices possible to make a living profit and without any rents or interest to pay, we can and will give you the best service for the least money. I now have a big stock of most everything you need to keep house with. A fine line of Range stoves, cook stoves, heating stoves, bachelor or laundry stoves and drums. Also a large stock of iron beds and a nice line of cotton

and felt mattresses and more on the road. Don't fail to see them before you buy.

I also have two men working in the store and this will enable me to answer calls more promptly, so if you have anything to sell, trade or repair, just call or phone 95.

Hoping that 1909 will be a prosperous year for one and all, I am yours for quick sales and small profits,
Nasa's New & Second-Hand Store.
Plainview, Texas.

Notice

To tax payers:

The city taxes will be delinquent Jan. 31st, 1909. J. F. WATSON,
City Collector.

Tom Shelton and little daughter returned to Tulia Monday.

J. H. Box of Abilene returned to his home after visiting Frank Box.

C. B. Jones of the Wyckoff-Willis Drug company returned Sunday from a trip to Hillsboro, where he was called to the bedside of an aunt who died a short while before he arrived. Friends of Mr. Jones will sympathize with him in this loss.

D. P. Wright has gone north to buy stock.

PARTICULAR COAL FOR PARTICULAR PEOPLE. We have a few cars of the best Simon Pure Nigger-head Nut coal that ever came to the plains. Bought specially for our friends' wives for cooking purposes, which we are selling at a low price to please them.

TANDY-COLEMAN CO.

We have been a little short on Nigger-head Lump coal, but now have it and simply the best on the market. TANDY-COLEMAN CO.
J. W. Peace returned Tuesday from his old home, McGreggor.

Mercury Low.

Some of the coolest weather of the season took place this week. The lake north of the depot was frozen and the boys had a time skating. Wednesday morning the temperature was the lowest, the thermometer registering near the zero point.

It is the belief that these freezes are beneficial to the farmer, as they kill many insects in the land that has been broken up.

W. A. Morter returned Tuesday from Norman, Ok., where he has been visiting relatives.

We are receiving constantly the Forney, Texas Prairie Hay, which will sell for less than alfalfa is now being sold for.

TANDY-COLEMAN CO.

Mrs. J. J. Reynolds of Lubbock left for Greenville, this week to visit.

Your Stationery Speaks For Your Business

That is, if it is printed by Artists in the Printing of Stationery



Look Over Your Stationery

and see whether it speaks for (or against) your business. If it is not altogether to your liking and you consider it not a good business "representative" call around at the Herald Office (where "portrait" stationery is printed) and let our "job printer" help design your next Letter Head, Booklet, Card, or, no matter what, and the result will be pleasing to you—and your business associates—they, too, appreciate your "business portrait."

HERALD PUBLISHING COMPANY

Particular Printers

North Pacific Street

Local

Any item on this page...

Passenger and...
Passenger depart...

NOTICE—of any church services are welcome of the HERALD... announcement cream supper... money is looked upon as a business proposition and will be charged accordingly.

J. D. Kemp, formerly of Lockney, has moved with his family to Farmersville.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Bowers of Floydada have gone to Midland for an extended visit.

Mrs. W. H. Dellinger of Happy returned to her home Monday after visiting Mrs. W. H. McGehee.

R. M. Snell of Emma went to Canyon to meet his wife Monday.

A. J. Hamm, wife and children, formerly of Lubbock, have gone to Arkansas to live.

J. V. Bell of Austin has returned home from a visit to his father, A. J. Bell.

R. W. Lemond of Hale Center went to Amarillo on business Monday.

W. B. Price left Monday for Georgetown to attend the southwestern university.

Miss Edna Harrington returned to Clarendon Monday to attend school.

Mrs. E. Hendley and little son of Roswell, N. M., were here the past few weeks visiting and looking after her interests here. They left Tuesday for Mineral Wells.

Miss Joe Keck has returned to Kid-Key college at Sherman.

Mrs. Kerly has returned to Erick, Ok., after visiting her mother, Mrs. Keck.

B. N. Graham has returned to Georgetown to attend the Southwestern university.

Mrs. R. W. Hopson, little daughter Lala and little B. W., of Tulia, returned Monday after a visit to her mother, Mrs. Keck.

E. Dowden Jr. returned Monday to Upper Olton, Ill., where he is attending the Western Military college.

Miss Burr Goode returned Monday to Simmons college at Abilene, accompanied by Misses Cowden and Carter of that city, who spent the holidays with her at Plainview.

G. S. Milner and son of Petersburg took a trip to Amarillo this week.

Frank Graham of Omaha, Neb., was here early in the week and says this is the best country on earth, especially considering the cheapness of land.

Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Jerome, Miss Helen Jerome and Miss Eva Peterson, all of Harvard, Ill., were here prospecting this week.

B. B. Walker of Fort Worth was here on business early in the week.

W. S. Waddill went to Amarillo this week on business.

Gilbert McWhorter of Las Vegas, N. M., was here on business early in the week.

turned Monday after closing...
Petersburg...
Canyon...
Chilicothe was here prospecting this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Gunnaway and in sons, also Mrs. Mary Wilson, who has been visiting them here, have returned to their old home in Kentucky to live.

W. E. Spikes of Emma has returned from south Texas.

Mrs. Allie Johnson left Tuesday for Bellevue, Texas to visit parents and relatives.

W. L. Harrington of Clarendon returned home this morning after visiting relatives here.

W. L. Latoe of Tulia was here on business, returning Friday.

J. W. Hartwick of Anthony, Ks., was among the prospectors this week.

C. H. and Geo. V. Parks of Alva, Ok., returned Friday from a prospecting tour.

W. A. Massie and J. B. Williams of Groom, Texas, were here on business this week.

J. M. Miller of Kiowa, Ks., was here on business this week.

P. S. Weedman of Anthony, Ks., was among the prospectors this week.

Miss Jean Blackburn of Amarillo returned to her home today after visiting Mrs. H. C. Randolph.

L. J. Daft of Amarillo was here prospecting this week.

J. H. Milliken of Altus, Ok., returned to his home today, having been on a business trip to Plainview and Petersburg.

G. F. Stephens and family, who lived east of town have sold their holdings here and left Friday for Mena, Ark., to make their home.

Miss Blanche Stephens, daughter of Congressman J. H. Stephens of this district, returned to her home Wednesday after a visit to her sister, Mrs. C. H. White.

Mrs. Douglas of Fayetteville, Ark., returned to her home Wednesday, accompanied by her sister-in-law, Mrs. J. P. Mason, whom she has been visiting at this place.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Atkins and little daughter took a trip to Tulia Wednesday.

Mrs. T. B. Hill of Clovis, N. M. returned to her home Wednesday after visiting at Lockney, to which point she expects to move.

Hoyle & Malone have the largest and best insurance agency in Hale county. We represent eighteen old line insurance companies and insure against fire, lightning, windstorms, tornadoes and hail. We protect your property in the country as well as in the city. Call at our office, Room 22, Wayland Building and list your land for sale. Let us insure your property wherever it is located, and let us give you a nice clean calendar.

Want Column

Advertisements for this column will be accepted at a rate of two cents a word for first insertion and one cent a word for each successive insertion, if paid in advance.

FOUND—S. S. cards. Call at Herald, identify and pay notice.

FOR SALE—Barred Plymouth Rock cockerels. Inquire of G. E. Duckwall, 7 miles southwest of Plainview.

LAND FOR SALE—I have for sale cheap 354 acres land, located five miles southwest of Plainview. For further information, see or write Mrs. Cora Hendley, Banquet Hotel, Plainview, Texas.

BARGAINS—For best bargains in Floyd County Lands, in small or large tracts, improved or unimproved; call on, write or phone Arthur B. Duncan, Floydada, Texas, office southeast corner square.

FOR SALE—A typewriter in good condition. Apply to Sander & Martine.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGES, an interest in one of the largest and best paying business on the plains. Other business needs my my active time. Owner Box 12, Plainview.

LOST—On Lockney road, black shopping bag containing money. Finder return to this office for reward. G. O. T.

LOST—In Plainview on Saturday, Nov. 22d, one brown overcoat with lining slightly worn. Also two pair of gloves in pockets. Finder please return same to A. D. Summerville Harness Shop and receive reward.

LOST—At the Methodist church or between there and the district parsonage, a gold brooch with an opal in center. Finder leave at this office or return to Mrs. G. S. Hardy and receive reward.

WANTED—A buyer for a new, two-gang, 12-inch, John Deere sulky plow with sod attachment, also two good horses. T. J. TILSON.

A BARGAIN—Two and one-half acres with a three-room house, two porches, well, windmill and tank, garden fenced, stable and lots, chicken house and other out-buildings; all for \$1,300. Located in Lakeside Addition to Plainview.—R. D. McMaster.

POSITION WANTED—An A1 shoe salesman wants position in the Panhandle. Is capable of taking charge of exclusive shoe house. Is at present employed by the best exclusive shoe house in Waco. Can furnish first-class reference from present employer and others. Address C. R. P., Box 634, Waco, Texas.

FOR SALE OR TRADE—A nice well finished five-room house, on two lots, fence and out houses in best resident portion of town, going at a bargain. Will take a nice driving horse in the trade. J. B. MAXEY, Plainview.

LAND—\$200,000.00 worth of the following lands sold in the last three weeks. Do you want a home or an investment? This is your chance. Every man who sees it buys. Can sell you from 1 to 50 sections, and give you choice.

To Land Owners

You have said your land was for sale, perhaps you have had some agents working on it, but try us for a quick sale. If you make your price and terms right we can do some quick, satisfactory business for you. Write to us if we can look up, pay or attend to any tax matters for you. We are at your service. We have plenty of quick buyers.

Burleson Land Co.
Plainview, Texas

Don't Think

forever about that job, but come and order it right now!
Herald Pub. Co. 9

The W. B. Joiner Abstract Co.

Compiles Abstracts to Town and Country Property. Investigates Land Titles. Notary Public in office. Wayland Building.
W. B. JOINER, Manager Plainview, Texas

They are fine level prairie agricultural lands, dark and dark red loam, some almost a black land. Located in the "Midland Country" on the southern plains of west Texas. \$6 per acre, small cash payment, balance 8 years time 6% interest. Write us for full description and particulars.—W. J. MORGAN & Co., Midland, Texas.

Miss Georgia Brashears entertained a few of her friends, Saturday, Dec. 26. Games were played and delightful refreshments were served.

Mr. Harold Hughes delightfully entertained some of his friends Tuesday Dec. 22. The first part of the evening was spent in playing games, etc. Delightful refreshments were served, after which they enjoyed a fireworks display. Everyone went home having spent a most enjoyable evening.

Mrs. E. I. Hoyle and little daughter, Eva, and Mrs. E. Graham left Thursday morning for Stanton, where they have gone to visit Mrs. Hoyle's mother Mrs. Dickinson, and Mrs. Graham's mother, Mrs. Henry.

T. E. Donnelly and family of Idaville, Ind., will make their home in Plainview. They have a nice farm they bought recently near town and brought with them Arthur Sanders and family, who will occupy their farm for the coming year. Roy McCord from the same place also came and will live on his newly purchased farm near Mr. Donnelly.

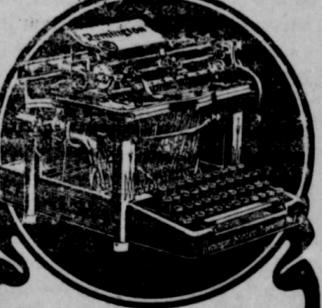
Mrs. M. F. Austin and little child of the southwestern portion of the county left Wednesday for a visit to C. G. Austin, her son, at Amarillo.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Smith and baby of Hale Center left Tuesday for a visit to Clarendon.

Mr. and Mrs. K. L. Reagan and children of Des Moines, N. M., returned to their home Wednesday, from a visit to Mrs. Ragan's father, J. B. Ragan at Lockney.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Pipkin left Tuesday for a visit to Canyon.

Hoyle & Malone have the oldest and largest insurance agency in Hale county. Don't forget that they write insurance on country and city property and insure against fire, lightning, tornadoes, windstorms and hail. They have some bargains in city property, one nice, modern six-room house three blocks from public square; hot and cold water in house, must be sold at once. If you have anything to sell list it with them, they have the buyers. Office room, 22, Wayland building.



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

For sale by Remington Typewriter Sales rooms, E. B. Reppert, Proprietor. 349 Main Street, Dallas, Texas.

THE GASOLINE WAY

I have a brand new Gasol ne drill that is strictly up-to-date and ask a share of your patronage. Straight wells, plenty of water in the shortest time possible, are my specialties. See my about that second strata well. Headquarters at Hatcher's Blacksmith Shop. Yours anxious to please,

ED HAMILTON

Alfalfa Growers Should Read This

Alfalfa growers of this country should read the following from the Dallas News, which shows that alfalfa has an arch enemy that should be guarded against at any cost. Perhaps the noxious weed has never invaded and perhaps it may never invade Hale county. However, on the hypothesis that a stitch in time saves nine, the farmers should read this article.

College Station, Texas, Dec 17. —A very pernicious weed which is called "black mustard," the name of which is "Charlock," has been discovered in Texas, and Dr. O. M. Ball, the Botanist of the A. & M. College, has been appealed to in the matter, and is sending out direct information to all who are writing him on the subject.

Since Dr. Ball recently issued a warning to planters of alfalfa that foreign weeds were being found in the seed bought for alfalfa, there has been a close scrutiny of the plants that are showing, and he has had over hundred letters on the subject that were the result of the recent publication in the press of Texas. These letters are from all sections of the state. The latest and most important has just been received from a planter in north Texas, who says:

"I planted about 150 acres of alfalfa about the first week in September, and have a good stand. About the middle of October my men noticed a weed like the one I am sending you by registered mail special delivery that must have been in the seed I planted. This weed has grown well during the cold weather we have had, and is very thick in the field—I should say one to every ten feet. I have never seen anything like it, and am writing you to find out what it is and to know something of it. Is it a noxious weed, and will it be of serious injury to my alfalfa in any way? If it is a dangerous weed I can go to the field now and pull or cut it up before it goes to seed, as it is now blooming and making pods. I have just noticed the seed myself, my men telling me they saw it in October. If it is of a serious nature, please call me by my long-distance telephone, so I can get to work on it."

As soon as Mr. Ball received this letter he went to the phone and called the north Texas farmer and advised him that the sample sent him was the "black mustard" and advised him to get to work on it at once to get it out of the alfalfa. From the conversation over the phone, the planter states that he can get rid of the weed at once and believes he can successfully kill it out.

This happening but emphasizes the warning that was issued recently by Dr. Ball regarding the presence of foreign weed seeds in the alfalfa seeds, and his advice is to examine all seed carefully, so as to be sure the genuine only are planted. In his bulletin he describes the alfalfa seed carefully, so that the planter can know what he is handling.

Embalming, Undertaking

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

Dissolution Notice

The public is hereby notified of the dissolution of common consent of the German-American Land Development company, with headquarters at Plainview, Texas.

J. R. LIEDERBACH, President.

Ex-Confederates

All ex-confederates in the vicinity of Plainview and especially members of Plainview camp, No. 1548, are respectfully asked to meet at the county treasurer's office on Saturday the 16th inst., at 2 o'clock p. m. to transact business of vital importance to the camp.

J. M. SHROPSHIRE, C. C.

Read This.

Plainview, Texas

August 26, 1908

I hereby certify that I have used Hall's Texas Wonder and cheerfully recommend it for Kidney Bladder and Rheumatism trouble
C M SHUFFLER
Editor Plainview News
Sold by all druggist and by mail
Dr E W HALL
2926 Olive street, St. Louis
Missouri 36—

The Farwell Banner makes the following peculiar statement about planting Kaffir corn, which may be news to our farmers:

"We understand that quite a number of farmers in this part of the country are busily engaged in planting kaffir corn. They contend that the seeds will remain dormant in the ground until spring, but will come up with the first warm rays of the sun in April and mature much earlier than if planted in spring. As to the probability of this plan, those who are trying it point to the fact that volunteer crops of the various cereals come up here every spring wherever the seeds are shattered out upon the ground during harvest and fall.

16 Quarter Sections Just Put on the Market

We have for sale four sections choicest farm land in one body near Plainview. One section is well improved. Will sell in quarter sections or tracts to suit purchaser and on good terms. This land is well located, being convenient to school, and one of the most desirable tracts to be found in this country. For prices and terms see

OTUS REEVES REALTY CO.,
Plainview, Hale Co., Texas.

W. H. M. S.

On January 4 the business session of the society was ably presided over by Mrs. Beebe. On account of sickness the attendance was small.

Nothing of special interest was reported, but such subjects as the relation of the society work to that of the Sunday school, the coming election of the officers, etc., were informally discussed.

Mrs. Hardy, Mrs. Howell and Miss Gilliland were appointed to make out a program for January 11.

Our auxiliary has not come to the full measure of its opportunities but "forgetting those things, which are behind and reaching forth unto those things that are before," let us press on.

We are expecting the best Bible study of the fiscal year on January 11 at the home of Mrs. L. P. Martin. The lesson will be conducted by Mrs. Beebe.

To enjoy the program, read January number of "Our Homes."

These two programs complete the year's work—then the election of officers. **PRESS REPORTER**

E. P. Norwood returned from Tulsa Tuesday.

M. O'Keefe of Panhandle was here buying steers this week.

John Hall has returned from a trip to Daingerfield.

E. R. Williams has a licensed embalmer in his house and is ready at a moment's notice to answer all calls for embalming and undertaking.

Railroad Extension From Stamford

Further evidence of the Stamford extension, which is thought to be a link in the Santa Fe cutoff, is shown by the appended article, which appeared in the Dallas News of Jan. 2. This extension into Dickens county and the one from Plainview to Floydada will be only about forty miles apart. The News has this to say:

In the presence of a crowd numbering several thousand people, dirt was broken for the Stamford and Northwestern Railway at 2 o'clock Thursday afternoon. Although the ground breaking was two miles from the city, half the town went out to witness the breaking of dirt, that means the construction of the railroad that will connect Stamford with the northwestern section of the state. The line will go in a northwesterly direction, passing through a corner of Haskell county, going through Aspermont, Jayton and into the heart of the Spur ranch country.

The road is of special importance to Stamford from the fact that it will empty into her lap the trade of this vast territory, which embraces millions of acres of land.

It is said the work will be pushed with all possible rapidity, and Chief Engineer P. G. Burns announces that the construction will be completed in time for the road to take care of the 1909 harvest.

At 2 o'clock Thursday afternoon, the blowing of all the whistles of the manufacturing plants in the city was the signal that dirt was about to be broken. Judge W. T. Andrews was presented to the throng, and in his address felicitated the people of the occasion, predicting that the construction of the Stamford and Northwestern meant more to the city than even the most optimistic could imagine.

This with the certainty of securing the Rock Island extension from Graham to Stamford and the great probability of securing two or three other lines, means that Stamford will be one of the centers of West Texas.

Following this address W. M. Imboden, formerly of Austin, but now of Stamford, was presented and made a characteristic address.

He predicted an era of unexampled prosperity to the people for whom the road is being built. He said that the climatic condition and the well-known fertility of the lands all along this line would make it one of the most important arteries of transportation yet introduced into the state, and a factor of development unsurpassed in the state annals to this time.

John Mosely Dead

John Mosely, whose parents are temporary residents of this city, died of pneumonia Sunday and was buried in Plainview cemetery Monday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Dr. Mays conducted the services at the grave. The young man was 27 years of age at the time of his death. His mother is buried at Elida, N. M., and the body would have been shipped to that point had it been practicable. He leaves a father, a brother and a sister, Mrs. Jones, of this city.

Little Cecily Gertrude

The baby daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Richardson died last Friday and was buried Saturday in Plainview cemetery. Services at the residence at 3 p. m. were conducted by Dr. Mays. The sorrowing parents have many friends here who sympathize with them in their grief.

Administrators Sale

ON JANUARY 8, '09
AT 10:30, A. M.

there will be placed on sale at public auction to highest bidder in lots to suit purchaser nine head of horses, 18 head of shoats, and a large assortment of farming implements and feed-stuff.

FREE LUNCH ON GROUND

At Old Meeks Place

3 Miles Southwest of Plainview

W. A. NASH,
Auctioneer

R. M. ENGEL,
Administrator

Plainview Livery, Feed and Sale Stables

AND

O. K. Bus, Baggage and Transfer Lines

TUTTLE & HARRIS, Proprietors

Grain, Horses and Mules Bought and Sold

DRUMMER TRADE A SPECIALTY WITH US

Come and See Us East Side of Squar

PHONE NUMBER 61

IF YOU ARE IN A HURRY

And Can't Afford to Wait, Call up

PHONE 76

and get your meat, fish and fresh oysters and other good things to eat

We always carry the best the market affords and sell at the regular market price

We do no credit business. Everything is strictly Cash

WEST SIDE MEAT MARKET

R. M. HARP, Proprietor

BEGIN THE NEW YEAR

By trading with

TERRY & JEFFUS

Our stock of Groceries is complete throughout so there will be no trouble to fill your orders, large or small

PLAINVIEW

AND OTHER POINTS ON

PEGOS 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

THE MAKER OF MOONS

By
ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Illustrations by J. J. Shannon

(Continued from last week)

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—The story opens in New York, Roy Cardenhe, the story-teller, inspecting a queer reptile owned by George Godfrey of Tiffany's. Roy, and Barris and Pierpont, two friends, depart on a hunting trip to Cardinal Woods, a rather obscure locality. Barris revealed the fact that he had joined the secret service for the purpose of running down a gang of gold makers. Prof. LaGrange, on discovering the gang's formula, had been mysteriously killed.

CHAPTER II.—Barris received a telegram of instructions. He and Pierpont set out to locate the gold making gang.

CHAPTER III.—A valet reported seeing a queer Chinaman in the supposedly untenanted woods. Roy went hunting and fell asleep in a dell.

CHAPTER IV.—On awakening he beheld a beautiful girl at a small lake. A birthmark, resembling a dragon's claw, on Roy's forehead had a mysterious effect upon the girl, who said her name was Ysonde. Suddenly she disappeared. Pleading in terror Roy beheld a horrible Chinese visage peering at him from the woods.

CHAPTER V.—Barris and Pierpont returned. Barris exhibited a reptile, like that owned by Godfrey. A ball of supposed gold, he held, suddenly became alive. He told of the Kuen-Yuin, a Chinese nation of sorcerers, numbering 100,000,000, and explained that the Moon Maker, their ruler, whose crescent symbol was a dragon claw, was supposed to have recently returned to earth.

CHAPTER VI.—Barris, Pierpont and Roy failed to find Ysonde's dell. Later, Roy, hunting, came to the beautiful spot, where he found Ysonde. She told him how her stepfather, evidently a Chinaman, made gold and of his mysterious actions. Suddenly all turned black and Roy awoke to find himself stunned and bleeding on his own doorstep.

"Roy," said Barris at length, "what David tells us settles the snipe shooting for to-day. I am going to take Pierpont up to the house. Howlett and David will follow with the dogs—I have something to say to them. If you care to come, come along; if not, go and shoot a brace of grouse for dinner and be back by eight if you want to see what Pierpont and I discovered last night."

David whistled Gamin and Mische to heel and followed Howlett and his hamper toward the house. I called Voyou to my side, picked up my gun and turned to Barris.

"I will be back by eight," I said; "you are expecting to catch one of the goldmakers, are you not?"

"Yes," said Barris, listlessly. Pierpont began to speak about the Chinaman, but Barris motioned him to follow, and nodding to me, took the path that Howlett and David had followed toward the house. When they disappeared I tucked my gun under my arm and turned sharply into the forest, Voyou trotting close to my heels.

In spite of myself the continued apparition of the Chinaman made me nervous. If he troubled me again I had fully decided to get the drop on him and find out what he was doing in the Cardinal Woods. If he could give no satisfactory account of himself I would march him in to Barris as a gold-making suspect—I would march him in, anyway, I thought, and rid the forest of his ugly face. I wondered what it was that David had heard in the lake. It must have been a big fish, a salmon, I thought; probably David's and Howlett's nerves were overwrought after their Celestial chase.

A whine from the dog broke the thread of my meditation and I raised my head. Then I stopped short in my tracks.

The lost glade lay straight before me.

Already the dog had bounded into it, across the velvet turf to the carved stone where a slim figure sat. I saw my dog lay his silky head lovingly against her silken kirtle; I saw her face bend above him, and I caught my breath and slowly entered the sun-lit glade.

Half timidly she held out one white hand.

"Now that you have come," she said, "I can show some more of my work. I told you that I could do other things besides those dragon-files and moths carved here in stone. Why do you stare at me so? Are you ill?"

"Ysonde," I stammered.

"Yes," she said, with a faint color under her eyes.

"I—I never expected to see you again," I blurted out, "—you—I—I thought I had dreamed—"

"Dreamed of me? Perhaps you did. Is that strange?"

"Strange? No—no—but—where did

you go when—when we were leaning over the fountain together? I saw your face—your face reflected beside mine and then—then suddenly I saw the blue sky and only a star twinkling."

"It was because you fell asleep," she said, "was it not?"

"I—asleep?"

"You slept—I thought you were very tired and I went back—"

"Back?—where?"

"Back to my home where I carve my beautiful images; see, here is one I brought to show you to-day."

I took the sculptured creature that she held toward me, a massive lizard with frail claw-spread wings of gold so thin that the sunlight burned through and fell on the ground in flaming gilded patches.

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, "this is astounding! Where did you learn to do such work? Ysonde, such a thing is beyond price!"

"Oh, I hope so," she said, earnestly, "I can't bear to sell my work, but my stepfather takes it and sends it away. This is the second thing I have done, and yesterday he said I must give it to him. I suppose he is poor."

"I don't see how he can be poor if he gives you gold to model in," I said, astonished.

"Gold!" she exclaimed, "gold! He has a room full of gold! He makes it." I sat down on the turf at her feet completely unnerved.

"Why do you look at me so?" he asked, a little troubled.

"Where does your stepfather live?" I said at last.

"Here!"

"Here!"

"In the woods near the lake. You could never find our house."

"A house!"

"Of course. Did you think I lived in a tree? How silly I live with my stepfather in a beautiful house—a small house, but very beautiful. He makes his gold there, but the men who carry it away never come to the house, for they don't know where it is, and if they did they could not get in. My stepfather carries the gold in lumps to a canvas satchel. When the satchel is full he takes it out into the woods where the men live, and I don't know what they do with it. I wish he could sell the gold and become rich, for then I could go back to Yian where all the gardens are sweet and the river flows under the thousand bridges."

"Where is this city?" I asked, faintly.

"Yian? I don't know. It is sweet with perfume and the sound of silver bells all day long. Yesterday I carried a blossom of dried lotus buds from Yian, in my breast, and all the woods were fragrant. Did you smell it?"

"Yes."

"I wondered, last night, whether you did. How beautiful your dog is! I love him. Yesterday I thought most about your dog, but last night—"

"Last night," I repeated, below my breath.

"I thought of you. Why do you wear the dragon-claw?"

I raised my hand impulsively to my forehead, covering the scar. "What do you know of the dragon-claw?" I muttered.

"It is the symbol of Yue-Laou, and Yue-Laou rules the Kuen-Yuin, my stepfather says. My stepfather tells me everything that I know. We lived in Yian until I was 16 years old. I am 18 now; that is two years we have lived in the forest. Look!—see those scarlet birds! What are they? There are birds of the same color in Yian."

"Where is Yian, Ysonde?" I asked, with deadly calmness.

"Yian? I don't know."

"But you have lived there?"

"Yes, a very long time."

"Is it across the ocean, Ysonde?"

"It is across seven oceans and the great river which is longer than from the earth to the moon."

"Who told you that?"

"Who? My stepfather; he tells me everything."

"Will you tell me his name, Ysonde?"

"I don't know it, he is my stepfather, that is all."

"And what is your name?"

"You know it, Ysonde."

"Yes, but what other name?"

"That is all, Ysonde. Have you two names? Why do you look at me so impatiently?"

"Does your stepfather make gold? Have you seen him make it?"

"Oh, yes. He made it also in Yian, and I loved to watch the sparks at night whirling like golden bees. Yian is lovely—if it is all like our garden and the gardens around. I can see the thousand bridges from my garden and the white mountain beyond—"

"And the people—tell me of the people, Ysonde!" I urged, gently.

"The people of Yian? I could see them in swarms like ants—oh! many, many millions crossing and recrossing the thousand bridges."

"But how did they look? Did they dress as I do?"

"I don't know. They were very far away, moving specks on the thousand bridges. For 16 years I saw them every day from my garden, but I never went out of my garden into the streets of Yian, for my stepfather forbade me."

"You never saw a living creature near by in Yian?" I asked in despair.

"My birds; oh, such tall, wise-looking birds, all over gray and rose

color." She leaned over the gleaming water and drew her polished hand across the surface.

"Why do you ask me these questions," she murmured; "are you displeased?"

"Tell me about your stepfather," I insisted. "Does he look as I do? Does he dress, does he speak as I do? Is he American?"

"American? I don't know. He does not dress as you do and he does not look as you do. He is old, very, very old. He speaks sometimes as you do, sometimes as they do in Yian. I speak also in both manners."

"Then speak as they do in Yian," I urged, impatiently. "speak as—why, Ysonde! why are you crying? Have I hurt you?—I did not intend—I did not dream of your weeping! There, Ysonde, forgive me—see, I beg you on my knees here at your feet."

I stopped, my eyes fastened on a small golden ball which hung from her waist by a golden chain. I saw it trembling against her thigh, I saw it change color, now crimson, now purple, now flaming scarlet. It was the symbol of the Kuen-Yuin.

She bent over me and laid her fingers gently on my arm.

"Why do you ask me such things?" she said, while the tears glistened on her lashes. "It hurts me here—"

she pressed her hand to her breast—"it pains—I don't know why. Ah, now your eyes are hard and cold again; you are looking at the golden globe which hangs from my waist. Do you wish to know also what that is?"

"Yes," I muttered, my eyes fixed on the infernal color flames which subsided as I spoke, leaving the ball a pale gilt again.

"It is the symbol of the Kuen-Yuin," she said, in a trembling voice; "why do you ask?"

"Is it yours?"

"Y—yes."

"Where did you get it?" I cried, harshly.

"My—my stepfather—"

Then she pushed me away from her



"Barris Looked at His Watch and Closed It with a Snap."

with all the strength of her slender wrists and covered her face.

If I slipped my arm about her and drew her to me—if I kissed away the tears that fell slowly between her fingers—if I told her how I loved her—how it cut me to the heart to see her unhappy—after all, that is my own business. When she smiled through her tears, the pure love and sweetness in her eyes lifted my soul higher than the high moon vaguely glimmering through the sunlit blue above. My happiness was so sudden, so fierce and overwhelming that I only knelt there, her fingers clasped in mine, my eyes raised to the blue vault and the glimmering moon. Then something in the long grass beside me moved close to my knees and a damp acrid odor filled my nostrils.

"Ysonde!" I cried, but the touch of her hand was already gone and my

two clenched fists were cold and damp with dew.

"Ysonde!" I called again, my tongue stiff with fright—but I called as one awakening from a dream—a horrid dream, for my nostrils quivered with the damp acrid odor and I felt the crab-reptile clinging to my knee. Why had the night fallen so swiftly—and where was I—where?—stiff, chilled, torn and bleeding, lying flung like a corpse over my own threshold with Voyou licking my face and Barris stooping above me in the light of a lamp that flared and smoked in the night breeze like a torch. Faugh! the choking stench of the lamp aroused me and I cried out:

"Ysonde!"

"What the devil's the matter with him?" muttered Pierpont, lifting me in his arms like a child; "has he been stabbed, Barris?"

In a few minutes I was able to stand and walk stiffly into my bedroom where Howlett had a hot bath ready and a hotter tumbler of Scotch. Pierpont sponged the blood from my throat where it had coagulated. The cut was slight, almost invisible, a mere puncture from a thorn. A shampoo cleared my mind, and a cold plunge and alcohol friction did the rest.

"Now," said Pierpont, "swallow your hot Scotch and lie down. Do you want a broiled woodcock? Good, I fancy you are coming about."

CHAPTER VII.

"What the devil's the matter with him?" muttered Pierpont, lifting me in his arms like a child; "has he been stabbed, Barris?"

In a few minutes I was able to stand and walk stiffly into my bedroom where Howlett had a hot bath ready and a hotter tumbler of Scotch. Pierpont sponged the blood from my throat where it had coagulated. The cut was slight, almost invisible, a mere puncture from a thorn. A shampoo cleared my mind, and a cold plunge and alcohol friction did the rest.

"Now," said Pierpont, "swallow your hot Scotch and lie down. Do you want a broiled woodcock? Good, I fancy you are coming about."

Barris and Pierpont watched me as I sat on the edge of the bed, solemnly chewing on the woodcock's wishbone

and sipping my Bordeaux, very much at my ease.

Pierpont sighed his relief.

"So," he said, pleasantly, "it was a mere case of ten dollars or ten days. I thought you had been stabbed—"

"I was not intoxicated," I replied, serenely picking up a bit of celery.

"Only jagged?" inquired Pierpont, full of sympathy.

"Nonsense," said Barris, "let him alone. Want some more celery, Roy? It will make you sleep."

"I don't want to sleep," I answered; "when are you and Pierpont going to catch your gold-maker?"

Barris looked at his watch and closed it with a snap.

"In an hour; you don't propose to go with us?"

"But I do—toss me a cup of coffee, Pierpont, will you—that's just what I propose to do. Howlett, bring the new box of Pantella's—the mild imported; and leave the decanter. Now, Barris, I'll be dressing, and you and Pierpont keep still and listen to what I have to say. Is that door shut tight?"

Barris locked it and sat down.

"Thanks," said I; "Barris, where is the city of Yian?"

An expression akin to terror flashed into Barris' eyes and I saw him stop breathing for a moment.

"There is no such city," he said at length, "have I been talking in my sleep?"

"It is a city," I continued, calmly, "where the river winds under the thousand bridges, where the gardens are sweet scented and the air is filled with the music of silver bells—"

"Stop!" gasped Barris, and rose trembling from his chair. He had grown ten years older.

"Roy," interposed Pierpont, coolly, "what the deuce are you harrying Barris for?"

I looked at Barris and he looked at me. After a second or two he sat down again.

"Go on, Roy," he said.

"I must," I answered, "for now I am certain that I have not dreamed."

I told them everything; but, even as I told it, the whole thing seemed so vague so unreal, that at times I stopped with the hot blood tingling in ears, for it seemed impossible that sensible men, in the year of our Lord 1896, could seriously discuss such matters.

I feared Pierpont, but he did not even smile. As for Barris, he sat with his handsome head sunk on his breast, his unlighted pipe clasped tight in both hands.

When I had finished, Pierpont turned slowly and looked at Barris. Twice he moved his lips as if to ask something and then remained mute.

"Yian is a city," said Barris, speaking dreamily; "was that what you wished to know, Pierpont?"

He nodded silently.

"Yian is a city," repeated Barris, "where the great river winds under the thousand bridges—where the gardens are sweet scented, and the air is filled with the music of silver bells."

My lips formed the question: "Where is this city?"

"It lies," said Barris, almost querulously, "across the seven oceans and the river which is longer than from the earth to the moon."

"What do you mean?" said Pierpont.

"Ah," said Barris, rousing himself with an effort and raising his sunken eyes, "I am using the allegories of another land; let it pass. Have I not told you of the Kuen-Yuin? Yian is the center of the Kuen-Yuin. It lies hidden in that gigantic shadow called China, vague and vast as the midnight heavens—a continent unknown, impenetrable."

"Impenetrable," repeated Pierpont, below his breath.

"I have seen it," said Barris, dreamily. "I have seen the dead plains of Black Cathay and I have crossed the mountains of Death, whose summits are above the atmosphere. I have seen the shadow of Xangi cast across Abaddon. Better to die a million miles from Yezd and Ater Quedah than to have seen the white water-lotus close in the shadow of Xangi! I have slept among the ruins of Xandu, where the winds never cease and the Wulwulleh is wailed by the dead."

"And Yian," I urged, gently.

There was an unearthly look on his face as he turned slowly toward me.

"Yian—I have lived there—and loved there. When the breath of my body shall cease, when the dragon's claw shall fade from my arm—"

he tore up his sleeve, and we saw a white crescent shining above his elbow—"when the light of my eyes has faded forever, then, even then I shall not forget the city of Yian. Why, it is my home—mine! The river and the thousand bridges, the white peak beyond, the sweet-scented gardens, the lilies, the pleasant noise of the summer wind laden with bee music and the music of bells—all these are mine. Do you think because the Kuen-Yuin feared the dragon's claw on my arm that my work with them is ended? Do you think because Yue-Laou could give, that I acknowledge his right to take away? Is he Xangi, in whose shadow the white water-lotus dares not raise its head? No! No!" he cried, vio-

lently, "it was not from Yue-Laou, the scorcerer, the Maker of Moons, that my happiness came! It was real, it was not a shadow to vanish like a tinted bubble! Can a scorcerer create and give a man the woman he loves? Is Yue-Laou as great as Xangi then? Xangi is God. In His own time, in His infinite goodness and mercy, He will bring me again to the woman I love. And I know she waits for me at God's feet."

In the strained silence that followed I could hear my heart's double beat and I saw Pierpont's face blanched and pitiful. Barris shook himself and raised his head. The change in his ruddy face frightened me.

"Heed!" he said, with a terrible glance at me; "the print of the dragon's claw is on your forehead and Yue-Laou knows it. If you must love, then love like a man, for you will suffer like a soul in hell, in the end. What is her name again?"

"Ysonde," I answered, simply.

CHAPTER VIII.

At nine o'clock that night we caught one of the goldmakers. I do not know how Barris had laid his trap; all I saw of the affair can be told in a minute or two.

We were posted on the Cardinal road about a mile below the house. Pierpont and I with drawn revolvers on one side, under a butternut tree, Barris on the other, a Winchester across his knees.

I had just asked Pierpont the hour, and he was feeling for his watch when far up the road we heard the sound of a galloping horse, nearer, nearer, clattering, thundering past. Then Barris' rifle spat flame and the dark mass, horse and rider, crashed into the dust. Pierpont had the half-stunned horseman by the collar in a second—the horse was stone dead—and, as we lighted a pine knot to examine the fellow, Barris' two riders galloped up and drew bridle beside us.

"Hm!" said Barris, with a scowl, "it's the 'Shiner,' or I'm a moonshiner."

We crowded curiously around to see the "Shiner." He was red-headed, fat and filthy, and his little red eyes burned in his head like the eyes of an angry pig.

Barris went through his pockets methodically while Pierpont held him and I held the torch. The "Shiner" was a gold mine; pockets, shirt, boots, hat, even his dirty fists, clutched tight and bleeding, were bursting with lumps of soft yellow gold. Barris dropped this "moonshine gold," as we had come to call it, into the pockets of his shooting-coat, and withdrew to question the prisoner. He came back again in a few minutes and motioned his mounted men to take the "Shiner" in charge. We watched them, rifle on thigh, walking their horses slowly away into the darkness, the "Shiner," tightly bound, shuffling sullenly between them.

"Who is the 'Shiner?'" asked Pierpont, slipping the revolver into his pocket again.

"A moonshiner, counterfeiter, forger, and highwayman," said Barris, "and probably a murderer. Drummond will be glad to see him, and I think it likely he will be persuaded to confess to him what he refuses to confess to me."

"Wouldn't he talk?" I asked.

"Not a syllable. Pierpont, there is nothing more for you to do."

"For me to do? Are you not coming back with us, Barris?"

"No," said Barris.

We walked along the dark road in silence for a while, I wondering what Barris intended to do, but he said nothing more until we reached our own veranda. Here he held out his hand, first to Pierpont, then to me, saying good-by, as though he were going on a long journey.

"How soon will you be back?" I called out to him as he turned away toward the gate. He came across the lawn again and again took our hands with a quiet affection that I had never imagined him capable of.

"I am going," he said, "to put an end to his gold-making to-night. I know that you fellows never suspected what I was about on my little solitary evening strolls after dinner. I will tell you. Already I have unobtrusively killed four of these goldmakers—my men put them under ground just below the new wash-out at the four-mile stone. There are three left alive—the 'Shiner' whom we have, another criminal named 'Yellow,' or 'Yeller,' in the vernacular, and the third—"

"The third," repeated Pierpont, excitedly.

"The third I have never yet seen. But I know who and what he is—I know; and if he is of human flesh and blood, his blood will flow to-night."

As he spoke a slight noise across the turf attracted my attention. A mounted man was advancing silently in the starlight over the spongy meadowland. When he came nearer Barris struck a match, and we saw that he bore a corpse across his saddle bow.

"'Yeller,' Col. Barris," said the man, touching his stouched hat in salute.

This grim introduction to the corpse made me shudder, and, after a moment's examination of the stiff, wide-eyed dead man, I drew back.

"Identified," said Barris, "take him to the four-mile post and carry him

effects to Washington—under seal, mind, Johnstone."

Away cantered the rider with his ghastly burden, and Barris took our hands once more for the last time. Then he went away, gayly, with a jest on his lips, and Pierpont and I turned back into the house.

For an hour we sat moodily smoking in the hall before the fire, saying little until Pierpont burst out with: "I wish Barris had taken one of us with him to-night!"

The same thought had been running in my mind, but I said: "Barris knows what he's about."

This observation neither comforted us nor opened the lane to further conversation, and after a few minutes Pierpont said good-night and called for Howlett and hot water. When he had been warmly tucked away by Howlett, I turned out all but one lamp, sent the dogs away with David and dismissed Howlett for the night.

I was not inclined to retire, for I knew I could not sleep. There was a book lying open on the table beside the fire and I opened it and read a page or two, but my mind was fixed on other things.

The window shades were raised and I looked out at the star-set firmament. There was no moon that night, but the sky was dusted all over with sparkling stars and a pale radiance, brighter even than moonlight, fell over meadow and wood. Far away in the forest I heard the voice of the wind, a soft warm wind that whispered a name, Ysonde.

"Listen," sighed the voice of the wind, and "listen" echoed the swaying trees with every little leaf a-quiver. I listened.

Where the long grasses trembled with the cricket's cadence I heard her name, Ysonde; I heard it in the rustling woodbine where gray moths hovered; I heard it in the drip, drip of the dew from the porch. The silent meadow brook whispered her name, the rippling woodland streams repeated it, Ysonde, Ysonde, until all earth and sky were filled with the soft thrill, Ysonde, Ysonde, Ysonde.

A night-thrush sang in a thicket by the porch and I stole to the veranda to listen. After a while it began again, a little further on. I ventured out into the road. Again I heard it far



"Then Barris' Rifle Spat Fire."

away in the forest and I followed it, for I knew it was singing of Ysonde.

When I came to the path that leaves the main road and enters the Sweet Fern Covert below the spinney, I hesitated; but the beauty of the night lured me on and the night-thrushes called me from every thicket. In the starry radiance, shrubs, grasses, field flowers, stood out distinctly, for there was no moon to cast shadows. Meadow and brook, grove and stream, were illuminated by the pale glow. Like great lamps lighted the planets hung from the high-domed sky and through their mysterious rays the fixed stars, calm, serene, stared from the heavens like eyes.

I waded on waist deep through fields of dewy golden-rod, through late clover and wild oats wastes, through crimson fruited sweetbrier, blueberry and wild plum, until the low whisper of the Weir Brook warned me that the path had ended.

But I would not stop, for the night air was heavy with the perfume of

water-lilies and far away, across the low wooded cliffs and the wet meadowland beyond, there was a distant gleam of silver, and I heard the murmur of sleepy waterfowl. I would go to the lake. The way was clear except for the dense young growth and the snares of the moose-bush.

The night-thrushes had ceased, but I did not want for the company of living creatures. Slender, quick-darting forms crossed my path at intervals, sleek mink, that fled like shadows at my step, wiry weasels and fat musk-rats, hurrying onward to some trout or killing.

I never had seen so many little woodland creatures on the move at night. I began to wonder where they all were going so fast, why they all hurried on in the same direction. Now I passed a hare hopping through the brushwood, now a rabbit scurrying by, flag hoisted. As I entered the beech second-growth two foxes glided by me; a little further on a doe crashed out of the underbrush, and close behind her stole a lynx, eyes shining like coals.

He neither paid attention to the doe or to me, but loped away toward the north.

The lynx was in flight. "From what?" I asked myself, wondering. There was no forest fire, no cyclone, no flood.

If Barris had passed that way could he have stirred up this sudden exodus? Impossible; even a regiment in the forest could scarcely have put to rout these frightened creatures.

"What on earth," thought I, turning to watch the headlong flight of a fisher-cat, "what on earth has startled the beasts out at this time of night?"

I looked up into the sky. The placid glow of the fixed stars comforted me and I stepped on through the narrow spruce belt that leads down to the borders of the Lake of the Stars.

Wild cranberry and moose-bush entwined my feet, dewy branches spattered me with moisture, and the thick spruce needles scraped my face as I threaded my way over mossy logs and deep spongy tussocks down to the level gravel of the lake shore.

Although there was no wind the little waves were hurrying in from the lake and I heard them splashing among the pebbles. In the pale star glow thousands of water-lilies lifted their half-closed chalices toward the sky.

I threw myself full length upon the shore, and chin on hand, looked out across the lake.

Splash, splash, came the waves along the shore, higher, nearer, until a film of water, thin and glittering as a knife blade, crept up to my elbows. I could not understand it; the lake was rising, but there had been no rain. All along the shore the water was running up; I heard the waves among the sedge grass; the weeds at my side were awash in the ripples. The lilies rocked on the tiny waves, every wet pod rising on the swells, sinking, rising again until the whole lake was glimmering with undulating blossoms. How sweet and deep was the fragrance from the lilies. And now the water was ebbing, slowly, and the waves receded, shrinking from the shore rim until the white pebbles appeared again, shining like froth on a brimming glass.

No animal swimming out in the darkness along the shore, no heavy salmon surging, could have set the whole shore afloat as though the wash from a great boat were rolling in. Could it have been the overflow, through the Weir Brook, of some cloudburst far back in the forest? This was the only way I could account for it, and yet when I had crossed the Weir Brook I had not noticed that it was swollen.

And as I lay there thinking, a faint breeze sprang up and I saw the surface of the lake whiten with lifted lily pods.

All around me the alders were sighing; I heard the forest behind me stir; the crossed branches rubbing softly, bark against bark. Something—it may have been an owl—sailed out of the night, dipped, soared, and was again engulfed, and far across the wa-

ter I heard its faint cry, Ysonde.

Then first, for my heart was full, I cast myself down upon my face, calling on her name. My eyes were wet when I raised my head—for the spray from the shore was drifting in again—and my heart beat heavily: "No more, no more." But my heart lied, for even as I raised my face to the calm stars, I saw her standing still, close beside me; and very gently I spoke her name, Ysonde. She held out both hands.

"I was lonely," she said, "and I went to the glade, but the forest is full of frightened creatures and they frightened me. Has anything happened in the woods? The deer are running toward the heights."

Her hand still lay in mine as we moved along the shore, and the lapping of the water on rock and shallow was no lower than our voices.

"Why did you leave me without a word, there at the fountain in the glade?" she said.

"I leave you!"

"Indeed you did, running swiftly with your dog, plunging through thickets and brush—oh—you frightened me."

"Did I leave you so?"

"Yes—after—"

"After?"

"You had kissed me—"

Then we leaned down together and looked into the black water set with stars, just as we had bent together over the fountain in the glade.

"Do you remember?"

"Yes. See, the water is inlaid with silver stars—everywhere white lilies floating and the stars below, deep, deep down."

"What is the flower you hold in your hand?"

"White water-lotus."

"Tell me about Yue-Laou, Dzil Nbu of the Kuen-Yuin," I whispered, lifting her head so I could see her eyes.

"Would it please you to hear?"

"Yes, Ysonde."

"All that I know is yours, now, as I am yours, all that I am. Bend closer. Is it of Yue-Laou you would know? Yue-Laou is Dzil-Nibu of the Kuen-Yuin. He lived in the Moon. He is old—very, very old, and once, before he came to rule the Kuen-Yuin, he was the old man who unites with a silken cord all predestined couples, after which nothing can prevent their union. But all that is changed since he came to rule the Kuen-Yuin. Now he has perverted the Xin—the good geni of China—and has fashioned from their warped bodies a monster which he calls the Xin. This monster

is horrible, for it not only lives in its own body, but it has thousands of leathsome satellites—living creatures without mouths, blind, that move when the Xin moves, like a mandarin and his escort. They are part of the Xin although they are not attached. Yet if one of these satellites is injured the Xin writhes in agony. It is fearful—this huge living bulk and these creatures spread out like severed fingers that wriggle around a hideous hand."

"Who told you this?"

"My stepfather."

"Do you believe it?"

"Yes. I have seen one of the Xin's creatures."

"Where, Ysonde?"

"Here in the woods."

"Then you believe there is a Xin here?"

"There must be—perhaps in the lake—"

"Oh, Xins inhabit lakes?"

"Yes, and the seven seas. I am not afraid here."

"Why?"

"Because I wear the symbol of the Kuen-Yuin."

"Then I am not safe," I smiled.

"Yes, you are, for I hold you in my arms. Shall I tell you more about the Xin? When the Xin is about to do to death a man, the Yeth-hounds gallop through the night—"

"What are the Yeth-hounds, Ysonde?"

"The Yeth-hounds are dogs without heads. They are spirits of murdered children, which pass through the woods at night, making a wailing noise."

"Do you believe this?"

"Yes, for I have worn the yellow lotus—"

"The yellow lotus—"

"Yellow is the symbol of faith—"

"Where?"

"In Ylan," she said, faintly.

After a while I said: "Ysonde, you know there is a God?"

"God and Xangi are one."

"Have you ever heard of Christ?"

"No," she answered, softly.

The wind began again among the tree tops. I felt her hands closing in mine.

"Ysonde," I asked again, "do you believe in sorcerers?"

"Yes, the Kuen-Yuin are sorcerers; Yue-Laou is a sorcerer."

(Continued in Next Issue)

MISSED POINT OF INTEREST.

When Howells Failed to See Birth-place of Famous Man.

It was fit that on our way to Boston in England we should pause in passing through Cambridge. That was quite as we should have done at home, and I can only wish now that we had paused longer, though every moment that kept us from Boston would have been a loss. There it was all gain, and all joy, the gay September 24 that we went this divine journey. My companion was that companionable archeologist who had guided my steps in search of the American origins in London, and who was now to help me follow the Pilgrim Fathers over the ground where they sojourned when they were only the Pilgrim Sons. At divers places on the way, after we left London, he pointed out some scene associated with American saints or heroes. We traversed the region that George William Curtis' people came from, hard by Roxburgh, and Elliot's, the apostle to the Indians; again we

the Ralph Waldo Emerson country, with its big market town of Bishop's Stortford; and beyond Ely, where we stopped for the cathedral and a luncheon, not unworthy of it, at the station, he startled me from a pleasant drowse I had fallen into in our railway carriage, with the cry: "There! That is where Capt. John Smith was born." "Where? Where?" I implored too late, looking round the compartment everywhere. "Back where those chickens were."

That was the nearest I came to seeing one of the most famous Virginians origins.—W. D. Howells, in Harper's Magazine.

An Autumn Scene.

The sky was gray with the sulky grayness of fall. The river flowed sluggish and lifeless between its banks. The leaves were turning into glorious glossy reds and yellows. The wind whirled them about the lawn surrounding the big summer hotel. Up and down the walks littered with dead leaves a woman walked. Her eyes were somber as the scene, but in their depths was a sort of wild regret. Her delicate lips were pressed tightly together as one who found memories too bitter for her. She was wrapped about in a gray cloak, and there was a sort of fierce resignation in her attitude. She seemed like a woman living over again a beautiful past in a miserable present—a past of green leaves and roses and blue skies, white, gleaming sails, leaping waters and glad companionship in the gray dull present. At last her lips parted:

"Oh, good heaven!" she murmured. "Why doesn't papa send me money enough to pay my board and let me get away from this miserable place!"

Mr. Hen Peck.

Says Mr. Hen Peck: "It is not surprising that troubles never come single; they are all married."

Star Windmills

STAR WIND MILLS | STAR WIND MILLS

The new firm will be pleased to have you call and inspect their up-to-date stock.

New Stock, Buggies, Vehicles, Stoves, Crockery, Etc., Etc.,

Come and See Us.

R. C. WARE & CO., Agents.

Phone No. 163

J. J. OXFORD, Manager

ALFALFA LUMBER CO.

One and a Half Blocks East of Postoffice

Dealers in

LUMBER

AND ALL KINDS OF BUILDING MATERIAL

Clothes Cleaned By Machinery!

BELL BROTHERS are the Only Tailors in Plainview That Do It

At last all our chemicals are here and we are ready to do all kinds of cleaning and pressing. Remember we do the Genuine French Dry Cleaning. Mens' suits, overcoats, Ladies' wearing apparel; in

fact anything--silk or wool--cleaned and pressed to please you. LADIES WORK OUR SPECIALTY. A trial will convince you. We also have on Display the Swellest Line of Samples for Suits ever shown in your city.

Call and see them whether you want to buy or not. All work guaranteed. Prices reasonable. We call for and deliver in any part of the city. Opposite the Club Hotel. PHONE US.

Bell Bros., The Tailors