

Interest bearing and unsecured deposits of
The First State Bank
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 Fund of the State of Texas

The Floyd County Hesperian

The
First National Bank
 Floydada, Texas

FLOYDADA, Floyd County, TEXAS, THURSDAY, January 7, 1915

NUMBER 45

The Large Grain Shipments 327600 Bushels Threshed Maize was Record to Jan 1; 80 Cars of Heads.

Aside from the shipments of grain by individuals from Floydada, variously estimated at from 15 to 40 cars, there have been shipped from this point by the grain dealers 273 cars of maize and kafir threshed. This is approximately 327600 bushels, and represents a part of the surplus production of maize in this section,—probably three-fourths. The greater part of this grain was marketed when the price ranged from 75 to 85 cents per hundred. Some went as low as 70 cents. Figuring at 75 cents, which will doubtless be accepted as conservative, the total value to the farmers who sell at this point in threshed grain alone is \$122,850. Farmers who have been selling since the middle of December have been receiving from 85 cents to \$1. The highest quotation on the local market Tuesday was \$1.02.

Seven threshers are still operating in this territory where the selling is usually done at Floydada. This means of course, that there is still much grain still in the country, possibly more than a fourth of the crop as estimated above. Shipments since the first of the year have been made from Floydada at the rate of a car a day, three cars going out on Wednesday.

A car of maize in head is not nearly so valuable as a threshed car. The value of the 80 cars shipped was \$13000 or \$14000.

The supply of grain in the country held by those who have sold is amply large enough to run this section well up into the winter of next year, though there are several hundred head of cattle and hogs being fed in the country. Most of the feeders are holding their entire crop to put in to stock and sell on the hoof.

Cattle and Hogs Doing Well

Cattle and swine feeders report good results on their feeding operations over this section. Cattle on the range are also in good shape. Cattle that were in the pens during the recent damp weather are said to have been bothered little and the percentage of increase in weight was only slightly less than usual.

STATISTICS ARE DRY, BUT INTERESTING

In Europe, the number of persons out of every thousand population who have bank accounts is, in the various countries, as follows:-

Switzerland	554
France	346
Germany	317
Ireland	302
Italy	220

In contrast with these figures:-

United States	99
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We invite you to be one help raise this average, and join the ranks of Bank Depositors by opening an account with us NOW.

... The ...
First National Bank
 Floydada, Texas.

Their Auto Turned Over; Nobody Was Hurt.

Glad Snodgrass and Roe McCleskey last Friday were very fortunate in an auto wreck, having a light auto turn over with them while a few miles out of town enroute to Plainview and both coming out of the melee without a scratch.

They were driving Glad's new Hup roadster, and were on fairly good road, when the car turned over and pinned both underneath. The top was up and bore most of the weight of the car, probably saving them serious injuries.

They lay under the car several minutes before R. M. Broyles of Lockney, drove up and aided them to extricate themselves. The car was pretty badly damaged.

Lakeview

At this writing Mr. and Mrs. Walter Baxter are enjoying the visit of a jolly, newly married couple, Mr. and Mrs. Gregory, of Phoenix, Arizona. Mr. and Mrs. Gregory are talking of locating near Lakeview.

Mr. Adkins, an employee of the Montgomery threshing company, was hurt in an accident Tuesday evening, near Mr. Camdens. Mr. Adkins was trying to stop an excited team. In his attempt to stop the team he was knocked to the ground and run over by team and wagon. Mr. Adkins is in a serious condition.

If the weather permits there will be a "box" supper at the Lakeview school house, Saturday evening, January the 16th. The proceeds will be invested in books for a school library at Lakeview. Wm. F. Cook.

Mrs. B. B. Parish Dead At Matador

Monday Mrs. B. B. Parrish, of Matador, died at the family home from blood poison, and the body was embalmed Monday night for shipment to the family's former home in LeFlore, Okla.

Relatives of the family who were called before her death did not reach Matador in time to see her before her death.

Misses Lela Sexton and Irene Kilpatrick, sisters of the deceased, passed, through Floydada Monday night enroute to the scene, and Tuesday night another sister, Mrs. Robert Phelps, and her husband, came through Floydada and took an auto to that place, accompanying the remains on Tuesday to her burial place at LeFlore. Mrs. Phelps did not know of her sister's death until she had the information in Floydada.

Campbell Bonds Sold To State School Fund

The School House Bonds voted by Campbell School District during the last year, have been purchased by the State for the State School fund, and the first installment of the money in payment for the bonds was received in Floydada last week. The warrant was sent to Judge Duncan, under whose administration the bonds were approved, and by him endorsed to Superintendent Thompson.

The bonds were sold at par with accrued interest. \$1500 was amount issued.

The district can easily arrange to build their new school building between this time and the time they are ready for school in the fall. They have already made purchase of 10 acres of ground for the building site.

First installment of the Million Dollar Mystery appears in this weeks' Hesperian. Read the story each week and see the pictures at the Mc And Y on Friday nights.

Edward Elliott's Date January 16th.

The date for Edward Elliott's appearance in Floydada under the auspices of the lyceum bureau, has been postponed two days. It is now to be the 16th of January. This is said to be final. Extreme cold weather has interfered with Mr. Elliott's schedule in the section where he is now appearing, and several dates have had to be cancelled. This is announced as the reason for the delay in his coming to Floydada.

REV. F. L. HUTCHISON DEAD

Evangelist who Conducted Meeting last year in Floydada, Died at Post Sanitarium.

Rev. F. L. Hutchison, evangelist, who in 1913 conducted a two weeks union revival at the tabernacle a short time ago, died at the Post Sanitarium at Post City, after becoming ill at his home in Snyder.

In a very short time he became a very powerful preacher, having been converted in 1910 at the time Rev. Adair held a meeting there. Rev. Hutchison was engaged in the practice of law at the time and was considered one of the most successful lawyers in that section. Entering the ministry of the Methodist church his abilities were early recognized and he was given work as an evangelist, which he followed up to the time of his death. The meeting he held in Floydada was one of the most successful ever conducted here.

The remains were shipped to his early home in Springtown, Parker County.

He left a wife and daughter.

McSpadden - - - McDermitt

Tuesday afternoon Mr. C. A. McSpadden and Miss Rilla Murrel McDermitt, of the Blanco neighborhood, were married in the east corridor of the court house by Rev. B. L. Baites, new pastor of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. Mrs. L. H. Liston and a few other friends witnessed the wedding. The McSpadden's and McDermitt's are both good families of the southwest part of the county and the couple quite popular in the community in which they live.

The Hesperian joins in congratulations and best wishes.

Daily Line Car Service To Crosbyton

Mr. H. S. Sparks will begin this week the operation of a daily (except Sunday) line car from Floydada to Crosbyton by way of Cone and Ralls.

The distance is about the same as the distance to Roaring Springs on the Car Line of W. R. Cope and the rates of transportation will be the same.

The new line will solve the perplexing problem for travelers who have heretofore found it a hard matter to reach these points from Floydada in the transaction of business. The line will make access to Spur and to southern points by way of that town more easy, too, as a line car already operates between Crosbyton and that point.

Program For Parent-Teacher Association

Fairview School House, Jan. 23, 10:30 a. m.—4:00 p. m.

Devotional Exercises.

The Purpose of Parent-Teacher Association Work, D. M. Hopper.

What a Child Should Be Taught Before The School Age, Miss Pauline Smith.

The Parents' Duty in Giving The Child an Opportunity to do Home Study, W. F. Gregory, Miss Ruth Pitts.

The Evils Resulting From Premature Promotion, F. E. Savage.

The Importance of Regular and Prompt Attendance, W. F. Cook.

Improving The Playground, and Obtaining Play Apparatus, Price Scott.

The Value of a Library and How to Obtain One, Rev. G. W. Shearer.

This is the first meeting of the Parent-Teacher Association for the year 1914-15. All patrons, teachers and friends of education are cordially invited to attend. Don't forget the time and place. Dinner on the ground.

Attorney A. C. Hatchell, of Plainview, spent a short time in Floydada the first of this week on business, visiting the time with his brother, G. M., and family.

Frank Scott, of Pecan Gap, formerly a Floyd County boy, has been out this week with his uncle, Shelly Scott, visiting.

W. W. Smith and son, Leonard, returned Tuesday from Purcell and Lexington, Okla., where they spent several days on a visit with relatives.

J. C. Newsom, of Lubbock, is transacting business in Floydada this week. He arrived Tuesday afternoon.

Williams - - - Burgett

Last Sunday Rev. G. W. Shearer conducted the ceremony whereby Mr. Addie Burgett and Miss Johnnie Belle Williams were united in marriage.

Both parties live south of town a few miles. They are excellent young people. The bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Williams.

We wish them many happy years of wedded life.

Prominent Musician to Teach School Here

Prof. R. H. Cornelius, of Fort Worth, who, with his wife, are instructors of music in the Baptist Theological Seminary at that place, recognized as a leader in music writing and teaching in Texas, will conduct a summer school of 17 days in Floydada. The school will begin August 16th.

Local people who are interested in the advancement of musical training of the people of this vicinity have signed the contract and Mr. Cornelius has written accepting the terms.

One of the largest attended and most successful music normals is expected. A. J. Showalter, leading musician of the South says that Mr. Cornelius is the leading music writer and singer of Texas.

J. W. McCarty Sells To Woody Drug Co.

J. W. McCarty has sold his drug stock and fixtures on west Side Main, Floydada, to the Woody Drug Co., a firm composed of B. P. Woody, of Jayton, W. J. Lane, of Crosbyton and Dr. W. M. Fullbright, of Ralls.

The deal was completed several days ago, but information concerning the transaction was allowed to come to light only the first of this week.

Tuesday of this week Mr. Woody arrived from Jayton and the stock is being invoiced.

Mr. Woody is an experienced druggist and will have active charge of business.

Announcement

All young ladies interested in missionary work please meet me at my home at 4:30. Wednesday afternoon, January 13th. We wish to organize for work. Mrs. N. W. McCleskey

Missionary Society Notes

We met Monday with 17 present to elect new officers for the coming year. We will have installation Monday at 3 o'clock with a very short program as follows: song Prayer, "How Can We Do It," by Mrs. Maude Henry. We want to thank each officer and member, and all in the town and country, who are not members but who have helped with their presence, prayer money and encouragement in any way. Some of the brethren have been a great help by lending their presence and by encouragement and also their pocket books. We always keep open doors to all visitors. We are thankful for the opportunity of a small corner to work for our Blessed Master. We can't do great or large things, but this we can do. Do the things we find to do in Floydada and be faithful. You women who live out four or five miles don't know how much you encourage us when phone or write to know just what is being done by the society and if there is a collection being taken for the orphan's home or some good cause. Then when you come, what a ray of sunshine you scatter. The sunshine of God's love. All who have not contributed and want to, to our Orphan's home collection, write the amount and what for and send to Mrs. Maude Henry.

Press Reporter.

Miss Maggie Massey spent New Year's Day in Lockney.

W. M. Day's Little Girl Dead: Result of Burns

Saturday night the little three-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Day, of the Starkey vicinity, died as the result of burns which she received about 7 o'clock.

The child's father was in town during the afternoon and was enroute home at the time the accident occurred. Mrs. Day had gone out to the feed lot and her five year old son left the house for a minute after a scuttle of coal. Returning he found his little sister warming her hands before an open stove door and the sleeve of her dress afire. Failing to extinguish the fire he ran for his mother, the little girl following. Before the mother could reach her the baby's clothing was burned off and the child was very badly burned all over.

Dr. Childers was called but was unable to give more than temporary relief, the child dying within an hour of his arrival.

Burial services were held at the local cemetery Sunday, many friends of the young parents accompanying them here for the services.

The parents have been deeply grief-stricken at the sudden death of their little girl. They have hosts of friends both in their neighborhood and in Floydada who deeply sympathize with them in their loss.

Attend Cumberland Presbytery

Rev. B. L. Baites, pastor, and J. L. King, delegate from the local Cumberland Presbyterian Church, returned Monday from Lubbock. They had been attending the sessions of the Amarillo Presbytery since Wednesday of last week.

Rev. Baites has been chosen as pastor for this year, succeeding Rev. Davis who left to take the pastorate at Meridian.

The Children's Missionary Society Program

Sunday, January 10th.
 Song.
 Prayer.
 Roll call, answer by Scripture verse.
 Scripture reading, Edwin Shearer.
 Reading, Myrtle Henry
 Missionary Stories, Holman Flynn.
 Reading, Miriam Olson.
 Mission lesson.

...MARSHALL...
 SELLS COAL

There's No Time Like The Present



Don't wait until you have a large deposit. We want your business, be it large or small. We are here to receive deposits and loan money.

SMALL DEPOSITORS SAME AS LARGE

You will receive the same courteous treatment if your account is small as tho' you carried a large account at

FIRST STATE BANK
 FLOYDADA TEXAS

NEW YEAR'S GREET- INGS

WE WISH to extend our sincere thanks and appreciation to the good people of Floyd County and surrounding country for the liberal patronage given us the past year 1914, making it one of the best in the history of our business.

At the beginning of the New Year, 1915, we wish one and all, through the entire year, health, happiness and prosperity. We extend you a hearty welcome, make our store your store.

Mathis-Martin Dry Goods Co.

The Store With The Goods

Community Co-Operation

Copyright Farm and Ranch-Holland's Magazine

Everybody is preaching diversification and, although the preaching may not always be wise, there can be no doubt of the wisdom of the practice. The farmer believes in it; no less firm is the faith of the business man.

But the farmer can't diversify without the cooperation of the business man. He generally has to be "carried" or "furnished" by the business man and necessarily consults him as to what crops he shall put in, and how much of each. If the diversified crops require new machinery for planting, cultivating and harvesting, these must be supplied by the mer-

chant. Finally, if the new tendency toward diversified farming is really to revolutionize farming in the South, every community must grow into livestock raising.

A widespread purchase of purebred cattle, sheep goats and hogs will therefore be necessary, for which the cooperation of the business men will be required to finance the undertaking and later to find markets for the stock produced.

Will the community cooperate to get away from the one-crop idea? They must, else the movement, so auspiciously begun, must needs fall flat.

Balanced Rations For Chickens

College Station, Tex., Dec. 29. Indicative of the widespread interest in more and better poultry literally hundreds of letters have been received by the department of poultry at the A. & M. College and the State Experiment Station, located at the College, during the past few weeks. Judging from these letters the poultry business will increase by leaps and bounds on Texas farms this year.

Most of the letters have been inquiries regarding balanced rations for chickens. The better the ration the larger the egg production of the hen.

To expedite matters F. W. Kazmier, of the A. & M. College poultry husbandry department has prepared a schedule of rations for chickens, this sched-

ule being framed to meet Texas conditions. The suggested feeds for heavier egg production may be had by writing Mr. Kazmier at College Station, Texas.

The Relative Value Of Hogs and Dogs

If twelve dogs are worth \$290, what are 140 hogs worth? This cannot be solved by arithmetical process, but the county records of one county in Texas answer it. The information came to light during an investigation on by Messrs. Austin and Wehrein of the Public Welfare Division of the University of Texas, to determine the amount of personal property rendered by tenants in a certain county of Texas. The answer is that 140 hogs are worth \$550. In short, one dog

is worth \$24.16 on the average as against \$3.21 the average worth of a hog. The dog, in the estimation of the tenant-tax payers of that particular county, is 7 and one-half as valuable as the hog.

Another element appears in this estimate, however, and that is the common belief that the damages which can be recovered from a person killing your dog is in some way influenced by the value which the animal is rendered on the tax-rolls.

The forthcoming University bulletin on Farm-Tenancy will contain much statistical data concerning the condition of the farm tenant in Texas, and will treat exhaustively such questions as: "Is farm Tenancy a Transition Stage?", it being contended that it represents merely a stage in the progress of individuals from laboring by the day to being land-owners.

Faith That Moves Mountains

A prominent German farmer, who believes nothing that is printed in the English papers concerning the war, was plied with the remark:

"Jacob, I see the Russians have taken Peruna."
"I won't believe it until I read it so in my German paper," said Jacob.

When Daniel Webster Boosted the Sunday School.

Rev. W. Y. Allen's reminiscences, running in the Texas Historical Quarterly, contain the following account of Daniel Webster's tribute to Sunday school:

"In 1840 Dr. John Breckenridge visited Texas. During his visit to Houston the Doctor and the writer were invited to dine

with Col. Albert Sidney Johnston, then Secretary of War under President Lamar. The occasion was a very pleasant one. Several other gentlemen were present. The conversation was varied and cheerful. Among other topics, the Doctor gave a reminiscence of Daniel Webster.

While Dr. Breckenridge was chaplain to Congress he was much interested in the Sunday School cause in Washington. He had gotten up a mass Sunday School meeting and had gotten a promise from Dr. Webster to deliver an address on Sabbath school work. A large congregation had assembled. Many had come to hear Webster. He came in rather late and took a seat in the back part of the house. The Doctor went to him and invited him to come forward. 'I can't speak,' said Webster. 'But you must speak,' said the Doctor. 'That is the language of an emperor,' said Webster. 'And it is the language of a beggar,' said Breckenridge. At this the great man relaxed and, smiling, went forward and commenced with those notable words: 'All great things are simple. The Sunday school is the simplest of all great things. It simply proposes to put the book of God, on the day of God, into the hands of the creatures of God.' And much of his speech contained many like propositions. The doctor thought the simplicity and power of the effort was scarcely exceeded by any effort the 'great expounder' had ever made. Let Sabbath school workers ponder those sentences, 'The Book of God, on the day of God, in the hands of the creatures of God.'

FARMERS NEED CO-OPERATION AND NOT CONVERSATION

Fort Worth, Tex., Jan. 4.—The following signed article has been given out from the headquarters of the Farmers' Educational and Co-operative Union of Texas, in this city:

"Much is being said on the subject of diversification in Texas and the Farmers' Union has preached it in season and out, and the organization we have the honor to represent, stand ready to co-operate with every movement looking to the practical solution of the problems of agriculture. Every farmer should live at home and every influence that encourages him to do so is a blessing. "While diversification is an important factor, it is not the whole thing and it is one the farmer can solve unaided. The principal difficulty lies in the high rate of interest and a low price or no price for our products and the solutions of these problems requires co-operation between the farmers, bankers and business men. "We understand that a movement is on for city diversifiers to put on a whirlwind campaign, using the press and a trainload of agricultural orators to impress upon the farmer the importance of diversification. The Farmers' Union stands for diversification along practical lines, but opposes diversifying from a marketable product to one that cannot be marketed, and the farmers of Texas can never hope to become either wealthy or intelligent through conversations with book farmers. "It is a favorite pastime with city farmers, many of whom have profited by the high rate of interest prevailing, to contribute toward the expense of sending out a trainload of book farmers who spend agricultural yarns and present get-rich-quick schemes of farming that have never failed to break every farmer who tried them. "We understand that it is proposed to start the train out early in the morning, dropping off speakers along the route and returning late at night to pick them up. We are especially interested in having them picked up, as we fear many of these agricultural expeats, if left to make a living on the farm, would starve to

Tests Out New Cotton Picker at Memphis

A very satisfactory test has been made here the past month of a cotton picker. Mr. Donaldson of Chicago is the owner of the invention and he has it well near to perfection. He has had two machines here and has made extensive tests and observations. The machines are now being shipped back to Chicago and will be perfected according to the ideas gained in this test, and next fall will be again tried out. —Memphis Herald.

The printers in the English daily newspaper shops of New Orleans have been on a strike since December 28, the different shops having announced that from here out they will run "open" shops. The Daily State, The Item and Times-Picayune are the newspapers affected. In each of the offices the first issue after the strike was on, was gotten out practically on time, but required the efforts of all the remaining employes in the work shops to put out the papers. In the Picayune office the president a prominent cotton dealer and financier, and the managing editor, did service at the linotype machines.

James M. Thompson, publisher of the Item, was absent from New Orleans, being in Washington visiting his fiancée, Miss Genevieve Clark.

Rev. B. W. Dodson, formerly pastor of the Methodist Church at Memphis, now presiding elder in one of the districts of the Northwest Texas Conference, has heard Edward Elliott. He says, "I would give \$2 any time to hear him again."

Mr. Elliot will appear in Floydada at the Auditorium January 18th.

Meteor Teacher's Meeting Postponed

The teacher's Institute which was to be at Meteor, Jan. 10, 1915, will conflict with a previous arrangement made by the church at that place at that time and therefore, is postponed until Feb. 6, 1915. Committee.

Mdmes. Glad Snodgrass and Tom B. Triplett left Wednesday morning to spend sometime in Central Texas visiting. Mrs. Snodgrass will go to Valley Mills to visit her mother and other relatives, and Mrs. Triplett to Fort Worth to spend sometime with Mrs. Sims W. Burton. She will later join Mrs. Snodgrass at Valley Mills.

Mrs. K. D. Middleton and children, of Lockney, are spending the week in Floydada, the guests of O. B. Olson and family. Mdmes. Olson and Middleton are sisters.

Earl Rainer and family returned Monday from a short visit with relatives and friends at Merkel.

Misses Stella and Cora Trowbridge returned to Canyon Monday to the State Normal, after visiting with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Trowbridge during the holidays.

J. H. Applewhite, of Lockney, spent Tuesday in Floydada looking after property interests.

Try Williams Bros. for coal and feed. They'll treat you right. 2tc

BORN—To Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Finley, of Center, Saturday, January 2, a daughter.

death inside of ninety days. "The Farmers' Union stands for co-operative business—not co-operative conversations."

W. D. Lewis, President, Farmers' Educational and Co-operative Union of Texas. Peter Radford, Nat'l Lecturer. Farmers' Educational and Co-operative Union of America.

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REAGANS MACHINE SHOP AND GARAGE

We extend the greetings of the season to our Good Friends the Auto Owners and Drivers and buyers of Accessories, oils & gas.

We cordially solicit a continuation of your favors during 1915 and assure you you shall have the best workmanship, highest class materials and lubricants to be secured.

"You'll Find It At John's."

Machine Shop & Garage

John H. Reagan, Mgr.



and the Jesse French & Sons Factory are behind everything they manufacture and the number, variety and value of pianos and players annually produced would astound the layman. We offer you a selection of their fine products which it will do your heart good to look over for you will find A Style for Every Home, A Price for Every Purse and Terms for Every Income. Call and see us any time.

J. W. McCARTY, Dealer

GREETING

OUR FRIENDS AND CUSTOMERS

We hope that 1915 will be the most prosperous and successful year in your life

We thank the long list of customers who gave us their business during the past year, and assure you that if your business is given to us this year that you will have the satisfaction of knowing that your prescriptions are filled correctly, and that all other goods you buy are the best in their line -- the highest quality that money can buy

Again, may the New Year be the most prosperous and happy yet, is the wish of

YOUR DRUGGIST,

Phone 51

TOM B. TRIPLETT

Floydada

P. S. Buy your Eastmae Kodaks and Supplies here now.

Secretary Redfields Message.

Secretary Redfield of the Commerce Department of the Federal Government, has been greatly heartened by a five month's study of conditions in the United States since the European War began. He is said, with Franklin K. Lane, to be the strongest man in the president's cabinet.

The man with a grouch should listen to these words issued by him in a statement December 31st, and accompanied with abundant proof:

"If you want prosperity do your own share to bring it and do it now. Get that addition on your shop going; it will cost you less today than six months hence. Is trade a bit dull in the works? Get those improvements begun. Prices are low and likely to rise. You've been thinking of that contract work; better start it yourself before things get the start of you.

"This country slows down a bit now and then, but it never stops growing and it always moves up and not down. We don't know what it means in most of the United States to have real distress. Think of Belgium and Poland, O man with a grouch, and slink into your hole and pull it in after you. There think of your sins

and your blessings and come out with your courage in working order.

"There are lots of good American examples of pluck. Do you remember San Francisco and Galveston and Chicago—Boston, Charleston, Baltimore and Dayton and many others like them? Remember Thos. A. Edison and lots of other of your fellow-citizens who showed pluck when things were hard. Nothing is the matter with the man with a grouch except an absentee heart and missing nerve. Cheer up, go to work, do your level best, quit talking misery. The war's over yonder—not here. Men are slaughtered yonder—they are living here. Its all clouds there—clear sky here.

"Get out and sell some goods, Plant some more acres; do more work than you planned. Talk cheerful talk and you'll find this country of ours a pretty good place after all."

Saturday and Monday saw the exodus of school boys and girls who have been visiting with home folks during the holidays. These boys and girls return to various colleges and schools over the state to spend the spring school term.

Carbon Paper at Hesperian office

Genevieve Clark To Wed

Washington, Dec. 27.—Speaker Champ Clark and Mrs. Clark tonight announced the engagement of their daughter, Genevieve, to James M. Thomson, editor of the New Orleans Item. The wedding will take place in the early summer at the Clark home in Bowling Green, Mo.

Miss Clark met Mr. Thomson in Baltimore during the 1912 Democratic convention, in which he was one of the leaders in the fight to nominate the Speaker for Presidency.

Secrecy in Print Shops

Every once in a while some one brings us some printing with a request that it be kept absolutely secret. Only the other day this occurred and it reminded us that perhaps a little information concerning the rules of all reputable newspaper offices and printing plants would not be out of place. In the first place, one of the very first things an apprentice is taught is absolute secrecy concerning anything done in the office. That is, he must not give out information as to what kind of printing is being done, neither must he give out any notice of what is to appear in the paper. Another rule in all papers is that the copy hook is sacred. That is, outsiders must not read its contents, neither should they read the copy on the case before the compositor.

This last is considered by the average printer as equally impolite as the reading of private correspondence. All proof sheets, and in fact the paper itself is considered private office property until it is delivered to the public. The employe of a print shop, if he has been properly instructed, knows that a violation of these rules is equivalent to tending his resignation only he is not so courteously dealt with.—Vernon Call

A Spelling Lesson

What does Goughphteeau spell?

Do you give it up? It spells potato, that is, according to the following: Gh stands for p, as you will find from the last letters in hicough, ough for o, as in dough, pth for t, as in pthisis, eigh stands for a, as in neighbor; tte stands for t, as in grisette, and eau stands for o, as in beau. Thus you have p-o-t-a-t-o—Author is dead.

Dr. A. R. Taylor and wife returned to their home at Vernon the first of the week, leaving Monday morning after a several day visit here with Rev. H. E. Smith and wife.

R. B. Cousins Will Visit Floyd County

W. T. S. N. Teachers Will Spend Week Here in February Visiting Schools

President R. B. Cousins, of the West State Normal at Canyon in company with Prof. R. L. Marquis, a member of the faculty of the same school, will spend the second week in February visiting the schools of Floyd County. Their itinerary has not been fully determined though a list of schools and the order in which they may best be reached has been mapped out.

The tour of the county will be made in five days, beginning on Monday. The likelihood is that three schools a day will be visited. The two representatives of the Normal will travel in company with County Superintendent Thompson.

West Texas State Normal has trained more teachers now teaching in Floyd County than in any other county in the state. For this reason, it is said, President Cousins desires to visit this county and its schools in person.

The visit of these educators to the county will be strictly for a study of the country schools. The Independent School Districts of Floydada and Lockney have not been included on the tentatively arranged itinerary.

M. E. Church Announcements

Baptismal services for infants will be held Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, conducted by the pastor, G. W. Shearer.

Rev. O. P. Kiker, presiding elder for the district, will preach Sunday morning and evening at the usual hours. He will conduct the first quarterly conference for Floydada Circuit on Saturday and for Floydada Station Monday.

K. D. Middleton, of Lockney, spent Saturday night and Sunday in Floydada.

Webb - - - Hargis

Lubbock Avalanche

Miss Ona Webb surprised her many friends Thursday last, when she quietly married to Fountain L. Harris, of Floydada.

Miss Webb is one of the most popular and lovable young ladies of this entire community and has been a valued employe of the Lubbock Mercantile Company, being head saleslady for the past six years. She was also an appreciated contributor to the Avalanche the past several years.

Mr. Hargis is a stranger to most Lubbock people, but we learn that he is an honored citizen of the Floydada section and we wish them a full measure of happiness and prosperity. We feel sure that Mr. Hargis has won a life partner that will share with him every measure of life, in sunshine and sorrow, and while we regret to lose Miss Webb, at the same time we heartily commend her to the people of her new home.

Elder Dunn, of Floydada, performed the ceremony at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. M. Webb, in the west part of the city, immediately after which, the young couple departed for their home near Floydada, where Mr. Hargis has extensive farm and stock interests, being numbered among the most substantial citizens of Floyd county.

An Appreciation

It is with deep regret that we lost the services of Miss Ona Webb, who has been our head sales lady for the past six years, yet we wish for her many years of happiness as the wife of Fountain L. Hargis, and we feel sure that Mr. Hargis is to be congratulated in his choice of a life partner. Respectfully
Lubbock Mercantile Co.

Margaret Is Taken as a Burglar, Then Turns Tables on Her Captor



OUR MUTUAL GIRL HOLDS UP RALPH HAMILTON WITH HIS OWN GUN.

Margaret is caught by Ralph Hamilton in his home when she tries to effect an exchange of two jewels, one with the letter H and the other bearing the letter B, which were mixed up a few hours earlier at Miss Hamilton's lawn party. She fools Hamilton into breaking his gun to see if it is loaded. Then she picks up the two shells that pop out and runs. He reloads his gun and catches up with her.

She says she's hungry, and because he doesn't take her seriously as a burglar, he makes her get a pie, break it and give him both halves. Then, after he has eaten his part and seems ready to tackle the other, he pushes it out to Margaret on the end of his gun.

While they are waiting on the porch Baby Lily's father breaks into the house and does steal the jewel that Margaret has put back in its place. When Margaret departs, with Hamilton's hope that he soon is to see her again, he finds out from his sisters, who have just returned from a party, that the gem has been stolen. So he does think she is a burglar, after all.

This exciting chapter in Our Mutual Girl's life is told in Chapter 39, which soon will be shown here.

Locals And Personals

J. M. Massie and J. H. D. Irwin, Floydada, Phone No. 198 24
Reagan spent the latter part of last week in the brakes country on business. 2tp.

Miss Ira Cochran, who is teaching at Muncy, spent Saturday and Sunday in the Baker neighborhood, the guest of Miss Jessie Green.

Robert Miller returned Friday from Hughlitt, north of Amarillo, where he spent some three weeks with his brother, Olin, who had been ill.

W. M. Ward and wife returned to Floydada Friday after spending the Christmas season in Childress with relatives.

For marble monuments see, S. B. McClesky. tf.

E. C. Nelson and nephew, Vern Nelson, returned last Saturday from Mt. Pleasant, and other points in northeast Texas where they spent some two weeks visiting. Mr. Nelson's father lives at Mt. Pleasant and his brother, E. P. Nelson, lives at Mt. Vernon.

Wanted To Trade

162 acres well located plains land in Dickens County partly for cattle and mules, balance on easy terms. See or phone S.

Mr. and Mrs. Lem Flanary returned Saturday from Bosque County, where they had been spending some weeks at Mr. Flanary's former home.

T. H. Edwards, who has been in the southeast portion of the county visiting with friends, returned home the first of this week.

W. V. Phillips returned to Floydada Saturday from Gunter. He had been at his former home the previous week.

BORN—To Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Edwards, Sunday, January 3rd, a son.

Five Section Pasture

Fenced and water for lease for 1915. Write W. H. Freeman, Box 143, Cordell, Okla. tf

Former Head bookkeeper Bocker, for the Matador Company, left Monday by the way of Floydada returning to Denver.

Miss Lonie Steen returned home from Spur Saturday. She accompanied Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Pitts to Spur the first of last week where Mr. Pitts had an operation for appendicitis.

Saved Girl's Life

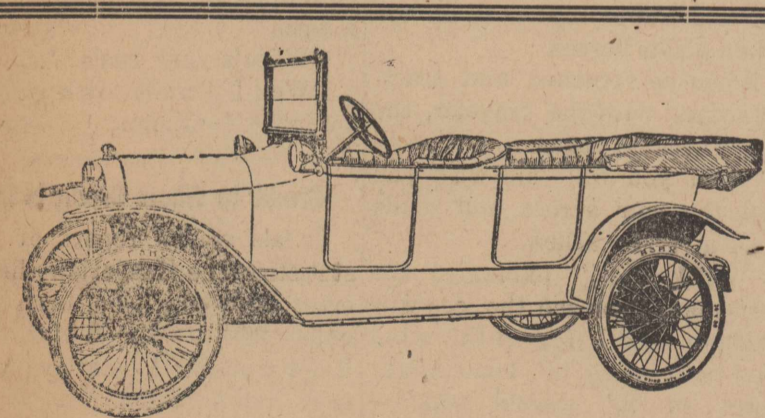
"I want to tell you what wonderful benefit I have received from the use of Thedford's Black-Draught," writes Mrs. Sylvania Woods, of Clifton Mills, Ky.

"It certainly has no equal for la grippe, bad colds, liver and stomach troubles. I firmly believe Black-Draught saved my little girl's life. When she had the measles, they went in on her, but one good dose of Thedford's Black-Draught made them break out, and she has had no more trouble. I shall never be without

THEDFORD'S BLACK-DRAUGHT

in my home." For constipation, indigestion, headache, dizziness, malaria, chills and fever, biliousness, and all similar ailments, Thedford's Black-Draught has proved itself a safe, reliable, gentle and valuable remedy.

If you suffer from any of these complaints, try Black-Draught. It is a medicine of known merit. Seventy-five years of splendid success proves its value. Good for young and old. For sale everywhere. Price 25 cents.



Floydada-Roaring Springs Auto Line

U. S. MAIL DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY

Connecting Q. A. & P. Ry. at Roaring Springs with Santa Fe at Floydada. The shortest, quickest, and cheapest route between East Texas and South Plains points. A delightful trip for tourists.

Leave Floydada	Leave Roaring Springs
8:00 A. M.	1:30 P. M.
Arrive Roaring Springs	Arrive Floydada
11:30 A. M.	5:00 P. M.

Rates: \$3.50 One Way,
\$6.00 Round Trip.

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FLOYDADA, TEXAS

Arthur B. Duncan

General Land Agent and Abstracter
Floydada, Texas
Buys, Sells and Leases Real estate on Commission;
Renders and Pays Taxes for Non-Resident Land Owners;
Investigates and Perfects Titles;
Furnishes Abstracts of Title from Records;
Owner of Complete Abstract of all Floyd County Lands and Town Lots;
Have had 25 Years Experience with Floyd County Lands, and Land Titles;
List your Lands and Town Lots with me if for Sale or Lease;
And give me your Abstract of Title Work.
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General Land Agents
(THE SENIOR LAND & ABSTRACT BUSINESS OF FLOYD CO.)
BUY, SELL, LEASE, OR EXCHANGE
Land
In any size tracts through Northwest Texas especially through Floyd and other Counties of the beautiful Plains; Render and Pay Taxes. Furnish Abstracts Perfect Titles & Etc.
NON RESIDENT LANDS A SPECIALTY
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W. M. Massie & Bro.
Floydada, Texas


R. A. CHILDERS
Physician & Surgeon
Office Across Street from Post Office.
Office Phone Res. Phone 36

DRS. SMITH & SMITH
Physicians and Surgeons
Office with Floydada Drug Co.
Day phone 51
Night phone 16

DR. E. O. NICHOLS
(OF PLAINVIEW)
Specialist on Diseases of the
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat
will be in Floydada the
First Saturday in each
month.

A. P. McKINNON
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
I buy and sell land on commission and negotiate loans on Real Estate
FLOYDADA, TEXAS

LOSSES SURELY PREVENTED
By Cutter's Blackleg Pills. Low- priced, fresh, reliable, preferred by Western stockmen because they protect where other vaccines fail. Write for booklet and testimonials. 10-dose pkgs. Blackleg Pills \$1.00 25-dose pkgs. Blackleg Pills 4.00 Use any injector, but Cutter's best. The superiority of Cutter products is due to over 15 years of specializing in vaccines and serums only. Insist on Cutter's. If unobtainable, order direct. THE CUTLER LABORATORY, Berkeley, California.


EXCURSIONS
Year round Excursion rates to
MINERAL WELLS,
Texas
Tickets on sale Daily
Round trip fare \$15.55
For Information See
J. T. J. DAWSON
Agt. P. & S. F. RY. Co.

MARTIN, KINDER, RUSSEL
AND ZIMMERMAN
...LAWYERS...
Offices West Side Square
Plainview and Tulia Texas

Have Your Work done right
by
M. E. STEELE
Contractor and Builder.
Figure with him. He will save you money. Call at City Hotel
2-19-15-p

City Barber Shop
T. M. COX, Prop.
All barber work first class.
All treatment courteous.
Shallow Water Steam Laundry represented.
Hot or cold baths. Nice clean tubs.


Notice.
Owing to the death of my brother A. A. Newell, it becomes necessary to close up the firm's business, and for this reason we are forced to make early collections, all parties owing the firm will confer a favor by calling in, and paying their accounts. This will enable us to adjust matters without putting a collector out to see our customers.
Yours Very Truly,
Newell Bros.,
By L. H. Newell

Typewriter and Carbon paper at Hesperian office.

Robert Jones and family spent the latter part of last week in Swisher County on a visit with friends.

A. J. Roberts spent Monday in Plainview on business.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured
with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, price 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.


A Bell Telephone
Always a Friend in Need
In case of sickness or accident, the doctor can be summoned by telephone in less time than it takes to harness a horse. If he is some distance away, he can give instructions over the telephone that may save a life.
It is a time-saver when time is most valuable.
The Southwestern
Telegraph &
Telephone Company
S. R. 14.

A Poison Spring
In Culberson County, Texas, about fifteen miles southwest of Guadalupe there is a small spring known as "Stinking Seep," one small drink from which means immediate death to any living thing that drinks it, says a correspondent of the San Antonio Express. The spring is in the heart of a desert region, and countless numbers of cattle and wild animals have drank from it in a half famished condition only to immediately die. For many yards around the spring, the bones of its many victims abound. It is said that in the early days before the deadly properties became known many men who passed along the dim trail found quick death by drinking of the water, the sight of which they so gladly welcomed. Its dangerous qualities are now so well known that all human beings avoid it, and it is fenced off from the cattle. Dr. William B. Phillips, of the University of Texas, who has investigated the deadly spring says that the water shows through analysis 79 grains of sulphuric acid and a trace of arsenic in each gallon. Some of the water which Dr. Phillips put in a galvanized iron bucket ate the bottom out of the bucket within thirty hours.—El Paso Times.

City Meat Market
Selling For Cash Only
We are selling for cash only now, and for the convenience of our customers we are selling coupon books in convenient denominations on which we give 5 per cent discount for cash. Please do not ask for credit
P. H. Flynn, Prop 2tp

LAUGHS
Exclusive

A small boy who was sitting next to a very haughty lady in a crowded sub-way car, kept on sniffing in a very annoying manner. At last the lady could bear it no longer, and turned to the lad.
"By, have you got a handkerchief?" she demanded.
The small boy looked at her for a few seconds, and then, in a dignified tone came the answer:
"Yes, I've, but I don't lend it to strangers."—New York World.

Kitchen Repartee
Mrs. Brown was in the kitchen helping Nora, the cook, prepare supper.
"It's an old saying," she remarked to Nora, that 'too many cooks spoil the broth', what do you think?"
"Sure, mam," she replied, 'there's only wan cook here.'

Bill Lingered
Bill Sprague kept a general store at Croyden Four Corners. One day he set off for New York to buy a lot of goods. The goods were shipped immediately, and as Bill had lingered in New York sightseeing, they reached Croyden Four Corners before him. The goods, in an enormous packing case, were driven to the general store by the local teamster. Mrs. Sprague came out to see what had arrived and, with a shriek, tottered and fell.
"Oh, what's the matter, ma'am?" cried the hired girl. Mrs. Sprague, her eyes blinded with tears, pointed to the packing case, whereon was stenciled in large black letters: BILL INSIDE.

New Joke On a Georgia Congressman
There's a fine bit of a story out on a well known North Georgia Congressman, who has an agricultural bent of his

CASH! PAY CASH FOR 1915!

I have decided to run my business on a cash basis during 1915, and all times to come. As my stock is too small to put out goods on time I have decided to run on cash basis. I have been here five years and five months. Have sold goods to people on time and have been very lenient with them, and most people appreciate it. And I believe 95 per cent of the people are honest. As I know from experience that I can sell my goods cheaper by selling for cash, I thought I would do so and will give you prices all the year that will convince you. I appreciate the business you have given me in the past and will appreciate it more than ever in the future. I hope you will respect Miss Walling and myself by not calling on us to charge anything, for regardless of who you may be, man or woman, you will be refused.

O. B. OLSON
CASH FROM HERE OUT
Floydada --- PHONE 10 --- Texas

own, and who dearly loves to send free seed to his constituents.
A woman wrote him recently asking for some garden seed. He sent back by return mail a generous supply of what she asked for, mailed in the regular official envelope. In a couple of weeks the seed went back to the Congressman. The woman had read the card on the corner of envelope, which says: "Three hundred dollars fine for private use." She wrote the following note to the Congressman:
"I am much obliged for the seeds, but I wanted them for private use and could not possibly afford to run the risk of having to pay the \$300 fine."

A Good Riddance
Little Willie had been permitted to enter the sick room to view the little stranger who had arrived a few days before. He looked the little one over with the disapproval natural to a deposed monarch. The nurse brought the baby's bath tub and filled it with water. Then she started unwinding the baby's outer shell, preparatory to bathing, while Willie stood by watching the procedure with interest. Suddenly the light of understanding illuminated his face and he rushed to the door.
"Hey, Sis!" he shrilled down the stairs, "come on up, quick, they're going to drown it."

Transportation costs across the ocean are now the greatest problem of cotton dealers who are up against a novel situation, in that they are not sure when they can deliver the fleecy staple after they have it sold. Ship owners are unwilling to take the risk attendant on insuring delivery, with the wolves of the ocean prowling about the lanes of travel. Cargo after

cargo of cotton has been taken in by various authorities, especially the English and taken to port and searched, even when the goods were bound to neutral nations.

He Learned His Value
A tourist in Scotland came to a wide ferry. It was stormy and the wind was constantly increasing. The Scotch ferryman agreed to take the tourist across, but told him to wait until he had taken a cow across.
When he returned and started across with the traveler, the latter became curious.
"Will you tell me why you took the cow across and made me wait?" he asked.
"Weel, now," explained the ferryman, "you see the cow wur valuable, and I feared th' wind wud increase so th' boat might upset on th' second trip."—Youth's Companion

Luck in Gambling
One of the most noteworthy characteristics of the Jewish race, which disproves Carlyle's assertion that Jews are lacking in sense of humor, is their capacity for enjoying a joke at their own expense, says the Carpenter. Indeed they are the inventors of most "Jew" stories and the best audience for them.
The other evening a Jewish friend, with whom I was playing bridge, told me a story of a co-religionist who was very lucky at cards, but very unfortunate on the turf. His wife wondered and complained.
"Why is it you always win at poker," she asked, "and always lose when you back horses?"
"Well, my dear," came the genial reply, "I dont shuffle the horses."—London Express.

Basis For Exchange
He had a drove of dispirited steeds and paused to give them needed rest. The storekeeper came out and looked them over casually.
"Want a horse?"
"Guess not."
"I'll take it out in goods," said the stranger. "I'll take it out in tobacco, in fact."
"Might do some business along those lines," responded the storekeeper, "if we kin agree on a basis."
"What's your basis?"
"Well I'll trade with you plug for plug."—Judge.

Credit to Whom Credit is Due
In last weeks report of vital statistics The Hesperian through error credited a son, born December 26th, to Mr. & Mrs. Jesse Elder when as a matter of fact they had no new arrival at their home on the date mentioned.
The new Elder is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Lee Elder, and we take pleasure in giving these people credit for the addition to the 1914 census rolls.
Mrs. G. I. Britian and daughter, Miss Akard, spent the holiday season in Floydada with friends. They left Monday morning, Miss Akard returning to school at Wayland. Mrs. Britian will return to her home in Ochiltree.
Miss Beatrice Wiggins, who has been spending the early winter months in Floydada with her uncle, C. S. Jones and wife, employed at Price-Foster's during the time as saleslady, left Monday returning to her home at Petrolia.
A. T. Swepston, of Matador, was in Floydada Monday morning for a short time.

The Million Dollar Mystery

By HAROLD MAC GRATH

Illustrated from Scenes in the Photo Drama of the Same Name by the Thanouser Film Company

(Copyright, 1914, by Harold MacGrath)

CHAPTER I.

A Call in the Night.

There are few things darker than a country road at night, particularly if one does not know the lay of the land. It is not difficult to traverse a known path; no matter how dark it is, one is able to find the way by the aid of a mental photograph taken in the daytime. But supposing you have never been over the road in the daytime, that you know nothing whatever of its topography, where it dips or rises, where it narrows or forks. You find yourself in the same unhappy state of mind as a blind man suddenly thrust into a strange house.

One black night, along a certain country road in the heart of New Jersey, in the days when the only good roads were city thoroughfares and country highways were routes to limbo, a carriage went forward cautiously. From time to time it careened like a blunt-nose barge in a beam sea. The wheels and springs voiced their anguish continually; for it was a good carriage, unaccustomed to such ruts and hummocks.

"Faster, faster!" came a muffled voice from the interior.

"Sir, I dare not drive any faster," replied the coachman. "I can't see the horses' heads, sir, let alone the road. I've blown out the lamps, but I can't see the road any better for that."

"Let the horses have their heads; they'll find the way. It can't be much farther. You'll see lights."

The coachman swore in his teeth. All right. This man who was in such a hurry would probably send them all into the ditch. Save for the few stars above, he might have been driving Beelzebub's coach in the bottomless pit. Black velvet, everywhere black velvet. A wind was blowing, and yet the blackness was so thick that it gave to the coachman the sensation of mild suffocation.

By and by, through the trees, he saw a flicker of light. It might or might not be the destination. He cracked his whip recklessly and the



"Why, You Cherub!" Cried the Old Maid.

carriage lurched on two wheels. The man in the carriage balanced himself carefully, so that the bundle in his arms should not be unduly disturbed. His arms ached. He stuck his head out of the window.

"That's the place," he said. "And when you drive up make as little noise as you can."

"Yes, sir," called down the driver. When the carriage drew up at its journey's end the man inside jumped out and hastened toward the gates. He scrutinized the sign on one of the posts. This was the place:

MISS FARLOW'S PRIVATE SCHOOL.
The bundle in his arms stirred and he hurried up the path to the door of the house. He seized the ancient knocker and struck several times. He then placed the bundle on the steps and ran back to the waiting carriage, into which he stepped.

"Off with you!"

"That's a good word, sir. Maybe we can make your train."

"Do you think you could find, this place again?"

"You couldn't get me on this pike again, sir, for a thousand; not me!"

The door slammed and the unknown sank back against the cushions. He took out his handkerchief and wiped the damp perspiration from his forehead. The big burden was off his mind. Whatever happened in the future, they would never be able to get through his heart. So much for oily of his youth.

It was a quarter after ten. Miss Farlow had just returned to the parlor room from her nightly tour

of the upper halls to see if all her charges were in bed, where the rules of the school confined them after 9:30. It was at this moment that she heard the thunderous knocking at the door. The old maid felt her heart stop beating for a moment. Who could it be, at this time of night? Then she thought came swiftly that perhaps the parent of some one of her charges was ill and this was the summons. Still her fears, she went resolutely to the door and opened it.

"Who is it?" she called.

No one answered. She cupped her hand to her ear. She could hear the clatter of horses dimly.

"Well!" she exclaimed; rather angrily, too.

She was in the act of closing the door when the light from the hall discovered to her the bundle on the steps. She stooped and touched it.

"Good heavens, it's a child!"

She picked the bundle up. A whimper came from it, a tired little whimper of protest. She ran back to the parlor room. A foundling! And on her doorstep! It was incredible.

What in the world should she do? It would create a scandal and hurt the prestige of the school. Some one had mistaken her select private school for a farmhouse. It was frightful.

Then she unwrapped the child. It was about a year old, dimpled and golden haired. A thumb was in its rosebud mouth and its blue eyes looked up trustfully into her own.

"Why, you cherub!" cried the old maid, a strange turmoil in her heart. She caught the child to her breast, and then for the first time noticed the thick envelope pinned to the child's cloak. She put the baby into a chair and broke open the envelope.

"Name this child Florence Gray. I will send annually a liberal sum for her support and reclaim her on her eighteenth birthday. The other half of the inclosed bracelet will identify me. Treat the girl well, for I shall watch over her in secret."

Into the fixed routine of her humdrum life had come a mystery, a tantalizing, fascinating mystery. She had read of foundlings left on doorsteps—from paper covered novels confiscated from her pupils—but that one should be placed upon her own respectable doorstep! Suddenly she smiled down at the child and the child smiled back. And there was nothing more to be done except to bow before the decrees of fate. Like all prim old maids, her heart was full of unrequited romance, and here was something she might spend its floods upon without let or hindrance. Already she was hoping that the man or woman who had left it might never come back.

The child grew. Regularly each year, upon a certain date, Miss Farlow received a registered letter with money. These letters came from all parts of the world; always the same sum, always the same line—"I am watching."

Thus seventeen years passed; and to Susan Farlow each year seemed shorter than the one before. For she loved the child with all her heart. She had not trained young girls all these years without becoming adept in the art of reading the true signs of breeding. There was no ordinary blood in Florence; the fact was emphasized by her exquisite face, her small hands and feet, her spirit and gentleness.

And now, at any day, some one with a broken bracelet might come for her. As the days went on the heart of Susan Farlow grew heavy.

"Never mind, aunty," said Florence; "I shall always come back to see you."

She meant it, poor child; but how was she to know the terrors which lay beyond the horizon?

The house of Stanley Hargreave, in Riverdale, was the house of no ordinary rich man. Outside it was simple enough, but within you learned what kind of a man Hargreave was.

There were rare Spaniards and Saruks on the floors and tapestries on the walls, and here and there a fine painting. The library itself represented a fortune. Money had been laid out lavishly but never wastefully. It was the home of a scholar, a dreamer, a wide traveler.

In the library stood the master of the house, idly fingering some papers which lay on the study table. He shrugged at some unpleasant thought, settled his overcoat about his shoulders; took up his hat, and walked from the room, frowning slightly. The butler, who also acted in the capacity of valet, always within call when his master was about, stepped swiftly to the hall door and opened it.

"I may be out late, Jones," said Hargreave.

"Yes, sir."

Hargreave stared into his face keenly, as if trying to pierce the grave face to learn what was going on behind it.

"How long have you been with me?"

"Fourteen years, sir."

"Some day I shall need you."

"My life has always been at your

disposal, sir, since that night you rescued me."

"Well, I haven't the least doubt that when I ask you will give."

"Without question, sir. It was always so understood."

Hargreave's glance sought the mirror, then the smileless face of his man. He laughed, but the sound conveyed no sense of mirth; then he turned and went down the steps slowly, like a man burdened with some thought which was not altogether to his liking. He had sent an order for his car, but had immediately countermanded it. He would walk till he grew tired, hail a taxicab, and take a run up and down Broadway.

The wonderful illumination might prove diverting. For 18 years nearly; and now it was as natural for him to throw a glance over his shoulder whenever he left the house as it was for him to breathe. The average man would have grown careless during all these years; but Hargreave was not an average man; he was, rather, an extraordinary individual. It was his life in exchange for eternal vigilance, and he knew and accepted the fact.

Half an hour later he got into a taxicab and directed the man to drive downtown as far as Twenty-third street and back to Columbus circle. The bewildering display of lights, however, in nowise served to lift the sense of oppression that had weighed upon him all day. South of Forty-second street he dismissed the taxicab and stared undecidedly at the brilliant sign of a famous restaurant. He was neither hungry nor thirsty; but there would be strange faces to study and music.

It was an odd whim. He had not entered a Broadway restaurant in all these years. He was unknown. He

wave his hand; saw also the open wonder on the reporter's pleasant face.

"Who is your friend, Norton?" Braine asked indifferently, his head still turned.

"Stanley Hargreave. Met him in Hongkong when I was sent over to handle a part of the revolution. War correspondence stuff. First time I ever ran across him on Broadway at night. We've since had some powwows over some rare books. Queer old cock; brave as a lion, but as quiet as a mouse."

"Bookish, eh? My kind. Bring him over." Underneath the table Braine maneuvered to touch the foot of the princess.

"I don't know," said the reporter dubiously. "He might say no, and that would embarrass the whole lot of us. He's a bit of a hermit. I'm surprised to see him here."

"Try," urged the princess. "I like to meet men who are hermits."

"I haven't the least doubt about that," the reporter laughed. "I'll try; but don't blame me if I'm rebuffed."

He left the table with evident reluctance and approached Hargreave. The two shook hands cordially, for the elder man was rather fond of this medley of information known as Jim Norton.

"Sit down, boy; sit down. You're just the kind of a man I've been wanting to talk to tonight."

"Wouldn't you rather talk to a pretty woman?"

"I'm an old man."

"Bah! That's a hypocritical bluff, and you know it. My friends at the next table have asked me to bring you over."

"I do not usually care to meet strangers."

"Make an exception this once," said the reporter, who had seen Braine's eyes change and was curious to know why the appearance of Hargreave in the mirror had brought about that metallic gleam. Here were two unique men; he desired to see them face to face.

"This once. My fault; I ought not to be here; I feel out of place. What a life, though, you reporters lead! To meet kings and presidents and great financiers, socialists and anarchists, the whole scale of life, and to slap these people on the back as if they were everyday friends!"

"Now you're making fun of me. For one king there are always twenty thick brogans ready to kick me down the steps; don't forget that."

Hargreave laughed. "Come, then; let us get it over with."

The introductions were made. Norton felt rather chagrined. So far as he could see, the two men were total strangers. Well, it was all in the game. Nine out of ten opportunities for the big story were fake alarms; but he was always willing to risk the labor these nine entailed for the sake of the tenth.

At length Braine glanced at his watch, and the princess nodded. Adieux were said. Inside the taxicab Braine leaned back with a deep, audible sigh.

"What is it?" she asked.

"The luck of the devil's own," he said. "Child of the Steppes, for years I've flown about seas and continents, through valleys and over mountains—for what? For the sight of the face of that man we have just left. At first glance I wasn't sure; but the sound of his voice was enough. Olga, the next time you see that reporter, throw your arms around his neck and kiss him. What did I tell you? Without Norton's help I would not have been sure. I'm going to leave you at your apartment."

"The man of the Black Hundred?" she whispered.

"The man who deserted and defied the Black Hundred, who broke his vows, and never paid a kopeck for the privilege; the man who had been appointed for the supreme work and who ran away. In those days we needed men of his stamp, and to accomplish this end."

"There was a woman," she interrupted, with a touch of bitterness.

"Always the woman. And she was as clever and handsome as you are."

"Thanks. Sometimes . . ."

"Ah, yes!" ironically. "Sometimes you wish you could settle down, marry and have a family! Your domesticity would last about a month."

She made no retort because she recognized the truth of this statement.

"There's an emerald I know of," he said ruminatively. "It's quite possible that you may be wearing it within a few days."

"I am mad over them. There is something in the green stone that fascinates me. I can't resist it."

"That's because, somewhere in the far past, your ancestors were orientals. Here we are. I'll see you tomorrow. I must hurry. Good-night."

She stood on the curb for a moment and watched the taxicab as it whirled around a corner. The man held her with a fascination more terrible than any jewel. She knew him to be a great and daring rogue, cunning, patient, fearless. Packed away in that mind of his there were a thousand accomplished deeds which had roused the police of two continents. Braine! She could have laughed. The very name he had chosen was an insolence directed at society.

The subject of her thoughts soon arrived at his destination. A flight of stairs carried him into a dimly lighted hall, smelling evilly of escaping gas. He donned a black mask and struck the door with a series of light blows; two, then one, then three, and again one. The door opened and he slipped inside. Round a table sat several men, also masked. They were all tried and trusted rogues; but not one of them



The Introductions Were Made.

belonged to no clubs. Two months was the longest time he had ever remained in New York since the disposal of his old home in Madison avenue and his resignation from his clubs. This once, then, he would break the law he had written down for himself. Boldly he entered the restaurant.

Some time before Hargreave surrendered to the restless spirit of rebellion, bitterly to repent for it later, there came into this restaurant a man and a woman. They were both evidently well known, for the head waiter was obsequious and hurried them over to the best table he had left and took the order himself.

The man possessed a keen, intelligent face. You might have marked him for a successful lawyer, for there was an earnestness about his expression which precluded a life of idleness. His age might have been anywhere between 40 and 50. The shoulders were broad and the hands which lay clasped upon the table were slim but muscular. Indeed, everything about him suggested hidden strength and vitality. His companion was small, handsome, and animated. Her frequent gestures and mutable eyebrows betrayed her foreign birth. Her age was a matter of importance to no one but herself.

They were at coffee when she said: "There's a young man coming toward us. He is looking at you."

The man turned. Instantly his face lighted up with a friendly smile of recognition.

"Who is it?" she asked.

"A chap worth knowing; a reporter just a little out of the ordinary. I'm going to introduce him. You never can tell. We might need him some day. Ah, Norton, how are you?"

"Good evening, Mr. Braine." The reporter, catching sight of a pair of dazzling eyes, hesitated.

"The Princess Perigoff, Norton. You're in no hurry, are you?"

"Not now," smiled the reporter.

"Ah!" said the princess, interested. It was the old compliment, said in an unusual way. It pleased her.

The reporter sank into a chair. When inactive he was rather a dreamy-eyed sort of chap. He possessed that rare accomplishment of talking upon one subject and thinking upon another at the same time. So while he talked gaily with the young woman on varied themes, his thoughts were busy speculating upon her companion. He was quite certain that the name Braine was assumed, but he was also equally certain that the man carried an extraordinary brain under his thatch of salt and pepper hair. The man had written three or four brilliant monographs on poisons and the uses of radium, and it was through and by these that the reporter had managed to pick up his acquaintance. He lived well, but inconspicuously.

Suddenly the pupils of Braine's eyes narrowed; the eye became cold. Over the smoke of his cigarette he was looking into the wall mirror. A man had passed behind him and sat down at the next table. Still gazing into the mirror, Braine saw Norton

knew what Braine looked like. He alone remained unknown save to the man designated as the chief, who was only Braine's lieutenant. The mask was the insignia of the Black Hundred, an organization with all the ramifications of the Camorra without their abiding stupidity. From the assassination of a king, down to the robbery of a country post office, nothing was too great or too small for their nets. Their god dwells in the hearts of all men and is called greed.

The ordinary business over, the chief dismissed the men, and he and Braine alone remained.

"Vroon, I have found him," said Braine.

"There are but few; which one?"

"Eighteen years ago, in St. Petersburg."

"I remember. The millionaire's son. Did he recognize you?"

"I don't know. Probably he did. But he always had good nerves. He is being followed at this moment. We shall strike quick; for if he recognized me he will act quick. He is cool and brave. You remember how he braved us that night in Russia. Jumped boldly through the window at the risk of breaking his neck. He landed safely; that is the only reason he eluded us. Millions—and they slipped through our fingers. If I could only find some route to his heart! The lure we held out to him is dead."

"Or in the fortress, which is the same thing. What are your plans?"

"I have in mind something like this."

And Hargreave was working out his plans, too; and he was just as much of a general as Braine. He sat at his library table, the maxillary muscles in his jaws working. So they had found him? Well, he had broken the law of his own making and he must suffer the consequences. Braine, who was Menshikoff in Russia, Schwartz in Germany, Mendoza in Spain, Cartucci in Italy, and Du Bois in France; so the rogue had found him out? Poor fool that he had been! High spirited, full of those youthful dreams of doing good in the world, he had joined what he had believed a great secret socialistic movement, to learn that he had been trapped by a band of brilliant thieves. Kidnapers and assassins for hire; the Black Hundred; fiends from Tophet! For nearly eighteen years he had eluded them, for he knew that directly or indirectly they would never cease to hunt for him; and an idle whim had toppled him into their clutches.

He wrote several letters feverishly. The last was addressed to Miss Susan Farlow and read: "Dear Madam: Send Florence Gray to New York, to arrive here Friday morning. My half of the bracelet will be identification. Inclosed find cash to square accounts." He would get together all his available funds, recover his child, and fly to the ends of the world. He would tire them out. They would find that the peaceful dog was a bad animal to rouse. He rang for the faithful Jones.

"Jones, they have found me," he said simply.

"You will need me, then?"

"Quite possible. Please mail these and then we'll talk it over. No doubt some one is watching outside. Be careful."

"Very good, sir."

Hargreave bowed his head in his

hands. Many times he had journeyed to the school and hung about the gates, straining his eyes toward the merry groups of young girls. Which among them was his, heart of his heart, blood of his blood? That she might never be drawn into this abominable tangle, he had resolutely torn her out of his life completely. The happiness of watching the child grow into girlhood he had denied himself. She at least would be safe. Only when she was safe in a far country would he dare tell her. He tried in vain to conjure up a picture of her; he always saw the mother whom he had loved and hated with all the ardor of his youth.

Many things happened the next day. There was a visit to the hangar of one William Orts, the aviator, famous for his daredevil exploits. There were two visitors, in fact, and the second visitor was knocked down for his pains. He had tried to bribe Orts.

There were several excited bankers, who protested against such large withdrawals without the usual formal announcement. But a check was a check, and they had to pay.

Hargreave covered a good deal of ground, but during all this time his right hand never left the automatic in his overcoat pocket, except at those moments when he was obliged to sign his checks. He would shoot and make inquiries afterward.

Far away a young girl and her companion got on the train which was to carry her to New York, the great dream city she was always longing to see.

And the spider wove his web. Hargreave reached home at night. He put the money in the safe and was telephoning when Jones entered and handed his master an unstamped note.

"Where did you get this?"

"At the door, sir. I judge that the house is surrounded."

Hargreave read the note. It stated briefly that all his movements during the day had been noted. It was known that he had collected a million in paper money. If he surrendered this he would be allowed twenty-four hours before the real chase began. Otherwise he should die before midnight. Hargreave crushed the note in his



Visited the Hangar of an Aviator.

hand. They might kill him; there was a chance of their accomplishing that; but never should they touch his daughter's fortune.

"Jones, you go to the rear door and I'll take a look out of the front. We have an hour. I know the breed. They'll wait till midnight and then force their way in."

Hargreave saw a dozen shadows in the front yard.

"Men all about the back yard," whispered Jones down the hall.

The master eyed the man.

"Very well, sir," replied the latter, with understanding. "I am ready."

The master went to the safe, emptied it of its contents, crossed the hall to the bedroom, and closed the door softly behind him, Jones having entered the same room through another door to be a fool any possible watcher. After a long while, perhaps an hour, the two men emerged from the room from the same doors they had entered. So whispered the watcher to his friends below.

"Hargreave is going upstairs."

"Let him go. Let him take a look at us from the upper windows. He will understand that nothing but wings will save him."

Silence. By and by a watcher reported that he heard the scuttle of the roof rattle.

"Look!" another cried, startled.

A bluish glare came from the roof.

"He's shooting off a Roman candle!"

They never saw the man-made bird till it alighted upon the roof. They never thought of shooting at it till it had taken wing! Then they rushed the doors of the house. They made short work of Jones, whom they tied up like a Christmas fowl and plumped roughly into a chair. They broke open the safe, to find it empty. And while the rogues were rummaging about the room, venting their spite upon many a treasure they could neither appreciate nor understand, a man from the outside burst in.

"The old man is dead and the money is at the bottom of the ocean! We punctured her. She's gone!"

A thin, inscrutable smile stirred the lips of the man bound in the chair.

CHAPTER II.

The Master's Man.

Vroon faced Hargreave's butler somberly. The one reason why Braine made this man his lieutenant was because Vroon always followed the letter of his instructions to the final period; he never sidestepped or added any frills or innovations of his own, and because of this very automatism he rarely blundered into a trap. If he failed it was for the simple fact that the master mind had overlooked some essential detail. The organization of the Black Hundred was almost totally unknown to either the public or the police. It is only when you fall that you are found out.

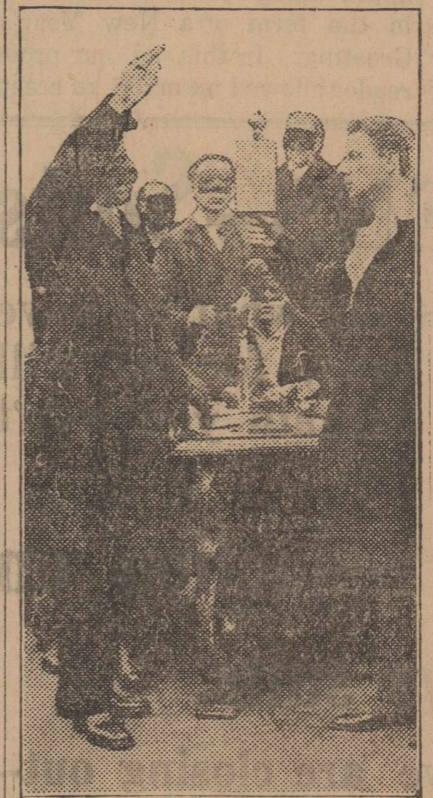
"The patrolman has been trussed up like you," began Vroon. "If they find him they will probably find you. But before that you will grow thirsty and hungry. Where did your master put that money?"

"He carried it with him."

"Why didn't you call for help?"

"The houses on either side are too far away. I might yell till doomsday without being heard. They will have heard the pistol shots; but Mr. Hargreave was always practicing in the backyard."

"The people in those two houses



Joined What He Believed to Be a Great Socialistic Movement.

hands. Many times he had journeyed to the school and hung about the gates, straining his eyes toward the merry groups of young girls. Which among them was his, heart of his heart, blood of his blood? That she might never be drawn into this abominable tangle, he had resolutely torn her out of his life completely. The happiness of watching the child grow into girlhood he had denied himself. She at least would be safe. Only when she was safe in a far country would he dare tell her. He tried in vain to conjure up a picture of her; he always saw the mother whom he had loved and hated with all the ardor of his youth.

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FREE PANTS

Did you get yours? With a suit or overcoat order we are giving away a pair of pants absolutely free. Plenty of time yet to wear a winter suit. We still have some good bargains in Gents furnishings. A few raincoats left at a very special price. CASH IS WHAT WE WANT

HAINES KING CO
"THE KNOW HOW TAILORS"
HAINES KING CO

Tailoring
Furnishings

Laundry
Phone 100

THE FLOYD COUNTY HESPERIAN

Published every Thursday by
The Hesperian Pub. Co.

Homer Steen, Ed—Mgr.

Entered as second-class matter April 20 1907, at the post office at Floydada, Texas under the act of Congress of March 3 1879.

Subscription.

One copy one year, in advance \$1.00
One copy six months, in advance .50

Advertising Rates.

Display ads 50c per inch, per month, 4 weeks.
Display ads 15c per inch, single issue.
Local Readers 10c per line for first insertion, 5c per line for each subsequent insertion.
Front page, double price.
When time is not specified all advertising matter will be run until ordered out and charged for accordingly.

SANTA FE TIME TABLE.

West Bound	East Bound
Train No. 802	Train No. 801
Leaves	Arrives
8:00 a. m.	5: p. m.

The Saturday Blade, the Chicago weekly, published by W.D. Boyce Company, have announced that they will run no more liquor advertisements. This announcement was made the first of the year, and their decision was summed up in the last paragraph of an editorial. The publisher and employees of

the Boyce Weeklies are fully convinced that the use of alcoholic beverages is injurious to everybody. We shall not, therefore, encourage anyone to use them by advertising same. Heretofore the advertising of whisky has paid us an average of \$50,000 a year. The last contract expired December 31, and we have refused to renew any such business."

As a final joke added to the \$135,000,000 loan pool made up in financial circles to carry the cotton crop of the south-it is announced by Henry D. Lindsey, chairman of the Texas division of the distribution agency, that the funds are now available, but that it will be necessary to withdraw all loans on February 2nd. The statement was issued by Mr. Lindsey on January 3rd.

Probably the pool was meant for a "psychological" movement to tone up the market.

It is said that the slow movement of the funds is not the fault of Mr. Lindsey or the originator of the idea, Festus J. Wade.

An Error Made Right

In last week's issue of The Hesperian, Mathis-Martin Dry Goods Co., issued an expression of appreciation to their customers in the form of a New Year's Greeting. In this ad our proof reader allowed an error to creep

in, altogether unintentional, but an error just the same.

In their copy Mathis-Martin said, "We wish to extend our sincere thanks and appreciation to the good people of Floyd County and surrounding country; the proofreader had them thanking only the people of Floyd County. The people of the surrounding country were left out.

Now, there are scores of people not in Floyd County who give this firm much business, and doubtless, Mathis-Martin appreciate this business as much as anyone could. Hence this correction. The Hesperian is as unwilling as anyone that those who do not live in Floyd County but trade in Floydada, should not be thanked for the gratifying business they give to the merchants of this town,—a business that is growing with the passing of years.

We try to be as religious, too, with our advertising and store news as we are with the news for which we are responsible. But as aforesaid, unintentional errors will get by occasionally.

An attempt is made in another column of this issue to give a practically accurate statement of the shipments of maize and kaffir from Floydada and their value for the 1914 season.

The figures were carefully collected from the dealers of Floydada. They represent only the shipments made by them. The estimate of the worth of the crop marketed from September to January 1st, made on a basis of 75 cents per hundred pounds, is not high at all. It is possibly a little low, though not much.

We wish to emphasize the fact that the grain shipped also only represents only the surplus feed crop,—and not all of that, around Floydada, and this grain has not had to pay all the debts either for cotton has helped greatly, though the price of the fleecy staple has been depressing through out the season. However, about half of the cotton is still being held in warehouses in large centers to be sold when the price is more inviting.

The bank statements of the two institutions in Floydada will

weather permits, at full time. There is no reason for anybody to be anything but optimistic with these conditions existing, and every line of business on a more solid basis than ever before.

Yes, That's Circulatin' Some.

"A transaction, somewhat similar to ones we have heard of, but which we never experienced before, happened in the News office this morning. A check for three dollars was made out and tendered by the maker to another man in payment of a bill. The recipient gave it to another man in payment of another debt, and before stopping, or leaving the office, the check exchanged ownership ten times. In other words, this three dollar check paid thirty dollars worth of debts, changing hands ten times without leaving the office. Circulatin' some, eh?" —Clarendon News.

The error which Warren commits is that he didn't credit that story to "exchange" or "author dead," but puts it in first person newspaper singular, we.

In such good papers as this Clarendon sheet, errors rarely get by, but the typo must have set this item the last minute and Warren said, "We are an hour late already, we wont proof that."

Sheriffs Sale.

The State of Texas }
County of Floyd } By virtue of a certain Order of Sale issued out of the Honorable District Court of Floyd County, on the 6th day of January, 1915, by Tom W. Deen Clerk of said Court against J. M. Garrison and W. L. Jones for the sum of Five Thousand and Two Hundred and Six and 33-100 (\$5206.33) Dollars and costs of suit, in cause no 893 in said Court, styled Paul Howes versus J. M. Garrison and W. L. Jones and placed in my hands for service, I, A. C. Goen as Sheriff of Floyd County, Texas, did on the 6th day of January 1915 levy on certain Real Estate, situated in Floyd County, described as follows, to wit: 320 acres of land, being the east 1-2 of section No. 4, in Block No. 1 Certificate No. 280, issued to Adams, Beatty & Moulton, locat-

Come to the Farmer' Exchange for meat salt and ribbon cane syrup in 5 and 10 gallon cans.

Several pleasant Parties

Several pleasant parties the past ten days have been enjoyed at various homes in town. The weather has been favorable for the occasions.

Coal, Coal, Coal!

Williams Bros. have 'em: niggerhead lump, Maitland Fancy Lump. Also feed of all kinds. East Side. 2tc

Miss Pearl White

Teaching at Canyon

Miss Pearl White left the latter part of last week for Canyon where she has been employed as teacher in the Canyon Public School taking the place of one of the lady teachers who married during the holidays.

Miss White is a graduate of West Texas State Normal.

Williams Bros. will buy your hides. 1tc

Mrs. H. D. Butler returned Tuesday from a visit in Weatherford with her father, W. A. Massie. She had been visiting during the holidays.

Rev. Jewell Howard who filled his regular appointments Sunday morning and evening with the congregation of the Christian Church, left Wednesday for his home at Amarillo.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Addington passed through Floydada Friday last, on their way to Lockney, returning from a visit with relatives in Childress.

Preaching Announcement

Elder C. W. Smith, of Sandhill, will preach next Sunday morning at 11 a. m., at the Church of Christ.

Call 94 when you need coal or feed. Joe will deliver the goods. 1tc

I thank
you for
your liberal
patronage
during
1914
The best
business
I've had
GLAD

I ASSURE YOU
DEPENDABLE
MERCHANDISE
WILL BE SOLD
HERE IN
1915

1tc Carbon paper at Hesperian office

Suits--MENS--Suits

Your own price on what we have left of men's dress suits, for we will give you such a bargain you won't ask for a greater.

Also a big reduction on all boys suits.

Men's suits we are closing out--Will handle only those in tailored style henceforth.

Bargains in men's extra pants, also

Mens 2 suits size 34	\$18 & \$22 suits	\$10
" 6 suits size 35	\$15.00 suits now	\$9
" 7 suits size 36	\$12.00 suits now	\$6
" 7 suits size 37		
" 10 suits size 38	Green Tag Carries	
" 1 suit size 39	This Sale Price	
" 1 suit size 40		

These prices last till stock is closed out

FAIR STORE

Newell-Liston

C. H. FEATHERSTON LANDS, LOANS & ABSTRACTS

Farm Loans a Specialty, on Large or Small Tracts.

Lands Bought, Sold and Exchanged on Commission. Titles investigated.

Complete Abstract of all lands and town lots in Floyd County. C. H. Veale, Abstracter.

Any business entrusted to me will have careful and prompt attention.

Office Room 6: 1st Nat'l. Bank Bldg.

also show a surprising feature too. These statements will be made public next week. They show more deposits on December 31, 1914, than on October 31, 1914. One day last week was reported as the largest day's business either has done within the period of a year.

The New Year opens in Floydada with unusually good business prospects. To be frank, the prospects are better than this time last year. Business of all kinds is all done on a more solid basis. Everybody is afraid to take any chances. There might (that psychological feeling) something happen. But business is going on here just the same more briskly in most lines than at this time last year. The business of the banks is good. They have practically no borrowed money. Coal and grain dealers are busy. Cotton, with a steady upward tendency is selling daily running when the

ed about 15 miles northeast from Floydada in Floyd County, Texas and known as the Paul Howes place, and levied upon as the property of said J. M. Garrison and W. L. Jones; And on Tuesday, the 2nd day of February, 1915, at the Court House door of Floyd County, in the Town of Floydada Texas, between the hours of ten A. M. and four P. M. I will sell said Real Estate at public vendue, for cash, to the highest bidder, as the property of said J. M. Garrison and W. L. Jones by virtue of said levy and said Order of Sale.

And in compliance with law, I give this notice by publication, in the English language, once a week for three consecutive weeks immediately preceeding said day of sale, in The Floyd County Hesperian a newspaper published in Floyd County.

WITNESS my hand this 6th day of January 1915.

A. C. Goen,
Sheriff Floyd County Texas,
1-7-4tc

FLOYDADA--CROSBYTON AUTO LINE. VIA CONE AND RALLS

(Daily except Sunday)

Car Leaves Main Garage, Floydada, 8:30 a. m.
Arrives Crosbyton 11:00 a. m.
Returning leaves Inn, Crosbyton, 1:30 p. m.
Arrive Floydada 4:00 p. m.
Rate: \$3.50 one way; \$6.00 Round trip.

H. S. SPARKS, Proprietor, FLOYDADA, TEX.

GO TO H.E. EDWARDS & CO FOR COAL

You'll find the best grades there that can be bought, at fair prices.

We buy your feed and grain of all kinds. Come here for chops and milled grain. Phone 106.

Floydada

OWENS WAGON YARD

OPEN NIGHT AND DAY

Good Camp house and conveniences.

Buy, sell, or trade feed, cows, hogs, horses or anything. Good hogs for sale now.

WRIGHT AND MORRISON

S. E. Corner Square Floydada