

LYNN COUNTY NEWS.

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TAHOKA, LYNN COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, JULY 7 1911

NUMBER 45

Drs INNON & TURRENTINE

Physicians & Surgeons
Local and Long
Distance Phones

Tahoka, Texas.

DR. J. H. McCOY

Physician and Surgeon
Office at, Thomas Bros. & Co.

Tahoka, Texas.

G. E. LOCKHART

Attorney-At-Law
Office South of Square

Tahoka, Texas.

DR. J. B. HALL, DENTIST

of Plainview Texas

Will be in Tahoka the second
Monday in each month and
will remain a week

UNANIMOUS ELECTION.

Last Saturday was election day in Lynn county, the question to be decided was the extermination of the prairie dog. The ballots read, "For extermination," and "Against extermination," and the county went "Prohibition" by a unanimous vote of 71. And hereafter every citizen of Lynn county will be prohibited from importing, raising or keeping any prairie dog on their premises for any purpose whatsoever. In fact every person owning land in Lynn county MUST exterminate the prairie dog on said land. What an example of "personal liberty?" Seventy-one men, some of them don't own a foot of land either, say what the owners of 900 sections, or 576,000 acres of land, shall do or become law-breakers. Many of the owners live in other states, many are women or children, many don't even know what a prairie dog is, yet this law of the state of Texas invoked by 71 men says that each land owner must go to the expense, in some instances amounting to \$20 per section, of killing or having killed all the prairie dogs if any he may have on his land. It makes no difference if the land lies near the county line and the next county is wide open and raising and bootlegging dogs into Lynn county, 71 men have said they must be exterminated in Lynn county and they must be. Do you suppose the men living in Tarrant county, holding land in Lynn county for speculative purposes, would have voted "for" in this election? Why not leave every land owner alone to exterminate or not as they see fit? What right has a man living in Tahoka, who owns no land, to say to the man living in Ohio you must spend money for the benefit of Lynn county citizens? Because the larger the territory covered by one law at one time the more efficient that law becomes. Every one knows that it is impossible to exterminate the dogs that are eating up a crop if the surrounding land is owned by indifferent, non-resident land owners. So

Notice Of Sheriff's Sale Of Real Estate

State of Texas } In the County
County of Lynn }
Court of Dawson County, Texas,
J. E. McDonald vs W. F. & B
Humphries.

Whereas by virtue of an execution issued out of the County Court of Dawson County, Texas, on a judgement rendered in said Court on the 3rd day of May 1911 in favor of the said J. E. McDonald and against the said W. F. & B. Humphries, No. 34 on the docket of said Court, I did on the 30th day of June A. D. 1911 at 4 o'clock p. m. levy upon the following described tracts and parcels of land situated, lying and being in Lynn County, Texas, and belonging to the said B. Humphries to wit,

Abstract 796, Cert. 652, Sur. 24, Original Grantee B. Humphries and being the S. W. 1/4 of said sur. in Lynn County, Texas.

And on the first day of August A. D. 1911, being the first Tuesday in said month, between the hours 10 o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m. on said day, at the court house door of said County I will offer for sale and will sell at public auction, for cash, all the right, title and interest of the said B. Humphries in and to said property. Dated, this the 6th day of July A. D. 1911.

J. H. Edwards,
Sheriff, Lynn County, Texas

NEW NATIONAL BANK BUILDING

The contract was let Wednesday afternoon for the First National Bank building.

This building will be a fire-proof brick finished in stone. It will be 25x65 feet, one story of 14 feet in the clear, which will call for a front wall 25 feet high above the ground. The walls will be faced with a beautiful golden bronze brick made of iron ore at Denton, Texas, finished with white stone, and will have an awning in front and the entire length of the south side. The only wood used in constructing this building will be the window frames and roof joists.

Forty-Two Party

Miss Mable Shook highly entertained the young folk of Tahoka Wednesday eve with a forty-two party in honor of Miss O'Byant, of Channing.

The tables were placed upon the front lawn and after tally cards were matched the game began which was very exciting and much enjoyed by all.

Dainty refreshments were served and prize awarded. Miss Robbie Chisum being the lucky winner.

This law was passed for the benefit of the homesteader. And yet the prairie dog will never be exterminated in Texas until, instead of voting the law in force, county at a time, it is made state wide in operation.

We are prepared to do all kinds of windmill and well work Lewis & Mike, "The Windmill Doctors." 39-tf

The contract was let to Morgan, of Big Springs, who will begin the work of construction just as soon as the material can be placed on the ground, as he is under contract to complete it by September 15th.

The building will contain a double vault, or in other words two vaults placed side by side, the bank vault and a customers' vault.

The building will be erected on the south lot in the northwest key block of the Tahoka public square, just south of the Tahoka Hotel, and will cost \$6,000.

The Utility Man

Can build your door and window frames, plow and size window jams: Perforate well casing and saw out brackets.

The prices and quality are sure to please. Motto: "Small profits and quick service."

J. L. RUSSELL, Mgr. 45-48

While the people of Tahoka were in deep slumber Wednesday night, there came a sound not as the rushing of a mighty wind, but as that which came from Orpheus' harp when he lulled Pluto to such an extent that he was permitted to enter the home of the dead and bring his wife back to earth. The music proved to be our string band serenading. It was a treat to all its hearers.

If there is anything wrong with your well, ask Milliken & Redwine, "The Windmill Doctors." Consultation free. 39-tf

FIFTEEN HOUSES BURNED.

Floydada celebrated Fourth of July at 2 o'clock in the morning with a fire that destroyed 15 business houses comprising all of the west side of the square.

It is thought that the fire originated in a tailor shop in the rear of the White Drug Co.'s building. The buildings burned were: Goen Drug Co., White Drug Co., First National Bank, Masonic Hall, Brown Hardware Co., Boner Grocery Co., Massey, Price & Golden, real estate offices, Fair Racket Store, Floydada Mercantile Co., Surgener & Son Hardware Co., a barber shop and three vacant buildings.

The loss is estimated at \$50,000, with \$12,000 insurance.

ALL—And see the new process enamel ware. It wares and looks well a life time.—Broken Dollar Store Agents for Tahoka

Binder Twine!

Prices guaranteed.

J. S. Wells. 43-tf

POSTED—Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8 in Block 87; also lots 1, 2, and 8 in block 107; lots 5 and 6 in block 106; lots 3 and 4 in block 15 and the 12 acres fenced therein, all in the south part of the town of Tahoka and belonging to T. C. Leedy, Tahoka, Texas, and any one found trespassing will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

Frank Forry, manager of the Tahoka Mercantile Co.'s store made a trip to Brownfield with a drummer friend Tuesday, returning Wednesday morning in time for the drummer to take the 10:30 train north.

Mr. Forry was greatly pleased with Brownfield as a nice inland town and with Terry as a fine farming county.

Let us figure your towers and well work, satisfaction guaranteed. Lewis & Mike. 39-tf

Notice Of Sheriff's Sale Of Real Estate

State of Texas } R. A. Barclay
County of Lynn } vs F. M. Beeman et al, No. 551 in
the District Court of Lubbock
County, Texas.

Whereas by virtue of an execution and Order of Sale issued out of the District Court of Lubbock County, Texas, in a judgement rendered on the 8th day of June A. D. 1911 in favor of R. A. Barclay and J. K. Caraway and against J. R. Dillard, B. L. Shook and York Skinner being Cause No. 551 on the docket of said Court, I did on the 3rd day of July, A. D. 1911 at 10 o'clock a. m. levy upon the following described tracts and parcels of land to wit:

Situated in Lynn County, Texas, and known as the South East Quarter (1/4) of Survey No. 129, Block "12" located by virtue of Certificate No. 680 issued to the E. L. & R. R. Ry Co. and containing 160 acres of land and being in the North West part of Lynn County, Texas.

Said real estate levied on as the property of J. R. Dillard, B. L. Shook, York Skinner and T. M. Bartley and was levied on to satisfy the judgement above mentioned which is for the sum of \$849.70 with interest from date at the rate of 8 percent per annum cost of suit as against the defendants, J. R. Dillard, B. L. Shook and York Skinner, said judgement being a foreclosure of a Vendors Lien against the said defendants J. R. Dillard, B. L. Shook, York Skinner and T. M. Bartley on the real estate above prescribed as it existed on the 8th day of April, A. D.



Tahoka, Grove
CIRCLE, No. 714

Meet the 1st and 3rd Saturday afternoon at three o'clock, Mrs. T. J. Blankenship, Guardian, Mrs. Fannie N. Henderson, Clerk.



Tahoka Lodge No. 420

Knights of Pythias
Meet 2nd and 4th Monday nights in each month.
S. W. Joplin, C. C.
F. E. McDaniel, K. of R.S.



Tahoka Lodge No. 653 I. O. O. F.

Meet Tuesday Nights
D. T. Rogers, N. G., O. T. Bryant, Sec.



Tahoka Rebekah Lodge No. 150

Meet 2nd Tuesday afternoon, 4th Friday night.
Mrs. W. A. Stedum, N. G.
Mrs. F. E. Redwine, Secretary.



Tahoka, Camp No. 1603

Meet every Saturday night at W.O.W. Hall.
D. T. Rogers, C. C. H. M. Larkin, Clerk.

DR. I. E. SMITH
SPECIALIST
EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT
GLASSES FITTED
OFFICE IN NEW BRICK NORTH
OF SQUARE, BIG SPRINGS, TEXAS

For a clean, comfortable Shave or a smooth, artistic Hair-Cut
Come to the

West Side Barber Shop

IRA DOAK, PROP.
Up-to-date
Baths always on tap: Try one
Laundry basket in connection
TAHOKA, TEXAS

J. R. HONEA
The North Side Barber
Will be pleased to give you an artistic Hair Cut; a Smooth, Clean Shave, Massage, Shampoo, or a Good Tonic
Bath Room Attached
N. SIDE SQ.



NEW LINE
to Sweetwater, Ft. Worth, Dallas, Galveston, Houston and all other eastern and south Texas points, via the

COLEMAN CUTOFF
through Lubbock and Sweetwater.
Leave Amarillo 9:05 a. m.

Watch for our new through service between Galveston and the Pacific Coast via Amarillo.
Ask for particulars.
A. E. Cloyd, Agent.

1907 and at all times since said date and that on the 1st day of August, A. D. 1911 being the first Tuesday in said month between the hours of 10 o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m. on said day at the Court House in the County of Lynn County, Texas, I will offer for sale and sell at public auction for cash all the right, title and interest of the said J. R. Dillard, B. L. Shook, York Skinner and T. M. Bartley each, or either of them had, or have in and to said real estate.

Given under my hand this 3rd day of July, A. D. 1911.

J. H. Edwards, Sheriff of Lynn County, Texas, 44 44

Down at Our Store

- Bell of Wichita Flour per sack \$1.55
- Monogram Flour per sack 1.40
- White Lilly Flour per sack 1.15
- 25 of Granulated Sugar for 1.50
- 10 pound pail of Cottolene 1.35
- 10 pound pail of White cloud 1.15
- 10 pounds of Soda .60
- 6 Bars of Sunny Monday Soap .25
- 6 Bars of Crystal White Soap .25
- 6 Bars of Clairrett Soap .25
- 4 Pounds Fancy Peaberry Coffee 1.00
- 50 Pound sack Refined Salt .40
- 100 Pound sack Refined Salt .60
- 200 Pound sack Stock Salt .85
- Boys' Wash Suit from 65 cents to 1.50
- Boys' Spring Wool Suits \$2.50 to 5.00

J.S. Wells

Don't Dodge The Dollar

Take 'em in!
What you can buy at other stores with \$20.00 we will sell you for \$12.00 or \$15.00, in other words when you are trading with us the "Dollars are rolling your way so, 'Don't Dodge 'Em."

We are giving a demonstration of this,
"DOLLARS FOR YOU"
in our Dry Goods Department. Every article of dry goods will be sold at actual cost. If you wish to give your dollar the sure test, come to our store and you will be surprised to find how much it will buy. Full line skirts, hats, shoes, ladies furnishings and Groceries.

OUR CASH STORE
West Side Square Tahoka Texas

SOME PEOPLE HAVE an idea that in order to have a Bank Account, they must have a large sum to deposit; that the bank does not care to be bothered with small accounts. This, however, is not true of **The First National Bank. This bank welcomes new accounts, whether \$1.00 or \$1,000.00, and the same courtesy and service is accorded the small depositor as those in more fortunate circumstances.**

It is our object and wish to serve the public in a manner that shall be satisfactory to all.

First National Bank Of Tahoka, Texas

WE SELL
C. H. Hyer's Handmade Cowboy Boots
Call And See Them
THE FAIR

Lands, Loans & Insurance
E. D. Skinner & Son
TAHOKA, Lynn County, TEXAS



THE SKY-MAN

HENRY J. WEBSTER
BY CHAS. W. ROSSER
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COPYRIGHT 1910 BY THE SUCCESS CO.



SYNOPSIS.

Philip Cayley, accused of a crime of which he is not guilty, resigns from the army in disgrace and his affection for his friend, Lieut. Perry Hunter, turns to hatred. Cayley seeks solitude, where he perfects a flying machine. While soaring over the Arctic regions, he picks up a curiously shaped stick he had seen in the assassin's hand. Mounting again, he discovers a yacht anchored in the bay. Descending near the steamer, he meets a girl on an ice floe. He learns that the girl's name is Jeanne Fielding and that the yacht has come north to seek signs of her father, Captain Fielding, an arctic explorer. A party from the yacht is making search ashore. After Cayley departs, Jeanne finds that she had dropped a curiously-shaped stick. Captain Planck and the surviving crew of his wrecked whaler are in hiding on the coast. A giant ruffian named Roscoe, had murdered Fielding and his two companions, after the explorer had revealed the location of an enormous ledge of pure gold. Roscoe then took command of the party. It develops that the ruffian had committed the murder witnessed by Cayley. Roscoe plans to capture the yacht and escape with a big load of gold. Jeanne tells Fanshaw, owner of the yacht, about the visit of the sky-man and shows him the stick left by Cayley. Fanshaw declares that it is an Eskimo throwing stick, used to shoot darts. Tom Fanshaw returns from the searching party with a sprained ankle. Perry Hunter is found murdered and Cayley is accused of the crime but Jeanne believes him innocent. A relief party goes to find the searchers. Tom confesses his love for Jeanne. She rows ashore and enters an abandoned hut.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

The sight of it might well have caused astonishment or alarm in the girl's mind. But it was neither alarm nor astonishment that her next act expressed. She dropped down on her knees beside the rude wooden bunk, drew the chest up close in the tight embrace of her young arms, laid her cheek against the cold polished surface of its blackened wood, and cried. Every question that might have asked itself—how the thing could have come there, and what its coming might pretend to herself or to the other of the Aurora's people—was swept away in a sudden rush of filial affection and regret which the sight of it instantly awoke. It had reached her with that sudden poignant stab of memory which inanimate objects, familiar by long association, seem to be more potent to call up than the very persons of the friends with whom they are associated. The sight of her father himself could hardly have had so instantaneous and overwhelming an effect upon her as the sight of this old chest, which was one of the earliest of her associations with him.

It had always stood, until he had taken it with him on that last voyage of his, upon a certain farther corner of his desk in the old library. It was one of those objects of a class that children always love—smooth, polished, beautiful; beautiful and, at the same time, defying curiosity.

It was quite a masterpiece of cabinet work. No hinges were visible, and the cover fitted so closely upon the box itself that the line which separated them was hard to discover. And there was no trace of keyhole or lock. To those uninitiated into its secret, it defied any attempt to open it.

Presently she seated herself on the bunk, took the little chest on her knees and set about opening it. Between the cold and her excitement she found this rather a difficult thing to

do, though her mind never, never hesitated over the slightest detail of the necessary formula of procedure. She knew in just what order to press in those innocent-looking little ornamental tacks in the brass binding; remembered the right moment to turn the box up on its end and let the just released steel ball roll down its channel to the pocket, where it must lie before the last pressure upon the last spring would prove effective. She no more faltered over it than she would have faltered over her alphabet.

And at last, when her numbed fingers had completed their task, the counter-weighted lid rose slowly by itself, just as it had used to, and revealed to her swimming eyes the contents of the interior.

Up to the moment she had not realized what the finding of the dispatch box meant. It had not occurred to her that a full account of her father's expedition, a narrative which would reach, perhaps, to the morning of the last day of all, was lying here, right under her eyes.

But now when the cover opened and she saw beneath it a thick volume, bound in red morocco, she realized that here, under her hand, was the very object, in search of which the Aurora had set out upon her perilous voyage.

The first sight of her father's clear, erect, precise handwriting warmed her with a sudden courage. But even this new inspiration of courage did not make her strong enough to turn back and read the last entry in that tragic journal first. She tried to do it, but the will failed her. So she began at the beginning. Once she had plunged into the fascinating narrative, the whole of the outside world faded away from her. She was oblivious to the fact that the darkness outside was no longer the mere darkness of the fog; oblivious to the rising wind that poured its icy stream through the leaky walls of the hut and made the candle flicker; oblivious, even to the very sound which she had meant to wait for—the sound of Tom's voice calling out to her from the yacht, and the sound of other, more alarming, nearer voices.

They all fell on deaf ears as she turned page after page of that precious record of her father's life. It was written, in the main, in the scientific, observant, unimpassioned temper which she knew so well. He chronicled those days of peril, when their ship, crushed in the ice, and only kept from sinking by that very ice, which had just destroyed her, was drifting along in the pack, to what seemed certain destruction, as quietly and as explicitly as he did the uneventful voyage through Behring strait. The man's courage was so deeply elemental in him that he could not be self-conscious about it.

He told of the land, the strange, uncharted shore, whose discovery offered them a respite, at least, from that destruction; told how he got his remaining stores ashore and built the hut, where, in all human probability, he and his companions were to spend the rest of their lives.

Finally she reached the record of the day when he had consigned to the

sea the bottle containing the chart of the coast and the account of his plight, together with the course which the relief ship must take, should such a relief ship be sent out, to have any hope at all of reaching them.

"I suppose," his narrative for this day concluded, "there is hardly one chance in ten thousand that my message will ever be picked up, and certainly not one in a million that it will be found in time to bring an effective relief. However, it helps to keep the others cheerful, and that is the main thing." At the close of the day's entry was a single line which contracted her heart with a sharp spasm of pain. "This is Jeanne's birthday," it said.

She resumed her reading presently, and came to the point where the Walrus people entered into the narrative; their plight, their rescue and their welcome by the three men, who by now were the only survivors of the original expedition.

She was reading faster now, with none of those little meditative pauses that had marked her progress through the earlier pages of the journal, for the sinister termination of the narrative began to foreshadow itself darkly, from the moment—the first moment of the appearance of the Walrus people on the scene. Her father's description of the man Roscoe, of the expression that had been plain to read in his face as he had listened to the account of the gold-bearing ledge across the glacier, gave her a shuddering premonition; apparently, her father had experienced the same feeling himself. Day after day Roscoe's name appeared, always accompanied by some little phase of misgiving.

For just one day this dread seemed to have been lifted from Captain Fielding's spirit. That was the day the sun came back to them, putting an end to their long arctic night. "It has been a hard winter," he wrote, "and I am glad it is over. The hardest thing about it has been our sleeplessness, from which we have all suffered. Today we have enjoyed a change, having taken a walk along the beach. Even Roscoe seems humanized a little by a return of the frank sunshine, and may, perhaps, develop into a tolerable companion. Tomorrow I have promised, if it is fine, to guide them across the glacier to the gold ledge."

It was the next to the last entry in the journal. She turned the page, paled and pressed her lips tight together when the array of blank pages before her told her that she had reached the end. Then she read the last words her father had ever written.

"Took the Walrus people to the ledge today. Have no heart to describe the scene that they enacted there. The man Roscoe certainly means to kill me. If it were not for my conviction that the danger from him is largely personal to myself, that he means me and no other, probably, for his victim, I think I should have him shot as a measure of justifiable prevention. He is not a man, but a great sinister brute—literally sinister, for he is left-handed. I shall walk warily, and hope the crisis may soon be over." Evidently that part of his wish had come true.

The book slipped out of the girl's hands, and she sat, with horror-widened eyes, staring at the candle, until it guttered and went out. Slowly, the outside world began to take its place again around her. She knew that she was shivering, half-frozen, that the icy wind was whining through the cracks in her rude shelter.

She thought she heard some one moving about outside, and that thought brought her quickly to her feet. She made her way to the door of the hut, called out: waited a breathless instant—and cried aloud in sudden terror.

CHAPTER VIII.

Apparitions.

Roscoe did not pause to investigate the effect of his blow, nor to waste a second one. If the man who had confronted him there in the companionway was dead, so much the better. If he were only half-dead, the job could be finished at any time. He was out of the way for the present at least. Roscoe hurried on, searching staterooms and passageways and finally the crew's quarters, forward.

When he had satisfied himself that he and his men were in undisputed possession of the yacht, he emerged on deck again by the forward hatchway, and found Captain Planck already there. He directed him to go below with Schwartz, who had been engineer aboard the whaler, and get steam up as promptly as possible. He himself remained on deck, directing the unloading and stowage of those precious golden slabs that the rest of the party were bringing out in boats from the shore.

"We've got it all, Roscoe, unless you want them barrels of whale oil," a man in the last boat sang out as they came alongside.

"We'll leave them to pay for this nickel-plated ship," Roscoe answered. "Come! Look alive and get aboard. We'll be ready to start as soon as we can get a little daylight."

He looked them over numbered

them as if they had been so many sheep, noted that they were all here, except poor Miguel; Planck and Schwartz were down toiling at the boilers.

"Stay here till I come back," he commanded. "I'm going below to see that everything's stowed all right. When I come back I want to talk to you."

He disappeared down the after hatchway, switched on a light and indulged in a long, satisfied look at the great masses of precious metal which were stacked, according to his directions, in the strongroom.

His purpose in coming down here was threefold. He meant to see that the gold was stored correctly and he meant to lock the room up, so that its precious contents would not be tampered with, and bring the key away with him. He was not afraid that any of his crew would try to steal it, but he thought the moral effect of having it locked away where it was inaccessible to them, and of his keeping the key in his own possession, would be a help in maintaining his prestige as commander. They knew the sea better than he did, just as he knew the nature of gold-bearing rock. It was necessary to do something to bolster up his position as chief of the party and keep it above dispute. He did not want to have to kill any of them yet. The Aurora would be short-handed enough as it was.

But there was one more reason for that hurried trip to the strongroom. He wanted to be sure that a certain rosewood box had come aboard along with the treasure and what few stores they were taking away with them.

That little box had occupied much of his leisure since the day when he had murdered the owner of it. He had sometimes wished that when it came into his hands that day he had yielded to his first impulse to shatter it, for the thing had always mocked him—coquetted with him.

He had often seen it lying open on Captain Fielding's table in the tiny walled-off cubby hole of a room they called the captain's cabin, while the captain himself was writing up his journal or working upon his charts. He had, during that first winter, frequently thought of trying to open it, should the opportunity offer itself.

After the murder, when he took that little room for his own quarters, he found the box and preserved it with the idea that now, at least, he would get the better of it. He knew what its contents were well enough—Captain Fielding's charts and journal, and he had no curiosity concerning them. But the secret mechanism of the box itself tantalized him, and he meant some day to solve it. Once he had done so, he would kick the thing to pieces and destroy its contents.

That was all there was to it at first, but during the next winter, when the long night kept them prisoners in their narrow quarters, the mystery of that little rosewood box took on an added importance to him and to the others, out of all proportion to any effect which the solution of it could have. One by one, with the exception of the Portuguese, they tried. Hour after hour they labored with it, and invariably they failed.

The rest of them gave it up, and their admitted defeat gave Roscoe another incentive for solving the thing himself, for he meant to leave no stone unturned to convince them that they were fools and weaklings; that he, Roscoe, was the only man among them. Such a conviction was necessary to his leadership.

It was toward the end of that winter that the Portuguese made a suggestion destined to bear fruit. "It's a curse that has sealed up that box," he said. "You can't open it, and if you break it, the curse will kill you."

He evidently believed implicitly in this theory, for no persuasion could induce him to touch the box himself. Gradually the others had shown, by little involuntary acts, shrinkings and glances, that Miguel's belief was infecting them. Sometimes, after a long succession of sleepless, lightless days, Roscoe found himself believing it, too, and regarding that little box as the sealed-up casket of the murder he had done upon the owner of it. The crime was there inside.

To overcome that feeling, he had worked all the harder trying to solve its secret.

His interest, now, however, in making sure that the box had really been brought aboard the Aurora was not superstitious, but wholly practical. They were leaving most of their stores behind them, as there was no time either to transport them to the Aurora or to destroy them. With these stores and with the shelter afforded by the hut and the little clump of surrounding out-buildings, it was probable that some members of the Aurora's party, at least, would survive the winter. If a relief ship should arrive the next summer, or even the summer thereafter, it would probably find some one on this desolate shore who could tell the story of the disappearance of the Aurora and form a more or less definite surmise as to the cause of it. That rosewood box had Captain Fielding's journal in it—a journal that had been written up to

the very morning when Roscoe had murdered him. Its discovery would go a long way toward bridging the gap which Roscoe meant to leave in their departing trail. In short, if that rosewood box were left behind, Roscoe would always feel that he was in more or less danger of detection. And he didn't mean to have a thing like that hanging over him.

Consequently, when he discovered that the box was not on board, and that his particular injunctions concerning it had been either neglected or disobeyed, he came raging up on deck again, a most formidable figure, which caused his companions, hardened ruffians though they were, to cower and shrink away from him.

In a torrent of furious blasphemy, he demanded to know why that box had not been brought aboard; and the concentrated lees of his rage he emptied at last upon the two men whom he had ordered to do it.

"Now," he concluded, when the torrent had spent itself, "you go ashore, you two. Yes, you, Carlson—I mean you—and you, Rose; go ashore now and get it."

Then, after a momentary silence, he raged out the command again, amid a foul flood of abuse.

But still they made no move to obey, and the big Swede, in evident terror, answered him. "I won't get it, Roscoe. If you want that box, you can get it yourself."

"What in hell do you mean?" the leader stormed. But his voice, even as he spoke, lost its confident tang of authority.

"You tell him," said Carlson, nodding to his companion, Rose. Evidently it was Rose who had told the story to the other members of the party. He was a squatly built man with a stubborn jaw, and Planck, in the days of his command, had always disliked him as that most undesirable pest that can be found in a fore-castle—a sea lawyer.

"What did you leave the box in the hut for?" he demanded. "He might not have come back if you had left it in the cave."

"Come back!" echoed Roscoe, with a growl.

"That's what I said. We went to the hut to get it, and there was a light inside, and there he sat, just like he used to. And he had the box open—"

"He! Who do you mean?" There was no trace of truculence in Roscoe's voice now. He spoke as though his throat was dry.

"It was Captain Fielding; him to the life. And, yet, it was different from the way he used to be. We couldn't see it very well. Its face was sideways and the light was behind it, and it looked smaller and thinner—more—more like a woman. (If Rose had had the word 'spiritual' in his vocabulary, he would have used it. In default of it, he gave up trying to express just what he meant.) Anyway, there he sat with the box open beside him, and that red book of his open on his knees. Go back for it? Well, I guess not."

There was a momentary silence after he had finished, and Roscoe could feel it, as it stretched itself out to the length of half a minute or so, the chill of their terror enveloping him. To

throw it off, he blustered, stormed at and abused them for a pack of liars. But in the end he sprang down into one of the boats, and said he would fetch the box himself. Whether he believed their story, or not, it was the only thing for him to do.

As he pulled shoreward he tried hard to convince himself that he did not believe it; that Rose and Carlson had probably forgotten all about the box, and had trumped up the story to avoid the necessity of going back for it.

He beached his boat, scrambled ashore and set out walking doggedly along in the direction of the hut. The fog was still all but impenetrable, even to his practised vision, but he knew the shore like the palm of his hand, and he trudged on without a pause, until he was within ten paces, perhaps, of his destination.

But there he faltered and stopped, turned about, under an irresistible impulse of fear, and would have fled had not sheer necessity compelled him to stop again. There was a light, a diffused yellow glow, faint but unmistakable, shining out of the windows of the hut.

He knew he could not go back to the Aurora without that box; it was necessary both to his future safety and his present command of the situation. His one hold upon those sullen followers of his depended upon his being impervious alike to terror and to defeat. If he were to go back now without accomplishing his purpose, it would only be a question of days before they murdered him. They all hated him, enough for that, he knew.

Yet, even under that necessity, it was three or four minutes before, at the command of his burly will, he began creeping forward on hands and knees toward the lighted window of the hut.

And when he reached a point where he could command its interior, his knees slipped out from under him and he lay prone upon the icy beach, his face buried in his outstretched arms. For those two sailors had told the truth.

Presently he drew himself up and squatted back on his haunches, staring. Human or not, the figure there in the hut seemed unaware of his presence. It was staring at the expiring flame of the candle in profound abstraction. When it stirred, as presently it did, it was with a natural, human motion. And then the candle went out.

In the few seconds of silence which followed, his terror returned upon him with full force. But it went away as suddenly as it had come, and with its recession there surged up in him a wave of brutish anger. It was no ghost that had sat in contemplation over the contents of that box, for it was moving now, with human footsteps—faltering, uncertain footsteps, at that. And when it appeared, just visible and no more, outside the doorway, it called aloud in a human voice—a woman's voice.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Circumstantial Evidence.

"He says that he thought all day yesterday that it was Saturday." "Do you think he really did?" "I guess so, he took a bath."



Neither Alarm Nor Astonishment That Her Next Act Expressed.



Indulged in a Long, Satisfied Look.

Look!?

At this cut.

This is only one of more than a hundred different patterns and styles in Ladies and Gents Tailor-made clothing which we are now prepared to show you. We want your next order.

Let me do your Presing.

Fred McDaniel



Higginbotham Harris Lumber Co. are having their big sign worked over this week.

Piano polish at McGill's Drug Store.

Miss Gladys McGonagill, of east of town, spent the week end with her sister Mrs. Bud Milliken.

Mrs. McDaniel tells us that they will soon return to their town house. Their friends in town will be very glad to have them at home again.

If there is any thing in the way of wind mill work you want, see Newt McReynolds. Prices reasonable. Phone 32. 42-tf

Piano polish at McGill's Drug Store. 45-1t

The box supper at the court house last Friday night was well attended and the proceeds were \$25.80. Quite a number who were unable to come to the supper donated liberally Saturday morning until the total amounted to more than \$50. Many thanks are due Bro. Balch, Joe Stokes, The News and all concerned for the success of the occasion.

For satisfactory well work and tower building get Newt McReynolds. Phone 32. 42-tf

Dr. and Mrs. Windham returned Saturday from Brownwood where they went to visit the doctor's father who is in feeble health. Miss Mary Windham returned with them and will spend a month if her father continues as well as at present.

Furniture! Furniture!!

Just received a carload of swell furniture. We can sell you the right piece of furniture at right price. Come and look our stock over we will be glad to have you.

Complete line undertakers goods constantly on hand.

Bob Majors

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Henderson and their son, Robert Elton, left Wednesday morning for San Angelo where Mrs. Henderson goes for treatment. She has been in frail health for a couple of years.

Make your weak wells better by casing out the sand. Milliken & Redwine can do this for you. 39-tf

Mrs. Linnie Smith left Tuesday for her home in San Saba. She has been spending a few days with her cousin Mrs. Herman Coughlin whom she has not seen in several years.

Binder twine. Priced guaranteed. J. S. Wells. 43-tf

Miss Pauline Ramsey has been quite ill for several days but is again improved at present.

FOR SALE OR TRADE. At A. La. gain—\$125. Organ in os good shape as when first uncrated. Will sell or trade it cheap.—For particulars call at this office.

Miss Mattie Dyer, of east of town, was the guest of Miss Crite Wright the first of the week.

Piano polish at McGill's Drug Store.

Full line of varnishes for furniture—McFill's Drug Store. 1t

Rev. T. W. Sharp and Judge T. M. Bartley left on the 10:30 train for Snyder Thursday.

FOR SALE—Rebuilt buggies and hacks. New buggy shafts, tongues and buggy tops, single trees, double trees, neck yokes, Etc. All kinds of material for repairing buggies always on hand. I also have for sale a second hand cultivator only been used one season. W. P. Phenix. tf

W. F. Bigham's float team unloaded a car of flour for Ketner and the Mercantile Tuesday.

Full line of varnishes for furniture.—McGill's Drug Store. 1t

J. E. Stokes, proprietor of the Tahoka Hotel, made a business trip to Post City Wednesday.

LAND BARGAIN—320 acre about 6 miles from Lou, best land in Terry county, where there is plenty of water. About six miles north and four miles west of southwest corner of Lynn county. Francis Clark, Rockwall, Texas. 43-46-c

Wanted—Chickens in any quantity at the highest cash price. Palace Meat Market. 45-48

Binder twine. Priced guaranteed. J. S. Wells. 43-tf

J. B. Lowe finished a fine well for W. T. Petty in North Tahoka. This well is 108 feet deep and has 25 feet of water and Mr. Petty says that among the nine he had drilled in North Tahoka this was the best one.

CITATION BY PUBLICATION.

THE STATE OF TEXAS. To the Sheriff or any Constable of Lynn County, Texas, Greeting:

You are hereby commanded to summon Alexander Thompson, and the unknown heirs of Alexander Thompson, whose names are unknown, to appear at the next regular term of the District Court of Lynn County, Texas, to be holden at the Court House thereof, in the town of Tahoka, Texas, on the Second Monday in September, A. D. 1911, being the 11th day of September, A. D. 1911, then and there to answer a petition filed in said Court on the 21st day of June, A. D. 1911, in a cause numbered 82, wherein G. W. Reed is plaintiff, and Alexander Thompson and the unknown heirs of Alexander Thompson are defendants, the cause of action being alleged as follows: Plaintiff sues all of the defendants in trespass to try title for title and possession of and damages to survey No. 519, situated in Lynn County, Texas, known as survey 519, Block No. 1, on the waters of Double Mountain Fork, a tributary to the Brazos River, about 10 1/2 miles north, 79 East from the Center of said County, by virtue of land script No. 2-219 issued to the G. C. & S. F. Ry. Co. by the Commissioner of the General Land Office on August 8th, 1876, and transferred by said Company to John J. Pool. Beginning at the S. W. Corner of Survey No. 503, Script No. 2-225 this county, said Block No. 1, Md. and 2 Pits. Thence N. 1900 varas to the N. W. corner of said Survey No. 503, stake and mound. Thence West 1900 varas to S. W. corner of survey No. 505, stake and mound. Thence S. 1900 varas, mound and 2 pits. Thence East 1900 varas to the place of beginning. Plaintiff pleads his claim of title as follows: Patent from the State of Texas to J. J. Pool. Deed from Alexander R. Cating and wife to Alex Thompson. Deed from Alexander Thompson to Anna B. Cating. Deed from John J. Pool and wife to Anna B. Cating. Deed from Anna B. Cating and husband to S. A. Cating. Deed from A. B. Cating and husband to G. W. Reed. Deed from John J. Pool and wife to Alex. R. Cating. Deed from J. J. Williams et al to Anna B. Cating. Deed from Cornelia W. Hutchinson and husband to Anna B. Cating. Deed from John T. Cating et al to Anna B. Cating. Deed from Anna B. Cating and husband Alexander R. Cating to G. W. Reed. Deed from Cornelia W. Hutchinson and husband to G. W. Reed. Deed from John J. Pool and wife to G. W. Reed. Deed from Alexander R. Cating et al to G. W. Reed. Deed from J. J. Williams et al to G. W. Reed. Proof of heirship signed by Alexander R. Cating. All of said deeds and instruments being recorded in the Deed Records of Lynn County, Texas.

Plaintiff alleges that he and those under whom he claims and holds the lands above described, have had and held peaceable, adverse and continuous possession, under title and color of title, from and under the State of Texas, the lands and tenements above described, for more than three years next after the accrual of the defendants' cause of action, if any they have, and for more than three years next before the filing of this suit, and paying all taxes thereon.

And plaintiff further alleges that he and those under whom he claims the lands in controversy herein, have had and hold peaceable and adverse possession thereof, cultivating, using and enjoying the same under deed and deeds duly recorded and registered, paying all taxes thereon, for more than five years next after the accrual of defendants' cause of action, if any they ever had, and for more than five years before the filing of this suit.

And the plaintiff further alleges that he and those under whom he claims the lands in controversy, have had and held peaceable and adverse possession thereof, cultivating, using and enjoying the same for more than ten years next after the accrual of the defendants' cause of action, if any they ever had, and for more than ten years before the filing of this suit, paying all taxes thereon. Plaintiff alleges that the acknowledgment in the deed from Alexander Thompson to Anna B. Cating is defective, that "known to me" are left out of same. That the claims of the defendants, if any, are cloud upon the title of plaintiff to said lands and that the claims of all of the defendants come through the claim of Alexander Thompson, and that Alex. Thompson and Alexander Thompson is one and the same person.

Plaintiff prays that said defendants be cited according to law to appear and answer the petition, and that upon final hearing, plaintiff have judgment for the title and possession of the above described lands sued for, and for writ of restitution, and for all cost of suit, and clearing the cloud upon plaintiff's title to said lands, and quieting the title in him to the same, and correcting and perfecting acknowledgment in said deed, and perfecting the deed and title as aforesaid, and for such other relief, general, special, legal and equitable to which he may be entitled.

You are further commanded to serve this citation by publishing the same once a week for eight successive weeks previous to the return day hereof, in a newspaper published in your county; but if no newspaper is published in said county, then in the nearest county where a newspaper is published.

Herein fail not, but have you before said Court, on said first day of the next term thereof, this writ, with your return thereon, and showing how you have executed the same.

WITNESS, J. W. Elliot, Clerk of the District Court of Lynn County, Texas.

Given under my hand and seal of office, in the town of Tahoka, Lynn County, Texas, this the 21st day of June, A. D. 1911.

J. W. Elliot, Clerk of the District Court of Lynn County, Texas.

"Tin Tanks"

Of the very highest quality made to order at the very lowest price. Plumbing Of All Kinds Done.

Complete Line Of Shelf and heavy hardware Buzzard-wingsweeps, Enamel ware **Tahoka Hardware Co.**

P. B. HALL



Tahoka Livery, Feed and Sale Stable

P. B. HALL, Proprietor. PHONE No. 9.

We have good teams, good rigs, and our prices are reasonable. We sell all kinds of feed and will deliver anywhere.

North of the square, Tahoka, Texas.

Tahoka Saddle Shop

G. R. MILLIKEN Prop.

Saddles, Harness, Fancy Belts Made Repairing Done



Howell's Wagon Yard

And Feed Store

We are now ready to serve you with the best accommodations that can be had, when in town put up at our yard, we'll treat you right.

We have a large stock of grain and hay. If you want your stock to look well, buy your feed from us.

S. W. Corner Square, Tahoka

Ramsey & Ramsey

CONTRACTORS & BUILDERS

Now is the best season to build. Let us have your plans to figure on for Brick Business Houses. We build anything—Nothing too large or too small.

Tahoka - - - Texas

The Palace Meat Market

WEATHERS & KING, PROPS.



When you buy Fresh Meat, you want the best:

We sell the best; Cut just right every time.

We buy and sell all kinds of country produce.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers In Ice

We will pay the highest market prices for all of your hides and furs

Work Guaranteed **H. C. Smith** Prices Are Cash

General Blacksmith

Tires shrunk hot or cold upto 1/4 inches. Let us put new rubber tires on your buggy. New spindles and boxes for buggies and wagons always on hand.

Phone No. 60. North of Square

HIGGINBOTHAM---HARRIS CO.

Want to figure your bill for

Lumber, Sash, Doors, Shingles, moulding, Eclipse Wind-mills, Stock Tower, Piping and Fittings o all kinds, Lime, Brick, Cement, Posts and Wire.

Geo. Small, Manager

TWO BLOCKS EAST OF SQUARE

TAHOKA, Lynn County, TEXAS