

LYNN COUNTY NEWS.

VOLUME 8.

TAHOKA, LYNN COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, JULY 12, 1912

NUMBER 45

MRS. PRESTON MAJORS DEAD

Thursday morning July 11th, at 2:00 o'clock a. m. the Angel of death entered the home of Preston Majors claiming for his own the lovely wife, Mrs. Bertha. She was sick less than 24 hours with acute indigestion and her death came as a shock to every one.

Mr. Majors was born March 28, 1852 and lived in Talbot, Talbot county, Ga., until her removal to the Plains nine years ago. She was married to Preston Majors in January 1903 and very soon he came to the Plains to settle and three months later she came and has made her home among us ever since.

For a good many years she was a member of the Episcopal church, living a consecrated christian life. Mrs. Majors was a charming woman and devoted wife.

Mrs. S. A. Edwards, her mother, and her sister, Miss Alma, returned about a week ago from their old home in Georgia, where they have been on a visit of several months duration.

The homecoming has been sad indeed since so long a separation.

Mrs. Majors was a great favorite both in her own family and a large circle of friends who will miss her sadly.

She leaves a heart-broken husband and mother and several brothers and sisters to mourn her loss.

The funeral services were held in the Baptist church by Rev. J. R. Baker who also conducted the burial services at the Tahoka Cemetery where the interment took place. Friends did all in their power to show sympathy and help to lighten the sorrow of the bereaved. Only the healing touch of the gentle Savior can bring balm to hearts so sorely troubled.

Farmer's Institute.

The Lynn County Farmer's Institute came alive again and held a very interesting meeting Monday afternoon July 8th.

The meeting was called to order by President H. S. Hatchett at 1:30 o'clock p. m., with only a few members present. However it was a step in the right direction to even attempt to have an Institute meeting.

Our former secretary, O. T. Bryant, having moved away, H. C. Crie was elected to fill the vacancy.

After considerable discussion, the Institute took up the matter of electing delegates to the Farmers Congress, that meets at College Station, Texas, July 30 and 31st and August 1st. C. G. Alford and H. S. Hatchett were elected delegates and G. W. Hickerson and M. M. Anthony were elected alternates.

If more of the farmers had known that there was a nice trip to be had free of cost, it is very likely that the attendance would have been considerable larger at the Institute meeting than it was Monday.

M. M. Anthony made a very interesting and instructive talk on the aims, benefits and workings of the Farmers Congress.

The first Saturday in each month was selected as the regular meeting date. The meeting will be called to order at 1:30 p. m. and the Lynn county farmer who fails to attend these Institute meetings will not be looking after the best interest of either himself or his family. If experi-

EDITH ITEMS

This part of the world is needing a good rain about now. We don't know who has this spell ordered.

There was a nice crowd out at Sunday School and church Sunday eve and Bro. Lewis preached a splendid sermon.

The young folks enjoyed a good singing at Mr. McGonigal's Sunday night. Several special pieces were sang.

Mr. Hobson was in Tahoka, Mond, trading.

Mr. and Mrs. Irvin Shattuck were in Post Tuesday night and his wife left Wednesday for Oklahoma to visit a while.

W. S. Joplin was out this way seeking the voters Wednesday and Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Hutto were trading in Tahoka Wednesday.

J. B. Lowe and family spent Sunday at the home of Mr. Campbell.

Mrs. Willie White and son and Miss Anis White of Post visited J. V. Dyer's Saturday night.

TATTLER

L. A. Marshall, of Floydada, cousin of Mrs. Ben King, was here Wednesday visiting relatives and working in the interest of his grain business.

Dr. E. E. Smith, specialist of Big Springs was here Wednesday to visit his practice. He did not make Brownfield on account of the picnic at Lamesa.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Hall Robinson at 6:04 o'clock a. m. Thursday July 11th, a fine seven pound boy; Jack Alley Robinson.

J. N. LeMond, Commissioner Precinct 2, presided at the regular monthly meeting of the Commissioners Court, Monday, on account of judge Perryman being sick. The Court appropriated \$35 a week to defray the expenses of taking care of the Judge during his prolonged illness.

Cultivator sweeps from 6 to 16 inches already sharpened at the Tahoka Blacksmith Shop, north of the square. 3-1f

H. W. Youmans, of Austin, Texas, passed through Tahoka last week on his way to Clovis New Mexico. He is making the trip in a farm wagon.

G. W. Small and wife and two small children accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Small, Sr. returned Sunday from a weeks trip to Hutchinson county where they went in Mr. Small's auto to see his sister. The report a fine time and splendid crops of wheat and oats in that part of the Panhandle.

Parkhurst's Broken Dollar Store will serve ice cream in the future. We solicit a share of your patronage. Always headquarters for the best candies, fruits and vegetables, also the famous El Kraco, Bailed Import, Havana Crook and Trilby cigars.

ence meetings are any good in a religious revival, they are even more important to our farmers. And it is just as important for Lynn county to have a farming revival as it is for a church to have a spiritual revival, for as the success of a church depends upon its spiritual condition, just so Lynn county depends upon its farming conditions. But if you never attend a revival how can you ever hope to be revived?

TAHOKA-LAMESA GAME

The Tahoka base ball squad left on the Wednesday evening train for Lamesa where they are to play a three game series with the Lamesa team during the picnic at that place Thursday and Friday.

Following is the lineup: Claude Wells 8b, Ruby Wells cf, Clarence Keever 1b, Jim Keever rf, Aymes Robinson 2b, Price Nettles p, Homer Preston c, S. M. Clayton and Slim subs. Clarence Keever, captain, reports his team in good spirits for the game. Good luck for the boosters.

Later: The first game was called at 3:00 o'clock Thursday evening and resulted in a victory for Tahoka by a score of 9 to 1.

DENTAL NOTICE

Dr. Henry has opened a dental office at Tahoka. Work done artistically and durably. Prices are reasonable. Office at St. Clair Hotel. Dr. Henry is an experienced Optometrist. If you need glasses let him fit you. Many children need glasses. Satisfaction guaranteed. Consultation free. Eyes scientifically tested \$2.50. 45-11

Baptist Ladies Aid will give a chicken pie supper the night of the election returns, Saturday night July 27. We solicit your patronage. 33-46

The White Steamer automobile of York Skinner's was sold at the hands of A. J. DeBord, deputy sheriff, Tuesday afternoon at the court house door for the sum of \$131. Bidding was very slow and it took lots of talking on the deputy's part.

Weary Willie Makes A Find



LYNN LOCALS.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Brown, of Hamilton county, are visiting their daughter, Mrs. W. H. May.

Commissioner H. S. Hatchett attended court Monday.

Mr. Jno. Beard, of Coleman, is visiting his brothers, C. T. and Alfred Beard.

H. S. Hatchett and wife visited W. H. May and wife Tuesday.

C. T. Beard and family visited Post Wednesday and his brother accompanied him to take the train for his home in Coleman.

The Hoosier has been too busy fighting blue weeds to write for the past two weeks.

Mrs. Shaw and daughter visited Mrs. Aubry Milliken Tuesday. Crops are looking fine but be better if we could get a good rain.

Messers Bennet and Branon, of Dawson county, are pasturing some 40 or 50 head of horses in the Wm. Montgomery pasture.

Mrs. H. S. Hatchett visited her son and daughter, Boyce and wife, Sunday.

Mrs. Shaw was a business visitor in Tahoka Friday.

W. H. May branded, Tuesday, the boys report a good time he having killed a calf to supply their hunger at noon.

Ed. Milliken and wife visited Mrs. Shaw and family, Sunday.

Carley Milliken visited Emory and Jesse Curb Sunday.

W. H. May did some nice improving a few days since, having built his wife a nice milk house.

Babe Howell, of Tahoka, visited John Yates Monday and Tuesday.

O'DONNELL NEWS

The lumber is now on the ground ready for the building of the Methodist tabernacle. Ere another Lynn County News is published our meeting will be in progress. Everybody Come.

Mrs. J. J. Walk and daughters, Misses Mirian and Lorena Mae, were shopping in O'Donnell, Monday.

Mr. Barnett is on our streets again.

Mrs. W. A. Thompson has been sick.

Mr. C. H. Doak was in Brownfield this week and states that Terry county has had a "cracker jack" rain.

J. R. Dillard and family are visiting home folks at Buffalo Gap.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Seals were visiting in our city, Sunday.

Mr. J. T. Neill, of Gorman, Texas, is visiting his daughter, Mrs. B. L. Blackburn, also in interest of his land near here.

Some of the O'Donnells are preparing to attend the picnic at Lamesa and are expecting a grand time.

Miss Hannok Steel who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Gleghom, near here, returned to her home last Saturday.

Misses Lou Ella Lowe and Crite Wright were sightseeing in our city last week.

Mr. Clyde Frost shipped a nice bunch of cattle from this place last week.

We have certainly been missing some good chances for rain.

Quite a number have been talking of transferring their children to this school district as soon as they see about our school. You transfer now, for the first of August will soon be here and it will be too late. We are going to have a good school.

Misses Ora and Holly Eubanks of Mesquit, visited their brother Mr. Frank Eubanks, of this place last Monday.

Rev. Will Izard, of the New Home community, was in Tahoka Tuesday to meet his mother who has been visiting her children that live near Redland, New Mexico. Mrs. Izard told us that she had children scattered all the way from Bell county to New Mexico. She spent some time with her son here the early part of last winter and is now on her return trip home.

Grasshoppers By The Thousands

Mr. J. H. Moore, of Gillespie county, who is here on a visit to his daughter, Mrs. W. L. Tunnel of south of town, was in Tahoka last week and told us some sure enough grasshopper stories.

He says that many crops have been entirely destroyed by grasshoppers. The large kind without wings, came first and then the small winged ones came and finished things up. Mr. Moore says that 4,000 grasshoppers a day was the average kill for a good boy with a stick. One man fenced a cotton patch of five acres with a tin fence six inches high and killed 50,000 grasshoppers in the patch. Another man fenced 50 acres and the day Mr. Moore left home this man told him that he had rolled his fence up because the winged grasshoppers had taken possession of his field so he had just turned it over to them.

Mr. Moore has traveled 399 miles on his trip and all along the way he has seen evidences of grasshoppers working on the crops, although the damages do not show so much here as in many other sections of the State, he has come through.

BROWNFIELD W. O. W. PICNIC

Brownfield, Texas, 7-10 12

Dear Sir:— The Brownfield W. O. W. Camp will give a picnic at Brownfield on July 19th. Everybody invited and plenty of entertainment of the usual order provided.

Among the number of sports already arranged for is a double header ball game between the Lubbock and Brownfield teams, both of which are "there and over" when it comes to playing ball.

We have also made arrangements to feed the entire Plains country and if you don't enjoy a feast on that date it will be because your are not in Brownfield.

We extend a cordial invitation to the entire population of Lynn county to be with us on the above date.

Fraternally,
A. J. Stricklin

Dr. Buck Henry and family, of Sweetwater, Texas, came in Monday and are stopping at the Hotel St. Clair. Dr. Henry is a dentist and is thinking of locating in Tahoka and making regular trips to the south and west of here. We hope he will decide to do so as there is great need here for a resident dentist.

Bigham & Snider unload a car of oats into their ware house this week.

For Sale or Trade—Three rebuilt buggies, look like new, wear like new and priced at less. W. P. Phenix, South of Square, Tahoka, Texas.

The P. & N. T. Railway was granted a franchise by the Commissioners' Court, of Lynn County, in regular monthly session Monday, to lay a switch from the depot to S. N. McDaniel's grain store one block north.

Terrific Explosion

One of the worst explosions that has happened in quite a while, took place when J. L. Russell bought 7,000 gallons of gasoline, coal oil, and lubricating oils from the Texas Co. and put prices to 12 and 18 cents to the consumer. Quality, the best that can be had at any price. Terms, cash.

Yours for business,
J. L. Russell, Tahoka.
P. S. Bring in your cans. 35 1f

Luke Riley, of lower Draw, was in town Tuesday. He tells us he has 140 acres of the finest feed crop he has had for years. Mr. Riley began moving his cotton gin to O'Donnell Tuesday of last week. He has purchased lots down by the railroad and will move his family close to the gin. Everything will be in readiness for the fall picking. His gin turned out 398 bales of cotton last year.

For dependable windmill work get E. N. McReynolds. Satisfaction guaranteed. Phone 32. 41-1f

MONEY

To loan in large or small amounts on real estate.

M. M. HERRING,
42-1f Tahoka, Texas.

W. M. Bowers the Star Windmill man of Fort Worth, was here last week. Mr. Wylie of the A. G. McAdams Lumber Co., here, placed an order for a car load of fixtures.

Dr. R. G. Anderson, Dentist of Snyder, will be here for the week beginning July 15th.

Marmaduke Gets a Mighty Good Suit?



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Vol. 8 TAHOKA, TEXAS, FRIDAY, JULY 12, 1912. No. 45

PROFESSIONAL

Dr. E. H. INMON,
Dr. L. L. TURRENTINE,
Associated
Physicians & Surgeons
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. A. W. THOMPSON
Physician and Surgeon
Office in Geo. Riley's Drug Store
O'Donnell, Texas

C. H. CAIN
Lawyer
Office in old First National Bank
Building
Tahoka, Texas

DR. BACHELOR
Dentist
Will be in Tahoka third Thursday, Friday and Saturday in each month

Drs. HUTCHINSON & PEEBLER
Practices limited to Diseases of the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat
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THE WRIGHT CAMPBELL SANITARIUM
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Physicians in Charge
Equipped for the Treatment of all Medical and Surgical Cases. Contagious Diseases not admitted. Trained Nurses in attendance. Open to all Physicians. Big Springs, Texas

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Will be pleased to serve you when in need of an artistic hair cut, clean smooth shave, Massage, Shampoo or Tonic.
Hot, cold and laundry basket in connection
SEWELL & CLAYTON
North Side Square, Tahoka

THE GOLDEN RULE.

Here is the golden rule as it has been interpreted by various branches of the human family:

Do as you would be done by.—Persian.

Do not that to a neighbor which you would take ill from him.—Greek.

What you would not wish done to yourself do not do unto others.—Chinese.

One should seek for others the happiness one desires for one's self.—Buddhist.

He sought for others the good he desired for himself. Let him pass on.—Egyptian.

All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.—Christian.

Let none of you treat his brother in a way he himself would dislike to be treated.—Mohammedan.

The true rule of life is to guard and do by the things of others as they do by their own.—Hindu.

The law imprinted on the hearts of all men is to love the members of society as themselves.—Roman.—Chicago Record-Herald.

FROM GOETHE.

We first know that we exist, when we recognize ourselves in others.

I have made all sorts of acquaintances, but as yet have found no society.

True individuality can only be properly made prominent through good manners.

In life generally, and in society, no one has such high advantages as a well-cultivated soldier.

One alone can do but little, but he can avail who in the proper hour unites his strength with others.

How true is the saying: The public is every complaining that it is ill-served, and never knows how to set about getting better served.

When we are living with people who have a delicate sense of propriety, we are in misery on their account when anything unbecoming is committed.

After all, the world is nothing but a wheel: in its whole periphery it is everywhere similar, but, nevertheless, it appears to us so strange, because we ourselves are carried around with it.

GENERALLY SPEAKING

If the present love affair isn't serious enough to convince you you never were in love before, it isn't much of an affair.

When the man a girl marries is as wealthy as they say he is, she doesn't waste much time, at first, coming home to visit.

Fully to appreciate the ingenuity of a boy, is the way he manages to fool his suspenders when the buttons are all off.

There's no fool like an old fool except the fool girl who marries him.

By performing an autopsy a doctor hopes to secure inside information.

The man who borrows trouble usually gets more than he bargained for.

Blacksmithing

Flows made any size, wagon and boggy work done. Satisfaction Guaranteed at

J. Macfarlane's
South of Square

Tahoka Tailor Shop

WADE RAY, PROPRIETOR

Don't Wear a Baggy, Misfit, Hand-me-down Suit. Let Us Take Your Measure For a Real Suit Made of Better Cloth & Guaranteed to Fit Perfectly

Price the Same

We Do the Best Work in Cleaning and Pressing Ladies and Gents Clothing. A Trial Is All We Ask.

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Tahoka, Texas

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WRITE for particulars of this splendid work. C. C. MERRIAM CO., 7 N. BROAD ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.

SAYS THE OWL.

Merely a coincidence is what the plagiarist calls it.

A miser doesn't even enjoy a joke at his own expense.

Only a very rich man can afford to have things given to him.

The man who loses the game is never accused of cheating.

Even if you haven't a good opinion of yourself, see that others have.

Ever notice how deaf people manage to hear the things they shouldn't?

It isn't a man's love for flowers that makes him throw bouquets at himself.

When love changes to indifference matrimony is on the verge of bankruptcy.

Many a man's fallurde is due to the fact that he bit off more than he could chew.

Occasionally the only thing the fool-killer need do is to set the pace that exterminates.

There's always something about a wedding that doesn't suit a woman who was not invited.

Marriage is about the only thing that can convince an old bachelor that he doesn't know it all.

When a man bets and loses his money he attributes it to ill luck, but when he wins he thinks it due to his smartness.

NUTS TO CRACK

Fair play doesn't always win fair lady.

The naked truth gives lots of us cold shivers.

Tombstones never seem to blush for the lies they tell.

A peck of trouble has come out of many a half-pint flask.

It takes more than a pair of jacks to open a bank account.

Most salads and all women are improved by French dressing.

Even the most astute police official cannot arrest the flight of time.

Luck is merely a case of the right opportunity meeting the right man.

Many a man loses a little reputation trying to stretch it into a big one.

You can't down the man who can always find a blue spot in a black sky.

It is quite natural that when a girl has good points the fellows should get stuck on her.

About the only people who have time to think twice before they speak are those who stutter.

You don't realize how many shocking things there are in the world unless you happen to be a prude.

RAM'S HORN BROWN

Devils can live in swine, but they feel more at home in the hearts of some men.

A bright face has more drawing power in it than any mustard plaster ever made.

The preacher who never does any preaching to himself will not draw blood on anybody else.

Many a man is so anxious that his neighbors should let their light shine that he neglects to snuff his own candle.

The world may be growing better, but it is still full of disappointment to the man who runs his shoes down at the heel.

Many a church needs a bigger cellar & front door more than it does a larger steeple.—Indianapolis News.

A Bank Draft

There are so many ways in which you may use a bank to advantage. Many do not understand that a bank draft is the easiest, safest, cheapest and quickest way to send money by mail but such is the case. You do not have to be annoyed by making out a formal application, as is the case where you buy a post office money order, and if the draft is lost in the mail the bank issues you another one. The next time you have any money you wish to send away come in and buy a bank draft and we are sure that after that you will use no other medium. By making the draft payable to you, and then endorsing it on the back to the one to whom you send it, it presents a complete record of the transaction, and is a receipt to you from the person to whom you sent the money, as they must endorse it before it is payable. This is only one of the many conveniences offered you by the bank and we shall be pleased to have you make use of them all.

The First Nat'l Bank Of Tahoka, Texas

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BOB MAJOR'S FURNITURE STORE
Main Street, Tahoka, Tex.

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Extra Fine Rich Tone Piano
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Let Us Make Your Plow Points To Order As They Will Last Longer Than The Ones You Buy.
ALL WORK GUARANTEED
Bring In Your Points Now And Do Not Wait Till You Need Them To Have Them Fixed Up

S. N. McDaniel

Wholesale and retail dealer in Hay, Grain, Coal and Salt. We are receiving feed and coal all the time and are prepared to fill large and small orders promptly. Give us a trial order. Feed and coal delivered to all parts of town. Phone No. 14 your wants or call at the yard one block north of the Santa Fe Depot, Tahoka, Texas.

The Yellow Letter



by William Johnston
Illustrations by YL Barnes

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(Continued)

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Harding Kent calls on Louise Farrish to propose marriage and finds the house in great excitement over the attempted suicide of her sister Katharine. Kent starts an investigation and finds that Hugh Crandall, suitor for Katharine, who had been forbidden the house by General Farrish, had talked with Katharine over the telephone just before she shot herself. A torn piece of yellow paper is found, at sight of which General Farrish is stricken with paralysis.

CHAPTER II—Kent discovers that Crandall has left town hurriedly. Andrew Elser, an aged banker, commits suicide about the same time as Katharine attempted her life.

cept that he was a lawyer. Several years ago he had given up his downtown office. Most of his income was derived from his fees as custodian of an orphan boy's estate. About four o'clock in the afternoon the landlady had heard a noise in his room like that of a body falling. On entering she had found him lifeless on the floor. She had called a policeman, who sent for an ambulance. The ambulance doctor found that Mr. Elser had taken poison.

It struck me as a peculiar coincidence that two persons so far apart in the social scale as Katharine Farrish and Andrew Elser should have chosen the same hour of the same day to seek death. Was there something in astrology after all? Had the stars decreed that both should die? Had some conjunction of the planets, some evil aspect in the Zodiac driven both of them—the young heiress, in the bloom of joyous youth, and the aged lawyer in his decrepit poverty—relentlessly, helplessly, to self-destruction?

So deep was the impression made on me by the coincidence that I took the paper with me and read the account of Elser's suicide to Louise. Even as I read aloud, this inexplicable thought came to me with startling force:

Suppose that these two suicides at the same hour were more than a mere coincidence. Was it possible that the same shadow had fallen on both these lives? Had the same mystery driven them to a death-pact?

It seemed absurd. It was unlikely that Katharine Farrish had ever heard of Andrew Elser. If the family had known him Louise would have mentioned it. And yet—why had these two persons sought to die on the same hour of the same day? The question would not let me sleep that night.

CHAPTER III.

The Second Clue.

"I can't do it, Harding. You are asking an impossibility."

I was sitting in Inspector Davis' room in the post-office building. The first thing in the morning I had gone there to enlist his aid in clearing up the mystery that hung over the Farrish home. With the confidence based on a friendship that had its beginnings in boyhood association I felt sure he would do all he could to help me. I wanted, if possible, to learn through him whence had come the yellow letter.

Miller Davis, though only a year older than I, already had become one of the government's most trusted secret agents. His rise in the service had been phenomenally rapid. The robbery of the post-office where he was employed had given him his start. A little later, with the merest thread to follow, he had run to earth a skilful band of stamp counterfeiters, and three of its members were now serving long terms. Only a year ago, when all this other inspectors had failed to find the flaw in the registry service that permitted a red-striped sack with two hundred thousand dollars' worth of registered mail to disappear, Davis, putting his keen, analytical mind on the case, within a week had discovered the flaw in the system and only a few days later had arrested the ex-covict who had profited by it.

With the natural interest of an old friend I had followed his career and was familiar with most of his brilliant achievements. Even though the scrap which was puzzling me had no envelope and bore no postmark, so confident was I in his far-reaching powers I would hardly have been amazed if he had told me all about it as soon as I showed it to him. Imagine, then, my disappointment at his absolute refusal to take up the matter at all.

"Don't you see how important it is!"

I cried. "This little scrap is the key to the whole mystery."

He was sitting with his back to the light—a trick most business men have these days, so that they can see your face in full light, while you have difficulty in reading theirs—yet from his tone I felt that he was inwardly amused at my anxiety.

"I'm afraid you overrate my detective ability and my powers as a post-office inspector," he said. "While I am inclined to agree with you that this bit of paper may have some bearing on the case, there is nothing to show from what post-office it came, through whose hands it passed, or by whom it was received. It may not have come through the mail at all. More than likely some messenger brought it. Before I could undertake an investigation I would have to know, first, that it had come through the mail; second, that there was some evidence that the mails were being used for an unlawful purpose; and third, I would want to be certain before I began the investigation, that I would win out. That's the secret, old chap, of my success, of everybody's success. Don't tackle things you can't do, then you never fail."

Davis' refusal was a greater blow to me than I cared to admit. Louise and I in our final conference the night before had decided that there were three steps that would take us far into the night.

First, I was to try at once to find Hugh Crandall. I was to ask him to explain the rupture with Katharine, the attitude of General Farrish toward him, his knowledge of the yellow letter, and why he had called Katharine on the telephone the afternoon before.

Second, failing to find Crandall, I was to make some pretext for visiting his rooms. His sudden departure and his cautioning the janitor to admit no one had a suspicious look. While neither Louise nor I had discussed what might be there to explain the mystery, I was thinking that in all probability I would find a bundle of letters from Katharine, some of which might furnish a clue.

Third, I was to ask Inspector Davis to help me trace the yellow letter.

I had anticipated little difficulty in ascertaining Crandall's whereabouts. A broker of standing does not vanish overnight without informing his business partners. Before coming to the inspector I had telephoned to Crandall's office. Great was my amazement to learn from one of his partners that they were as much puzzled as I over his sudden going away. They had merely received a telegram saying that he had been called out of town unexpectedly and did not know when he would return. The telegram had been sent from an office near his rooms the night before. There was no business affair that would take him away, so they supposed that it was some urgent personal matter.

While I chatted for a moment with Davis over our boyhood days I was thinking what step I should take next. The problems of learning Crandall's whereabouts and gaining access to his rooms did not seem so simple as they had the night before. A clerk entered with a card for Davis, and I rose to go.

"Don't go yet," he said. "It's only a man from police headquarters. His errand will probably take only a minute."

As I resumed my seat Detective Dowd was ushered into the room. He was the typical police sleuth, thick of head and foot, ready to suspect the suspicious and to see the obvious. In appearance, in speech, in manner of thought, he and the inspector were almost exact opposites. One was a grizzled, bleary-eyed man of fifty whom even the clumsiest criminal could not have mistaken for anything but what he was; the other, young-looking for even his thirty years, might have been readily mistaken for a college tutor or an alert reporter. It amused me to see with what deference the man from headquarters approached him.

"Beg your pardon for disturbing you, inspector," he said, nervously twisting his hat, "but I've got a little matter here the chief wanted me to put up to you."

He turned toward me with a suspicious glance, but Davis hastened to assure him that he could speak freely before me.

"It's this," he explained, "this old man wants to know about."

As he spoke he drew something from his inner pocket and laid it on the inspector's desk. As my eyes followed

his hand I gave a sudden start. With difficulty I restrained an expression of amazement. The object about which he had come to inquire was a torn yellow envelope.

I glanced quickly at Davis. I fully expected to see in his face something of the same astonishment I had felt. I was disappointed. With a casual glance at the envelope he turned to Dowd as if waiting for him to go on.

"It's evidence in the Elser case," the detective went on, "turned in by the man on post who reported the suicide. He was that old party that was found dead in his room up on West Twenty-third street. To my mind, it's just a plain case of suicide—an old man tired of living. The poison bottle was there on the floor beside him. I don't see nothing suspicious about it, but the chief has taken a notion that there's something behind it and wants to know where this letter came from. We searched the room, but this torn envelope was all we could find. The postmark's torn through, but he thought maybe you could trace it anyhow."

"I'll see what I can do and I'll let you know in the morning," said the inspector calmly, dismissing the detective with a nod. From his matter-of-face tone and apparent lack of interest I would not have been surprised if he had refused this undertaking, too, as he had mine, though it seemed to me that the two bits of yellow paper connected the two suicides at the same hour as something decisively more than a mere coincidence.



"Beg Your Pardon for Disturbing You, Inspector."

per connected the two suicides at the same hour as something decisively more than a mere coincidence. As soon, however, as the detective had left the room the inspector's whole manner changed. With the glitter of excitement in his alert eyes he turned to me and explosively said: "Quick, let me see that yellow scrap."

I had placed it carefully in my wallet after he had refused my request. As I drew it out now he almost snatched it from my hand. Putting it on his desk beside the torn envelope, he picked up a reading-glass and studied both pieces carefully. His inspection lasted for several minutes, and meanwhile, I, too, studied the torn envelope.

Both in color and texture the paper so closely resembled the scrap that I was positive that they were of the same lot. The envelope bore the address of Andrew Elser, in West Twenty-third street. Part of the postmark—most of it, in fact—had been destroyed, as if in the careless opening of the letter with the finger. All that was decipherable was a capital "A" and part of another letter that might have been either an "N" or an "R." In the lower part of the circle was a fragment of a letter that looked as if it might have been an "S." I noticed, too, that the stamp had been stuck on rather carelessly, in a lopsided manner.

My friend, his inspection completed, turned to me apologetically.

"I beg your pardon, Harding Kent," he said, "you were entirely right. These two bits of paper are key-notes in an important mystery, one that it is well worth my while to try to solve."

"What made you change your mind so suddenly?" I asked, for though I

quite agreed with him, his manner had puzzled me not a little.

He leaned back in his chair and turned it so that he faced me. He had a sharp, explosive way of speaking, biting off his words almost before he had completely enunciated them.

"Can't you see? One footprint leads nowhere. Two footprints start a path. When you brought that yellow scrap to me you were merely guessing that it might have something to do with the strange happenings in the Farrish home. There was no way in which you could have positive knowledge, nor could I. You were only guessing."

"Indeed, I wasn't!" I exclaimed indignantly. "What drew my attention to it was General Farrish's exclamation of terror at the sight of it just before he fell, paralyzed."

Davis shook his head determinedly. "That meant much—or nothing. It may have been mere senile hysteria superinduced by the great shock. At some time in his life he may have had some unpleasant experience which was associated in his subconscious memory with a yellow document. Wrought up as he was by the news of his daughter's attempt to kill herself, the brain cells called into action were those that had recorded other disturbing experiences, perhaps a month ago, perhaps forty years ago. No impressions in the brain records are ever lost. The sight of the yellow paper probably recalled some other yellow

paper. There was then no evidence whatever that it was this particular piece of paper that so agitated him."

"But you think so now," I suggested.

"The situation has entirely changed. There was nothing to show that this piece of paper had ever come through the mail. There was nothing to connect it with suicide. Dowd comes in here with a similar piece of paper that plainly has been mailed. We now have not one footprint, but two—the beginning of a path. Once started on the path, we can solve the mystery."

"Then you think there is some connection between the two bits of paper?"

"I know there is," said Davis. "These bits of yellow paper are of the same quality and texture—to all appearances the same paper. Two persons in whose possession they were, attempt suicide on the same day. The same person, or at least the same typewriter, wrote both the address on the envelope and the contents of the letter. This envelope came from a country post-office in either New York or New Jersey within a month—some post-office the name of which begins with 'Ar' or 'An.' There are not many rural offices that will fit in all particulars. In two days or sooner, I can tell you exactly from what office they were mailed."

"Letters—you think there were two? Might not this be the envelope in

(Continued on Fourth Page)

-Announcements-

We are authorized to announce Joe Baldridge as candidate for the office Tax Assessor of Lynn County subject to the action of the Democratic Primaries of 1912.

We are authorized to announce F. E. Redwine as a candidate for re-election to the office of Tax Assessor of Lynn County subject to the action of the Democratic Primaries of 1912.

FOR COUNTY JUDGE

We are authorized to announce T. G. Marks as a candidate for the office of County Judge of Lynn County subject to the action of the Democratic Primaries of 1912.

We are authorized to announce Joe L. Stokes as a candidate for the office of County Judge for Lynn County subject to the action of the Democratic Primaries of 1912.

FOR DISTRICT JUDGE

We are authorized to announce W. R. Spencer as a candidate for re-election to the office of District Judge of the 72nd Judicial District, subject to the Democratic Primaries of 1912.

We are authorized to announce H. C. Ferguson as a candidate for the office of District Judge of the 72nd Judicial District, subject to the action of the Democratic Primaries of 1912.

We are authorized to announce J. H. Moore as a candidate for the office of District Judge of the 72nd Judicial District, subject to the action of the Democratic Primaries of 1912.

We are authorized to announce James R. Robinson as candidate for the office of District Judge 72nd Judicial District subject to the action of the Democratic Primaries of 1912.

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY

We are authorized to announce J. E. Vickers as a candidate for re-election to the office of District Attorney of the 72nd Judicial District, subject to the Democratic Primaries of 1912.

We are authorized to announce G. E. Lockhart, as a candidate for the office of District Attorney of the 72nd Judicial District subject to the action of the Democratic Primaries of 1912.

FOR SHERIFF AND TAX COLLECTOR

We are authorized to announce J. H. Edwards as a candidate for re-election to the office of Sheriff and Tax Collector of Lynn County subject to the action of the Democratic Primaries of 1912.

We are authorized to announce S. W. Joplin as a candidate for the office of Sheriff and Tax Collector of Lynn County subject to the action of the Democratic Primaries of 1912.

FOR COUNTY AND DISTRICT CLERK

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for re-election the office of County and District Clerk of Lynn County subject to the action of the Democratic Primaries of 1912.

J. W. ELLIOTT.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER

We are authorized to announce Merrill Clayton as a candidate for re-election to the office of County Treasurer, Lynn County, Texas, subject to the action of the Democratic Primaries of 1912.

FOR COMMISSIONER PRECINCT NUMBER 1

We are authorized to announce J. V. Dyer as a candidate for the office of Commissioner Precinct No. 1, Lynn County, subject to the Democratic primary, July 27th, 1912.

Shoe Repairing

The best of work at reasonablePRICES.....

PLEASE GIVE ME A TRIAL

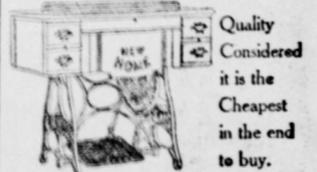
G. W. Harrison

At Tahoka Hardware Co.'s Store

NEW THE SEWING MACHINE OF QUALITY.

NOT SOLD UNDER ANY OTHER NAME. HOME

WARRANTED FOR ALL TIME. If you purchase the NEW HOME you will save a life asset at the price you pay, and will not have an endless chain of repairs.



Quality Considered it is the Cheapest in the end to buy.

If you want a sewing machine, write for our latest catalogue before you purchase.

The New Home Sewing Machine Co., Orange, Mass.

Fresh Grain Fed Meat

Cut to suit the most exacting

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Tahoka Saddle Shop

R. MILLIKEN Prop.

Saddles, Harness,

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Stubborn Case

"I was under the treatment of two doctors," writes Mrs. R. L. Phillips, of Indian Valley, Va., "and they pronounced my case a very stubborn one, of womanly weakness. I was not able to sit up, when I commenced to take Cardui.

I used it about one week, before I saw much change. Now, the severe pain, that had been in my side for years, has gone, and I don't suffer at all. I am feeling better than in a long time, and cannot speak too highly of Cardui."

TAKE The CARDUI Woman's Tonic

if you are one of those ailing women who suffer from any of the troubles so common to women.

Cardui is a builder of womanly strength. Composed of purely vegetable ingredients, it acts quickly on the womanly system, building up womanly strength, toning up the womanly nerves, and regulating the womanly system. Cardui has been in successful use for more than 50 years. Thousands of ladies have written to tell of the benefit they received from it. Try it for your troubles. Begin today.

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Want to figure your bill for Lumber, Sash, Doors, Shingles, moulding, Eclipse Wind-mills, Stock Tower, Piping and Fittings of all kinds, Lime, Brick, Cement, Posts and Wire. Geo. Small, Manager

TWO BLOCKS EAST OF SQUARE

TAHOKA, Lynn County, TEXAS

The YELLOW LETTER

BY WILLIAM JOHNSTON
Illustrations BY V. L. BARNES

Copyright 1911, The Bobbs-Merrill Co.
(Continued From Third Page)

which this paper came?"

"That presupposes an acquaintance between Elser and Miss Farrish, at least a connection of some sort. Did she know him?"

"I don't think so. Her sister and I were talking of the Elser suicide last night after we saw the evening papers. Louise surely would have known it if her sister was acquainted with him."

"Perhaps," said Davis doubtfully. "There isn't a human being over ten that has not a secret that they keep from some one. It looks to me, though, as if in all probability there were two distinct letters. That is what makes me suspect a plot. It convinces me that the mails are being used for an improper and more than likely a criminal purpose. This brings the case or both cases properly in my domain as a postoffice inspector."

"And I can count on your assistance, after all," I said joyfully. "When can you begin work?"

"I have begun," he said tersely, pushing over for my inspection something he had hastily scribbled on a pad lying on his desk. It was an order addressed to the superintendent of the railway mails, which read:

"Have all railway clerks on New York and New Jersey routes report from what rural office within the last month they have received large quantities of letters in yellow envelopes. If letters have been discontinued, when?"

"Large quantities!" I gasped. "Were there more than two?"

"Of course," he snapped, in a way that showed me he did not wish to be questioned further. Then he reached for his hat and coat, and with an abrupt "Come along!" led the way to the elevator.

"Where are you going?" I asked as he rushed me hurriedly through Park place to the Sixth Avenue Elevated.

"To Twenty-third street," he replied, "to find out what the police have not."

In the "L" train I told him in low tones of Crandall's apparent connection with the case and of his sudden disappearance. He sat silent, his whole bearing indicating such abstraction that I doubted if he had heard a word I was saying, but suddenly, just before we left the train, he started me by asking:

"Do you know Crandall? What color are his eyes?"

I regretted that I had to say no to the first question, and that I did not, to the latter, which quizzed me greatly. What connection the color of a man's eyes could possibly have with two attempts at suicide and a lot of mysterious yellow letters from a rural post-office was entirely beyond me. Curious as I was, I hesitated to question him on the subject, for experience had taught me that he was better at asking than answering.

Instead of going directly to the boarding-house where Elser had killed himself, he took the other side of the street and turned abruptly into a house, beside the door of which was a doctor's plate.

"Is Doctor Berner in?" he asked of the maid, and on being shown into the physician's office, introduced himself

as "Inspector Davis" and began questioning the doctor about the Elser suicide.

Though the papers had made no mention of Doctor Berner, the statement being that a policeman had called an ambulance from Bellevue Hospital, it now appeared that the landlady had summoned him as soon as the suicide was discovered. Elser



Mrs. Trask Was the Old-School Boarding-House Mistress.

was dead, so he had withdrawn as soon as the policeman arrived.

"Did you ever have Elser as a patient?" asked the inspector.

The doctor reflected.

"Only once—about two years ago. I gave him something for insomnia. He called here at the office and I wrote him a prescription. He was to return in a few days for further treatment, but he did not do so. Another time—"

The doctor hesitated.

"There was another time I had al-

most forgotten, a year or two before that. He met me in the street one day and asked what my office hours were on Saturday. He explained that he was the guardian of a boy who was in a boarding-school. The child had some slight throat trouble and he wished me to make an examination. On the following Saturday he brought the boy here, a bright little chap about ten."

"Do you know the boy's name? What school did he attend?" The inspector fired this question rapidly, but it was quickly apparent that the doctor had nothing more to tell, so we left.

"What a wonderful man you are!" I exclaimed as the doctor's door closed behind us. "How did you learn that Doctor Berner had been called in after Elser killed himself?"

"There is nothing wonderful about my knowledge," answered Davis with a laugh. "What is the first thing that people do when anything happens? They run for the nearest doctor. Doctor Berner is the nearest doctor. Could anything be simpler?"

The simplicity of his logic amazed me. It was like a conjurer's trick after it has been explained, or like one of those puzzle pictures with hidden faces. You work hours trying to find them, and after you have found them you wonder how you ever happened not to see them.

We now arrived at Mrs. Trask's boarding-house—one of those dingy ex-residences that proclaimed its retrogression by a white slip of paper on the door frame. I had supposed that here, too, my friend would introduce himself as "Inspector Davis" on account of the prestige it would give him in searching the rooms, but to the slattern maid who came to the door wiping her hands he merely said:

"Tell your mistress a couple of gentlemen are inquiring about room and board."

Mrs. Trask was the old-school boarding-house mistress fast disappearing

before the inroads of the family apartment hotel. "Better days" was written all over her, though somewhat obscured by years in boarding-house grease. Eying us sharply through her spectacles, she inquired how much we were willing to pay, meanwhile debating with herself whether it was necessary to ask for references.

Davis' "not more than twelve dollars a week each" apparently convinced her that references were unnecessary, for she at once led the way to what she described as the second floor front, the room in which Elser had killed himself only the day before. Probably she had no intention of telling us this, but garrulity overcame her caution. She had been expatiating on the advantages of the room—Heaven knows it needed an eloquent advocate!—when suddenly she lowered her voice to a mysterious whisper.

"One gentleman has occupied this room for fourteen years—ever since I've had the house, and a fine old gentleman he was, too. I wouldn't have the room vacant but what happened to him yesterday." She let her voice sink still lower. "If it was a couple of ladies looking at the room, I wouldn't be telling it, but I know you gentlemen won't mind. It was in this room yesterday Mr. Elser killed himself, not on the bed, but right here on the floor. It was poison he took—cyanide of mercury," the doctor said.

"You don't say!" exclaimed the inspector, as if he had heard the news for the first time. "Why did he do it?"

"It's more than I can say," said Mrs. Trask, evidently well pleased to talk about the tragedy. "I did everything I could to keep him comfortable and happy. He spent all his time here since he gave up his office downtown. He read the papers every morning in the parlor. Every afternoon he took a walk. He was always on time to his meals and there never was a complaint out of him. On Saturdays he used to go up to Westchester to see a boy that he was guardian for. Every Saturday night regular he paid his board, that is, up to last week—that's still owing."

"Did he have any visitors?"

"No, I don't recollect that there was ever any one here to see him, though occasionally he used to bring the boy down here to lunch on Saturday or Sunday. He hasn't had him here, though, for the last three years."

"Did he receive any mail?"

"Ain't it queer, now, that you speak of that! The first letter he had in months came only last week. The police found part of the envelope on the floor beside him. Them and me both looked through all his things, but never a trace of the letter could we find. I can't for the life of me think what he could have done with it. I know the letter must have had some sort of good news for him, for after he received it, for several days he was as bright and chipper as could be, more like himself than he had been for years. Then yesterday somebody telephoned to him—I don't know who it was, for I was out marketing—and he never had any 'phone calls before that I know of. Right after lunch he went out and was gone until after three. Soon after he came in he killed himself in this very room."

self and hastened to the telephone. Louise told me that the condition both her father and Katharine were practically unchanged. I briefly summarized my morning's work and as if I might bring the inspector a luncheon.

"By all means," said Louise, "bring him right over. I want to meet him and there may be some things I can tell him which will aid him."

When I returned to the cafe on the Broadway side, where I had left the inspector, I found him abstractedly rolling little pellets of bread and placing them in various positions on the cloth. So absorbed was he in his occupation that he hardly seemed to note my return. His flying fingers would hastily mold three or four pellets in as many seconds. Placing them in a row, he would eye them intently. Occasionally he would swoop down on some unoffending pellet and sweep it to the floor. Two or three times I tried to interrupt him to learn what he wished to eat, but each time he waved me impatiently away. Finally, not desiring to delay too long over luncheon, I gave the waiter the order without consulting him. Mechanically he ate what was put before him, all the while keeping up his game with bread balls.

Knowing him as well as I did, after studying closely his eccentric movements, I felt sure that the array of pellets was closely allied with the mental process by which he was seeking to solve the Farrish mystery. The larger pellets, I decided, must be the various theories about the yellow letter or letters and their origin. The smaller pellets were the different persons connected with the case. One by one he pushed the larger pellets from the table until a single pellet remained. The smaller ones he kept arranging and rearranging until at last he seemed satisfied. The single surviving large pellet stood directly on a crease in the cloth. On one side equally distant from the crease, but close to each other, he had placed two of the smaller pellets. The rest were in three groups on the other side of the line. For perhaps five minutes he carefully studied their position without shifting them, and then with a quick motion of his hand swept them all to the floor.

"There was some purpose distinctly criminal connected with the yellow letters," he said, as if for the first time aware of my presence, and becoming so loquacious as he had before been silent. "When we have run this mystery to earth we will find that there are two of the criminals—only two guilty."

"Guilty of what?" I asked in amazement.

"I haven't the slightest idea as yet," he replied with such apparent frankness that I suspected he was not telling me all his thought. "Evil ideas are of three kinds—the solitary, the pair, the group. Crimes are merely the physical expression of evil ideas and bear the same classification. The solitary evil idea manifests itself in a variety of crimes. In this class belong defalcations, poisonings, crimes against women and generally the assassination of private individuals. These are the hardest crimes to discover and punish. The evil idea is not communicated. This sort of criminal seldom has confidants. Often, in fact almost always, he masks his villainy behind the cloak of respectability. Most of these offenses are due to mania, to bloodlust, to a desire for revenge for real or imaginary wrongs.

List of Lands and Lots Sold to the State or Reported Delinquent in Former Years Not Redeemed and are also Delinquent for 1911 in Lynn County

NAME OF OWNER	LAND			TOWN OR CITY LOTS		STATE TAXES		COUNTY TAXES		TOTAL TAXES			
	Abst. No.	Cert. No.	Surv. No.	Original Grantee	Acres	CITY OR TOWN	Lots	Blk.	Revenue		School	Penalty	Dist. Pen
Unknown	162	621	7	E. L. & R. R.	160				70	94	16	1.12	28
	190	181	3	" NW 1/4	160				70	94	16	1.12	28
	194	1319	5	"	320				1.40	1.87	33	2.24	1.12
	208	661	41	"	80				35	47	8	56	28
	248	634	15	"	320				1.40	1.87	33	2.24	1.12
	340	197	91	D. & L. E.	320				1.40	1.87	33	2.24	1.12
	351	690	167	E. L. & R. R.	160				70	94	16	1.12	28
	354	1025	7	"	234				1.03	1.37	24	1.64	82
	357	686	159	" N 1/2	320				1.40	1.87	33	2.24	1.12
	359	685	143	" E 1/2	320				1.40	1.87	33	2.24	1.12
	364	1333	1	"	640				2.80	3.73	65	4.48	2.24
	367	1434	17	"	320				1.40	1.87	33	2.24	1.12
	369	1432	13	" E 1/2	320				1.40	1.87	33	2.24	1.12
	370	1431	11	"	237 1/2				68	88	16	1.00	50
	371	1430	9	"	394				1.76	2.34	41	2.82	1.40
	373	1428	5	"	480				2.10	2.79	49	3.36	1.68
	382	1441	31	"	320				1.40	1.87	33	2.24	1.12
	384	1443	35	" W 1/2	320				1.40	1.87	33	2.24	1.12
	390	1356	29	"	320				1.40	1.87	33	2.24	1.12
	391	1356	31	"	640				2.80	3.73	65	4.48	2.24
	409	590	101	H. E. & W. T.	640				2.80	3.73	65	4.48	2.24
	559	2-225	484	T. C. Reed	4 2-5				13	17	3	20	10
	599	66	77	H. E. & W. T.	377				1.62	2.16	38	2.59	1.29
	611	680	28	W. B. Johnson	370				1.62	2.16	38	2.59	1.29
	661	1314	4	Pete Earnest	200				87	113	20	1.40	70
	678	668	79	H. E. & W. T.	320				1.40	1.87	33	2.24	1.12
	727	399	434	A. J. Beavers	120				53	70	12	84	42
	745	1442	32	C. E. Brown	640				2.40	3.20	56	3.84	1.92
	748	833	38	J. W. Cone	152				63	83	15	1.50	75
	796	652	24	B. Humphries	160				60	80	14	96	48
	800	212	33	W. R. Ingram	320				1.40	1.87	33	2.24	1.12
	801	1-8	2	W. R. Ingram	640				2.80	3.73	65	4.48	2.24
	860	644	8	W. L. Self	320				1.20	1.60	28	1.92	96
	921	638	112	P. D. Sanders	80				25	33	6	40	20
	1015	833	38	E. D. Copeland	320				1.40	1.87	33	2.24	1.12
	1027	638	112	T. B. Hilton	80				35	47	8	56	28
	1029	638	112	J. H. Hilton	160				70	94	16	1.12	56
	1114	1432	11	H. & T. C.	320				1.20	1.60	28	1.92	96
						Taboka			13	17	3	20	10
									4	5	6	7	8
									4	7	46	12	17
									7	48	6	7	1
									7	55	6	7	1
									2	7	56	12	16
									6	7	57	9	13
									5	8	63	10	14
									8	64	5	7	1
									8	65	5	7	1
									1	4	66	8	10
									4	6	7	15	18
									2	8	68	8	10
									3	70	6	8	1
									6	71	6	8	1
									5	6	73	10	14
									3	6	76	13	18
									4	7	77	8	10
									5	79	4	6	1
									5	6	78	8	10
									3	6	78	13	18
									3	4	78	8	10
									5	6	78	10	14
									1	2	5	6	7
									3	4	78	8	10
									5	6	78	10	14
									1	2	5	6	7
									3	4	78	8	10
									5	6	78	10	14
									1	2	5	6	7
									3	4	78	8	10
									5	6	78	10	14
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									5	6	78	10	14
									1	2	5	6	7
									3	4	78	8	10
									5	6	78	10	14
									1	2	5	6	7
									3	4	78	8	10
									5	6	78	10	14
									1	2	5	6	7
									3	4	78	8	10
									5	6	78	10	14
									1	2	5	6	7
									3	4	78	8	10
									5	6	78	10	14

List of Lands and Lots Delinquent on March 31st, 1912

For Taxes of 1911 Only in Lynn County

NAME OF OWNER	LAND			Original Grantee	Acres	TOWN OR CITY LOTS		STATE TAXES				COUNTY TAXES				TOTAL TAXES		
	Abst. No.	Cert. No.	Sec. No.			CITY OR TOWN	Lots	Blk.	Reve. Tax	School	Pol.	Ad Valorem	Spec. Tax	Dist. Sch'l	Penalty			
Jack Alley	204	170	52	E. L. & R. K.	640	Tahoka	4, 5, 6	72										
" "	644	624	14	Jack Alley	640	North Tahoka	6	13										
" "	646	418	4	" "	640	Tahoka	2	72										
" "	401	525	23	H. E. & W. T.	640	North Tahoka	4	13										
" "	1062		2	Jno Faucher ne 1/2	160													
" "	859		3	D. W. Scott, W 1/2	320													
" "	245	631	9	E. L. & R. R. ne 1/4	480				15.84	21.12	3.70	25.35	12.68	29.45	6.75	114.89		
A. L. Black						Tahoka	3, 4	92										
" "						" "	5, 6	78	18	23	4	28	14	70	11	1.68		
J. W. D. Davis	726	461	426	A J Beavers ne 1/4	160	" "	1, 2, 3, 1-2 OF 4, 5 & 6	17	1.04	1.37	1.50	39	1.67	84	25	1.67	44	9.17
J. H. Faucher									94	1.25	1.50	37	1.50	75	25	3.75	63	10.94
L. L. Forrester	777	504	18	L. L. Forrester	640													
" "	852	1035	50	" " SEM	160													
" "	893		0	" " SEM	640													
S. H. & Ed. S. Johnson						Shook's Ad'n.	2, 3	8	8.88	11.83	2.08	14.20	7.10	10.65	3.19	57.93		
Bert King	1040	38	56	O. B. Shook	160	Tahoka			57	76	1.50	28	91	46	23	2.28	39	7.40
J. A. Martin	989	1437	24	C. C. Afford	480				79	1.05	18	1.26	63	3.15	50	7.56		
J. C. Nevels							1, 2	91	1.21	1.62	28	1.94	97	4.85	78	11.65		
G. R. Pearce									2.05	3.53	52	4.24	2.12	10.60	1.70	25.36		
L. A. R. Robinson	998		7	F. C. Millard	320				4.33	5.77	1.01	0.92	3.46	17.30	2.77	41.56		
C. T. Shook	246	632	11	E. L. & R. R.	160				81	1.08	1.50	1.34	1.30	65	25	1.85	41	9.19
S. N. Weathers						Shook's Ad'n.	3, 4	34										
" "						" "	2	36	93	1.24	22	1.49	74	3.72	60	8.91		
J. F. Mevens	739	523	42	G. W. Brazill	640				2.50	3.33	58	4.00	2.00	10.00	1.60	24.01		
J. W. Everett	993	477	18	S. W. Joplin	142				52	69	12	83	41	2.08	33	4.98		
H. K. Fenn	772		11	W. F. Fenn ne 1/4	160				1.30	1.73	30	2.08	1.04	2.68	52	9.05		
J. V. Hobbs	1146	649	4	J. V. Hobbs	657 7-10				5.75	7.67	1.34	9.20	4.60	9.20	2.30	40.06		
J. L. Nevels						Shook's Ad'n.	1	17										
" "						North Tahoka	15	45	6	8	1	10	5	25	4	59		
D. W. E. Roock	144	647	11	E. L. & R. R. S 1/2	320				1.40	1.87	33	2.24	1.12	1.68	50	9.14		
Stake Plains Tel. Co.									5.62	7.50	1.31	9.00	4.50	22.50	3.60	54.03		
T. B. Spaulding	326	235		Julian Coats	1367				5.98	7.98	1.39	9.57	4.78	7.88	2.14	39.02		
Jacob Womac	141	629	5	E. L. & R. R. nw 1/4	160				70	93	17	1.12	56	87	25	4.57		
Unknown	11	461	479	" " " " "	160				70	93	16	1.12	56	2.80	45	6.72		
" "	40	556	136	" " " " "	677				2.96	3.95	69	4.74	2.37	4.74	1.19	20.64		
" "	48	452	459	" " " " SEM	160				7.80	9.3	16	1.12	56	87	25	4.56		
" "	69	219	579	C. W. Post	640				2.80	3.73	65	4.48	2.24	4.48	1.12	19.50		
" "	129	968	3	E. L. & R. R.	640				2.80	3.73	65	4.48	2.24	5.60	1.23	20.73		
" "	143	646	13	" " " " S 1-2	320				1.40	1.87	33	2.24	1.12	1.68	51	9.15		
" "	290	527	7	H. E. & W. T.	640				2.80	3.73	65	4.48	2.24	3.36	1.01	18.27		
" "	302	535	37	" " " " "	640				2.80	3.73	65	4.48	2.24	11.20	1.79	26.89		
" "	303	530	35	" " " " "	640				2.80	3.73	65	4.48	2.24	11.20	1.79	26.89		
" "	336	193	3	D. & S. E.	320				1.40	1.87	33	2.24	1.12	2.27	56	9.76		
" "	353	1135	11	E. L. & R. R.	640				2.80	3.73	65	4.48	2.24	3.36	1.01	18.27		
" "	437	181	23	G. T. Ry. Co.	152				67	89	16	1.07	54	80	25	44.38		
" "	674	660	76	W. R. Hampton	480				2.10	2.80	49	3.36	1.68	4.20	92	15.55		
" "	708	680	130	Albert Taylor	640				2.80	3.73	65	4.48	2.24	5.60	1.33	20.85		
" "	728	70	38	W. S. Bell	640				2.50	3.33	58	4.00	2.00	3.00	90	16.31		
" "	755		9	W. Copeland	455				1.98	2.66	47	3.19	1.59	3.90	88	14.77		
" "	773	707	402	W. T. Fenn	320				1.63	2.17	28	2.60	1.30	2.60	65	11.33		
" "	938	224	506	J. C. York	160				70	94	16	1.12	56	1.12	28	4.88		
" "	973	1440	30	M. M. Skinner	640				2.40	3.20	50	3.84	1.92	9.60	1.54	23.06		
" "	1110	707	402	R. D. & H. K. Fenn	120				53	70	12	84	42	84	21	3.66		
" "	1113		2	R. M. Haverty	320				1.20	1.60	28	1.92	96	1.44	43	7.83		
" "	1126	30	28	W. K. Ray	320				1.20	1.60	28	1.92	96	4.80	77	11.53		
" "	1134	143	422	T. M. Bartley	160				60	80	14	96	48	96	27	4.18		
" "	1136	68	20	J. T. Blackburn	80				30	40	7	48	24	36	11	1.96		
" "	1114	1120	46	J. C. Criswell	470				1.50	2.00	35	2.40	1.20	1.80	54	9.78		
" "	1153	1-5	2	LL Powers & Hudson	160				70	93	16	1.12	56	1.12	28	4.87		
" "	1154	1-5	2	" " " " "	160				70	93	16	1.12	56	1.12	28	4.87		
" "	1151	1-5	2	" " " " "	160				70	93	16	1.12	56	1.12	28	4.87		
" "	1156	71	40	B. H. Robinson	80				30	40	7	48	24	36	11	1.96		
" "						Tahoka	3	6	19	25	4	30	15	75	12	1.80		
" "						" "	1, 2	12	30	40	7	50	25	1.20	20	2.92		
" "						" "	1-2 of 7, 8	21	1.00	1.34	23	1.60	80	7.00	61	9.61		
" "						" "	7, 8	26	31	42	7	50	25	1.25	20	3.00		
" "						" "	1, 2	27	10	14	3	16	8	40	6	97		
" "						" "	7	28	5	7	1	8	4	20	3	48		
" "						" "	1	29	4	6	1	7	4	17	3	42		
" "						" "	1, 2, 3, 4, 5	35	2.00	2.67	47	3.20	1.60	8.00	1.28	19.22		
" "						" "	5	39	13	17	3	20	10	50	8	1.21		
" "						" "	1	54	6	9	2	10	5	25	4	61		
" "						" "	5, 6	59	8	13	2	15	8	38	6	91		
" "						" "	1, 2, 3, 4	61	25	33	6	40	20	1.00	16	2.40		
" "						" "	7	63	5	7	1	8	4	29	3	48		
" "						" "	5, 6	64	10	14	2	16	8	40	6	96		
" "						" "	4, 7	65	10	14	2	16	8	40	6	96		
" "						" "	1, 4	68	8	10	2	12	6	30	5	73		
" "						" "	1	72	50	67	12	80	40	2.00	32	4.81		
" "						" "	8	73	5	7	1	8	4	20	3	48		
" "						" "	4, 5, 6	75	13	17	3	20	10	50	8	1.21		
" "						" "	2, 8	77	8	10	2	12	6	30	5	73		
" "						" "	1, 2	77	8	12	2	14	6	32	6	80		
" "						" "	3, 4	94	6	8	1	10	6	25	4	60		
" "						" "	1, 2	95	6	8	1	10	5	25	4	59		
" "						" "	1, 2, 5, 6	98	8	12	2	14	6	33	5	80		
" "						" "	3, 4	105										

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The best Baker ever built
Built like a locomotive boiler
Riveted, not bolted together. No stove putty
Easy to keep clean. Saves work and money

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The Arcadian Range will never have false drafts—it will always do perfect baking, using a third less fuel than common ranges.

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Gutter Your House

The Yellow Letter

by William Johnston

Illustrations by V.L. Barnes

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lowed Davis from the room. The inspector seemed to have forgotten his haste to depart. He sat down abruptly on a divan in the upper hall, with his face resting in his hands, and gave himself up to intent thought.

Louise and I stood a little apart, discussing in whispers Katharine's strange outcry. What could she have meant?

"She meant Crandall, of course," said Louise. "She mentioned Hugh—did you hear it?"

I nodded assent.

"Probably she was repeating a conversation she had with him just before she shot herself," I suggested. "What do you suppose she wanted him to promise her?"

Louise shook her head. I racked my brain in vain for some theory to fit her words to her own desperate act, to Crandall's flight, to her father's terror. I judged from Davis' abstracted manner that he, too, was similarly engaged.

"Everything," I said to Louise, "every single thing we have learned points to Crandall's connection with the mystery that has hung over your father and Katharine. When we have found him we shall learn what it was. I am more and more convinced that he is guilty of some crime, something terrible, something that your father and sister knew."

The inspector laughed aloud.

We turned toward him, I in indignation, Louise in astonishment, to find

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him looking at us with an amused smile.

"Don't be too sure," he said quizzically. "Crandall doesn't seem to have been left-handed."

CHAPTER V.

Two Discoveries.

"Where are we going now?" I asked sarcastically.

I was thoroughly indignant at the levity with which the inspector had received my theory of Crandall's guilt. Firmly convinced of my sound logic, the thought of Davis laughing at me before Louise rankled. As I began to expound, as forcefully as I could, the reasons for my belief, he cut me short.

"Come along, Harding," he said in authoritative tones, "we're no time to lose."

Almost before I knew it I found myself by his side in the taxicab he had called. In my indignation I had failed to hear the direction he gave the chauffeur.

"According to your theory, Mr. Detective Kent," he said with assumed gravity, for he was still in a chaffing mood, "where would be the best place for us to go next?"

"To Hugh Crandall's apartments," I cried, determined to convince him of my view of the case.

"That is exactly where we are bound," he replied to my amazement.

"But," I stammered, "I thought from your manner that you disagreed with me as to Crandall's guilt."

"I do. I doubt every man's guilt until it is definitely proved. I admit there is plenty of evidence of Crandall's connection with the case. I do not admit that any of the evidence yet shows it to be a guilty connection."

Again I started to explain my reasons for thinking Crandall guilty, but again he refused to listen.

"My dear fellow," he said, "in my years of investigating crimes I have thoroughly learned one lesson, and that is the unwisdom of jumping at conclusions. There is only one rule that never fails. Collect all the evidence possible first and then see to whom it points. Most detectives, both professional and amateur, make the fatal mistake of deciding on a theory and then setting out to prove it. That is the reason so many innocent men are convicted and so many guilty ones escape. You can prove almost anything about anybody if you work hard enough. Starting out with the theory that no such man as Napoleon ever lived, I could gather many convincing proofs—"

He stopped the taxicab at the corner long enough to gather in an armful of afternoon papers from a news boy, and began scanning their first pages and throwing them aside. From the disappointment in his face I judged he had not found what he was looking for.

"What did you expect to find?" I asked wonderingly.

"Other suicides," he said tersely, keeping on with his hasty reading.

Though I have known Miller Davis for years I must confess that I constantly find myself almost dazed by the seeming rapidity of his mental processes and their apparently erratic course. Here he was rejecting my theory of Crandall's guilt, yet jumping wildly to the conclusion that there would be other suicides, possibly connected with Katharine Farrish's act and Andrew Esler's death. It was entirely beyond my comprehension, and the next tack of his mind seemed even more puzzling.

"Do you know anything about art?" he asked as calmly as if we were having an after-dinner chat at the club.

"A little, not much."

"If any one asked you to define technique I doubt if you could do it. I do not believe there is a painter or an art critic who could give a satisfactory definition. Yet any one who knows even a little about painting knows something of technique. We

know that every painter has his own technique. Show me paintings by Henri, Lawson and Glackens and you do not have to label them for me to tell them apart. I recognize the work of each man by his technique. Even if Lawson painted a portrait and Henri a landscape, the individuality of the artist would make his work recognizable, though masked by a subject unusual for him. Crime is like art in one respect at least—technique. Every criminal brain has its own technique. Any one who has investigated crime, who has studied evil-doers under all conditions, who has watched his wits against theirs, inevitably comes to recognize types of crimes. Given any particular crime to trace, from the very nature of it he is able to say at once, 'This is the work of So-and-so.' Now in the Farrish case I am confident that a crime of some kind has been committed or is even now being committed. I may not know what particular thing it was that drove Katharine Farrish and old Esler to seek death—in fact I do not know as yet—but that makes no difference. I know the type of crime. I recognize in the case certain indefinable things which convince me that behind it all is a cunning criminal brain that has planned some far-reaching plot. If it was devilishly ingenious enough to drive two people to suicide, in all probability it will have the same effect on others. There may be no other suicides, but I believe there will be. I shall watch every report of a suicide for the next few days with particular interest. Who the criminal is, and who his associate is—for I am convinced it is a crime of the pair—I have no idea. Investigation of mail thefts and stamp counterfeiting never has brought me in touch with this particular sort of crime, so that as yet I am entirely at sea as regards the identity of the criminals."

"All you have said," I told him, "only convinces me that I am right about Hugh Crandall. An intelligent, educated man gone wrong, a respectable broker with a secret propensity for crime, would fit your theory, wouldn't it?"

"You saw Crandall's janitor last night, didn't you?" was all the response he chose to make to my question. "What kind of a chap is he?"

"If you can get him to admit you to Crandall's rooms you are a wonder," I replied, repeating word for word my interview with the janitor the night before.

"I generally go prepared for such fellows," he answered, smilingly drawing from his pocket a blank legal document on which the word "attachment" was printed boldly across the back. Taking out a fountain pen, he rapidly filled in Hugh Crandall's name on the outside only.

"Of course I saw through his ruse. He would represent himself as an officer come to attach Crandall's furniture and thus gain access to the rooms."

"But suppose the janitor insists on reading the document and sees that it is blank inside?"

"No one ever reads legal documents unless necessary. Besides, a man of the janitor type generally has considerable respect for the arm of the law. He is probably more or less familiar with its workings in dispossessions and such things, and realizes how futile opposition would be, supposing that he really were sheriff's deputies, as he will undoubtedly take us to be."

We reached the place, and, dismissing the taxicab half a block away, marched boldly up the steps and rang the bell. As the janitor answered, Davis, carelessly flipping back his coat to show a badge of some sort, demanded admittance to Crandall's apartments.

"I've got an attachment, see?" he said, flashing the back of the document before the janitor's eyes.

"Oh, that's it, is it?" said the janitor. "That's why he beat it so quick yesterday and told me not to let any one into his rooms?"

"So he has gone," exclaimed Davis in mock surprise. "I don't wonder at that. Has he paid you the rent?"

"Come to think of it, he is a month behind," said the janitor, "though often it's been that way and he always made good."

Even as he was talking he began to lead the way upstairs. Respect for the law, coupled with the insidious doubt of his tenant that Davis' remark had implanted, removed all obstacles to our purpose.

As he flung open the door to Crandall's apartment after unlocking it with his pass key, Davis turned, and handing him a coin, said:

"Can you get me a hammer and a couple of tacks till I put up a notice?"

"Sure," said the janitor, as he tucked the coin in his pocket. "I'll go down stairs and get one right away."

The apartment into which he had admitted us was a two-room-and-bath suite, with furnishings indicating that its occupant was a man of comfortable means and good taste. There were some well-chosen pictures on the wall and a fine lot of books. There was none of the display of stage favorites and sporting pictures found in bachelor dens; but two framed photographs of Katharine Farrish, one with an inscription, smiled down from the walls, almost the only touch of femininity about the place.

As soon as the janitor disappeared Davis made a bee-line for a desk that stood open and began a hasty search of the papers. I stepped into the bedroom and glanced about. Something on the dresser caught my eye and I crossed and picked it up. I started as I realized what it was. The small object in my hand was to me more and more convincing proof of Crandall's guilt.

"Come on, Kent," called Davis from the adjoining room; "I've got what I came for."

Still clutching the object I had picked up, I returned to the sitting-room to find Davis impatiently waiting for me at the head of the stairs.

"Quick," he said, "let's get out before the janitor returns. There is no use waiting to make explanations, as long as we have all we need."

As we reached the front door we heard the janitor shuffling up the stairs, but we were around the corner and safely seated in a hotel cafe almost before he could have discovered our absence from the rooms.

"See what I found," I exclaimed in triumph, drawing a silver hypodermic syringe from my pocket and laying it



Davis Made a Bee Line for the Desk That Stood Open.

on the table. "Crandall's a morphine fiend."

"It does look like it," said Davis unconcernedly. "See what I found!"

Tearing off a corner of a menu card he wrote something on it and then tore it up quickly after showing it to me.

"Lock Box No. 17, Ardway, N. J.," repeated after reading the words. "What does that mean?"

"That," said Davis positively, "is where the yellow letter came from—the yellow letters."

"How do you know?" I asked in astonishment. I had supposed that the meaning of importance we would be likely to find in Crandall's apartments would be a bundle of Katharine Farrish's letters. In fact I took it for granted that they were what Davis had been searching for in the desk. It seemed to me such an obvious thing I had not suggested it to him, yet here we were after our visit to the

(Continued)

Notice of Sale of Real Estate Under Execution.

The State of Texas } In the County Court of Dawson County, Texas, J. E. McDonald, Plaintiff, vs W. F. and

B. Humphries, Defendants.

Whereas by virtue of a Vendition Ex Ponas issued out of the County Court of Dawson County, Texas, on a judgment rendered in said Court on the 3rd day of May A. D. 1911, J. E. McDonald, Plaintiff, recovered judgment against W. F. Humphries and B. Humphries which said judgment was appealed to the Court of Civil Appeals for the 7th Supreme Judicial District of Texas by writ of error and defendant executed a writ of error bond with R. P. Brazier, J. E. Stokes, Bob Majors and W. C. Wells, sureties, and said judgment was affirmed the 2nd day of Feb. 1912 and judgment rendered against said sureties and said Defendants for the sum of Two Hundred and Ninety Nine and 83-100 with interest thereon from the 3rd day of May A. D. 1912, at the rate of 10 percent per annum, and all costs of suit as of record is manifest in Minute Book 1, page 98 et seq. of the Minutes of said Court; and, whereas a pluries execution thereon issued to Lynn County, on the 18th day of April A. D. 1912, and whereas J. H. Edwards, Sheriff of Lynn County has by virtue of said execution issued upon the aforesaid judgment, levied upon certain property of the said W. F. Humphries, B. Humphries and R. P. Brazier, of the following description to wit:

The South West One-fourth (1/4) of Survey No. 24, Abstract No. 796, Cert. 652, original grantee B. Humphries, containing 180 acres of land in Lynn County, Texas, said Sheriff advertised said land to sell on the 4th day of June 1912 and the Defendant, W. F. Humphries paid to Plaintiff the sum of \$99.50 said payment being applied as follows: \$44.35 in payment of all costs to that date and \$255.15 being credited on the principal and accrued interest on said judgment to said date, leaving a balance of \$77.90, balance of said judgment with 10 percent interest from June 4th 1912.

I did, on the 22nd day of June A. D. 1912, at 4 o'clock p. m. levy upon the following described tract and parcel of land situate in the county of Lynn State of Texas, and belonging to the said W. F. Humphries, B. Humphries and R. P. Brazier, to-wit: Abstract 796, Cert. 652, Sur. 24, Original Grantee B. Humphries, and being the southwest 1/4 of said survey in Lynn County, Texas, and containing 100 acres of land, more or less; and on the 6th day of August A. D. 1912 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 door of said County, I will offer for sale and sell at public auction for cash, all the right, title and interest of the said W. F. Humphries, B. Humphries and R. P. Brazier in and to said property.

This 22nd June 1912.

J. H. Edwards, Sheriff.

SHERIFF'S SALE

THE STATE OF TEXAS } Whereas by virtue of an Order of Sale issued out of the District Court of Lubbock County, Texas, on a judgment rendered in said court on the 19th day of June, A. D. 1912, in favor of J. W. Kokernot and H. L. Kokernot and against W. H. Bledsoe, T. T. Price, M. C. Overton, W. R. Ingram, No. 446 on the Docket of said Court, and to me, as Sheriff, directed and delivered, I did, on the 28th day of June, A. D. 1912, at 7 o'clock p. m. levy upon the following described tracts and parcels of land situated in Lynn County, Texas, and belonging to W. H. Bledsoe, T. T. Price, M. C. Overton, W. R. Ingram, to-wit: North Half (N. 1/2) of Survey Eighteen (18) in Block "A", Certificate No. 212, E. L. & R. R. R. Co., containing 320 acres of land.

And on the 6th day of August A. D. 1912, being the first Tuesday of said month, between the hours of 10 o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m. on said day, at the Court House door of Lynn County, Texas, in the town of Tahoka, I will offer for sale and sell at public auction, for cash, all the right, title and interest of the said W. H. Bledsoe, T. T. Price, M. C. Overton, W. R. Ingram, in and to said property.

Witness my hand, this 28th day of June, A. D. 1912.

J. H. EDWARDS, Sheriff of Lynn County, Texas. 45-47

Notice of Sale of Real Estate Under Execution.

The State of Texas } In the County Court of Dallas County, Texas, Sanger Brothers, a firm composed of Isaac Sanger, Alex Sanger and Mrs. Cornelia Sanger, a feme sole, Plaintiffs, vs Jack Alley and T. M. Bartley, Defendants.

Whereas, by virtue of a 2nd Pluries Fieri Facias Execution issued out of the County Court of Dallas County, Texas, on a judgment rendered in said court on the 5th day of Sept. A. D. 1911, in favor of the said Sanger Brothers, a firm composed of Isaac Sanger, Alex Sanger and Mrs. Cornelia Sanger, a feme sole, and against the said Jack Alley and T. M. Bartley, No. 6876 on the docket of said court, I did, on the 6th day of June A. D. 1912, at 11:30 o'clock a. m. levy upon the following described tracts and parcels of land situate in the County of Lynn, State of Texas, and belonging to the said T. M. Bartley, as follows, to-wit:

All of Lots 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 12, 14, 15, 18, 20 in Blk. 39, Lots 3, 4, 9, 10, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, also Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12, Blk. 42, all situate and being in North Tahoka, Lynn County, Texas, as shown by the plat of said addition recorded in Vol. 11, page 515, Deed Records of Lynn County, Texas.

And on the 6th day of August A. D. 1912, being the first Tuesday of said month, between the hours of 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 sell at public auction, for cash, all the right, title and interest of the said T. M. Bartley in and to said property.

Dated at Tahoka, Texas, this 28th day of July A. D. 1912.

J. H. Edwards, Sheriff of Lynn County, Texas. 45-47