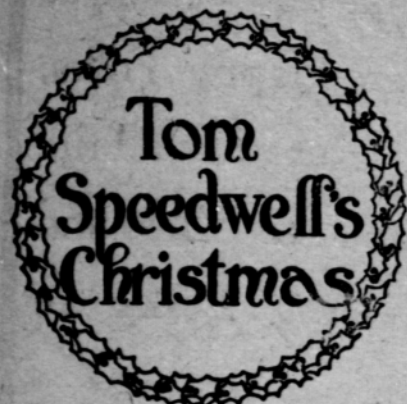


LYNN COUNTY NEWS.

VOLUME 12

TAHOKA, LYNN COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1915.

NUMBER 17



By Rev. CHARLES FREDERIC GOSS, D. D.

THE last of the little stockings had been packed to its utmost capacity and hung upon the mantel.

Mary surveyed them with a smile of satisfaction and then went into the nursery to take her good night look at little Bob and Elsie.

When she returned there was in her great brown eyes the mysterious light of mother love.

She found her husband sitting near the fireplace and gazing absentmindedly at the flames.

"Tom," she said, "what do you think Elsie said when Bob asked her this afternoon what she wanted you to give her for Christmas?"

"I don't know. What?"

"She heaved the sweetest little sigh and replied, 'I wish papa would just give me his own self all day long.'"

"What did she mean by that?" he asked with a start.

"You dear old fellow," she answered, pushing his hair back from his forehead with her gentle hand, "you have



YOU NEVER SAW ANY ONE SO HAPPY.

not been yourself of late. Your business has worried you, and we hardly feel as if we see anything of you. Your body is here, but your mind is down at the store."

"You think Elsie has noticed it?"

"I do so."

"Jing! This won't do!"

"You dear old giant, I dreaded to tell you, for I know how hard it is."

"Bless your heart! Don't for heaven's sake let me fall into any habit which will darken those little children's lives nor yours," he said, kissing her.

"An all day frolic began in the Speedwell home the minute those two little white nightgown figures stole into the room at sunrise.

Tom helped them empty their stockings and open their packages, and when they screamed with delight in their childish trebles he roared in his thunderous bass. He peeled their oranges, cracked their nuts, spun their tops, strapped on their skates, dressed their dollies and shot peas at their tin soldiers for four hours until dinner.

He seemed a little tired and drawn when he carried the turkey, but Mary gave him a look that put new heart into him, and after dinner he commenced again.

"You never saw any one so happy as those little Speedwell young ones: They forgot all about their toys and just rolled and tumbled over their dear old daddy like little poodles over a great Newfoundland dog.

And when the day turned to twilight and the twilight faded into dark two tired children crept up into Tom's lap and laid their heads upon his heart.

Bob fell asleep with his eyes fixed upon his father's face, in a sort of mute adoration, and Elsie, patting his bearded cheek, said in tones so much like Mary's that they startled him:

"Papa, do you know which gift I like best of all?"

"Your dolly," he said, trying to appear unconscious.

"You," she answered gravely, and trying heroically, but vainly, to keep awake so as to feast upon his love a little longer, she, too, fell asleep and dropped off upon the sea of Nod.

And there by the fireplace sat Mary, her big brown eyes full of tears.

"Well gone, dear heart," she said.

OVER FIVE HUNDRED BABIES.

The News reporter got to looking through the birth records of Lynn county one day this week and discovered some figures that may be of interest to some of our readers. There has been four sets of twins born in this county since it was organized in 1903. The first twins on record were born to Mr. and Mrs. Walter Robinson in the town of Tahoka, Dr. S. H. Windham in attendance, March 16th, 1907, both being girls. The second pair to be recorded were born to Mr. and Mrs. Henry Fletcher of about ten miles north of Tahoka, Dr. M. E. Miles in attendance, June 6th, 1908, being a boy and a girl. The third pair were born to Mr. and Mrs. Ira Doak, in Tahoka, May 20th, 1910, both girls. The fourth pair were born to Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Henderson of ten miles south-east of Tahoka, Dr. E. H. Inmon in attendance, December 18th, 1913, both boys, one of whom weighed five and a quarter pounds and the other six and three-fourths pounds, mother and boys doing nicely. Two hundred and fifty babies were born between the summer of 1903 and November 7th, 1909; somewhere between sixty and seventy babies have been born in Lynn county during this year, and the total number recorded in the Lynn county records up to date are 508.

We wish to call attention to the repeat full page advertisement of the J. S. Wells General Merchandise Store which appears in this issue of the news, the oldest established mercantile house in Lynn county. The firm which began the first of January 1904, as Wells & Weicher, and was composed of J. S. Wells and his son in law, J. S. Weicher, has been conducted in the same building ever since its inception, or lacking only a few days or twelve years. Mr. Wells intends to have a new up-to-date two story brick building built upon the lot where his old wooden building now stands, beginning right after the first of the year, and already wagon load after wagon load of sand is being dumped around the place. For many years it has been the custom of this firm to put on a sale in the spring and fall, and they have always made good and gone as they have advertised they would and have thereby made for themselves a good reputation for honest dealings; but, the sale they now have running bids fair to surpass anything in the past, as they want to move as much of their goods before they move the building as possible. Give them a call.

"You have won a great victory today. You have given yourself to others and so have reproduced the Christ life again. And now carry them off to their cribs, and after I put them to bed you shall sit down with me and have a good, long worry if you want to."

"I don't believe I do, sweetheart. I have come out of myself for the first time in weeks, and I guess I'll stay."

—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune



DOROTHY BONES DEAD.

Little Dorothy Bones aged nine years, died Wednesday morning at ten o'clock, of diphtheria, in a tent down by the old cotton yard near the railroad north of Lockwood street. As near as we can learn the facts this child came over from Post City, Friday of last week, sick when she arrived in Tahoka. She had spent some time visiting her sister, Mrs. Blanche Oden, whose two months old baby had died with diphtheria in Post only a few weeks before little Dorothy came there on her visit; the result of negligence on some one's part in Post is responsible not only for little Dorothy's death, but for the possibility of there being an epidemic in Tahoka; although everyone of our doctors are doing their best to avert this contingency. Drs. Inmon, city physician, and Turentine, county physician, did everything in their power to save the life of this sweet little girl, but the dread disease had gotten to strong a hold before they saw the case. So far, we are assured, there is no danger of the disease spreading in Tahoka, unless contagion took place before the nature of the disease was discovered. It is all right for our citizens to take precautions in their families, and to fight shy of strangers, especially those who are known to have come from Post, because the disease may be transmitted in clothing or air passages, but as yet there is no reason for interfering with the ordinary course of business pleasure or religion. There will likely be two Christmas trees in Tahoka Friday night which will be well attended, with no danger from this case, as the family have

LYNN COUNTY LARD

Fresh, sweet and best ever, for only \$1.50 per gallon at the Sanitary Market. 16 tf

Born to Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Carter, a boy, at the home of C. E. Donaldson twelve miles south west of Tahoka, Tuesday the twenty-first.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Bert Brewer, of sixteen miles southeast of Tahoka Tuesday morning, a boy. Dr. McCoy accompanied by Mr. Wells, had been down to see Mr. Beach, east of O'Donnell about eight miles Monday night, and when on their way home, were hailed by Bert and stopped and attended the birth of his fine large son. Dr. McCoy reports Mr. Beach, who is getting along in years, as being in a serious condition.

"Uncle Jimmie" hauled the record load of mail sacks from the depot to the post office Monday evening of this week, there being a total of forty one sacks including the three locked sacks. This is being almost too much Christmas to suit "Uncle Jimmie" and his little mule.

Come to Keith's the largest, dryest and cheapest yard in town. 14-15p

been put under an absolute quarantine. But beware of visitors from Post, as Tahoka has suffered from one or two scourges of disease that have foisted upon us from Post in the past, and we don't want another. We offer the sympathy of the entire town and community to Bro. and Sister Bones in this their sad bereavement, which comes to them under exceptionally hard circumstances.

BIG GAIN IN OUTGOING MAIL.

Prof. Walker, the Tahoka Postmaster, called to a News reporter Wednesday morning that he had some startling news for him; and proceeded to tell of the great difference between the outgoing mail this year and a year ago. "Just a year ago," said he, "I remarked one morning at the extra amount of outgoing mail, there were three sack full to leave Tahoka one morning; but, this morning we sent out twelve large full sacks, of Christmas gifts, I suppose." This is indeed quite an increase for only twelve months, but it is no more than equals the increased business in all lines. The lumber yards have never had put to it to meet the demand for lumber all the summer and fall, although they have rustled around and met the demand and now have an excellent stock on hand. Mr. Meyers, the Main street furniture man tells us that since he opened up in Tahoka five months and a half ago, he has sold two straight car loads of iron beds, and more than seventy davenport. The general merchants have been as busy as bees all the fall, and even the newspaper has enjoyed quite a wave of the general prosperity. Whoop'er up boys, lets keep it going.

Wednesday morning about eleven o'clock, Central called the News office and told us that there was a big fire down at the J. C. Nevill residence in South Tahoka; Curley Gamble was at the office in his car and we told him of the fire and he started and picked up a load of men and carried them to the fire, we then went down to the north side of the square and gave the alarm and then climbed into the Shopk "jitney" with Otho Shook at the wheel, and in a very few minutes arrived at the scene of the blaze as did eleven other cars all filled with men and boys. The fire was found to be about twenty bales of hay that had caught from a washing fire in the yard. The hay was scattered out so it would burn without doing any further harm and the crowd came back to the square.

CAR LOAD

Of extra good jersey milch cows will be for sale at the stock pens in Tahoka the first of the year, some fresh and others soon will be. 17-1tp

SUPPER AND WATCH PARTY

At Wilson School House, Friday December 31st. Everybody invited to come and bring boxes. Proceeds to go to seat the church. 16-17



SHE was six if she was a day. She had a little fat back in a little black coat, and her wisps of red hair matched her red tanned shanter. In her firm hand she held a struggling boy about a year younger and they were getting into the elevator at a big department store and making for the toys.

The Woman Who Saw had a like destination, and when the floor was reached they got out together. Children are not allowed unaccompanied by guardians in most large shops, but such was her air of responsibility, of decorum that it would have been a bold floor-walker who dared to question her.

Nor evidently was it her first visit. The boy, still held in leash, ran in front and made straight for the space devoted to Santa Claus, his reindeer and his sleigh piled with toys.

There was a background of fir and cedar and a huge Christmas tree, but the pair sat down before the fascinating old fellow in his red robe, his long



THEY SAT DOWN BEFORE THE FASCINATING OLD FELLOW.

white beard, holding his big white, and from his face the small boy did not turn.

Across the room was a crèche; also a wonderful and beautiful thing—the infant Jesus in the manger, the mother in her blue robes, St. Joseph with his staff, the three kings resplendent.

The children had been perfectly still for fifteen minutes looking at Santa Claus when the little girl whispered to the boy. He squirmed, struggled, but she was too much for him. She dislodged him from his seat, dragged him to the crèche and with motherly Irish piety pressed him on his knees.

Reverently she described the holy group, then would lucite devotion from a more human motive. "See the cow, Denny. You mind the cow we used to see last summer at the farm when we went on the fresh air? See the goat, Denny. You mind the goat in our alley? It's his pitcher." But Denny whined and pulled and pulled to be back again to his idol.

The little girl looked up and met the eyes of the Woman Who Saw. Her sigh was that given by every woman since the beginning, for every man for whose soul she holds herself responsible. "I'm afraid," she said, "Denny likes Santa Claus better than he likes God." —New York Evening Sun.

Healing Virtue in Christmas Coins.
In certain parts of Worcestershire and Staffordshire the idea prevails that a silver coin from the Christmas morning offertory is a sovereign remedy for any ill that human flesh is heir to. Accordingly any householder who happens to have an ailing child or other person in his house hires him to the clergyman of the parish on Christmas morning and asks as a favor a sacrament shilling, as the coin is called. The coin given in exchange has to be obtained by collecting a dozen pennies from as many different maidens and then changing the coppers for a silver shilling. For this coin the applicant receives the coveted sacrament shilling, which on being taken home is hung round the ailing one's neck and is popularly supposed to effect a rapid and complete cure of the complaint, no matter what it may be.

Terry county parties shipped a car of broom corn from Tahoka this week.

For Helping to Make Ours a

MERRY CHRISTMAS

WE THANK OUR PATRONS

ED. MEYERS,

Furniture and Undertaking

Lynn County News

Published every Friday by
S. C. NICH & CO. TAHOKA
J. CHIEF, ED. & MGR.

One Year \$1.00—Strictly in Advance
Advertising Rates on Application

Entered as second-class matter, July
10, 1905, at the post office at Tahoka,
Texas, under the Act of Congress of
March 3, 1879.

PROFESSIONAL

O. H. CAIN
Lawyer

Office in old First National Bank
Building
Tahoka, Texas

M. M. HERRING

Lawyer and Abstractor
Office over Postoffice

Tahoka, Texas

DR. J. E. SINGLETON

DENTIST

Permanently Located

Tahoka, Texas

Drs. INNON & TURRENTINE

Physicians & Surgeons

Tahoka, Texas

Dr. J. H. McCoy

Physician and Surgeon

Office over Tahoka Drug Co.
Office 3 Phone Res. 108

Drs. Hutchinson and Peebler

J. T. HUTCHINSON, M. D.
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat
O. F. PEEBLER, M. D.
General Medicine and Surgery
Rooms in 1st Nat'l. Bank Bld'g
LUBBOCK, TEXAS

Willis Meeks Cline Thomas

Meeks & Thomas

Painters & Paper Hangers

Estimates Furnished Free
Let Us Show You Work We Have
Done For Others
Live and Let Live Prices

GEORGE ALLEN
The House Reliable
Oldest and Largest PAINT
and MUSIC HOUSE in
Western Texas. Latest Sheet
Music, MUSIC TEACHER'S
Supplies, etc., etc. Catalogue
and BOOK OF OLD TIME
SONGS FREE by sending
5c in postage to SAN ANGELO

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot
reach the diseased portion of the ear.
There is only one way to cure deafness,
and that is by conducting it inwardly,
and restoring the hearing. Deafness is
caused by an inflamed condition
of the mucous lining of the Eustachian
Tube. When this tube is inflamed
you have a rumbling sound or impaired
hearing, and when it is entirely closed,
deafness is the result, and unless the
inflammation can be taken out and the
tube restored to its normal condition,
hearing will be destroyed forever. Also
cases out of the ear are caused by Catarrh,
which is nothing but an inflamed
condition of the mucous surface.
We will send you a free copy of our
Deafness Cause, Treatment and Cure
Mail's Catarrh Cure. Send for yours
today. E. J. CONNELLEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio.
Send the Program, etc.
Tahoka Mail's Family Pills for constipation.

If one may believe despatches
from Europe, For's peace party
may find itself persona non grata
in many portions of that continent.

The most advanced fad of the
Parisian designer is a looped skirt
to show the ankle of the wearer,
where the finishing touch is made
with a bouquet of flowers fastened
at the shoe top. This fashion
should stop considerable star gazing
among the masculine population.

A drummer out of Lubbock
while visiting a local merchant
told of attending church Sunday
in that city, and remarked that
during the course of the sermon
the minister asserted that "Lub-
bock is the best city between Sla-
ton and Abernathy." We await
the announcement that Dow has
decorated this minister with the
iron cross.

A modern dude with narrow
striped clothes, saddle colored
shoes, a loud necktie, hair parted
over his nose, and smoking a
cigaret, addressed his best girl
thus: "If you was me and I was
you; what would you do?" She
unhesitatingly said, with a smile:
"I would take off that hideous
tie, put that cigaret in the stove,
part my hair on the side, then
pray God for brains.—Ex.

When you sit down to your
Christmas dinner and realize that
you may eat in peace with your
sons, daughters, nephews, neices,
uncles, aunts, brothers, cousins,
(perhaps your mother-in-law)
think of the millions of families
in Europe who, if they celebrate
Christmas at all, will be compelled
to conat one or more empty chairs
around the table—empty never to
be filled again. After all, Ameri-
ca is greater in peace than all
Europe at war.—West News.

There is nothing that would
lend more to the tidiness of Tahoka's
appearance than would the
'grubbing' up of the mesquite
bushes that grow on the vacant
lots of the town. The bushes are
of no earthly benefit, and only
serve as catchalls for all kinds of
blowing trash, giving the town a
dirty appearance, and at the same
time creating an excellent breed-
ing place for flies and mosquitoes.

**THE LITTLE FARM WELL
TILLED, MEANS POCKET-
BOOKS WELL FILLED.**

Many times we hear the remark
made that anyone can make a
living in this country if they have
as much land as a section (640
acres), but this week we have a
chance of telling our readers of a
man who has, is and will, make
more than a living on one fourth
of a section of land. G. W. Sam-
ford owns 160 acres of land about
three-fourths of a mile east of

Tahoka, with 80 acres in cultiva-
tion. Forty acres were leased to
Lardy Montgomery this season
who made the following crops,
according to Mr. Samford's state-
ment to a News reporter: Twelve
bales of cotton on twenty acres;
thirty tons of maize heads on
twenty acres. The other forty
acres were rented to a man by the
name of Grantham, who sold his
crop to Rev. J. E. Nicholson.
There was twenty acres of cotton
on this piece also and thirteen
bales have already been picked
and Mr. Samford said that they
expect to gather a bale of bollies;
eight acres produced thirty-five
bushels of corn to the acre; six
acres of maize made a ton and a
half to the acre; what the balance
of this twenty acres made Uncle
George did not say. However,
he did say that he and his good
wife, made their living off of the
garden, orchard and chickens; he
sold more than \$150.00 worth of
sweet potatoes off of one-half acre,
and \$50.00 worth of onions off of a
quarter of an acre besides having
all they could eat during the fall
and winter of both potatoes and
onions. They have three hundred
jars, mostly half gallon ones, full
of fruit raised and put up at home.
This interview took place in the
lobby of the First National Bank,
and when the reporter asked the
question, "If you made your liv-
ing off of the garden, orchard and
chickens, what did you do with
the rent, Uncle George?" he re-
plied, I put it right in this bank,
every cent of it." Mrs. Samford
has one hundred hens to help out
on next year's living and that is
a better start than she had last
year at this time.

W. T. Luttrell, of Bronte,
Texas, is here this week visiting
his brother, J. W. Luttrell,
whom he had not seen since he
moved to Lynn county some-
thing more than thirteen years
ago, this week.

Chillicothe, Ohio. 12-17-1915.
Editor Lynn County News.

Dear Sir:
I wish to express the appre-
ciation of one of your readers
away up here in the North, and
also to endorse most heartily the
sane and well expressed views
of Mr. C. P. Welch, in Christmas
number, on the "Evolution of
Man. As a minister of the Gos-
per. I have for many years past
found far more satisfaction in
that interpretation of God's
method of creation than in the
traditional, mechanical method.
And as Mr. Welch so well inti-
mates, it is just as accordant
with the modern understanding
of the Bible. I hope all of your
readers may gain the larger
vision of the Creator and His
wonderful works.

Yours respectfully,
JOHN C. JACKSON.
Dist Supt. M. E. Church.



Here's A MERRY CHRISTMAS To All
Wished Heartily And Ment
Sincerely By

The First National Bank
Tahoka, Texas

PEACE RECESSIONAL

Goddess of Fortune, known of old,
Face of our thin brown battle line,
Beneath whose kindly hand we
hold

The love of peace from pain to
pain;
Goddess of Peace, make us aware
Should we prepare? Should we
prepare?

The tumult and the shouting dies
The peace ship sails to foreign
shores,

We hear the thundering protests
rise,

We watch the flag which proudly
soars,

Goddess of Peace, hear thou our
prayer,

Should we prepare? Should we
prepare.

If deaf with din of war we lose
All thoughts of bitter sacrifice,
Or miss the greater good and
chose

A golden calf to canonize,

Goddess of Peace, do thou declare,
Should we prepare? Should we
prepare?

PROFIT BY READING

We wish to call our readers'
attention to the many display
ads which we carry and invite
them to carefully read same.
During this season of the year
when everyone is looking for
something which is suitable to
give some friend or relative as a
token of remembrance it is very
important that you give these
many ads close study, and there-
in you are very likely to be re-
minded of the very article which
you would like best to give, sav-
ing you the time and worry of
crowding through the stores to
make your selection. Advertis-
ing makes shopping easy, and
very often you can save consid-
erable amounts on your purchas-
es by watching the ads. When
you go to make your purchases
tell your merchant you saw it in
The News and he will better
understand your wants. Read
the advertisements and profit
thereby.

DISSOLUTION NOTICE.

We wish to inform the public
that the partnership heretofore
existing between J. E. Nichol-
son, Jeff Fleming and J. F.
Denton, has been dissolved by
the withdrawal of said Denton,
and the Bargain Land Company
now consists of J. E. Nicholson
and Jeff Fleming.

J. E. NICHOLSON,
JEFF FLEMING.

17-19

"There Are Fat Folks and Lean Folks
and Sort of In-Between and Queer
Folks and Dear Folks and Folks
Every Kind; There are Happy Folks
and Lonely Folks, But after all the
Only Folks are Folks Like Thee and
Thy Folks, the Nicest Folks we
Find."

NEW SERIES OF

The Exploits of Elaine

A Detective Novel and a Motion Picture Drama

By ARTHUR B. REEVE

The Well-Known Novelist and the Creator of the "Craig Kennedy" Stories

Presented in Collaboration With the Pathe Players and
the Eclectic Film Company

EVERY TUESDAY NIGHT

Christmas Day

Matinee and night we will run a five
reel Special, Staring Mary Pickford in
Hearts Adrift.



THEATER

10 Cents--ADMISSION--10 Cents

Wilson Mercantile Co.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers In

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Including Hardware, Implements, Harness and Leather Goods

Largest Stock on the South Plains

No Matter How Far You Live You Can Save Money Buying
From Us. Nothing Misrepresented

WILSON, on the Santa Fe, Lynn County TEXAS

See **WILSON LUMBER CO.**
Wilson, Texas

For high class building material of all kinds: Paints,
oils, varnishes, builder's hardware, implements, wagons,
wire, posts, windmills, and windmill supplies of all kinds.

First Class Lumber Always In Stock

See our stock and let us figure with you: We have
others, Why Not You?

Wilson Lumber Company, Wilson, Texas

Colorado Field Fence

BARS	55	IN	DISTANCE BETWEEN BARS INCHES
10 BARS	47	IN	9
9 BARS	39	IN	8
8 BARS	32	IN	7
7 BARS	26	IN	6
6 BARS	20	IN	5 1/2
			5
			4 1/2
			4
			3 1/2
			3
			2 1/2
			2
			1 1/2
			1

The Drawing Tells The Story Better Than Words. For sale by

A. G. McAdams Lumber Company,
Complete Line Building Material, Windmills, Fencing
Posts, Paint and Glass in Stock

FOR YOUR
HOLIDAY
PATRONAGE
THANKS

The Home Of Pure Drugs, And Accurate Prescriptions

Thomas Bros. Drug Co.
Tahoka,
Rexall
Texas.



The Exploits of Elaine

A Detective Novel and a Motion Picture Drama

By ARTHUR B. REEVE
The Well-Known Novelist and the
Creator of the "Craig Kennedy" Stories

Presented in Collaboration With the Pathe Players and the Eclectic Film Company
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SYNOPSIS.

The New York police are mystified by a series of murders and other crimes. The principal clue to the criminal is the warning letter which is sent the victims, signed with a "clutching hand." The latest victim of the mysterious assassin is Taylor Dodge, the insurance president. His daughter, Elaine, employs Craig Kennedy, the famous scientific detective, to try to unravel the mystery. What Kennedy accomplishes is told by his friend, Jameson, a newspaper man. Enraged at the determined effort which Elaine and Craig Kennedy are making to put an end to his crimes, the Clutching Hand, as this strange criminal is known, resorts to all sorts of the most diabolical schemes to put them out of the way. Each chapter of the story tells of a new plot against their lives and of the way the great detective uses all his skill to save this pretty girl and himself from death.

FIFTEENTH EPISODE

THE SERPENT SIGN.

Rescued by Kennedy at last from the terrible incubus of Bennett's persecution in his double life of lawyer and master criminal, Elaine had, for the first time in many weeks, a feeling of security.

Now that the strain was off, however, she felt that she needed rest and a chance to recover herself, and it had occurred to her that a few quiet days with "Aunt" Tabitha, who had been her nurse when she was a little girl, would do her a world of good.

She had sent for Aunt Tabby, yet the fascination of the experiences through which she had just gone still hung over her. She could not resist thinking and reading about them as she sat one morning with the faithful Rusty in the conservatory of the Dodge house.

I had told the story at length in the Star, and the heading over it had caught her eye.

THE CLUTCHING HAND DEAD.

Double Life Exposed by Craig Kennedy.

Perry Bennett, the Famous Young Lawyer, Takes Poison—Kennedy Now on Trail of Master Criminal's Hidden Millions.

As Elaine glanced down the column Jennings announced that Aunt Tabby, as she loved to call her old friend, had arrived and was now in the library with Aunt Josephine.

With an exclamation of delight Elaine dropped the paper and, followed by Rusty, almost ran into the library.

"Oh, I'm so glad to see you," half-laughed Elaine, as she literally flung herself into her nurse's arms. "I feel so unstrung—and I thought that if I could just run off for a few days with you and Joshua in the country, where no one would know, it might make me feel better. You have always been so good to me. Marie! Are my things packed? Very well; then get my wraps."

Her maid left the room.

"Bless your soul," mothered Aunt Tabby, stroking her soft, golden hair. "I'm always glad to have you in that fine house you bought me. And, faith, Miss Elaine, the house is a splendid place to rest in, but I don't know what's the matter with it lately. Joshua says it's haunts."

"Haunts?" repeated Elaine in amused surprise. "Why, what do you mean?"

Marie entered with the wraps before Aunt Tabby could reply, and Jennings followed with the baggage.

"Nonsense," continued Elaine gayly, as she put on her coat and turned to bid Aunt Josephine good-bye.

Elaine went out, followed by Rusty and Jennings, with the luggage.

"Now for a long ride in the good fresh air," sighed Elaine, as she leaned back on the cushions of the Dodge limousine and patted Rusty, while the butler stowed away the bags.

The air certainly did, if anything, heighten the beauty of Elaine, and at last they arrived at Aunt Tabby's, tired and hungry.

The car stopped and Elaine, Aunt Tabby and the dog got out. There, waiting for them, was "Uncle" Joshua, as Elaine playfully called him, a former gardener of the Dodges, now a plain, honest countryman on whom the city was fast encroaching; a jolly old fellow, unharmed by the world.

hand and stirred, then awoke. "What is it, Rusty?" she asked, mindful of the former days when Rusty gave warning of the Clutching Hand and his emissaries. Rusty wagged his tail. Something was wrong. Elaine followed him down to the living room. She went over and lighted the electric lamp on the table, then turned to Rusty. "Well, Rusty?" she repeated, almost as if he was human. She had no need to repeat the question. Rusty was looking straight at the fireplace. Elaine listened. Sure enough, she heard strange noises. Was that Aunt Tabby's "Haunt?" Whatever it was, it sounded as if it came up from the very depths of the earth. She continued to listen in wonder, then ran to Aunt Tabby's bedroom door, on the first floor, and knocked. Aunt Tabby woke up and shook Joshua. "Aunt Tabby! Aunt Tabby!" called Elaine. "Yes, my dear," answered the old nurse, now fully awake and straightening her cap. "Joshua!" Together the old couple came out into the living room, still in their nightclothes, Joshua yawning sleepily. Around and around the room they walked, still trying to locate the strange sounds. Finally Joshua went to a table drawer and opened it. He took out a huge, murderous-looking revolver. "Here, Miss Elaine," he urged pressing it on her, "take this—keep it near you!" The noises ceased at length, as strangely as they had begun. Half an hour later they had all gone back to bed and were asleep. But Elaine's sleep now was fitful, a constant procession of faces flitting before her closed eyes. Suddenly she woke with a start and stared into the semi-darkness. Was that face real, or a dream face? Was it the hideous helmeted face that had dragged her down into the sewer once? That man was dead. Who was this? She gazed at the bedroom window, holding the huge revolver tightly. There, vague in the night light, appeared a figure. Surely that was no dream face of the oxygen helmet. Besides, it was not the same helmet. She sat bold upright and fired point-blank at the window, shivering the glass. A second later she had leaped from the bed, switched on the lights and was running to the sill. Downstairs Aunt Tabby and Uncle Joshua had heard the shot. Joshua was now wide awake. "Wh-what was it?" he asked, puffing at the exertion of running upstairs. "I saw—a face—at the window—with some kind of thing over it!" gasped Elaine. "It was like one I saw once before." Uncle Joshua did not wait to hear any more. He ran out of the room and into the garden beneath Elaine's window. He looked about for signs of an intruder. There was not a sound. He happened to look down at the ground. Before him was a small box. He picked it up. "Here's something, though," he said. Joshua went back to the house. "What's in it?" asked Elaine as he rejoined the woman. She took the curious little box and unfastened the cover. As she opened it she drew back. There in the box was a little ivory figure of a man, all hunched up and shrunken, a hideous figure. It was the afternoon following the day of our strange discovery of the fireplace done in sympathetic ink on the apparently blank sheet of paper in Bennett's effects, when the speaking tube sounded and I answered it. "Why—it's Elaine," I exclaimed. Kennedy's face showed the keenest pleasure at the unexpected visit. "Tell her to come right up," he said quickly. I opened the door for her. "Why—Elaine—I'm awfully glad to see you," he greeted, "but I thought you were rusticated." "I was, but, Craig, it seems to me that wherever I go something happens," she returned. "You know, Aunt Tabby said there were haunts. I thought it was an old woman's fear—but last night I heard the strangest noises out there, and I thought I saw a face at the window—a face in a helmet. And when Joshua went out, this is what he found on the ground under my window." She handed Kennedy a box, a peculiar affair which she touched gingerly, and only with signs of the greatest aversion. Kennedy opened it. There in the bottom of the box was a curious little ivory devil-god. He looked at it curiously a moment. "Let me see," he ruminated, still

regarding the sign. "The house you bought for Aunt Tabby once belonged to Bennett, didn't it?" Elaine nodded her head. "Yes, but I don't see what that can have to do with it," she agreed, adding with a shudder. "Bennett is dead." Kennedy had taken a piece of paper from the desk where he had put it away carefully. "Have you ever seen anything that looks like this?" he asked, handing her the paper. Elaine looked at the plan carefully, as Kennedy and I scanned her face. She glanced up, her expression showing plainly the wonder she felt. "Why, yes," she answered. "That looks like Aunt Tabby's fireplace in the living room."

Kennedy said nothing for a moment. Then he seized his hat and coat. "If you don't mind," he said, "we'll go back there with you."

Wu Fang, the Chinese master mind, had arrived in New York. Besides Wu, the inscrutable Long Sin, astute though he was, was a mere pigmy—his slave, his advance agent, as it were.

New York did not know of the arrival of Wu Fang, the mysterious, yet hid down in the secret recesses of Chinatown, in the ways that are devious and dark, the oriental crooks knew and trembled.

Thus it happened that Long Sin was not permitted to enjoy even the foretaste of Bennett's spoils which he had forced from him after his weird transformation into his real self, the Clutching Hand, when the Chinaman had given him the poisoned draft that had put him into his long sleep.

He had obtained the paper showing where the treasure amassed by the Clutching Hand was hidden, but Wu Fang, his master, had come. The night following his arrival, Wu Fang was reclining on a divan, when his servant announced that Long Sin was at the door.

"Have you brought the map with you?" asked Wu. Long Sin bowed low again, and drew

Continued on last page.

A Christmas Church

GIVE me a snug little church, dressed for the holidays in greens, wreaths of holly, long hanging garlands of ground pine and laurel, perhaps rather awkwardly, but none the less lovingly, arranged by interested church members, not by a hired florist, and filling the building with the breath of outdoors.

I want some trees on the pulpit and high overhead a blazing star of fire, shining out into the semi-twilight of the building. I want to rise in the starlighted darkness of a properly frosty Christmas morning and in everyday clothes, wearing mittens, if I choose, and my second best hat, walk briskly through quiet streets to the church and join the waiting congregation.

There won't be a crowd. There will be no noise. Only a few scores of those to whom Christmas means a wonderful reality will be there. And there will be congregational singing, lots of it, and we'll run the gamut of the hymns of the Nativity. We'll read the appropriate Scripture responsively and listen to the Christmas story told in a kindly voice of the angelic messenger. — New York Times.

Expectations

Expectations if They Are Backed by Advertising

Honesty Is The Best Policy Besides being right

We could not afford to misrepresent, in the slightest degree, anything that we sell, because we realize that every permanent success is based upon the principle that—

"Honesty is the Best Policy"

EDWARDS BROS.

Dealers In

Grain, Hay, Coal, Salt, Cotton and Cotton Seed Products
ONE BLOCK NORTH OF DEPOT WAGON YARD IN CONNECTION

We Wish All Of Our Patrons A V

Merry Christmas

T. T. St Clair & Son

"Every Thing A Man Wears"

Stark Bros Fruits

Announcing Their
100th Year

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YOU need this practical, expert information. Whether you own or intend to plant a few trees or a thousand, it is information that will save you time, labor and money. Get it! Simply send us your name and address on the coupon—or on a postal, if you prefer.

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everywhere are getting prodigious crops and large cash profits from crops of young, thrifty, genuine Stark Bros. trees—facts that emphasize the truth of the axiom "Stark Trees Bear Fruit." Beautiful life-size, natural-color photos of leading fruits all through the book. Send for your copy today to

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P. O.....
State.....

STOMACH TROUBLE FOR FIVE YEARS

Majority of Friends Thought Mr. Hughes Would Die, But One Helped Him to Recovery.

Pomeroyton, Ky.—In interesting advices from this place, Mr. A. J. Hughes writes as follows: "I was down with stomach trouble for five (5) years, and would have sick headaches so bad, at times, that I thought surely I would die. I tried different treatments, but they did not seem to do me any good. I got so bad, I could not eat or sleep, and all my friends, except one, thought I would die. He advised me to try Thedford's Black-Draught, and quit

taking other medicines. I decided to take his advice, although I did not have any confidence in it. I have now been taking Thedford's Black-Draught for three months, and it has cured me—haven't had those awful sick headaches since I began using it. I am so thankful for what Black-Draught has done for me." Thedford's Black-Draught has been found a very valuable medicine. Its arrangements of the stomach and bowels is composed of pure, vegetable matter, contains no dangerous ingredients, and acts gently, yet surely. It can be freely used by young and old, and should be kept in every family chest. Get a package today. Only a quarter.

HOLIDAY WEDDINGS

Mr. Charles Harter of Canyon City, Texas, and Miss Linnie Etta Cowan of Lynn County, were married Tuesday evening at the home of Rev. W. J. Durham, pastor of the Tahoka Baptist Church, who spoke the words that made these twin one henceforth. Mr. Ross Ketter and Miss Moba Stroud were the guests present at the wedding. The young couple will remain here during the holidays going to their future home at Canyon City about the first of the year.

Mr. R. P. Wallace, of Snyder, and Miss Sadie Keever of Tahoka, were married at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Keever of East Tahoka, Wednesday morning at 8:30 o'clock by Rev. Claude Ledger, pastor of the Tahoka Methodist Church. Only the family of the bride being present. The happy couple left on the morning train for their future home at Snyder.

Tuesday morning another cotton fire was found to be on fire and was damaged to the amount of about twenty-five dollars, so we were told by Paul Miller.

Dear Sir:
Will you please send me a copy of your paper? I wish to become a subscriber to it. I know nothing of anything about it. I live in Lynn county and would like to keep up with the developments of the same. How large is the paper? How large is the business in the county? Please let me hear.
Respectfully,
Mrs. Anna W. McC.

December 7th, 1915

Classified Column
POSTING NOTICE

Positively no hunting allowed on my premises without my permission. A. L. LOCKWOOD. 16-19

NOTICE
No hunting allowed in Tahoka Lake pasture without my permission. Please shut gates in going through pasture.
J. T. LOFTON. 16-8t

For up-to-date construction and quick work—any and all kinds of building: See S. S. Ramsey; who knows how. Prices moderate. 52tf

Lost, Strayed or Stolen, one sorrel horse colt, coming yearling, unbranded, natural saddler. Finder return to Ben King for reward. 15-tf

FOR RENT—A large business house on a corner of the square. Address Box No. 233, Tahoka. 16-tf

WANTED—A job on a ranch. Good experienced hand. Wife to cook if needed. Write P. L. Fuller, Tahoka, Texas. 15-18p

WANTED—Fresh eggs. See us before selling.—City Bakery

FOR RENT—Two rooms furnished for light housekeeping. Phone 39. 17-1t

STRAYED: From Cleveland's pasture one bay filly colt; roach mane, some white on foot. Finder please notify H. M. Larkin or W. L. Tunnell and get reward. 17-18p

FOR SALE—Corner lot south side of the square. Cash or terms.—Address. Owner, box 86, Tahoka, Texas. 17-1t

FOR SALE—Five good teams of mules and horses, all well broken. Phone or write me at Tahoka.—A. L. Lockwood. 14-17

FOR SALE—Ten yearling colts on the credit, priced right.—B. G. MONTGOMERY, Tahoka. 14-tf

CHRISTMAS THANKS FOR YOUR ALL-THE-YEAR PATRONAGE

And Remember You Will Always Receive The Same Courteous Treatment In The Future As In The Past
Parkhurst Broken \$ Store



Elaine Points Her Huge Revolver at the Helmeted Face Which Appears at the Window.

FOR YOUR HOLIDAY PATRONAGE - THANKS - THE FAIR
The Store Of Large Sales and Small Profits

In "Christmas Town"
How the Day is Celebrated in Bethlehem, Pa.

The Christmas Season
Not a Day but Weeks Needed to Manifest Its Spirit.

CHRISTMAS TOWN is in its glory on Christmas. Christmas town is the quaint old village in Pennsylvania which was named Bethlehem 74 years ago by Count Zinzendorf, head and founder of the Moravian faith.

CHRISTMAS proper is never a day. It is really a week or about a month. When the almanac says December has come, then all hearts begin to feel the presence of that midwinter festival. Each day adds to this feeling.

The count arrived in the settlement on Dec. 24, 1741. That evening he took a lighted candle and entered the stable belonging to the single tiny stone dwelling of the place, and then and there, with the smell of the hay about him, he named the town that was to be Bethlehem—"Nicht Jerusalem, sondern Bethlehem" ("not Jerusalem, but Bethlehem").

The Romans perceived that one day did not contain all the import of the midwinter gayety. Their Saturnalia continued seven days. It began as a one day celebration and was observed Dec 19; but, as it was soon found that brief period was a cup too small to contain the wine of pleasure, it was extended to three days. At last it was enlarged by the Emperor Claudian so as to take in the 26th. In form the festival has now been changed back into the one day shape, but in reality Christmas is much larger under our presidents than it was under Claudian and Caligula.

Three o'clock on the afternoon of Dec. 24 finds every Moravian family in the great stone church, built in 1806. All the babies are there, hundreds of babies, wide eyed in admiration of the decorations. The vestibule is full of baby carriages. The pulpit and reading desk are concealed by a big picture of the Nativity.

5 o'clock over, the men, women and larger children return at 6 for the "vigil." The church is ablaze with lights, crowded to overflowing. There is a choir of about sixty, married women wearing pink ribbons in their caps, the unmarried girls blue.

The Christ Child.
Oh, the beauty of the Christ Child,
The gentleness, the grace,
The smiling, loving tenderness,
The infantile embrace!
All babyhood he holdeth,
All motherhood in foldeth,
Yet who hath seen his face?
—Mary Mapes Dodge.

HUNTING FOR S-CLAUS



Hymn For Christmas Morning.
Hark, a burst of heavenly music
From a band of seraphs bright,
Suddenly to earth descending,
In the calm and silent night,
To the shepherds of Judea,
Watching in the early dawn!
Lo, they bear the joyful tidings—
Jesus, Prince of Peace, is born!

Spanish Music at Christmas.
Weird music in the home is a part of the Christmas festivities in Spain. In northern Andalusia the people play the zambomba, a flowerpot perforated by a hollow reed, which wetted and rubbed with the finger gives out a hollow, scraping, monotonous sound. In southern Andalusia the panderta or tambourine is the chief instrument.

Next Time Buy at Home

WHEN YOU BUY AT HOME— YOU SEE WHAT YOU BUY "BEFORE" YOU PAY OUT YOUR MONEY. YOU ARE SURE OF GETTING KNOWN "RELIABLE" BRANDS OF GOODS. YOU HAVE NO "FREIGHT" TO PAY. AND WE ARE HERE 365 DAYS OUT OF THE YEAR TO "MAKE GOOD" ON WHAT WE SAY AND SELL. BUY AT HOME—BUT ONLY BECAUSE YOU CAN BUY FOR LESS.

TAHOKA HARDWARE CO.

FOR OUR FRIENDS - THANKS AND MERRY CHRISTMAS

The City Bakery
North Side of the Square
TAHOKA

Found Guilty
Will Chandler, who was charged with having robbed Joe H. Teague Sr. in Slaton on June 13, 1915, by frisking his pocketbook, plead guilty to the crime in court last week, and received suspended sentence of two years. Teague lost about \$80 in pocket book.—Slatonite.



J. S. Wells' Year End Moving Sale

December 18 to January 1

Monday, January third, 1916, I will move my present building 100 feet west, and begin the erection of a two story brick building on the lot now occupied by my store. It would be impossible to move this old building with the Mammoth Stock of Merchandise now in it. So I have decided to Throw the Entire Stock on the Market at nearly Your Own Price to reduce it sufficiently to move the building. Every Thing Will be Sacrificed in This Sale, Including a Large Shipment of New Seasonable Goods that arrived this week, and more that are yet to come.

The Year's Opportunity

Presents itself in the GREAT YEAR'S END MOVING SALE. Winter has just begun and the warm fall means a hard, late winter. You can lay in your supplies--Groceries and Dry Goods at Prices You Never Dreamed of. Bring Your Bill and Get a Pleasant Surprise When We Give You Figures On It.

Counterpanes that sold readily at \$3.25, 2.00, 1.75 and 1.25, will go quickly at \$2.85, 1.65, 1.40 and 1.00; Comforts that sold themselves at \$1.50, will simply vanish at \$1.25 each. BLANKETS: Taking size and quality into consideration, we already had our stock priced extremely low; but, look at these prices: 72x84 were only \$4.00, now 3.25; 68x80 were \$3.00, now 2.50; 64x76 were \$2.00 now 1.50; 50x72 were \$1.25 now 1.00; small size were \$1.00 now only 75 cents. Sweaters, \$2 quality go at 1.50, \$1.50 quality go at 1.25. \$3.00 Hats will soon sell at 2.50. \$1.00 can Maxwell House Coffee at 90 cents. We have a nice line of plain plates, cups and saucers a set of 18 pieces worth \$2.00 will sell for 1.50 until gone.

And Best Of All

There are Hundreds of Articles in Our Store That Will Make Useful, Appreciated Christmas Gifts. Secure the Greatest Value for the Least Money in a Christmas Gift by Visiting

J.S. Wells' Year End Moving Sale



Miss Bertha Bauder, Manager

P. H. Northcross

West Texas Abstract Company

ABSTRACTING A SPECIALTY

Five Years Experience In The Abstract Business Enables Us To Give You The Best Service Obtainable. Work Entrusted To Us Will Be Treated Strictly Confidential
Your Business Will Be Appreciated Office In Court House, Tahoka, Texas

At the Foot of the Magical Tree



Exploits of Elaine

Continued from third page

from under his coat the paper which he had obtained from Bennett. For a moment the two, master and slave in guile, bent over, closely studying it. At one point of the map Long Sin's bony finger paused over a note which Bennett had made:

"Beware of poisoned gas upon opening compartment."

"And you think you can trace it out?" asked Wu.

"Without a doubt," bowed Long Sin. He went over to a bag near by, which he had already sent up by another servant, and opened it. Inside was an oxygen helmet. He replaced it, after showing it to Wu.

"With the aid of the science of the white devil," purred Long Sin subtly.

Outside, Wu had already ordered a car to wait, and together the two drove off rapidly. Into the country they sped, until at last they came to a lonely turn in a lonely road.

Long Sin alighted and disappeared.

With a parting word of instruction from Wu, who remained in the car. The Chinaman carried with him the heavy bag with the oxygen helmet.

Long Sin hurried down the road until he came to a trolley pole, then he looked hastily at his watch. It was twenty minutes at least before the next car would pass.

Quickly, almost monkeylike, he climbed up the pole, carrying with him the end of a wire which he had taken from the bag.

Having thrown this over the feed wire, he slid quickly to the ground again, then, carrying the other end of the wire in his rubber-gloved hand through the underbrush until he came to a passageway in the rough and un-cleared hillside—a small opening formed by the rocks.

It was dark inside, but he did not hesitate to enter, carrying the wire and the bag with him.

It was nightfall before we arrived with Elaine at Aunt Tabby's.

Kennedy lost no time in examining the fireplace.

At one point in the drawing a peculiar protuberance was marked. Kennedy was evidently hunting for that. He found it at last and pressed the sort of lever. A small section at the side of the fireplace opened up, disclosing an iron ladder, leading down into one of those characteristic hiding places in which the Clutching Hand used to delight.

"Let's go down and explore it," I suggested, taking a step toward the ladder.

Kennedy reached out and pulled me back. Then without a word he pressed the little lever and the door closed.

"I think we'd better wait a while,

Walter," he declared. "I would rather hear Aunt Tabby's haunts myself."

We were standing about the room when suddenly the most weird and un-

canny rappings began to be heard. We listened a moment, then Kennedy walked over to the fireplace. "You can explore it with me now, Walter," he said quietly, touching the lever and opening the panel which disclosed the ladder.

Together, Craig and I descended into the darkness about eight or ten feet. There we found a passageway, excavated through the earth and rock, along which we crept. It was crooked and uneven, and we stumbled, but kept going slowly ahead.

Kennedy, who was a few feet in front of me, stopped suddenly and I almost fell over him.

"What is it?" I whispered.

Long Sin had made his way from the opening of the cave to the point on the plan which was marked by a cross, and there he had set up his electric drill which was connected to the trolley wire. He was working furiously to take advantage of the fifteen minutes or so before the next car would pass.

It was evident that Long Sin had already been at work, digging and drilling through the earth and rock. He had gone so far now that he had disclosed what looked like the face of a small safe set directly into the rock.

As he worked he would stop from time to time and consult the map. Then he would take up drilling again.

He had now come to the point on which Bennett had written his warning. Quickly he opened the bag and took the oxygen helmet, which he adjusted carefully over his head. Then he set to work with redoubled energy.

The man must have heard us approaching down the tunnel, for he paused in his work and the noise of the drill ceased.

From our vantage point around the bend in the passageway we could see this strange and uncouth figure.

"Who is it, do you think?" I whispered, crouching back against the wall for fear that he might look even around a corner or through the earth and discover us.

As I spoke my hand loosened a piece of rock that jutted out and before I knew it there was a crash.

"Confound it, Walter," exclaimed Kennedy.

Down the passageway the figure was now thoroughly on the alert, staring with his goggle-like eyes into the blackness in our direction. He was watched, and he did not hesitate a minute to act.

He seized the bag and picked his way quickly through the passage as if thoroughly familiar with every turn of the walls and roughness of the floor.

Kennedy dashed forward and I followed close after him.

We were making much better time than our strange visitor and were gaining on him rapidly.

Suddenly he turned raised his arm and dashed something to the earth, much as a child explodes a toy torpedo. I fully expected that it was a bomb; but, as a moment later, I found that Kennedy and I were still unharmed. I knew that it must be some other product of this devilish genius.

"A Chinese smoke bomb!" sputtered and coughed Kennedy, as he retreated a minute, then with renewed vigor endeavored to penetrate the dense and opaque fumes.

We managed to go ahead still, but the intruder had exploded one after another of his peculiar bombs, always keeping ahead of the smoke which he created, and we found that under its cover he had made good his escape.

At the other end of the passageway, up in the living room of the cottage, the draft had carried large quantities of the smoke.

Long Sin meanwhile, had started to work his way through the bushes to reach the waiting car, with Wu, then paused and listened. Hearing no sound, he replaced the helmet, which he had taken off.

Pursuit was now useless for us. With revolvers drawn, we crept back along the passageway until we came again to the chamber itself. There, on the floor, lay a bag of tools, opened, as though somebody had been working with them.

O'DONNELL HOTEL

A. B. YANTIS, Proprietor.

Clean Beds 35 and 50 cents. Best Meals the market affords 35 cents. Especial attention given to Commercial Travelers and Ladies
Located on the Santa Fe, O'Donnell, Texas

Why Not? Use Medicated Salt Before You Lose

Any More Yearlings From The Blackleg? You Need Any Medicated Salt Or Feed

Remember That Sells It. D. T. ROGERS

GAMBLE GARAGE

Open Day and Night. All Work Guaranteed
Free Air, Gasoline and Oil
Located On the South Side of the Square
Tahoka, Texas

Time and tide wait for no man

Order that suit or overcoat today; don't put it off

We can please the ladies with a selection of tailored-to-your-measure cloak, skirt or coat suit.

Clothes cleaned and pressed the "Hoffman sanitary Way."

S. N. Weathers, The Tailor

D R I N K	Exhilarating	Ed Mate	5c	At Fountains	Ideal Refreshment
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Round Trip Excursion Fares to All Points

Account Xmas and New Year Holidays. Ask J. L. Heare, Agt.

J. N. JONES

DEALER IN

Furniture and Undertakers Supplies

A carload Pekin wagons Just arrived--Second growth hickory apokes and axles. Also line of

Wetter Stoves and Heaters "Best Stoves on Earth"

Auto Casings and Tubes--Dry Cell Batteries
G. L. Williams

Hardware, Harness, Saddles--South Side of the Square
Tin Shop
Expert Workman
Shoe and leather Repair
Work done Satisfactorily

"Caught red-handed!" exclaimed Kennedy with great satisfaction.

He looked at the tools a minute and then at the electric drill, and finally an idea seemed to strike him. He took up a drill and advanced toward the safe. Then he turned on the current and applied the drill.

The drill was of the very latest design and it went quickly through the steel. But beyond that there was another thin steel partition. This Kennedy tackled next.

The drill went through and he withdrew it.

Instantly the most penetrating and nauseous odor seemed to pervade everything. Kennedy cried out. We staggered back, overcome by the escaping gas, and fell to the ground.

Long Sin with his oxygen helmet on again, had returned to the passageway and was now stealthily creeping back.

He came to the chamber and there discovered us lying on the ground overcome. He bent down and, to his great satisfaction, saw that we were really unconscious.

Quickly he moved over to the safe and pried open the last thin steel plate.

Inside was a small box. He picked it up and tried to open it, but it was locked.

He paused for a moment to look at us, then took out a piece of paper and a pencil and on the paper wrote: "Thanks for your trouble."

Beneath it was signed by his special stamp—the serpent's head, mouth open and fangs showing.

Long Sin looked at us a moment, then a subtle smile seemed to spread over his face. At last he had us in his power.

He drew a long, wicked-looking Chinese knife and carefully tested its edge. It was keen.

In the sitting room Elaine, Aunt Tabby and Joshua had been listening intently at the fireplace, but hearing nothing.

They were now getting decidedly worried. Finally the fumes which we had released made their way to the room.

"I can't stand it any longer," cried Elaine. "I'm going down there to see what has become of them."

Aunt Tabby and Joshua tried to stop her, but she broke away from them and went down the ladder. Rusty leaped down after her.

Joshua tried to follow, but Aunt Tabby held him back. He would have gone, too, if she had not managed to strike the spring and shut the door, closing up the passageway.

Joshua got angry then. "You are making a coward of me," he cried, beating on the panel with the butt of his gun and struggling to open it.

Elaine was now making her way as rapidly as she could through the tunnel, with Rusty beside her.

It was just as Long Sin had raised his knife that the sound of footsteps alarmed him.

He paused and leaped to his feet. There was no time for either to retreat. He started toward Elaine and seized her roughly.

Back and forth over the rocky floor they struggled. As they fought, she with frantic strength, he craftily, he backed her slowly up against the prop that upheld the roof.

He raised his keen knife. She recoiled. The prop, none too strong, suddenly gave way under her weight.

The whole roof of the chamber fell with a crash, earth and stone overwhelming Elaine and her assailant.

By this time Joshua had left the house and had gone out into the garden to get something to pry open the fireplace door.

Of a sudden, to his utter amazement, a few feet from him, it seemed as if the very earth sank in his garden, leaving a yawning chasm.

He looked, unable to make it out.

Before his very eyes a strange figure, the figure of Long Sin in his oxygen helmet, appeared, struggling up, as if by magic, from the very earth, shaking the debris off himself, as a dog would shake off the water after a plunge in a pond.

Long Sin was gone in a moment.

Then again the earth began to move. A paw appeared, then a sharp black nose, and a moment later Rusty, too, dug himself out.

Joshua had r

Safe in Santa's Arms



a spade, when Rusty, like a shot, leaped for the house, took the window at a leap and, all covered with earth, landed before Joshua and Aunt Tabby.

"See!—he went down there—oh, he's here!" cried Aunt Tabby, pointing at the fireplace, then looking at the window.

Rusty was running back and forth from Joshua to the window.

"Follow him!" cried Aunt Tabby. Rusty led the way back again to the garden, to the cave-in.

"Elaine!" gasped Aunt Tabby. By this time Joshua was digging furiously.

Aunt Tabby rushed up as Joshua laid down the spade and lifted off Elaine.

They were about to carry her into the house, when she cried weakly, but with all her remaining strength: "No—no—Dig! Craig—Walter—she managed to gasp.

Rusty, too, was still at it. Joshua fell to again. Man and dog worked with a will.

"There they are!" cried Elaine, as all three pulled us out, unconscious but still alive.

Though we did not know it, they carried us into the house, while Elaine and Aunt Tabby bustled about to get something to revive us.

At last I opened my eyes and saw the motherly Aunt Tabby bending over me. Craig was already revived, weak but ready now to do anything Elaine ordered, as she held his hand and stroked his forehead softly.

Meanwhile Long Sin had made his way to the automobile, where his master, Wu, waited impatiently.

"Did you get it?" asked Wu eagerly.

Long Sin showed him the box.

"Hurry, master!" he cried breathlessly, leaping into the car and struggling to take off the helmet as the car drove away. "They may be here at any moment."

The machine was off like a shot, and even if we had been free, we could have now caught it.

Back in Wu's sumptuous apartment later, Wu and his slave, Long Sin, after their hurried ride, dismissed the servants and placed the little box on the table. Wu rose and locked the door.

Then, together, they took a small instrument and tried to pry off the lid of the box.

The lid flew off. They gazed eagerly.

Inside was a smaller box, which he seized and opened.

There, on the plush cushion, was merely a round knobbed ring!

Was this the end of their hopes and expectations? Were Bennett's promises merely mythical?

The two stared at each other in aghast.

Wu was the first to speak.

"Where there should have been seven million dollars," he muttered to himself, "why is there only a ring?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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