

LYNN COUNTY NEWS

Volume XIII

Tahoka, Lynn County, Texas, Friday, November 24, 1916

Number 13

Andrew Robinson Accidentally Killed.

Thursday morning about 11:15 Andrew Robinson of near Midway, New Mexico, was thrown from a wagon near the Nobles place in the west end of the county and instantly killed.

Mr. Robinson left Tahoka Wednesday afternoon driving a team of six horses to a wagon loaded with posts and other building material. He was accompanied by a boy, named Albert Ely.

At the time of the accident, Mr. Robinson was driving north along the Brownfield road by the Ray place when his team became frightened and commenced to run. The team ran to where the road turned west again, and as they turned the corner the coupling pole broke and Mr. Robinson was thrown from the wagon, breaking his neck close down to the body. His face was bruised and lacerated by the fall. Albert was walking behind the wagon when the accident occurred.

Jeff Fleming and another party were in a car 75 or 100 yards behind the team when they started to run, and were the first to reach Mr. Robinson. He was dead when they got to him.

Local officials went to the scene of the accident and held an inquest. The body was taken to Brownfield.

Mr. Robinson is survived by a wife and several children. He has a son in the Medical Dept. of the State University. He was about 55 years of age.

Ed Henderson one of Tahoka's land agents has purchased lots just east of the Higginbotham-Harris lumber yard and began, Monday, the erection of a pretty little home. J. H. Hudson of San Angelo will superintend the building. Mr. Hudson is favorably impressed with our county and will probably locate here.

Kitchen Shower.

The members of the Thursday Embroidery Club surprised Mrs. Homer St. Clair with a kitchen shower Thursday afternoon. Several members were present and those who were unable to attend sent their remembrances. A pleasant afternoon was enjoyed at Mrs. Guy Shook's home where Mr. and Mrs. St. Clair have been making their home. They will be at home in the near future in the house across the street west from Grandma A. S. Coughran in South Tahoka.

A 25 CENT XMAS PACKAGE SALE AT BARNES' DRUG CO, TAHOKA TEXAS DEC. 16TH By the Baptist Ladies Aid. These beautiful packages will consist of needle work etc. All Baptist are requested to furnish a package and all others are cordially invited to do so. Remember the place Barnes' Drug Co, date Dec. 16th, price 25 cents. 13-14

The firm of Crie and Ramsey purchased the insurance business of W. S. Swan & son last week.

J. B. Willoughby informs us that he will open up a first class cafe in the south building now occupied by the Ed Meyers Furniture Store. Just the exact date on which he would open his doors to the public Mr Willoughby could not say, as Meyers is not certain as to when he will be able to move into his new quarters in the Shook building across from the Guaranty Bank.

J. C. Campbell of the Edith community was in Tahoka Monday. He remarked to the News man that a good shower would benefit the wheat right now. The rainy spell that began Monday night was probably appreciated by those who had wheat acreage. Mr. Campbell said there was over three times as much wheat sown this fall than was ever planted before in Lynn County.

"42" Club Entertained By Mrs. C. A. Thomas.

Mrs. C. A. Thomas entertained the Thursday "42" Club at her home in North Tahoka this week. The club members and Mrs. H. C. Zornes were present and an enjoyable game was played. Refreshments of chicken salad, cheese sticks and hot cocoa were served.

T. J. Renfroe of McGregor, Texas, came in Wednesday to look after his Lynn county holdings. He called on the News office Wednesday and had a correction made in his News address. Mr. Renfroe told us that he was carried away with our county, and pleased by the progress the town and country had made since he bought here a year ago last August.

He told us that he priced his land to Lubbock parties at \$20 per acre before he saw it, and unless the parties closed before he returned home, it was not for sale at that figure. He says the South Plains is the coming country of the Southwest, and he is contemplating moving onto his land. Coming down, he said a Lubbock man was talking to him, and remarked: "You have not seen any good country yet, come to Lubbock and look around." Mr. Renfroe says he has not been north of Slaton, and this looks good enough to him.

Judge J. L. Stokes, W. T. Petty and J. H. Edwards have formed a partnership for the sale of land and insurance. They have under construction a framed stucco building on the key block north of the Hotel Stokes. We failed to learn the style of the firm.

Dr. Amy Miles, who with her husband was engaged in the practice of medicine in Tahoka some six or seven years ago, was a Tahoka visitor this week, to look after her real estate interests. Dr. Amy was pleasantly surprised by the progress and development Tahoka has made in the interval of her absence. Dr. Amy and Dr. Miles are now making their home in Boulder, Colorado.

J. W. Willis, of Plainview, was in Tahoka this week in the interest of the California State Life Ins. Co., and was accompanied by F. F. Phillips of Amarillo, state manager. Mr. Willis informs us that his brother, T. G. Willis of Franklin, is here prospecting and will probably locate here. He will be connected with the same company and will work the territory south from Tahoka.

Mr. Lewis Piwonka of South Tahoka sugered a painful accident Wednesday, while feeding his hogs. A large boar became angered and bit him through the calf of the leg.



Listen Everybody!

We have installed our own Delivery and will get out your orders to any part of town promptly and free of charge. We offer you prompt service and the most complete stock in town to select from.

Knight & Brashear



Our Lumber Upholds the Builder

in his contention that with first class lumber his task is half done. That's the only kind you can get here. Leading builders and architects know our reputation for delivering exactly as per specifications and the specifications must be for perfect material if you want the goods from

Tahoka Lumber Company

Electric Lights By The First Of December.

E. L. Howard, manager of the Tahoka Light & Power Co., informs us that if his company receives a shipment of copper wire which has been promised them, Tahoka citizens will be enjoying electric lights by the first of December.

We understand that the City Council have been considering the placing of street lights in the business section, and will probably reach a decision in the near future as to the kind of lights and poles they will erect.

Tahoka is growing every day; and the mechanic is the only man that uses his hammer.

J. B. Willoughby and A. D. Shook sold the A. L. Lockwood home one and a half miles north of Tahoka to a Mr. Green. Mr. Green moved in Saturday and both families are occupying the house at present. It is Mr. Lockwood's intention to build a magnificent brick residence on his suburban addition north of town.

Laundry Changes Hands

Messers Camp of Snyder, and Green of Post City, have leased the Tahoka Steam Laundry from J. F. Walters and took charge Monday of this week. Mr. Green is an experienced laundry man and will have charge of the plant. Mr. Camp will devote his time to the office and outside work. These gentlemen will make every effort to make a satisfied customer of every patron of the laundry. The citizens of Tahoka who patronize a laundry, should give the home institution a fair trial before sending their work out of town. The patronage of home institutions is the surest way to encourage other industries to locate in Tahoka. Patronize home people and keep your money where it may come back to you, send it away and you never get a chance at it.

Crie and Ramsey writes all kind of deeds, Examine Abstracts and do all kinds of conveyancing.

GEO. J. B. WRIGHT

Tinner and Plumber at Tahoka Hardware. Your patronage solicited. Work reasonable as prices of labor and material will permit. All work unconditionally guaranteed. 9-ft

Walters-Dixon.

C. L. Dixon and Miss Edith Walters motored to Lubbock Sunday and were quietly married.

Mr. Dixon is one of Tahoka's substantial young business men, having held the front chair in the Doak Barber Shop for several years.

Mrs. Dixon is the beautiful daughter of J. F. Walters, owner of the Tahoka Steam Laundry. She has lived in Tahoka and Brownfield since a small girl and numbers her friends and admirers by her acquaintances.

The happy couple are wished a long and pleasant journey on the sea of life by their host of friends.

Letter From Pride Omitted Last Week

While sitting around to day waiting for the woman to sew buttons on my coat, I thought I would pen you a few lines.

By-the-way we are in the grip of real winter to-day.

Crops are about all gathered. The Pride people wont get much 18ct cotton but hog and corn money is legal tender here, and people all do well who have plenty of hog and hominy.

The Pride Store now stands on the old campmeeting grounds where the arbor used to be.

Mrs. Matt Cathey has been right sick.

Mrs. Martin is reported on the sick list.

County Officials Take Oath Of Office

The new corps of county officials were sworn in Thursday and Saturday of last week, and the new regeme has settled down for its two years of service to the people. About the only incident of the change was that the sheriff's department announced the enforcement of the Sunday closing law.

Sunday was Tahoka's first experience with the lid partially on. Stores are to remain closed from ten a. m. to one p. m. and after six-thirty.

We understand that it is the intention of the sheriff's department to put a liberal interpretation upon the law so long as those affected meet the department half way in the enforcement of the law. However, in the event of combined opposition the lid will be screwed down tight.

Mrs. Gardner now in the sanitarium at Fort Worth is improving some. Mr. dean bro. of W. P. has moved here from Miss.

Raymond Hancock will start for Mountain Aire N. M. in a few days for his health.

Our Sunday School fell off 50 per cent Sunday on account of people not having buttons sewed on their overcoats.

Success to the News.
Uncle Henry.

▲ WANT AD WILL FIND IT

BOLLIES!

We have prepared to gin your boll cotton. We have a boll breaker equal to the best. We guarantee the best of service.

Give us a trial.

Fuller Gin Co.
W. T. Raybon.

Notice Stockmen & Farmers

Cake for Prime Cotton Seed
e will trade One Ton and a Half of Cold Pressed Cake for a ton of prime cotton seed, or 2400 lbs Straight Cake for a ton of cotton seed

West Texas Gin Co.

(Successors to Edwards Bros.)

J. K. Campbell, Mgr.

Tahoka, Texas

A Discarded Cigarette Butt



A LITTLE THING CAN CAUSE A LOT OF TROUBLE TAKE OUT A POLICE

is a very insignificant thing but it has frequently caused a conflagration. Dropped in a waste paper basket or rubbish corner it has often started serious and fatal fires. Care is a great thing but the possession of a Fire Insurance policy in one of our companies is better.

We can't prevent the fire but we can prevent you losing financially as a result of them.

John C. Woodall & Co.
Thomas Bldg. Tahoka, Texas

The GIRL and the GAME

A Story of Mountain Railroad Life

SYNOPSIS.

Little Helen Holmes, daughter of General Holmes, railroad man, is rescued from imminent danger on a scenic railroad by George Storm, a new boy. Grown to young womanhood, Helen saves Storm, now a fireman, her father, and his friends, Amos Rhinelander, financier, and Robert Seagrue, promoter, from a threatened collision. Safecrackers employed by Seagrue steal General Holmes' survey plans of the cut off line for the Tidewater, fatally wounding the general and escape. Her father's estate badly involved by his death, Helen goes to work on the Tidewater. Helen recovers the survey plans from Seagrue, and though they are taken from her, finds an accidentally made proof of the survey blueprint. Storm is employed by Rhinelander. Spike, befriended by Helen, in his turn saves her and the right-of-way contracts when Seagrue kidnaps her. Helen and Storm win for Rhinelander a race against Seagrue for right-of-way. Helen, Storm and Rhinelander rescue Spike from Seagrue's men. Spike steals records to protect Rhinelander, and Storm and Helen save Spike from death in the burning courthouse. Vein in Superstition mine pinches out. Seagrue sells it and sells it to Rhinelander. The mine is relocated. Rhinelander gives Helen and George each one-third of the Superstition mine stock. Seagrue's scheme to prevent payment for the mine is spoiled. Helen, restored to home and social position, saves her departing guests from a threatened collision by a wild ride.

FIFTEENTH INSTALLMENT DRIVING THE LAST SPIKE

It was a week later that there were social activities again in Helen's home. Rhinelander had come down from the mountains with Storm to announce to Helen the completion of the Superstition cut-off, the cause of so much enmity and bitterness between the rival roads that had striven to achieve its successful building.

Helen was making ready, when they arrived, to join her two friends, and all returned to the station to take the special train that was to carry them with a party up the line to celebrate the driving of the last spike—a responsibility that Rhinelander had assigned, over all her protests, to Helen herself.

The train, gayly decorated, pulled in early and the party—railroad men, constructionists and personal friends of the builders—getting out on the platform at Signal, gave it for a moment an air of social gaiety. The stop was made only long enough to exchange greetings, and the party, enlarged by the Signal contingent, again boarded the train to continue the journey to the cut-off.

The morning newspapers at Ocean side had contained articles descriptive of the prospective celebration, and it was in one of these that a headline fell under Seagrue's eye as he sat in his living room reading his paper.

CUT-OFF TO SUPERSTITION MINE

Helen Holmes to Drive Last Spike.

At noon today Helen Holmes, daughter of the late General Holmes, assisted by Superintendent A. Rhinelander and Construction Engineer George Storm will drive the spike that marks the completion of the Superstition cut-off.

Seagrue read with anger. To his disordered mind, now victimized by drink, it seemed as if the celebration were intended to signalize his own defeat.

In a furious mood, he struck the bell to summon Adams, his servant. When the latter appeared his master said curtly: "Bring Ward here at once," and turned to the decanter that had latterly become his most intimate resource.

The moment Ward came in with Adams, Seagrue picked up the newspaper. "Look at that," he said, without preliminary words. Ward read the headlines hastily. "You see what's going on," exclaimed Seagrue, laboring apparently under excitement. "I want you to get busy."

He spoke the last words in a tone that left no doubt of his meaning. And Ward, old in ways of intrigue and crime, looked at him so understandingly that Seagrue had hardly need to add what he did: "This is my last chance," he muttered, viciously. "I want them both. Get them. I'll make you rich."

Ward was quick to assent. He was quick to act and after conferring hurriedly on details Seagrue started the two men out. In the street, Ward and Adams boarded a taxicab, gave their orders to the driver and were whirled rapidly out on the desert.

At the cut-off, the roadmasters and officials of the operating department of the Tidewater line were in waiting

for the special. When it reached the scene a salute, arranged by an ingenious railroad man with dynamite, was fired from an adjoining hill.

But from a second hill, across from where the improvised salute had noisily greeted the gay special, two men looked with unfriendly eyes down on the interesting ceremony. A golden spike had been provided for Helen. And the senior roadmaster, acting as the master of ceremonies, was leading the way to where she was to officiate. On the spot where the last rail joint awaited its completion at her hands, Rhinelander handed to Helen the spike and the maul. And Helen, placing the golden emblem into position, struck the spike the first blow.

"You know," she said, looking up after she had given it a few more taps, "that part of the agreement is, George must finish this."

Storm took hold of the maul with a smile. "For a man that's driven a mogul as many miles as I have, this ought to be easy."

Friends crowded up as the spike went home and congratulations fell thick and fast on the winners of the long-drawn struggle. Rhinelander still had something to propose. "While we are all here together," he said, "we'll complete the celebration by starting the first train. I want to see whether Miss Holmes and Mr. Storm can drive a spike that will hold a rail joint for an engine to run over it. If it fails, it shows them both up. Throw the switch for the main line, George, and let Helen start the first train over the cut-off."

Storm walked toward the switch, some distance away, followed by Spike. Standing together they threw it and signaled that all was right. Helen, quite at home inside an engine cab, pulled the throttle slightly and the drivers began to revolve; the engineer then handed her carefully down from the gangway and the train started.

At the switch, Spike and Storm engaged thus intently, failed to notice two men creeping up behind them, ropes in hand. Taken unawares, nooses were thrown suddenly over their heads and before they could make the least defense, they were throttled, felled and dragged back from the switch. So swiftly and expertly was the attack made that Spike and Storm were choked almost at once and dragged down out of sight before anyone noticed their disappearance.

Tying their hands expeditiously, Ward speculated for a moment on what to do with them. Adams' proposal to throw them from the bridge he negated. "They would find them too quick. We'll put them into the ore cars," he said cunningly. "When the cars are located at the mine the ore will do the rest."

The two picked Storm up unconscious, and carried him along the track, laying him beside it to await the coming of the freight train. Returning to bring Spike in like fashion, they were surprised and upset to find he had disappeared.

Spike had, in fact—overhearing the fate in store for him—rolled, gagged and bound as he was, along the track to the bridge below. Gaining this, he continued to roll over and tried to drop out of sight underneath. But in getting down, helpless as he was, his hands caught by the rope with which he was fastened on the head of a projecting spike and instead of dropping to where he speedily could have hidden himself, he hung quite helpless in the air suspended by his wrists.

The ore train, meantime, had come along the mine spur and Ward and Adams, watching their opportunity, flung Storm into a gondola.

"We've got to get after Spike," declared Ward, now alarmed for the safety of himself and his companion.

Indeed Spike was having a close call for his life in more than one direction. A slender chance gave him hope of escape. The cord with which his hands had been bound, he thought, might be saved in two on the spike against which it had caught. Acting on this thought, he threw himself from side to side to saw the cord against the iron. In spite of the intense pain suffered in sustaining the entire weight of his body on the thongs that bound his wrists, he kept desperately busy in the hope of releasing himself before his captors should return. For he had no doubt that Ward, as assistant director, would not hesi-

tate to kill him on sight. With a resource and cunning developed through a long career of doubtful enterprises and close squeaks—Spike struggled wildly for freedom and life, and thus engaged he heard the footsteps of men running along the track.

This might mean help; it might mean a knock on the head. There was but a moment left to effect his escape. Jerking himself convulsively, arms, legs and body—the cord cutting and sawing every moment into the quick around his wrists—he threw such a force on the rope that the strands finally parted on the sharp iron face and Spike dropped exhausted to the ground. But he had hardly struck it before he rolled, bounced and scrambled away into hiding.

It was none too soon. Ward and Adams, searching with sharp eyes

every place of concealment, came on. Their hurry, however, was too great, and the very place where they should have looked, they passed. Even before they were well out of the way, Spike had released his feet and gaining the track was running at full speed back to where Helen was waiting, beside the Special with her friends. These latter saw a bareheaded man dashing down the track, waving his arms.

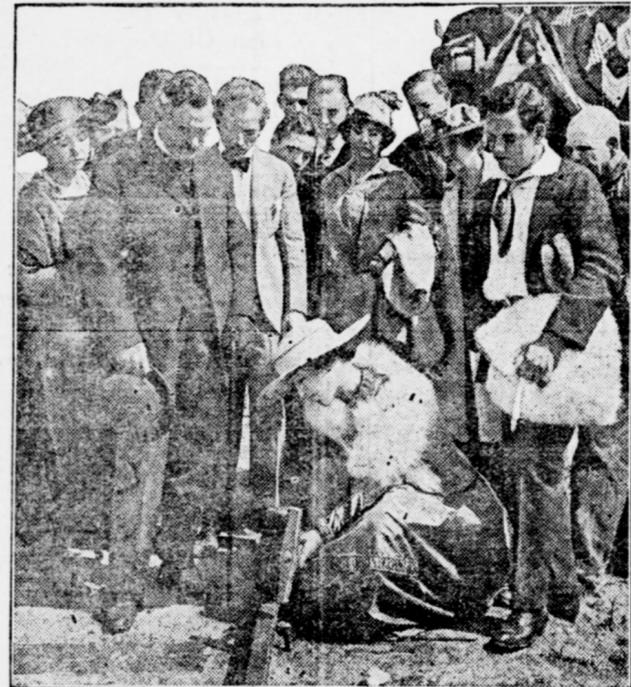
"They've got Storm," exclaimed Spike. "They carried him off first, to throw him into an ore car. They meant to throw us both in. If they've thrown George into one of those cars, the minute it's loaded, he'll be killed!"

Helen blanched. To threaten Storm's life was to touch her heart. "We must get aboard," she cried to those about her, "and run the train up to the mine without losing a minute. Hurry," she cried, "everybody!"

Rhinelander hastened the excited guests into the cars, signaled the conductor and the Special, swiftly gathering speed, started to catch the freight train at the mine.

In the gondola into which he had been flung, Storm, pounded and shaken over the rough rail joints, gradually recovered consciousness.

He knew he was in no danger until he should reach the mine, not even then, if he were only able to cry out.



"Part of the Agreement is That George Shall Finish This"

But struggle as he would, he could not release his hands and feet nor the gag that half choked him. Every movement of the train was so familiar to him that it added to the horror of his situation.

He was hoping it might stop before it should reach the deadly chute, for it was this that constituted his peril.

Revolving rapidly in his mind the features of his situation, he felt the car rolling slowly and monotonously until it seemed as if the train must have traversed twice the length of the switch—the track of which he was familiar with—and the farther he was pulled, the worse his predicament looked.

The car rolled slower and slower. He knew well what the engineer was doing: pulling ahead to spot the last gondola under the chute. Storm saw, as the condemned man sees the blade of the guillotine poised above him, the chute itself come into sight. The next moment his own gondola drew under it and stopped.

Helen, on the Special, had taken her place in the cab where she could urge the engineer to every burst of speed his machine was capable of. "One minute," she reminded him pathetically and more than once, "may mean a life very dear to me. Do the very best you can, won't you?" she pleaded.

Tense and collected under the strain, Helen, staring through the open cab window, had only eyes for the ore cars, which in another moment she saw stood in on the switch with the last gondola spotted for loading under the chute.

What car had Storm been thrown into? The question racked her nerves and clutched at her heart.

With Storm still struggling on the car floor, the foreman of the ore plant, taking a fresh chew of tobacco, signaled: "Ore on!" A man below threw the lever and the jagged quartz rock tumbled with a roar into the chute.

Storm, working to free himself, had heard the foreman's order, heard the deadly rush of the falling rock. It was only as the great chute—the one which

Our "Heaters" will save you money—handsome too



Tahoka Hardware Company

BUY ONE OF OUR NEW HEATING STOVES. IT WILL ORNAMENT YOUR HOME; IT WILL SAVE YOU FUEL; IT WILL SAVE YOU WORK.

WE HAVE SO MANY THAT WE HAVEN'T SPACE TO DESCRIBE THEM ALL. WE INVITE YOU TO COME AND SEE THEM AND THE MANY NEW "ATTACHMENTS." YOU WILL FIND JUST THE STOVE YOU WANT.

HOW ABOUT THAT NEW RANGE TO PREPARE MR. TURK ON THANKSGIVING. SEE OURS.



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about storage batteries and their care. That's why we can save you dollars by the right kind of advice.

Chevrolet Garage

South Side Square, Tahoka, Texas

Gasoline, Lubricating Oils, Cup Grease

Auto Parts—Accessories. General repair work by skilled mechanics. Every job guaranteed.

Free inspection of any battery at any time

Be Not Deceived

by the statement that foreign trees are as good as home grown. If you want an orchard that will give you satisfaction, make sure by buying your stock from

The Plainview Nursery

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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 Santa Fe, Lynn Co. Texas.



Round Trip Excursion Fares

College Station Texas; Fifth Annual Older Boys Conference, Texas Y. M. C. A., Date of Sale Nov. 30, Dec. 1 and 2. Final Limit Dec. 5th.

National Farm and Live Stock Show Nov. 11-19 New Orleans, La., Date of Sale Nov. 9-17, Limit Nov. 21. J. L. Heare, Agt.



Your Winter's Coal

It is time you began thinking about laying in your winter's supply of coal. It will be possible to save a snug little sum by buying in bulk before the winter raise in price. See us.

Edwards Brothers,

Coal and Grain, Hay, and All Kinds Feedstuff



...New Fall Goods...

We have a good variety of patterns in all the new colors and combinations and owing to the fact that we bought our goods before the recent rise, we are able to put interesting prices on them.

Carter Bros., N. D. Goree, Mgr.

Fresh, Seasonable Stock of Staple and Fancy Groceries.
Displayed in Dustless Sanitary Glass Cases

The GIRL and the GAME

There was no need for her to an Spike spoke for himself. "And want to do," he said with heat, he had told Storm the story, get that Special back to the and get after the guy that me."

neighborhood was scoured for a of their assailants. They found the taxicab had stood in which e's pair had come up. But the id long ago made their escape ere running back to town to re- to their employer.

ening up the stairs, looking over their shoulders as if fear- immediate apprehension for rime. Ward and Adams burst

into Seagrue's room. Seagrue was in waiting. "We got Storm," Ward began. "Good!" cried Seagrue. "Spike got away!" Seagrue struck his fist into his open hand. "I wanted that fellow worse than the other," he muttered between his teeth. For another moment he stood deep in thought. Then he turned savagely on Ward. "If Spike escaped, he will be at Helen's home. We will get him there." Ward nodded as coolly as if a further crime were a mere detail. "I'm going up there tonight," continued Seagrue, "and I must change for the evening now. Adams has two guns. Stop! There they are, on the



The Engine Struck the Limousine Squarely in the Middle.

SWITZERLAND IS SIMPLY GRAND

THIS TRIP COST US \$1000.00

WHY DIDN'T YOU STAY HOME AND GO TO THE MOVIES?

The wonders of the old world and the inimitable beauties of our own U. S. A. can be seen with more comfort and satisfaction and at less expense to day than in years gone by. The price of admission is a round trip to everywhere.

★ THEATRE

ADMISSION 100

Saved Girl's Life

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

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

THEDFORD'S BLACK-DRAUGHT

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

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

table." Seagrue, a little later, came in dressed. His tools had made their preparations and were dismissed with the injunction to eat their dinners before the murder was committed.

When the special, on its return, reached Signal, those aboard were so happy over the fortunate outcome of the day that the evening festivities at Helen's home were looked forward to with pleasurable excitement. It was an open secret among her friends that this occasion was to signalize the public announcement of her engagement to George Storm.

The evening assemblage was brilliant. Not alone with the guests of the day but a second special had come from the city bringing another car of friends and a procession of motor cars brought to the door guests from the neighboring estates.

In the house, Helen, radiant in evening attire, was descending the stairs. Storm waited at the foot to meet her and after receiving her guests she left the scene for a few moments with her lover. The last among the laggards seemed to have arrived when a big limousine, turning in from the highway, was driven rapidly through the grounds and stopped in front of Helen's door. The car contained three men—Seagrue, Ward and Adams.

"Wait in the garden," was Seagrue's command to his companions. "I will go in, look the field over and report in a few minutes."

When Seagrue crossed Helen's threshold that night, a strange feeling came over him. An Oceanside lady, an old acquaintance, was the first to extend greetings. She noticed the strained expression of his face and the ravages made on it by his recent dissipation. She was, indeed, shocked. "I haven't seen you for an age," she declared. "And you're not looking a bit well, either, I can tell you. What's the matter?" she demanded. A shudder seemed to pass over him as she spoke. "Are you ill?" she asked with wide-open eyes.

Then a reckless look crossed his face. He called up once more the old smile. "Not a thing," he insisted. "Nothing whatever. It's a little cold outside tonight. Perhaps," he added with a restless laugh, his eyes wandering over the gay faces all about, "someone's walking over my grave."

"Oh," exclaimed his friend. "Are you superstitious?"

"No," returned Seagrue, almost fiercely, "only tired of the world and everything in it. Where is Helen?"

"She's in the library," said his companion. "You're awful late. Let's go and find her."

She would have led him into the library. He stopped on the threshold and refused to enter. He saw, as in a vision, what others—now that the room was filled with laughing men and women—did not see. He saw midnight within it and his own accomplices in a death grapple with an old man. He saw that old man laid out a few moments later on a couch, a doctor bending anxiously over him to detect a heart beat. And he saw the surgeon's face as he looked up and gravely said: "General Holmes is dead!"

Despite his reckless bravado, a shudder gripped him for an instant again. He shook it off and braced himself with angry resentment. "No," he said brusquely, "I won't go in there—too much of a crowd for me. I'll try the reception room." Turning, he encountered Rhinelander. The two men greeted each other briefly.

Rhinelander spoke with kindness to his nephew. He tried to tell him that he wanted him to do differently. He assured him that neither he nor Helen cherished any lasting resentment for what had gone before and now that they two were the winners, they meant to be generous to the losers and to him in especial.

"I am willing," declared Rhinelander, "and I think that Helen will stand with me in it, to give you an interest in the mine—it is big enough to make a dozen millionaires. Make a man of yourself, Earl, that's all we ask. We'll do the rest."

Seagrue regarded him with an expression so terrible that it shocked Rhinelander, but what was passing through Seagrue's mind, he could not tell.

"Tomorrow," Seagrue muttered, like one hardly in possession of his senses, "not tonight—I'll talk to you tomorrow. Where's Helen?"

"She left here this moment for the conservatory with George Storm."

Seagrue took a step forward, as if to go to her. Then he stopped and turned away. Someone took Rhinelander's attention and he lost sight of his nephew, but the woman who had first spoken to Seagrue afterward related what she saw. Seagrue looked once more toward the library. He directed his steps toward it. On the threshold he halted abruptly again, as if rudely checked by an unseen hand. He looked about as if he saw and heard what others did not see and hear. Then, shaking himself loose from the seeming clutch of invisible fingers, he took a determined step, strode into the library as one who accepts a challenge, walked defiantly through the room and out of the French doors he himself had opened on a midnight to a murderer.

He disappeared from sight in the shrubbery of the garden and walked some distance before he encountered those whom he had gone out to meet. Even the two hiding men saw the emotion under which he was laboring. He told them what he had seen, told them of Storm's escape, the thwarting of his plans, and with oaths gave them orders as to what to do and how to do it. He trembled with furious emphasis as he spoke on. "And when the coast is clear," he exclaimed, at last, "I'll drop my handkerchief." Turning on his heel, he left them. The

two murderers looked uncertainly at each other. Something of his uneasiness communicated itself to them.

In the conservatory, Helen and Storm were conversing with guests. The guests left the room as Seagrue came in and he returned, somewhat stiffly, the greeting of Helen and Storm. Storm, resolved now to be generous with his enemy, stepped to the punch bowl and filling glasses, crossed the conservatory with them to serve Helen and Seagrue. In the garden, Ward and Adams, watching intently, saw his silhouetted figure on the lowered curtain.

And Storm's trifling act of hospitality was to prove his salvation and Seagrue's undoing. Having seen that the punch bowl was nearly empty he excused himself and stepped into the next room to summon a maid to refill it. The door of this room—a breakfast room—opening on the garden, stood, for the evening, ajar. The maid, reaching up on the sideboard for a napkin, when Storm spoke to her, let it fall from her hand as she turned. The white square of linen, partly unfolded, fluttered to the ground.

Where she stood, the maid could not be seen from Ward's hiding place in the garden. Only the figure of Storm beside her was visible and the highwayman mistook his figure for Seagrue's. When the napkin fluttered to the floor, Ward, mistaking it for the handkerchief, watched intently the two silhouetted figures in the conservatory.

Seagrue, at Helen's side, rose to his feet. Two shots rang through the night air. Seagrue, stricken, clutched his heart. With a ghastly expression he looked at Helen. And as she screamed, he clutched at his heart again and fell headlong to the floor.

Helen's frantic cries brought a crowd to the conservatory doors. Storm, nearest at hand, held back the others and entered the room first. He turned, lifted Seagrue from the floor and asked for a doctor. Helen, half hysterical, told where the shots had come and Storm, followed by her, ran out into the garden.

The murderers had made good their escape. Hurrying to where their machine was hidden, they jumped into it and started at breakneck speed for Oceanside. It was Spike's keen ear that detected the faint hum of their motor. "They're making their getaway in a car," he cried. "If we are to get them, we've got to work quick."

Commandeering the first car parked in the driveway and accompanied by Helen and Storm, Spike drove rapidly down the highway after the fleeing taxicab. No lights were visible on it, but some moonlight made it possible to follow the murderers accurately.

Below the bridge at Signal, the highway, turning sharply, crossed the railroad. It is a hell crossing and the sig-

BANK ACCOUNT

SECURITY

A Bank Account Means Security

Every energetic, ambitious man works beyond his strength sometimes. No man has any right to overwork without the financial raft that a bank account offers to keep afloat on when the old snap and elasticity deserts one and long-suffering nature rebels.

For your own good we want to greet you next week-end and have you place an initial deposit with us. We'll guarantee it will grow. It's the start that counts.

Guaranty State Bank

Of Tahoka, Texas.

nals were ringing for the Oceanside express when Ward and Adams, looking behind at the headlights of Spike's car, saw they were hotly pursued. They opened fire with their revolvers on the pursuing car, but Helen, Storm and Spike, keeping under cover as best they could, did not slacken speed. The criminals thus pressed, saw there was a chance to put the railroad crossing between them and their pursuers. The express was close upon them, but desperate men cannot be choosers, Ward took a chance. Crowding his machine to the limit, he tried for the crossing ahead of the train. The engineer seeing a collision unavoidable, checked his train heavily. It was too late. The engine was almost on the taxicab and the next instant the pilot, striking it squarely in the middle, threw the heavy limousine fifty feet in the air. When Helen, Storm and Spike reached the spot, the engineer was backing down to investigate the catastrophe.

Lanterns and searchlights were brought into play where the moon left the landscape in shadow. Adams' body was found in a borrow pit. The shock had killed him. Ward, flung against a tree, lay at the foot of it, mutilated beyond recognition.

In Helen's conservatory, a doctor bent over Seagrue, but the wretched victim of his own criminal intent lay quite dead.

The sun rose happily after the events of that tragic night. It rose nowhere on two people more grateful for their escape from assassination than Helen and Storm. Within the following week the guests of that night, had they been gifted with vision, might have seen Spike seated, book in hand, in the garden, reading an account of a marriage ceremony. In it, surrounded by her friends and given away by her foster uncle, Amos Rhinelander, Helen had become the wife of George Storm.

(THE END)

To Our Customers and Friends

In view of the fact that we have been with you only a short time, we feel very much gratified for the volume of business that has been given us.

It has always been our policy to deal squarely with our customers and to "go our best" to make good on every proposition.

We have quite a lot of useful articles which we desire to move more rapidly and we offer them to you for the next 15 days at the prices below which you will find would cost you from 40 to 70 per cent more in 60 days from now. We also have a full line of dry goods and groceries—most of which could not be replaced at wholesale as low as we are offering to our trade.

Fifteen Day Offering Ending December 9th

Shot Gun Shells	410 Gage	at	.45	Brass Rivets Box	20	"	"	.15
"	"	"	.12	Gate Hooks	2 1-2"	"	3 for	.05
"	"	"	.12	Smokeless	.75	Hame Strings	20	"
Target	22	"	Short Black	.12	Hames	\$1.00	"	.80
"	22	"	Smokeless	17 1-2	Hames	.75	"	.60
"	22	"	Long	.20	Collar Pads	.35	"	.30
Hunting Coats	\$2.75 Seller	at	\$2.15	Bridles	\$1.50	"	"	\$1.20
All Trunks and Grips	at 10 per cent discount			Driving Lines	4.50	"	"	4.00
Butchers Knives	50 cents seller	at	.35	Leather Back Bands	\$1.50	"	"	1.20
"	.75	"	"	China and Glassware	10 per cent discount			
Kitchen	25	"	"	2 Gallon Jugs	15 cents gallon seller			.10
Kitchen Knife Sharpener	75 c. seller	at	.50	Churns any size	15 cents gal.	"	"	.10
Table Spoon Set	35 cents seller	at	.25	Crockery	.15	"	"	.10
Tea Spoon Set	20	"	"	.15	School Tablets	5 cents sellers		3 1-2
Wire Brads	Box 10	"	"	.06	Writing	10	"	7 1-2
Hame Hooks	15	"	"	.10	Automobile Suits	\$2.75 sellers	at	\$2.15

If you have not laid in your winter supply of Dry Goods, Boots, and Shoes, we very frankly advise you to do so at ONCE, whether you buy from us or not. We believe that \$25 will as many goods now as \$40.00 will in a very short time.

We will be very glad to have you visit our store during the next 20 days whether you visit to buy or not.

Tahoka Mercantile Company

J. S. Wells Bldg., Southwest Corner Square

Lynn County News

Published Every Friday by
H. C. Crie & Company

J. Crie..... Editor and Manager

One Year [strictly in advance] \$3.00
Advertising rates on application

Entered as second class matter, July 10, 1906, at
the postoffice at Tahoka, Texas, under the act of
Congress of March 3rd, 1879.

Four Issues Counted a Month

W. H. Graham, publisher of the Andrews County Times, has purchased the Seminole Sentinel and will take charge in the near future. We don't know W. H. personally, but his paper bears witness that he knows the game and we wish him well in his new field.

There come to our desk this week a copy of a folder being distributed by the "Buy It Made In Texas" Association. Some of the trite sayings in this folder are worthy of reproduction, and the serious consideration of our readers.

"Naturally, as a wide-awake citizen of this great State of Texas, you are interested in anything which pertains to its welfare and advancement.

"There are ever so many people in Texas who do not know that most of the things we eat and wear can be bought 'Made in Texas.'

"You will readily recognize that the prosperity of Texas industries means the prosperity of the State and its people.

"When you are buying anything let your first question be 'Is It Made In Texas.'"

This bit of advice to the southern farmer about money saved while prices are high: "No city business man keeps his money idle at home, and no farmer who professes to be business-like ought to. It is as wrong now as it was in the days of Christ to hide money in a napkin, as the unprofitable servant did, when it might be put into bank and made useful." Texas bankers have been liberal in many ways for the material benefit of the farmer, but it is doubtful if much has been said in an educational way about the value of a bank account, be it ever so humble. Of course, Texas banks now register substantial gains in deposits. But this has been an exceptional year. Deposits should be numerous in lean years as well as bulky in fat years. Possibly a bit of educational propaganda would help.—Star Telegram

Drs. Inmon & Turrentine
Physicians and Surgeons
Office in Shook Building
Over Post Office
Tahoka, Texas

E.E. Callaway **C.B. Townes**
Res. Phone 46 Res. Phone 121
Physicians and Surgeons
Office Phone 45
Office upstairs Thomas Bros. Bldg

Dr. J. H. McCoy
Physician and Surgeon
Office at Barnes Drug Store
Office phone 135 Res. phone 108

C. H. Cain
Lawyer
Office upstairs in the Larkin Bldg
Tahoka, Texas

M. M. Herring
Abstracter
Quick Service and Complete
Satisfaction Guaranteed
Tahoka, Texas

Dr. J. R. Singleton
Dentist
Permanently Located
Tahoka, Texas

West Texas Abstract Co.
Abstracters and Conveyancers
Fees 50 cents per page
Satisfaction Guaranteed
Office in County Clerk's Office



"The Stubborn Beast"
may derive his obstinacy from the fact that he is being led away from rather than to our supply of feed he knows will make him a good meal. Try driving him our way... wont take much compulsion. We have no fear of temporary and permanent results from feeding horses, cattle pigs and poultry on our, hay grain, etc.

Bowers & Wyatt
North of Squar

Mebane Cotton Seed For Sale

I am selling the Culled Early Mebane Improved Triumph Cotton Seed.

The seed will Arrive from Jan. 1st. to seed to Feb. 1st.

C. A. Wasson, Wilson, Texas.



To Carve The Turkey
you should have one of our fine steel cutlery. Then you can slice off a little of the dark meat or some of the white with neatness and dispatch. Come and select a set from our complete line of fine hardware. Perhaps while here you'll see something you need as badly as you do cutlery.

C. L. Williams
Hardware, Implements and Leather Goods

Miss Ida Stanford, our primary teacher, has been quite sick for several days with tonsillitis, and on Monday was carried to Tahoka for treatment. Mrs. Hosea Key is teaching in the primary room during her absence.—Brownfield Herald.

POOR FORM OF RELIGION.

Many a man thinks he is religious because he prays to the Lord to relieve him from the consequences of his own misdeeds.

A Fish Gap.
"Been fishing yet?"
"No, I'm not at all like the biggest fish."
"I don't understand you."
"I can't get away."

Sawed-Off Sermon.
It's not the height some men attain in the world that makes them giddy.—It's looking down with contempt on the crowd below.—Indianapolis Star.

Thanksgiving Proclamation by President Wilson

WASHINGTON, Nov. 17.—President Wilson by proclamation today formally designated Thursday Nov. 30 as Thanksgiving Day.

The President's proclamation follows. "It has long been the custom of our people to turn in the fruitful autumn of the year in praise and thanksgiving to Almighty God for his many blessings and mercies to us and to the nation.

"The year that has elapsed since we last observed our day of Thanksgiving has been rich in blessings to us, as a people, but the whole face the world has been darkened by war.

"In the midst of our peace and hapiness our thoughts dwell with painful disquite upon the struggles and sufferings of the nations at war and of the people on whom war has brought disaster without choice or possibility of escape on their part. We cannot think of our own happiness without thinking of their pitiful distress.

"Now, therefore, I, Woodrow Wilson, president of the United States of America, do appoint Thursday, the thirtieth of November, as a day of national thanksgiving and prayer and urge and advise the people to resort to their several places of worship on that day, to render thanks to Almighty God for the business of peace and unbroken prosperity which he has bestowed upon our beloved country in such unstinted measure.

"And I also urge and suggest our duty, in this our day of peace and abundance to think in deep sympathy with the stricken peoples of the world upon whom the curse and terror of war, has so pitilessly fallen, and to contribute out of our abundant means to the relief of their sufferings. Our people could in no better way show their real attitude toward the present struggle of the nations than by contributing out of their abundance to the relief of the suffering which war has brought in its train.

"In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be fixed.

"Done at the city of Washington, this 17th day of November, in the year of our Lord, 1916, and the independence of the United States the 141st.

"By the President, "WOODROW Wilson.
"ROBERT LANSING,
"Secretary of State"



We Couldn't possibly Coax You
to buy here a second time if we did not treat you right the first time. That is one reason why we have such a strict rule against any misstatements or exaggeration.

You Can Depend Upon Our Variety and Racket Good
to be exactly as represented or a little better. If there are any surprises about our Variety and Racket Goods we prefer they should be pleasant ones. They make you our friend.

Tahoka Nickle Store
Next Door Post Office

Best Anyway You Look at It

is our new, up-to-date line of harness. Everyone knows that our fine driving or draught harness cannot be beat for beauty and reliability, and our prices are beyond competition. Call around and see.

Tahoka Harness Shop
West Side Square Tahoka, Texas

For Sale We are over stocked and are making a speciality of the following to meet the Northerners. A piping hot

Chocolate, Tomato Boullion, Beef Tea, coffee and cake, Malted Milk, Lemonade, limeade.

Have plenty of fancy fruits for your Thanksgiving Dinner Did you say Kandy! We have more pure, fresh candy than the Law allows and would appreciate you looking our stock over.

We are buying nothing but the best. We try to please all.

Tahoka Ice Cream Co.
North of State Bank C. W. Green mgr.

The First National Bank

Of Tahoka, Texas

Capital . . . \$50,000
Surplus . . . \$10,000

With a record behind it for fair dealing and an earnest desire please all customers, offers its services in al departments of banking at the same time giving assurance of its appreciation of patronage extended.

Hotel St. Clair

L. L. WILLIAMS, PROP

Cafe in Connection

Rates \$1.50 and \$2.00 per day

Corner of Main and Lockwood
North of Square

Tahoka, Texas

Classified Department

RATE: One cent a word each insertion. No ad printed unless accompanied by the Cash. We make this rule to avoid the cost of bookkeeping—it will apply to all
This Department Gets Results—Try It For Proof

For Sale or Trade

FOR SALE—Five passenger Overland touring car, run about 5200 miles. C. A. Wasson, Wilson, Texas. 13-14c

H. J. Justin's shop made boots all sizes in calf. Price \$14.50 Add 35 cents for postage.

Mail orders filled same day received. Johnson Brothers Snyder, Texas. 12-15p

IF YOU WANT some good work stock—Apply to Ben King. 18tf

State land leases for sale by J. U. Williams of Tatum, New Mexico.

FOR SALE—1280 acres one mile west, and 220 acres three miles north of O'Donnell. Will divide in 1-4 sections, small payment down, long time on balance, 6 per cent interest. Write to J. Didi's 613 Millers Ave., Portland Oregon, or M. Shaw, Lamesa, Texas. 6-23

If you want to buy a ranch in Eastern New Mexico, see J. U. Williams, of Tatum, New Mexico. 49-tf

RESIDENCE FOR SALE—9 room residence, water connection, on quarter block, well, windmill, barn, service house and conveniences. Young orchard and vineyard: an ideal home. Would give terms.—H. C. Crie.

For Ranch Property in Eastern New Mexico, see J. U. Williams, of Tatum, New Mexico. 49tf

Pair of work horses, and pair of work mares for sale on fall time, Worth the money. B. F. Montgomery. 10-tf

FOR SALE gentle horse and good buggy apply at the News office.

See W. C. Cowan for land prices. One to five sections with terms, improved or unimproved. Three to four miles south and southeast of Tahoka. 12-4t

Crie and Ramsey have some choice resident lots in North Tahoka for sale.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the past 20 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any and all obligations he may incur by the above mentioned
NATION BANK OF COMMERCE
Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is a
acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Dr. gists.
Take "The Family Pills" for constipation

Lost and Found

LOST near O'Donnell a mouse colored mare mule 1/2 year old with hobble marks legs. Finder notify L. F. Mc at O'Donnell and receive reward of \$15.00. 12-1

Loss—17 jewel Elgin Watch 18 size, open face, gold filled return to Ray King and he will pay you what you think right.

Wanted

Pay the highest price for turkeys and chickens every day. B. F. Montgomery.

WANTED: to trade good cow and calf hogs mainly anything. P. Miller.

Money

For live stock loans see Crie Ramsey.

Best of Service.

When your watch is out of order or you have a delicate piece of jewelry to be repaired, remember J. C. May, located at Thomas Bros. Drug Store can fit it up in first class shape and guarantees his work.



We Wish To Impress the Fair

on your memory that it not only adds to your appearance to keep your clothes cleaned and neatly pressed but also adds to the life of your clothes.

We do cleaning and pressing the Hoffman Sanitary Way.

Ladies Work a Specialty

Union Tailor Shop

Work Called For and Delivered
N. Side Square

Exacting Buyers, Price, Quality and Service

—are the leading factors in our business, that helped us build up our business to its present magnitude. Our painstaking efforts to please each and every customer, regardless of size of account, supplying Quality, Price and Service has made many customers and friends for our yard.

We know from long experience in the retail Lumber business something of your needs and demands in the building line. We offer you our experience, coupled with Quality, Price and Service, and every favor consistent with sound business. We appreciate your business and friendship and shall strive to merit your good patronage. Do business with us.

A. G. McAdams Lumber Co.

Tahoka,

F. L. Parker, Manager

Texas

The Grip of Evil

By Louis Tracy

Author of "The Wings of the Morning," "The Pillar of Light," "The Terms of Surrender," "Number 17," Etc.

Novelized from the Series of Photoplays of the Same Name Released by Pathe.



John Burton, a worker in a steel mill, suddenly inherits an English title and \$10,000. He decides he will spend his life, if necessary, in an attempt to solve the question "Is Humanity in the Grip of Evil?" Each episode of this series forms a distinct story in itself depicting his experiences in his search for the truth.

THIRD EPISODE

The Upper Ten.

Some Sharp Contrasts.

Thus far, in his search for goodness in the world, John Burton, tenth marquis of Castleton, had been singularly unsuccessful. He did not know, of course, how ill equipped he was for the self-imposed task. A man who had passed the first thirty years of his life in an atmosphere of poverty and hard work should have endeavored to accustom himself to centers of wealth and power before attempting to solve social problems which have puzzled and distressed the thinkers of many generations.

John heard that Rev. Thomas Bran-

ton had rented a house in the neighborhood, and as the evangelist's influence was mainly responsible for his attitude toward life in general, he set out to call on him at the first opportunity that offered. He was particularly anxious to have a chat with the preacher because of an article which had appeared in the local newspaper that morning. Some prying journalist had unearthed the marquis's record. A sensational writeup on the first page was headed:

YOUNG AMERICAN INHERITS BRITISH TITLE AND MILLIONS. John Burton Becomes the Tenth Marquis of Castleton.

The newspaper scribe lost no time in reaching the heart of his subject: "Through a series of strange happenings John Burton, now of 110 Argyle street, this city, has become—" and so on, through a whole column of veritable romance founded on fact.

Burton felt that the revelation might affect his quest profoundly. For once

his somewhat headstrong and decidedly impulsive temperament craved advice and sympathy. Branton was just the man for the moment. As soon as John learned by telephone that the minister was at home, he ordered his car and told the chauffeur to "beat it" across the city. Chauffeurs controlling high-power machines seldom require encouragement from their employers when speed is desirable. Thus, though the night was rather dark and the road new to him, he assumed that there was no obstacle beyond a sharp bend in the street revealed by the glaring headlights.

He did not know that the C. O. & P. railway had a most dangerous grade crossing near the center of the bend. It was completely hidden from sight and was protected only by an old-fashioned gate, hand-operated by an elderly man who lived in a cottage alongside the line.

That night the old man was moving more slowly than usual; nevertheless, he detected the hum of the approaching automobile and tried to quicken his pace. He hardly realized, perhaps, that a tenth part of a second meant all the difference between disaster and safety and not only for himself but for the occupants of the oncoming vehicle.

Be that as it may, the old fellow's sense of duty, if slow in operating, was rigid as a rock. When the car came in sight it was much nearer than he anticipated, but he waved his flag and



"You Can Get in Now as Soon as You Like."

stood his ground right valiantly in the center of the roadway. The chauffeur jammed on both foot and hand brakes and succeeded in stopping the car short of the barrier, but not before its fearless guardian had been knocked down.

At that instant an express train tore past, and its noise and dust contributed greatly to the discomfiture of the two men in the car. However, the incident ended as swiftly as it had begun. John helped the chauffeur to assist the fallen man, and was greatly relieved to find the old fellow smiling and stammering an assurance that he "wasn't hurt bad."

"I'm all right, sir," he vowed. "A little thing like that don't cut any ice, and I'm only sorry to have pulled you up so suddenly. Of course, the company ought to put a tunnel under the track here, and I've wrote to 'em several times about it, but bless you, they don't pay no attention. An' me a stockholder, too!"

John saw at once that he would do well to express astonishment at this last somewhat remarkable statement.

"Yes, sir," went on the old man. "Me an' Marthy's saved and scraped all our lives so's we could buy stock in our railroad. Now we got ten shares—all paid for, too. . . . Thank ye, kindly," because John had taken his arm, seeing that he was limping. "I ain't so spry as I used to be. If you'll help me inter the house and have your young man wind up the gates I'll be much obliged."

On reaching the cottage John saw through the open door an elderly woman seated near a lamp. She was sewing and evidently had not the least idea of anything untoward having occurred outside. The appearance of her husband, supported by a stranger,

alarmed her greatly, and though she calmed herself sufficiently to search at once for arnica and a bandage, it was clear that any evil which befell either of these two people affected the other in even greater measure.

While John was helping the old man into a chair and rolling up a trouser leg to lay bare the bruise, he ascertained that the two had been married fifty years.

They had actually grown alike in voice and features. They might have been brother and sister rather than husband and wife. The same tastes, the same simple interests, the complete devotion of each for the other, had compressed their minds and bodies within the same mold. John was almost terrified to think what the outcome would have been had the fine old gatekeeper been killed. To keep himself from dwelling on a possibility now happily vanished he reverted to the more pleasing topic of a frugality which enabled people in such humble circumstances to become stockholders in an important railway. This appealed to both of them. The gatekeeper said, with an air of real pride:

"Yes, sir, them stocks are cinched to Marthy and me. Old man Howell votes our stock for us, an' it pays a good seven per cent. T'aint much, but enough to keep us from starvin' when I ain't able to work no longer."

John entered the car. As he whirled away he lifted his hat to "Marthy," who waved a farewell from the door.

More shaken than he cared to admit, he was glad of the peace and serenity of Mr. Branton's sitting room. He told of the accident, and then he thought himself of a letter in his pocket.

"By the way," he said, "this reached me just before leaving home. And he handed the engraved card to his host. It read:

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Howell request the honor of your company at a dance to be given at their home, No. 27 Magnolia avenue, on Tuesday evening, May 30, on the occasion of the coming of age of their daughter Marjorie. Dancing ten to two. R. E. V. P.

"I wonder if this Mr. Howell is president of the C. O. & P. railway?" he commented.

Branton smiled and handed back the card.

"The same man," he said. "You are getting to be a swell now, John. Recognition by Mrs. Howell is the local hallmark of society. That invitation is the direct outcome of the paragraph in this morning's newspaper."

"Then I'll turn it down," said John, determinedly.

"No, don't do that," came the kindly admonition. "You'll find more scope for observation among the newly rich than in the circles either above or beneath them. Among real aristocrats the principle of noblesse oblige is potent for good. The virtues and vices of the poor are simple. Things become complex only when poverty gains wealth."

So the tenth marquis of Castleton went to the Howells' reception and, although he sent in his name as plain Mr. John Burton, a loud-voiced manservant, previously instructed toward that end, announced him by his title.

"I am determined to meet you, Lord Castleton," said Mrs. Howell with outstretched hand and a charming smile. "It was too bad of your lordship to come and live among us incognito, especially as I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of the dowager marchioness three years ago at Monte Carlo."

All voices were stifled and necks were craned so that not a syllable of John's answer might be missed. He was not in the least degree nervous.

"To tell the truth, Mrs. Howell," he said, "I know very little about either my title or my relatives. Somehow or other, I became a marquis, just because I happened to be my father's son, I suppose. The strange thing is

that I have always considered myself a sure-enough American, and I am free to confess that hitherto I have looked on my peerage rather as a joke than otherwise."

Mrs. Howell simpered. Evidently a British marquessate was no joke to her. She introduced John to her daughter, a really pretty girl who reminded him somewhat of Mary Temple, though, happily, there was a hint of a candid and honest disposition in this girl's bright blue eyes, open forehead and well-shaped, tremulous lips.

Marjorie Howell had been well trained. She knew exactly how to talk to an earnest-minded young man who obviously possessed none of the airs and graces of the carpet-knight type.

But John was more observant than she gave him credit for. While doing his best to counter her lively comments, and repay with interest each arch smile and laughing pout, he saw quite plainly that there was at least one young man present who could cheerfully have murdered him.

He saw, too, that he was the subject of earnest conversation between Mrs. Howell and her husband. He was not blind to the skill with which Marjorie stopped their dance when close to her father and swept the two into a chat. Out of the corner of his eye he noticed that the scowling young man promptly approached the girl and whirled her off in a waltz. These trivial plots and counterplots amused him greatly. His mind was intent on them even to the exclusion of the affable comments of that multimillionaire and dominating power of finance, Mr. Alexander Howell. Still, he did wake up sufficiently to give heed to one significant sentence.

"Come down to my office sometime, Mr. Burton," the host was saying. "I may have something that will interest you. In any event, you'll meet the

right crowd."

John soon found himself dancing with Marjorie again. The girl was a natural-born coquette to whom every good-looking "boy" was fair game.

She flirted with John on the approved lines, and led him into a palm-filled conservatory at just the right moment. They were laughing and talking there as though they had been friends since childhood when the disgruntled youngster whom John had already noticed came up.

"My dance, Marjorie," he growled angrily.

"Is it really?" cried the girl, subtly conveying to John the knowledge that her forgetfulness was wholly due to him. "Let me introduce you two—the marquis of Castleton, Mr. Ralph Morgan."

It was abundantly clear that Mr. Morgan's savoir faire did not compare favorably with his rival's. His bow was very stiff and he led off Marjorie as if she were a prisoner.

John heard the girl laughing. "Don't be silly!" she was giggling. "It's none of my doing. Is 'um's little feelings hurt, then?"

Evidently her companion had some shred of wit left. He pulled her behind a particularly dense clump of palms and presumably kissed her.

John grinned delightedly. It was all a harmless comedy, he thought. Such things formed a mighty pleasant change from any of his earlier experiences.

"The Cross Ways."

One morning about a week later a group of sharp-eyed business men was gathered in the private office of the president of the C. O. & P. railway, when a clerk entered and handed a card to Mr. Howell. The financier rubbed his glasses, focused the card and read: "Mr. John Burton."

"Ah," he said, smiling around on his associates, "this is just one of the right sort of young fellows to have in our crowd. Though he passes as plain 'John Burton,' he is really a British marquis, and not one of the heires-hunting kind, because he succeeded very unexpectedly to a fine estate and a very large fortune."

"But why should we want him in with us, Alec?" inquired a short, enormously stout man, whose porcine bulk exuded over the sides of a capacious chair.

It was a shrewd thrust. The wives or daughters of most of the men in the room had attended Marjorie's coming-out dance, and Mrs. Howell's keen desire that her daughter should become a marchioness had been patent to all. Moreover, John had been seen many times in Marjorie's company during the past few days.

But Alexander Howell had not made his millions by being a fool.

"Well now, Goldstein," he said, "you are the last person breathing from whom I should have expected such a question. This kid is well fixed. He doesn't know a thing about the game. He will do as he is told, and be perfectly satisfied when he pulls out with a nice profit. Since when have you refused to avail yourself of a few mil-

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ions of solid backing?"

Howell's reply was unanswerable, and he knew it. "Show Mr. Burton in," he went on, nodding to the clerk.

John was greeted most cordially. The president introduced him to the others, and each name was one of import in the financial arena of that city. But it was a serious gathering, drawn together on business and not for talk. Within a couple of minutes of John's arrival Mr. Howell was explaining the object of the meeting. He went into certain facts and figures which, to Burton's thinking, proved that the C. O. & P. line was in a thoroughly satisfactory condition. Then came the bombshell.

"That is just how we stand at the moment," continued Mr. Howell unctuously. "There is one other item that doesn't appear on the balance sheet. We have five millions of unappropri-

Continued on page 6

We Are Pleased

with the patronage accorded us during our Fire Salvage Sale which closed the night of the 20th, and wish to express our thanks for same.

A move ahead

Located as we are we can not give our friends and patrons the service that will be possible as soon as we move into our new quarters on the end of Main street.

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Furniture
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IS WAY AHEAD

in quality and perfect baking. Our sanitary bakery contains every facility for baking in a manner unsurpassed. Bakers of skill and experience are employed

by us and they turn out the best by every test

THE CITY BAKERY

:::All The Fruit Coming Our Way:::



Yes, we always have the best the market affords in fresh, seasonable fruits--besides we carry an excellent stock of canned fruits, both for table use and pastry.

H. M. Anthony

Quality holds while Prices talk

West side square

Going Up January 1st 1917.

The Subscription price of the Lynn County News will be \$1.50 per year strictly cash in advance, after the first of the coming year. This advance is made necessary on account of the tremendous advances in the price of paper and other materials necessary to the manufacture of a first class newspaper.

Your Moneys Worth

will be given and then some. December 8th, 1916 we will issue the first number of a twice-a-month Magazine that will be mailed out with the second and fourth edition of the News thru the year of 1917. This Magazine will be equal to any Dollar a year magazine

A Few More Weeks

will be given the citizens of our territory to secure the News for 1917 for the old price of \$1.00. We will accept subscription for \$1.00 up to January 1st. There after it will be \$1.50.

As a further inducement we offer these clubbing rates

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DURING BARGAIN DAYS Dec. 1 to 15 Annually

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40,000 DAILY (8 Editions) 45,000 Sunday

A \$6.00 Daily and Sunday Newspaper for \$3.65.

A PENNY A DAY

IMPORTANT NOTICE!

With the exception of black ink, all raw materials used in manufacture of a newspaper have advanced in cost during the past twelve months approximately 100 per cent. This means that it will cost your publisher practically double to supply you with a newspaper the coming year.

Under stress of these unusual conditions, The Star-Telegram has been forced to increase its "Bargain Days" rate from \$3.25 to \$3.65. An increase of 40c per year (3 1/2-5c per month) or 12 per cent. Based on the conservative estimate increase in production cost of 100 per cent, under this price the division of added expense will be as follows:

Increased expense to The Star-Telegram 88%
Increased expense to The Reader 12%

This situation means that after "Bargain Days" the regular rate of \$6.00 per year must be strictly enforced. We have battered the price to the very bottom in order to protect our Annual Subscription Cheap Rate Period, which has been in effect since the establishment of The Star-Telegram.

Do not take chances, save the \$2.65, by ordering before Bargain Days expire. Take advantage of the \$3.65 rate.

The high standard of The Star-Telegram will be maintained as long as there is a Star-Telegram regardless of any war burdens.

Bring Your Order to This Office. **365 CENTS**

Lynn County News.....	\$1.00	\$4.15	Lynn County News.....	\$1.00	\$1.75
Daily Star Telegram.....	\$3.65		Farm & Ranch or Hollands Magazine.....	\$1.00	
Both for.....			Both for.....		
Lynn County News.....	\$1.00	\$2.75	Lynn County News.....	\$1.00	\$1.75
Youths Comynion.....	\$2.00		Semi-Weekly Farm News.....	\$1.00	
Both one year.....			Both for.....		

Strictly In Advance

will be our subscription policy after the 15th of December. Next week each subscriber who is in arrears will receive a statement and those who fail to pay up will be dropped from our books.

The Grip of Evil

ed funds to divide among the shareholders. Now, if we work the suggested pool on the right lines, we'll send this stock down until we are able to buy it in for next to nothing. Then, when we have declared our dividend, watch it soar!"

Insofar as Burton could judge, every other man in the room regarded the projected theft as perfectly satisfactory and morally unobjectionable. Howell took it for granted that the scheme showed no flaws, and at once began jotting down names and holdings.

"Now, Mr. Burton," he said at last, "how much for you?"

John shook his head slowly.

"I don't think I'll come in at this stage," he said.

Oddly enough, the others merely regarded him as being extra cautious, a commendable quality among money-makers. Even Howell himself did not altogether disapprove.

"All right, Mr. Burton," he agreed. "It will do you no harm if you decide to get aboard later. But remember, no matter how far the stock drops, don't be tempted to sell C. O. & P."

Soon afterward John left the room. At the exit from the palatial offices he happened to meet Mrs. Howell and Marjorie. Maamma greeted him effusively, and John, of course, expressed his pleasure and surprise that two such smart ladies should be down town so early.

"This is the only hour that I can be sure of catching my husband,"

laughed Mrs. Howell. "Even now I may have to wait quite a time. Wouldn't you two young people like to take a spin out into the country this fine morning?"

What else could John do but invite Marjorie to enter his car? Even he, with wits sharpened by experience, did not understand that the coincidence of the meeting had been carefully arranged, the financier's confidential clerk having been instructed to advise Mrs. Howell the instant John entered the office.

That morning's events, trivial though they appeared, were destined to make history.

John was reading in his library after lunch when a servant announced Mr. Ralph Morgan. Somewhat perplexed by the visit, John was minded to be friendly, but Morgan merely ignored his host's outstretched hand.

"I have come here, Mr. Burton, or Lord Castleton, or whatever the devil you choose to call yourself," he blurted out, "to tell you straight that you must stop fooling Marjorie Howell. I won't stand for it! Before you arrived in this city Marjorie and I were as good as engaged. It's true her mother thought I was hardly eligible, but my family has a better standing than hers in the state and, if we are not quite so well fixed financially, I was making a good start. Meanwhile, Marjorie and I had determined to clinch things one of these days by getting married. Now, you turn up, with

your grand airs, romantic history and castles in England, and the old woman is hot on your track, while I'm damned if Marjorie isn't beginning to think how fine it would be to be called 'your ladyship.' This is a man's business, not a woman's. It's you and me for it, I'm—"

John laughed. He couldn't help it. Those words, "your grand air," were too much for his gravity. The genuine ring of his merriment stayed the unspoken threat on Ralph Morgan's lips.

Burton put his hands on his solidly built rival's shoulders.

"Steady, my boy," he said. "Just wait a minute. I'm not trying to steal your girl. It isn't quite fair either to her or me that you should say or even think hard things about us. She's delightful and interesting, of course, and any man would be several sorts of a fool who didn't wake up when she's around. But marriage is a serious thing, and if that's your object, I'm not competing. Now, just sit down and tell me all about it quietly."

Morgan, calmed and dominated by a stronger nature, gave in at once. His hectoring tone changed to one of entreaty and self-commiseration. But there could be no manner of doubt as to the nature of the plot hatched by Mrs. Howell. The eyes of a jealous lover had pierced the armor of her intent. Every little trick and subterfuge she had adopted to throw Marjorie at the marquis' head was laid bare and dissected mercilessly. Morgan himself was forbidden the house, though Marjorie and he had been playmates since childhood.

As the story progressed Burton grew more and more irritated. At last he made up his mind how to act. He outlined a scheme which seemed practicable, and wound up by saying:

"Be sure to have your car outside the Howell mansion at three o'clock, sharp, tomorrow. Toot your horn three times quickly, and I'll know that matters have gone without a hitch."

Unfortunately John forgot one thing. His interest in a seemingly idyllic love story had completely driven out of his mind the tragic possibilities attached to the proposed hammering of C. O. & P. stock. He spent the evening quietly at home, got on the phone next morning, and smiled almost cynically when Mrs. Howell bubbled over with enthusiasm at the suggestion that he should come to lunch.

He ate a very enjoyable meal. As he forewent, the mother left her daughter alone with him at the earliest possible moment. Quite innocently, Marjorie was employing some of her feminine arts, when John cut her short,

He handed her a note.

"Would you mind taking that to your room before you open it?" he said. "Meanwhile you will oblige me by asking Mrs. Howell to come and have a few minutes' conversation."

Surprised and fluttered, the girl agreed.

Her lover wrote:

"John Burton has turned out to be just the best ever. We have arranged everything—license, ring and time—and the minister is expecting us. Now, hurry, darling!"

Mrs. Howell, greatly agitated by the marquis' significant request, came to him instantly. She expected to be asked forthwith to sanction him as her daughter's suitor. She was astonished and somewhat impatient, therefore, when he began a detailed account of his birth and upbringing.

At last John heard three short toots of a motorhorn from the street, followed by the hum of a fast-moving car. Ralph Morgan if slowing in some respects, was a recognized scorcher on the highway. John was puzzling his wits as to the best means of extricating himself from a difficult situation when Howell entered. The financier was bursting with good humor.

"Look at that, my boy," he said, handing Burton a newspaper. "You can get in now as soon as you like."

John glanced at some of the scare-head lines:

SENSATIONAL SLUMP ON STOCK MARKET.

BOTTOM DROPS OUT OF C. O. & P. STOCK REACHES UNHEARD-OF FIGURE OF 24 AT CLOSE.

MARGIN TRADERS WIPED OUT. SMALL INVESTORS RUINED.

Howell was blandly unaware of the scathing content in Burton's voice when the latter inquired:

"What price was your stock yesterday, Mr. Howell?"

"Away up among the gilt-edged propositions—108! This is one of the most successful coups ever engineered. I must go back downtown. I'll be there till midnight. My wife phoned that you were here, so I ran up to tell you to come in on the ground floor."

Burton seized the opportunity to leave the house with the financier. He declined an offer, however, to share the latter's car, pleading the necessity of making a short call elsewhere.

His own car was temporarily out of commission, so he hired a taxi. As a matter of fact, he had just remembered the old gateman and his devoted wife. If he went to their cottage at once, he could not only reassure them, but greatly increase their small holding, thus insuring them a competence for the remainder of their

days.

Unfortunately the taxi broke down. When at last he reached the crossing and found the door of the cottage locked he experienced the first pang of a nameless fear. Bending down, he endeavored to look through the keyhole. A whiff of gas reached his nostrils. Without a moment's hesitation he burst open the door.

An unlighted gas burner was turned full on and the atmosphere reeked

with the poisonous vapor. The old gateman lay sprawled over the table. A newspaper was clutched in his right hand. His wife was seated in a chair, with her hands folded over her lap. It needed only a glance at the gentle, worn face to see that she was dead.

John, holding his breath, seized the old man in his strong arms and carried him out into the fresh air. It was too late. The poor old fellow could not withstand the shock of finding his hard-earned savings wrested from him.

John re-entered the cottage, turned off the gas and threw open the windows. He was about to summon as-



"Take That to Your Room Before You Open It."

stance when the roar of a train reached his ears and he remembered the unguarded crossing with its perilous approach. He ran out and began to wind down the slow-moving gate, but left it halfway as the train drew nearer. Then he dashed into the street in order to guard the curve, but had delayed just a second too long.

A car moving at sixty miles an hour swept past like a phantom. It swerved wildly at sight of the approaching train, but was caught by the cow-catcher and sent flying into a ditch, a woman's frenzied shriek mingling with the engine's whistle and the clang of the bell.

A few people gathered and assisted John in the work of rescue. He was literally dazed with horror when he found Ralph Morgan stretched insensible on the ground, but the youngster regained enough consciousness to point to the car, beneath which Marjorie was pinned.

Provisionally, in some sense, she had escaped fatal injuries, but her beautiful face was most terribly lashed by the broken glass.

About a fortnight later, learning that young Mrs. Morgan was able to receive visitors, John went to the hospital with an armful of flowers. By unlucky chance he reached the open door of her room at a moment when Mrs. Howell was speaking.

"Of course, you understand, Marjorie," the mother was saying in a dull voice, "your social career is ruined, now that you've lost your looks and have married beneath you. Your father and I will provide you with a companion and an income and a suitable place to live. We suppose you will hardly want to stay at home."

Apparently the interview was at an end, John made off. If he stayed there he felt he would have had difficulty in keeping his fingers off that callous woman's breast.

He sought a telephone, thinking that the hapless girl's father would come to her rescue. His name soon cleared the way to the financier's desk. He began a stammering explanation, but Howell answered sharply:

"I've no time to talk about my daughter now, Mr. Burton. I'm raking in a million dollars a minute!"

Almost in despair, John was making once more for Marjorie's room. He met Ralph and the two men entered together, but Burton did not know that the husband was about to see his wife for the first time with the bandages off her face.

The poor girl was certainly a pitiable sight. After one horrified glance Morgan rushed out. John went after him, thinking to speak some soothing words, but the other pointed through the open door with a gesture of despair and muttered huskily:

"My God! To think of it! I am married—to that!"

Seemingly unable to withstand the prospect opening before his life Morgan staggered away, leaving Burton to look after him in silent amazement and loathing. In that hour of torment the would-be reformer could only remember that when Abraham dared to appeal to Jehovah on behalf of the wicked city the Lord promised not to destroy the place if ten just men were found therein.

Yet the count failed, and the city was destroyed!
(END OF THE THIRD EPISODE)