LYNN COUNTY NEWS

Volume XIII | Tahoka, Lynn County, Texas, Friday, November 10, 1916 | Number 11

Golden Wedding

Wednesday, Nov. 8, Justice G W. Harrison, and his good wife celebrated their Golden Wedding anniversary at the home of their son, Jesse of 14 miies North of Tahoka.

Tuesday afternoon Grovet of Joplin, Mo., Howard of Columbus, Mont., and B. P. of Abilene Texas, surprised their parents by paying them a visit on the eve of the renewal of the happy occasion of their youth when they joined hearts and hands for the trip thru life. Their doys were accompanied by Bryan Harrison of San Angelo, son of B. P., and Edgar and Buster Harrison of Seymour, nephews of Mrs. Harrison. They remained the remainder of the week.

Weduesday morning the united family left early for the home of Jesse where was enjoyed an occasion that comes to few people and one that will be remem bered by all present for many years.

Others of the connections present were: A. R. McGonigal and family Bud Milliken and family and Mr. and Mrs. Joe Stokes.

The News joins the many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Harrison ih wishing them many happy returns of the occassion.

At high noon Miss Llllye Harrison, the youngest child, was married to Mr. Audy Carrington

The ceremony was performed by Judge Stokes, grandson by marriage, of the brides parents.

G. W. Harrison and his four sons called on the News Thursday and spent h pleasant half hour. Grover and Howard knew the editor when he was a boy in knee pants and we enjoyed a talk of those days. Howard is connected with the Columbus Democrat and B. P. with the Taylor Co. Times. Abilene.

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

Concrete Sidewalks Proposed to depot

At a recent meeting of the City Council it was decided that on the condition that the property owners on Porterfield street would build a four foot concrete sidewalk from the Joplin residence, west of the square to the depot the city would pay for the street crossings.

All the owners, but two, have been seen by those interested in the project and all of them have experessed themselves as favoring the project.

In all probability this work will be stsrted in a few days.

This will connect the churches and the depot with the business section section.

Another two-story brick business block will be a reality for Tahoka in a short time.

The building on Main street that has hung fire so long is rapidly taking form and will be ready for occupancy on the lower floor by the first of the year. Ed Meyers Furniture Store, will be domiciled in the south side of this building—the same location he had before the disastrous fire of December 29th, 1915. The next location is to be occupied by C. L. Williams' hardware Store.

The three rooms nortn of the stairway have not been disposed of yet. There is a persistent rumot that these three store rooms will form the lobby, dining hall and kitchen for a hotel which will occupy the second floor. However this rumor can not be substatiated.

A. R. Wade, S. A. Patton, and J. A. Henderson all of Ovalla, Texas, were in Tahoka this week prospecting. Mr. Henderson is a cousin of Ed Henderson, our fellow townsman. These gentlemen called on the News office, and expressed themselves very favorably impressed with our county. They said they wished to learn something of the county, and wanted a copy of the News. We enjoyed their visit.

Farm Marketing

H. H. Rawlings, of the Erath Marketing Ass'n., was in Tahoka this week with a car of Sweet Potatoes to dispose of for the assocation.

Mr. Rawlings called on the and we discussed the solution of the marketing problem as offered by the associational plan. He explained to us that the Erath Ass'n. now had 156 members. A fee of fifty cents is charged to be come a member, and a yearly assessment is made of the same amount per member. The funds thus raised go to defray the expenses of the organization. The Association has a full corpse of officers, namely: President, Vice President, Secretary, and board of directors. Those officers with the exception of the secretary have few duties. The secretary is elected by vote of the member and transacts all business of the association. To pay the cost of operation, securing markets and a salary to the secretary, of three percent is charged on all produce sold thru the association.

Mr. Rawlings stated that the Erath Ass'n. marketed over $20,000 worth of watermelons last season. Other articles handled were cantaloupes, tomatoes, beans, potatoes, fruits, eggs, and dairy products.

To illustrate their method of marketing, he used the egg sales Each member has anumber—his was number 6. When he turns a crate of eggs over to the secretary, each egg is stamped with the words, "Erath" County Marketing Ass'n., No. 6." In the event that any egg in that crate or any number of eggs are not good they are sent back to the secretary and are paid for. Any member having any article returned twice on account of inferior, puality, is expelled from the association. The association markets only infertile eggs during the summer. We will deal with this subject at a later date.

Dixie Dots

Here we come again with a few dots.

Mr, W. J. West came in last Friday from McCollough county to look after his interests here.

Mr. Will Shambeck came down from Lubbock last Sunday to look after his stock here.

Mr. M. E. Runk is having a nice four room residence built on his place for Mr. Shambeck.

Mrs King visited Mrs. Coston last sunday,

We landed Mr. W. C. Scot here this week who will begin an addition to his residence in the near future.

Mrs. Murrah called on Mrs. J. O. King Tuesday afternoon.

Mr. Don Hatchett delivered the mules he sold to his father Tuesday.

Messers. Lechey, Pierce, Costen, West, Balch, and E. Shambeck visited Mr. Nessel Sunday evening.

Come on Pap let us hear from Morgan again,

Thursday "42" Club

Mrs. Joe Stokes assisted by her younger sister, Miss Addiebelle McGonigal, entertained the Thursday "42" club yesterday afternoon.

Three tables were organized and a progressive game played.

Refreshmenrs of individual nut pie and hot tea were served to Mesdames Miller, Larkin, Smith, Callaway, Herring, Doak Paaker, Hodge, Rodgers, Lockhart, Thomas, and Slaton.

Officers for the ensuing term were elected: Mrs. E. E. Callaway, President; Mrs. W. B. Slaton, Treasurer; and C. A. Thomas Press Reporter.



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



You Needn't Hesitate

to tell us your plans. We'll gladly tell you just how much and what kind of lumber you need. We are here to please you and if you have not had much lumber experience then this is the yard to come to. All orders promptly attended to

Tahoka Lumber Company

Notice Stockmen & Farmers

Cake for Prime Cotton Seed

We 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

TURKEYS!

I want turkeys from Nov. 13 to 25 inclusive, and will

15 Cts to 18 Cts

according to weight and condition. Birds to be delivered at Bowers and Wyatt's Wagonyard

B.F.Montgomery

To The Farmers

We have prepared to gin your boll otton. We have a boll breaker qual to the best. We guarantee he best of service.

Give us a trial.

Fuller Gin Co.

W. T. Raybon.

Earlier in the year, mention was made in these columns of a movement on foot to fence and level the Tahoka public school yard. The financial arrangement were made, and the project ceased to attract attention but the progressive citizens behind the project have been on the job as evidenced by the neat fence now being constructed around the block. The carriage houses for the accomodation of the rural students have been moved to the back of the block, and quite a bit of grading done on the yard. A few trees would help the looks of the appearance of the yard.

Mrs. Carruthers and children, of Waco, came in last Tuesday and are visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Carter.

Bro. Ledger, accompanied by his wife, left Monday to attend the Annual Conference at Stamford.

Judge B. P. Maddox of Palo Pinto county, was in Tahoka the first of the week. He liked so well here that he rented offices over the Guaranty State Bank and left for home Wednesday morning with the intention of moving out in a week or two.

S. N. McDaniel has had the front of his store on the west side of tne square repainted, which adds to the general appearance of his dry eoods establiishment.

Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Robinsou spent the first part of the week at Runningwater near Plainview visiting Mrs. Jack Alley.

Mesdames Callaway and C. A. Thomasentertained the "42" club Friday night. Refreshments were served to Messers and Mesdames Slaton, Townes, Parker, Stokes, Herring, Robinson Miller, Joplin, Larkin and Mrs. Parker's sister Mrs Hodges. Mr. Miller won high score.

I will be at Larkin's Store each Monday and Thursday beginning Nov. 16. Will take orders for both plain and fancy sewing. Orders filled at once. Miss Canna Park. 11-1t

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The friends of Rev. Joseph P. Callaway will be pleased to hear that on his return from Conference he will come by Big Springs and be married there at two o'clock next Wednesday afternoon.

LOST: a ladies hat between Tahoka and Redwine school house. Return to A. M. Sullivan. 11-1t

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WANTED: to trade good piano for cow and calf hogs maize or anything. P. Miller. 11-tf

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WANTED: Local agents to introduce Wales Heating and lighting system, saves money fuel and labor. A money maker.
J. J. Copley
Box 787 Sweetwater, Texas. 11-p

FOR SALE—Couple of good young work horses for sale on time, Write C. A. Wasson, Wilson, Texas. 11-12p

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Messers A. J. Clyne and John Gunnells of near Seymour, Baylor county, were here this week prospecting.

Don't Be Carried Away



with the idea that because you have never had a fire you are never going to. This very night may see your house in ruins and your family homeless. Have you money enough to build or buy another? You would have if you were insured. Have us make you out a policy today. One day's delay may prove just one day too much. It has been proved so.

John C. Woodall & Co.





TURKEYS! TURKEYS!

18 Cts For Heavy Weight Birds Over 8lbs. **15 Cts** For Light Weght Birds Under 8lbs

At The Car In Tahoka, Texas

Tue. Nov. 14 & Wed. Nov. 15

Don't be deceived---Sell your Turkeys Now and get Absolutely The Top Price

Neal Commission Co. Remember the Place and Date

THE GIRL AND THE GAME

A Story of Mountain Railroad Life

by FRANK H. SPEARMAN

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Novelized From the Moving Picture Play of the Same Name Produced by the Signal Fil. Corporation.

SYNOPSIS.

Little Helen Holmes, daughter of General Holmes, railroad man, is rescued from imminent danger on a scenic railroad by George Storm, a newsboy. Grown to young womanhood, Helen saves Storm, now a fireman, and Robert Seagrue, promoter, from a threatened collision. Safe-breakers employed by Seagrue steal General Holmes' survey plans of the cut off line for the Tidewater, fatally wound 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 salts it and sells it to Rhinelander. The vein is relocated.

THIRTEENTH INSTALLMENT

A FIGHT FOR A FORTUNE

A bright morning sun beat down in winter warmth on the Superstition mine. Near the mouth of the tunnel stood Amos Rhinelander, now sole owner of the property, giving orders to his foreman. At the loading platform not far away George Storm was bantering with Helen Holmes. It was the day after her hazardous flight down the aerial railway, but she looked as refreshed and charming as if she had never known the meaning of the word trouble.

George Storm, her companion, stalwart and young, was disputing with Helen for the possession of a pocket mirror he had filched from her vanity bag, when Rhinelander approached. "I am afraid I am de trop here," he said dryly, looking from one to the other.

Helen flushed the least bit. "Why, not at all," she disclaimed. "We were only waiting for the team to come back from Valley."

"And you found it easier to wait together," continued Rhinelander, unabashed. "However," he went on, sparing the manifest embarrassment of the young couple, "I've something to say to each of you."

They looked at him questioningly. He held two papers in his hand. "Helen," he continued, "yesterday completed, I think, pretty thoroughly, my title to the Superstition mine. I never expect to get any stronger claim on a piece of property than I now have on this. Unless," he added, quizzically, "to my lot in the home cemetery after I occupy it permanently. In fact"—his face lighted with a smile—"it looked awhile yesterday as if I shouldn't have any real use for that even. I certainly thought, George," he said, speaking to Storm, "while we were trapped in the tunnel, the Superstition mine itself would be our last resting place. But while we were relocating that big vein you, Helen, were getting without the loss of a minute the help necessary to bring us out alive.

"That is one reason," he went on, deliberately, "why I have decided over night to convey to you, little girl, with my compliments and best wishes, a certificate for one-third the capital stock of this property." He handed her a paper. "There it is."

"George"—he turned to his assistant—"you, too, have stood by me at every turn of the road since I went into this cut-off fight. You lost your job with the Tidewater line through sticking to me. I could have got you reinstated—you know that, of course, as well as I do. But there was a little selfishness, I admit, in my not doing so. I felt you could be of more aid to me on the front; and my expectations have not in a single instance been disappointed.

"I don't expect to spend all my life in this country. I shall have to leave behind me, when I go East, someone to represent my interests and to guard them. The great wealth that has come to me in this property has come over night. I wasn't suffering for money before I owned it. But I want the man who stands, out in this country, for the interests of Amos Rhinelander to have a substantial monetary backing outside his care of my affairs. This is why, George, I am presenting to you in this certificate, a second one-third of the capital stock of the Superstition mine. Now," he exclaimed, putting up his hands to shut off the protests and expressions of gratitude voiced by his companions together, "I don't want to hear a word further about this from either of you. All Helen and I ask from you"—he was speaking to Storm—"is to see that our dividend checks are mailed to us promptly."

A man came up to Rhinelander with a letter. He opened the note and read:

Dear Mr. Rhinelander:

Please tell Helen Holmes that Leary, known likewise as Lefty (but whose real name was Hyde), has confessed he killed her father.

The warden says that maybe I will be paroled about the 16th. SPIKE.

Rhinelander read the note aloud very slowly and distinctly. For a moment the three were silent.

Rhinelander handed the letter to Helen. She stood deeply moved.

Seagrue, in his apartment, was still chagrined over the loss of what he had believed to be a worthless mine, but which had already become known all over Nevada as the richest gold-bearing property on the great Superstition range. He had not yet abandoned his hope of recovering through some clever trick the property that he had parted with for what now seemed a paltry sum, and his mind was set on regaining control of it. He was now studying the bill of sale that signalized his loss of the property. He presently took up a pen and wrote out a dispatch:

Amos Rhinelander, Superstition Mine:
Quarterly payment Superstition mine due tomorrow.

SEAGRUE.

Storm and Helen were with Rhinelander when the telegram was handed to him at the mine. Rhinelander showed it to his companions.

"I think I will draw the money from the bank and go to town with it in the morning," said Rhinelander, studying the substance of the message.

Helen intervened: "Let me go with you," she exclaimed, "and I can start Spike for the mine when he leaves the jail. I should hate to see him get mixed up with any more crooks when he gets out."

Rhinelander assented, and writing out an answer to Seagrue's message, read it to Storm before he gave it to a messenger:

Earl Seagrue:
Albemarle Apartments,
Oceanside:
Will make payment on time. In on the morning passenger.

RHINELANDER.

Seagrue received the prompt answer without much elation. He continued thoughtful, and as Adams, his servant, was leaving, called him back, asked for his hat and coat, and, accompanied by the man, left the apartment.

Directing his steps up street, Seagrue made his way to a quarter of the town less noted for its attractiveness than for its reputation as a haunt of men of doubtful character. Having reached the vicinity he desired—a shabby and deserted side street—he looked about to see whether he was observed, and, perceiving no one, started down an obscure alley. He knocked at the door of a weather-beaten house standing close to the street. A man opened the door, Seagrue, followed by Adams, went inside.

"Ward," said Seagrue, addressing the scowling occupant of the room, "I've got a job for you."

The man addressed as Ward, a scowling, beetle-browed adventurer, scrutinized Seagrue silently at the intimation.

"I know you're sore," continued Seagrue, "at the way the last job went," he added, recalling the incident of the stealing of Rhinelander's pay roll. "But that wasn't your fault or mine."

Ward, without answering, continued to regard him askance. Seagrue unfolded his idea to the hardened crook and the promise of ready money and enough of it—whether he succeeded or failed—finally enlisted him.

"You and Adams here"—Seagrue nodded toward his servant—"can handle the thing without any trouble. If you can't do it, you'll be paid anyway. But if there's any possible chance, I want to see you separate Rhinelander from his money for twenty-four hours."

"There's no time to lose," muttered Ward, picking up a railroad time table. "Are you ready to go, Adams?" Adams nodded. Seagrue supplied both plentifully with money and the two left together.

Ward and Adams, proceeding to the station, boarded an outgoing passenger train from Las Vegas which should bring Rhinelander to Oceanside. Learning from the conductor where the down train would be flagged, they left their own train at a convenient station and buying tickets back, boarded the Las Vegas passenger when it stopped.

In the observation car, Rhinelander, seated with Helen, was watching the landscape through the window when Seagrue's men coming in paid for seats not far away.

In his lap Rhinelander held a small bag, and from the care with which he retained it, Ward surmised it might contain something of especial value.

Ward, while he sat studying out a scheme to take a chance on the proposition and at least get the bag into his possession, presently spoke to Adams: "The train stops twenty minutes at Clinton Junction," he muttered to his companion. "We can get hold of a bag there something like Rhinelander's."

No further words were needed to convey his meaning. The moment the train pulled into Clifton, Ward and Adams hurried off uptown to a leather goods store. Breaking precipitately in on the proprietor, they pulled and hauled his stock about with small sense of responsibility. Evidently they wanted a bag, but they seemed to the shopkeeper hard to suit. It was only after much searching and many hard words that Ward's eyes lighted on something such as he was looking for.

The diner had been put on and luncheon called. Rhinelander, taking Helen started for the dining car, closely watched by Ward. No sooner had the two seated themselves at a table than Seagrue's men following took seats directly behind them. Rhinelander placed the handbag at his feet. Ward made no move until Rhinelander became occupied closely with the bill of fare. While he was trying to tempt Helen with the various delicacies offered, Ward put his foot carefully out, slid Rhinelander's bag away with his toe and, unobserved by the hurrying waiters or the busy diners, pushed the dummy leather bag into its place.

The knaves then coolly ordered their luncheon, ate it—somewhat hurriedly—and left the dining car ahead of their victim.

When slackening speed warned Ward and Adams that the train was nearing Oceanside, they were in no hurry to start out. In fact, they lagged noticeably in their movements, and Helen and Rhinelander left the station and took a taxicab uptown without noticing the change of bags that had been played on them.

And just at this juncture blind chance itself took a hand in the little game. Two city detectives in plain clothes had come to meet the train and were refreshing their memories by reading a description of two hold-up men expected on it. Scanning the faces of the incoming passengers for such a pair as would fit their search, the detectives noted Ward and Adams getting slowly out of the coach. While the pair did not quite suit the description, the officers, on general principles, crossed over to meet them and stopped them for examination. A few curt questions and equally voluble answers did not satisfy the plain-clothes men, who, after some discussion insisted that the suspects should accompany them to the station.

Ward's mouth fell as he heard the order. Uselessly he tried to convince the detectives that he and his friend knew absolutely nothing of the hold-up in question. To the station they were compelled to go and there were held in cells until the sergeant could send out a man to bring in the victim of the hold-up for their further identification.

To complete Ward's chagrin, the precious handbag was checked in under the sergeant's desk.

On reaching the hotel in which Rhinelander had taken Helen, she suggested that while he made his payment to Seagrue she would go to the safety deposit vault—Rhinelander himself was president of the Safety Deposit Vault company—and place their securities away before starting for the jail to intercept Spike when he should be released. In parting they agreed to meet again at the hotel.

Helen went directly to the vault, which she reached just in time to make her deposit of the stock certificates in Rhinelander's box; the watchman was closing the cage when she came out to go to the penitentiary to meet Spike.

It was a long drive, but once there she was not kept long in suspense. In the warden's office she awaited Spike, who, greatly changed, presently entered the room.

Rhinelander had found Seagrue in his rooms. Without words, the two set about the business in hand. Seagrue showed the agreement and Rhinelander, placing the handbag on the table, opened it to take out the money. Inside, he found an odd-looking package and thought that Helen must have wrapped the currency up differently after she had taken it from him. He unrolled a bunch of newspapers—astonished at the situation—but could find nothing inside them that looked like currency: The money was gone.

He turned to the telephone. Spike and Helen had reached the rooms at the hotel when Helen heard the ring of the telephone. She answered the call. Listening, dumfounded, she did not tell Spike what she heard, but

Continued on Page Six



BIG GAME RIFLES

FOR dropping a bighorn across a canon, or stopping a charging grizzly—*range, precision* and *penetration* combined with quick, positive action are the qualities that have made these rifles famous.

Remington UMC High Power Autoloading Rifle—Five shots, (simply press trigger for each shot), solid breech; hammerless; positive safety devices; take-down simple and easy without tools.

Remington UMC High Power Slide Action Repeater—the only big game arm of its type—Six shots; solid breech, hammerless, magazine ensuring compactness, balance and absolute safety.

Big game hunters place more responsibility upon their arms than any other sportsmen in the world. The prestige of these two Remington UMC High Power Rifles with this group of critical sportsmen is significant—and each open season shows a steady increase in the number of men who shoot these *modern* rifles.

Sold by your home dealer and 7,301 other leading merchants in Texas

Clean and oil your gun with REM OIL, the combination Powder Solvent, Lubricant and Rust Preventative

The Remington Arms Union Metallic Cartridge Company
Largest Manufacturers of Firearms and Ammunition in the World
Woolworth Building, New York

Candy! Candy! Candy!

We handle Grant & Wenere, Hughes, and Brown's Texas Girl Candies in bulk and fancy boxes. An inexhaustable supply always on hand.

$5 Box of Candy Free

To Introduce our line of candy and secure a name for our store, we will give a $5 Box of Candy to the person sugesting the right name. Contest opens TODAY Candy awarded Christmas eve. Any person that enters our store is entitled to suggest a name. Ask the clerks for particulars. We guarante to select a name from among those submitted.

Tahoka Ice Cream Co. C. W. Green, Prop.
Next Door Guaranty Bank

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.



COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY LOUIS TRACY

FIRST EPISODE

Fate.

"The Casting of the Ingot."

"Stand by!"

A group of men surrounding a monstrous pot of molten metal heard the warning shout. Each took up his appointed position, a skilled hand touched a lever, and the huge crucible tilted slowly on its axis, discharging a torrent of fluid steel into the waiting mold. So piercing was the vomit of flame, so intense the heat, that it seemed as though the flesh must shrivel and the eyes melt if any human being remained in close proximity, yet the man who had uttered the order, and was evidently superintending the operations, peered calmly into the depths of the shimmering mass in the mold after the crucible was empty and had swung back on its pivot.

He was young, not more than thirty, tall, sinewy, splendidly built, with a face in which tenacity of purpose and strength of will blended with an almost feminine tenderness. Though clad in the rough and soiled clothing necessarily affected by the employees of the Plainfield Steel company, he had the bearing of a born leader of men. When he spoke, the words came with decision and good humor.

Wiping the perspiration from his forehead with the back of one hand, with the other he caught the shoulder of an undersized, somewhat sinister looking mechanic who had been in charge of an electric winch during the casting.

"There goes another block of good American steel to blow men like you and me into smithereens in Europe, Bill," he said.

"Right you are," came the answering growl. "Why do we working men stand for it? I tell you, we're a lot of fools—"

The shriek of a factory whistle announcing the hour of noon, and the instant rush of all hands for their lunch pails, cut short the imminent flood of radical sentiments, because Bill Thompson was the recognized firebrand of the labor world in Plainfield, whereas the stalwart, cheery-faced young man who had unwittingly given him his cue was its leader in most matters pertaining to hard work, light-hearted badinage, and every rough game demanding physical fitness.

But there was a serious side to John Burton's character. Though his experience of life hitherto had supplied but little reason for belief in anything outside the crude facts of existence, in his unoccupied hours he was by way of being a reader, a thinker, almost a student of men and things. By chance this element in his nature was brought to the surface before the laughing, jollying crowd of which he formed a noteworthy unit had ended the meal they were consuming in the open air of the factory yard.

A billsticker came in, clearly by permission of the management, and stuck a heavy-type poster on a wall near the gate. It read:

HIT THE SAWDUST TRAIL
WITH
REV. THOMAS BRANTON,
WHO IS WORKING NIGHT AND DAY
TO BEAT THE DEVIL!
COME AND HEAR THE GREAT REVIVALIST
TELL ABOUT PRACTICAL RELIGION
IN THE BIG TENT, ELM AND LOCUST STREETS
DO YOU BELIEVE IN GOD?
IF SO, HIT THE SAWDUST TRAIL.

This bizarre appeal flared its message to the motley gathering. Its effect varied greatly. Some of the men laughed, some criticized, a few frankly swore. Finally, one tousel-haired Hercules smote an empty box with a sledge-hammer fist.

"Up you get, John!" he bellowed. "Sling us some hot stuff! Guess you can put as much pep into an oration as any Rev. Branton."

Now, Burton was a born speaker, and there was nothing he liked better than holding forth to his mates on any topic which he had really mastered.

At the outset, he was lightly humorous at the expense of the emperors and kings in those old-world lands of which he really knew so little. But soon his tone grew grave and impassioned; his audience was mute and spellbound when a turning of heads and a general nudging of elbows on the part of several of the men standing near the gate drew his glance to three people who had just entered the factory yard.

The most striking personality among them was undoubtedly a young woman—a petite, self-possessed young person, dressed in the height of fashion.

With her was a smartly dressed, debonair young man, whom Burton recognized as Mr. Reeves, the manager of the company. The benevolent features and clerical attire of a second and older man suggested that same Rev. Thomas Branton whose manifesto had provided a text for the orator.

John guessed that the lady was Mary Temple, daughter of the president of the Plainfield Steel company, and rumor, which in this instance was well founded, had it that she was engaged to Reeves.

As the dinner hour had not yet expired, Burton saw no reason why he should discontinue his speech, but there could be no doubt that the latest and most unexpected addition to his audience affected him powerfully. He chose his words with greater care. He spoke earnestly. Half-unconsciously, he began addressing every phrase to Mary Temple; she, on her part, was evidently drawn by the man's magnetic power, because she advanced closer to the edge of the crowd, and listened with unrestrained interest.

But the factory whistle brought the meeting to an abrupt close.

When their visitors had passed out of sight, John asked Thompson if he knew who the girl was.

"Of course I know her," said he. "She is old Temple's daughter, one of the goody-goody, psalm-singing sort, too, though she doesn't look it with those fine duds of hers. She's a supporter of Branton, the revivalist. An 'ardent church worker,' they call her. I call her a thief, walking around with enough furs and clothes on her back to pay for a year's keep of a dozen men like you and me. And we're the boobs that put up with it, more's the pity!"

"Oh, stow that rubbish!" said John, good-naturedly. "You and I are just worth the figures on the pay roll, Bill."

Bill Thompson, however, though a persistent person, was by no means self-seeking. The mere fact that Burton seemed to be popular with his fellow-workers caused Thompson to make use of him. Thus, when the union decided that shorter hours and an increased rate of pay should be demanded from the company, Burton, actually without his own knowledge or consent, was appointed spokesman of a deputation which was to wait on President Temple. He was surprised when the selection was made known to him, but in the happy-go-lucky way which cloaked his real strength of character, he entered into the project more as an adventure than as a serious undertaking which might affect the whole course of his future career.

The president was very angry, and told Burton and the others, point-blank, that he would not yield to any of their requests, whereupon the workers, in turn, lost their temper and began shouting threats. Thompson, being a little man, was able to hide behind his more stalwart mates, but had the wit to choose the psychological moment when to utter that ominous word, "strike."

Burton, glib as ever, took it up and put the threat into plain English. This was the one small spark needed to fire a mine charged with high explosive.

White with rage, Temple ordered the deputation out of the office, storming at them as if they were so many dogs.

Transition from spoken threats to overt action is perilously easy in such conditions. Almost before the leaders of the union knew what was happening, several stones had been thrown through the office windows. John, supported by a few saner-minded comrades, had great difficulty in saving the factory from being fired.

Burton was using all his eloquence to persuade the men that they should go home and await the outcome of a meeting to be held that night, when the tumult in the street outside the factory gate reached such dimensions that he, with the others, ran out to see what new development had taken place.

He plunged into an extraordinary and painful scene. Mary Temple, wholly unconscious of the sudden developments at the works, had come in her car on a visit to her father, and was now surrounded by a mob of several hundred of wildly excited men and women.

Unfortunately, in the confusion, the chauffeur had not noticed a small child in the way of the car. The child, a girl, was knocked down and rendered unconscious, and was now lying wan and limp in her frenzied mother's arms.

Explanations of regret were worse than useless. A number of enraged women, mostly mothers, leaped at the car and attacked Mary Temple viciously. They struck at her, tore her clothing, smashed her hat and evidently meant to pull her into the roadway. The chauffeur endeavored to save his mistress by starting the engine, whereupon he, too, was grabbed and very roughly handled.

The unhappy girl's shrieks served only to rouse her assailants to a pitch of ungovernable frenzy, and soon, wholly overcome by fear and exhaustion, she became almost unconscious.

Indeed, she was in very real peril, when Burton forced his way through the mob, tore open the door of the car and lifted her in his arms.

Hitting the Trail.

Burton was barely able to snatch Mary to safety when the gasoline tank blew up and the costly vehicle became a mass of fire. A few of the men tried to bar the rescuer's path, but John hugged the girl to his breast with his left arm, while, with the right, he swept aside some half-hearted assailants, and carried their would-be victim into her father's office.

Mary, who had never quite lost consciousness, was almost paralyzed with terror until she found herself in the strong embrace of a man whose dauntless manner brought with it a sense of security. She half opened her eyes and listened to what he was saying, though John was not in the habit of mincing his words. Then, with a sigh of relief, she nestled closer.

It was a singular fact that neither the girl's father nor her fiance had the slightest inkling of the peril she had incurred. The stones hurtling through the window had forced them to seek shelter in a corner of the room, so they did not even know of the car's presence. They were, therefore, very much surprised when Mary entered, leading John Burton by the hand.

John had set her down in the lobby and was turning to go, when she had held him and pulled him into the office after her. Rushing to her father, the girl told him of the terrible occurrences of the past few minutes, and expatiated on her rescuer's heroism.

The president was greatly shaken by the dramatic developments of the hour, but he was naturally thankful for the preservation of his daughter from a terrible death, and thanked John warmly.

By this time the police had cleared the street. Burton, his head in a whirl, walked to his humble rooms and there dressed himself in a better suit of clothes than that which he wore while at work. Anxious to avoid his comrades for the time, and in the belief that a novelty might distract his thoughts, he made his way to the great tent in which Rev. Thomas Branton was conducting his religious service.

Branton was discoursing with real fervor, and John watched the effect of the preacher's eloquence in persuading people to "hit the sawdust trail" until his own attention was distracted from the more serious purpose of the gathering by the thrilling discovery that Mary Temple occupied a seat on the platform.

He hung about until the meeting was closed, and contrived to meet Mary, who was being escorted home by the minister. She greeted him warmly and introduced him to Mr. Branton.

Later John sought a quiet restaurant and ate a much-needed meal, sauntering home afterwards, and sitting down to a book and a pipe.

Those who knew Burton only at work or play might have been vastly surprised had they peered over his shoulder and learned the nature of the philosophical work that now engaged his attention. He was a slow and careful reader, allowing no passage to escape his attention until its meaning was thoroughly mastered. He had the habit, too, of marking sentences which

Continued on Page Five

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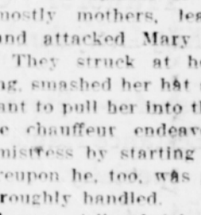
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ynn County News

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ur Issues Counted a Month

tatement of The Ownership

nagement, circulation, etc., quired by the act of congress of gust 24, 1912, of Lynn County ews published weekly at Taho- Texas for October 1916.

State of Texas, County of Lynn Before me a Notary Public in d for the State andcounty afore- id, personally appeared J. Crie no, having been duly sworn ac- rding to law, deposes and says at he is the editor and manager the Lynn County News and at the following is to the best his knowledge and belief, a true atement of the ownership, man- ement etc., of the aforesaid blication for the date shown in e above caption, required by the t of Angust 24, 1912, embodied section 443, Postal Laws and egulations printed on the rever- of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and address- of the publisher, editor, man- ging editor, and business man- gers are:

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J. Crie.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 5th day of October 1916. [SEAL] M. M. Herring, Notary Public Lynn County Texas.

(My commission expires Juhe 1, 1917.)

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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 balanc, 6 per cent intrest. Write to J. Didies 613 Miilers Ave., Portland Oregon. or M. Shaw, Lamesa, Texas. 6-23

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When your watch is out of fix, or you have a delicate piece of jewelry to be repaired, remember J. C, May, located at Thomas Bros. Drug Store can fit either up in first cl6ss shape and guarantees his work.

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I have moved my tools to the Chevrolet Garage on the south east corner of the square, and will be found there in future. First class work and reasonable charges guaranteed to all.
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"HIS BEATITUDE" IN PERIL

In their orgy of destruction in Syria, and especially the Lebanon, the Young Turks have arrested, and it may be, have already executed, his Beatitude the Maronite patriarch. The title is not very familiar to western peoples. Indeed, it seems to smack of the far East, but the followers of the Christian monk, Maro, or Moro, have been settled on the slopes of the Lebanon since the seventh century. The latest news about his Beatitude was that he was to be tried by court-martial, and in that event his chances were not happy, despite his name. The Maronites are staunch Francophiles, and they and the other persecuted people of Syria look with longing to the expulsion of the Turk and the victory of the allies.

The Maronites are interesting in that they withstood the influence of Islam and maintained their independence. Later they joined the Roman Catholic church, and in 1736 formally subscribed the decrees of the council of Trent. They retain their national rites and usages, and the ancient Syriac language is used in their liturgy. Their patriarch is elected by their bishops, subject to the approval of Rome, and resides in the convent of Kanobin, on the Lebanon.

Boys' Rompers in Stanch Fabrics



If one has nothing of more importance to do, the chambray and gingham everyday play clothes for the little boy of five or so may be made at home. But clothes of this kind are manufactured so well and so cheaply that there is no economy in doing the work at home.

In buying material there is economy in getting enough for several suits and cutting them out at the same time. Plain and striped or checked patterns are used together, as shown in the illustration. The pieces left after the garments are cut serve to make the pockets, cuffs, collars, bands, etc., and those of the plain fabric are used on the checked or striped suit, or those of the checked on plain suits.

Just now suits made with plain pants with striped and belted Russian blouses are much the fashion for little boys, worn with leather belts in black. Bright red, blue, green or brown make the stripes against a white or unbleached ground, demonstrating that even the togs of the youngest athletes take some note of the fad for sports clothes. But the stanch qualities of old and tried fabrics, like those shown in the picture, always give them first place in the consideration of manufacturers.

The rompers shown at the left of the picture may be had in chambray, coarse linen or heavy cotton weaves. The body and pants are set together at the front under a belt of checked gingham. The belt buttons at one side and the pocket and cuffs to match it finish this useful garment neatly.

The suit at the right shows the reverse combination with the separate pants and blouse of checked material. A bias band of plain fabric finishes the neck and bottom of the pants; also the top of the practical patch pocket.

Short sox and strong strap slippers, or better still, sandals without sox, may be worn with rompers by the happy youngster who is not allowed the blessed privilege of going barefoot.

Julia Bottomley.

Handsome Blouses.

Georgette crepe is the most popular material for blouses and washes and irons like linen. Handkerchief linen is next in popularity. It comes in white, flesh, blue, lilac and gold, charming stripes, plaids and dots on plain grounds. More sheer and quite as elaborate and substantial is the new pineapple cloth, which is as transparent as organdie.

Hair Ornaments.

Russian hair ornaments consisting of strings of pearls which are caught to the hair in the back with fancy pins falling in a loop under the chin and again over the bust, are extreme, but very effective with evening dress. Russian jewelry in the form of bracelets in antique gold, set with colored stones, is attractive. They are oriental in design and coloring.

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.

HIS CHANCE.

"Do you believe there are microbes in kisses?" he asked, guardedly.

"Why don't you find out?" she answered tartly.

NO PLEASURE MAKER

"Are you enjoying bucolic times, Mirandy?"

"Don't enjoy no colic any time, Mr. James."

ITS KIND.

"She'll never ask for wine, but when she wants it she pretends to be sick."

"I see. A case of sham pain."

A BIG ITEM.

"Can two live as cheaply as one?"

"Well, another passenger adds nothing to the upkeep of a motorcar."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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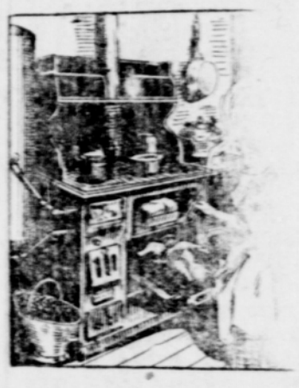
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and all of the "fixins" too. Just think what a fine dinner it is going to be and what a big job it is going to be to cook it. Let us help a little. We can supply a new range that is a "just lovely" cooker. And as for pots, and pans and kettles, etc., we have the kind that makes cooking a big dinner just like play.

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

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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. [J-es]

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The Grip of Evil

By Louis Tracy

peared to invite subsequent reflec- n. On this occasion, he took the uble to underline a few lines which d:

"The observant man, seeing wrong often triumphant—or seemingly so s plunged into a maze of doubt and be forgiven if he asks himself: humanity in the grip of evil'?"

John frowned over the phrase. It uld seem that Temple, the steel gnate, and Branton, the preacher, e utterly at variance on the chief es of life. Which was right?

urton was chewing his pipe over knotty problem when his land- , a slatternly woman, entered and ounced in a voice of awe:

There's a lady to see you. She's e here in a car."

A lady?" said John, with a sudden b of hope that it might be Mary.

ep. I put her in the parlor." John gled into his coat, trying to dust lothes and smooth his hair simul- ously, and followed the woman nstairs.

spite his daring anticipation, he nevertheless surprised at finding Temple actually awaiting him. am so glad you are at home," she and her voice sounded strangely t in the ears of a man accustomed to the raucous accents of the fac- and the street. "I have been to omes of some of the poor people. know how they live, never saving t. They will soon be in desperate Oh, Mr. Burton, they ought to ck to work!"

n hardly knew what to say. Mary he last person in the world whom anted to contradict, but his in- andor conquered.

is only fair to point out that the themselves voted for the ," he said.

, yes," agreed Mary earnestly, "I ell aware of that, but the truth they do not know what is best em. They need leading, direct- believe you have influence with them. You could make them go back to work at once, and I am convinced it is your duty to do so."

The girl's presence was very fragrant in that frowsy room. She brought with her a breath of a new and exotic life. Her big eyes looked up into the man's appealingly. Seeming to sense her power, she drew nearer and whispered:

"You must do this for their sakes and for mine!"

John capitulated. For her sake he would have done almost anything.

Having gained her point, Mary Temple hastened out, and was seated in her car before John had time to open the door for her. He had intended not to go to the meeting of the union that night, but the promise just made rendered his presence there necessary. With a sigh—for he hated all this turmoil and angry discussion—he went to the hall and faced his fellow workmen.

And he surpassed himself. Quite unconsciously he adopted some of the revivalist preacher's phrases and ideas, welding them into his own rugged and forcible expressions. Bill Thompson, a level-headed fellow, soon realized that some extraordinary influence was at work, or Burton would never have gone back on the very principles he was wont to advocate so strongly. He tried, therefore, to get the men to postpone a decision till next day. But the young orator's eloquence was more powerful than the older man's experience. The strike was declared at an end, and John and his mates went back to work; but never sight or sound of Mary Temple was vouchsafed, during a week or more, to the man whose waking thoughts and nightly dreams were ever of her.

At last, Burton could bear the tension no longer. Summoning all his resolution, he dressed in his good clothes one evening after leaving work, and resolved to call on Miss Temple with the pretext of inquiring as to whether or not she had completely recovered from the effects of the riot. Outside his boarding house, he encountered Bill Thompson and another workman.

"Hello!" he said cheerfully.

"Comin' to the union meeting?" inquired Bill.

Burton shook his head.

"No," he said. "Not just now, anyhow. I may drop in later. See you then, perhaps."

His abstracted manner, no less than his spruce attire, puzzled Thompson. "What's wrong wi' John?" inquired the other man.

"The same old story," said Thompson sadly. "He's being fooled by a woman, I guess."

John walked straight to the fashionable quarter of the town, in which the Temple mansion occupied one of the largest and most exclusive sites. After a slight delay, he was ushered into a richly furnished drawing room, and found Mary there with her fiance. The girl was in evening dress. A superb diamond necklace flashed from the white skin of her throat. There were diamonds in her hair, in her corsage, and on her fingers. The glitter of them seemed to dazzle John. It was with a positive effort that he forced a halting tongue to announce the purpose of his visit.

The girl heard him with a chilling indifference that soon merged into a supercilious smile.

"Really, Mr. Burton," she said, "it is presumption on your part to pay a social call here. I fear you must have misunderstood both the extent of the service you rendered me and the nature of the appeal I made subsequently. I like to be outspoken in such matters. That strike had to be ended. Father's clients were howling for steel, and I thought that a woman's tongue might prevail where man's logic was at fault. Moreover, father promised me a $50,000 necklace if I succeeded. Here it is. It was worth trying for, wasn't it?" And she touched the glittering gems on her throat with those delicate fingers whose clasp had once thrilled John Burton's being to its innermost fiber.

He was literally struck dumb. He heard, as one in a dream, Mary's next words to Reeves:

"I am under certain obligations to this man, dear. Will you see that he is rewarded?"

John could only stare after her in blank amazement as she swept out of the room. He was quite unaware that Reeves had thrust some bills into his hand. He almost staggered in the effort to win clear of the house, but halted in the hall to gaze at the bills in his hand. When his benumbed brain understood what they meant he threw them from him savagely.

On the way to his poor lodging he remembered the union meeting, and turned to go there, resolved now to cast in his lot wholly with his brethren. Suddenly, he halted in the road, and his well-tanned cheeks blanched at the thought which had come to him. What right had he to pose among his mates as one who was whole-heartedly with them in the never-ending struggle between capital and labor? Had he not betrayed them? Had he not sold their trust for a fickle woman's smile? How might he stand up among those honest comrades and confess that he had persuaded them to call off the strike, not as he had put it, because of the resultant misery to thousands in the city, but because he was cozened into the belief by Mary Temple?

Sick at heart he went to his poor lodging. He felt beaten and disgraced. Literally, he dared not face his comrades!

Next morning, when John arrived at the factory, he was stopped by a foreman and told that his services were no longer needed. This was Reeves' mean revenge. John turned on his heel. He didn't care. At any other time he would have sought the help of the union, but he now regarded himself as a traitor.

He went to his boarding house and did not stir out again that day. Towards night a visitor was announced, not a lady this time, it was explained, but a stranger.

Entering the parlor, John was confronted by a short, dapper-looking man, who said that he represented a firm of solicitors in London. John did not know what "solicitors" were, and thought the man meant to sell him something. This minor difficulty soon vanished when the stranger began questioning him as to his birth and parentage. Burton answered as best he could, and gave such references as lay within his power to those yet living who might be connected with his youth.

His mother had died soon after he was born, and his father had been killed by an accident within a few hours of Mrs. Burton's death. John had been told that they had come from England only a few months earlier, and that his father was a man of distinguished appearance and refined speech.

"That is all I know about him," he concluded. "Since then I was dragged up by the scruff of the neck. Here I am, just as you see me. What do you want with me, anyhow?"

The stranger did not answer for a few minutes. He took some documents from a bag and consulted them, comparing certain statements therein with the notes he had made of John's dim but fairly accurate recollections.

At last he lifted his eyes and said, gravely:

"You must prepare yourself for a shock, Mr. Burton, but I hope it will be a pleasurable one. You are now the tenth marquis of Castleton, heir to an invested fortune of two millions sterling, and an estate worth one hundred thousand pounds a year."

"What on earth are you talking about, anyhow?" gasped John.

"I am telling you the literal truth," said the other solemnly. "About thirty years ago—to be exact, in 1886—the ninth marquis of Castleton, your uncle, quarreled with his brother, your father, Lord Richard Burton, because his lordship had married a housemaid whom he was in honor bound to wed. The marquis had never married, having lost the woman he loved on the eve of their wedding day, and Lord Richard was always looked upon as his heir. When, however, your father contracted an alliance which the marquis deemed derogatory, he was cast forth from the family, and the elder brother immediately proposed to and was accepted by a titled lady of his acquaintance. She bore him two sons, thus, to all appearance, effectually shutting your father out from the succession. Two months ago, Providence decreed that the marquis and his boys should be passengers on a liner which was torpedoed in the Mediterranean. They were lost. There can be no doubt of it, because their bodies have been recovered and identified. You come of good stock, my lord! Your uncle and cousins died like English gentlemen. My firm, who are the legal agents for the estate, possessed some vague information as to your father's whereabouts when he came to this country. That is why I am here. I assure you I am not romancing. You are undoubtedly the tenth marquis of Castleton!"

It is said that all the scenes of a crowded life pass through a man's mind when he is in imminent danger of death by drowning. Some such experience befell John Burton now.

He reviewed the years of his youth, his introduction to the factory, the gradual acquirement of manual skill and the knowledge of metals, his rise to a position of influence among his mates, his friendship with poor, tawdry Flora, the dawn of a real love for that self-deluded philanthropist and social worker, Mary Temple, and the complete collapse of his brief day dream. Now the somewhat sordid record was succeeded by the fairy tale just rejected, an almost unbelievable romance, indeed, yet one which appeared to have the sanction of law and society.

Then John began to laugh sardonically. He was on the verge of hysteria. More than once he seemed to mutter a strange question:

"Is humanity in the grip of evil?"

The stranger did not pretend to understand, so, being a discreet little man, he kept silence and quickly took his leave.

(END OF FIRST EPISODE.)



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The Girl and The Game

with her face somewhat blanched and Rhinelander's words ringing in her ears, she hung up the receiver. "Get the stock from the safety deposit box," he had directed, "and I will use that as temporary security until I can replace the money."

Seagrue shook his head. "No, Mr. Rhinelander," he said slowly, "that won't do. I must have legal tender, and have it today, or our contract doesn't go."

Helen, with Spike as her escort, reached the bank only to find it closed as she had feared. The watchman, despite her appeals, refused them admittance.

"You put the stock in the box, didn't you?" She nodded a half-frightened assent. "That," he continued stiffly, "was your business. Now, you want to get it out, don't you?" She nodded once more. "That," he declared with much positiveness, "is my business."

A moment later, at the side of the bank, Helen, frightened to death, followed Spike through an unguarded door. He led the way hastily and stealthily to the vault, and Helen, with her key, opened Rhinelander's box. It was while they were thus feloniously abstracting their own property that the watchman saw them. He turned in an alarm. At the police station where it registered, the sergeant called out the men and they started on the jump for the bank.

Helen, in the interval, had taken the securities from the box and showed them to Spike. As they turned to leave, the watchman, re-enforced by the officers, pounced down on them. Helen, desperate over the situation, upbraided the watchman.

A wordy discussion followed. But Helen and Spike were started for the station, where more developments had already taken place. The victim of the hold-up, in response to the sergeant's message, had arrived, and on having the suspects, Ward and Adams, paraded before him, was unable to identify Seagrue's retainers. In fact, he distinctly declared these were not the men that had eaten all his free lunch and robbed him.

The chief, refusing to be satisfied, continued to ask questions. His instinct concerning criminals seemed to tell him that this pair were crooks, and, if not answering to one charge, should justly be held to await another. While this was going on in the office of the chief, Helen and Spike were ushered, with the complaining watchman, into the booking room. Helen demanded the use of the telephone, and in spite of the serious charge lodged against her something in her bright eyes or her demeanor satisfied the sergeant she was no criminal, and he handed her the phone from his desk. She called Rhinelander up at Seagrue's rooms.

When the bell rang, Seagrue told Rhinelander to answer it, and from Helen at the station the latter learned of the plight she and Spike were in.

No explanation that Helen and Spike could make moved the desk sergeant in any degree. He had directed the officers to take the two to separate cells when a commotion was heard in the hallway and Rhinelander dashed into the room. In the twinkling of an eye the aspect of everything changed. In Rhinelander, the conscientious watchman recognized the president of his own safe deposit company, and when the great transportation magnate rushed up to Helen to extend his sympathy and nodded, as an old acquaintance, to Spike, the humble watch dog of the safe deposit vault gasped. He waited just a minute, and in an auspicious lull in the conversation between Rhinelander and Helen, Spike standing at attention, the watchman pushed into the group to ask whether he had made a mistake.

The sergeant scratched his head. "This is the queerest mix-up I ever struck," he muttered, perplexed.

At Rhinelander's suggestion he sent for the chief. The moment the latter appeared everything was made right.

Within his own room the chief had a knotted problem. He had been trying in every way to extract some damaging admission from Ward and Adams, but unable to do so, had reluctantly dismissed the pair, satisfied that if justice had her due the two would be behind the bars.

Just outside the police station, Helen and Rhinelander—Spike listening—were conferring as to what should be done in the awkward emergency facing them. How could they now save their property from Seagrue's eager clutches? They moved away together slowly, just as Ward and Adams, having got the real handbag from the sergeant, walked out of the station. The two men encountered the halting and perplexed trio. Rhinelander's roving eye fell on the bag as Ward passed him. He cried out and pointed. Ward and Adams turned nervously. "Stop thief!" yelled Rhinelander, making for them.

Seagrue's men recognized their victim. Away they dashed, Helen and the two men after them at top speed. Across a city street a block away the hind end of a long freight train was rapidly pulling. Ward and Adams headed for it.

Farther down the line, at a Santa Fe crossing, a Tidewater passenger train had slowed, and for this Helen, Rhinelander and Spike made. But the excitement and speed were telling on Rhinelander, who was not in the class and training of his companions. He weakened. Spike stopped to help him along. In that brief interval Helen made the side of a coach as the Tidewater passenger train picked up speed. Her companions could not overtake her, but Rhinelander hastily chartered a passing automobile, and away he went with Spike after the two trains. It was a triangular race, but the passenger train, on a parallel track, gained rapidly on the freight.

Helen had already climbed to the coach roof, and, with both trains running, she watched the gap lessening between the passenger and the freight that bore the two thieves on the adjoining track. As she found her own train rapidly overhauling the other, she made up her mind what to do. The moment her coach pulled abreast of the last box car in the long drag she jumped from the top of the coach to the top of the freight car, landed safely, regained her feet, and looked over the side of the train for the men she was after.

Within the box car where they had taken refuge, Ward and Adams were trying to open Rhinelander's bag. They had succeeded in negotiating the lock when, to their consternation, Helen, through the open sidedoor, swung down and in on them from the roof. The thieves jumped to their feet. But before Adams was up, Helen had knocked him over again, and as Ward jumped at her, she managed to shoot out her foot at the hand bag. By a fortunate chance she kicked it cleanly out of the car. Freeing herself from Ward's clutches with an energetic blow, she sprang to the door herself and jumped after the bag from the fast-moving car to the ground.

Adams, when Helen pushed him over, had struck his head against an iron bar and he lay on the car floor almost unconscious. Ward turned to him the minute Helen was gone. "Wake up!" he shouted. "We've got to get out of here."

"What's up?" demanded Adams, groggily.

"We're left, man. Shake yourself and get out of here before you get pinched."

Waiting their chance when their train slowed down in passing the next station, the two men jumped out of the box car. Down the line Ward saw the bridge they had passed when Helen sprang from the car. "That girl can't be far off yet," he muttered. "She may be hunting for the bag. If we get there quick enough, we can get hold of it ourselves."

Helen, running fast as she could, searched the right of way keenly. Help was nearer to her than she was aware of. But she had eyes for nothing beyond her search, and, finally, hardly a stone's throw from the bridge itself, she saw the bag lying on the gravel.

The nearest station was to the north. Helen began to retrace her steps, thinking to telephone or to get somehow in touch with Rhinelander from there. Hastening on, she heard her name called, and, looking up, was astonished to see Spike waving his hand at her from the bridge just ahead. He and Rhinelander, following the train in the machine, had seen her spring from the box car.

She started to run forward to join Spike. But Ward and Adams had come up. Seeing Helen approach, they hid, and when she passed them they seized and overpowered her and dragged the bag from her hands.

Not without stout resistance on her part. She fought the two with blows and screams, and Spike, hearing the commotion, ran to where he could slip over the side of the bridge and drop to the tracks. Shouting loudly as he scrambled to his feet, he ran to where Ward and Adams were fighting Helen, who had again got her hands on the bag. But when Spike reached the scene the encounter was short.

Ward, the more powerful of Seagrue's men, engaged him furiously, and, as a boxer, would have put him out, had not Spike clenched and slammed the big fellow heavily to the ground. He jumped at Adams before Ward could come back, and the two crooks, seeing the game lost, took to their heels.

Spike turned to see what damage had been done to Helen. She had the bag safely in hand and they started together to join Rhinelander.

The bag was now committed to Spike for safekeeping, and Rhinelander headed the car for the city in an effort to reach Seagrue's quarters quickly with the payment. Burning the tires all the way into town, he pulled up with a jerk before Seagrue's apartment and the three, alighting from the car, hastened up to his rooms.

Seagrue, expecting the return of Ward and Adams with their loot, caught his breath when he faced Rhinelander and his escort at the door. Rhinelander he could account for. Helen, he was not at a great loss to account for; but to see the craning neck, square jaw, straight nose and cold, gray eye of Spike in the twilight of the hallway was too much for even Seagrue's poise. When they pushed their way in upon him, he made hardly any attempt to resist. "I—I wasn't looking for you," he stammered.

Rhinelander laughed. "No! I understand. However, it's all right. A couple of your men, Seagrue, had this bag in hand"—he held up the leather grip for Seagrue's inspection—"to bring to you." Rhinelander's eyes were sparkling with the zest of victory. "They were detained, Seagrue," he went on, enjoying to the full the consternation of the breathless rascal before him. "In fact, the two met with a little accident." He nodded toward Helen as the little accident, herself. "The police are looking for the pair now," explained Rhinelander, jestingly. "But we thought it only neighborly to bring the bag in, ourselves. Especially since you seem to consider that our title to the Superstition mine rests on your receiving the actual cash today for the second payment."

While speaking, Rhinelander had gone to the table, thrown the bag open and was tossing the packages of currency out. "There's your money, Seagrue—twenty-five thousand dollars. Count it, Seagrue, and give me a receipt."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



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