

Merry Christmas

To All

WE THANK YOU

E. GUTHRIE

Leader in Low Cash Prices

Gen. Villa Agrees To Leave Mexico

El Paso, Dec. 18.—General Villa has quit the revolution and is expected at the border here tonight or tomorrow, according to apparently reliable authority from Chihuahua.

Officers of Villa forces in Juarez were told to "take care of themselves."

According to advices the council of war held at Chihuahua for several days decided that General Villa should retire and he was so informed. In answer General Villa is reported as saying that he realized the time had come for his retirement.

"I have been surrounded by traitors," he is said to have declared, "and by men who will not fight. I sent 1,500 men to defend Santa Rosalia and they joined the Carranza forces without a fight. I do not want to sacrifice lives. I will go to the border, cross to the United States if I am permitted, and there live with my family. If I am not permitted to cross the border, I will go to Europe."

WAR WAIFS IN NEED

Will you, at this glad Christmas season, help to send food and clothing to hungry children of the warring nation?

There are little children, innocent victims of the war who are without food, clothing and shelter. Many have died and others are facing death from the actual necessities of life. Your help will not go to aid the fighting forces. It is for helpless and destitute boys, girls and babies in arms who cannot help themselves.

There are today in the countries of the European Allies, thousands of children in a pitiful state of need, produced by war conditions. In various parts of France there are children who are made prisoners and taken to distant concentration camps and later to be returned to France, that are separated from their parents and homeless. There are children in parts of France who have lived for months in cellars, outhouses and emergency dwellings and heard the shrieks of shells falling dangerously close to them. These children are innocent but have been compelled to become a part of the wars horrors.

The children of Serbia are victims of equally pathetic destitution and tragic suffering. Their home land has been destroyed, their homes placed in ruins and they have been made wanderers in strange lands. Little children

whose parents either have been killed or lost to them are without shelter and clothing and are begging for food and shelter because they are hungry and cold. They are dropping by the roadside, drooping from exhaustion, and dying. Imagine your children in their place and your heart will go out to them.

These are some of the children to whom the National Allied Relief Association wants to send immediate aid. These are the conditions existing at Christmas time, the season of peace and good will; existing as a new Year is about to dawn. It is food for empty stomachs and clothing to cover naked bodies that we want to send these children. There will be no Christmas tree for them, no candies or toys; they want food and clothing and it will make the New Year wonderfully brighter if they have them. None is worthier of aid than helpless little children.

These conditions exist at our very doors to a great extent. Can't you think of some little boy or girl that you can make happier Christmas by giving them some clothing. Our homeless children should be looked after and be made to feel that the world is interested in them and they will make better men and women. Give them a lift by some little token of love. You will be surprised how it will make their little faces brighten up.

Commissions Court in Session Last Week

Commissioners Court was in session at the regular monthly meeting, two days this week.

The routine matters of the county's business was transacted in addition to which several road matters were considered and the delinquent tax list of the county was ordered printed in the Hesperian. The order was made under the new delinquent tax law which was enacted by the last legislature.—Floydada Hesperian.

Mrs. A. W. Thompson and daughter of the Meator neighborhood was in our city Monday doing their Christmas shopping.

Lockney's Grain Shipment

The writer visited the grain yards down by the depot Tuesday evening to see how much grain our grain dealers had shipped this season and to our surprise we learned that something near three hundred cars had been shipped from this point with 30 cars ricked up ready for shipment. This is indeed a sight to see, just maize, maize, everywhere, and more still coming in at a rate of something like 200 loads a day. The dealers state that they are having considerable trouble in getting cars and could use something like 20 cars a day if they could get them. All of this maize is being threshed and shipped and every car that goes out averages something like 65,000, thereby making two cars in one. Taking a car at a minimum capacity of 30,000 pounds to the car, we have shipped something near 600 cars in the last 90 days. This maize threshed is worth something like 65 cents per hundred on the local market, and totals up to the sum of \$117,975 that have gone into the hands of our farmers and some of them are just now beginning to bring it in, and no doubt, it will thrill that amount by the time the season is over. Can you beat it? Come to Floyd county and the Lockney country.

Judge Prescott Resigns

Judge W. H. Prescott of Paducah resigns his position as lecturer for the State Agricultural Department, to enter actively in the race for Congress from this district. The 13th district is promised some warm political fight before the close of the primary election.

New Post Office at Aiken

A new post office has been established at Aiken, north-west of Lockney in Floyd county. The office was opened for business last Wednesday. This part of the county is thickly settled with syndicate farmers and will be of great benefit to the people in that part of the county.

Miss Lorena Jones of Gomez, Texas is here visiting relatives.

Fire Destroys Smoke House

The smoke house of R. A. Stalcup was destroyed by fire Sunday night at 10 o'clock. One of the boys had come home from church and went into the house for something and struck a match and carelessly threw it down and it is supposed that it fell in among some clothing. The house and its contents were a total loss and amounts to something like \$400 with no insurance. The residence was saved by the timely arrival of the bucket brigade.

Epworth League Program

- Leader—Rhea Quillian
- Scripture.
- Prayer.
- Song.
- The Cloud of Witnesses—Thelma Griffith.
- Stripping for the Race—Rhea Quillian.
- Looking unto Jesus—Josephine Nichols.
- Music—Maude Byington and Ruth Ford.
- Conquering Discouragement—Leon Stapleton.
- The Christians Walk—Edna Griffith.
- Follow Peace and Holiness—Marie Halbrook.
- Roll Call.
- Minutes.
- Business.

Married

Saturday evening at two o'clock Mr. Gussie Foster and Miss Effie Underwood drove up to the Methodist parsonage and were married by Bro. Sweeney. Both of these young people live in this vicinity and have many friends who wish them a long and happy married life.

L. C. Weathers and Miss Maggie Thompson were united in the holy bonds of wedlock at the Methodist parsonage Saturday evening at 4:30 o'clock. Rev. Sweeney performing the ceremony.

Joe Witty of the city Monday trading.

Killing at Floydada Saturday Night

Last Saturday night about eleven o'clock in the Woody drug store at Floydada, Jim McPete shot and killed Mr. Bishop, a clerk in the store. It is reported that McPete was drinking and that he had come in the drug store several times and tried to get Bishop to sell him some alcohol and Mr. Bishop, of course, refused him. And it seems that McPete went out and came back and demanded him to sell him some and he again refused him and then he pulled his gun and shot him through the left leg just above the knee, severing an artery, and death resulted in a short time from the loss of blood. We understand that McPete says that he shot him accidentally. Facts in the case cannot be learned at this writing. Examining trial will come up Thursday.

Bishop leaves a wife and five children, while McPete is a single man.

Card of Thanks

We wish to thank all of those who were so kind to us during our recent illness and death of our wife and mother, and may God's richest blessings be upon you as our sincere wishes.
L. H. Cooper and children.

Good-Bye

Will impose on you no longer.

Wish You a

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year

We Extend to Each and Every one of Our Friends a

VERY CHRISTMAS

FARMER'S EXCHANGE

K IS WHITE

GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS.

In the New York home of James Brood, his son, Frederic, receives a wireless from him. Frederic tells Lydia Desmond, his fiancée, that the message announces his father's marriage and orders Mrs. Desmond, the housekeeper and Lydia's mother, to prepare the house for an immediate home-coming. Brood and his bride arrive. She wins Frederic's liking at first meeting. Brood shows dislike and veiled hostility to his son. Lydia and Mrs. Brood meet in the jade-room, where Lydia works as Brood's secretary. Mrs. Brood is startled by the appearance of Ranjab, Brood's Hindu servant. She makes changes in the household and gains her husband's consent to send Mrs. Desmond and Lydia away. She fascinates Frederic. She begins to fear Ranjab in his uncanny appearance and disappearance. Frederic, remembering his father's East Indian stories and firm belief in magic, fears unknown evil. Ranjab performs feats of magic for Dawes and Jones. Frederic's father, jealous, unjustly orders his son from the dinner table as drunk. Brood tells the story of Ranjab's life to his guests. "He killed a scoundrel" who was unfaithful to him. Yvonne plays with Frederic's infatuation for her. Her husband warns her that the thing must not go on. She tells him that she still loves his dead wife, whom he drove from his home, through her. Yvonne plays with Brood, Frederic and Lydia as with figures on a chess board. Brood, madly jealous, tells Lydia that Frederic is not his son, and that he has brought him up to kill his happiness at the proper time with this knowledge. Frederic takes Lydia home through a heavy storm and spends the night at her mother's house. His wavering allegiance to her is strengthened by a day spent with her. Yvonne, over the phone, accuses Frederic's infatuation for her again. Lydia goes to beg Brood not to tell Frederic of his unhappy parentage, but is turned from her purpose.

CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

Lydia resolved to take the plunge. Now was the time to speak plainly to this woman of the thing that was hurting her almost beyond the limits of endurance. Her voice was rather high-pitched. She had the fear that she would not be able to control it.

"I should be blind not to have observed the cruel position in which you are placing Frederic. Is it surprising that your husband has eyes as well as I? What must be his thoughts, Mrs. Brood?"

She expected an outburst, a torrent of indignation, an angry storm of words, and was therefore unprepared for the piteous, hunted expression that came swiftly into the lovely eyes, bent so appealingly upon her own, which were cold and accusing. Here was a new phase to this extraordinary creature's character. She was a coward, after all, and Lydia despised a coward. The look of scorn deepened in her eyes, and out from her heart rushed all that was soft and tender in her nature, leaving it barren of all compassion.

"I do not want to hurt Frederic," murmured Yvonne. "I—I am sorry if—"

"You are hurting him dreadfully," said Lydia, suddenly choking up with emotion.

"He is not—not in love with me," declared Yvonne.

"No," said the girl, regaining control of herself, "he is not in love with you. That is the whole trouble. He is in love with me. But—can't you see?"

"You are a wise young woman to know men so well," said the other enigmatically. "I have never believed in St. Anthony."

"Nor I," said Lydia, and was surprised at herself.

"Do you consider me to be a bad woman, Lydia?" Her lips trembled. There was a suspicious quiver to her chin.

"No, I do not," pronounced the girl faintly. "If I could only think that of you, it would explain everything and I should know just how to treat you. But I can't think it of you."

With a long, deep sigh, Yvonne crept closer and laid her head against Lydia's shoulder. The girl's body stiffened, her brow grew dark with annoyance.

"I am afraid you do not understand, Mrs. Brood. The fact still remains that you have not considered Frederic's peace of mind."

"Nor yours," murmured the other, absently.

"Nor mine," confessed Lydia, after a moment.

"I did not know that you and Frederic were in love with each other until I had been here for some time," Mrs. Brood explained, suddenly fretful.

"What kind of a woman are you?" burst from Lydia's indignant soul. "Have you no conception of the finer, nobler—"

Yvonne deliberately put her hand to her lips, checking the words. She smiled rather plaintively. She tried to jerk her head back and to continue her

Lydia. I am... No, no, I think... think if

Lydia. I am... No, no, I think... think if

Lydia. I am... No, no, I think... think if

Lydia. I am... No, no, I think... think if

am thinking of, Mrs. Brood, but of Frederic. Why have you done this abominable thing to him? Why?"

"I—I did not realize what it would mean to him," said the other, desperately. "I—I did not count all the cost. But, dearest Lydia, it will come out all right again, I promise you. I have made a horrible, horrible mistake. I can say no more. Now, let me lie here with my head upon your breast. I want to feel the beating of your pure, honest heart—the heart that I have hurt. I can tell by its throbs whether it will ever soften toward me. Do not say anything now—let us be still."

It would be difficult to describe the feelings of Lydia Desmond as she sat there with the despoiled though to be adored head pillowed upon her breast, where it now rested in a sort of confident repose, as if there was safety in the very strength of the young girl's disapproval. Yvonne had twisted her lithe body on the chaise longue so that she half-faced Lydia. Her free arm, from which the loose sleeve had fallen, leaving it bare to the shoulder, was about the girl's neck.

For a long time Lydia stared straight before her, seeing nothing, positively dumb with wonder and acknowledging a sense of dismay over her own disposition to submit to this extraordinary situation. She was asking herself why she did not cast the woman away, why she lacked the power to resent by deed as well as by thought. Life—marvelous, adorable life rested there on her breast. This woman had hurt her—had hurt her wantonly—and yet there came stealing over her, subtly, the conviction that she could never hurt her in return. She could never bring herself to the point of hurting this wondrous, living, breathing, throbbing creature who pleaded, not only with her lips and eyes, but with the gentle heart-beats that rose and fell in her throat.

After a long time, in which there was conflict, she suddenly pressed her warm lips to Yvonne's. Then in an abrupt revulsion of feeling her arms fell away from the warm, sweet body and almost roughly she pushed Yvonne away from her.

"I—I didn't mean to do that!" she gasped.

The other smiled, but it was a sad, plaintive effort on her part. "I knew that you would," she repeated.

Lydia sprang to her feet, her face suddenly flaming with embarrassment. "I must see Mr. Brood. I stopped in to tell him that—" she began, trying to cover her confusion, but Yvonne interrupted.

"I know that you could not help it, my dear," she said. Then, after a pause: "You will let me know what my husband has to say about it?"

"To—say about it?"

"About your decision to marry Frederic in spite of his objections."

Lydia felt a little shiver race over her as she looked toward the door.

"You will help us?" she said, tremulously, turning to Yvonne. Again she saw the drawn, pained look about the dark eyes and was startled.

"You can do more with him than I," was the response.

CHAPTER XIV.

Sensations.

Lydia stopped for a moment in the hall, after closing the door behind her, to pull herself together for the ordeal that was still to come. She was trembling; a weakness had assailed her. She had left Yvonne's presence in a dazed, unsettled condition of mind. There was a lapse of some kind that she could neither account for nor describe even to herself. The black velvet coat that formed a part of her trig suit, hung limply in her hand, dragging along the floor as she moved with hesitating steps in the direction of James Brood's study. A sickening estimate of her own strength of purpose confronted her. She was suddenly afraid of the man who had always been her friend. Somehow she felt that he would turn upon her and rend her, this man who had always been so gentle and considerate—and who had killed things!

Ranjab appeared at the head of the stairs. She waited for his signal to ascend, somehow feeling that Brood had sent him forth to summon her. Her hand sought the stair rail and gripped it tightly. Her lips parted in a stiff smile. Now she knew that she was turning coward, that she longed to put off the meeting until tomorrow—tomorrow!

The Hindu came down the stairs quickly, noiselessly.

"The master say to come tomorrow, tomorrow as usual," he said, as he paused above her on the steps.

"It—must be today," she said, doggedly, even as the thrill of relief shot through her.

"Yes," said the man. His eyes were inquiring. "Sahib say you come tomorrow as usual. To—tomorrow as usual."

Lydia slipped out of his mind, Yvonne was set aside to this immortal

late. Frederic... went from the house... not in-quire for them, but instructed Jones to say to the old gentlemen that he would be pleased to dine with them if they could allow him the time to "change." He also told Jones to open a single bottle of champagne and to place three glasses.

Later on Frederic made his announcement to the old men. In the fever of an excitement that caused him to forget that Lydia might be entitled to some voice in the matter, he deliberately committed her to the project that had become a fixed thing in his mind the instant he set foot in the house and found it empty—oh, so empty!

Jones' practiced hand shook slightly as he poured the wine. The old men drank rather noisily. They, too, were excited. Mr. Riggs smacked his lips and squinted at the chandelier as if trying to decide upon the vintage, but in reality doing his best to keep from coughing up the wine that had gone the wrong way in a moment of profound paralysis.

"The best news I've heard since Judas died," said Mr. Dawes, manfully "Fill 'em up again, Jones. I want to propose the health of Mrs. Brood."

"The future Mrs. Brood," hissed Mr. Riggs, wheezily, glaring at his comrade. "Ass!"

"I'm not married yet, Mr. Dawes," exclaimed Frederic, grinning.

"Makes no difference," said Mr. Dawes, stoutly. "Far as I'm concerned, you are. We'll be the first to drink to Lydia Brood! The first to call her by that name, gentlemen. God bless her!"

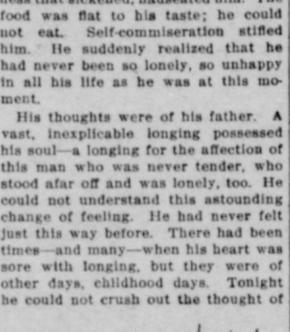
"God bless her!" shouted Mr. Riggs. "God bless her!" echoed Frederic, and they drained their glasses to Lydia Brood.

"Jones, open another bottle," commanded Mr. Dawes, loftily.

Frederic shook his head and two faces fell. Right bravely, however, the old men maintained a joyous interest in the occasion. The young man turned moody, thoughtful; the unwonted exhilaration died as suddenly as it had come into existence. A shadow crossed his vision and he followed it with his thoughts. A sense of utter loneliness came over him with a swift-ness that sickened, nauseated him. The food was flat to his taste; he could not eat. Self-commiseration stifled him. He suddenly realized that he had never been so lonely, so unhappy in all his life as he was at this moment.

His thoughts were of his father. A vast, inexplicable longing possessed his soul—a longing for the affection of this man who was never tender, who stood afar off and was lonely, too. He could not understand this astounding change of feeling. He had never felt just this way before. There had been times—and many—when his heart was sore with longing, but they were of other days, childhood days. Tonight he could not crush out the thought of

Lydia Stopped for a Moment in the Hall.



Lydia Stopped for a Moment in the Hall.

how ineffably happy, how peaceful life would be if his father were to lay his hands upon his shoulders and say, "My son, I love you—I love you dearly." There would be no more lonely days; all that was bitter in his life would be swept away in the twinkling of an eye; the world would be full of joy for him and for Lydia.

When he entered the house that evening he was full of resentment toward his father, and sullen with the remains of an ugly rage. And now to be actually craving the affection of the man who humbled him, even in the presence of servants! It was unbelievable. He could not understand himself. A wonderful, compelling tenderness filled his heart. He longed to throw himself at his father's feet and crave his pardon for the harsh, vengeful thoughts he had spent upon him in those black hours. He hungered for a word of kindness or of understanding on which he could feed his starving soul. He wanted his father's love. He wanted, more than anything else in the world, to love his father.

Lydia slipped out of his mind, Yvonne was set aside to this immortal

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"I'm going out, gentlemen," he exclaimed, breaking in upon an unappreciated tale that Mr. Riggs was relating at some length and with considerable fierceness in view of the fact that Mr. Dawes had pulled him up rather sharply once or twice in a matter of inaccuracies. "Excuse me, please."

He left them gaping with astonishment and dashed out into the hall for his coat and hat. Even then he had no definite notion as to what his next move would be, save that he was going out—somewhere, anywhere, he did not care.

Somehow, as he rushed down the front steps with the cool night air blowing in his face, there surged up within him a strong, overpowering sense of filial duty. It was his duty to make the first advances. It was for him to pave the way to peace and happiness. Something vague but disturbingly tormented him with the fear that his father faced a grave peril and that his own place was beside him and not against him, as he had been in all these ill-directed years. He could not put it away from him, this thought that his father was in danger—in danger of something that was not physical, something from which, with all his valor, he had no adequate form of defense.

At the corner he paused, checked by an irresistible impulse to look backward at the house he had just left. To his surprise there was a light in the drawing-room windows facing the street. The shades in one of them had been thrown wide open and a stream of light flared out across the sidewalk.

Framed in this oblong square of light stood the figure of a man. Slowly, as if drawn by a force he could not resist, the young man retraced his steps until he stood directly in front of the window. A questioning smile was on his lips. He was looking up into Ranjab's shadowy, unsmiling face, dimly visible in the glow from the distant street lamp. For a long time they stared at each other, no sign of recognition passing between them. The Hindu's face was as rigid, as emotionless as if carved out of stone; his eyes were unwavering. Frederic could see them, even in the shadows. He had the queer feeling that, though the man gave no sign, he had something he wanted to say to him, that he was actually calling to him to come back into the house.

Undecided, the man outside took several halting steps toward the doorway, his gaze still fixed on the face in the window. Then he broke the spell. It was a notion on his part, he argued. If he had been wanted his father's servant would have beckoned to him. He would not have stood there like a graven image, staring out into the night. Having convinced himself of this, Frederic wheeled and swung off up the street once more, walking rapidly, as one who is pursued. Turning, he waved his hand at the man in the window. He received no response. Farther off he looked back once more. The Hindu still was there. Long after he was out of sight of the house he cast frequent glances over his shoulder as if still expecting to see the lighted window and its occupant.

As he made his way to Broadway, somewhat hazily bent on following that thoroughfare to the district where the night glittered and the stars were shamed, he began turning over in his mind a queer notion that had just suggested itself to him, filtering through the maze of uncertainty in which he had been floundering. It occurred to him that he had been awfully sentimental in respect to his father. His attitude had not changed—he was seriously impressed by the feelings that had mastered him—but he found himself ridiculing the idea that his father stood in peril of any description. And suddenly, out of no particular trend of thought, groped the sly, persistent suspicion that he had not been altogether responsible for the sensations of an hour ago. Some outside influence had molded his emotions for him, some cunning brain had been doing his thinking for him.

Then came the sharp recollection of that motionless, commanding figure in the lighted window, and his own puzzling behavior on the sidewalk outside. He recalled his impression that someone had called out to him just before he turned to look up at the window. It was all quite preposterous, he kept on saying over and over again to himself, and yet he could not shake off the uncanny feeling.

Earlier in the evening, without warning, without the slightest encouragement on his part, there had suddenly leaped into existence a warm, tender and wholly inexplicable feeling toward his father. At first he had been amazed by this unwonted, almost unnatural feeling, which later on developed into something quite tangible in the way of an emotion, but he was beginning to realize that the real mystery lay outside of any self-analysis he could make. Like a shot there flashed into his brain the startling question: Was Ranjab the solution? Was it Ranjab's mind and not his own that had moved him to such tender resolves? Could such a condition be possible? Was there such a thing as mind control?

An hour later Frederic approached the box office of the theater mentioned by Yvonne over the telephone that morning. The play was half over and the house was sold out. He bought

What... He... there... sition to... shun the plac...

The curtain was... still, save for the occa... of those who succumb to... can neither be helped nor... There were people moving... stage, but Frederic had no eyes... them. He was seeking in the dark...



He Was Looking Up Into Ranjab's Shadowy, Unsmiling Face.

ness for the two figures that he knew were somewhere in the big, tense throng.

The lights went up and the house was bright. Men began scurrying up the aisles. He moved up to the railing again and resumed his eager scrutiny of the throng. He could not find them. At first he was conscious of disappointment, then he gave way to an absurd rage. Yvonne had misled him, she had deceived him—ay, she had lied to him. They were not in the audience, they had not even contemplated coming to this theater. He had been tricked, deliberately tricked. No doubt they were seated in some other place of amusement, serenely enjoying themselves. The thought of it saddened him. And then, just as he was on the point of tearing out of the house, he saw them, and the blood rushed to his head so violently that he was almost blinded.

He caught sight of his father far down in front, and then the dark, half-obscured head of Yvonne. He could not see their faces, but there was no mistaking them for anyone else. He only marvelled that he had not seen them before, even in the semidarkness. They now appeared to be the only people in the theater; he could see no one else.

James Brood's fine, aristocratic head was turned slightly toward his wife, who, as Frederic observed after changing his position to one of better advantage, apparently was relating something amusing to him. They undoubtedly were enjoying themselves. Once more the great, almost suffocating wave of tenderness for his father swept over him, mysteriously as before and as convincing. He experienced a sudden, inexplicable feeling of pity for the strong, virile man who had never revealed the slightest symptom of pity for him. The same curious desire to put his hands on his father's shoulders and tell him that all was well with them came over him again.

Involuntarily he glanced over his shoulder, and the fear was in his heart that somewhere in the shifting throng his gaze would light upon the face of Ranjab!

Long and intently his searching gaze went through the crowd, seeking the remote corners and shadows of the foyer, and a deep breath of relief escaped him when it became evident that the Hindu was not there. He had, in a measure, proved his own cause; his emotions were genuinely his own and not the outgrowth of an influence for good exercised over him by the Brahmin.

He began what he was pleased to term a systematic analysis of his emotions covering the entire evening, all the while regarding the couple in the orchestra chairs with a gaze unwavering in its fidelity to the sensation that now controlled him—a sensation of impending peril.

All at once he slunk farther back into the shadow, a guilty flush mounting to his cheek. Yvonne had turned and was staring rather fixedly in his direction. Despite the knowledge that he was quite completely concealed by the intervening group of loungers, he sustained a distinct shock. He had the uncanny feeling that she was looking directly into his eyes. She had turned abruptly, as if some one had called out to attract her attention and she had obeyed the sudden impulse. A moment later her calmly impersonal gaze swept on, taking in the sections to her right and the balcony, and then went back to her husband's face.

Frederic was many minutes in recovering from the effects of the queer shock he had received. He could not get it out of his head that she knew he was there, that she actually turned in answer to the call of his mind. She had not searched for him; on the contrary, she directed her gaze instantly to the spot where he stood concealed.

Actuated by a certain sense of guilt, he decided to leave the theater as

and... longer... soul. It... and he felt... perience it, even... how it had purged his... lingering doubt as to the... his impulses.

"Hello!" he said, planting squarely in front of them. There was a momentary tab was vividly aware of the Yvonne had shrunk back in alarm that a swift look of fear leaped into her surprised eyes. She drew close to Brood's side—or was it the jostling of the crowd that made it seem to be so? He realized then that she had not seen him in the theater. Her smile was genuine. It was not much of consternation, a fact that allied with a sudden sinking of heart.

Then his eyes went quickly to father's face. James Brood was regarding him with a cold, significant smile, as one who understands despises.

"They told me you were here," cried Frederic, the words rattled through his brain. "we might run but... a bite to eat... about Lydia... The carriage... in his ear... of a limo... the the... With... ed his wife... turned to the chaire... "Home," he said, and much as a glance at Fr... inside. The door was... the car slid into the... Yvonne had sunk ba... huddled down as if... of all her strength... face as the car... staring at... proudful... have you do... For a second... petrified. Th...

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NOW! Is The Time

For thirty days, beginning with May 26, Lockney Sheet Metal Works of Lockney, Texas, will sell at actual cost of manufacture tanks and stock tubs. If you need anything in this line you will do well to figure now. Write Box 364 or phone 75, Lockney, Texas, for figures on anything you need. Mention this ad in writing.

Lockney Sheet Metal & Plumbing Works

I am the guy that makes clothes look new;
I am the guy that will order a suit for you.
- - - JOHN SAMS, The Tailor - - -

Farmers' Exchange

We are paying highest prices for all your produce and will sell your groceries lowest. We keep on hand all the time a supply of bread. Beginning first of next month will give away one 10c can of baking powder with each hundred pounds of flour purchased. Also will reduce price on bucket coffee 10 per cent, \$1.00 bucket 90 cents.

Farmers' Exchange

Phone 30. Lockney, Texas

Carter & Winn Rubber Company

All kinds of repair work on casings and tubes. Auto work done.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED
Plainview, Texas

Brick Building

Tuesday brick work was begun on the new two story brick business home of the First National Bank. Mr. Simmons, the contractor, has a good force of bricklayers and laborers at work, and the walls will be put up as fast as the brick can be handled. This building will be quite an addition to the town.

Resolutions of Respect.

Whereas, we have been brought face to face with the realization of the shortness of life, and the certainty of death; that "Life is a narrow veil between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities," and like the grass that springs up by the wayside, it withers and dies. Where there is life there is necessarily death, and its blighting effects is felt in all of God's creation.

Whereas, this lodge has again been brought to the realization of these truths, and its members have been caused to mourn the departure of one of their respected brothers.

Whereas, in the death of Bro. J. M. Muncy, Lockney Lodge, No. 867, A. F. & A. M. has lost a worthy member; his children a devoted father, his mother, brothers and sisters an affectionate son and brother, we extend to them our sincere sympathy, therefore be it,

Resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be spread on the minutes of the lodge, and a copy be furnished each of our county papers for publication.

Respectfully,

P. D. Coulson,
B. F. Smith,
W. J. Weaver,
Committee.

Big Picnic at Crosbyton.

Crosbyton is going to pull off the biggest picnic and barbecue ever had in that town. The following is the programme as mapped out by the Commercial Club and will be strictly adhered to, according to advices we have received from its Secretary:

FRIDAY JUNE 6TH

Band concert 8 p. m.
Moving picture show 9 p. m. to 11 p. m.

SATURDAY JUNE 7

(Forenoon—At base ball park.)
9 a. m.—Tournament race. Grand prize for the winner. Each rider must pay \$1 for privilege of riding.

10 a. m.—Bronco Busting. Three \$5 prizes for the three best riders.

10:30 a. m.—Ball game between Ralls and Lorenzo, \$10 prize for the winner.

NOON

At Grand Pavilion
Barbecue dinner free for everybody. Band concert.

2 p. m.—addresses by prominent men.

3:30 p. m.—At base ball park. Ball game between Crosbyton and the winner of the morning game. Grand prize \$25 to winning Club.

7 p. m.—Band Concert.
8 p. m.—Moving picture show.
10 p. m.—Grand Ball.

The band will play at the moving picture shows, Grand Ball and during the games.
Special service between Lubbock and Crosbyton.

(Continued from first page)

of habeas corpus before Judge Kinder and make an effort to obtain bond for their clients.

Both the state and the defense have employed able counsel. Mrs. Muncy has employed Martin & Zimmerman, of Tulia; Peters, Judge Haughton, of Floydada, and the state is represented by District Attorney Mayfield, County Attorney J. B. Bartley and Judge John P. Works of Amarillo.

The following is the courts finding in holding defendants without bail:

The court having fully completed the examination in this case, it is considered that the proof is evident and sufficient to require the defendants, Bertie Muncy and Horace Peters to answer before the district court of Floyd County, Texas, for the offense of murder in the first degree; and said offense not being a bailable one, it is ordered by the court that the said Bertie Muncy, defendant, be committed to the jail of Hale county, and Horace Peters, defendant, be committed to the Floyd county jail, and there safely kept to answer to said offense before said district court.

P-l-a-y B-a-l-l.

The Club Closes

The Lockney Public Club closes this week after a successful nine months.

Four nights of this year taken up with entertainments. Tuesday night, the beginning of the pupils of the high school gave their exhibition; Wednesday night, Mrs. Nix and Miss Ruby Britton, teachers of the primary grades, exhibited the pupils in a splendid entertainment; Thursday night the intermediate pupils entertained the high school graduates will finish the entertainment.

The exercises have been held at the College Chapel, and have been attended by large crowds of both town and country people.

The entertainments have been of high class, and reflected credit on teachers and pupils alike.

I will be at the ice house till 9 a. m. on Sundays; positive will not be open any longer.

Lost—Nelson of Lockney. Found at Beacon office and returned to ward.

Big Carload

OF FINE STAR AND LEADER

-Windmills

Let us Show you why they are the

—Also Pipe and Casing—

--THE NEW PERFECTION--

OIL STOVE

Everybody wants them at

Meriwether Hardware & Furniture Co.

WE WANT YOUR PRODUCE

Old Roosters, each _____
Butter per pound _____
Country Lard per pound _____
Hens, per pound _____
Fryers, per pound _____
Eggs, per dozen _____
Turkeys, per pound _____
Ducks _____
Hams _____
Geese _____
Bacon _____

MEET IN JULY

and Farmers' Congress Held at College Station in July.

...stin, Texas, May 17.—The meeting of the Texas State Farmers' Institute will be held at College Station, Texas, July 28 to August 1. The Texas Farmers' Congress will hold its session at the college July 28, 29 and 30. Judge Ed R. Kone, Commissioner Agriculture and president of the institute, has issued an announcement in which he says the railroads have agreed to issue transportation in behalf of delegates to these meetings on the basis prescribed in the constitution and by-laws of the Texas State Farmers' Institute. This is as follows, to-wit: One delegate at large and one for each county institute or majority action thereof, provided, of course, such delegate or delegates do not come within any of the classes prohibited by the constitution and recommended anti-

Appointments.

W. B. Clark resigns week from the state of the appointment by the Governor and by the Senate of not public in Floyd county. It is quite a long one, approximately twice as many as last.

...essary for applying their bonds and of office on June ar. (not before) licant fail to apply within the time appointment shall void. The only his part of the nee from the coun- in which case the ant has ten days to make pearance and qualify.

The list for Lockney and Floyd are as follows:
Lockney: G. W. Brewster, J. Brewster, J. C. Garrison, A. Henry and J. N. Stalbird.
Floydada: J. B. Bartley, G. Tubbs, Miss Lydia Steen, I. Wright, A. D. White, C. H. ale, Tom P. Steen, Homer en, W. T. Montgomery, C. J. efee, J. M. Massie, F. P. ury, T. F. Hnughton, Claude Hall, Jas. K. Green, J. C. her, Silas E. Duncan, Arthur mban, F. M. Butler.—ian.

YOUR HOME



RURAL CARRIER EXAMINATION

At Floydada, Texas, for Floyd County, Saturday, June 14, 1913.

The United States Civil Service Commission announces an examination on the date and at the place named above, as a result of which it is expected to make certification to fill a vacancy in the position of rural carrier at Floydada, and other vacancies as they may occur on rural routes at postoffices in the above-named county, unless it is found to be in the interest of the service to fill the vacancy by re-statement, transfer, or promotion. The usual entrance salary for rural carriers is from \$600 to \$1,000 per annum. Age limit, 18 to 55, on the date of the examination. The maximum age limit is waived in cases of persons honorably discharged from the United States military or naval service.

BAKER LEADS IN FLY SWATTING

Boys and Girls are Bringing in Their Booty; Only Six more Weeks of Contest.

Harold Baker stood first in the "Fly Swatting" contest at the end of the seventh week. He was credited with 36,000 flies—one gallon and a half. Ed Kerr has turned in 24,000 flies and Herbert Gallaway has trapped 6,000. Almira Strange is first among the girls. She has trapped 7,500 flies.—Hale County Herald.

The County Commissioners of Hale County will offer a bounty of 2 1-2c each on jack rabbits, to Judge W. B. Lewis. The rabbits are becoming too plentiful. Their depredations are causing considerable loss of grain and garden products.

H. E. Stolp was here from Floydada Monday.



Getting over the old stile

Clear skies, green fields, full barns for the farmer who realizes that the old order of things has passed. To be modern is to have a Bell telephone. To have a telephone is to live. Apply to our nearest Manager or write THE SOUTHWESTERN TELEGRAPH & TELEPHONE CO. DALLAS, TEXAS

USE O ALMOS LPPED

Dangerous Drug Giving Way to Safer, More Reliable Remedy.

Hundreds of people in this vicinity alone have stopped the use of dangerous calomel when their liver is acting slowly, and take Dodson's Liver Tone instead.

Dodson's Liver Tone is always safe and has none of the bad after-effects which so often follow the use of calomel. It is a pleasant-tasting vegetable liquid that starts the liver gently and surely, and relieves constipation and biliousness and causes no restriction of habit or diet.

Many preparations have sprung up that imitate the claims made for Dodson's Liver Tone, but remember Dodson's Liver Tone is the tried and tested remedy that has proven such a good medicine and is so satisfactory to every user—is the reason these imitations are on the market.

Dodson's Liver Tone cannot hurt anyone and if it fails to do all that is claimed for it the Red Cross Drug Store, who sells it, will give your money back with a smile.

LOCKNEY COUNTRY IN FINE SHAPE

Splendid Season and Crop Prospects are Better Than Flattering.

Never in the history of the Plains country has this section enjoyed such splendid prospects for crops than at present. The rains have been abundant, crop preparation splendid and small grain and grass far advanced.

We have fine prospects for a bumper fruit crop. While the season has been backward in the matter of warm weather, our gardens are promising, and soon there will be enough garden sas in this section to feed a large portion of Texas.

Our business men are enjoying a splendid trade; the town is building and everybody busy and happy. There are no idle people in Lockney except from choice.

Verily the handwork of the Creator is now shown in the Lockney country. There may be a better country than the Plains, but if there is, man has never yet possessed it. God made the Plains, then He made man, and gave to him an inhabitation therein.

Come to the Lockney country.

Special Train Excursion to Yellowstone National Park.

Join the Southern Methodist University's Second Annual Personally-Conducted Special-Train Excursion to Yellowstone National Park. It is easily America's Greatest Scenic and Health-Getting Trip and will leave Fort Worth July 4th. Total expense \$110 to \$140.

For particulars, see literature descriptive of the excursion.

Don't You Owe Yourself Something.

For beautifully illustrated literature descriptive of the numerous splendid, home-like and not unreasonably expensive resorts throughout wonderful Colorado and along the Pacific Coast, including the "Great Colorado Chatauqua at "Boulder-the-beautiful," address A. A. Glisson General Passenger Agent, The Denver Road, Fort Worth, Tex. Little vacations in those directions are always worth more than they cost.

Skilled Physicians

Prescribe Dry Zensal and Moist Zensal for Eczema because they get results quickly and surely. They know that a cure-all will not reach the different types of Eczemas, hence these two clean orderless ointments are used daily in their practice. Ask Lockney and Red Cross Drug Cos

Keister's Ladies Tailoring College

OPEN ALL SUMMER We teach every step from the drafting Patterns to the finished garment.

Mrs. D. J. Thomas Principal

We will trade for anything in the way of second-hand goods. W. D. Mayben.

A. P. MCKINNON Attorney-at-Law

I buy and sell land on commission and negotiate loans on Real Estate.

Floydada, - - - Texas

S. C. Ross, veterinary surgeon is back from college at Kansas City, and will practice his profession in Lockney. Office at Lockney Drug Store. 32 tf

J. C. DIAL, M. D. PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

Office at Lockney Drug Co. Residence Phone 87, Office 50

Arthur B. Duncan General Land Agent AND ABSTRACTORS FLOYDADA TEXAS

Buys sells and leases Real Estate on Commission; Renders and pays taxes for non-resident land owners; investigates and perfects titles; furnishes abstracts of title from Records. Owner of complete abstract of all Floyd county lands and town lots. Have had more than 25 years experience with Floyd county lands, and land titles. List your lands and town lots with me if for sale or lease. Office in Court House. Address Arthur B. Duncan.

DR. E. O. NICHOLS

Specialist on Diseases of the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Will be in Lockney on 2nd and fourth Saturdays. Fitted Plainview, Texas

DIRECT Court

District court convenes first Mondays in February, May, August, and November.

L. S. Kinder, Judge. G. L. Mayfield, Dist. W. B. Clark, Clerk. A. C. Goen, Sheriff. County Court convenes Monday in January, April and October. A. B. Duncan, Judge. W. B. Clark, Clerk. A. C. Goen, Sheriff. J. B. Bartley, County Attorney. B. C. Willis, Tax Assessor. Commissioners' Court meets in regular session 2nd, Monday in February, May, August, and November. A. B. Duncan, Presiding Judge. John Howard, Com. Prect no. 1. Wm. McGehee " " " 2. R. L. Orman, " " " 3. Chas. Trowbridge, " " " 4. Justice Court of Prect. no. 2 convenes the 4th, Friday and Saturday in each month. H. L. Moore, J. P.

Lodges.

Lockney Lodges, A. F. & A. M. meet Saturday night on or after the full moon of each month. T. Z. Reed, W. M. C. L. Cowart, Secy. The Lockney Lodge M. W. A. meets every second and fourth Saturday in each month. J. H. Byington, C. C. Homer Howard, Clerk. Lockney Camp No. 1280, W. O. W. meet 1st and 3rd Saturday nights in each month. Lloyd Nichols, C. C. T. S. McGehee Clerk. Lockney Lodge, No. 396, K's of P meet every Tuesday night. Carl McAdams, C. C. A. Meriwether K. of R. and S.

Lockney Local Lodge No. 311, socialists meet 1st Saturday in each month at 2: P. M. J. T. HILL Sec.

I. O. O. F. meets every Thursday night in each week. Henry Thagard, N. G. J. H. Byington, Secy.

Churches

Church of Christ: Services begin every Sunday morning at 10:30. They consist of singing prayer, reading and preaching, or Bible talks; Breaking of Bread and contribution follow. Sunday 3:30 p. m. is the Bible study in classes. Wednesday night is the prayer meeting. All are invited to these services.

Methodist Episcopal Church, South, services every Sunday as follows: Sunday School at 9:45 A. M. E. P. Thompson, Supt. Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7: P. M.

Sr. Epworth League at 3 P. M.

Junior League at 2 P. M.

Prayer service and Teachers' meeting every Wednesday evening at 7:30.

A cordial invitation is extended to all people to attend these services. Come, a hearty welcome awaits you.

Leon Henderson, P. C.

Services every Sunday morning and evening at Baptist Church.

Sunday school at 10 a. m. E. C. Nix, Superintendent. Ladies' Aid Society meets at 2 p. m. first and third Saturdays in month. Everybody is cordially invited to attend our services. Rev. H. G. Finley, Pastor.

Farmers Union meets Saturday before 2nd and 4th Sunday in each month in W. O. W hall. J. S. Dickey President, T. P. Casey, Secretary.

Personal Mention

Mrs. T. S. Stephenson of Silverton was the guest of Mrs. D. C. Lowe last week.

We will trade for anything in the way of second-hand goods.
W. D. Mayben.

T. S. Stephenson and Messrs. McClure and Fewell of Silverton were among the Silverton Masons who attended the Masonic burial last Sunday.

Mrs. J. W. Penn of Silverton was in the city last week for medical treatment.

See our produce prices in our produce ad.

J. A. Baker.

John Fawver of Plainview was in the city Wednesday on business.

W. A. Lowe, cattleman from Hale county, brother of our Mr. D. C. Lowe, was here Wednesday, looking after a cattle deal.

S. B. Davis of Briscoe county, brother of our townsman, Marshal Davis, was in the city Wednesday, and before going out ordered the Beacon sent to his address.

Sweet potato plants, \$3 per thousand.
39-tf

C. E. White Seed Co.,
Plainview.

Mrs. A. C. Goen and children of Floydada were the guests of E. M. Walling and family Tuesday.

Prof. J. F. Duck was here from Floydada Wednesday on business.

Virgil Teaver was here from the Flomot country Wednesday.

Dr. H. M. Husky was here from Floydada Monday on business.

Mrs. L. L. Hutchinson of Tulsa, Oklahoma, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Pennington.

R. M. Broyles returned Sunday from Clovis, New Mexico, where he went on business.

J. J. Norris returned Tuesday from Dallas with a Hupmobile.

Tom Deen of Floydada was in the city last Sunday attending the Masonic funeral.

You can get the best grade of niggerhead coal at

Cobb & Elliott Grain Co.

Mrs. C. M. Alford and daughter, Miss Annie, are visiting in East Texas.

Raeburn Thompson returned Tuesday from Clarendon College.

Dean Burgan attended commencement exercises at Clarendon College.

Judge T. B. Bartley of Tahoka, Representative of this District, was in the city Tuesday.

For Sale—Sweet potato slips at 50 cents per hundred.
It Mrs. S. C. Wise.

W. E. Tack again becomes a reader of the Beacon.

F. C. Cole came in Monday and added his name to our subscription list.

The handsome new home of D. C. Lowe is nearing completion, and when finished it will be an ornament to the town.

C. W. Smith of Sandhill filled an appointment at the College last Sunday.

Dr. Childress was here from Floydada Monday.

Cut Prices on Some Staples

34 in. Renfrew Ginghams 12 1-2c grade, per yard 10c
Toil Du Nord Gingham 12 1-2c grade, in solid colors, per yard 10c
10c Shirting Gingham, in neat stripes, checks and plains, per yard 8 1-3c

PRINTS

36 in. Percale, highest quality, per yard 15c
36 in. Percale, fast colors, per yard 10c
All Calicos, per yard 5c

BOYS' KNICKERBOCKERS

We are showing some very nifty patterns in Boys' Knickerbockers, age 8 to 18 per pair 50c to \$3.00.

E. GUTHRIE

Chase & Sanborn's Coffee

Is pure Coffee with a pure Coffee taste and aroma. The memory lingers when you drink Chase & Sanborn's Coffee.

White Crest Flour

Best by Test

It doesn't cost more than Flour that is worth less and results are always satisfactory when you bake with it.

Heinz Pure Food Products

Food that has stood the test of scores of jealous competitors.

J. A. BAKER

Sells For

Walt Spur v re week, route to where they will make t ture home.

Judge A. B. Martin of was in the city Monday, sending the defense in the M cy case.

Jake Hammonds and J. H Tackett was here from the cen tral part of the county Monday.

H. F. Willis was up from Floy- dada Monday.

Dr. Andrews was here from Floydada this week.

T. S. Stephenson was here from Silverton last Sunday at tending the funeral of Jim Mur. cy.

Joe Caldwell of Weatherford, the Saginaw Silo man, was in the city this week.

S. C. Ross, veterinary surgeon is back from college at Kan City, and will practice his fession in Lockney. Office Lockney Drug Store. 33

Joe M. Rose of Floyd cor and Miss Lillie Hext of A community were marrie Sunday, May 18.

The savage had no sen ownership, and today son the traits of primitive ma reflected in our rural popi

Editor McClure of was in the city last tending the Masonic

Homer Steen, e Hesperian, was in t day.

Bill Muncy of Ar in last Saturday to funeral of his brot Muncy.

Judge Houghton was here fro Floydada Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Downs left last Friday for a visit at Waco.

T. Z. Reed came in last Sun- day from Mineral Wells, where he has been for his rheumatism.

Drs. Smith and Childress of Floydada were in the city Mon- day.

Henry Ratjen was in from his place north of town Monday.

Mrs. Sallie Seaman and Mrs R. Frieze of Silverton were here last Friday, the guests of Mrs. D. C. Lowe.

J. N. Jasper and son Milton were here from the South part of Briscoe county Monday.

We have a standing order for vegetables on Wednesdays and Friday, with fill-in orders for the rest of the week. It is intention to keep fresh bles on hand all the tim Thompson

Play Ball.

R. M. Broyle ster went to week on

W. Inc cit

D nesday to Hupmobile

Born—To ville Wade, Nort

WALLER & DYER, PROPRIETORS

MACHINE AND REPAIR SHOP

Gas, Lubricating Oils, and General Line of Auto Supplies
A full line of Electrical goods. Do wiring and installing
Lights

Waller & Dyer, Proprietors
LOCKNEY, TEXAS

The Orr Wagon Yard

SUCCESSOR TO M. M. DAY
Phone No. 41 for Your Feed and Coal
Clean Stalls, Good Camp House and Plenty of Water

JIM ORR, Proprietor
LOCKNEY, TEXAS

Ayres Ice Cream Best in the South

can always find it at Fox's. Have you visited
Parlor? Everything is sanitary and inviting.

**FOX, THE
CONFECTIONER**

MONEY TO LOAN

Why pay ten per cent for farm and ranch loans when
you can get eight per cent money? Ranch loans, any
size, a specialty. Good loaning proposition on improved
stock farms. Long time loans with optional payments.
Extend payment on vendor lien notes. No insurance nor
stock proposition. Let me know your wants.

W. B. Joiner, Plainview, Texas.

Land Bargains

IN FLOYD COUNTY

The S. W. 1-2 of Sec. No. 62, 40 acres in cultivation, two fields, 4-room house, splendid sheds and lots, 2 wells and windmills and close to good school. This is all fine Plains land and a big bargain at \$12.50 per acre, 1-3 cash, balance 1, 2, 3 and 4 years at 8 per cent.

No. 41 Blk. 1 section improved, all under fence, good 4-room house, well and wind mill, 250 acres in cultivation, good large barn about 9 miles from Lockney and 8 miles from Floydada. Price \$20 per acre, about 1-3 cash, balance 1, 2 and 3 years at 8 per cent.

No. 37 480 acres, 300 of which is in cultivation, good 6-room house, good barn, well and windmill, close in. This is an ideal home at \$31 per acre. Good terms. 160 acres, nicely improved on Lockney and Lockney road. Price \$32 per

BURIAL MASONIC HONORS

Body of Jim Muncy Laid to Rest
Last Sunday in City
Cemetery.

Last Sunday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock, the last sad tribute of respect was paid to J. M. Muncy, when his body was consigned to earth with Masonic honors. The funeral services were held at the grave by Rev. H. G. Finley, pastor of the Baptist church, after which the Masons took charge of the services.

The funeral procession was the largest ever seen in Lockney, the attendance estimated at 1000.

Mr. Muncy was held in high esteem by the Lockney people. He was an honest, upright Christian gentleman, and this vast throng of sorrowing friends is a lasting tribute of the esteem in which he was held.

He was a member of the Baptist church, a Mason and a Knight of Pythias. He had resided in Lockney a number of years, and had a large circle of friends and acquaintances, who are sincerely grieved in his untimely death, and especially the manner in which he was taken off.

Jim Muncy was a good citizen, a friend and a splendid neighbor; he was upright in his dealings and a Christian that ever tried to do his full duty under any and all circumstances.

To his aged mother, his brothers, sisters and his two little children, we extend our truest sympathy. May time, the great healer of our afflictions, blot from their memories, this horrible tragedy, and reconcile them to their irreparable loss.

Off to U. C. V. Reunion.

Many of the people of this section are natives of the old states—Tennessee, Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi, Kentucky,—and especially is this true of the veterans of the Civil War, most of them having first immigrated to Eastern Texas and later to this section.

The Confederate reunion at Chattanooga, Tenn., finds many of these with their faces turned to the old states and the friends there. This morning seven left for various parts of the east by way of Chattanooga, and the northern route, while tomorrow numerous others will leave on the southern route for the same destination.

J. H. Gamble will take in the reunion and meet with his comrades of the war days and will after visit in Georgia and Alabama, his old stamping grounds.

S. L. Rushing, who is a Tennessean, is accompanied by his daughter and son, Miss Lula and Lee, and from Chattanooga will visit in Nashville, Memphis and Murfreesboro. He has relations at these places.

Ben Morton will spend a month or more in Tennessee with his parents, north of Chattanooga about 90 miles, after a stay in the reunion town.

J. T. Kirk goes via the train to Scottsboro, Alabama with his mother.

Others who will

Buy Your Lumber and Builders' Material From The

Lockney Lumber Co.

They carry the best grades of lumber and will treat you right. See them when you get ready to figure your bill. They also handle the best oak lumber.

Lockney, Phone 7 Texas

BANISH BLACKLEG



You Cannot Afford

A SIMPLE SAFE SURE WAY

to let your best calves and yearlings die of blackleg, when a few dollars spent on

BLACKLEGOIDS

will save them.

Just a little pill to be placed under the skin of the animal by a single thrust of the instrument.

No Dose to Measure.
No Liquid to Spill.
No String to Rot.

FOR SALE BY

Lockney
Drug Co.

ASK FOR FREE CIRCULARS



WANTED—A RIDER AGENT

IN EACH TOWN and district to ride and exhibit a sample Latest Model "Ranger" bicycle furnished by us. Our agents everywhere are making money fast. Write for full particulars and special offer at once. NO MONEY REQUIRED until you receive and approve of your bicycle. We ship to anyone anywhere in the U. S. without a cent deposit in advance, prepay freight, and allow TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL during which time you may ride the bicycle and put it to any test you wish. If you are then not perfectly satisfied or do not wish to keep the bicycle ship it back to us at our expense and you will not be out one cent. FACTORY PRICES We furnish the highest grade bicycles it is possible to make at one small profit above actual factory cost. You save \$10 to \$25 middlemen's profits by buying direct of us and have the manufacturer's guarantee behind your bicycle. DO NOT BUY a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you receive our catalogues and learn our unheard of factory prices and remarkable special offers to rider agents. YOU WILL BE ASTONISHED when you receive our beautiful catalogue and study our superb models at the wonderfully low prices we can make you this year. We sell the highest grade bicycles for less money than any other factory. We are satisfied with \$1.00 profit above factory cost. BICYCLE DEALERS, you can sell our bicycles under your own name at double our price. SECOND HAND BICYCLES. We do not regularly handle second hand bicycles, but usually have a number on hand taken in trade by our Chicago retail stores. These we clear out promptly at prices ranging from \$5 to \$10. Descriptive bargain lists mailed free.

COASTER-BRAKES, single wheels, imported roller chains and pedals, parts, repairs and equipment of all kinds at half the regular retail prices.

\$10.00 Hedgethorn Puncture-Proof **\$4.80**
Self-healing Tires A SAMPLE PAIR TO INTRODUCE, ONLY

The regular retail price of these tires is \$10.00 per pair, but we introduce you to a new sample pair for \$4.80 (cash with order \$4.35). NO MORE TROUBLE FROM PUNCTURES. NAILS, Yokes, or Glass will not let the air out. A hundred thousand pairs sold last year. DESCRIPTION: Made in all sizes. It is lively and easy riding, very durable and lined inside with a special quality of rubber, which never becomes porous and which closes up small punctures without a blow to the air to escape. We have hundreds of letters from satisfied customers stating that their tires have only been pumped up once or twice in a whole season. They weigh no more than an ordinary tire, the puncture resisting qualities being given by several layers of this, specially prepared fabric on the tread. The regular price of these tires is \$10.00 per pair, but for advertising purposes we are making a special factory price to the rider of only \$4.80 per pair. All orders shipped same day letter is received. We ship C. O. D. on approval. You do not pay a cent until you have examined and found them strictly as represented. We will allow a cash discount of 5 per cent (thereby making the price \$4.56 per pair) if you send FULL CASH WITH ORDER and enclose this advertisement. You run no risk in sending us an order as the tires may be returned at OUR expense if for any reason they are not satisfactory on examination. We are perfectly reliable and money sent to us is treated as in a bank. If you order a pair of these tires, you will find that they will ride easier, run faster, wear better, last longer and look finer than any tire you have ever used or seen at any price. We know that you will be well pleased that when you want a bicycle you will give us your order. We want you to send us a trial order at once, hence this remarkable tire offer. IF YOU NEED TIRES. Don't buy any kind at any price until you send for a pair of Hedgethorn tires (price listed above), or write for our Big Tire and Sundry Catalogue which describes and quotes all makes and DO NOT WAIT. Don't write us a postal today. DO NOT THINK OF BUYING a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone until you know the new and wonderful offers we are making. It only costs a postal to know everything. Write us now.

J. L. MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.

A. G. McADAMS LUMBER CO.

Screen Doors, in Every Size
Lime, Cement and Brick
Doors and Paint
Sash, Mouldings, Blinds
Lumber, Bois D'arc, Lath And Shingles
TEXAS