

THE TERRY COUNTY HERALD
 Published Every Friday at
 Brownfield, Texas
A. J. STRICKLIN, Editor and Prop.
Subscription Rates
 One year: In Terry county, \$1.00;
 rest of Texas, Oklahoma and New
 Mexico, \$1.25; all other states, \$1.50.
 The six month rate on the above
 will be 50c; 65c and 75c.
 The three month rate will be 25c;
 3c and 40c.
Advertising Rates on Application

NOTICE

Tuesday March 13th has been set to finish listing ground for the "Baptist Church Crop." We have about 40 acres listed, and we request everyone who has not listed any on said crop to meet us at the grounds that we may complete the listing.
 We also invite anyone not affiliated with the Baptist church to help if they wish. Our plans for handling the crop briefly stated, are as follows: We want to list as many as possible to donate at least one day for listing ground, one day for planting, and one day for each cultivation. We hope to have enough men to completely cover the 100 acres at each working in one day.
 Jess Smith is crop manager, and H. I. Copeland is crop secretary and treasurer. It is important that those helping in this crop come on days designated.
 Those who do not have teams to work may donate its equivalent, \$4.00, for each day's work. Everyone is also asked to donate 2 bushels of cottonseed, or two dollars with which to buy the cottonseed. Those who prefer to pay, see H. I. Copeland. This money will be used in supplying labor and seed for the crop.
 May we have your hearty co-operation?—K. W. Howell.

When we made mention in these columns some weeks ago that two bootleggers from Lamesa were caught with their wares here, Editor Smith, of the Reporter, as usual, got riled up and eloquently informed its readers that there was no market for the moonshine stuff in his town, and it had to be brought to Brownfield for market. Very cute of Smith, but we let it sure galled him to report the death of one of Lamesa's citizens of bootleg liquor poisoning in its very next issue.

"We made a mistake in last week's issue of this paper," admits an exchange, and a good subscriber told us about it. But he didn't acknowledge a complimentary news item about himself. The same day there was a letter in our postoffice box that didn't belong to us. We called for 98 over the phone and got 198. We asked for a spool of No. 50 thread at the store, and when we went home our wife found out that it was No. 60. The train was report 30 minutes late. We went to the depot 20 minutes after the phone call and the train was gone. We got our mill bill and there was a mistake of 10c in our favor. We felt sick and the doctor said we were eating too much meat. We hadn't tasted meat in two months. The garage mechanic said the jitney was missing because it needed a new timer. We cleaned a spark plug and it has run good ever since. Yes, we made a mistake last week—but we are just one of the crowd, after all.—Canadian Record.

SEE US FOR Electric Appliances and Fixtures—Holgate-Enders Hardware Company.
 Among those who visited the Fat Stock Show from here and visited relatives in Fort Worth, were Hon. O. W. Gillespie, M. V. Brownfield and J. W. Lassiter.

MARKET price for your cream at droppers & Brothers.
 Grandma Carpenter, who was quite aged and infirm, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. W. A. Wooley on Saturday at 10:30 A.M. Burial was made at Paducah, where the body was shipped. Herald deeply sympathizes with Mrs. Wooley and family in her many losses by death in the last year or two.

SANITARY MILK: all vessels disinfected when there is contagious sickness in town.—Goodpasture Dairy
 Charley Lampkin, prominent citizen of Brownfield, died last Wednesday night of pneumonia, and was buried Thursday the 1st. Obituary in next week's issue.

For Sale—Incubators good as new, for particulars address Box 13, Gomez, Texas.
 Rich Bennett carried his little girl to Lubbock one day this week for treatment.

PURE Ribbon Cane Syrup \$1.00 per gallon f.o.b. Brownfield.—W.C. Young Brownfield, Texas.
 Mrs. Kirchner and children, of Dallas, are here visiting her aunt, Mrs. J. L. Randall.

TRYING OUR BEST to please and give you good service. If we fail, tell us about it.—Goodpasture Dairy.
 Everybody is in favor of good roads and everyone is also opposed to having in the taxes raised to pay for them.

ELECTRIC IRONS. Decorations and fixtures.—Brownfield Hardware Company.

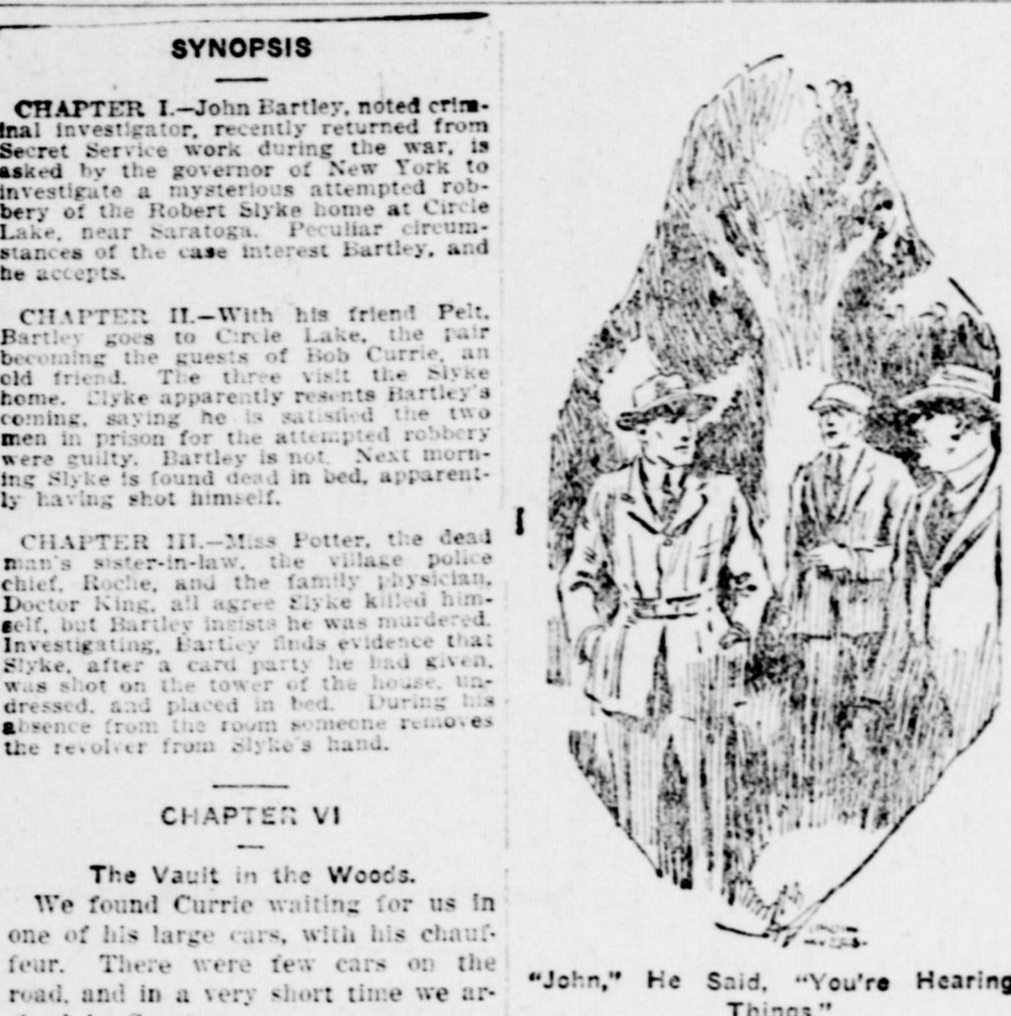
OUR TALKER sez:

"Many a man who can hear Pleasure whisper a mile away can't hear duty when it shouts thru a Megaphone."

Your duty to yourself, your family, your community, demands that you keep your home surroundings in good repair. How about the roof, the porch, the out houses, the garage and fences? See Mr. Smith for the necessary 'fixins'.

CICERO SMITH LUMBER CO
 QUALITY FIRST ALWAYS

OF THE DARKNESS
 By Charles J. Dutton
 Illustrations by Irwin Myers
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SYNOPSIS
CHAPTER I—John Bartley, noted criminal investigator, recently returned from Secret Service work during the war, is asked by the governor of New York to investigate a mysterious attempt on the life of the Robert Slyke home at Circle Lake, near Saratoga. Peculiar circumstances of the case interest Bartley, and he accepts.
CHAPTER II—With his friend Pelt, Bartley goes to Circle Lake, the pair becoming the guests of Bob Currie, an old friend. The three visit the Slyke home. Slyke apparently resents Bartley's coming, saying he is haunted by the two men in prison for the attempted robbery were slain. Bartley is in the next morning Slyke is found dead in bed, apparently having shot himself.
CHAPTER III—Mas Fetter, the dead man's sister-in-law, the village police chief, Rocco, and the family physician, Doctor King, all agree Slyke killed himself, but Bartley knows he was murdered. Investigation, Bartley finds evidence that Slyke, after a card party he had given, was shot on the lawn of the house, dressed, and placed in bed. During his absence from the room someone took the revolver from Slyke's hand.

CHAPTER VI
 The Vault in the Woods.
 We found Currie waiting for us in one of his large cars, with his chauffeur. There were few cars on the road, and in a very short time we arrived in Saratoga.
 We left the car before one of the hotels and followed Bartley to the public library. Bartley spent several moments glancing through the card catalogue before he crossed to the loan desk, and asked the pretty young librarian for "Griest's Mysteries of Crime." She returned in a moment with two volumes, bound in red cloth. Bartley opened one to the place where the date when a book is taken out is stamped. There was only one date on the white slip, and Bartley copied it in his notebook. Then, turning to the librarian, he asked her how they had happened to buy the book, and if she knew what it was that had taken it from the library the one time it had gone out.
 Looking through her cards, she told him that the book had been a gift, and that the only person that had ever taken it out was James Briffear. Bartley raised his eyebrows in surprise but did not ask her anything more.
 As soon as we were again on the street, he told us that so far as he knew the only account of the Edlingham burglary, other than the one in the rare pamphlet that he owned, had been published in the volumes he had been glancing at. Currie, of course, did not understand what he was talking about, and Bartley gave him the details of the English crime, and ended by saying that, from the very first it had been his opinion that whoever had faked the burglary at Slyke's had read the account of the English crime. Then, with a little rueful smile, he added that the one person who had taken the book from the library was Slyke's chauffeur.
 He might have said more had we not reached Currie's club just then. We sat and talked until about eleven o'clock; then we started to walk home.

As we were leaving the club, we met a young man whom Currie introduced to us as Captain Lowe, commander of the local branch of the state police. As he was going in our direction, we fell into step together; and he told us of his work and how the state troopers had reduced crime so much that farmers' wives now had a sense of security, even in the most remote country districts. The greatest trouble they had at present, he told us with a laugh, was with the smuggling of whisky, not only into Saratoga but even as far as Albany and Troy. Though they knew that a good deal of whisky was getting through, they could not discover who was running it. At the barracks he bade us goodnight.
 As we passed the driveway that led into the Slyke grounds, Currie told us that it ran through nearly a mile of dense woods before it reached the house. We were about a thousand feet beyond the entrance when Bartley suddenly stopped.
 "What's that?" he asked in a low voice.
 I listened a moment, but the only thing I could hear was the hum of a distant automobile.
 Bartley continued, "I thought I heard a car in the woods, there on the left."
 Currie, who was a few feet in front of us, laughed. "John," he said, "you're hearing things. No car can be in those woods. Those are the trees you see from my house, and they stretch for some miles without a break. Slyke owns this part of them. You could not have heard a car."
 Bartley placed his hand on his friend's shoulder. "That's what I thought, Bob. But I did hear a motor; of that I am sure."
 He paused, then added suddenly, "Listen! There it is once more."
 This time we all heard the faint sound of a motor running slowly and with difficulty. There was no doubt of it; it came from the woods before us. It sounded as if a car were running a few feet, then stopping, as if it would go on a very bad road when having difficulty in getting through.
 As we stood listening to the strange sound coming through the woods, Bartley said: "You say, Currie, that there is no road there, yet by the sound of it I should say that was a truck. What do you say to going and finding out what it means?"
 Currie gave an exclamation of disgust. "But it's none of our business, John."
 "Just at the present moment, everything that takes place on Slyke's estate is our business. I want to know what a car is doing in those woods at this time of night."
 "Oh, I'm came if the rest of you are," Currie responded.
 With a caution from Bartley not to make any noise, we left the road and entered the woods. It was lucky for us that there were not many vines of

much underbrush, or we should not have gotten very far. There was no path, and we fell over stumps and broken branches and bumped into trees at almost every step. Bartley had a pocket torch with him, but he did not want to use it. Once or twice, though, he did flash it for a second so that we could disentangle ourselves from the vines that had wrapped themselves around our feet.
 We had not heard the motor for several moments when a car loomed so suddenly out of the shadowy darkness ahead of us that we almost fell over it. It was a great truck, loaded with small cases. From its top, a little darker than the night, we made out the figures of two men, while a third disentangled itself from the gloom in front of the car with a muffled oath, and climbed to the driver's seat. The car started forward with a lunge along the road. If it could be called such, that had been made by falling trees and leaving their stumps still standing. The driver must have been familiar with it, for no one who was not could have driven that truck over it without lights.
 "I want to get the number," Bartley whispered, as it lurched ahead.
 He crept softly up behind the slowly moving car. For the faintest part of a second I saw the flash of his light. The next he was back at our side.
 "There is no license plate on the car. There's something wrong there. Come along!"
 As the truck, lurching from side to side, was not going faster than three miles an hour, we had no difficulty in keeping up with it. We had followed it for perhaps five minutes when it came out suddenly onto the road that Currie said led to Slyke's house. Here it paused, the motor running softly. We crept closer and heard a voice say, "Well, Jim, here's to luck. We will make a run of it."
 Just at this moment Currie tripped over a root. He tried to save himself by grabbing at my arm, missed, and went to the ground with a loud crash. As he fell, Bartley jerked me to one side and threw me on my face. The sound of Currie's fall was like a roar, earthquake, and did not escape those on the truck. As I went down I saw one of the men turn and fire. The next second, gubling speed with every foot, the truck shot down the road.
 With the truck gone we no longer needed to hide; we rose and rushed to Currie to see if he were shot. As Bartley's light flashed over him, we discovered that he was sitting up, and swearing to himself. His face was covered with dirt and one eye was beginning to turn black, but he was otherwise unharmed.
 "John," he demanded, "what the devil made that trip explode?"
 "That was not a tire, Bob. Someone on the truck heard you as you fell and took a shot at you."
 "Took a shot at me?" cried Currie in utter disbelief. "My G—, why?"
 Bartley helped him to his feet and brushed the dirt from his clothes before he answered: "It's a damned good thing they missed you. Those men on top of the boxes were there to protect them. I wonder what was in them."
 Bartley was anxious to learn what that truck was doing in the woods, and why the men on it were so determined that no one should know what they were carrying, that they were willing to fire upon anyone who interfered. As we followed the tracks with the aid of Bartley's pocket torch, we saw that the wheels had sunk a foot into the sod in places, and that more than one heavily loaded truck had passed this way.
 We followed the road for about half a mile before it ended in a clearing, a quarter of an acre square.
 Bartley examined the four sides of the clearing carefully before he came back to us and said, in a voice that sounded strange in the darkness, "The road ends here. I have an idea that this is where they got their load."
 Currie had been peering through the darkness as the flashes of Bartley's light shot between the trees. "I have a fool idea, John," he said slowly, "that I know where we are."
 "You do?" came the eager response.
 "Yes. If I am not mistaken, we are within a hundred yards of the old cemetery that is on Slyke's ground. It must be over a hundred years old, and was founded by the early settlers. Several years ago Slyke showed me the place. We had the devil of a time reaching it, for there was no path to it. All there is left of it is an old vault and half a dozen stonemason's tombs."
 I was unable to see Bartley's face, but his voice was eager.
 "A vault? What kind?" he asked.

"Why," replied Currie, "just a vault. One of those things dug into the side of a hill where dead bodies are placed. If I am right, there is a small hill only a few yards from here."
 Bartley turned and, flashing his light on the ground, moved it slowly back and forth as he advanced. He paused and bent to examine the ground.
 "I guess I have it," he called to us. "Here are footprints."
 Without giving us time to examine them, he went deeper into the woods, and we followed. Some fifty feet from the clearing, the little path we were on ended abruptly in a small mound.
 "It's your vault, Currie," said Bartley.
 His light rested on the massive wooden door of an old-fashioned burial vault dug out of the hill-side and fastened securely by a large lock. As Bartley examined it, he gave a little whistle. "Well, Currie, that may be an old vault, and an old door, but the lock on it is modern. It has been placed there within a short time. I am going to open it."
 With a thin piece of wire and a bit of steel, Bartley picked the lock, then flung the door open and turned his flashlight into the darkness within.
 I think that Currie and myself both held our breath as the light swept back and forth over the walls and floor. It disclosed nothing more startling than a number of boxes, similar to those we had seen on the truck, piled one on the other against the wall. It was plain enough where the load had been gotten.
 Bartley led the way in and closed the door behind us. Once more he swept the vault with his torch, and this time we noticed a lantern on a box and lit it.
 The vault was about twenty-five feet long and had been dug into the side of the hill, but the sides and roof were of stone. Along the walls were niches for coffins, and these were piled high, and the floor as well, with hundreds of small boxes. The distance of the lantern flickered in a draft and queer shadows danced on the walls while a musty, earthy smell rose half chokingly. It was not the most pleasant place to be in.
 But Bartley did not seem to mind it. He stood in the center of the floor, glancing around the vault with such an amused smile that I knew that something had pleased him particularly. Suddenly he went to the rear, set back, ripped off the cover, and drew out a bottle. We crowded around him as he removed the paper and disclosed the label of a well-known brand of imported whisky.
 "That's what I expected," Bartley commented. "We know now what was on that truck. Captain Lowe won't have to hunt any longer for the place where they hide smuggled whisky."
 He made a careful search of the vault. The boxes lined the walls to a height of six feet on all sides. A few cigarette stubs on the dirt floor showed that some one had been smoking, but there was nothing to indicate whom he might have been.
 As he finished his examination, Bartley said "I guess we may as well go now."
 I had taken off my hat when I entered the vault, and placed it on one of the boxes, and now when I looked over it I could not find it. It occurred to me that it must have fallen behind a box; and, taking Bartley's torch, I climbed upon the box and flashed the light into the niche behind the one on which I thought I had laid it. There it lay. As I reached for it my hand came in contact with something hard. I knew, even as my fingers groped for the object, that it was a revolver. Climbing down from the box, I went up to Bartley.
 "Look what I found!" I exclaimed.

QUALITY QUALITY QUALITY

Never before has the word "QUALITY" meant so much to the trading public as it does today. In fact 'Quantity' use to be the drawing card, but in this "Glorious Progressive Age" and the people are beginning to realize that the business house, which has added "QUALITY" to their merchandise, without deducting from the quantity, is the only safe and sane place to trade.

Lewis Brothers & Company have enjoyed a tremendously large business ever since it was established, all because we have had for our watch word "QUALITY and SERVICE." And by staying with this motto we aim to make 1923 the biggest and best ever.

Call and see our Dry Goods Department which is full of brand new high class Spring and Summer merchandise. And our Grocery Department with its shelves laden with fresh and standard brand staple groceries. Free delivery phone order.

Lewis Brothers & Co.
 BROWNFIELD, TEXAS

"That's What I Expected," Bartley Commented.
 "Where did you get that?" he asked excitedly as he took it from me.
 I told him of my hat falling behind the boxes, and how the revolver had been in the niche back of them. There seemed no reason for the lock, but his next words enlightened me.
 "That's the gun that was in Slyke's hand this morning. I recognize the worn place on the barrel."
 "But how did it get there?" I asked in wonder.
 "I don't know," was the reply. "It looks as if the person that threw it back of the boxes, did it to hide it. He may intend to come for it later."
 To my surprise, he bent over suddenly and blew out the lantern. In a second the vault was in darkness. Currie started to remonstrate, but a warning whisper from Bartley stopped him.
 "Each of you get back of that door at once. There is someone outside. Don't make a move or a sound. I think he is going to come in."
 I heard Currie mutter in surprise as we groped our way behind the door. At first I could hear nothing; then on the other side of the wooden door I heard some one stumble and a loud rattle for the lock. What could it mean? If the truck had come back for another load we were in a bad fix indeed. The men who had fired at us before would not hesitate to shoot to kill this time, and when we were missing no one would think to search for us in this vault. In a flash, the odds were heavily against us, as Bartley alone was armed.
 Currie and myself had been placed by Bartley so that when the door opened we would be hidden by it. He took up his position on the other side, crouching flat against the wall. It was too dark to make out his figure, or even that of Currie at my side. I listened to his uneasy breathing, and for a second wondered what he was thinking about.
 Whoever was opening the door had no fear of making a noise. He stumbled into the vault and swung the door behind him with a little click. Then a slit of light pierced the darkness and we crowded against the wall, scarcely daring to breathe, expecting every moment that he would see us. Just what he had come for I never knew. He placed the light rather shakily along the walls, then turned it onto the floor. At once it passed, and I heard an utter gasp. No wonder, for the light was resting on Bartley's shoes.
 The next second he had disappeared. I was making my way toward the door. Almost before he had disappeared Bartley had flashed on his own.

SUPPOSE your house should burn tonight? Ask yourself the question. Was it wired right?

SAFETY FIRST

Let us wire your house. We guarantee to wire them right—both as to price and so they will stand inspection. SEE—

V. E. GRUBBS,
 At Sanitary Barber Shop—or—Quality Filling Station, City



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BRICK GARAGE

The human body is functioned just like a piece of machinery. In order for the different organs to perform their specific duties, they must have the proper food for nourishment, and in time of illness they must be cared for by the hands of the skilled physician. So it is with other machinery.

Give our gas and oils a trial as your car's nourishment and let our mechanics prove their ability as your car's physician.

GLEN HARRIS, Prop.
 Phone 118 Brownfield

STILL GROWING

The loyalty of our customers has caused us to seek larger quarters and order more machinery—BUT—your appreciated business will not cause us to lower the standard of our products under any circumstances.

LITTLE GEM BAKERY
 Brownfield, Texas

Repairs--Sign Painting

What is the use of throwing an otherwise good chair, table, desk, or bed in the rubbish, when a modest sum of money will make it as good as new. Consult with us.

SIGN PAINTING IS OUR MIDDLE NAME.
JOHN S. POWELL, Prop.

(Continued on page 2)

NEW SPRING MERCHANDISE

Are you getting ready for spring? We have one of the most up to date lines of Ready-To-Wear the market affords. The Marquette Line. We have dresses in all the new colors and materials: Taffets, Crepe Knit, Canton, Tricosham and Beautiful Patterns in Sport Dresses. We have a splendid line of Spring Coat Suits.

MILLINERY

We expect to receive this week a complete line of Fisk Hats. We hope you will see these hats before you buy.

FOOT WEAR

We have done everything possible this season to make our line of Ladies Footwear up-to-the-minute.

For Dress Wear, Sport Wear, Street Wear, Style, Price and Quality combined.

GINGHAMS: Five thousand yards of gingham at Last Years Prices. We appreciate you trade.

A. B. COOK & SON

"Brownfield's Leading Dry Goods Store"
Brownfield, Texas



Spring is here

Pigs, calves, colts, lambs coming along. Make the most of them. Keep them healthy, their stomachs full.

Dr. Hess Tonic

Will give them good appetite and good digestion, keep the worms away and guard them against disease.

It's a great antiparasitic tonic for mothers, too. Cows need it for its system toning, bowel cleansing, appetizing effects. Feed cows are relieved of constipation and conditioned for fattening. Excellent for Mares in foal—and Ewes at lambing time.

Alexanders' Drug Store

Tell us how much stock you have. We have a package to suit.

Dr. Hess Dip and Disinfectant

For Sheep Lice, Hog Lice, for Health.

At Legion Theatre

Friday, March 16th

Wesley Barry, "The Freckled Faced Kid" is seen in "Rags to Riches" One of the greatest pictures of his career

Freckle Face Contest

The boy under 15 years of age with most freckles, gets free pass to show for one month. The girl with most freckles receives same prize.

FOR

Drugs, Sundries, Patent Medicines, Toilet Articles, Stationery and Prescriptions, go to

J. L. RANDAL, Druggist

Brownfield, Texas

HEC

HEALTH ECONOMY COMFORT

This is your return when you have your shoes repaired by us.

MARTIN & SON

HOT POINT Electric Irons and other appliances.—Holgate-Endersen Hardware Co.

No man can know everything, but every man can know enough to mind his own business.

Why, he was doing business when times were punk. People have to purchase. And this geezer was wise—For he knew the way to get 'em Wad to advertise.

Some says it's luck. But that's all bunk—

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Out of the Darkness

By CHARLES J. DUTTON

Illustrations by Irwin Meyers

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and was saying, "Put up your hands. I have you covered."

The light in Bartley's hand had been focused on the man's body, leaving his face in darkness. As he began to move it upward to his face, the man made a swift, flying dive at Bartley's legs. The attack was so sudden that he was taken unawares, and they fell to the floor together. As Bartley went down, he struck the button of his torch and extinguished it, leaving us in darkness. We could hear the two men thrashing about on the floor, but could not tell who was getting the best of it. Then I remembered the lantern and searched for that. Relighting it, I held it above my head so that the light fell on the floor. Bartley was sitting on the man that had attacked him, his face and white suit streaked with dirt and a lamp reflecting over one eye. He was sniffling. He directed me to find his torch, which had rolled half under a box, and relight it. When I had complied, he rose to his feet, and pulling the man up with him, told me to throw the light on the face of his prisoner.

"Let's have a look at this chap."

We saw a black, scowling face, and cruel, shifty eyes that blinked angrily. Currie cried, "Why, it's Slyke's chauffeur!"

The man did not deny it, but stood silent and glowering. Remembering what Bartley had told me of the butler having seen him on the stairs while we were in the tower rooms, I wondered if he were the one who had placed the revolver here. When Bartley questioned him as to why he had come to the vault he replied that it was none of his business; and when Bartley suggested that the police might make it their business, he only laughed sneeringly. We were discussing what we should do with him, since there was no charge on which he could be arrested, when we received another shock.

The chauffeur had closed the door of the vault when he entered, but in some way it had become unfastened during the struggle, and now stood wide open, the lighted interior plainly visible to anyone without. We were standing grouped together near the center of the room, our backs to the door, when a voice said, "Up with your hands, the whole four of you. Be quick about it. I have you all covered, and will shoot the first one that moves."

There was but one thing to do, and we all did it. With our hands high in the air, we turned to the doorway to see who the intruder was. He was a tall, heavy-set man, with a round face, holding a revolver in his right hand.

Who could this second man be? For a second I thought it must be some friend of the chauffeur; but one look at his astonished face, told me he knew no more who the man was than we did. Bartley looked puzzled, yet a little smile never left his face.

The man stood still for a moment before advancing into the vault. It seemed to me that he was started at finding four of us there. He came to the center of the vault, and stopped, keeping several feet away from us.

"Starting with the man on the right," he said, "come over here, one by one. I am going to search you. No foolishness, now; I will kill the first man that starts something."

"My, what a pleasant man," I heard Currie mutter.

The first man on the right happened to be Bartley. He stepped forward, his hands high in the air. I wondered if he would submit quietly to being searched. He allowed the left hand of the man to go over his clothing until it reached the revolver in his pocket; then like a flash he grasped the hand holding the gun at his chest, and gave it such a quick jerk that the weapon fell to the floor.

The fight was on. Both Currie and myself started to assist him, but Bartley called to us to watch the chauffeur. I picked up the revolver and covered the man.

It was not a long fight, and Bart-

ley soon had his antagonist subdued. As he dragged him to his feet, and began to search him, he stopped with an amused cry. On the man's vest was a little badge.

"Why didn't you tell us you were a detective?" he asked.

The man, his face red with rage, answered, "Why in hell should I?"

Bartley explained that he was, and the detective was delighted at the encounter. After we had given him back his gun and helped him brush himself off, he seated himself on a box, saying, "I will say you work quick, Mr. Bartley."

We grinned at this. We were much relieved to find that he was a detective, and not one of the gang engaged in running whiskey. He told us that he was in the revenue department and had been watching Slyke's house for some time, or I should have said rather, his chauffeur's. He had given him the slip and he had been searching for him already. He had encountered him about ten o'clock and had been trailing him ever since. When the chauffeur had come to the vault he had waited for him outside; then the door had swung open and he had seen a chance to capture what he thought was the gang.

He pointed at the chauffeur and said, "That's the chap, I believe, that killed Slyke."

Up to this time the chauffeur had not said a word. His face turned

white with rage, and he cried, "You lie!" and would have taken the detective by the throat if Bartley had not prevented him.

Bartley and the detective, whose name was Black, decided that the best thing to do with the chauffeur was to place him in the hands of the police. When Black learned that the vault was filled with whiskey, he asked Bartley to remain and help him guard it until the police could relieve him; he seemed to fear that the rest of the gang would return. Bartley told me to go to the house and call up Roche and ask him to come at once with his men, and then to bring back his car.

I reached the main road without meeting anyone, and, breaking into a run, was soon at the house. I telephoned at once to Roche; and he was so much startled at my story that I had great difficulty in making him understand where he was to go, and what he was to do. At last he agreed to come at once.

It took me only a few moments in Bartley's car to reach the woods again; but, when I arrived, I saw two other cars already parked on the roadside, and knew that the police had preceded me.

I found Roche and two of his men in the vault, conferring with Bartley and Black. It had been decided to guard the place until morning, when the whiskey could be removed. The chauffeur was to be taken to the Saratoga jail and locked up.

When we reached the house, Mrs. Currie came to meet us. At the sight of her husband's black eye, which by this time was very noticeable, she gave a little cry.

"What under heaven have you been doing?" she asked.

Currie gave me a wink. "Looking for whiskey," he answered.

He went to a nearby table, took something from each pocket and placed them carefully upon it. He then stood looking down at them proudly.

"A little souvenir of the night's work," he remarked, pointing to two bottles of whiskey which he had taken, without our knowing it, from the box that Bartley had opened in the vault.

(To Be Continued)

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WELCOME EASTER SUNDAY

The Dressing Day of all the days in the year is Easter. Coming this year April first.

To those who have bought their wearing apparel of Jones Dry Goods Co. Inc., this day will be the most welcomed day of the year.

To those who have not bought that new Easter hat, cape, coat, coat suit or dress, we invite you to our store to see our merchandise. Our showing of dress materials is extensive and the newest the market affords.

Exclusive Distributors

Kance
\$5.00 SMART HATS \$7.00

JONES DRY GOODS COMPANY, INC.

"Where More People Trade"

BROWNFIELD, TEXAS

The principal trouble with Europe is the eternal prevalence of trouble.

CRANBERRIES supply the system with just what is needed to prevent winter colds and grippe.

No man is really witty until other people think he is.

MY COTTON seed are in stock at the Holgate-Endersen Hardware Co. store, all grown in Terry county this year. No danger of weevil in these seed. See ad on another page.—G.W. Chisholm.

It is alright to grin and bear it, but our notion of a real man is one who will bear his troubles without grinning.

CRANBERRIES give that "peppy" feeling. They are rich in iron—Nature's Great Tonic.

L. E. Hunt, of Lubbock, was here this week, representing Lubbock Mutual No. 6.

ALL KINDS of fruit and vegetables in season, at Bros. & Bros.

Truth may be stronger than fiction without being a stranger to it.

Some people would do almost anything to get money, except the things they don't want to do.

MATTRESSES renovated and rebuilt at the Sanitary Wagon Yard, west of the depot.

When a man falls in love it is unnecessary to tell his friends.

CANDIES of all kinds at Brothers & Brothers, and they are fresh too.

A golf champion's term of office is always brief.

FEDERAL FARM LOANS at 5% per cent interest, and 24 years and six months time on them. For particulars, see C. R. Rambo.

The special train from the Plains that carried hundreds to the Jubilee at Sweetwater Friday, hit a car on its return this side of Sweetwater and killed the four passengers, consisting of a father, mother, a brother and sister.

TWO GOOD Gentle teams for sale. See Dr. W. M. Copeland at the State Bank, City.

Mr. Hill, architect of Lubbock had business here and at Meadow, this week.

WE HANDLE all sizes Electric Light Globes or Lamps; guaranteed.—Alexander's Drug Store.

The Lubbock High School Team won again at the livestock judging contest at the Fat Stock Show this year. If they win next year they get permanent possession of the J. Ogden Ormour cup.

BROTHERS & Brothers will pay the highest market price for your poultry, eggs and cream.

The income tax man was here last week helping our rich and near rich get their donations in shape for our Uncle Sam.

Coming soon—Wesley Barry, the freckled faced kid, in his latest picture, "RAGS AND RICHES." This is one of the best pictures of the season; watch for the date.—Legion Theatre.

HAPPY PATCH CLUB

The Club met the 4th with Mrs. W. Gracey. It was the day for the finding out of the capsule friends. There were many surprises when the right one would stand up as only a few had found out the right ones.

Dainty refreshments were served to the following visitors and members: Mesdames, Winston, Stricklin, Tierman, Johnston, Wilkinson, Rankin, Hurst, Copeland, Gracey, Kendrick, McBurnett, Carver, Holgate, Richards, Cook, Bangham, Russell, Williams, Good, Neill, Longbrake, Cook, Flippin, and Misses Miller and Ditto.

The Club will meet next Monday with Mrs. C.L. Williams.—Reporter.

FINE ART EXHIBIT TO BE HELD AT AUSTIN

AUSTIN, Texas, March 6.—One of the finest art exhibitions which has ever come to Texas will be held in Austin, March 8-22, according to an announcement of Miss Elva Bassom, professor of library science at the University of Texas, and president of the Austin Art League, which has charge of the exhibit. The collection of pictures has been made up exclusively for Texas cities, and will also be given in Fort Worth, San Antonio and Galveston. It has been prepared by the American Federation of Arts, which was formed in 1909 in Washington, and now has 313 chapters, including all the important art museums and art institutions of the country. The exhibition contains 42 original paintings by contemporary American artists, including such well known artists as Wayman Adams, John Carlson, E. Irving Couse, Mrs. Cecil Clar Davis, wife of Richard Harding Davis, Willis Ritschel and William P. Silva. With the exception of a special exhibit to be held in Dallas this will be the only one of its kind and size to come to Texas this year.

CAR LICENSE PROSECUTIONS

Notice is hereby given that I will soon commence prosecutions under the state Highway Law against all persons not paying the annual license fees on automobiles and obtaining numbers and plates as provided by the law.

Respectfully,
Geo. W. Neill, County Attorney

For Sale—Four burner oil stove; also one room to rent for light house keeping.—Mrs. T. A. Faucett.

It goes without saying that there are a number of articles bearing Lenin's picture as an advertising means.

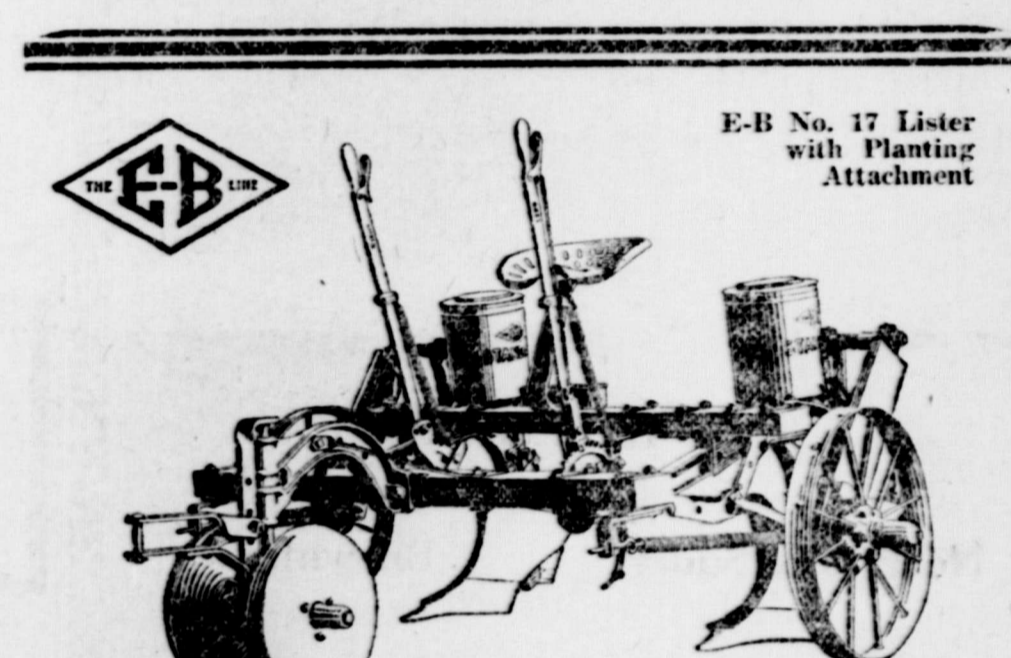
I HAVE a new Fordson Tractor and three disc breaking plow; been used very little; will sell right and give terms. See Tom May.

Mrs. H. L. Walker, of Ranger, is here attending the bedside of her sister, Mrs. Rich Bennett.

GENUINE Edison Holgate lamps; all sizes in stock.—Holgate-Endersen Hardware Co.

Mr. and Mrs. Boyce Cardwell, of Lubbock, were here this week visiting his mother and relatives of each before leaving for California, where they will spend about three weeks to see if the change of climate will not help Mrs. Cardwell. They are making the trip via Dodge Sedan, and are to be accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Hunt, of Lubbock.

I HAVE a new Fordson Tractor and three disc breaking plow; been used very little; will sell right and give terms. See Tom May.



An Unusual Offer on E-B Standard Two-Row Listers

You will admit that a dealer seldom helps you pay for what you buy, yet that is just what we will do on E-B Two-Row Listers. The Coupon below is worth \$2.50 toward the regular purchase price of one of these labor-saving machines.

The E-B Lister makes an ideal machine for either a tractor or horses. The heavy tongue truck puts the machine under perfect control of the team without excessive weight on the horses' necks. The E-B may be used with or without a pole as desired. Reversible flanged wheels may be set for running in the furrow or straddling the ridge. The beams may be easily adjusted for different widths.

Planting attachments may be quickly added to this machine and driven by chains and sprockets. They may be fitted with disc or shovel covers.

COUPON—WORTH \$2.50

This coupon signed and presented before June 1, 1922, pays \$2.50 toward the regular purchase price of this splendid lister. So it now and the \$2.50 is yours.

Name _____
Address _____

Brownfield Hardware Company

A Good Business

Since assuming charge of the C. L. Brown Meat Market and adding the grocery department, my volume of business has far exceeded my expectations for which I am very grateful to my friends and customers.

If you are now a customer of my store I shall ever try to please you and make business to our mutual interest, and if not then I cordially invite you to give me a trial in your purchases of anything in my line, and I will try to merit your confidence.

Thanking you for all past favors and wishing you a successful year, I am,

Yours for more business,
CASH MARKET & GROCERY

PHONE 73. C. B. MARKHAM, Prop.

GEO. ALLEN The House Reliance

Oldest and Largest PIANO and MUSIC HOUSE in Western Texas. Ladies Street, Brownfield, Texas. Catalogues and Book of OLD TIME SONGS FREE. Free mailing. Established 1858. SAN ANGELO

ECZEMA

Money back without question if HUNT'S GUARANTEED SKIN DISEASE REMEDIES (Hunt's Salve and Soap) fail in the treatment of Itch, Eczema, Ringworm, Tetter or other irritating skin diseases. Try this treatment at our risk.

Alexander's Drug Store

LET ME WIRE YOUR HOUSE.—I promise careful and efficient work that will pass inspection, and charge will suit you.—D.T. Cates, Jr., City, phone 41.

OUR HOMES ARE IN TERRY COUNTY

We want farmers and stockmen to know that we are striving to co-operate with them in making—

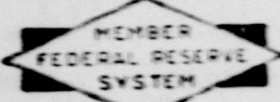
TERRY COUNTY FIRST

In production, and as a place to build one's home.

R. M. Kendrick
E. T. Powell
T. R. Prideaux
D. J. Broughton
A. R. Brownfield
W. A. Bell
Tom May
Fred Smith
H. H. Longbrake

Officers and Directors

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK
Brownfield — — — Texas



IMPLEMENTS

We now have on hand a large and well selected stock of John Deere and Avery Listers, and want you to see our stock before purchasing elsewhere.

Remember that our Undertaking Department is complete should you should be so unfortunate as to need anything in this line.

Bring down that beautiful picture that you have been aiming to have put in a good frame for so long. We guarantee to please you.

C. L. WILLIAMS

North Side Square Brownfield

WORLD'S DAIRY CONGRESS WILL MEET IN OCTOBER AND REPRESENTATIVES OF ALL NATIONS ARE INVITED THERE

WASHINGTON, March 7 (United Press).—Why milk is essential to the welfare of nations, how to reduce the cost of producing and handling it and how to improve its quality are some of the questions which will be discussed at the World's Dairy Congress, to which President Harding has invited all governments to send official representatives. The invitation extends also to institutions of learning or scientific research, to firms interested in any branch of the dairy industry and to individuals, especially stock raisers and farmers, who are invited to attend the meeting and to act as delegates, teachers, social welfare workers, philanthropists and fathers and mothers. This city has been selected as the meeting place, because of the presence here of national officials and because it is the center of the Government's activities in promoting the knowledge of milk and of dairy methods. The time will be October 2 to 5, 1923.

Prominent experts on various phases of the milk industry have been invited to come here from other countries and have accepted. Canada and England have special World's Dairy Congress Committees which are now engaged in organizing delegations to attend the meeting and searching for conspicuous speakers to present papers. The World's Dairy Congress Association, the organization which was formed at the suggestion of the U. S. Department of Agriculture to conduct the Congress, represents the first united effort of all the branches of our dairy industry. It was realized that the World War had checked research and stopped the normal flow of the newer knowledge of the industry, as well as produced marked changes in international business relations and that the industry throughout the world was in need of a general "get-together" to exchange ideas and discuss problems. This was particularly due to the fact that the right and vital place of milk in the diet of children was only discovered about the time of the outbreak of war in that the people of the world.

One of the reasons for the Congress was that it was necessary to know more about milk facts. It is estimated that even now more than 50 per cent of our growing children are not receiving milk as a regular part of their meals, the neglect resulting in soft bones and teeth, undeveloped bodies and brains and susceptibility to disease. While the figures for 1922 are not available as yet, the per cent of milk in 1921 was 49 percent, or 392 plants—a little more than a pint a day. The year showed an increase in the per capita consumption of 6 gallons. The

GOMEZ, TEXAS

All accounts for the past month are now due, and I am compelled to ask you to pay promptly so I can settle my dues. So if you settle promptly you will get credit for another thirty days. If you fail to pay on, I shall be compelled to cut you off. Please do not force me to do that.

Mrs. I. H. Hudson made a nice payment on account. Who will be next?

Jack, tell the outside world that we are having lots of rain and sickness. That they had better stay away from Terry county if they don't want to make more crops than they can gather.

Mr. Hankins from Brownfield visited us, good. Jack why can't you do the same.—(Wait till the mud dries up)—Jack!

Wess Key was in shopping today. Cash paid for cream and eggs.

A. P. Moore

FURN. & UND. SUPPLIES
Funeral Directors
Day Phone 25 Night Phone 122
BROWNFIELD HDW. CO.
Brownfield, Texas

MEADOW BRIEFS

Our little city continues to move forward with rapid strides since we last furnished copy for the Herald. Four months are not very long periods of time, yet in that short space some twenty houses have been added to the town and community.

In every direction the sod is being turned and if future favors us, we will be much on the map. The Santa Fe Railroad has begun the erection of a depot rather than have moved one here from some other part of their line. The structure is small but it will look better and add one more structure to the town. They are putting in an additional sidewalk and making fills.

Some of the railroad officials have purchased the land east of the track and will shortly build it up into lots. Whether or not they intend laying off business lots and having an avenue in Meadow, we have not been informed. Brownfield should feel proud of the principal business men of Meadow on her Commercial Club directory. She will undoubtedly move rapidly forward. We can perhaps get them to include us in their corporation or make us a suburb, or suburb or just a pedicure.—You have been mistaken, as it is the Terry County Chamber of Commerce, and not the Brownfield Chamber of Commerce.—Editor.

It is rumored that John B. Reed has gone to grubbing, but different inquiry fails to confirm the report. His wife may have him minding the children while she grubs, but certainly John B. has not lost cost by working a grubbing hoe.

Flu has been rampant in the community for the past four weeks and very many of our people are still unable to work on that account.

Mrs. H. F. Williams has been confined to her bed for the past week with flu and an old nervous disorder, but is reported better at this writing. A. F. Emerson and wife have a little girl at their house and both appear happy over its arrival. We congratulate them.

Our banker, Mr. Earl Cadenhead and Miss Lorena Latham slipped away Sunday to Lubbock and got married. They have not returned yet and are perhaps gone on a honeymoon or staying away from this bunch of old bachelors and old maids in mortal fear of what will happen to them when they return.—Asaculpa.

BRING your cream to Brothers & Brothers.

Mrs. Stafford Day left recently for her home in Slaton, after a visit with her brother, Monroe Telford and wife of this place.

Higginbotham-Bartlett Company

THE BEST PLACE TO GET EVERYTHING TO BUILD ANYTHING

LUMBER, SASH, DOORS, SCREENS, PAINT, WALLPAPER, CEMENT, WINDMILLS, PIPE, WIRE, POSTS, HARDWARE, STAPLES, GLASS, COAL, BOLTS, SCREWS, AND IN FACT ANY THING IN THE BUILDERS' LINE. LET US QUOTE YOU PRICES.

HIGGINBOTHAM-BARTLETT CO.

Brownfield, Texas

MAKE YOUR CAR PLAY A TUNE

I wonder who is selling you your oils; I wonder if you are getting good miles; I wonder who's looking into your engine, breathing sighs and using files; I wonder if you are saying, now that's the cause. It is the oil you use. I wonder if you are buying some tires. The Racines are the best. I wonder if you want to give us a chance. If you do, we will save you money and you will buy at a glance. We sell Racine Tires and Tubes. Satisfaction guaranteed and adjust all valves here in town. Drive around to the Quality Filling Station; the place of Quality. Jim and Corley want your trade.

QUALITY FILLING STATION

LEWIS & GAMBLE, Props. Phone 41.

Groceries Delivered to Your Kitchen

So anxious am I to show you the good quality of my new and clean grocery stock that I have put on a free delivery and hope you will call No. THREE-THREE when in need of anything in the grocery line.

Not alone are we going to just carry a line of staple and fancy groceries, but we are going to have a nice line of fresh vegetables from time to time, the best the market affords.

Come in and get acquainted no matter whether you trade a cent at that time or not. I want to know you.

W. R. LOVELACE West Side of Square

MANY INTERESTING DOCUMENTS HAVE BEEN ADDED TO HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF TEXAS UNIVERSITY

AUSTIN, March 7.—Recently a large number of documents, letters and other material of interest in speaking of the growth and development of the state, have been added to the collection of the Historical Society of the University of Texas. This society whose function is to collect and preserve all material of interest to students of history has now a collection that ranks among the best in the United States. In speaking of the growth and development of the state, Mrs. M. H. Hatcher, Southern Historical Society librarian said:

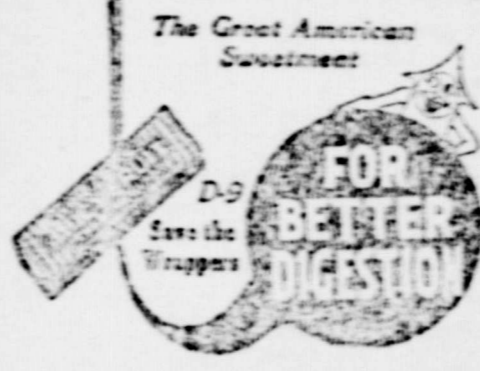
The Southern Historical Society of the University of Texas is divided into four distinct divisions. The Texas Historical Society, organized in 1897 for the purpose of collecting documents, books, old papers and other material on the history of Texas was the beginning of the present society. Next, the historical department of the University took up this work and began to collect documents and to arrange and catalogue the documents that came in, taking care of the materials already collected by the Texas Historical Society. Later, the University Library took an active interest in the work and secured through its regular channels many rare documents and manuscripts, old maps and books, all of which deal mainly with the history of Texas. Last, but not of greater interest possibly than any other division, is the Lintfield Research Fund which was endowed with a capital of \$200,000 and which affords something over \$7,000 each year with which to purchase documents and material of historical value. The money from this fund is handled by a commission of three men, each representing one of the divisions. The Library of the University, the history department and the Lintfield Research Fund.

Just recently a number of interesting collections have been added to the Lintfield collections. The first is a group of letters and documents which were purchased from the Ben C. Franklin estate, a relative of the renowned Benjamin Franklin. This collection contains letters to and from such famous Texas men as Lamar, Austin and Houston. Also, Charles E. Swarth, the first signer of the Texas declaration of independence, is the author of a number of letters of interest to students of Texas. This group of documents and letters deal mostly with land titles, giving some very interesting facts with reference to land grabbers in the days when free lands were so plentiful.

Another interesting collection just received is known as the James W. Truitt collection. Truitt's father was a member of the Texas legislature in the days of the Republic. He carried the vote of the country and was a politician of wide influence and popularity. The letters show the political maneuvers of early days in Texas. By reading these epistles it is possible to get a rather keen insight into the political intrigues which were so fashionable on the days of Roanoke, Coke and Shepherd.

After Every Meal WRIGLEY'S

Chew your food well, then use WRIGLEY'S to aid digestion. It also keeps the teeth clean, breath sweet, appetite keen.



MOST

People Who CAUGHT COLD This Winter Got Their FEET WET A Fair Warning HAVE YOUR SHOES REPAIRED BY— PROGRESS SHOE SHOP Brownfield, Texas

EGGS! EGGS! EGGS!

Feed "Martin's Egg Producer" and get more eggs or your money back. Martin's Roup Remedy cures and prevents disease. Guaranteed by— Alexander's Drug Store

Drills Will Start Again In Ranger Field According Report Here

RANGER, March 6.—The increase in the price of crude has resulted in many operators and "wild-catters" turning their attention to Ranger, and the result is that many new wells are being drilled away and Ranger is taking on the appearance of a petroleum boom days. The boom of Ranger are now being taxed to their capacity, according to B. F. Bennett, secretary of the chamber of commerce. New faces are seen daily on the streets. The increase in production in this section by several hundred barrels daily and prospects for some really big finds to come in—of these are contributing to help Ranger in its upward program.

The Southern Gasoline Company is erecting a new storage tank plant of 5,000,000 cubic feet capacity at a cost of \$150,000. The office of this company have been established in Ranger. A number of similar plants are already in operation here.

Negroes Are Moving To Northern States In Large Numbers

DALLAS, March 6.—Farmers throughout the South and Southwest are alarmed at the threatened labor shortage for the coming year due to the large migration of the negro laborers to the North and East, said Carl Williams, president of the American Cotton Growers' Exchange, here recently after an extensive tour of the South.

The negro laborers are being sent by labor agents to work in manufacturing establishments, according to Williams.

Trains are leaving Memphis for northern points weekly, bearing away potential Southern farm labor, and trains running daily from Atlanta and other large Southern cities are bearing away negro farm hands.

T. L. TREADAWAY, M. D.
H. A. CASTLEBERRY, M. D.
Physicians and Surgeons
Office Over State Bank
General practice, Obstetrics, Medical Gynecology and Minor Surgery.
Office Phone 38
Dr. Treadaway's Res. No. 18
Dr. Castleberry's Res. is 2191 on 502
Brownfield, Texas

BROWNFIELD SANITARIUM
Equipped for Medical, Surgical and Obstetrical cases.
Dr. W. N. Lemmon,
Dr. J. R. Lemmon.

DR. H. H. HUGHES
Dental Surgeon
Office in the Brownfield State Bank Building
Brownfield, Texas

Brownfield Lodge No. 913, A. F. & A. M.
Meets on Saturday night before the full moon in each month in the Masonic Hall.
H. R. Winston, W. M.
H. M. Pycatt, Secy.

Brownfield Lodge No. 536, I. O. O. F.
Meets every Tuesday night in the Odd Fellows Hall. Visiting Brothers Welcome.
R. L. Bowers, N. G.
Tom May, Secretary

Sanitary Barber Shop
A shop that lives up to its name in every sense of the word:
Sanitary, Service and Satisfaction!
Nice tub and shower bath.
ONLY LAUNDRY BASKET IN BROWNFIELD
SANITARY BARBER SHOP
Bennett Bros. Props. Brownfield, Texas

Will Load a Car of Chickens
APRIL 6 AND 7
Will give prices in due time. Hides wanted all the time.
J. R. CARVER, Produce Man

Wisconsin Women To Make Fight Against State National Guard
MADISON, Wis., March 6.—Wisconsin decides Wednesday whether or not the National Guard will be abolished from that state. Two bills looking toward the abolition of the Guard have come up before the State Senate but the Senate is expected to kill both.

AMERICAN TAILOR SHOP
O. L. Jones, Prop. Phone 143 BROWNFIELD

"STOP THAT ITCH"
Use Blue Star Remedy for Eczema, Itch, Tetter, or Cracked Hands, Ringworm, Chapped Hands and Face, Scalp Diseases, Old Sores and Sores on Children; also for Feet troubles. Guaranteed by—
Alexander's Drug Store

NOTICE
This is to notify the public that all pastures belonging to Green & Lumsden in Lynn and Terry counties are posted and everybody is forbidden to hunt, fish or anyway trespass on our property.—GREEN & LUMSDEN.
These people whose cars get stalled on the railroad track should remember that a crossing is not recommended as a good parking place.