

LYNN COUNTY NEWS

Volume XIII

Tahoka, Lynn County, Texas, Friday, September 8, 1916

Number 2



Have you ever had the annoyance of having a bill presented for payment twice? Most people have, and if no receipt has been taken there is apt to be trouble. All this difficulty can be avoided if the bill is paid by check. The endorsement on the back of the check is proof positive that the bill has been paid. There's no getting away from it.

The Guaranty State Bank Of Tahoka, Texas

Passing of a Bachelor

Our worthy county clerk, P. H. Northcross, disappeared from Tahoka on or about the 19th of August, as the lawyer says, and sometime after the 21st day of the same month, reappeared at his office. Being a bachelor of several years standing, and with a very conservative man, no one thought he would do anything rash, therefore his absence occasioned not the least suspicion.

However, truth too often cast down will rise at last, and Pat has been brought to justice.

Sunday past, Mr. Northcross drove into town accompanied by Mrs. P. H. Northcross, nee Miss Bertha Bauder. We don't know whether Pat confided in some friend or whether his self-consciousness betrayed him, but when he appeared on the street late Sunday afternoon, a few friends escorted him to the water trough and gently but firmly immersed him in the cooling waters. It is reported that as soon as he regained breath enough to speak, he confessed that he was married August 21st and that he and his better half would be at home to their friends at his residence in North Tahoka.

He was warmly congratulated, and the news takes pleasure in joining their friends in wishing their path thru life to be bordered with happiness.

C. Daughtry, the piano tuner, and repairer; blind, of 25 years of experience from Fort Worth, Texas, will arrive in our town the 8th or 10th inst. 2-1t

"42" Club Report, Delayed

The Forty-Two Club met Thursday with Mrs. Parker. Several of the member were absent. After the games an Ice Cream course was served to the following: Mesdames Calloway, Miller, B. O. Lockhart, Townes, Stokes, and M. M. Herring. The club guests were: Mrs. Joplin, Misses Calloway and Paker, Mrs. Herring won the High Score. The club will next with Mrs. Ben Lockhart.

Edwards Bros. placed lumber on the ground this week for a 24x40 foot addition to their grain warehouse.

Two Inch General Rain

Thursday, Friday and Saturday of last week, Lynn and surrounding counties were visited by good general rains. The total precipitation at Tahoka was two an a quarter inches.

From tourist travel along the two auto highways that cross here, we gather that the rains practically covered western Texas and eastern New Mexico.

While these rains and the subsequent cool weather has postponed cotton picking; it has not damaged the crop any, and has added at least 25 percent to the yield of late feed.

Range conditions are also much improved.

I will buy your Maize Heads, Paul Miller. 1t-p

A Chopper Leaves Forrest

The sad news reached Tahoka shortly after noon Thursday that Pleaz Crouch, son of Y. T. Crouch, passed from life into death at 11:59. His last illness was only a few days duration and his death came as a shock to his family and many friends.

Pleaz was a member of Tahoka Camp, W. O. W. and will be buried with Woodmen honors in the Tahoka Cemetery today.

He married Miss Mae Minor, the 13th of last month, and is survived by a young wife, mother and father, and several brothers and sisters.

A home has been darkened by the shadow of the death angel's wings, and a vacancy is left in the Camp of the forresters that can ne'er be filled. Naught can we do but extend our sympathy to the bereaved and as true Woodmen, strive to make the darkened lives brighter by our ministrations.

K. Coombes, the Taylor of Jayton, King County paid the News Office a visit the 5th. Mr. Coombes is thinking of locating in the Plains country. Another adherent of the "Plains Fever."

In the market strong for Cotton Seed. Paul Miller. 1t-p

W. J. Crouch, Contractor and Builder. Well finished substantial work. Let me figure on your building. No charges for estimates. 1-tf

Begin Grading Lockwood Street, Full Length, Today

We have been informed by one of the councilmen that grading will begin today, Friday, on Lockwood Street.

The commissioners appropriated \$100 for this purpose and the city council and property owners on the street raised the amount to \$300, the city giving half and the owners half.

The street will be graded from the T-Bar gate to the railroad. Mayor Callaway informed the News man that in case \$300 was not sufficient to put the street in first class condition the council would see that the required amount was forth coming.

This will be Tahoka's third graded street. The other two are Porterfield and south Sweet.

Call me your Maize Heads, get their worth. 1t-p Paul Miller.

New Mercantile Firm

The Firm of Gibson & Sorrels has purchased the general merchandise business of J. S. Wells and will take possession Sept. 11

Mr. Gibson was formerly interested in the Tahoka Mill & Elevator Co., which plant was recently destroyed by fire.

This deal terminated the activities of the oldest established firm in Tahoka.

In the market strong for Cotton Seed. Paul Miller. 1t-p



Gentlemen!

Special Salesman for KAHN & CO., MEN'S TAILORED SUITS will be with us Friday and Saturday. Cooler weather makes us think of warmer clothes. Come select that winter suit while you have a range of 500 patterns to select from.

Ladies! We have new arrivals of of Early Fall Sport Coats and the latest creations in Ladies Suits, also piece goods in Nobby, New Patterns for that Fall Dress or Suit. It is a pleasure to show you

Knight & Brashear

We Are Here To Serve

We served quite a few farmers last year in the capacity of ginners, and were instrumental in boosting prices. The more we do business with the farmers who come to Tahoka, the more we appreciate them and are prepared to offer even better service than last year. Our plant has been completely over hauled and is ready for service at a moment notice. Give us a trial, Fuller Gin Co., W. T. Raybon, Mgr. 2-tf

Get prices on Maize from others then I'll buy. 1t-p Paul Miller.

Dirt Broken For Tahoka Electric Light Plant

Mr. E. L. Howard, owner of the proposed Tahoka Electric Light Plant, broke dirt Wednesday of this week for the foundation of the engine which will drive the dynamos.

The plant will be situated between the Tahoka Blacksmith Shop and King's livery barn.

As soon as the engine is placed the building, an 18x30 iron clad structure will be put up. It will probably be cold weather before the current is turned on.

Pretty Home Wedding

One of the prettiest social affairs of recent date, was the marriage of Miss Nell Parker to Mr. Ben Pascal at the home of her brother, F. L. Parker, local manager of the McAdams Lbr. Co.,

Only a few intimate friends of the family were present.

To sweet strains of Mendleson's Wedding March played by Mrs. Herring, the principals marched to the altar, and there took those sacred vows that bind two souls as one. Rev. Cole, pastor of the First Baptist church at Lubbock, officiated.

Following the ceremony, Mrs. Parker served angel's food cake and sherbert. Little Misses Claudilee Ledger and Helen Brashear served.

The bride wore a creation of white gaberdine with white accessories. She carried an arm bouquet of bridal roses.

Mrs. Pascal made many friends here during her visit with her brother. Mr. Pascal is a distant cousin of Mrs. J. W. Elliott. Both young people came from Denton.

Mr. and Mrs. Pascal were married at one o'clock Thursday and left the same afternoon for Dalhart where they will make their home.

Embroidery Club Meets With Miss Knight

Miss Ollie Knight entertained the embroidery club Wednesday afternoon providing a charming two hours for the members present—Misses Rescola McDaniel, Pauline Ramsey, Era Wood, and Mrs. Marlin Jordan.

Watermelon, fudge and devinity were served before the guests dispersed for their several homes. The club meets next week with Mrs. Charley Shook.

Millinery Announcement

I wish to announce that I will be in Tahoka with a select stock of Fall and Winter Millinery about the 15th of this month.

Watch these columns for opening announcement and location. 2-1t. Mrs. Ida Brown.



D. A. Parkhurst--Jewelry and Confections

Thursday "42" Club

The Thursday "42" Club was entertained this week by Mrs. B. H. Robinson assisted by Mrs. B. O. Lockhart and Mrs. Dr. Callaway.

Mrs. Robinson's parlors were very prettily decorated and tables conveniently arranged for a progressive game.

Those present were: Mesdames J. L. Stokes, M. M. Herring, C. B. Townes, F. L. Parker, Paul Miller, Walter Slaton, O. L. Slaton of Lubbock, Misses Callaway, Aline Parker, Stewart, and Christine Swan; Messers. Stokes, Lockhart, Herring, Callaway, Townes, Parker, Miller, Slaton, Eaton and Turner.

If you fail to see me when you have poultry or grain to sell, we both lose money. 2-tf B. F. Montgomery.

District Court Proceedings

District Court has been in session the greater part of the time since Monday and has been occupied by the case of S. H. Windham vs the A. T. & S. F. Ry, et al. Several witnesses from distant points in the state have been in attendance on the case, which went to the jury Wednesday.

The case of the State of Texas vs Buster Cagle, for alleged forgery, will come up today.

The grand jury adjourned Wednesday without finding a bill.

Light refreshments consisting of the following menu was served:

FIRST COURSE
Sandwiches, Pickles, Olives, Salad, Tea.
SECOND COURSE
Sherbert, Angel's Food Cake.

This Space Reserved For

Dow & Shepard

Watch for announcement of new storage batteries and battery service.

Our Motto: "Prompt Service"



THE TOP NOTCH OF BUTTER SCOTCH; THE CRISPEST MOLASSES; THAT CANDY FOR LASSES; BON BON'S THE SWEETEST; IN A STORE THAT'S THE NEATEST



Barnes Drug Store

"The Careful Druggist"

Lynn County News

Published Every Friday by
H. C. Crie & Company

J. Crie.....Editor and Manager
One Year [strictly in advance] \$3.00
Advertising rates on application

Entered as second class matter, July 10, 1905, at
the postoffice at Tahoka, Texas, under the act of
Congress of March 3rd, 1879.

Four Issues Counted a Month

Grape-juice William, continuous candidate for the presidency of these United States, overlooked the best bet he ever had when he resigned his job of Secretary of State. The 4th of March (inauguration day) fall on Sunday next year. It is contrary to all precedent to swear in an official on Sunday, therefore Secretary of State Lansing, will be "President Lansing" from midnight Saturday night until the inaugural hour Monday. He will be vested with the power to perform any act that the president himself can perform. Poor Bill.

Government mints at 'Frisco, Denver, and Philadelphia,' have for the past several months, been minting new halves, quarters, dimes at the rate of \$40,000 per day. Quite a bit of "chicken feed," but there are plenty of pockets in this nation to carry it so why worry?

The new naives will bear on one side, the goddess of liberty holding a bunch of olive branches with the old legend, "In God we trust." On the other side a spread eagle, poised on a rock, holding an oak twig in its talons. Above the bird are the words, "United States of America," below "Half Dollar".

The quarters are more unique. On one side is the figure of a

Drs. Inmon & Turrentine

Physicians and Surgeons
Office in Stock Building
Over Post Office
Tahoka, Texas

E. E. Callaway
Res. Phone 48

C. B. Townes
Res. Phone 131

Physicians and Surgeons

Office Phone 45
Office upstairs Thomas Bros. Bldg

Dr. J. H. McCoy

Physician and Surgeon
Office Over the Wells Store
Office Phone 3 Res. phone 108

C. H. Cain

Lawyer
Office upstairs in the Larkin Bldg
Tahoka, Texas

M. M. Herring

Abstracter
Quick Service and Complete
Satisfaction Guaranteed
Tahoka, Texas

Dr. J. R. Singleton

Dentist
Permanently Located
Tahoka, Texas

Let's You Forget

If you have a fine watch or any piece of jewelry that you wish repaired so it will be as good as new, bring it to me at Thomas Bros. Drug Store and you will find my work satisfactory and charges reasonable.
J. C. MAY.

Democratic Nominees

Dist. Judge 79th Judicial Dist.
W. R. Spencer.
Tax Assessor:
J. N. Thomas.
Treasurer:
C. T. Beard.
Sheriff and Tax Collector:
F. E. Redwine.
County Judge:
C. H. Cain.
Commissioner Pre. 1:
W. L. Tunnell.
Commissioner Pre. 3:
C. H. Doak.
Public Weigher Pre. 3:
W. B. Phillips.
Public Weigher Justice Pre. 1:
R. C. (Percy) Wood.

Coats Influenced by the Motor Car



The motor car has added so much to the pleasures of summer that all our affairs are more or less influenced by the time we are to spend going about in it. Since it is no longer a luxury of the rich everyone makes some preparation for "joy riding." Manufacturers of coats, as in other lines, find that their business must take note of the influence of the motor car, and they are presenting coats that show wonderful adaptability to all the needs of summer.

Two excellent models that will serve for motor wear and other wear as well are shown in the picture. One of them is of plain cloth in a bright shade of dark blue. It is long, reaching almost to the bottom of the dress, and is cut full with flaring lines. Raglan sleeves in this, as in many other models, help out in achieving the flare in the body of the coat and make its adjustment easy. The sleeves are full and are caught in with a covered cord, mak-

ing a deep flaring about the hand. A tall, satin collar and large, flat, white buttons are items that contribute much of style to the model.

A harder looking coat, with a sturdy style of its own, is pictured also. It is a Scotch mixture in gray, black, and white, with an indistinct crossbar patterned in the weave. It is cut with short front yoke and extended sidebody in one. This unusual cutting results in a smart model. Raglan sleeves are used in this as in the other model, but they are finished with plain cuffs decorated with a pointed tab of plain cloth. Capacious slit pockets carry whatever the motorist may need for a short journey. Revers and large buttons add quiet decorative features to a model that is not to be excelled for general utility wear.

Julia Bottomley

woman coming thru a gate in the wall, on the other is an eagle in full flight.

The dimes are quite different from the old ones. On one side is the head of a woman with "Liberty" above and the minting date below. On the other is a bunch of rods and an ax bound together after the fashion of the "faces" borne of old by the Roman victors. Below this is the motto "E Pluribus Unum."

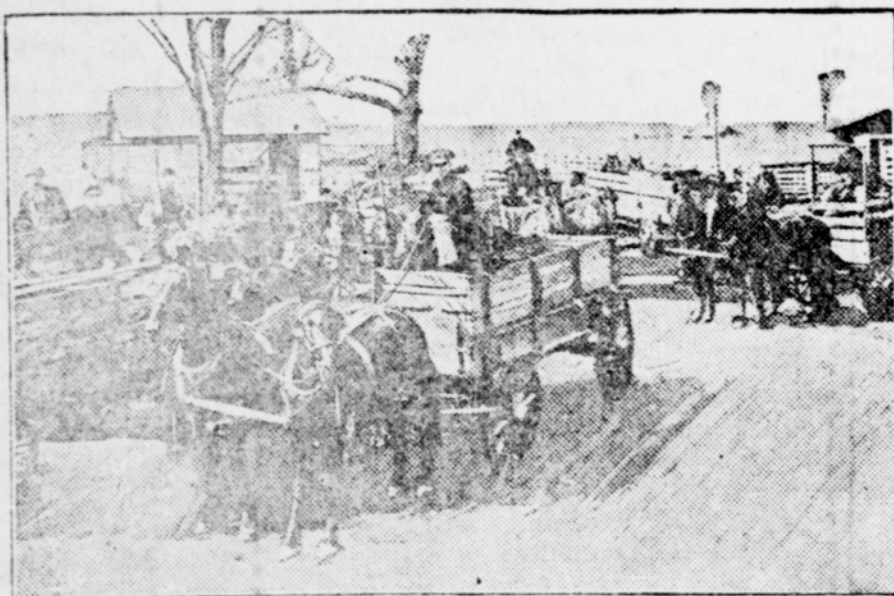
This new money is issued in

compliance with a federal law which requires the minting design of all coins to change at least once in every 20 years.

The pro believes in being his brother's keeper, while the anti believes in being his bar-keeper.

Judge T. M. Bartley was a visitor in Tahoka this week. His many friends were glad to have an old-timer of his standing back among them once more.

SHIP LIVE STOCK IN CO-OPERATIVE WAY



Shipping Day of Live Stock—Shipping Association at Litchfield, Mich.—Farmers Delivering and Unloading Stock.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Farmers' live stock shipping associations have proved so successful that, although the first was not formed until 1908, the department of agriculture now has a list of approximately 500 that are shipping stock in a co-operative way. About two hundred of these are in Minnesota, where the movement started, and the remainder chiefly in the middle West.

The main purpose of these associations is to enable their members to ship in carload lots to the central markets instead of being more less at the mercy of local buyers in disposing of a few animals from time to time. The

fact that no capital is required for the organization of such an association, says a new publication of the department, Farmers' Bulletin 718, which deals with this subject, makes these associations possible in communities in which more complicated forms of co-operation would not succeed. The bulletin, however, points out that such associations are scarcely practicable in regions where there is so much live stock that it is generally marketed in carload lots under any circumstances, or where there is so little that the association has practically nothing with which to work.

To organize such an association it is necessary only for the farmers of

The community to meet together, adopt a simple constitution and bylaws, a sample of which is given in the bulletin already mentioned, to elect officers, and, in turn, for them to appoint a manager. It is recommended, although it is not absolutely necessary, that the organization incorporate. This can be done at a nominal cost—usually not more than \$10. For this small expenditure of trouble and money the association usually enables the farmer to market his stock when it is ready instead of compelling him to wait until the local shipper is ready to buy it. He obtains for himself the benefits of the cheaper carload transportation, and the shipments of the association realize for the owner the



Showing Method of Marking Cattle by Co-Operative Live Stock Shipping Association—Marks Clipped in Hair With Scissors.

market price of his stock less the actual cost of marketing. In particular, it has been found that when thin stock, calves or lambs are sold in small numbers, the local price is usually very low. It is on this class of stock that the associations have been able to save their members the most money.

In order to avoid misunderstanding, it is important that all stock be marked at the shipping point. This precaution prevents disputes in regard to shrinkage and dockage and assists in making adjustments in case of loss or damage in transit. There are three common methods of marking. Numbers or other characters may be clipped in some conspicuous part of the animal, paint may be employed, or numbered ear tags used. The last method is the least frequent because it is somewhat difficult at the stock yards to get close enough to the animal to see the number on the tag. If the second method is adopted, ordinary paint is undesirable, especially for hogs, as it does not dry readily enough to prevent smearing. This difficulty may be overcome by using paint containing about one-fourth varnish. In the case of sheep, however, painting is objectionable because the marks will not scour out and wool manufacturers object to them, and branding fluid, therefore, is preferable. Whatever system of marking is adopted, the important features are that it should be uniform for all shipments and that the marks should be plain and conspicuous. In many cases hogs are not marked, but are graded by the manager at the shipping point. A record of those subject to dockage is kept in such cases. Marking is advised, however, as a precaution against mistakes.

Since no payments are made for stock shipped until returns from the central market are obtained, these co-operative associations may be formed without capital.

W. O. W. Active Again

The W. O. W. held one of its intermittent summer sessions Saturday night last. After the initiation of a candidate, and the conclusion of accumulated business, the camp took a recess to enjoy a hearty supper which had previously prepared for the members.

We are informed that the district deputy will be in camp in the near future. We hope that his visit and the approach of long evenings will revive the camp to the extent that it will again meet regularly.

A. Esser, life insurance agent of Wichita Falls, came in Thursday after an absence of five years. He congratulated us on the great substantial improvement and progress made in Tahoka since his last visit.

Top Price for Maize Heads.
1t-p Paul Miller.

M. G. Catter, the monument man of Big Springs, came in on a business visit Wednesday.

Mrs. Ora Weatherby and small daughter, Lucile, left for their home in Hubbard City, Saturday morning. They have been spending the summer with Mrs. Weatherby's sisters, Mr. R. C. Wood.

Don't sell your Maize Heads till you see me.
1t-p Paul Miller.

We noticed by a recent issue of the Roby Banner, that Lelus Hutto, brother of Jim Hutto has taken unto himself a wife, Miss Ella Harrison by name. The Banner speaks highly of both of the young people.

Z. T. Champio, wife and daughter, of Snyder, came up Saturday to spend several days with their daughter, Mrs. B. O. Lockhart of this place.

In the market strong for Cotton Seed.
Paul Miller. 1t-p

The First National Bank

Of Tahoka, Texas

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

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

Hotel St. Clair

L. L. WILLIAMS, PROP.

Cafe in Connection

Rates \$1.50 and \$2.00 per day

Corner of Main and Lockwood
North of Square

Tahoka, Texas

Don't Hesitate to Invite a Lady



to our restaurant—but don't fail to come yourself. We conduct an establishment that is suitable for every occasion. Well cooked dishes, in great variety, carefully selected, with a view to wholesome variations, everything as it should

be, including the service. Glance at the menu for yourself and note that our prices are not excessive.

BUSY BEE CAFE



MONDAY

Bonds Of Deception.....3 Reels.....American
Professors Peculiar Precaution.....1 Reels.....Falstaff
The Girl and the Game.....2 Reels.....Signal

TUESDAY

Under Azure Skies.....3 Reels.....Mustang
Knocking Out Knockout Kelley.....1 Reel.....Vogue

WEDNESDAY

Two Bitts.....2 Reels.....Mustang
Mutual Weekly 66.....1 Reel.....Gaumont
Art and Author.....1 Reel.....Beauty

THURSDAY

The Pendulum of Chance.....2 Reels.....American
The Winning Punch.....1 Reel.....Cub
Sapvilles Stalwart Son.....1 Reel.....Falstaff

FRIDAY

April.....5 Reels.....De Lux

SATURDAY

The Romance of the Tree.....2 Reel.....Thanhouser
Seeing America.....1 Reel.....Gaumont
Pernuts and Powder.....1 Reel.....Beauty



THEATRE

ADMISSION 10C

...New Fall Goods...

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

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

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

Tahoka Dairy

Located on south edge of town. Morning and Evening deliveries of any amount of Milk you wish. Watch for the wagon or—
Phone Orders To Number 94. T. P. Gottshall, Prop.

Amunition

For Any Standard Calibre Gun
U. M. C. Arrow Shot Shell 85c
U. M. C. New Club Shot Shell 65c

Auto Casings and Tubes--A Size to Fit Your Car

Blue Bells

Not the Blue Bells of Scotland, but Four and Five Burner Blue Bell Oil Ranges.

We don't ask you to buy them; just come and look at them, and then talk to some one who owns one; you will take one home with you.

C. L. Williams

Hardware, Harness, Heiser Saddles, DeLaval Separators, Implements

The Girl and The Game

SYNOPSIS.

Little Helen Holmes, daughter of General Holmes, railroad man, is rescued from imminent danger on a scenic railroad, by George Storm, a newboy. Grown to young womanhood Helen makes a spectacular double rescue of Storm, now a freight fireman, and of her father and his friends, Amos Rhinelander, financier, and Robert Seagrue, promoter, from a threatened collision between a passenger train and a runaway freight. Saboteurs employed by Seagrue and Capelle, his lawyer, interrupted by Helen while stealing General Holmes' survey plans of the cut-off line for the Tidewater, fatally wound General Holmes and escape. Storm and

Helen chase the saboteurs on a light engine and capture them. Spike has hidden the plans and manages to inform Seagrue where they are cached. Her father's estate badly involved by his death, Helen goes to work on the Tidewater. Seagrue helps Spike to break jail and sees him to set fire to a powder train hauled by Storm's engine. Helen saves Storm from a horrible death.

FOURTH INSTALLMENT

CHAPTER IV.

When Helen Holmes took the day key at Signal the little office had already passed from the quiet kind to the remorselessly active kind of those small way stations that drive innocent men mad. Two rival lines maintaining large construction camps and getting all their supplies through Signal station, were engaged in a race to build a mountain cut-off--and a considerable one. Despite all the help

Lyons, the overworked agent, could give Helen, she found the tasks of her day about all that her strength would compass.

Nor could Helen, situated as she was, escape occasional office visits from Seagrue, whose activity as head of the opposition construction camp was unabated. Going over to the station one day to watch his men unload a shipment of material, he stepped into the office ostensibly to make inquiries--in reality to steal a few minutes with Helen Holmes, whom he found busy, but alone.

Seagrue spoke blandly: "I hear you're becoming quite a railroad expert." She made no effort to reply. "Getting really clever at the key, Lyons says." Helen, entering waybills, went on with her writing. "By the way," asked Seagrue, evenly, "any word this morning from our steam shovel?"

She looked toward the window--the local freight train had just pulled in. "It may be out there now, on No. 85." Seagrue seemed in no haste to investigate, and Helen had almost lost hope of any diversion in that direction, when the office door opened and George Storm walked in.

He was just out of his engine cab, and deliberate and composed as usually, but his eyes, lighting to greet Helen, cooled when he saw Seagrue. Storm nodded curtly toward him and was greeted in kind. Then the stalwart engine man turned his attention to Helen, and Seagrue was soon made to feel the pangs of being distinctly third in the situation and without an anesthetic.

"And the best of it all is," said Storm at length to Helen, "this is my last run on local freights. I am assigned tonight to the Limited."

Helen lifted her eyebrows in surprise: "Some run they're giving you!"

Seagrue took the chance to join sarcastically in: "Right in line for chief of motive power, eh, Storm?"

Storm was not to be disturbed. He only regarded Seagrue calmly for a moment. Then he turned good-naturedly to thank Helen. While soldiering agreeably at this task, his fireman intruded on the scene long enough to remind him they were waiting for him to get out. Storm, with an expression of disgust at the interruption, nodded gruffly to the fireman, concluded his talk with Helen and walked out. Helen rose to go out on the platform also. Seagrue intervened to distract her attention. It was useless. She must deliver a message, she said, to the conductor, and Seagrue, peevish, was left to stay with himself or unwillingly to follow. He followed; but even then it was only to find himself watching Storm's good-bys waved to Helen from the cab. And she saw them, too; nothing escaped her attention.

Rhinelander, in charge of the Tidewater line camp, was pushing Seagrue closely in the construction race and as the head of a big crew of men imbued with his own spirit was laughing at obstacles that made Seagrue's head ache; and with equipment actually somewhat inferior was forging daily ahead of his rival. But the mail now brought him a note from the chairman of the executive committee

Expression Appreciation

I take this method of expressing my appreciation for the loyal support given me in my race for the beautiful piano given away by the News and Messrs. Barnes and Larkin and assured my friends that whenever I touch the keys of this instrument they helped me win, there will be a glad remembrance for each of you.

Miss Edna Montgomery

Plain and Fancy Sewing

I am now located at Knight & Brashear's store and am ready to do all kinds of plain and fancy sewing. 2-tf
Mrs. Jim Ewing.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly falling to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Scientific research has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only Constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, Etc. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

of his board that almost paralyzed his activities.

"Oceanside.

"Dear Rhinelander: Our survey party advise that they cannot relocate the pass over the Superstition range. Unless you can furnish a survey of the cut-off pass before the first, our people will withdraw their financial support. BOWERS."

Amos Rhinelander, sitting at his dusty and littered desk, stared at the abrupt communication. Bowers was his friend; the executive committee of the board were with him--this he felt assured of. But somewhere influences must be at work against him. He suspected Capelle, still a board member, and a continual intriguer. Capelle was a master worker in underground effects and besides being Seagrue's own attorney, was himself heavily interested in opposing enterprises of the Coast line. To throttle Rhinelander in the construction effort begun by Helen's own father before his death, was to advance his own interests as well as those of his client, Rhinelander's decision as to what must be done to meet this opposition was prompt.

He consulted a timetable, called his foreman, asked for a man to carry his handbags to the station and began changing his clothes for a trip.

Not far away, and at about the same time, Seagrue was reading his own mail. It contained this note:

"Unsuccessful report concerning pass submitted. Persuaded backers to withdraw support on the first. This will stop operation on Rhinelander's cut-off, as we know he cannot produce survey. CAPELLE."

In Seagrue's hut a party of newspaper men from Oceanside were waiting to be taken on an inspection trip over the construction.

"I'm ready for you, boys," said Seagrue, in high spirits, to the journalists. "We'll look over the work near here first," he announced, ripping open a box of cigars.

"Hold it, Mr. Seagrue," cried a camera man, focussing on the manager. "We want you, first, right there where you are, at your desk. Hold it!"

The picture was taken, a copy promised to Seagrue within an hour and the party started out. Had he left his hut two minutes earlier he might have seen Amos Rhinelander, followed by Seagrue's own Spike with Rhinelander's bags, entering the waiting room door of Signal station.

Helen, looking up from her table, perceived Rhinelander's anxiety reflected in his manner.

"Bad news, Helen," he said, plunging at once into the unpleasant subject. "I am on my way to Oceanside," he added, when she had read Bowers' note. "The directors meet tonight. Someone is trying to undermine us. But whether I succeed in changing their views or not, I'm going to fight if I have to fight all night."

Helen was too upset to speak for a minute. For her, so much depended on the success of her own road in reaching the mountains with a cut-off first. Rhinelander, worried though he was, tried to cheer her up. Spike outside, listening, gathered that Rhinelander was on his way to the city. He hung around the platform till the local passenger pulled in, watched Rhinelander board it, and mingling with Seagrue's men, walked unobserved over to the latter's camp. He found his boss with the journalists.

"What is it?" demanded Seagrue, scenting news in Spike's appearance. "Rhinelander has just gone to Oceanside."

Seagrue smiled. "Did he get a letter this morning?"

"He did." Their confab was broken in on by one of the newspaper men who had a print of the photo he had taken of Seagrue at his desk. Seagrue inspected this with the greatest pleasure. "Fine!" he exclaimed. "Good picture!"

A whimsical idea seized him. He wrote a word or two across the back of the print and recalled Spike. "Take this over to Helen Holmes. Give it to her with my compliments." So saying he turned to the photographer.

Spike's reception at the station was always a chilly one. This time Helen took his message and dismissed him before she opened the envelope. When

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she saw what Seagrue had sent she was angry. Her first impulse was to tear the hateful print in two. Instead, she contemptuously impaled it on a steel file near at hand. A moment later, removing the print to file a message, she looked at the picture again. Her attention was attracted to a paper lying on Seagrue's desk. It had been caught by the camera lens. The longer she looked the more carefully her eyes fixed on this object revealed in the photograph. Very curious now, Helen opened a drawer, took from it a reading glass and studied the contents of Seagrue's desk. Her heart almost stopped beating as she realized that her suspicions must be correct. With the aid of the ordinary glass she could plainly see the survey that had been stolen from her father's library.

Helen looked toward Seagrue's camp. It was there even now, and if she could recover the precious find it was not too late to save her own interests as well as those of her own good friend, Amos Rhinelander.

How could she recover it? With fast kindling hatred of its dishonest possessor, a dozen projects for regaining her own flash across her mind. The more she thought the more impossible it seemed to devise any scheme that could be carried out in time to help Rhinelander's fight that night at Oceanside.

But what Helen could not devise herself, was being already devised for her. Following up what Spike--an unconscionable liar--had declared a flattering reception of the picture, Seagrue resolved to seize a moment while the going was good to forward

She was studying the telltale print when she heard footsteps and, startled, looked out. Seagrue was coming up the platform. She felt frightened. Could he possibly have realized his blunder and come to demand the return of the picture? She was resolved she would not surrender it in any event. Force, she was hopeless of, as a possible aid in her difficulty. Stratagem and a woman's weapons alone remained to her.

Her wits rapidly cleared. She snatched the photograph. Seagrue, opening the door, caught her, picture in hand. He walked forward pleased. It was not hard for Helen to counterfeited an embarrassment; nor was it in the least unbecoming to her. To Seagrue her look came like a burst of sunshine after many chilling storms. "What do you think of my construction headquarters?" he laughed.

Helen's gaze rested modestly on her table. She seemed to contemplate the picture with a quiet pleasure. Then she looked slowly up at Seagrue. "This doesn't show very much of the camp"--she drew the words the very least bit--"you are awfully busy over there, I suppose."

"Never too busy to welcome our friends. Come over sometime."

"What, to a construction camp?" asked Helen, feigning just enough amazement.

"Why not? Talk about Rhinelander's steam shovels! I'll show you shovels that can do everything but vote. Come on along."

For an effective moment she hesitated. "I couldn't possibly," she de-

Continued on Page Four



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The Girl and The Game

Continued from page two

clared with decision, but she allowed a note of regret to linger an instant in the tone of her explanation and glanced around. "No one here, you know."

"Well, but what time do you get off?" asked Seagrue feverishly.

"Oh, not for a long time yet." His hopes were burgeoning fast. "See here, Helen; come over and take a camp dinner with me. Come, do. I'll show you what can be done without preparation."

She regarded him with an expression that indicated how completely such a proposal shocked her. She struggled an instant with the thought of it. Then she rejected the invitation; yet with enough indecision to invite a renewal. For the moment Helen was a heartless angler, and Seagrue deluded by vanity was unsuspectingly playing fish. Before he left—in the highest spirits he had known for many a day—he had, to his astonishment, secured Helen's promise to dine with him that night in camp. And at the appointed time she was ready.

The night was warm and a moon, rising full and into a clear sky, flooded the landscape. And after Helen's uneasiness at the strangeness of her situation had worn off, she was able throughout the trying hour with Seagrue in his hut to wear her mask of laudible interest successfully. The table was served with surprising delicacies and a plentiful array of wines was in evidence. Yet, to an innocent intruder, a whole hour never went so slowly, nor was appetite ever more reluctant than that of Seagrue's guest. Though she went through the form of eating and assumed a carefree air, his food choked her. His wines she persistently declined, but that did not dismay Seagrue, who drank quite freely for two.

Where could the survey be, now? was the question recurring always to Helen's mind. Toward the close of the dinner, Seagrue, rising, unlocked his desk for a flask of Chartreuse. There, lying in the corner exactly where she had seen it, Helen again beheld the survey, a blue print beside it. Seagrue was pawky enough to close and lock the desk after he had taken the flask out. How, she asked herself, was she to get that desk open again?

Seagrue dismissed his serving man, and this did not allay Helen's uneasiness for herself. She did not want to be left alone a minute with him now; things were getting too complicated. But could she in some way get into the desk?

Rising, she said she would clear the table a little. Taking hold of the flask he had just taken from the desk and holding out her hand with a smile she asked him for his keys. Seagrue was in no position to refuse so intimate a request. With an air of camaraderie he handed them over and Helen pushed back the cover of the desk. But as she did so Seagrue threw his arms around her. She struggled indignantly, but could not get away. For a moment there was a fierce struggle. Then with a superhuman effort she tore herself free, caught up the first thing she could lay her hand on—it happened to be a bronze match tray—and struck Seagrue across the forehead.

He went completely over, leaving Helen horror-stricken at what she had done. She listened. Outside she heard no sound. Seizing the blue print that lay under her hand, she gained the door and ran out just as Seagrue regained his feet. She had resolved to flag the Limited. Hardly touching the earth, she dashed to the station, hurried to the key and telegraphed Rhinelander:

"Have blue print of survey. Will be on Limited. HELEN."

It was not too soon. Through a window she saw Seagrue rushing down the platform. She slammed the office door shut, and locked it. Seagrue threw himself viciously against it. The lock held, but she must get away at once. There was a window in the freighthouse, and she ran into the freightroom. Seagrue had snatched up a stone. He reached the operator's window, only to see Helen, who had sprung through the freighthouse window, running up the track. He followed her at top speed. Intent on escaping, she gave no thought to where she was running; it was only to get away from her hated enemy and save what she had so hardly regained. Helter-skelter through a grove of scattered oaks that fringed the hills above the sea, on and on she ran, until breath and strength were deserting her, but at every turn her detested pursuer was fast upon her heels. Between his lunging footfalls she could hear his panting threats, and the clearness of the night gave her little chance to elude his savage pursuit. She realized she was running across what had been her own father's estate. The ocean spread suddenly below her. She had reached Signal bay and the precipitous cliffs that frowned high above it. Like a frightened fawn she ran up the rocks and down, only to hear Seagrue breathing maledictions close behind, and with the distance steadily lessening between her and certain capture. Brought at last to bay, she darted down the cliffs to find a hiding place. Not a nook or cranny offered a hope of concealment, and a misstep where she trod meant certain death. Panting and bewildered, she heard Seagrue climbing down the ledge on which she had found a narrow foothold. Her escape was cut off, and Seagrue descended triumphantly toward her. She warned him back.

"Give me that blue print!" he shouted with an oath.

"Keep away from me," Helen panted. "You're a wretch. I'll never give it to you. I'll die first. Don't you dare come down here. I'll drag you over the cliff if I have to go over myself."

Nothing daunted, he came on. There was but one chance left to get away and, unhesitating she took it. Turning, just as he thought he had her in his power, she sprang from where she stood on the edge of the precipice far out over the ocean below. He stood spellbound. She struck with a great splash. He saw her come up, strike out and sink again, as if helpless. But he knew her unquenchable determination, her resource and her daring, and was shrewd enough to watch the surface of the bay closely. Sure enough, in a little while he could see her, after swimming a distance under water, regain the surface and with long, powerful strokes swim away.

At no great distance from where she had plunged into the bay a speed launch lay at anchor. Helen recognized the boat; it had, in truth, once been her own, and she had named it The Spiderwater. It belonged now to the owners of her father's estate, but she believed she might borrow it once more. Seagrue, impotent with rage, and following her down the shore, saw her reach the launch and climb resolutely up over the gunwale into the cockpit.

Shaking herself like a duck, and without losing a minute, Helen spread the wet blue print out on the deck, broke the motor lock on the ignition switch, and turned the engine over. She knew the motor well; it was a powerful Loew Victor, and after her second effort it hummed like a dynamo. While it was warming up she cut the mooring line. Seagrue easily suspected she meant to get to Rhinelander at Oceanside. He looked at his watch. If he could catch the Limited he could still reach the city ahead of her. Exasperated, and out of breath, he hastened back to camp, routed out his chauffeur and took his racing car for the station. Hardly a

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ing taken to stop the cut-off work. In vain he showed Helen's telegram, which had come in time to rescue him from complete defeat. But Seagrue's henchman, Capelle, conniving with the disaffected element in the directorate, was pushing to a vote with every prospect of success the resolution to stop work.

"What have we got to go on?" he demanded, facing Rhinelander down. "You know as well as I do we are throwing hundreds of thousands into a project absolutely uncertain. You offer a telegram. What good is the telegram? Where can Helen Holmes get a survey at an hour's notice that would justify us in keeping on?"

Beside the engine of the limited conductor and Seagrue were voice sharp and suspicious questions at the fireman. He told, reluctantly, of the mysterious launch and of Storm's exchange of signals. No more was needed to infuriate Seagrue, who now understood the connivance. Storm crawled out from under the engine and Seagrue met him with an abusive epithet. The stalwart engineer promptly knocked him down. The crew dragged the two men apart and the conductor ordered the fireman to take the limited in. Storm, with folded arms, refusing to lend further assistance. But despite his stubbornness the big train pulled into Ocean Side just after Helen stepped from the deck of the speed launch to the dock. She ran all the way up the esplanade, survey in hand, to where she could catch a taxicab and drove hard for the Tidewater building. There she alighted only to be confronted by two men—Seagrue and an officer. Seagrue pointed to Helen: "There she is! There are the documents she stole—in her hand. Arrest her!"

Before Helen could collect her senses, the officer had seized her and Seagrue had snatched the survey.

"Stop," she cried, "that is my property, stolen from my father. I, not he, am its rightful owner!"

While she protested, stormed and wept tears of humiliation and anger, Seagrue was producing papers to convince the slow-witted official that the survey belonged to him and that Helen was the thief. In spite of all she could say, he won out. Indeed, the guardian of the law was ready to take Helen to the station when Seagrue magnanimously intervened, told him to let her go and said he was satisfied to recover his property.

Upstairs the directors were closing their protracted session. Rhinelander vainly trying to hold them together until his ally should appear. The sound of an opening door raised his hopes. Helen rushed into the room and hastened to his side.

"The survey—where is it?" he cried, reading bad news in her face.

She told him of her battle—of how she had been robbed at the very foot of what were once her father's stairs. Everyone listened. Then half a dozen men began talking—some for, some against crediting what they had just heard.

Rhinelander put his arm around the despairing girl. "No matter. We know now who has our property, gentlemen. We'll get it yet."

Capelle, laughing furtively, left the room to report to Seagrue. The chairman rapped for order. Rhinelander, trying to comfort Helen, took her to her taxicab and they drove back to the launch together. Dazed, furious at her misfortune, Helen met another surprise at the pier. Storm, awaiting her return there, helped her to alight from the taxicab. She could only regard him breathlessly. He laughed in his reassuring way: "It's really I," he said to her, offering his hand. "I'm discharged—but I told the superintendent I might yet live long enough to discharge him. What do you think he threw back at me? 'I hope if I ever deserve it as much as you do, you will discharge me.' I guess it was coming," concluded Storm good naturedly. "But I've got a marine license and I'm going to run your launch to Signal bay for you. Got plenty of gas in the old tub, Helen?"

His robust humor was infectious. With Storm at the driver's wheel, they soon reached the office in the launch and were discussing the exciting events of the night when Helen's eyes fixed on the canvas covering the deck of the boat. It was on this she had laid the blue print to dry and the impression had been definitely transferred. She seized her uncle's arm, pointed and explained. Rhinelander, jerking a knife from his pocket, cut the canvas from the deck and showed it to Storm, who headed the launch in a great foaming circle back toward Oceanside.

The directors were preparing to go home when three half-crazed people dashed into their room. Rhinelander, Helen and Storm told their story and showed their find. Excited in spite of themselves, the listeners crowded about the table. They inspected, objected and argued. The evidence was indisputable and the chairman called the meeting to order and asked its sense. Sympathy for the plucky daughter of their old president was perhaps not wanting in influencing their action; at all events, almost before Helen could realize it was being done, a resolution declaring their support should not be withdrawn, was put and carried. Bowers, the chairman, clinched his own feelings by catching Helen's hands and congratulating her.

Seagrue—pleased with what he believed his escape from a serious complication—was bound for his camp on a returning train.

Helen, with Rhinelander and Storm, was again aboard the launch. They were speeding contentedly back to Signal bay.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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