

# LYNN COUNTY NEWS.

VOLUME 12

TAHOKA, LYNN COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, MARCH 3, 1916

NUMBER 27

## W. E. Brewer Successful Farmer

W. E. (Ed.) Brewer of about eight miles east and two miles north of O'Donnell, was a business visitor in Tahoka Saturday. Mr. Brewer has eighty acres of old land all plowed and harrowed in fine shape for planting, and, by the way, he is just that much ahead with his farm work to what he was last year at this time for he did not stick a plow point into the ground last year until after the first of March. This last season Ed. made thirty five bales of cotton on sixty acres and he and two small boys did all the work until it came to the picking, which he hired done. He keeps accurate accounts of all his farm business and so can tell just where he is making or losing money each year. Speaking about his cotton crop this last season he stated that the cotton seed paid all the expenses of picking so he had the cotton clear for his and the boy's work and interest on the money invested. Thirty bales of this cotton he sold at an average of twelve cents a pound, the other five bales falling under that figure. This last winter he finished building a four room home for himself and a two

## Guaranty State Bank

Now Open For Business

We have just completed the organization of our new Bank, and now take pleasure in extending to you such needful help as is consistent with safe and sound banking.

For the present we will be located in the Jones building, next door South of the Postoffice.

We will appreciate your business.

## Guaranty State Bank

Of Tahoka

## Edward Bros. To Build Elevator Bankers Caution Cotton Growers

An architect is now busy drawing the blue prints for a modern grain elevator of about fifteen carload capacity, which will be erected by Edwards Bros., Coal and Grain dealers, and Cotton Ginners, on the house tracks of the Santa Fe, just north of where Porterfield street crosses the track. The lot is now occupied by a warehouse (part of the old school house) which will be moved to make room for the new building and grain bins. This elevator will be modern in every respect and will be equipped with a recleaner and a crusher, and Jack Edwards stated "possibly with a thresher, all under the same roof." Whether they install the thresher or not this elevator will be a much needed improvement for Tahoka and will make this city "The grain market of the South Plains". Already Lynn county ships out more grain than any county on the Plains south of Hale. Edwards Bros. alone have handled right around three hundred car loads of freight since the first of June last year. With a grain elevator at Tahoka we will ship much grain that is now shipped from

With a shortage of ships to move our cotton to foreign shores; with no indication of the end of the war; with the Nation stirred over preparedness for eventualities; with the buying power of the entire world gradually lessening day by day, it becomes our duty to issue this formal warning as the time of planting cotton is at hand.

Let everyone encourage the farmer to be on the safe side by raising plenty of feed and food for the community as well as for himself, his family, and his live stock. (A calf, a pig, chickens, and a garden often mean the difference between want and money ahead.) Economical and safe living for all as well as "safe farming" must be the rule if prosperity is to abide with us.

Six-cent cotton this fall would spell disaster in the cotton States. Low price follows over-supply as certainly as the night the day. High prices and prosperity over the South this year prove what voluntary reduction of cotton acreage does. Any marked increase in acreage over last year is going to result in a great loss to Southern cotton producers, merchants, and bankers, and

# Spring Millinery Opening Wed. Mar. 8th

If You Are Up-To-Date, Visit An Up-To-Date Millinery Store  
THE LATEST STYLES, AND PRICES RIGHT

Wednesday, March 8, Mrs. Ella Ogden, at Larkin's New Store

roomhouse for a rent house and he rented out sixty acres to Geo. Brewer who lacks only about three days work of having it all ready to plant. Ed Brewer has lived in a dugout for about seven years since he came to Lynn county, he had a great deal of sickness in his family and got behind and in debt, but he says the last three years have enabled him to pull out of the hole, build a nice home, and one more good crop will see him riding around in his own automobile. He believes in good roads and is busy now agitating a rural mail route out of O'Donnell and states that they can get forty boxes on the first ten miles of route so it is only a question of red tape until they will be living on "Rfd. No. 1, O'Donnell, Texas."

### FRESH COOKED BARBECUE.

Shost Orders, Bread, Pies, etc. at the Bar B-Que on Lockwood and Sweet Sts. Give us a trial. TYRA BROS. PROPS. 27 tf

Rube Lewis informed the News man one day this week that the new well in their wagon yard was completed at a depth of between 90 and 100 feet. They have something like twelve feet of excellent water in this well which will guarantee them all the water they will need for the use of the yard.

Grandma Standifer who has been stopping with her daughter, Mrs. J. F. Jones of this city, was taken very sick Saturday just before noon. J. H. Standifer of Lamesa was informed by wire of his mother's condition and came up in a car. Milton Jones went out after another son J. F. Standifer of near Wilson.

### Classified Column

FOR SALE - A Ford on next fall time, C. A. Wasson, Wilson, Texas.

FOR SALE OR TRADE - 4 year old jack, and several good mares worth the money, B. F. Montgomery, Tahoka. 23 tf

WANTED TO BUY - Chickens, Turkeys, Produce, Bleached Bones, I fact anything you have to sell. B. F. Montgomery, Tahoka, Texas. 24 tf

LOST - At the cemetery in Tahoka, a full length grey overcoat, with the name of Ray King in the inside pocket. Also has burnt place on the back. Return to the Livery Stable. 27-3t

### EXPERT MEAT CUTTER.

L. D. Nelson of Denison, now occupies the position of meat cutter at the Sanitary Market, and we will be pleased if you call and inspect his work, and try some of his choice cuts of fresh meats. 27 tf

R. M. Grisham, candidate for congressman from the 16th district, mailed this office this week a copy of his platform and check for subscription, both of which we were glad to receive. Hon. Grisham states that he will visit Tahoka not later than April. Hear him when he comes.

### NOTICE

Save your sacks: - We will pay the top price for burlap cake and meal sacks delivered to us at Tahoka, Texas. Edwards, Bros. 27-28

### SCENE FROM THE LOST TORPEDO, TWENTY-FIFTH EPISODE EXPLOITS OF ELAINE



Del Mar and the Old Man Draw Guns Together.

### FORD COLLIDES WITH BUGGY

In a collision with a Ford car driven by a Mrs. Nordyke, of the south part of the county, Mrs. Beulah Shaw of Lynn suffered a broken arm Sunday, and was severely bruised about the body. The accident happened about five-thirty o'clock just north of Edith school house.

Mrs. Shaw, and one of Walter Robinson's boys were on their way home from the singing convention at Edith when Mrs. Nordyke apparently lost control of her machine and ran into them. Mrs. Shaw and the little boy were thrown from the buggy, the horse was knocked down and one leg mangled. It had to be killed. The Robinson boy

was only slightly shaken up.

Mrs. Shaw's left arm was broken just above the elbow. Medical attention was promptly secured, and at the last report she was resting well.

Smoke your meat with Wrights Liquid Smoke. Thomas Bros. Drug Co.

Floyd Ellis, son of "Dad" Ellis of 14 miles north-west of Lovington, New Mexico, was thrown from a horse Friday of last week and his right leg was broken just above the knee. As his leg was already in a weakened condition, he was brought to Tahoka where he would be near medical aid if any complications set up.

Wilson, O'Donnell and the various sidings scattered along through the county. The elevator will be large enough and will be finished in plenty of time to handle all the grain that can be brought to Tahoka this year, stated Mr. Edwards.

J. B. Stokes and wife returned Saturday from Dallas where they purchased a large and complete stock of novelty and racket goods which Mr. Stokes informed the News man would be opened up and placed on sale in the building now occupied by Ira Doak Barber Shop, on the south side of the square.

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Prof. J. T. Roberts of the Lubbock High School, and M. M. Buckley of Denton, were prospecting in Tahoka Saturday.

Frost Proof Cabbage Plants, at Parkhurst's, 35 cts. per hundred. tf

will similarly affect all allied business and professions.

CONFERENCE OF COTTON STATES BANKERS.

### FREE DELIVERY.

Phone No. Sixty, for your fresh meats of all kinds, Bread, Butter, Boiled Ham, Bologna Sausage, Weinewurst, Breakfast Bacon, Fresh Cheese, and get what you order promptly delivered free to any part of the City. 27 tf

### SANITARY MARKET.

Frost Proof Cabbage Plants at Parkhurst's, 35 cts. per hundred. tf

### T-BARS SUFFER FIRE LOSS

Wednesday about twelve fire was discovered just north of Guthrie lake, southwest from Tahoka. Quite a bunch left town in cars buggies and horse back, and in a very short time there were enough men on the ground to control the fire. By three the fire was out and the men returned to their respective places of employment. The loss was about a section and a half of grass to the T-Bar ranch. Origin of the blaze was unknown.

## FOR SALE

### 20 Head of Young Mules

Broke to work Smooth of limb

Apply at the

G. W. King Livery Barn  
North-east of square, Tahoka

# Lynn County News

Published every Friday by  
**H. C. CRUE & CO. TAHOCA**  
**J. CRUE, ED. & MGR.**  
 One Year \$1.00—Strictly in Advance  
 Advertising Rates on Application  
 Entered as second-class matter, July  
 10, 1905, at the post office at Tahoka  
 Texas, under the Act of Congress of  
 March 3, 1879.

## Announcements

FOR TAX ASSESSOR  
 J. N. Thomas (re-election)  
 FOR TREASURER  
 C. T. Beard (re-election)  
 FOR SHERIFF & TAX COLLECTOR,  
 F. E. Redwine (re-election)  
 FOR COUNTY JUDGE:  
 J. H. (Jim) Cowan.

### OL' MAN COTTON

Ole Man Cotton, lazy ole cuss!  
 Jus' kep' a-getting wus an' wuss,  
 Totin' hisset all off t' de gin.  
 Leavin' de lau' all pore an' thin.  
 Layin' out money to' bacon an' ham  
 Buyin' he's beef an' land by de can.  
 Wah broke out, Ole Cotton go bust  
 Fahmar git busy, wuk yo' must!  
 Plant yo' cohn an' tatab patch,  
 Git some chickens an' aigs t' hatch:  
 Fill yo' smokehouse full o' meat,  
 Yams in de cellah all nice an' sweet

Totin' wheat t' th' mill foh toll,  
 Payin' th' pahson to' savin' he's  
 soul,  
 Extra money a-going t' banks,  
 Ole Man Cotton a-givin' thanks,  
 Glory t' Hebben, saved from sin!  
 No more slave to de gotton gin!  
 —A. T. S.

### \$130,000 RANCH DEAL

Big Springs Herald  
 A. L. Wasson of this city recently traded his sixteen section ranch in Dawson county and the cattle thereon, with the exception or 150 head, to G. C. Kilbourn of Fort Thomas, Arizona.

As a consideration Mr. Wasson receives 3000 head of cattle, the ownership of all the watering places and the lease of a strip of country 22 by 30 miles, containing 600 sections of land near Fort Thomas, Ariz.

Mr. Kilbourn arrived Thursday to take possession of his new ranch in this section and Cecil Wasson is now looking after his fathers ranch in Arizona.

This is one of the largest ranch deals consummated in this section in a long time as the property and other considerations put up, represent a value of \$130,000 to each party in the transaction.

### PROFESSIONAL

**C. H. CAIN**  
 Lawyer

Office in old First National Bank Building  
 Tahoka Texas

**M. M. HERRING**

Lawyer and Abstractor  
 Office over Postoffice  
 Tahoka Texas

**DR. J. R. SINGLETON**

DENTIST

Permanently Located  
 Tahoka Texas

**Drs. INMON & TURRENTINE**

Physicians & Surgeons

Tahoka Texas

**Dr. J. H. McCoy**

Physician and Surgeon

Office over Tahoka Drug Co.  
 Office 3 Phone Res. 108

**Drs. Hutchinson and Peebler**

J. T. HUGHINSON, M. D.  
 Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat  
 O. F. PEEBLER, M. D.  
 General Medicine and Surgery  
 Rooms in 1st Nat'l. Bank Bld'g.  
 LUBBOCK, TEXAS

### WHAT IS THE CONFERENCE OF COTTON STATES BANKERS?

Bankers and other busy men dropped their work and traveled from all parts of the South and attended three meetings within four months at different cities to organize and further the work of the Conference of Cotton States Bankers Association, organized at Galveston, Texas, August 14, 1915.

A smaller group, as a committee, finished the important organization details at a meeting at Birmingham, Ala., held August 26, 1915. A third meeting, the largest of them all, was held at New Orleans December 6 and 7, and the Conference, now a permanent institution, will hold annual meetings hereafter.

Very briefly stated, the purpose of the Conference is to deal with problems peculiar to the States where cotton, the South's most important commodity, is grown. Broadly speaking, all of these problems affect the development and prosperity of the Cotton States and everyone in them. Unsolved problems of years' standing regarding loans on cotton, warehousing, marketing, etc., as related to other lines of business are being vigorously dealt with. The diversified crop movement of 1915 which saved the South untold millions of dollars was largely fostered by the Conference.

The present officers are:  
 Chairman—Joseph Hirsch, President of the Corpus Christi National Bank, of Corpus Christi, Texas.

Secretary—Moorhead Wright, President of the Union Trust Company, Little Rock, Ark.

Treasurer—Oscar Newton, President Jackson State National Bank, Jackson, Miss.

The Vice Presidents are the Presidents of the State Banking organizations of the Southern States.

### LIVE STOCK TRANSPORTATION

(A. M. HOVE)

The marketing problem is a serious one to the producer and not least to the live stock grower. It is a question of reaching a good market with reasonable speed. In early days the cowman trailed his cattle long distances. Was the season favorable, he might reach market without serious loss on the way or excessive shrinkage.

In time the railroads built into the cattle country and carried the stock to market. But even then losses were great from overloaded cars, weak cattle, delayed trains and bad weather conditions. The claim agent was a very busy man.

But the carrying of live stock has been wholly revolutionized. The Santa Fe Railway, a great live stock road for instance is today giving very careful attention to stock shipments. Additional service like the weekly special out of Slaton is provided as the country develops. This special by way of Plainview to Amarillo makes the run to Kansas City in about thirty hours.

"The live stock trains are scheduled," says F. S. Brooks the General Live Stock Agent of the Santa Fe, "as to arrive at market centers in ample time for the benefit of the early morning market. In order to operate our trains on schedule the shipper must cooperate.

"In our campaign looking to the improvement of the service, we did not overlook overhauling our transit feed yards by the installation of modern feeding and watering facilities. The Santa Fe handles annually about 115,000 cars of live stock of all kinds and ages. It is no small task to surround the movement with such supervision as will insure proper care and expedited handling," Mr. Brooks continued.

When in need of Painters Brushes see ours. Parkhursts, Jewelry and Confections,

### A Home Bank,

# The First National Bank

Of Tahoka

Surplus \$5,000.00

Capital \$50,000.00

We offer every service and consideration, consistent with good banking  
 Your business solicited

## AFFIDAVIT OF COMMISSIONERS' COURT TO TREASURER'S QUARTERLY REPORT

IN THE MATTER OF COUNTY COMMISSIONERS' COURT FINANCES IN THE HANDS OF C. T. BEARD Treasurer of Lynn County, Texas.

WE, THE UNDERSIGNED, as County Commissioners within and for said Lynn County, and the Hon. J. L. Stokes, County Judge of said Lynn County, constituting the entire Commissioners Court of said County, and each one of us, do hereby certify that on this, the 16th day of February A. D. 1916, at a regular quarterly term of our said Court, we have compared and examined the quarterly report of C. T. Beard Treasurer of Lynn County, Texas, for the quarter beginning on the 1st day of November A. D. 1915, and ending on the 15th day of February A. D. 1916 and finding the same correct have caused an order to be entered upon the minutes of the Commissioners' Court of Lynn County, stating the approval of said Treasurer's Report by our said Court, which said order recites separately the amount received and paid out of each fund by said County Treasurer since his last report to this Court, and for and during the time covered by his present report, and the balance of each fund remaining in said Treasurer's hands on the said 1st day of February A. D. 1916, and have ordered the proper credits to be made in the accounts of the said County Treasurer, in accordance with said order as required by Article 867, Chapter 1, Title XXV, of the Revised Statutes of Texas, as amended by an Act of the Twenty-fifth Legislature of Texas, at its regular session, approved March 20, 1897.

And we, and each of us, further certify that we have actually and fully inspected all assets in hands of the said Treasurer belonging to Lynn County at the close of the examination of said Treasurer's Report, on this the 16th day of February A. D. 1916, and find the same to be as follows, to-wit:

JURY FUND	Dr.	Cr.
Overdraft as shown by Treasurers Report on the 1st day of November 1916		598.59
To amount received since said date	38.52	
By amount disbursed since said date		55.80
By amount to overdraft	615.87	
TOTAL	654.39	654.39

Balance to debit of said JURY FUND as actually inspected by us on the 16th day of February A. D. 1916, and including the amount debit by said Treasurer at the date of the filing of his report on the 15 day of February A. D. 1916 and the balance between receipts and disbursements since that day, making a total overdraft of

ROAD AND BRIDGE FUND	Dr.	Cr.
Balance on hand as shown by Treasurer's Report on the 1st day of November 1916	1,564.56	
To amount received since said date	447.02	
By amount disbursed since said date		49.61
By amount to balance	1,961.97	
TOTAL	2,011.58	2,011.58

Balance to credit of said ROAD AND BRIDGE FUND as actually inspected by us on the 16th day of February A. D. 1916, and including the amount balance on hand by said Treasurer at the date of the filing of his report on the 15th day of February A. D. 1916, and the balance between receipts and disbursements since that day, making a total balance of

GENERAL FUND	Dr.	Cr.
Overdraft as shown by Treasurer's Report on the 1st day of November 1916		962.98
To amount received since said date	1,325.37	
By amount disbursed since said date		1,182.47
By amount overdraft	820.08	
TOTAL	2,145.45	2,145.45

Overdraft of said GENERAL FUND as actually inspected by us on the 16th day of February A. D. 1916, and including the amount balance on hand by said Treasurer at the date of the filing of his report on the 15th day of February A. D. 1916 and the balance between receipts and disbursements since that day, making a total overdraft of

COURT HOUSE AND JAIL FUND	Dr.	Cr.
Balance overdraft as shown by Treasurer's Report on the 1st day of November 1915		83.23
To amount received since said date	647.51	
By amount disbursed since said date		492.98
By amount to balance		71.30
TOTAL	647.51	647.51

Balance to credit of COURT HOUSE AND JAIL FUND as actually inspected by us on the 16th day of February A. D. 1916, and including the amount balance on hand by said Treasurer at the date of the filing of his report on the 15th day of February A. D. 1916, and the balance between receipts and disbursements since that day, making a total balance of

SINKING FUND	Dr.	Cr.
To amount received during quarter	440.43	
By amount disbursed since date		11.00
By amount to balance		429.43
TOTAL	440.43	440.43

Balance to credit of said SINKING FUND as actually inspected by us on the 16th day of February A. D. 1916 and including the amount balance on hand by said Treasurer at the date of the filing of his report on the 15th day of February A. D. 1916, and the balance between receipts and disbursements since that day, making a total balance of

DATE	RECAPITULATION	AMOUNT
Feb. 1	Overdraft Jury Fund on this day	615.87
Feb. 1	Balance to credit of Road and Bridge Fund on this day	1,961.97
Feb. 1	Overdraft General Fund on this day	820.08
Feb. 1	Balance to credit of Court House and Jail Fund on this day	71.30
Feb. 1	Balance to credit of Sinking Fund on this day	429.43

Total cash on hand belonging to Lynn County in the hands of said Treasurer as actually inspected by us WITNESS OUR HANDS, officially, this 16th day of February A. D. 1916.

J. L. Stokes, County Judge.  
 W. T. Petty, Commissioner Precinct No. 1.  
 W. A. Waller, Commissioner Precinct No. 2.  
 H. T. Gooch, Commissioner Precinct No. 3.  
 J. J. Nettles, Commissioner Precinct No. 4.  
 SWORN TO AND SUBSCRIBED before me by J. L. Stokes, County Judge, and W. T. Petty, and W. A. Waller, and H. T. Gooch, and J. J. Nettles, County Commissioners of said Lynn County, each respectively, on this, the 17th day of February A. D. 1916.  
 P. H. NORTHGROSS,  
 Clerk County Court, Lynn County, Texas.

**"She Runs Like a Clock"**  
 You know that feeling of pleasure when you drive mile after mile without hitch or miss—when you pass hills unnoticed—when you hardly know you have an engine.  
 Good ignition, good lubrication—TEXACO GASOLINE and TEXACO MOTOR OIL—These will make this ideal condition a reality.  
 TEXACO GASOLINE  
 a clean, powerful product—provides steady, even, power from first to last.  
 TEXACO MOTOR OIL  
 thorough lubrication, saves wear, saves power, and cannot deposit hard carbon. Our agent in your town will be pleased to serve you with these or any other petroleum products.  
 The Texas Company  
 General Offices: Houston, Texas

**P AND O**  
**IMPLEMENTS**  
 Full carload just unloaded and set up. We can fill the bill  
**G. L. Williams**  
 Hardware, Harness, Saddles—South Side of the Square  
 Tin Shop Under Expert Workman Shoe and leather Repair Work done Satisfactorily

## Excavation Begun For Flour Mill

Work was commenced on the flour mill Saturday of last week. This mill is being erected across the street north of Texas Company's filling station on the house track of Santa Fe railroad. They have a plot of ground on the west end 170x300 feet and will build a building 24x46 feet which will include the storage bins and engine room. They are busy this week on the basement which will be dug four feet in the ground, 24x29 feet with concrete walls four feet above ground. The main building will be two 11 foot floors making the walls 26 feet above the ground. The engine used in the mill will be a Fairbanks & Morse crude oil burner of 25 horse power, which it is claimed is the most economical power known at the present time. D. C. Gibson, the proprietor of the flour mill, having secured the Carter house, left for Snyder Tuesday to ship his household goods and bring his family thru in his car. J. M. Wallace of Snyder, is doing the carpenter work on the mill building which he informs us they expect to finish and have the mill in operation in sixty days.

J. S. Wells having missed goods from his store for some time set a watch which resulted in the catching of Ed. M. Lee, a young man of about eighteen, in the store Monday night about twelve o'clock. Jim Welcher and Ruby Wells who were watching in the building waited until the young man got well inside then called upon him to surrender. However he started to run and Mr. Welcher fired one shot from a revolver and halted him Tuesday when his room was searched. Several articles of wearing apparel were found as well as some jewelry which was identified by Thomas Bros. as having been missed from their store and it developed that young Lee had entered the drug store Friday night of last week. Money to the amount of \$3.95 was missed from the cash drawer and a watch which by the way was stolen from the case once before and recovered as it was this time. Young Lee was taken to Lubbock Tuesday evening and lodged in jail to await the action of the grand jury next week.

## Three Hurt When Ford Sommersalts

Pots Robinson, of Lubbock, brother of Hall Robinson of this city, happened to a serious accident about 4:30 Friday evening of last week, when a Ford car driven by a young lady, whose name we have been unable to learn, was wrecked while going about thirty-five miles an hour. It seems that Mr. Robinson, Mrs. Jarrett and the young lady were four miles south-west of Lubbock when the young lady attempted to make a short turn while driving at a speed of thirty five miles an hour and one of the front wheels broke off spilling the occupants out of the car. If the car turned over it must have turned completely over as it was upright when help arrived. Mrs. Jarrett had both arms broken and was unconscious when help arrived. Mr. Robinson was severely bruised about the hips, chest and one arm and was also unconscious when help came. The young lady had one arm broken and her face was badly bruised, but she managed to go to a house about half a mile from the scene of the accident and summon help for the other members of the party. Hall Robinson went up to Lubbock Sunday night returning home Tuesday and found his brother some better and he was still improving when he left for home, but he is still in a very serious condition as pneumonia has set up and it just depends upon how strong a constitution he has as to whether he will survive or not.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Lonnie Bigham of six miles east of Tahoka, Tuesday morning, February 29th, a boy.

♦♦♦

Born to Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Long of fifteen miles south-east of Tahoka Tuesday morning, February the 29th, a boy.

♦♦♦

Both of the above young gentlemen have the unique experience of having a birthday only once in every four years.

## Call and see my New Line Spring Samples For Tailor Made Clothes

Only One Kind of Cleaning and Pressing Done Here---The Best That Can Be Had  
**Elmer Coughran, Tailor**  
at Ketner's Store



## WINTER SPORTS

OR SUMMER SPORTS-OF ALL THE SPORTS THERE IS NO SPORT LIKE THE PICTURE SHOW SPORT.

GET THE HABIT

## THEATER



ADMISSION 10 CENTS

## Millinery Display Mar. 8-9

I will be at **KNIGHT & BRASHEAR'S** Wednesday and Thursday of next week with as complete a line of Millinery as will be shown in Tahoka this season. Take advantage of this opportunity to secure the latest style hats with an individuality that is not found elsewhere. Mrs. Black, Lamesa, Texas.

**Something New!** Scenic wonders of the West printed in colors and bound in attractive book form.

### "The Land Of Living Colors"

Read full description on opposite page under title, "Wonderful Pictures on Display" By special arrangement for the next 15 days we can sell you this beautiful book and the News for \$2. Come to this office and examine the book and if you don't think it a bargain of the season, there will be no harm done.

## Lynn County News

Published every Friday by  
H. C. CRIB & CO., TAHOKA  
J. CRIB, ED. & MGR.

One Year \$1.00—Strictly in Advance  
Advertising Rates on Application

Entered as second-class matter, July 10, 1905, at the post office at Tahoka Texas, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Of course we are all subject to certain lapses of memory, but their is one subject close to our hearts which should never be lost sight of for one single moment. That is good roads—better roads for this community. Think it over—talk it over—push it along with every breath of life. We want better country roads.

The Lynn County News took us considerable to task this week for slandering the fair basket ball players of their town. So far as we have any remembrance, we never slandered a lady in our life and this is the first time we have ever been accused of the evil. We cannot take up and reprint all their dope and our dopy reply, because it would crowd out something with some intrinsic value, but for the benefit of the News and some of our Tahoka friends, will say just this much: That the article Crie calls "slandrous" was Contributed; that personally we never saw a game of basket ball in our life, although they are frequently pulled off here; that we would not know a game of it from any other riot.—Terry County Herald.

Just Mark the next one "contributed" Jack, and we'll know how to take it.

It is charged, by a well-known American writer, that certain contractors in the United States are sending "paper shoes" to European soldiers in the field. Whereupon certain newspapers proceed to abuse the well-known writer. Would it not be better to suspend judgment upon him until it is determined beyond question that he has not told the truth? The question, after all is, Are American contractors doing as he alleges!—Christian Science Monitor.

We should worry as long as we don't have to wear the shoes.

**FROST -- PROOF**  
**Cabbage Plants**  
**Only 30 Cts Per 100**  
**By Parcel Post**  
**C. E. White Seed Co**  
**Plainview, Texas**

Take that pillow out of your window and let Parkhurst put in a glass, its much better and cheaper too. We are nicely equipped to cut glass, Parkhursts Jewelry and Confections.

## Wonderful Pictures Now on Display

We have just received the handsomest example of printing art that has ever been seen at this office. A collection of pictures that will be admired by every one, appealing to every lover of the beautiful and artistic. A bound volume of views chosen for their artistic value, grouped geographically and harmoniously printed in four colors on special made India tint paper, size 8 by 11 inches, it is by far the most complete record of the beauties of the Nation's playground ever issued. There are delicate effects of rare beauty, much of it comparable to choice watercolor, its completeness making it a book of exceptional educational value. As a gift book it has wonderful charm, carrying an impression of the grandeur of the West which no words can adequately portray. It is a book for the library of which one may be proud. Commencing at the extreme southern border of the Pacific Coast country amongst the picturesque wilds of the Colorado, you journey northward through reclaimed deserts along the trail of the pioneer, viewing, en route, the Mission relics of earlier civilization. On into the orange country of Southern California to the sunny shores of the Pacific. From here, an abrupt change lands you in the heart of the high Sierras amongst the giant redwoods. Traveling rugged mountain trails and roads, along frantic rivers, by roaring waterfalls, glimpsing here and there the highest snowclad peaks, up over ridges, down into deep dark canyons, dodging frequently chains of glistening mountain lakes, and then, just as you commence to feel that it is getting cold in this snowy region—presto—back into sunshine, fruit and flowers and the glories of the broad valleys sloping gently away from the the sea. So realistic, so intense is the interest as you go from page to page covering thousands of miles of Nature's splendid work, surpassed nowhere in the world, that the last page finds you fairly worn out by the journey.

"Telephone, sir."

"What is it?"

"Your wife wants you at home at once."

"What's the trouble?"

"She has a tight gown, can't stoop, and the drip pan under the refrigerator is running over."—Louisville Courier-Journal.



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The car that wont run, is the car we want

**LET US DEMONSTRATE**

Wednesday of this week Ira Doak moved his barber shop from his wood building on the south side of the square to her new brick on the west side of the square. Ira has installed a shop that is a credit to our city, or any other.

S. N. Weathers, tailor has moved into the rear of Ira's shop and will be permanently located there with his line. Thursday Shed was very busy arranging his furniture, and ere this reaches our readers he will be very much on the job.

J. A. Brashear and Miss Willie Stewart, of the firm of Knight and Brashear, left Monday morning for Saint Louis and Chicago markets to purchase the spring and summer goods to fill up their large new brick on Main Harper and Sweet streets,

### YEGGMEN WORK IN LAMESA

Sometime during Thursday night, safe blowers pulled off a successful stunt at the depot. The door of the big safe was blown off and hurled across, the room and the robbers took the cash drawer out, but all they got was about \$35. A number of checks were in the drawer and these were left.—Dawson County News.

The report here is that the yeggmen were after a shipment of \$450 that arrived the night before. They evidently got their wires crossed on the date of arrival.

Mr. and Mrs. McDaniel returned Friday of last week, from Dallas where they had been to purchase their spring and summer stock of dry goods.

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## Exploits of Elaine

SYNOPSIS.

The New York police are mystified by a series of murders and other crimes. The principal clue to the criminal is the warning letter which is sent the victims, signed with a "clutching hand." The latest victim of the mysterious assassin is Taylor Dodge, the insurance president. His daughter, Elaine, employs Craig Kennedy, the famous scientific detective, to try to unravel the mystery. What Kennedy accomplishes is told by his friend, Jameson, a newspaper man. After many fruitless attempts to put Elaine and Craig Kennedy out of the way the Clutching Hand is at last found to be none other than Ferry Bennett, Elaine's lawyer and the man she is engaged to marry. Bennett does to the den of one of his Chinese criminals. The Chinaman forces from Bennett the secret of the whereabouts of \$7,000,000. Then he gives the lawyer a potion which will suspend animation for months. Kennedy reaches Bennett's side just after he has lost consciousness.

TWENTY-FIFTH EPISODE

THE LOST TORPEDO.

From the rocks of a promontory that jutted out not far from the wharf where Wu Fang's body was found and Kennedy had disappeared, opened up a beautiful panorama of a bay on one side and the sound on the other.

It was a deserted bit of coast. But anyone who had been standing near the promontory the next day might have seen a thin line, as if the water, sparkling in the sunlight, had been cut with a huge knife. Gradually a thin steel rod seemed to rise from the water itself, still moving ahead, though slowly now as it pushed its way above the surface. After it came a round cylinder of steel, studded with bolts. It was the hatch of a submarine, and the rod was the periscope.

As the submarine lay there at rest, the waves almost breaking over it, the hatch slowly opened and a hand appeared groping for a hold. Then appeared a face with a tangle of curly black hair and keen, forceful eyes. After it the body of a man rose out of

the hatch, a tall, slender, striking person. He reached down into the hold of the boat and drew forth a life preserver.

"All right," he called down in an accent slightly foreign, as he buckled on the belt. "I shall communicate with you as soon as I have something to report."

Then he deliberately plunged overboard and struck out for the shore. Hand over hand, he churned his way through the water toward the beach until at last his feet touched bottom, and he waded out, shaking the water from himself like a huge animal.

The coming of the stranger had not been entirely unheralded. Along the shore road by which Kennedy and I had followed the crooks who we thought had the torpedo, on that last chase, was waiting now a powerful limousine with its motor purring. A chauffeur was sitting at the wheel and inside, at the door, sat a man peering out along the road to the beach. Suddenly the man in the machine signaled to the driver.

"He comes!" he cried eagerly. "Drive down the road, closer, and meet him!"

As the swimmer strode shivering up the roadway the car approached him. The assistant swung open the door and ran forward with a thick, warm coat and hat.

Neither the master nor the servant spoke as they met, but the man wrapped the coat about him, hurried into the car, the driver turned and quickly they sped toward the city.

Secretly though the entrance of the stranger had been planned, however, it was not unobserved.

Along the beach, on a bowld r, gazing thoughtfully out to sea and smoking an old briar pipe, sat a bent fisherman clad in an oilskin hat and heavy, ungainly boots. About his neck was a long woolen muffler which concealed the lower part of his face quite as effectually as his scraggly, grizzled whiskers.

Suddenly he seemed to discover something that interested him, slowly rose, then turned and almost ran up the shore. Quickly he dropped behind a large rock and waited, peering out.

As the limousine bearing the stranger, on whom the fisherman had

kept his eyes riveted, turned and drove away, the old salt rose from behind his rock, gazed after the car as if to fix every line of it in his memory, and then he, too, quickly disappeared up the road.

The stranger's car had scarcely disappeared when the fisherman turned from the shore road into a clump of stunted trees and made his way to a hut. Not far away stood a small, unpretentious closed car, also with a driver.

"I shall be ready in a minute," the fisherman nodded, almost running into the hut, as the driver moved his car up closer to the door.

The larger motor had disappeared far down the bend of the road when the fisherman reappeared. In an almost incredible time he had changed his oilskins and muffler for a dark coat and silk hat. He was no longer a fisherman, but a rather fussy looking old gentleman, bewhiskered still, with eyes looking out keenly from a pair of gold-rimmed glasses.

"Follow that car—at any cost," he ordered simply as he let hims if into

the little motor, and the driver shot ahead down a bit of side road and out into the main shore road again, urging the car forward to overtake the one ahead.

Such was the entrance of the stranger—Marcus Del Mar—into America.

How I managed to pass the time during the first few days after the strange disappearance of Kennedy I don't know. It was all like a dream—the apartment empty, the laboratory empty, my own work on the Star uninteresting, Elaine brokenhearted, life itself a burden.

Hoping against hope, the next day I decided to drop around at the Dodge house. As I entered the library unannounced I saw that Elaine, with a faith for which I envied her, was sitting at a table, her back toward the door. She was gazing sadly at a photograph. Though I could not see it, I needed not to be told whose it was.

She did not hear me come in, so engrossed was she in her thoughts. Nor did she notice me at first as I stood just behind her. Finally I put my hand on her shoulder as if I had been an elder brother.

She looked up into my face. "Have you heard from him yet?" she asked anxiously.

I could only shake my head sadly. She sighed. Involuntarily she rose and together we moved toward the garden, the last place we had seen him about the house.

We had been pacing up and down the garden, talking earnestly, only a short time when a man made his way in from the Fifth avenue gate.

"Is this Miss Dodge?" he asked.

Neither Elaine nor I knew him at the time, though I think she thought he might be the bearer of some message from Craig. As a matter of fact, he was the emissary to whom the stenographer had thrown the torpedo model from the Navy building in Washington.

His visit was only a part of a deep-laid scheme. Only a few minutes before three crooks—among them our visitor—had stopped just below the house on a side street. To him the others had given final instructions and a note, and he had gone on, leaving the two standing there.

"I have a note for you," he said, bowing and handing an envelope to Elaine, which she tore open and read.

Washington, D. C.  
Miss Elaine Dodge,  
Fifth avenue, New York.  
My Dear Miss Dodge:—The bearer, Mr. Bailey of the Secret Service, would like to question you regarding the disappearance of Mr. Kennedy and the model of his torpedo.

Morgan Bertrand,  
United States Secret Service.

Even as we were talking, the other two crooks had already moved up and had made their way around back of the stone wall that cut off the Dodge garden back of the house. There they stood, whispering eagerly and gazing furtively over the wall as their man talked to Elaine.

After a moment I stepped aside, while Elaine read the note, and as he asked her a few questions I could not help feeling that the affair had a very suspicious look. The more I thought of it, the less I liked it. Finally I could stand it no longer.

"I beg your pardon," I excused myself to the alleged Mr. Bailey, "but may I speak to Miss Dodge alone just

a minute?"  
He bowed, rather ungracefully I thought, and Elaine followed me aside while I told her my fears.

"I don't like the looks of it myself," she agreed. "Yes, I'll be very careful what I say."  
While we were talking I could see out of the corner of my eye that the fellow was looking at us askance and frowning. But if I had had an X-ray eye I might have seen his two companions on the other side of the wall, peering over as they had done before and showing every evidence of annoyance at my interference.

The man resumed his questioning of Elaine regarding the torpedo, and she replied guardedly, as, in fact, she could not do otherwise.

Suddenly we heard shouts on the other side of the wall, as though someone were attacking someone else.

There seemed to be several of them, for a man quickly flung himself over the wall and ran to us.

"They're after us," he shouted to Bailey.

Instantly our visitor drew a gun and followed the newcomer as he ran to get out of the garden in the opposite direction.

Just then a tall, well-dressed, striking man came over the wall, accompanied by another dressed as a policeman, and rushed toward us.

The car bearing the mysterious stranger, Del Mar, kept on until it reached New York, then made its way through the city until it came to the Hotel La Coste.

Del Mar jumped out of the car, his wet clothes covered completely by the long coat. He registered and rode up the elevator to rooms which had already been engaged for him. In his

suite a valet was already unpacking some trunks and laying out clothes when Del Mar and his assistant entered.

With an exclamation of satisfaction at his unostentatious entry into the city, Del Mar threw off his heavy coat. The valet hastened to assist him in removing the clothes, still wet and wrinkled from his plunge into the sea.

Scarcely had Del Mar changed his clothes than he received two visitors. Strangely enough, they were dressed in the uniform of policeman.

"First of all we must convince them of our honesty," he said, looking fixedly at the two men. "Orders have been given to the men employed by Wu Fang to be about in half an hour. We must pretend to arrest them on sight. You understand?"

"Yes, sir," she nodded.  
"Very well, come on," Del Mar ordered, taking up his hat and preceding them from the room.

Outside the La Coste, Del Mar and his two policemen entered the car which had driven Del Mar from the seacoast and were quickly whisked away, uptown, until they came near the Dodge house.

Del Mar leaped from the car, followed by his two policemen. "There they are, already," he whispered, pointing up the avenue.

All three hastened up the avenue now, where, beside a wall, they could see two men looking through intently as though very angry at something going on inside.

"Arrest them!" shouted Del Mar, as his own men ran forward.

The fight was short and sharp, with every evidence of being genuine. One of the men managed to break away and jump the garden wall, with Del Mar and one of the policemen after him, while the other only reached the wall to be dragged down by the other policeman.

Elaine and I had been, as I have said, talking with the man named Bailey, who posed as a secret service man, when the rumpus began. As the man came over the fence, warning Bailey, it was evident that neither of them had time to escape. With his club the policeman struck the newcomer of the two flat, while the tall, athletic gentleman leaped upon Bailey, and before we knew it had him disarmed. In a most clean-cut and professional way he snapped the bracelets on the man.

Elaine was astonished at the ka-



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telescopic turn of affairs, too astonished even to make an outcry. As for me, it was all so sudden that I had no chance to take part in it. Besides, I should not have known quite on which side to fight. So I did nothing.

As it was over so quickly, I took a step forward to our latest arrival. "Beg pardon, old man," I began, "but don't you think this is just a little raw? What's it all about?"

The newest comer eyed me for a moment, then with quiet dignity drew from his pocket and handed me his card, which read simply:

M. DEL MAR, Private Investigator.

As I looked up, I saw Del Mar's other policeman bringing in another manacled man.

"These are crooks—foreign agents," replied Del Mar pointing to the prisoner. "The government has employed me to run them down."

"What of this?" asked Elaine, holding up the note from Bertrand.

"A fake, a forgery," reiterated Del Mar, looking at it a moment critically. Then to the men uniformed as police he ordered: "You can take them to jail. They're the fellows, all right."

As the prisoners were led off, Del Mar turned to Elaine. "Would you mind answering a few questions about these men?"

"Why—no," she hesitated. "But I think we'd better go into the house, after such a thing as this. It makes me feel nervous."

With Del Mar I followed Elaine in through the conservatory.

Del Mar had scarcely registered at the La Coste when the smaller car which had been waiting at the fishermen's hut drew up before the hotel entrance. From it alighted the fussy old gentleman who bore such a remarkable resemblance to the fisherman, hastily paid his driver and entered the hotel.

He went directly to the desk and with well-manicured finger, secretly reminiscent of a fisherman, began tracing the names down the list until he stopped before one which read:

"Marcus Del Mar and valet, Washington, D. C., Room 529."

With a quick glance about, he made a note of it and turned away, leaving

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This Lister has all the advantages of the No. 111 and in addition has rear wheels. This is desired in many localities as it enables the operator to see the seed as planted. The rear wheels have cushion springs to hold them in line with the row and following the unevenness of the ground and conform to the ridge without straining the rear frame, compelling, also, the Lister to remain in proper working position at all times. The friction lock disengages automatically, allowing the wheels to castor and turn round in a very small space.

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8 BARS	32	7
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6 BARS	20	5 1/2
		5
		4 1/2
		4
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# Exploits of Elaine

...ne La Coste, to the... his own in the Prince Henry down... street.

Not until Del Mar had left with the two policemen did the fussy old gentleman reappear in the La Coste. Then he rode up to Del Mar's room and rapped at the door.

"Is Mr. Del Mar in?" he inquired of the valet.

"No, sir," replied that functionary.

The little old man appearing to consider, shaking his head and dropping his silk hat. Absent-mindedly he dropped it. As the valet stooped to pick it up the old gentleman exhibited an agility and strength scarcely to be expected of his years. He seized the valet, while with one foot he kicked the door shut.

Before the surprised servant knew what was going on his assailant had whipped from his pocket a handkerchief which was concealed a thin tube of dynamite. Then leaving the valet in a state of confusion with the handkerchief over his face, he proceeded to make a systematic search of the room, pulling out all drawers, trunks and bags.

He turned pretty nearly everything upside down, then started on the desk. Suddenly he paused. There was a paper. He read it, then with an air of extreme elation shoved it into his pocket.

As he was going out he stopped beside the valet, removed the handkerchief from his face and bound him with a cord from the portieres. Then, still immaculate in spite of his encounter, he descended in the elevator, re-entered a waiting car and drove off.

Quite evidently, however, he wanted to cover his tracks, for he had not gone half a dozen blocks before he stopped, paid and tipped the driver generously, and disappeared into the theater crowd.

Back again in the Prince Henry whither the fussy little old man made his way as quickly as he could through a side street, he went quietly up to his room.

His door was now locked. He did not have to deny himself to visitors, for he had none. Still his room was cluttered by a vast amount of paraphernalia and he was seated before a table deep in work.

First of all he tied a handkerchief over his nose and mouth. Then he took up a cartridge from the table and carefully extracted the bullet. Into the space occupied by the bullet he poured a white powder and added a wad of paper, like a blank cartridge, placing the cartridge in the chamber of a revolver and repeating the operation until he had it fully loaded. It was his own invention of an asphyxiating bullet.

Perhaps half an hour later the old gentleman, his room cleaned up and his immaculate appearance restored, sauntered forth from the hotel down the street like a veritable Turveydrop, to show himself.

Elaine seemed quite impressed with her new friend, Del Mar, as we made our way to the library, though I am sure that it was a pose on her part. At any rate he seemed quite eager to help us.

"What do you suppose has become of Mr. Kennedy?" asked Elaine.

Del Mar looked at her earnestly. "I should be glad to search for him," he returned quickly. "He was the greatest man in our profession. But first I must execute the commission of the secret service. We must find his torpedo model before it falls into foreign hands."

We talked for a few moments, then Del Mar, with a glance at his watch, excused himself. He accompanied him to the door, for he was indeed a charming man. I felt that if in fact he were assigned to the case I ought to know him better.

"You're going downtown," I ventured, "I might accompany you part of the way."

"Delighted," agreed Del Mar.

As Del Mar and I walked down the avenue, he kept up a running fire of conversation until at last we came near the La Coste.

"Charmed to have met you, Mr. Jameson," he said, pausing. "We shall see a great deal of each other I hope."

I had not yet had time to say good-by myself when a slight exclamation at my side startled me. Turning suddenly, I saw a very brisk, fussy old gentleman who had evidently been hurrying through the crowd. He had slipped on something on the sidewalk and lost his balance, falling near us.

We bent over and assisted him to his feet. As I took hold of his hand, I felt a peculiar pressure from him. He had placed something in my hand. My mind worked quickly. I checked my first impulse to speak, and, more from curiosity than anything else, kept the thing he had passed to me surreptitiously.

"Thank you, gentlemen," he puffed, straightening himself out. "One of the infirmities of age. Thank you, thank you."

In a moment he had bustled off quite comically.

Again Del Mar said good-by, and I did not urge him to stay. He had scarcely gone when I looked at the thing the old man had placed in my hand. It was a little folded piece of paper. I opened it slowly. Inside was

printed in pencil, disguised:  
Be Careful. Watch Him.  
I read it in amazement. What did it mean?

At the La Coste, Del Mar was met by two of his men in the lobby and they rode up to his room.

Imagine their surprise when they opened the door and found the valet lying bound on the floor.

"Who the deuce did this?" demanded Del Mar as they loosened him.

The valet rose weakly to his feet. "A little old man with gray whiskers," he managed to gasp.

Del Mar looked at him in surprise. Instantly his active mind recalled the little old man who had fallen before us on the street.

"Who—what was he?"

"Come," he said quickly, beckoning his two companions, who had come in with him.

Some time later, Del Mar's car stopped just below the Dodge house.

"You men go around back of the house and watch," ordered Del Mar.

As they disappeared he turned and went up the Dodge steps.

"I walked back after my strange experience with the fussy little old gentleman, feeling more than ever, now that Craig was gone, that both Elaine and Aunt Josephine needed me.

As we sat talking in the library, Rusty, released from the chain on which Jennings kept him, bounded with a rush into the library.

"Good old fellow," encouraged Elaine, patting him.

Just then Jennings entered, and a moment later was followed by Del Mar, who bowed as we welcomed him.

"Do you know," he began, "I believe that the lost torpedo model is somewhere in this house, and I have reason to anticipate another attempt of foreign agents to find it. If you'll pardon me, I've taken the liberty of surrounding the place with some men we can trust."

While Del Mar was speaking Elaine picked up a ribbon from the table and started to tie it about Rusty's neck. As Del Mar proceeded she paused, still holding the ribbon, Rusty, who hated ribbons, saw his chance and quietly sidled out, seeking refuge in the conservatory.

Alone in the conservatory, Rusty quickly forgot about the ribbon and began nosing about the palms. At last he came to the pot in which the torpedo model had been buried in the soft earth by the thief the night it had been stolen from the fountain.

Quickly Elaine recalled herself, and, seeing the ribbon in her hand and Rusty gone, called him. There was no answer, and she excused herself, for it was against the rules for Rusty to wander about.

In his haste the thief had left just a corner of the handkerchief sticking out of the dirt. What none of us had noticed, Rusty's keen eyes and nose discovered, and his instinct told him to dig for it. In a moment he uncovered the torpedo and handkerchief and sniffed.

Just then he heard his mistress calling him. Rusty had been whipped for digging in the conservatory, and now, with his tail between his legs, he seized the torpedo in his mouth and bolted for the door of the drawing room, for he had heard voices in the library. As he did so he dropped the handkerchief and the little propeller, loosened by his teeth, fell off.

Elaine entered the conservatory, still calling. Rusty was not there. He had reached the stairs, scurrying up to the attic, still holding the torpedo model in his mouth. He pushed open the attic door and ran in. Rusty's last refuge in time of trouble was back of a number of trunks, among which were two of almost the same size and appearance. Behind one of them he had hidden a miscellaneous collection of bones, pieces of biscuit and things dear to his heart. He dropped the torpedo among these treasures.

Del Mar, meanwhile, had followed Elaine through the hall and into the conservatory. As he entered he could see her stooping down to look through the palms for Rusty. She straightened up and went on out.

Del Mar followed. Beside the palm pot where Rusty had found the torpedo he happened to see the old handkerchief soaked with dirt. Nearby lay the little propeller. He picked them up.

"She has found it!" he exclaimed in wonder, following Elaine.

Outside, on the lawn, Del Mar's men had been looking about, but had discovered nothing. They paused a moment to speak.

"Look out!" whispered one of them. "There's someone coming."

They dropped down in the shadow. There in the light of the street lamps was the fussy old gentleman coming across the lawn. He stole up to the door of the conservatory and looked through. De Mar's men crawled a few feet closer. The little old man entered the conservatory and looked about again stealthily. The two men allowed him to noiselessly and watched as he bent over the palm pot from which the dog had dug up the torpedo. He looked at the hole curiously. Just then he heard sounds behind him and sprang to his feet.

"Hands up," ordered one of the men, covering him with a gun.

The little old man threw up his hands, raising his cane still in his right hand. The man with the gun took a step closer. As he did so the little old man brought down his cane with a quick blow and knocked the gun out of his hand. The second man seized the cane. The old man jerked

the cane back and was standing there with a thin, tough steel rapier. It was a sword cane. Del Mar's man held the sheath.

As the man attacked with the sheath the little old man parried, sent it flying from his grasp and wounded him. The wounded man sank down, while the little old man ran off through the palms, followed by the other of Del Mar's men.

Around the hall he ran and back into the conservatory, where he picked up a heavy chair and threw it through the glass, dropping himself behind a convenient hiding-place near by. Del Mar's man, close after him, mistaking the crash of glass for the escape of the man he was pursuing, went on through the broken exit. Then the little old man doubled on his tracks and made for the front of the house.

With Aunt Josephine I had remained in the library.

"What's that?" I exclaimed at the first sounds. "A fight?"

Together we rushed for the conservatory.

The fight, followed so quickly by the crash of glass, also alarmed Elaine and Del Mar in the hallway. They hurried toward the library which we had just left by the rear door.

As they entered they saw a little old gentleman, who had come from the conservatory and was closing the door behind him. He whirled about, and he and Del Mar recognized each other at once. They drew guns together, but the little old man fired first.

His bullet struck the wall back of Del Mar and a cloud of vapor was instantly formed, enveloping Del Mar and even Elaine. Del Mar fell, overcome, while Elaine staggered slowly. The little old man ran forward.

In the conservatory Aunt Josephine and I heard the shooting, just as one of Del Mar's men ran in again. With him we ran back toward the library.

By this time the whole house was aroused. Jennings and Marie were hurrying downstairs, crying for help and making their way to the library also.

In the library the little old man bent over Del Mar and Elaine. But it was only a moment later that he heard the whole house aroused. Quickly he shut and locked the folding doors to the drawing room as, with Del Mar's man, I was beating at the rear library door.

"I'll go around," I suggested, hurrying off, while Del Mar's man tried to beat in the door.

Inside the little old man, who had been listening, saw that there was no means of escape. He pulled off his coat and vest and turned them inside out. On the inside he had prepared an exact copy of Jennings's livery.

It was only a matter of seconds before he had completed his change. For a moment he paused and looked at the two prostrate figures before him. Then he took a rose from a vase on the table and placed it in Elaine's hand.

Finally, with his whiskers and wig off, he moved to the rear door where Del Mar's man was beating and opened it.

"Look," he cried, pointing in an agitated way at Del Mar and Elaine. "What shall we do?"

Del Mar's man, who had never seen Jennings, ran to his master, and the little old man, in his new disguise, slipped quietly into the hall and out the front door, where he had a taxicab waiting for him down the street.

A moment later I burst open the other library door and Aunt Josephine followed me in, just as Jennings himself and Marie entered from the drawing room.

It was only a moment before we had Del Mar, who was most in need of care, on the sofa, and Elaine, already regaining consciousness, lay back in a deep easy chair.

As Del Mar moved I turned again to Elaine, who was now nearly recovered.

"How do you feel?" I asked, anxiously.

Her throat was parched by the asphyxiating fumes, but she smiled brightly, though weakly.

"Where did I get that?" she managed to gasp finally, catching sight of the rose in her hand. "Did you put it there?"

I shook my head and she gazed at the rose, wondering.

Whoever the little man was, he was gone.

I longed for Craig.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## SAYS HOT WATER WASHES POISONS FROM THE LIVER

Everyone should drink hot water with phosphate in it, before breakfast.

To feel as fine as the proverbial fiddle, we must keep the liver washed clean, almost every morning, to prevent its sponge-like pores from clogging with indigestible material, sour bile and poisonous toxins, says a noted physician.

If you get headaches, it's your liver. If you catch cold easily, it's your liver. If you wake up with a bad taste, furred tongue, nasty breath or stomach belching, it's your liver. Sallow skin, muddy complexion, watery eyes all denote liver uncleanness. Your liver is the most important, also the most abused and neglected organ of the body. Few know its function or how to release the dammed-up body waste, bile and toxins. Most folks resort to violent calomel, which is a dangerous, salivating chemical which can only be used occasionally because it accumulates in the tissues, also attacks the bones.

Every man and woman, sick or well, should drink each morning before breakfast, a glass of hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it, to wash from the liver and bowels the previous day's indigestible material, the poisons, sour bile and toxins, thus cleansing, sweetening and freshening the entire alimentary canal before putting more food into the stomach.

Limestone phosphate does not restrict the diet like calomel, because it can not salivate, for it is harmless and you can eat anything afterwards. It is inexpensive and almost tasteless, and any pharmacist will sell you a quarter pound, which is sufficient for a demonstration of how hot water and limestone phosphate cleans, stimulates and freshens the liver, keeping you feeling fit day in and day out.

State of Texas } In the County Court of Tarrant County, Texas, James McCord Co., Plaintiff Vs. Jack Alley et al defendants.

Whereas, by virtue of an execution issued out of the County Court of Tarrant County, Texas, on a judgment rendered in said court on the 10th day of February A. D. 1914, in favor of the said James McCord Co., plaintiff vs Jack Alley, E. Payne, Luke Riley, T. M. Bartley, No. 1240, on the docket of said court, I did, on the 10 day of February, A. D. 1916, at 4 o'clock P. M. levy upon the following described tracts and parcels of land situate in the County of Lynn, State of Texas, and belonging to the said T. M. Bartley, to wit:

All of the west half of the North West one fourth of survey No. 482 Cert. No. 462 Blk. No. 1, E. L. & R. R. R. Co., containing 80 acres of land, in Lynn County, Texas;

130 acres out of the N. W. 1/4, sur. 27 Blk. 8 Cert. 654 E. L. & R. R. R. Co.

S. E. 1/4, sur. 462 Cert. 453 Blk. 1 E. L. & R. R. R. Co. and the West half and N. E. 1/4 sur. 433 cert. 339, John H. Gibson all in Lynn County, Texas.

Also all of the following described lots situated, lying and being in North Tahoka Addition to the original town of Tahoka Lynn County, Texas, as shown by the plat of said town of record in Vol. 11 page 515 Deed records of Lynn County, Texas, and being Lots Lot 6 Blk. 13; Lots 4 and 7 in Block 32; Lots 13, 14, 15, and 16 in Blk. 35; Lots 3, 4, 9, and 10 in Blk. 20; Lots 6 and 7 in Blk. 50; Lot 20 Blk. 45; Lot 8 Blk. 43 and Lots 3 and 4 Blk. 40 all in said town.

And on the 10th day of March, A. D. 1916, being the First Tuesday of said month, between the hours of 10 o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock P. M. on said day, at the court house door of said county, I will offer for sale and sell at public auction, for cash, all the right, title and interest of the said T. M. Bartley in and to said property.

Dated at Tahoka, Texas, this 10th of February A. D. 1916.

F. E. Redwine  
sheriff of Lynn County, Texas.  
By S. W. Joplin, deputy.

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