

LYNN COUNTY NEWS

Volume XIII Tahoka, Lynn County, Texas, Friday, September 29, 1916 Number 5



The Story of the Bills

BILK SMITH thought he paid a certain grocery bill. The grocer thought other-wise and demanded payment, which Smith was obliged to make. Even supposing that he had not paid it twice, the mere doubt, which he could not dispel caused him much uneasiness.

BILL JONES also had a grocery bill, but when a duplicate came to his notice, his check book quickly showed the facts, both to the satisfaction of himself and the grocer. See the point?

Guaranty State Bank
Of Tahoka, Texas.

Slayer of Teacher Given Life Sentence

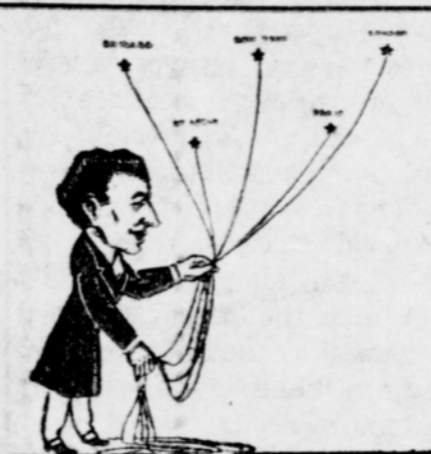
The case of the State of Texas vs. Milton Jones, charged with the murder of Miss Vera Nobles at Plainview school house May 10th last, was called for trial in the District Court of Dawson county Monday, September 25th.

The state was represented by Dist. Attorney G. E. Lockheart, and the defence by Attorney Bledsoe of Lubbock. Around forty witnesses were summoned and both sides reported ready for trial. The defendant entered a plea of not guilty to the charge of murder in the first degree.

After exhausting about 120 out of a venire of 136 the jury was empanelled about three o'clock Monday, and court recessed until eight-thirty Tuesday morning. The defence then offered the state to withdraw the plea of not guilty and enter a plea of guilty provided the state would not ask for more than life imprisonment, and agreed not to ask for less.

After consulting with the principals in the state's case the compromise was accepted and the case went to the jury about eleven o'clock.

The jury was out about three



We Have A Line

On the High Class Goods and Exclusive Styles

found in the larger cities and are constantly keeping in touch with them in order to give our customers the benefit of our **First Class Connections** New Ladies Boots, New Coats, New Suits, New Dress Goods--- If you don't see the NEW, you'll be sorry.

Knight & Brashear



We Carry The Best

lumber that can be had in this town. Lumber that can be depended upon; thoroughly seasoned; cut full measure, and not a poor piece in the lot. If you are in the market for lumber of any description we solicit your trade, feeling confident we can meet your requirements, both as regards quality and price.

Tahoka Lumber Company

Pride Locals

McDaniel-St. Claire.

We have had three good meetings at Pride this summer.

Our school started September 18 Prof. Bishop principal Miss Ida Turner assistant.

Rev. Braswell filled his regular appointment Saturday and Sunday.

Jim Turner is moving to New Mexico.

The boll weevil has done considerable damage to cotton here. A bale to six acres is our estimation.

Feed crops better than last year.

We have no land to rent on this part of the map but would sell a little to actual settlers.

Since the rain our range is fine and stock is looking good.

Lots of hogs in this country and plenty of corn. Hog and hominy is hard to beat.

Our enterprising merchant Mr. Fisher has a nice bunch of Rhode Island Reds scratching around his store. He has his meat eggs, his own milk butter. Notwithstanding he is superintendent of a Sunday School and never misses a church service. It looks like all the merchants would do better if they would move to the country and make their own living.

Uncle Henry

Plain and Fancy Sewing

I am located at Larkin's store and am prepared to do all kinds of plain and fancy sewing.

Bring your goods and pattern and let me do the rest.

Miss Iva Cowan.

G. W. Hickerson has placed lumber on the ground for a pretty little town home across the street from the W. D. Nevels place in north Tahoka.

Woodman Circle Rally

A call meeting of the Woodman Circle will be held at the hall Monday afternoon Oct. 2. All members urged to be present or forever after hold their peace.

Any members of other Groves who are living or visiting in Tahoka cordially invited.

E. L. Howard has finished the building which will house the Tahoka electric light plant and his engine and dynamo installed Thursday a car of poles were unloaded, and the wiring of the city will be pushed with all speed.

Miss Rescola McDaniel was married to Mr. Homer St. Clair at the home of her parents Saturday evening at eight o'clock.

Only the immediate family and a few friends were present. Rev. Durham, pastor of the Baptist church officiated.

The young people are at home in south Tahoka. Both young people are popular and wished a long and happy life by their friends.

Where to get your fall hat? Why see Mrs. Odgen at Larkins Store Of course. Hats for any and all occasions, and priced reasonable too.

Clark Roberson has purchased the harness business from the firm of St. Clair & Carter, and will continue to conduct the business at the same stand.

Miss Edna Montgomery has accepted a position on the News force, and we hope to give our readers more local matter as a result.

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

The Methodist meeting begins at Wilson Sunday October first. Rev. Richardson, local pastor, assisted by Rev. C. H. Ledger of Tahoka will hold the services.

We received last week a communication from a Wilson correspondent, and during the editor's absence from the office the letter was misplaced. We hope our correspondent there will not take offence at the mishap, and will write again soon.

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

Miss Boswell, of Plainview, came down last Sat. to make her home in Tahoka for the next several months. She has accepted a position in the Tahoka public school.

Fresh Fish and Oysters

We receive a shipment of fresh Fish and Oysters every Friday. 3-tf Sanitary Meat Market.

Miss Grace Brown came in Wednesday, and will succeed Miss Ellison as teacher of music in the Tahoka school. She returned home Thursday and will return Monday to resume her duties.



D. A. Parkhurst--Jewelry and Confections

and a half hours, and held by a deadlock of nine for death sentence and three for life imprisonment. It seems that no decision could be reached, until the jury was informed that Mr. Noble would be satisfied with punishment by life imprisonment. The jury then returned a verdict for life imprisonment and the murderer of Miss Noble was immediately sentenced, and carried by car back to the Lubbock jail where he will be confined until arrangements can be made for him to begin serving his sentence in the State Penitentiary.

Have you seen Mrs. Ogdens line of sport hats? They are all the go, and are going too. Better make your selection now.

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

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

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

Individuality—something classy, and something different, the line shown by Mrs. Ogden at Larkins.

Street hats and dress hats, ready to wear, or millined to suit the individual customer—See Mrs. Ogden at Larkins.

A party from Post City is having the building being vacated by the Guaranty State Bank, repainted, preparatory to installing a stock of five and ten cent goods.

The Girl With The Candy Box

is a familiar sight these days. All girls love candy, and many eat a good deal of it. Some people think it is harmful, but that depends on the candy. If it is pure, and fresh, without adulteration, there is nothing more healthful. Try a box.

Classified Column

FOR SALE—Syrup Cane—Sizes: One-half, one and five gallons. Write: P. O. Box 83, Slaton, Tex. 5-p-h

RESIDENCE FOR SALE—9 room residence, water connection, on quarter block, well, windmill, barn, service house and conveniences. Young orchard and vineyard: an ideal home. Would give terms. -O.M. Shook.

State land leases for sale by J. U. Williams of Tatum, New Mexico.

For Ranch Property in Eastern New Mexico, see J. U. Williams, of Tatum, New Mexico. 49tf

If you want to buy a ranch in Eastern New Mexico, see J. U. Williams, of Tatum, New Mexico. 49-tf

FOR SALE OR TRADE—Horses, Mares, & Mules—apply Powers & Vinson. 1-tf

FOR SALE—Twelve weaner pigs, see Mrs. Jeff Fleming, in North Tahoka. 3-tf

FOR SALE or trade—City Blacksmith Shop, located in corner of Woods' Wagon Yard east of square. Building 24x28 feet. Well equipped. address J. C. Welch, owner, Tahoka. 2-tf

WANTED—Two rooms for light house keeping. Phone News Office. 3-1tp

Wanted—a cook—Stokes Hotel

BRING YOUR HIDES to Woods wagon yard for high prices. 3-tf

FOUND—Key ring and keys. Owner can secure same by describing, and paying for this local. Call at News Office. 3-2t

Two or more rooms for light housekeeping. Phone 26 5-6

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

Death of John Kuykendall

John Kuykendall 16 year old son of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Kuykendall died Thursday at 12 o'clock (noon) at his father's home 12 miles south-west from Tahoka as a result of being thrown Sunday, from a young mule he was riding.

As near as can be learned, it seems that the boys had caught the mule in the pasture and John attempted to ride it. The mule threw the boy and fell on him and rolled over.

The horn of the saddle struck him just behind the left ear knocking him unconscious. This blow caused concussion of the brain, from which he died, yesterday, without gaining consciousness.

Funeral services will be held at the Tahoka Cemetery this (Friday) afternoon. His brother, Claude, arrived Thursday from El Paso where he has been in the Sanitarium recovering from injuries inflicted by a wild horse.

Charley, another brother, was at home when the accident occurred, but left Thursday morning for Stanton, a car brought him back and he will attend the funeral. Other relatives from Pampa and Valley Mills will arrive on the 3; today to attend the funeral which will be held at four o'clock.

The bereaved family and friend have the sincere sympathy of the entire community in this, their dark hour.

Best of Service.

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

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

The editor of the News was among the court visitors from Tahoka in Lamesa this week, and was pleased to note the rapid strides of development being made by that section of the south Plains.

Lamesa is now lighted by electricity, and it is told on some of us sat up until the wee hours trying to extinguish the lights by the usual process of blowing them out, and after becoming nearly exhausted tied a sock around the light and turned in. Nothing like visiting a live burg to learn a few things.

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

City Council Buys Chemical Fire Engine

The insurance commission has advised City Secretary Jno. C. Woodwall that on the condition that the City of Tahoka would buy a seventy gallon chemical engine on standard trucks, together with putting the night watchman on the city pay roll a reduction of seven cents on the Tahoka Key rate would be earned.

At a meeting of the last week an order was given the Prospect Mfg. Co., Dallas, Texas for this seventy gallon chemical. At this same meeting the mayor instructed Jno. Woodwall to take up the matter of placing the night watchman on the city pay roll with the parties now paying the watchman, sufficient encouragement was had to justify the city to put the watchman on its payroll after Oct. 1st 1916.

These facts mentioned above have been reported to the Fire insurance commission of the State and the Key Rate of Tahoka will be reduced immediately the seven cents mentioned.

E. E. Callaway, Mayor, Jno. C. Woodall, City Secy.

To Teach Music

Miss Grace Brown, who has studied music under Prof. Herrman of Seth Ward College, will be in Tahoka Tuesday, to take Miss Mae Ellison's music class. Miss Brown has three years experience in the instruction of music in Corpus Christi and other places. She will teach piano and violin. Studio at Miss Miss Lillye Harrison's.



THE TOP NOTCH OF BUTTER SCOTCH: THE CRISPEST MOLASSES— THAT CANDY FOR LASSES— BON BONS 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) \$5.00
Advertising rates on application

Entered as second class matter, July 10, 1915, at the postoffice at Tahoka, Texas, under the act of Congress of March 3rd, 1879.

Four Issues Counted a Month

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Office in Shook Building
Over Post Office
Tahoka, Texas

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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

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Abstracter
Quick Service and Complete Satisfaction Guaranteed
Tahoka, Texas

Dr. J. R. Singleton
Dentist
Permanently Located
Tahoka, Texas

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.

GEO. ALLEN
The House Reliable
Oldest and Largest PIANO and MUSIC HOUSE in Western Texas. Latest Sheet Music, MUSIC TEACHER'S Supplies, etc., etc. Catalogue and BOOK OF OLD TIME SONGS FREE for the asking. Established 1890. SAN ANGELO

A Newsy Letter From "Pap" Delayed Last Week

Morgau Lynn County Texas
Sept. 18, 1916.

Editor News:

Yesterday morning when this scribe got up, he did not know that there was so much in store for him as he found out later. In the first place Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Kuykendall and children of the T-Bar neighborhood drove up in their car. We all sat around and chatted a while. Then Mrs. Ropison said: "Say, Pa, put on your coat. We are all going down to Ed Milliken's for dinner." And come to find out her and Mrs. Milliken had pooled their dinners with the intention of giving me a surprise on my seventy first birthday. Will say right here that if we should live seventy one years more I don't believe that we will have an opportunity to sit down to a more bountiful or luxurious repast than was set before us on this occasion.

I heard some one of the number present say that there were forty four ate dinner.

Among the grown present were: Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Kuykendall, Mrs. N. A. Bradley of Denton, Mrs. Beulah Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Davies, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Milliken, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Robison. Then of the young folk present were the Misses Ruby Foster, Bee Foster, Tee Taylor, Delia Taylor, Cecil Ward and Etta Shaw; Messers Carl Foster, Harless Foster, Rhen Bailey, Barney Ward, Bryan Shaw, Loyd Robison. Also the little Millikens, Kuykendalls and Robisons.

The loss of of livestock from disease on the farm of Texas during the past year has been above normal. We lost 39,000 head of horses mules valued at \$3,500,000; 227,000 cattle valued at \$9,820,000; 90,000 sheep worth \$356,000, and 192,000 hogs valued at \$1,534,000 making a total loss of 648,000 animals valued at approximately \$15,213,000. This makes a heavy drain upon the farmer and he should write the A. & M. College, the Texas Sanitary Livestock Commission and the Federal Bureau of Animal Industry for bulletins and information on the health and disease common among our animals. Henry N. Pope.

The Scribe was the recipient of several nice presents for which he is truly grateful. Some one wished that Pap would have a birthday every month.

W. L. Kuykendall said that he would try to happen around again the 17th of next September.

On getting back home there drove up a wagon with the following young people: Misses Maggie Anthony, Beatrice Anthony, Ann Castlebury, Iva Castlebury, and Messers Wesley Anthony and Carl Castlebury who said that they were all watermelon hungry. we told them that the patch had been pretty well cleaned but for them to take to it and do the best they could and welcome.

Mr. and Mrs. Boder of the Gordon Neighborhood were in Morgau Monday wanting to buy chickens.

Wm. M. (Pap) Moore.

Singing Conventions

To The Lynn County News

The Lynn County Singing Convention met with Three Lakes Singing Class on the fourth Sunday in August 1916. Of course had a fine time altho not as large attendance as we expected. Every body went away glad that they were present.

Next meeting will be at T-bar school house. Ever cordially invited to come and bring some one with you. All classes are requested to send their delegates to this meeting and as many of their classes as possible. The next meeting will be on the last Sunday in November 1916.

Yours Truly,
C. R. Strong.

North Draw

The hail storm that came Saturday night destroyed some of the crops in this community altho some were not reached by the hail. There was very little rain fell and late feed is needing rain very bad.

Mrs. Scott is on the sick list this week.

Miss Neina Bell Donaldson visited the Misses Lela and Annie Malone last Friday.

Mr. George Henry and Paul McDonald was up north of Ragtown last week picking cotton.

W. F. Hudman has been to Temple on business. He returned home Wednesday of last week.

Mrs. H. J. Henderson visited Mrs. Pye last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry and family visited Mr. and Mrs. Malone and family Sunday.

Mrs. Dick Carter is tryin to get a music class in this community. We feel the necessity of a school here and hope she will succeed in getting a class.

Sunday School and preaching was very well attended Sunday. We hope to see a larger crowd next Sunday.

Miss Nora Cunningham spent last Sunday with Misses Lela and Annie Malone.

The young people of this community attended a good singing at Grassland Sunday afternoon. Every one reported a good time. There will be prayer meeting here every Sunday night.

Correspondent.

World Denuded of Cotton

During the cotton year July 31 1915, to July 31, 1916, the world bought from the Southern farmer 13,500,000 bales 12,000,000 bales of which was the current crop and 1,500,000 bales "carry over" from previous crops. The steadily rising market of July indicated that just about all of the "carry over" cotton had been drawn from the farm and that the world was denuded of marketable cotton.

The cotton market opened this fall with the highest level with in the memory of most producers living, and that in spite of a government estimate of more than 14,000,000 bales, considerably more than all the world's takings last year. This accumulated evidence that the world is denuded of cotton.

In our issue of July 1 we called attention to the fact that the world the past year had taken 13,200,000 bales of American cotton, that practically no cotton was left unsold on the farms of the South, that the world would need as much cotton this year as last, and that we would likely have not more than 12,000,000 bales to meet the demand with. And now comes the government's latest estimate of an 11,800,000-bale crop-less than was made last year and no "carry over." Surely the world is denuded of cotton.

And more cotton is being used than ever. Hundreds of thousands of bales are going into the manufacture of powder, tents and shelters, and clothing for soldiers where the wear is trying. Millions of people are economizing by wearing cotton where they used to wear silk wool and linen, while new uses for cotton are being found almost daily in the industrial world. And this increasing demand at a time when the world is denuded of cotton.

Twelve months must elapse before another crop can be raised and to reach the market. If the demand this year and next year equals that of last year, then next year's crop will have to make up a shortage of 1,500,000 bales-which means a demand on the next crop for not less than 15,000,000 bales. If the war ends in the meantime, and the starving markets of Germany, Austria and Russia are thrown open, the

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

demand will be increased a year hence to nearly 17,000,000 bales, cash are the indications. Of course no man can know what what the demand will be 12 months from now or even earlier. But the fact remains incontestable -the world is denuded of cotton.

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

Ben Hurst came in last week from Lynn county where he has been making his home for the past two years, and will make this his future home. Ben is making an effort to get the Pierce-Fordyce oil station in Brownfield, and we hope he will succeed. He is now trying to get lots here, and as soon as he gets he will build a nice home here. —Terry County Herald

...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

Who's Your Tailor?

We Represent: **Ed. V. Price, Oxford, and A. E. Anderson---America's Best Tailors.**

Our Clothes Guaranteed to Fit and Wear
Widest Range of Samples in Town

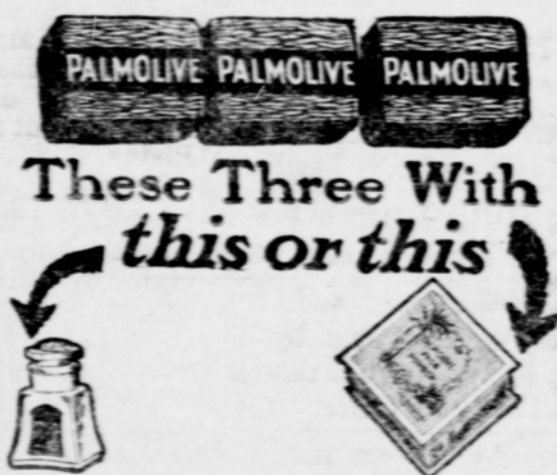
Union Tailor Shop

E. A. Coughran, Prop.

North Side Square

80 Cents' Worth of "Palmolive" for ONLY 44 Cents!

3 Cakes of PALMOLIVE Soap, a Jar of PALMOLIVE Vanishing Cream or a box of PALMOLIVE Powder—44 cents buys this assortment at this store. A wonderful opportunity to stock up on fine toilet goods at a fraction of the usual cost—the price of the three cakes of soap is usually 30 cents, that of the cream or powder 50 cents—you get an actual 80 cents' value in all! Better come in and get yours now—you may want to repeat—you know PALMOLIVE quality. No restrictions, as much as you want—spend 88 cents and get 6 cakes soap and both Vanishing Cream and Powder.



Thomas Bros. Drug Co.

Northwest Corner Square

Tahoka, Texas



"The Price Is The Thing"

Not Another Order

for Ladies' and Children's Ready-to-wear Clothing, Furnishings and Millinery should go from Tahoka to the Mail Order Houses.

We Guarantee

Better goods for the SAME PRICE OR LESS than any Catalog House. Give us an opportunity to convince you.

The Vogue

3rd Door East from N. W. Cor. Sq. Tahoka

Your Ideal of Smart Clothing

---is embodied in the Stock of Ladies' Ready-to-Wear Clothing, and Millinery we are showing.

We Have Enjoyed

a satisfactory patronage since we opened our stock to the public, and wish our customer to know their trade is appreciated.

Call again, it is a pleasure to show you, and we would be glad to have you bring a friend.

Peters
"Diamond Brand"





MONDAY

A Broken Genius..... 3 reels... American
The Isle That Never Was..... 1 reel... Vogue
The Girl And The Game..... 2 reels... Signal

TUESDAY

Unlucky Luke..... 2 reels... Mustang
Seeing America First..... 1 reel... Gaumont
Bugs And Bugles..... 1 reel... Beauty

WEDNESDAY

The Carriage Of Death..... 3 reels... Thanhouser
Bungling Aills Doctor..... 1 reel... Vogue

THURSDAY

Pierre Bressac The Brazen..... 2 reels... American
The Traitor..... 1 reel... Cub
Dashing Druggists Dilema..... 1 reel... Falstaff

FRIDAY

The quality Of Faith..... 5 reels... Gaumont

SATURDAY

The Weakling..... 2 reels... Thanhouser
Mutual Weekly 69..... 1 reel... Gaumont
Two Beds And No Sleep..... 1 reel... Beauty



THEATRE

ADMISSION 10C

COLOR SCHEMES IN GARDENS

Little attention is paid to garden color schemes, less in California than elsewhere, for the reason that everything blooms so riotously here that we deem attempts at control quite unnecessary, says the Los Angeles Times. The English are the great color artists of the garden and they have garden books upon this subject alone. Sometimes colors are used for effects not necessarily allied to harmony, as when yellow is used on points thrust forward to shorten the apparent distance and blue is used to deepen the recesses and make them appear farther in the distance. Many of the good-sized local gardens have long borders where color schemes could be wrought with annuals or perennials, or with both. Remember two points which may be called fundamentals: White is the one great neutralizer or harmonizer in flowers and gray performs a similar office in foliage. Borders in which white flowers and gray foliage heavily predominate may have any and all colors in harmony so long as they do not mix, but have between them a mere touch of white. Such a peace-maker is often more necessary between shades closely allied than in marked contrasts. Thus with two shades of pink the lighter appears washed and faded in close comparison with a deeper and therefore stronger hue. Even great masses of white relieved by an occasional touch of any color never appear monotonous.

The Girl and The Game

of the car. Inside, Helen was reading quietly when Lug's hand, holding a handkerchief saturated with chloroform, was thrust through the window and despite her struggles Helen soon was overpowered. With a quick word to Bill, above, Lug scrambled into the car. He placed Helen, now unconscious, in a sitting position and ran to the hind end to look for the machine. It had overhauled the train and was speeding beside it along the highway. Lug waved to the driver to come on. Returning to the car, he motioned to Bill to help him carry Helen out. The two men picked her up and took her to the platform. How to transfer her to the motorcar was a problem that might have given pause to more clever men. Lug intended at first to throw the helpless girl from the platform into the machine, but this he discovered would never do—the distance was too great. Bill, an old sailor, came to the rescue with another arrangement. In a jiffy he had lashed Helen into a kind of cradle in the middle of the long rope, and, throwing one end to the driver, shouted to him to make it fast. The latter, when he caught the line, hitched it to the side of his car, and with the motor and the train still at high speed, Lug, on the rope, went hand over hand down to the motorcar.

Loosening the hitch, he then drew in the rope, while Bill, on the platform, carefully paid out and Helen was transferred, uninjured, from the train to the machine. Once within the motorcar, Helen was unconsciously dropped to the bottom and left there, while the machine was turned around and her captors whisked back for Las Vegas with her. Storm, by this time, had left the construction camp and was waiting at Baird for the train bearing Helen. The train drew in and stopped. To Storm's surprise and disappointment, not a solitary passenger got off. He accosted the conductor: "Helen Holmes was coming up today. Where is she?" The conductor looked down the platform. "She certainly was on this train," he declared, puzzled. "I saw her just before we got to Arden." Storm, the trainman following, walked hastily through the coaches. Helen was not to be found. A freight train going to Las Vegas was standing on the passenger track. Storm ran to the caboose and explained his anxiety to the train crew, who were prompt to make ready to aid him. They pulled out with Storm in the cab to scan the right of way. In Seagrue's machine Lug and Bill opened Helen's satchel. They found a big package of letters, and believed they had in them the contracts. Helen, in the rush of cold air, had begun to give. As a precaution to prevent her giving any alarm—though machines were sufficiently scarce on the desert—Lug took Helen's handkerchief from her satchel, tied it roughly over her mouth, laid her on the seat, cautioned her harshly and covered her with a steamer rug. Traveling at a breakneck pace over the broad expanse of sand, the car was entering Las Vegas, when, crossing one of the village streets without lessening speed, the driver almost knocked a man down. Indeed, but for a smart jump, the pedestrian would have been killed. He turned with a suppressed curse and looked angrily after the car that had so nearly struck him. The occupants he did not recognize; they shot by too fast. But a handkerchief had chanced to fall from the car at his feet. Spike never neglected investigating anything that fell in his way. He picked the handkerchief up and walked on, still at intervals looking back. Seagrue was in his rooms, waiting impatiently for the return of the car. When it did at last skid wildly around the corner traveling at a reckless pace, Seagrue ran downstairs and hurried the men to get Helen quickly inside. Spike at this juncture was crossing a vacant lot. He looked again at the handkerchief in his hand, and his eyes turned once more in the direction of the machine. He saw that the party had stopped before a building appearing to Spike's eyes somewhat familiar. The next moment the men lifted what seemed a heavy burden from the machine. Helen had been gagged again and was helpless. But despite her being wrapped in the rug, Spike got from what he saw, the whole story—they had Helen. A sudden rage stirred him, and, throwing caution to the winds, he dashed across the open lot toward the alley. The freight train bearing Storm was nearing Las Vegas, but nowhere had been able to discover a trace of Helen. Seagrue and his men were carrying her upstairs. They left the driver as a guard at the lowest door, and Spike, running hard, had deared the building. When the engine stopped, Storm, with a look of worry, got hurriedly down. The first man his eyes chanced to fall on was Spike. The sight of him to Storm was like red to a bull. Gaining Spike's vicinity stealthily, Storm made at him. "What are you fellows up to now?" he cried angrily, throttling Spike with the words against the building. "Where's Helen Holmes, you blamed crook?" "Upstairs, I tell you. Listen! She's upstairs. Instead of choking me, get busy to get her out of Seagrue's clutches—that's what I'm here for." In the fewest possible words he told Storm of how Helen had shamed him with kindness, and how he had sworn to her he would make good. Storm experienced an acute revulsion of feeling. "Then we're friends!" he exclaimed. "I didn't say that," returned Spike, feeling his crumpled windpipe. "I'm Helen Holmes' friend." Storm eyed him keenly. "If you mean it, I'll forgive what's gone before, Spike. If you don't, I'll choke you next time for keeps." "I mean it," snapped Spike. "Stow the gab." He pointed to the door behind him. "Seagrue's kidnaped her. They carried her up those stairs not two minutes ago." Storm's eyes burned black. Seagrue at that moment could have seen murder in them. Storm compressed his lips. "How many are there, Spike?" was all he muttered. "Three." Storm pointed. "Watch that door," he directed. "I'll go to the roof." In the room to which they had carried her, on the second floor, Helen, partly recovered, resolutely faced Seagrue and her captors. Lug handed Seagrue the stolen letters. He examined them impatiently and tossed one after another contemptuously aside. "Is this all you've got?" he demanded in disgust. The contracts were not there. Seagrue glared at Helen. Afire to her serious danger, her quick perceptions took in every feature of her surroundings and almost the first thing her glance fell on was a stack of iron cylinders in a corner of the room labeled "High Explosives." From outside the room she heard, without knowing what they signified, sounds of a fierce altercation. Spike, at the door below, with a gentle knock, had attracted the attention of the machine driver, stationed as watchman. The scout opened cautiously to see who knocked. But cautious though he was, he was no match in trickery for the adept Spike, whose arm shot like a flash through the opening as he threw himself against the door. In a fraction of a second—before the chauffeur actually knew what had happened—Spike had the astonished sentry by the neck, jerked him outside, flung him into the gutter and dashed up the stairs. Seagrue, unmoved by the fighting outside, turned threateningly on Helen. "You've got those contracts. I want them. Will you hand them over without force?" Helen stood mute. "Shall I take them from you?" Neither warnings nor threats moved her to a single word. "Won't talk, eh?" snapped Seagrue. "No matter—I'll do the talking. Stand her out here, boys, and I'll search her." He started forward. She backed away with a cry. "Don't come near me," she exclaimed. "You shan't search me! I'll kill you first!" A knock at the door interrupted Seagrue's threatening advance; his confederates looked alarmed. "That's only the watchman, boys," cried Seagrue. "Pay no attention. Catch her and hold her." The words were not out of his mouth when the one door of the room was flung violently open behind them. "Hands off, there!" shouted a heavy voice. The three men whirled on the intruder. Seagrue, in his amazement, found himself confronted by Spike. The convict raised a threatening hand. "Don't touch that girl," he said hoarsely. "The man that does—he'll answer to me with his life." Lug and Bill shrank back. They knew Spike's blood-stained hands too well to want to rouse his wrath. But

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"I'll Brain the One That Lays a Hand on Me!"

Seagrue was not for an instant to be swerved from his purpose. "Get that whelp," he shouted, pointing at Spike. "I'll look out for the girl." Albeit with the poor stomach, Lug and Bill attacked the powerful outlaw. Helen, looking distractedly for a weapon of defense, saw the explosive cylinders. A blow struck by Lug from behind had stunned Spike. He lay helpless and the three men turned to secure Helen. Stooping swiftly, she picked up a cylinder and stood at bay. "Come another foot and I'll smash this if it kills every one of us," she cried, reckless of consequence. Lug and Bill halted in terror—they knew if she carried out her threat it meant death to them all. Seagrue's was the harder nature. "Throw it if you dare," he cried, tauntingly. He knew she would not commit suicide. "Together, boys," he shouted; "rush her." "Seagrue," cried a voice from the window behind Helen, "get back!" Storm had gained a hip of the roof, commanding the room and thrusting his hand through the window covered the men inside with a revolver. Helen laid her dangerous

down. Storm handed her the pistol. "Keep them covered till I get in, Helen!" The window proved difficult to negotiate. Storm tried to drop inside from it, and Helen turned to help him. In doing so, she left the three an instant uncovered. They sprang through the door and down the stairs. Lug and Bill made for the car. "No," shouted Seagrue, "hids." Helen and Storm bent over Spike. He lay dazed. When he was able to help himself a little and with their aid could rise to his feet, they supported him downstairs. Their enemies were nowhere to be seen. But in the roadway stood Seagrue's machine. No member of the party had scruple about confiscating it. Spike and Storm, together, soon had the engine turning and they put Helen in on the seat where she had so lately lain helpless, and drove back with her to Rhinelander's camp, where they found him anxiously awaiting news of his endangered protégée. He greeted the sight of Helen with rejoicing, but his features darkened when his eyes fell on the redoubtable

Spike. Helen and Storm, enjoying the mystery of the situation, allowed the amazement on Rhinelander's face to grow, as he looked from them to Spike, and from Spike to Helen and Storm for an explanation. "Yes," cried Helen, laughing at her foster uncle, "I know it looks strange, to see us three in friendly company, doesn't it? But we're friends—are we, Spike?" Spike looked at her. "You're my friend, sure," he muttered. Rhinelander, incredulous, pointed at Spike. "Have you brought him here to hang him?" he exclaimed. "If that fellow had anything to do with stealing you from the train, I'll help pull the rope myself." "No," cried Helen, whose eyes sparkled with the fun of the puzzle. "We didn't bring him here to hang him. We brought him here to eat the best Sunday dinner you ever served in a construction camp." "You're to carve the roast for him yourself," interposed Storm. "You're both gone crazy," declared Rhinelander, weakening. "No," persisted Helen. "Instead of Spike's being to blame for my disappearance, I'm afraid I should never have lived to see you again, Uncle Amos, if he hadn't been my friend in need today." And she and Storm, each constantly breaking in on the other, told the day's story. "By George!" cried Rhinelander, holding his hand ungrudgingly out to Spike. "I believe there's something decent in your worthless carcass after all, Spike. You are entitled to a good dinner. And you shall eat it with me, you blamed rascal. Go clean yourself up and report at my car within an hour," he said roughly. "By the way, Helen," he turned suddenly on his foster niece; "those right-of-way contracts?" "Here, Uncle Amos," she exclaimed. She drew from her blouse the registered package. "But the Christmas mail for the camp was stolen by those brutes! It's lost." "Not quite," interposed Storm, pulling bunches of letters from each of his pockets. "I picked 'em up before we left the room." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

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