

LYNN COUNTY NEWS

VOLUME 2, NUMBER 1.

TAHOKA, LYNN COUNTY, TEXAS, JUNE 2, 1905.

PRICE \$1.00 Per YEAR.

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Physician and Surgeon

Office over Tahoka Drug Store

TAHOKA — — — TEXAS

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TAHOKA, TEXAS

DISTRICT COURT

AT TAHOKA.

Hon. L. S. Kinder, of Plainview, District Judge.

No 3, State vs R. G. Crowley, assault with intent to kill.

Continued by agreement.

No 1, W. E. Porterfield vs H. W. Stoneman, trespass to try title. Compromised after trial.

Hon. H. C. Randolph, special judge.

6 W. E. Henderson vs J. A. Pharr, trespass to try title.

Discontinued at plaintiffs cost.

8 W. B. Davis vs S. N. McDaniel, damage suit.

Dismissed at plaintiffs cost.

9 V. D. Payne vs J. D. Donaldson, trespass to try title.

Judgement for plaintiff for land, for defendant for improvements.

10 A. A. Vaughn vs E. T. Payne et al, trespass to try title.

Continued by process of law.

11 J. L. Wood vs A. D. Shook, trespass to try title.

Dismissed at plaintiffs cost.

12 W. F. Humphries vs Hattie McKell, trespass to try title.

Dismissed at plaintiffs cost.

13 Jno T. Lofton vs Emory Buttler, trespass to try title.

Continued by agreement.

14 H. H. Embry vs P. B. Hall, trespass to try title.

Continued by agreement.

T. L. Sprott vs R. A. Henderson, trespass to try title.

Continued to perfect service.

As there was no Grand Jury drawn for this term, the Court decided it was not nessary to call and empanel.

Our Introductory.

As an introductory, we reprint the farewell of the late editor, H. M. Boyd, who gives some very good reasons why he could not make a living out of the newspaper business at Tahoka.

The News Suspends.

With this issue the Lynn County News suspends publication for a short time. As every one knows, this has been a hard year in this country. The price of cattle is down, and the drought in the spring coupled with the worms, cut the cotton crop off, which would have helped greatly. The newspaper is among the first to suffer when the general condition of the country is bad. I am going to suspend publication in order to go off to work. I have not by any means lost faith in the country, and the News is not dead—just sleeping. Tahoka is my home and within a few weeks I will be back, getting out a better paper and doing all that I can to help in the upbuilding of Tahoka and Lynn county.

H. M. Boyd.

Mr. Boyd, has not returned, but the News is coming alive again.

Now the natural conditions are considerable better than they were last year. We have had rain, the range is in splendid condition, crops of all kinds are doing well, cattle have advanced a little in price and the market is in a better shape generally. However, as Mr. Boyd says, a newspaper is very sensitive, and the News must have the hearty support of the entire county. Every family must take, and pay for, one or more copies. The business and professional men must patronize the columns liberally. If YOU will do the above, WE will give you all the news every week, and we will work together for the upbuilding of Tahoka, and Lynn County.

Mr. Robert Hamilton, of the firm of Hamilton & Connors of Fort Worth, who have an 80 section ranch in the corners of Terry, Yoakum and Gaines counties, bought about 1400 head of the OS yearlings at \$14 around, and some small bunches at \$13. Mr. Hamilton says that a large bunch of cattle are worth more than a small one as they are all the same breed, and they often have a selling reputation.

If you love your neighbor why do you throw brick-bats at their poultry?—Lincoln Neb., State Journal.

We don't. But if they love their neighbors, why do they let their poultry scratch up the neighbors' newly planted seeds?

TO THE CITIZENS OF LYNN AND ADJOINING COUNTIES.

JUNE 2, 1905.

GREETING:—

As the report has become generally circulated that we are about to move from Lynn county, we take this opportunity to inform our many friends and patrons that we will remain in Tahoka, and that we will continue to do business at the same old stand, and with the same satisfaction to our patrons for which we have become justly famous.

We buy for cash, and as we know where to buy and what to buy, we are always in a shape to please our regular customers or the stranger who happens in, all of whom will receive fair and courteous treatment, and the lowest prices that can be made on the Plains.

Yours for business,

W. R. HAMILTON & SON.

L. T. LESTER, Pres. O. L. SLATON, V. P. W. S. POSEY, Cashier

The First National Bank of Lubbock No. 6195

Capital Stock	\$40,000.00
Surplus & Undivided Profits	10,000.00
Individual Responsibility	200,000.00
	\$250,000.00

We extend to our customers every accomadation consistent with good Banking. If you have no bank adcount, open one, and begin to build up a credit for yourself. You may not need credit now, but the time will come when you will.

LUBBOCK, TEXAS.

Last Suaday, May 21, Tahoka seemed to be in an unusul hurry to go somewhere. On inquiry we were told the occasion was the celebration of childrens day at the T— school house, where they have a flourishing Sunday school. Every available conveyance in town was pressed into service. People went from all over the county and some from Lubbock county. It was said to be one of the largest gatherings that Lynn county has ever had. The school house was too small to hold the people, so they were made comfortable under an arbor covered with wagon sheets erected against the side of the school house. The exercises consisted of recitations and songs rendered by the children of the Sunday school, every one did the part assigned them, reflecting credit both on pupil and teacher. A splended dinner was then served to the great delight of both yound and old. It wa a typical Plains-dinner, tip-top in quality and unlimited in quantity. After every one had done justice to dinner, Rev. Gore concluded the days exercises with an appropriate sermon.

Mr. George Small, of eight miles south of town, sold about 200 head of twos at \$18.

District Court convened Monday at Tahoka, and so there was a big crowd in town, and considerable buisness going on.

One of the Others.

Clara—Did the newspapers notice your father at the great banquet?

Johnny—Yes.

"Well, mamma said she could not see his name in the list."

"No; but the list ends up with 'and others.' That means papa. They always mention him that way.—Tit-Bits.

LIFE IN THE GERMAN ARMY.

Severe Sentences for Cruel Officers as Well as for the Men Who Insult Them.

The Vorwarts, of Berlin, states that since the beginning of the year 159 sentences have been passed on German officers and non-commissioned officers for ill-treating soldiers. The punishments inflicted amounted in all to 50 years and nine months' imprisonment.

On the other hand, according to Das Tageblatt, a court-martial at Heidelberg recently sentenced four men of the Second Baden Grenadier regiment to ten years, six years and four years' imprisonment, respectively, and to be expelled from the army for having, when off duty, during the recent maneuvers, insulted a sergeant who had made himself unpopular.

In view of the fact that the military court of appeals has just reduced the sentence of Naval Cadet Hussener, the comrades of the convicted Grenadier soldiers concluded that officers and men were not treated alike. When the result of the trial was announced, the crowd outside the court ironically cheered for Hussener.

The Heidelberg press declares that both the civil population and the garrison are indignant at the severity shown by the court. It adds: "The majesty of military discipline has risen on the Heidelberg horizon in blood-red hues."

A tree in Berwick, Me., which is believed to have been planted in 1880, has now reached a circumference of 35 feet 11 inches at one foot from the ground.

LYNN COUNTY NEWS

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H. C. CRIE & Co.

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Mrs. H. C. CRIE . . . Editor

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Each successive insertion — — 5c

SUBSCRIPTION \$1.00 PER YEAR

FRIDAY, JUNE 2, 1905.

Application has been made for entrance in the postoffice as second class matter.

Some one said it was uncomfortably warm Monday, did you hear them?

We had a real norther to blow up Tuesday evening and it was as cold as Monday was hot

Tahoka had a heavy rain and hail Sunday the 21, while the hail was heavy it did not do much damage to the crops.

So far as we have been able to learn, the Panhandle is the only part of Texas which has escaped serious floods winds. We have had hard rains winds and hails, but no damage has been done yet to amount to anything.

What \$1 \$2 \$3 \$4 or \$5 Cash Will Pay For.

\$1.00. will pay for a subscription to the Lynn County News for one year, you owe it to your town, your county, your family, and yourself to subscribe for this paper. The News will advertise the county and build up the town, it will give the local news to your family which they can get no other way and when a man can do so much with a dollar he owes it to himself to do so.

\$2.00. will pay for two years subscriptions to the LYNN COUNTY NEWS and one years subscription to the American Home Journal a monthly magazine published in Dallas at \$1.00 a year. You should take the News for yourself and you should send it to the folks at your old home, and your family will enjoy the Home Journal immensely.

\$3.00. will pay for three years subscription to the LYNN COUNTY NEWS and for the American Home Journal and the Amarillo, Twice a Week Herald for one year. The Herald is the best Panhandle paper to be had, price \$1.00 per year.

\$4.00. will pay for four yearly subscriptions to the LYNN COUNTY NEWS and the Home Journal and Semi-Weekly News for one year, all for \$4.00.

\$5.00. will pay for five yearly subscriptions to the LYNN COUNTY NEWS and one years subscription to the American Home Journal, the Amarillo Herald and the Dallas News.

LYNN COUNTY NEWS, \$5.00. American Home Journal, \$1.00; Amarillo Herald, \$1.00; Dallas News, \$1.00; making \$8.00 full value for only \$5.00 cash; four copies of your home paper for your folks and friends, all the County news, all the Panhandle news, all the National news and a first class magazine for you and your family.

Come in and pay the \$5 \$4 \$3 \$2 or \$1 and you will be glad of it every week in the year. This offer will only last thirty days.

Do not hug delusions says Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Certainly not, Elia, not while —

Talking about having the candidates in our midst a child in this state recently swallowed a campaign button.

The case of Mr. Spreckles proves that rich American tourists who go to Carlsbad should leave their vermiform appendices behind them

Henery Glass and Mary Stein have secured a license to wed. it is to be hoped that they are not rushing into matrimony without having soberly considered its responsibilities.

District Judge Kinders, of Plainview arrived in town Sunday afternoon so as to be ready to begin court Monday morning. The Judge says that he never saw the Plains look as well as they do now.

Mr B. H. Black, who lives six miles south of town, was in the hub last Saturday. Mr. Black reports 160 acre of good crop prospects. He says that he has in a little of everything and promised the News force a fill of watermelons this summer

Mr. Arch Wilhoit, an old Floyd county acquaintance of ours passed through Tahoka Monday with a four horse load of honey from Uvalde County. Arch left Uvalde with 1900 pounds of honey which he expects to dispose of by the time he reached Floydada, his destination, some where about 400 miles from his starting point.

Mr. A. D. Shook, of 14 miles southeast of town was in on court business the first of this week,

Messrs. Kincaid and Lewis, of Bell county were in Tahoka this week, they seem to be well pleased with this as a farming country.

Mr. H. C. Crie, Business manager, of the Lynn County News, made a flying trip to Big Springs last week, starting Tuesday noon and arriving home Saturday noon. Mr. Crie brought enough paper so that he will be able to begin publishing this week.

Mr. Walter Mays, of 13 miles northeast of Tahoka, was in town last Monday. Mr. Mays moved to Lynn county from Floyd, where we first made his acquaintance, we were pleased to again meet Mr. Mays.

Mr. W. S. Hiler, a friend of Mr. Gilmore, passed through here the 18th., on his way from Bovina, to his home in Tom Green county.

THE ONLY TAHOKA DRY GOODS STORE

I devote my entire time to buying and selling a complete line of Dry Goods, Dress Goods, Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Fancy Goods, Ribbons, Laces, Embroideries, and all varieties of finishing goods. Call on the exclusive

DRY GOODS MAN

J. H. CONWAY
TAHOKA TEXAS

On Friday the 19th, our County Clerk, S. N. McDaniel, returned from Lubbock where he had spent the fore part of the week courting.

Mr. R. S. Caperton, of Austin, was visiting Mr. Knighton last week. He will go from here to Stamford where he will make his future home.

Messrs. A. L. Davis, of Oklahoma City and his brother J. A. Davis of Linsey I. T., were in Tahoka last week, prospecting. Like nearly every one who sees this country, they expressed themselves as very well pleased with it. Mr. Davis told us that there are many people in his home place who have their eyes on this country.

Mr. A. J. Russel, of 10 miles this side of Lubbock, passed through Tahoka, Saturday May 20 on his way home with lumber to improve his place. Mr. Russell moved here from Hamilton county last January. Mrs. Russell is staying at Snyder until the house is finished.

PURE DRUGS

Tahoka Drug Store

W. E. GILMORE, Proprietor.

Prescriptions carefully compounded.

NORTH SIDE . . . PUBLIC . . . SQUARE

Tahoka Texas.

Special Clubbing Offer.

Every man should subscribe to his local paper, because from it he secures a class of news and useful information that he can get no where else. He should however also subscribe to a first class general newspaper. Such a newspaper is

The Semi-Weekly News.

Thousands of its readers proclaim it the best general newspaper in the world. Its secret of success is that it gives the farmer and his family just what they want in the way of a family newspaper. It furnishes all the news of the world, twice a week. It has a splendid page where the farmers write their practical experiences on the farm. It is like attending an immense farmer's institute. It has pages especially gotten up for the wife, for the boys and for the girls. It gives the latest market reports. In short it gives a combination of news and instructive reading matter that can be secured in no other way.

For \$1.50 cash in advance we will send THE SEMI-WEEKLY NEWS and the

Lynn County News

Each for one year. This means you will get a total of 156 copies. It's a combination which can't be beat, and you will get your money's worth many times over. Subscribe at once at the office of this paper.

TO NEW YORK FOR REST.

Pittsburg Goes to Gotham and Retires to a Sky-Scraper for Quiet.

Isn't it strange that people should go to New York to rest up? You know what Broadway and Fifth avenue are from Thirtieth to Thirty-fifth street—the densest, noisiest place in the world, writes a correspondent of the Pittsburg Dispatch. Yet I know a prominent Pittsburg business man who, when he gets tired, slams down his roll-top desk, seizes his case and takes the train east. In New York he patronizes a well known hotel much favored by Pittsburgers, asks for a room on the twelfth floor, and if he gets it, or one on the floor either above or below, he is happy. Twelve floors up he is removed from the noise of the busy pavement below. So far as quietude is concerned he might as well be in a country village. In the morning the bright sunshine steals in at his window, which overlooks the river and the docks below. At night the view is one of enchantment, watching the vessels move to and fro with their myriads of lights. And, although there is gayety below in a dozen corners of that self-same hotel, no sound of it ever penetrates to his quarters. But this is only one of the many possibilities of a wonderful town.

Bees in Warfare.

There are at least two recorded instances in which bees have been used as weapons of defense in war. When the Roman Gen. Lucullus was warring against Mithridates, he sent a force against the city of Themiscyra. As they besieged the walls, the inhabitants threw down on them myriads of swarms of bees. These at once began an attack, which resulted in the raising of the siege. These doughty little insects were also once used with equal success in England. Chester was besieged by the Danes and Norwegians, but its Saxon defenders threw down on them the beehives of the town, and the siege was soon raised.—N. Y. Times.

Quick Postal Service.

Letters dropped into a box in Paris are delivered in Berlin within an hour and a half and sometimes within 35 minutes. They are whisked through tubes by pneumatic power. The distance between these cities is about 550 miles.

OUR APOLOGY

Few people enjoy making an apology, however as there are many people who do not understand the work and worry attached to starting a newspaper, even a small country paper, we think it best to make an explanation as to why we have done no better. Since Monday, we have moved our office, moved and cleaned our press, which has been standing out on a porch for about six months, did most of the type, advertisements and all. So we will ask our readers to overlook mistakes, poor printing and general make up. All we can say is, we are sorry and will promise to do better.

Prospectors are coming and all who are dissatisfied will have a chance to sell out and it is to be hoped that they will do so, as the man who is dissatisfied with his surroundings makes a very poor citizen and the town or county which gets rid of him is to be congratulated. The man who is dissatisfied, thinks he doomed to failure, he does not work for success, consequently he fails where otherwise he would have succeeded.

Owing to the general rush of district court week, a number of our advertisers will not be able to appear this week. Among them are:

- R. D. Morris, grocer.
 - Wells & Welcher, general merchants.
 - W. E. Porterfield, hotel and wagon yard.
 - Doak & Brown, real estate agents.
 - Judge Haney, lawyer of Lubbock.
 - Judge Perriman, lawyer, Tahoka.
 - J. W. Stevenson, blacksmith.
 - C. H. Peters, barber.
 - W. P. Phoenix, inventor and blacksmith.
- Mr. Welcher killed a large rattlesnake in his door yard Thursday.

Dr. M. C. Overton, of Lubbock, is the charter subscriber of the Lynn County News' present management, having paid up for a year, a couple of months before the paper was to come out. That is the kind of treatment, that encourages the news paper man.

Rev. Welch, of Lockney, spent the night in Tahoka and preached an excellent sermon at the court house Wednesday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Forester, of Meadow, accompanied by their daughter Miss Annie, attended preaching in Tahoka Wednesday night. Miss Annie paid the Editor a very pleasant visit at the sanctum of news; come again Miss Annie.

ORIGIN OF BASKET BALL.

First Played at Training School in Springfield, Mass., in the Year 1901.

Basket ball as a recreative game is unique in its origin for two reasons. Firstly, it is our one, positively sure, home American production; secondly, the name, date and place of its authorship are exactly known, says Golden Days. Of no other game in all the category can this be said; the birth of the bulk of them is buried in an obscurity which reaches beyond the cuneiform-covered, baked clay tablets of Babylon, and the hieroglyphics of the remotest Egyptian records.

Basket ball, on the other hand, was born in the year 1901 at Springfield, Mass., and its author was James Naismith.

In that town is a training school connected with the Young Men's Christian Association, and, of course, professors, among them a professor of psychology, who is paid to teach the young ideas how to think, effectively. In one of his lectures he called attention to certain conditions upon which the brain could with advantage be exercised, and challenged his class to supply the requirements to meet them. The conditions were the invention of a new game which could be played indoors, in a limited area, by a defined and unalterable number of contestants, and adaptable to both sexes.

Upon this hypothesis one of his pupils, James Naismith, the same night evolved "basket ball." It was put into practice the next day, experimentally, and found to meet the conditions and limitations laid down by the professor admirably. But it had more than an academic value, as its rapid spread as one of the most appreciated pastimes attests.

Must Have Them.

Newrich—A man can get along without ancestors.

Mack—True, but his children can't.—Town Topics.

Courting in Spain is conducted on principles that might almost be described as unique. The Spanish girl of any attractions is almost always attended by a young man who is known as her novio, and who has the privilege of squiring her on her walks, although by a singular anomaly no formal engagement exists. So long as this state of things continues the young lady has to be loyal and obedient to her gallant. But he may cease his attentions at any time and openly transfer his attentions to some other lady. Although the advantages of such a custom are all on the side of the male, very few Spanish girls would care to be without a novio, however fickle.—London Globe.

Jews in Jerusalem.

In 1885 there were only 16,000 to 17,000 Jews in Jerusalem. Last year in the city they numbered at least forty-one thousand. In all about 150,000 are actually living in Palestine.

WHO GETS MOCHA COFFEE?

Most of It Taken by Sheiks and Governors of Arabia—Little Is Ever Exported.

"I don't believe there is a pound of genuine Mocha coffee on this continent," Mr. C. T. Hilliglas, a coffee merchant, informs me, says a writer in the St. Louis Globe Democrat, "or that 200 people in this country have ever tasted it, unless they have at some time visited Arabia and drunk it at the table of some sheik or governor.

"The true Mocha is the finest coffee grown; it has a delicious flavor that makes it as superior to the very best of other brands as silk is superior to cotton, but the crop is extremely limited, and hardly ever more than satisfies purely local demands. Some Arabian coffee may find its way to this country; it may even be called Mocha, but it is not the real article. I am sure, and none of us has ever had it here, though we get the best of other brands that are grown in Ceylon and Java, and that means some mighty fine coffee. It is not Mocha, however, for the whole of the true Mocha crop each year wouldn't supply the coffee demands of one ward in St. Louis alone for a period of six months. The best and plumpest berries of the Mocha growth, those with the most exquisite flavor, are eagerly taken by the governors and sheiks in the vicinity, and they have to get their orders in advance, so that they may be sure of their annual supply. The second-grade berries go to the wealthier citizens, not of the governing class, and the third, or poorest, grade of berries, which are not much superior to the best Java coffee, are sold to the people, and the demand invariably exceeds the supply.

"Sometimes a few pounds of this cheapest grade of Mocha finds its way to Constantinople, but it is very, very seldom, and I don't believe an ounce of it has ever got any further west than that. I presume that if, by some hook or crook, a pound of the real plump berried Mocha were landed in this country it would sell for a price that even a Rockefeller might hesitate to pay. We get the best coffee grown, apart from the Mocha, but the local conditions which prevail where that coffee is raised prevent us from obtaining any, and I hardly think the real thing will ever be found in our markets."

Butter.

Butter has been found by T. E. Thorpe to be influenced by climate, fodder, breed of cow, period of lactation and idiosyncrasy of the individual cow.

Bounty for Tree Growers.

A bill now before the Ohio legislature provides for the payment of a premium, or bounty, of two dollars an acre for a period of ten years to any landowner of the state who will plant and care for forest trees in compliance with the rules laid down by the state board of forestry.

Mr. J. J. Dillard of the Lubbock Avian lanch was in Tahoka Monday on legal business.

Messrs. C. H. Earnes and M. Carter of Colorado Texas, have been visiting Tahoka in a legal capacity during court.

Miss Hattie McKell of 20 miles west of here was in town Tuesday attending to some land business.

Mr. S. T. Singleton and wife were in town Tuesday, Mrs. Singleton has been on the ranch about four months, she told us of her bunch of thriving young turkeys numbering 247. Don't that make you think of Christmas and Santa Claus.

Mr. W. L. Davis who is drilling a well on the old Beach place for Charley Stover happened to a very painful accident while raising 160 feet of piping, a lever slipped and struck him on the arm just below the elbow luckily no bones were broken.

H. C. Randolph of Plainview one of the shining legal lights of the Plains has been in our midst attending district court.

Miss Ethel Cook paid the City a flying visit Wednesday.

Mr. Kelley of the whole sale house of Colorado Texas was in town this week.

Foy Pell left this week, to go to his brother's at Colorado. He will keep in touch with Tahoka topics through the columns of this paper.

Miss Carrie Miles, one of Lynn County's pretty school teachers was visiting the capital Wednesday.

Mrs. Wells tells us she has had several messes of Irish potatoes from her early patch and the late ones will begin to bear soon. Some others whose names we did not learn have had beans and peas. Some of the older counties can't beat that.

Mr. Porterfield the proprietor of the Cosmopolitan Hotel has put in a new water tank supported by a 12 foot tower, which will not only provide ample water for his wagon yard but will give him fire protection. He has also put in cistern and pipes for the storage of rain water.

The young folks enjoyed a very pleasant party at Mr. J. W. Patons Thursday evening, everybody and his girl was there, and report a joyful time.

Those of our readers who in addition to their home paper, want a NATIONAL news and family journal are advised to subscribe for the ST. LOUIS GLOBE-DEMOCRAT, which is published in solid central city of the union and stands at the front of the few REALY GREAT newspapers of the world. The DAILY GLOBE-DEMOCRAT has no equal or rival in all the west it ought to be in the hands of every reader of any daily paper. The WEEKLY GLOBE-DEMOCRAT issued in semiweekly sections a BIG SEMI-WEEKLY AT ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR is indispensable to the farmer the merchant and the professional man who desires to keep thoroughly posted but who has not time to read a large daily paper, while it great variety of well-selected reading matter it invaluable to every member of the family. See advertisement elsewhere in this issue and write to the Globe Printing Company ST. Louis, Mo. for FREE SAMPLE COPY.

An Incurrible Angel
By F. H. LANCASTER

HEIN, the artist, dropped his book and strode to the window, there to stand and stare out upon the green slope that slipped shimmering and silent to the valley below. Green-gold where the sun shot down to it; green-black where the pine shadows fell upon it; but always green, glad and beautiful. A thing to hold any artistic eye. Ah, but this artist was blind to it. That unlucky line of Ruskin's. It had wedged afresh all the heart-hunger he had hoped to soothe into everlasting rest with the lullaby of labor: "An incurrible angel!" What mattered it that Ruskin was writing of eighth century Irish art? At the words had sprung before the artist's mental vision that tantalizing embodiment of beauty and mischief. If the great critic had coined the phrase for the express benefit of monsieur's, his host's, slip of a daughter, it could not have come more pat to the purpose. So while he stared at the slope and its wonderful play of high light and shadow the artist saw only dark eyes beneath thick, curling lashes, dimples dancing in rosy cheeks and tempting lips parting over pearly teeth.

"How wonderfully lovely the child is," he mused, while a smile lifted the tips of his mustache. "Little tease. Incurrible angel suits her to a dot." And he smiled again, finding these forbidden fruits very sweet indeed.

For all thought of the lovely child was forbidden fruit to the artist. Being young and ambitious, and acknowledging frankly that matrimony was too heavy a handicap for his career, he had planned to eschew woman and the thought of her.

"I'll never marry for anything but love. Froo. If I don't fall in love I

won't marry," he explained to his pipe, and pleased with his philosophy and its penetration he had pursued his appointed path discontented and happy, or contented and unhappy, as is the way with artists, be they big or little.

Now, voila. That path had brought him abruptly vis-a-vis with an incurrible angel. Comment done? It was time for his resolution to assert itself—or to turn tail and run. As for the artist, he wished the resolution to stand pat. On general principles men like to believe that they are made of sterner stuff than a rope of sand. Certainty! A week ago he had burned his sketches of rounded cheek and beautiful brow and said to his heart: "Enough, enough." Said it sternly all in the "dead vast and middle of the night." Eh bien, but he kept on staring down the slope until he spied a white speck at the bottom of it.

"Aspas's befrilled sun-bonnet."

He seized his hat and slammed his door. Resolution had turned tail. Quel esclandre, quel esclandre!

Oui vraiment. It is so out there on those green hills under the pleasant sunshine—among the simple lives of peaceful 'Cajan land. The heart of ambition grows ashamed of its clamor—of its everlasting "Give, give." "There is a bigger thing than either money or success, and that is the serenity of soul that sets aside money and success as little tin toys that eternity may easily dispense with." The artist breathed in such thoughts with the air—after resolution ran away. He fancied that it was because of the profound peace and silence that he felt nearer to Heaven out here upon those green-wrapt hills; that it was the tall pines and the stars stooping over them that awoke those mystic yearnings; that it was the moonlight and the quiet that sent him off into those long, long reveries wherein the big things dwindled and shrank and it seemed good just to live on in silence at peace with all human things. He thought it was all a case of atmosphere, the poor artist. Little dreaming that it would have been the same in Broadway or Boston had the incurrible angel been there. Like most men he shrank from analyzing his emotions. But Aspas, the incurrible angel, analyzed them for him. Ah, mais oui! Her eyes danced when she beheld M. le artiste smoking with his eyes on vacancy, and her lips quivered with suppressed smiles when he stammered over the request to be allowed to chop her kindling.

Alas, he was better fitted to draw pictures than to chop kindling, le pauvre artiste, with his long, slim fingers. As Aspas watched him she seemed to see in contrast a blue flannel shirt straining over straight shoulders while a keen ax flashed up and down with pedicel precision. But who would have suspected that she saw such visions, the deer-eyed maiden, as she heaped the chips in her apron with a shy:

"I thank you, sir."

Hein! It is the poets that tell us the woods is the place to see visions and dream dreams. Voila, Aspas saw many visions: of broad shoulders, as we have said; of fearless black eyes when she looked at the artist's gold-rimmed glasses; of swift, strong strides when she watched the artist's strolling steps; of back-flung head and laughing lips while she responded to the artist's well-bred smile. Ah, mon ami, beside the machine-made man she kept seeing the man primitive with the beauty of a sun god and the bravery of a dumb beast—and she could not comprehend culture. But, yet; it was fun to have a man who wore store clothes every day for a beau. It made the other girls si jaloux.

And then the edge came up to the artist, sharp and keen. It was a letter that did it. A cold, typewritten, dictated ten lines. Hein, that this fugitive from a hustling "world center" should have found its way into that delicious land of dreams and visions! An offer which if accepted meant a cool thousand or so—and prospects;



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but which, if rejected, or even neglected, was as a door slammed in the face of success.

The artist walked the night away. How could he go and leave her, his incurrible angel? But how could he take her with him? In that hot-house atmosphere would she not droop and— Ah, he had meant to give it all up for her. To have a cottage on a hill-side with flowers blooming about the door, and now— And now the incongruity of it all struck a chill to his heart. Broadway and this beautiful child. Poor little incurrible angel. And he had deliberately taught her to love him—had wooed her wisely, thinking of that home upon the hill that was not to be. Must he go away in silence? All the manhood culture he left with him rose in protest. At the thought of those beautiful eyes darkening with pain and those perfect lips drooping in sorrowful patience his heart began to beat him. He did love her. She fascinated his fancy. Ah, she appealed to his tenderness—a tenderness he had not before suspected. Dear little incurrible angel. She would be pitifully corrigible taken away from the hills and the sunshine that were as the very breath to her. But he must do it. Must take her away and train her to be a proper partner for his prospects. He was man enough to give small thought as to what his friends would say, and before

morning even man enough to rise above the crushing inconvenience of this unexpected expense. The day wore to evening and, eh bien, it was a bigger man than the artist had ever planned to be that sat down beside his host when that host had eaten his supper and washed his feet and was feeling at peace with himself and Heaven. Very honestly he told this honest man what was in his heart and thought, and his host, being slow-talking as well as honest, said, reflectively:

"Yas?" He smoked a cigarette and added: "Yas; das one beeg ting, education. I ain't had none, me. But, I know. Yas; das one beeg ting." And then, unexpectedly, "Ou est-elle donc Aspas! Aspas! vien, chere."

In mingled French and English he told her of the artist's intentions toward her and Aspas sat with demurely lowered lashes. As he watched her color quicken the artist felt his heart begin to swell. He was doing a noble thing—and how was he to know that those divine blushes were for a dark-eyed boy beyond the bayou who could do his own love-making. The old man summed up gently:

"It's fo' you to say, chere. But me, I t'ink yas."

The incurrible angel raised her lashes and swept the artist a single swift glance of still disdain.

"But me," she said, "I t'ink no."