

The McLean News

THIRTEENTH YEAR

McLEAN, GRAY COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1916

NO. 35

In Our Garage

You will find for sale

The Ford

The cheapest real Automobile on the market.

The Dort

The real cheap car on the market.

The Maxwell

The only real sure enough automobile bargain in the world. A palatial car of comfort, style, speed, economy and endurance at a workingman's price.

Oils, Gas and Accessories

Gardenhire Garage

Open Day and Night

From Over The Panhandle

The Citizens of Canyon have petitioned the commissioners court to issue bonds for the purpose of building roads through the county.

After considering the case for two hours the jury in the Lott murder case was discharged. It is understood that the jury stood nine for acquittal and one for conviction.

The city council of Memphis has passed an ordinance requiring a connection to be made with the main lines.

The courts and Hemphill county will hold a joint Institute at McLean.

Rev. C. N. Ferguson, much beloved by the people of the entire Panhandle country, has been appointed presiding elder of the Amarillo district of the M. E. church.

The Glazier Review has been enlarged and is published by Messrs. Jones & Jones. Miss Farrel retaining the ownership.

Fifteen hundred feet of sidewalks are being agitated by the "progressives" of Vega.

An unusual amount of trepanning is reported by the various papers from over the district.

All kinds of fresh candies, cakes and cookies just arrived. G. R. Bellenger.

Garage Notice

We are still trying to run a garage that will be profitable and pleasant to the motoring public and ourselves as well. We have invested our money and energies to the point that we might have a place that you would be glad to patronize, and if you do not we shall feel that we have failed in some way to meet your expectations.

We have a nice warm building for the winter. We have the best of oil and gasoline. We have the best of tires and tubes. We have the best of workmen for your car troubles.

And then, as you well know, we have for sale the Buick Automobile which is in a class to itself, and no matter what the other fellow may say you know and he knows that there is no car that can touch it anywhere close to its price. Don't be persuaded by some expert, buy a Buick and then go on feeling that you have done the wise thing, then you will be our friend, sure.

Buy your wife, one for a Christmas present.

Bentley & Grigsby

Proposition Is Not Dead

The Texan is sorry that the road bond issue failed to carry in Gray County last Saturday. The issue lost by only a very few votes, and we are of the opinion that the enterprising citizens in McLean, and those living along the proposed route for the highway, will not let the proposition die. McLean has a bunch of as fine boosters as can be found anywhere and the Texan believes they will find a way out.

—Shamrock Texan.

No, the McLean people are not going to let the proposition die. It is a live issue and one defeat will not serve to dampen the ardor of those who have their hearts set upon the ultimate securing of better highways and better economic conditions.

After the smoke of the battle cleared away the prominent fact developed that many of our citizens who opposed the bond issue did so because it was their understanding that all the money raised by the issue would be spent on one road. This conclusion may have been justified by the reading of the election order or may have arisen from some misunderstanding of the intents of the bond promoters.

At any rate, it has been conservatively estimated that not more than twenty thousand dollars will be required to make a first class sand-clay road through Gray county along the route of the proposed Ozark Trail, and the new election order which is being prepared will stipulate that not more than this sum can be expended from the proceeds of any bonds issued thereunder. The remainder will be used on lateral roads and county roads generally.

With this understanding definitely set out and incorporated in the proposition many that formerly opposed the issue have announced their intention of supporting it at the second election and we believe Gray county will measure up to the standard of her progressive sister counties all over the state of Texas.

First Quarterly Conference

The first Quarterly Conference for the new conference year will be held in McLean next Saturday, December 16th at 3:30 p. m. It is very important that every official of the church be present.

There will be preaching Saturday at 11 a. m. and Sunday at the same hour by Rev. A. W. Hall, Presiding Elder of this district.

J. T. Howell, Pastor.

Piano Almost Clear.

At a business meeting of the Ladies Aid of the Presbyterian church at the home of the president, Mrs. Watkins, all available funds were placed to the credit of the piano, which brought the indebtedness down to a little more than thirty dollars. The ladies of this organization have worked unceasingly in this direction and will have the piano clear of debt in less than a year from the time of purchase.

Why Pay For Bad Roads?

It is stoutly maintained by those who have given the matter mature study that we pay for good roads whether we get them or not. The amount paid for good roads when we do not have the roads actually exceeds the amount paid where we have the roads.

These facts are fairly demonstrated by a careful examination of conditions prior to and after the building of roads. The farmer who hauls his feed to town over bad roads pays three or four times as much each year in road tax as hard surfaced roads would cost him under the bond system. Figure the proposition from any standpoint and you arrive at the same result. In this connection, the Sterling City News Record pointedly says: "If a man pays \$20 for an auto tire which is guaranteed to run 5,000 miles on good roads, and finds by running it over bad roads that it is worn out before it has run 3,000 miles it should be noticed by him that he has contributed two fifths of its value, or \$8, to the bad road fund. There are four tires on every auto and at this rate the auto owner pays \$32 on every set of tires he buys for the privilege of bad roads. But some men will pay out good money this way and then have a duck if their taxes are slightly raised to make good roads. We still hold that you've got to pay for good roads whether you get them or not."

To The Public.

There is a time in all business when we wish to clear up our books.

This time has come to us and we urge all who know themselves indebted to us to come in at once and help us out. We appreciate the business you have given us during the past year and do not want you to feel for one moment that we are in the least uneasy about your account. But we simply want to clear up our books as the season is drawing to a close and get everything started new for the new year.

We must say again, as we have said before, that we defy the world, the State or any county in the state to show us better people than we have here about taking care of their accounts.

We want to close up all accounts if possible by Dec. 20th. Will you help us? We will appreciate it and are counting on you.

Thanking you for all past patronage and hoping we may still share in your good business, we are, Yours very truly,

CICERO SMITH LUMBER CO.

Rev. Haynes Will Preach

Rev. A. B. Haynes, former pastor of the local Presbyterian church, will preach here next Sunday morning at eleven o'clock and also at the evening hour.

Rev. Haynes is a speaker of marked ability and also has many friends here who will enjoy hearing him again.

The public is invited to attend these services.

Christmas GIFTS

One visit to our store will convince you that this is the store with the

Christmas Spirit

You'll find many articles here and a big variety to pick from. Something suitable for your sweetheart, your mother, father, brother and the baby

ERWIN DRUG COMPANY

Why Bank With

"American First"

It is a strong, careful, liberal, accurate and successful institution.

People find it a growing, active, progressive up-to-date bank in every particular.

It is well equipped, the book-keeping machine the best money can buy, and pronounced the most accurate methods of keeping accounts. This is the first bank in the county to be so equipped.

A semi-burgular and fire proof vault and a model burgular proof safe are at your disposal for your funds, valuables and papers.

Your account will be appreciated by this bank and your interests carefully considered

Every depositor is always a welcome visitor at this bank.

This bank can take care of you through thick and thin, as it has never refused a loan where the security was good and the terms satisfactory.

Its dealings with all customers are absolutely confidential and it is always ready to assist you.

Because the directors and stock holders [the men behind the bank] are successful men, and you know they are money lenders, not loaners.


The proof of good service is constant growth.

Because we do not believe you can ask for better service than this bank can give you and we ask that you give this bank an opportunity to serve you.

American State Bank of McLean
Safety and Service

Read The News

Let These Tablets Help You



When you feel yourself taking cold, Peruna Tablets are likely to check and overcome the attack.

When your appetite is fitful, your food does not taste good, Peruna Tablets will invigorate and regulate. When you are weak after illness, Peruna Tablets are noted for their healthful Tonic Effect. When catarrh distresses you, Peruna Tablets will help your system to rid itself of this disease.

Manalin Tablets are a delightful laxative. Strong cathartics weaken, and are followed by reaction. Manalin is mild, gently urging the liver to action, and will be found as safe as they are pleasant. By their use as directed, the habit of constipation is usually overcome. For children, mild invigoration is safe and satisfactory. Any drug store can supply you. Get a box today.

THE PERUNA COMPANY Columbus, Ohio

W. L. DOUGLAS

"THE SHOE THAT HOLDS ITS SHAPE"

\$3.00 \$3.50 \$4.00 \$4.50 & \$5.00 FOR MEN AND WOMEN


Save Money by Wearing W. L. Douglas shoes. For sale by over 9000 shoe dealers. The Best Known Shoes in the World.

W. L. Douglas name and the retail price is stamped on the bottom of all shoes at the factory. The value is guaranteed and the worst protected against high prices for inferior shoes. The retail prices are the same everywhere. They cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York. They are always worth the price paid for them.

The quality of W. L. Douglas product is guaranteed by more than 40 years experience in making fine shoes. The smart styles are the leaders in the Fashion Centres of America. They are made in a well-equipped factory at Brockton, Mass., by the highest paid, skilled shoemakers, under the direction and supervision of experienced men, all working with an honest determination to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy.

Ask your shoe dealer for W. L. Douglas shoes. If he cannot supply you with the kind you want, take no other make. Write for interesting booklet explaining how to get shoes of the highest standard of quality for the price. It returns mail, postage free.

LOOK FOR W. L. Douglas name and the retail price stamped on the bottom.



Boys' Shoes Best in the World \$2.50 & \$2.00

W. L. Douglas President W. L. Douglas Shoe Co., Brockton, Mass.

WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC

Sold for 47 years. For Malaria, Chills and Fever. Also a Fine General Strengthening Tonic. 50c and \$1.00 at all Drug Stores

PROVED EQUAL TO OCCASION

Gale of Trouble.

During one of our gales an elderly gentleman was striving to reach his home with the assistance of his son.

Just as they passed along a row of small houses there was a loud crash, and a heavy tin chimney-pot struck the pavement at their very feet.

"Good heavens!" gasped the feeble old man. "That was a narrow escape. It might have killed us both."

"They paused for a moment to examine the fallen chimney, and at once a window was banged up and a shrill female voice shrieked:

"Here, you two, you needn't think as you're a-goin' to steal that there thing, 'cause it belongs to my 'ouse!"—London Answers.

Dr. B. F. Jackson, Celebrated Physician, handed down to posterity his famous prescription for female troubles. Now sold under the name of "Femenina." Price 50c and \$1.00.—Adv.

The Old Adam.

He was a staunch supporter of the kirk, but he also had a dash of sporting blood in his veins.

One Sabbath morn, as he was proceeding to the kirk with his Bible under his arm, he came upon a group of laddies playing football on a piece of waste ground. He watched the game for some minutes; then, when there came a lull, he called the boys over to him.

"Eh, laddies, ye know it's verra wrang the play fitna' on the Sabbath. Ye nauna do it. Whaur dee ye think ye'll gang when ye dee if ye play fitna' on the Laird's day? And you, ma mannie—indicating the captain—"why don't ye shoot oftener for goal? Ye dribble far ower much! Ye're pair players, the lot of ye."

Happy Effort.

"Truly a felicitous speech! He has a style—er—all his own."

"Hum! Just where does the felicity come in?"

"The felicity is like his style—all his own."

The Result.

"The tall, handsome policeman yonder does not seem to be doing much."

"Indeed, he is. He is arresting at tention."

Envy.

Bugs—Shucks, here we have to freeze while Mr. Caterpillar has a nice fur overcoat.

One-fifth of Pennsylvania factory workers are women and girls.

Kidney Disorder

(BY DR. V. M. PIERCE.)

The most simple methods are usually the most effective ones when treating any disorder of the human system. The mere drinking a cup of hot water each morning, plenty of pure water all day, and a little Anuric before every meal has been found the most effective means of overcoming kidney trouble. Death would occur if the kidneys did not work day and night in separating poisons and uric acid from the blood.

The danger signals are backache, depression, pains, heaviness, drowsiness, irritability, headaches, chilliness, rheumatic twinges, swollen joints or goot.

Since it is such a simple matter to step into your favorite drug store and obtain Anuric, anyone who earnestly desires to regain health and new life will waste no time in beginning this treatment.

OKLAHOMA WOMEN SHOULD TAKE THIS ADVICE

Milburn, Okla.—"I can truthfully say that I do not think there is any medicine on the market today better than Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and Golden Medical Discovery. I feel that I owe my life to same. About seventeen years ago I was run down in health, the principal trouble was irregularity, and my lungs seemed affected. After taking six bottles each of 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Golden Medical Discovery' I was entirely well. I never fail to recommend them.—MRS. EVA PHEMIS TER, Route 1, Box 39.

For sale by druggists. Liquid tablets.—Adv.



HAPPENINGS in the CITIES

New York Discovers It Has the Nerviest Thief

NEW YORK.—John R. Hegeman, president of the Metropolitan Life Insurance company, has met the nerviest horn-handed son of toil that ever escaped violence at the hands of a mob or jail at the hands of the law. This interesting person went into Mr. Hegeman's office and under the president's very nose stole from the life insurance company.

One morning a stockily built young man went to the janitor of the Metropolitan building, at 1 Madison avenue, and demanded an assistant. "I want to take down some awnings and awning rods," he said. The janitor looked at him quite casually and told him that he didn't have a man to spare for that work. The stocky man, who was clad in overalls and a jumper, appeared to be very much disgusted, but announced that he would do the job alone.

As nearly as could be learned he began operations on the fifth floor. He went into an office there and removed the awning rods from several windows and then he went to the floor above and went into the office of Robert E. Livingston. Mr. Livingston asked what he wanted and he said that he had come to remove the awnings.

"But they were removed two days ago," Mr. Livingston said. "I know they were, but I want the rods," the industrious one responded.

Mr. Livingston thought it was so unusual that he called up the superintendent of the building and the latter said he supposed it was all right. By the time Mr. Livingston finished his conversation the man had removed the rods from two windows, working rapidly.

Then he went to the general offices of the insurance company. On the plea that he wanted to take down the awnings he was permitted to enter the private office of Mr. Hegeman. There he also worked swiftly, but removed the rods, leaving the awnings flapping about over the windows. From Mr. Hegeman's office he went to the offices of several of the vice presidents of the company and did the same thing.

Two days later Mr. Livingston met the building superintendent. "Why did you go to the trouble to remove the awning rods the other day?" Mr. Livingston asked him.

"We didn't go to the trouble, someone else did," was the reply.

"Why on earth would anyone want to remove awning rods?" Mr. Livingston persisted.

"Because the awning rods in this building are made of bronze and not of iron," the superintendent said. "They are quite valuable and that stranger, garbed as a laborer, knew it. He took about \$50 worth of rods out during the course of an hour and some of them from Mr. Hegeman's private office. That man had more nerve than any soldier in the trenches."

Testing the Brightness of Chicago Freshmen

CHICAGO.—Freshmen in the University of Chicago must undergo mental tests to determine just how bright they are. After that has been ascertained they are expected to maintain the same standard throughout their entire college course. Stopwatch in hand, Dr. Henry B. Kitson stands over each student and reads a passage from a book. The student must repeat it. Then the student must read a passage from a book and repeat it without looking at the book again. A number of letters with different addresses are given him and he must arrange them alphabetically. The time required for these and other tests fix his mental powers.

Here is the crowning test of all, however. A number of short sentences are read to the student. Within one second he is expected to indicate by "yes" or "no" whether the statements made in the sentences are logically correct or not. Here are a few samples:

"He was seventy and looked twice that age."

"He lit his cigar with these words."

"With one hand he caressed her, with the other he spoke."

"On his helmet waved the missing plume."


"Two adversaries were placed at equal distance from each other."

"Freshmen are not allowed to wear soft collars or cuffs on their trousers."

"I have never had any children and my mother was afflicted in the same way."

"The woman finished dressing in her evening clothes and came down to breakfast."

Doctor Kitson said he had found one-half of the students judge such matters correctly. It is intended by this plan to ascertain the mental horse power of each student so that the quick ones may not get off with too little work and the slow ones may not be overburdened.



Philadelphia Lobster Puts on His Own Cabaret

PHILADELPHIA.—The pet cat was in the kitchen of Infeld's restaurant shortly after four o'clock the other afternoon, when the cook's helper placed on the floor a basket of lobsters.

A lobster crawled out of the basket and the cat jumped for it.


The lobster became indignant when a paw struck his shell. The big claw was landed on the cat's tail. Emitting ear-splitting wails, the cat raced upstairs and into the dining room.

Miss Eva Seidler had brought her Boston terrier, Gus, into the restaurant with her. He was tied to her chair. When the terrier saw the cat and the lobster he got busy. So did the lobster. The dog made for the cat. Howling, the dog made a jump and pulled the chair from under Miss Seidler.

Miss Seidler fainted.

William Mullen, the head waiter, ran upstairs when he heard the screams. Cat, dog and lobster got tangled with Mullen's feet and threw him. Then the dog got to snapping and the cat to scratching, while the lobster just hung on.

The restaurant was in an uproar. Every person had something to suggest. No two suggestions were alike. One man thought the reserves should be called out. Manager Louis Bernard got a club and when he got a chance to use it persuaded the lobster to let go. A physician revived Miss Seidler and the cat went downstairs.




Gotham Office Boy Falls Victim to Efficiency

NEW YORK.—The New York office boy, being, after all, only a human institution, is about to increase his efficiency. He has yielded at last to the efficiency man, who, starting with the boss, has succeeded in reforming everything in the shop down to the office cat.

With 5,000 office-boy jobs going begging, you might think that the boys that are now holding down jobs would feel pretty secure—but that's just where you are mistaken. They have read the signs of the times, and know that whenever there is a shortage in anything nowadays people promptly devise ways and means to go without that thing or get a substitute.

Therefore, the boys' division of the West Side Y. M. C. A. has arranged a training class for New York city office boys, to meet every Tuesday and Thursday mornings from eight to nine, o'clock, to end that the race of office boys shall not perish from the earth. The course, given free, consists of 25 lectures by a faculty that presumably knows what an office boy needs to become efficient, and all the boy has to do is to back and absorb knowledge.



He used a pebble in his day, to keep his mouth moist—

WE use **WRIGLEYS**




WRIGLEY'S gives us a wholesome, antiseptic, refreshing confection to take the place of the cave man's pebble.

We help teeth, breath, appetite, digestion and deliciously soothe mouth and throat with this welcome sweetmeat.

The Wrigley Speshmen want to send you their Book of Gum-ption. Send a postal for it today. Wm. Wrigley Jr. Co., 1327 Kesner Building, Chicago.

WRAPPED IN UNITED STATES COUPONS

MY NAME'S BROWN AND IN IN TURN GET ME!

The Flavor Lasts!

DO IT NOW, GOOD WATCHWORD

Habit of Procrastination Has Never Yet Failed to Bring Train of Evils in Its Wake.

"Sometime" is a useful word that is often overworked, remarks the Milwaukee Journal. One says, "Sometime I will do it," but the time never comes. Sometime is no time when a kind deed is to be done. Sometime is no time when a definite task is to be done. A thing put off beyond its rightful time encroaches on time allotted by right to other duties. One may think he is gaining time by postponing the duty of the hour. In fact, he is wasting time. "Tomorrow" and ever "tomorrow" has been the ruin of many. Do now the thing that should be done now. Have you had a quarrel, and are you ready for reconciliation? Do not postpone it. The other person may get hardened in his views and become unwilling to be reconciled. He may die and leave to you a lasting regret that you had not made friends. Would you help someone? Do not wait till help is past being help. Put off till "tomorrow" mending the fence, and your neighbor's cattle will have found the weak place and made havoc with your grain. Put off paying your insurance, and perhaps a fire will destroy all you have. Debts do not grow less by postponing payment. "Do it now" is a good watchword. Say the kind word, do the kind deed, perform the duty of the hour.

No Bungalow for Him.

Retiring from active business after years of shoving schooners over the bar, the wealthy Mr. Biers considered house plans.

"Here," said the architect, "is a handsome bungalow that would be just the thing for you."

"Bungalow?"

"Yes."

"Nothing by that name, if you please," said Mr. Biers.—Newark News.

Why the Baby Cries.

Now we know why the baby cries. For a long time the cause was veiled in obscurity. It might be an inaccessible pin, or it might be the helpless discrepancy betwixt the heavenly kingdom and this world, or it might be a plain case of colic, called by what new-fangled term you please. It has remained for George B. Hotchkiss of the University School of Commerce, addressing editors and publishers of trade journals in New York, to discover that the baby cries in order to advertise. It is the baby's effective announcement, in the imperative mood, that he wants to be taken up and petted, or he wants the moon, or he wants something else, and "he won't be happy till he gets it." There is no denying that for an infant industry the baby's advertising is a great success. Nearly every time he gets results, and the most astute and alert professional solicitor cannot show a higher percentage of success.

The Flavor Lasts—

In the making of Grape-Nuts there is added to the sweet, rich nutriment of whole wheat, the rare flavor of malted barley, a combination creating a most unusually delicious taste. The palate never tires of it.

People everywhere have found that

Grape-Nuts

is the most nutritious and delicious cereal food known.

Every table should have its daily ration of Grape-Nuts.

"There's a Reason"

Big Stock

Building material, wire and post

Coal to Burn

All prices are subject to change without notice
Be sure and buy from us.

Western Lumber Company

A BANK

Prosper when the people prosper. On the other hand the people prosper when the bank prospers. Neither is independent of the other.

The Citizens State Bank

being an institution in which you can deposit your money with utmost confidence and safety, every dollar of its stock being owned by local stockholders, appeals to depositors with great force.

It is well equipped, by reason of the experience and acquaintance of its officers and directors, with the local people, to handle CONSERVATIVE and MERITORIOUS business.

A Bank owned by home people, operated by home people, for home people

The Citizens State Bank

(Guarantee Fund Bank)

J. S. Morse, Pres. W. E. Ballard, M. D., V. Pres.
J. M. Noel, vice Pres. Clay Thompson, Cashier
C. C. Bogan, Asst. Cashier

Christmas Goodies

Our store is headquarters for Christmas Goodies. Don't wait until the last minute to buy your fruit cake ingredients. You can get everything you need for it from us—even the eggs, though we may have to steal them. Let us sell you

Apples and Oranges

By The Box

Also have a full line of candies, nuts, fruits, in fact everything to make a "full" Christmas. Do your shopping early.

Bundy & Biggers Phone 32

Now, listen, I have got what we have all been wanting for sometime—something to make our hens lay. A feed and a medicine together put up in a feed form, not a medicine package. Any amount you want. Bellenger.

Pumpkin yam potatoes, lots of 'em at Bellenger's.

Never before has there been so many pretty and sensible things suitable for Christmas presents shown in the local stores.

Take Not ce.

No hunting or trespassing on our land.

J. S. Morse
W. W. Marrs
Emmett LeFors
A. E. Gething

Those parties who have slips belonging to the county are urgently requested to bring them to town and leave them at either of the blacksmith shops. This is urgent, as we need them. R. N. Ashby.

Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Piersall expect to leave the latter part of the week for Los Angeles, Cal., to make their future home. We regret to lose them.

Lost—Automobile top cover, somewhere between here and LeFors. Please return to A. G. Richardson.

We call your attention to the many splendid ads appearing this issue of the News. Buy from your home merchants.

Notice.

In order to reduce our immense stock of flour we will make specially low prices on 500-lb. every sack guaranteed. —Bundy-Hodges Mer Co.

Four weddings are predicted for Christmas—hurry up girls! Leap year will soon be over.

Posted.

No hunting or trespassing allowed on my place. Violators will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

J. R. Gracey

Tax Payers Notice.

I will be in Alameda on the Second Saturday in January for the purpose of collecting taxes.

Also will be in McLean on the third Saturday in January.

W. S. Copeland,
Sheriff and Tax Collector.

Invitations have been received by friends to attend the marriage of Miss M. M. Haynes to Mr. Frank Bailey on Sunday, December 24, 1916, at the Methodist church at Heald, Texas.

Just received half car of apples, oranges and candy. G. R. Bellenger.

Revival Meeting.

A revival meeting will begin Sunday morning at eleven o'clock, services all the week and over Sunday of the 24th.

P. R. Jerrell of Wellington will be here. All christians are invited to help us and the public is invited to come. Rev. Jarrell is a great singer, all who like good singing be sure to come and we want all who will, to take part in the singing.

S. R. Jones.

Be sure and see me before buying your Xmas candy, apples and oranges, can save you money. G. R. Bellenger.

Notice.

All members of the Woodmen Circle are requested to be present Saturday, December 16th. Special business.

Clerk.

Almost at your own price, Christmas oranges, apples and candy, all on display at Bellenger's.

You will find a suitable Christmas Gift

Caseroles Crum Trays
Manicure Sets Savory Roasters
Silverware Coffee Perculators
Pocket and Table Cutlery
Duofolds and Rugs

And all kinds of toys for the girls and boys.

Call and get your calendar, there is one here for you.

C. S. Rice

Hardware And Furniture
Phone 42

Notice.

All parties knowing themselves indebted to us will please call and settle as we are very anxious to get all collections in before Xmas. —Bundy-Hodges

M. L. Simmons and family of Ponder, Texas, are visitors at the Kibler home this week.

Charles Avery died on Thursday of last week and was buried Friday in the local cemetery. Mr. Avery had no relatives here and had been living with the Willis family.

Many McLean boys and girls who are attending school and teaching school in various places will be home for the holidays.

A Sale To Balance Stocks

Please bear in mind there will be no annual knockout sale, but the bargains here are as great, and in some instances are even greater, than was ever quoted in a knockout sale catalog. It is now nearly time for the annual inventory and to balance stocks, bring the high places to normal, we offer the following bargains in good lines of good merchandise which should be of interest to every member of every family throughout the entire Pa. handle. Read the following prices over carefully, then come.

A Sale of Mens' Suits and Overcoats.

Mens' \$15 suits or overcoats at	\$11 85
Mens' \$16 50 suits or overcoats at	13 35
Mens' \$18 50 suits or overcoats at	14 85
Mens' \$20 suits or overcoats	15 85
Mens' \$25 suits or overcoats at	19 85
Mens' \$30 suits or overcoats at	22 85

A Sale of Men's and Boys' Mackinaws.

Men and Boy's \$5 mackinaws choice	\$3 75
Men and Boy's \$6 50 mackinaws choice	5 20
Men and boy's \$7 50 mackinaws choice	5 60
Men and Boy's \$8 mackinaws choice	5 95
Men's \$10 mackinaws choice	7 45
Men's \$12 mackinaws choice	8 95

A Sale of Boys' Suits and Overcoats.

Boys' \$5, 2 pant suits or overcoats at	\$3 75
Boy's \$7 50, 2 pant suits or overcoats at	5 60
Boy's \$8 2 pant suits or overcoats at	5 95
Boys' \$10 2 pant suits or overcoats at	7 45
Boys' \$12 2 pant suits or overcoats at	8 95

Fifty Things For Gentlemen.

Here is a great showing beautiful ties, mufflers, handkerchiefs, suspenders, pins, buttons and Christmas boxes at very attractive prices.

Corsets, Warners and Redfern's

All new models—you can save twenty per cent.

A Sale of Ladies' Suits.

Reductions so radical that you must see the bargains before you can fully realize the values offered. These garments are all this season's new and authentic fashions and don't miss this sale. \$9.25 for your choice of about thirty Ladies' suits that were up to \$20 regularly. \$11.50 for your choice of about thirty five Ladies' suits that were up to \$25 regularly. All other suits in stock are now on sale at a great reduction.

A Sale of Separate Skirts.

In the seasons new and most popular styles. \$4 50 skirts at
 \$2 95 || 7 50 skirts at | 4 95 |
| 10 00 skirts at | 6 95 |
| 15 00 skirts at | 9 85 |

Children's Coats Half Price.

Coats from \$4 00 to \$20 00 at exactly half price.

Ladies' Hats Ready-to-Wear.

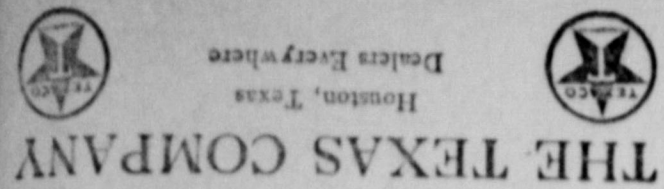
There will be a lot of choice for 95 cents—this lot includes from four to seven dollar hats. All other hats are on sale at half price.

Shoe Bargains.

There is no top to the market, hence these should hold double interest for you. Table lot \$1 45, for your choice of broken sizes, values \$3 50 to \$4 00. Table lot \$2 45 for your choice of broken sizes, values \$5 00.

WHITE & KIRK

502 Polk Street
Amarillo, Texas



THE TEXAS COMPANY

CRATER is sold in 25 pound cans.
farm machinery, presses, and driven pumps.
CRATER is equally good for all heavy gears on the investment.
It saves the gears—saves replacements—conserves faces of the teeth—where lubrication is needed.
heavy pressure. CRATER stays on the wearing surface and flying dust—the way in which it works under on the tractor gears is the way in which it resists dirt.

TEXACO CRATER COMPOUND

The big reason for the success of CRATER COMPOUND.
be saved, by lubricating them with TEXACO and rapid destruction follow. But these gears can against this dust—dry gears result—cutting of dust. Unless the gear teeth are protected TRACTORS do most of their work in a cloud



Coffee percolators, yes I have them, get one and drink good coffee. C S Rice.

For any kind of insurance or indemnity bonds see M D Bentley.

If it's good biscuit you want, don't forget the Seal or Belle of Vernon flour—it beats all and can be had at Bellenger's.

Numerous dances and other entertainments are booked for the holiday season.

For Sale—Good span of mules. D N Massay.

Mr. and Mrs. R S Thompson are expecting their daughter. Mrs. Jack Hindman and family from Clayton, N. M., to spend the holiday.

Thoroughbred Hereford bull for sale. See them in pen at McLean Geo Bourland, phone 121. 8p

J J McLean of Lela was in the city Wednesday.

J J McLean and Z T Crawford are new readers of the News

Z T Crawford, who recently traded for the D R Holland property here, has gone to Ellijay, Ga. for the winter.

Insurance or indemnity bonds—see Bentley.

Special prices made on candies, nuts and fruits for Sunday schools and schools. Bundy & Biggers.

A recent card from J T Hicks states that he has bought a ranch at Alto, N. M., and further says that Mrs. Hicks' health is much improved.

Mr. and Mrs. J S Morse and children were visitors to Oklaoma City the last of the week

Fish and oysters every Saturday at the Ozark Cafe.

Just received a car of guaranteed flour, meal and bran. G R Bellenger.

All kinds of fresh syrup, both ribbon cane and sorghum at Bellenger's.

See Jeff Earp for cheap money.

I am what is called a "candy and cookie crank." Come in and see for yourself. I have any kind of candy or cookies you want. G R Bellenger.

See Jeff Earp, the money man.

Just received a barrel of fresh honey—come in at once and bring your bucket. G R Bellenger.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured
with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surface. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, price 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

When you get ready for your Christmas candy be sure and see me. I have the biggest stock ever brought to McLean and can save you money and give you better quality and more different kinds than you have ever bought before. G R Bellenger.

Plenty of money to loan on farms and ranches. Get it while you can. Jeff Earp.

Oystersters and fish the last of every week at the Ozark cafe.

For Sale Cheap—Good surrey J W Skidmore. 2p

Hey, there! Come a-runnin' with your bucket. I have that barrel of absolutely pure honey and its simply fine. Bellenger.

Bring us your poultry—we will load a car on the 16th. Nunn & Langley.

The Philathea Girls will serve lunch all day Saturday, December 16th, in town. Proceeds for piano fund. Please patronize us.

All those who have promised to help us on the piano will please send in their donations to the American State Bank or hand it to Ethel Cash at Thompson's store.

When your nerves get run down and you have the headache and you feel like your friends have all forsaken you, call 161 and have a can of Maxwell House or Folger's Golden Gate Coffee sent down and have one of the best cups of coffee ever had in your life. Your nerves will become steady, your headache will disappear and your friends will turn to smiles. G R Bellenger.

Red Duroc Jersey pigs and shoats for sale. R S Jordan, phone 60. 2p

For Sale—Good saddle horse weight about 1000 pounds, nine years old, sorrel. Worth \$110 See B H Pace, Wellington, Texas, r 2, box 72. 2p

There will be a play at the school auditorium tonight.

Mr and Mrs. Roger Francis of Ochiltree county announce the arrival of a daughter, Leona Mae, on Nov. 29th. Mrs. Francis will be remembered as Miss Edith Stockton.

Mr Waldron, who lives east of town, is recovering from an acute attack of pleurisy of the heart.

Mrs Ada Thompson and sister, Miss Ida Tucker of Luda, Texas, are visiting at the home of their uncle, J W Mayfield.

The Teachers' Institute will be in session at Alameda all next week. The little city is preparing to make their stay as pleasant as well as profitable one.

CHRISTMAS Gifts and Goodies

The most appropriate Christmas Gifts in town can be found at our store because we a complete line of new and handsome Furniture

Which will make a nice present for Gentleman, Lady, Girl, Boy or child. We are long on duofolds, buffets and art squares and can sell them at a great saving in price. And then we have lovely

Ties, Sox, Handkerchiefs, Shirts and Hats, in fact many nobby and useful things for men and boys.

Our Christmas line of good things to eat is complete and we will

Appreciate Your Trade

BUNDY-HODGES Mercantile Co.



"I am sending more Christmas cards than ever before"

"LAST year so many of my friends called my holiday cards 'dainty', 'clever', 'just too dear', that this year I am using twice as many. Everyone seems to credit ME with their quality, yet all I do is to ask for

The A. M. DAVIS CO. QUALITY CARDS

A complete line of these cards may be found at this store.

ERWIN DRUG CO.

I Am Back Again

In my own building, and have now on display a larger stock of Clocks Watches, Jewelry, French Ivory, Hand painted china, Cut Glass and Silverware, than ever before.

In this collection you can find a choice gift suited for people of all ages. And as Christmas is near at hand (and you will want to remember some one with a token of love or friendship) I invite you to come and see me.

John B. Vannoy
Optician and Jeweler

CLOTHING SPECIAL

Eight Days Only

Beginning Friday, Dec. 15th and until Saturday night Dec. 23

We Will Give

25 per cent Discount

On all men and boys' clothing, including Suits, Pants Mackinaws and Rain Coats. You will find our stock complete in above lines and sizes, so we suggest if you plan to buy anything in clothing this season you will profit by making your purchases at the

Present Saving

We are also showing a big line of Christmas Goods in

Ties, Mufflers, Tie Sets, Sweaters, Caps, Camisoles, Silk and Embroidery Sets that will enable you to make your Christmas selections with ease.

R. A. THOMPSON



ARMFUL TIME

A Christmas Editorial

CHRISTMAS time is Armful time. Homes of Armfuls, Cities of Armfuls—streets for miles just streams of humans, their arms cramped with bundles and packages bobbing against their beating Hearts. Packages wrapped in golden cords of Love. And aching backs glad of the chance to carry them—eased and strengthened by Love.

Packages, big and little—to be GIVEN AWAY!

Christmas time is Universal Spirit time. When forthwith all the mean and petty and unkind thought-affairs of the World, ashamed and head-bowed silently backstep while the Armful idea has its way. And Oh, Heart of Mine, isn't it fine, isn't it grand.



Christmas time is Invoice time, too. When we think of the many hours when Failure and Unhappiness and Discouragement have shaken us. And how we didn't care, because we knew all along that Success and Happiness and Encouragement would come around, sooner or later, and walk home with us. And yet—these three last named great Friends of Joy haven't walked home with All. And so, we are going to make this Christmas, as far as we are concerned, an Armful time to them. This way. In—

Food, Clothing, Money, Smiles, Pats on the Back—to be GIVEN AWAY.

By GEORGE MATTHEW ADAMS

Decorations by MAGNUS G. KETTNER

Christmas time is Impersonal time. Neither poor nor rich, fortunate nor unfortunate can escape its sweetening power, if they but let it in when it comes around. For the whole World must eventually come to know the Armful Spirit and spread it far and wide till the humblest and most obscure shall feel it. So that they, too, may have—



Packages, Love, Food, Money, Clothing, Smiles, Success—to be GIVEN AWAY!

For, after all, what are Feelings and Things, and Lives, if they are not to be Expressed, Distributed, Divided, and with free and happy and lavish hand—GIVEN AWAY?

Everything in Life was made—to be GIVEN AWAY!

This Christmas time, my Brain, as we reason together, and my Heart, as we feel our impulses out into the wide world of life, can we ever hope to get and possess if we don't constantly GIVE AWAY? Don't you know that it is impossible to GET without GIVING—that, also if you don't Give, what you have will surely leave you? And Don't you know that after you have GIVEN AWAY all that you had and have gone back home to your Heart, you will find that you have more there than you had from which you have now GIVEN ALL away?



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The Lone Star Ranger

A Fine Tale of the Open Country

By ZANE GREY

CHAPTER XXIV—Continued.

It was not late, then assuredly great attention toward Poggin manifested itself in Knell's scornful, fiery address, as the shaking hand he thrust before Poggin's face. In the ensuing silent struggle Knell's panting could be plainly heard. The other men were pale, breathless, cautiously edging either way toward the wall, leaving the principals and Duane in the corner of the room.

"Spring his name, then, you—" said Poggin, violently with a curse. Strangely Knell did not even look at the man he was about to denounce. He leaned toward Poggin, his hands, his body, his long head all somewhat aggressive of what his face disguised. "Back Duane!" he yelled, suddenly.

The name did not make any difference in Poggin. But Knell's passionate utterance carried the suggestion that the name ought to bring Poggin to quick action. It was possible, too, that Knell's manner, the import of his denunciation, the meaning back of all his passion held Poggin bound more than the surprise. For the outlaw certainly was surprised, perhaps staggered at the idea that he, Poggin, had been about to stand sponsor with Fletcher for a famous outlaw hated and feared by all outlaws.

Knell waited a long moment, and then his face broke its cold immobility in an extraordinary expression of selfish glee. He had hounded the great Poggin into something that gave him vicious, monstrous joy. "Back Duane! Yes," he broke out, loudly. "The Nueces gunman! That red-hot, ace-of-spades lone-wolf! You an' I—we've heard of him often. He's here in front of you! Poggin, you were backin' Fletcher's new pard, Buck Duane. An' he'd fooled you both but for me. But I know him. An' I know why he drifted in here. To flash a gun on Cheseldine—on you—on me! Bah! Don't tell me he wanted to join the gang. You know a gunman, for you're one yourself. Don't you always want to meet a real man, not a four-flush? It's the madness of the gunman, an' I know it. Well, Duane faced you—called you! As when I sprung his name, what ought you have done? What would the boss—anybody—have expected of Poggin? Did you throw your gun, swift, like you have so often? Naw; you froze. An' why? Because here's a man with the kind of nerve you'd love to have. Because he's great—meddles up here alone. Because you know he's a wonder with a gun an' you love life. Because you an' I an' every damned man here has to take his front, each to himself. If we all drew we'd kill him. Sure! But who's gun to lead? Who was goin' to be first? Who was goin' to make him draw? Not you, Poggin! You leave that for a lesser man—me—who've lived to see you a coward. It comes now to every gunman. You've met your match in Buck Duane. An', by God, I'm glad! Here's once I show you up!"

The hoarse, taunting voice failed. Knell stepped back from the comrade he hated. He was wet, shaking, haggard, but magnificent. "Buck Duane, do you remember Hardin?" he asked, in scarcely audible voice.

"Yes," replied Duane, and a flash of insight made clear Knell's attitude. "You met him—forced him to draw—killed him?"

"Yes," replied Duane, and a flash of insight made clear Knell's attitude. "You met him—forced him to draw—killed him?"

"Hardin was the best pard I ever had." His teeth clicked together tight, and his lips set in a thin line. The room grew still. Even breathing ceased. The time for words had passed. In that long moment of suspense Knell's body gradually stiffened, and at last the quivering ceased. He croaked. His eyes had a soul-piercing fire.

Duane watched him. He waited. He caught the thought—the breaking of Knell's muscle-bound rigidity. Then he drew.

Through the smoke of his gun he saw two red spurts of flame. Knell's bullets thudded into the ceiling. He fell with a scream like a wild thing in agony. Duane did not see Knell die. He watched Poggin. And Poggin, like a stricken and astounded man, looked down upon his prostrate comrade. Fletcher ran at Duane with hands aloft.

sound in his ears that was not all the rush of the wind. Something dragged at him. Apparently one side of his mind was unalterably fixed, while the other was a hurrying conglomeration of flashes of thought, reception of sensations. He could not get calmness. By and by, almost involuntarily, he hurried faster on. Action seemed to make his state less oppressive; it eased the weight. But the farther he went on the harder it was to continue. Had he turned his back upon love, happiness, perhaps on life itself?

There seemed no use to go on farther until he was absolutely sure of himself. Duane received a clear warning thought that such work as



Duane Saw Red Flashes.

seemed haunting and driving him could never be carried out in the mood under which he labored. He hung on to that thought. Several times he slowed up, then stopped, only to go on again. At length, as he mounted a low ridge, Fairdale lay bright and green before him, not far away, and the sight was a conclusive check. There were mesquites on the ridge, and Duane sought the shade beneath them. It was the noon-hour, with hot, glaring sun and no wind. Here Duane had to have out his fight. Duane was utterly unlike himself; he could not bring the old self back; he was not the same man he once had been. But he could understand why. It was because of Ray Longstreth. Temptation assailed him. To have her his wife! It was impossible. The thought was insidiously alluring. Duane pictured a home. He saw himself riding through the cotton and rice and cane, home to a stately old mansion, where long-eared hounds bayed him welcome, and a woman looked for him and met him with happy and beautiful smiles. There might—there would be children. And something new, strange, confounding with its emotion, came to life deep in Duane's heart. There would be children! Ray their mother! The kind of life a lonely outcast always yearned for and never had! He saw it all, felt it all.

But beyond and above all other claims came Captain MacNelly's. It was then there was something cold and deathlike in Duane's soul. For he knew whatever happened, of one thing he was sure—he would have to kill either Longstreth or Lawson. Longstreth might be trapped into arrest; but Lawson had no sense, no control, no fear. He would snarl like a panther and go for his gun, and he would have to be killed. This, of all consummations, was the one to be calculated upon.

Duane came out of it all bitter and callous and sore—in the most fitting of moods to undertake a difficult and deadly enterprise. He had fallen upon his old, strange, futile dreams, now rendered poignant by reason of love. He drove away those dreams. In their place came the images of the olive-skinned Longstreth with his sharp eyes, and the dark, evil-faced Lawson, and then returned tenfold more thrilling and sinister the old strange passion to meet Poggin.

hundred lightning-swift evolutions. He meant to take any risk rather than kill Longstreth. Both of the men were out on the porch. Duane wormed his way to the edge of the shrubbery and crouched low to watch for his opportunity.

Longstreth looked haggard and thin. He was in his shirt-sleeves, and he had come out with a gun in his hand. This he laid on a table near the wall. He wore no belt.

Lawson was red, bloated, thick-lipped, all fiery and sweaty from drink, though sober on the moment, and he had the expression of a desperate man in his last stand. It was his last stand, though he was ignorant of that.

"What's your news? You needn't be afraid of my feelings," said Lawson. "Ray confessed to an interest in this ranger," replied Longstreth.

Duane thought Lawson would choke. He was thick-necked anyway, and the rush of blood made him tear at the soft collar of his shirt. Duane awaited his chance, patient, cold, all his feelings shut in a vise.

"But why should your daughter meet this ranger?" demanded Lawson, harshly.

"She's in love with him, and he's in love with her."

Duane revealed in Lawson's condition. The statement might have had the force of a juggernaut. Was Longstreth sincere? What was his game?

Lawson, finding his voice, cursed Ray, cursed the ranger, then Longstreth. "You damned selfish fool!" cried Longstreth in bitter scorn. "All you think of is yourself—your loss of the girl. Think once of me—my home—my life!"

Then the connection subtly put out by Longstreth apparently dawned upon the other. Somehow through this girl her father and cousin were to be betrayed. Duane got that impression, though he could not tell how true it was. Certainly Lawson's jealousy was his paramount emotion.

"To hell with you!" burst out Lawson, incoherently. He was frenzied. "I'll have her, or nobody else will!"

"You never will," returned Longstreth, stridently. "So help me God I'd rather see her the ranger's wife than yours!"

While Lawson absorbed that shock Longstreth leaned toward him, all of hate and menace in his mien.

"Lawson, you made me what I am," continued Longstreth. "I backed you—shielded you. You're Cheseldine—if the truth is told! Now it's ended. I quit you. I'm done!"

Their gray passion-corded faces were still as stones.

"Gentlemen!" Duane called in far-reaching voice as he stepped out. "You're both done!"

They wheeled to confront Duane. "Don't move! Not a muscle! Not a finger!" he warned.

Longstreth read what Lawson had not the mind to read. His face turned from gray to ashen.

"What d'ye mean?" yelled Lawson, fiercely, shrilly. It was not in him to obey a command, to see impending death.

All quivering and strung, yet with perfect control, Duane raised his left hand to turn back a lapel of his open vest. The silver star flashed brightly.

Lawson howled like a dog. With barbarous and insane fury, with sheer impotent folly, he swept a clawing hand for his gun. Duane's shot broke his action.

Before Lawson even tottered, before he loosed the gun, Longstreth leaped behind him, clasped him with left arm, quick as lightning jerked the gun from both clutching fingers and sheath. Longstreth protected himself with the body of the dead man. Duane saw red flashes, puffs of smoke; he heard quick reports. Something stung his left arm. Then a blow like wind, light of sound yet shocking in impact, struck him, staggered him. The hot reed of lead followed the blow. Duane's heart seemed to explode, yet his mind kept extraordinarily clear and rapid.

Duane heard Longstreth work the action of Lawson's gun. He heard the hammer click, fall upon empty shell. Longstreth had used up all the loads in Lawson's gun. He cursed as a man cursed at defeat. Duane waited, cool and sure now. Longstreth tried to lift the dead man, to edge him closer toward the table where his own gun lay. But, considering the peril of exposing himself, he found the task beyond him. He bent peering at Duane under Lawson's arm, which flopped out from his side. Longstreth's eyes were the eyes of a man who meant to kill. There was never any mistaking the strange and terrible light of eyes like those. More than once Duane had a chance to aim at them, at the top of Longstreth's head, at a strip of his side.

Longstreth flung Lawson's body off. But even as it dropped, before Longstreth could leap, as he surely intended, for the gun, Duane covered him, called piercingly to him:

"Don't jump for the gun! Don't! I'll kill you! Sure as God I'll kill you!"

Longstreth stood perhaps ten feet from the table where his gun lay. Duane saw him calculating chances.

He was game. He had the courage that forced Duane to respect him. Duane just saw him measure the distance to that gun. Duane would have to kill him.

"Longstreth, listen," cried Duane, swiftly. "The game's up. You're done. But think of your daughter! I'll spare your life—I'll try to get you freedom on one condition. For her sake! I've got you nailed—all the proofs. There lies Lawson. You're alone. I've Morton and men to my aid. Give up. Surrender. Consent to demands, and I'll spare you. Maybe I can persuade MacNelly to let you go free back to your old country. It's for Ray's sake! Her life, perhaps her happiness, can be saved! Hurry, man! Your answer!"

"Suppose I refuse?" he queried, with a dark and terrible earnestness.

"Then I'll kill you in your tracks! You can't move a hand! Your word or death! Hurry, Longstreth! Be a man! For her sake! Quick! Another second now—I'll kill you!"

"All right, Buck Duane, I give my word," he said, and deliberately walked to the chair and fell into it.

Longstreth looked strangely at the bloody blot on Duane's shoulder. "There come the girls!" he suddenly exclaimed. "Can you help me drag Lawson inside? They musn't see him."

Duane was facing down the porch toward the court and corral. Miss Longstreth and Ruth had come in sight, were swiftly approaching, evidently alarmed. The two men succeeded in drawing Lawson into the house before the girls saw him.

"Duane, you're not hard hit?" said Longstreth.

"Reckon not," replied Duane. "I'm sorry. If only you could have told me sooner! Lawson! Always I've split over him!"

"But the last time, Longstreth." "Yes, and I came near driving you to kill me, too. Duane, you talked me out of it. For Ray's sake! She'll be in here in a minute. This'll be harder than facing a gun."

"Hard now. But I hope it'll turn out all right."

"Duane, will you do me a favor?" he asked, and he seemed shamefaced. "Sure."

"Let Ray and Ruth think Lawson shot you. He's dead. It can't matter. Duane, the old side of my life is changing back. It's been coming. And, I'd change places with Lawson if I could!"

"Glad you—said that, Longstreth," replied Duane. "And sure—Lawson plugged me. It's our secret."

Just then Ray and Ruth entered the room. Duane heard two low cries, so different in tone, and he saw two white faces. Ray came to his side. She lifted a shaking hand to point at the blood upon his breast. White and mute, she gazed from that to her father.

"Papa!" cried Ray, wringing her hands.

"Don't give way," he replied, huskily. "Both you girls will need your nerve. Duane isn't badly hurt. But Floyd is—dead. Listen. Let me tell it quick. There's been a fight. It—was Lawson—it was Lawson's gun that shot Duane. Duane let me off. In fact, Ray, he saved me. I'm to divide my property—return so far as possible what I've stolen—leave Texas at once with Duane, under arrest. He says maybe he can get MacNelly, the ranger captain, to let me go. For your sake!"

She stood there, realizing her deliverance, with the dark and tragic glory of her eyes passing from her father to Duane.

"You must rise above this," said Duane to her. "I expected this to ruin you. But your father is alive. He will live it down. I'm sure I can promise you he'll be free. Perhaps back there in Louisiana the dishonor will never be known. This matter of land, water, a few stray head of stock had to be decided out of court. To protect himself he bound men to him. He could not control them. He became involved with them, and so he grew into the leader because he was the strongest. Whatever he is to be judged for, I think he could have been infinitely worse."

CHAPTER XXV.

On the morning of the twenty-sixth Duane rode into Bradford in time to catch the early train. His wound did not seriously incapacitate him. Longstreth was with him. And Miss Longstreth and Ruth Herbert would not be left behind. They were all leaving Fairdale forever. Longstreth had turned over the whole of his property to Morton, who was to divide it as he and his comrades believed just. Duane had left Fairdale with his party by night, passed through Sanderson in the early hours of dawn, and reached Bradford as he had planned.

That fatal morning found Duane outwardly calm, but inwardly he was in a tumult. He wanted to rush to Val Verde. Would Captain MacNelly be there with his rangers, as Duane had planned for them to be? Memory of that tawny Poggin returned with strange passion. Duane had borne hours and weeks and months of wait-

ing, had endured the long hours of the outlaw, but now he had no patience. The whistle of the train made him leap.

It was a fast train, yet the ride seemed slow.

Duane did not speak to Longstreth and the passengers in the car, changed his seat to one behind his prisoner. The girls sat in a seat near by and were pale but composed.

Duane did not speak to Longstreth again till the train stopped at Val Verde.

They got off the car, and the girls followed as naturally as ordinary travelers. The station was a good deal larger than that at Bradford, and there was considerable action and bustle incident to the arrival of the train.

Duane's sweeping gaze searched faces, rested upon a man who seemed familiar. This fellow's look, too, was that of one who knew Duane, but was waiting for a sign, a cue. Then Duane, recognized him—MacNelly, clean-shaven. Without mustache he appeared different, younger.

When MacNelly saw that Duane intended to greet him, hurried forward to meet him. A keen light flashed from his eyes. He was glad, eager, yet suppressing himself, and the glances he sent back and forth from Duane to Longstreth were questioning, doubtful. Certainly Longstreth did not look the part of an outlaw.

"Duane! Lord, I'm glad to see you," was the Captain's greeting. Then at closer look into Duane's face his warmth fled—something he saw there checked his enthusiasm, or at least its utterance.

"MacNelly, shake hands with Cheseldine," said Duane, low-voiced.

The ranger stood dumb, motionless. But he saw Longstreth's instant action, and awkwardly he reached for the outstretched hand.

"Any of your men down here?" queried Duane, sharply.

"No. They're up-town."

"Come, MacNelly, you walk with him. We've ladies in the party. I'll come behind with them."

They set off up-town. Longstreth walked as if he were with friends on the way to dinner. The girls were mute. MacNelly walked like a man in a trance. There was not a word spoken in four blocks.

Presently Duane espied a stone building on a corner of the broad street. There was a big sign, "Rancher's Bank."

"There's the hotel," said MacNelly. "Some of my men are there. We've scattered around."

They crossed the street, went through office and lobby, and then Duane asked MacNelly to take them to a private room. Without a word the Captain complied. When they were all inside Duane closed the door, and, drawing a deep breath as if of relief, he faced them calmly.

"Miss Longstreth, you and Miss Ruth try to make yourselves comfortable now," he said. "And don't be distressed." Then he turned to his captain. "MacNelly, this girl is the daughter of the man I've brought to you, and this one is his niece."

Then Duane briefly related Longstreth's story, and, though he did not spare the rustler chief, he was generous.

"When I went after Longstreth," concluded Duane, "it was either to kill him or offer him his freedom on conditions. So I chose the latter for his daughter's sake. He has already disposed of all his property. I believe

he'll live up to the conditions. He's to leave Texas never to return. Cheseldine has been a mystery, and now it'll fade."

A few moments later Duane followed MacNelly to a large room, like a hall, and here were men reading and smoking. Duane knew them—rangers!

"Duane! Lord, I Am Glad to See You!"

MacNelly cursed and again threw up his hands, this time in baffled chagrin. There was deep regret in his dark eyes as they rested upon Duane.

Duane was left alone. Never had his mind been so quick, so clear, so wonderful in its understanding of what had heretofore been intricate and elusive impulses of his strange nature. His determination was to meet Poggin; meet him before anyone else had a chance—Poggin first—and then the others! He was as unalterable in that decision as if on the instant of its acceptance he had become stone.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Tame Performance. "Did the speaker make much of an impression on you?" "No." "But I understood he threw some mud." "Well, if he did, it was free from bacteria and guaranteed not to soil the clothes."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

MacNelly beckoned to his men. They crowded close, eager, like hounds ready to run. They all talked at once, and the word most significant and frequent in their speech was "outlaws."

MacNelly clapped his fist in his hand. "This'll make the adjutant sick with joy. Maybe he won't have it on the Governor! We'll show them about the ranger service. Duane! how'd you ever do it?"

"Now, Captain, not the half nor the quarter of this job's done. The gang's coming down the road. They'll ride in to town on the dot—two-thirty."

"How many?" asked MacNelly. "Poggin, Blossom Kane, Panhandle Smith, Boldt, Jim Fletcher, and another man I don't know."

"Poggin—that's the hard nut to crack! I've heard their record since I've been in Val Verde. Where's Knell?"

"Knell's dead." "Ah!" exclaimed MacNelly, softly. Then he grew businesslike, cool, and of harder aspect. "Duane, it's your game to-day. We're all under your orders."

"You understand there's no sense in trying to arrest Poggin, Kane and that lot?" queried Duane. "No, I don't understand that," replied MacNelly, bluntly.

"It can't be done. The drop can't be got on such men. Poggin! That outlaw has no equal with a gun—unless—He's got to be killed quick. They'll all have to be killed. They're all bad, desperate, know no fear, are lightning in action."

"Very well, Duane; then it's a fight. That'll be easier, perhaps. The boys are spoiling for a fight. Out with your plan, now."

"Put one man at each end of this street, just at the edge of town. Put four men up in that room over the bank—two at each open window. Let them hide till the game begins. The rest of your men put inside behind the counters, where they'll hide. Now go over to the bank, spring the thing on the bank officials, send your men over one by one. No hurry, no excitement, no unusual thing to attract notice in the bank."

"All right. That's great. Tell me, where do you intend to wait?"

Duane heard MacNelly's question, and it struck him peculiarly. He had seemed to be planning and speaking mechanically. As he was confronted by the fact it nonplused him somewhat, and he became thoughtful, with lowered head.

"Where'll you wait, Duane?" insisted MacNelly, with keen eyes speculating.

"I'll wait in front—just inside the door," replied Duane, with an effort. "But will you hide?" asked MacNelly.

Duane was silent. MacNelly stared, and then a strange, comprehending light seemed to flit over his face.

"Duane, I can give you no orders to-day," he said, distinctly. "I'm only offering advice. Need you take any more risks? You've redeemed yourself. The governor, the adjutant-general—the whole state will rise up and honor you. I say, as a ranger, need you take more risk than your captain?"

Still Duane remained silent. He was locked between two forces. And one, a tide that was bursting at its bounds, seemed about to overwhelm him. Finally that side of him, the retreating self, the weaker, found voice.

"Captain, just what I'll do or where I'll be I can't say yet. In meetings like this the moment decides. But I'll be there!"

MacNelly spread wide his hands, looked helplessly at his curious and sympathetic rangers, and shook his head.

"Now you've done your work—laid the trap—is this strange move of yours going to be fair to Miss Longstreth?" asked MacNelly, in significant low voice.

Like a great tree chopped at the roots Duane vibrated to that. He looked up as if he had seen a ghost.

Mercilessly the ranger captain went on: "You can win her, Duane! Oh, you can't fool me. I was wise in a minute. Fight with us from cover. You'll be free, honored, happy. That girl loves you! I saw it in her eyes. She's—"

But Duane cut him short with a fierce gesture. He lunged up to his feet, and the rangers fell back. Dark, silent, grim as he had been, still there was a transformation singularly more sinister, stranger.

"Enough, I'm done," he said, solemnly. "I've planned. Do we agree—or shall I meet Poggin and his gang alone?"

MacNelly cursed and again threw up his hands, this time in baffled chagrin. There was deep regret in his dark eyes as they rested upon Duane.

Duane was left alone. Never had his mind been so quick, so clear, so wonderful in its understanding of what had heretofore been intricate and elusive impulses of his strange nature. His determination was to meet Poggin; meet him before anyone else had a chance—Poggin first—and then the others! He was as unalterable in that decision as if on the instant of its acceptance he had become stone.

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(Left over from last week)
With Mrs. Boyett.

On Tuesday afternoon the M. E. Auxiliary met with Mrs. Boyett. The pretty suite of living rooms was filled at the appointed time by members of the bible class and a few invited guests. At the close of a short devotional service Mrs. Boyett, in an impressive manner, led the bible class. Passages of scripture never before fully understood by us, were made perfectly plain by the comments in our splendid study book.

At the close of the study Mrs. Cousins read a letter relative to our work and workers.

During the pleasant social hour which followed, the hostess, who, at our last meeting, informed us that no refreshments would be given, surprised us by serving the daintiest of lunches.

Enthusiasm ran high over the election of officers which will take place at the parsonage Tuesday afternoon. The guests on departing felt that every moment spent in this delightful home had been filled to the brim with profit and enjoyment.

—Supt. Publicity

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Crabtree and Mrs. J. L. Crabtree visited at Erick Wednesday.

Andy Floyd is driving a new Ford runabout.

D. N. Massay, Roy Richardson and Charlie Cooke were in Childress this week.

A. B. Fortner and family left yesterday for Post City, Texas, where they will make their home in the future. We regret to lose these good people from our midst, but hope they will find their new home and surroundings pleasant.

(Left over from last week)

Misses Vida Montgomery and Anna Lee Harris visited friends at Shamrock Wednesday.

Hubert Roach, Worshipful Master of the local lodge, attended the Grand Lodge, A. F. & A. M., at Waco this week.

The News force enjoyed a short visit from H. C. Dakan, linotype operator on the Wichita Falls Times. Mr. Dakan was taking a vacation with the avowed intention of not entering a print shop but when he passed the News office and heard the presses going—well its just like the drink habit.

Mrs. Lizzie Easterwood is in Amarillo this week visiting her mother, Grandma Simmons, who is in very feeble health.

Mrs. W. D. Biggers of Groom spent a few days at the Floyd home the first of the week.

J. Fred Smith of Shamrock transacted business here Tuesday.

Some real charity work has been done in a quiet manner recently. If you find some one in need, help them if possible, without letting the world know about it, as this good woman has done.

Mrs. Merle Guertin left Monday for Amarillo and from there will return to her home at Liberty, Texas. Mrs. Guertin was the recipient of many pleasant little social affairs while in the city and made a number of friends here who regretted to see her leave.

J. W. Brewer and family have moved to Lubbock to make their home.

Posted

The public is hereby warned that no hunting or otherwise trespassing will be allowed on any land. Take warning.
Mrs. A. A. Beall.

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Church Directory

Methodist Church.

Cordially invites you to all its services.
Sunday school at 10 a. m. every Sunday. Preaching at McLean 3rd, 1st and 5th Sundays morning and night; Groom 4th Sunday, morning and night; Alarred 2nd Sunday, 3:30 p. m.; Elders 2nd Sunday, 3:30 p. m. Junior and Senior Epworth Leagues at 2:30 and 3:30 p. m., respectively, every Sunday. Woman's Missionary Society 2:30 p. m. every Tuesday. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night. J. T. HOWELL, Pastor.

Baptist Church.

Preaching second and fourth Sundays in each month at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. every Sunday. C. S. Rice, superintendent. B. Y. P. U. at 6 p. m. every Sunday. Reop Landers, president. Ladies Aid meets on Tuesdays at 2 p. m. Mrs. Myrtle Hamilton, president. Church conference on Saturday before the second Sunday in each month at 11 a. m. R. F. Hamilton, Pastor.

Nazarene Church.

Services Second and Third Sundays at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 10 a. m. Young people's meeting at 6 p. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday night. The public is invited. S. K. Jones.

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We would thank the readers of the McLean News if they could take the trouble to phone us news items. It is very hard to get such news unless our readers help us.

A shipment of Auto Robes, just received come in and select yours before the stock is broken. O. S. Rice.

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Of buying from us and getting all new and sensible holiday goods, or buying elsewhere and taking chances.

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