

The McLean News

THIRTEENTH YEAR

McLEAN, GRAY COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 22, 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 palacial car of comfort, style, speed, economy and endurance at a workman's price.

Oils, Gas and Accessories

Gardenhire Garage

Open Day and Night

Real Estate Sales Brisk

Real estate transfers have been unusually active during the past few weeks and the number and importance of deals closed and in the process of closing attest the fact that prosperity is apparent in this splendid section of the great Panhandle in spite of the fact of a short crop during the past season. Among the numerous deals that are reported we chronicle the following:

W. H. Bates & Son to Alex Chapman of Lipscomb, transferring the well known Bates ranch, consisting of near ten thousand acres. It is understood the consideration is more than fifty thousand dollars for the land alone, as the cattle are retained by Mr. Bates.

D. J. Rowden to J. O. Quattlebaum of Chillicothe, conveying a half section of land known as the Rowden place west of town. This is a well improved farm home and the consideration is between six and seven thousand dollars.

D. W. Turner to W. E. Sweatt of Memphis, transferring a quarter section east of town. This is also a splendidly improved farm and it is understood Mr. Sweatt contemplates moving on it to make his home. The consideration is not made public.

L. O. Floyd to L. E. Beck of Lakeview, conveying a half section of land known as the Howard Hudgins place, northwest of town. Mr. Beck intends moving here to make his home.

S. L. Waiser to A. L. Nelson of Quail, conveying a half section of land east and north of town. This place has been recently improved by Mr. Waiser and is a splendid farm. Mr.

Nelson is a son of H. C. Nelson who recently purchased the A. B. Fortner place.

W. O. Mathis to F. B. Thomas of Clarendon, conveying a section of land formerly belonging to Mrs. L. A. Mathis and situated on McClellans creek northwest of town. It is understood Mr. Thomas has also sold the place but definite particulars are not obtainable.

J. H. Hudgins to Sam Kuebel, conveying his home place in McLean formerly owned by J. M. Daffron, the consideration being private.

W. A. Maupin of Rowlet to W. W. Campbell of Seymour, conveying 2 sections of land on McClellan creek north of town, the consideration being ten thousand dollars. This place is not improved, other than being fenced.

M. V. Vermillion to J. N. Sublet conveying the Vermillion farm east of town, consisting of a quarter section. This place is improved and Mr. Sublet will occupy it as a home in the future. The consideration is private.

W. H. Billingsley, who recently purchased the Knight section one mile from town, is finishing a handsome new house and other improvements and intends to make his home here.

H. C. Nelson, who recently purchased the A. B. Fortner farm, has arrived from Quail and will make his home here in the future.

J. A. Ashby representing the Lindley heirs has sold to Arthur Erwin the vacant lot just south of the Erwin Drug Co., the consideration being private.

George C. Humphrey to L. Collins of Kirkland, conveying a quarter section of land east of the C. E. Anderson place, the consideration being private. Mr. Collins expects to move here in the spring to make his home.

Mrs. Ethel Noland to C. F.

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

Wilkins of Guymond, Oklahoma, conveying the old Frank Chambers place, consisting of eighty acres of land east of town. Mr. Wilkins will make his home on the place.

W. R. Stokes to J. T. Litchfield of Wellington, conveying his half section of land east of town. This farm is well improved and will be occupied by

Mr. Litchfield as a home.

T. D. Cocks to J. M. Noel, two sections of ranch land northwest of town, the consideration not being made public.

Mrs. Minnie Shook also sold to J. M. Noel her town house just north of the Noel home, consisting of a quarter block of land and a three room house.

When your nerves get run and you have the headache and you feel like your life has all forsaken you, have a can of Max Robee or Folger's Golden Coffee sent down and have

one of the best cups of coffee you ever had in your life. Your nerves will become steady, your headache will disappear and your friends will turn to smiles. G. R. Bellenger.

== GREETINGS ==

A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL

Just two more days to do your Xmas shopping, and we call your attention to our full line of fruits, candies and nuts at prices to suit your pocket book. We also carry a full line of groceries and our prices are as low as an honest business will justify. We have no special Xmas

Goods Except A Box Of Very Fine Toilet Soap

Which Makes a Very Useful Present.

To those who are owing us, we will appreciate your financial encouragement before the year closes so we can meet our bills and clear accounts before the New Year begins. We have enjoyed a good healthy business, for which we thank our customers; we believe they appreciate the accommodations we have extended during this past year. To this end we solicit a continuation of your patronage on the principal of honest, square dealing.

Respectfully,

Bundy & Biggers

Getting Old Too Fast?

Late in life the body shows signs of wear and often the kidneys weaken first. The back is lame, bent and aching, and the kidney action distressing. This makes people feel older than they are. Don't wait for dropsy, gravel, hardening of the arteries or Bright's disease. Use a mild kidney stimulant. Try Doan's Kidney Pills. Thousands of elderly folks recommend them.

An Oklahoma Case

Mrs. Jane Foster, Shawnee Ave. and E. Sixth St., Bartlesville, Okla., says: "I suffered intensely from pains in my back and at times I got so bad, I couldn't get out of bed without help. The kidney secretions bothered me and I slept poorly. Finally I tried Doan's Kidney Pills and the aches and pains soon left. The benefit I am glad to say has lasted."



Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Your Liver Is Clogged Up

That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts—Have No Appetite.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS will put you right in a few days. They do their duty. Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion and Sick Headache. **SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.** Genuine must bear Signature.

Brentwood

A woman may be as old as she looks, but she is seldom as young as she acts.

STOP THOSE SHARP SHOOTING PAINS "Femmina" is the wonder worker for all female disorders. Price \$1.00 and 50c. Adv.

Can You Beat It?

Mrs. Eke—My girl has left me. She said I had so much company there was too much work to do.

Mrs. Wye—That's singular. Mine has left me, too. She said I had so little company it showed I had no social position.—Boston Evening Transcript.

RED, ROUGH, PIMPLY SKIN

Quickly Cleared by Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Trial Free.

You may rely on these fragrant, super-creamy emollients to care for your skin, scalp, hair and hands. Nothing better to clear the skin of pimples, blotches, redness and roughness, the scalp of dandruff and itching and the hands of chapping and soreness.

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. 1, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

He Knew

Little Edward was listening carefully to the conversation of his elders, puzzled over the many long words he did not understand when he heard his grandfather call a certain person an optimist. Edward brightened.

"Oh," cried he, "I know what that is!"

"Well, Edward," said his grandfather, "what, then, is an optimist?"

"Why," said Edward, "the man who fits you with spectacles!"

DEATH LURKS IN A WEAK HEART, so on first symptoms use "Renovine" and be cured. Delay and pay the awful penalty. "Renovine" is the heart's remedy. Price \$1.00 and 50c.—Adv.

If it wasn't for his wife a man would never know anything worth knowing about the neighbors.

You gotta get down to bizness, it won't come down to you.



"No Sir!" You can't pass off substitutes on me. I've been using August Flower for several months, and my nervous system is all right again. I was a boy, and I always used August Flower because I knew that it will do.

Green's August Flower

Is the one remedy always to be relied upon for indigestion, constipation, and that dizzy feeling. 25 years test has proved it the best in many thousands of households. Try it and learn by that means how easy it is to keep well. 25c. and 75c. sizes at all Druggists and Dealers. Always keep a bottle handy.

COTTON

We handle cotton on consignment only and have the finest concrete warehouses with almost unlimited capacity, where your cotton will be absolutely free from all weather damage. Highest classifications and lowest interest rates on money advanced. Write us for full particulars.

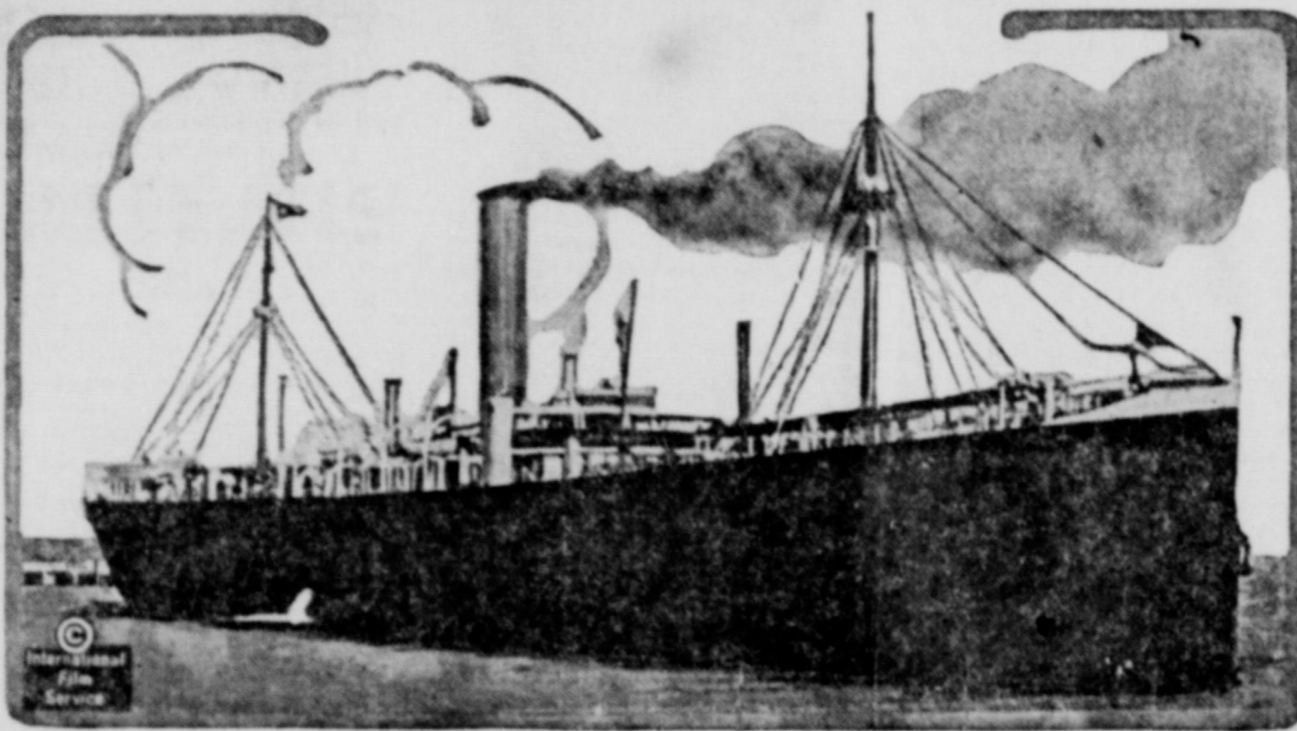
GOHLMAN, LESTER & CO.
The oldest and largest exclusive cotton factors in Texas.
HOUSTON, TEXAS

WOOLWORTH WATCHES DESTRUCTION OF HIS COUNTRY HOME



This photograph was taken during the destruction by fire of Winfield Hall, the country place of F. W. Woolworth near Glen Cove, Long Island. The damage was estimated at \$200,000. At the right is Mr. Woolworth snapped as he was calmly watching the conflagration.

AMERICAN STEAMER SUNK BY SUBMARINE



The American steamer Columbia of the Hawaiian-American line, which was sunk by a submarine white on her way to Genoa, Italy.

BUSY DAYS IN NEW YORK ASSAY OFFICE



These are busy days at the government assay office in New York city. More than \$800,000,000 in gold bars have passed through the processes of this office. The photograph shows the removing of gold from a muslin sack after electrolysis. The bin contains more than \$100,000 worth of unrefined gold.

NAMED FOR MARTYRED BRITISH NURSE



This hitherto unnamed peak of the Canadian Rockies has been named Mount Cavell in honor of the martyr nurse who died for her country October 22, 1915.

HE IS HUMAN PULMOTOR



Ambulance Surgeon O'Connor, one of the youngest doctors at Bellevue hospital, New York, saved the life of ten-month-old Winifred Linderman by breathing into the lungs of the unconscious child for ten minutes, said to be the longest human pulmotor test ever attempted. The baby had been overcome by gas.

Granted First American Patent.

The first patent in America was granted to Joseph Jenks, a founder and machinist, who had emigrated from Hammersmith, England, where he was born in 1832. He was induced by Governor Winthrop to go to Lynn, Mass., about 1842 as master mechanic to establish the "iron and steel works." He is the acknowledged head of the iron-smelting and founding business, and the first builder of machinery in this country, and first patentee of inventions in America, having introduced the idea of protection for the manufacture of improvements by petition to the government of Massachusetts Bay, says a writer in an exchange.

CALOMEL IS MERCURY, IT SICKENS! STOP USING SALIVATING DRUG

Don't Lose a Day's Work! If Your Liver Is Sluggish or Bowels Constipated Take "Dodson's Liver Tone."—It's Fine!

You're bilious! Your liver is sluggish! You feel laxy, dizzy and all knocked out. Your head is dull, your tongue is coated; breath bad; stomach sour and bowels constipated. But don't take salivating calomel. It makes you sick, you may lose a day's work.

Calomel is mercury or quicksilver which causes necrosis of the bones. Calomel crashes into your bile like dynamite, breaking it up. That's when you feel that awful nausea and cramping.

If you want to enjoy the nicest, gentlest lives and bowel cleansing you ever experienced just take a spoonful of harmless Dodson's Liver Tone. Your druggist or dealer sells you a 50-cent bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone under my personal money-back guarantee that each spoonful will clean your

sluggish liver better than a dose of nasty calomel and that it won't make you sick.

Dodson's Liver Tone is real liver medicine. You'll know it next morning because you will wake up feeling fine, your liver will be working, your headache and dizziness gone, your stomach will be sweet and your bowels regular. You will feel like working; you'll be cheerful; full of vigor and ambition.

Dodson's Liver Tone is entirely vegetable, therefore harmless and cannot salivate. Give it to your children! Millions of people are using Dodson's Liver Tone instead of dangerous calomel now. Your druggist will tell you that the sale of calomel is almost stopped entirely here.—Adv.

Eccentricity.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "did you make one of those freakish election bets?"
"No, I simply bet \$50 and lost it."
"That was worse than freakish, Charles. That was foolish."

59 YEARS OLD HALE AND HARDY

And Praises Cardui, Which She Says Pulled Her Through A Most Dangerous Period.

Mercer, Ky.—"About 15 years ago," writes Mrs. W. T. Ball, of this place, "I began suffering with change of life, and was suffering very much. . . I began taking Cardui after having suffered for 3 years, and I was dreadfully nervous. Cardui felt like doing my work. Couldn't sleep well at nights. However, after several doses of Cardui I saw an improvement and in a few days I could do my work with ease and in two weeks I was able to walk six miles and went to the street fair at Central City and enjoyed myself. After using two bottles, I got my natural health and strength and it pulled me through that most dangerous of periods in a woman's life with no trouble or suffering.

"I am now hale and hardy, and was 59 years old the 11th of this month. I will never cease praising Cardui, which did me so much good. It also saved my daughter's life when she had such a dreadful spell. . . . Over 40 years in use, Cardui has proven its efficacy as 'the woman's tonic.' If you are weak, and run-down, and suffer from symptoms of troubles peculiar to women, give Cardui a trial.—Adv.

He conquers twice who conquers himself in victory.—Syrus, Eliot.
Prosperity is often the forerunner of calamity.

Bodily Housekeeping

(By V. M. PIERCE, M. D.)
The subject of drinking water with meals has been misunderstood.

In recent years investigation by means of X-rays, the observations of scientists such as Cannon, Grutzner, Pavlov, Fowler, Hawk, prove that an abundance of water taken during digestion is necessary in good bodily housekeeping.

If your kidneys are sick, or you suffer with lumbago or rheumatism at times, pain in the back or back of the neck, take a little Anuric before meals. This can be found at any good drug store. Therefore my advice to young or old is, always drink plenty of pure water. And for long life, occasionally take tablets of Anuric three or four times a day.

Anuric acts much more quickly than lithia. Many find it dissolves uric acid as water does sugar.

Simple Question to Answer.

The editor of the correspondence columns had a very busy day—a very busy day, indeed. So busy, in fact, that he had to enlist the services of the "sub" to read out the correspondence.

"What is the next query?" he asked, when he had gone half way through the pile of letters.

"Oh," replied the "sub," "a reader wants to know how to prevent the hairs in his moustache from falling out. What shall I put down, sir?"

"Well," answered the editor, with a sigh, "just put down: 'The best way to prevent hairs from falling out is to brush them lightly apart, and keep them from quarreling.'"

STOP THAT HACKING COUGH.

Mansfield (formerly Hungarian) Cough Balsam heals the inflamed and lacerated membranes and quiets the tickling nerves that lie underneath the infected portions. Invaluable for babies. Price 25c and 50c.—Adv.

Pretty Often, Too.

During a Bible lesson a teacher was trying to explain the parable of the tares.

"Can anyone tell me any person who is like the evil one who sowed the tares?"

A hand instantly shot up from the foot of the class.

"Well, David, what person do you say?"

"Please, ma'am, my mother."

"Why?" asked the teacher in astonishment.

"Because," answered he, eyeing his patched trousers, "she sews tares."

Pearls have no pedigree.

Sudden Cold. Look out—it's dangerous.



The old family remedy—in tablet form—safe, sure, easy to take. No opiates—no unpleasant after-effects. Cures colds in 24 hours—Grip in 3 days. Money back if it fails. Get the genuine box with Red Top and Mr. Hill's picture on it—25 cents. At Any Drug Store.

MOTHERS, ATTENTION

Custer, Okla.—"I am sure that my present health to Dr. Pierce's medicine. During each expectant period used Favorite Prescription and I am sure it saved me a world of suffering. I am a Christian and first began using this medicine because it did not have alcohol in it. I recommend it to every young mother especially. Several have recommended it to in this neighborhood have used it and now praise it as highly as myself. I want to say, too, that my little boys are healthy children, and I take pleasure in writing this letter. Favorite Prescription medicine is a Godsend to women."—MRS. MONA THARP.
Buy it now in liquid or tablets. Druggists.—Adv.

Canada's Liberal Offer of Wheat Land to Settlers

is open to you—to every farmer or farmer's son who is anxious to establish for himself a happy home and prosperity. Canada's hearty invitation this year is more attractive than ever. Wheat is much higher but her fertile farm land just as cheap, and in the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta

160 Acre Homesteads Are Actually Free to Settlers and Other Land Sold at from \$15 to \$20 per Acre

The great demand for Canadian Wheat will keep up the price. Where a farmer can get near \$2 for wheat and raise 25 to 45 bushels to the acre he is bound to make money—that's what you can expect in Western Canada. Wonderful yields also of Oats, Barley and Flax. Mixed Farming in Western Canada is fully as profitable an industry as grain raising.

The settlers' grasses, full of nutrition, are the only food required either for beef or dairy purposes. Good schools, churches, markets, hospitals, climate excellent. Military service is but compulsory in Canada but there is an unusual demand for farm labor to replace the many young men who have volunteered for the war. Write for prospectus and particulars as to reduced railway rates to Dept. of Immigration, Ottawa, Can., or to

G. A. COOK
2012 Main St., Kansas City, Mo.
Canadian Government Agent

HAVE HEALTH TO YOUR CREDIT

One of Nature's most valuable aids in the promotion and maintenance of perfect health is

HOSTETTER'S Stomach Bitters

TONES STRENGTHENS AND INVIGORATES the digestive system. Try it

Happy is the home where Red Cross Ball Blue is used. Sure to please. All grocers. Adv.

Same Principle. Willis—What system do these military airplanes work on? Gilts—One person runs the machine and the other is just an observer, but both of them fight. Willis—I see; just like being married.

WOMAN'S CROWNING GLORY is her hair. If yours is streaked with ugly, grizzly, gray hairs, use "La Creole" Hair Dressing and change it in the natural way. Price \$1.00.—Adv.

Awful Wobbles. Lewis, a minister's son, listened gravely one evening while the minister expressed his views regarding tight skirts to his wife. The next Sunday morning Lewis tried, by waving his hand and pointing, to attract his father's attention toward two ladies entering the church. His efforts seemed to be in vain, and at last he called: "Look quick, father, there's two awful wobbles in the aisle."

GOOD ROADS

VALUE OF CONCRETE ROAD

Engineer Compares It With Other Types of Highways and Shows Its Many Advantages.

"A concrete road will tend to pull any community out of the mud and stay out," according to A. N. Johnson, highway engineer, who for a number of years was connected with the office of public roads, United States department of agriculture.

In speaking of the subject of concrete roads, their construction and value to a community, he said:

"Clean, hard, well graded sand and pebbles or crushed stone, mixed with cement and water to form a mass of quaky or jellylike consistency, eventually hardens into stone. When such a mixture is laid so that slabs 16 feet wide by from 20 to 50 feet long are formed, you have a pavement with a durable, non-skid surface making possible higher traffic speed with large loads drawn by fewer horses or less tractive power—a road open to traffic 365 days in the year—briefly, a concrete road.

"Successful concrete road construction requires, first, proper preparation of a foundation or subgrade. This means compacting the soil where the concrete is to be laid and providing drainage so that water will not remain under the concrete slabs. Upon the properly prepared foundation concrete is placed in one or two layers or courses. This means that some concrete roads are built after what is known as the one-course construction.

"The first consists of a relatively rich concrete mixture throughout; the second of a somewhat leaner mixture for a base, with a richer top or wearing course applied before the concrete in the base has commenced to harden. Usually where the slabs forming a concrete road are greater than 16 feet wide, or where the roads must cross low, frequently wet and hence poorly drained spots, re-enforcing in the form of mesh fabric is embedded in the concrete while placing. This assists to prevent the slabs from cracking, either as the result of settlement of the foundation or from the heaving due to frost action.

"High wearing quality of the concrete road results from using properly graded, clean, hard sand and crushed rock or pebbles. These must be combined with cement and water in proper proportions. Cement makes a firm binder. It holds the sand or broken stone so tightly together that modern traffic produces but little wear on the surface and cannot dislodge the particles.

"Concrete roads cost in the neighborhood of \$15,000 per mile to build. When built the cost of keeping them in repair, owing to the permanence of concrete, is an average of only \$50 per mile. The enormous annual saving in the maintenance of a concrete road compared with other types is shown by statistics gathered from Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New Jersey and New York for eight years. These combined statistics show a total average cost per mile of \$908 for maintenance of roads built with material other than concrete, while a concrete road costs only an average of \$50 per mile per year.

"Reduced to an average basis and distributed over a period of 25 years under a \$1,500,000 bond issue, the average cost of a concrete road to a farmer living on land valued at \$30.63 per acre is 8 1/2 cents per acre per year. This estimate is based upon proposed concrete road construction in Vermillion county, Illinois, and Vermillion county has just accepted bids for 141 miles of concrete highway. Distributed over a period of years and equalized among the farmers and taxpayers who are thus enabled to reach their market town 365 days in the year—and more quickly than ever before—with larger loads drawn by fewer horses, the cost of a concrete road is negligible. So a concrete road is relatively cheap because a profitable investment."

MONEY FOR IMPROVED ROADS

Big Taxpayer is the Man Who Foots the Bill for Every Improvement of Public Nature.

More than \$18,000,000 was paid in fees for the registration of motor-driven vehicles in the United States last year. Ninety per cent of this was spent in the maintenance of old roads and the building of new roads.

Additionally the motorists paid by far the larger proportion of all taxes which were levied for good roads purposes.

As a rule the big taxpayer is an automobile owner and he is the man who foots the bill for every public improvement.—Houston Post.

GOOD ROADS IN NEW JERSEY

Total Mileage at Close of 1914 Placed at 14,817.19 Miles—39 Per Cent Surfaced.

The total road mileage of New Jersey at the close of 1914 was 14,817.19, exclusive of streets in towns. Of this, 5,807.45 miles, or 39.8 per cent, were surfaced. Of the latter, 2,858.52 miles were gravel, 1,809.24 untreated macadam, and 417.63 miles bituminous macadam.



"My! These KC doughnuts are good"

For Goodness Sake use

KC BAKING POWDER

Purity First

It will never disappoint you—try it if you like good things to eat.

25 Ounces for 25¢

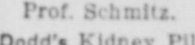


Still, There Are Some. "Gosh ding!" "What's the matter, friend?" "I wish I could find a hotel that was run to suit me."

"It's a difficult matter, friend. This hotel isn't run to suit me, and yet I own it."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

THE PROFESSOR'S STATEMENT.

Prof. Aug. F. W. Schmitz, Thomas, Okla., writes: "I was troubled with Backache for about twenty-five years. When told I had Bright's Disease in its last stages, I tried Dodd's Kidney Pills. After using two boxes I was somewhat relieved and I stopped the treatment. In the spring of the next year I had another attack I went for Dodd's Kidney Pills and they relieved me again. I used three boxes. That is now three years ago and my Backache has not returned in its severity, and by using another two boxes a little later on, the pain left altogether and I have had no trouble since. You may use my statement. I recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills when and wherever I can." Dodd's Kidney Pills, 50c. per box at your dealer or Dodd's Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y.—Adv.



Prof. Schmitz.

Odious Comparison. "I have seen potatoes worth their weight in gold," said the man from the Klondike. "The idea," exclaimed Miss Cayenne, "of comparing anything so precious as a potato to mere jewelry."

The Superior Sex. He—A mile is as good as a mile. She—But it takes a lot of men to make a league.

For genuine comfort and lasting pleasure use Red Cross Ball Blue on wash day. All good grocers. Adv.

By giving all a square deal you give satisfaction all around.

The world makes way for the man who knows where he is going.

Better a drawback than a setback.

Ask for and Get SKINNER'S THE HIGHEST QUALITY SPAGHETTI

36 Page Recipe Book Free SKINNER MFG. CO. OMAHA, U.S.A. LARGEST MACARONI FACTORY IN AMERICA

WINCHESTER

"LEADER" AND "REPEATER" SHOT SHELLS

For the high flyers, or the low flyers, "Leader" and "Repeater" shells have the reach, spread and penetration. Their great sale is due to these qualities, which insure a full bag. Made in many gauges and loads. BE SURE TO ASK FOR THE W BRAND

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria

Always Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over Thirty Years CASTORIA

Net Contents 15 Fluid Drachms

900 DROPS

ALCOHOL—3 PER CENT. A Vegetable Preparation for Assisting the Food by Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of INFANTS & CHILDREN

Thereby Promoting Digestion Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC

Dr. J. C. F. W. Schmitz

Pumpkin Seed, Aloe, Senna, Castor Oil, etc.

A helpful Remedy for Constipation and Diarrhoea, and Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP resulting therefrom in Infancy.

Fac-Simile Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK.

At 6 months old 35 Doses—35 CENTS

Exact Copy of Wrapper.

ECZEMA!

Richards' Eczema Cure is guaranteed to cure permanently any case of eczema, whether it is itching, burning, or painful. It is a simple, safe, and effective remedy for that purpose and its use will be promptly followed without question. Richards' Cure fails to cure Eczema, Tetter, Ring Worm, or any other skin disease. So be sure you get the Richards' Eczema Cure from the Richards Medicine Co., Sherman, Tex.

BLACK LEG

LOSSES SURELY PREVENTED BY CUTLER'S BLACK LEG PILLS. Lowered, broken, swollen, inflamed, or otherwise affected, because they protect where other vaccines fail.

WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC

For 47 years. For Malaria, Chills and Fever. Also a Fine General Tonic.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

A sweet preparation of herbs. Restores color and beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. Sells at 15c. at Druggists.

DRUGGISTS HIGHLY RECOMMEND DR. KILMER'S SWAMP-ROOT

Satisfied With Results. I have been selling Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root for six and one-half years and my customers are always satisfied with the results obtained from the use of the medicine and speak favorably of it. I have used it for "pain in the back" and a bottle or two put me in good luck and made me feel fine again. Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root will cure any case for which it is recommended. It is not of too long standing. Very truly yours, FRANK JENKINS, Druggist, Pilgrim, Texas. November 11th, 1915.

It is a Scale of Wealth. Itch Brother's folks may occasionally need a surgeon, but Poor Brother's folks never need anybody except the family doctor.—Fort Worth Star-Telegram.

A NEGLECTED COLD is often followed by pneumonia. Before it is too late take Laxative Quinine Tablets. Gives prompt relief in cases of Coughs, Colds, La Grippe and Headache. Price 25c.—Adv.

Important Consideration. "Your husband's office doesn't appear very busy," remarked one woman. "No," replied the other, "but it's very useful. It gives him some place to go when he isn't playing golf."

To Drive Out Malaria And Build Up The System Take The Old Standard GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. You know what you are taking, as the formula is printed on every label, showing it is Quinine and Iron in a tasteless form. The Quinine drives out malaria, the Iron builds up the system. 50 cents.

Couldn't Feed the Flame. "Wasn't Miss Flighly an old flame of yours?" "Yes, until I ran out of fuel."

To keep clean and healthy take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They regulate liver, bowels and stomach.—Adv.

The vain show attracts the eye, but makes heavy the heart.

Customers Speak Favorably. We have been handling Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root for fourteen years and during all that time we never had a dissatisfied user of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root; all of our customers speak very favorably regarding it. We know of cases of Gall Stones, Gravel, Catarrh or Inflammation of Bladder and Rheumatism where it produced the most beneficial results. We believe it is a good medicine for the diseases for which it is intended. Very truly yours, McCUNE DRUG CO., By N. E. McCune, Bridgeport, Texas. November 11th, 1915.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You. Send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample size bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention this paper and the fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.



What would he give for the coffee you serve?

Like a million other women, you can serve coffee that he would give most anything to have—coffee which starts the day "right" for all.

Everyone loves the rich flavor of Arbuckles' Coffee. Of all the coffees in America, today, it is by far the most popular!

One woman says: "My husband used to swallow his coffee

and hurry off. Now we have Arbuckles' and you'd think it was Sunday the way he lingers over his breakfast."

Serve it in your home—see how the little early-morning troubles disappear.

Until you try Arbuckles' you will never know what a difference good coffee can make in your home.

The most popular coffee in America

Today there are whole towns where Arbuckles' is practically the only coffee used. In one State, alone, in a year, four pounds of Arbuckles' Coffee was used for every man, woman and child in the State—four times as many pounds of coffee as the population of the State! Arbuckle Bros., New York.

We wish you one and all a merry Christmas and a happy new year. Promising you our very best efforts to serve in a way to please during 1917.

Bundy-Hodges

Mercantile Co. Inc.

Y. P. C. U.

The Y. P. C. U. will meet Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock at the Presbyterian church and hear an address on "Christmas" by C. S. Rice. There will also be special music. On the last Sunday in the month Mrs. J. W. Ragdale will give them a lecture on Russia. The Public is invited to attend both meetings.

T J D'Spain of Mobeetie was a visitor here this week.

M M Hall of Gainesville, Texas has been visiting his daughter Mrs. H S Holland.

Misses Clara Turner and Jnaita Langley entertained a party of friends at the Turner home Friday night in celebration of their fifteenth birthdays.

Mr and Mrs. W H Bates are spending the holidays with relatives in Oklahoma.

Fresh oysters at the Ozark cafe today.—Haynes & Earp.

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.

With this issue the News completes another year of its career and we take pleasure in extending to every person within the reach of its weekly visitations a most hearty wish for a merry Christmas and a new year fraught with good omens for continued happiness and prosperity. The success of the News is fulfilling its mission as a home newspaper depends primarily on our own efforts and secondarily upon the support and assistance of our readers. We congratulate you upon the splendid manner in which you have acquitted yourself on your responsibility during the past year for we realize that in whatever we have failed lies our own shortcoming.

The paper will not be issued next week, in keeping with our usual custom, but we hope to come to you in the new year of 1917 with renewed energy and purpose to make the paper better in many ways than it has been before.

Junior Program.

Sunday, December 24.
Theme: Little Citizens of the world—Social Service.

Bible Lesson. The truly great, Matt. 22:20-25.

Song, Christ For the World We Sing.

Christ's Nativity—Carl Ashby.
Little Citizens' Crown—Winnie Paulkner.

Social Service Study—Paul Ashby and Jewel Cousins.

Jimoo, a brave young citizen of Africa—Lowel King.

A Boy Deliverer of Korea—James Jackson.

The Prince of Peace—Vernon Johnston.

Mite box opening.

Election of officers for the coming year.

I hope that each Junior will be present and take part in the election of officers and pray that just the right one may be selected for each part of the work. Don't forget to bring your mite box money and also your mothers. Let's make the closing quarter's report the best one of the year.

May "Our Father" continue to guide and lead with a loving hand His Junior workers.
Mrs. R. N. Ashby.

Having never made mention through these columns of the kicks and jabs that have been handed us when we failed to measure up to the standard of some exacting subscriber, we have generally also refrained from passing our readers the flowers that we have occasionally received. However, the following letter so completely flatters us that we reprint it herewith, together with our sincere thanks to the contributor for his kind words of appreciation:

Marlow, Okla.—We want to thank some kind friend or relative for sending us your splendid paper, in which we have taken great interest. In fact, we have been interested in your country and town reading the News and we have also gotten some good ideas from your notes along the lines of Ladies Aid Societies and other religious organizations. There was one piece printed, entitled "Love in the Home", which was worth all the paper cost; we have it in our scrap book. We don't know any other way to thank our friend for the paper only through your columns.—W. P. Waters and wife.

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 Alanreed 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.

Take Not ce.
No hunting or trespassing on our land.
J. S. Morse
W. W. Maers
Emmett LeFors
A. E. Gething

Card of Thanks.
We take this method of thanking the people who assisted us during the long illness of our little son, who we hope is on the road to recovery. We also sincerely thank the Woodmen and other friends who helped us so liberally in a financial way.

May this Christmas be your happiest and the New Year most prosperous.
Mr. and Mrs. Ed Surler.

To My Many Friends and Patrons
At the close of the year 1916, I wish to express to you my hearty appreciation of the liberal patronage which you have given me during the past year, and hope that by fair dealing and courteous treatment to merit a continuation of the same for the year 1917.

Wishing you each and every one a Merry Christmas and Happy and prosperous New Year, I am,
Yours very respectfully,
C. S. Rice.

Pre-Inventory Sale

In order to reduce my stock before invoicing I will, beginning Tuesday, Dec. 26 and continuing until Saturday, Jan. 6th, give a discount of 10 per cent on all cash sales. This is your opportunity to save money, come and see.

Store Will Be Closed At 9:30 Christmas Day.

C. S. Rice

Hardware And Furniture
Phone 42

A preacher at the close of one of his sermons said: "Let all in the house who are paying their debts stand up." Presently every man woman and child with one exception rose to their feet. The preacher seated them and said: "Now every man not paying his debts stand up." The exception, a careworn, hungry looking individual, clothed in his last summer suit, slowly assumed a perpendicular position. "How is it my friend," asked the minister, "you are the only man not able to meet his obligations?"

I run a newspaper; he answered, and the brethren here who stood up are my subscribers and—Let us pray, exclaimed the minister.—Ex.

Big Stock

Building material, wire and post

Coal to Burn

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

Will be closed Christmas day

Western Lumber Company

Caught With The Goods

Geo P. Wilson caught with the goods.
Mr. J. T. Glass visited our garage Tuesday and caught Mr. Geo. P. Wilson just as he was getting into a new Buick car which he had purchased from us. This was a great surprise to Mr. Glass. But it should not have been, for only a few weeks ago we told you that the very best people in your community was buying cars, and motoring right by you, and making you look like 30 cents. Another feature about this is, the very best people are buying Buick cars. This of course the only sane thing to do, for in these days of enlightenment people will not be City slicked with some inferior article. But will contend for the genuine unequaled Buick.

Bentley & Grigsby

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

This greeting is sent to convey at this Christmas time an expression of goodwill.

We thank you for the many favors of the passing year and will appreciate a continuance of same.

That you may enjoy happiness and prosperity in the coming year is our sincere wish.

The Citizens State Bank

The members of the Ladies Aid of the Presbyterian church each carried a dish and enjoyed an all-day affair at the home of Mrs. C C Cooper Tuesday. Fifteen aprons were made during the day and an excellent social time had.

For Sale or Trade—Second hand Vellie surrey. John Carpenter. 2c

Mrs. D A Davis and children are spending the holidays at various places with relatives.

For Sale—Extra good span of mules. Louis Cooke. 2c.

Mr. and Mrs. Luther Coffey were Pampa visitors Sunday.

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

We regret very much that the notice announcing church services at the Christian church for last Sunday did not appear in the News last week. This was an oversight of the make-up man.

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.

O W Lilly left this week for a holiday visit with relatives at Crowell. Mrs. Lilly will also visit at Altus during the holidays.

T A Crockett has gone to Clay county to spend Christmas with his mother.

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

Mrs J Y Bates has gone to Sherman where will spend a few days with relatives and friends.

A large crowd of the young society set enjoyed a party at the E D Langley home Monday night.

Fish and oysters every Saturday at the Ozark Cafe.

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

A big stock of shoes at the McLean Shoe Store.

While in the city last week, A B Haynes were guests at the Fast and Van Sant homes.

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

G E Davis of Hedley has leased the picture show and will move his family here. Mr. Davis is experienced in this line of business and promises the public a first class show.

See Jeff Earp for cheap money.

Geo. W Sitter made a flying trip to Amarillo Tuesday in his little Buick, using only six hours and thirty-three minutes for the round trip on high gear. His wife accompanied him.

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.

You will want to wear shoes on Christmas days. We have shoes for the whole family. McLean Shoe Store.

See Jeff Earp, the money man.

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

Catarrah Cannot Be Cured
 THE LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they do not reach the seat of the disease. Catarrah is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrah Cure is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surface. Hall's Catarrah 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 in what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrah. 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.

Mr. and Mrs. William Turner of Laketon are here for the holidays.

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

Miss Leota McKinley is visiting at Wheeler.

Oysters and fish the last of every week at the Ozark cafe

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



THE TEXAS WONDER cures kidney and bladder troubles, dissolves gravel, cures diabetes, weak and lame backs, rheumatism and all irregularities of the kidneys and bladder in both men and women. If not sold by your druggist, will be sent by mail on receipt of \$1. One small bottle in two months' treatment and seldom fails to perfect a cure. Send for testimonials from this and other States. Dr. E. W. Hall, 209 1/2 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo. Sold by druggists.—Adv.

Misses Anna Lee Harris and Vida Montgomery are spending the holidays in Ft. Worth with the former's mother.

The Mothers Club desires to express its thanks to each member of the play given at the School Auditorium on last Friday night and especially do they appreciate the efforts of Mrs. McLean, who has given so much of her time to this cause.

More boots than you ever heard of—we have your number McLean Shoe Store.

May this Christmas be the merriest
 You have ever had.
 Good Fortune, Prosperity, Health
 and sweet Content,
 Make All The New Year Glad.

American State Bank of McLean Safety and Service



"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

Read The News

Merry Xmas

To our many friends and customers and wish one and all a prosperous New Year.

T. J. Coffey

THE LONE STAR RANGER

This is a story about the Texas Plains People

By ZANE GREY

CHAPTER XXVI—Continued.

Why? Then came realization. He was not a ranger now. He cared nothing for the state. He had no thought of freeing the community of a dangerous outlaw, of ridding the country of an obstacle to its progress and prosperity. He wanted to kill Poggin. It was significant now that he forgot the other outlaws. He was the gunman, the gun-thrower, the gun-fighter, passionate and terrible. His father's blood, that dark and fierce strain, his mother's spirit, that strong and unquenchable spirit of the surviving pioneer—these had been in him; and the killings, one after another, the wild and haunted years, had made him, absolutely in spite of his will, the gunman. He realized it now, bitterly, hopelessly.

The thing he had intelligence enough to hate he had become. At last he shuddered under the driving, ruthless, inhuman blood-lust of the gunman. Actual pride of his record! Actual vanity in his speed with a gun! Actual jealousy of any rival!

Duane could not believe it. But there he was, without a choice. What he had feared for years had become a monstrous reality. He stood stripped bare, his soul naked—the soul of Cain. And at the utter abasement the soul he despised suddenly leaped and quivered with the thought of Ray Longstreth.

Then came agony. He loved the girl. He wanted her. All her sweetness, her fire, and pleading returned to torture him.

At that moment the door opened, and Ray Longstreth entered.

"Duane," she said, softly. "Captain MacNelly sent me to you."

"But you shouldn't have come," replied Duane.

"As soon as he told me I would have come whether he wished it or not. You left me—all of us—stunned. I had no time to thank you. Oh, I do—with all my soul. It was noble of you. Father is overcome. He didn't expect so much. And he'll be true. But, Duane, I was told to hurry, and here I'm selfishly using time."

"Go, then—and leave me. You mustn't unnerve me now, when there's a desperate game to finish."

"Need it be desperate?" she whispered, coming close to him.

"Yes; it can't be else."

Her eyes were dark, strained, beautiful, and they shed a light upon Duane he had never seen before.

"You're going to take some mad risk," she said. "Let me persuade you not to. You said—you cared for me—and I—oh, Duane—don't you know—?"

The low voice, deep, sweet as an old chord, faltered and broke and failed.

Duane sustained a sudden shock and an instant of paralyzed confusion of thought.

She moved, she swept out her hands, and the wonder of her eyes dimmed in a flood of tears.

"My God! You can't care for me?" he cried, hoarsely.

Then she met him, hands outstretched.

"But I do—I do!"

Swift as light Duane caught her and held her to his breast. He stood holding her tight, with the feel of her warm, throbbing breast and the clasp of her arms and flesh and blood realities to fight a terrible fear. He felt her, and for the moment the night of it was stronger than all the demons that possessed him. And he held her as if she had been his soul, his strength on earth, his hope of heaven, against his lips.

The strife of doubt all passed. He found his sight again. And there rushed over him a tide of emotion unutterably sweet and full, strong like an intoxicating wine, deep as his nature, something glorious and terrible as the blaze of the sun to one long in darkness. He had become an outcast; a wanderer, a gunman, a victim of circumstances; he had lost and suffered worse than death in that loss; he had gone down the endless, bloody trail, a killer of men, a fugitive whose mind slowly and inevitably closed to all except the instinct to survive and a black despair; and now, with this woman in his arms, her swelling breast against his, in this moment almost of resurrection, he bent under the storm of passion and joy possible only to him who had endured so much.

"Do you care—a little?" he whispered unsteadily.

He bent over her, looking deep into the dark, wet eyes.

She uttered a low laugh that was half sob, and her arms slipped up to his neck.

"A little! Oh, Duane—Duane—a great deal!"

Their lips met in their first kiss. The sweetness, the fire of her mouth seemed so new, so strange, so irresistible to Duane. His sore and hungry heart throbbed with thick and heavy beats. He felt the outcast's need of love. And she gave up to the entrailing moment. She met him half-way, returned kiss for kiss, clasp for clasp, her face scarlet, her eyes closed, till her emotion overcame her and she fell back upon his shoulder.

Duane suddenly thought she was going to faint. He divined then that she had understood him, would have denied him nothing, not even her life, in that moment. But she was overcome, and he suffered a pang of regret at his unrestraint.

Presently she recovered, and she drew only the closer, and leaned upon him with her face upturned.

He felt her hands on his, and they were soft, clinging, strong, like steel under velvet. He felt the rise and fall, the warmth of her breast. A tremor ran over him. He tried to draw back, and if he succeeded a little her form swayed with him, pressing closer. She held her face up, and he was compelled to look. It was wonderful now: white, yet glowing, with the red lips parted, and dark eyes alluring. But that was not all. There was passion, unquenchable spirit, woman's resolve, deep and mighty.

"I love you, Duane!" she said. "For my sake don't go out to meet this outlaw face to face. It's something wild in you. Conquer it if you love me."

Duane became suddenly weak, and when he did take her into his arms again he scarcely had strength to lift her to a seat beside him. She seemed more than a dead weight. Her calmness had fled. She was throbbing, palpitating, quivering, with hot, wet cheeks and arms that clung to him like vines. She lifted her mouth to him, whispering, "Kiss me!" She meant to change him, hold him.

Duane bent down, and her arms went round his neck and drew him close. With his lips on hers he seemed to float away. That kiss closed his eyes, and he could not lift his head. He sat motionless, holding her, blind and helpless, wrapped in a sweet, dark glory. She kissed him—one long, endless kiss—or else a thousand times. Her lips, her wet cheeks, her hair, the softness, the fragrance of her, the tender clasp of her arms, the swell of her breast—all these seemed to inclose him.

Duane could not put her from him. He yielded to her lips and arms, watching her, involuntarily returning her caresses, sure now of her intent, fascinated by the sweetness of her, bewildered, almost lost. That was what it was to be loved by a woman. His years of outlawry had blotted out any boyish love he might have known. This was what he had to give up—all this wonder of her sweet person, this strange fire he feared yet loved, this mate his deep and tortured soul recognized. Never until that moment had he divined the meaning of a woman to a man. That meaning was spiritual in that he saw there might have been for him, under happier circumstances, a life of noble deeds lived for such a woman.

"Don't go! Don't go!" she cried, as he started violently.

"I must. Dear, good-by. Remember I loved you!"

He pulled her hands loose from his, stepped back.

"Ray, dearest—I believe—I'll come back!" he whispered.

These last words were falsehood.

He reached the door, gave one last piercing glance to fix forever in memory that white face with its dark, staring, tragic eyes.

"Duane!"

He fled with that moan like thunder, death, hell in his ears. To forget her, to get back his nerve, he forced into his mind the words she had said.

"My God! You Can't Care for Me!"

mind the image of Poggin—Poggin had sent the cold sickness of fear to his marrow. There was a horrible thrill in his sudden remembrance that Poggin likewise had been taunted with fear of him. The dark tide overwhelmed Duane, and when he left the room he was fierce, implacable, steeled to any outcome, quick like a panther, somber as death, in the thrall of this strange passion.

There was no excitement in the street. He crossed to the bank corner.

A clock inside pointed the hour of two. He went through the door into the vestibule, looked around, passed up the steps into the bank. The clerks were at their desks, apparently busy. But they showed nervousness. The cashier paled at sight of Duane. There were men—the rangers—crouching down behind the low partition. All the windows had been removed from the iron grating before the desks. The safe was closed. There was no money in sight. A customer came in, spoke to the cashier, and was told to come to-morrow.

Duane returned to the door. He could see far down the street, out into the country. There he waited, and minutes were eternities. He saw no person near him; he heard no sound. He was insulated in his unnatural strain.

At a few minutes before half past two a dark, compact body of horsemen appeared far down, turning into the road. They came at a sharp trot—a group that would have attracted attention anywhere at any time. They came a little faster as they entered town; then faster still; now they were four blocks away, now three, now two. Duane backed down the middle of the vestibule, up the steps, and halted in the center of the wide doorway.

There seemed to be a rustling in his ears through which pierced sharp, ringing clip-clop of iron hoofs. He could see only the corner of the street. But suddenly into that shot lean-limbed dusty bay horses. There was a clattering of nervous hoofs pulled to a halt.

Duane saw the tawny Poggin speak to his companions. He dismounted quickly. They followed suit. They had the manner of ranchers about to conduct some business. No guns showed. Poggin started leisurely for the bank door, quickening step a little. The others, close together, came behind him. Blossom Kane had a bag in his left hand. Jim Fletcher was left at the curb, and he had already gathered up the bridles.

Poggin entered the vestibule first, with Kane on one side, Boldt on the other, a little in the rear.

As he strode in he saw Duane.

"Hell's Fire!" he cried.

Something inside Duane burst, piercing all of him with cold. Was it that fear?

"Buck Duane!" echoed Kane.

One instant Poggin looked up and Duane looked down.

Like a striking jaguar Poggin moved. Almost as quickly Duane threw his arm.

The guns boomed almost together.

Duane felt a blow just before he pulled trigger. His thoughts came fast, like the strange dots before his eyes. His raising gun had loosened in his hand. Poggin had drawn quicker! A tearing agony encompassed his breast! He pulled—pulled—at random. Thunder of booming shots all about him! Red flashes, jets of smoke, shrill yells! He was sinking. The end; yes, the end! With fading sight he saw Kane go down, then Boldt. But supreme torture, bitterer than death, Poggin stood, mane like a lion's, back to the wall, bloody-faced, grand, with his guns spouting red!

All faded, darkened. The thunder deadened. Duane fell, seamed floating. There it drifted—Ray Longstreth's sweet face, white, with dark, tragic eyes, fading from his sight . . . fading . . . fading . . .

CHAPTER XXVII.

Light shone before Duane's eyes—thick, strange light that came and went. For a long time dull booming sounds rushed by, filling all. It was a dream in which there was nothing; a drifting under a burden; darkness, light, sound, movement; and vague, obscure sense of time—time that was very long. There was fire—creeping, consuming fire. A dark cloud of flame enveloped him, rolled him away.

He saw then, dimly, a room that was strange, strange people moving about over him, with faint voices, far away, things in a dream. He saw again, clearly, and consciousness returned, still unreal, still strange, full of those vague and far-away things. Then he was not dead. He lay stiff, like a stone, with a weight ponderous as a mountain upon him and all his bound body racked in slow, dull-beating agony.

A woman's face hovered over him, white and tragic-eyed, like one of his old haunting phantoms, yet sweet and eloquent. Then a man's face bent over him, looked deep into his eyes, and seemed to whisper from a distance: "Duane—Duane! Ah, he knew me!"

After that there was another long interval of darkness. When the light came again, clearer this time, the same earnest-faced man bent over him. It was MacNelly. And with recognition the past flooded back.

Duane tried to speak. His lips were weak, and he could scarcely move them.

"Poggin!" he whispered. His first real conscious thought was for Poggin. Ruling passion—eternal instinct!

"Poggin is dead, Duane; shot to pieces," replied MacNelly, solemnly.

"What a fight he made! He killed two of my men, wounded others. God! he was a tiger. He used up three guns before we downed him."

"Who—got—away?"

"Fletcher, the man with the horses. We downed all the others. Duane, the job's done—it's done! Why, man, you're—"

"What of—of—her?"

"Miss Longstreth has been almost constantly at your bedside. She helped the doctor. She watched your wounds. And, Duane, the other night, when you sank low—so low—I think it was her spirit that held yours back. Oh, she's a wonderful girl. Duane, she never gave up, never lost her nerve for a moment. Well, we're going to take you home, and she'll go with us. Colonel Longstreth left for the hundredth time. 'Five in that last scrap! By gum! And you had six before!'"

"Yes, uncle," replied Duane.

"Five and six. That makes eleven. By gum! A man's a man, to carry all that lead. But, Buck, you would carry more. There's that nigger Edwards, right here in Wellston. He's got a ton of bullets in him. Doesn't seem to mind them none. And there's Cole Miller. I've seen him. Been a bad man in his day. They say he packs twenty-three bullets. But he's bigger than you—got more flesh. . . . Funny, wasn't it Buck, about the doctor only being able to cut one bullet out of you—the one in your breast-bone? It was a forty-one caliber, an unusual cartridge. I saw it, and I wouldn't part with it. Buck, there was a bullet left in one of Poggin's guns, and that bullet was the same kind as the one cut out of you. By gum! Boy, it 'd have killed you if it 'd stayed there."

"It would indeed, uncle," replied Duane, and the old, haunting, somber mood returned.

But Duane was not often at the mercy of childish old hero-worshiping Uncle Jim. Miss Longstreth was the only person who seemed to divine Duane's gloomy mood, and when she was with him she warded off all suggestion.

One afternoon while she was there at the west window, a message came for him. They read it together.

You have saved the ranger service to the Lone Star State.

MacNelly.

Ray knelt beside him at the window, and he believed she meant to speak then of the thing they had shunned. Her face was still white, but sweeter now, warm with rich life beneath the marble; and her dark eyes were still intent, still haunted by shadows, but no longer tragic.

"I'm glad for MacNelly's sake as well as the state's," said Duane.

She made no reply to that and seemed to be thinking deeply. Duane shrank a little.

"The pain—is it any worse today?" she asked, instantly.

"No; it's the same. It will always be the same. I'm full of lead, you know. But I don't mind a little pain."

"Then—it's the old mood—the fear?" she whispered. "Tell me."

"Yes. It haunts me. I'll be well soon—able to go out. Then that—that hell will come back!"

"No, no!" she said with emotion.

"Some drunken cowboy, some fool with a gun, will hunt me out in every town, wherever I go," he went on, miserably. "Buck Duane! To kill Buck Duane!"

"Hush! Don't speak so. Listen. You remember that day in Val Verde, when I came to you—pleaded with you not to meet Poggin? Oh, that was a terrible hour for me. But it showed me the truth. I saw the struggle between your passion to kill and your love for me. I could have saved you then had I known what I know now. Now I understand that—that thing which haunts you. But you'll never have to kill another man, thank God!"

Like a drowning man he would have grasped at straws, but he could not voice his passionate query.

She put tender arms round his neck. "Because you'll have me with you always," she replied. "Because always I shall be between you and that—that terrible thing."

It seemed with the spoken thought absolute assurance of her power came to her. Duane realized instantly that he was in the arms of a stronger woman than she who had pleaded with him that fatal day.

"Well—we'll be married and leave Texas," she said, softly, with the red blood rising rich and dark in her cheeks.

"Ray!"

"Yes we will, though you're laggard in asking me, sir."

"But, dear—suppose," he replied, huskily, "suppose there might be—be children—a boy. A boy with his father's blood?"

"I pray God there will be. I do not fear what you fear. But even so—he'll be half my blood."

Duane felt the storm rise and break in him. And his terror was that of joy quelling fear. The shining glory of love in this woman's eyes made him weak as a child. How could she love him—how could she so bravely face a future with him? Yet she held him in her arms, twining her hands round his neck, and pressing close to him. Her faith and love and beauty—these she meant to throw between him and all that terrible past. They were her power, and she meant to use them all. He dared not think of accepting her sacrifice.

"But Ray—you dear, noble girl—I'm poor. I have nothing. And I'm a cripple."

"Oh, you'll be well some day," she replied. "And listen. I have money. My mother left me well off. All she had was her father's—Do you understand? We'll take Uncle Jim and your mother. We'll go to Louisiana—to my old home. It's far from here. There's a plantation to work. There are horses and cattle—a great cypress forest to cut. Oh, you'll have much to



She Was Leading an Old Lady.



"My God! You Can't Care for Me!"

do. You'll forget there. You'll want to love my home. It's a beautiful place. There are groves where the gray moss blows all day and the nightingales sing all night."

"My darling!" cried Duane, brokenly. "No, no, no!"

Yet he knew in his heart that he was yielding to her, that he could not resist her a moment longer. What was this madness of love?

"We'll be happy," she whispered.

"Oh, I know. Come!—come!"

Her eyes were closing, heavy-lidded, and she lifted sweet, tremulous, waiting lips.

With bursting heart Duane bent to them. Then he held her, close pressed to him, while with dim eyes he looked out over the line of low hills in the west, down where the sun was setting gold and red, down over the Nueces and the wild brakes of the Rio Grande which he was never to see again.

It was in this solemn and excited moment that Duane accepted happiness and faced new life, trusting this brave and tender woman to be stronger than the dark and fateful passion that had shadowed his past.

It would come back—that wind of flame, that madness to forget, that driving, relentless instinct for blood. It would come back with those pale, drifting, haunting faces and the accusing fading eyes, but all his life, always between them and him, rendering them powerless, would be the faith and love and beauty of this noble woman.

(THE END.)

KAKAPO TAKEN IN SNARES

Simple Trick That Is Resorted To by New Zealanders to Trap These Wary Birds.

The New Zealand kakapo, or large parrot, with all its credit for brains, allows itself to be caught in a very simple manner. In the dusk of the early dawn the Maoris, carrying tame kakapos tied to long sticks, set off to hunt. These are the call birds used to attract by their screams the large flocks of kakapos flying overhead. While one Maori tethers the call birds by the leg and sets them screaming to the full extent of their rusty lungs, another cuts as many perches as there are men in the hunting party from the neighboring bush. By means of far bands these are lashed firmly to different parts of a little hut or whare (in which the hunters secrete themselves), so as to act as perches for the unsuspecting birds. Each perch is so fixed that it can be drawn down into the whare through the roof. On the perches are placed running nooses of flax, and when all is prepared each Maori sits quietly within the whare with his flax cord in his hand ready to pull at the right moment. The call birds are then disturbed by means of a long stick, and presently a large flock of parrots, bearing their cries, wheel down and settle with a great chattering in the adjacent trees. One by one they fly and settle on the perches of the whare to hold converse with the call birds, and when every perch is occupied a Maori gives the signal and the nooses are pulled. The hubbub of screaming and scolding as each perch with its captured parrot is drawn down into the whare can be best imagined. It is only equaled by the frantic excitement of the Maoris as they grasp the birds by the neck and throw them aside dead.

Shall the Court Rule on Religion?

The woolly-headed Uncle Rasmus was accused of disturbing the peace. Officer Mort Rudolph explained it as follows:

"Your honor, this man was running up and down the Mill River road, waving his arms and yelling at the top of his voice, and otherwise raising the mischief, at half past one in the morning. The people of that district complained, and they had a perfect right to."

The judge frowned at Rasmus, who didn't seem to be particularly worried.

"What do you mean by such unbecoming conduct?" his honor demanded.

"Religion, judge," was the response.

"Religion! Are you a Holy Roller, or something like that? I have religion, Rasmus, but I don't get up at midnight and tell everybody about it."

"Dat's des' de diffrunce, judge. I ain't ashamed ob mine."—Case and Comment.

Out of It.

"Deed no, sah, I can't jine no army."

"But your country needs you, Rastus."

"Can't help dat. It's onpossible."

"Why impossible, Rastus?"

"Well, you see, my ol' woman has been ovah to de police co't an' put me unner bonds to keep de peace. No, sah, I can't do no fighting, nobow."—Boston Transcript.

A Barbarian.

"Of course, you mustn't miss that celebrated violinist," said Mrs. Currox.

"I suppose not," replied her husband, "as long as you and the girls say he has such a reputation. But I wish that instead of listening to his kind of music I could see him in the moving pictures."

HASHIMURA TOGO ON CHRISTMAS

By WALLACE IRWIN

To Editor, who realize how it must be more expensive to give than to receive.

DEAR MR. SIR: Merry Xmas thoughts fill me with something else. My brain refuse to ring bells in connection with this annual jingling. Perhaps it is because of following anecdote which happen to me:

At home of Mrs. & Mr. J. Poke, Rockpile, N. J., which is on the list of places where I am no longer there, I was employed in their midst. That family contained only two (2) complete children, but they were sufficiently plenty. By name they was Hester and Lester, aged 5 & 7 respectively. These youngly persons, when healthy, was full of childly amusements including dish-break, runaway, knockabouts, and whittling pencils with Father's safety razor.

But by approach of Xmas time they suddenly became otherwise. I notice this because I seen it. They walk around with Y. M. C. A. expression of toes and seem too good to be happy.

"Oh childish children!" I require from them, "why so you do so? Do you enjoy some sleeping sickness to make you thusly silent?"

"Hush!" they depose. "Xmas are coming!"

"Are Xmas, then, such saddish event that you should await it without cheers?" I ask to know.

"Oh, not is!" they ollicute. "But, unless we behave very Sunday-school, Hon. St. Claus will not arrive with gifts of great cash valuation."

I stand gast for this phenomenal. So I go to Hon. Mrs. Poke and require from her, "Hon. Mrs. Madam, I say so, "who are this Hon. St. Claus who seem so Carnegie in his gifts?"

"He resemble Hon. Flying Dutchman," she suggest, with slyly winking. "No such person ever was."

"How so!" I snatch off for horrors. "Then I must inform Hon. Hester & Lester about this mistaken personality."

"Not to do!" she snagger peevly.

"Why should not?" I ask to know, with eyebrows.

"Because thus," she say it. "I told them about this Hon. St. Claus from my own voice."

"How you could be so deceptive?" I terrify.

"I do this to make my children less sinful in their comportment," she suggest. "When they go around making gunman noises, I holla, 'Stop before Hon. St. Claus hear you and refuse to come!' If they tell untruthful lies, I humiliate them by reproaching, 'Hon. St. Claus will snub you for this untruthfulness!'"

"Are it not somewhat sinful to relate them fibulous tale to tender child?" I negotiate.

"Ah, no!" she abstract. "If childhood should not believe in St. Claus, then most happy times would relapse forever. Togo, you must do everything what possible to make them believe in this whisaker-gentleman."

"I shall attempt to think up something deliciously deceptive," are smart answer I make.

On date previously before Xmas I go to town-village with weekly salary, price \$5, and purchase considerable wheel-cart, squeak-doll, jump-up-Jack, and other childish amusement. These I poke under overcoat and retreat home slyly like snails walking over upholstery.

When night-time was there, Hon. Hester & Lester was cruelly sent to bedtime and locked asleep so they would not find out about Hon. St. Claus. As soon as they make sleep, Mrs. & Mr. Poke command me for bring forth Xmas-tree. I make him grow from soap-box in dining-room. I assist intelligently hanging this foliage with tin fruit, including numerous candles standing on limbs to resemble fireworks. While Hon. Poke boss my enthu-



I Clash Against Xmas Tree Which Tottle Over Amidst Horble Fire Alarms.

siasm, I fetch forth considerable heavy toy-boxes from basement of cellar. Back-broke feelings by me. Yet I continue this labors until mixed assortment of Xmas stood by tree with deceptive labels about Hon. St. Claus.

At 1 o'clock hour a. m. Mrs. and Mr. retire bedward, exhausted from observing my work. But my dutiful labors had just commenced. I must prepare to show those childish children how Hon. Mr. Claus down-slide down chimney-pipe.

All house was full of darkness. Frozen moonlight outside. With sneekret footsteps, like snakes swimming in oil, I approach to closet and fetch forth following articles of clothes:

- 1 minkish ottomobile coat
2 boots of rubberly exterior
1 cap from Eskimo leather
1 lb. cotton resembling whisaker.

I drop all them presents I bought inside one laundry-bag, place myself into those garments of clothes, then with detective toes I descend up through attic to where chimney-pipe was on roof.

4 o'clock time now approach. Making affectionate hugs to Hon. Chimbley, I could tell it was Xmas by the feel of the thermometer. By peeking down Hon. Chimbley, I could see how it was sufficiently large hole to permit my Japanese smallness—yet I must compress myself to do so. I enjoyed considerable nervousness like heroes expecting to dive down Mt. Vesuvius.

Pretty soonly 6 a. m. was there and I was not yet froze completely hard. By listening down chimney-pipe with telephone expression, I could hear childhood voices coming down-stairs saying "Oh!!" It were time for me to make some slide.

I pull 1/2 lb. cotton to my chin, snuggle Hon. Bag to back, and commence climbing into chimney. What was? Distinctly I could smell slight smudg of smoke coming upwards! Yet it were too late. Already I was slipping, down-sliding slowly. Great chokes enjoyed. When nearly down I stuck up suddenly. More chokes.

"Oh, hellup, hellup!" I gollup.

"Who there?" demand Hon. Poke below-down.

"Hon. St. Claus containing smoke!" I yellup. "Make haste or else be quick!"

Some individual persons grab me at toes. With intense drag I was pulled forth to fireplace where blazes was. My cottonly whisaker become inflamed, and in desperado attempt I clash against Xmas-tree which tottle over amidst horble fire-alarms. Great holla by all. Then I am a hero, as usual. While all others make hook-and-ladder noise, I embrace Hon. Tree with elbows and reject him outwards through window. Of finally all was silent, except slight smell of smudg.

"What impossibility are you attempting to act like?" require Hon. Mrs. sarcastly.

"Hon. St. Claus," I report.

"Why you no entrance by door?" screech Hon. Mr. with wounded knuckle. "Doors is not respectable for Saints to come in by," I devote.

"They are plenty for Japanese to go out by," remort him, escorting me outwards with brutal jam.

And when I was deploying away from there I hear Hester & Lester report in voice together: "We have saw Hon. St. Claus. We do not care to meet such a person!" So I depart off feeling like an impossibility.

Hoping you are the same, Yours truly, HASHIMURA TOGO.

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BILLY'S CHRISTMAS

By MRS. HAZEL B. BEATTY.

WE BILLY sat on the front stairs and pondered. Truly this was a funny world, and Wee Billy could not understand why he could not have a brother to play with.

Jimmy, across the street, had one; and Teddy Jones, two houses above, had two. One, a great, big brother, who used to give Teddy pennies. And now to Wee Billy's sorrow the new family just moved in next door had five boys. Of course they were brothers, and none of them were grown up. What good times they must have. And here he, Billy, didn't have a soul but a cat outside of Mamma and Daddy Boy.

Poor Billy boy! The longer he pondered the more dejected he grew, but finally Snooksy, the great big tiger kitty, who allowed his small master to pull his sacred tail and otherwise subject him to such indignities, was aroused from his peaceful slumbers by a much-excited little boy, who just hopped around on one foot, and finally



He Put the Letter in the Fireplace.

ended by grabbing kitty up in his arms. This was too much, for Snooksy was an arnful, and down went Wee Billy, Snooksy and all.

Such a mix-up! For a few minutes nothing could be seen but a roly-poly boy all arms and legs and a much-alarmed cat who managed to crawl from under his little master and sought the farthest corner in the front hall from which he could view Wee Billy Boy safely, and also be ready to run if such another scene seemed imminent.

Billy Boy had solved the problem. What was it his teacher had told him about the Christmas baby?

The small mind groped for the much-desired information, but in vain. Anyhow, it didn't matter. Of course Santa Claus brought the Christmas Baby, because he brought all things at Christmas time; so why not write Santa and tell him all about it.

Wee Billy Boy rushed to mamma's desk and was soon busy. Had he time to send his letter? It still lacked a week to Christmas and everybody was busy, so "Billy Boy mustn't bother," when he had asked his pretty mother; but he guessed it wouldn't take long for a letter to reach such a well-known old gentleman. So Billy Boy wrote:

"Dear Snuty Claus, I want a little brother, not a big one, but one just like me becuz I get lonesome, your lovin' billy boy."

He put the letter in the fireplace, happy in the knowledge that Santa Claus had received it because it "burned so bootifully."

Wee Billy guarded his precious secret carefully and counted the days. He haunted the doors and was in the way generally, meaning to intercept anybody bringing a baby brother. But the week passed and a heavy-hearted little boy was tucked into bed by Daddy Boy after a strenuous time un-dressing and the hanging of the stocking.

Where was his precious mamma, why wasn't she there to kiss and tuck him in?

But Daddy Boy said she was "getting ready for Santa Claus," and of course, Daddy Boy knew, but—and the heavy lids dropped and body grew quiet. Wee Billy Boy was in Droas-and, having an awful fight with a new brother, who insisted on sitting on Snooksy.

Morning dawned and Billy Boy opened his eyes only to remember the day, and shouting:

"Merry Christmas, Mamma, Merry Christmas, Daddy Boy!"

He jumped out of bed. Daddy Boy met him at the door, and strange to say, was all dressed.

"Did he bring him, Daddy Boy? Oh! Did he?"

"Bring what, son?" asked Daddy Boy.

"A brother. I wrote Santa Claus for a brother," and the blue eyes grew lary as he looked at his stocking, but saw no sign of the coveted brother.

"You come with me, son; perhaps you haven't looked in the right place."

And picking up Billy Boy in his arms, he tiptoed into mamma's room, and there in his precious mother's bed was a brand new baby brother.

Santa Claus hadn't forgotten Wee Billy Boy after all.

Christmas Hymn

By Philip Brooks

O holy Child of Bethlehem, Descend to us, we pray; Cast out our sins, and enter in, Be born in us today. We hear the Christmas angels The great glad tidings tell; O come to us, abide with us, Our Lord Emmanuel.

ABIDE WITH US

OUR LORD EMMAUEL

Quotations to Go With Christmas Gifts

A PRETTY and original touch may be given a Christmas gift by accompanying it with a fancy card on which are written the recipient's name and some apt quotation of an appropriate nature. A few selected quotations suitable for different gifts are suggested here.

For a postal card album: Kind messages that pass from land to land. —Longfellow.

For a set of books by a well-known author: The chief glory of every people arises from its authors. —Dr. Johnson.

For a small afternoon tea caddy: Tea, thou soft, thou sober, sage and venerable liquid. —Colley Cibber.

For a useful purse: The best friends are in the purse. —German Proverb.

Happy the man, who, void of cares and strife, In silver or in leather purse retains A spendthrift shilling. —John Phillips.

With a pack of cards: The cards beat all the players, be they never so skillful. —Emerson.

With a pair of gloves: Oh, that I were a glove upon that hand! —Romeo and Juliet.

With a silver handglass: The heart like a mirror should reflect all objects without being sullied by any. —Confucius.

With a "tear off" calendar: The longest day must have an end. —Italian Proverb.

A Christmas gift of a ring for a fiancée or wife: So let our love As endless prove And pure as gold forever. —Robert Herrick.

For the last baby: Much is she worth and even more is made of her. —W. E. Henley.

With an umbrella: The year, most part deformed with dripping rains. —Cowper.

With a cookbook: The taste of the kitchen is better than the smell. —Old Proverb.

With an electric torch lamp: To a great night a great lantern. —Old Proverb.

With a necktie: Who's bath need of a hundred eyes. —Old Proverb.

A Subtle Revenge: "How did you break your wife of buying you cigars for a Christmas present?" "I gave her a box of cheap chocolates."

The Other Way: "Have you finished your Christmas shopping?" "No; it finished me."



Decorations for the Tree.

A pretty decoration for Christmas which is so easily made that the little tots can do most of the work, is paper chains. Silver paper and blue paper make the prettiest. Cut the paper into four-inch squares, then cut the squares into strips one-fourth inch wide, and paste the ends of the little strips together, linking them as you go. Silver alone is very pretty, and alternate links of blue and silver give an attractive effect. The paper costs five cents a sheet, so the expense of the decoration is small.

Not Playing Favorites: "You say this girl show is intended for the tired business man?" "That's the idea," replied the manager. "But we don't wish to discriminate, and during the holiday season we are glad to receive the patronage of the tired college boy."



Merry Christmas

Here's hoping that this old boy will not forget you.

A Real Party: Harry had attended the Christmas party of a little friend and enjoyed it very much, especially the candy and other goodies. A few days later the mother of his little host met him and asked: "Did you have a good time, Harry, at Orrin's party?" "I should say so!" responded Harry, enthusiastically. "Why, mamma had to sit up with me three nights I was so sick."

The Christmas note is peace and good will. Whatever discords, wrongs or resentments the year has held for us, the blessed Christmastide should end them all. If you have pushed aside any hard thing this year, reach out and clasp it now. If any dear tie has been loosened, knit it up again on this gladdest of all anniversaries. Let all wounds be healed, and all resentment and pride be buried under the Christmas holly, while we celebrate the birthday of the Prince of Peace.

Sensible Gifts For Christmas

We offer you only the most sensible and useful Christmas Gifts—things that are practical and will also give pleasure.

- Aluminum Ware
- Thistle Ware
- Casseroles
- Queensware
- Cooking Stoves
- Dishes
- Hand painted china
- Pocket knives
- Navajo blankets
- Auto Robes
- Guns
- Air Rifles
- Pop guns
- A few toys

It is useless to enumerate everything we have, as space in this paper costs money. All we ask is that you come here before you buy.

McLean Hardware Company

What To Buy

Your hides, furs, chickens, eggs, turkeys or anything else in the produce line for the Cash. Also would like to sell you fresh meats of all kinds, for the Cash.

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Posts, Wire, Nails, Cement, Brick, Lime and everything carried in a first class lumber yard can be found

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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.

Slightly Mixed.

I married a widow with a grown daughter. My father visited our house often and fell in love with my step-daughter and married her. So my father became my son-in-law and my step-daughter my mother, because she is my father's wife. Soon after my wife had a son. Here my father's brother in law and my uncle for he is a brother of my step-mother, my father's wife, my step-daughter. My

Buffalo Ranch Is Filmed

Goodnight, Texas, Dec. 17.—Judge Lackney and R. L. McLaren of Claude are spending several thousand dollars having the Goodnight buffalo ranch photoed for the movies.

Five thousand feet of film have been made.

A band of Kowas, twenty-seven in all, came in their own autos, from Oklahoma to pose for the pictures. Four large buffalo have been sacrificed—the largest bull was killed by "Old Horse," the same Indian who sent the fatal arrow through the heart of the buffalo in the October hunt. This bull is being mounted by Jack Miles of Denver and is to be used as the chief advertising feature of the show.

While the killing was the work of the Indians, the roping in many of the pictures is the unique work of Alex Watson of Oklahoma, and his brother Art Watson of Claude, sons of J. O. Watson of Claude.

Posted

The public is hereby warned that no hunting or other trespassing will be allowed on my land. Take warning.

Mrs. A. A. Beall.

My step-daughter also had a son. He is, of course, my brother, and also my grandson, for he is the son of my daughter. My wife is my grandmother, because she is my mother's mother. I am my wife's husband and grandson at the same time, and as the husband of a person's grandmother is his grandfather, I am my own grandfather.

YOUR CHOICE

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

We have a complete holiday line and our showing includes gifts for everyone

As to prices, will say that they are as low as can be found in much larger stores. Make your selection before the stock is picked over.

Palace Drug Co.

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We have land for sale in any part of the Panhandle you want to locate. Any amount you want—from large tract down to eighty acres and at the very best prices and terms. Write for full information. Also

We want to list your land for sale, especially small tracts in this immediate vicinity at reasonable price.

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Next door to Postoffice

\$25.00 REWARD

I will pay a twenty-five dollar reward for the arrest and conviction of any party guilty of using down any telephone wire in any other manner tampering with the lines. The state law on the subject is as follows:

Penal Code, Art. 281: If any person shall intentionally break out, pull or tear down, misplace, or in any other manner injure a telegraph or telephone wire, post, machinery or other necessary appurtenance to any telegraph or telephone line, or in any way willfully obstruct or interfere with the transmission of any messages by such telegraph or telephone line, he shall be punished by confinement in the penitentiary not less than two nor more than five years, or by fine not less than one hundred nor more than two thousand dollars.

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and new clothes made too,
with Clarke the tailor who
knows how.

Clarke the Tailor

Drink

El Mate for better results
See All Fountains See

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, morning and night; Head 3rd Sunday, 3:30 p. m.; Eldersedge 2nd Sunday, 3:30 p. m.; Junior and Senior Epworth League 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 Leaders, 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. B. 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. H. Jones.

WANT A DRAY

See W. D. Sims when you want anything moved. Careful handling of everything entrusted to our care.

PHONE 126

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Diseases of kidneys, bladder and rectum.

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Amarillo, Texas.

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

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