

THE COTTON SEASON IS NOW OPEN IN SPUR

During the week a number of bales of cotton have been marketed in Spur, the prevailing average price being twelve and a half cents a pound.

The cotton in every section of the country is now opening rapidly and another week the fall season will be in full blast. Throughout the fall the Spur merchants and cotton buyers will continue to pay the highest market price for all cotton marketed here, and the liberality on the part of the buyers will bring cotton here from many miles and further and more permanently establish Spur as a superior cotton market.

Already cotton is being hauled to the Spur gin a distance of more than twenty miles, while in other sections are located gins and the cotton will be ginned and hauled to the Spur market. While the cotton crop will probably be cut short on account of the recent hot, dry weather, yet it is estimated that five or six thousand bales will be marketed here during the fall.

CHRISTIAN MEETING

Roy E. Wallace, Jr., the boy preacher, will begin a protracted meeting Friday night in Spur under the auspices of the Church of Christ. The services will be held each night, beginning at 8:30 o'clock under the Gospel Tent on Burlington Avenue. The object of the meeting will be to lead men and women to believe and obey the gospel and everybody is cordially invited to attend.

MORE RAINFALL OVER THE SPUR COUNTRY

Tuesday Spur and the surrounding country was visited by another good shower of rain. It is estimated that the rainfall here amounted to about one-half inch, measuring at the experimental farm .45 inches. The rain extended from Floydada to Stamford, being spotted, some sections receiving a heavy rain while in other sections it merely sprinkled. In the Duck Creek and Steel Hill communities the rainfall was heavier than in Spur, and as a result feed crops and late cotton will be greatly benefitted.

While we have not yet had a general rain over the entire country, the local showers have covered nearly every section, and as a result the country as a whole is now in pretty good shape, grass is growing rapidly and the fall months are expected to be more promising with respect to crops and grass conditions.

PROTRACTED MEETING

Rev. Hicks, of South Texas, is in the city and commenced a protracted meeting Wednesday night at the Baptist tabernacle. The meeting will continue ten days or two weeks and everybody is invited to attend and participate in the meetings.

A GOOD STOCK SHOULD DRAW SURROUNDING TRADE

"And," concluded the Sunday school teacher, "if you are a good boy, Tommy, you will go to heaven and have a gold crown on your head." "Not much," said Tommy. "I had one of them things put on a tooth once."



Our Ladies Ready-to-Wear Department is full of the prettiest tailored suits and the very latest styles in ladies coats; also misses and childrens. We have taken special interest in this department, believing by putting in a good stock we could draw trade from the neighboring towns. All we ask of you is to give us a chance. We know we are right in style and price in this department. We also want to call your attention to the fact that we have a big stock of furs bought of the largest fur dealer in New York. They range in price from \$10 to \$50. Remember Iron Clad-hosiery. Our stock is in good shape now, but they go fast. You want the best? Then get Iron Clad for men, women and children.

This add appeared in one of the papers: "Wanted—An airy bed room for a gentleman, twenty-two feet long and eleven feet wide."

Now, we haven't clothing to fit a man of these dimensions, but we can fit you. If you are from Missouri, you are the man

we are hunting. We are simply proud of our clothing. Now, men, why pay \$25 to \$35 for a suit of clothes when you can buy as good for from \$17 to \$20? Style Plus \$17—every garment guaranteed all wool and to give absolute satisfaction. What more could you get in a suit of clothes at any price? We also have a snappy line of boys clothing—all the new Norfolks.

How about it?—A good looking top buggy for only \$40, an auto seat top buggy for \$50 and as snappy a job as the buggy peddlers have been selling for \$125 for only \$75. See, we are in the buggy game.

Peter Schuttler wagons, the old reliable. Not just as good, but better. Why not have the best when it only costs \$5 more? Yes, we have Star wind mills, in wood and steel wheels. We can save you money on piping if you need any thing in piping or fittings. Just received a car of stoves and we want to figure with you. We have the stoves and the price.

Michigan salt, only 5 to 10c per sack higher than Texas salt and worth twice as much. We have it.

The man who wins is an average man; Not built on any particular plan, Not blessed with any peculiar luck— Just steady and earnest and full of pluck.



Fix the little fellow for winter by buying one of our new coats.

We can't tell you about all the good things we have to offer you in one add. So you will have to come and see. If it's groceries you will need—my, my—just ask the price and you will be surprised.—Bryant-Link Co.

DISTRICT COURT

Hon. Jo A. P. Dickson, Judge of this Judicial District, was in Spur the first of the week en route to Dickens where he convened a special session of District Court Wednesday for the trial of road injunction suits.

THE PROTRACTED MEETING CLOSED SUNDAY NIGHT

The protracted union meeting, after a continuation of two weeks, closed Sunday night. The meeting was conducted by Rev. Jno. E. McLean, an evangelist of the Fort Worth Presbytery, and as a result of the meetings there were about twenty-five conversions and reclamations and about fifteen additions to the various churches of Spur.

While Evangelist McLean is a Presbyterian minister and in the employ of the Fort Worth Presbytery, the meeting in Spur was a Union Meeting and the services were conducted in such a manner that all denominations heartily participated to the end that a revival of true religion and religious sentiment was the result.

Rev. McLean is an able preacher and an effective worker in the cause of religion, and he did a great work in the advancement of true religion in Spur by uniting the churches for a common cause.

From Spur Rev. McLean will go to Duncan, Oklahoma, where his efforts in uniting Christian workers will be continued.

MOVING TO SOUTH TEXAS

Rev. North came up last week from Jayton and packed his household goods for shipment to South Texas where he intends to move his family as soon as they are able to travel. For some time Mrs. North and the children have been sick and it is in hopes that their health will improve that they contemplate the move to South Texas. At present the family is living with relatives at Jayton.

SELLING SILOS

W. A. Pelfrey was in Spur several days this week from his home at Stamford looking after the sale of silos in this section of the country. During the past several months Mr. Pelfrey has sold six silos in this territory. These silos will be erected and ready for use this fall. There is no question but that the silo will prove of great benefit to the country and the time is coming when every farmer will have a silo on his farm.

FOR SALE

Will sell my residence in Spur very cheap, with small cash payment and balance like rent.—Mrs. M. E. Pruden, Quanah, Texas. 41-1f

SPUR HIGH SCHOOL BEGINS 1913-14 SESSION MONDAY

The 1913-14 session of the Spur High School opened Monday, there being about 235 pupils enrolled the first day under the supervision of a corps of seven teachers, the faculty being F. F. Mace, Superintendent; E. M. Saffold, Principal; Misses Germany, Hardin, Boykin, and Mesdames Johnson and Foster, Assistants, and Miss Doyle, music, and Mrs. Mace, elocution.

The school opened with appropriate exercises, Rev. Stewart delivering the invocation, followed by appropriate talks of encouragement to pupils and teachers by Rev. Stewart, J. F. Vernon, Prof. George T. Barnes, Mayor Geo. S. Link and Profs. Mace and Saffold, after which the pupils marched to their respective rooms for classification in the beginning of their school work.

This term of the Spur High School begins under the most flattering prospects and conditions with respect to rapid and thorough advancement of pupils. The faculty is of the very best teachers, and under the able superintendency of Prof. Mace the Spur High School will become a leading factor in the educational advantages of the country and Spur will be recognized as a superior educational center.

ATTENTION, ROYAL ARCH MASONS

There will be a call meeting of Spur Chapter Number 340, Royal Arch Masons, September 15, at which time Comrade Warren, of San Antonio, will be with us and several candidates to take degrees. Every member of the Spur Chapter is requested to be present and all visiting Royal Arch Masons are invited.—S. T. Clemmons, Sec. By order of J. C. McNeill, H. P.

COTTON BRINGS NEAR \$100 A BALE IN SPUR

Wren Cross, of twenty miles southeast of Spur, was in Spur Wednesday with cotton which he sold on the Spur market at twelve and one half cents per pound, the bale netting Mr. Cross \$87.90 after the ginning fee had been paid. Mr. Cross reports that he will make about twenty-five bales of cotton on his place this year and that his feedcrops are showing a heavier yield than was expected. He has recently purchased land southwest of Spur and will in the near future move to and improve the place and continue in the stock-farming business.

EDITOR HERE FOR HEALTH

H. Galbraith, publisher of the Terrell Daily and Weekly Transcript, was in Spur Wednesday and Thursday of this week. Mr. Galbraith is traveling over West Texas by automobile and during the past few weeks has visited almost every section of this western country. He is making the trip for the benefit of his health, and during his travels is doing special work for the Fort Worth Record in gathering data concerning the conditions of the country.

YOUR CREDIT

YOUR credit is the estimate of your financial worth which others place upon you. Being a clearing house of credit the bank is the best place for you to establish yours. A good word from your banker will help you a long way. The First State Bank offers its facilities to serious minded people who want to build up their credit

THE FIRST STATE BANK OF SPUR, TEXAS

E. C. EDMONDS Cashier
C. HOGAN, Asst Cashier

G. H. CONNELL, President

S. R. DAVIS, Vice-Pres.
J. D. HARKEY, Vice-Pres.

THE TEXAS SPUR

Oran McClure, Ed. and Prop.

SPUR - TEXAS

DISCUSSION IN "SMART SET"

Mrs. Payley Had It All Her Own Way Until Mrs. Singer Arrived—Then There Was War.

For a good many years, Mrs. Wert Payley, wife of the president of the First National bank, was our "Smart Set" all by herself. There was never any question of it. She admitted it and we didn't take the trouble to deny it.

In a way, she was regarded as a public benefactor. Nobody else cared to spend the money, necessary to be a "Smart Set," and since Mrs. Payley was willing to fight and be bled, so to speak, to give our town tone and inject a little excitement into our prairie lives now and then, we felt that the least we could do was to regard her as a social colossus.

The Payleys were the only people in Homeburg who had lunch at noon, and as early as 1900 they ate it from the bare table.

She was the only woman in Homeburg who could "look in" on an afternoon gabble of any kind for a few minutes and get away with it without insulting the hostess.

When she shook hands with you you always grabbed in the wrong place, no matter how much thought you put into it, and while you were readjusting your sights and clawing for her fingers and perspiring with mortification she was getting a start on you which kept you bashfully humble as long as she was in sight.

She was real goods, Mrs. Payley was—not arrogant, but just naturally superior. She ran the town, and everybody was comfortable and content about it until the Singers arrived.

The Singers came from Cincinnati to cashier in the Farmers' State bank. Mrs. Singer was city bred and city heeled and when she met Mrs. Wert Payley she didn't even blink.

She put out her hand a little north-east of her chatelaine watch, when Mrs. Payley put out her hand some four inches southwest by south, and waited calmly for Mrs. Payley to correct herself.

There was an awful moment of suspense, and when it became evident that the only way to get Mrs. Singer's hand down to the other level would be to excavate beneath her and change her foundations, Mrs. Payley gave in and reached.

War was declared that minute and I shudder now when I think of the months which followed.—American Magazine.

These Things.

These things forbear: Debts, which eat up earnings; hatreds, which embitter existence; idleness, which shortens time; habits, which come to be masters, and pretense, which involves one beyond his ability to perform.

These things cast away: Antipathies, for which a reason cannot be given; anger, which breeds hard words, and desires, which destroy peace.

These things husband: Pennies, which make dollars; minutes, which make opportunity; acquaintances, which are potential friends, and sympathies, which make life worth while.—Leander Turney, in Life.

Gardens Meant for Use.

Gardens ought to be used more. People ought to live in them, read in them, eat in them, play in them, sleep in them, entertain friends in them. A small, comfortable, well furnished, well kept garden immediately adjoining the dining room, with proper facilities for these various activities, becomes an extension of the house itself. It ought to be the best room in the house—at least all summer.

Sudden Matrimony.

One of the most sudden cases of matrimony is reported from Bulawayo, South Africa. There a young couple presented themselves one Saturday afternoon on the magistrate's tennis lawn and interrupted the game by demanding to be married. The magistrate refused, declaring he would not have his holiday spoiled, his office being closed for the day. The lovers were insistent; they said that they were trekking at once to take possession of a farm a hundred miles up country and must be married before they set off. "Why on earth," said the magistrate, "did you not come to see me this morning?" "But please, sir, we only met at lunch for the first time."

Forearmed.

Mrs. Gadders—I never saw people look so far into the future as the Popleighs do.

Mr. Gadders—I never noticed much farsightedness about them. What makes you think so?

Mrs. Gadders—Why, all their children are girls, and the first word they teach them to say is "yes!"—Puck.

TELLING ABOUT \$75,000 JEWEL THEFT



Mrs. Charles C. Rumsey (left) is here seen telling her mother, Mrs. E. H. Harriman, how she was robbed of jewels valued at \$75,000 at Narragansett Pier. Other society folk also have suffered heavy losses at the hands of clever burglars in that fashionable summer resort of late.

TWO SUITS A WEEK

Fine Clothes Help Spanish King to Keep Throne.

Monarch Believed to Spend More Money on Wardrobe Than Any Ruler Except Czar of Russia—Wears Startling Vests.

London.—The king of Spain is the most elaborately attired monarch in Europe.

It is doubtful if the youthful monarch has ever been seen more than half a dozen times in the same suit, and it is certain that there are many suits in which he has been seen but once or twice.

When he takes a fancy to a particular tweed or cloth he will often order a dozen suits from it straightway and wear each but two or three times. If he tires of the material before he has worn the whole dozen he will have the lot put out of the royal wardrobe. It would be difficult to say how many suits of clothes the king of Spain orders in the year.

The number greatly varies. Sometimes King Alfonso will order as many as a couple of dozen suits at a time, while at other times he will give his tailor, or rather one of them, for he patronizes several, an order for but one or two suits.

The king of Spain keeps from 100 to 150 suits in the royal wardrobes and buys on an average of 100 suits a year.

His majesty's bill to his tailor alone averages \$5,000 a year, of which sum London tailors get a good share. There is one London tailor who, when the king of Spain was the guest of the duke of Westminster at Eton hall some little while ago, took an order from the Spanish monarch for 40 suits.

The tailor was asked by wire to go to the duke's residence, and returned to London with the largest single order he ever received in his pocket.

There is no monarch who is so punctilious about being dressed in the ex-

treme of fashion as his Spanish majesty. Any suit the cut of which has become in the least out of date is at once put out of the royal wardrobe, though it may only have been worn by the king once, or possibly not worn at all. The king of Spain has not any particular fancy for any material (except perhaps a striped flannel for summer wear) so far as the pattern



King Alfonso of Spain.

goes. He appears equally often in light and dark clothes of different patterns, but he never wears a heavy material of any sort.

His majesty has a particular liking for fancy waistcoats. He buys dozens of them and pays from \$15 to \$25 apiece for them. In waistcoats alone he spends at least \$1,000 a year.

When he came over to the English court in 1905 to woo the then Princess Ena he had in his wardrobe some waistcoats of rather more remarkable pattern than was possible even for a monarch to wear, in England at all events, without being thought to violate good taste.

Suicide Is An Exception

Gradual Increase in Breaking of Law Among Younger Males Also Shown by Statistics.

New York.—That married men are better than single ones is the most remarkable feature of a report of an investigation made by the district attorney's office which has just been made public. Out of the 2,857 men convicted last year only 784 were married, as compared to 2,068 who were unmarried. The one startling exception is in the case of suicide, the report showing that among men who attempt to take their own lives the married outnumber the single three to one.

A comparison for the last nine years gives 7,670 convictions of married men for all sorts of crimes and 18,406 convictions of unmarried men. The report indicates that there is a gradual increase in crime among young men, the male criminals under the age

of thirty years having increased in number from 1,700 in 1904 to 2,200 in 1912. During the last year many offenders were between the years of fifteen and twenty.

Assault charges now show 40 under twenty years and 64 from twenty to thirty years; third-degree burglary, 213 for the younger period and 205 for the older; grand larceny in the second degree, 184 criminals under twenty years, and 258 from twenty to thirty; petit larceny, 157 under twenty and 144 from twenty to thirty years; unlawful entry, 34 under twenty years and 22 from twenty to thirty years. The total shows 940 under twenty convicted last year, and 1,273 from twenty to thirty. Only 404 offenders from thirty to forty years were convicted.

The statistics for women prisoners show that two-thirds of the women brought to court were under thirty years.

LIFE IS RESTORED

Electrical Device Used in Effort to Save Hero.

Man's Heart Beats For Two Hours, After Being Pronounced Dead From Drowning, by Use of Instrument.

New York.—For two hours after he had been declared dead from drowning the young wife and other relatives of Edgar Manjo watched spellbound around him at Babylon, L. I., as Dr. D. W. Wynkoop slowly brought him back to life, forcing his heart to beat with an electrical device. For long it was believed the young man would be saved, but suddenly respiration ceased and could not again be restored.

Monjo, who was only twenty, was a son of Lewis Monjo, a retired export broker, well known on Wall street, and son-in-law of Commodore Searle of the Babylon Yacht club. With his wife he was spending the holiday at her parents' home and went bathing with his little niece, Susan Searle.

A few minutes after they had started the child burst, sobbing, into the Searle house, crying "Uncle is drowned!" When she grew calm enough to tell her story it was evident that Monjo gave his life to save hers.

The two had waded out into the river hand-in-hand. Apparently they had stepped unexpectedly into a deep hole or off a ledge of ground. Monjo, realizing that he could not swim, had with a last desperate effort thrown his niece back into the shallow, safe water as he himself went under.

Dr. Wynkoop, a local physician, was summoned. He got two short lengths of wire and placed one at the base of Monjo's tongue and the other against his diaphragm and connected the free ends with an electrode. Monjo had been pronounced dead more than two hours when Dr. Wynkoop began his treatment.

An hour after the electrical machine was set in operation the awed spectators started back in astonishment. There were signs of returning life. First came a scarcely perceptible movement of the heart. Then slowly that organ resumed its functions and respiration was restored.

For two hours the heart beat regularly and respiration continued. The young wife hung over her husband praying that he might be restored to her and waiting for the return of consciousness. But consciousness did not return and suddenly both respiration and heart stopped and could not be re-started.

Dr. Wynkoop said he was greatly grieved his efforts had failed. It was the first time, he said, his treatment had been applied to a human being. He had been experimenting with animals some time and had revived many after death, as ordinarily understood, had taken place. He believed that had it been possible for him to begin earlier he would have saved Manjo's life. He explained that he turned the current on twenty times to the minute.

No More State Bread.

Paris.—A Dutch invention will shortly be put into practice here which, it is said, will be as great a boon to bakers as it will to housekeepers. It is the application of cold storage to freshly baked bread, so that there need be no more night work for the bakers. The process is exceedingly complicated and scientific, but the method of operation is simple enough. The baker's oven is to be supplemented with a refrigerating chamber containing just as many degrees of cold as there are degrees of heat in the open. The baker after baking his bread places it in the ice chamber and keeps it at a temperature of a degree or two below zero.

ROCKETS CARRY OFF MAKER

Man Is Found Mile Away After Factory Explodes—Unable to Explain.

Winchester, Mass.—The factory of the New England Fireworks company went up in a puff of smoke, the result of an explosion, carrying with it Manager Ernest Borelli and three workmen. Borelli was thought to have been killed, when portions of his clothing, his eyeglass case and some coins were found in the vicinity, but a searching party discovered him in a clump of bushes a mile from the scene of the explosion, unable to remember what had happened. He was taken to the hospital, but later was sent home. The workmen were badly burned.

Debris was scattered for several miles and the detonation was felt for a great distance. The building was of flimsy construction and the monetary loss will not be great. The men were packing rockets in the factory when the explosion occurred.

CAPABLE OF GREAT VARIETY

Tomato Salad May Be Served In Innumerable Forms—Ways of Removing the Skins.

A tomato salad is capable of as many variations as the fillings for stuffed tomatoes, but in whatever way prepared, do not inflict the skins upon the consumer. To remove the skins deftly, try either one of these two ways: Plunge for a second into boiling water, then skim and chill, or remove the stem and rub the back of a knife against the fruit, pressing gently with the dull edge from the stem and downward until all the surface has been covered. After a little experience this is almost as easily done as when scalded and the skin comes off as readily. For a breakfast salad, chill the tomatoes, cut into quarters, cover with a French dressing made by mixing vinegar with an even teaspoonful of salt and a liberal sprinkling of pepper, and serve directly from the ice so that it has not time to wilt. Tomatoes either sliced thin or quartered are excellent sprinkled with sweet peppers cut with the scissors into water-thin ribbons; with a sprinkling of chopped parsley, or chives or equal amounts chopped chives, tarragon and chevril. Spanish onions cut wafer thin are also delicious with tomatoes, whether served alone or on crisped lettuce leaves. Fine cut celery is another satisfactory combination to use with tomatoes.

IMPORTANCE OF TABLE LINEN

Well to Bestow Some Thought on Appearances Before They Are Purchased and Shaped.

In buying a table cloth one should, if possible, have the exact measurement of the table for which it is intended; the usual length is from two and one-half to three yards. If the table is a square one, one-fourth to one-third of a yard is allowed to fall over the ends. Many of the new cloths have the design round on a square cloth, which makes them especially attractive for the round table, as the cloth can be cut circular without disturbing the pattern; usually these have a circle of flowers, or the satin bands, according to the design in the border, in the middle of the cloth to fit the top of the table. Napkins should match the cloths, and there ought to be two dozen allowed for each cloth; one dozen of each size.

German Dumplings.

Grate three or four cold boiled potatoes. To these add two thoroughly beaten eggs, a little salt and one-half cup milk. Stir in enough flour so you can form into balls with your hands. Be careful not to get too stiff and flour your hands. Drop into boiling salted water and boil about 20 minutes. When they have boiled about ten minutes turn over quickly without sticking fork into them and cover again. Pour gravy over them same as for potatoes.

Gravy made after frying pork chops is best.

Cooking in a Jar.

Not until she has tried it will a housekeeper realize how delicious are vegetables and fruits cooked in a jar in the oven rather than on top of the stove. As little water as possible should be added, then the full flavor of the foodstuff is retained. A casserole answers admirably for vegetables or fruits prepared in this way. Apple sauce, rhubarb, prunes and beans are some of the things which are really excellent cooked in the oven. The process is simple for the housewife, for there is not the danger of burning as on top of the stove.

When Making Mint Sauce.

When making mint sauce if hot vinegar is used instead of cold it will greatly improve the flavor and give the sauce better color.

About Stockings.

Having trouble with my stockings wearing out at the heels, I have discovered that a very good way to prevent this is to sew a piece of velvet inside the back of the shoes. This makes the stockings last much longer.—Exchange.

About Potatoes.

Put the potatoes to soak a little while with a small piece of common soda in the water, and you will find they are much easier to scrape and do not soil the fingers.

Hamburg Relish.

For a change, sometimes, after grinding the meat and seasoning it, beat an egg and mix with it, fry out some salt pork, turn the steak in tender and brown on one side, then turn and brown on the other. By using care it can be placed on platter in a whole slice and is very nice.

To Bake Fish.

If baking fish lay it first on a piece of clean greased cotton cloth, then lay it in the pan. It can be lifted out easily when done.

MOLLY McDONALD

A TALE OF THE FRONTIER



By
RANDALL PARRISH
Author of "Keith of the Border," "My Lady of Doubt," "My Lady of the South," etc., etc.

Illustrations by
V. L. BARNES

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SYNOPSIS.

Major McDonald, commanding an army post near Fort Dodge, seeks a man to intercept his daughter, Molly, who is headed for the post. An Indian outbreak is threatened. Sergeant "Brick" Hamlin meets the stage in which Molly is traveling. They are attacked by Indians, and Hamlin and Molly escape in the darkness. Hamlin tells Molly he was discharged from the Confederate service in disgrace and at the close of the war enlisted in the regular army. He suspects one Captain Le Fevre of being responsible for his disgrace. Troops appear and under escort of Lieut. Gaskins Molly starts to join her father. Hamlin leaves to rejoin his regiment. He returns to Fort Dodge after a summer of fighting Indians, and finds Molly there. Shots are heard in the night. Hamlin rushes out, sees what he believes is the figure of Molly hiding in the darkness and falls over the body of Lieutenant Gaskins, who accuses Hamlin of shooting him. The sergeant is proven innocent. He sees Molly in company with Mrs. Dupont, whom he recognizes as a former sweetheart, who threw him over for Le Fevre. Mrs. Dupont tells Hamlin Le Fevre forced her to send him a lying note. Hamlin declares he has been looking for Le Fevre to force him to clear his record. Later he overhears Dupont and a soldier hatching up a money-making plot. Molly seeks an interview with Hamlin. She says her father seems to be in the power of Mrs. Dupont, who claims to be a daughter of McDonald's sister. Molly disappears and Hamlin sets out to trace her. McDonald is ordered to Fort Ripley. Hamlin discovers that the man who left on the stage under the name of McDonald was not the major. He finds McDonald's murdered body. Hamlin takes Wasson, a guide, and two troopers and goes in pursuit of the murderers, who had robbed McDonald of \$2,000 paymaster's money. He suspects Dupont.

CHAPTER XXIV.—Continued.

The day grew dark and murky as they moved steadily forward, the wind blew cold from out the northwest, the heavy canopy of cloud settled lower in a frosty fog, which gradually obscured the landscape. This mist became so thick that the men could scarcely see a hundred yards in any direction, and Hamlin placed a pocket compass on his saddle-pommel. The trail was less distinct as they traversed a wide streak of alkali, but what few signs remained convinced Wasson that the fugitives were still together, and riding southward. Under concealment of the fog his previous caution relaxed, and he led the way at a steady trot, only occasionally drawing rein to make certain there was no division of the party ahead. The alkali powdered them from head to foot, clinging to the horses' hides, reddening and blinding the eyes, poisoning the lips dry and parched with thirst. The two troopers swore grimly, but the Sergeant and scout rode in silence, bent low over their pommels, eyes strained into the mist ahead. It was not yet dark when they rode in between the first sand-dunes, and Wasson, pulling his horse up short, checked the others with uplifted hand.

"Thar'll be a camp here soon," he said, swinging down from the saddle, and studying the ground. "The wind has 'bout blotted it all out, but you kin see yere back o' this ridge whar they turned in, an' they was walkin' their horses. Gittin' pretty tired, I reckon. We might as well stop yere too, Sergeant, an' eat some cold grub. You two men spread her out, an' rub down the hosses, while Hamlin an' I poke about a bit. Better find out all we kin, 'Brick,' fore it gits dark." He started forward on the faint trail, his rifle in the hollow of his arm, and the Sergeant ranged up beside him. The sand was to their ankles, and off the ridge summit the wind whirled the sharp grit into their faces.

"What's comin', Sam; a storm?" "Snow," answered the scout shortly. "A blizzard of it, or I lose my guess 'fore midnight yer won't be able to see yer hand afore yer face. I've been out yere in them things afore, an' they're sure hell. If we don't git sight o' that outfit mighty soon, 't ain't likely we ever will. I've been expectin' that wind to shift nor'east all day—then we'll get it." He got down on his knees, endeavoring to decipher some faint marks on the sand. "Two o' 'em dismounted yere, an Injun an' a white—a big feller by his hoof prints—an' they went on leadin' their hosses. Goin' into camp, I reckon—sure, here's the spot now. Well, I'll be damned!"

Both men stood staring—under protection of a sand ridge was a little blackened space where some mesquite chips had been burned, and all about it freshly trampled sand, and slight impressions where men had outstretched themselves. Almost at Wasson's feet fluttered a pink ribbon, and beyond the fire circle lay the body of a man, face up to the sky. It was Connors, a ghastly bullet hole between his eyes, one cheek caked black with blood. The Sergeant sprang across, and bent over the motionless form.

"Pockets turned inside out," he said, glancing back. "The poor devil!" "Had quite a row here," returned the scout. "That stain over thar is blood, an' it never come from him, fer he died whar he fell. Most likely he was shot furst, or used a knife. The girl's with 'em anyhow; I reckon this yere was her ribbon; that footprint is sure."

He stirred up the scattered ashes, and then passed over and looked at the dead man.

"What do yer think, Sergeant?" "They stopped here to eat, maybe five hours ago," pushing the ashes about with his toe. "The fire has been out that long. Then they got into a quarrel—Connors and Dupont—for he was shot with a Colt '45; no Indian ever did that. Then they struck out again with two led horses. I should say they were three or four hours ahead, traveling slow."

"Good enough," and Wasson patted his arm. "You're a plainsman all right, 'Brick.' You kin sure read signs. That's just 'bout the whole story, as I make it. Nuthin' fer us to do but snatch a bite an' go on. Our hosses 're fresher'n theirs. No sense our stoppin' to bury Connors; he ain't worth it, an' the birds'll take care o' him. The outfit was still a headin' south—see!"

There could be no doubt of this, as the shelter of the sand ridge had preserved a plain trail, although a few yards beyond, the sweeping wind had already almost obliterated every sign of passage. The four men ate heartily of their cold provender, discussing the situation in a few brief sentences. Wasson argued that Dupont was heading for some Indian winter encampment, thinking to shift responsibility for the crime upon the savages, thus permitting him to return once more to civilization, but Hamlin clung to his original theory of a hide-out upon Dupont's old cattle-range, and that a purpose other than the mere robbery of McDonald was in view. All alike, however, were convinced that the fugitives were seeking the wild bluffs of the Canadian river for concealment.

It was not yet dark when they again picked up the trail, rode around the dead body of Connors, and pushed forward into the maze of sand. For an hour the advance was without incident, the scout in the lead not even dismounting, his keen eyes picking up the faint "sign" unerringly. Then darkness shut down, the lowering bank of clouds completely blotting the stars, although the white glisten of the sand under foot yielded a slight guidance. Up to this time there had been no deviation in direction, and now when the trail could be no longer distinguished, the little party decided on riding straight southward until they struck the Cimarron. An hour or two later the moon arose, hardly visible and yet brightening the cloud canopy, so that the riders could see each other and proceed more rapidly. Suddenly Wasson lifted his hand, and turned his face up to the sky.

"Snow," he announced soberly. "Thought I felt it afore, and the wind's changed."

Hamlin turned in the saddle, feeling already the sharp sting of snow pellets on his face. Before he could even answer the air was full of whiteness, a fierce gust of wind hurling the flying particles against them. In another instant they were in the very heart of the storm, almost hurled forward by the force of the wind, and blinded by the icy deluge. The pelting of the hail startled the horses, and in spite of every effort of the riders, they drifted to the right, tails to the storm. The swift change was magical. The sharp particles of icy snow seemed to swirl upon them from every direction, sucking their very breath, bewildering them, robbing them of all sense of direction. Within two minutes the men found it impossible to penetrate the wintry shroud except for a few feet ahead of them.

The Sergeant knew what it meant, for he had had experience of these plains storms before.

"Halt!" he cried, his voice barely audible in the blast. "Close up, men; come here to me—lively now! That you, Wade? Wasson; oh, all right, Sam. Here, pass that lariat back; now get a grip on it, every one of you and hold to it for your lives. Let me take the lead, Sam; we'll have to run by compass. Now, then, are you ready?"

The lariat rope, tied to Hamlin's pommel, straightened out and was grasped desperately by the gloved

hands of the men behind. The Sergeant, shading his eyes, half smothered in the blast, could see merely ill-defined shadows.

"All caught!" The answers were inaudible. "For the Lord's sake, speak up; answer now—Wasson."

"Here."
"Wade."
"Here."
"Carroll."
"Here."

"Good; now come on after me." He drove his horse forward, head bent low over the compass, one arm dung up across his mouth to prevent inhaling the icy air. He felt the tug of the line; heard the labored breathing of the next horse behind, but saw nothing except that wall of swirling snow pellets hurled against him by a pitiless wind, fairly lacerating the flesh. It was freezing cold; already he felt numb, exhausted, heavy-eyed. The air seemed to penetrate his clothing, and prick the skin as with a thousand needles. The thought came that if he remained in the saddle he would freeze stiff. Again he turned, and sent the voice of command down the struggling line:

"Dismount; wind the rope around your pommels. Sam. How far is it to the Cimarron?"

"More'n twenty miles."
"All right! We've got to make it, boys," forcing a note of cheerfulness into his voice. "Hang on to the bit even if you drop. I may drift to the west, but that won't lose us much. Come on, now."

"Hamlin, let me break trail."
"We'll let it turn about, Sam. It'll be worse in an hour than it is now. All ready, boys."

Blinded by the sleet, staggering to the fierce pummeling of the wind, yet clinging desperately to his horse's bit, the Sergeant struggled forward in the swirl of the storm.

CHAPTER XXV.

In the Blizzard.

There was no cessation, no abatement. Across a thousand miles of plain the ice-laden wind swept down upon them with the relentless fury of a hurricane, driving the snow crystals into their faces, buffeting them mercilessly, numbing their bodies, and blinding their eyes. In that awful grip they looked upon Death, but struggled on, as real men must until they fall. Breathing was agony; every step became a torture; fingers grasping the horses' bits grew stiff and deadened by frost; they reeled like drunken men, sightless in the mad swirl, deafened by the pounding of the blast against their ears. All consciousness left them; only dumb instinct kept them battling for life, staggering forward, foot by foot, odd phantasies of



"Close Up, Men; Come Here to Me."

imagination beginning to beckon. In their weakness, delirium gripped their half-mad brains, yielding new strength to fight the snow fiend. Aching in every point, trembling from fatigue, they dare not rest an instant. The wind, veering more to the east, lashed their faces like a whip. They crouched behind the horses to keep out of the sting of it, crunching the snow, now in deep drifts, under their half-frozen feet.

Wade, a young fellow not overly strong, fell twice. They placed him in the center, with Carroll bringing up the rear. Again he went down, face buried in the snow, crying like a babe. Desperately the others lashed him into his saddle, binding a blanket about him, and went grimly staggering on, his limp figure rocking above them. Hour succeeded hour in ceaseless struggle; no one knew where they were, only the leader staggered on, his eyes upon the compass. Wasson and Hamlin took their turns tramping a trail, the snow often to their knees. They had stopped speaking, stopped thinking even. All their movements became automatic, instinctive, the result of iron discipline. They realized the only hope—attainment of the Cimarron bluffs. There was no shelter there in the open, to either man or horse; the sole choice left was to struggle on, or lie down and die. The last was likely to be the end of it, but while a drop of blood ran red and

warm in their veins they would keep their feet and fight.

Carroll's horse stumbled and rolled, catching the numbed trooper under his weight. The jerk on the lariat flung Wade out of the saddle, dangling head downward. With stiffened fingers, scarcely comprehending what they were about, the Sergeant and Wasson came to the rescue, helped the frightened horse struggle to his feet, and, totally blinded by the fury of the storm which now beat fairly in their eyes, grasped the dangling body, swaying back and forth as the startled animal plunged in terror. It was a corpse they gripped, already stiff with cold, the eyes wide-open and staring. Carroll, bruised and limping, came to their help, groaning with pain, and the three men together managed to lift the dead weight to the horse's back, and to bind it safely with the turn of a rope. Then, breathless from exhaustion, crouching behind the animals, bunched helplessly together, the howl of the wind like the scream of lost souls, the three men looked into each other's faces.

"I reckon Jim died without ever knowin' it," said the scout, breaking again the film of ice over his eyes, and thrashing his arms. "I allers heard tell it was an easy way o' goin'. Looks to me he was better off than we are just now. Hurt much, Carroll?" "Crunched my leg mighty bad; can't bear no weight on it. 'Twas darn near froze stiff before; thet's why I couldn't get out o' the way quick."

"Sure; well, ye'll have ter ride, then. We'll take the blanket off Jim; he won't feel as though there was any life left in them." He stamped on the snow. "How long do these blizzards generally last, Sam?" "Blow themselves out in about three days."

"Three days? God! We can never live it out here."
His eyes ranged over the dim outline of Wade stretched across the saddle, powdered with snow, rested an instant upon Carroll, who had sunk back upon the ground, nursing his injured limb, and then sought the face of Wasson.

"What the hell can we do?" "Go on; thet's all of it; go on till we drop, lad. Come, 'Brick,' my boy," and the scout gripped the Sergeant's shoulder, "you're not the kind to lie down. We've been in worse boxes than this and pulled out. It's up to you and me to make good. Let's crunch some hard-tack and go on, afore the wifole three of us freeze stiff."

The Sergeant thrust out his hand. "That isn't what's taken the nerve out of me, Sam," he said soberly. "It's thinking of the girl out in all this with those devils."
"Likely as not she ain't," returned the other, tramping the snow under his feet. "I've been thinkin' 'bout thet too. The outfit must hev had six hours the start o' us, didn't they?" Hamlin nodded.

"Well, then, they couldn't a ben far from the Cimarron when the storm come. They'd be safe enough under the bluffs; have wood fer a fire, and lay thar mighty comfortable. That's whar them bucks are, all right. Why, damn it, man, we've got to get through. 'Taint just our fool lives that's at stake. Brace up!" "How far have we come?" "A good ten miles, an' the compass has kep' us straight."

They drew in closer together, and munched a hard cracker apiece, occasionally exchanging a muttered word or two, thrashing their limbs about to keep up circulation, and dampening their lips with snow. They were but dim, spectral shapes in the darkness, the air filled with crystal pellets, swept about by a merciless wind, the horses standing tails to the storm and heads drooping. In spite of the light refraction of the snow the eyes could scarcely see two yards away through the smother. Above, about, the ceaseless wind howled, its icy breath chilling to the bone. Carroll clambered stiffly into his saddle, crying and swearing from weakness and pain. The others, stumbling about in the deep snow, which had drifted around them during the brief halt, stripped the blanket from Wade's dead body, and tucked it in about Carroll as best they could.

"Now keep kicking and thrashing about, George," ordered the Sergeant sternly. "For God's sake, don't go to sleep, or you'll be where Jim is. We'll haul you out of this, old man Sam, you take the rear, and hit Carroll a whack ever' few minutes; I'll break trail. Forward! now."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Delicacy on the Bench.
When a desertion summons came before Mr. Symmons at Woolwich police court it was stated the husband was at present undergoing fourteen days' imprisonment for an offense. Mr. Symmons, turning to the wife, observed: "I am afraid we must adjourn this, as your husband has other engagements which prevent his being here today."

GROUND ITCH (THE CAUSE OF HOOKWORM) CURED

Also sweet sleep and quick relief from that itching, burning sensation by using Tetterine, a wonderful remedy for eczema, tetter, ground itch, erysipelas, dandruff and all other forms of skin diseases. It keeps the skin healthy. Mrs. Thomas Thompson of Clarksville, Ga., writes: "I suffered 15 years with tormenting eczema; had the best doctors to prescribe; but nothing did me any good until I got Tetterine. It cured me. I am so thankful." Thousands of others can testify to similar cures. Tetterine at druggists or by mail for 50c by J. T. Shuprine, Savannah, Ga. Adv.

Good Wishes From Home.

When Mr. Brown was away from home on an extended business trip, he got a long letter from his wife. It ended thus:

"Baby is well and lots brighter than she used to be. Hoping you are the same, I remain,
"Your loving wife."

FOR WEAKNESS AND LOSS OF APETITE.

The Old Standard general strengthening tonic, GROWER'S TASTELESS CHILI TONIC drives out malaria and builds up the system. A true tonic and sure Appetizer. For adults and children. 50 cents.

Constant Menace to Public Health.

The National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis estimates that there are over a million consumptives in the United States, of whom probably at least one-third are unable to provide for themselves the necessary treatment at home. Most of these cases are a menace to the health of their families and associates, and should be in special hospitals. At the present time, however, even if every case were known, it would not be possible to provide accommodations for more than one in eight or ten. The removal of these foci of infection demands more and better hospital and sanatorium provision.

Misunderstood.

She was a plump widow, with two charming daughters. She had been a "relic" just a year, and was beginning to wear her "weeds" lightly. All the same, when the new curate called upon her she sighed:

"Ah! I feel the loss of my poor, dear husband very much. I never have any appetite for anything now."

The curate was all sympathy and in the endeavor to cheer her by pointing out what a comfort to her her daughters must be, replied:

"I can quite understand that, but you are so laced in—"

"S-l-r-r!" interrupted the indignant lady. "Allow me to inform you that I am not laced at all."

Plea for Kitchen.

The kitchen should be the refinery, the laboratory, the factory of the home, and the pivotal point about which the activities of the home revolve. Costs should be considered thoughtfully; no scrap of food should be used again in various ways. By buying staple food supplies in large quantities from 15 to 30 per cent. can be saved. Any one wishing to do so may economize in this way. Housewives must not look upon their art as mere drudgery; they must bring education, intelligence, and concentration into practice. They should learn, as manufacturers have, that the best results are to be obtained in a workshop that is well lighted, properly ventilated, and comfortably large, suitably furnished, and sanitary in all its equipments.—Leslie's.

AN OLD NURSE

Persuaded Doctor to Drink Postum.

An old faithful nurse and an experienced doctor, are a pretty strong combination in favor of Postum, instead of tea and coffee.

The doctor said:
"I began to drink Postum five years ago on the advice of an old nurse."

"During an unusually busy winter, between coffee, tea and overwork, I became a victim of insomnia. In a month after beginning Postum, in place of tea and coffee, I could eat anything and sleep as soundly as a baby."

"In three months I had gained twenty pounds in weight. I now use Postum altogether instead of tea and coffee; even at bedtime with a soda cracker or some other tasty biscuit."

"Having a little tendency to Diabetes, I used a small quantity of saccharin instead of sugar, to sweeten with. I may add that today tea or coffee are never present in our house and very many patients, on my advice, have adopted Postum as their regular beverage."

"In conclusion I can assure anyone that as a refreshing, nourishing and nerve-strengthening beverage, there is nothing equal to Postum."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Write for booklet, "The Road to Wellville."

Postum comes in two forms.

Regular (must be boiled).

Instant Postum doesn't require boiling but is prepared instantly by stirring a level teaspoonful in an ordinary cup of hot water, which makes it right for most persons.

A big cup requires more and some people who like strong things put in a heaping spoonful and temper it with a large supply of cream.

Experiment until you know the amount that pleases your palate and have it served that way in the future. "There's a Reason" for Postum.

Wood Cutting Prohibited On Spur Lands!

Notice is Hereby Given That Any Person Who Cuts Wood of Any Kind Whatever From Any of Our Lands Any Where Now or Hereafter will Be Prosecuted to the Fullest Extent of the Law Without Favor or Consideration

IN Some localities in past years, the lands have been shamefully cut over, regardless of our rights, and those of purchasers of land not occupied. Many otherwise honest men, have come to think that what others have done, without a penalty resulting, they can also do, and there is an increasing disposition to appropriate wood wherever it can be found, no matter to whom it belongs. This must and will be stopped. We must protect the people who have already bought Spur Lands, and those who will hereafter buy them, from this wood cutting.

Some people pretend to think there is no objection to it. This is, therefore, public notice that no one has our permission to cut wood of any kind whatever from our lands anywhere, and that prosecution will certainly follow trespassers hereafter without favor.

S. M. Swenson And Sons

CHAS. A. JONES, Manager,

Spur, Dickens Co., Texas

Mose Baum, who has been spending several days in the city with his sister, Mrs. Oran McClure, returned Saturday to his home at Cross Plains. During the past two weeks he has been over portions of both eastern and western Texas and he reports that the Spur country and the Plains have the best crops within the whole country.

Lumber direct from mills to consumer at wholesale price. Lumber, shingles, doors and windows. Write for price list. —Kountze Lumber Company, Kountze, Texas. 40-13t
Read The Texas Spur—\$1 a year

John Smith and family, who with others left the Spur country several months ago to hunt a new location in Mexico, returned last week to the Spur country and will continue to make this their home in the future. Mr. Smith is one of our substantial citizens and we are glad to know that he and family will continue to make their home in the Spur country.

If you have trouble with your ears, see Dr. Daly October 7 to 9 at Dr. Morris' office. 43tf

Mrs. Bickers, of Stamford, was in Spur Friday and Saturday visiting friends.

START YOUR LIVER; DON'T STOP WORK

Dodson's Liver Tone Acts Mildly, but Surely Livers Up the Liver and You Stay On Your Feet

It is the experience of calomel users that if they take enough of the drug to have the desired effect, it seriously interferes with their work the day after. But this is the least important item, for calomel is often a dangerous drug and acts on the system violently.

Don't take chances with calomel. Get a bottle of the pleasant, safe and perfectly harmless Dodson's Liver Tone, guaranteed to take the place of calomel. Instead of making you feel worse the next day it makes you feel better—and you actually are better, for no remedy in the whole world livens up the liver, regulates the bowels and really rejuvenates the system better than this does.

You are the sole judge of its merits. The Red Front Drug Store is fully authorized to hand you back your money without question if it fails to please you—and relieve you.

Remember, if you feel constipated and bilious, what you need is Dodson's Liver Tone. A large bottle and a good guarantee for 50 cents from The Red Front Drug Store.

E. W. Cross, of Kent county, was in Spur Saturday with cotton which he sold on the Spur market. Mr. Cross also purchased supplies of the merchants while in the city.

Luther Hindman is reported quite sick at his home in the Dry Lake community. We hope soon to note that Luther has completely recovered of the illness.

Uncle Wash Robertson, who moved last year to New Mexico, was in Spur this week and spent several days here greeting his former friends. Uncle Wash did not make any definite statement but the indications are that he will make the necessary arrangements while here to remove to the Spur country another year and again make his home in this section. Uncle Wash is not only a fine citizen but a successful farmer and we extend a welcome to he and his family to again become citizens of this section.

Poet Hagins was in Spur Monday from his place in the Gilpin country and spent several hours here on business. He was looking for cotton pickers to help gather his crop. He reports that the cotton in his section is now opening rapidly and the cotton picking season will soon be in full blast.

The best car in the world for the money is the Ford. See J. L. Gilbert, sub-agent at garage. 35tf

J. I. Greer and wife returned recently from a trip to New Mexico and other parts of the country where they have been spending some time visiting and looking over the country.

Mike M. Young and family, of the Red Hill community, were in the city Monday and spent some time here on business and visiting friends.

Murray Brothers...

YOU WILL EVENTUALLY
HAVE US DO
That Work

Why Not Now?

CENTRAL MEAT MARKET

PERRY FITE, Proprietor

Fresh and Cured Meats

Call or Phone us Orders. Your Patronage is Solicited.

W. F. Godfrey Realty Company.

**Real Estate
Fire Insurance.**

Tax Assessor and Collector For the Spur Independent School District

The Second-Hand Store

GOODS OF ALL KINDS BOUGHT AND SOLD. REPAIR WORK DONE

We have second hand goods of all kinds and can save you money on Furniture, cook stoves, refrigerators, ice boxes and all other house furnishing goods. We are located on Harris Street, east of First State Bank, and invite you to come and see us before making your purchases. V. H. DAVIS, SPUR, TEX.

COAL, - FEED!

WE ARE HEADQUARTERS
For Coal and Feedstuff of all kinds and can supply your wants in short order. We have the **BEST ASSORTED STOCK** in this part of the country and would appreciate your business in

Bran, Corn, Oats,	Shorts, Maize	Seed Rye and Oats	Millet, Sacks
Corn Chops	Alfalfa Hay	Cold Pressed Cake	Johnson Grass Sd
Maize Chops	Prairie Hay	Cotton Seed Meal	Chicken Feed
Kaffir Corn Chops	Seed Wheat	Cotton Seed Hulls	Special Horse Feed

Big Lump, Nut and Blacksmith Coal

We buy Furs, Hides, Bran and Oat Sacks. Weigh your wagons here. Call whether you buy or not. We want to get acquainted

SPUR GRAIN & COAL COMPANY BOTH PHONES 51
SPUR, TEXAS

WASHINGTON CITY SIGHTS



Prehistoric Bones Are Found in a Maryland Cave



WASHINGTON.—James W. Gidley, assistant curator of the National Museum, has completed his work of exploring the cave at Corriganville, Md., for the bones of prehistoric animals. The cave was opened when the big limestone cut was made for a railway extension from Cumberland to Connellsville.

Thirty-two distinct forms of prehistoric animals were found, and when the bones are cleaned up and looked into closer the number may run up to more than 40. There are in all about 17 skulls, and ten forms are represented by good skulls.

In the find one of the most important made is the following: The mastodon, which lived in about the middle of the period, estimated at 150,000 years or more ago. An extinct species of the horse, similar in some respects to the horse of the present day, but of which there was living at that time at least 14 distinct species. The tapir, now to be found no farther north than Central and South America.

An extinct peccary, a hoglike animal of more than twice the size now found in Central America. Bears, two small ones, about the size of the common black bear, but of extinct species, and one large one about the size of a grizzly bear.

The wolverine, an extinct species of an animal not now known except in northern Canada. An extinct species of a large dog like animal about the size of a gray wolf, also one or two smaller species of the same animal, now extinct.

Congressman Fields Tells a Good One on Himself

WHEN I was making my campaign last fall," said Representative Fields of Kentucky. "I started out to cover a country in which I was but little acquainted. Believing, like Polonius, that a fine front was a valuable asset, I arrayed myself in my best. When I got off the train at the county seat, whence I was to make my start, I met the candidate for judge on my ticket, and making known to him my views, I found he agreed with me.

Accordingly, after putting up in the best quarters at the best hotel in the town, we next morning engaged the handsomest rig the best livery stable could boast, and, with a haughty driver on the box, sallied forth to conquer.

Night overtook us some miles from the village at which we had expected to put up, but soon after it fell we spied through the gloom an imposing looking mansion with many lights aglow.

Ring the bell, we announced ourselves; whereupon a hospitable gentleman came out and ushered us into a parlor whose modest furnishings seemed out of keeping with the dignity and size of the mansion.



"When, later, we went to a belated supper, we were astonished to find a spacious dining room furnished as barely as the parlor.

"It's the true yeoman spirit," explained the candidate for judge, and we got through a most meager meal as best we could.

"We were up betimes next morning, after sleeping in most primitive quarters, that did injustice to the noble mansion, and after a breakfast on a par with the supper we got in our rig and started away. Reaching the summit of a hill some half a mile away, we paused to look back at our night's resting place. Just then a horseman drew up beside us.

"What place is that?" I queried.

"That?" he replied. "Why, that's the county poorhouse!"

When Boy "Put One Over" on the Congressman



CARTER GLASS of Lynchburg, Va., has his seat in the lower house tied down so hard and fast that the folks down in his district consider it almost a sacrilege even to talk about running against him. There was once a time, however, when the votes didn't come so easy, and in those days Glass made it a practice to get out in a buggy and cover his entire district, shaking every voter by the hand and kissing all their babies.

On one of these tours Glass, driving along a lonely stretch of Virginia road, came to a huge field of scraggly corn being hoed by a boy of perhaps fifteen years. Glass drew his horse up,

leaped out of the buggy, walked over and leaned against the fence.

Glass introduced himself, and got directions as to how to find the boy's father.

"Corn rows are pretty far apart, aren't they?" he asked.

"Yep. Planted 'em that way," responded the boy, briefly.

"Looks pretty small to me for this time of year," said Glass.

"Planted small corn," said the boy, and spat contentedly.

"Maybe you were a little late in planting?" suggested Glass.

"Nope," said the boy succinctly. "We aim to have late corn."

Glass was now rather peeved. He looked at the boy sharply. The latter was "chawin'" tobacco, and gazing calmly into his space.

"H'mmm," said Glass, clearing his throat. "There isn't much between you and a fool, is there?"

The boy looked up quickly, and then spat ruminatively.

"Nope," he remarked. "Just the fence."

Declares He Will Be More Careful in the Future

FRANK D. HESTER, chief of a subdivision of the division of war claims of the pension bureau, is at his desk again. Commissioner Saltzger decided that the 90 days' suspension he had imposed upon Mr. Hester was too severe for such a trifling indiscretion as Mr. Hester had committed.

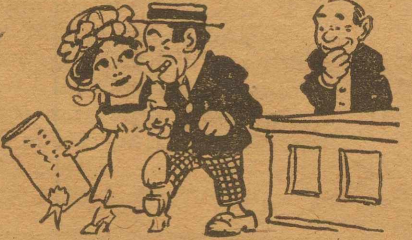
In the latter's subdivision was a pretty temporary clerk who had completed her work and was about to leave. She had been a favorite, and as she was leaving she made a round of the room and planted a smacking kiss upon the mouth of every woman clerk.

Reaching the desk of her now former chief, the smiling young woman, amid the titters of the other clerks, challenged Mr. Hester with:

"Aren't you going to kiss me goodbye, too?"

Mr. Hester, with mind engrossed on an official paper, but with chivalry upmost, rose to the occasion and gave the young woman as good an osculatory farewell as she presented.

The tale was carried to Commis-



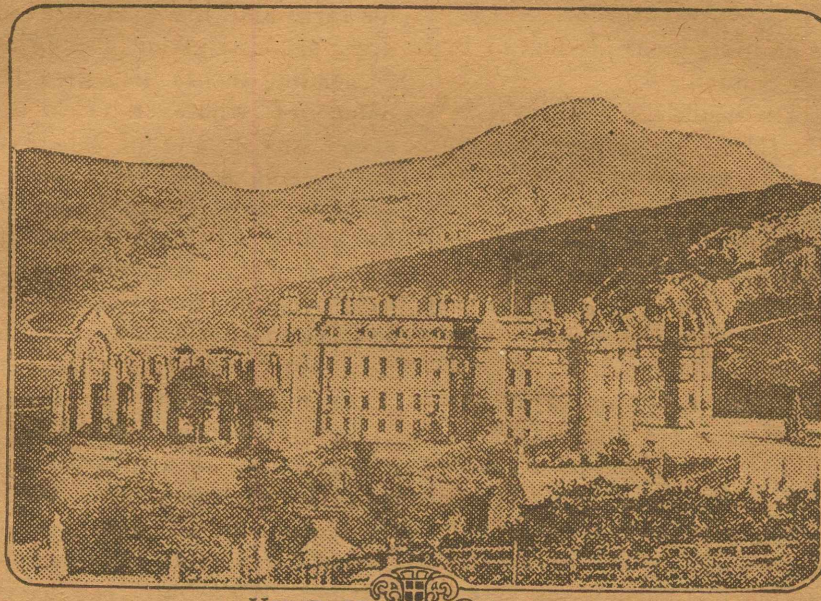
Commissioner Saltzger, who promptly suspended Mr. Hester for 90 days, for the story had been enlarged upon in its final recital. Investigation by the commissioner resulted in the withdrawal of the suspension order.

Mr. Hester declares he is going to be careful of his kissing in the future.

Busiest Man.

After thinking it over carefully, we have decided that probably the busiest man in the world is the man on a Pullman who is engaged in trying to keep the porter from putting his hat box with the baggage of every lady who gets off the train.

Holyrood, PALACE OF ROMANCE



HOLYROOD PALACE

THE palace of Holyrood," observed R. L. Stevenson, "has been set aside in the growth of Edinburgh, and stands gray and silent in a workman's quarter and among breweries and gas works."

The gas works have gone since Mr. Stevenson wrote, but the breweries remain, and otherwise the environs of the palace are little changed. Among them, however, must be numbered the magnificent royal park, the picturesque line of serrated rocks which form the Salisbury crags and the lofty hill, crowned by its noble lion's head, which owes its name of "Arthur's Seat" to its associations with the old Arthurian legends of Edinburgh. Of royalty itself Holyrood has seen but little since James VI. of happy memory left it to occupy the throne of Elizabeth. The fact that the reigning British sovereigns are to reside in the palace as well as to hold state functions there has greatly increased the enthusiasm of their visit to Edinburgh.

Scenes of Romantic Interest.

The rarity of royal residence adds to the importance of its occurrence. King George will be the first reigning king, the second reigning sovereign to occupy the palace since the time of Charles I, while Queen Mary will be the first queen consort to reside there since Anne of Denmark, James VII's queen, quitted its walls. In 1633 Charles I was crowned in the chapel royal at Holyrood, and in 1641 he spent about three months in the palace—not very happily. From that time till George IV. visited Edinburgh in 1822 no British monarch crossed its threshold. And George IV. while holding various state ceremonies in Holyrood resided in Dalkeith house.

Queen Victoria and the prince consort also lived at Dalkeith on the occasion of their first visit to Edinburgh, in 1842. In the autumn of 1850, however, her majesty and Prince Albert resided for a couple of days in Holyrood, and subsequently the queen when going to or returning from Balmorale several times broke her journey at Edinburgh and spent a night in the palace. In April, 1903, King Edward held a court at Holyrood, but his majesty and Queen Alexandra resided at Dalkeith house.

It is fondly hoped that the coming visit of their majesties to the ancient palace of the Stuarts may be the precursor of many to follow and that the dimmed brilliance of Holyrood may be restored and its past glories in some part at least revived.

Although not the oldest of the Scottish royal palaces, that of Holyrood house is in many respects the most interesting. It appeals to the imagination as none other does. It has been the scene of some of the most splendid, the most romantic and the most tragic incidents in Scottish history—of coronations, royal marriages, festivities, court revels, plots, conspiracies, feuds, intrigues, murders. Moreover, while Linlithgow and Falkland palaces are of earlier date, for nearly four and a half centuries before the erection of a royal palace at Holyrood the magnificent abbey which stood there was closely associated with the Scottish sovereigns. Founded in 1128 by David I, this religious house was frequently used as a royal residence; parliaments met within its walls and in its church kings were crowned, wedded and buried.

The Residence of Scottish Monarchs.

The erection of a royal palace was begun about 1501 by James IV., and from this time onward it was the chief residence of the Scottish monarchs. It is noteworthy that one of the first events connected with it was the marriage of James to the Princess Margaret, daughter of Henry VII. of England—from which marriage came the union of the crowns James V. extended the palace and it has associations of a peculiarly close and interesting character with his unfortunate daughter, Mary.

Here the lovely queen of Scots en-

joyed a brief period of happiness after her return from France; here she read with George Buchanan, played chess with her favorites, danced with Chesterfield, listened to the music of Rizzio and held stormy interviews with John Knox. Here she wedded Darnley; here Rizzio was slain, and here she celebrated her nuptials with the ruffianly Bothwell. James VI. lived chiefly at Holyrood before his accession to the throne of England, and it was here Sir Robert Carey brought him tidings of the death of Queen Elizabeth. He visited the palace only once afterwards. The two visits of Charles I. have already been referred to. While no reigning sovereign occupied Holyrood subsequently for a couple of centuries James II. lived there twice while he was duke of York.

The palace, too, played a romantic part in the rising of 1745. For six weeks Prince Charles Edward held a court in it and gave receptions, balls, etc. After the French revolution Holyrood twice provided a residence for the exiled royal family of France. In 1859 King Edward, then prince of Wales, lived in Holyrood while he was studying, and in 1863-1864 the duke of Edinburgh, afterwards duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, resided in the palace, while he was attending Edinburgh university.

Of the ancient abbey of Holyrood, frequently plundered and burned, nothing remains but a part of the fine church; afterwards the Chapel Royal. The palace was set fire to in 1544 by the English and although at once repaired was again destroyed three years later. Rebuilt almost immediately, it suffered once more during the civil wars, when most of the building was burned by Cromwell's troops. After the restoration it was rebuilt by Charles II., who took a great interest in the work and made several suggestions which, it is said, were treated with great respect, although they were ignored. The existing palace, with the exception of a remnant of the building of James V. (the northwestern towers, in which are situated the historical apartments), is the structure of Charles II.

The residential part of the palace includes throne room, drawing-rooms, dining-rooms, etc., and several have a magnificent outlook toward Arthur's seat and the Salisbury crags. In anticipation of the present royal visit the building has been thoroughly overhauled and extensive renovations carried out externally and internally. Many modern facilities have been introduced. Most of the private apartments of the king and queen have been redecorated, and her majesty has taken a great interest in the details of the work. The wall papers have been selected by herself.

Tale of the Commune.

This story of the Paris commons is well vouched for by a spectator. "As several Versailles were being led away to be shot," he says, "one man in the crowd who accompanied them, to see the shooting, made himself particularly conspicuous by taunting and reviling the prisoners. 'There, confound you,' said one of the prisoners at last, 'don't you try to get out of it by edging off into the crowd and pretending you are one of them. Come back here; the game is up; let us all die together.' And the crowd was so persuaded that the communard's vehemence was only assumed to cloak his escape, that he was marched into file with the prisoners and duly shot."

First in His Line.

"It was Atlas, wasn't it, pa, who held up the world?"

"Yes, my son."

"Then he must have been the first hold-up man, wasn't he?"

Remorse.

"But," she complained, "you told me you had a rich uncle."

"I know it," he sadly replied. "I regret that lie more than you ever can—now."

HOW'S YOUR LIVER AND BOWELS?

If you are Taking Hot Springs Liver Buttons they are no Doubt in Splendid Condition

If you would be cheerful, healthful, full of life and vigor, don't fool with calomel or any violent cathartic. HOT SPRINGS LIVER BUTTONS are made from the prescriptions of one of the many great physicians of Hot Springs, Arkansas.

If you have been to this famous health resort you know all about them for they are prescribed there generally by physicians for all liver, stomach and bowel trouble.

If you are having trouble with your bowels or liver and aren't feeling as full of energy and ambition as you should, get a 25 cent box of HOT SPRINGS LIVER BUTTONS at your druggist's to-day, take one each night for a week—they do not give a particle of discomfort; on the other hand they are gentle, safe and sure.

They are simply splendid, everybody says, and after you try one box you'll say the same. For free sample write Hot Springs Chemical Co., Hot Springs, Ark.

Lives of great men often remind us that the book agent is abroad in the land.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

Regular Attendant.

"Is your father a regular attendant at church?"

"Yes, he goes once a year, whether he thinks he needs it or not."

To Cure Sore and Tender Feet. Apply the wonderful, old reliable DR. PORTER'S ANTISEPTIC HEALING OIL. 25c, 50c, \$1.00.

Only Way to Fly.

"I thought you said you were going in for aviating?"

"No, I'm going up for it."

Tight Fit.

"Look," twittered the new man, "isn't this just a lovely waistcoat? I made it myself out of one of her old hobble skirts. Ain't I saving?"

And the other new man gazed at the garment in voluble admiration.

Such a Foolish Question.

"My wife lost her purse with \$15 in it today," said a sad-looking man.

"While going to town or coming home?" inquired a sympathizer.

"Didn't I say it had some money in it?" answered the sad-looking man, and every one knew when she lost it.

Just Her Husband.

A woman mounted the step of a car, carrying an umbrella like a reversed saber.

The conductor touched her lightly saying: "Excuse me, madam, but you are likely to put out the eye of the man behind you."

"He's my husband," she snapped, with the tone of full proprietorship.

Aweary.

"Sue," observed the old man, "I trust you will ere long be able to choose a life partner from among the numerous young men who call upon you."

"Why, papa," exclaimed Sue, "what's your hurry?"

"Simply this—I'm tired of keeping my heavy shoes on till midnight."

Post Toasties for Lunch

Appetizing and wholesome these hot Summer days.

No cooking — no hot kitchen.

Ready to eat direct from the package — fresh, crisp and dainty.

Serve with cream and sugar — and sometimes fresh berries or fruit.

Post Toasties are thin bits of Indian Corn, toasted to a golden brown.

Acceptable at any meal—

Post Toasties

Sold by Grocers everywhere.



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Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat and Fitting
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The Texas Postmasters Association will meet in Galveston October 10, 11 and 13., and postmasters from every section of the country are expected to attend.

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DICKENS, TEXAS

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FETERITA YIELDS BOUNTIFULLY

The Shallow Water Belt is trying out feterita, a new grain introduced into the United States three years ago by the Department of Agriculture. The grain is an indigenous product of British Soudan.

The heads are very large. W. P. Camp, government experiment station director at Sentinel, Oklahoma, is authority for the statement that the food value of this grain is equal to kaffir corn or milo maize. The fodder is superior to that of maize. Feterita is equal to kaffir corn in this respect. It is proving to be good ensilage. The stalk is sweet.

The saving virtue of feterita is that it stands the drouth. Mr. Camp reports that with only 3 inches of rainfall feterita yielded eighty-five bushels per acre.

There are a few farmers who have planted the grain, and they all report that it stands the dry weather better than kaffir corn or milo maize.

A bundle of feterita cut on the E. G. Duncan farm, west of Plainview, shows a very heavy yield.

Mr. R. B. Brown, who lives in the Roseland neighborhood, brought to town Wednesday a bunch of feterita, which he says made two tons to the acre. Maize planted at the same time and receiving the same amount of rainfall burnt up and did not head.

Feterita resembles kaffir corn and suckers like cane. It is a distinct dry weather crop, and will make when all other forage crops burn up. It is worth three times as much on the market as maize, and the government test is much greater for feeding purposes than the maize family or corn. The stalk is sweet and stock eat it with a greater relish than that of maize or kaffir.

In parts of Oklahoma and other dry farming states feterita is raised exclusive of all other forage crops.—Plainview Herald.

Since the Legislature recently passed a law prohibiting the shipment of intoxicants into local option territory a number of elections have been held to determine whether or not the local option laws should continue in force in the defined territories. Callahan county had an election last week with the result that the county remains dry by ninety-six votes. It was thought by many that the more stringent liquor laws would have a tendency to make votes for the antis, but the indications are that the prohibition sentiment will continue to prevail in the majority of instances where elections are ordered.

Frank Reaugh, of Dallas and an artist of note and recognized ability, is in the city visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jeff D. Reagan. During his visit here Mr. Reaugh has made a number of sketches from the natural beauties of the surrounding country and from which he expects later to paint some of his best pictures. While the natural beauties are yet undeveloped in this section, the Spur country offers limited but unsurpassed opportunities to artists in procuring material for the most attractive painting.

Miss Dorris Attebury is on an extended visit with relatives in Amarillo where she has been several days.

Lost—Confederate Soldier's badge in Spur. Finder please return to the Texas Spur office.

FARMERS SHOULD USE PRINTED STATIONERY

Every farmer who owns a hundred acres of land or more ought to have printed stationery with his name and the name of his farm and his postoffice address properly given. The printed heading should also give the name of whatever crops he specializes on, and of whatever varieties of seed, or whatever breeds of cattle, hogs or poultry he keeps. Printed stationery gives you standing with whatever person or firm you are writing to and gives you a new dignity besides insuring that your name and address will always be given properly and in full.

Moreover, such printed stationery increases your credit. A prominent advertiser wrote one of our readers the other day saying: We usually require the cash with order for all our goods but we have found that it pays to trust a man who uses printed stationery as you do; so we are shipping your order at once."

If you want to write to your Congressman or member of the Legislature; or have a request to make of your county superintendent of schools; or if you wish to get information from any business house, in any case your letter will have increased weight and get prompter attention if you use printed stationery.—Progressive Farming.

FROM DICKENS ITEM

Judge O. S. Ferguson informs us that the scholastic apportionment for the year 1913-1914 is ten dollars per capita for all children between the ages of 7 and 17 years on September 1st, 1913. Only those ages draw the public funds, but all children between the ages of 7 and 21 on the first day of September, 1913, are admitted to the public schools free of charge. The free school privileges are extended whether the person is married or single.

A. J. Brasswell, of the Afton country, was in town Saturday with this season's first bale of cotton, had it ginned at the local gin and sold it to merchant R. D. Shields for eleven and three quarters cent per pound. We understand that a bale was ginned at the Draper gin the same day. On account of the continued dry weather cotton is opening up rapidly and the gins will be running steady before many days.

Teachers examination convened this morning with county examiners F. F. Mace and E. Ham in charge. The following teachers are in attendance: Misses Sallye Flippo, Bessie Loyd, Calla Smith, Addie Wells, Mae Adams, Olive Adams and Mr. Moore.

R. C. Forbis and family moved to Dickens the latter part of last week and are occupying the Mrs. Green residence. These people have strong faith in the Dickens High School and move here each year to give their children the advantage of same.

Paul Young was taken to the Standifer Sanitarium at Spur last week where he was operated upon for appendicitis. He is reported to be doing nicely.

Oscar Smith, of Scurry county, and Miss Millie Moore, of Afton, came to Dickens Monday, secured a marriage license and had Judge Ferguson tie the nuptial knot.

R. M. Hamby returned Monday from an extended trip over a large scope of country and reports that Dickens county is "in the swim" compared with other

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The Spur National Bank
SPUR, TEXAS

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countries he traveled through.

The Hon. Jo A. P. Dickson will hold a special session of District Court in Dickens September 10th for the purpose of trying road injunction suits.

We have opened a first-class garage in the building formerly occupied by the Spur Auto Supply Company. Leave your cars with us and buy your oil, gas and supplies from us. Bring us your repair work, we have a skilled mechanic in charge.—J. L. Gilbert. 35-1f.

Found--Near the picnic grounds a suit case containing wearing apparel. Owner can get same by applying at the Texas Spur office and paying for this notice.

Wayne Perry, of Jones county, is in the city spending several days with his brother, W. K. Perry at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hisey.

The little child of Mr. and Mrs. Leon Lewis has been quite sick this week at their home in the west part of the city.

Mace Hunter was in the city Saturday from his farm home a few miles east of town.



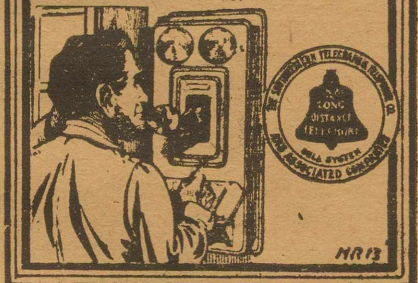
*Getting over
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Clear skies, green fields, full barns for the farmer who realizes that the old order of things has passed.

To be modern is to have a Bell telephone. To have a telephone is to live.

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Fire, Tornado, Plate Glass and Livestock Insurance. We sell Land, City Property and Livestock. Non-Residents' business promptly attended to.

NOTARY PUBLIC IN OFFICE

SPUR PICNIC, BARBECUE AND OLD SOLDIERS DAY

The picnic, barbecue and old Soldiers reunion in Spur Friday and Saturday was a success in every particular, and the thousands of people who attended from every section of the country enjoyed the occasion to the fullest extent. People were here from New Mexico to Oklahoma and Friday morning people came in large crowds from Dickens and all of the surrounding counties until five thousand or more were on the grounds where attractions and amusements were in variety to amuse and please all, both young and old.

The picnic grounds were located just across the railroad track south of Spur, and within the entrance to the grounds and on either side of the main passageway were a vaudeville show conducted by Roy Zinn and a corps of vaudeville assistants who gave entertaining performances at intervals throughout the two days; a wild west show conducted by Oscar Hart and in which bronco riding was the attraction gave a number of exhibitions of expert riding, and having a horse which threw several of the best riders; a Zoma show of snake handling by the wild woman; knife racks; doll racks; hoop la; various ball throwing and ball pitching games and a knocking board; several novelty stands, cold drink and confectionery stands, peanut and popcorn roaster and hamburger and sandwich stands; the most prominent amusement attraction being the Parker Amusement Co. with their merry-go-round carry-us-all and the big fifty-foot ferris wheel, and on which thousands of people were entertained and amused.

The speakers stand was located in the back of the grounds, being sufficiently large to comfortably accommodate a large number of people and under which the Jayton Band, under manager Rogers, discoursed music to the pleasure and gratification of all lovers of high-class music. Friday morning Mayor Geo. S. Link delivered an address of welcome to visitors, and which was appropriate to the occasion and appreciated by all who heard him. Later Dr. Grace was introduced and entertained the audience in his characteristic and most pleasing manner.

Basket dinner was served at the noon hour, and the ladies of the town and surrounding country who so generously and effectively contributed to the success of the basket dinner program will ever have the thanks of the managers and promoters of the occasion, and the appreciation of all who were present. The dinner in plenty and great variety was spread on the barbecue tables and presided over in the most gracious manner by the ladies. The basket dinner and the generous manner in which it was served was one of the most pleasant and gratifying features of the two days celebration.

In the afternoon at two o'clock the crowds witnessed the balloon ascension and the parachute leap from a height of hundreds of feet. Later the match game of base ball between the Spur and Crosbyton teams was witnessed by large numbers of lovers of that sport. The game resulted in a score of 4 to 19 in favor of Spur. The following afternoon the second game was played by the same teams, resulting in a score of 3 to 9 in favor

of Spur. During the afternoon Judge Cullen C. Higgins delivered an appropriate and well rendered address which was well received and appreciated by a large audience.

Saturday at ten o'clock two horse races of several entries each were run on the race tracks prepared for the occasion, both races being fast and satisfactorily run. In the first race I. D. Rodgers of Kent county was awarded the first prize of \$25; D. C. Lane 2nd prize of \$10; Alma Hancock 3rd prize of \$5. In the second race F. R. Harrington won first prize of \$17.50; O. M. Hart second prize of \$7.50; and Joe Hale 3rd prize of \$5.

The second day being the Old Soldiers Reunion day, special attention and consideration was given those few who were in attendance. Among the old soldiers present were J. C. Stephens Captain of the John A. Green Camp, W. C. McArthur, N. D. Johns, J. H. Sparks, J. C. Garrett, A. J. McClain, Wyatt Taylor, G. W. Glasgow, Jonas Carlisle, J. C. Martin, E. Luce, J. H. Stradley, Joe Perry, W. M. Moore and one other, all members of the Jno. A. Green Camp, U.C.V., and possibly all of the old ex-Confederates with but one or two exceptions now living in this section of the country. At 10:30 o'clock the old soldiers were car-

ried in automobiles to the Spur school auditorium where an elaborate program was rendered for the pleasure and entertainment of those present. The program consisted of selections of band music, vocal quartets, solos and appropriate recitations. By special request the "Blue and the Gray" was recited by Mrs. Mace, and this with other appropriate readings, songs and instrumental music appropriate for the occasion was well received by the audience. Judge C. C. Higgins delivered an address to the old soldiers in a forceful manner, eulogizing their deeds and patriotism on the fields of battle and expressing the high regard and reverence in which the patriots of '61 '65 are held by the sons and daughters of the Confederacy.

In the afternoon the ex-Confederates met under the gospel tent and enjoyed reminiscences of war days, the consequent forages and hardships and recounting the many incidents of the four years struggles, and no doubt the afternoon meeting was the most pleasant feature of the occasion of the reunion of Old ex-Confederate Soldiers.

The ranks of the old soldiers are rapidly thinning, and at best but a very few years will pass until the evening shadows of life will forever close around those few we now have with us. We

consider these old soldiers not only loyal patriots who sacrificed their all for home and country but among the greatest men living today, and in the declining days of the evening of life we regard them as Chiefs among men, and it is with sacred reverence we note their passing into the Great Beyond. Let us tender the choicest and most fragrant flowers to the living ex-Confederate soldiers, and our sacred memory to the dead.

On the grounds at two o'clock a dinner of choice barbecue, prepared in the most inviting manner, together with hot coffee, pickles, bread and ice water was served in plentiful quantities to thousands of appreciative picnickers. Throughout the two days free ice water was furnished the crowds, and as a closing feature of the celebration at six o'clock Saturday evening another successful balloon ascension was made to the delight and pleasure of thousands of spectators.

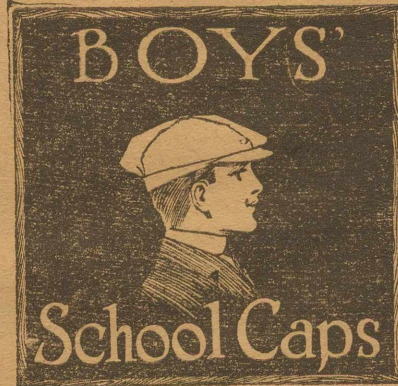
At a late hour the picnickers, no doubt tired and dusty, departed for their homes, cherishing a lasting memory of the varied entertainment and amusements furnished, and, as our guests, will have a kindlier expression and feeling for Spur and those who contributed to the success and pleasure of the occasion of the Spur Picnic, Barbecue and Old Soldiers Reunion.

The NEW STORE



TO the many former friends, "as well as those whom I hope to become so," I wish to extend to you the invitation to visit "The New Store." We are now most splendidly equipped to serve you with merchandise of quality, which justifies the price asked. We have in transit one of the handsomest lines of Ladies Tailored Suits shown in the state.

This line comes from a New York manufacturer of the "Highest Reputation." Clothing shown by us for Men, Boys and Children, of makes of the Better Kind, cover a wide range of choice patterns, as well as of price. Brown Shoes, 'Buster Brown Shoes' and other good makes, in the new toes and leathers. Dry Goods and Notions in every conceivable style and idea. We only ask that you see. We are located at the Morrison Stand. Call on us.



LOVE DRY GOODS CO.

Spur's New
Dry Goods Store

C. L. LOVE,
Manager

GILPIN HAPPENINGS

Miss Odessa Hagins and sisters, of near Jayton, visited relatives here last week and attended the picnic at Spur Friday and Saturday.

P. E. Hagins made a business trip to Dickens Monday.

Rev. Bennett filled his regular appointment here Sunday.

Grandma Bilberry, who has been quite sick for some time, is reported to be doing no better.

Earl Hagins made a business trip Monday to Matador.

Rev. Vincent Bilberry, of Afton, is attending the bed side of his mother.

Henry Bilberry and family and Roy Thomas and wife, of near Jayton, visited Grandma Bilberry last week.

A large number of the Gilpin folk attended the Spur picnic Friday and Saturday. All report a pleasant time.

Rev. Bennett hauled a bale of cotton to Spur Monday. Cotton picking has opened up in good earnest and the crop is turning out better than was expected.

If it does not rain pretty soon, we will have no winter grass.

Three cheers for the Texas Spur, the brightest, breeziest and most cheerful newspaper in the West! And three cheers for its editor, who holds no grudges, airs no grievances and looks on the bright side of everything and gives us the news as he sees it.—A. Farmer.

NEW BLACKSMITH SHOP

Oliver Pike, who is now living at Stamford, was in Spur the first of this week and reported that he was making his arrangements to return to Spur and establish a blacksmith business here. Mr. Pike will locate his shop on the lot east of Boothe's Photograph Studio and informs us that he will be ready for business by the first of October.

R. L. Jones, of Steel Hill, has accepted a position as cotton buyer with Bryant-Link Company and will probably be associated with the firm in this capacity throughout the cotton season.

W. T. Wilson was in the city Wednesday from his farm home five miles east of Spur and spent several hours here trading with the merchants and attending to other business affairs.

Jim Kerlin, one of the most prominent citizens and ranchmen of the north part of the county, was in Spur Tuesday on business and spent some time here.

Sebe Lambert, a prominent citizen and prosperous farmer of the Tap country, was in Spur Wednesday on business, spending several hours here.

H. C. Allen, one of the most prominent citizens of the Dry Lake community, was in the city Wednesday on business and trading with the merchants.

Nick Burgess, a prominent citizen of the Afton country, was in Spur this week on business and trading with the merchants of the city.

W. A. Johnson was a business visitor to Spur Wednesday from his Dockum Stock Farm and spent some time here.

Sheriff Conner came down from Dickens Wednesday on official business and spent several hours in Spur.

GOOD DESSERT FOR SUMMER

Pies That Make a Fitting Ending to the Dinner Served During the Hot Days.

Fruit Pie—Mix half a tablespoonful of arrowroot with a little cold water till smooth and put it in a lined saucepan with any sort of fruit juice preferred—the juice from canned fruit or from that freshly stewed. Sweeten to taste with powdered sugar and stir over the fire till boiling and thickened. Put about two breakfast cupfuls of the fruit, with its juice, into a pie dish and pour the thickened juice over it. Put a cupful of well washed rice into a saucepan with a pint and a half of milk and boil till reduced to a pulp. Beat two eggs with three tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar and stir them in with the rice when that is cooked. Spread the rice out on a dish and leave it until cool; then work it up with a little flour, mold it into a flat cake that will just fit into the pie dish and lay in on top of the fruit. Brush it over with a paste brushed in beaten egg and bake in the oven till browned. This may be served hot, but is generally preferred cold.

Raspberry Pie—Place the picked over raspberries—or use canned raspberries—in layers in a tart dish, sprinkling sugar between layers, raising the fruit to a point level with the top of the dish. Place a strip of puffed paste around the edge of the dish, cover the whole with a round of the paste, ornament it, sprinkle it over with sugar, place in a moderate oven, and bake for about three-quarters of an hour. To be served either hot or cold.

Banana Cream Pie—Put a lump of butter in a basin and warm it together with a little crushed loaf sugar, the yolks of two or three eggs, a little milk, and sherry or angelica, and pulp of bananas mashed thoroughly. Pour the mixture in a deep dish, stirring in the well-whipped whites of two eggs, place the dish in a moderate oven, and bake, not too quickly, till done. Serve hot or cold.

COTTAGE PUDDING ALL LIKE

Equally a Favorite With the Grown Ups as With the Younger Members of the Family.

One cup of flour, one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder, one tablespoonful of butter, one-half cupful of sugar, one-half cupful of milk, one saltspoonful of salt and one egg. Mix the baking powder with the flour and sift. Cream the butter and sugar and beat into the egg; add the milk in which salt has been dissolved, then the flour. Beat well together and turn into a cake tin having a tube in the center. Bake about 25 minutes in a moderate oven. Turn into a flat dish, leaving bottom side up. Serve with a rich sauce; a good chocolate sauce recipe follows: Melt three ounces of chocolate, add one-half cupful of sugar, one-half cupful of boiling water. Stir until smooth. Flavor with one-quarter teaspoonful of vanilla.

Fruit Jelly.

Cover the contents of one box of gelatin with one pint of water, and after standing half an hour add one-half pint of sugar and one quart of boiling water, the grated rind of one lemon and the juice also. Pare apricots, or peaches, or pears, and the softest ones use for the jelly, reserving the firmest for garnishing the dish. Press the softest fruit through a sieve and sprinkle with a little lemon juice to prevent its becoming discolored; then, after preparing the gelatin and setting the dish in a pan of crushed ice, slowly stir until it begins to thicken; now fold in the fruit pulp and turn into a dish, either plain or fancy. Set on ice until firm. Dip the dish a moment in hot water; invert onto a cold dish and garnish with the fruit and whipped cream, or pass a dish of plain cream when serving.

Rice Spanish Style.

Cut two slices of bacon and one onion into small bits, fry a golden brown and add one cup of well washed rice, two large green peppers from which the partitions and seeds have been removed, cut into small bits, two cups of canned or four or five fresh tomatoes, one teaspoon of salt, boil slowly for about half an hour, and serve dry. If not enough liquor add a little water to keep from sticking to the pan. Do not stir, or the grains will not be "separate" as they should be.

Buttered Parsnips.

Scrape and wash the parsnips and slice them lengthwise. Boil in just water enough to cover them till thoroughly done. Drain off the water, put in piece of butter and a little salt and pepper. Beat up an egg with half a cup of milk and turn over them. A nice dish for lovers of vegetables.

Sausage Roll.

Make a rich biscuit dough, roll out, put in each a fried sausage, and pinch over like a turnover. Bake until brown.

"Watch Out"

**Indigestion
Dyspepsia
Constipation
Biliousness**

will surely "get you" if you are careless and neglect the Stomach, Liver and Bowels. Be on guard, and at the first sign of trouble always take

**HOSTETTER'S
STOMACH BITTERS**

It tones, strengthens, invigorates the entire system. Try it now.

Why Scratch?



"Hunt's Cure" is guaranteed to stop and permanently cure that terrible itching. It is compounded for that purpose and your money will be promptly refunded WITHOUT QUESTION if Hunt's Cure fails to cure Itch, Eczema, Tetter, Ring Worm or any other Skin Disease. 50c at your druggist's, or by mail direct if he hasn't it. Manufactured only by **A. B. RICHARDS MEDICINE CO., Sherman, Texas**

He Meant Leonard.

Leonard W. Smith, a plumber's supply dealer in Passaic, left home Thursday evening, telling his wife he would be delayed returning. About one o'clock yesterday morning a man entered the house. Mrs. Smith thought it was her husband, but when she got no answer to her call she left her bed to investigate.

"What are you doing here?" she demanded.

"Oh, go to sleep—I'm Charley," was the answer.

And then "Charley" fled with \$10 worth of silverware.—*New York American*.

CRUST COVERED BOY'S HEAD

Bolton, Ga.—"My little boy's head was covered with a hard thick crust which cracked with the least pressure causing a discharge of bloody corruption which was so offensive that I could hardly hold him. He was very cross. Some called it milk crust, another running tetter and another eczema.

"After trying several patent medicines I decided to try Cuticura Soap and Ointment. After using the sample I purchased some Cuticura Soap and a box of Cuticura Ointment. After using Cuticura Soap and Ointment three days I was able to remove all the crust and in one week he was entirely cured. Cuticura Soap and Ointment also cured my baby of an ulcerated sore behind her ear and now we think we cannot keep house without them." (Signed) Mrs. Charles Poss, Nov. 5, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—*Adv.*

So Like the Summer Girl.

"What kind of an engagement ring would you prefer, darling?"

"Well, they generally give me—I mean—oh, I am so confused—yours is such perfect taste, Harry, that I leave it all to you."

The Tender Skin of Children

is very sensitive to heat. Use Tyree's Antiseptic Powder for all summer skin affections. It quickly affords the little sufferer relief. 25c. at druggists or sample sent free by J. S. Tyree, Chemist, Washington, D. C.—*Adv.*

Queer Struggle.

"There is one extremely odd thing which happens often in summer."

"What is it?"

"That there should be such a hot time over the price of ice."

To Be Expected.

"How that receiver of stolen goods was scored in court!"

"Well, oughtn't a 'fence' to put up with railings?"

Not Promising.

"Well, after long looking for one, I found an opening yesterday."

"You did?"

"Yes; fell into a street trench"

NEARLY HAD THE LEPRECHAUN

Elusive Fairy Played Mean Trick on Peasant Who Had Fairly Made Him His Prisoner.

The story of the boy who was exhibited throughout Scotland as a genuine Irish leprechaun leads one to ask what exactly a leprechaun is, for, of course, each variety of fairy has its special characteristics. The leprechaun is peculiar to Ireland, and is in the form of a little old man, by profession a maker of brogues. He is only discovered by the sound of the hammering of his brogues, and any one capturing him can induce him by threats to reveal where his wealth is hidden. But no one yet has laid hands on that wealth, for if you take your eye off the leprechaun for as much as a second he has the power of vanishing, however tight you may hold him. And his ingenuity in making you glance away is always successful.

Only once did that ingenuity fail, and even then the treasure escaped untraced. A careful peasant, proof against all temptations, kept his eye on the little brogue maker until the money was revealed in a field of ragwort. But he had no bag. So he tied his garter round the particular plant under which the money was hid, and went to fetch one, only to find on his return that every ragwort in the field was adorned with a red garter.

What One Sparrow Did.

What is perhaps the most remarkable accident that ever occurred was reported last month from Germany, according to Leslie's Magazine. A large touring car was traveling at fair speed along a boulevard lined with trees. Large flocks of sparrows were in the trees and several boys were taking chances of being arrested by the police by shooting at the birds with sling shots. One pebble, particularly well aimed, struck a sparrow on the upper wing and sent him gliding through the air directly toward the driver of the car; the bird struck him full in the face, and in the next instant things began to happen. The driver clutched at his eyes, the car lurched into the ditch, knocking down a telegraph pole, vaulted to a plowed field on the other side of the ditch and went full force into a huge haystack. Despite this wild swerve no one was even scratched except the driver, whose eyesight was damaged by the claws of the sparrow. The whole incident had taken far less time than needed to relate it.

Epigrams on Youth.

Lillian Russell in a toast on "Youth" at a luncheon in Pittsburgh scattered epigrams like pearls.

"In the end," she said, "in our struggle to keep young, we are all, alas! defeated. The scene of our defeat is marked with a white stone.

"We fight against time, but time fights twenty-four hours a day.

"More people fail in the attempt to become centenarians than in any other business."

Dropsy Treated 10 Days Free.

Short breathing quickly relieved—swelling removed in a few days. Wonderful cures made of dropsy where all else fails. Write for 10-day free home treatment. Cullum Dropsy Remedy Co., Dept. K, Atlanta, Ga.—*Adv.*

Aloof for the Nonce.

True—And when Percy proposed—he was quite beside himself, I'll wager.

Phyllis—I don't remember, but if he was it was the first time during the courtship.

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

THIS is the caution applied to the public announcement of Castoria that has been manufactured under the supervision of Chas. H. Fletcher for over 30 years—the genuine Castoria. We respectfully call the attention of fathers and mothers when purchasing Castoria to see that the wrapper bears his signature in black. When the wrapper is removed the same signature appears on both sides of the bottle in red. Parents who have used Castoria for their little ones in the past years need no warning against counterfeits and imitations, but our present duty is to call the attention of the younger generation to the great danger of introducing into their families spurious medicines. It is to be regretted that there are people who are now engaged in the nefarious business of putting up and selling all sorts of substitutes, or what should more properly be termed counterfeits, for medicinal preparations not only for adults, but worse yet, for children's medicines. It therefore devolves on the mother to scrutinize closely what she gives her child. Adults can do that for themselves, but the child has to rely on the mother's watchfulness. Genuine Castoria always bears the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*.

Exception.

"Nothing ever comes of pipe dreams."
"Oh, yes, there does, if one strikes oil."

Many a fellow who is thrown on his own resources falls back on those of his friends.

RAILROAD SURGEON DISCOVERS WONDERFUL REMEDY

For Man and Beast, the Old Reliable Dr. Porter's Antiseptic Healing Oil. Relieves Pain, Stops the Bleeding, and Heals at the same time.

Thousands of Farmers and Stockmen know it already, and a trial will convince you that DR. PORTER'S ANTISEPTIC HEALING OIL is the most wonderful Remedy ever discovered for Wounds, Burns, Old Sores, Running Sores, Warts, Carbuncles, Felons, Sore and Tender Feet, Corns, Bunions, Itch, Ivy Poisoning, Hives, Rash, Ring Worm, Granulated Eyelids, Sore Throat, Sore Gums, all Skin and Scalp Diseases. Also for Barbed Wire Cuts, Galls, Sores, Thrush, Scratches, Cracked Hoof, Shoe Boils, Warts, Mange on Dogs, Canker, etc. Continually people are finding new uses for this famous old Remedy. Guaranteed by your Druggist. We mean it. 25c, 50c, \$1.00. The large bottle contains about 7 times as much as the small bottle.

And Marriage a Battleship.

Jack—Speaking of ships, what kind of a ship is courtship?
Tom—A transport, my boy.

The rich mellow quality of LEWIS' Single Binder cigar gives the highest pleasure in smoking. Adv.

Paw Knows Everything.

Willie—Paw, what is a secret?
Paw—Anything two women do not know, my son.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Explanation.

"How was it that Jonesby could afford to buy a yacht?"
"Maybe his wife got it in one of these bargain sales."

Honest labor is the grave digger for most worries.

QUININE AND IRON—THE MOST EFFECTUAL GENERAL TONIC

Grove's Tasteless chill Tonic combines both in tasteless form. The Quinine drives out Malaria and the Iron builds up the System. For Adults and Children.

You know what you are taking when you take GROVE'S TASTELESS chill TONIC recognized for 30 years as the standard General Strengthening Tonic. It has no equal for Malaria and Fevers, Weakness, general debility and loss of appetite. Removes Biliousness without purging. Relieves nervous depression and low spirits. Invigorating to the pale and sickly. It arouses the liver to action and purifies the blood. A true tonic, and sure appetizer. Guaranteed by your Druggist. We mean it. 50c.

There is Only One "BROMO QUININE" That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE Look for signature of E. W. GROVE on every box. Cures a Cold in One Day. 25c.

DEFIANCE STARCH

is constantly growing in favor because it Does Not Stick to the Iron and it will not injure the finest fabric. For laundry purposes it has no equal. 16 oz. package 10c. 1-3 more starch for same money. DEFIANCE STARCH CO., Omaha, Nebraska

Iron in Comfort for 1c a Week

The self heating iron is simple, safe, durable and burns only one cent's worth of gasoline for 4 hours ironing. Saves its cost in one year. Sent anywhere post-paid for \$4. Good agents wanted in this town. Make \$10 to \$20 a Day.



Fulton Supply Co., Sta. D, Chicago, Ill.

PATENTS

Watson E. Coleman, Washington, D.C. Books free. Highest references. Best results.

W. N. U., DALLAS, NO. 34-1913.

Libby's Selected Pickles

Nature's finest, put up like the home-made kind and all your trouble saved. This extra quality is true of all Libby's Pickles and Condiments, and there is real economy in their use.

Spanish Olives

Every one from Seville, long famed as the home of the world's best olives. Only the pick of the crop is offered to you under the Libby label. Either the Queen or Manzanilla variety or Pimento Stuffed.

Insist on Libby's.

Libby, McNeill & Libby
Chicago

WANTED! HOMES FOR FAULTLESS STARCH DOLLS

Send 6 tons from ten cent packages of Faultless Starch and ten cents in stamps (to cover postage and packing) and get Miss Elizabeth Ann, 22 inches high. Send three tons from ten cent packages and four cents in stamps and get Miss Phoebe Prim, or Miss Lily White, twelve inches high. Send one ton from five cent packages if you wish, but twice as many are required. Cut this ad. out. It will be accepted in place of one ten cent or two five cent tops. Only one ad. will be accepted with each application.

BEST STARCH FOR ALL PURPOSES.

NOTE! IF YOUR GROCER DOES NOT HAVE FAULTLESS STARCH SEND US HIS NAME. WE WILL WRITE HIM AND IF HE ORDERS WE WILL SEND YOU A DOLL FREE.

FAULTLESS STARCH CO., KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI.

HAHN MUSIC SCHOOL THE SCHOOL FOR YOUR DAUGHTER

Our Catalogue Tells Why. DALLAS, TEXAS

Metropolitan Business College

1809-11 Commerce Street, Dallas, Texas Let us train you for business success. We know how. Write for free catalogue.

LIVE STOCK THE RICH LIMESTONE LANDS in northeast Mississippi offers the grain and cattle farmer more for his efforts than other sections where conditions are not so good. Reliable information covering the subject free. W. A. Houston, or 1st Nat. Bk., Okolona, Miss.

Texas Directory

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DALLAS' New Fire-Proof Modern Popular Priced, European Hotel, 1302 Commerce Street, Corner Jackson Street, Dallas.

COTTON BOOKS

and stationery for ginners, yards, oil mills, compresses and merchants. Special forms ruled and printed to order. Security marking ink is the best. Write for samples and prices. A. D. ALDRIDGE COMPANY 409 SOUTH ERVAY DALLAS, TEXAS

You Look Prematurely Old

Because of those ugly, grizzly, gray hairs. Use "LA CREOLE" HAIR DRESSING. PRICE, \$1.00, retail.

HEADQUARTERS FOR PICNICERS

We Want You to Make Our Store Your Headquarters and Drink Ice Water!

WE WILL MAKE IT PLEASANT FOR YOU
IF YOU WILL BUT ONLY DROP AROUND!

WE HAVE ALL KINDS OF FRUITS AND
OTHER THINGS THAT ARE GOOD TO EAT!

THE PLACE FOR PICNIC VISITORS

BRANNEN BROTHERS COMPANY

MUSIC ANNOUNCEMENT

Having been endorsed by the local school board for teacher of piano and voice in connection with the Spur Public School, I take pleasure in saying that I will be in the city to organize my classes by September 1, and hope to meet all who desire to take lessons. As to my qualifications, they have already been made known to the school board.—Miss M. Trenholm Doyle. 41-3

County Attorney B. G. Worswick was in Spur last week on his return to his home at Dickens from Benjamin where he had gone to attend District Court

Jim Waggoner was in the city the latter part of last week from the 24 Ranch and purchased supplies of the merchants.

J. P. Gibson was among the citizens who were business visitors to Spur Saturday from the Steel Hill country.

G. L. Gaddis, of the Red Mud country, was in the city Saturday on business and trading with the merchants.

A. Q. Smelser was in Spur the latter part of last week from his farm home a few miles north of town.

B. D. Glasgow returned last week from Benjamin where he had gone to attend District Court.

The best car in the world for the money is the Ford. See J. L. Gilbert, sub-agent at garage. 35tf

Mace Hunter was in the city Saturday from his farm home a few miles east of town.

W. J. Elliott was in the city Saturday from his Spring Creek Farm and Ranch.

GILPIN HAPPENINGS

P. E. Hagins and family have returned from a weeks visit to relatives at Lubbock.

The aged mother of L. W. Bilberry is seriously sick.

Hon. A. J. Hagins was a business visitor to Gilpin Saturday from his home near Jayton.

Ossie Clark, who has been sick during the past two weeks, is reported improving.

The Misses Hart, of near Lubbock, are the guests of Grandpa and Grandma Carlisle this week.

Mr. Dooly and family, of near Girard, attended church here Sunday.

W. P. Sampson is building a new crib this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Wood Shepherd, of Spur, attended church here Sunday.

Roy Thomas and wife have moved to the Jayton country.

A light rain fell here Monday afternoon.

Farmers began picking cotton here Monday. I would tell you how sorry the crop is turning out, but my wife won't let me.—A. Farmer.

W. S. Taylor will preach at Dry Lake Sunday at 11 o'clock. Everybody invited to come out and hear him. The subject will be, "Salvation by Grace," Eph. 2:8.

J. V. McCormick was here this week from Afton after gin supplies and other things. He reported a nice rain at Afton, and says tell the people bumper crops are assured.

Read The Texas Spur—\$1 a year

W. T. Wilson and wife returned this week from a trip to Oklahoma. The trip was made through the country by private conveyance and they report the entire country along the route as being very hot and dry.

R. L. Jones, of the Steel Hill country, was in Spur the latter part of last week trading with the merchants.

L. W. Davis left Sunday for Fort Worth where he will spend several days on business.

T. B. Rash and wife were in Spur the first of the week from their farm home in the Steel Hill country and spent some time in the city trading with the merchants.

Mr. Cathey, a prominent citizen of eight miles north of Spur, was in the city Saturday and spent several hours here on business.

H. T. Burgoon and Y. L. Jones spent several days of this week in Roaring Springs on business.

Lumber direct from mills to consumer at wholesale price. Lumber, shingles, doors and windows. Write for price list.—Kountze Lumber Company, Kountze, Texas. 40-13t

R. S. Holman returned Thursday from Benjamin where he had gone to represent clients in District Court in session at that place last week.

Tom McArthur was in Spur Saturday from his home near Tap.

Commanding Success!

SOME people "command" success, others sit down and wait for it. Those who command success are the ones who watch for opportunity, getting ready meanwhile to seize upon it. The way they get ready for it is to give constant attention to the growth of their bank account, thus developing, at the same time, business instincts and a helpful acquaintance. Identify yourself with this successful bank, and get in position to command your success.

THE FIRST STATE BANK OF SPUR, TEXAS

E. C. EDMONDS, Cashier
C. HOGAN, Asst. Cashier

G. H. CONNELL, President

S. R. DAVIS, Vice-Pres.
J. D. HARKEY, Vice-Pres.

Mose Baum, of Cross Plains, is in Spur this week visiting Mrs. Oran McClure and family. He has been over a considerable portion of both eastern and western Texas during the past two weeks and says that the crops of the Spur Country are better than in any other section of the whole country.

We have opened a first-class garage in the building formerly occupied by the Spur Auto Supply Company. Leave your cars with us and buy your oil, gas and supplies from us. Bring us your repair work, we have a skilled mechanic in charge.—J. L. Gilbert. 35-tf.

Mrs. P. H. Miller is in Jacksboro this week assisting in the settlement of the estate affairs of her brother who died recently in a sanitarium of Abilene.

W. F. Godfrey returned Monday from Paducah where he had spent some time with his parents and other relatives.

B. F. Brock, of Dickens, was in Spur Tuesday and spent several hours here on business and greeting friends.

J. R. McArthur was in the city the first of the week from his farm home in the Tap country.

John Wooten, of the Plains country, was in Spur last week after supplies.

D. H. Dunn, a prominent citizen of several miles northeast of Dickens, was in Spur Monday and while here was a very pleasant caller at the Texas Spur office. Mr. Dunn reports his section of the country in good shape comparatively, but says that the crops will be cut somewhat short on account of the recent continued dry, hot weather.

M. L. Blakeley, one of the leading and most prominent citizens of the Afton country and one of the most successful farmers of the whole country, was in Spur Tuesday after supplies and while here was a very pleasant caller at the Texas Spur office. He reported that the Afton country had a very good rain.

Clint Overby, who has been in Spur several days under treatment of Dr. Duke, the electric masseur, returned this week to his home in Fisher county. Mr. Overby was almost if not totally blind when he came to Dr. Duke and when he returned home his sight was completely restored.

Misses Erma and Tot Morrison, after an extended visit with Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Morrison in Spur, returned Sunday to Dallas where they have positions and are making their home.

J. A. Neighbors, a prosperous farmer of the Steel Hill country, was in Spur the latter part of last week.

B. A. Crego, County Treasurer of Dickens county, and Mrs. Grundy Crego, of Dickens, were in the city the first of this week and spent some time here greeting friends. Mr. Crego has been Treasurer for the county a number of years, he numbers his friends by his entire acquaintance and is one of the most highly respected citizens of the country.

J. Carlisle was in the city this week from his place in the Gilpin country. Mr. Carlisle failed to get the premium bale of cotton this year but a farmer living on his place did get the premium, his cotton being brought in last week and ginned here Wednesday, the bale weighing five hundred and fifty pounds.

T. J. Harrison and wife were in the city Tuesday from their home north of Dickens. Mr. Harrison reports everything moving along nicely in his section of the country.

W. D. Blair, a prominent citizen of a few miles east of Spur, was in the city Tuesday and spent several hours here on business.

If you have trouble with your ears, see Dr. Daly October 7 to 9 at Dr. Morris' office. 43 tf

See Tack Kennedy ride the broncos on the picnic grounds Friday and Saturday.

Hogan & Patton
Hogan & Patton
Hogan & Patton

Everything In... Men's Wear!

Hogan & Patton
Hogan & Patton
Hogan & Patton

MOLLY McDONALD

A TALE OF THE FRONTIER



By
RANDALL PARRISH
Author of "Keith of the Border," "My Lady of Doubt," "My Lady of the South," etc., etc.

Illustrations by
V. L. Barnes

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SYNOPSIS.

Major McDonald, commanding an army post near Fort Dodge, seeks a man to intercept his daughter, Molly, who is headed for the post. An Indian outbreak is threatened. Sergeant "Buck" Hamlin meets the stage in which Molly is traveling. They are attacked by Indians, and Hamlin and Molly escape in the darkness. Hamlin tells Molly he was discharged from the Confederate service in disgrace and at the close of the war enlisted in the regular army. He suspects one Captain Le Fevre of being responsible for his disgrace. Troops appear and under escort of Lieut. Gaskins Molly starts to join her father. Hamlin leaves to rejoin his regiment. He returns to Fort Dodge after a summer of fighting Indians, and finds Molly there. Shots are heard in the night. Hamlin rushes out, sees what he believes is the figure of Molly hiding in the darkness and falls over the body of Lieutenant Gaskins, who accuses Hamlin of shooting him. The sergeant is proven innocent. He sees Molly in company with Mrs. Dupont, whom he recognizes as a former sweetheart, who threw him over for Le Fevre. Mrs. Dupont tells Hamlin Le Fevre forced her to send him a lying note. Hamlin declares he has been looking for Le Fevre to force him to clear his record. Later he overhears Dupont and a soldier hatching up a money-making plot. Molly seeks an interview with Hamlin. She says her father seems to be in the power of Mrs. Dupont, who claims to be a daughter of McDonald's sister. Molly disappears and Hamlin sets out to trace her. McDonald is ordered to Fort Ripley. Hamlin discovers that the man who left on the stage under the name of McDonald was not the major.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Dead Body.

That both McDonald and his daughter were involved in this strange puzzle was already clear. The disappearance of the one was as mysterious as that of the other. Whether the original conspiracy had centered about the Major, and Miss Molly had merely been drawn into the net through accident, or whether both were destined as victims from the first, could not be determined by theory. Indeed the Sergeant could evolve no theory, could discover no purpose in the outrage. Convinced that Dupont and his wife were the moving spirits, he yet possessed no satisfactory reason for charging them with the crime, for which there was no apparent object.

Nothing remained to be done but search the town, a blind search in the hope of uncovering some trail. That crime had been committed—either murder or abduction—was evident; the two had not dropped thus suddenly out of sight without cause. Nor did it seem possible they could have been whisked away without leaving some trace behind. The town was accustomed to murder and sudden death; the echo of revolver shots would create no panic, awaken no alarm, and yet the place was small, and there was little likelihood that any deed of violence would pass long unnoticed. With a few words of instruction, and hasty descriptions of both Dupont and Connors, Hamlin sent his men down the straggling street to drag out the occupants of shack and tent, riding himself to the blazing front of the "Poodle Dog."

Late as the hour was, the saloon and the gambling rooms above were all crowded. Hamlin plunged into the mass of men, pressing passage back and forth, his eyes searching the faces, while he eagerly questioned those with whom he had any acquaintance. Few among these could recall to mind either "Reb" or his boon companion, and even those who did retained no recollection of having seen the two lately. The bartenders asserted that neither man had been there that night, and the dealers above were equally positive. The city marshal, encountered outside, remembered Dupont, and had seen him at the hotel three hours before, but was positive the fellow had not been on the streets since. Connors he did not know, but if the man was Major McDonald's driver, then he was missing all right, for Captain Barrett had to employ a liveryman to drive Mrs. Dupont back to the fort. No, there was no lady with her; he was sure, for he had watched them get into the carriage.

The troopers were no more fortunate in their results, but had succeeded in stirring up greater excitement during their exploration, several irate individuals, roughly aroused from sleep, exhibiting fighting propensities, which had cost one a blackened eye, and the other the loss of a tooth. Both, however, had enjoyed the occasion, and appeared anxious for more. Having exhausted the possibilities of the town, the soldiers procured lanterns, and, leaving the horses behind, began exploring the prairie. In this labor they were assisted by the marshal, and a few aroused citizens hastily impressed into a posse. The search was a thorough one, but the ground near

by was so cut up by hoofs and wheels as to yield no definite results. Hamlin, obsessed with the belief that whatever had occurred had been engineered by Dupont, and recalling the fact that the man was once a ranchman somewhere to the southward, jumped to the conclusion that the fellow would naturally lead in that direction, seeking familiar country in which to hide.

The gray of dawn was in the sky as the three troopers, soaked to the waist, crept up the south bank and studied the trail. Behind them the yellow lanterns still bobbed about between the river and town, but there was already sufficient light to make visible the signs underfoot. Horsemen had climbed the bank, the hoof marks yet damp where water had drained from dripping fetlocks, and had instantly broken into a lope. A moment's glance proved this to Hamlin as he crept back and forth, scrutinizing each hoof mark intently.

"Five in the party," he said soberly. "Three mustangs and two American horses, cavalry shod. About three hours ahead of us." He straightened up, his glance peering into the gray mists. "I reckon it's likely our outfit, but we'll never catch them on foot. They'll be behind the sand-dunes before this. Before we go back, boys, we'll see if they left the trail where it turns west."

The three ran forward, paying little heed until they reached the edge of the ravine. Here the beaten trail swerved sharply to the right. Fifty feet beyond, the marks of horses' hoofs appeared on the sloping bank. Hamlin sprang down to where the marks disappeared around the edge of a large boulder. His hand on the stone, he stopped suddenly with quick indrawing of breath, staring down at a motionless figure lying almost at his feet. The man, roughly dressed, lay on his face, a bullet wound showing above one ear, the back of his neck caked with blood. The Sergeant, mastering his first sense of horror, turned him over and gazed upon the ghastly face of Major McDonald.

"My God, they've murdered him here!" he exclaimed. "Shot him down from behind. Look, men. No; stand back, and don't muss up the tracks."



The Man Roughly Dressed Lay on His Face.

There are foot-prints here—Indians, by heaven! 'Three of them Indians!' "Some plainmen wear moccasins." "They don't walk that way—toes in; and see this hair in McDonald's fingers—that's Indian, sure. Here is where a horse fell, and slid down the bank. Isn't that a bit of broken feather caught in the bush, Carroll? Bring it over here."

The three bent over the object. "Well, what do you say? You men are both plainmen."

"Cheyenne," returned Carroll promptly. "But what the hell are they doing here?"

Hamlin shook his head. "It will require more than guessing to determine that," he said sternly. "And there is only one way to find out. That fellow was a Cheyenne all right, and there were three of them and two whites in the party—see here; the prints of five horses ridden, and one animal led. That will be the one McDonald had. They went straight up the opposite bank of the ravine. If they leave a trail like that we can ride after them full speed."

Carroll had been bending over the dead officer and now glanced up.

"There's sand just below, Sergeant," he said. "That's why they are so darn reckless here."

"Of course; they'll hide in the dunes, and the sooner we're after them the better. Wade, you remain with the body; Carroll and I will return to the fort and report. We'll have to have more men—Wasson if I can get him—and equipment for a hard ride. Come on, Jack."

They waded the river, and ran through the town, shouting their discovery to the marshal and his posse as they passed. Twenty minutes later Hamlin stood before the Colonel, hastily telling the story. The latter listened intently, gripping the arms of his chair.

"Shot from behind, hey?" he ejaculated, "and his clothing stolen. Looks like a carefully planned affair, Sergeant; sending that fellow through to Ripley was expected to throw us off the track. That's why they were so careless covering their trail; expected to have several days' start. It is my notion they never intended to kill him; had a row of some kind, or else Mac tried to get away. Any trace of the girl?"

"No; but she must have been there." "So I think; got mixed up in the affair some way, and they have been compelled to carry her off to save themselves. Do you know why they were after Mac?"

"No, sir." "Well, I do; he carried thirty thousand dollars."

"He was acting paymaster. The money came in from Wallace last evening, and he was ordered to take it to Ripley at once."

Hamlin drew in his breath quickly in surprise.

"Who knew about that, sir?"

"No one but the Adjutant, and Major McDonald—not even the orderly."

The eyes of officer and soldier met. "Do you suppose he could have told her?" the former asked in sudden suspicion.

"That would be my theory, sir. But it is useless to speculate. We have no proof, no means of forcing her to confess. The only thing for us to do is to trail those fugitives. I need another man—a scout—Wasson, if he can be spared—and rations for three days."

"I'll do it for Miss McDonald, but not for the money," he said slowly. "I expect orders every hour for your troop, and Wasson is detailed for special service. But damn it, I'll take the responsibility—go on, and run those devils down."

"You know this man Dupont, Colonel?"

"Only by sight."

"Any idea where he used to run cattle?"

"Wait a minute until I think. I heard McDonald telling about him one night at the club, something Mrs. Dupont had let slip, but I didn't pay much attention at the time. Seems to me, though, it was down on the Canadian. No, I have it now—Buffalo Creek; runs into the Canadian. Know such a stream?"

"You think it was Dupont, then?"

"I've heard of it; in west of the North Fork somewhere." "I haven't a doubt that he is in the affair, and that the outfit is headed for that section. I don't know, sir, where those Indians came from, or how they happened to be up here, but I believe they belong to Black Kettle's band of Cheyennes. His bunch is down below the Canadian, is it not, sir?"

"Yes."

"Dupont must be friendly with them, and this coup has been planned for some time. Last night was the chance they have been waiting for. The only mistake in their plans has been the early discovery because of Miss Molly's disappearance. They have gone away careless, expecting two or three days' start, and they will only have a few hours. We'll run them down, with good luck, before they cross the Cimarron. You have no further instructions, sir?"

"No, nothing, Sergeant. You're an old hand, and know your business, and there is no better scout on the plains than Sam Wasson. Good-bye, and good luck."

CHAPTER XXIV.

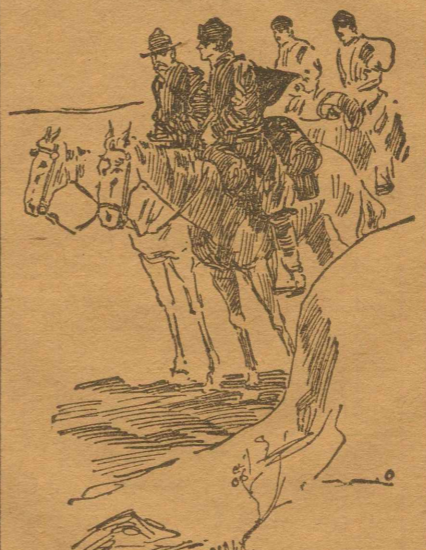
In Pursuit.

The four men, heavily armed, and equipped for winter service, rode up the bank of the ravine to the irregularity of plain beyond. The trail, leading directly south into the solitudes, was easily followed, and Wasson, slightly in advance of the others, made no attempt to check his horse, content to lean forward, his keen eyes marking every sign. Scarcely a word was exchanged, since Hamlin had explained what had occurred as they crossed the river. Hardly less interested than the Sergeant, the sober-faced scout concentrated every energy on the pursuit, both men realizing the necessity of haste. Not only would the trail be difficult after they attained the sand belt, but, if snow fell, would be utterly blotted out. And the dull, murky sky threatened snow, the sharp wind having already veered to the northwest. All about stretched a dull, dead pic-

ture of desolation, a dun-colored plain, unrelieved by vegetation, matching the skies above, extending in every direction through weary leagues of dismal loneliness. The searching eye caught no relief from desolate sameness, drear monotony. Nowhere was there movement, or any semblance of life. Behind, the land was broken by ravines, but in every other direction it stretched level to the horizon, except that far off southward arose irregular ridges of sand, barren, ugly blotches, colorless, and forever changing formation under the beating of a ceaseless wind. It was desert, across which not even a snake crawled, and no wing of migrating bird beat the leaden sky above.

The marks of their horses' hoofs cutting sharply into the soil, told accurately the fugitives' rate of progress, and the pursuers swept forward with caution, anxious to spare their mounts and to keep out of vision themselves until nightfall. Their success depended largely on surprise, and the confidence of those ahead that they were unpursued. Wasson expressed the situation exactly, as the four halted a moment at an unexpectedly-discovered water-hole.

"I'd think this yere plain trail was some Injun trick, boys, if I didn't know the reason for it. 'T ain't Injun nature, an' he's cock-sure that nobody's chasin' him yet. He's figurin' on two



"Thar's Nothin' Goin' to Happen to Her While This Bunch Is on the Move."

or three days' get-away, and so don't care a tinker's dam 'bout these yere marks. Once in the sand, an' thar won't be no trail anyhow. It's some kintry out thar, an' it would be like huntin' a needle in a haystack to try an' find them fellars after ter-night. This is my idea—we'll just mosey along slow, savin' the hosses an' keepin' back out o' sight till dark. Them fellars ain't many hours ahead, an' are likely ter camp first part of ter night anyhow. They'll feel safe ont hid in them sand-hills, an' if they don't git no sight of us, most likely they won't even post no guard. Thet's when we want ter dig in the spurs. Ain't that about the right program, Sergeant?"

Burning with impatience as Hamlin was, fearful that every additional moment of delay might increase the girl's danger, he was yet soldier and plainsman enough to realize the wisdom of the old scout. There were at least four men in the party pursued, two of them Indian warriors, the two whites desperate characters. Without doubt they would put up a fierce fight, or, if warned in time, could easily scatter and disappear.

"Of course you are right, Sam," he replied promptly. "Only I am so afraid of what may happen to Miss Molly."

"Forget it. Thar's nuthin' goin' ter happen to her while the bunch is on the move. If that outfit was all Injun, or all white, maybe thar might. But the way it is they'll never agree on nuthin', 'cept how to git away. 'T ain't likely they ever meant ter kill the Major, 'er take the girl erlong. Them things just naturally happened, an' now they're scared stiff. It'll take a day er two for 'em to make up their minds what to do."

"What do you imagine they will decide, Sam?"

"Wall, thet's all guesswork. But I reckon I know what I'd do if I was in that sort 'o fix an' bein' chased fer murder an' robbery. I'd take the easy way; make fer the nearest Injun village, an' leave the girl thar." "You mean Black Kettle's camp?"

"I reckon; he's down thar on the Canadian somewhar. You kin bet those fellars know whar, an' thet's whut they're aimin' for, unless this yere Dupont has some hidin' out scheme of his own. Whar did you say he ranched?"

"Buffalo Creek." "Thet's the same neighborhood; must 've been in cahoots with those red devils to have ever run cattle in thar. We've got to head 'em off afore they git down into that kintry, er we won't have no scalps to go back home with. Let's mosey erlong, boys." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

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"I can't pound mine."
"Why not?"
"Belongs to an athletic club."

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Private Murphy—Why not, sir?
Sergeant—Because it's the general's tent.

Private Murphy—Then, bedad, what are they doing with "private" above the door?

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