

THE CROSS PLAINS REVIEW

VOL. 5.

CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS, FRIDAY, APRIL 3, 1914.

NO. 4

IT HAS RAINED

On Thursday evening and night of last week rain fell in various amounts in the communities about us, but no rain in Cross Plains. About an inch precipitation was reported from Burkett, and more on the Bayou west of us and about Oplin. On Monday morning one inch of rain fell in Cross Plains, falling in about one hour's time. Tuesday the rain was repeated, only a little earlier in the day and hardly in such quantities. Since the rains have begun to fall, we are confidently expecting plenty of moisture for the spring months. The rains have fallen in ample time for all grain that has not been plowed up, for corn, which is just planted; they will put the land in good state of preparation for the planting of cotton, peanuts, truck crops, etc. With the excellent underground season we have from last fall's rains we now have a good basis for our former hope for a great 1914.

W. W. Nance of DeLeon was here on business Tuesday night.

How about a sewing machine? an O. V. B. on the installment plan fills the bill nicely.

C. S. Boyles.

Edwin Neeb and Jess Greenhill went last Tuesday to Coleman, Edwin returning Friday, and Mr. Greenhill going on to Ballinger where he visits a brother.

Dr. es, Kimonos, Aprons, Waists, and Middy Blouses, at
Carter & Kenady

NEW PASTOR

Rev. S. P. Collins of Aspermont has arrived and will serve as pastor of the Presbyterian church. He will have charge of the Sabbann church also. He has been pastor here once before. We welcome him and his family among us.

New things in Millinery each week at

Carter & Kenady

CREAMERY BUSINESS

Saturday the two local agencies for cream report the purchase of 561 lbs. of butter fat, which at 20 c per lb, brought to the farmers of this vicinity \$112.20, the price for cream at this time being usually low. This represents about half the cream sold for the week, there being cream bought only on Wednesday and Saturday.

Why do without it longer, when you can get an O. V. B. sewing machine from us on the installment plan?

C. S. Boyles.

We understand that Rev. and Mrs. S. P. Collins will move right away to Cross Plains, where Brother Collins will engage in ministerial work. We were real sorry to hear of this as they are fine people and everybody thought very high of them.—Aspermont Star.

Remember, I am selling oil at 15c per gallon.

J. W. Westerman

Fansy Clark and Porter Davis of Cross Cut were Sunday callers at Cross Plains.

CONDITIONS

H. W. KUTEMAN,
Pres.

J. E. SPENCER,
V. Pres

VIRGIL HART, Cashier C. C. NEEB, Asst. Cashier

The Bank of Cross Plains

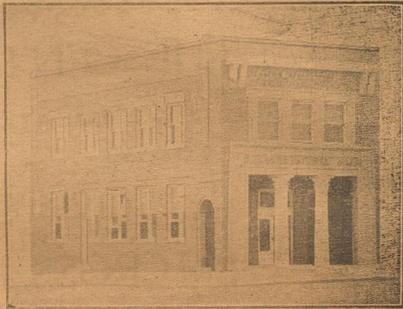
(UN-INCORPORATED)

Responsibility \$1,000,000

CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS.

Now prevailing have demonstrated to the farmers and other individuals alike the wisdom of of "Tieing to a Good Bank." Stay with it and it will stay with you. Nothing comes to the man who changes with the wind for temporary accommodations. Every Bank will loan in time of plenty. This Bank will always loan to "true and tried customers."

THE BANK OF CROSS PLAINS



THE FARMERS NAT'L BANK

CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS

Capital and Surplus, \$30,000.00.

We Bank You; You Bank With Us.

A Business Training at Mc'S Business College

will equip you to BE MORE-DO-MORE and MAKE MORE than any business training you could secure elsewhere.

Our Superior Facilities in Every Department

make it possible to give our students a training that will at once impress the business man with a thoroughness and up-to-fateness that he has not found in graduates of other schools. Such a training means bigger salaries to the graduates of this institution.

Before making your decision, you should not fail to investigate this school. Call, write or phone for our catalogue. DO IT NOW before you forget.

Mc'S Business College,
Brownwood, Texas.

You will have to hurry if you give us an order for that suit in time for Easter. We will sell you an all-wool made to order suit cheaper than you can buy the same grade of goods out of any stock. There is a reason why I can do that.

Karl Murdock

We are offering some mighty nice O. V. B. sewing machines, a reduced prices, and on the installment plan. Drop in and let us show you.

C. S. Boyles.

W. D. McChristy was appointed postmaster at Brownwood following weeks of patient waiting and anxiety on the part of the various candidates. The new appointee will succeed Marshal Smith as soon as the details of checking out checking in are gone through with.—Dem. Voice.

ANOTHER BATTLE ROYAL

The war in Mexico has not monopolized the farmers near C. P. Vide our "Brer Rabbit" article in last week's issue. Then on Friday of last week these same unbattled farmers with a few recruits, having decided to follow up their battle of the week before, followed carefully considered plans for the complete routing of bunny, with phenomenal success. 600 of these pestiferous rodents were sent to their accounts. The scene was in the vicinity of Mr. Arrowoods and Frankes, Jno. Farr, Oscar Renfro and Col Tucker all received a baptism of shot; i.e., a kind of Methodist baptism. Mr. Arrowood, a pronounced follower of Nimrod, got him a wolf. This is the most successful rabbit hunt we have heard any thing of.

(Rabbit Drive—continued)

Monday some 75 or more men properly armed went to J. C. McDermitt's ranch and vicinity for the purpose of killing rabbits. The drenching rain in the morning somewhat interferred with the work, but as it was they slaughtered about 640. Mr. McDermitt furnished the ammunition and Mr. Noah Johnson the horse feed, both of these men being interested in annihilating the rabbits in their territory.

In the Liberty neighborhood on Tuesday about 40 men killed 660 rabbits, nearly all being the long eared variety. Monday and Tuesday a few near town killed about 160. Thus far there has been killed near us more than 2000 rabbits. The killing of these 2000 pests may mean and most probably does mean the saving of a s much as \$1000.00 for this year.

Charley Conlee of Putnam was here Saturday the guest of his folks.

TO CLOSE AT 6 P. M.

We, the undersigned business concerns of Cross Plains, agree to close our respective places of business at six o'clock every evening except on Saturdays and Trades days; This agreement to take effect Monday, March 16th, and continue until September 1st, 1914.

Davis, Garner and Company.
Cross Plains Merc. Company.

Forbes and Adams
Carter and Kenady.

B. L. Boydston.

C. S. Boyles.

B. F. Adkison.

C. P. Furniture Company.

Tartt and Melton.

Neeb and Sipes.

Brazelton, Pryor and Company

J. P. Shackelford.

J. Lee Jones. (Except Ice.)

EASTER GOODS

A big variety of Easter novelties, egg dyes, chickens, rabbits, fancy paper and y baskets. See our window display.

The Racket Store.

Porter Davis of Waco has been the guest of his father A. T. Davis of Cross Cut.

WE'RE READY TO HELP

You receive the benefit of low prices every time you trade here; cutting the cost of merchandise is a business we have been engaged in for years; come in and compare our prices.

The Racket Store.

Mrs. Sam Hill of Baird is at the home of her brother-in-law, D. I. Hill. She is in poor health and her condition is thought to be serious.

SAND-CLAY ROADS

The Office of Public Roads advises the communities to have an engineer go over the old earth highways; or in lieu of an engineer, that the farmers themselves should see to it that the roads are so graded that the ditches or gutters are parallel with the center line of the road. Gutters must have a uniform grade and be of sufficient capacity to keep the surface well drained. Drainage is the most important feature of an earth road. Ever farmer who lives in a section where both sand and clay are prevalent travels occasionally over some particular spot in the road which is always good and rarely requires attention from the road hands. Good drainage may be responsible for this condition, or it may be found on investigation that is a good natural mixture of sand and clay forming the wearing surface. If this strip of road is always good, there is no reason why a surface of similar material on the entire road should not produce like results. It is stated that a natural mixture of sand and clay can nearly always be found separate. Analysis of the best natural sand-clay mixtures will show that the sand forms about 70 per cent of the whole. The test is simple. Weigh into an ordinary medicine glass 2 cc. of the dried mixture and wash out the clay. Dry the remaining sand and weigh again. The loss in weight mill represent the amount of clay originally contained in the mass. The theory of the sand-clay mixture as a roadbuilding material is that the clay fills the voids between the grains of sand, firmly binding them together. After the material is found the process of building the road is simple. Before placing any sand-clay on the road the road should be graded to the desired width. Most engineers prefer to have a width for the road of about 20 ft., exclusive of side ditches, which are

each usually about 3 feet wide. Sand-clay is cheap, and it is best that 16 feet of the graded width (20 feet) be surfaced. This will leave a 2 or 3 foot shoulder on either side. The surface of the graded road should be flat or slightly convex. The sand-clay should be put on from 8 to 12 inches in thickness, depending on the character of the subgrade or foundation. Where you have a hard clay for foundation, 8 inches of sand-clay will suffice. If the foundation is sand, it is well to put on as much as 12 inches of the surfacing material. After a few hundred feet of surfacing material has been placed, a grading machine should be run over it to smoothe and crown the road before the top becomes too hard. It is a good plan to turn the blade of the machine out and trim the edges of the surfaced part, discharging the excess sand and clay onto the earth shoulders. After one trip with the blade turned out the remaining dress work with the machine should be with the blade turned in, with the exception of one trip down the center of the road with blade at right angle to the axis of the road for the purpose of distributing any excess material left in the center. After the machine work it is well to follow with a split-log drag, which smoothes any rough places left by the machine and leaves the road with a smoothe, even surface. It must be borne in the mind that a sand-clay road, unlike other roads, can not be finished in a short space of time; it can of course be left in an apparently finished condition with a hard, smoothe surface, but it will be found on close examination that the hard surface is in reality only a crust, underneath which are several inches of loose material. After the first hard rain the crust softens the road gets bad, and the work appears to be a failure. This, however, is just what is needed to make it eventually good. After the road has dried until in a plastic state it should be dragged until the surface is once more smoothe, with the proper crown, and should be kept this way by dragging at least once a day until the sun has baked it hard and firm. The mistake of keeping traffic off during this process of resetting should not be made. The continuous tamping of the wagons and hoots of horses is just what is needed to pack the sand-clay into a homogeneous mass. The ordinary roller is not very effective in this work. It would appear, however, that a tamping roller, such as has been used in the construction of oil roads in California would be very effective. A split-log drag is an indispensable machine in the construction of any kind of sand-clay road. A good sand-clay road can be built in the South for from \$500 to \$1,500 per mile. In some places, where there is a good sand-clay foundation, it is even possible to build such a road for \$300 a mile. The Office of Public Roads is laying stress upon the necessity for proper drainage and advises that "thank you ma'ams" (water bars) should not be substituted for pipe or box culverts across the roads. Outlets for gutters are needed at every low point and should be large enough to carry off the worst flood water quickly. To do this, the outlets should be built larger than is necessary to handle water from light rainfall.

The very latest things in dress fabrics at very reasonable prices at

Carter & Kenady.

Let us show you our O. V. B. sewing machine. We sell them on the installment plan.

C. S. Boyles.

THE CROSS PLAINS REVIEW

Review Printing Company

One Dollar a Year. Strictly Cash in advance.

Entered at postoffice at Cross Plains, Texas as second class mail matter.

FOUR ISSUES CONSTITUTE A MONTH

CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS.

All Fool's day has come and gone, but all fools are not gone; we are still here.

Since the rains our merchants and farmers and others are wearing the smiles that will not off.

All who have discuss the matter with us say they are exceedingly well pleased with Keith of the Border, the famous Indian tory. Are you reading it?

We were in error in our last week's issue in the write up of Mrs. R. F. Bennett's marriage. We are very sorry to have made the mistake, but really fail to see that we are to blame. The marriage was commonly reported on the streets, and we was glad to publish it as a news item. Probably we should have gone to more authentic sources for our information.

We have received a copy of Webster's New International Dictionary, and we are very free to pronounce it an excellent work, a fact too well known to be repeated in these columns. This edition has more than twice the number of words that the International edition had, there being in total more than 400,000 words from cover to cover. Every office, school, teacher and family really, needs such a work.

With Ousley and Sparks out of the way, it seems that constructive (destructive, we fear) forces of the democrats will center on Jas. E. Furgeson. It is rather peculiar that so many of the prominent men of that side have turned against Sparks, and to all appearances favor, tho not avowedly, the candidacy of Jas. E. also peculiar that Peter Radford and W. D. Lewis who purport to represent the voice of the Farmers Union, have seen fit to denounce the meeting at Ft. Worth and that at Dallas. There must be and are reasons.

"It doesn't pay to advertise every body knows where we are and what we have to sell." How many times do you suppose the waiter has heard those remarks? But then all merchants don't answer us thusly. We asked Mr. Adkinson about his Saturday's business. He said that the two little locals he put in last week's Review concerning his sample pants brought him purchasers on Saturday for 14 pairs of the said pants. The cost of the locals was insignificant. It stands to reason that these purchasers did not confine their business to pants.

Wade Golson of Coleman erst while of Burkett, is a candidate for clerk of his county. Wade is well known in the county, especially in the north east part of the county where he has resided for years. He is worthy of receiving the nomination for the office, which we sincerely trust will be his good fortune. This is not the regulation write-up of a candidate who has announced on ones paper; for he has not of course announced with the Review, nor intimated to us that he meant to make this race. This is simply a free will mention of his candidacy, unsolicited by and unexpected to him.

Two hundred dollars turned loose with our farmers every week is no inconsiderable help to them. Every dollar that can be brought in from an outside source and paid out for home products is of course an additional dollar put into circulation. The more money put into circulation the better times are. Now if these two-hundred dollars weekly is kept or spent in our community, it continues it's mission of usefulness for

us; but if it is sent out of our territory, it is taken out of local circulation, and as far as the community is concerned it had as well never been brought here. In fact, there are reasons showing that its return trip to us has hurt rather than helped the community.

Clarence Ousley is too wise to be dragged into the gubernatorial race. There is but little doubt but that he would have received the nomination at the hands of the c. d. in the Ft. Worth meeting, but the final heat between Col. Ball, James E., the not-to-be-eliminated, and the c. d. candidate promised to be very one-sided. In our opinion, there is not a man in the state whose championship of the cause of the anti-prohibitionists would cause the defect of the Houston man; not that Tom Ball has so much strength with the people, but that he is the called leader, the Cincinnatus, in a fight in which the bulk of the citizenship of Texas are participants. We are sorry for Mr. Ousley. He is one of the most brilliant men in Texas, but his star has been against him for some time.

The Review is receipt of the Henry Exall Farm Book. We are supposed to read and comment upon it. The Review has almost continually, in an editorial way, urged the extreme importance of the farmers in this section using some of the ideas advanced by Col. EXall, the great advocate of progressive farming. We did not get all our ideas from him; we have had a great many forced upon us by a several years stay in a dry but hopeful west. We first begin to read of the Cambell system of dry-farming, and have since read much on the same subject in bulletins from the A. and M., experment stations, and in the various newspapers. Any one interested in this subject, and we are all concerned, whether admittedly or not, should secure a copy of this book.

We are not a prophet nor the son of a prophet, most especially when it comes to the weather. But our theory as to the probability of our receiving plenty of rain this season seems to have been correct. We have often said, in print and verbally, that as central and east Texas is and has been getting a surfeit of rain we should expect soon to be the recipients of a reasonable portion thereof, claiming that for us to get plenty of rain the east is likely to get more than she needs. That east Texas has been surcharged with water since last fall is well known. Then rainfall last was bounteous it not excessive. In view of the fact that the east, as stated, is still receiving at least a liberal precipitation, have we not had a reasonable basis for expecting a goodly rainfall in our portion of the state?

We are giving our mail order department special attention. If you are accustomed to sending orders to mail order houses would you give us the business if we guarantee to save you money under their prices? Will you give us a trial? Is that fair?
Carter and Kenady

50 cts., only 50cts. to press your suit, or I will clean and press it for \$1.00

A BALL CLUB

A Ball club, the ball being preceeded and qualified by "Tom" rather than "base", was organized here Saturday with 90 odd members. Dr. S. P. Rumph and J. M. Hembre were elected president and secretary respectively. All who mean to support the Ball candidacy for governor are urged to affiliate with the club.

REMEMBER THE DEBATE SAT. NIGHT AT THE OPERA HOUSE

Caddo Peak.

A splendid rain fell here Monday and Tuesday mornings. In this immediate vicinity the rain was heavy, but a mile or two southeast the rain was lighter. Before the rain we all had a few days of comparative leisure but a little farming will be the order of the day.

Bud McGary left Monday for Dickens County. He sold his farm to V. L. Fulton. Mr McGary has lived here many years and we regret to have him leave.

Prof. Brown and wife visited J. A. Moore and family Saturday night, and Sunday. Mr. Brown with his wit and mothea-in-law episodes creates much amusement.

Mrs. Lane Steele spent the latter part of last week, at Dressy with an ill mother. Lane stayed at home and "sopped.lasses" alone.

Ucle Josh Rodgers of Dressy came to Caddo for wood Monday, but got caught in the rain and had to return home woodless.

Mrs. F. G. Robinson visited her daughter at Baird last week.

J. E. Beeler's younger brother has recently moved from Tennessee. We have not learned his christian name yet.

Andy Hudson went to Fort Worth with some cattle last week.

We will cross sabers with the Burkett Babblers next Saturday night, in debate. When wise heads meet in opposition there are usually a lot of fuss and feathers. We will take the feathers and Blabblers the fuss. The present generations never had the fortune to hear Webster and Hayne; now is your chance. The subject will be the all live issue of Woman Suffrage. We of course will defend the God given right of woman.

Slim Jim

Misses and childrens dresses at

Carter & Kenady

If it is anything you need, we can supply you with the hoes and rakes to do this work for less money than you can buy them elsewhere.

Brazelton-Prior & Co. B. F. Wright, Mngr.

We will not be undersold in groceries.

Carter and Kenady

FLUSHES KIDNEYS ENDS BACKACHE

Micro-line Bladder and Kidney Remedy Banishes Lumbago, Rheumatism, and Bladder Trouble. If you suff with tortuing backache or sharp rheumatic pains, or are troubled with distressing bladder dicaders and kidneys affections, two or three doses of Micro-line Bladder and Kidney Remedy will suffice to convince you that you need suffer no longer. Its continued use for reasonable time will surely and permanently end all your complaints. Micro-line Bladder and Kidney Remedy is a perfect uric solvent, which enter the kidneys and promptly sets to work throwing out the poisonous uric acid from the blood, which weakened and diseased kidneys have allowed to accumulate, thereby causing those sharp pains in your side, back and joints, painful, scanty urination, stones in bladder etc. All these are positively relieved by Micro-line Bladder and Kidney Remedy. It is absolutely unnecessary to suffer longer. Give Micro-line Bladder and Kidney Remedy a trial. It so seldom fails that it is now sold on a guarantee to benefit the first time used or your money back. Try it—it is just what you want. Send at once to Rogers Drug and Chemical Co., Dallas, Texas, for a thirty day's treatment \$1.00 or for sample and Booklet which costs nothing. Sold in Cross Plains by, Wagner and Son a reliable Drug Store. (adv)

Rev. Scarbrough will preach at the Cristian church Sunday.

Karl Murdock tells us that he has received and receives results from the little advertising he does with The Review. Any body can get results that will try.

Smiling spring will soon come forth since the rains have set in. following blank, giving your name and address.

Ben Clapp, who was recently hurt by a train on the R. I. at Shamrock, is doing nicely, and his injuries are not nearly so serious as was at first reported.

J. S. Erwin, L. N. Black and others of Sabango were here Wednesday.

JUST RECEIVED

Another big shipment of dishes direct from factory.

The Racket Store

Herman Moore is visiting his father D. W. Moore of Dressy.

J. C. Murdock, Sr., has opened up the Recall Restaurant in the Barber Shop building, the former proprietor Mr. Johnson having quietly and unexpectedly abandoned the same to his friends a few days ago.

Misses Beulah & Jake Adams and Marie Cornell, were Star visitors Sunday.

NOW THAT WE HAVE HAD RAIN

You can make gardens and we can supply you with the hoes and rakes to do this work for less money than you can buy them elsewhere.

The Racket Store

Pioneer Happenings

Well as it has been some time since the "apps" of this place has been reported, guess had better write again.

The health of this community is some better at present than it was a few weeks back.

Mr. O. L. Cooper of this place has announced for tax assessor

Mr. Henson of Amity is visiting friends here now.

There has been a Farmers Union organized here of late.

The entertainment given by Mr. and Mrs. Cooper Saturday night was well attended and every one present seemed to have a splendid time.

The Pioneer and Cottonwood basket ball boys played a game here Saturday evening and it was certainly a hard fought game; however but it finally resulted in avictory for Pioneer.

Well as happenings of this place have been rather scarce for the past few days will close with best wishes to our Editor.

Dixie.

W. A. Petterson
The
Shoe Repair Man.
ALL KINDS OF HARNESS WORK.
Rear Racket Store.

Dr. E.H.RAMSEY

DENTIST

OVER FARMER'S NATIONAL BANK

BLACKSMITHING

We Do All Kinds of Blacksmith Work. We have added new Equipment and Guarantee All Work.

Barr & Coffee
Blacksmith Shop

W A PAYNE

Painter and Decorater

Estimates Cheerfully
Furnished
Phone 42 Cross Plains

THE CROSS PLAINS REVIEW \$1.00

Main Street Restaurant

We have taken charge of this Restaurant, and ask you when in town to come to us for meals, short orders, etc, we make a specialty of Chili. Give us a trial.

Mrs. M. J. Manning, Prop.

GO TO THE CASH GROCERY

For sanitary staple and groceries.

THE HIGHEST Market Price Paid for BUTTER and EGGS.

I also handle Leather Goods

See me before buying.

J. W. Westerman

THE CENTRAL HOTEL

LOCATED CLOSE IN

MEALS 25c

BEDS 25c

GIVE US A TRIAL

JIM CROSS, PROPRIETOR

Cross Plains Development Co.

Agents for Cross Plains Townsite Company.

LANDS, LOANS and INSURANCE

NOTARIES PUBLIC IN OFFICE.

Office in rear of Bank of Cross Plains.

The Crystal Cafe

I am still running the Cafe, on North 8th Street by the Postoffice. I will appreciate a part of your business.

Tom Henson, Prop.

ATTENTION, Automobile Owners!

You don't have to send off, or go to neighboring towns for your Auto Supplies. We carry in stock here at Cross Plains a good supply of Casings, Tubes, Spark Plugs, Pumps, Jacks, Rubber and Brass Tubing, Priming Cup, Batteries, Tool Boxes, Rubber Buckles, Mud Chains, Tire Covers, Crbyde, Engine Oil and Grease. We sell and Exchsdge Prest-O-Lites. Casings and Tubes are spot cash to all.

We will appreciate your business.

G. S. BOYLES

The Review, \$1.00

KEITH OF THE BORDER

A TALE OF THE PLAINS

By RANDALL PARRISH
Author of "MY LADY OF THE SOUTH,"
"WHEN WILDERNESS WAS KING," etc.

Illustrations by DEARBORN MELVILL

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Keith, a typical border platinian, is riding along the Santa Fe trail on the lookout for roaming war parties of savages. Keith had won his spurs as captain in a Virginia regiment during the civil war. He had left the service to find his old southern home in ashes, his friends scattered, and the fascination of wild western life had attracted him. He notices a camp fire at a distance and then sees a team attached to a wagon and at full gallop pursued by men on ponies.

CHAPTER II—When Keith reaches the wagon the riders have massacred two men, shot the horses and departed. He searches the victims finding papers and a locket with a woman's portrait. He resolves to hunt down the murderers.

CHAPTER III—Keith reaches Carson City and is arrested there charged with murdering and robbing the two travelers. His accuser is given as Black Bart, a notorious ruffian.

CHAPTER IV—They can readily swear the crime on Keith. The latter goes to jail fully realizing the peril of swift border justice. A companion in his cell is a negro who tells him he is Neb and that he knew the Keith family back in Virginia.

CHAPTER V—Neb knows about the two murdered men from the description by Keith. He says one was John Sibbey, the other Gen. Willis Waite, formerly an officer in the Confederate army.

CHAPTER VI—The platinian and his humble friend escape from the cell.

CHAPTER VII—The two fugitives become lost in the sand desert.

CHAPTER VIII—They come upon a cabin and find its lone occupant to be a beautiful young girl. Keith recognizes her as a singer he saw at Carson City.

CHAPTER IX—The girl explains that she came there in search of a brother who had deserted from the army. She had met a Mr. Hawley, who had induced her to come to the cabin while he sought to locate her brother.

CHAPTER X—Hawley appears, and Keith in hiding recognizes him as the notorious Black Bart. Hawley tries to make love to the girl.

CHAPTER XI—There is a terrific battle in the darkened room in which Keith overcomes Black Bart. Horses are apprehended, and the girl says that her name is Hope, joins in the escape.

CHAPTER XII—Keith explains his situation as a fugitive from justice.

CHAPTER XIII—The fugitives make for the ford of the Arkansas aiming to reach Fort Larned.

CHAPTER XIV—Here the girl is left in charge of the hotel landlady.

CHAPTER XV—Keith is riding Black Bart's horse, and in the saddle-bags discovers a letter bearing the name of Christie Maclaire and believing Miss Hope deceived him in declining that name, Miss Hope tells the landlady that she is the daughter of General Waite.

CHAPTER XVI—The fugitives Keith and Neb drift into Sheridan. Here Keith meets an old friend named Fairbain, a doctor. The platinian speaks of the murder of General Waite, but Fairbain insists that he saw the general alive in Sheridan only the day previous.

CHAPTER XVII—At the tavern Keith is disturbed by the talk of two men in an adjoining apartment. One of them speaks of trying to find Black Bart. He calls his companion, Fred Willoughby, which is the assumed name of the brother of Hope Waite. When the other man is gone, Keith enters the room.

CHAPTER XVIII—Willoughby acknowledges that Hope is his sister, but is evasive about Christie Maclaire.

CHAPTER XIX—An overheard conversation convinces Keith that Hope Waite is not the stage singer Christie Maclaire, but that Black Bart has some plot in progress involving the two girls and the profligate brother.

CHAPTER XX—Hope, getting a clew to the fact that General Waite is at Sheridan, starts for that town.

CHAPTER XXI—Hope Waite is mistaken for Christie Maclaire at Sheridan.

CHAPTER XXII—Keith meets the real Christie Maclaire and finds that Black Bart has convinced her that there is a mystery in her life which he is going to turn to her advantage.

CHAPTER XXIII—The platinian calls upon Hope Waite and tells of her resemblance to Christie Maclaire. They decide that Fred Willoughby may hold the key to the situation.

CHAPTER XXIV—Keith locates Willoughby, but it is to find the army deserter just shot dead by a lawless gang.

CHAPTER XXV—Hope is told of the death of her brother by Keith. He again comes across Christie Maclaire.

CHAPTER XXVI—Keith tries to learn what representations Black Bart has made to the stage singer, but she declines to tell him.

CHAPTER XXVII—Hope suggests that in order to learn the secret of Black Bart she must briefly impersonate Christie.

CHAPTER XXVIII—Dr. Fairbain is in love with Christie Maclaire, and Keith induces him to detain her from the stage while Hope goes to the theater where she meets Black Bart.

CHAPTER XXIX—Black Bart really believing Hope to be Christie Maclaire, tells her that General Waite has suspected his plans about an inheritance and demands that they must die. Hope is alarmed and demurs.

CHAPTER XXX—General Waite appears and confronts Christie Maclaire. He says Black Bart has stolen papers from him regarding an inheritance.

CHAPTER XXXI—Keith coming upon the scene is informed by General Waite that Christie Maclaire is the half sister of Hope. The latter has been carried away by Black Bart and his gang.

CHAPTER XXXII—Dr. Fairbain avows his love for Phyllis. She accepts him.

CHAPTER XXXIII—Keith and his friends strike the trail of Black Bart.

CHAPTER XXXIV—Hope has been taken back to the old cabin of the gang.

CHAPTER XXXV—The wilderness cabin is the scene of a fight in which Keith and his partners overcome their outlaw enemies.

CHAPTER XXXVI—Black Bart and the platinian meet in a duel in a wild spot and Keith is the victor.

CHAPTER XXXVII—The platinian is wounded in the fight with the desperado but is nursed back to life and health by the faithful Hope Waite.

bear down—put your whole weight on it, boy."

The two flung themselves upon the end of the bench, leaping up and down so as to add weight to power. Something had to give, either the stout wood of their improvised lever or else the holding of the plank. For an instant it seemed likely to be the former; then, with a shrill screech, the long spikes yielded and the board suddenly gave. With shoulders inserted beneath, the two men heaved it still higher, ramming the bench below so as to leave the opening clear. This was now sufficiently ample for the passage of a man's body, and Keith, lowering himself, discovered the earth to be fully four feet below. The negro instantly joined him, and they began creeping about in the darkness, seeking some way out. A rudely laid foundation of limestone along obstructed their path to the open air. This had been laid in mortar, but of inferior quality, so that little difficulty was experienced in detaching sufficient to obtain hand hold. Working silently, not knowing what watchers might be already stationed without, they succeeded in loosening enough of the rock to allow them to crawl through, lying breathless in the open. Accustomed as they were to the darkness, they could yet see little. They were upon the opposite side from the town, with no gleam of lights visible, prairie and sky blending together into spectral dimness, with no sound audible but the continued quarrel in the front room of the jail. Keith crept along to the end of the building from where he could perceive the lights of the town twinkling dimly through the intense blackness. Evidently the regular evening saturnalia had not yet begun, although there was already semblance of life about the numerous saloons, and an occasional shout punctured the stillness. A dog howled in the distance, and the pounding of swift hoofs along the trail told of fresh arrivals. An hour later and the single street of Carson City would be alive with humanity, eager for any excitement, ready for any wild orgy, it only once turned loose. That it would be turned loose, and also directed, the man lying on his face in the grass felt fully assured. He smiled grimly, wishing he might behold "Black Bart's" face when he should discover the fight of his intended victims. But there was no time to lose, every moment gained, added to their chance of safety.

"Are those horses tied there by the blacksmith's shop?" he asked, pointing.

The negro stared in the direction indicated, confused by the shadows thrown by the dim lights.

"I reckon dey am, Massa Jack; I done make out fer."

"Then two of them must belong to us; come on, boy."

He ran forward, crouching behind every chance cover, and keeping well back behind the line of shacks. A slight depression in the prairie helped conceal their movements, and neither spoke until they were crouching together beside the wall of the shop. Then Neb, teeth chattering, managed to blurt out:

"Fo' de Lawd's sake, yer don't actually mean ter steal dem hosses?"

Keith glanced about at the other's dim, black shadow.

"Sure not; just borrow 'em."

"But dat's a hangin' job in dis yere country, Massa Jack."

"Sure it is if they catch us. But we'd be strung up anyway, and we can't be hung twice. Besides there is a chance for us with the ponies, and none at all without. An hour's start in the saddle, Neb, and this bunch back here will never even find our trail; I pledge you that. Come, boy, stay close with me."

It was the quiet, confident voice of assured command, of one satisfied with his plans, and the obedient negro, breathing hard, never dreamed of opposition; all instinct of white held him to the dominion of this white master. Keith leaned forward, staring at the string of deserted ponies tied to the rail. Success depended on his choice, and he could judge very little in that darkness. Men were straggling in along the street to their right, on foot and horseback, and the saloon on the corner was being well patronized. A glow of light streamed forth from its windows, and there was the sound of many voices. But this narrow alley was deserted, and black, the fugitive stepped boldly forward, afraid that otherwise he might startle the ponies and thus create an alarm. Guided by a horseman's instinct he swiftly ran his hands over the animals and made quick selection.

"Here, Neb, take this fellow; lead him quietly down the bank," and he thrust the loosened rein into the black's hand.

An instant later he had chosen his own mount, and was silently moving in the same direction, although the night there was so black that the obedient negro had already entirely vanished. The slope of the land not only helped cover their movements, but also rendered it easy for them to find one another. Fully a hundred yards westward they met, where a gully led directly down toward the river. There was no longer need for remaining on foot, as they were a sufficient distance away from the little town to feel no fear of being discovered, unless by some drunken straggler. At Keith's command the negro climbed into his saddle. Both ponies were restive, but not vicious, and after a plunge or two, to test their new masters, came easily under control. Keith led the way, moving straight down the gully, which gradually deepened, burying them in its black heart, until it finally debouched onto the river sands. The riotous noises of the drunken town died slowly away behind, the night silent and dark. The two riders could

scarcely distinguish one another as they drew rein at the edge of the water. To the southward there gleamed a cluster of lights, marking the position of the camp of regulars. Keith drove his horse deeper into the stream and headed northward, the negro following like a shadow.

There was a ford directly opposite the cantonment, and another, more dangerous, and known to only a few, three miles farther up stream. Keeping well within the water's edge, so as to thus completely obscure their trail, yet not daring to venture deep for fear of striking quicksand, the platinian set his pony struggling forward, until the dim outline of the bank at his right rendered him confident that they had attained the proper point for crossing. He had been that way only once before, and realized the danger of attempting passage in such darkness, but urgent need drove him forward.

"Follow me just as close as you can, boy," he said sternly, "and keep both your feet out of the stirrups. If your horse goes down hang to his tail, and let him swim out."

There was little enough to guide by, merely a single faint star peering out from a rift of the clouds, but Keith's remembrance was that the ford led straight out to the center of the stream, and then veered slightly toward the right. He knew the sand ridge was only used by horsemen, not being wide enough for the safe pass-



"Do You See That Straight Ahead of You?"

age of wagons, but the depth of the water on either side was entirely problematical. He was taking a chance, yet dare not wait for daylight. Summoning all his nerve and alertness, he urged his horse slowly forward, the intelligent animal seemingly comprehending the situation, and feeling carefully for footing. The actions of the animal gave the rider greater confidence, and he loosened his grip on the rein, leaving the pony's instinct to control. The latter fairly crept forward, testing the sand before resting any weight upon the hoof, the negro's mount following closely. The water was unusually high, and as they advanced it bore down against them in considerable volume; then, as they veered to the right, they were compelled to push directly against its weight in struggling toward shore. The men could see nothing but this solid sheet of water rushing down toward them from out the black void, and then vanishing below. Once Keith's horse half fell, plunging nose under, yet gaining foothold again before the rider had deserted his saddle. A dim darkness ahead already revealed the nearness of the southern bank, when Neb's pony went down suddenly, swept fairly off its legs by some fierce eddy in the stream. Keith heard the negro's guttural cry, and caught a glimpse of him as the two were sent whirling down. The coiled rope of the lariat, grasped in his right hand, was hurled forth like a shot, but came back empty. Not another sound reached him; his own horse went steadily on, feeling his way, until he was nose against the bank, with water merely rippling about his ankles. Keith driving feet again into the stirrups headed him down stream, wading close in toward the shore, leaning forward over the pommel striving to see through the gloom.

He had no doubt about Neb's pony making land, unless struck by some driftwood, or borne to the center of the stream by the shifting force of the current. But if Neb had failed to retain his grip he might have been sucked under by the surge of waters. A hundred yards below he found them, dripping and weak from the struggle, yet otherwise unharmed. There were no words spoken, but the black and white hands clasped silently, and then Neb crept back into the saddle, shivering in his wet clothes as the cool night wind swept against him. Keeping close in toward shore, yet far enough out so that the water would hide their trail, the fugitives toiled steadily up stream, guided only by the black outline of the low bank upon their left.

CHAPTER VII.

In the Sand Desert.

Suddenly Keith halted, bringing his pony's head sharply about, so that the two faced one another. The wind was rising, hurling clouds of sand into their eyes, and the platinian held one hand before his face.

"There's no need of keeping up a water trail any longer," he said quietly. "By all the signs we're in for a sand storm by daylight, and that will cover our tracks so the devil himself couldn't follow them. Got a water bag on your saddle."

"I reckon dis am one, sah."

Keith felt of the object Neb held forth.

select so isolated a place in which to live. To them it would be ideal. Away from all trails, where not even widely roving cattlemen would penetrate, in midst of a desert avoided by Indians because of lack of game—a man might hide here year after year without danger of discovery. Yet such a one would not be likely to welcome their coming, and they were without arms. But Keith was not a man to hesitate long because of possible danger, and he stepped down into the shallow water.

"Come on, Neb," he commanded, "and we'll find out who lives here."

The window faced the west, and he came up the low bank to where the door fronted the north in intense darkness. Under the shadow of the cottonwoods he could see nothing, groping his way, with hands extended. His foot struck a flat stone, and he plunged forward, striking the unattached door so heavily as to swing it open, and fell partially forward into the room. As he peered to his knees, Neb's black face sprung past him into the lighted interior, he seemed to perceive in one swift, comprehensive glance, every revealed detail. A lamp burned on a rudely constructed set of drawers near the window, and a wood fire blazed redly in a stone fireplace opposite, the yellow and red lights blending in a peculiar glow of color. Under this radiance were revealed the rough log walls plastered with yellow clay, and hung about with the skins of wild animals, a roughly made table, bare except for a book lying upon it, and a few ordinary appearing boxes, evidently utilized as seats, together with a barrel cut so as to make a comfortable chair. In the back wall was a door, partially open, apparently leading into a second room. That was all, except the woman.

Keith must have perceived all these in that hurried glance, for they were ever after closely associated together in his mind, yet at the moment he possessed no clear thought of anything except her. She stood directly behind the table, where she must have sprung hastily at the first sound of their approach, clutching at the rude mantle above the fireplace, and staring toward him, her face white, her breath coming in sobs. At first he thought the vision a dream, a delirium born from his long struggle; he could not conceive the possibility of such a presence in this lonely place, and staggering to his feet, gazed wildly, dumbly at the slender, gray clad figure, the almost girlish face under the shadowing dark hair, expecting the marvellous vision to vanish. Surely this could not be real! A woman, and such a woman as this here, and alone, of all places! He staggered from weakness, almost terror and grasped the table to hold himself erect. The rising wind came blowing in through the open door, and the fire to send forth spirals of smoke and he turned, dragging the woman within, and snatched her again. When he glanced at her again he fully believed the woman confronting him would have wept. But no! there she yet remained, those wide-open, frightened brown eyes, with long lashes half hiding their depths, looking directly into his own; only now she had slightly changed her posture, leaning toward him across the table. Like a flash he comprehended that this was reality—flesh and blood—and, with the swift instinct of a gentleman, his numbed, nerveless fingers jerked off his hat, and he bowed bareheaded before her.

"Pardon me," he said, finding his voice with difficulty. "I fell over the step, but—I didn't expect to find a woman here."

He heard her quick breathing, marked a slight change in the expression of the dark eyes, and caught the glitter of the firelight on a revolver in her lowered hand.

"What did you expect to find?"

"I hardly knew," he explained lamely; "we stumbled on this hut by accident. I didn't know there was a cabin in all this valley."

"Then you are not here for any purpose? to meet with any one?"

"No; we were lost, and had gone into camp up above, when we discovered your light."

"Where do you come from?"

Keith hesitated just an instant, yet falsehood was never easy for him, and he saw no occasion for any deceit now.

"Carson City."

"What brought you here?"

"We started for the 'Bar X' ranch down below, on the Canadian; got caught in a sand-storm, and then just drifted. I do not know within twenty miles of where we are."

She drew a deep breath of unconcealed relief.

"Are you alone?"

"The negro and I—yes; and you haven't the slightest reason to be afraid of us—we're square."

She looked at him searchingly, and something in Keith's clean-cut face seemed to bring reassurance, confidence in the man.

"I am not afraid," she answered, coming toward him along the short table. "Only it is so lonely here, and you startled me, bursting in without warning. But you look all right, and I am going to believe your story. What is your name?"

"Keith—Jack Keith."

"A cowman?"

"A little of everything, I reckon, a touch of returning bitterness in the tone. 'A platinian, who has punched cattle, but my last job was government scout.'"

"You look as though you might be more than that," she said slowly.

In their saddles, the riders let them go, and they never stopped until belly deep in the stream, their noses buried. The men shivered, in their saddles, until, at last satisfied, the ponies contented to be forced back up the bank, where they nibbled at the short tufts of herbage, but in a manner expressive of weariness. Keith flung himself on the ground, every muscle of his body aching, his exposed flesh still smarting from the hail of sand through which they had passed.

He had not the slightest conception as to where they were, except he knew this must be the Salt Fork. Utterly confused by the maze of shifting dunes, through whose intricacies they had somehow found passage, the blackness of the night yielded no clue as to their point of emergence. The volume of water in the stream alone suggested that in their wanderings they must have drifted to the eastward, and come out much lower down than had been originally intended. If so, then they might be almost directly south of Carson City, and in a section with which he was totally unacquainted. One thing was, however, certain—they would be compelled to wait for daylight to ascertain the truth, and decide upon their future movements.

There was another barren, sandy stretch of desolation lying between this isolated valley and that of the Canadian, and their horses would never stand to be pushed forward without both rest and food. As to themselves—they had eaten their last crumb long since, but this was not the first time both had known starvation.

Keith arose reluctantly, and removed the saddles from the animals, hobbling them so they could graze at will. Neb was propped up beneath an out-cropping of the bank, which partly protected him from the wind, a mere hulk of a shadow. Keith could not tell whether he slept or not, but made no effort to disturb him. A moment he stared vacantly about into the black silence, and then lay down, pillowing his head upon a saddle. He found it impossible to sleep, the chill of the wind causing him to turn and twist, in vain search after comfort, while unappetized hunger gnawed incessantly. His eyes ranged about over the dull gloom of the skies until they fell again to the earth level, and then he suddenly sat up, half believing himself in a dream—down the stream, how far away he could not judge, there gleamed a steady, yellowish light. It was no flicker of a camp fire, yet remained stationary. Surely no star could be so low and large; nor did he recall any with that peculiarity of color. If such a miracle was possible in the heart of that sandy desert he would have sworn it was a lamp shining through a window. But he had never heard of any settler on the Salt Fork, and almost laughed at the thought, believing for the instant his brain played him some elfish trick. Yet that light was no illusion; he rubbed his eyes, only to see it more clearly, convinced now of its reality. He strode hastily across, and shook Neb into semi-consciousness, dragging him bodily up the bank and pointing down the stream.

"Do you see that?" he inquired anxiously. "There, straight ahead of you?"

The negro stared, shaking with cold, and scarcely able to stand alone.

"Maybe it am de moon, Massa Jack," he muttered, thickly, "or a goblin's lantern. Lawd, I don't jest like de looks ob dat ting."

"Well, I do," and Keith laughed uneasily at the negro's fears. "All I wanted to know was if you saw what I saw. That's a lamp shining through a window, Neb. What in heaven's name it can be doing here I am unable to guess, but I'm going to find out. It means shelter and food, boy, even if we have to fight for it. Come on, the horses are safe, and we'll discover what is behind that light yonder."

CHAPTER VIII.

The Wilderness Cabin.

The light was considerably farther away than they had at first supposed, and as they advanced steadily toward it, the nature of the ground rapidly changed, becoming irregular, and littered with low growing shrubs. In the darkness they stumbled over outcroppings of rock, and after a fall or two, were compelled to move forward with extreme caution. But the mysterious yellow glow continually beckoned, and with new hope animating the hearts of both men, they staggered on, nursing themselves to the effort, and following closely along the bank of the stream.

At last they arrived where they could perceive dimly something of the nature of this unexpected desert oasis. The light shone forth, piercing the night, through the uncurtained window of a log cabin, which would otherwise have been completely concealed from view by a group of low growing cottonwoods. This was all the black, enshrouding night revealed, and even this was merely made apparent by the yellow illumination of the window. The cabin stood upon an island, a strip of sand, partially covered by water, separating it from the north shore on which they stood. There was no sign of life about the hut, other than the burning lamp, but that alone was sufficient evidence of occupancy. In spite of hunger, and urgent need, Keith hesitated, uncertain as to what they might be called upon to face. Who could be living in this out-of-the-way spot, in the heart of this inhospitable desert? It would be no cattle out post surely, for there was no surrounding grazing land, while surely no professional hunter would choose such a barren spot for headquarters. Either a hermit, anxious to escape all intercourse with humanity, or some outlaw hiding from arrest, would be likely to

"Yes, and a big one, too; fill it and strap it on tight; we've got a long, dry ride ahead."

"Whar' yo' propose goin', Massa Jack?"

"To the 'Bar X' on the Canadian. I've worked with that outfit. They'll give us whatever we need, and ask no questions; I don't know of anything in between. It's going to be a hard ride, boy, and mighty little to eat except what I saved from supper."

"How far am it to dis yere 'Bar X'?"

"A hundred and fifty miles as the crow flies, and sand all the way, except for the valley of Salt Fork. Come on now, and keep close, for it's easy to get lost in these sand hills."

Keith had ridden that hundred and fifty miles of sandy desolation before, but had never been called upon to make such a journey as this proved to be. He knew there was little to fear from human enemies, for they were riding far enough east of the Santa Fe trail to be out of the path of raiding parties, while this desert country was shunned by Indian hunters. It consisted of sand hill after sand hill, a drear waterless waste, where nothing grew, and mid the dread sameness of which a traveler could only find passage by the guidance of stars at night or the blazing sun by day. To the eye mile after mile appeared exactly alike, with nothing whatever to distinguish either distance or direction—the same drifting ridges of sand stretching forth in every direction, no summit higher than another, no semblance of green shrubbery, or silver sheen of running water anywhere to break the dull monotony—a vast sandy plain, devoid of life, extending to the horizon, overhung by a barren sky.

They had covered ten miles of it by daybreak, their ponies traveling heavily, fetlock deep, but could advance no further. With the first tint of rose in the east the brooding storm burst upon them in wild desert fury, the fierce wind buffeting them back, lashing their faces with sharp grit until they were unable to bear the pain. The flying sand smote them in clouds, driven with the speed of bullets. In vain they lay flat, urging their ponies forward; the beasts, maddened and blinded by the merciless lashing of the sand, refused to face the storm. Keith, all sense of direction long since lost, rolled wearily from the saddle, burrowed under the partial shelter of a sand dune, and called upon Neb to follow him. With their hands and feet they made a slight wind-break, dragging the struggling ponies into its protection, and burrowed themselves there, the clouds of sand skurrying over them so thick as to obscure the sky, and rapidly burying them altogether as though in a grave. Within an hour they were compelled to dig themselves out, yet it proved partial escape from the pitiless lashing. The wind howled like unloosed demons, and the air grew cold, adding to the sting of the grit, when some sudden eddy hurled it into their hiding place.

To endeavor further travel would mean certain death, for no one could have guided a course for a hundred feet through the tempest, which seemed to suck the very breath away. To the fugitives came this comfort—if they could not advance, then no one else could follow, and the storm was completely blotting out their trail.

It was three o'clock before it died sufficiently down for them to venture out. Even then the air remained full of sand, while constantly shifting ridges made travel difficult. Only grim necessity—the suffering of the ponies for water, and their own need for soon reaching the habitation of man and acquiring food—drove them to the early venture. They must attain the valley of the Salt Fork that night, or else perish in the desert—there remained no other choice. Tying neckerchiefs over their horses' eyes, and lying flat themselves, they succeeded in pressing slowly forward, winding in and out among the shifting dunes, with only the wind to guide them. It was an awful trail, the hoofs sinking deep in drifting sand, the struggling ponies becoming so exhausted that their riders finally dismounted, and staggered forward on foot, leading them stumbling blindly after. Once the negro's horse dropped, and had to be lashed to its feet again; once Keith's pony stumbled and fell on him, hurling him face down into the sand, and he would have died there, lacking sufficient strength to lift the dead weight, but for Neb's assistance. As it was he went staggering blindly forward, bruised, and faint from hunger and fatigue. Neither man spoke; to waste no breath nor energy left to waste; every ounce of strength needed to be conserved for the battle against nature. They were fighting for life; fighting for—almost hopelessly.

About them night maily closed in, black and starless, yet frustrated by a gradual dying away of the storm. For an hour past they had been struggling on, doubting their direction, wondering dully if they were not lost and merely drifting about in a circle. They had debated this fiercely once, the ponies standing dejectedly, tails to the storm, Neb arguing that the wind still blew from the south, and Keith contending it had shifted into the westward. The white man won his way, and they staggered on uncertain, the negro grasping the first pony's tail to keep from being separated from his companion. Some instinct of the plains must have guided them, for at last they dragged themselves out from the desert, the crunching sand under foot changing into rock, and then to short brittle grass, at which the ponies nibbled eagerly. The slope led gradually downward, the animals scenting water, and struggling to break through a way-

(Continued on last page.)

Liberty Notes

Well here I come again to tell what is going on in and around here.

Most every one is through planting corn.

Uncle Dick Marshall who has been sick for the last five weeks, is improving now.

Services at the Christan church last Sunday was well attended by all.

Miss Ethel Robinson came home Friday afternoon sick, but at this writing.

Mr. J. Y. Robinson and wife left for Comanche last Friday afternoon.

Our boys and the Cross Plains boys played basket ball at Cross Plains Saturday, and the game was a victory to Liberty, the score being 27 to 9.

Tom Bruce is out buying cattle the first one he bought was so poor he couldnt drive it home.

There is strong talk of the Liberty and Salt Tank schools going together and having a rural high school at Liberty, and probably Sabanno will join in if this proves true.

Mr. & Mrs. Pinkston visited her son Beach Camron, near Scranton, Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. Will Coonce and Tom Anderson of Rising Star, came through here last week selling peanut thrashers.

They are going to hold the school election at Liberty Saturday, and all the patrons are urged to be present.

The farmers are to meet at Liberty Tuesday and try to kill out some of the rabbits, as they are destroying the oats and corn.

Rose Bud.

Cottonwood News.

Owing to the monotany of our town it will be a difficult matter to get up a readable communication this week, the happenings of the past few days of an unusual character have been scarce.

W. F. Griffin and family have moved to Tulia, Swisher Co. Mr. Griffin had not decided what branch of business he would engage in after his location. He still has quite an extended land interest in Callahan, and will doubtless be a constant visitor to Cottonwood as long as he has interests here.

J. R. Black the county attorney visited Cottonwood on official business Friday.

Prof. Settle of Cross Plains and a candidate for county superintendent of public instruction, passed through Cottonwood Saturday.

Sunday March 22nd Mr. Wiley Ousley and Miss Hite were married.

The Pastor of the Baptist Church at Cedar Bluff, spoke the words that made them one.

Our boys will play the boys at Pioneer a game basket ball this (Saturday) afternoon.

I will now give the basket ball record for Cottonwood. Girls... Cottonwood 7 Pioneer 4. Scranton 10 Cottonwood 12. Cottonwood 33 Cross Plains 3. Cottonwood 28 Dressy 0. Scranton 21 Cottonwood 7. Cottonwood 20 Cross Plains 4. Boys... Cottonwood 12 Cross Plains 2. Pioneer 20 Cottonwood 18. Cottonwood 15 Cross Plains 7, with the game at Pioneer to day to hear from. Queer Fellow.

The Erwin Bros., Evangelists, are holding a meeting at Rising Star. Some of our Cross Plains folks are attending the meeting some.

Mrs. R. V. Hart of Big Springs has been visiting her parents Mr. & Mrs. A. E. Haley.

The pupils of Mrs. J. E. Lindquist gave a musical recital at her home March 27, at 4 p.m. The program was as follows.

Etude Syble Barr.
Waltz Trezevant Sisk.
Rondo Dallas Kenady.
Spanish Dance... Violin... Loy Hembree.

Grace Waltz... Katherine McCowan.
Boat Song LeRoy Butler.
Home Sweet Home... Lee Sisk.
Over the Waves... Violin... Vencent Hart.

Old Folks at Home... Elizabeth Hart
Rustic Fiddler... Corinne Lindquist
Christmas Day... Pauline Bond.
Summer Days... Margeret Kenady.
Joyous Peasant... Leo Tyson.
Hop o'my Thumb... Milly Teague
Gertrude's Dream Walz... Elvis Barr
Rustic Song... Gladys Adams.
Traumer!... Clara Boyles
Consolation... Willie Adams.
Spring Song... Laura Boyles.
Melody in F. Duett... Elvis Barr and Leo Tyson.
Gypsie Rondo... Georgie Ruthford

A fruit punch was served and the guests expressed appreciation for the entertainment of the afternoon.

Lodge Directory

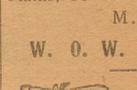
Masonic Lodge No 627



of Cross Plains, meets on or before full moon, in each month at Masonic over Bank of Cross Plains.



Meets every Saturday night at M. W. A. Hall, Cross Plains, Tex.



M. C. Baum, Clerk
W. O. W. Camp No. 778.



Meets every Saturday night before the first and third Sundays, at W. O. W. Hall, south Cross Plains, Tex.
E. T. Bond, Clerk.



Meets every Friday night at 8:30 at the I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. W. Barr, Sec.

I. O. O. F. Lodge No. 171

M. E. Church, South.

Preaching each 1st and 3rd Sundays at 11 a. m. and 8:15 p. m.

Sunday school each Sunday 10 a. m. R. P. Odom, Supt.

Prayer meeting each Wednesday 7:30 p. m.

Woman's Home Mission Society meets Thursdays before the 2nd and 4th Sundays of each month. Mrs. Alv is Pres.

You are cordially invited to attend all our church services.

Presbyterian Church.

Presbyterian church, preaching on 2nd and 3rd Sundays at 11 a.m and 8 p. m.

Sunday school at 10 a.m. Regular session meeting, Friday, 3 p. m.

Baptist Church.

Preaching 2nd and 4th Sundays at 11 a. m. School begins 9:00 a.m. Prayer meeting Wednesday at 8:15. Ladies Aid Mondays 10 p. m.

Junior B. Y. P. U. meets every Sunday 3 p. m. Senior B. Y. P. U. 4 p. m.

Pastor.

L. P Henslee
Notary Public

Announcements.

We are authorized to announce the following named persons as candidates for office, subject to the Democratic Primary, July, 1914:

For County Clerk:
Homer Shanks

T(Tom) E Parks of Baird
Chas. Noidyke, of Cottonwood

For County Tax Collector
W E Melton

For County Treasurer
W. P(Pit) Ramsey

C. W. Connor, Baird (Re election)

For Superintendent of Public Instruction
S E Settle

For County Tax Assessor:
Geo. A. Johnson of Clyde.

M. R. Haily of Rowden
Harry N. Ebert of Baird.

T. L. Conway of Baird
T. J. Norrell

M. G. Farmer.

For Sheriff:
J. (John) A. Moore

Felix Rains(re-election)

For County Commissioner P. No. 4
Milton Houston of Cottonwood.

J. G. (Jack) Aiken.
J. W. [Wade] McDaniel

For Constable Precinct No. 6
Jno. Swan

W. A. [Alfred] Petterson.

For Public Weigher of Precinct No. 6
Martin Neeb(re-election)

J. R. Williamson
Geo. Swan,
Sid Munsey

Jeff Clark.

For Justice of the Peace of Precinct No. 6,
A. J. Matthis

John T. Gilbert.
P. Smith

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A. J. Matthis

John T. Gilbert.
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Did You Ever Stop To Think Dollars?

Did you ever stop to think that you do four things, just four and no more? You think; you remember; you imagine; you act. When you learn to think better, remember better, imagine better or act better, you are increasing your efficiency, and, therefore your income. You may feel you are very successful now. Suppose you are; it isn't a question of what you know, but of how beneficial a practical business education will be to you in addition to what you already know. Did you ever stop to think that eighty-five per cent of the men of this country are only earning \$15 per week or less? That ninety-two per cent fail in business between the ages of 40 and 50? That ninety-five per cent have no money at the age of 60? We have been very successful in getting men out of the eighty-five, the ninety-two and the ninety-five per cent class. Why not let us help you? We have been marvelously successful in raising salaries, as is conclusively proven by the letters in our catalog from former students. You will agree with us that to violate a part of the laws of business means partial failure, and to violate all the laws means complete failure. You are also aware that to observe part of the laws of business means partial success, and to observe all of the laws means complete success. Our is to help you observe a higher per cent of the laws of success, and, therefore, enable you to be nearer the maximum success. The late Prof. James of Harvard declares that that the average man only uses ten per cent of his brain power. Suppose you are twice as capable as the average man? Even that would mean you are only using twenty per cent of your maximum possibilities. The purpose of our course is to produce a maximum of proficiency with a minimum effort. The business world wants thinkers and doers. There's a famine of high priced men today; there are thousands of men worth a thousand dollars a year, but only a few worth ten thousand a year. Be the latter kind of a man; you can if you will. We know that a man is worth only about \$2 00 a day from the chin down, selling muscles, but as high as a hundred thousand dollars a year from the chin up, selling brains. Be a chin upper and sell the higher type of brains; you can't afford to be a chin downer; there's no room for such a man in the high salaried class. Take our thorough practical course of Bookkeeping, Business Administration and Finance, Shorthand or Telegraphy, learn how to think, to remember, to imagine and act. Our large catalog is free for the asking, if you will only fill in and mail the

Tyler Commercial College,
Tyler, Texas.

Name.....
Address.....

Prospect for Oil Mill

Wednesday morning one of our real estate men was telephoned by a party purporting to be C. H. Benigni at Dublin, telling him that he would be here on the train that day to see about putting in an oil mill at this place. A number of men bestirred themselves no little to see that this oil magnate was given proper encouragement. He came in all right; i. e., a salesman for stock in oil wells, who knew nothing of our expectations. It was not until that late hour that we thought of its being the first of April. To be sure, there was a few who said they knew better all the time.

A Mr. Williams and wife of Rotar, have moved here. Mr. Williams has the job of car inspector and engine watcher at this place. The office of car inspector is newly created for Cross Plains, which was created by order of Supt. Mathews in compliance with state law demanding that inspectors be kept at terminals.

went adrift. It's a habit in this country."

Apparently those first words of comment had left her lips unthinkingly, for she made no attempt to reply; merely stood there directly facing him, her clear eyes gazing frankly into his own. He seemed to actually see her now for the first time, fairly—a supple, slender figure, simply dressed, with wonderfully expressive brown eyes, a perfect wealth of dark hair, a clear complexion with slight olive tinge to it, a strong, intelligent face, not strictly beautiful, yet strangely attractive, the forehead low and broad, the nose straight, the lips full and inclined to smile. Suddenly a vague remembrance brought recognition.

"Why, I know you now."

"Indeed!" the single word a note of undisguised surprise.

"Yes; I thought you looked oddly familiar all the time, but couldn't for the life of me connect up. You're Christie Maclaire."

"Am I?" her eyes filled with curiosity.

"Of course you are. You needn't be afraid of me if you want it kept secret, but I know you just the same. Saw you at the 'Galety' in Independence, maybe two months ago. I went three times, mostly on your account. You've got a great act, and you can sing too."

She stood in silence, still looking fixedly at him, her bosom rising and falling, her lips parted as if to speak. Apparently she did not know what to do, how to act, and was thinking swiftly.

"Mr. Keith," she said, at last in decision, "I am going to ask you to blot that all out—to forget that you even suspect me of being Christie Maclaire, of the Galety."

"Why, certainly; but would you explain?"

"There is little enough to explain. It is sufficient that I am here alone with you. Whether I wish to or not, I am compelled to trust myself to your protection. You may call me Christie Maclaire, or anything else you please; you may even think me unworthy respect, but you possess the face of a gentleman, and as such I am going to trust you—I must trust you. Will you accept my confidence on these terms?"

Keith did not smile, nor move. Weak from hunger and fatigue, he leaned wearily against the wall. Nevertheless that simple, womanly appeal awoke all that was strong and sacrificing within him, although her words were so unexpected that, for the moment he failed to realize their full purport. Finally he straightened up.

"I—I accept any terms you desire," he gasped weakly. "If—if you will only give one return."

"One return?—what?"

"Food; we have eaten nothing for sixty hours."

Her face, which had been so white, flushed to the hair, her dark eyes softening.

"Why, of course; sit down. I ought to have known from your face. There is plenty here—such as it is—only you must wait a moment."

CHAPTER IX.

The Girl of the Cabin.

He saw Neb drop down before the blazing fireplace, and curl up like a tired dog, and observed her take the lamp, open the door into the other



"I—I Accept Any Terms You Desire."

room a trifle, and slip silently out of sight. He remembered staring vaguely about the little room, still illumined by the flames, only half comprehending, and then the reaction from his desperate struggle with the elements overcame all resolution, and he dropped his head forward on the table, and lost consciousness. Her hand upon his shoulder aroused him, startled into wakefulness, yet he scarcely realized the situation.

"I have placed food for the negro beside him," she said quietly, and for the first time Keith detected the soft blur in her speech.

"You are from the South!" he exclaimed, as though it was a discovery.

"Yes—and you?"

"My boyhood began in Virginia—the negro was an old-time slave in our family."

She glanced across at the black, now sitting up and eating voraciously.

"I thought he had once been a slave; one can easily tell that. I did not ask him to sit here, because, if you do not object, we will eat here together. I have also been almost as long without food. It was so lonely here, and—I hardly understood my situation—and I simply could not force myself to eat."

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In a quiet and convenient location. The very best of service guaranteed. Give us a trial and be convinced.

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COULD SCARCELY WALK ABOUT

And For Three Summers Mrs. Vincent Was Unable to Attend to Any of Her Housework.

Pleasant Hill, N. C.—"I suffered for three summers," writes Mrs. Walter Vincent, of this town, "and the third and last time, was my worst.

I had dreadful nervous headaches and prostration, and was scarcely able to walk about. Could not do any of my housework.

I also had dreadful pains in my back and sides and when one of those weak, sinking spells would come on me, I would have to give up and lie down, until it wore off.

I was certainly in a dreadful state of health, when I finally decided to try Cardui, the woman's tonic, and I firmly

believe I would have died if I hadn't taken it.

After I began taking Cardui, I was greatly helped, and all three bottles relieved me entirely.

I fattened up, and grew so much stronger in three months, I felt like another person altogether."

Cardui is purely vegetable and gentle-acting. Its ingredients have a mild, tonic effect, on the womanly constitution.

Cardui makes for increased strength, improves the appetite, tones up the nervous system, and helps to make pale, sallow cheeks, fresh and rosy.

Cardui has helped more than a million weak women, during the past 50 years. It will surely do for you, what it has done for them. Try Cardui today.

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