

# THE CROSS PLAINS REVIEW

VOL. 5.

CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS, FRIDAY, MAY 1, 1914.

NO. 8

## CONGRATULATIONS

To patrons of Rural Route No. 2 and town of Cross Plains upon the mutual benefit to be derived from the service inaugurated to-day.

## NOTICE

I have purchased the interest of Mr. C. S. Kenady in the firm of Carter & Kenady and will continue the business under my own name.

I take this occasion to thank the public for the generous business they have given us in the past and hope to merit a continuance of the same.

My aim shall be to give adequate service and value at all times and your patronage will be appreciated.

Respectfully,  
D. P. Carter.

## CYCLONE DESTROYS TOWN OF PEACOCK

Sunday the small town of Peacock in Stonewall county was visited by a cyclone which blew down every business house in town, and left 150 people without homes, according to newspaper reports. D. P. Carter has a brother H. A. Carter who is in the banking business at Peacock the latter telegraphing his brother here news of the disaster. Mr. Carter has been unable since to get into connection with Peacock.

## 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-dateness 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.

Your suit cleaned and pressed for \$1.00

Carl Murdock

## SWAT THE FLY

We can supply you with fly swatters, fly killers, fly traps and screen door springs and braces.

THE RACKET STORE

## BUYS DRUG BUSINESS

A deal was made the first of the week whereby The City Drug Store becomes owners of the Wagner and Son drug business on Main Street. They have moved their old stock to the Wagner building where the two stocks are consolidated. They will install their fountain on the south end part of the building. They now have more commodious quarters, and better building, which prepares them better than ever for the drug business.

See those Go-carts and Sulkies at the Furniture Store.

## CONDITIONS.

H. W. KUTEMAN,  
Pres.

J. E. SPENCER,  
V. Pres

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

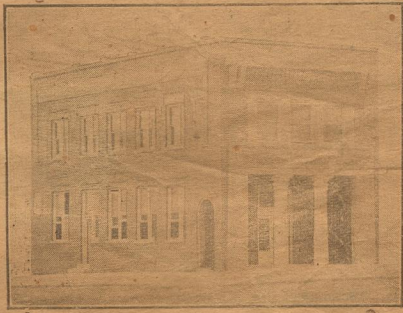
## The Bank of Cross Plains

(UN-INCORPORATED)

Responsibility \$1,000,000  
CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS.

Now prevailing have demonstrated to the farmers and other individuals alike the wisdom of "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 On You; You Bank With Us.

## COPIOUS RAINS

J. P., Jr., is smiling upon the west. Through his unusual generosity we are enabled to report 5 inch rainfall on the night of the 26th, and 8 inch rainfall on the morning of the 28th, which was Monday. Already a few of the sandy land farmers are complaining of an excessive humidity; but they must have plenty or too much rain for the country in general to have a good season.

We understand the rain was light south and good north and west of us. With the rains we are having, a great grain crop is almost assured. Conditions are now such that a general bumper crop, of grain, cotton, feedstuff, should be our portion. It will require something in the nature of a calamity to prevent our making a great crop.

A good rain fell Tuesday night west and south of town, centering about Dressy, reaching to about three miles this side of Burkett.

## SINGING CONVENTION

The people of Cross Plains and adjoining communities met at Cross Plains on February 1, and organized a County Line Singing Convention. The book to be used is The Sacred Harp. We ask everybody to join and help in this Convention. The next place of meeting will be at Cross Plains the second and third days of May, 1914.

J. W. Bishop, President.

Jno. D. Mitchell of Cottonwood was here this week. Mr. Mitchell has been for some time contemplating buying an automobile, but so far has resisted the temptation.

## The \$100.00 Silo

The practical silo for the man of moderate means and of a limited bunch of live stock. On exhibition at Shackelford Lmbr. Yd.

"Let Me Show You."  
"JOE."

## FLOUR & FEED IN CARLOAD LOTS

I have just received a carload of Sunburst and German Mill flour. Also bran & chops.

REMEMBER, I buy in car lots and will not be undersold for cash.

## J. W. Westerman

## PARTIES BUY SWINDEN PECAN FARM

BROWNWOOD—Fort Worth parties have purchased the Swinden pecan farm located about one mile from this place and will begin improvements immediately on the project. The project comprises 1,200 acres containing 8,000 bearing trees. This is one of the largest cultivated pecan orchards in Texas and the nuts emanating from the tract are considered to be of the finest quality ever grown in this state.

Mrs. Williams who has been teaching at Kid Peak, below Cross Cut, was here Sunday night in route to the home of her parents Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Stafford at Eastland.

## EDUCATIONAL RALLY AT BURKETT SCHOOL

The people of the Burkett community pulled off a big educational rally and community co-operation meeting on Saturday of last week. There were three sessions, beginning at 10:30 a.m., 1:30 p.m. and 8 p.m., respectively. The program, which was published in the School Forum of The Democrat-Voice, was carried out. Besides there was music, recitations and baseball, and everybody had a general good time as well as being instructed.

The present term of their school has been a most successful one. The pupils and patrons are glad to come forward and assist the teachers in every way possible to add to the success. This was shown not only by the large and attentive audiences present at each of the sessions of Saturday's meeting, but in a dozen ways as unerring.

For instance the school property has been financed and some forty or fifty shade trees have been put out this year. The rubbish has been removed and excellent play grounds provided for the children. The walls of the building have been adorned with scores of appropriate pictures. In fact everything points to the fact that the Burkett school is in a thoroughly prosperous condition.

At the same meeting plans were discussed for setting on foot what may be called a "social center movement," which will be carried on thru the summer.

Prof. and Mrs. O. L. Price and Miss Ollie Livingston are teachers of the school.—Democratic Voice.

Tom Young and family of the Bayou were here Saturday, in his Buick car.

## BUYS PARTNER'S INTEREST

D. P. Carter has bought the interest of C. S. Kenady, his partner, in the firm of Carter and Kenady, and will conduct the business under his own name at the same location. This firm was the first in town to move into their present quarters. Mr. Kenady will remain in the employ of Mr. Carter for the present. Mr. Carter asks that you give him a chance, when you come here to buy goods.

If it is anything you want in the building line see us. We carry lumber, shingles, brick, lime, cement, doors sash, building paper, paints putty, glass & builders hardware. Brazelton-Prpor & Co. B. F. Wright, Mngr.

We have added to our Undertaking Department the best cooling board that money can buy. The use of this will be free to our customers and when you need such instead of laying the dead on planks, come to our store and get this board. Furniture Store

All the suits I order fit and please. I also make the price right. Carl Murdock.

If you don't believe cash counts, try J. W. Westerman.

## Mrs. Farmers May 9th

The Democrat-Voice carried an announcement last week stating that Mrs. Farmers Second Annual Poultry Show would take place on May 4th. Since that time it has been found to be impossible to get ready for the show on the date named so it has been deferred until Saturday, May 9th.

In order that there shall be no further delay the six big Safety Hatch Incubators have been set up and started so that at the proper hour the full charge of 1500 eggs can be started. Mrs. Farmer guarantees a chick from this hatch to each of the first 1,000 visitors to her show. Each visitor will have the right to see his chick hatch and take it right then. No such demonstration has ever been given in Texas before. No doubt thousands of visitors will come for this one demonstration alone.—Dem. Voice

"A Silo adapted to general use, must be cheap, durable, simple in construction and effective in preserving Silage."

Farmers Bulletin No. 103, U.S. Dept. of Agriculture.

## THEY TALK ABOUT IT

People say it is a real pleasure to trade here because they get more goods for less money. This has always been our record, the cheapest selling house in town.

THE RACKET STORE

Burned

Saturday morning the country home of T. C. Thorn two miles south of town was burned, the destruction being complete. Eclis Mayes and wife who were living at the place lost their household goods, save some oil stoves, cabinets, etc. The house was partially covered by insurance. The fire is supposed to have originated from the striking of a match by a mouse. A collection has been taken to assist Mr. Mayes in furnishing a home.

Mr. Thorn says he will likely rebuild in the summer, but not before.

## Card of Thanks

We wish to thank those who have been so kind in donating money, household goods, and the like to us, since our loss in the fire of last Saturday. We assure you that we appreciate deeply everything that you have done.

E. L. Mayes and wife.

# 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.

Our prediction that we would have plenty of rain this spring because to the east too much rain has for some time been falling, seems to have been well founded. It is a fact that since the early part of last fall East Texas has had an excessive rainfall. It follows now, that we to the west and in a considerably more arid climate are getting plenty of rain. This is the logical sequence; anything else would be unnatural.

A dispatch from Post City reads "Practically every property owner in this town has been seen after work hours the past week putting in his spare time beautifying his yard. Prizes are given each year for the most beautiful yards and indications point to a large number of entries this year."

Coleman has all the nature advantages for becoming one of the beautiful small cities in Texas. If we would but put our hands to the job it could be accomplished with little effort. Ladies and gentlemen, are we doing our duty in the premises?—Democratic Voice.

Our soil is admirably adapted to the growing of flowers, shrubbery, etc., and consequently our people could have the most beautiful of yards. Then some, probably quite a few, are interested in this work, as evident to any who pass thru town. The trouble with us is not so much of individual home attractiveness; it is the neglected condition of the vacant lots of the town.

## WHAT COL. BALL STANDS FOR

Salient features of Col. Thomas H. Ball's opening speech:

Opposes National prohibition, but does not consider it subversive of States' rights.

Favors constitutional State-wide prohibition, but opposes five and ten-mile law; tentatively suggests a sealed package law, should submission carry and the Legislature not submit.

Renews his declaration that prohibition views do not constitute a test of Democracy.

Favors separation of University and Agricultural and Mechanical College; adequate support of all educational and eleemosynary institutions and their removal from politics by their annual support being specifically provided for by law.

Favors compulsory education.

Favors majority nominations and election law reforms, including a semi-literacy test.

Favors a law reform commission to revise court procedure.

Favors a board of directors and general manager for state penitentiary system.

Thinks fee system can be abolished in the larger counties; wherever possible wants every state officer put on straight salary.

Opposes repeal of Robertson insurance law but would permit exiled insurance companies to make loans in the state.

Favors initiative, referendum and recall; does not consider it a test of party faith.

Asks members of the Legislature to save up enough money to "live indefinitely on \$2 per day" and stay with him until summer, if necessary, to put through his legislative program.

Says his campaign shall not cost over \$10,000.

Opposes rent limits plan of Mr. Ferguson and pronounces it unconstitutional; proposes a plan to promote farmowning; suggests farm guilding and loans associations, school fund loans and certain tax exemptions; also purchase by State

of university land, and its division into small farms.

Promises a business administration, it elected, and announces intention of putting Texas on a "pay as you go" basis.

Does not mention woman suffrage or proposed revision of stock and bond law.

Opposes repeal of railroad stock and bond law.

Remember cash counts with me. I pay cash, sell for cash, and take no chances on accounts. Hence I can and do sell cheap.

J. W. Westerman.

## Dressy News

To let folks know we are still alive we will write this week. News being so scarce last week, we did not think it necessary to write.

Most all the feed stuff which has been planted, is up and cotton also to some extent. If the weather continues as it has for the past day or two, all will grow fast.

The public school of this place closed Friday. Our little program was rendered under difficulties, as we were not altogether prepared to give it in the afternoon. A large crowd was present, most all being from Cross Plains. Mr. Swan came over Friday morning and took a picture of the group. There were about seventy-five in the group. After the program was rendered Friday evening the Cross Plains school team was ready to match our team with a game of baseball. The players assembled at the usual place, just south of S. P. Long's house. Six innings were played and as a result, the visiting team was victorious, the score standing 12 to 8.

Miss Anna May Ellis has returned to her home at Atwell since school closed. Miss Byron Freeman accompanied her for a few days visit.

Mrs. J. W. Tucker gave an entertainment Saturday night and all present had a jolly time.

We are likely to have a good rain this (Monday) morning. It would benefit our crop very much.

Slim Jim made us feel some what anxious to go fishing. Never mind; we are going just as soon as we get our "nickel" to buy our fish hooks with.

If this does not land in the waste basket, we will come again. We will ring off this time by asking our editor to come over and help us eat "red beans" and "buttermilk." We can assure him that he will have a substitute for something whether it is eatable or not.

Best Wishes

Meddler

I want you to swat the fly and buy your swattera (screen doors and windows) from

Shackelford Lumber Yard.

Ben Flack, big farmer of the Burkett country, was here the first of the week.

For cleaning and pressing,—see Carl Murdock

I here by call a mass meeting of all socialists of Callahan County to meet at Baird, Saturday May, 2 1914, at 10 a m to select candidates for county officers, to be nominated in compliance with election law, in July. If you are tired of land monopoly, and believe in land for the landless and homes for the homeless, come and assist in preparing for an aggressive campaign.

T. A. Curry.

County Chm. of Socialist Party.

## SILOS

Joe Shackelford is proud of his \$100.00 silo he has on exhibition in Cross Plains, and well he may be. He says he is putting just as much as he possibly can into this silo and still sell it for \$100.00. He is doing this to put a silo into the hands of every farmer. Silos have come to stay. We are not boosting Joe's business—we are boosting silos.

## Announcements.

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

For Associate Justice Court Civil Appeals—

Judge Ocie Speer (re-election)

For County Clerk:

Homer Shanks

T(Tom) E Parks of Baird

Chas. Nordyke, of Cottonwood

For County Tax Collector

W E Melton

Joe Y. Frazier.

J. O. Williams.

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.

Bill Gibbard.

For Justice of the Peace of Precinct No. 6.

A. J. Matthis

John T. Gilbert.

P. Smith

## CATTLE RAISERS TO ISSUE MAGAZINE

FORT WORTH—"The Cattleman" is the title of a new magazine to be published by the Cattle Raisers Association of Texas, with headquarters in this City. The new magazine will make its initial advent into the journalistic field June 1st and will be issued once a month. It will be devoted to the work of the Association and edited by A. C. Williams, Assistant Secretary of the organization.

## Card of Thanks

To those who so kindly aided us during our recent sickness and bereavement, we wish to express our gratitude and thanks. Since living in Cross Plains our lives have been saddened by three deaths. Such acts of benevolence and words of consolation as we have received make life more endurable and enable us to face the future vicissitudes of life with more hope and courage. Truly, in that great day some will hear our Lords commendation, "when I was sick ye visited me." "Come ye blessed of my father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

Pitt Ramsey.

Charlie Ramsey.

Mr. Yeager of Cottonwood was in town Saturday. Mr. Yeager took occasion to tell us that "Keith of the Border" was a great story.

Mr. and Mrs. Rich Mitchell of Clyde are visiting relatives here.

# The Review, \$1.00

**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 CENTRAL HOTEL**  
LOCATED CLOSE IN  
MEALS 25c - - - BEDS 25c  
GIVE US A TRIAL  
**JIM CROSS, PROPRIETOR**

**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.**

**8th Street Restaurant**  
We have moved to the Murdock Bldg. on 8th Street where we will be glad to see you. When hungry remember us Located across the street from City Drug Store  
**Mrs. M. J. Manning, Prop.**

**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

Died  
Little ten year old R. P. Ramsey, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Ramsey, died last Friday night, death being caused by pneumonia. Intement was made at the Cross Plains cemetery, Rev. Usery officiating. This is the second member of this family to die since their moving to Cross Plains. "When misfortunes come they come not in single file but in battallions." We offer our sincerest sympathy to the family in their sorrow.

O. A. Gray and son Earl, of the Bayou were here Tuesday. The former shipped some 400 pounds of Mohair wool to Lowell, Mass. He says that he averaged 6 1/2 lbs. of wool from each goat, and that the kid crop was about 125 per cent. He told us not to write this up, as he did not want people to know he was in the goat business. For doing this he may get our "goat."  
J. D. Gilbert of Sabanno was among our guests this week.

**Dr. E.H. RAMSEY**  
DENTIST  
OVER FARMER'S NATIONAL BANK

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

THE CROSS PLAINS REVIEW \$1.00  
**For \$1.00**  
The Cross Plains Review  
Farm & Ranch & Holland's Mag  
All Three to Dec. 1. (to new sub.)

**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 MELVILLE.  
(Copyright, A. G. McClurg & Co., 1910.)

**SYNOPSIS.**  
**CHAPTER I**—Jack Keith, a typical border plainsman, is riding along the Santa Fe trail on the lookout for roaming war parties of savages. Keith had won his spurs as a cavalryman in the regular army 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 allured 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 raiders 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 raiders.  
**CHAPTER III**—Keith reaches Carson City and is charged with the murder of a man and robbing of 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 Shiley, the other Gen. Willis Waite, formerly an officer in the Confederate army.  
**CHAPTER VI**—The plainsman 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 invited 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. Hawley is appropriated, and the girl who 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 he believes Miss Hope deceived him in disclosing the name of the brother. 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 plainsman 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 plainsman 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 desert 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 that they must fly. 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 plainsman meet in a duel in a wild spot and Keith is the victor.  
**CHAPTER XXXVII**—The plainsman is wounded in the fight with the desperado but is nursed back to life and health by the faithful Hope Waite.

quarrelsome humanity, the gambling tables alive with excitement. Men swaggered along the streets looking for trouble, and generally finding it; cowboys rode into open saloon doors and drank in the saddle, troops of congenial spirits, frozzed with liquor, spurred recklessly through the street firing into the air, or the crowd, as their whim led, bands played popular airs on balconies, and innumerable "barkers" added their honeyed invitations to the perpetual din. From end to end it was a saturnalia of vice, a babel of sound, a glimpse of the inferno. Money flowed like water; every man was his own law, and the gun the arbiter of destiny. The town marshal, and a few cool-headed deputies, moved here and there amid the chaos, patient, tireless, undaunted, seeking merely to exercise some slight restraint. This was Sheridan.

Into the one long street just at dusk rode Keith and Neb, the third horse trailing behind. Already lights were beginning to gleam in the crowded saloons, and they were obliged to proceed slowly. Leaving the negro at the corral to find some purchaser for the animals, and such accommodations for himself as he could achieve, Keith shouldered his way on foot through the heterogeneous mass toward the only hotel, a long two-storied wooden structure, unpainted, fronting the glitter of the Pioneer Dance Hall opposite. A noisy band was splitting the air with discordant notes, a loud-voiced "barber" yelling through the uproar, but Keith, accustomed to similar scenes and sounds elsewhere, strode through the open door of the hotel, and guided by the noisy, continuous clatter of dishes, easily found his way to the dining-room. It was crowded with men, a few women scattered here and there, most of the former in shirt-sleeves, all eating silently. A few smaller tables at the back of the room were distinguished from the others by white coverings in place of oil-cloth, evidently reserved for the more distinguished guests. Disdaining ceremony, the new comer wormed his way through, finally discovering a vacant seat where his back would be to the wall, thus enabling him to survey the entire apartment.

It was not of great interest, save for its constant change and the primitive manner in which the majority attacked their food supply, which was piled helter-skelter upon the long tables, yet he ran his eyes searchingly over the numerous faces, seeking impartially for either friend or enemy. No countenance present, as revealed in the dim light of the few swinging lamps, appeared familiar, and satisfied that he remained unknown, Keith began devoting his attention to the dishes before him, mentally expressing his opinion as to their attractiveness. Chancing finally to again lift his eyes, he met the gaze of a man sitting directly opposite, a man who somehow did not seem exactly in harmony with his surroundings. He was short and stockily built, with round rosy face, and a perfect shock of wavy hair brushed back from a broad forehead; his nose wide but stubby, and chin massive. Apparently he was between forty and fifty years of age, exceedingly well dressed, his gray eyes shrewd and full of a grim humor. Keith observed all this in a glance, becoming aware at the same time that his neighbor was apparently studying



Keith Elbowed His Way Through the Heterogeneous Crowd.

the latter broke silence with a quick, jerky utterance, which seemed to peculiarly fit his personal appearance.

"Damn it, I know you, sir—sure as hell—but for life of me can't tell where."

Keith stared across at him more searchingly, and replied, rather indifferently.

"Probably a mistake then, as I have no recollection of your face."

"Never made a mistake, sir—never forget a face," the other snapped with some show of indignation, his hands now clasped on the table, one stubby forefinger pointed, as he leaned forward. "Don't tell me—I've seen you somewhere—no, not a word—don't even tell me your name—I'm going to think of it."

Keith smiled, not unwilling to humor the man's eccentricity, and returned to his meal with only an occasional inquiring glance across the table. The other sat and stared at him, his heavy eyebrows wrinkled as he struggled to awaken memory. The younger man had begun on his pie when the face opposite suddenly cleared.

"Damn me, I've got it—hell, yes; hospital tent—Shenandoah—bullet imbedded under third rib—ordinary case—that's why I forgot—clear as mud now—get the name in a minute—Captain—Captain Keith—that's it—shake hands."

Puzzled at the unexpected recognition, yet realizing the friendliness of the man, Keith grasped the pudgy fingers extended with some cordiality.

"Don't remember me? I s'pose—don't think you ever saw me—delirious when I came—hate to tell you what you was talking about—gave you hypodermic first thing—behaved well enough though when I dug out the lead—Minie bullet, badly blunted hitting the rib—thought you might die with blood poison—couldn't stay to see—to damn much to do—evidently didn't though—remember me now?"

"No, only from what you say. You must have been at General Waite's headquarters."

"That's it—charge of Stonewall's field hospital—just happened to ride into Waite's camp that night—damn lucky for you I did—young snip there wanted to saw the bone—I stopped that—liked your face—imagined you might be worth saving—ain't so sure of it now, or you wouldn't be out in this God forsaken country, eating such grub—my name's Fairbairn—Joseph Wright Fairbairn, M. D.—contract surgeon for the railroad—working on the line?"

Keith shook his head, feeling awakening interest in his peculiar companion.

"No; just drifted in here from down on the Arkansas," he explained briefly. "Did you know General Waite was dead?"

The doctor's ruddy face whitened.

"Dead?—Willis Waite dead?" he repeated. "What do you mean, sir? Are you sure? When?"

"I ought to be sure; I buried him just this side the Cimmaron Crossing out on the Santa Fe trail."

"But do you know it was General Waite?" the man's insistent tone full of doubt.

"I have no question about it," returned Keith, conclusively. "The man was Waite's size and general appearance, with gray beard, similar to the one I remember he wore during the war. He had been scalped, and his face beaten beyond recognition, but papers in his pockets were sufficient to prove his identity. Besides, he and his companion—a young fellow named Sibley—were known to have pulled out two days before from Carson City."

"When was this?"

"Ten days ago."

Fairbairn's lips smiled, the ruddy coloring sweeping back into his cheeks.

"Damn me, Keith, you came near giving me a shock," he said, jerkily. "Shouldn't be so careless—not sure my heart's just right—tendency to apoplexy, too—got to be guarded against. Now, let me tell you something—maybe you buried some poor devil out at Cimmaron Crossing—but it wasn't Willis Waite. How do I know? Because I saw him, and talked with him yesterday—damn me, if I didn't, right here in this town."

"Are you certain your are not mistaken?"

"Of course I am, Keith. I've known Waite for fifteen years a bit intimately—have met him frequently since the war—and I certainly talked with him. He told me enough to partially confirm your story. He said he had started for Santa Fe light, because he couldn't get enough men to run a caravan—afraid of Indians, you know. So, he determined to take money—buy Mexican goods—and risk himself. Old fighting cock wouldn't turn back for all the Indians on the plains once he got an idea in his head—he was that kind—Lord, you ought to see the fight he put up at Spottsylvania! He got to Carson City with two wagons, a driver and a cook—had eight thousand dollars with him, too, the damn fool. Cook got into row, gambling, cut a man, and was jugged. Old Waite wouldn't leave even a nigger in that sort of fix—natural fighter—liked any kind of row. So, he hung on there at Carson, but had sense enough—Lord, knows where he got it—to put all but a few hundred dollars in Ben Levy's safe. Then, he went out one night to play poker with his driver and a friend—had a drink or two—doped, probably, and never woke up for forty-eight hours—lost clothes, money, papers, and whole outfit—was just naturally cleaned out—couldn't get a trace worth following after. You ought to have heard him cuss when he told me—it seemed to be the papers that bothered him most—them, and the mules."

"You say there was no trace?"

"Nothing to travel on after forty-eight hours—a posse started out next morning, soon as they found him—when they got back they reported having run the fellows as far as Cimmaron Crossing—there they got across and escaped."

"Who led the posse?"

"A man called Black, I think," he said.

"Black Bart?"

"Yes, that's the name; so, I reckon you didn't bury Willis Waite (this time, Captain). You wouldn't have thought he was a dead one if you had heard him swear while he was telling the story—it did him proud; never heard him do better since the second day at Gettysburg—had his ear shot off then, and I had to fix him up—Lord, but he called me a few things."

"What brought the General up here?" he questioned, finally.

"I haven't much idea," was the reply. "I don't think I asked him directly. I wasn't much interested. There was a hint dropped, however, now you speak about it. He's been after those papers, and doesn't feel satisfied regarding the report of the posse. It's my opinion he's trailing after Black Bart."

"The dining-room was thinning out, and they were about the only ones left at the tables. Keith stretched himself, looking around.

"Well, Doctor, I am very glad to have met you again, and to learn Waite is actually alive. This is a rather queer affair, but will have to work itself out. Anyway, I am too dead tired tonight to hunt after clues in midst of this babel. I've been in the saddle most of the time for a week, and have got to find a bed."

"I reckon you won't discover such a thing here," drily. "Got seven in a room upstairs, and others corded along the hall. Better share my cell—only thing to do."

"That would be asking too much—I can turn in at the corral with Neb; I've slept in worse places."

"Couldn't think of it, Keith," and the doctor got up. "Besides, you sleep at night, don't you?"

"Usually, yes," the other admitted.

"Then you won't bother me any—no doctor sleeps at night in Sheridan; that's our harvest time. Come on, and I'll show you the way. When morning comes I'll rout you out and take my turn."

Keith had enjoyed considerable experience in frontier hotels, but nothing before had ever quite equalled this, the pride of Sheridan. The product of a mushroom town, which merely existed by grace of the temporary railway terminus, it had been hastily and flimsily constructed, so it could be transported elsewhere at a moment's notice. Every creak of a bed echoed from wall to wall. The thin partitions often failed to reach the ceiling by a foot or two, and the slightest noise aroused the entire floor. And there was noise of every conceivable kind, in plenty, from the blare of a band at the Pioneer Dance Hall opposite, to the energetic cursing of the cook in the rear. A discordant din of voices surged up from the street below—laughter, shouts, the shrieks of women, a rattle of dice, an occasional pistol shot, and the continuous yelling of industrious "barkers." There was no safety anywhere. An exploding revolver in No. 47 was quite likely to disturb the peaceful slumbers of the innocent occupant of No. 15, and every sound of quarrel in the thronged bar-room below caused the lodger to curl up in momentary expectation of a stray bullet coursing toward him through the floor. With this to trouble him, he could lie there and hear everything that occurred within and without. Every creak, stamp, and snore was faithfully reported; every curse, blow, snarl re-echoed to his ears. Inside was hell; outside was Sheridan.

Worried, and half dead, as Keith was, sleep was simply impossible. He heard heavy feet tramping up and down the hall; once a drunken man endeavored vainly to open his door; not far away there was a scuffle, and the sound of a body falling down stairs. In some distant apartment a fellow was struggling to draw off his tight boots, skipping about on one foot amid much profanity. That the boot conquered was evident when the man crawled into the creaking bed, announcing defiantly, "If the landlord wants them boots off, let him come an' pull 'em off." Across the hall was a rattle of chips, and the voices of several men, occasionally raised in anger. Now and then they would stamp on the floor as an order for liquid refreshments from below. From somewhere beyond, the long-drawn melancholy howl of a distressed dog greeted the rising moon.

Out from all this pandemonium Keith began to unconsciously detect the sound of voices talking in the room to his left. In the lull of obstructing sound a few words reached him through the slight open space between his bed and ceiling.

"Hell, Bill, what's the use goin' out again when we haven't the price?"

"Oh, we might find Bart somewhere, and he'd stake us. I guess I know enough to make him loosen up. Come on, I'm goin'."

"Not me; this town is too near Fort Hays; I'm liable to run into some of the fellows."

A chair scraped across the floor as Bill arose to his feet; evidently from the noise he had been drinking, but Keith heard him lift the latch of the door.

"All right, Willoughby," he said, thickly, "I'll try my luck, an' if I see Bart I'll tell him yer here. So long."

He shuffled along the hall and went, half sliding, down stairs, and Keith distinguished the clink of glass and bottle in the next room. He was sitting up in bed now, wide awake, obsessed with a desire to investigate. The reference overheard must have been to Hawley, and if so, this Willoughby, who was afraid of meeting soldiers from the fort, would be the deserter Miss Hope was seeking. There could be no harm in making sure, and he slipped into his clothes, and as silently as possible, unlatched his door. There was a noisy crowd at the farther end of the hall, and the sound of some one laboriously mounting the stairs. Not desiring to be seen, Keith slipped swiftly toward the door of the other room, and tried the latch. It was unfastened, and he stepped quietly within, closing it behind him.

A small lamp was on the washstand, a half-emptied bottle and two glasses beside it, while a pack of cards lay scattered on the floor. Well dressed,

except for a coat, the sole occupant lay on the bed, but started up at Keith's unceremonious entrance, reaching for his revolver, which had slipped to the wrong side of his belt.

"What the hell!" he exclaimed, startled and confused.

The intruder took one glance at him through the dingy light—a boy of eighteen, dark hair, dark eyes, his face, already exhibiting signs of dissipation, yet manly enough in chin and mouth—and smiled.

"I could draw while you were thinking about it," he said, easily, "but I am not here on the fight. Are you Fred Willoughby?"

The lad stared at him, his uncertain hand now closed on the butt of his revolver, yet held inactive by the other's quiet assurance.

"What do you want to know for?"

"Curiosity largely; thought I'd like to ask you a question or two."

"You—you're not from the fort?"

"Nothing to do with the army; this is a private affair."

The boy was sullen from drink, his eyes heavy.

"Then who the devil are you? I never saw you before."

"That's very true, and my name wouldn't help any. Nevertheless, you're perfectly welcome to it. I am Jack Keith."

No expression of recognition came into the face of the other, and Keith added curtly, "Shall we talk?"

There was a moment's silence, and then Willoughby swung his feet over the edge of the bed onto the floor.

"Fire away," he said shortly, "until I see what the game is about."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Interviewing Willoughby.

Coolly, yet without in the least comprehending how best to proceed, Keith drew toward him the only chair in the room, and sat down. Miss Hope—more widely known as Christie Maclaire—had claimed this drunken lad as her brother, but, according to Hawley, he had vehemently denied any such relationship. Yet there must be some previous association between the two, and what this was the plainman proposed to discover. The problem was how best to cause the fellow to talk frankly—could he be reached more easily by reference to the girl or the gambler? Keith studying the sullen, obstinate face confronting him, with instinctive antagonism over his intrusion, swiftly determined on the girl.

"It was not very nice of me to come in on you this way," he began, apologetically, "but you see I happened to know your sister."

"My sister? Oh, I guess not!"

"Yes, but I do," throwing a confidence into his tone he was far from feeling, "Miss Hope and I are friends."

The boy sprang to his feet, his face flushed.

"Oh, you mean Hope? Do you know her? Say, I thought you were giving me that old gag about Christie Maclaire."

"Certainly not; who is she?"

"That's more than I know; fellow came to me at Carson, and said he'd met my sister on a stage west of Topeka. I knew he was lying, because she's home over in Missouri. Finally, I got it out of him that she claimed to be my sister, but her name was Maclaire. Why, I don't even know her, and what do you suppose she ever picked me out for her brother for?"

gambler all right, but he's stuck to me when I was down and out. You know him?"

"Just a little," carelessly; "but what sort of a trick could he be working trying to make you acknowledge Christie Maclaire as your sister?"

Willoughby did not answer, shifting uneasily about on the bed. Keith waited, and at last the boy blurted out:

"Oh, it wasn't nothing much. I told him something when I was drunk once, that I thought maybe might have stuck to him. Odd he should make that mistake, too, for I showed him Hope's picture. Bart's a schemer, and I didn't know but what he might have figured out a trick, though I don't see how he could. It wasn't no more than a pipe dream, I reckon. Where did you meet Hope? Back in Missouri?"

"One thing was clearly evident—the boy's faith in his sister. If he was to be rightly influenced, and led back to her, he must have no suspicion aroused that her life was any different from what it had been before he left home. Besides if Keith hoped to gain any inkling of what Hawley's purpose could be, he must win the confidence of Willoughby. This could not be done by telling him of Hope's present life. These considerations flashed through his mind, and as swiftly determined his answer.

"Oh, I've known her some time. Not long ago I did her a service for which she is grateful. Did you know she was out in this country searching for you?"

"Out here? In Kansas?"

"Sure; that isn't much of a trip for a spirited girl. She got it in her head from your letters that you were in trouble, and set out to find you and bring you home. She didn't tell me this, but that is the way I heard it. It was for her sake I came in here. Why not go to her, Willoughby, and then both of you return to Missouri?"

The sullenness had gone out of the boy's face; he looked tired, discouraged.

"Where is Hope?" he asked.

"Fort Larned, I suppose. She went to Carson City first."

"Well, that settles it," shaking his head. "You don't suppose I could go brownin' round Larned, and not get snapped up, do you? They don't chase deserters very far out here, but that's the post I skipped from, and they'd jug me all right. Besides, I'm damned if I'll go back until I get a stake. I want to see a fellow first."

"What fellow?"

"Well, it's Hawley, if you want to know so bad. He said if I would come here and wait for him he'd put me on to a good thing."

The boy fidgeted along the edge of the bed, evidently half ashamed of himself, yet obstinate and unyielding. Keith sat watching his face, unable to evolve any means of changing his decision. Hawley's influence just at present was greater than Hope's, because the lad naturally felt ashamed to go slinking home penniless and defeated. His pride led him to Hawley, and his faith that the man would redeem his promise. Keith understood all this readily enough, and comprehended also that if "Black Bart" had any use for the boy it would be for some criminal purpose. What was it? Was there a deeply laid plot back of all these preparations involving both Willoughby and his sister? What was it Hawley was scheming about so carefully, holding this boy deserter in one hand, while he reached out the other after Christie Maclaire? Surely, the man was not working blindly; he must have a purpose in view. Willoughby had acknowledged he had told the fellow something once when he was drunk—about his family history, no doubt, for he had shown him Hope's picture. What that family secret was Keith had no means of guessing, but Hawley, the moment he saw the face on the cardboard, had evidently recognized Christie Maclaire—had thought of some way in which what he now knew could be turned to advantage. The few scattered facts which Keith had collected all seemed to point to such a conclusion—Hawley had sent the boy to Sheridan, where he would be out of sight, with orders to wait for him there, and the promise of a "stake" to keep him quiet. Then he had gone to Independence and Topeka seeking after Christie Maclaire. Evidently he meant to keep the two apart until he had gained from each whatever it was he sought. But what could that be? What family secret could Willoughby have blurted out in his cups, which had so stimulated the gambler's wits?

Two things combined to cause Keith to determine he would uncover this rascality—his desire to repay Hawley, and his interest in the girl rescued on the Salt Fork. This gossamer web of intrigue into which he had stumbled unwittingly was nothing to him personally; had it not involved both Hawley and Miss Hope, he would have left it unsoiled without another thought. But under the circumstance it became his own battle. There was a crime here—hidden as yet, and probably not consummated—involving, wrong, perhaps disgrace, to the young girl. He had rescued her once from the clutches of this man, and he had no intention of deserting her now. Whatever her life might be, she was certainly an innocent victim in this case, deserving his protection. The memory came to him of her face as turned toward him in that little room of the Occidental, her eyes tear-dimmed, her lips asking him to come back to her again. He could not believe her a bad woman, and his lips compressed, his eyes darkened, with fixed determination. He would dig into this until he uncovered the truth; he would find out what dirty trick "Black Bart" was up to.

As he thought this out, not swiftly

as recorded, but slowly, deliberately, picking the bits together within his mind, blindly feeling his way to a final conclusion, the boy had sunk back upon the bed, overcome with liquor, and fallen asleep. Keith stepped over, and looked down upon him in the dim light. He could recognize something of her features in the upturned face, and his eyes softened.

There was no use seeking again to arouse him; even had he been sober, he would not have talked freely. Keith lifted the dangling feet into a more comfortable position, turned the lamp lower, went out, and latched the door. Two men were tramping heavily up the stairs, and they turned into the hall at the very moment he disappeared within his own room. He still retained his grasp upon the latch, when a voice outside asked:

"What number did you say, Bill—29?"

Keith straightened up as though suddenly pricked by a knife; he could never forget that voice—it was Hawley's.

CHAPTER XIX.

A Glimpse at Conspiracy.

Leaning against the inside of his own door, startled by the rapid sequence of events, Keith was able, from different sounds reaching him, to mentally picture most of what occurred in the next room. He heard Bill sink down into the convenient chair, and drink from the bottle, while the gambler apparently advanced toward the bed, where he stood looking down on its unconscious occupant.

"The fool is dead drunk," he declared disgustedly. "We can't do anything with him tonight."

"I say—throw bucket water over him," hiccoughed the other genially, "allers sobers me off."

Hawley made no response, evidently finding a seat on one end of the washstand.

"Hardly worth while, Scott," he returned finally. "Perhaps I better have some understanding with Christie, anyhow, before I pump the boy any further. If we can once get her working with us, Willoughby won't have much hand in the play—we shan't need him. Thought I told you to keep sober!"

"Am sober," solemnly, "ain't had but six drinks; just nat'ly tired out."

"Oh, indeed; well, such a room as this would drive any man to drink. Did you get what I sent you here after?"

"I sure did, Bart," and Keith heard the fellow get to his feet unsteadily. "Here's the picture, an' some letters. I didn't take only what he had in the grip."

Hawley shuffled the letters over in his hands, apparently hastily reading them with some difficulty in the dim light.

"Nothing there to give us any help," he acknowledged reluctantly, "mostly advice as far as I can see. Damn the light; a glow worm would be better." There was a pause; then he slapped his leg. "However, it's clear they live in Springfield, Missouri, and this pho-



"Let Upi Damn Yer! He Called Himself Jack Keith!"

tograph is a peach. Just look here, Bill! What did I tell you? Ain't Christie a dead ringer for this girl?"

"You bet she is, Bart," admitted the other in maudlin admiration, "only, I reckon, maybe some older."

"Well, she ought to be accordin' to Willoughby's story, an' them papers bear him out all right, so I reckon he's told it straight—this Phillys would be twenty-six now, and that's just about what Christie is. It wouldn't have fit better if we had made it on purpose. If the girl will only play up to the part we won't need any other evidence—her face would be enough."

Keith could hear the beating of his own heart in the silence that followed. Here was a new thought, a new understanding, a complete new turn to affairs. Christie Maclaire, then, was not Willoughby's sister Hope. The girl he rescued on the desert—the girl with the pleading brown eyes, and the soft blur of the South on her lips—was not the music hall singer. He could hardly grasp the truth at first, it antagonized so sharply with all he had previously believed. Yet, if this were true his own duty became clearer than ever; aye, and would be more willingly performed. But what did Hawley know? Did he already realize that the girl he had first met on the stage coach, and later inveigled into the desert, was Hope, and not the music hall artist? He, of course, fully believed her to be Christie Maclaire at that time, but something might have occurred since to change that belief. Anyhow, the man was not now seeking Hope, but the other. Appar-

# WELCOME

## To The Patrons of Rural Route No. 2:

We extend to you our hearty congratulations upon your being connected with a town so appreciative and so fully prepared to take care of your demands, as our little city and our store is open and extends a Welcome to you to make this your trading place when in our town. There is a reason. Why? Because "We Buy What You Sell and Sell What You Buy."

### DRY GOODS



Our stock of DRY GOODS is being replenished by new goods arriving almost daily. We sell Brown Shoe Co's shoes, Worth, Hats, Widow Jones'

Clothing. All Dry Goods high grade merchandise. See our stock.

### Harvesters & Binders

We have ordered shipped our first carload of Harvesters and Binders. If you need a new binder, hay baler, mower, rake, etc., see us before you buy. Carry in stock Extras for McCormick and Deering Binders and Mowers.

### Parcel Post

We hope each patron of the Rural Routes out of Cross Plains will use the mails often and send us your mail orders; we guarantee to please you both in Price and Quality.

### We want

your hides, produce, etc. We will pay 12 1/2 cts. per doz, for eggs brought to our store. Sat. May 2nd.

### GROCERIES

We have received the past week a carload of sugar and syrup, carload of Cotton White flour, carload of family, stock & ice cream salt.

We buy in carload shipments. See us for fresh groceries. Remember we sell nails, staples and barbed wire.



# B. L. BOYDSTUN

Where It Pays to Buy

## THE BENNETT HOTEL

Successor to Traveling Man's Hotel

Under New Management

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

BENNETT BROTHERS, Prop's.

## 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.

### Breaks Collar Bone

Bennie, the little son of Bud Harpole's, on Friday fell from his father's hat, breaking his collarbone. He was running on the float, and nearing the edge was unable to stop. He is doing well.

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.

Write to: Chattanooga Medicine Co., Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions on your case and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent in plain wrapper. J-65

### SELLS BOTTLING WORKS

Edwin Neeb has sold his bottling plant to W. O. Ham of DeLeon. Mr. Ham was here when he and Mr. Neeb prepared the plant for shipment to DeLeon, where Mr. Ham will conduct a bottling business. Edwin returned Tuesday with Mr. Ham to DeLeon where he helped in setting up the plant.

## L. P. Henslee

Notary Public

Doc Garrett is at home for a few days visit. Doc has been working for a cement firm in Acme, N. M. When asked why he came home, he said that he had got hungry. He will return in a few days to his job. His friends here and he has lots of them wish him well in his work.

Hardy Parker and wife of Rising Star are visiting their daughter Mrs. A. H. McCord of Bunt Branch.

Mrs. Luther Thomason of Dallas and her father F. P. Shackelford of Putnam were here this week the guests of Joe Shackelford.

### ANOTHER SHIPMENT

Of Giant Live, to sell 4 cans for 25cts.

THE RACKET STORE

### Lightning Kills Stock

Monday morning lightning struck three head of stock, two horses and a mule, belonging to J. A. Coats west of Cottonwood, instantly killing two of them, and the other living but a short time. The stock were valued at about \$400.00. They were in a field and were under no tree so we understand.

Miss Dora Ayers of Rowden was a Tuesday visitor here.

M. D. Chatham of Cottonwood was here Tuesday.

J. W. Gage of Sabana called at our office Tuesday and put us on subscription.

Mr. Mary Strickland and family of Burkett were here Tuesday.

### LIME

To those who want lime for sanitary purposes, I will sell it for 2c. per pound.

J. P. Shackelford.

## RENALT

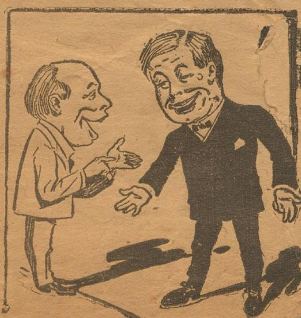
(A pure vegetable remedy)

is a health builder for suffers of Kidney, Stomach and Bladder Trouble. The Ferrel-Saunders Co. guarantees Renalt to bring relief after a trial or money will be refunded. For sale by City Drug Store.

Ben Gaines and wife of Cross Cut were here Tuesday.

### THE COMMENCEMENT

The Commencement ceremony for the graduates of the Cross Plains High School will be preached by Rev. J. M. Parker at the Presbyterian Church Sunday at eleven. Monday night the graduating exercises will be held at the Presbyterian church, diplomas to be delivered by Judge Fly.



### TURKEY CREEK LOCALS.

April, 27. Well Rambler. Slim Jim was very accommodating to leave fish enough for you, but remember "Sunshine" likes fish.

We are having a few fine showers along, which will be of great help to the farmers.

Miss Lola Lively returned home last week from a five weeks visit in Coleman Co. where she has been visiting her sister and other relatives. She was accompanied by a cousin, Mr. Will Page, who spent a week in our part of the country.

"War with Mexico" is the talk with every one at present but we hope it will not be as serious as may be expected.

We hear of very much sickness around, but are thankful that most of us are able to eat all we can get. Especially at dinners like we had last Sunday, April, 19. A nice program, by the children, was rendered after which speaking by Dr. Fry, of Abilene, then, as most every one were getting hungry for "chicken and dressing," the women, of our community and others, were very busy engaged in spreading dinner. The afternoon was enjoyed by Sunday School talk and singing. The remainder of the children's program, and church that night. Come to "Turkey —" for "Good Old Times."

Miss Zonie Arvin spent part of last week in Cross Plains. She tells us she is going back next week. Whats so attractive, Miss Zonie?

Mr. and Mrs. Varnell Chatham, of Last Chance, spent last Saturday night with Mr. & Mrs. Coffee.

Grandma Wright took the train at Cross Plains Saturday morning where she will go to visit relatives in Limestone Co.

Bud Arrowood was seen at "The Mountains" again Sunday.

Messrs. Harris and NesSmith and wives visited at Rowden Saturday night and Sunday.

Miss Blanche Lively visited home-folks the first of last week and Miss

"Bill" spent Saturday night and Sunday of this week.

R. Cordwint made a business trip to Baird last Thursday.

Cotton chopping and garden working will be the next order of the day. Good Luck to all.

Sunshine.

W. B. Trammell, our bachelor friend, of the divide between the sand and the prairie, midway between Cross Cut and Pioneer, was here the first of the week.

Charlie Stone of Cross Cut was a business caller here Monday.

## HEADQUARTERS FOR KITCHEN NEEDS

It is our business to furnish kitchens. This is the logical place for you to buy your kitchen utensils, stew kettles, stew pans, dish pans, pie pans, skillets, dippers and everything else needed in the kitchen. Here you will see the largest variety and decidedly the lowest prices.

THE RACKET STORE

For Public Weigher.

Being a candidate for the nomination of public weigher precinct no. 6 I respectfully ask your support in the July primaries.

W. P. Keeliny.

People are still coming from other territories to buy furniture from us. Why? Because we save you money. One lady said she saved \$2.50 on a bed. This pays you to buy from us.

Furniture Store

H. F. Phillips and family of Rowden were shopping in Cross Plains Tuesday.

Mrs. Blanch McCauly returned to her home at Abilene after visiting her brother here W. P. Ramsey.