

# The CROSS PLAINS REVIEW

VOL. 6

CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS, FRIDAY, SEPT. 24, 1915.

NO. 28

## Let Us Look After Your Business

- We make chattel and personal loans at reasonable rates.
- We pay your taxes for you. Save you the trip.
- We collect your notes and drafts for you.
- We furnish a safe place for your valuable papers.
- We cash your checks on any bank, without exchange.

## FARMERS' NATIONAL BANK

Cross Plains, Texas.

### TRADES DAY

Trades Day was a success as is usually the case in a thriving town as Cross Plains. We are glad to see the people take advantage of the exceedingly low prices offered by the merchants on Trades Days. There was also quite a lot of horse trading. It is to our mutual benefit that we all take interest in the Trades Day, country people as well as the business men.

Our sale continues until Oct. 1.  
M. D. Jones.

### "Who Pays?"

### Entertained

Misses Adams gave an entertainment known as "Hen Party" Thursday evening for the purpose of organizing a sewing club, which they dubbed as the H. B. - N. B. Club to meet ever even. Good music & refreshments were the order of the evening. The club is composed of Misses Atwood, Bams, Boyles, Baum, Davis, Decker and...

### ANOTHER SHIPMENT

Of cotton checks to sell 10 yards for 45c just arrived.

#### THE RACKET STORE

Any make separator taken in on purchase of De Laval.  
Shackelford Lmbr. Yd.

### PREACHING AT BAPTIST CHURCH

Rev. Geo. W. Thomas of Breckenridge will preach at the Baptist church Sunday and Sunday night. As the Baptist church has no pastor the preaching will be atreat.

### ORDER SEATS FOR COMAL THE REVIEW THIS WEEK.

The trustees of the Comal school four miles south of Dressy, namely, S. D. DeBusk, Hugh Eddington and W. R. Roberts, were in town Friday and while here placed an order for patent desks for their school. They state that they secured about \$65.00 in cash to apply on the purchase of the desks. A number of the parents of that district gave \$5.00 each and many of these same men gave \$20.00 each on the building of the school. The community is progressive and nearly every patron is an enthusiastic worker for the school. They have Prof. W. S. Webb, a good teacher of years' experience and a long time resident of Coleman county, as principal of the school and a young lady of Coleman as assistant. Here's hoping that they build up a still better school.

The boss being gone on a very particular and to him important mission this week, we, the so-called office "devil," and other help in the rav state that we perforce call in, are put to the task of putting out this issue of The Review. If it is short in material, it may be because we are not trained as reporter; if it has many errors, remember we are all human and have our share of devil. If you have any suggestions, please let us know. We assure you that we will try to put out a good newspaper as is the editor's duty and the interest of each reader at heart. Lest we forget, we say here that it may be your duty and it is your privilege and should be your pleasure to read our advertisements; they are meant for your accomodation and no doubt bring you a message of value.

## Whiskers



Young man, if you are not going to wear a full beard—Russian style—then for the sake of your appearance keep neatly shaved. Neither your sweetheart nor your employer prefers to see you with a mess of sprouts on your chin half the time. Self-respect begets the respect of others.

### Shave Every Day

We sell a complete guaranteed line of tonsorial articles:

- Razors, Stropps
- Soaps
- Styptic Pencils
- Soothing Ointments
- Safety Razors
- New Blades
- Brushes
- Talcum Powder

### THE CITY DRUG STORE

### MONEY TO LOAN

on improved lands, and amount from \$5000 up at 8 per cent annual interest. Vendor's Lien notes extended. Call on or Write Lanham Brown, Rising Star, Texas.

65c cash will get 5 gallons of oil from me.—J W Westerman.

Subscribe for The Review

If you don't want buy a new hat bring your old one and have it reshaped and trimmed.  
Mesdemes  
Carson & Rutherford  
At Carters Store

### Married

This office has received the following from the editor of The Review: "Married at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Willie Mitchell in Putnam on Sunday, Sept. 16, L. P. Henslee and Miss Zora Mae Carter. If you will allow the use of the third person, the groom considers himself the most fortunate man in the world in the matter of marriage. The bride, as nearly all the readers of The Review know, is the daughter of Rev. and Mrs. R. D. Carter, a good and a well-known family of this section, and she is really a most deserving and worthy young lady. Modesty and charity both dictate that little be said of the groom. Here is wishing them (ourselves) well."

### STOVE PIPE

For sale here at the right price.  
THE RACKET STORE

## OUR BANK IS YOUR BANK

- Deposit Your money with us. It is safe and convenient.
- Pay your bills by check. It is safe, convenient, business like, and each canceled check is a receipt.
- Negotiate your loan from us! We have money to loan at all seasons of the year, consistent with good banking.
- Substantial men own this bank; substantial men are its depositors; substantial men have made it what it is and will make it greater.
- This bank wants YOU in the ranks of its substantial customers and friends. It is YOUR bank in theory—make it so in practice.

**The Bank of Cross Plains**  
RESPONSIBILITY, \$1,000,000.00.



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.

The Government estimate of the cotton crop certainly is bullish. Barring the influence of the War, cotton should bring at least 15c. In spite of the war it may bring 12c or even more. The European War has developed many uses for cotton, the great obstacle being to get the cotton transported. Our advice is to hold your cotton. Hold it without borrowing money on it if you can; if not borrow what you have to have. If you have your cotton tied up, arrangements with those you owe and borrow money and satisfy them. The six per cent interest is not high. We need a warehouse; we believe you will all agree on that now.

Times got hard last fall. The Review lost three subscribers who claimed they could not afford to take a home paper on account of the hard times. These men are financially able to buy three Reviews. The truth of the matter is that the harder the times are the more necessary it is for a man to have a home paper for the information.

## The Grit of a Grind Stone and the Go of a Gun is what it takes to beat the boll weevil—and The De Laval Cream Separator is "the Grind Stone and the Gun."

W. R. Thompson, Cottonwood, says: "My De Laval, recently bought of you, increased my output 100 per cent." We sold it to him with the guarantee of a 30 to 50 per cent gain, but you see what he says.

THE SILO AND SEPARATOR ARE PROSPERITY BUILDERS.  
"FEWER ACRES & BIGGER PRICES"

Yours for More Diversification

## SHACKELFORDS' LUMBER YARD

Glass, Building Paper



DeLaval Cream Separators

sacks, the merchants, the farmers, the newspaper men, and all others would be in better condition. There would be less volume of business transacted, but what it lacked in volume it would more than make up in safety, for we could all then pay cash. Joe Shackelford, who is eternally boosting diversification, is certainly right, and it is a pity we don't have more of his energy and enterprise. Put your business on a cash basis, if possible. Do without what you think you must have and get out and stay out of debt, except on propositions that will produce you money. Live at home. If the farm is not to produce you a living, then what is it good for? You had better move away from it if you cannot produce

### NEWS FROM BURKETT

Miss Ollie Lyvingston of Coleman is out visiting friends and school pupils.

John Wagner has just returned from an extended visit all over Texas.

G. J. Steele of Dressy was in Burkett Friday with a load of watermelons.

Mrs. Paul That's mother Mrs. Adams of Arizona is here on a visit.

Bill Edmonson made a business trip to Cross Plains last Saturday.

The cotton crop is short in this year there has only been 40 or 50 bales ginned here to present date.

Rev. Sommers passed through Burkett Saturday in route to Cross Cut where he preached Saturday night and Sunday.

Will Boyler of Knox City is in visiting friends and relatives, Mr. Boyles made the trip by Automobile or rather the little Ford Car.

Mel Walker of near Oplin was in Burkett Saturday on a prospective trip.

Mrs. Charlie Holman spent Saturday night with her brother and wife Mr. and Mrs. Ben Strickland.

Charlie Hunter made a business trip to Coleman Thursday of last week.

Will Walker has been attending court at Coleman this week.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Jenkins a girl.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Burton a boy all parties concerned doing well.

Rev. Watkins the Baptist pastor at Burkett filled his regular appointment at Burkett Sunday. There was two baptised at Burkett Sunday evening.

West Davis of the Home Creek community was in Burkett Sunday.

Rambler

### ON THE INSTALLMENT PLAN.

We are sole agents for the celebrated Starck pianos, and can sell you one at low prices and partly in terms, almost to suit purchaser. Sample piano at the home of R. B. Forbes. Guaranteed by the manufacturer for 25 years. Sold direct thus saving jobber's profits. Prices from \$200.00 up.

FORBES & HENSLEE

### PRICES TALK

We get the business because we sell for less.

The Racket Store

Our sale continues until Oct. 1.

M. D. Jones

### "Who Pays?"

Subscribe for the Review.

You had better begin now to lay plans for diversifying in a large way for 1916. This year's experience in the sand should be a lasting lesson for those who hold to cotton as a one crop. The man, whether he lives in the sand or in the prairie, if he has sold cream, raised a garden and really prepared to live at home, is independent. We have heard some say that their grocery bills for the year had scarcely amounted to anything, they have come so nearly living off the products of their farms. To such people a cotton failure can mean little. If everybody would begin to cut out for good this erroneous and extravagant living out of paper

## WE MAKE GOOD WAGONS out of OLD WAGONS

No use throwing away your broken down vehicles. Bring them to us and at a small cost will restore them to usefulness again.

We repair anything, from a baby cart to a thrashing machine.

Patterson & Williams  
Blacksmiths Cross Plains

## CLOSING OUT DRY GOODS

Our business is now being operated on a cash basis, and we have decided to close out our stock of Dry Goods. If reduced prices on good clean Fall and Winter Dry Goods are any inducement to you, come to our store and see what we have to offer you. Our stock has been replenished by some of the very newest fall and winter goods, with more goods on the road, and no shelf-worn stock to offer. We must and we will sell these goods—the stock must be closed out.

Below we give a few of our closing-out prices on dress goods and underwear. Next week we will give prices on shoes and hats. Before buying your fall bill of dress goods and underwear, be sure to see our stock and compare prices. You'll buy from us.

\$1.25 Messaline per yard	81 1-2c
1.00 Chiffon Taffeta	81c
50c Silks	38c
1.25 Wool Serge	80c
1.00 " "	75c
50c Suiting	37c
50c Dress Linen	33 1-3
25c " "	19c
10c Percals and Gingham	8c
All White Lawns at Slaughter Prices.	
85c Linen Sheeting	59c
75c Table Linen	53c
50c " "	33 1-3
12 1-2c Cotton Flannel	10c
10c Toweling	8c
8c " "	5c

### DRESS PANTS

4.00 Pants now	3.00
4.50 " "	3.25
5.00 " "	3.50
3.00 " "	2.25
3.50 " "	2.50
3.60 " "	2.65
2.50 " "	1.80
2.75 " "	2.10

### WORK PANTS

1.00 Work Pant	80c
1.00 Mens Overalls	80c

### Mens Davis Hats

3.00 Hat for	2.25
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### Ladies and Misses Shoes

3.25 Oxford	2.40
2.50 " "	1.75
3.00 " "	2.75
3.75 Misses Shoes	2.25
3.00 " "	1.50
2.25 " "	2.00
2.75 " "	2.00
4.25 " "	3.10
3.00 " "	2.25

Forbes & Adams



SYNOPSIS.

The New York police are mystified by a series of murders and other crimes. The principal clue to the criminal is the warning letter which is sent the victims, signed with a "clutching hand." The latest victim of the mysterious assassin is Taylor Dodge, the insurance president. His daughter, Elaine, employs Craig Kennedy, the famous scientific detective, to try to unravel the mystery. What Kennedy accomplishes is told by his friend, Jameson, a newspaper man. After many fruitless attempts to put Elaine and Craig Kennedy out of the way the Clutching Hand is at last found to be none other than Perry Bennett, Elaine's lawyer and the man she is engaged to marry. Bennett flees to the den of one of his Chinese criminals. The Chinaman forces from Bennett the secret of the whereabouts of \$7,000.00. Then he gives the lawyer a portion which will suspend animation for months. Kennedy reaches Bennett's side just after he has lost consciousness.

TWENTY-SECOND EPISODE

THE OPIUM SMUGGLERS.

George, the Dodge chauffeur, had just returned to the garage in the rear of the house with the car and was working over it. He was so intent on locating a strange noise in the engine that he did not see the serpentine eyes of Wu as he peered into the garage through a small window.

Wu was not alone. As always, he had been able to secure an assistant in the devilish scheme he had in mind, not a sinister, evil-faced fellow, but a neat, quiet, apparently honest-looking young mechanic.

George was bending closely over the engine as he speeded it up to see what was the cause of the rattle, when the door of the garage opened quietly. On tiptoe Wu and the young mechanic, a man named Johnson, slipped in, Johnson carrying an automobile robe.

The next moment the two had leaped upon the defenseless George. Johnson threw the robe over his head, while Wu wound him about with a rope. He was completely and instantly put out.

Just then, working as if by the clock, for such was the precision of Wu's plans, a closed car, muffled down, slipped up to the garage door. They hustled the unresisting George into the car, Johnson taking the place at the wheel and Wu sitting on guard in back with George, bound and almost suffocated.

George was loyal, if anything. Threats and bribes had no effect on him, even after he had come to in Wu's secret den.

"There is paper, pen and ink," threatened Wu. "Write what I tell you."

George remained motionless, defiant.

"You will not?" shrugged Wu, masking his impatience behind an assumed nonchalance.

Slowly he picked up a murderous dirk, which lay on the table before him, and felt the point thoughtfully. A deep, guttural order hissed from the serpent's lips. Instantly two of the servants seized George, while the third bent his head back. As Wu

raised the knife, it was more than even the iron nerves of George could stand.

He broke down. "Take the pen," directed Wu, adding, as George took it mechanically, "Write."

Both Elaine and Aunt Josephine were much surprised at the non-appearance of George in the morning.

It was explained, apparently, when Jennings, the butler, ushered in the neat and quiet young man who politely told a story of an accident to his dear friend, George, as he handed a note to Elaine.

"I think you'll do," nodded Elaine. "Jennings, will you show Johnson how to get to the garage?"

For a long time Kennedy had been perfecting a miniature wireless telephone of his own invention, and the activities of Wu Fang now caused him to hasten his work.

It was the next morning after the capture of Long Sin that Craig got the instrument working to his satisfaction. I was delighted, for I had been much interested in following his work on it.

"You, see, Walter," Kennedy explained, setting a little black box on the laboratory table, "I've got this thing down to an irreducible minimum. It's the most compact affair imaginable. See. I open the face of the box. I lift up these miniature aerials of the inverted L type. Here is the transmitting apparatus, there the receiving, all tuned. I press this lever."

He paused. At the other end of the table stood an exact duplicate of the first instrument.

As he pressed the lever the buzzer in the other telephone sounded.

"I'm going to ask you, Walter," he went on, folding down the little aerials and shutting up the box, "to take this other instrument over to Elaine."

Out on the Atlantic, tossing over the choppy seas, a dingy old schooner was tacking her way toward New York harbor. The captain, Jake Gregor, was a disreputable looking man, as were both his craft and his crew of mixed whites and Chinese.

Gregor had come out on deck and stood there gazing off at where the land ought to be. He had just finished scrawling a note on a piece of paper resting on the after cabin roof when one of the men reached down and from a small wooden cage took a struggling white carrier pigeon. They fastened the note, rolled up in a sort of quill, to the bird's leg and let the bird loose. It circled up, then, straight as an arrow darted off landward.

"They'll be glad to know we're safe and so near," nodded Gregor. "And confound any revenue men that stand between us!"

In a room in a tenement Wu Fang and several Chinamen were seated talking and smoking.

Outside a nearby window was a

large box which had a small sliding door on the outside, arranged so that it fell almost at a touch, working a little signal flag on the back of the box toward the room in which the Chinamen were seated.

Suddenly there was a flutter of wings outside. A pure-white pigeon seemed to glide into the box and, as the homing bird did so, the door automatically shut. It was a cage such as is used for carrier pigeons. The little flag in the room moved, and the Chinamen crowded about the box as Wu opened it, reached in and caught the bird. Carefully he took the message from the bird's foot. As one of them placed the bird in another box and reset the trap, Wu unrolled the paper and read:

Twenty-six miles southeast of Sandy Hook. Will drop anchor off Staten Island tonight.

"You will let me know if any later message comes," directed Wu to one of his men as, a moment later, the Chinese master criminal left the tenement.

Cautiously he made his way to the secret entrance to his own apartment. He had scarcely entered when a Chinaman who had evidently been waiting for him rose and bowed. It was Hop Ling, the proprietor of the opium den. "Is there any news yet, master?" he asked.

"Yes, Gregor is landing your opium tonight. I'll have a girl for him to take back to Shanghai with him, where she can be sold."

Kennedy had begun to get closer on the trail of Wu and, having dispatched me to Elaine with the wireless telephone, it occurred to him that he might spend a few hours profitably sleuthing about Chinatown searching for clues to the Serpent.

He donned the roughest of his old suits and turned his coat collar up, while an old slouch hat was pulled over his eyes. But it was not so far over as to dim his sight.

He paused once by an electric light pole to watch a gangster saunter past. Twice the fellow had walked up and down the street.

As the gangster slouched by, he lurched over to the electric light pole, and Kennedy felt his hand touched by that of the gangster. He was more than surprised to feel something like a piece of cardboard surreptitiously shoved into his hand, and he clutched it. The gangster passed, and, as he did so, Kennedy looked at him, then bent over and read:

Capt. John Brainard, U. S. Secret Service.

Written underneath the engraved name was "Follow."

Slowly Craig followed. Brainard entered a saloon by a side door and seated himself in a back room. A moment later Kennedy slouched in and sat down at the same table. Brainard nodded and Craig extended his hand quietly. He looked about. They were alone.

"What brings you down here?" asked Kennedy in a low tone.

"A big shipment of opium is going to be landed tonight and I'm trying to locate the Chinese gang back of it. Think you can help me?"

"Anything to do with that hop joint up the street?"

Brainard nodded. Would it prove a clue possibly to Wu Fang?

"I'll help you," agreed Kennedy.

For several minutes they talked, laying out a plan. Finally they paid the check and rose to go out. As they reached the side door a Chinaman passed. Kennedy drew Brainard back.

"What's the matter?" whispered the secret service man.

"Did you see that Chinaman?" returned Kennedy. "That's Hop Ling. He runs the opium joint. I think he is worth shadowing."

Keeping discreetly in the rear of the Chinaman, Kennedy and Brainard followed until Hop paused before a ramshackle tenement. No sooner had he disappeared inside than Craig and Brainard advanced, careful that they in turn were not followed.

They entered and went upstairs. At last they came to a door outside which they paused to listen.

"Can you make out what they are saying?" asked Brainard.

"Something about birds," returned Craig. "We've got them. There are only two. Let's rush the door."

Together they catapulted themselves at the door and it flew open. Instantly, before the Chinamen could recover from their surprise at the sudden attack, Craig and Brainard were on them. One rushed for a window, smashing it with a chair and trying to get out. Craig seized him and helped corner the other, who turned out to be Hop Ling. It was the work of only a moment to snap the bracelets on the two and cover them with a gun.

"What's that?" demanded Brainard, looking at the box in the window, as Kennedy moved over toward it.

"A pigeon trap, I suspect," Craig replied. "Let's wait."

They sat there for several minutes. Evidently the Chinese had been wait-

ing for something. Craig felt that waiting might pay.

At last he was rewarded by the sound of a flutter outside. A click followed as the little door shut, trapping the pigeon. The signal flag in the room moved.

Kennedy looked at it a moment, then carefully opened the door in the back of the trap and seized the bird. From the quill on its leg he took a tightly rolled note and read:

5 P. M.

Will be off Van Dort jetty in two hours. GREGOR.

What did it mean? Threats, imprecations, nothing could extract a word from the two impassive prisoners.

"Come," ordered Kennedy sharply of Hop Ling, not for a moment letting his vexation show in his face. "Walk ahead of me."

Two of the gang had been captured, but Wu seemed as far away as ever. He marched Hop along sullenly, while Brainard kicked the other Chinaman to his feet and followed.

They did not have far to go. Scarcely a block away stood a policeman, and Craig waved to him.

Quickly Craig produced cards of identification and they left their handcuffed prisoners with the understanding that they were to be held until full charges could be made against them.

At the first telephone pay station Craig turned in and called up the laboratory, to which I had returned.

"I think I've got the best clue yet, Walter," he called. "You remember Brainard? Well, I want you to meet me at the Battery, where a revenue cutter will be waiting. Bring along that wireless telephone, too. Don't forget."

I hung up the receiver excitedly and tucked the little black box under my arm as I hurried out.

Elaine had decided to motor down to the country home of one of her friends who lived on the shore of New Jersey, and accordingly, late in the afternoon, called the garage and ordered Johnson to have the car ready.

As Elaine was whirled downtown and over the ferry from New York she was deeply engrossed in her own thoughts.

How far they had gone she did not pay much attention, but she knew the roads well. They had come to a fork, and Johnson veered off to the left. Instinctively Elaine knew that the right-hand road was the more direct, and she touched a little signal that summoned the driver.

"You're taking the wrong road," she called. "Go to the right."

"I think you'll find the roads better this way, Miss Dodge," persisted Johnson.

It was, however, merely a ruse on his part to gain time and give some of Wu's men an opportunity. For, as the car approached the fork, two roughnecks, hidden behind a rock in the shrubbery, had been straining their eyes down the road and at the approach of the car had drawn back closer under cover.

Johnson stopped some hundred feet or so down the wrong road past the rock in answer to Elaine's signal. It was the chance the roughnecks wanted. They leaped out from their shelter. Not another car or vehicle was in sight. Quickly they slunk down the road.

As Elaine was becoming vexed at Johnson's show of stubbornness, she suddenly felt strong arms circling her, while a huge, very dirty hand pressed with irresistible force over her mouth. She struggled, but it was of no use.

They pinned her down to the floor of the car. Johnson drew the curtains and leaped into his seat, from which he had descended, leaving the engine running.

"To the Van Dort jetty," growled one roughneck. "They'll be there soon."

Quickly Johnson shot the car along the narrow way side of the island, instead of the New Jersey ferry.

It was very late in the afternoon. I did my best to get down to the Battery with the wireless telephone to meet Kennedy and Brainard, but it was dark before I got there.

As I hurried down to the dock I saw that they had already boarded the revenue cutter and were waiting impatiently. It was a fairly sizable craft. They hauled me aboard and we cast off. The wind blew in keenly from the bay and we spun down the harbor, keeping a sharp lookout for any suspicious craft.

Already Wu Fang and a couple of his lieutenants had gone down to the Van Dort jetty. No message had been received from Gregor, but they felt sure that he would be there with the schooner.

Finally Wu directed one of his men to set off a signal, a flashlight on the end of the jetty, while he strained his eyes through the darkness for some answering signal.

He had not reckoned wrong. Far

out over the water came an answering signal from the schooner.

"Good!" exclaimed Wu with satisfaction, as he turned and picked his way back up the dock.

On he went alone, until he came to one of the deserted mansions of a generation or two ago which lined the shore at that point. There, in a yard beside it, stood Elaine's car.

"Where is the white girl?" asked Wu, calling Johnson.

"In the house, master," replied the mechanic subserviently.

"Wait for me here, then," nodded Wu.

Down in a musty room in the basement of the deserted house was Elaine. She was neither bound nor gagged. In fact, there was no necessity for it. No one could hear her cries, nor could she escape, for the two roughnecks who had seized her were guarding her, besides a couple of Chinamen.

Wu Fang came in silently and moved over close to her. He said not a word, but an evil smile spread over his sinister face as she shrank from him.

Meanwhile a yawl had put out from the schooner loaded with cans of the precious contraband drug and had pulled up at the old stone jetty and dock. Chinamen hastily unloaded it and started up to the house laden with the heavy tins.

As Wu stood before Elaine the Chinamen carrying the dope tins entered and began piling them up in an old closet in the room. At last they finished putting it away.

"All is done, master," bowed one who seemed to be leader.

Wu nodded, then turned to Elaine. "Go!" he hissed, raising his finger and pointing to the door.

Trembling, she obeyed, and Wu Fang and the two toughs followed,

one of the Chinamen picking up her suitcase. Across the almost untraveled road they forced her and down on the stone dock, every footstep dogged by Wu and his emissaries.

"Get into the boat," Wu ordered.

She climbed down into the dirty yawl, and the Chinamen tossed her suitcase after her.

"If you see that for any reason she is about to escape," added Wu savagely, "do away with her."

He finished with a threatening gesture as the Chinamen followed Elaine into the boat. Then he turned on his heel and walked rapidly back to the deserted house. There he climbed into the automobile with the two toughs and all were rapidly driven away by the faithless mechanic.

The yawl tossed up and down on the rough swells that came in from the ocean, as the powerful arms of the sailors pulled her out through the blackness to the schooner.

There Elaine was lifted over the rail and forced across the deck down into the murky, ill-smelling hold. It made no difference to Gregor whether he carried a cargo of contraband or a white slave. In his gruff voice he belated orders for getting under way, while the Chinaman half led, half pushed Elaine into a cramped room amidships.

He set down the suitcase and, with a grunt and a scowl left, locking the door and shuffling along the passageway to a steep flight of steps to the deck.

Elaine paced up and down her narrow prison distracted.

Suddenly she paused a moment as her eye fell on the suitcase. There flashed through her mind the message I had given her from Kennedy.

She seized the suitcase and tore it open with nervous fingers.

"Oh, will it work—will it work?" she breathed in prayer to herself as she lifted out tenderly the little wireless telephone.

She opened it, pulled up the little aerials, and pressed the lever.

"Hello—hello—Craig—hello!" It was her last chance. Would it work?

By this time we had come in the revenue cutter to the old dock that was known as the Van Dort jetty.

As we swung around to it, with Kennedy and Brainard I leaped out. We gazed about, hunting for signs of the opium smugglers. All was as still as a grave, except for the ominous lapping of the waves.

I happened to look down at the ground. There in the light of the lantern I saw one of those square-toed footprints which we had come to know so well—the print of a Chinese shoe.

The footprints led up from the dock to an old, deserted, dilapidated house. We paused a moment before it. Just then a door opened and a Chinaman appeared.

With a cry he darted back, but we were at him. There were others inside, too, but they were easily overpowered.

Prodding the reticent Celestials, we retraced our steps to the jetty. Brainard's men carrying the opium. At the dock we loaded our prisoners and the contraband on the cutter.

It was plain that although we had

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and Diarrhoea. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

J. C. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years

The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.



captured the dope, the ship which had brought it had escaped, and, worst of all, Wu had again slipped through our fingers.

Brainard gave the order, and we left the wharf. As we stood gazing from the captured opium to the prisoners, Brainard was visibly elated. "Shake," he said laconically to Craig. Whether it was that he was disappointed at the failure to land Wu or whether he had a premonition that all was not well, somehow Kennedy did not share the elation. He extended his hand mechanically.

Just then a buzz, as if a bell had rung startled us. It was so unexpected that I exclaimed, although the next minute I realized that it was from the wireless telephone Craig had asked me to bring from the laboratory.

Kennedy seized the box, opened it hastily and clapped the little receiver to his ear.

"Hello—hello—yes, this is Craig. Where are you—what?"

Of course we could hear only one side of the conversation, but from the look of intense horror that passed over Kennedy's face I knew that something terrible must have happened to Elaine.

But at Craig's next words I myself gasped.

"If you can get a light," he almost shouted, "thrust it out of the porthole to guide us. But we'll find you anyway. Keep up your nerve."

We crowded about him.

"Brainard—a pair of glasses—quick," he cried, dashing to the bow of the cutter, "and full speed down the bay."

Briefly, as he swept the horizon ahead, he repeated the tale of Elaine's kidnapping.

We strained our eyes.

"That's it—Brainard—more speed!" cried Craig at last.

Far off, almost out on the ocean, we could see a tiny twinkle of light slowly waving back and forth.

In her prison Elaine had talked to Craig, afraid to raise her voice too high.

As she heard Kennedy's instructions, she replaced the receiver and rose quickly to her feet from beside the suitcase. She looked about. There was a dingy oil lamp suspended from a beam of the deck above.

She seized it and ran to the porthole. Back and forth she waved it as far as her arms would permit.

As the schooner now slipped along, Gregor, who had left the man at the wheel, was gazing off, not particularly happy at the prospect of not touching a port for a long time again. Suddenly he became aware of a peculiar, though slight, gleam on the water. He leaned over the rail farther. Below and a bit forward of him he could catch a glimpse of a light moving along the side of the boat.

"Confound that wench!" he muttered in a sudden fury, turning and seizing up a boathook lying on the deck.

Raising it, he leaned far over the rail. Then he brought the boathook down suddenly on the lamp, smashing it into a thousand bits as they hissed into the water.

Elaine drew back in horror. In her hand was merely the handle of the lamp. It seemed as if her last hope had been blasted.

"Cap'n—look over the stern—to port!" cried one of the men on watch. He pointed, and Gregor raised his glass as the rest, including the Chinaman to whom Wu had entrusted Elaine, crowded about.

There was a searchlight sweeping the water, as if a fast boat were hunting for something and were rapidly overhauling them.

"It's a revenue cutter," growled Gregor, lowering his glass after a quick scrutiny of the mysterious craft. "Crowd on more sail—start the auxiliary motor."

He volleyed forth his orders hoarsely. Instantly the deck was in an uproar. For the moment, in their anxiety to escape, they seemed to have forgotten Elaine—all except the Chinaman who had been set to guard her. Silently he drew from his blouse a knife and slipped down the companionway.

Elaine, her ears now sharpened by fear at the mysterious smashing of the light, had heard the commotion on deck. She seized a chair and propped it against the door.

She had acted not a minute too soon. Down the passageway, already, he could hear some one creeping stealthily. It was the Chinaman with his murderous knife. She heard him pause at the door as he looked again at his knife. Then the lock turned. The door creaked. But she had propped the chair well, and it held.

Just then she heard a loud report outside, and an instant later another. Then followed the crash of something heavy on the deck above accompanied by a volley of vile oaths and quick footsteps, as Gregor gave hasty orders to his crew.

The Chinaman at the door redoubled

his efforts. He seized a fire ax hanging near by and attacked the door with that, hacking furiously.

One after another, the table, a chest, everything movable, Elaine piled up against the door as it splintered. But it was of no use.

She moved over fearfully as far away as she could to the porthole and looked at the black water, as she leaned far out, then up at the deck only a few feet above her.

With frantic strength born of fear the heroic girl wriggled out of the porthole, as the schooner heeled over and managed just to catch the scuppers of the deck. Fear lent her strength. She succeeded in pulling herself up to the rail and then over on the deck just as the piled-up furniture tumbled over after the door gave way.

The Chinaman, infuriated, caught just a glimpse of her through the porthole, turned and rushed for the stairway.

In the commotion Elaine had actually come over the rail unobserved. But she knew that she could not be that way long. There was just a chance that a white man might heed her appeal. Forbidding though he was even in the moonlight, Elaine started toward Gregor.

Just then the maddened face of the Chinaman appeared at the hatch. A moment later his lithe body wormed itself out on deck. As he came nearer, Elaine retreated further toward Gregor.

"Oh, sir," she pleaded, "save me! I have done nothing!"

Gregor, one eye on the approaching revenue cutter, the other on his ship and crew, had not seen her till then. "Get out of the way," he growled roughly, pushing her aside. "Save yourself."

The Chinaman came a step nearer, knife upraised. She fled along the deck. There in the shrouds was a ladder. In desperation she seized a rung, swung herself around, and started up.

Her relentless pursuer followed, hand over hand, clenching the knife in his teeth. In her terror she tore off a piece of spar that had been loosened by a shot from the cutter and threw it full in his face.

Still, on he came. She drew herself up. There was no escape. A moment she trembled aloft.

Then, from a cross-tree, she jumped, diving far out into the water. The Chinaman followed.

Hand over hand he churned the waves after her.

We were now nearing a low, rakish craft. Though we signalled it, they paid no attention. Instead, we could hear the chug-chug of an auxiliary gas engine.

Brainard sent a shot across the schooner's bow. Still she did not stop. Instead, the topsails, broke out in spite of the gale and she headed away faster.

Another shot flashed out from our gun. This time a spar was carried away, as the searchlight playing on the schooner clearly showed.

We were rapidly gaining now. "Brainard—stop firing—for heaven's sake," shouted Craig from the bow. "Look!"

We followed his finger as he peered forward tensely.

There in the rigging, hanging perilously, was Elaine. She was clinging there holding a Chinaman at bay.

Suddenly we saw her draw herself up and deliberately dive into the water. The Chinaman dived also. Hand over hand he went after her. We watched, speechless.

Kennedy turned and seized the rapid fire gun, whirling it around and aiming carefully.

The Chinaman was a powerful swimmer and was rapidly gaining on Elaine. We could even see the gleam of the knife in the searchlight. Carefully Craig sighted the gun. The mistake of a hair's breadth meant life or death.

He fired.

Not a minute too soon the shot ricocheted over the waves. The Chinaman's arms went up in mute surrender. His head sank below the surface of the water.

Instantly, Craig and I were leaning far over the side of the cutter as, with power off, she slipped along, close to that figure swimming in the cold, black water. Neither of us paid any attention to Gregor's frantic signals of surrender as Brainard covered the schooner.

As we passed, Craig reached over and caught Elaine, lifting her bodily into our boat.

"Oh, Craig!" she gasped, as Kennedy, wrapped his greatcoat about her.

"Brainard—some hot drinks—quick," he ordered as he carried her, half fainting, to the cabin.

"Thank heaven for the wireless telephone," he muttered as he worked frantically to bring her around.

"No—it was the inventor—that did it," she murmured, looking up at him, safe.

## A GREAT OPPORTUNITY FOR YOUNG MEN

The demand for telegraph operators was never so great as at the present time. The largest telegraph school in America—equipped with over a hundred sets of instruments, miniature train systems, a train wire of a main line railroad, all telegraph and freight blanks, tickets, in the best equipped railroad offices, the best practical teachers to be obtained, thoroughly experienced in commercial and railway telegraphy, station and freight work—the Tyler Commercial College of Tyler, Texas is unable to any ways near supply the demand upon it by the railroads and telegraph companies for operators. So far this year we have had thirty per cent more bona-fide calls for graduates than we have had students to take up the study of telegraphy. Just as surley as a young man will complete our course of telegraphy and station work, just so surely will he be placed in a good position. The same is true where our course of bookkeeping, Shorthand, stenotypewriting and cotton classing or business administration and finance is completed.

Write for free catalogue. Our students are on all the leading Southwestern roads, and are holding high position in the commercial world.

Full blood S. C. White Leghorn Roosters, Norton strain, for sale \$1.00 each, delivered at Cross Plains.—Mrs. W. O. Spencer, Cross Plains, Texas., R. F. D. 1. (Nov. 1.)

Building paper, window glass and rubber roofing.—Shackelford's.

Made to Measure suits from \$9.50 to \$35.00 from the best Tailoring houses. Let me order for you and you'll be pleased.—Pat The Tailor.

Save the coupons at Carte's

"Who Pays?"

ring was thrown from the window of a house across the street, and that recently someone in a building opposite had used an air rifle on the place. Two of the congregation narrowly missed being hit by the bullets. Broken glass from the window was thrown among the 100 or more persons assembled in the place.

**Bibulous Monkey.**

The latest addition to the New York Central Park zoo, a monkey named Sally, was placed in the primate house this week, having been taken there for imprisonment, according to Head Keeper Snyder, because of an appetite for alcoholic drinks which made her dangerous to the business of her mistress' husband—operating a beer garden in North Bergen, N. J.

Sally fell into evil ways about a year ago. Since then she has on frequent occasions broken into the bar and refreshed herself. The night before Memorial day, when all was ready for the holiday rush, Sally went too far. The preparations of her owner's husband were sadly disarrayed and there was a large bill for broken glass. Then the husband put his foot down firmly. Hence the gift to the zoo.

**Resents Use of "Tea" as a Verb.**

"A writer of fiction in the Saturday Evening Post says that his heroine 'tead' on a certain occasion," the Parsons Sun protests. "That's just like a heroine—to tea. Women in everyday life drink tea or take tea, but it remains for real heroines to 'tea.' They also 'golf' in all likelihood, and 'theater' during the grand opera season. At dinner they probably 'coffee,' while 'bridging' is recognized as the proper occupation for all well-ordered heroines in the afternoon. But given the privilege of teaming and golfing and coffeeing and marmalading and fudging, to be consistent they must also 'soup.' But honest, now, can you imagine any polite novelist having his heroine do such a common thing as 'soup'?"—Kansas City Star.

## They Are Here

NEW Skirts  
NEW Waist  
NEW Dresses  
NEW Coat Suits  
NEW Hats  
NEW Coats  
NEW Dress Goods  
NEW Everything  
New Opportunities  
NEW Low Prices  
NEW Goods throughout

Come And See

Davis-Garner & Co.

Quality Counts

Watch Us Grow

### PERSONAL MENTION

I have received and am unloading a car of SEAL and Blue Band flour J W Westerman.

You will note a change in Shackelford's ad. on 2nd page.

Get your Michigan salt from 2t J W Westerman.

The De Laval always referred to as the "best" as a prosperity builder. adv.

I have just received and am unloading a car of SEAL and BLUE BAND flour—J W Westerman.

Graded 6½ by 3 to 3½ cedar posts 13½c for 100.—Shackelford Lumber Yard.

Floor paints in quarts and up. Shackelford Lmbr. Yd.

When better suits and better prices are given they will come from—Pat The Tailor's

### HODNETT GROVE NEWS

Every body is busy gathering corn.

Mrs. W. M. Gordon was on the sick list this week.

Messrs Olen, Bud and Bryon Hughes returned Sunday from Merkle where they went in search of threshing.

Miss Georgie Harris spent Saturday night with Miss Era and Ora Hughes.

Miss Ida Aell Bomar spent Saturday night with Miss Eunice and Opal Nix.

The young people enjoyed a party Friday night at Arthur Tates

Miss Ellen and Pearl Henry spent Sunday with Era and Ora Hughes.

Miss Davie Baley and Eunice Thate spent the day with Ear and Ora Hughes and attended church Sunday.

Rev. Williams preached at Hodnett Sunday.

The Party at Rufus Turner's Saturday night was enjoyed by all who attended.

Emmit Nichols carried a load of fruit to Brownwood.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Teston visited Mrs. W. M. Gardner Saturday night and Sunday.

Brown Eyes

Any one wanting to take art will please see me at my home.—Mrs. G. G. Carter.

### ROWDEN NEWS

Crowded Out Last Week

The farmers of this section are picking their boll weevil cotton, but it is not turning out very well.

Mr. and Mrs. Gist of Eula visited their daughter Mrs. J. T. Stewart Saturday night and Sunday.

John Miller and family left last week for Jones County to pick cotton.

Jim Smedley also left for the north-west to pick cotton.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Mitchell a girl, Sept. 2. Mother and babe doing nicely.

Mrs. Dolphus Long's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Porter of Burkett, Mr. and Mrs. Lively and Grandma Lively, two of her aunts, Mrs. Talley and Mrs. Euperson of Llano County all paid her a visit last week.

J. T. Stewart made a flying trip to Cross Plains Saturday.

Mr. Jim Coffee and family of Cottonwood visited at N. P. Sikes Saturday night and Sunday.

Miss Bessie and Ivie Sikes left with their little niece Wilmo to spend a few days with their grand parents and sister at Clyde.

A. G. Hobbs is on the sick list since he returned from his trip to Alabama, but hope he will soon recover.

Miss Dora Ayers left Monday for Abilene where she will attend school.

Mr. Claud Sikes came home on a short visit from Abilene where he has been attending school.

Louis Gillit passed thru Sunday on his motor going to Turkey Creek.

H. F. Philips went to picking cotton Monday.

L. D. Long is running Mr. Stewart's tractor this week, plowing for Mr. McCoy. He expects to get thru this week, then he will be back at home.

Since the big meeting the Sunday school work has been taken up again.

Dandy.

"Who Pays?"

A good gentle work mule for sale.—C. S. Boyles.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children

In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the Signature of

Wm. D. Mitchell

Brown Eyes

Any one wanting to take art will please see me at my home.—Mrs. G. G. Carter.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



# HUSBAND RESCUED DESPAIRING WIFE

**After Four Years of Discouraging Conditions, Mrs. Bullock Gave Up in Despair. Husband Came to Rescue.**

Catron, Ky.—In an interesting letter from this place, Mrs. Bettie Bullock writes as follows: "I suffered for four years, with womanly troubles, and during this time, I could only sit up for a little while, and could not walk anywhere at all. At times, I would have severe pains in my left side.

The doctor was called in, and his treatment relieved me for a while, but I was soon confined to my bed again. After that, nothing seemed to do me any good.

I had gotten so weak I could not stand, and I gave up in despair.

At last, my husband got me a bottle of Cardui, the woman's tonic, and I commenced taking it. From the very first dose, I could tell it was helping me. I can now walk two miles without its tiring me, and am doing all my work."

If you are all run down from womanly troubles, don't give up in despair. Try Cardui, the woman's tonic. It has helped more than a million women, in its 50 years of continuous success, and should surely help you, too. Your druggist has sold Cardui for years. He knows what it will do. Ask him. He will recommend it. Begin taking 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-48

## DENTIST

**Dr. Mary L. S. Graves**  
Office Over Farmer's Nat'l Bank  
Residence Phone 124; Office  
Phone 24; Office hours 8:30 to 5

## CROSS PLAINS LIVERY BARN AND WAGON YARD

J. G. Aiken & Son, Props.  
All Kinds of Livery Rigs  
at Reasonable Rates  
Sell and Trade Horses

## TO THE FARMERS AND STOCKMEN:

Dr. A. J. Nichols, a veterinary surgeon, has permanently located at Cross Plains for the purpose of practicing his profession. Bring in your stock and have them examined. Examination free.

All calls answered day or night.

A. J. NICHOLS,  
2t Veterinary Surgeon

## Dr. E.H. RAMSEY

## DENTIST

OVER FARMER'S NATIONAL BANK

Readers of Dailies,  
Take Notice

The Review one year and the Daily Record (without the Sunday issue) for \$3.50.

The Farm News and The Review for one year each for \$1.75.

Our sale continues until Oct. 1.  
M. D. Jones

## GROCERIES FOR CASH

The best quality for the lowest price at.—The Candy Shop.

"Who Pays"?

If you want to be dress up to date order your suit from me I have the latest.

Tartt The Tailor

## INDUSTRY OF GREAT VALUE

Most Essential Service for Humanity  
Performed by Those Who Manufacture Fertilizers.

In the American Magazine Ida M. Tarbell, writing another article in her business series entitled "The Golden Rule in Business," emphasizes the usefulness of the fertilizer business as an industry. Following is an extract from what she has to say:

"Few businesses perform a more essential service. Making two blades of grass grow where there was one, or none, is the useful task of a fertilizer plant. It serves men, not only by what it produces, but by what it saves. Into its mixture go substances derived from otherwise useless waste, the dregs and refuse of great industries. Millions of pounds of trimmings from factories using leather and rubber and felt are turned into ammoniates in its great incinerators. From the pomace left from the making of cottonseed and castor oil, from the horns and hoofs of the slaughter house, from the remains of fish and meat canneries, are made meals which the soil greedily swallows, to give back to us later more abundant crops of grain and vegetables and flowers.

"This waste and its transformation, the making and using of acid, all produce smells which cause an active and painful nausea to the unaccustomed. When men first go to work in the plants they are often unable to eat, or at least to retain food, for a week or more. I have never found a doctor who thought this nausea had any more than temporary effects, like the ordinary seasickness. It is, however, a painful experience and should be relieved, if possible."

## WHALE MEAT A GOOD FOOD

Is Being Used for Frankfurters in Denmark, and Is Said to Be Highly Nutritious.

Frankfurters made of whale meat are getting to be quite the thing in Denmark, according to Einar Tenriksen, a mechanical engineer of Tonsberg, Norway.

Mr. Henriksen came to America to study drop forging. He was graduated from a school of mechanical engineering in Christiania a year ago, and planned to go to Germany and then to come to the United States to study this particular line of engineering, but the war kept him out of Germany.

"There has been developed in Norway in the last few years a new field of industry in which mechanical engineers are much interested," said Mr. Hendricksen. "This is the designing and manufacture of machinery for cutting up whales. It requires special machinery, of course, and the investigation of the whale in relation to the kind of machinery required for dissecting it developed the comparatively new industry of using whale meat for frankfurters. A big business has grown out of this. Most of the whale meat is sent to Denmark and there made into frankfurters. Whale meat tastes not unlike beef and is very nutritious. I have frequently eaten whale steaks."

## Method in His Generosity.

Viscount Miura, who is better known by his nom-de-plume Kwanju, was once commander of the Hiroshima garrison. One day one of his former friends called at his house in the viscount's absence and presented his family with a box of cake. On returning home the viscount was told by his wife about the gift. "Ha, ha!" laughed the general, "it is funny that people become sociable with age. When — was young, he was a rash and obstinate fellow, but at length his mind seems to have become generous." But the general experienced a rude shock when some weeks afterward a bill was handed to him in which the cost of the cake had been added!

## Why Italy Loves the Army.

The Italian soldier is not only severely drilled, but he is also expected to perform a good many duties not usually regarded as falling within the requirements of military service. It is considered incumbent on every man wearing the king's uniform to give aid whenever and wherever it may be needed for the protection of life and property, against crime, accident or disaster, and whenever a calamity befalls—such as the recent earthquake—the first move is always to send troops to assist the suffering. This is one reason why Italy regards her army with affection as her protection at home as well as her defender against foreign aggression.

## Talked All Night to Hold Voice.

When he found that speech, which had been lost through concussion, had returned to him, Private Pointer of the London Rifles spent the whole night in the general hospital, at Lincoln, England, talking to himself. He

## When You Need Lumber

Don't fail to give us a trial.

A complete line of everything used in wooden construction as well as Brick, Cement, Lime, Hardware, Paints, Oils, Building Paper, etc.

**BRAZELTON-PRYOR & COMPANY**

feared to lose it if he did not keep it up. When the attendant came around with his morning cup of tea, Pointer remarked: "Shove it down there, old chap." For this he was showered with the tea by the agitated attendant.

## Pure Frenchmen.

It would be impossible to give the number of "pure Frenchmen" in France or of "pure Germans" in Germany. The breeds of men in every land are mixed as a result of generations and ages that have passed. It can only be said that the population of France is around 40,000,000 and that of Germany about 60,000,000.

## Radium Used to Promote Plant Growth.

Some of the remarkable properties of radium are being demonstrated by an exhibitor in the Liberal Arts building at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, San Francisco, in connection with a new invention making possible the radiating of water for medicinal purposes.

Demonstrating the power of this mineral promoting metabolism a number of young plants, some existing with and some without the aid of radium, are shown. Those in the radioactive soils are seen to be growing much more rapidly than those in common soil, and to have a more healthy appearance.

This inventor has found a process of impregnating terra cotta bricks with radium-bearing minerals, and these small bricks placed in water are said to give it remarkable curative properties. The porous bricks last almost indefinitely, losing only half their potency, it is estimated, in 1,800 years. Since the discovery of this mineral it has been found that many celebrated waters as Carlsbad and Baden Baden, owe their health-giving properties to radium. The inventor claims that his process produces in ordinary waters the qualities of these famous springs.

The radium ore used in the manufacture of radioactive terra cotta is known as carnotite, a formation found mainly in Colorado and Utah, and now producing three-fourths of the world's radium. The European mineral, known as pitchblende, from which the famous European springs are impregnated, is also displayed.

## NEW MALADIES OF THE WAR

Aviators and Telegraphers Have Developed Ailments Which Call for Special Treatment.

During the European war several military aviators have been suffering from airsickness. This new malady is liable to attack any aeroplane pilot who flies for a length of time without descending. The aviator thus attacked is affected with a sickly nausea accompanied by severe headache and a violent desire to sleep. Swift descents through the air bring on these symptoms, which medical men say are caused by the blood circulation of an aviator being unable to adopt itself at once to the rapid change of atmospheric pressure caused by sudden drops in the air.

Telegrapher's spasm is a malady which has afflicted many telegraph and wireless operators in the war. The complaint is caused by the continual operation of the key used in connection with telegraphic apparatus. Few people realize the strain entailed by tapping for hours at a stretch with one hand the instrument which sends code messages across the wires. Most letters consist of more than one dot or dash, and it has been estimated that an operator makes about 30,000 movements of the fingers and wrist in the course of an hour's operating.

This strain often results in the hand becoming stiff and uncontrollable, as it does in the case of writer's cramp. Many telegraph operators now learn to operate with both hands in order to avoid this complaint.

## RING WENT THROUGH WINDOW

Believed to Have Been Thrown By Someone Who Desired to Disturb Services Being Held.

A large brass ring hurled through the plate glass window of the West Side Gospel mission at 265 West Forty-seventh street, New York, while a service was in progress temporarily broke up the meeting and inflicted a slight wound on the head of one of the congregation. Mrs. Anna A. White, who was conducting the service, reported the matter to the police.

Mrs. White said she believed the

## THE PRICE TALKS

Read and be convinced.

Bewleys Best Flour	\$3-15
Anchor Best Flour	\$3-00
8 lbs Good Coffe	\$1-00
10 lb Bucket Wild Rose Syrup	35c
5 lb Bucket Honey	70c
100 lb Michagin Salt	75c
100 lb Anchor Bran	\$1-25

Home Ground Meal and Chops  
Always on Hand.

**CROSS PLAINS  
MERCANTILE CO.**

## TELEPHONE SUBSCRIBERS TAKE NOTICE

We expect all past due Telephone accounts to be paid on or before Oct. 1st. We can't carry them any longer. So govern yourself accordingly.

Very Respectfully

HOME TEL. & ELECTRIC CO.  
Per W. R. Wagner Local Mgr.

N. B. We will not go to the country to collect any more.

## REMOVAL NOTICE

I have moved my stock of jewelry and repair shop to the building now occupied by M. D. Jones, and am adding new goods to my present stock for the fall trade. If you need anything in the way of jewelry or watches, clocks, etc., or repair work, be sure to see me. I am better prepared than ever to fit you with glasses.

L. M. BOND, in the old City Drug Store Bldg.

## WILL COTTON ADVANCE?

If you think cotton will advance in value you may want to hold it. If you want to hold your cotton for a higher price or want to ship to Houston to be sold upon arrival, see the undersigned. We can let you have money on cotton at six per cent interest for the time you want to use it. For further particulars see

L. P. Henslee

"Who Pays"?

## THE PLACE TO BUY

your furniture is from Rutherford He will sell you for less.

Prices right at  
Carter's



## PERSONAL MENTION

50c to 80c per week will pay for you a De Laval. No trouble to explain.—Shackelford Lmtr. Yd.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Adkisson of Forgan, Oklahoma, arrived here Friday the guests of Mr. Abkisson's parents Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Adkisson and his brother Albert. They made the trip of several hundred miles in an automobile.

See us for fresh cheese and summer sausage.—Sipes & Hughes, July 30th

C. C. Carter left Thursday for his former home in Kentucky. He has been here for a few months with his son George. Mr. Carter while here helped at various times in putting out The Review, at which work he proved a good hand. We wish him well.

Painted and Galvanized Roofing in stock.

Shackelford's Lumber Yard

Lee Pierce of Dallas came in Friday afternoon for a few days' visit with his parents and brothers here. Lee is in the employ of the Republic Rubber Co. with whom he has been since going to Dallas.

Do you want the highest prices for your eggs? See me. J. W. Westerman.

Jesse Moore and family have rented the Keller four-room house two blocks east of The Review office and will in a few days move from his present location in the northeast part of town. He will put in what part of the day he has to spare from his labors as mail carrier working for The Review.

Why buy an ordinary buggy when you can get a moon Bros. from Boyles at the same price? (adv.)

Have your lands Abstracted by Jackson & Jackson, Baird. \$1. bucket Coffee for 75c at Boydstuns.

WANTED to buy a good second-hand wagon.—See M. L. Jones 4t

Abstracts to lands and town lots furnished on short notice at reasonable prices.—Jackson & Jackson Baird. 4t

### "Who Pays?"

Special prices on Moon Bros. Buggies at C. S. Boyles, 4t.

Lost a blue rain coat Wednesday morning between town and Corum Beeler's. Finder please return to the Review Office.

Fresh cream cheese and summer sausage carried in stock.—Sipes & Hughes, July 3

J. A. Moore and wife and Mrs. Chambers, wife of the Rural Carrier at Baird were in town Monday.

C. Morris and wife who has been agent for the R R here since Mr. Williams quit, returned to De Leon Sunday, A Mr. Earl of Irdel took charge of the station.

Dr. H. Robinson will again be at R. Robertson's drug store at Cross Plains Monday Supt. 27 and will be pleased to meet his former friends and patrons and receive new ones. Don't fail to see him about your eyes or those of your family. Eyes tested Glasses furnished Artificial Eyes inserted. Latest hearing appliances for the Deaf. Remember Date.

Miss Effye Gregory is visiting her sister Mrs. Otis Hovey at De Leon this week.

The De Laval the separator you will eventually use.

Your business appreciated at—Carter's

## SATURDAY SPECIALS

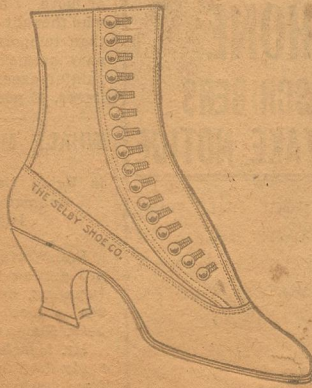
Our shelves are now filled to overflowing with fall and winter goods of every description. We anticipated a good big crop and bought heavily and since the boll weevil has made such ravages on the cotton crop we are afraid our stock is too big and consequently we are going to lower our prices in order that every one may have a chance to supply their needs. You'll find every article in this store marked at a very small margin of profit.

\$18.50 Ladies Coat Suit in plain tailored Effects, serges and fancy weaves marked for Saturday at only \$11.85  
Other Styles at \$18. or 20. 22.50, 25. to 35.00  
Ladies and children's coats in a great variety of colors, fabrics, and styles \$5.00 up to \$25.00

### SHOES! For all the family, \$1.75 to 5.00.



Every shoe in our stock is new and this fall style. The biggest stock of shoes that was ever in Cross Plains. We have a style to please everybody and a shoe to fit every foot and at a price that will appeal to your pocket book.



Every one of

of our shoes is made by a specialty manufacturers. They fit better, they look better and they wear better. You don't have to order your shoes from Sears Roebuck or any other mail order house. You can get them right here at the same price or less.

Ladies Shoes \$1.75 to \$5.00 Misses Shoes \$1.50 to \$3.50 Children Shoes 65c to \$2.50  
Boys' Shoes \$1.75 to \$3.50 Mens' Shoes \$2.50 to \$6.50

### Mens' And Boys' Clothing

Our new fall line of mens', young mens' and boys' clothing is now open and on display. We guarantee to fit you in a suit of all wool clothes at a price far below what you ordinarily pay else where.

We have a model to fit every man or boy. Regular slims and stouts. Give us a chance to show you, then you won't be disappointed.

We don't mark it at two prices and tell you we bought it at a job lot at half its value. That Jew story is too old to make you believe it.

Come see; we have the lowest prices and the best quality.

### Car New Furniture

Just unloaded a car of new furniture. See us for anything in this line. Our prices are the best, quality considered. We have everything in the furniture and undertaking line.

### Grocery Specials

10 lbs. Good Coffee	\$1.00	10 lb. bkt. White Cloud lard	\$ .90
10 lb. bkt. Jack Rabbit lard	.90	Dry Salt Bacon per. lb.	.12 1-2
1 gal. Mary Jane syrup	.40	1 gal. Lasses syrup	.40
1 gal. Karo syrup	.40	2 gals. of any of these brands	.75
Belle of Wichita flour	\$3.10		

## Higginbotham Trading Co

Misses Willie Elliott and Effye Gregory went to May last Thursday to meet Miss Lois Elliott who had been visiting her sister Mrs. Beck at Brownwood. Misses Lois and Effye returned Friday and Miss Willie went to Brownwood to visit Mrs. Beck.

You can buy a Moon Bros buggy at the prices asked you for a common buggy.—C. S. Boyles, 4t

**New Hats; New Shapes; New Trimmings arrive almost daily. Come and see them, the price is reasonable.**

Mesdames  
Carson & Rutherford,  
At Carter's Store.

### FRESH CHEESE

of all kinds at—The Candy Shop

Many of the readers of this paper will remember me as being connected with Dr. R. G. Milling at Putnam in 1914.

Since we left Putnam many may not know where I am located. I take this method of telling my friends that I am now back at Putnam where I am prepared to take care of all who desire the treatment I give, and I am charging a very reasonable board rate which is \$1.50 per day, and give treatment free to all my boarders.

I invite all who are suffering with any kind of chronic trouble to give me a trial. I have treated a number from Cross Plains and surrounding country, and if you know nothing about me I will be glad for you to ask them about me, will also be glad to give you their names if you wish.

Give me a chance to cure you as I have hundreds of others all over Texas and other states.

I am respectfully,  
H. V. CALDWELL.

## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children  
In Use For Over 30 Year.  
Always bears  
the  
Signature of *Wm. D. Gifford*

You are overlooking some real values if you fail to get one of those Moon Bros buggies at the special prices that we are making on them. 4t C. S. Boyles

I am today unloading a car of the celebrated SEAL and BLUE BAND flour.—J. W. Westerman.

When in need of cream separator why not buy the best, the Diabolo? —Geo. Thomasson. 5t

FOR SALE Jersey cow and heifer calf.  
B. L. Boydstun.

Berth Prewit returned to her home at Aquiler after visiting her sister here Mrs. W. T. Wilson.

## Paint Better

Better isn't enough; paint best.

A man bought "cheap" paint saved 20c or 30 or 40 or 50c a gallon, didn't he?

Yes, and bought 40 or 50 or 60 or 80 percent more gallons; how much did he make on his paint?

And he paid for painting those gallons—a fair day's work is a gallon—how much did he make on the labor part of his job?

He lost a quarter or third of his money.

How long will it last? not his money, the paint?

Perhaps half as long as Devoe. How long will his money last, if he buys other stuff as he bought that paint?

Better buy the best paint; it makes the least bill and least-often.

DEVOE

F. P. Shackelford sells it.

### Attention Buggy Buyers

We are making some special prices on Moon Bros. Buggies. It will pay you big to investigate.

C. S. Boyles

### A Correction

In a recent issue we had an article about a Confederate encampment. We spoke of the Confederates as wearing the blue, but we meant to say the gray.

## THE EASY WAY

to buy furniture is so you can pay for it as you make it. I sell that way.

Rutherford

### FOR RENT

Farm near Caddo Peak. Reference required.

Address

MAGGIE McGRATH  
Care Review.

### FOR SALE

For sale 1173 acres of land, located about 15 miles south of Baird, and about 10 miles west of Cross Plains, in Callahan County. About one-third of said land is fine tillable and balance fine grass land. No offer of less than Ten Dollars per acre can be considered. It is a fine small ranch or stock farming proposition.

I. N. JACKSON, receiver,  
2t Baird, Texas.

## JUST RECEIVED

Another big shipment of fresh candy at—The Candy Shop.

"Who Pays?"

Don't mention the war.  
Buy at—Carter's

Dr. J. H. Bailey, Roy Marshall and J. W. Robins were among our Trades Day visitors.

Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Carter of Pioneer were in town Tuesday the guests of their son D. P. and family

Let us figure on your abstract work.—Jackson & Jackson, Baird, 4t  
I want your work.

Tartt The Tailor

John Carter traveling salesman for the Clean Easy soap people was in town Tuesday.

W. C. and E. O. Adams, J. J. Horn and Billie Bagwell left Tuesday for Dallas They make the trip in Mr. Adams' Saxon.

Mrs. T. H. Davis returned Saturday from an extended visit with her parents at Hubbard City.

Forget the boll weevil.  
Buy at—Carter's