

The CROSS PLAINS REVIEW

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NO. 26

FRIENDS IN ADVERSITY THE SAME AS IN PROSPERITY

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.

The last few years have been hard ones on the banks as well as the people. A great test has been put to the banks to supply the people's needs. OUR BANK HAS BEEN EQUAL TO THE TEST. A large crop is assured this year and we want you to remember us now. Bring us your cotton, wheat, oat or any other check you may have and on any bank and we will gladly collect it for you without cost. If you haven't already started an account at our Bank we would appreciate your doing so at once.

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.

THAT COTTON WAREHOUSE

A Mass Meeting Saturday, at 1:30 to Discuss the Proposition

The citizens of Cross Plains met Monday night for the purpose of taking action in regard to the building of a warehouse in which to store cotton. All were of one mind that a warehouse should be built, and committees were appointed to look further into the matter. Most seem to think that the proposition should be and will be put through if the farmers will take hold themselves. It is proposed that a stock company be formed and shares sold at \$10.00 each, business men and farmers both to subscribe for the stock. While the proposition will not be expected to pay dividends, it doing well to pay running expenses, everybody is urged to subscribe for stock. In fact, the farmers will have to take hold or the proposition will not go through. A mass meeting for everybody is called for 1:30 Saturday. The business houses are expected to be closed. The whole warehouse proposition will be threshed out. Let everybody come out.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Harrell of south of town were here Wednesday

Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Paterson of Abilene are visiting his parents Mr. and Mrs. D. N. Paterson. They are on their way to Bryan, Okla., where they will make their future home.

If you are going to buy a suit this season, you should examine our fall line we have on display. We guarantee the fit, quality, style and price to be right.

Tart and Melton

Buy Home

Sam Westerman, known as little Sam to distinguish him from his Uncle by the same name, has bought the Will Rober's place just south of the railroad.

Gus Black of Atwell worked on the Higginbotham building Friday and Saturday. He left here Sat. for Moran where he is to work on a brick building.

For 15 days only we will sell the 25lb Pail of Stock Food for \$2.25. Guaranteed by us to you.

City Drug Store.

NEW SCHOOL BUILDING

The two school districts in northern part of Coleman county, known as the Comal and Little Pecan schools, and about six and eight miles from Cross Plains respectively, have begun the erection of a new school building, the two districts being consolidated. The new site is at the south west corner of Henry Thate, Sr's, farm on the Burkett and Dressy road. The building will be 24x48 feet, and can be divided into two rooms. Probably but one teacher will be required this year, but room is being provided for the second teacher if needed. No teacher has been employed as yet.

Russell Elliott, formerly agent for the Central at this place, writes us that he is now employed at Quanah, for the Quanah, Acme and Pacific, and that he has the best work he has had so far.

Buy Crazy Mineral Water, at B. L. Boydston

Clark Nichols and family are visiting his folks in Morgan, his place as conductor being taken by O. R. Belcher.

BUYS INTEREST IN STABLE

Jack Aiken Wednesday bought a one-half interest in the livery stable from Diff Jones, and has taken the active management of the same himself.

Wanted: 300 dozen eggs every Saturday; we pay the price.

B. L. Boydston

"The price is the thing" at Carter's

Paul Harrell, a young attorney-at-law of Brownwood, has been visiting his parents Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Harrell of south of town. Paul was in Cross Plains Friday, and returned to his home at Brownwood Saturday.

Wiss Marie Cornell returned Friday from visiting her folks at Brady. She reports a pleasant time.

John Tucker and family are going to move to Putnam where John will run the light plant. We are sorrow to see them leave.

SEE US.

For knee pads, the new fiber pad, 65c, leather pads 50c

THE RACKET STORE

PROGRESSING NICELY

Work on the Higginbotham building is progressing nicely notwithstanding considerable trouble on account of continued rains and lack of material. The brick work is practically completed, the carpenter work on the roofing being well begun. Higginbotham Tracing Co. expect to be able to occupy the building by Oct. 1.

What Was It?

J. W. Wesley tells us that he and others saw on Monday night an unusual astronomical phenomenon, one that he would like to see explained. He states that he was at his son Arthur's sitting in the yard. At about 8:30 he noted an object about the size of one of the planets in the southeast part of the heavens, red like fire, which traveled in a northerly direction at a great speed until it disappeared, which was about three minutes from the time he first saw it.

RIGHT ALL THE TIME

There is no store in this section that offers the variety and the economy all the year round as The Racket Store

don't remember where. I never met up against the Wyandots, save a few at Vincennes; their range is too far north. By any chance do you know that country?"

"Not beyond the forks. Here are some maps," and I spread my rude drawings on the grass, "and some notes on the lay of the land."

He studied these a moment, and then glanced up at me with a quizzical smile.

"Never could make much out of map drawin'," he acknowledged slowly. "Just looks like hen tracks ter me, an' as to readin' I reckon ther want no schools along Stump crick wher I was raised. Howsumever you needn't worry none about that, Master Hayward, for I kin read the woods an' natur's the best guide. We'll find Sandusky."

We talked together for some time, although I did the most of it, for he was content to reply in monosyllables, his eyes on the river. As the sun sank, its last rays turning the waters crimson, we went back into the stockade, and ate heartily together in the barracks' kitchen. Then, as dusk drew near, we separated, he going silently down the bluff to the boat, while I reported to General Harmar.

It was almost dark, with a clear, star-studded sky overhead, when I came forth again, the letter to Hamilton in my pocket, and the general's warning instructions fresh in mind. I had caught no further glimpse of the girl, nor had any reference been made to her. In truth, for the moment the memory of her presence had been banished from mind. Then, all at once,



"Just Looks Like Hen Tracks ter Me."

she came to me, a slender shadow stepping forth from the gloom of the stockade, into the star gleam. I saw the face uplifted, white in the silvery glow, and the dark uncovered hair.

"Monsieur Hayward," she said softly, "you will speak to me?"

CHAPTER IV.

I Face a Request.

I came to a sudden halt, my heart throbbing wildly. "Most certainly, mademoiselle," I stammered in surprise, "although I have little time to spare."

"I know," she returned; "you voyage into the north—you, and the great hunter."

"You know that? How?"

She smiled, yet with eyes on mine in frank confidence.

"Have I not ears, monsieur?" she asked softly. "Did you think me old and deaf when we met before? Perhaps the light was poor, and you saw ill; if so look at me again, now, monsieur."

"You mean you overheard?" and I stepped back, tantalized by her witchery.

"How could I help? It was but a word now and then, but that American general—he talk so loud, like he speak to an army. I did not catch your voice, monsieur, not one word. Yet I knew well what eet was you say; I know from my own heart, how eet beat; an' from your face, so strong, so like the face of a man. You would go back to the north, back to my people."

"To your people!" I echoed incredulously. "Good God! Are you Indian?"

"Does monsieur care what I am?" she questioned more gravely. "And does he not already know? We are alone here in the night, a swift deserter mine to sweep a swift glance about her over the bare level of parade. "Need there longer be deceit between us? Why you not trust me?"

"I do trust you," I returned impetuously, intoxicated by her presence, by the pressure of her fingers on my arm. "In spite of all that is strange I cannot pretend otherwise. But I do not know you, as you would pretend."

She stared into my face, her dark eyes wide open. Then she laughed

softly. "You think to fool me! All right; I laugh, an' I pretend, but I never believe what you tell. Have I not eyes to see your face? ears to hear your voice? 'Tis not long ago, only six moons since then. Why all this I not understand, maybe; why you English officer today an' American officer tomorrow. You not tell; I not ask any more. We be friends just the same? Ees that so?"

"With all my heart," I replied, relieved at the sudden change in her manner, and grasping the hand held out. "But you are wrong in thinking I assume two characters."

"Yes; well, did I not say I laugh an' pretend? Voila! eet was to me nothing. Yet there is danger, monsieur, danger. Indian never forgive, nevaire forget. You go as hunter, as scout?"

"No, as an officer; my uniform is in this bag."

"To the Miamis?"

I shook my head, wondering at her swift questioning.

"The Wyandots."

"Ah! That then is not so bad. The chiefs will not know; they will believe. But 'tis most odd why you will do all this—this, what you call masquerade?"

"No more odd surely than your own, mademoiselle."

"Why is eet you say that? You ask the general about me?"

"Of course."

"You care enough then? You interest enough to ask heem who I was? Where I come? You try learn all about me? Ah, bien; an' what he say, monsieur?"

"That you were from the Illinois country—Kaskaskia—seeking your father, a voyageur with Vigo, from town to town."

She laughed again, her hands making an eloquent gesture.

"The poor man! Eet was quite sad, monsieur. I know not I tol' eet so well. Non, non, eet not I who told heem; eet was the voyageurs with whom I came, I tell nothing. Eet was hard to tell nothin', monsieur, when he want to know so much; when he ask question, an' roar in hees loud voice. But eet was fun, too; I laugh, an' talk about ozer things, an' he get so mad, ze American general. He put me in ze guardhouse, only I was a girl. You are angry?"

"No. But I am a soldier on duty; under orders to the north."

"To my people."

"So you said before. What does it mean? You are not Indian?"

"I am of quarter blood; my father was officer of France who died in battle. I was born in an Indian tepee."

"But not brought up an Indian? You possess education; you have known civilized life."

"I have been at Montreal and Quebec, monsieur. I was three years at the convent of the Ursulines."

"But came back into the wilderness?"

"I returned—to my own people; the great woods called me. I am a Wyandot."

"And here at Fort Harmar, under a false name, pretending to be from the French settlements?"

She touched my hands, where they gripped the rifle barrel, and her whole manner changed.

"I am not here under a false name, monsieur, nor for any purpose of evil," she exclaimed eagerly. "You must not think that of me; I will not permit. 'Tis my name, Rene D'Auvray, and I came to this fort from the French settlements. I cannot tell you why, but there is no harm done. All I seek now is the opportunity to return to my own land. That is why I came here to meet you; why I waylaid you, and told you the truth. I heard enough of what was said by the American general to know that you were going north thro' the forests to my country, to hold council with the Wyandots. That is so, is eet not?"

"Yes."

"Then, monsieur, take me with you! No, listen; you must; you shall not refuse. I know the way, the woods, and all their secrets. I can guide you, and travel faster than your Kentucky hunter. Let me go, monsieur."

I hesitated just a moment, actually tempted by this opportunity to have her with me, to learn more of who and what she really was. Yet the knowledge that Harmar would never approve of such an arrangement, and that he would surely learn of the matter if I smuggled her into the boat, decided me. She read the decision in my face.

"You will not? You will leave me behind?"

"I cannot take you, mademoiselle. There are reasons in plenty, but I cannot stand here and discuss them. You will let me pass now?"

She drew back but with eyes still on my face. She must have read there that no pleading would change me, for she only said regretfully:

"I have angered you? You do not trust me, because I am Indian?"

"I do trust you," I burst forth. "I hardly know why, but I do. It is hard for me to say no, but I must. I wish to remain your friend mademoiselle, to meet you again somewhere."

Her face, white in the star-shine, smiled.

"You shall, monsieur," confidently, and she pointed with one hand into the north, "yonder in the villages of the Wyandots."

"You mean you will go there alone? All those leagues alone?"

"Perhaps; there would be nothing to fear. I have traveled as long a wilderness trail before. Yet I need not go alone; there is another here who must return to Sandusky."

"Simon Girty! Good God! Would you dream of companionship with that foul renegade? Do you know what he is?"

"Yes, monsieur," quietly, "and he knows what I am. He is not reckless enough to offer me insult; did he do so he would be torn limb from limb. You do not know my people, but Simon Girty does. I do not fear him, yet I would rather go with you."

"I cannot consent; it would cost me my commission to take you. I must say good-by."

She held out her hand.

"Good-by, monsieur."

I left her standing there, a slender, dark shadow in the starlight, feeling yet the firm grip of her fingers, and seeing yet in memory the upturned face. That she really meant what she said so confidently I did not truly believe. Her threat of traveling in company with Girty, or even alone, was merely uttered in the vague hope that it might influence me. She could not be in earnest. In spite of her assertion I was not altogether convinced that she was an Indian, a Wyandot. She was so young, so girlish, so soft of voice and civilized of speech, I could not associate her with savages, or those dark haunted woods. I even laughed grimly to myself, as I went down the bluff, at the thought.

The boat was in the dark shadows of the bank, a sizable canoe, three Indians—friendly Delawares—grasping the paddles and kneeling in the bottom, and two men holding it steady against the current. One of these, tall and straight, would be Brady, but the other, a mere shadow in the dark, was unrecognizable.

"You go with us?" I asked.

He straightened up, with the motion of a salute.

"Yah, der captain he says so, don't id?" the words strongly Dutch.

"Oh, yes, my man; you are the cook. Is there an extra paddle in there, boys?"

An Indian voice grunted a response, holding it up.

"All right; take it, and get in. What is your name?"

"Johann Schultz."

I remembered him, a private in Brown's company, as poor a choice as could have been made for such an expedition, but it was too late now for an exchange.

"In with you, Schultz," I ordered sharply, "behind the last Indian, and bend your back; this is to be no pleasure trip after wild flowers. All ready, Brady?"

He stepped into the bow of the craft, without answering, and crouched down, his long rifle showing above his shoulder. I pushed off, and found room at the stern. There was a flash of paddles in the dark water, and, almost noiselessly, we swept out into the stream. For the space of a mile, perhaps, we skirted the clearing, the river a stream of silver under the stars, the land on either side, disfigured by blackened tree stumps, making a desolate picture. Then the canoe slipped silently into the forest waterway, the dense woods on either bank obscuring the stars, and plunging us into darkness.

Brady bent over the sharp bow, his eyes watchful for any obstacle, for any swirl of the current, and I could faintly distinguish his voice in low-spoken warning to the Indian paddlers.

We were hemmed in by wilderness, the narrow stream bordered by great forest trees, with branches overhanging the current, and huge roots projecting from the mossy banks.

There was little or no underbrush; indeed, as the light grew stronger, the vista stretched far away between the gnarled trunks of oak and hickory to where the land rose in low bluff. It was a somber scene of gray and green, coloring, save that here and there were clusters of wild flowers yielding a brighter hue of blue and yellow to the dull background. The silence was profound, the river noiseless, except as the waters occasionally foamed over some obstacle in their path, or murmured softly about the sharp prow of the canoe. High up above the early morning air fluttered the leaves, yet so gently that no sound of rustling reached me. The woods themselves were desolate, apparently uninhabited, without even a fleeting wild animal to break their loneliness.

I sat up, rubbing my cramped limbs, and stared about down the forest aisles, impressed by the somberness of our surroundings, yet with every faculty aroused. The Dutchman's languid movements, and the perspiration streaming down his face, told of a hard night's work.

"Put her into the bank there, boys, to the right," I commanded. "Beyond the roots of that big oak. We'll

breakfast, and then rest awhile."

This was accomplished with a sweep of the paddles, and we stepped ashore, the Indians drawing the light canoe well up into the mud, Brady stamping about to restore circulation. Schultz collapsed in his seat, and I stopped to shake him.

"Tired, man? Move about and you'll feel better."

"Mein Gott," he moaned, rolling his eyes up at me imploringly. "I vos mosed mit der tire-ness. Mein feet von't move already."

"That will be all right, Schultz," I said kindly. "I'll help you ashore, and



He Led the Way and We Followed in Single File.

you can rest awhile, until you feel better. I'll do the cooking this morning."

We were still too close to the settlements to be in very much danger, and felt little necessity for guarding our presence. White hunters penetrated as far north as the forks, and any raiding parties of hostile Indians would have been reported. Brady shook his head when I mentioned the possibility, smoking calmly.

"There ain't no red-skins down in yer," he returned confidently. "Or some of the boys along the river would o' let me know."

"How far have we come?"

He spoke to the Delawares, and one of them replied in his own language.

"He reckons 'bout fifty miles, though it would be less than that straight across country. It takes maybe two days an' a night ter make the forks with good padding."

As none of the toil of our progress up stream had thus far fallen upon me I remained on guard over the tired sleepers, cleaning away the debris of the meal, and packing the cooking utensils back in the canoe. The men slept soundly, although I noticed how any movement, even the slight rustle of leaves in a sudden puff of wind, served to rouse Brady or the Indians to instant consciousness. They possessed the instinct of wild animals, ever alert to danger. It must have been fully noon when I aroused them, and we again headed the canoe up stream, Brady willingly taking the soldier's place at the after paddle, while I lay back in the stern, my coat serving for a pillow, and finally fell asleep.

The river narrowed rapidly as we advanced northward, until the great trees on either bank nearly obscured the sun overhead. The Delawares were already exhibiting a disinclination to proceed, and we were compelled to hold them by threats to their work. Each mile of advance northward added to their terror, and made our task more difficult. Once Brady struck the chief, driving him back to his place in the canoe. This was when we discovered unmistakable signs that a party of Miamis had crossed the river only shortly before we passed the spot.

However, we ran the gauntlet safely, a mere silent shadow slipping along in the dark shade of the protecting bank, and thus finally attained the forks, and landed on the west shore. It was dark when we got there, but the Delawares were so eager to return, that we immediately put ashore all we intended to pack with us, and parted with them gladly. The canoe shot swiftly away into the gloom, leaving the three of us alone. Bearing our loads with us, we groped a blind way through the forest, back toward the foot of the bluff, where we made camp, as best we might, at the mouth of a ravine, well sheltered by underbrush, and lay down, without venturing to light a fire. For some time, scarcely a memory of Rene D'Auvray had remained with me, my mind being fully occupied with the increasing peril of our position; yet as I lay there in the silence, looking up at the stars, her eyes seemed suddenly to smile again into mine, and I dreamed of her as I slept. The dawn found us safe, seemingly alone in the wilderness.

CHAPTER V.

Before the sun's rays touched the summit of the bluff we were climbing the sides of the ravine, with light packs on our shoulders. Brady led the way, tireless and watchful, his long rifle held ready in the crook of his arm, his alert eyes searching out the ground ahead. Behind him lumbered Schultz, heavy-footed, and grumbling Dutch baths at every misstep, yet somehow managing to keep up; while I brought up the rear, my gaze intent on the surrounding ridges.

For three days we encountered nothing to alarm. Brady purposely kept away from all trails, trusting implicitly to his instinct as a woodsman to discover a safe passage. He possessed the instincts of the wild, the subtlety of the savage, born of constant peril and loneliness.

Once, where we forded a considerable stream, which I think now must have been the Vermilion, we came upon the blackened remains of a campfire, apparently deserted but a few hours before. Brady examined it with great care, trailing the party to the river bank, and then making a wide circuit of the woods, before he finally returned satisfied.

"Less than three hours gone," he said soberly, "and traveling north."

"Do you know who they were?" I asked. "How many were in the party?"

Miamis and Ojibwas, I reckon, and they had a prisoner, bound to that small tree out yonder; see here, Hayward, the fellow had boots on, and not moccasins. From the trail they made here on the bank there must have been twelve or fifteen Indians; ay, and a white renegade," he bent down again to study a track in the mud, "for this is no red-skin's foot, with the toes turned out." He swore, the only oath I had heard thus far from his lips, plucking a few long hairs from off a spittle of underbrush, and holding them up into the sunlight. "A war party all right, with scalps. One fellow brushed against this bush as he came down the bank; from the color they must have been raiding the German settlements."

I stared at the floating hairs, shuddering in horror, and hands gripped hard on my rifle.

"Good God! and they are going our way?"

"That needn't trouble us, while they leave a plain trail behind. Those devils feel safe enough now, or they'd take more care. We are in no danger while they keep ahead of us."

We made a detour to the right, plunging straight forward into the unbroken woods. Brady led at a fast gait, his trained iron muscles tireless, while I urged the breathless soldier to new exertions, frightening him by constant references to the raiders so close at hand. The perspiration rolled down his face, yet he kept close to Brady's heels, falling flat on the ground during our brief halts, but determined not to be left behind. There was certainly good stuff in the fellow, although he swore stiffly, and had a tread like an elephant. Just before dark, the forest about us already in gloom, we suddenly emerged from out the shadow of great trees, and stood on the shore of a lake girded with woods. A few hundred feet from where we stood a small rocky island, dense with trees, rose above the mirrored surface. After one swift glance about the line of shore Brady's eyes rested on this haven, as though questioning its feasibility as a night camp. There was a yellow tinge to the intervening water, suggestive of shallowness, and I spoke first.

"It will be dark in a few minutes more; isn't that a sand-ridge leading out yonder?"

"It looks so to me," he replied quietly, "but the only sure way to tell is to test the passage. In my judgment we better get out there if we can, for there's no knowin' where these Injuns may be."

He led the way, and we followed in single file, our packs and rifles held high overhead. The water deepened until it reached Schultz's armpits, but there was no perceptible current, and the sand underfoot was firm as rock. Deep purple shadows seemed to shut us in, as we clambered up the steep bank of the island, our clothes dripping. Brady with outstretched hand helped me to climb, clinging with his other to a sapling. Then he pointed across the darkened surface toward the lower end of the lake. In the distance there was the red glow of a fire, barely visible.

The island was wider than I had supposed, and must have contained fully five acres, densely wooded, with no sign of a trail anywhere. Apparently we were the first explorers to penetrate its thickets. Suddenly we came to the edge of a small opening, sloping down like a saucer, grass covered and treeless, open to the sky, but with a dark irregular something at its center. So shapeless was this black blotch, that I took it at first to be a clump of brush, but the scout gripped my arm.

"Hayward! there's a log house!" he whispered, pointing. "Do you see? Keep the Dutchman back."

I dropped to my knees, and studied the dim outlying, which the night rendered so indistinct. Little by little it

Dressy News

We will write again after so long a time as we have gotten over the blues since it has stopped raining and every thing is pleasant.

Our community has improved since our last writing as T. D. Pope has put up a new tenant house on his farm and Noah Johnson is improving his place with more and better fences and improvements. This means prosperity.

Road working has taken up a portion of the farmer's time since the recent rains, as some of the roads were almost impassible in some places.

Mrs. P. J. Rodgers and son, Frank took a trip to Erath county last week. Miss Iva Whisenant of near Dublin returned home with them for a few weeks stay. They report pretty fair crops but not as good as some in this country.

The owners of the Dressy gin who live in Coleman came up last week and took the gin saws home to sharpen them up and to get ready for ginning as some cotton is almost ready to pick.

Mrs. Lovelady gave a party Friday night. Everybody had a nice time. It was at first reported to have been an ice cream supper but this was all a mistake.

Charlie and Earl Thompson of Bird Store were up last week visiting relatives here.

It is still thought imposible for the Baptist meeting to be held although one or two services will be held this week.

We will close for this time and report the beginning of the 1914 cotton crop, in our next write up.

Meddler

Murdock's Song "Ad"

If "Casey Jones" takes the "Beautiful Doll" down by the "Old Mill Stream" while "Alexanders' Ragtime Band" plays "Meet Me Tonight in Dreamland", you should take your "Mysterious Rags" to Carl Murdock, the Tailor, and get them cleaned and pressed, for Everybody's Doing it now."

Why not take the Review and boost home enterprise?

Bring us your eggs and chickens, the price is advancing. B. L. Boydston

TYPHOID FEVER

BY RALPH STEINER, AUSTIN,
STATE HEALTH OFFICER

CAUSE

But one germ can cause typhoid fever, and that is the typhoid bacillus. Before it can produce disease it must be swallowed into the stomach and pass the intestines. Every person who contracts typhoid fever has previously swallowed unwholesome food or water. The typhoid germ is carried by the fly, and unsanitary conditions are its direct cause.

Prevention

Do not let sewage mix with surface soil or seep into wells, springs, creeks or rivers. Screen all houses, out-houses and stables. Keep stables and barns free from manure.

Vaccination will absolutely prevent typhoid fever and the practice is simple and sane.

MORE ABOUT FARM TERRACING

(From Semi-Weekly Farm News.)

About ten years ago there was a farmer over in East Texas whose forty-acre farm was gradually but surely getting away from him. It was all he had. His living depended upon what he could make it yield. Although his title was perfect, and no man could take it from him, the rains which made it produce, also were carrying the soil down the hillsides and out toward the Gulf of Mexico. He spent sleepless nights thinking of the future, when its productiveness would cease, when the soil would be gone and the hillsides bare.

Then one day he read an announcement that a man from Georgia was to talk on farm terracing at the county seat. This farmer knew nothing of terracing, except that it was some sort of way by which soil could be kept from washing. His idea of it was a vague, difficult method, one hard to be applied by the average farmer. He took a day off and went to town, heard what the man from Georgia had to say, then went home and applied the simple methods he had heard explained.

When the next rain came, instead of seeing his land start on its way to the Gulf, he saw it held in the field, and in addition, the water being held in check, to soak deeper into the soil. From that time on he has been an enthusiastic advocate of farm terracing, and is never too busy to tell others who are interested all he knows about it, and how it increases yields.

This man is Henry W. Acker of Whitehouse, Smith county, Texas. A few years ago he entered the farm demonstration work under supervision of the United States Department of Agriculture. In a short time he was recognized by those in charge of the work in Texas as the one man who took more interest in terracing than others in the demonstration work. He was sent to Mississippi to study terracing, and came back more enthusiastic and with a better knowledge of the work of soil-saving than before.

The importance of the work being recognized, he was sent into other counties in Texas to demonstrate with other agents, working under Government supervision, and the practice of farm terracing spread more rapidly. Now he stays in his home county and other agents are sent to him to study the methods and see the result of the work. And there are many terraced farms in Smith county. Mr. Acker has terraced a great number himself, and many others have done the work according to methods he advocates.

In an address to farmers at the A. & M. College in July, Mr. Acker talked of terracing and its advantages concluding with the significant statement that "terracing, when properly done, is one of the best things; when improperly done, one of the worst."

This is not written for the purpose of throwing a bouquet to Mr. Acker, although he has done a great work, but to emphasize the fact that great good often can result from a man taking a little time from his routine duties to listen to something new to him, and which pertains to the work in which he is engaged.

Surreys and Buggies on good terms at Carter's

FOR SALE, 355 acres 2 1/2 miles North of Abilene, and 1 1/2 North West of Simmons College, on pike road, 175 acres in cultivation, 5 room house, plenty of creek and tank water, fine protection during the winter for stock, and one of the very best dairy, hog and chicken farm propositions in this Country, and very convenient to Churches, Schools and to the City. Will sell at a bargain if sold by Oct. 1st, and will take a small farm as part payment if priced right. We have other lands and City properties for sale, or trade.

Compere Bros., Abilene, Texas

No Printer There

The convicts of Joliet, Ill., are issuing a paper, the Prison Post, the material for which is contributed by prisoners. They have to get it printed outside the penitentiary, however, as a search among the 2,150 convicts failed to reveal a single printer.

Editors were minus, also, and they had to get a real estate man to edit the paper. There are bankers, preachers, doctors and merchants among the convicts, but as an exchange remarks "occasionally you will see a printer enter a saloon, but not the penitentiary."

If all the world were printers and editors, there would be no need of prisons or hell. They get their punishment wherever they are.—EX

Miss Mary Robertson has returned home from a visit in Nolan county.

Wanted: Five cars of oats next week. Will pay market price.

B. L. Boydston

Bargains in Dry Goods at Carters

R. G. Powell and wife of Cross Plains were here Tuesday en route home from a visit to friends at Baird last week.—Free Press

THE REVIEW FOR 75c
How? Simply by giving us \$1.75 for one year's subscription to both the Review and the Semi-W'kly Farm News or Record.

Bring us your wheat and oats We pay market prices.

B. L. Boydston

Warehouses Being Built Everywhere

Fort Worth, Tex. Aug.—Farmers, merchants, bankers and other business men in approximately 150 Texas communities are organizing for the purpose of constructing warehouses to store cotton through the present European crisis. At the headquarters of the Farmers' Union in this city, word has been received from the following places that mass meetings have been held and definite action taken towards the building of warehouses: Big Springs, Carrollton, Carthage, Cleburne, Crandall, Dallas, Denton, Forney, Irving, Hillsboro, McKinney, Memphis, Milford, Mt. Vernon, Perrin and Salesville.

Never before in the history of Texas has there been more enthusiasm manifested in the marketing problems of the Texas farmer than at the present time. The Legislature is in special session for the express purpose of enacting a warehouse bill which will permit cotton to be stored and money borrowed on it as collateral at a low rate of interest

July Cotton Consumption

Washington, D. C. Aug.—According to a report just issued by the Census Bureau there were 424,216 bales of cotton stored in independent warehouses in the United States on July 31, 1914, as compared with 381,736 bales on the same date a year previous. The July consumption by American mills was 448,266, or 14,000 bales less than that of July 1913.

The manufacturing establishments of the United States had 904,414 bales on hand July 31, compared with 957,561 bales a year previous.

Buy for less at Carters

2500 Lbs. Sudan Seed from 2 Acres.

Ballinger Ledger

Dr. Fowler had several acres of land planted to Sudan grass and he reserved two acres for seed. He has just harvested the two acres and threshed out 2,500 pounds of seed. This is 1250 pounds to the acre.

On the field where the grass was cut for hay, Dr. Fowler says the third crop will soon be ready and he is sure of four crops for this year. The two acres reserved for seed will now produce hay, and is good for another crop.

There is no other forage crop grown in this country that will produce as much with as little work and water as Sudan. And the quality of the hay is as fine as live stock can get from any crop. The farmer should use precaution in saving the seed, as it is easy to mix with John son grass.

The screen is the only thing that we keep out those flies. Try it, we have all kinds of screens and building material. come and get yours.

Brazelton-Pryor & Co.

To Build Warehouse at the Star

The citizens of Rising Star and community have taken action toward the building of a cotton warehouse 100x175 feet with a capacity of 3000 bales. A stock company will be organized, the business men and the farmers subscribing for the stock. It is said that they are taking hold of the proposition liberally.

Full supply of fresh Kodak film just received.

City Drug Store

The new things in fall shoes at Davis-Garner Co.

FOR SALE: One hundred acres lying south east of Cross Plains, Tex 1 1/2 miles. 60 acres in cultivation, 40 acres in timber, two sets of houses and one barn, one zinc tank, one dirt tank, a good orchard and a berry patch, all fenced. At 30 dollars per acre, two third cash and balance vendors Lien notes.

D. N. Paterson

Free car American Beauty flour on the road.
Davis-Garner & Co.

Rev. Sisk left Wednesday morning for a visit with folks in north eastern Alabama.

For Sale or trade: 164 acre farm 5 miles from town will sell cheap and take in town property or small farm near town as part payment.

The Maid of the Forest

A Romance of St. Clair's Defeat

By Randall Parrish
Illustrated by D. J. Lavin

[Copyright, 1913, by A. C. McClurg & Co.]

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Joseph Hayward, an ensign in the United States army on his way to Fort Harmar, meets Simon Girty, a renegade whose name has been connected with all manner of atrocities, also headed for Fort Harmar with a message from the British general, Hamilton. Hayward guides him to the fort and protects him from a number of scouts who tried to kill him.

CHAPTER II—At General Harmar's headquarters Hayward meets Rene D'Auvray who professes to recognize him, although he has no recollection of ever having seen her before.

CHAPTER III—Hayward volunteers to carry a message for Harmar to Sandusky where Hamilton is stationed. The north-west Indian tribes are ready for war and are only held back by the refusal of the friendly Wyandots to join. The latter are demanding the return of Wa-pa-tee-tah, a religious teacher whom they believe to be a prisoner. Hayward's mission is to assure the Wyandots that the man is not held by the soldiers. Harmar impresses on Hayward the necessity of reaching Hamilton before Girty.

CHAPTER IV—Rene asks Hayward to let her accompany him. She tells him that she is a quarter-blood Wyandot and a missionary among the Indians. She has been in search of her father. She insists that she has seen Hayward before, but in a British uniform. Hayward starts for the north accompanied by a scout named Brady and a private soldier.

CHAPTER V—They come on the trail of a war party and, to escape from the Indians, take shelter in a hut on an island. Hayward finds a murdered man in the hut.

CHAPTER VI—It proves to be Rael D'Auvray, a former French officer, who is called by the Wyandots "white chief." Rene appears and Hayward is puzzled by her insistence that they have met before.

CHAPTER VII—Rene recognizes the murdered man as her father, who was known among the Indians as Wa-pa-tee-tah.

CHAPTER VIII—She tells Hayward her father was exiled from the French court and had spent his life among the Indians converting them to Christianity.

CHAPTER IX—Brady reports seeing a band of marauding Indians in the vicinity and with them Simon Girty. Brady's evidence convinces the girl that there is a British officer by the name of Hayward who resembles the American.

CHAPTER X—Finding escape from the island cut off Hayward and his companions prepare to resist an attack from the Indians.

CHAPTER XI—Reconnoitering around the cabin at night Hayward discovers a white man in a British uniform and leaves him for dead, after a desperate fight.

CHAPTER XII—The Indians capture the cabin after a hard struggle in which Hayward is wounded.

CHAPTER XIII—Rene saves Hayward from death at the hands of the savages and conceals him in the cellar of the cabin.

CHAPTER XIV—Hayward discovers a half breed negro in the cellar. They engage in a fierce fight which ends when the negro accidentally butts his brains out against the low roof of the cellar.

CHAPTER XV—Hayward meets his double, Joseph Hayward of the British army. The latter admits that he had held D'Auvray a prisoner in the cabin, but that he knew nothing about his death. His object in detaining D'Auvray was to help incite the Wyandots to war.

CHAPTER XVI—The Britisher declares that D'Auvray was murdered by the negro, out of vengeance.

CHAPTER XVII—Rene reports that Brady is a prisoner of the Indians and that he is to be burned at the stake. They plan to rescue the scout.

CHAPTER XVIII—Rene pleads with the chief for the life of the scout. Although she is highly respected among the Indians her efforts are without avail. The British officer is recognized by a renegade named Lavin, who demands his life of the chief.

CHAPTER XIX—The renegade kills the officer after a desperate fight.

CHAPTER XX—Brady is tied to the stake and the fire started. Hayward plasters clay on his face and hair and appears before the Indians who, thinking it is the ghost of the dead man, flee in terror. Simon Girty appears and assists in rescuing Brady from the flames.

CHAPTER XXI—Girty reports that the Wyandots have joined the other tribes on the warpath. Brady and Hayward are made prisoners by the Indians, but through Rene's influence are not harmed.

CHAPTER XXII—Brady and Hayward escape with the assistance of Rene.

CHAPTER XXIII—Hayward insists on Rene accompanying them. Brady, wounded, takes his own life rather than be a burden to them on their flight. Hayward reaches St. Clair, the American general, and warns him of the approach of the consolidated Indian tribes, but St. Clair is not impressed by the seriousness of the situation.

CHAPTER XXIV—Hayward participates in the battle on the Wash in which St. Clair's forces are utterly routed.

CHAPTER XXV—Hayward starts with Rene for his home on the Ohio. They confess their love for each other.

BRITISH REINFORCED FOR ANOTHER BATTLE

OCCUPY NEW LINE OF DEFENSE. CASUALTIES OVER 5,000 IN FOUR DAYS.

BOMBS DROPPED IN PARIS

Five Missiles Fall in Most Prominent Post of the City and Two Women Were Wounded.

London.—After four days of desperate fighting the British army in France has rested and has been re-fitted and reinforced for the next great battle, according to an announcement by Lord Kitchener, secretary for war. In a statement based on reports from Sir John French, commander of the British expeditionary forces, the secretary says that the British, after struggling against tremendous odds, retired to a new line of defense, where they have not been molested since Thursday. Their casualties have been between 5,000 and 6,000 so far. Since this fighting ceased the French on the right and left have brought the German attack to a standstill, it is declared.

Reinforcements are Double Losses. Reinforcements amounting to double the losses sustained already have joined. Every gun has been replaced and the army is ready to take part in the next great encounter with undiminished strength and undaunted spirits.

Bombs Dropped in Paris. Paris.—A German aeroplane, flying at a height of 6,000 feet over Paris dropped five bombs into the most popular part of the city at 1:30 o'clock Sunday afternoon. Two women were wounded. Though startled by this threatening occurrence, Parisians remained tranquil. All have become gradually accustomed to consider much more serious events as possibilities and the people of the capital are equal to either hard-won success in the north or a temporary reverse.

The aviator, who signed himself Lieutenant von Heissen, dropped manifestos on which was written: "The German army is at the gates of Paris; you can do nothing but surrender." The territory over which the German aviator flew is in the northeastern part of Paris and scarcely a mile from the heart of the city. In the district are the big military hospital, the hospital St. Louis, St. Lazare prison for women, the church of St. Laurent, which dates from the sixteenth century; the North railroad station, the magnificent church of St. Vincent de Paul, the Lariobosiere hospital, one of the largest in Paris, several colleges and several theaters.

The official communication issued by the military governor Saturday night ordering that houses within the zone of action of the Paris forts be evacuated and razed, has been the subject of much discussion and various rumors have spread throughout the city.

French Falling Back. That the French lines are still falling back before the German advance is indicated in the following dispatch: "Paris.—The progress of the German right wing has obliged us to yield ground on our left," says an official statement issued here Sunday night.

Battle Has Been Resumed. An official statement issued in Paris Sunday says: "The situation in the main remains the same. After a period of calm the battle has been resumed. A regiment of the enemy's infantry essaying to cross the Meuse was almost annihilated."

Russian Official Report. London.—Desperate fighting continues along the Austrian frontiers, says an official statement issued at St. Petersburg and telegraphed here. "In East Prussia," says the Russian war office, "the garrisons and fortresses of Thorn and Graudenz (east of the Vistula) are taking part with a large number of siege guns. We have taken 3,000 prisoners in the operations east of Lemberg (capital of Galicia)."

"Near Podgez (just south of the Vistula) the enemy lost 3,000 men and we captured four guns, a number of caissons of ammunition and nine guns abandoned by the Austrians when they crossed the Zolokia. North of Tomacheff we took 1,000 prisoners and surrounded and defeated the Hungarian Fifteenth division east of Tomacheff, entire regiments surrendering. "The enemy is making his principal efforts in the direction of Lubin (in Russian Poland, 95 miles southeast of Warsaw), where the fighting is fierce. "Fresh troops have appeared on the Prussian frontier and are taking the offensive in some places."



GENERAL VON BULOW
One of the leading commanders of German infantry.

RUSSIAN ARMY GOING TOWARD BERLIN

RAPID PROGRESS IS BEING MADE IN EASTERN PRUSSIA—FIRST GERMAN DEFENSE BROKEN.

FRENCH DRIVE BACK ENEMY

Official Statement Claims German Army in Vosges District Has Been Forced to Retreat.

St. Petersburg.—A great Russian army is making rapid progress toward that Russia has completed the mobilization of an army of 8,000,000 men, divided into four armies of 2,000,000 each, and will be sent into the field one behind the other.

The Russian center has begun its march on Berlin and it is planned to reach that point within a month.

Paris.—The following official bulletin was issued by the war office Thursday night:

"In the Vosges district our troops have assumed the offensive and drove back the Germans, who Wednesday Berlin by a steady advance in Eastern Prussia. The German first line defense on the Mozurien lakes have been broken and several points between Insterburg and Konigsberg have been occupied. The non-combatants are fleeing in great numbers from this district toward the German capital.

It is claimed on good authority had forced them to retire on the Saint Die side.

"In the region between Vosges and Nancy our offensive movement has continued uninterruptedly for five days. The German losses have been considerable, 2,500 bodies were found on a front of three kilometers southeast of Nancy, and 4,500 bodies on a front of four kilometers in the region of Vitrimont.

"Longwy, an old fortress, the garrison of which consisted of only one battalion, which had been bombarded on Aug. 3, capitulated after holding out for more than 24 days. More than half the garrison was killed or wounded.

"The Belgian field army attached to Namur and a French regiment which supported it have joined our lines.

"In the north the British have attacked forces greatly superior in number and were obliged after brilliant resistance to withdraw a little in the rear on their right.

"Our armies maintained their position in Belgium. The army of Antwerp has drawn off and held before it several German divisions."

Kaiser Sends Help to Check Russians

London.—One hundred and sixty railway trains loaded with German troops have passed through Belgium from the southwest toward the northeast, according to an Antwerp dispatch to the Reuter Telegraph company. This, it is added, indicates that the Germans are sending troops back on account of the Russian advance. The German force at Brussels has been reduced to a minimum. These 160 trains, the dispatch continues, are transporting one army corps with full equipment and "it would appear that the rapid advance of the Russians is compelling the Germans to withdraw troops from the line of the Meuse."

HOUSE AND SENATE ORGANIZED FOR WORK

WAREHOUSE BILLS ARE OFFERED IN BOTH BRANCHES OF LEGISLATURE.

ALL OFFICERS ARE ELECTED

Move to Reject Governor Colquitt's Nominations for Prison Commissioners is Launched.

Austin, Texas.—Both branches of the legislature finished organization Monday and began deliberations. For the most part the old officers were retained. Though the house considerably reduced the number of employees, the senate did not.

Bills were introduced in both branches. The administration emergency warehouse bill and the Jordan warehouse bill were introduced in the house, while Senator Willacy presented a warehouse bill in the senate.

A petition was circulated to invite former Senator Joseph W. Bailey to address the house and, if presented, a counter resolution will be forthcoming asking "Cyclone" Davis to make a speech. It may be proposed as an amendment to the Bailey resolution.

Move for New Prison Commissioners.

What will probably prove one of the surprises of the session is a movement set on foot in the senate. It is to effect a change in prison commissioners so that Governor-Elect Ferguson will have the naming of a majority of the prison commissioners who are to serve during his incumbency. A well-known senator took a poll of the senate as to confirming the governor's appointees on the commission and it was ascertained that some 14 senators are against confirmation. In such event a breach may result between Governor Colquitt and Mr. Ferguson, as 11 negative votes will defeat nominations. It is understood that Mr. Ferguson favors ejecting the present commission, or part thereof, and it is known that he will be here within the next day or two to further consult about the matter.

All the senate officers were re-elected except those who failed to return, and T. H. Yarbrough of Montague county was made assistant journal clerk, while Josh Shotwell of Shelby county was elected enrolling clerk. The senatorial caucus selected all officers and clerks. Twenty clerks and stenographers were employed in addition to the numerous officers.

Senator Willacy introduced a mileage and per diem bill carrying \$55,000 and a contingent expense bill calling for \$15,000.

There were only two absentees—Senators Hudspeth and Morrow.

The governor's message was read in the house and ordered printed in the journal. It was read in the senate Tuesday.

Senator Willacy's warehouse bill is destined to attract some attention for it requires gins to erect sheds to protect cotton, also railroads and compresses, and that railroads use only closed cars in transporting cotton. He proposes to protect cotton from weather and country damage from the time it leaves the gin press until it is put aboard ship. The wholesale erection of cotton sheds is required.

The bill requires a charter and permit to be obtained from the banking department upon filing bond five times the amount of the value of cotton which can be stored in the warehouse at full capacity. The banking department will supervise the warehouses. Warehouse receipts will be negotiable and show whether the cotton is straight staple linters, samples, bolly or loose. Examination and other fees are exacted so as to make the system of state inspection self sustaining.

Many Ships Resume Sailings.

Washington.—So many steamship lines are resuming operations from England and France that the Washington government may find it unnecessary to send transports from this country, according to statements. Forty-one sailings have been arranged from England and Italy between now and October and more ships are being provided.

German Steamer Leaves New York.

New York.—The Graecia of the fleet of German steamships idle in this port since war began in Europe left Thursday at the risk of becoming the prize of British cruisers known to be off this harbor. She was laden with coal and stores and carried no

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
We are running the Cafe on North 8th Street by the Postoffice, and will appreciate a part of your business.
Henson & Manning, Props.

Attack on Nancy Declared Failure.

London.—The French embassy in London issued the following statement: "The movement begun Monday by order of the commander in chief was continued Tuesday without successful opposition by the enemy. It is confirmed that a Prussian corps of guards were attacked by Algerian riflemen and in the hand-to-hand fighting the Germans suffered heavily. The attacks against Nancy have failed. The Russians are pushing forward their offensive movement in Galicia and have routed two divisions of Austrian cavalry."

Germans Fail to Take Malines.

London.—An Antwerp dispatch says that early Tuesday 2,000 Germans bombarded Malines (Mechlin), 14 miles southeast of Antwerp. Two hundred houses were partly destroyed and the church tower was damaged. The Belgians made an energetic counter-attack and drove the Germans back as far as Vilvorde to the south. Losses on both sides were considerable.

No Pay While Absent.

Washington.—On motion of Democratic Leader Underwood, the house voted to deduct from the pay of members for all time they are absent except in case of illness. All leaves of absence were cancelled. The Republicans opposed it as a discrimination against northern members away on primary campaigns. For days the house has been forced to suspend business at times for lack of a quorum.

Russian Success in Galicia Reported.

Paris.—A dispatch from St. Petersburg sets forth that Russian troops, following up their advantages in Galicia, have captured several passes south of Tarnopol, on the Sereth river. Tarnopol is eight miles east of Lemberg.

German Togoland Has Surrendered.

London.—It was announced officially that German Togoland had surrendered unconditionally. The allies will enter Kamina Thursday morning. The German colonial possession of Togoland is on the western coast of Africa between French Dahomey on the east and the gold coast, a British colony and protectorate, on the west. Its area is estimated at 33,000 square miles. The colony is administered by an imperial governor.

Konigsberg in Hands of Russians.

London.—A dispatch from Paris says an official communication given out in the French capital confirms previous reports that the Russians have completely invested Konigsberg, in Eastern Prussia. Konigsberg is a strongly fortified seaport and capital of the province of East Prussia. The industrial establishments include locomotive works, iron foundries and flour mills. The population is about 200,000. The distance from Konigsberg to Berlin is 388 miles.

"Here is the Answer," in WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL
THE MERRIAM WEBSTER
Every day in your talk and reading, at home, on the street car, in the office, shop and school you likely question the meaning of some new word. A friend asks: "What makes mortar harder?" You seek the location of *Loch Katrine* or the pronunciation of *jujutsu*. What is *white coal*? This New Creation answers all kinds of questions in Language, History, Biography, Fiction, Foreign Words, Trades, Arts and Sciences, with final authority.
400,000 Words.
6000 Illustrations.
Cost \$400,000.
2700 Pages.
The only dictionary with the new divided page, characterized as "A Stroke of Genius."
India Paper Edition: On thin, opaque, strong, India paper. What a satisfaction to own the Merriam Webster in a form so light and so convenient to use! One half the thickness and weight of Regular Edition.
Regular Edition: On strong book paper, 7 1/2 x 10 1/2 inches. Size 12 1/2 x 9 1/2 x 5 inches.
Write for specimen pages, illustrations, etc.
Mention this publication and receive FREE a set of pocket maps.
G. & C. MERRIAM CO.,
Springfield, Mass.

Capital of German Samoa Surrenders.

London.—The official information bureau announces that Apia, a seaport of Upolu, Samoan Islands, and capital of the German part of the group, surrendered on the morning of Aug. 29 to a British force from New Zealand. Germany's Samoan territory has been considered her most strategic possession in the Pacific.

passengers. The vessel cleared ostensibly for Cadiz, Spain.

British Ships to Be Protected.

Galveston, Texas.—Charles A. S. Perceval, British consul in Galveston, has received assurance that British ships in the Gulf of Mexico will be afforded ample protection. "The British consulate is informed that three British warships have been sent at full speed in order to afford protection to the cotton and oil traffic in the gulf, and that it is rumored that the French cruiser Conde has sunk the German ship Alliance and that the British cruiser Donegal has taken the Brandenburg."

Total Belgian Dead 16,000.

The Hague.—A camp for injured Belgians of whom there are about 2,000 in Holland, is now being constructed at Oudenirud in Friesland. It is understood here that the Belgian wounded in the fighting against Germany up to the present time number about 50,000. The first casualty list published contains the names of 2,000 Belgian dead. Conservative estimates place the total number of dead at about 16,000.

Liberty News

Well, as I have been absent for some time will drop in and give a few of the happenings of this community.

First I want to state that it has rained for the past few days.

Some of the farmers are looking blue but then I guess they cant help it as they have lost most of their feed stuff; its time to look blue.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Lewis are the proud parents of a ten pound boy; all doing nicely.

Mr. Atwood from near Atwell has been visiting Mr. Fore last week.

J. Y. Robinson Was heard singing the other day I want to go there Some one ask him where? He said where it don't rain.

They have their new church almost completed at Sabanno.

Mr. Calia Fore and family returned from a visit to Okla., last week Mr. John Fore, his brother, came back with them.

Miss Mertle Marshall and Miss Ellar Duke was over in this part of the community one day last week making up money to buy a piano for the new church.

Mr. Jim Dennis from Comanche has been visiting his uncle J. Y. Robinson returned home Monday.

The party at Mr. Hunington Saturday night was reported to be enjoyed by all and a large crowd in attendance.

Mr. Will Lewis went to Cisco Monday and returned Tuesday.

As it has rained most of the news out will close with best wishes to editor, Review and its many readers.

Rose Bud

Electric Lights

F. J. Walderson, proprietor of the moving picture show, is preparing to supply electric lights for the business section of the town. He says he is prepared and will guarantee to give first-class lights with his outfit.

Tom Bruce of Liberty was in town Tuesday. Tom says that the weevils have played havoc with the cotton in his country. He also says that in his judgment hogs and peanuts are the salvation for the farmer in the sand as they are crops the wars do not bother nor the insects molest.

T. D. Pope is having a three room rent house erected on his farm near Dressy. Wilbur Williams is doing the carpenter work.

Misses Annie Mae and Kate Chambliss of Goree are visiting their sister Mrs. C. E. Alvis. Their mother Mrs. Chambliss has been here a few weeks.

S. E. Settle has moved into new quarters in the east part of town, preparatory to moving to Baird where he will assume the responsibilities of the office of county superintendent of public instruction.

Roy Patterson has moved from the farm into the house near the Presbyterian church, just vacated by S. E. Settle.

Miss Zelma Harwell of Burkett left Monday for Anson.

When your stock gets cut on the wire dont wait until worms get into the wound, put Lone Star Screw Worm Ointment on it at once.

The City Drug Store.

Dr. C. V. Bomer of Benford, Texas, is visiting his wife's parents Mr. and Mrs. W. A. McGowen. Dr. Bomer once lived here. He is said to have had a good practise at Benford, but is forced to leave there on account of his health.

Buggies of the latest style and Studebaker make Liberal terms at right prices, at Carter's

Your suit cleaned and pressed for \$1.00

Carl Murdock

A SCHOLARSHIP

Brownwood has a good Commercial College. That is what Brownwood people and graduates of the school say. We have a scholarship in this school that we will sell cheap.

Posted Take Notice

The public is requested to take notice that all Pastures owned, Controlled or leased by the undersigned, in Coleman Co., Texas, are Posted according to law and trespassing is prohibited. Hunting, Fishing, and Pecan gathering in absolutely forbidden.

W. E. Burns, James Gelsco, T. H. Colvin, W. T. Burns, J. R. Adams, Burkett Texas.

DENTIST

Dr. Mary L. S. Graves
Office over Farmers Nat'l Bank, Cross Plains, Texas.
Phone 24; Office hours 8:30 to 5

Wanted: A position by an experienced gin man. Address: P. O. box 123, Cross Plains.

Dr. TYSON

Office 1st Body South of The Racket Store.
Office Phone 50; Resid't 177

W A PAYNE
Painter and Decorater
Estimates Cheerfully Furnished
Phone 42 Cross Plains

Lodge Directory

Masonic Lodge No 627

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



Plains, Tex

Meets every Saturday night at M. W. A. Hall. Cross

M. C. Baum, Clerk

W. O. W. Camp No. 778.



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

E. T. Bond, Clerk.

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

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

M. E. Church, South.

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

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

Prayer meeting each Wednesday 7:30 p. m.

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

You are cordially invited to attend all our church services.

Presbyterian Church.

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

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

Baptist Church.

Preaching 2nd & 4th Sundays at 11 a. m. and 8:30 p. m. Sunday School begins 10 a. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday night at 8:15. Ladies Aid Mondays 3:30 p. m.

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

Pastor.

Burkett Lodge Directory

M. W. A. No. 12642

meets every 3rd Saturday night in each month in W. O. W. Hall. P. D. Wesley, Clerk

W. O. W. No. 666

meets 2nd and last Saturday in each month. H. D. Wesley, Clerk

IOOF

meets every Monday night in W O W Hall

Burkett Grove No. 1453

Woodmen Circle, meets first and third Saturday afternoon at three o'clock W O W Hall.

Elsie M. Cochran Clerk

Burkett Texas

Tanglefoot at 40c per box while it lasts. This is an exceptional good proposition, should interest every one who wants to exterminate the Fly. Watch our show window.

City Drug Store

Robt. Cunningham has bought the Bud Davidson farm south west of town.

Come to the cheap store to buy your pants and shoes. We have a nice line to select from. Don't fail to see them.

Tartt and Melton

A Good School

Mc's Business College is a good school. It is a good school, because it accomplishes what it claims to accomplish; it fits young men and women thoroughly for the best positions in the business world.

It is a good school, because its students say it is a good school, and proves it when they go out into the business world by "making good."

It is a Good school, because business and professional men who employ its graduates say so, and show their confidence by applying to it for their help.

It is a good school, because it is capably and honestly conducted, because it gives to its students every one of them the greatest possible value for the money paid for tuition

It is a good school, because we are putting the best we have into it to make it a good school-our brains, our time' our means and our energy every ounce of it.

It is a good school, because its promises more than keeps them as its students will testify.

It is a good school, because it has good students, a class of young men women who are particular about what they get, and with whom they associate, and who investigate and weigh before making a decision.

It is a good school, because it employs good teachers. Every teacher in Mc's Business College understands his business, and we teach business, and we do business.

Don't buy tuition in a Business College and don't sign contracts until you have investigated Mc's Business College, for particulars, address, -Mc's Business College Brownwood, Texas.

SUCCESSFUL CANDIDATES

The following were nominated for office at the Democratic primary, July 25th:

For District Attorney for 42nd Judicial District
N. N. Resenberg of Breckenridge

For County Clerk:
Chas. Noidyke, of Cottonwood

For County Tax Collector
W E Melton

For County Treasurer
W. P. (Pit) Ramsey

For Superintendent of Public Instruction
S E Settle

For County Tax Assessor:
M. G. Farmer.

For Sheriff:
J. (John) A. Moore

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

For Constable Precinct No. 6
W. A. [Alfred] Fetterson.

For Public Weigher of Precinct No. 6
Martin Neeb

For Justice of the Peace of Precinct No. 6,
P. Smith

Mrs. Lois Bittick and son left Saturday for their home at Wichita Falls; she has been visiting friends and relatives. Her father Mr. H. L. McDaniel is going home with her and will come back by his son Jim M. Daniel, in Ford county. We hope uncle Heary a nice time.

Uncle L. E. Johnson of Burkett was here Tuesday.

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

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COULD SCARCELY WALK ABOUT.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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