

THE CROSS PLAINS REVIEW

Review Printing Company

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FOUR ISSUES CONSTITUTE A MONTH

CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS.

The snow and freeze the first of the week should be a fine thing in the way of putting the soil in condition for a crop. This should be a good year for this section.

What about the library for the public school? We must not let the year go by without some step towards its establishment. This is too good a town to lag behind in the small matter of a library for the school.

We will give you any of the following papers in connection with the Review for one year for \$1.75 Dallas Semi Weekly Farm News, The San Antonio Express, The Ft. Worth Semi-Weekly Record, Farm and Ranch, Holland's Magazine. We will also give a reduced price of any periodical taken in connection with the Review

Do not stay the hand of progress. Dear reader, do you know that the inkpepers and stage drivers of old combined to fight the rail roads? With all their combined strength, and their power is almost without limit, the four express companies of the United States could not keep back the instituting of the Parcel Post, although they did succeed for a long time. You may fight good roads, and you may postpone their building for a time, but not for aye. They must come. Don't get in the way of the wheel of progress—it will crush you.

Elsewhere in this issue of the Review appears a call from the Farmers Institute for a meeting on Jan. 18 to decide as to a fair to be held here at a later date. This is an undertaking that should enlist the sympathy and co-operation of the entire citizenship. And so far as we have been able to learn all our merchants have expressed themselves as willing to stand by the enterprise. Let's all labor to make this a great success.

In three and one half months we have had charge of the Review, we have increased its circulation about 60 per cent. We can still do more in this line, and mean to. There are a great many people here who do not read the Review who could be easily induced to subscribe for it should they try it. We mean to see every probable subscriber in our territory before 1914. A man cannot be so poor but that we can make him able to read the Review, and there is no such thing as one's wealth placing him above it.

We mean to make this little sheet of poli.(not in a sectarian sense) in its policies—to have it stand by everything that exerts a wholesome influence in our territory. We need not only your good will but your material assistance.

NINETEEN AND TWELVE

As an item of news that might be of interest to some, we have gathered as best we could information regarding the aggregate amount or value of all products of this territory shipped from the local railroad station. This does not represent the whole amount of products raised, but that amount above what is used or consumed locally. Besides, some of the records do not cover the whole year.

We are indebted to R. W. Elliott, local agent for the railroad, for the information regarding the car load shipments.

There have been shipped 9 cars of cattle, and 2 cars of mules, representing a total value of \$12,000.00; 68 cars of cotton seed of value of \$45,000.00; 47 cars of oats and wheat, a value of \$40,000.00; 15 cars of peanuts, a value \$12,000.00; and about \$10,000 in butter, eggs, chickens and turkeys.

There has been 600 bales of cotton shipped individually, and 5,300 bales weighed at the cotton yard, representing a total value of \$330,000. All of this represents a total value of \$429,000, which could be easily augmented to \$500,000, counting the cattle and farm products raised in this territory that were shipped from Pioneer and other points. Some of our most conservative business men say that the total figure should approach the \$600,000 mark.

All winter goods a special prices this month. Carter & Kenady.

The Tone is still in existence. E. G. Morris is running it now, and is prepared to serve all kinds of short orders. When hungry go to the Tone. (adv)

Baird, Texas, Jan. 7, 1913. Cross Plains Review.

Gentlemen: I am herewith enclosing you my check to cover the amount that I owe you on my ad.

Your ad brings me quite a deal of notary, abstract and loan work, all of which I appreciate very much. Yours very truly, W. Homer Shanks.

Are you saving your Coupons. Ga ter & Kenady.

R. F. Davis, John H. Garner & Co., were here Tuesday night. Their firm have businesses at Cisco; Rising Star and at this place. They went from here to the Star.

NOTICE. I am in a position to handle a few thousand dollars worth of good vendor's lien notes. Virgil Hart

The party who borrowed my jack screw from Brazelton-Pryor carpenter shop, would very greatly oblige me by returning same. Wilbur Williams.

Catarrah Cannot Be Cured with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrah is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrah Cure is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrah Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrah. Send for testimonials, free. P. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, price 50c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Price Shackelford left Sunday for his home at Putnam. He is contemplating spending the remainder of the session in school at Politechnic at Fort Worth. Here is hoping him great success.

Spend your cash where you can get coupons. Carter & Kenady.

J. M. McCann and W. S. Johnson of Sabanno were here Saturday.

Highest prices paid in cash for chickens, eggs, butter, etc. J. Lee Jones

LOCAL DOINGS

F. D. Pope was in town Saturday and renewed his subscription to the Review, and also to the Dallas Semi-Weekly News,

For Sale or Trade

The Bon-Ton-Restaurant. See me at once if you want a Bargain. R. I. Lee.

Rev. Watson and sons Bill and Jim were here Saturday from the Burkett community.

Did it ever occur to you is all for nothing. Carter & Kenady

Ben Clapp has given up his job at the local station and accepted a temporary work at the Star. Doc Garret is now assisting Mr. Elliott here.

I am still buying pecans. J. Lee Jones.

C. C. Nichols, conductor, has been sick, and Cicero Ray has been acting as conductor in his stead.

A free school bag with each pair of school shoes sold. Carter & Kenady.

Miss Wilda Shackelford is back at home from spending the holidays at Dallas and Ft. Worth.

TEXAS DRAWS HEAVY GREEK IMMIGRATION

Sons of Greece Prosy Star State—R Again Climb of Po

The report of the annual migration department of the United States last year to find homes and Texas is the state most favored by Greek immigration. The percent of Greeks departing from the United States is less than that of any other nationality. Their occupations show that they do the chores of industry rather than manage its affairs or rule in the professions, yet notable exceptions encourage the hope that this fallen race may again climb to the pinnacle of power.

They are the descendants of men who spoke with the tongues of angels; whose nation lifted civilization to its most towering heights and whose citizenship gave the world the most polished and powerful products of the human race. Cut loose from the source of their inspiration, they have lost their way in civilization and while we study with profound reverence the masterful works of their forefathers, the present generation blacks our shoes, sells us popcorn and runs our errands.

There is no better location on the globe for these people to regain their lost prestige than in Texas; we are fast being recognized as the nursery of art, science, literature and industry, and society is laden with healing balms that will revive stunned races and invigorate subdued mankind.

The history of the Greek race affords a most fertile field for the study of government, society and man. As a nation their statesmen struck the solid rock of wisdom and a stream of inspiration gushed forth filling the world with power, ambition and beauty. Watered by the fountains of government, society yielded its golden fruit and fired by an ambition to serve mankind its people made civilization quiver with poems, tremble with eloquence, charmed with art and mastered with philosophy.

This gem of nations when touched by the blight of dissension in government and folly in leadership withered and faded away. There is no greater force in human life than government and to wield its powers intelligently is the highest function of man.

Born to Mr. and C. P. Tucker 28th ult. a fine boy.

Luther Lile has been for a week or more running the north train at Walnut Springs. This is a better job than his old one here.

Cross Out Cursors

It having been some time since I wrote any effusions from these quarters I will essay a little essay on our doings here.

The holidays are over and nothing to relate thereof; same old continual round of parties for the young folks. One watch party was given at Prof. Carroll's. Another entertainment was given by Misses Ada and Hatie Williams on Saturday night last.

Hub Harrell who had returned from spending the holidays with folks at Brownwood, Stanley Gray and Dave Clark persist in playing society at the Plains, Claude Harren and young Prentice or Brownwood High School walked all the way from Brownwood to Mr. Harrell's place last week, returning by the same means of locomotion Sunday.

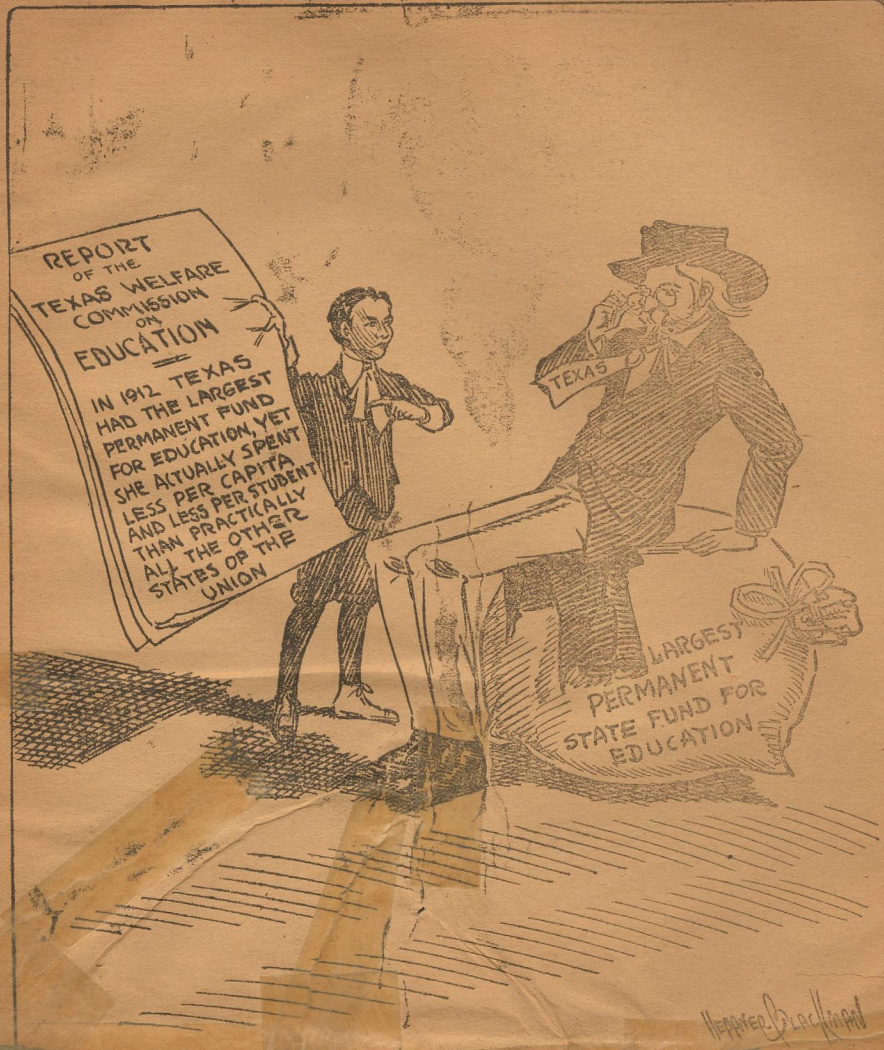
They claim they were not "broke", just training for their work in athletics. These two sturdy young fellows are looked upon as the whole hope of the Brownwood High School in the inter-scholastic track meet next spring. Young Prentice is an all round sprinter and is 3000 at the shot put, while Claude is near the state record for the broad jump, and both have good records in other events also.

Miss Strickland of Mississippi is the guest of her sister Mrs. Wister Gaines. She will likely spend the winter here.

Miss Vina Gaines has resumed her work in the school at Cross Plains after spending the holidays with her folks here.

Rusticus.

FATHER, WHY IS THIS?



Spends less per student than any other state.

our names at the... by that time in order to get the material for installing same in one shipment. Any information you wish in regard to rates Etc. will be gladly furnished. Respt., Home Telephone Co. Messrs. Tom Norrell and J. D. Mitchell of Cottonwood were in town the first of the week.

NEARLY EVERY TRAIN brings us new seasonable goods. Our plan of cash buying and cash selling, quick sales and small profits keep them moving. The Racket Store. Miss Willie Rushing returned on Saturday from spending the holidays at Walnut Springs. Subscribe for the Review!

I SHIP YOUR CREAM

It saves you that churning besides you double your money. Come in when in town and see me J. LEE JONES, AGENT FOR NISSLEY CREAMERY CO., FT. WORTH, TEX.

Gasoline Engines And -Wind Mills-

G. A. Thomason

Cottonwood and Cross Plains, Texas.

OUR NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

TO SERVE YOU BETTER. TO MAKE YOU FEEL MORE AT HOME. TO BE MORE ACCOMMODATING. THE CITY DRUG STORE.

Burkett Bubblings

Another Christmas has past and every body is satisfied with the generous gifts of Santa Clause.

The pounding for the Buckners orphans home at Tip Tabors on the night of Dec. 31st is worthy of note, as ten dollars in money and fifteen dollars worth of pounds were taken in.

Casey Jones has his engine in the ditch. Arthur Wesley, while steering his engine to Burkett, and occupied in regulating his water, allowed his engine to choose its course and it took to the ditch. The engine turned over and was badly smashed.

The infant of Mr. and Mrs. Dick Watson was buried Tuesday evening.

The pound supper at Oscar Cunningham's New Year was enjoyed by all.

Mrs. Ove Wooten and W. W. Head went to Coleman Friday on business.

John Lewis and family from down the Bayou have moved to town.

School has been progressing nicely since the holidays.

W. F. Carroll and wife of Tioga, are visiting Rev. Watson of Burkett. Mr. Carroll is a brother to Mrs. Watson.

Oscar Oliver and wife returned first of the week from spending Christmas in the east.

Granville Keller has completed a nice modern residence on his place just east of town, a home that is a credit to the community.

Wednesday January 8 J. R. Russian, an old pioneer, breathed his last between five and six o'clock. Mr. Russian had about one hundred and two years to pass over his head.

B. F. Linn.

Caddo Peak

Nothing happening but cold weather but we are enjoying plenty of that.

Mr. Bennett, our school Prin., was slightly ill the greater part of last week.

Mr. Joe, Carlson entertained quite a crowd at his birthday Sunday.

Mr. John Philips of California has returned home. He was visiting relatives Christmas.

Jake Hoover has been threatened with lagrippe.

Mrs. J. B. Moore is slightly ill.

I see note of the Burnt Branch gobblers quit gobbling, but Prevailing Westerly has just got cranked up good.

Yep, "ye Gods and little fishes."

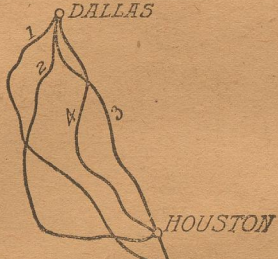
I have just arrived at the conclusion that B. F. Linn and P. Westerly are about the least fishes of the whole crowd when it comes to building up our country and bringing on more progress. When tillage begins all other arts follow, thus the farmers are the founders of civilization, thus the higher we reach in the art of agriculture the higher we will reach in enlightenment. Why in the name of the grand Lone Star State does any one, who proposes to be a citizen thereof, circulate a little worthless dope in our local papers which only serves to poison the minds of the less thrifty and less energetic? Any one who uses his pen in condemnation of the science of farming is degrading the race to which he belongs.

P. Westerly prevailed on us loud about the finances required to build good roads. There popped off some more ceaseless trade wind. Growl about finances when the increased valuation of property would more than over balance the cost besides the luxury and improvement of the country by having improved highways. I hope Hon. B. F. Linn and P. Westerly will soon see they are fighting the greatest cause ever discussed on paper.—S. L.

COMPETITION RULES IN RATES.

Density of Traffic a Powerful Factor—Stock and Bond Issue not Considered.

Competition is the most powerful factor known in rate making. It recognizes the mandates of no court; it quickly tears to pieces the well balanced tariff sheets of every common carrier that comes under its influence and all other elements that enter into rate making yield to its power. The following map gives a practical illustration of the effect of competition in rate making in Texas:



There are four direct lines of railroad running between Dallas and Houston. The stock and bond issues on these lines vary from \$29,103 to \$45,022 per mile. The value of these properties according to the Railroad Commission's estimate vary from \$15,686 to \$39,932 per mile. The assessed values vary from \$17,863 to \$32,399 per mile. The amount expended upon them by the owners varies from \$30,000 to \$60,000 per mile; the density of population and traffic is more widely at variance; the railroad mileage varies from 249 to 367 miles, yet the rate from Dallas to Houston via all lines is the same.

The most potential element next in importance to competition in rate making is density of traffic. It is a far more agreeable personality than any of its associates among the rate making powers. It enjoys the distinction of being the only influence that is able to decrease the rate of a common carrier.

Efforts have been made by the legislatures to use the stock and bond issues as a basis for rate making, but these factors have been ignored by custom and denied recognition by the courts.

Two Thousand Students

We have just been informed that the slogan of the Tyler Commercial College of Tyler, Texas for 1913 is two thousand students. Its record for 1912 so far passed the fifteen hundred mark, that it is now determined to make a record of two thousand enrollment in 1913.

You may take the editor's work for it that our young people could not do better than to spend from \$90 to \$100 for board, tuition, and books, completing a course of shorthand, bookkeeping or telegraphy in this famous institution or better still, spend about \$175 for two of these courses. What young person can place a hundred or two hundred dollars and three to five months time to a better advantage than to invest it in a thorough business life? Young people in this community, who a few years ago borrowed the money to attend this institution, are today out of debt and on the road to success as a result of having the courage and determination to make an effort to do something, "where there is a will there is a way." There is plenty doing for those who are prepared. Be ambitious. Be one of the two thousand to enter this famous institution during 1913 that you may go into a good salaried position or into a business of your own with some assurance of success.

No institution could attain such a wonderful enrollment and lead all other American business-training schools, unless it merited it. It costs no more to attend the best school, with a nation-wide reputation, than it does the next best.

Write today for free catalog they will gladly send you one (adv.)

Joe Hitt has sold his interest in the Marble and Granite Works to his partner Mr. Hamilton, and has bought an interest in the Carpenters barber shop. They have rented the Crystal Cafe building and are preparing to move ther-in. In the meantime Messrs. Henson and Johnson, proprietors of the Cafe, are preparing to move their business to the old P. O. building just west of the present building, having rented the same from Dr. Rumph.

COMMISSION SUGGESTS WORKMAN'S COMPENSATION ACT.

Present Method Wasteful—Elimination of Middlemen Suggested As Solution.

Houston, Texas.—A workman's compensation act along the lines suggested by the Texas Welfare Commission contemplates the practical elimination of the middlemen, who are largely the cause of mulcting the employer and defeating the injured employe of his just dues. This it does by accepting the broad principle that all workmen injured in the course of employment shall be compensated by the industry in which they were engaged when injured.

The extent of the waste resulting from our present system is indicated by a statement by the committee of the Wisconsin Legislature. It said that for an employer to pay about \$18 to an injured employe on account of injury, it requires \$82 to carry the \$18 to him.

Mr. R. S. Lovett, executive head of the Harriman lines, in discussing this subject, said in part:

"A man suffers an injury that may justify perhaps a verdict for twenty or thirty thousand dollars. The lawyer makes a contract with him, usually by which the lawyer gets fifty per cent of the recovery and by which the injured person is precluded from settling his own claim. This is money out of pocket for the railroad and it is not money in the pocket of the injured employe. For that reason the system is vicious and it can be, and ought to be, remedied. My own judgment is that the best remedy would be a statute that would prohibit lawyer's fees in any personal injury case of more than five hundred dollars. I think that would be ample compensation. Having practiced law myself, I know something of the value of legal services and I hope I do not depreciate them; but railroad companies employ lawyers to defend such suits and at the time I lived in Texas—I do not know what the scale is now, but very best lawyers in the state would take and defend such cases for \$750 or \$300 per case."

Mr. E. P. Ripley, president of the Santa Fe, said in part:

"I have been a lawyer for about three times as long as the average of our entire bar in the fourteen states. I suppose everybody knows about the loss and damage industry in Texas; it is an industry; that is the correct name give it. It may be felonious, but it is an industry."

TRIO OF RAILROAD BUILDERS DISCUSS STOCK AND BOND LAW.

Law Prevents Independent Construction—Texas Only State Requiring Roads to be Built Before Bonds are Issued.

Houston, Texas.—The practical effect of the Texas Stock and Bond Law upon railroad construction in Texas is of course best understood by those engaged in railroad construction than perhaps any other class of people. The Texas Welfare Commission invited the opinion of the leading railroad men of the country and three of the most prominent are quoted below.

Mr. R. S. Lovett, executive head of the Harriman lines, said in part: "I do not know of any independent line of considerable importance that has been constructed in Texas since this stock and bond law went into effect. The stock of the Trinity & Brazos Valley, as I understand it, is owned jointly by the Rock Island Company and by the Colorado & Southern and they have backed that enterprise. The Brownsville line and the Yoakum line, from Houston towards New Orleans, as I understand, have been backed and financed by the Frisco system. I do not recall any other line. There may have been many lines started but if you can show me a single line one hundred miles in length that has been constructed in Texas in the last twenty years—without the backing of a large system from outside the state—I should be very much obliged, because I do not remember any. Of course, one effect of this has been to retard the construction of other lines. Some may consider that that has been beneficial to the existing lines."

Mr. Frank Trumbull, executive head of the Katy system, said in part: "Under the present law you have got to furnish your railroad first and get your securities afterwards, that is, if you are selling bonds. That is not done anywhere else in the world, so far as I know, and it is not good financing, and if it is not good financing, it is not good for the State of Texas."

Mr. E. P. Ripley, president of the Santa Fe, said in part: "We have been able by means of our credit acquired outside the state to borrow money on that credit and spend it in Texas in spite of the stock and bond law. To say, as your Texas law practically does, that no bonds will be authorized until the money is spent, is equivalent, as to any new promotion of small lines, to forbidding their construction."

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Major McDonald commanding an army post near Fort Dodge, seeks a man to intercept his daughter, Molly, who is headed for the post. An Indian outbreak is threatened.

CHAPTER II—"Brick" Hamlin, a sergeant who had just arrived with messages to McDonald, volunteers for the mission and starts alone.

CHAPTER III—Molly arrives at Fort Ripley two days ahead of schedule. She decides to push on to Fort Dodge by stage in company with "Butler Bill" Moylan, Gonzales, a gambler, is also a passenger.

CHAPTER IV—Hamlin meets the stage with stories of depredations committed by the Indians. The driver deserts the stage when Indians appear.

CHAPTER V—The Indians are twice repulsed in attack on the stage by Hamlin, Moylan and Gonzales. The latter is killed.

CHAPTER VI—Moylan is killed in next attack. Indians retire, and Hamlin and Molly wait for the next move.

CHAPTER VII—They plan to attempt escape in the darkness by way of a gully.

CHAPTER VIII—Molly is wounded and Hamlin carries her, slipping past the watching Indians in the darkness.

CHAPTER IX—They cross a river and just get into hiding when they hear the Indians renew their attack on the stage.

CHAPTER X—The Indians discover their escape and start pursuit, but go in the wrong direction.

CHAPTER XI—Hamlin is much excited at finding a haversack marked C. S. A. He explains to Molly that he was in the Confederate service and dismissed in disgrace under charges of cowardice. At the close of the war he enlisted in the regular service. He says the haversack was the property of one Capt. LeFevre, who he suspects of being responsible for his disgrace and for whom he has been hunting ever since. Troops appear on the scene.

CHAPTER XII—Under escort of Lieut. Gaskins Molly starts to join her regiment. Hamlin leaves to rejoin his regiment.

CHAPTER XIII—Hamlin returns to Fort Dodge after a summer of fighting Indians, and finds Molly there.

CHAPTER XIV—Shots are heard in the night accompanied by the call of the "Red" and the "Blue" which Hamlin believes is the figure of Molly hiding in the darkness and falls over the body of the officer who has been wounded. The officer accuses Hamlin of shooting him and the sergeant is arrested.

CHAPTER XV—Hamlin is discharged from arrest, the officer being satisfied of his innocence, although Gaskins persists in accusing him. Hamlin believes Gaskins is shielding Molly, he leaves her in company with Mrs. Dupont, whom he recognizes as a former sweetheart, who threw him over for LeFevre. Hamlin starts on from Mrs. Dupont requesting an interview.

CHAPTER XVI—Mrs. Dupont declares she was forced by LeFevre to send a letter to Hamlin, and that she wrote the letter giving the truth, which Hamlin did not receive.

CHAPTER XVII—Hamlin accuses Mrs. Dupont of being in a plot with LeFevre to bring about his disgrace, who was a deserter, would get command of the "Red" and she has been looking for him ever since. Hamlin tells the truth which will be recorded. Hamlin that Mrs. Dupont have the place at once.

CHAPTER XVIII—Hamlin accuses Mrs. Dupont and a soldier when she accuses that they are hatching up a money-making plot of some kind with Mrs. Dupont, involving Gaskins.

CHAPTER XIX—Molly seeks an interview with Hamlin. The sergeant tells her that he and Mrs. Dupont were forced to leave, but the woman had played a trick.

CHAPTER XX—Molly says her father claims to be in Mrs. Dupont's power. The latter claims to be daughter of McDonald's sister. McDonald is trying to force Molly to marry Gaskins.

Miss Molly, clinging desperately to a strap, caught her first fair glance at the newcomer. His hat was tilted back, the light revealing lines of weariness and a coating of the gray powdery dust of the alkali desert, but beneath it appeared the brown, sun scorched skin, while the gray eyes looking straight at her, were resolute and smiling. His rough shirt, open at the throat, might have been the product of any sutler's counter; he wore no jacket, and the broad yellow stripe down the leg of the faded blue trousers alone proclaimed him a soldier. He smiled across at her, and she lowered her eyes, while his glance wandered on toward the others.

"Don't seem to be very crowded to-day," he began, generally addressing Molly. "Not an extremely popular route at present, I reckon. Mining pardner?"

"No; post-trader at Fort Marcy."

"Oh, that's it," his eyebrows lifting slightly. "This Indian business is a bad job for you then." His eyes fell on his seatmate. "Well, if this isn't little Gonzales!—You've got a good ways from home."

"Si, senor!" returned the Mexican brokenly. "I think I not remem."

"No, I reckon not. I'm not one of your class; cards and I never did agree. I shot up your game once down at Union; night Hassinger was killed Remem now, don't you?"

"Si, senor," spreading his hands. "It was most unfortunate."

"Would have been more so, if the boys had got hold of you—Saint Amel, but that fellow on the box is driving some."

The thud of the horses' feet under the lash, coupled with the reckless lurching of the coach, ended all further attempt at conversation, and the four passengers held on grimly, and stared out of the window as if expecting every instant that some mad devil would hurl them headlong. The frightened driver was apparently saying neither whip nor tongue, the galloping teams jerking the stage after them in a mad race up the trail. Hamlin thrust his head out of the nearest window, but a sudden lurch hurled him back, the coach taking a sharp curve on two wheels, and coming down level once again with a bump which brought the whole four together. The little Mexican started to scream out a Spanish oath, but Hamlin gripped his throat before it was half uttered, while Moylan pressed the girl back into her seat, bracing himself to hold her firm.

"What the devil!" he began angrily, and then the careening coach stopped as suddenly as though it had struck the bank, again tearing loose their handhold on the seats and flinging them headlong. They heard the clanging clasp of the brakes, the creaking of frightened horses, a perfect pandemonium, the crunch of feet as ground was all at once, the stage lurched forward, jerking sharply to the left, and struck out across the flat directly toward the bluff.

Hamlin struggled to the nearest window, and, grasping the sill to hold himself upright, looked out. He caught a momentary glimpse of two men riding swiftly up the trail; the box above was empty, the wheelers alone remained in harness, and they were running uncontrolled.

"By God!" he muttered. "Those two damn cowards have out loose and left us!"

Even as the unrestrained words leaped from his lips he realized the only hope—the reins still dangled, caught securely in the brake lever, inch by inch, foot by foot, he wiggled out; Moylan, comprehending, caught his legs, holding him steady against the mad pitching. His fingers gripped the iron top rail, and, exerting all his strength, he slowly pulled his body up, until he fell forward into the driver's seat. Swift as he had been, the action

was not quickly enough conceived to avert disaster. He had the reins in his grip when the swinging pole struck the steep side of the bluff, snapping off with a sharp crack, and flinging down the frightened animals, the wheels crashing against them, as the coach came to a sudden halt. Hamlin hung on grimly, flung forward to the footrail by the force of the shock, his body bruised and aching. One horse lay motionless, head under, apparently instantly killed; his mate struggled to his feet, bore frantically loose from the traces, and went flying madly down the slope, the broken harness dangling at his heels. The Sergeant sat up and stared about, sweeping the blood from a slight gash out of his eyes. Then he came to himself with a gasp—understanding instantly what it all meant, why those men had out loose the horses and ridden away.

"There is Hell to Pay West of Here."

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"That's one time those fellows ran into a hornet's nest," he commented quietly, all trace of excitement vanished. "Better load up, boys, for we're not through yet—they'll only be more careful next time. Anybody hurt?"

"Somethin' creased my back," replied Moylan, complainingly, and trying vainly to put a hand on the spot. "Felt like a streak of fire." The Sergeant reached across, fingering the torn shirt cautiously.

"Shared the flesh, pardner, but a blood worth mentioning. They've got some heavy artillery out there from the sound—old army muskets likely. I is our repeating rifles that will win out—those red devils don't understand them yet."

"Senor, you talk we win out den?" and Gonzales peered up blinking into the other's face. "Acree! dey vil fight delecter de nex' time. Ze Amer come musket, ect carry so far—es ect not so?"

Hamlin patted his brown beard affectionately as if it were a friend, and smiled across the questioning eyes of the girl.

"I'm willing to back this

why the wheelers had plunged forward in that mad run-away race—between the bluffs and the river a swarm of Indians were lashing their ponies spreading out like the sticks of a fan.

CHAPTER V.

The Defense of the Stage.

There were times when Hamlin's mental processes seemed slow, almost sluggish, but this was never true in moments of emergency and peril. Then he became swift, impetuous, seemingly borne forward by some instinct. It was for such experiences as this that he remained in the service—his whole nature responding almost joyously to the bugle-call of action, of imminent danger, his nerves steadying into rock. These were the characteristics which had won him his chevrons in the unwarred service of the frontier, and when scarcely more than a boy, had put a captain's bars on the gray collar of his Confederate uniform.

Now, as he struggled with his knees gripping the iron foot-rail with one hand, a single glance gave him a distinct impression of their desperate situation. With that knowledge, there likewise flashed over his mind the only possible means of defense. The Indians, numbering at least thirty, had ridden recklessly out from under the protection of the river bank, spreading to right and left, as their ponies hoofs struck the turf, and were now charging down upon the disabled coach, yelling madly and brandishing their guns. The very reckless abandon of their advance expressed the conception they had of the situation—they had witnessed the flight of the two fugitives, the runaway of the wheelers, and believed the remaining passengers would be helpless victims. They came on, savage and confident, not anticipating a fight, but a massacre—shrieking prisoners, and a glut of revenge.

With one swing of his body Hamlin was upon the ground, and he jerked open the inside door of the coach forcing it back against the side of the bluff which towered in protection above. His eyes were quick to perceive the peculiar advantage of position; that their assailants would be compelled to advance from only one direction. The three within were barely struggling to their feet, dazed, bewildered, failing as yet to comprehend fully those distant yells, when he sprang into their midst, uttering his swift orders, and unceremoniously jerking the men into position for defense.

"Here, quick now! Don't waste time! It's a matter of seconds, I tell you! They're coming—a horde of them. Here, Moylan, take this rifle barrel and knock a hole through the back there big enough to sign out of. If it's hard, damn you, it's a case of life or death! What have you got, Gonzales, and blaze away!"

The reputation of a gun-man, you see you prove it. Get back in the corner, miss, so I can slip past—down below the fire line!"

"But—but I will not!" she faced him, her face white, but her eyes shining. "I can shoot! See!" and she flashed a pearl-handled revolver dead-end. The Sergeant thrust her unceremoniously aside and plunged across to the opposite window, gripping his Henry rifle.

"Do as I say," he growled. "This is our fight. Get down! Now, you terriers, let them have it!"

There was a wild skurrying of mounted figures almost at the coach wheels, hair streaming, feathers waving, lean, red skins thrown up, the air vocal with shrill outcries—then the dull bark of a Henry, the boom of a Winchester, the sharp spitting of a Colt. The smoke rolled out in a cloud, pungent, concealing, nervous fingers prodding the triggers again and again. They could see reeling horses, men gripping their ponies' manes to keep erect, staring, frightened eyes, animals flung back on their haunches, rearing madly in the air. The fierce yell of exultation changed into a savage scream, bullets crashed into the thin sides of the coach; it rocked with the contact of a half-naked body flung forward by a plunging horse; the Mexican swore wildly in Spanish, and then—the smoke blew aside and they saw the field; the dead and dying ponies, three motionless bodies huddled on the grass, a few dismounted stragglers racing on foot for the river bank, and a squad of riders circling beyond the trail. Hamlin swept the mingled sweat and blood out of his eyes, smiled grimly, and glanced back into the coach, instinctively slipping fresh cartridges into his hot rifle.

"That's one time those fellows ran into a hornet's nest," he commented quietly, all trace of excitement vanished. "Better load up, boys, for we're not through yet—they'll only be more careful next time. Anybody hurt?"

"Somethin' creased my back," replied Moylan, complainingly, and trying vainly to put a hand on the spot. "Felt like a streak of fire." The Sergeant reached across, fingering the torn shirt cautiously.

"Shared the flesh, pardner, but a blood worth mentioning. They've got some heavy artillery out there from the sound—old army muskets likely. I is our repeating rifles that will win out—those red devils don't understand them yet."

"Senor, you talk we win out den?" and Gonzales peered up blinking into the other's face. "Acree! dey vil fight delecter de nex' time. Ze Amer come musket, ect carry so far—es ect not so?"

Hamlin patted his brown beard affectionately as if it were a friend, and smiled across the questioning eyes of the girl.

"I'm willing to back this

Advertising Talks

Advertisement for advertising services, including contact information and a list of services offered.

Tom Colvin of Burkett was in town Wednesday.

Cash paid for chickens, eggs, butter, etc. J. Lee Jones.

Drew Hill returned first of the week from a trip to Ballinger.

Frank Golson and Bill Cross of Burkett were callers here Wednesday.

The three year old boy of Otis Odom's the first of the week fell in a pan of hot water, and was badly burned, but not seriously.

Married

at the home of Rev. Crane, Mr. Bill Glazier and Miss Madie Harlow, Rev. Crane officiating. The marriage was very quite affair, but was not unexpected by friends of the young couple. Mr. Glazier is an employe of the railroad and Miss Harlow is the young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Harlow, a well and favorably known family. We wish them fair sailing on the sea of matrimony.

Six O'clock Luncheon

Misses McGowan and Bidel entertained a number of their friends with a nice course luncheon last Friday evening at the home of Miss McGowan. The dining room was beautifully decorated in red and in white. The luncheon board was centered with ferns on lace covers. Beautiful hand painted place cards were laid for Misses McCord, Cox, Beulah and Jessie Adams, Sloan, Lawrence, Beard, Robertson, Nel and Maybel Hall, Odom, Norvell, Floyd, Trantham, Gilbert, and Miss Wade of Comanche. After the luncheon we were entertained by readings and solos by Miss McCord and Miss Adams. — A Guest.

Wallace Owen of Rotan has taken charge of Bob Owens Jewelry business here. He is a brother to Bob. He has had experience as a Jeweler. He will likely be here permanently.

GOLD SOME

The coldest spell of the season was experienced here the first of the week, the mercury setting near zero.

THE CENTRAL HOTEL

LOCATED CLOSE IN

MEALS 25c

BEDS 25c

GIVE US A TRIAL

JIM CROSS, PROPRIETOR

Are You Nervous?

What makes you nervous? It is the weakness of your womanly constitution, which cannot stand the strain of the hard work you do. As a result, you break down, and ruin your entire nervous system. Don't keep this up! Take Cardui, the woman's tonic. Cardui is made from purely vegetable ingredients. It acts gently on the womanly organs, and helps them to do their proper work. It relieves pain and restores health, in a natural manner, by going to the source of the trouble and building up the bodily strength.

TAKE CARDUI The Woman's Tonic

Mrs. Grace Fortner, of Man, W. Va., took Cardui. This is what she says about it: "I was so weak and nervous, I could not bear to have anyone near me. I had fainting spells, and I lost flesh every day. The first dose of Cardui helped me. Now, I am entirely cured of the fainting spells, and I cannot say enough for Cardui, for I know it saved my life." It is the best tonic for women.

Do you suffer from any of the pains peculiar to women? Take Cardui. It will help you. Ask your druggist.

Write for Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn. for Special Instructions, and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women."

-COME-

To

TRADES DAY

3rd Monday, January 20th.

Cross Plains, Texas.

This Trades Day we expect to make fully up to the standard that we have set. It has become known far and wide as a great Trade Day for all this section, not only for those that deal in horses but those who are in the market for merchandise as well. Our merchants will make it worth your while to be here.

The committee will see to your amusement. The following is a list of premiums offered: \$2.50 for the party bringing in the largest bunch of trading horses or mules—\$5.00 for the family spending the most money in Cross Plains that day by 6 o'clock p. m., all contestants to report to Farmers National Bank. \$2.50 for the party bringing in the most produce, such as eggs, butter and poultry.

Come and bring your family, and spend a pleasant and useful day.

Lodge Directory

Masonic Lodge No 627



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

over Bank of Cross Plains.



Meets on Saturday night before 2 & 4 Sun. at I. O. O. F. Hall, Cross

Plains, Tex.

M. C. Baum, Clerk.

W. O. W. Camp No. 778.



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

E. T. Bond, Clerk.

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



Meets every Friday night at 8:30 at the I. O. O. F. Hall. Drew I. Hill, Sec.

M. F. Church, South.

Preaching each First and Third Sundays at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.

Sunday School each Sunday at 10 A. M. Geo. Carter Supt.

Prayer meeting each Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.

Women's Home Mission Society meets in church each Thursday 3:30 P. M. after first and third Sunday.

You are cordially invited to attend any and all the church services. A. Lee Boyd, Pastor.

Presbyterian Church.

Presbyterian church. 1st and 3rd Sundays at 8 p. m.

Sunday school at 10 a.m. Regular session meeting, Friday, 3 p. m. George A. Crane, Pastor.

Baptist Church.

Preaching every 2 & 4 Sunday at 11 o'clock a. m. and 8 o'clock p. m. and the Saturday before at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday night at 8 o'clock.

Preaching

At the Christian Church the first Sunday in each month at 11 o'clock and Saturday night before. Sunday School every Sunday at 10 o'clock and a Bible school every Wednesday night at 7:15. All are invited to attend.

I. M. Ussery.

Vendor's lien notes taken up and extended, by the best companies. Plenty of money to loan on land at 8 per cent interest.—Cross Plains Development Company.

Dr. E.H. RAMSEY

DENTIST

OVER FARMER'S NATIONAL BANK

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ALL KINDS OF SHORT ORDERS. 25 CENT DINNERS

A horse is alright when "broke," but it is the "dickens" for a man to be "broke" and not have a meal ticket at.....

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BOOTH'S LIVERY STABLE

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Have added nice Driving Horses to my outfit. Stylish Rigs. Prices Reasonable.

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\$1.00 Per Day House. Nice, Clean
Beds. Away from Niose and Dust.
A Trial is onvincing.....

J. G. NEWTON, Proprietor.

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Especially yearling and 2 year old, Mules.