

The CROSS PLAINS REVIEW

VOL. 5

CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS, FRIDAY, OCT. 9, 1914.

NO. 31

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

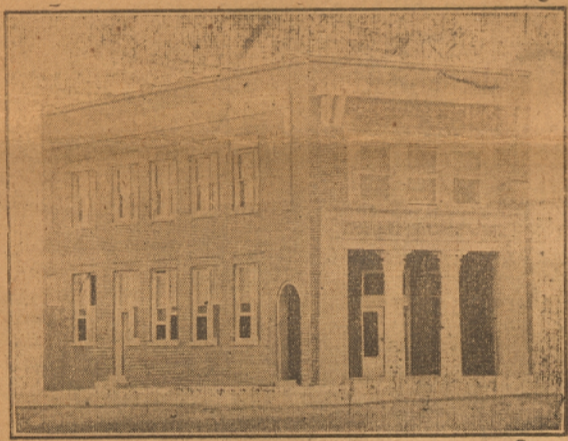
(UN-INCORPORATED)

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

BRING US YOUR FINANCIAL TROUBLES

We will help you adjust them as we have hundreds of others. Our experience and financial ability is at your command. Be free to tell us your troubles. That's a part of our business. Try Us.

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.

AGRICULTURAL MEETING

Don't fail to read the program of the two days' meet of the "Courses in Farming and Domestic Science" which appears on 2nd page of this issue. This will be a very interesting and instructive meeting. Let every body come.

Died

Cornell, the little five year old girl of Mr. and Mrs. Drew Hill, died Wednesday night after a two weeks illness, and was laid to rest Thursday afternoon, the funeral services being conducted by Rev. Parker. It had not been thought that the child was dangerously ill, and its death came as a shock to the community. The Review joins the many other friends of the family in offering its sincerest sympathy in their bereavement.

EXTRA QUALITY

Wagon sheets made of regular army duck, better made and four lbs. heavier than the common grade. And the good part about it we sell them cheaper than other stores charge for the regular grades.

THE RACKET STORE

GOOD PEANUT YIELD

Harvesting of This Year's Crop of This Important Legume Begins

A Mr. Pierce of Sabanno brought the first load of the 1914 crop of peanuts, selling them to the Higginbotham Trading Co. at 60c. Thus begins the harvesting of this crop of peanuts. The crop is said to be good in point of yield and of quality. There is not any peanut market as yet.

Baptist Church

We will have our regular Sunday school and preaching services Sunday morning, and there will be special and unusual feature to our Sunday night's service. The church covenant will be read, and the Lord's Supper will be observed. The roll of our membership will be called, and there will be special music rendered. It is hoped that the entire membership of our church will be present. All others have a most cordial invitation to any and all of our services.

J. M. Parker Pastor.

COTTON RECEIPTS

There have been weighed to date at the cotton yard something more than 800 bales, cotton continuing to come in at a lively gait. There has been another slump in the price, the staple now bringing about 6:50, which is keeping a good deal of cotton off of the market. There have been ginned at the two gins about 700 bales.

LOCATES HERE

L. M. Bond, who was in the watch repairing and jewelry business four years at Cisco, has permanently located in Cross Plains, and is temporarily located at the first door south of the Racket Store. He will in the near future move his family here. We are glad to have them locate with us.

AT THE PICTURE SHOW

Will show every Saturday afternoon from 2 to 5. Commencing next week we will show only Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights, including Saturday afternoon show.

F. J. Walderson

"The Price is the Thing" at Carter's

ADAMITE

Any old weather beaten, leaky roof of tin, iron, steel, shingle, cement, rubber or slate, can be made water-tight and WEAR-PROOF by applying Adamite. For sale at the Shackelford Lumber Yard (adv)

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.

Post master Hembree tells us his son Loy is ill with typhoid fever. This is the second case we have heard of this year.

HONOR ROLL

These who have paid us on subscription recently are: J. W. Wesley, Mrs. S. E. Jones, Solon Wilson, F. J. Walderson, J. H. Kemper, W. B. Duncan, S. L. Teague, Geo. Hunter, Geo. Gaines, S. I. Hunter, G. A. Swafford, Hub Mitchell, C. L. Baum, Walton Reeder, S. A. Fleming.

Buy your coffins, caskets and robes from the Cross Plains Furniture Store. (adv)

SINGING CONVENTION

The District Singing Convention met at Turkey Creek school house Sunday Oct. 4 with R. C. Hightower presiding a large crowd was in attendance. All classes of the district were represented.

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.

Rev J. M. Parker preached at Sabanno Sunday. Monday morning he called upon us for a school catalog stating that he wanted to give it to a girl at Sabanno who was contemplating attending school at Cross Plains. His is a good example to emulate; that is, if you want to build up a good school at Cross Plains.

WINTER UNDERWEAR

for men, women and children. Our cash buying and cash selling method enables us to give you the best garments at the lowest possible price

THE RACKET STORE

COURSES IN FARMING AND DOMESTIC SCIENCE

FREE ILLUSTRATED DEMONSTRATION LECTURES, ABOUT 300 VIEWS GIVEN AT CROSS PLAINS, OCTOBER 16th and 17th

EXPERTS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS TO SPEAK

PROGRAM

NIGHT MEETING, OCTOBER 16th

Music	Local Talent
Opening Address	Local Citizen
Outline of Program	W W Evans, Agricultural Agent, The MK&T Ry of Tex
"Co-operative Marketing of Farm Products"	by H M Eliot, Rural Organizer, A. & M. College
"Balanced Table Rations for People"	Miss Floris Culver, College of Industrial Arts, Denton
"Feeding the Sandy Soil"	D N Barrow, Editor, The Texas Progressive Farmer
"Peanuts, Pigs & Prosperity"	C M Evans, Editor, Southern Farm & Dairy

OCTOBER 17th, 10 A. M.

Demonstration Lecture for Women and Girls, at Schoolhouse, by Miss Culver,	Higginbotham building
Oct. 17th, 10 a. m., For Men and Boys, at	J. M. Ridgeway, Prof. of Dairying, A. & M. College
"Dairy Farming in Central West Texas,"	C O Moser, President, Texas Dairymen's Association
"Selling Dairy Products"	C. M. Evans, Editor, Southern Farm & Dairy
"Hog Growing in Central West Texas"	C C French, of the Union Stock Yards, Fort Worth
"Marketing Hogs"	
1:30, P. M., Oct. 17th	
"A Permanent System of Farming"	W W Evans, Agricultural Agent, MK&T Ry. Co., Texas
"The Value of Organized Effort"	C O Moser, President, Texas Dairymen's Association
"Permanent Organization"	H M Eliot, Rural Organizer, A. & M. College
Round Table discussion, led by	County Farm Adviser
"Judging Live Stock"	Messrs. Ridgeway and Evans
"Judging Fruits, Vegetables and Grain"	Messrs. Barrow and Eliot

We Wish in particular to call the attention of the women to their part of this program, and hope they will all take advantage of it. We wish also to call particular attention to the judging of livestock, fruit, grain, vegetables, etc., on Saturday afternoon, and hope everybody will bring something to be passed upon by these experts. It will be a big boost for our country.

The Hog Club, under whose auspices this program is held, will meet on these dates and all members and others are urged to attend.

Yours for a big attendance of this important Farmers' Course,

COMMITTEE

THE CROSS PLAINS REVIEW

Review Printing Company

One Dollar a Year. Strictly Cash in advance.

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

FOUR ISSUES CONSTITUTE A MONTH
CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS.

The Review acknowledges receipt of orders for gin tickets from E. D. Roan for the Sabanno gin and from J. M. Cooper & Co. for their gin at Cottonwood. The Review is prepared to do almost any kind of job work, and duly appreciates your patronage.

The Lyric Glee Club, the first number of the Lyceum course, will render their program to-night. If you get The Review before it is too late, this little notice is meant to suggest that if you appreciate good wholesome entertainment that you attend this number and thereby lend your support to a good work for Cross Plains.

De Leon is not letting its light shine under a bushel, but on the contrary is letting it shine in adjoining towns. A high tension wire supplies Gorman with electric current and now Manager Collie is planning a similar line to Cross Plains and Rising Star.—De Leon Free Press.

Cross Plains is very desirous to be well lighted even by reflected light—from De Leon. Let us have light.

It would take a man with a good deal of nerve to buy much cotton at 10c on the present market. Also it would require a man with a vision and a good one to see his way out. If we are correctly informed V. V. Hat is our only citizen who has joined the buy-a-bale movement.

The Gorman Progress which is now being got out under new management, came to our desk this week as an exchange. This should be nothing unusual, but it is, for it is the first time the Progress has ever recognized the Review as being worthy of being put on the exchange list. If this issue of the Progress is a fair sample of the business the Progress has all the while been doing, the seeming neglect of our sheet is easily explained. In this issue of eight pages there appears four one-half page ads, three from the general mercantile stores, one from a drug store, and consider-

able other display advertising, besides a string of professional cards. Gorman has put the Progress out of of the class of the Review.

We are all interdependent. You some times think you are not interested in your neighbor's welfare. You may feel that as long as you are progressing the fate of those about you does not concern you. But such is not the case. The farmer who has plenty is still dependent, in the finding of markets his for products, and the like, upon the condition of his neighbor who is not so fortunate. The status of a member of a lodge is determined, in the eyes of those outside, by the status probably of an individual.

Even in a more restricted sense might we find this to be true. A present and very striking illustration of this interdependence of people and things is to be found in the European War. War whose seat is 3,000 miles away and across the ocean, you might think would affect us little. But whom has it not affected, either to hurt or help? Hardly a soul in the world unless it be a Robinson Crusoe. It destroyed the cotton market and thereby for the present demoralized the commerce of the whole South and indirectly the whole nation. It helped for a time the grain market, but too late to help

all the producers. It raised the price of sugar and other finished products the consumer must have. Probably the effect we all more or less feel in our business is but the working out of the general effect on cotton and other markets.

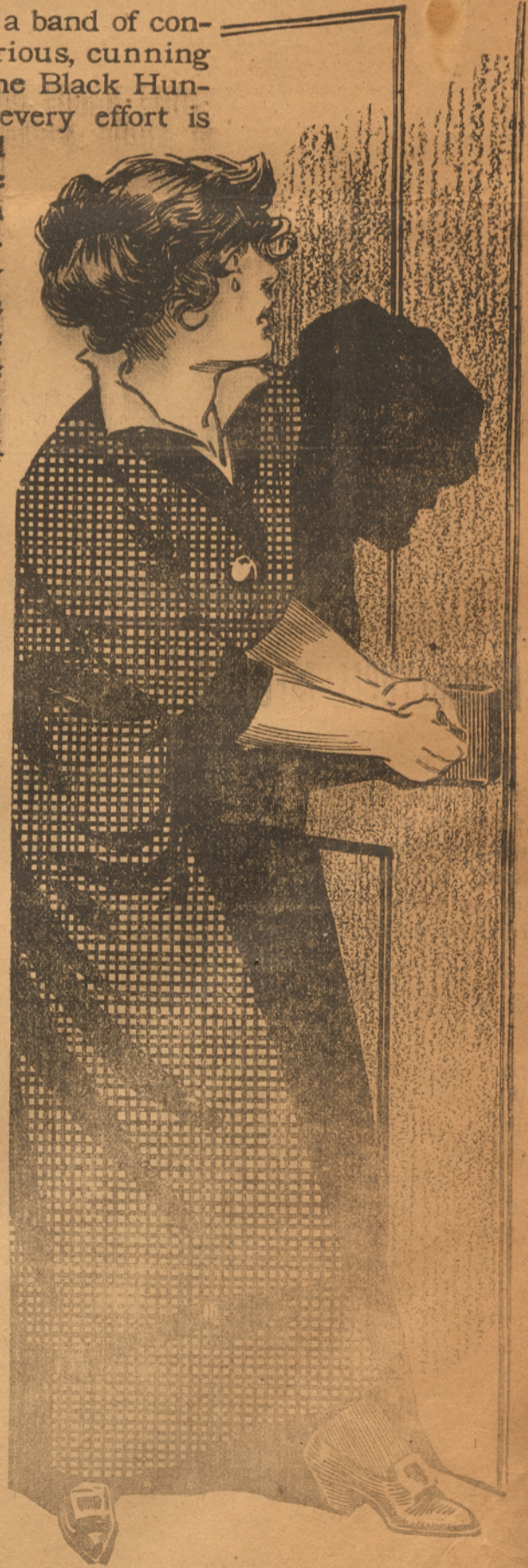
Those engaged in agricultural pursuits and all others who wish to be well informed are offered an unique opportunity to hear the latest word in agriculture and domestic science, etc., in the agricultural meeting to be held under the auspices of the Hog Club, Friday night and Saturday, Oct. 16 and 17th. The Katy Ry. Co. has enlisted the aid of the A. & M., the College of Industrial Arts of Denton, and other state institutions, in this commendable work. Men who are trained to think and who have spent their time studying not all the manifold branches of agriculture, horticulture and domestic science, but has concentrated their efforts on one particular subject of agriculture or horticulture, as the case may be, certainly should have somewhat worth while to tell you. The A. & M. College and the College of Industrial Arts are doing much for the young men and women of the State, and your forefathers saw fit to provide for these institutions. You come out and see if they cannot help you as well as they help your boys and girls.

TRAPPED!

Trapped by a band of conspirators, curious, cunning members of the Black Hundred, whose every effort is being extended to locate the missing million dollars belonging to her estate—that is the experience of Florence Gray, beautiful 18-year-old heroine of Harold MacGrath's great novel,

The Million Dollar Mystery

Without a friendly soul in sight, without a helping hand, this daring, keen-witted girl baffles the entire band of conspirators and escapes!



SEE PICTURES EVERY THURS. NIGHT AT THE AIROROME

The Million Dollar Mystery

By HAROLD MAC GRATH

Illustrated from Scenes in the Photo Drama of the Same Name by the Thanhouser Film Company

(Copyright, 1914, by Harold MacGrath)

jumped out. That gave me the necessary time. I don't understand how I did it. I wasn't frightened at all till I gained the street."

They found Susan still seated in the chair, the automatic in her lap. She had not moved in all this time!

Braine paced the apartment of the Princess Perigoff. From the living room to the boudoir and back, fully twenty times. From the divan Olga watched him nervously. He was like a tiger, fresh in captivity. All at once he paused in front of her.

"Do you realize what that mere child did?"

"I do."

"Planned to the minute. We had her; seven of us; doors locked, and all that. No weeping, no wailing; I could not understand then, but I do now. It's in the blood. Hargreave was as peaceful as a St. Bernard dog, till you cornered him, and then he was a lion, O, the devil! Slipped out of our fingers like an eel. And across the street, Jones in a racer! I never paid any particular attention to Jones, but from now on I shall. The girl may or may not know where the money is, but Jones does, Jones does! Two men shall watch. Felton on the street and Orloff from the windows of the deserted house. With opera glasses he will be able to take note of all that happens in the house during the day. He will be able to see the girl's room. And that's the important point. It was a good plan, little woman; and it would have been plain sailing if only we had remembered that the girl was Hargreave's daughter. Be very careful hereafter when you call on her. A night like this will have made her suspicious of every one. Our hope lies with you. Anything on your mind?"

"Yes. Why not insert a personal in the Herald?" She drew some writing paper toward her and scribbled a few words.

He read: "Florence—the hiding place is discovered. Remove it to a more secret spot at once. S. H."—He laughed and shook his head. "I'm afraid that will never do."

"If she reads it, Jones will. The man with the opera glasses may see something. There's a chance Jones might become worried."

"Well, we'll give it a chance."

It was midnight when he made his departure. As he stepped into the street, he glanced about cautiously. On the corner he saw a policeman swinging his night stick. Otherwise the street was deserted. Braine proceeded jauntily down the street.

And yet, from the darkened doors of the house across the way, the figure of a man emerged and stood contemplating the windows of the Perigoff apartment. Suddenly the lights went out. The watcher made no effort to follow Braine. The knowledge he was after did not necessitate any such procedure.

Of course, Florence read the "personal." She took the newspaper at once to Jones, who smiled grimly.

"You see, I trust you."

"And so long as you continue to trust me no harm will befall you. You were left in my care by your father. I am to guard you at the expense of my life. Last night's affair was a miracle. The next time you will not find it so easy to escape."

Nor did she.

"There will be no next time," gravely. "But I am going to ask you a direct question. Is my father alive?"

The butler's brow puckered. "I have promised to say nothing, one way or the other."

She laughed.

"Why do you laugh?"

"I laugh because if he were dead there would be no earthly reason for your not saying so. . . . but I hate money, the name of it, the sound of it, the sight of it. It is at the bottom of all wars and crimes. I despise it!"

"The root of all evil. Yet it performs many noble deeds. But never mind the money. Let us give our attention to this personal. Doubtless it originated in the same mind which conceived the letter. Your father would never have inserted such a personal. What! Give his enemies a chance to learn his secret? No. On the other hand I want you to show this personal to all you meet today, Susan, the reporter, to everybody. Talk about it. Say that you wonder what you shall do. Trust no one with your real

thoughts."

"Not even you, Mr. Jones," thought the girl as she nodded.

"And tell them that you showed it to me and that I appeared worried."

That night there was a meeting of the organization called the Black Hundred. Braine asked if anyone knew what the Hargreave butler looked like.

"I had a glimpse of him the other night; but being unprepared, I might not recognize him again."

Vroon described Jones minutely. Braine could almost see the portrait.

"Vroon, that memory of yours is worth a lot of money," was his only comment.

"I hope it will be worth more soon."

"I believe I'll be able to recognize Mr. Jones if I see him. Who is he and what is he?"

"He has been with Hargreave for 14 years. There was a homicidal case in which Jones was active. Hargreave saved him. He is faithful and uncommunicative. Money will not touch him. If he does know where that million is, hot irons could not make him own up to it. The only way is to watch him, follow him, wait for the moment when he'll grow careless. No man is always on his mettle; he lets up sooner or later."

"He is being watched, as you know."

Vroon nodded approvingly. "The captain of the tramp steamer Orient, by the way, was seen with a roll of money. He was in one of the water front saloons, bragging how he had hoodwinked some one."

"Did he say where he'd got the cash?" asked Braine.

"They tried to pump him on that, but he shut up. Well, we have agreed that Felton shall watch from the street and Orloff from the window. Orloff will whistle if he sees Jones removing anything from any of the rooms. The rest will be left to Felton."

"And, Felton, my friend," said Braine softly—he always spoke softly when he was in a deadly humor—"Felton, you slept on duty the other night.

Hargreave stole up, consulted Jones, and got away after knocking me down. The next failure will mean short shift. Be warned!"

"I saw only you, sir. So help me. I was not asleep. I saw you run down the street after the taxicab. I did not see anyone else."

Braine shrugged. "Remember what I said."

Felton bowed respectfully and made his exit. He wished in his soul that he might some day catch the master mind free of his eternal mask. It was an iron hand which ruled them and there were friends of his (Felton's) who had mysteriously vanished after a brief period of rebellion. The boss was a swell; probably belonged to clubs and society which he adroitly pilfered. The organization always had money. Whenever there was a desperate job to be undertaken, Vroon simply poured out the money necessary to promote it. Whenever Braine and Vroon became engaged in earnest conversation they talked Slav. Braine was never called by name here; the boss, simply that.

Well, ten per cent of a million was a hundred thousand. This would be equally divided between the second ten of the Black Hundred. Another ten per cent would go to 80 members; the balance would be divided between Vroon and the boss. But his soul rebelled at being ordered about like so much dirt under another man's feet. He would take his ten thousand and make the grand getaway.

The next afternoon the princess called upon Florence. Nothing was said about the adventure, and this fact created a vague unrest in the scheming woman's mind. She realized that she must play her cards more carefully than ever. Not the least distrust must be permitted to enter the child's head. Once that happened good-by to the wonderful emeralds. Was it that she really craved the stone? Was it not rather a venom acquired from the knowledge that this child's mother had won what she herself, with all her cleverness, was not sure of—Braine's love? Did he really care for her or was she only the cat's paw to pluck his hot chestnuts from the fire?

When Florence showed her the "personal," her vague doubts become instantly dissipated. The child would not have shown her the newspaper had there been any distrust on her part.

"My child, your father is alive, then?" animatedly.

"We don't know," sadly.

"Why, I should say that this proves it."

"On the contrary, it proves nothing of the sort, since I have yet to discover a treasure in this house. I have



Florence Gray.

hunted in every nook, drawer; I've searched for panels, looked in trunks for false bottoms. Nothing, nothing! Ah, if I could only find it!"

"And what would you do with it?"

"Take it at once to some bank and offer the whole of it for the safe return of my father, every penny of it. I don't know what to do, which way to turn," tears gathering in her eyes and they were genuine tears, too. "There are millions in stocks and bonds and I cannot touch a penny of it because the legal documents have not been found. I can't even prove that I am his daughter, except for half an old bracelet, and my father's lawyers say that that would not hold in any court."

"You were born in St. Petersburg, my dear. Have the embassy there look up the birth registers."

"That would not put me into possession. Nothing but the return of my father will avail me. And there's a horrible thought always of my not being his real daughter."

"There's no doubt in my mind. I have only to recall Katrina's face to know whose child you are. But what will you live on?" Here was a far greater mixup than she had calculated upon. Supposing after all it was only a resemblance, that the child was not Hargreave's, a substitute just to blind the Black Hundred? To keep them away from the true daughter? Her mind grew bewildered over such possibilities. The single and only way to settle all doubts was to make this child a prisoner. If she was Hargreave's true daughter he would come out of his hiding.

She heard Florence answering her question: "There is a sum of ten or twelve thousand in the Riverdale bank, under the control of my father's butler. After that is gone, I don't know what will happen to us, Susan and me."

"The door of Miss Felton's will always be open to you, Florence," replied Susan, with love in her eyes.

This interesting conversation was interrupted by the advent of Norton. He was always dropping in during the late afternoon hours. Felton called him for two reasons. One was that Jones trusted him to a certain extent and the other was that . . . that she liked him. She finished this sentence in her heart defiantly.

Today he brought her a box of beautiful roses, and at the sight of them the princess smiled faintly. Set the wind in that quarter? She could have laughed. Here was her revenge against this meddler who took no particular notice of her while Florence was in the room. She would encourage him, poor grubbing newspaper writer, with his beggarly pittance! What chance had he of marrying this girl with millions within reach of her hand?

The peculiar thing about this was that Norton was entertaining the same thought at the same time: what earthly chance had he?

In the second story window of the house over the way there was a worried man. But when his glasses brought in range the true contents of the box he laughed sardonically.

"This watching is getting my goat. I smell a rat every time I see a

shadow." He wiped . . . lenses of his opera glasses and proceeded to roll a cigarette.

When the princess and Norton went away Jones stole quietly up to Florence's room and threw up the curtain. Two round points of light flashed from the watcher's window, but the saturnine smile on Jones' lips was not observed. He went to the door, opened it cautiously, a hand to his ear. Then he closed the door, turned back the rug and removed a section of the flooring. Out of this cavity he raised a box. There was lettering on the lid; in fact, the name of its owner, Stanley Hargreave. Jones replaced the flooring, tucked the box under his arm and made his exit.

The man lounging in the shadow heard a faint whistle. It was the signal agreed upon. The man Felton ran across the street and boldly rang the bell. It was only then that Florence missed the ever present butler. She hesitated, then sent Susan to the door.

"I must see Mr. Jones upon vitally important business."

"He has gone out," said Susan, and very sensibly closed the door before Felton's foot succeeded in getting inside.

It was time to act. He ran around to the rear. The ladder convinced him that Jones had tricked him. He was wild with rage. He was over the wall in an instant. Away down the back

street his eye discovered his man in full flight. He gave chase. As he came to the first corner he was nearly knocked over by a man coming the other way.

"Who are you bumping into?" growled Felton.

"Not so fast, Felton!"

"Who, the devil are you?"

The stranger made a sign which Felton instantly recognized.

"Quick! What has happened?"

"Jones has the million and is making his getaway. See him hiking toward the water front?"

The two men began to run.

There followed a thrilling chase. Jones engaged a motorboat and it was speeding seaward when the two pursuers arrived. They were not laggard. There was another boat and they made for it.

"A hundred if you overtake that boat," said Felton's strange companion.

Felton eyed him thoughtfully. There was something familiar about that voice.

Great plumes of water shot up into the air. It did not prove a short race by any means. It took half an hour for the pursuer to overhaul the pursued.

"Is that Jones?"

"Yes." Felton fired his revolver into the air in hopes of terrifying Jones' engineer; but there was five hundred dangling before that individual's eyes.

"Let them get a little nearer," shouted the butler.

The engineer let down the speed a notch. The other boat crept up within twenty yards. Jones sought a perfect range. He would have to find this spot again.

"Surrender!" yelled Felton.

In reply Jones raised the precious box and deliberately dropped it into the sea. Then he turned his automatic upon his pursuers and succeeded in setting their boat afire.

All this within the space of an hour. During dinner that night (there was now a cook) Jones walked about the dining table, rubbing his hands together from time to time.

"Jones," said Florence, "why do you rub your hands like that?"

"Was I rubbing my hands, Miss Florence?" he asked innocently.

CHAPTER VI.

"Did you get the range?" asked the countess, when late that night Braine recounted his adventure.

"Range!" he snarled. "My girl, haven't I just told you that I had to fight for my life? My boat was in flames. We had to swim for it till we were picked up by a Long Island barge tug. I don't know what became of the motorman. He must have headed straight for shore. And I'm glad he did: otherwise he'd be howling for the price of another boat. Olga, for the first time I've had to let one of the boys have a look at my face. Doesn't know the name; but one of these days he'll stumble across it, and the result will be blackmail, unless I push him off into the dark. It was accidental."

The countess leaned forward, her hands tightly clinched.

"But the box!"

Braine made a gesture of despair.

"Leo, are you using any drug these days?"

"Don't make fun of me, Olga," impatiently. "Did you ever see me drink more than a pint of wine or smoke more than two cigars in an evening? Poor fools! What! let my brain go into the wastebasket for the sake of an hour or so of exhilaration? No, and never will! I'm keen about the

gray matter I've got, and by the Lord Harry, I'm going to keep it. There's only one dope fiend in the Hundred, and he's one of the best decoys we have; so we let him have his coke whenever he really needs it. But this man Felton has seen my face. Some day he'll see it again, ask questions, and then . . ."

"Then what?"

"A burial at sea," he laughed. The laughter died swiftly as it came. "I threw it into eight hundred feet of water, on a bar where the sands are always shifting. He'll never find it, even if he took the range. He could not have got a decent one. The sun was dropping and the shadows were long. He threw the chest into the water and then began pegging away at us, cool as you please, and fired our tank."

"It looks to me as if he had wasted his time."

"That depends. Between you and me and the gate-post, I've a sneaking idea that this man Jones, whom nobody has given any particular attention, is a deep, clever man. He may have been honestly attempting to find a new hiding place; the advertisement in the newspaper may have drawn him. He may have thrown the box over in pure rage at seeing himself checkmated. Again, the whole thing may have been worked up for our benefit, a blind. But if that's the case, Jones has us on the hip, for we can't tell. But we can do what in all probability he expects we'll cease to do—watch him just as shrewdly as before."

Olga caught his hand and drew him down beside her. "I wasn't going to bother you tonight, but it may mean something vital."

"What?" alertly.

For reply she rose and walked over to the light button. She pressed it and the apartment became dark.

"Come over to the window, quick!" She dragged him across the room.

"Over the way, the house with the marble frontage."

A man emerged, lit a cigarette, and walked leisurely down the street.

"No!" she cried, as Braine turned to make for the door, doubtless with the intention of finding out who this man was. "Every night after you leave he appears."

"Does he follow me?"

"No. And that's what bothered me at first. I believed he was watching some apartment above. But regularly when I turn out the lights he comes forth. So there's no doubt that he watches you enter and takes note of your departure."

"But doesn't follow me. That's odd. What the devil is his idea?"

"I'd give a good deal to learn."

The shadow and the glowing cigarette disappeared around the corner, and the lights in the apartment were turned on again.

"He's gone. You really think he's watching me?"

"He is watching this apartment, I know that much."

And even at that moment the watcher was watching from his vantage behind the corner.

"Suspicious!" he murmured, tossing the cigarette into the gutter. They're watching me for a change. I'll drop out. I know what I know. It's a great world. It's fine to be alive and kicking on top of it." He went on without haste and took the subway train for downtown.

"Is there any way I could get near him?" asked Braine.

"Tomorrow night you might leave by the janitor's entrance. I'll keep the lights on till you're outside. Then I'll turn them off and you can follow and learn who he is."

"It's mighty important."

"Don't scowl. At your age a wrinkle is apt to remain if you once get it started."

He laughed. "Wrinkles!" She could talk of wrinkles!

"They are more important than you think. Every morning I rub out the wrinkle I go to bed with."

"I wish you could rub out the general stupidity which is wrinkling my brain. I've made three moves and failed in each. What's come over me?"

"Perhaps you've had too many successes. The wheel of chance is always turning around."

"May I smoke?"

"Thanks. At least it proves you still have some consideration for me. You would smoke whether it was agreeable or not. But I like the odor of a good cigar. And it always helps you to think."

Braine lit the cigar and began his customary pacing. At length he paused.

"Suppose we have a real old-fashioned coaching party out to the old mansion we know about?"

"And what shall we do there?"

"Make the mansion an enchanted castle where sometimes people who enter can't get out. Do you think you could get her to go?"

"I can try."

"Olga, I must have that girl; and I

must have her soon. Sometimes I find myself mightily puzzled over the whole thing. If Hargreave is alive, why doesn't he turn up now that it's practically known that his daughter presides over his household? I might understand it if I didn't know that Hargreave is really afraid of nothing. Where is the man with the five thousand, picked up at sea? What was the reason for Jones carrying that box out in broad daylight? Who is the chap watching across the street? Sometimes I believe in my soul—if I have one!—that Hargreave is playing with us, playing! Well, flinging the half consumed cigar into the grate, "the Black Hundred always goes forward, win or lose, and never forgets."

"We are a fine pair!" said the woman bitterly.

"We are exactly what fate intended us to be. They wrote you down in the book as a beautiful body with a crooked mind. They wrote me down as the devil, doomed to roam earth's top till I'm killed."

"Killed?"

"Why, yes. I'm not the kind of chap who dies in bed, surrounded by the weeping members of the family, doctor, nurse, and priest. I'm a scoundrel; but it has this saving grace, I enjoy being a scoundrel. Now, I'm going up to the club. There's nothing like a game of billiards or chess to smooth that wrinkle which seems to worry you."

In the great newspaper office there was a mighty racket. Midnight always means pandemonium in the city room of a metropolitan daily. Copy boys were rushing to and fro, messengers and printers with sticky galleys in their hands; reporters were banging away at their typewriters, and intermingling you could hear the ceaseless clickety-click of the telegraph room.

The managing editor came out of his office and approached the desk of the night city editor.

"Editorial page gone down?"

"Twenty minutes ago," said the night city editor.

"I wanted a stick on that Panama rumpus."

"Too late."

"Where's Jim Norton?"

"At the chamber of commerce banquet. The major is going to throw a bomb into the enemy's camp."

"Nothing on the Hargreave stuff?"

"No. Guess I'd better put that in the cubbyhole. He's dead."

"No will found yet?"

"Not a piece as big as a postage stamp."

"That will leave the girl in a tough place. No will, no birth certificate; and, worst of all, no photograph of the old man himself. I don't see why Jim sidestepped this affair. He the only man in town who knew anything about Hargreave."

"He hasn't given it up; but he wants to cover it on his own, turn the yarn over when he's got it, no false alarms."

"Ah! So that's the game?"

"Yes; and Jim is the sort every paper needs. When the time comes the story turns up, if there is one. Here he is now. Looks like an actor in the fourth act of a drama. Good-looking chap, though."

Norton came in through the outer gates. He was in evening clothes, top hat. A cigar dangled between his lips.

"How much do you want?" asked the night city editor.

"Column and a half."

"Off with your glad rags!"

"Anything good?" asked the managing editor.

"The lid has been jammed on tight. No wine in any restaurant after one o'clock. There'll be a roundup of every gunman in town."

"Good work! Go to it."

It was one o'clock when Norton turned in his last sheet of copy and started for home. Just outside the entrance to the building a man with a slouch hat drawn down over his eyes stepped forward.

"Mr. Norton?"

"Yes." Norton stepped back suspiciously.

The other chuckled, raised and lowered his hat swiftly.

"Good Lord!" murmured the reporter.

"Will you take a ride with me in a taxi?"

"All the way to Syracuse, if you say so. Well, I'll be tinker o—d!"

"No names, please!"

What took place in that taxicab was never generally known. But at ten o'clock the next morning Norton surprised the elevator boy by going out. Norton proceeded downtown to the national bank, where he deposited \$5,000 in bills of large denominations. The teller had some difficulty in counting them. They stuck together and retained the sudden appearance of money mysteriously submerged in water.

Florence was delighted at the idea of a coaching party. Often during her school days she had seen the fashionable couples go careening along the road, with the sharp clear note of the

bugle rising about the thunder of hoofs and rattling of wheels. Jones was not enthusiastic; neither was he a killjoy.

"But you are to go along, too," said Florence.

"I, Miss Florence?"

"The countess invited you especially. You will go with a hamper."

"Ah, in my capacity as butler; very good, Miss Florence." To her he gave no sign of his secret satisfaction.

The hour arrived, and the gay party bowled away. They wound in and out of the streets toward the country to the crack of the whip and the blare of the horn. Florence's enjoyment would



Florence Was Chatting With the Count.

have been perfect had it not been for the absence of Norton. Why hadn't he been invited? She did not ask because she did not care to disclose to the countess her interest in the reporter. They were nearing the limits of the city, when the coach was forced to take a sharp turn to avoid an automobile in trouble. The man pattering at the engine raised his head. It was Norton, and Florence waved her hand vigorously.

"A coaching party," he murmured; "and your Uncle James was not invited! Oh, very well!" He laughed, and suddenly grew serious. It would not hurt to find out where that coach was going.

He set to work savagely, located the trouble, righted it, and set off for the Hargreave home. He found Susan and bombarded her with questions which to Susan came with the rapidity of rain upon the roof.

"So Jones went along?"

"In his capacity of butler only."

Norton smiled. "Well, I'll take a jaunt out there myself. You are sure of the location?"

"Yes."

"Well, good-by. I'll go as a waiter, since they wouldn't invite me. I'm one of the best little waiters you ever heard of; and all things come to him who waits."

What a pleasant, affable young man he was! thought Susan as she watched him jump into the car and go flying up the street.

Jones was a good deal surprised when Norton turned up at the old Chilton manor.

"What made you come here dressed like this?" the butler demanded.

"I'm a suspicious duffer; maybe that's the reason."

"Do you know anything?"

"Well, no; I can't say that I do. But, hang it, I just had to come out here."

"Maybe it's just as well you did," said Jones moodily.

"I know this place. The housekeeper used to be my nurse, and if she is still on the job she may be of service to us. You don't think they'll question or recognize me?"

"Hardly. I'll put in a word for you. I'll say I sent for you, not knowing if we had enough servants to take care of the luncheon."

"And now I'll go and hunt up Meg." Sure enough, his old nurse was still in charge of the house; and when her "baby" disclosed his identity she all but fell upon his neck.

"But what are you doing here, dressed up as a waiter?"

"It's a little secret, Meg. I wasn't invited, and the truth is I'm very desperately in love with the young lady in whose honor this coaching party is being given. And maybe she's in danger."

"Danger? What about?"

"The Lord only knows. But show me about the house. I've not been here in so long I've forgotten the run of it. I remember one room with a painting that turned. Have they changed them?"

"No; it is just the same here as it used to be. Come along and I'll show you."

Norton inspected the rooms carefully, slowing away in his mind every detail. He might be worrying about nothing, but so many strange things

had happened that it was better to be on the side of caution than on the side of carelessness. He left the house and ran across Jones carrying a basket of wine.

"Here, Norton; take this to the party. I want to reconnoiter."

"All right, m'lud! Say, Jones, how much do you think I'd earn at this job?" comically.

"Get along with you, Mr. Norton. It may be the time to laugh, and then it may not."

"I'm going back into the house and hide behind a secret panel. I've got my revolver. You go to the stables and take a try at my car; see if she works smoothly. We may have to do some hiking. Where is the countess in this?"

"Leave that to me, Mr. Norton," said the butler with his grim smile. "Be off; they are moving back toward the house."

So Norton carried the basket around to the lawn, where it was taken from his hands by the regular servant. He sighed as he saw Florence, laughing and chatting with a man who was a stranger and whom he heard addressed as count. Some friend of the countess, no doubt. Where was all this tangle going to end? He wished he knew. And what a yarn he was going to write some day! It would be read like one of Gaboriau's tales. He turned away to wander idly about the grounds, when beyond a clump of cedars he saw three or four men conversing slowly. He got as near as possible, for when three or four men put their heads together and whisper animatedly, it usually means a poker game or something worse. He caught a phrase or two as it came down the wind, and then he knew that the vague suspicion that had brought him out here had been set in motion by fate. He heard "Florence" and "the old drawing room;" and that was enough.

He scurried about for Jones. It was pure luck that he had had old Meg show him through the house, otherwise he would have forgotten all about the secret panel in the wall and the painting. Jones shrugged resignedly. Were these men of the countess' party? Norton couldn't say.

Norton made his hiding place in safety; and by and by he could hear the guests moving about in the room. Then all sounds ceased for a while. A door closed sharply.

"No; here you must stay, young lady," said a man's voice.

"What do you mean, sir?" demanded the beloved voice.

"It means that no one will return to this room and that you will not be missed until it is too late."

The sound of voices stopped abruptly, and something like scuffling ensued. Later Norton heard the back of a chair strike the panel and someone sat heavily upon it. He waited perhaps five minutes; then he gently slid back the panel. Florence sat bound and gagged under his very eyes. It was but the work of a moment to liberate her.

"It is I, Jim. Do not speak or make the least noise. Follow me."

Greatly astonished, Florence obeyed; and the panel slipped back into place. The room behind the secret panel had barred windows. To Florence it appeared to be a real prison.

"How did you get here?" she asked breathlessly.

"Something told me to follow you. And something is always going to tell me to follow you, Florence."

She pressed his hand. It was to her as if one of those book heroes had stepped out of a book; only book heroes always had tremendous fortunes and did not have to work for a living. Oddly enough, she was not afraid.

"Who was the man?" he asked.

"The Count Norfeldt. Some one has imposed upon the countess."

"Do you think so?" with a strange look in his eyes.

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing just now. The idea is to get out of here just as quickly as we can. See this painting?" He touched a spot in the wall and the painting slowly swung out like a door. "Come; we make our escape to the side lawn from here."

At the stable they were confronted with the knowledge that Norton's car was out of commission; Jones could do nothing with it. Then Norton suggested that he make an effort to commandeer the limousine of the countess; but there were men about, so the limousine was out of the question.

"Horses!" whispered Jones. "There are several saddle horses, already saddled. How about these people, the owners?"

"Oh, they are beyond reproach. They have doubtless been imposed upon. But let us get aboard first. There will be time to talk later. I'll have to do some explaining, taking these nags off like this. We won't have to ride out in front where the picknickers are. There's a lane back of the stable, and a slight detour brings us back into the main road."

The three mounted and clattered away. To Florence it had the air of

a prank. She was beginning to have such confidence in these two inventive men that she felt as if she was never going to be afraid any more.

When the Countess Olga saw the three horses it was an effort not to fly into a rage. But secretly she warned her people, who presently gave chase in the limousine, while she prattled and jested and laughed with her company, who were quite unaware

that a drama was being enacted right under their very noses. The countess, while she acted superbly, tore her handkerchief into shreds. There was something sinister in the way all their plans fell through at the very moment of consummation; and that night she determined to ask Braine to withdraw from this warfare, which gradually decimated their numbers without getting anywhere toward the goal.

Jones shouted that the limousine was tearing down the road. Something must be done to stop it. He suggested that he drop behind, leave his horse, and take a chance at putting a tire from the shrubbery at the roadside.

"Keep going. Don't stop, Norton, till you are back in town. I'll manage to take good care of myself."

CHAPTER VII.

When all three finally met at the Hargreave home Florence suddenly took Jones by the shoulders and kissed him lightly on the cheek. Jones started back, pale and disturbed.

Norton laughed. He did not feel the slightest twinge of jealousy, but he was eaten up with envy, as the old wives say.

"You are wondering if I suspect the Princess Perigoff?" said Jones.

"I am." This man Jones was developing into a very remarkable character. The reporter found himself side glancing at the thin, keen face of this resourceful butler. The lobe of the man's left ear came within range. Norton reached for a cigarette, but his hands shook as he lit it. There was a peculiar little scar in the center of the lobe.

"Well," said Jones, "I can find no evidence that she has been concerned in any of these affairs."

"You are suspicious?"

"Of everybody," looking boldly into the reporter's eyes.

"Of me?" smiling.

"Even of myself sometimes."

Conversation dropped entirely after this declaration.

"You're a tacturn sort of chap."

"Am I?"

"You are. But an agreement is an agreement, and while I'd like to print this story, I'll not. We newspaper men seldom break our word."

Jones held out his hand.

"Sometimes I wish I'd started life right," said the reporter gloomily. "A newspaper man is generally improvident. He never looks ahead for tomorrow. What with my special articles to the magazines, I earn between four and five thousand the year; and I've never been able to save a cent."

"Perhaps you've never really tried," replied Jones, with a glance at his companion. It was a good face, strong in outline; a little careworn, perhaps, but free from any indications of dissipation. "If I had begun life as you did, I'd have made real and solid use

of the organization stood facing actual peril; and its one possible chance of salvation lay in the fact that no one's face was known to his neighbor. He, Vroon, and the boss alone knew who and what each man was. But the plans, the ramifications of the organization might become public property; and that would mean an end to an exceedingly profitable business.

(To be continued next week.)

These pictures will be shown every Thursday night at the Auditorium.

earnings, or savings, little as they might be. And today I'd be living on the income."

"You never can tell. Perhaps a woman might have made you think of those things; but if you had remained unattached up to thirty-one, as I have, the thought of saving might never have entered your head. A man in my present condition, financially, has no right to think of matrimony."

"It might be the saving of you if you met and married the right woman."

"But the right woman might be heiress to millions. And a poor devil like me could not marry a girl with money and hang on to his self-respect."

"True. But there are always exceptions to all rules in life, except those regarding health. A healthy man is a normal man, and a normal man has no right to remain single. You proved yourself a man this afternoon, considering that you did not know I occupied the wheel seat. Come to think it over, you really saved the day. You gave me the opportunity of steering straight for the police station. Well, good-by."

"Queer duck!" mused the reporter as, after telephoning, he headed for his office. Queer duck, indeed! What a game it was going to be! And this man Jones was playing it like a master. It did not matter that some one had laid down the rules; it was the way in which they were interpreted.

Braine heard of the failure. The Black Hundred was finding its stock far below par value. Four valuable men locked up in the Tombs awaiting trial, and nothing of the seven gunmen gathered in at the old warehouse. Braine began to suspect that his failures were less due to chance than to calculation, that at last he had encountered a mind which anticipated his every move. He would have recognized this fact earlier had it not been that revenge had temporarily blinded him. The spirit of revenge ever makes for mental clarity.

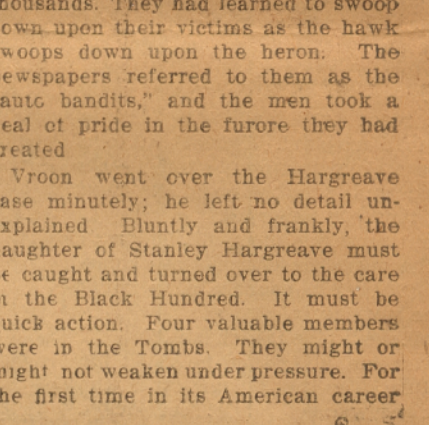
There was a meeting that night of the Black Hundred. Four men were told off, and they drew their chairs up to Vroon's table for instructions. Braine sat at Vroon's elbow. These four men composed the most dangerous quartet in New York city. They were as daring as they were desperate. They were the men who held up bank messengers and got away with thousands. They had learned to swoop down upon their victims as the hawk swoops down upon the heron. The newspapers referred to them as the "auto bandits," and the men took a deal of pride in the furors they had created.

Vroon went over the Hargreave case minutely; he left no detail unexplained. Bluntly and frankly, the daughter of Stanley Hargreave must be caught and turned over to the care of the Black Hundred. It must be quick action. Four valuable members were in the Tombs. They might or might not weaken under pressure. For the first time in its American career

the organization stood facing actual peril; and its one possible chance of salvation lay in the fact that no one's face was known to his neighbor. He, Vroon, and the boss alone knew who and what each man was. But the plans, the ramifications of the organization might become public property; and that would mean an end to an exceedingly profitable business.

(To be continued next week.)

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The Daughter of Hargreave Rode Horseback Every Morning.



Do Not Speak or Make the Least Noise.

SOCIETY COLUMN

Conducted by
Miss Marie Cornell

Entertained

In response to an unique and catchy invitation, couched in poetry a number of friends enjoyed the evening with Mrs. Sisk at the parsonage last week. The rooms were beautifully decorated with cut flowers and ferns. In the dining room, which was especially attractive ever month of the year was represented, while in the center of the table was a large birthday cake on which burned 40 tiny candles, each candle representing a year. Several contests were enjoyed, one of the most amusing was shooting at a large heart with a bow and arrow, in which Mrs. Linguist won a jar of mints. The baby pictures of the guests caused a continuous roar of laughter. Punch and wafers were served upon the arrival of the guests, and music through out the afternoon by Mesdames Lainquist and Rutherford.

Lastly, but not least, the birthday cake was cut and served. Mrs. Sisk proved a hostess of rare ability and her guests went away wishing her many returns of the day.

Those in attendance were Mesdames Hitt, Mangum, Foster Bond, Linguist, Billie Butler, Rutherford, P. P. Bond, Alvis, Geo Carter, Coffman, E. T. Bond, Pit Ramsey, Austin Payne, Wiley Jones, Chas. Neeb, McDonough, Jack Aiken, Ed Baum, Bibbs, Misses. Cora Baum and Ollie McGowen.

Messrs. Simpson and Sessom of lanes county have been visiting J. S. Harlow. They were formerly neighbors of Mr. Harlow in their home county. They are here on a semi-prospecting trip.

We know that times are hard, but you can make them easier by buying your winter shoes, hats, caps, pants etc. from Tartt & Melton where the prices are made to suit. (Adv.)

ECONOMY

is uppermost in the minds of thousands, and this is Cross Plains Economy Store. That is why this store every day is serving a larger number of customers. Winter weather is only a matter of a few weeks away so in your plans for winter supplies look to this store to serve you with good merchandise at prices you know are the lowest.

THE RACKET STORE Married

County Attorney J. R. Black and Miss Eubanks were married at the home of the bride at Admiral Sunday morning, in the presence of a few friends, R. H. Williams officiating. The groom is our county attorney, and is a promising young man, the bride is the oldest daughter of the Eubanks, an old time family of Admiral.

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC

of The Review, published weekly at Cross Plains, required by Act of August 24, 1912. Editor, business manager, publisher, etc., L. P. Henslee, Cross Plains, Texas. Known bondholders, mortgagees, etc., J. H. Kurth, Keltys, Texas.

L. P. Henslee

Sworn to, and subscribed before me this 7th day of October, 1914.
C. C. Neeb, Notary Public,
Callahan County, Texas.

Notice Tax Payers

I will meet the tax-payers of Callahan County at the following places on the dates named below:

Clyde, Friday and Saturday, Oct. 9 & 10
Cottonwood, Monday, Oct. 12th
Atwell, Tuesday, October 13th
Cross Plains, Wednesday and Thursday, October 14th & 15th.
Dressy, Friday (till noon) Oct. 16th
Putnam, Monday, Oct. 19th

The law make it necessary to either pay your poll tax in person or by your legally authorized representative in Writing

W. HOMER SHANKS, Tax Collector, Callahan County, Texas

War Prices!

100 lbs. Cotton White Flour	\$3.15
100 " Belle of Witchita	3.10
100 " Blue Bonnett	2.90
100 " Red Seal Flour	2.85
100 " Sugar	7.50
25 " Sugar	1.85
35 lb. sack of Meal	.75
1 bucket White Cloud Lard	1.15
1 " Crusto Lard	1.25
75c " Green Velva Syrup	.65
1 case Green Velva Syrup	3.75
65c bucket Red Velva "	.55
1 case " " "	3.25
50c bucket Royal Syrup	.45
1 case " " "	2.50
50c bucket Wild Rose Syrup	1.45
1 case " " "	2.50
40c 1-2 gallon bucket Velva	.35
5 pkgs. Arbuckle Coffee	1.10
25c Health club Baking Powder	.20
1 sack Bran	1.40

B. L. BOYDSTUN

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THE CENTRAL HOTEL

LOCATED CLOSE IN

MEALS 25c

BEDS 25c

GIVE US A TRIAL

JIM CROSS, PROPRIETOR

"For those who love a combination of tender passion and daring deeds, this story will have a strong fascination,"

Says the BOSTON GLOBE of

The Maid of the Forest

It's OUR COMING SERIAL and You'll Find It A DANDY!

faith I should find my father."

"This is the truth? The whole truth?"

"Oui, monsieur," and bowed her head.

"Then you know nothing of any new arrivals at the camp? There were some expected?"

"I am sure not," her aroused interest apparent in her voice. "Did others join them? Who were they, monsieur?"

Brady looked at her searchingly, leaning on his gun, the lines of his face stern. I could not forbear stepping forward beside her.

"Never you mind speaking, Master Hayward," he said shortly. "The girl needs no defender; I believe what she says. Now listen, both of you, and see what you make of it. I was within twenty yards of their camp, at the edge of the underbrush, and could see clearly all that occurred about the fire. There was no guard set, but the prisoner lay between two Indians, so that any attempt at rescue was impossible. I could not tell just how many were in the band, for some were lying well back beyond the range of light. I saw Girty, however, get up and put wood on the flame. I had sight drawn on the devil, yet dared not fire. Then he lay down again, and I crept around toward where he had disappeared, thinking I might use a knife to rid the world of such a beast. But before I could reach him there came along the shore a considerable body of Indians.

The sand made no sound, and they passed so close to where I lay one fellow stepped upon my hand. Yet they passed by, trooping into the camp, and I counted thirty."

"Of what tribe, monsieur?"

"From the Wabash. I caught words in the language of the Shawnees. They had a white man with them."

"A prisoner?"

"No; he talked with Girty in English, and then to the savages in their own tongue. I could only catch a word now and then I could understand, but he pointed toward the island, and seemed to urge them this way. I dared not stay there longer, for fear I should be too late, and so crept backward, and got away."

She stepped forward and grasped his arm.

"What was the white man like, monsieur? You saw his face?"

"No; never once did he front the fire. I heard his voice, and could see the outline of his figure. He was a big fellow, not unlike the ensign here, and he wore a red coat."

For one moment she stood motionless, one hand pressed against her temple, the other grasping his sleeve. The cheek toward me flamed red.

"You—you are sure?" she faltered.

"He—he looked like that?"

"Yes, mademoiselle," his tone that of surprise. "It was dark but I could see that."

"And this man is really an American officer?" her dark eyes flashing toward me. "He has never been in the north before?"

A grim smile curled Brady's lips, as his keen gray eyes swept over the two of us.

"I reckon maybe it was 'bout a year ago I fust met the ensign, mademoiselle, up at Fort Pitt, an' off an' on ever since we've run against each other along the Ohio. I don't know what all this may be leadin' to, but so far as I can see, he ain't no cause to tell you a lie."

She hesitated, glancing from his sober face into mine; then impulsively held out her hand.

"I—I am glad, monsieur," her lips trembling. "I—I cannot tell you how glad. It is such a strange thing that you should look so much alike and bear the same name. Can the other be a relative of yours?"

I shook my head.

"Hardly; we are I suppose of English stock, but my family has been a hundred years in Maryland. But about this Englishman?"

"He was ever urging the tribes to war, lying to them, pledging them help. He came to my people—I am a Wyandot—often. He met my father there in council, the one ever advocating war, the other counseling peace. He failed in his mission to our people, yet somehow my father liked him; perhaps it was a pleasure to talk again with one who knew Europe and the late books. And the Englishman, hoping thus to finally win my father over to his side, was most cordial. He played a part that he might keep my father on long journeys to other tribes while he remained behind to poison the minds of our own people. I overheard his words, his lying prom-

ises to our warriors. Yet in spite of all, the Wyandots remained at peace; they alone held back the tribes from war. I appealed to them, monsieur; I, a mere girl, held before them a cross, and they listened, and were afraid. They drove the Englishman from the camp, back to his master."

"And what then?"

"My father still trusted him, and he came back once more. They went away together, as I supposed on some mission to the tribes. I heard nothing, no message came back. I came to this island with two of my people, but there was no one here; the cabin was deserted. There came to me a report that they were seen together on the Wabash, and I journeyed there also. The Miamis told me a strange story of treachery and death at the hands of the Americans. I half believed it a lie; yet I must know. My Wyandots would go no further; they were afraid, so I came by myself to the Shawnees, and then, with French boatmen, journeyed up the great river to the fort of the American commander. You know the rest, messieurs."

She was leaning back against the table, holding herself erect by her hands. Her story had been told swiftly, interjected with French phrases where English failed her.

"Yes," I burst forth, "you came here again and found him dead—murdered—and—and you believed I did it!"

CHAPTER X.

The Barrier Between.

Her eyes deserted Brady's face and sought mine. "Not now, monsieur, not now," she said gently. "I was blind then with suspicion. The name, the face, the giant form deceived me. But, messieurs, we must not stand and talk. I am in no danger; they will never lay hands on me, but they will come here seeking you. It will be as the Englishman wishes; he will tell them you are here, that you have killed Wa-pa-tee-tah of the Wyandots. He will point out to them the dead body, and cry for vengeance. They are young warriors, mad already with blood-lust. Miamis, Shawnees, Ojibwas—many of them outcasts from their tribes. No words of mine will restrain them, or save you. There will be blood and war. You must not wait, messieurs; you must go!"

"And leave you here with those demons?"

She made a swift gesture.

"I!—Mother of God, you do not understand. There is nothing for me to fear. They dare not touch me. They know me—I am a Wyandot. To do me evil would mean war. It is of yourselves you must think. I will remain here with my father's body; they will find me alone when they come."

She stepped past Brady to the door, opened it and glanced out into the night.

"T is an hour yet until day," she said coming back. "That will give you time. They will be here with the first light of dawn. There will be no attack until then. You must delay no longer."

We followed her out into the night, across the narrow clearing into the fringe of woods. There were clouds overhead, and very dark, but there seemed to be a path winding through the dense tangle of underbrush. Only for a moment did the girl hesitate, bending down and listening. Then she led the way around a narrow point of sand, pressed back some bushes, and revealed the sharp prow of a canoe. Brady flung down his pack, and hauled the light craft down to the edge of the water.

"Lay hold there, Schultz," he ordered in low voice, "till we get her afloat."

I stood alone back in the shadow, hesitating, uncertain. It was in my heart to refuse to desert her there. She turned toward me.

"You must get away at once," she said. "There is little enough time. Head straight out for the opposite shore."

"But I have no wish to go without you."

"Without me?" her voice questioning. "There is nothing for me to flee from; I have nothing to fear from Indians. Is it so hard for you to recall what I am?"

"Yes, it is, mademoiselle," I pleaded earnestly. "My thought will not associate you with these savages. Perhaps I might if I knew your people, but not such ruthless murderers as those yonder, wearing the scalps of women. Who is to protect you from that motley crew? Will it be Girty? or that English agent?"

Her eyes met mine even in the darkness.

"I shall need appeal to neither, monsieur. You do not in the least understand. I am not a mere squaw of the Wyandots, but a teacher they love. There is not a tribe from the Wabash to the upper lakes among whom my name is not known. I have even sat in council with the chiefs, and spoken. Touch me, those outlaws! Not one would dare lay a finger upon me. I am as safe among them as my father was."

PERSONAL MENTION

Cross Plains Review for one year for \$1.00.

Mrs. R. Gray Powell returned Friday from a week's visit at Baird.

Mrs. S. P. Rumph and little daughter Mary Sue returned Friday P. M. from several days visit with relatives at Carbon.

Studebaker buggies at Carter's

WANTED—Stock to graze 800 acres of land. Good grass and water. Can pasture 200 head of cattle or horses.

Frank Thate.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Boswell have gone to Cross Plains where they will spend a few months while Mr. Boswell is at work on the Higginbotham new building. Adolphus Boswell accompanied them and will work there also.—De Leon Free Press

Buy your coffins, caskets and robes from the Cross Plains Furniture Store. (adv)

Mrs. Eldon Boydston accompanied her mother Mrs. J. W. Dickey to her home at Weatherford, leaving here Wednesday.

De Laval Separators save \$10.00 to \$15 per cow. Sold on terms that are in reach of every one.

Joe Shackelford.

The M. L. Clark and Sons shows are scheduled to be here Oct. 16th. Their advance agent was here last Friday and gave us advertising for his show which appeared in the last issue of The Review. He promises a good clean show.

Coffins and caskets at Carter's.

W. E. Melton and family Wednesday moved to Baird. Mr. Melton will return to be in his business for a while before assuming the duties of county tax collector.

THE WAR SCARE

makes everybody want to practice economy. We are prepared in every department to aid our customers in this desire. We have a good stock of cash-bought merchandise and can save you money. Look over our store before you buy. It will pay you.

THE RACKET STORE

Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Adkisson left Sunday for Dallas where they bought Christmas goods for the Racket Store. They returned Wednesday. During their absence Albert ran the store.

Rubberoid 1 & 2 ply, \$2.25 and \$2.50 per square. Good stock on hand.—Shackelford Lmbr. Yd.

Let us clean and press your old winter clothes; we make them look good as new, or if you want a new suit let us order it. A perfect fit guaranteed. The price is right.

Tartt the Tailor.

Before you buy any cream separator be sure to see and try the De Laval. (adv)

I will be glad to send the De Laval out to your home with a man to show you how it runs and separate two milkings, which will not put you under any obligation to buy, whatever.—Joe Shackelford.

Miss Beulah Lively attended the singing convention at Turkey Creek Sunday.

Lodge Directory

Masonic Lodge No 627



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

over Bank of Cross Plains.

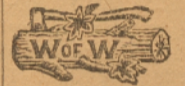


Meets every Saturday night at M. W. A. Hall, Cross

Plains, Tex

M. C. Baum, Clerk

W. O. W. Camp No. 778.



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

E. T. Bond, Clerk.

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 1st 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. B. D. Wesley, Clerk

W. O. W. No. 666

meets 2nd and last Saturday in each month.

B. D. Wesley, Clerk

I O O F

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

The Young Man's Opportunity

A Splendid Salary Working For Uncle Sam.

The Tyler Commercial College of Tyler, Texas, makes a specialty of preparing young people to pass the Civil Service Examination as stenographers typists and bookkeepers. This class of Civil Service work pays \$900 a year and upward; our students seldom start at less than \$1000 for the first year. This line of Civil Service work is about the safest work a young person could pursue. With us they are sure of being able to pass the examination; when they pass the examination, they are sure of the position; when they have the position, they are sure of a good salary; they are also sure of easy hours and promotion. Make your arrangements now.

The Tyler Commercial College, it is a commercial training institution that fits one with a thorough, practical education that enables him to enter the business world on a broad plan. Regardless of wars, our government must have stenographers, bookkeepers and operators. Then again, there is plenty of demand for help in all parts of the country with the exception of the cotton raising districts. We have been getting many calls for help from the grain states as the crops are good and the war has caused an advance in price. A graduate from our institution is not confined to any one section of the state or to any one state. He can go where there is plenty of business and take care of himself during almost any adversity. The president of our institution, Mr. Byrne, has just returned from Europe where he went as a member of the American Commissions of Municipal Executive and Civic Leaders. He is confident that the European War is going to be a commercial blessing in disguise for the United States, and that there never was a better time than now for young people to prepare themselves for a broad, active business career. Write for catalog and full particulars. If you cannot enter for personal instructions, take our course by correspondence; it is practical, it is thorough; guaranteed to be as recommended or it costs you nothing. For full particulars address Civil Service Dept. Tyler Commercial College, Tyler, Tex. State course interested in.

Mrs. Anglin Richardson departed this life Sep. 29, 1914 being 64 years old. She leaves a husband and five sons and three daughters, and host of other friends to mourn her loss. Her remains were laid to rest in the Cottonwood cemetery Sept. 30. The writer tried to speak words of comfort to the bereaved. I. M. Ue serv

Mr. Adkisson has just returned from Dallas where he says he found business quiet with the wholesale people. He states they were offering extraordinary inducements to cash buyers, and that he purchased desirable goods at a below regular prices.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm. NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

DENTIST

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

Dr. TYSON

Office 1st Door South of The Racket Store.
Office Phone 50; Resid't 167

W A PAYNE

Painter and Decorater

Estimates Cheerfully Furnished

Phone 42 Cross Plains

Dr. E. H. RAMSEY

DENTIST

OVER FARMER'S NATIONAL BANK



The Crystal Cafe

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

T. E. Henson, Prop.

THE BENNETT HOTEL

Successor to Traveling Man's Hotel

Under New Management

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

BENNETT BROTHERS, Prop's.

COULD SCARCELY WALK ABOUT

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

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

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

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

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

SUCCESSFUL CANDIDATES

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

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

For County Clerk:
Chas. Nordyke, 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] Petterson.

For Public Weigher of Precinct No. 6

Martin Neeb

For Justice of the Peace of Precinct No. 6.

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