

# THE CROSS PLAINS REVIEW

VOL. 5.

CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS, FRIDAY, APRIL 10 1914.

NO. 5

## MAIL SERVICE TO COTTONWOOD

The Post Office department is advertising for bids for a contract to carry the mail between Cross Plains and Cottonwood, service to begin July 1. The bids stipulate that the mail is to leave here at 9 a. m. and arrive here on return at 2 p. m. This will be a star route, but will give us about the same service as would a rural route. Our postmaster has been working on this for some time, but says he had about given up hopes of being successful. Mr. Hembree says we are also indebted to Congressman Smith for this added service. This is indeed a nice addition to our mail service, which has been poor enough. We will now have direct connection with our county seat Baird, besides being able to serve the patrons on this star route and the patrons of the Cottonwood office.

Lost: A black-gum rainproof overcoat, between Foss Bond's and John Tucker's. Finder leave at this office.

## FISHING TACKLES

See us for fish hooks, fish lines and all kinds of fishing tackles; we have a complete assortment.

The Racket Store.

## THE RABBIT HUNT

Monday a bunch went to R. P. Odom's neighborhood and slaughtered 495 rabbits, which is pretty good work. Will Cutbirth killed 38, Fred Cutbirth and Jim Bennett 32 each, these men getting the largest number to their credit.

Miss "Bill" Lively spent Saturday and Sunday night with her folks at Turkey Creek.

Martin Neeb in forms us that he has weighed to date 4290 bales of cotton. He will likely reach the 4300 mark. Last year there were about 5200 bales weighed. The deficit is due more to the increased acreage in peanuts in 1913 than to a poorer cotton crop.

Remember, I am selling oil at 15c per gallon.

J W Westerman

If you will use Jap-a-Lac or Linoleum on your floor you will not have to scrub all summer. We have both for you.

Furniture Store

J. S. Ayers of Rowden was here Monday, to dispose of the last of his cotton crop.

A. T. Davis of Cross Cut was a visitor on our streets this week.

This is spring time when you are arranging your house for summer, you need a few pieces of new furniture to make things look good and we have the furniture and are anxious to help you arrange your house; come in and trade with us.

Furniture Store

## JUST RECEIVED

A big assortment of files; remember if you need a hoe file or a saw file we will save you money.

The Racket Store.

Will Harlow of Abilene, was here the first of the week with his folks.

Only 50cts for pressing your suit

Carl Murdock

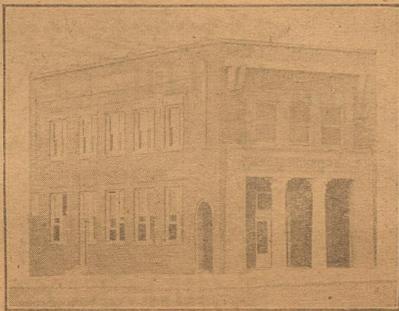
## CONDITIONS

H. W. KUTEMAN, Pres.  
J. E. SPENCER, V. Pres.  
VIRGIL HART, Cashier C. C. NEEB, Asst. Cashier

**The Bank of Cross Plains**  
(UN-INCORPORATED)  
Responsibility \$1,000,000  
CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS.

Now prevailing have demonstrated to the farmers and other individuals alike the wisdom of "Tieing to a Good Bank." Stay with it and it will stay with you. Nothing comes to the man who changes with the wind for temporary accommodations. Every Bank will loan in time of plenty. This Bank will always loan to "true and tried customers."

## THE BANK OF CROSS PLAINS



## THE FARMERS NAT'L BANK

CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS

Capital and Surplus, \$30,000.00.

We Bank On You; You Bank With Us.

## A Business Training at Mc'S Business College

will equip you to BE MORE-DO-MORE and MAKE MORE than any business training you could secure elsewhere.

## Our Superior Facilities in Every Department

make it possible to give our students a training that will at once impress the business man with a thoroughness and up-to-dateness that he has not found in graduates of other schools. Such a training means bigger salaries to the graduates of this institution.

Before making your decision, you should not fail to investigate this school. Call, write or phone for our catalogue. DO IT NOW before you forget.

Mc'S Business College,  
Brownwood, Texas.

Mrs. R. F. Bennett of Cottonwood was here Tuesday.

Cash goes farther here. Try it.

Carter & Kenady

Messdames S. H. Arrowood and J. G. Jeanes have returned from a trip to their father's in south Texas.

No shoddy goods at this store.

Carter & Kenady

Feterita seed, white and red maize and kaffir corn seed for sale by

J. Lee Jones.

Alex Baum and wife attended church at the Star Sunday.

## Spring and Summer Reading at Half Price

A careful selection of the literature you order for home reading this spring and summer is very necessary. The best selection for general reading is

## The All-Southern Combination

Cross Plains Review ..... \$1.00 a year  
Holland's Magazine [Monthly] ..... 1.00 a year  
Farm and Ranch [Weekly] ..... 1.00 a year  
ALL TO YOU UNTIL DEC. 1, 1914, for \$1.00.

Bring or send for this combination at once. Farm and Ranch and Holland's are published in Texas and give you the best at all times. Cross Plains Review gives you all the home news.

This Offer to New Subscribers Only.  
Order Them Today  
Tell Your Friends About It

## "SWAT THE FLY"

Buy Your Screen Goods from Shackelford Lmbr. Yd.

Bernie Richardson, manager of the Home Telephone Co. of Baird, was here the first of the week.

Joe Pyle and wife and daughter Miss Ina of south of town were here Monday.

We will not be undersold. Try us.

Carter and Kenady

## SPRING BARGAINS

You need not wait until the seasons end for sale reductions. As cash buyers and cash sellers, we enjoy a trade advantage that enables us to offer big savings on new, seasonable goods at all times.

The Racket Store.

Alford Williams made a trip to the Star Monday.

## TEACHER'S LOCAL INSTITUTE

10:00 A. M.

1. Devotional Exercises.
2. Welcome Address.
3. Punishment—Mr. Webb & Jones.
4. Physical growth and development of the child—Mr. Head and Miss Webb.

1:30 P. M.

1. Salary and Tenure of Rural Teachers—Mr. Stafford and Lourie.
2. Ends and means of school government—Mr. Griffin and Walker.
3. The Teacher as a Governor, and conditions of easy control—Mr. Hickman and Mrs. Williams.
4. Child Study applied in school, Mr. Devaney and Steel.

7:30 P. M.

1. Rural School Maintenance—Mr. McDonald.
2. Reading—Minnie Wright.
3. The Delight of Teaching—Mr. Price.

4. How the Rural School effects the social life of the people—Mr. Clay.
5. Recitation—Myrtle Wesley.
6. Coleman County Schools and the Democrat Voice—Mr. Hollingsworth.

The foregoing program will be interspersed with music. Every one is invited, especially, patrons and teachers. The teachers from a distance will be considered guests of the Burkett people. The program is to be rendered April 18, at Burkett School House.

Ollie Livingston, Sec'y.

Mr. Mail Order Man: Have you investigated our proposition to save you money on your mail order business? Don't believe it? Let us prove it.

Carter & Kenady

## BURKET WINS DEBATE

LARGE CROWD OUT. CONDUCTED IN GENTLEMANLY MANNER

The opera house was full to overflowing Saturday night. The occasion for the crowd was the debate on woman suffrage between two of the Burkett boys, namely Barney Lindly and Ivan Manngering, and two Cross Plains boys, namely Jesse Moore and Walter Causey. Mr. Settle was elected chairman of the meeting. The whole affair was very pleasant, there being perfect harmony between the opposing sides, and being free from personalities. The judges were Will Harlow, Dr. Ramsey, Gene Adams, Robert Williamson and another. The question was, Resolved, that it would be detrimental to the public good to grant woman equal franchise with man. The Burkett boys affirmed, and the Cross Plains boys denied. All the boys did exceedingly well. The affirmative probably won from the strong and ably presented arguments of Mr. Lindly, who has the advantage somewhat over the other boys from experience in the forensic art. Our boys were graceful losers. In a fight like they put up to lose is also to gain. Efforts will be made to arrange another debate on some live question at an early date, to be held here. Considerable interest is manifested in such an effort.

## SPECIAL TRAIN TO RISING STAR

Mr. E. P. Crawford got busy last Wednesday in the work of getting up a special train on Thursday for Rising Star, account of the meeting being conducted by the Erwin brothers. The railroad company proposed to make the trip for \$75.00 which at 55cts. for the round trip would require 138 passengers. Mr. Crawford secured sufficient encouragement from our people that the guarantee was made to the railroad. An extra crew from DeLeon made the run. The receipts lacked but \$2.00 of covering the required amount, which deficit was made up by small donations. This is rather a new thing in local history, the running of a special train on account of a meeting. It was a great success. Everybody enjoyed the occasion. We left here 6:15; arrived at the Star about dusk, attended church, left the Star about 10:15.

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

## THE CITY ELECTION

In the election Tuesday for city officers, D. P. Carter was elected Mayor, and W. C. Adams, J. M. Greenhill, J. H. Shackelford, Chas. Mangham and Willie Butler were elected Aldermen, and A. G. Foster, Marshall. In the race for Mayor Mr. Carter received 33 and Mr. Hartt 32 votes. Although there had been before Monday nothing said about the election, a pretty nice vote was polled.

## EASTER SPELL

Easter Sunday is about upon us; its usual accompanying cold spell has already passed over us. Tuesday and Wednesday were blasty and unusually cold for April, which led the way for a big frost and freeze Wednesday night. So far as we have learned, nearly all garden stuff, which was necessarily young was destroyed by the freeze.

## 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 prospects for a good year are now so good that most of us have forgotten that we were ever in need of rain.

The grain crop since the rains is looking fine. There is now no reason why we should not make a bountiful cereal crop this year.

Monday week will be our regular trades day. We as a town have about lost all interest in this day, while Clyde, Coleman, DeLeon and other towns are working hard to build up regular trades days.

Occasionally a country newspaper editor unbosoms himself and gives expression to some wholesome truths. Here is a case in point, from the editor of the Hamilton Record: "The woman with a beautiful mind and a gentle heart looms up in even a cotton kimona, like a Grecian Goddess on dress parade." Ex.

When Cross Plains has her rural route serving Burkett and Cross Cut and her star route serving Cottonwood she will get in close touch with nearly if not quite double the number of people she already serves. Heretofore we have had but our city list plus the patrons of our one rural route, all of which would not have made more than 500 families. Even Pioneer on the railroad was and is still a full day removed from us. Then about 150 to 175 families served from Cottonwood, about the same number from Burkett and hardly so many from Cross Cut, will be brought within four or five hours, service of us. This is a consummation much to be desired.

We believe that great good can come of the debating of current issues by the young men of the country. In this work they learn to investigate subjects, to look into them deeply, to see them in all their phases and applications. This is an intellectual training not by any means to be deprecated. It also inculcates the study of current events, necessitating an understanding of the worlds' thought. It teaches them to think and speak in public, something but few are ever able to do. This is the principal good to be gained. Except in such work, how is the boy in a community like ours to learn to speak publicly? Our ablest orators have graduated from the county public debates. Among them were Webster, Garfield, Napoleon, et al ad finitum. The Review is willing and anxious to do anything it can to stimulate an interest among the boys in this work.

For cleaning and pressing,—see Carl Murdock

Order that Spring suit here.

Carter and Kenady

Cliff Borden made a trip Tuesday to Burkett.

Case Cultivators are better.

Carter & Kenady

Karl Murdock and wife spent Tuesday night at Cottonwood.

One of the Everett brothers of Cottonwood returned home Tuesday via Cross Plains from a trip east.

W. H. Duke of Sabanno was in town Monday. Mr. Duke paid us a dollar on subscription and 25c for the Farm and Ranch for seven months. Mr. Duke likes the Review, but says that he would appreciate its having more news.

## HONOR ROLL

The Review is very grateful to those whose names appear below for cash paid on subscription since the last publication of the Honor Roll.

Frank Sanders, T J Martin, J A Brownlee, A H McCord, J M Coffman, L W Clement, T W Tatt, T L Blanton, CA Mayes, Bud Harpoll, T D Pope, W T Austin, R C Baum, Ely Neeb, M F Westerman, R P Odom, I Day, W L Trammell, W F Elliot, Willie Butler, J W Scott, P C Beeler, J F Bryson, Lydie Keller, Sam Robinson, WS Melton J T Bruce, G W Dennis, Drew Merriman, C H Harlow, J P Phillips, C C Long, Mrs. Andy DeBusk

R M Renfro, T F Wolte, P Smith, J P Triplett, H R Franke, M A Baum, Sam Davidson, W R Wagner, A M Martin, W R Elliott, C E Atwood, Bill Gibbard, Wm. Neeb, J L Ferrell, Jno. Farr, Henry Thate, Sr., G W Clutts, J I Crass, W H Lacy, J A Atwood, C I Hunter, Clark Nichols, J C. Oscar, and H H McDermitt, Barney Lindley, W R Shipp, J C Garrett, D N Patterson, for himself and son, A W Booth, J S Booth, S E Odom, J S Harlow, M R Gelson, S T Swafford, B W Webb, J M Childers for himself and brother, Joe Linquist, Chas. Mangrum, J P Baum, Wylie Jones, M J Manning, J A Bownlee and Rosa Atwood, C E Gillett, W O Spencer Wm. Esser, Ivan Odom, A F Roberts and J L McDaniel.

If any one has paid us on subscription during February and March whose names have not appeared in the Honor Roll, please see us about it, as we try to make the Honor Roll a receipt for subscriptions, and the omission of your name means that you are not credited with cash on our books.

Bill Cibbard makes the sixth announced candidate for cotton weigher of this precinct. Bill says that so far he is the last to announce, but he does not mean by any means to be the last at the primaries. Bill is well known here. He has many friends who would be glad to see him elected.

Joe Y. Frazier has authorized us to carry his announcement for the office of tax collector, subject to the action of the democratic primaries. In writing us, Mr. Frazier states that he has been handicapped on account of being away from home for employment, but that he will return May 1st. to enter upon his canvass. He further states that he is a native of the county and has had several years experience in the tax collector's office. He is a young man and altogether worthy of the office.



Judge Ocie Speer's announcement appears in the Review for reelection for Associate Justice of Court of Civil Appeals. His has been quite a good record, having but two of his opinions reversed in the last two years. He is an able Judge, and has received the flattering support of the bar throughout his district. He takes a prominent stand in school matters also.

Notice: I have opened up a restaurant in the Murdock barber shop building, and am prepared to serve all kinds of short orders. Chile a specialty. I handle bread, and will sell 6 loaves for 25c. When hungry, see me.

J. C. Murrdock, Sr.

Mrs. Fuller Carter of Fort Worth arrived here Wednesday, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Carter.

Cottonwood News.

While it is misty this morning and every thing is quiet, we will try to "dish up" some of the local happenings of our town and community.

Quiet a number of the citizens of our town have been waging war on "Brer Rabbit" for the past several days and it seems with this continual onslaught that it will only be a question of a very short time when the species will become extinct.

Wednesday April 1st. as Mrs. Taylor and her daughter were "in route" to Cottonwood and just reaching town, her horse became frightened at an automobile and turned the

buggy over and threw Mrs. Taylor out, thus inflicting several painful bruises on her, but nothing of a serious nature has developed yet. Miss Taylor, the daughter, escaped without injury.

T. L. Conway, our county tax assessor and a candidate for reelection, was in our midst last week taking an inventory of our wealth, and incidentally shaking hands with the "dear people".

Lee Champion with some others took in the ball game at Abilene this week.

Miss Beulah Respass who is attending the Britton's Training School at Cisco was visiting homefolks Saturday.

Mack Gilleland of Georgetown is staying with his father Rev. W. A. Gilleland who is farming near Dressy.

Miss Jewell Gilleland who is teaching the Erath school was a visitor at Cottonwood the 28th. the guest of her uncle J. T. Respass, where she met her father Rev. Gilleland and Mack her brother.

Miss Jewell had charge of the primary department of the Cottonwood school the term previous to the present one.

Say, Mr. Editor, it is not a good plan to get too previous in publishing marriages in our community for they are a little bit treacherous. We have had our faber poised on several occasions to record one of these blissful occasions and had to wait indefinitely.

Queer Fellow.

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## FLUSHES KIDNEYS ENDS BACKACHE

Mi-cro-line Bladder and Kidney Remedy Banishes Lumbago, Rheumatism, and Bladder Trouble. If you suffer with torturing backache or sharp rheumatic pains, or are troubled with distressing bladder disorders and kidneys affections, two or three doses of Mi-cro-line Bladder and Kidney Remedy will suffice to convince you that you need suffer no longer. Its continued use for reasonable time will surely and permanently end all your complaints. Mi-cro-line Bladder and Kidney Remedy is a perfect uric solvent, which enter the kidneys and promptly sets to work throwing out the poisonous uric acid from the blood, which weakened and diseased kidneys have allowed to accumulate, thereby causing those sharp pains in your side, back and joints, painful, scanty urination, stones in bladder etc. All these are positively relieved by Mi-cro-line Bladder and Kidney Remedy. It is absolutely unnecessary to suffer longer. Give Mi-cro-line Bladder and Kidney Remedy a trial. It so seldom fails that it is now sold on a guarantee to benefit the first time used or your money back. Try it—it is just what you want. Send at once to Rogers Drug and Chemical Co., Dallas, Texas, for a thirty day's treatment \$1.00 or for sample and Booklet which costs nothing. Sold in Cross Plains by, Wagner and Son a reliable Drug Store. (adv)

## AN INSPIRATION TO THE YOUNG

Eight men, of the University of Texas, are holding appointments under the Wilson regime. They are David F. Houston, Secretary of Agriculture; A. S. Burleson, Postmaster General; T. W. Gregory, special attorney in the Attorney General's Department; M. M. McLean, at the head of one of the most important departments under the Postmaster General; R. E. Crawford, connected with the Attorney General's Department; James C. Wilson, a classmate of Morris Shephard, United States District Attorney for the Northern District; John E. Green, Jr., United States District Attorney for the Southern District of Texas; Otto Preager, postmaster of Washington, D. C.

It is worthy of remark that all of these men have achieved success without the aid of wealth or position. While Mr. Burleson belongs to a prominent Texas family, at least in his early years, he was not overly supplied with riches. Secretary Houston is the son of a farmer in South Carolina. Messrs. Gregory, Crawford and Wilson have achieved success through years of self-denial and mainly without financial aid other than money they earned for themselves. Mr. McLean and Green are both sons of Methodist circuit riders. Mr. Preager earned his way through college by doing newspaper work. The achievement of these eight men should be of inspiration to every poor and aspiring youth in the land.—News Bulletin Texas University.

## "THE ROAD TO LITTLENESS."

Occasionally a merchant decides that he ought to "save" a part of his advertising expense, so he drops his advertising for a time, or reduces his accustomed space. If he were advised that he could also save money by closing his store door for a few days or weeks, or through discharging his clerical force, or by moving into quarters half as large, he would scoff such advice. Yet, such a course would be exactly on a par, as a business policy, with that of dropping out of the procession as an advertiser. The merchant who has the courage to INCREASE HIS ADVERTISING when the "pinch" of poor business comes, is the merchant who DOES win! He avoids "the road to littleness"—Comanche Chief-Exponent.

## RENALT

(A pure vegetable remedy)

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

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

Dr. E.H. RAMSEY

DENTIST

OVER FARMER'S NATIONAL BANK

## BLACKSMITHING

We Do All Kinds of Blacksmith Work. We have added new Equipment and Guarantee All Work.  
Barr & Coffee  
Blacksmith Shop

## W A PAYNE

Painter and Decorator  
Estimates Cheerfully  
Furnished  
Phone 42 Cross Plains

THE CROSS PLAINS REVIEW \$1.00

## Main Street Restaurant

We have taken charge of this Restaurant, and ask you when in town to come to us for meals, short orders, etc, we make a specialty of Chili. Give us a trial.

Mrs. M. J. Manning, Prop.

## GO TO THE CASH GROCERY

For sanitary staple and groceries.

THE HIGHEST Market Price Paid for BUTTER and EGGS.

I also handle Leather Goods

See me before buying.

J. W. Westerman

## THE CENTRAL HOTEL

LOCATED CLOSE IN

MEALS 25c

BEDS 25c

GIVE US A TRIAL

JIM CROSS, PROPRIETOR

## Cross Plains Development Co.

Agents for Cross Plains Townsite Company.  
LANES, LOANS and INSURANCE

NOTARIES PUBLIC IN OFFICE.

Office in rear of Bank of Cross Plains.

## The Crystal Cafe

I am still running the Cafe. on North 8th Street by the Postoffice. I will appreciate a part of your business.

Tom Henson, Prop.

## ATTENTION, Automobile Owners!

You don't have to send off, or go to neighboring towns for your Auto supplies. We carry in stock here at Cross Plains a good supply of Casings, Tubes, Spark Plugs, Pumps, Jacks, Rubber and Brass Tubing, Priming Cup, Batteries, Tool Boxes, Rubber Buckles, Mud Chains, Tire Covers, Crbde, Engine Oil and Grease. We sell and Exchange Prest-O-Lites. Casings and Tubes are spot cash to all.

We will appreciate your business.

G. S. BOYLES

The Review, \$1.00

# KEITH OF THE BORDER

## A TALE OF THE PLAINS

By RANDALL PARRISH

Author of "MY LADY OF THE SOUTH," "WHEN WILDERNESS WAS KING," etc.

Illustrations by DEARBORN MELVILL

(Copyright, A. C. McClurg & Co., 1910.)

### SYNOPSIS.

**CHAPTER I**—Jack Keith, a typical border plainsman, is riding along the Santa Fe trail on the lookout for roaming war parties of savages. Keith had won his spurs as captain in a Virginia regiment during the civil war. He had left the service to find his old southern home in ashes, his friends scattered, and the fascination of wild western life had allured him. He notices a camp fire at a distance and the road team attached to a wagon and at full gallop pursued by men on ponies.

**CHAPTER II**—When Keith reaches the wagon the raiders have massacred two men, shot the horses and departed. He searches the victims' clothing, papers and a pocket with a woman's portrait. He resolves to hunt down the murderers.

**CHAPTER III**—Keith reaches Carson City and is arrested there charged with murdering and robbing the two travelers. His accuser is given as Black Bart, a notorious thief.

**CHAPTER IV**—They can readily swear the crime on Keith. The latter goes to jail fully realizing the peril of swift border justice. A companion in his cell is a negro, who tells him he is Neb and that he knew the Keith family back in Virginia.

**CHAPTER V**—Neb knows about the two murdered men from the description by Keith. He says one was John Sibley, the other Gen. Willis Waite, formerly an officer in the Confederate army.

**CHAPTER VI**—The plainsman and his humble friend escape from the cell.

**CHAPTER VII**—The two fugitives become lost in the sand desert.

**CHAPTER VIII**—They come upon a cabin and find its lone occupant to be a beautiful young girl. Keith recognizes her as a singer he saw at Carson City.

**CHAPTER IX**—The girl explains that she came there in search of a brother who had deserted from the army. She had met a Mr. Hawley, who had induced her to come to the cabin while he sought to locate her brother.

**CHAPTER X**—Hawley appears, and Keith in hiding recognizes him as the notorious Black Bart. Hawley tries to make love to the girl.

**CHAPTER XI**—There is a terrific battle in the barroom room, in which Keith overcomes Black Bart. Horses are appropriated, and the girl who says that her name is Hope, joins in the escape.

**CHAPTER XII**—Keith explains his situation as a fugitive from justice.

**CHAPTER XIII**—The fugitives make for the ford of the Arkansas aiming to reach Fort Larned.

**CHAPTER XIV**—Here the girl is left in charge of the hotel landlady.

**CHAPTER XV**—Keith is riding Black Bart's horse, and in the saddle-bags discovers a letter bearing the name of Christie Maclaire and he believes Miss Hope deceived him in disclaiming that name. Miss Hope tells the landlady that she is the daughter of General Waite.

**CHAPTER XVI**—The fugitives Keith and Neb arrive in Sheridan. Hope Waite meets an old friend named Fairbain, a doctor. The plainsman speaks of the murder of General Waite, but Fairbain insists that the general is alive in Sheridan only the day previous.

**CHAPTER XVII**—At the tavern Keith is disturbed by the talk of two men in an adjoining apartment. One of them speaks of trying to find Black Bart. He calls his companion, Fred Willoughby, which is the assumed name of the brother of Hope Waite. When the other man is gone, Keith enters the room.

**CHAPTER XVIII**—Willoughby acknowledges that Hope is his sister, but is evasive about Christie Maclaire.

**CHAPTER XIX**—An overheard conversation convinces Keith that Hope Waite is not the stage singer Christie Maclaire, but that Black Bart has some plot in progress involving the two girls and the profligate brother.

**CHAPTER XX**—Hope, getting a clew to the fact that General Waite is at Sheridan, starts for that town.

**CHAPTER XXI**—Hope Waite is mistaken for Christie Maclaire at Sheridan.

**CHAPTER XXII**—Keith meets the real Christie Maclaire and finds that Black Bart has convinced her that there is a mystery in her life which he is going to turn to her advantage.

**CHAPTER XXIII**—The plainsman calls upon Hope Waite and tells of her resemblance to Christie Maclaire. They decide that Fred Willoughby may hold the key to the situation.

**CHAPTER XXIV**—Keith locates Willoughby, but it is to find the army deserter just shot dead by a lawless gang.

**CHAPTER XXV**—Hope is told of the death of her brother by Keith. He again comes across Christie Maclaire.

**CHAPTER XXVI**—Keith tries to learn what representations Black Bart has made to the stage singer, but she declines to tell him.

**CHAPTER XXVII**—Hope suggests that in order to learn the secret of Black Bart she must briefly impersonate Christie.

**CHAPTER XXVIII**—Dr. Fairbain is in love with Christie Maclaire, and Keith induces him to detain her from the stage while Hope goes to the theater where she meets Black Bart.

**CHAPTER XXIX**—Black Bart really believing Hope to be Christie Maclaire, tells her that General Waite has suspected his plans about an inheritance and that they must fly. Hope is alarmed and demurs.

**CHAPTER XXX**—General Waite appears and confronts Christie Maclaire. He says Black Bart has stolen papers from him regarding an inheritance.

**CHAPTER XXXI**—Keith coming upon the scene is informed by General Waite that Christie Maclaire is the half sister of Hope. The latter has been carried away by Black Bart and his gang.

**CHAPTER XXXII**—Dr. Fairbain avows his love for Phyllis. She accepts him.

**CHAPTER XXXIII**—Keith and his friends strike the trail of Black Bart.

**CHAPTER XXXIV**—Hope has been taken back to the old cabin of the gang.

**CHAPTER XXXV**—The wilderness cabin is the scene of a fight in which Keith and his partners overcome their outlaw enemies.

**CHAPTER XXXVI**—Black Bart and the plainsman meet in a duel in a wild spot and Keith is the victor.

**CHAPTER XXXVII**—The plainsman is wounded in the fight with the desperado but is nursed back to life and health by the faithful Hope Waite.

He distinguished her words clearly enough, although she spoke low, as if she preferred what was said between them should not reach the ears of the negro, yet somehow, for the moment, they made no adequate impression on him. Like a famished wolf he began on the coarse fare, and for ten minutes hardly lifted his head. Then his eyes chanced to meet hers across the narrow table, and instantly the gentleman reawoke to life.

"I have been a perfect brute," he acknowledged frankly, "with no thought except for myself. Hunger was my master, and I ask your forgiveness, Miss Maclaire."

Her eyes smiled.

"I am so very glad to have any one here—any one—in whom I feel even a little confidence—that nothing else greatly matters. Can you both eat, and listen?"

Keith nodded, his eyes full of interest, searching her face.

"Whoever I may be, Mr. Keith, and really that seems only of small importance, I came to Fort Larned seeking some trace of my only brother, whom we last heard from there, where he had fallen into evil companionship. On the stage trip I was fortunate enough to form an acquaintance with a man who told me he knew where I could meet Fred, but that the boy was hiding because of some trouble he had lately gotten into, and that I should have to proceed very carefully so as not to lead the officers to discover his whereabouts. This gentleman was engaged in some business at Carson City, but he employed a man to bring me to this place, and promised to get Fred, and meet me here the following day. There must have been some failure in the plans, for I have been here entirely alone now for three days. It has been very lonesome, and—and I've been a little frightened. Perhaps I ought not to have come, and I am not certain what kind of a place this is. I was so afraid when you came, but I am not afraid now."

"You have no need to be," he said soberly, impressed by the innocent candor of the girl, and feeling thankful that he was present to aid her. "I could not wrong one of the South."

"My father always told me I could trust a Southern gentleman under any circumstances. Mr. Hawley was from my own State, and knew many of our old friends. That was why I felt such unusual confidence in him, although he was but a traveling acquaintance."

"Mr. Hawley?"

"The gentleman whom I met on the stage."

"Oh, yes; you said he was in business in Carson City, but I don't seem to remember any one of that name."

"He was not there permanently; only to complete some business deal."

"And your brother? I may possibly have known him."

She hesitated an instant, her eyes dropping, until completely shaded by the long lashes.

"He—he was rather a wild boy, and ran away from home to enlist in the army. But he got into a bad set, and—and deserted. That was part of the trouble which caused him to hide. He enlisted under the name of Fred Willoughby. Mr. Hawley told me this much, but I am afraid he did not tell me all."

"And he said you would meet him here?"

Keith gazed about the bare surroundings wonderingly. What was this place, hidden away in the midst of the desert, isolated in a spot where not even Indians roamed? Could it be a secret rendezvous of crime, the headquarters of desperadoes, of cat-thief rustlers, of the high system of the Santa Fe Trail—a spot to which they could hide when hard pressed, certain of hiding here in safety? He began to suspect this, but if so, who then was this Hawley, and with what object had he sent this girl here?

Every way he turned was to confront mystery, to face a new puzzle. Whatever she might be—even the music hall singer he believed—she had been inveigled here innocently enough. Even now she possessed only the most vague suspicion that she had been deceived. The center of the whole plot, if there was a plot, must be Hawley.

"Yes," she replied, "he said that this was one of the stations of a big ranch on which Fred was employed, and that he would certainly be here within a day or two."

"You met Hawley on the stage coach? How did you become acquainted?"

"We were alone for nearly fifty miles," her voice faltering slightly, "and—and he called me what you did."

"Christie Maclaire?"

"Yes; he—he seemed to think he knew me, and I needed help so much that I let him believe so. I thought it could do no harm, and then, when I found he actually knew Fred, I didn't think of anything else, only how fortunate I was to thus meet him. Surely something serious must have happened, or he would have been here before this. Do you—do you suppose there is anything wrong?"

Keith did not smile nor change posture. The more he delved into the matter, the more serious he felt the situation to be. He knew all the ranches lying south on the Canadian, and was aware that this was no outstation. No cattle ever came across that sandy desert unless driven by rustlers, and no honest purpose could account for this isolated hut. There had been frequent robberies along the trail, and he had overheard tales of mysterious disappearances in both Larned and Carson City. Could it be that he had now, accidentally, stumbled upon the rendezvous of the gang? He was not a man easily startled, but this thought sent his heart beating.

He knew enough to realize what such a gang would naturally consist of—deserters, outlaws, rustlers; both Indians and whites, no doubt, combined

under some desperate leadership. Gazing into the girl's questioning eyes he could scarcely refrain from blurting out all he suspected. Yet why should he? What good could it do? He could not hope to bear her south to the "Bar X" Ranch, for the ponies were already too thoroughly exhausted for such a journey; he dared not turn north with her, for that would mean his own arrest, leaving her in worse condition than ever. If he only knew who this man Hawley was, his purpose, and plans! Yet what protection could he and Neb prove, alone here, and without arms? All this flashed through his mind in an instant, leaving him confused and uncertain.

"I hope not," he managed to say in answer to her query. "But it is rather a strange mix-up all around, and I confess I fail to comprehend its full meaning. It is hardly likely your friends will show up to-night, and by morning perhaps we can decide what is best to do. Let me look around outside a moment."

Her eyes followed him as he stepped through the door into the darkness; then her head dropped into the support of her hands. There was silence except for the crackling of the fire, until Neb moved uneasily. At the

sound the girl looked up, seeing clearly the good-natured face of the negro.

"You don't need to cry, Missus," he said soberly, "so long as Massa Jack done 'greed to look after yo'."

"Have—have you known him long?"

"Has I knowed him long, honey? Eber sense befo' de wah. Why I done knowed Massa Jack when he wadn't more'n dat high. Lawd, he sho' was a lively youngster, but mighty good hearted to us niggers."

She hesitated to question a servant, and yet felt she must uncover the truth.

"Who is he? Is he all he claims to be—a Virginia gentleman?"

All the loyalty and pride of slavery days was in Neb.

"He sho' am, Missus; dar ain't nuthin' higher in ol' Virginia dan de Keiths. Dey ain't got much money sence the Yankees come down dar, but dey's quality folks jest de same. I was done born on de ol' Conley's plantation, and I reck'n dar wadn't no finer man eber lived. He was done killed in de wah. An' Massa Jack he was a captain; he rode on hossback, an' Lawdy, but he did look scrumptious when he first got his uniform. He done fought all through de wah, an' dey say Ginnal Lee done shook hands wid him, an' said how proud he was ter know him. You kin sutt'nly tie to Massa Jack, Missus."

The negro's voice had scarcely ceased when Keith came in again, closing the door securely behind him.

"All quiet outside," he announced, speaking with new confidence. "I wanted to get an understanding of the surroundings in case of emergency," he explained, as if in answer to the questioning of the brown eyes gravely uplifted to his face. "I see there is quite a corral at the lower end of this island, safely hidden behind the fringe of cottonwoods. And a log stable back of the house. Is the creek fordable both ways?"

"I think so; the man who brought me here rode away south."

"And are you going to trust yourself to my care?"

She came around the table with hands extended. He took them into his grasp, looking down into her eyes.

"Yes," she said softly, "I am going to trust you, Captain Keith."

He laughed.

"Captain, hey? You must have been talking with that black rascal there."

The swift color flooded her face, but her hands remained imprisoned.

"I just done tol' her who de Keiths was down in ol' Virginia, sah," burst in Neb indignantly. "I sho' don't want nobody to think I go trappin' round wid any low white trash."

The gray eyes and the brown, gazing into one another, smiled with understanding.

"Oh, well," Keith acknowledged, genially, "I cannot say I am sorry you know something of my past glories; if one can't have a future, it is some source of pride to have a past to remember. But now about the present. We're not much protection to any one, the way we're fixed, as we are unarmed."

"There is a big revolver hanging in a holster in the other room," she answered, "and a short, sawed-off gun of some kind, but I don't know about ammunition."

"May we investigate?"

"Most certainly," and she threw open the intervening door. As the two stepped into the other apartment she held the lamp in aid of their

search. "There is the revolver on the wall, and the gun is in the opposite corner. Isn't it strange you should be out in this country without arms?"

Keith glanced up, the revolver in his hands. The radiance of the light was full upon her face, revealing the clearness of her skin, the dark shadows of her lashes. There was the faintest tinge of suspicion to the question, but he answered easily.

"We left Carson in something of a hurry. I'll tell you the story to-morrow."

### CHAPTER X.

Mr. Hawley Reveals Himself.

A fragment of candle, stuck tightly into the neck of an empty bottle, appeared on a low shelf, and Keith lighted it, the girl returning the lamp to its former position on the front room table. Investigation revealed a dozen cartridges fitting the revolver, but no ammunition was discovered adapted to the sawed-off gun, which Neb had already appropriated, and was dragging about with him, peering into each black corner in anxious search. The two were still busily employed at this, when to their ears, through the stillness of the night, there came the unexpected noise of splashing in the water without, and then the sound of a horse stumbling as he struck the bank. Quick as a flash Keith closed the intervening door, extinguishing the dim flame of the candle, and grasping the startled negro's arm, hushed him into silence.

Crouching close behind the door, through a crack of which the light streamed, yielding slight view of the interior, the plainsman anxiously awaited developments. These arrivals must certainly be some of those connected with the house; there could be little doubt as to that. Nevertheless, they might prove the posse following them, who had chanced to stumble accidentally to their retreat. In either case they could merely wait, and learn. Some one swore without, and was sharply rebuked by another voice, which added an order gruffly. Then the outer latch clicked, and a single man stepped within, immediately closing the door. Keith could not see the girl through the small aperture, but he heard her quick exclamation, startled, yet full of relief.

"Oh, is it you? I am so glad!"

The man laughed lightly.

"It is nice to be welcomed, although, perhaps, after your time of loneliness any arrival would prove a relief. Did you think I was never coming, Christie?"

"I could not understand," she replied, evidently with much less enthusiasm, and to Keith's thinking, a shade resentful of the familiarity, "but naturally supposed you must be unexpectedly delayed."

"Well, I was," and he apparently flung both coat and hat on a bench, with the intention of remaining. "The marshal arrested a fellow for a murder committed out on the Santa Fe Trail, and required me as a witness. But the man got away before we had any chance to try him, and I have been on his trail ever since."

"A murder! Did you imagine he came this way?"

"Not very likely; fact of it is, the sand storm yesterday destroyed all traces, and, as a result, we've lost him. So I headed a few of the boys over in this direction, as I wanted to relieve you of anxiety."

She was silent an instant, and the man crossed to the fireplace, where Keith could gain a glimpse of him. Already suspicious from the familiar sound of his voice, he was not surprised to recognize "Black Bart." The plainsman's fingers gripped the negro's arm, his eyes burning. So this gambler and blackleg was the gentlemanly Mr. Hawley, was he; well, what could be his little game? Why had he inveigled the girl into this lonely spot? And what did he now propose doing with her? As he crouched there, peering through that convenient crack in the door, Keith completely forgot his own peril, intent only upon this new discovery. She came slowly around the end of the table, and stood leaning against it, her face clearly revealed in the light of the lamp. For the first time Keith really perceived its beauty, its fresh charm. Could such a she be singer and dancer in a frontier concert hall? And if so, what strange conditions ever drove her into that sort of life?

"Is—Is Fred with you?" she questioned, doubtfully.

"No; he's with another party riding farther west," the man's eyes surveying her with manifest approval. "You are certainly looking fine to-night, my girl. It's difficult to understand how I ever managed to keep away from you so long."

She flushed to the hair, her lips trembling at the open boldness of his tone.

"I—I prefer you would not speak like that," she protested.

"And why not?" with a light laugh. "Come, Christie, such fine airs are a trifle out of place. If I didn't know you were a concert hall artist, I might be more deeply impressed. As it is, I reckon you've heard love words before now."

"Mr. Hawley, I have trusted you as a gentleman. I never came here except on your promise to bring me to my brother," and she stood erect before him. "You have no right to even assume that I am Christie Maclaire."

"Sure not; I don't assume. I have seen that lady too often to be mistaken. Don't try on that sort of thing with me—I don't take to it kindly. Perhaps a kiss might put you in better humor."

He took a step forward, as though proposing to carry out his threat, but the girl stopped him, her eyes burning with indignation.

"How dare you!" she exclaimed pas-

sionately, all fear leaving her in sudden resentment. "You think me alone here and helpless; that you can insult me at your pleasure. Don't go too far, Mr. Hawley. I know what you are now, and it makes no difference what you may think of me, or call me; you'll find me perfectly able to defend myself."

"Oh, indeed!" sneeringly, "you are melodramatic; you should have been an actress instead of a singer. But you waste your talent out here on me. Do you imagine I fear either you, or your precious brother? Why, I could have him hung to-morrow."

She was staring at him with wide open eyes, her face white.

"What—what do you mean? What has Fred done?"

He was cold and sarcastic.

"That makes no difference; it is what I could induce men to swear he had done. It's easy enough to convict in this country, if you only know how. I simply tell you this, so you won't press me too hard. Puritanism is out of place west of the Missouri, especially among ladies of your profession. Oh, come, now, Christie, don't try to put such airs on with me. I know who you are, all right, and can guess why you are hunting after Fred Willoughby. I pumped the boy, and got most of the truth out of him."

"You—you have seen him, then, since you left me," she faltered, bewildered, "and didn't bring him here with you?"

"Why should I?" and the man stepped forward, his eyes on her, his hands twitching with a desire to clasp her to him, yet restrained by some undefinable power. "While I believed your brother story, I could have played the good Samaritan most beautifully, but after I talked with Willoughby I prefer him at a distance."

"My brother story! Do you mean to insinuate you doubt his being my brother? He told you that?"

"He gave up the whole trick. You can't trust a kid like that, Christie. A couple of drinks will loosen his tongue, and put you in wrong. Come, now, I know it all; be reasonable."

Apparently the girl had lost her power of speech, staring blindly at the face of the man before her, as a bird meets the slow approach of a snake. Keith could see her lips move, but making no sound. Hawley evidently interpreted her silence as hesitation, doubt as to his real meaning.

"You see where you are at now, Christie," he went on swiftly. "But you don't need to be afraid. I'm going to be a friend to you, and you can be mightily glad you got rid of Willoughby so easily. Why, I can buy you diamonds where he couldn't give you a calico dress. Come on, let's stop this foolishness. I took a liking to you back there in the stage, and the more I've thought about you since the crazier I've got. When I succeeded in pumping Willoughby dry, and discovered you wasn't his sister at all, why that settled the matter. I came down here after you. I love you, do you understand that? And, what's more, I intend to have you!"

He reached out, and actually grasped her, but, in some manner, she tore loose, and sprang back around the end of the table, her cheeks flushed, her eyes burning.

"Don't touch me! don't dare touch me!" she panted. "You lie; Fred Willoughby never told you that. If you come one step nearer, I'll scream; I'll call your men here; I'll tell them the kind of a cur you are!"

He laughed, leaning over toward her, yet hesitating, his eyes full of admiration. Her very fierceness appealed to him, urged him on.

"Oh, I wouldn't! In the first place they probably wouldn't hear, for they are camped down in the corral. I suspected you might be something of a tigress, and preferred to fight it out with you alone. Then, even if they did hear, there would be no interference—I've got those fellows trained too well for that. Come on, Christie; you're helpless here."

"Am I?"

"Yes, you are."

He took a step toward her, his hands flung out. With one quick movement she sprang aside and extinguished the lamp, plunging the room into instant darkness. A few red coals glowed dully in the fireplace, but all else was dense blackness. Keith heard the movements of Hawley, as he felt his swas uncertainly along the table, swearing as he failed to find the girl. Then, like a shadow, he glided through the partly open door into the room.

### CHAPTER XI.

The Fight in the Dark.

Had the room been filled with men Keith could have restrained himself no longer. Whatever her past might be, this woman appealed to him strangely; he could not believe evil of her; he would have died if need be in her defense. But as it was, the ugly boast of Hawley gave confidence in the final outcome of this struggle in the dark, even a possibility of escape for them all. The gambler, assured of being confronted merely by a frail and not overscrupulous woman, had ventured there alone; had stationed his men beyond sound; had doubtless instructed them to ignore any noise of struggle which they might overhear within. It was these very arrangements for evil which now afforded opportunity, and Keith crept forward, alert and ready, his teeth clenched, his hands bare for contest. Even although he surprised his antagonist, it was going to be a fight for life; he knew "Black Bart," broad-shouldered, quick as a cat, accustomed to every form of physical exercise, desperate and tricky, using either knife or gun recklessly. Yet it was now or never for all of them, and the plainsman felt no mercy, experienced no reluctance. He reached the table, and straight-

ened up, silent, expectant. For an instant there was no further sound; no evidence of movement in the room. Hawley, puzzled by the silence, was listening intently in an endeavor to thus locate the girl through some rustling, some slight motion. A knife, knocked from the table, perhaps, as she slipped softly past, fell clattering to the floor, and the gambler leaped instantly forward. Keith's grip closed like iron on his groping arm, while he shot one fist out toward where the man's head should be. The blow glanced, yet drove the fellow backward, stumbling against the table, and Keith closed in, grappling for the throat. The other, startled by the unexpected attack, and scarcely realizing even yet the nature of his antagonist, struggled blindly to escape the fingers clawing at him, and flung one hand down to the knife in his belt. Warned by the movement, the assailant drove his head into the gambler's chest, sending him crashing to the floor, falling himself heavily upon the prostrate body. Hawley gave utterance to one cry, half throttled in his throat, and then the two grappled fiercely, so interlocked together as to make weapons useless. Whoever the assailant might be, the gambler was fully aware by now that he was being crushed in the grasp of a fighting man, and exerted every wrestler's trick, every ounce of strength, to break free. Twice he struggled to his knees, only to be crowded backward by relentless power; once he hurled Keith sideways, but the plainsman's muscles stiffened into steel, and he gradually regained his position. Neither dared release a grip in order to strike a blow; neither had sufficient breath left with which to utter a sound. They were fighting for life, silently, desperately, like wild beasts, with no thought but to injure the other. The gambler's teeth sank into Keith's arm, and the latter in return jammed the man's head back onto the punchon floor viciously. Perspiration streamed from their bodies, their fingers clutching, their limbs wrapped together, their muscles strained to the utmost. Keith had forgotten the girl, the negro, everything, dominated by the one passion to conquer. He was swept by a storm of hatred, a desire to kill. In their fierce struggle the two had rolled close to the fire place, and in the dull glow of the dying embers, he could perceive a faint outline of the man's face. The sight added flame to his mad passion, yet he could do nothing except to cling to him, jabbing his fingers into the straining throat.

The negro ended the affair in his own way, clawing blindly at the combatants in the darkness, and finally, determining which was the enemy, he struck the gambler with the stock of his gun, laying him out unconscious. Keith, grasping the table, hauled himself to his feet, gasping for breath, certain only that Hawley was no longer struggling. For an instant all was blank, a mist of black vapor; then a realization of their situation came back in sudden flood of remembrance. Even yet he could see nothing, but felt the motionless figure at his feet.

"Quick," he urged, the instant he could make himself speak. "The fe!"

low is only stunned; we must tie and gag him. Is that you, Neb? Where is the girl?"

"I am here, Captain Keith," and he heard the soft rustle of her dress across the room. "What is it I may do?"

"A coil of rope, or some straps, with a piece of cloth; anything you can lay hands on."

She was some moments at it, confused by the darkness, and Hawley moved slightly, his labored breathing growing plainly perceptible. Keith heard her groping toward him, and held out his hands. She started as he thus unexpectedly touched her, yet made no effort to break away.

"You—you frightened me a little," she confessed. "This has all happened so quickly I hardly realize yet just what has occurred."

"The action has only really begun," he assured her, still retaining his hold upon her hand. "This was merely a preliminary skirmish, and you must prepare to bear your part in what follows. We have settled Mr. Hawley for the present, and now must deal with his gang."

"Oh, what would I have done if you had not been here?"

"Let us not think about that; we were here, and now have a busy night before us if we get away safely. Give me the rope first. Good! Here, Neb, you must know how to use this—not too tight, but without leaving any play to the arms; take the knife out of his belt. Now for the cloth, Miss Maclaire."

(Continued on last page.)



He Flung Both Coat and Hat Down With the Intention of Remaining.



They Were Fighting for Life Silently, Desperately.

T. L. Conway, Co. Tax Assessor, was here last Saturday, assessing taxes.

For sale: Brown Leghorn eggs, of the best strains.

J. L. Ferrell.

A new stock of wall paper at low prices come in and see it.

Furniture Store.

J. M. Harris visited his home folks at the Star Sunday.

Misses Farmer and Scarborough were Sunday visitors at the Star.

H. A. Shepherd railroad agent, ginman and postmaster, of Pioneer, was here Monday.

Your suit cleaned and pressed for \$1.00

Carl Murdock

And still grows the number of slain rabbits.

Buy something stylish in Millinery.

Carter & Kenady.

Mrs. Rube Lee of Rising Star came in Monday to visit her parents Mr. and Mrs. McCord.

Jim Tabor of Burkett was in town Tuesday. He paid his subscription in advance, and took advantage of the bargain we are offering on Holland's and Farm and Ranch. He states that Keith of the Border is a dandy story, as good if not better than Molly McDonald. Are you reading it?

When house cleaning day comes remember that if you will give your floor a coat of Jap-a-Lac it will save you work all year.

Furniture Store

**Dressy Items**

As it has been some time since I last wrote I will try my hand once more and see what I can do as a correspondent.

People seem to be enjoying life at present as it has come a good rain. Some few have planted a portion of their feed and prospects are favorable for a good crop this year as we have a good season in the ground.

Two rabbit drives have taken place in the past week, there being some 900 rabbits killed as a result of the two hunts. This was a great help to the community as the people are damaged considerably each year by the pests.

The students of the Dressy school are preparing a program, which is to be rendered at the close of school, which will doubtless be not more than three or four weeks off.

Mr. Fred Long and Iver Eldredgs visited the school Friday afternoon. Boyce Kenady of Cross Plains came to Dressy Thursday after his sister, Miss Lizzie, who has been teaching music here for some time.

Chess Crump and wife spent Thursday night at Joe Wallers. We are anxious to hear the results of the debate which is to be pulled off at Cross Plains tomorrow night. We think the subject for debate is a fair and equal one for either side of the questions.

Rev. Sisk of Cross Plains filled the pulpit of the Methodist church Sunday. He announced that he would not preach on the next second Sunday as he will be away in District Conference at that time.

Our county commissioner has recently visited Dressy and as a result of inspection has said something of raising some two or three bridges near Dressy.

With best wishes to the editor and all the readers of the Review.

Meddler

**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.



Meets every Friday night at 8:30 at the I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. W. Barr, Sec.

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

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. Alv is Pres.

You are cordially invited to attend all our church services.

**Presbyterian Church.**

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

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

**Baptist Church.**

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

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

Pastor.

L. P. Henslee  
Notary Public

**Announcements.**

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

For Associate Justice Court Civil Appeals.

Judge Ocie Speer (re-election)

For County Clerk:

Homer Shanks

T(Tom) E Parks of Baird

Chas. Nordyke, of Cottonwood

For County Tax Collector

W E Melton

Joe Y. Frazier.

For County Treasurer

W. P(Pit) Ramsey

C. W. Connor, Baird (Re election)

For Superintendent of Public Instruction

S E Settle

For County Tax Assessor:

Geo. A. Johnson of Clyde.

M. R. Haily of Rowden

Harry N. Ebert of Baird.

T. L. Conway of Baird

T. J. Norrell,

M. G. Farmer.

For Sheriff:

J. (John) A. Moore

Felix Rains(re-election)

For County Commissioner P. No. 4

Milton Houston of Cottonwood.

J. G. (Jack) Aiken.

J. W. [Wade] McDaniel

For Constable Precinct No.6

Jno. Swan

W. A.[Alfred] Petterson.

For Public Weigher of Precinct No. 6

Martin Neeb(re-election)

J. R. Williamson

Geo. Swan,

Sid Munsey

Jeff Clark.

Bill Gibbard.

For Justice of the Peace of Precinct No. 6,

A. J. Matthis

John T. Gilbert.

P. Smith

If it is anything you want in the building line see us. We carry lumber, shingles, brick, lime, cement, doors sash, building paper, paints putty, glass & builders hardware.

Brazelton-Prpor & Co

B. F. Wright, Mngr.

**Turkey Creek Locals**

To-day is pleasant, warm, growing weather. After the fine rain we had Monday every thing will come to the front. Grass and weeds will come for the old hungry cow that has been having such a time with the abominable heel-fly.

Wheat and oats are looking fine. Some corn is coming up; also garden leg, and quite a few little yellow leg chickens chirruping around the farmer's door. Visit T. C. and we will have fried chicken and snap beans to eat.

Grandpa Bowen who has been on the sick list, is improving slowly. Mr. Arthur Coffee made a business trip to Baird last Monday.

Mr. & Mrs. Ellis have a real sick baby.

Mrs. Richardson and Effie spent Friday afternoon with Aunt Bettie Rowdan and Miss Jane Holley.

Mr. & Mrs. Varnell Chatham are visiting in our neighborhood this week.

Mr. & Mrs. Poley Hollaway visited at Mr. Arvins last Sunday.

The singing at Mr. & Mrs. Bowens last Sunday eve was enjoyed by both old and young.

I learned today that Mrs. Ellis is very sick. The ladies of our community are doing all they can in the way of nursing.

Our Sunday school is progressing nicely with Bro. Harris as superintendent. We are preparing a program for Children's day, April 19. Brother Jonston will be with us and preach at 11 oclock. Then dinner on the ground, and in the afternoon the children will entertain.

R. Cordwent has gone to Eastland on business.

Grandma Wright who has been visiting her son at Admiral, has returned home.

Well, will quit with a short piece of poetry.

The thing that goes the farthest, Toward making life worth while, That costs the least and does the most.

Is just a pleasant smile. The smile that bubbles from a heart That loves his fellow men, Will drive away the clouds of gloom.

And coax the sun again. Its full of worth and gladness, too With manly kindness blent, Its worth a million dollars And doesn't cost a cent.

Sun Shine

See the new things here in Dress Goods.

Carter & Kenady

"Please do not call me that!" "But you said it didn't make any difference what I called you."

"I thought it didn't then, but it does now."

"Oh, I see; we are already on a new footing. Yet I must call you something."

She hesitated just long enough for him to notice it. Either she had no substitute ready at hand, or else doubted the advisability of confiding her real name under present circumstances to one so nearly a stranger.

"You may call me Hope." "A name certainly of good omen," he returned. "From this moment I shall forget Christie MacLaire, and remember only Miss Hope. All right, Neb; now turn over a chair, and sit your man up against it. He will rest all the easier in that position until his gang arrives."

He thrust his head out of the door, peering cautiously forth into the night, and listening. A single horse, probably the one Hawley had been riding, was tied to a dwarfed cottonwood near the corner of the cabin. Nothing else living was visible.

"I am going to round up our horses, and learn the condition of Hawley's outfit," he announced in a low voice. "I may be gone for fifteen or twenty minutes, and, meanwhile, Miss Hope, get ready for a long ride. Neb, stand here close beside the door, and if any one tries to come in brain him with your gun-stock. I'll rap three times when I return."

He slipped out into the silent night, and crept cautiously around the end of the dark cabin. The distinct change in the girl's attitude of friendship toward him, her every evident desire that he should think well of her, together with the providential opportunity for escape, had left him full of confidence. The gambler had played blindly into their hands, and Keith was quick enough to accept the advantage. It was a risk to himself, to be sure, thus turning again to the northward, yet the clear duty he owed the girl left such a choice almost imperative. He certainly could not drag her along with him on his flight into the wild Comanche country extending beyond the Canadian. She must, at the very least, be first returned to the protection of the semi-civilization along the Arkansas. After that had been accomplished, he would consider his own safety. He wondered if Hope really was her name, and whether it was the family cognomen, or her given name. That she was Christie MacLaire he had no question, yet that artistic embellishment was probably merely assumed for the work of the concert hall. Both he and Hawley could scarcely be mistaken as to her identity in this respect, and, indeed, she had never openly denied the fact. Yet she did not at all seem to be that kind, and Keith mentally contrasted her with numerous others whom he had somewhat intimately known along the border circuit. It was difficult to associate her with that class; she must have come originally from some excellent family East, and been driven to the life by necessity; she was more to be pitied than blamed. Keith held no puritanical views of life—his own experiences had been too rough and democratic for that—yet he clung tenaciously to an ideal of womanhood which could not be lowered. However interested he might otherwise feel, no Christie MacLaire could ever find entrance into the deeps of his heart, where dwelt alone the memory of his mother.

He found the other horses turned into the corral, and was able, from their restless movements, to decide they numbered eight. A fire, nearly extinguished, glowed dully at the farther corner of the enclosure, and he crawled close enough to distinguish the recumbent forms of men sleeping about it on the ground. Apparently no guard had been set, the fellows being worn out from their long ride, and confident of safety in this isolated spot. Besides, Hawley had probably assumed that duty, and told them to get whatever sleep they could. However, the gate of the corral opened beside their fire, and Keith dare not venture upon roping any of their ponies, or leading them out past where they slept. There might be clippers in the cabin with which he could cut the wires, yet if one of the gang awoke, and discovered the herd absent, it would result in an alarm, and lead to early pursuit. It was far safer to use their own ponies. He would lead Hawley's horse quietly through the water, and they could mount on the other shore. This plan settled, he went at it swiftly, riding the captured animal while rounding up the others, and fastening the three to stunted trees on the opposite bank. Everything within the cabin remained exactly as he had left it, and he briefly explained the situation, examining Hawley's bonds again carefully while doing so.

"He'll remain there all right until his men find him," he declared, positively, "and that ought to give us a good six hours' start. Come, Miss Hope, every minute counts now."

He held her arm, not unconscious of its round shapeliness, as he helped her down the rather steep bank through the dense gloom. Then the two men joined hands, and carrying her between them, waded the shallow stream. The horses, not yet sufficiently rested to be frisky, accepted their burdens meekly enough, and, with scarcely a word spoken, the three rode away silently into the gloom of the night.

**CHAPTER XII.**

Through the Night Shadows. Keith had very little to guide him, as he could not determine whether this mysterious cabin on the Salt Fork lay to east or west of the usual cattle

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

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

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

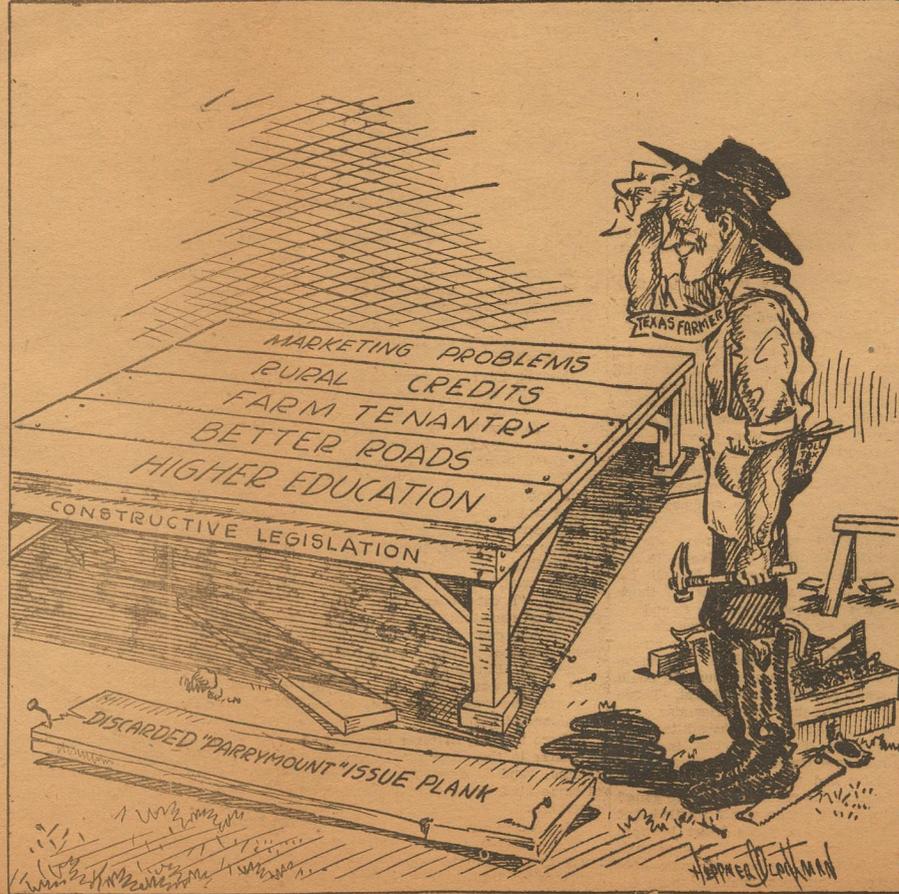
I had gotten so weak I could not stand, and I gave up in despair.

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

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

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Through the Night Shadows. Keith had very little to guide him, as he could not determine whether this mysterious cabin on the Salt Fork lay to east or west of the usual cattle