

The CROSS PLAINS REVIEW

VOL. 5.

CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS, FRIDAY, SEPT. 18, 1914.

NO. 28

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.

OUTLOOK BRIGHTENS FOR SOUTHERN FARMER

Dallas, Texas, Sept. 15.—With the reopening yesterday of the cotton exchanges of Dallas, Memphis, New Orleans and Savannah for the transaction of spot business, announced yesterday, the situation affecting the cotton farmer and the communities depending upon his prosperity for their own took a decidedly more encouraging appearance. The opening of these exchanges gives a basis for cotton buying throughout the country. In addition to this, advices from Chicago are that the business interests of that city are taking an interest in the crop situation of the South and will lend what aid they can to finding a market, or the making of one, for cotton. Added to this is the news from Waco that representatives of the Bush estate have been advised that the estate will buy \$100,000 worth of cotton, and news from Baltimore that business men there are raising a fund of \$1,000,000 to invest in cotton at 10c a pound. Similar items came from other parts of the country.

Closed Since July 30.
The Dallas Cotton Exchange re-

FALL IS HERE

Despite the boll weevil and the Europe war, the autumn days are here and now again is heard the whistle and whip of the busy gins, and the rumble of the busy wagons in the distance as the farmer rushes to his work before day and coming to his home after dark.

Both gins are now prepared to care for all the cotton that may now come to them. The Cross Plains gin is managed by Charlie Barr, and he states that their machinery is in good condition or work. The Farmers' gin is being run by George McClain, who has been manager for sometime. This gin is also in good condition.

sumed quotations on spot cotton yesterday for the first time since July 30. This action, conservative men said was the most important optimistic announcement to be made since the war started, inasmuch as it fixed a market price for cotton.

Plans were being pushed forward yesterday by the Southern Cotton Association for the State meeting of the Texas branch, which has been called to meet in Dallas Sept. 22. At that meeting delegates to a general meeting of the association seven days later in New Orleans.

WILL APPEAR AT AIRDOME FRIDAY NIGHT

No. four of the Kathlyn series will appear at the Airdome next Friday night, September 18th.

Don't forget the Million Dollar Mystery every Thursday night. Three dollars in cash in three prizes given away every Thursday night.

Admission on these nights and for these special pictures will be 10c and 15c. Tell your friends to come out and see these pictures. We believe these pictures are the best ever shown in Cross Plains.

Books Books

For the young and the old the rich and the poor.

Also a 16-page map and Atlas of the European war, for 30 cts

Cross Plains Book Store
Next door to the Racket store
Come to see us

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

Brazelton-Pryor & Co.

NO WAREHOUSE

For the present, at least, the farmers around Cross Plains will not have any cotton warehouse. This condition resulted from the fact that the farmers failed to subscribe enough stock for the proposition. There are probably many reasons why they didn't take hold, but that is neither here or there. We are not to have any warehouse.

Ralph Odom and sister, Ora, left in the car the latter part of last week for a visit with their brother, who lives in the western part of the county. They returned last Monday morning and report a very pleasant trip.

Carl Murdock

Buggies, latest styles and Studebaker make, Liberal terms. at Carters

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.

Edwin Neeb left Tuesday morning on a business trip to Abilene.

TWENTY-SEVEN PEOPLE KILLED IN FRISCO WRECK

St. Louis, Mo., Sept. 15—Twenty-seven persons are known to have perished and eighteen were injured in a wreck caused by a cloudburst which washed out an embankment on the Frisco railroad, two miles east of Lebanon, Mo., at 2.35 o'clock this morning and ditched the Frisco passenger train known as

the St. Louis and Texas Limited. Fifteen of the dead have been identified, according to information received from the Frisco offices, and only descriptions could be furnished for the twelve unknown dead.

The smoking car and chair car rolled from the undermined tracks and turned over, the baggage car, mail car, engine and four Pullman cars remaining on the tracks. The smoking car and chair car, filled with men, women and children, most of them asleep, were almost submerged and the inmates drowned according to information from the scene.

The locomotive and the mail and baggage cars, forced by momentum across the ravine, finally left the rails and toppled partly over on the structure, three feet under water. The fireman, J. H. Stockstill, was crushed to death, but the engineer escaped injury.

THE CROSS PLAINS REVIEW

Review Printing Company

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

FOUR ISSUES CONSTITUTE A MONTH

CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS.

Every man, whether he be business man or layman, is affected by and should be interested in every industry in the community. That is, every man unless he be a knocker. Him we have not catalogued.

The Million Dollar Mystery, the world's greatest motion picture story, begins in this issue. The first two reels were shown at the Airdome Thursday night. If you delight in reading the best of stories follow The Million Dollar Mystery as it appears in The Review and watch the reels at the Airdome.

This is the beginning of our third year's sentence in The Review office in the capacity of editor, printer and devil. If in the two years just past anything has appeared in the columns of The Review derogatory to the good name of Cross Plains, we do not now recall it. On the other hand few have been the issues in which there have not been sung the praises of this section.

The buy-a-bale of cotton movement has proved unusually popular. Starting in Texas, it has spread to all parts of the nation. The big business concerns of the nation have responded nobly in the matter of buying cotton, which has caused the cotton exchanges to open and again set the wheels of commerce in motion. Every man will serve himself and his fellowman by buying a bale or as many bales as he can afford. In this case truly to help your neighbor is to help yourself.

We are not going to have a warehouse, this season at least. But idle money invested in cotton at 10 cents per pound is taking the place of warehouses. Ordinarily, sufficient public interest could not have been worked up in this matter to have saved the situation, and we should not expect often it ever again to have a noble public come to our rescue as it has done in this instance. Other and more precautionary steps should be taken to protect cotton from calamities like this being visited upon us.

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

Compere Bros., Abilene, Texas

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

D. N. Paterson

TURKEY CASTS OFF TREATY SHACKLES

ABROGATES CONVENTIONS EXEMPTING FOREIGNERS FROM TURKISH COURTS.

CONSIDER ACTION RADICAL

Means Assertion of Independence After Centuries of Restrictions. Will Empire Join Germany?

Washington.—Turkey has formally notified the United States and other nations that she had abrogated the series of conventions, treaties and privileges originating as early as the eleventh century, whereby foreigners in the Ottoman empire have been exempt from local jurisdiction in civil and criminal cases. Foreign subjects no longer will enjoy what is known as extra-territorial rights through which they have been tried by their own judges, diplomatic representatives or consuls.

This practice, abolished by Japan several years ago through new treaties, Turkey has removed by a stroke of the pen. Her purpose, it is declared, is to assert her independence and free herself from the domination of the great powers.

Upon the rights revoked has rested the legal status of American missionaries in Turkey, permitting them to maintain churches, hospitals and schools in religious freedom.

"The removal of every kind of privilege enjoyed by the powers in excess of what the general principles of international law allowing is the meaning of this step," A. Rustem Bey, Turkish ambassador to the United States, declared. "This war is Turkey's opportunity."

Action is Radical.

The ambassador did not intimate whether the action foreshadowed war against Great Britain, without whose consent in the past no such radical action would have been attempted. Diplomats of the allied powers, however, believe Turkey is appealing to the nationalist sentiment of her people and is ready to seize on any difficulties that may arise with Great Britain as a pretext to declare war.

BELGIANS WIN TERMONDE BATTLE

Dikes Were Opened and the German Advance Flooded.

London.—Seven thousand Belgians were surprised Saturday at Termonde by about 10,000 Germans. The Belgians were at first compelled to retire. Then they were reinforced and drove out the Germans. The Germans, however, succeeded in cutting off Antwerp from Ostend.

Meanwhile other German troops were coming up from between Termonde and Malines and ran into some forts of which they had misjudged the positions. With great loss they fell back and then the defenders played their winning cards by opening the dikes.

By this move the Germans lost nearly all of their artillery and suffered great losses. Their losses in men are said to be 1,000, but it is more likely they were 4,000.

The flood was the deciding factor and the Germans will meet it again before they march into Antwerp. There are three zones which may be flooded around that city. The largest zone is to the south of the city and covers 60 or 70 square miles.

500,000 RECRUITS FOR BRITISH

Premier Asquith's Request is Granted, Making Total of 1,854,000.

London.—The house of commons has voted unanimously for a half million more recruits. The country was surprised by the announcement that 420,000 had enlisted since the beginning of the war. When the government's plans are completed, the British army for the continent and for home service will consist roughly of the following: Regular army, 1,200,000; territorials, 300,000; reserves, 214,000; Indian contingent, 70,000; Canadian first and second contingents, 40,000; Australians, 20,000; New Zealand, 10,000, making a total of 1,854,000 men.

Wilson Asks Nation to Pray for Peace.

Washington.—President Wilson has signed a proclamation calling on the people of the United States to pray for peace in Europe. The president's proclamation sets aside Sunday, Oct. 4, as a day of prayer.

Post, Wakefield returned Saturday from Baird, where he attended the institution.

CITATION BY PUBLICATION THE STATE OF TEXAS

To the Sheriff or any Constable of Callahan County—GREETING: YOU ARE HEREBY COMMANDED, That you summon, by making Publication of this Citation in some newspaper published in the County of Callahan if there be a newspaper published therein but if not, then in any newspaper published in the 42nd judicial district; but if there be no newspaper published in said judicial district, then in a newspaper published in the nearest district to said 42nd judicial district for four weeks previous to the return day hereof, Marvin Terry whose residence is unknown, to be and appear before the Hon. District Court, at the next regular term thereof to be holden in the County of Callahan at the Court House thereof, in Baird, Texas, on the 18th. Monday after the 1st Monday in July, the same being the 9th day of November A. D. 1914 then and there to answer a Petition filed in said Court, on the 10th day of Aug. A. D. 1914, in a suit numbered on the docket of said Court No. 1251, wherein Mattie Terry plaintiff and Marvin Terry defendant the nature of the plaintiff demand being as follows, to-wit:

Plaintiff alleges that she was legally married to defendant on or about the 25th day of Dec. A. D. 1900 and lived with him as his wife until on or about October 1st 1913, when Plaintiff was compelled to leave defendant.

Plaintiff further alleges cruelty, excesses and outrages on the part of defendant of such a nature as to render their further living together insupportable.

HEREIN FAIL NOT. And have you before said Court, on the said first day of the next term thereof, this Write, with your endorsement thereon, showing how you have executed the same.

Given under my hand and seal of said Court, at office in Baird Texas this, the 10th day of Aug. A. D. 1914

A. R. Dav Clerk District Court Callahan County, Texas.

We need money. Bring us your chickens, eggs, cotton, grain, cotton seed, cows and calves and get credit for same at fancy prices.

B. L. Boydston

Stolen: A black alligator hand bag off of Boydston's back store gallery Grip contained baby clothes. Party seen taking same will please return it and avoid further trouble.

W. A. McGowen

COTTON SELLS FOR EIGHT CENTS

Merchant of Cross Plain are paying around eight cents for cotton. This is said to be a good price considering the conditions that govern the market for this a all important staple, Cotton intrinsically should be worth more than that money. Leaving the effect of the war out of the question it would still be hard to say what the price should be, as the supply and other conditions, concerning which we do not as yet have sufficient knowledge, enter as factors in the price.

J. B. Cutberth was in Cross Plains last Monday with grain and shaking hands with his friends.

Hodden McDermott was in the city last Sunday evening.

SOCIETY COLUMN

Conducted by Miss Marie Cornell

Miss Zora Carter returned from Cottonwood Wednesday evening where she had been visiting friends and relatives.

Mrs. Foster Bond returned the latter part of last week from Baird where she went in the interest of the ladies Home Mission Society.

Miss Lora Franklin who has been visiting Mrs. Parker Bond returned to Baird Tuesday.

Mrs. Sam Carson and little daughter left last Sunday morning for a few days visit at Ennis Texas.

C. S. Boyles accompanied his daughter, Laura and Miss Lucy McDermott to Denton where the girls will attend the College of Industrial Arts.

Miss Ophelia Wesley who is teaching in the Botany department of the C. of I. A., at Denton, left last Sunday morning to resume her duties.

An auto party composed of Dr John Rumph and wife, Miss Mary Rumph, Chess Baum and Chase Rumph left early Tuesday morning for Dallas and other places.

Mrs. Butler of Putnam was a guest of her son W. E. Butler over Wednesday and returned home Thursday accompanied by her grandson LeRoy Butler.

Miss Maggie Lively was in town last Wednesday P. M.

Entertained

Mrs. P. P. Bond entertained from three to six P. M. Saturday for Miss Franklin of Baird. The popular game of rook was the diversion of the afternoon, Miss Mary Robertson winning high score. Three tables had been arranged for the guests who were: Mesdames Pitt Ramsey, Ky Neeb, Ben Williams, Claud Alvis, Roy Bond, Billie Butler, Tom Cross and Rutherford. Misses: Beulah Adams, Mary Robiatson and the honor guest. After six o'clock refreshments were served consisting of pimiento sandwiches and pineapple sherbet.

Mrs. John Higginbotham, of Dublin, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. J. J. Horn.

We are very glad to report the little Melton children very much improved.

Mrs. Sharp and children of Montan, Oklahoma, are visiting her sister, Mrs. S. L. Teague.

Why not take the Review and boost home enterprise?



THIS fascinating story unfolds a baffling mystery—the disappearance of a millionaire and one million dollars. It is a notable work of fiction. You'll enjoy reading it.

OUR COMING SERIAL

The broken bracelet matches—and a young girl is made fabulously rich—

Just be patient—

The Million Dollar Mystery

will be here soon

HOW TO PREVENT TYPHOID FEVER

First, take 3 ozs. of common horse sense and get you a Metal Tank made here in Cross Plains. Second, have your house guttered immediately. Third, drink no other water except the water you catch in your tank. One case of ever will cost twice this much and besides you risk your life just for a few pennies. SEE

J. W. BENNETT

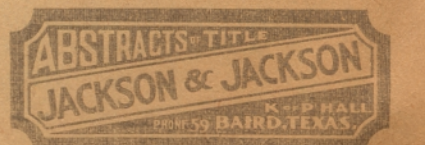
Dr. E. H. RAMSEY

L. P. Henslee

DENTIST

Notary Public

OVER FARMER'S NATIONAL BANK



"What it is?" she asked. "The luck of the devil's own," he said. "Child of the Steppes, for years I've flown about seas and continents, through valleys and over mountains—for what? For the sight of the face of that man we have just left. At first glance, I wasn't sure; but the sound of his voice was enough. Olga, the next time you see that reporter, throw your arms around his neck and kiss him. What did I tell you? Without Norton's help I would not have been sure. I'm going to leave you at your apartment."

"The man of the Black Hundred?" she whispered.

"The man who deserted and defied the Black Hundred, who broke his vows, and never paid a kopeck for the privilege; the man who had been appointed for the supreme work and who ran away. In those days we needed men of his stamp, and to accomplish this end."

"There was a woman," she interrupted, with a touch of bitterness.

"Always the woman. And she was as clever and handsome as you are."

"Thanks. Sometimes..."

"Ah, yes!" ironically. "Sometimes you wish you could settle down, marry and have a family! Your domesticity would last about a year."

She made no retort because she recognized the truth of this statement.

"There's an emerald I know of," he said ruminatively. "It's quite possible that you may be wearing it within a few days."

"I am mad over them. There is something in the green stone that fascinates me. I can't resist it."

"That's because, somewhere in the far past, your ancestors were orientals. Here we are. I'll see you tomorrow. I must hurry. Good-night."

She stood on the curb for a moment and watched the taxicab as it whirled around a corner. The man held her with a fascination more terrible than any jewel. She knew him to be a great and daring rogue, cunning, patient, fearless. Packed away in that mind of his there were a thousand accomplished deeds which had roused futilely the police of two continents.

Braine! She could have laughed. The very name he had chosen was an insolence directed at society.

The subject of her thoughts soon arrived at his destination. A flight of stairs carried him into a dimly lighted hall, smelling evilly of escaping gas. He donned a black mask and struck the door with a series of light blows; two, then one, then three, and again one. The door opened and he slipped inside. Round a table sat several men, also masked. They were all tried and trusted rogues; but not one of them

knew what Braine looked like. He alone remained unknown save to the man designated as the chief, who was only Braine's lieutenant. The mask was the insignia of the Black Hundred, an organization with all the ramifications of the Camorra without their abiding stupidity. From the assassination of a king, down to the robbery of a country post office, nothing was too great or too small for their nets. Their god dwells in the hearts of all men and is called greed.

The ordinary business over, the chief dismissed the men, and he and Braine alone remained.

"Vroon, I have found him," said Braine.

"There are but few: which one?"

"Eighteen years ago, in St. Petersburg."

"I remember. The millionaire's son. Did he recognize you?"

"I don't know. Probably he did. But he always had good nerves. He is being followed at this moment. We shall strike quick; for if he recognized me he will act quick. He is cool and brave. You remember how he braved us that night in Russia. Jumped boldly through the window at the risk of breaking his neck. He landed safely; that is the only reason he eluded us. Millions—and they slipped through our fingers. If I could only find some route to his heart! The lure we held out to him is dead."

"Or in the fortress, which is the same thing. What are your plans?"

"I have in mind something like this."

And Hargreave was working out his plans, too; and he was just as much of a general as Braine. He sat at his library table, the maxillary muscles in his jaws working. So they had found him? Well, he had broken the law of his own making and he must suffer the consequences. Braine, who was Menshikoff in Russia, Schwartz in Germany, Mendoza in Spain, Cartucci in Italy, and Du Bois in France; so the rogue had found him out? Poor fool that he had been! High spirited, full of those youthful dreams of doing good in the world, he had joined what he had believed a great secret socialistic movement, to learn that he had been trapped by a band of brilliant thieves. Kidnapers and assassins for hire; the Black Hundred; henchmen from Tophet! For nearly eighteen years he had eluded them, for he knew that directly or indirectly they would never cease to hunt for him; and an idle whim had toppled him into their clasp.

He wrote several letters feverishly. The last was addressed to Miss Susan Farlow and read: "Dear Madam: Send Florence Gray to New York, to arrive here Friday morning. My half of the bracelet will be identification. Inclosed find cash to square accounts." He would get together all his available funds, recover his child, and fly to the ends of the world. He would tire them out. They would find that the peaceful dog was a bad animal to rouse. He rang for the faithful Jones.

"Jones, they have found me," he said simply.

"You will need me, then?"

"Quite possible. Please mail these and then we'll talk it over. No doubt some one is watching outside. Be careful."

"Very good, sir."

Hargreave bowed his head in his



Joined What He Believed to Be a Great Socialistic Movement.

hands. Many times he had journeyed to the school and hung about the gates, straining his eyes toward the merry groups of young girls. Which among them was his, heart of his heart, blood of his blood? That she might never be drawn into this abominable tangle, he had resolutely torn her out of his life completely. The happiness of watching the child grow into girlhood he had denied himself. She at least would be safe. Only when she was safe in a far country would he dare tell her. He tried in vain to conjure up a picture of her; he always saw the mother whom he had loved and hated with all the ardor of his youth.

Many things happened the next day. There was a visit to the hangar of one William Orts, the aviator, famous for his daredevil exploits. There were two visitors, in fact, and the second visitor was knocked down for his pains. He had tried to bribe Orts.

There were several excited bankers, who protested against such large withdrawals without the usual formal announcement. But a check was a check, and they had to pay.

Hargreave covered a good deal of ground, but during all this time his right hand never left the automatic in his overcoat pocket, except at those moments when he was obliged to sign his checks. He would shoot and make inquiries afterward.

Far away a young girl and her companion got on the train which was to carry her to New York, the great dream city she was always longing to see.

And the spider wove his web. Hargreave reached home at night. He put the money in the safe and was telephoning when Jones entered and handed his master an unstamped note.

"Where did you get this?"

"At the door, sir. I judge that the house is surrounded."

Hargreave read the note. It stated briefly that all his movements during the day had been noted. It was known that he had collected a million in paper money. If he surrendered this he would be allowed twenty-four hours before the real chase began. Otherwise he should die before midnight. Hargreave crushed the note in his hand. They might kill him, there was a chance of their accomplishing that; but never should they touch his daughter's fortune.

"Jones, you go to the rear door and I'll take a look out of the front. We have an hour. I know the breed. They'll wait till midnight and then force their way in."

Hargreave saw a dozen shadows in the front yard.

"Men all about the back yard," whispered Jones down the hall.

The master eyed the man.

"Very well, sir," replied the latter, with understanding. "I am ready."

The master went to the safe, emptied it of its contents, opened the hall to



Visited the Hangar of an Aviator.

the bedroom, and closed the door softly behind him, Jones having entered the same room through another door to befool any possible watcher. After a long while, perhaps an hour, the two men emerged from the room from the same doors they had entered. So whispered the watcher to his friends below.

"Hargreave is going upstairs."

"Let him go. Let him take a look at us from the upper windows. He will understand that nothing but wings will save him."

Silence. By and by a watcher reported that he heard the scuttle of the roof rattle.

"Look!" another cried, startled.

A bluish glare came from the roof. "He's shooting off a Roman candle!"

They never saw the man-made bird till it alighted upon the roof. They never thought of shooting at it till it had taken wing! Then they rushed the doors of the house. They made short work of Jones, whom they tied up like a Christmas fowl and plumped roughly into a chair. They broke open the safe, to find it empty. And while the rogues were rummaging about the room, venting their spite upon many a treasure they could neither appreciate nor understand, a man from the outside burst in.

"The old man is dead and the money is at the bottom of the ocean! We punctured her. She's gone!"

A thin, inscrutable smile stirred the lips of the man bound in the chair.

CHAPTER II.

The Master's Man.

Vroon faced Hargreave's butler somberly. The one reason why Braine made this man his lieutenant was because Vroon always followed the letter of his instructions to the final period; he never sidestepped or added any frills or innovations of his own, and because of this very automatism he rarely blundered into a trap. If he failed it was for the simple fact that the master mind had overlooked some essential detail. The organization of the Black Hundred was almost totally unknown to either the public or the police. It is only when you fail that you are found out.

"The patrolman has been trussed up like you," began Vroon. "If they find him they will probably find you. But before that you will grow thirsty and hungry. Where did your master put that money?"

"He carried it with him."

"Why didn't you call for help?"

"The houses on either side are too far away. I might yell till doomsday without being heard. They will have heard the pistol shots; but Mr. Hargreaves was always practicing in the backyard."

"The people in those two houses have been called out of town. The servants are off for the night."

"Very interesting," replied Jones, staring at the rug.

"Your master is dead."

Jones' chin sank upon his breast. His heart was heavy, heavier than it had ever been before.

"Your master left a will?"

"Indeed, I could not say."

"We can say. He has still three or four millions in stocks and bonds. What he took to the bottom of the sea with him was his available cash."

"I know nothing about his finances. I was his butler and valet."

Vroon nodded. "Come, men; it is time we took ourselves off. Put things in order; close the safe. You poor jackals, I always have to watch you for outbreaks of vandalism. Off with you!"

He was the last to leave. He stared long and searchingly at Jones, who felt the burning gaze but refused to meet it lest the plotter see the fire in his. The door closed. For fully an hour Jones listened but did not stir. They were really gone. He pressed his feet to the floor and began to blithely

"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!



"You Call Me a Spy, but I Am Not."

I am beginning to suspect is the case." She straightened her slender figure, throwing back her shoulders and using a clearer English than before, as if throwing off disguise. "You ask me to deal with you frankly, monsieur; very well, I will. Down in my heart I have never trusted you—never! My father did, and I made pretense to please him. But from our first meeting my womanly instincts told me you were false. Now I know it! You are not with us, but with our enemies; you are a traitor! a spy!"

The words stung; they were like the thrusts of a knife. Was the girl insane—mad?

"You call me a spy," I said soberly, as her breath failed, "but I am not."

To me this is all mystery. But what about yourself, mademoiselle? Why were you at Fort Harmor? What purpose brought you there?"

"I went there openly, and in no disguise," she replied, restraining herself with an effort. "I was not a spy, nor a victim of curiosity. I told the truth when I said I was seeking my father."

"Yet you left at once to return north without finding him?"

"Because I had learned he was not there, not in the American forts. I heard the general tell it to you."

"To me! the name was not mentioned. We spoke only of a medicine man—Wa-pa-teh-ah."

"Yes, the White Chief. He came to the Wyandots with the Christ message. He was there before the priests, and it is through his efforts there has been peace. Yet why should I tell you all this? You have met him in council, have eaten at his table, and shared his bed. He alone has stood, and blocked your plans of war."

"Mademoiselle," I said, "let us forget this controversy, this misunderstanding, for it is that, and be friends for this night at least. I wish to help you, and not be held as an enemy. You have been in my mind ever since we first met; I have not been able to drive you from memory. I must bring you evil news, but my heart is full of kindness and sympathy. You will believe this?"

How white her face was in the starlight, uplifted to mine. One hand grasped my sleeve.

"News! evil news! of my father?"

"Of Rael D'Auvray; he was your father?"

"Yes! you say 'was' he is dead?"

I caught the groping hand in mine, and held it tightly in the grasp of my fingers. She made no movement, but I could distinguish her quick breathing, see her dark eyes.

"Yes; you must listen quietly while I tell you all I know. We reached here at dusk. There was a band of Indian raiders camped yonder near the foot of the lake, and so we crossed over to this island to avoid them. We stumbled upon this hut while seeking a camping spot. It was dark, and apparently deserted. The front door was latched, but unlocked, and we ventured inside, feeling our way through the gloom, until we came to a door leading into the rear room.

You know the arrangement?"

She did not respond, or remove her eyes from my face.

"When we opened this huge mantel leaped savagely at us. In the darkness he fastened his jaws on Brady's arm—the scout with me—and had to be killed by a knife thrust. Then we procured a light with which to search, and found the body of a man lying on the floor."

"Murdered; his head crushed in from behind with an ax. He was an old man, with snow-white beard."

"How did you know he was Rael D'Auvray?"

"By this medal pinned to his breast," I answered, holding it forth, "a French decoration."

She grasped it, bending her head so as to see better, and, for a moment, her slender form shook with an emotion she could not restrain. Involuntarily I rested a hand upon her shoulder, but the touch aroused her, and she stepped back, standing erect.

"The medal was his; he always wore it. But was that all? Was nothing else found?"

"There was a red army jacket flung across a box; but while we were eating later in the other room, someone stole in through the back door, and carried that away."

She raised her hands to her head, with a gesture of despair.

"I—I believe part of what you have told me," she confessed, her voice trembling. "It—it is in my heart to believe all, but—but I cannot. You are not telling me the truth—not all the truth. You knew of this house; you—you came here deliberately, and— and brought your men with you."

"I deny that, mademoiselle. We stumbled upon the place by accident."

"Oh, you drive me crazy with your denials!" she exclaimed passionately. "I will not listen longer. You are Joseph Hayward; you admit that yourself. No! do not talk to me, or attempt to stop me! I am going to my father."

I stood aside and let her pass, yet followed as she entered the door. The interior was black, except for a slight glow as from a dying fire showing dimly through the inner door. The dead dog lay in the middle of the floor and she stopped, staring at the grim shadow.

"I will bring the light," I said gently, "if you can permit me to pass."

As the yellow flame illumined the small room, her gaze deserted me, to rest once more upon the motionless figure lying near the wall, which Brady had mercifully covered with a blanket. She stood still, her hands clasped, her face like marble. Still holding the candle in one hand, I bent down, and drew back gently the edge of the blanket, exposing the dead man's face and white beard. In spite of his violent death the features were composed, in no way distorted; he appeared like one lying there asleep. For a moment the girl never stirred, her attitude strained, her wide-open, tearless eyes on the peaceful upturned countenance. It seemed to me she had even ceased to breathe. Then she sank slowly upon her knees beside the body, her head close to the cold cheek.

"Father! Father!" she sobbed, as if in sudden realization of the truth. "It is you!"

Her hat had fallen to the floor, and her wealth of dark hair unloosened completely hid her face. She had forgotten my presence; everything but her grief. I drew back silently, stuck the sputtering candle on a box, where it burned bravely, and left the room. As I glanced back from the doorway, odd shadows flickered along the walls, and she still knelt there, a vague, indistinct figure. In the other room I found a chair, and sat down, staring dumbly into the smoldering fire.

CHAPTER VIII.

Mademoiselle's Story.

In the intense silence, the gloom of that room lit only by those smoldering embers, with Schultz sleeping undisturbed against the wall, my thought could not be divorced from the lonely girl sobbing above her dead. Was she of dual nature, womanly and savage by turn, as the instincts of two races dominated her action? Yet this could never account for her distrust of me, her continued insistence upon having previously known me. Ah! and she meant it! There was no attempt at deceit, no acting in all this; her full faith in the charge was written upon her face, followed echo upon her lips. She believed me to be another man, a pretended British officer, a traitor to her people, a scoundrelly spy. Yet she applied to him my name. That was the strangest part of it all.

Even as I started toward the open door the girl herself appeared, outlined against the candle flame. She had bound up the loosened strands of hair, and her dark eyes, dry and tearless, looked straight at me. I doubt if she saw Schultz at all as she came forward, stopping only as her hand finally touched the table. As I watched her, my earlier determi-

WHEAT AND OATS

Wheat and Oats have been coming in at a rapid pace of late.

The European war in its first stage seem to have had an inspiring effect upon grain and a depressing effect upon cotton, while the turn the war has taken the last few days has tended to give the reverse effects. Wheat has been selling for \$1.00 and oats for 41c. B. L. Boydston has shipped this season 21 cars of wheat and 15 cars of oats. We do not know what the other buyers have shipped.

On Trades Day I will give a 20 per cent discount on all suits ordered. This is good for Trades Day only.

Carl Murdock

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

Fall Samples on Display

I have just received a full line of all and winter samples. I represent the best companies and guarantee satisfaction in every respect. I will positively sell cheaper than you can buy elsewhere, and you lose if you don't see me before you order.

THE HIGGINBOTHAM BUILDING

The brick work on the big Higginbotham building will probably be completed this week, after which the interior work will be rushed to completion. A number of masons and carpenters are being kept busy. The building has already assumed the proportions and appearance of a first-class business house.

Hub Mitchell left Saturday for Greenville where he is to attend school at Penick.

Mrs. T. E. Mitchell returned last Thursday from a month or more visit in Hunt and Fannin counties.

Little Christine Carter of Thompsonville, Ky., has moved here and will live with her brother George. She is attending school.

Uncle Henry Harpole returned Wednesday from a week's visit with a daughter at Bradshaw.

Misses Elsie Cochran and Emma Helm of Burkett were pleasant callers at The Review office Tuesday.

The Cross Plains men have pinned to date about 65 balloons.

Arrested for Hiring Cotton Pickers.

Three persons are under arrest at Shreveport, La., charged with employing cotton pickers for Texas farmers without complying with a new Louisiana law, requiring heavy license and bond. Twelve hundred cotton pickers are estimated to have been shipped to Rockwall, Ellis and neighboring Texas counties recently, but as a result of the arrests just reported, the number hereafter may be largely curtailed.

CALL FOR A COTTON CONFERENCE

Governor Vants State Mass Meeting Sept. 17 at Austin.

Austin, Texas.—Governor Colquitt has issued a call addressed to the people of Texas for those interested in cotton to hold mass meeting at county seats on Sept. 15 and assemble in a state mass meeting at Austin on Sept. 17. The purpose is to consider means of co-operation between cotton growers and business men.

The Million Dollar Mystery

By HAROLD MAC GRATH.

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

(Copyright, 1914, by Harold MacGrath)

CHAPTER I.

A Call in the Night.

There are few things darker than a country road at night, particularly if one does not know the lay of the land. It is not difficult to traverse a known path; no matter how dark it is, one is able to find the way by the aid of a mental photograph taken in the daytime. But supposing you have never been over the road in the daytime, that you know nothing whatever of its topography, where it dips or rises, where it narrows or forks. You find yourself in the same unhappy state of mind as a blind man suddenly thrust into a strange house.

One black night, along a certain country road in the heart of New Jersey, in the days when the only good roads were city thoroughfares and country highways were routes to limbo, a carriage went forward cautiously. From time to time it careened like a blunt-nose barge in a beam sea. The wheels and springs voiced their anguish continually; for it was a good carriage, unaccustomed to such ruts and hummocks.

"Faster, faster!" came a muffled voice from the interior.

"Sir, I dare not drive any faster," replied the coachman. "I can't see the horses' heads, sir, let alone the road. I've blown out the lamps, but I can't see the road any better for that."

"Let the horses have their heads; they'll find the way. It can't be much farther. You'll see lights."

The coachman swore in his teeth. All right. This man who was in such a hurry would probably send them all into the ditch. Save for the few stars above, he might have been driving Beelzebub's coach in the bottomless pit. Black velvet, everywhere black velvet. A wind was blowing, and yet the blackness was so thick that it gave to the coachman the sensation of mild suffocation.

By and by, through the trees, he saw a flicker of light. It might or might not be the destination. He cracked his whip recklessly and the



"Why, You Cherub!" Cried the Old Maid.

rriage lurched on two wheels. The man in the carriage balanced himself carefully, so that the bundle in his arms should not be huddly disturbed. His arms ached. He stuck his head out of the window.

"That's the place," he said. "When you're up make as little noise as you can."

"Yes, sir," called down the driver.

When the carriage drew up at its journey's end the man inside jumped out and hastened toward the gates. He scrutinized the sign on one of the posts. This was the place:

MISS FARLOW'S PRIVATE SCHOOL.

The bundle in his arms stirred and he hurried up the path to the door of the house. He seized the ancient knocker and struck several times. He then placed the bundle on the steps and ran back to the waiting carriage, into which he stepped.

"Off with you!"

"That's a good night, sir. Maybe

we can make your train."

"Do you think you could find this place again?"

"You couldn't get me on this pike again, sir, for a thousand; not me!"

The door slammed and the unknown sank back against the cushions. He took out his handkerchief and wiped the damp perspiration from his forehead. The big burden was off his mind. Whatever happened in the future, they would never be able to get him through his heart. So much for the folly of his youth.

It was a quarter after ten. Miss Susan Farlow had just returned to the reception room from her nightly tour

of the upper halls to see if all her charges were in bed, where the rules of the school confined them after 9:30. It was at this moment that she heard the thunderous knocking at the door. The old maid felt her heart stop beating for a moment. Who could it be, at this time of night? Then the thought came swiftly that perhaps the parent of some one of her charges was ill and this was the summons. Still- ing her fears, she went resolutely to the door and opened it.

"Who is it?" she called.

No one answered. She cupped her hand to her ear. She could hear the clatter of horses dimly.

"Well!" she exclaimed; rather angrily, too.

She was in the act of closing the door when the light from the hall discovered to her the bundle on the steps. She stooped and touched it.

"Good heavens, it's a child!"

She picked the bundle up. A whimper came from it, a tired little whimper of protest. She ran back to the reception room. A founding! And on her doorstep! It was incredible. What in the world should she do? It would create a scandal and hurt the prestige of the school. Some one had mistaken her select private school for a farmhouse. It was frightful.

Then she unwrapped the child. It was about a year old, dimpled and golden haired. A thumb was in its rosebud mouth and its blue eyes looked up trustfully into her own.

"Why, you cherub!" cried the old maid, a strange turmoil in her heart. She caught the child to her breast, and then for the first time noticed the thick envelope pinned to the child's cloak. She put the baby into a chair and broke open the envelope.

"Name this child Florence Gray. I will send annually a liberal sum for her support and reclaim her on her eighteenth birthday. The other half of the inclosed bracelet will identify me. Treat the girl well, for I shall watch over her in secret."

Into the fixed routine of her humdrum life had come a mystery, a tantalizing, fascinating mystery. She had read of foundlings left on doorsteps—from paper covered novels confiscated from her pupils—but that one should be placed upon her own respectable doorstep! Suddenly she smiled down at the child and the child smiled back. And there was nothing more to be done except to bow before the decrees of fate. Like all prim old maids, her heart was full of unrequited romances, and here was something she might spend its foibles upon without let or hindrance. Already she was hoping that the man or woman who had left it might never come back.

The child grew. Regularly each year, upon a certain date, Miss Farlow received a registered letter with money. These letters came from all parts of the world; always the same sum, always the same line—"I am watching."

Thus seventeen years passed; and to Susan Farlow each year seemed shorter than the one before. Her life loved the child with all her heart. She had not trained young girls all these years without becoming adept in the art of recognizing the true signs of breeding. There was no ordinary blood in Florence; the fact was emphasized by her exquisite face, her small hands and feet, her spirit and gentleness. And now, at any day, some one with a broken bracelet might come for her. As the days went on the heart of Susan Farlow grew heavy.

"Never mind, aunty," said Florence; "I shall always come back to see you." She meant it, poor child; but how was she to know the terrors which lay beyond the horizon?

"Oh with you!"

The house of Stanley Hargreave,

In Riverdale, was the house of no ordinary rich man. Outside it was simple enough, but within you learned what kind of a man Hargreave was. There were rare Ispahans and Saruks on the floors and tapestries on the walls, and here and there a fine painting. The library itself represented a fortune. Money had been laid out lavishly but never wastefully. It was the home of a scholar, a dreamer, a wide traveler.

In the library stood the master of the house, idly fingering some papers which lay on the study table. He shrugged at some unpleasant thought, settled his overcoat about his shoulders, took up his hat, and walked from the room, frowning slightly. The butler, who also acted in the capacity of valet, always within call when his master was about, stepped swiftly to the hall door and opened it.

"I may be out late, Jones," said Hargreave.

"Yes, sir."

Hargreave stared into his face keenly, as if trying to pierce the grave face to learn what was going on behind it.

"How long have you been with me?"

"Fourteen years, sir."

"Some day I shall need you."

"My life has always been at your

disposal, sir, since that night you rescued me."

"Well, I haven't the least doubt that when I ask you will give."

"Without question, sir. It was always so understood."

Hargreave's glance sought the mirror, then the smileless face of his man. He laughed, but the sound conveyed no sense of mirth; then he turned and went down the steps slowly, like a man burdened with some thought which was not altogether to his liking. He had sent an order for his car, but had immediately countermanded it. He would walk till he grew tired, hail a taxicab, and take a run up and down Broadway. The wonderful illumination might prove diverting. For 18 years nearly; and now it was as natural for him to throw a glance over his shoulder whenever he left the house as it was for him to breathe. The average man would have grown careless during all these years; but Hargreave was not an average man; he was, rather, an extraordinary individual. It was his life in exchange for eternal vigilance, and he knew and accepted the fact.

Half an hour later he got into a taxicab and directed the man to drive downtown as far as Twenty-third street and back to Columbus circle. The bewildering display of lights, however, in nowise served to lift the sense of oppression that had weighed upon him all day. South of Forty-second street he dismissed the taxicab and stared undecidedly at the brilliant sign of a famous restaurant. He was neither hungry nor thirsty; but there would be strange faces to study and music.

It was an odd whim. He had not entered a Broadway restaurant in all these years. He was unknown. He



The Introductions Were Made.

belonged to no clubs. Two months was the longest time he had ever remained in New York since the disposal of his old home in Madison avenue and his resignation from his club. This once, then, he would break the law he had written down for himself. Boldly he entered the restaurant.

Some time before Hargreave surrendered to the restless spirit of rebellion, bitterly to repent for it later, there came into this restaurant a man and a woman. They were both evidently well known, for the head waiter was obsequious and hurried them over to the best table he had left and took the order himself.

The man possessed a keen, intelligent face. You might have marked him for a successful lawyer, for there was an earnestness about his expression which precluded a life of idleness. His age might have been anywhere between 40 and 50. The shoulders were broad and the hands which lay clasped upon the table were slim but muscular. Indeed, everything about him suggested hidden strength and vitality. His companion was small, handsome, and animated. Her frequent gestures and notable eyebrows betrayed her foreign birth. Her

age was a matter of importance to no one but herself.

They were at coffee when she said: "There's a young man coming toward us. He is looking at you."

The man turned. Instantly his face lighted up with a friendly smile of recognition.

"Who is it?" she asked.

"A chap worth knowing; a reporter just a little out of the ordinary. I'm going to introduce him. You never can tell. We might need him some day. Ah, Norton, how are you?"

"Good evening, Mr. Braine." The reporter, catching sight of a pair of dazzling eyes, hesitated.

"The Princess Perigoff, Norton. You're in no hurry, are you?"

"Not now," smiled the reporter.

"Ah!" said the princess, interested. It was the old compliment, said in an unusual way. It pleased her.

The reporter sank into a chair. When inactive he was rather a dreamy-eyed sort of chap. He possessed that rare accomplishment of talking upon one subject and thinking upon another at the same time. So while he talked gayly with the young woman on varied themes, his thoughts were busy speculating upon her companion. He was quite certain that the name Braine was assumed, but he was also equally certain that the man carried an extraordinary brain under his thatch of salt and pepper hair. The man had written three or four brilliant monographs on poisons and the uses of radium, and it was through and by these that the reporter had managed to pick up his acquaintance. He lived well, but inconspicuously.

Suddenly the pupils of Braine's eyes narrowed; the eye became cold. Over the smoke of his cigarette he was looking into the wall mirror. A man had passed behind him and sat down at the next table. Still gazing into the mirror, Braine saw Norton

wave his hand; saw also the open wonder on the reporter's pleasant face.

"Who is your friend, Norton?" Braine asked indifferently, his head still turned.

"Stanley Hargreave. Met him in Hongkong when I was sent over to handle a part of the revolution. War correspondence stuff. First time I ever ran across him on Broadway at night. We've since had some powwows over some rare books. Queer old cock; brave as a lion, but as quiet as a mouse."

"Bookish, eh? My kind. Bring him over." Underneath the table Braine maneuvered to touch the foot of the princess.

"I don't know," said the reporter dubiously. "He might say no, and that would embarrass the whole lot of us. He's a bit of a hermit. I'm surprised to see him here."

"Try," urged the princess. "I like to meet men who are hermits."

"I haven't the least doubt about that," the reporter laughed. "I'll try; but don't blame me if I'm rebuffed."

He left the table with evident reluctance and approached Hargreave. The two shook hands cordially, for the elder man was rather fond of this medley of information known as Jhn Norton.

"Sit down, boy; sit down. You're just the kind of a man I've been wanting to talk to tonight."

"Wouldn't you rather talk to a pretty woman?"

"I'm an old man."

"Bah! That's a hypocritical bluff, and you know it. My friends at the next table have asked me to bring you over."

"I do not usually care to meet strangers."

"Make an exception this once," said the reporter, who had been Braine's eyes change and was curious to know why the appearance of Hargreave in the mirror had brought about that metallic gleam. Here were two unique men; he desired to see them face to face.

"This once, my fault; I ought not to be here; I feel out of place. What a life, though, you reporters lead! To meet kings and presidents and great financiers, socialists and anarchists, the whole scale of life, and to sleep those people on the back as if they were everyday friends!"

"Now you're making fun of me. For one thing there are always twenty black dogs ready to kick me down the steps; don't forget that."

Hargreave laughed. "Come, then; let us act it over with."

The introductions were made. Norton felt rather chagrined. So far as he could see, the two men were total strangers. Well, it was all in the game. Nine out of ten opportunities for the big story were false alarms; but he was always willing to risk the labor these nice untamed for the sake of the truth.

At length Braine glanced at his watch, and the princess nodded. Adieux were said. Inside the taxicab Braine leaned back with a deep, audacious smile.

Trades Day Prices

FO CASH ONLY

100 lbs Cotton White Flour	\$3.00
100 lbs Belle of Wichita	" \$3.00
100 lbs Blue Bonnett	" 2.85
100 lbs Red Seal	" 2.75
100 lbs Sugar	- - 8.00

The above prices are lower than wholesale prices and will advance after Monday. Positively no Flour or Sugar charged.

We will have many other cash bargains in Groceries. See us before you buy.

B. L. BOYDSTUN

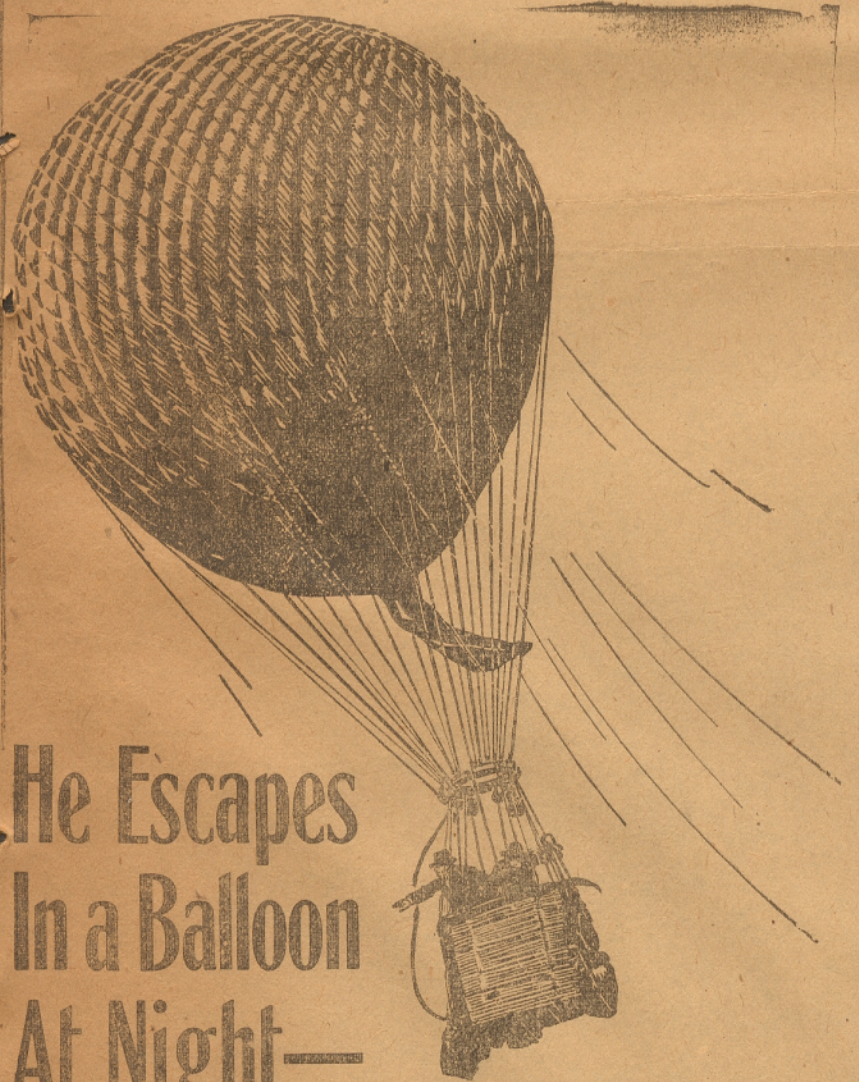
SCHOOL OPENS WITH GOOD ATTENDANCE

Monday Prof. and Mrs. Wakefield began the subscription part of the Cross Plains School. The enrollment was not heavy on account of its being so early in the fall. The public term will open Oct. 9th.

Joe Shackelford has been confined to his room this week with rheumatism.

Henry McDaniel has returned from a trip to Ford county where he visited his son Jim McDaniel. He says that crops are fine every where he has been.

Leonard Farmer and family of Eagle Cove are visiting his wife's father Uncle Henry McDaniel.



He Escapes In a Balloon At Night—

THE CONSPIRATORS, seeking the million dollars, surround the house of mystery—every doorway is guarded—all hope seems lost—and yet—Stanley Hargreaves, millionaire member of the Black Hundred, escapes!

A balloon soars upward toward the night sky, leaving the angry plotters baffled—beaten? Shots are fired—the balloon is punctured and drops into the ocean—what becomes of the million dollars? Learn the solution in the thrilling photo play

The Million Dollar Mystery

By Harold MacGrath

Thanhouser's Million Dollar Motion Picture Production

The most costly, most remarkable motion picture production ever brought out. Nine miles of film involving love, romance and adventure to be shown at this theater. Each episode will be filled with thrills—new thrills. Each scene will reveal sensations never before attempted. As the story progresses, week by week, a startling mystery will be unraveled. See the first episode at the

AIRDOME

INCREASE OF INCOME TAX IS AGREED ON

TENTATIVE ACTION TAKEN BY HOUSE COMMITTEE LOOKING TO EMERGENCY FUND.

WOULD MEAN \$35,000,000

Increase of One-Half of One Per Cent Decided On—Maximum Exemption \$4,000 to \$3,000.

Washington.—An income tax increase of one-half of one per cent and a reduction of the minimum exemption from \$3,000 to \$2,000 and the maximum exemption from \$4,000 to \$3,000 were agreed on tentatively by Democratic members of the ways and means committee, who are framing the emergency revenue bill to raise \$100,000,000. It is estimated that the proposed changes would produce \$35,000,000 annually.

In deciding on income tax increase the committee considered the fact that the revenue from this source would not be available until next July, but the opinion was general that the increased revenue from other sources would meet any immediate deficit.

Under the proposed changes the income tax would be 1½ per cent on incomes of single persons in excess of \$2,000 and the same on married persons in excess of \$3,000. In addition the ½ per cent increase would be added pro rata in accordance with the increased surtaxes on incomes in excess of \$20,000.

Fix Tax Increases.

The committee agreed also that the increased tax on beer and malt liquors should be fixed at 50c a barrel, bringing in \$35,000,000. On domestic wines a tax of 20c a gallon will raise \$10,000,000. Distilled spirits will escape an extra tax, but it was decided to tax rectified spirits 2c a gallon, realizing \$2,000,000.

The committee is said to have agreed tentatively on a tax on railroad freight in lieu of a tax on railroad tickets. Such a tax would be collected by the railroads and easily administered. The rate proposed, it was reported, was 2 per cent. At the conclusion of an all-day conference it was agreed not to tax tobacco products, automobiles, gasoline, amusement tickets, magazines and many other articles and commodities proposed, the increased income tax averting the necessity of levying against these articles.

British and Germans Fight in Africa

London.—British troops have met and defeated a German force of 400 which entered Nyassaland, British Central Africa, according to an announcement by the official press bureau, which adds: "The Germans lost seven officers killed and two wounded, two field and two machine guns. The loss among the rank and file has not been ascertained, but was heavy. The British loss was four killed and several wounded."

Cross Plains Development. Co.

Agents for Cross Plains Townsite Company.

LANDS, LOANS and INSURANCE

NOTARIES PUBLIC IN OFFICE

Office in rear of Bank of Cross Plains.

THE CENTRAL HOTEL

LOCATED CLOSE IN

MEALS 25c

BEDS 25c

GIVE US A TRIAL

JIM CROSS, PROPRIETOR

The Crystal Cafe

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

Henson & Manning, Props.

Czar is Determined to Capture Berlin.

London.—The Evening News has published a dispatch from its Rome correspondent, who says that Emperor Nicholas is reported in Rome to have made the following declaration: "I am resolved to go to Berlin itself, even if it causes me to lose my last moujik." The Japanese ambassador at Petrograd, the correspondent of the News continues, having expressed to the emperor a wish to see the soldiers of Japan fighting side by side with those of Russia, the emperor replied: "I shall do my best to realize your wishes."

Fire destroyed a blacksmith shop, garage and a telephone building at Alvord. Loss estimated at \$5,000.

Kaiser Disqualified For Nobel Prize.

A dispatch to the Express from Stockholm says that the name of the German emperor has been stricken from the list of nominations for the next Nobel peace prize.

\$500,000 Sawmill Fire in Louisiana.

Deridder, La.—The large saw mill of the Delta Land and Timber company at Carson, La., has been destroyed by fire, together with the dry kiln and several thousand feet of lumber. The loss is estimated at about \$500,000.

Trains Kill Three in Ellis County.

Waxahachie, Texas.—Three violent deaths occurred in Ellis county Tuesday night. Clint Cowart and Clyde Crantham, each aged about 18 years and both residing in Fort Worth, were crushed to death under the wheels of a train at Bell Branch. The boys had gone to sleep on the tracks and were killed within a short distance of where James Barlow of Houston met death about two weeks ago. Claude McDonald, aged 23 years, a mute, while riding a motorcycle was struck by a motor car on the H. & T. C.

A gas well producing 16,000,000 cubic feet of gas daily has been brought in Zapata county.

N. Y. City Gets Loan of \$100,000,000.

New York.—Within a few hours after the board of estimate and apportionment adopted a plan for the city to borrow \$100,000,000 with which to pay off in gold a foreign indebtedness of approximately \$30,000,000 and other maturing debts. J. P. Morgan & Co. and Kuhn, Loeb & Co., syndicate managers of the loan, turned over to the city chamberlain a check for \$100,166,617. As the loan is of Sept. 1, the extra \$166,617 represents interest accruing since that date.

War Clouds!

The war clouds are passing away, and money matters are loosening up. Conditions generally are better.

People are making selections for their fall purchases.

Come early and see the new things in all lines. You will find our stock the largest and best selected that it has ever been our privilege to show.

Don't delay, come early and get first choice.

CASH OR CREDIT
QUALITY COUITS DAVIS-GARNER & CO WATCH US GROW

A GREAT OPPORTUNITY FOR YOUNG MEN

A demand for telegraph operators was never so great as at the present time. The largest telegraph school in America—equipped with over a hundred sets of instruments, miniature train system, a wire of main line railroad, all telegraph and freight blanks, in fact everything just as complete as found in the best equipped railroad offices, the best practical teachers to be obtained, thoroughly experienced in commercial and railway telegraphy, station and freight work—the Tyler Commercial College, of Tyler, Texas is unable to anyway near supply the demand upon it by the railroads and telegraph companies for operators. Just as surely as a young man will complete our course of telegraphy and station work, just so surely will he be placed in a good position. The same is true where our course of bookkeeping and shorthand and business administration and finance is completed.

Write for catalogue. Our students are on all the leading Southwestern roads.

Liberty News

Well, I believe the health of the community is better at this writing than it has been for sometime.

People are gathering corn, cutting their feed stuff and getting ready to go to picking cotton.

Uncle John Hensley and wife, of Comanche County, have been visiting relatives here for the past week returned home Monday. Uncle John says they have good crops in that section which we are glad to hear.

The big meeting at the Chappel is progressing nicely.

The young folks had an entertainment at Mr. Robinson's Saturday night. All reported a very pleasant time.

There was church at the Christian church Saturday night and Sunday.

Uncle Sam is going to move to Pioneer later. Says he's tired of the farm. He has rented out the home place.

Misses Estelle and Lucy Marshall visited Cassie Robinson Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. J. C. Holder went to Brown county one day last week. Her daughter, Mrs. Harris, came back with her to visit for a while.

The war is causing lots of talk and is getting serious.

Will close as news is scarce. Best wishes to you all.

Rose Bud.

Cottonwood Locals

Miss Zora Carter is visiting her friends at Cottonwood this week.

Several of our citizens are attending the Baptist convention at Rowden this week.

Our community has had some very unwelcome visitors the past few days. The "bo'w'eevil."

Bro. Parker was a pleasant visitor to Cottonwood yesterday.

The Cottonwood school house which was destroyed by lightning will soon be repaired by the insurance company.

A Reader.

Those owing us will please call at once and settle up, for we are needing the money.

P. L. Boydston.

REMEMBER

We will save you money on wagon sheets and wagon bows.

The very latest in Fall Millinery at Carters

EVERY ONE

Will buy a towel here Trades Day. The price is only 5 cents each.

THE RACKET STORE

NEW GOODS

Our big assortment of new seasonable goods are now here and being sold at low net cash prices. The Racket Store

ADDING TO HOUSE

E. N. Stafford of Eastland has been here a few days and is at work adding two new rooms to the Kelsey house in northeast part of town. He has bought additional lots and has moved the house north, giving it much more room.

Mr. Stafford has built a number of houses in Cross Plains, and has done a good work in so doing.

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

Frank Thate.

Miss Ollie McGowen returned Sunday from a few days visit with her sister, Mrs. Scott Gilbertt, at Woodson.

The merchants who advertise, who ask for your business through the columns of the Review, are those that deserve, and are getting the business. They want and ask for your business. We believe these merchants are being rewarded for their efforts. The man who says he believes in advertising, but that everybody knows where he is and therefore he does not need any further publicity, at the best very inconsistent. He is preaching one thing and practicing another.

F. B. Eigeloff of Weatherford, representing Jno. Deere Plow Co., was here yesterday.

Your suit cleaned and pressed for \$1.00

Carl Murdock

A SCHOLARSHIP

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

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 Decorator
Estimates Cheerfully
Furnished
Phone 42 Cross Plain

Lodge Directory

Masonic Lodge No 627

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

over Bank of Cross Plains.



Plains, Tex.

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 Lodge No. 1453

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

Elsie M. Cochran, Clerk

Burkett, Texas

EXTRA SPECIALS

Bergins graniteware for Trades Day.

The Racket Store

Ben M. Parker, of Santa Anna, Texas, came in Tuesday and has accepted a position with the Review

SAVE THE PENNIES

The pennies saved on dollars spent here buys something else you thought you couldn't afford.

THE RACKET STORE

Pay cash and buy from Carter

Little Miss Beulah Boydston, daughter of B. L. Boydston, has returned to her home after a few days visit here with her relatives.

WAR MADE HIGH PRICES

Some places but not here. THE RACKET STORE

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Boydston, of Baird are visiting their son, Eldson Boydston.

S. C. GRESHAM

Has opened a repair shop in the rear of the Racket Store, where he is prepared to serve you.

Mrs. J. W. Dickey of Weatherford is visiting her daughter, Mrs. E. C. Boydston.

Loné Star Screw Worm Ointment is as good as the best, 15c

PRICES NOT ADVANCED HERE

Our spot cash buying enables us to sell goods at below war prices. Do as others are doing—trade here and save money.

The Racket Store.

Dr. C. V. Bomer and family left here Thursday for Chicago where he will do hospital work for a year.

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.

HUSBAND RESCUED DESPAIRING WIFE

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

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

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

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

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

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

Write to: Chattanooga Medicine Co., Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions on your case and 64-page book, 'Home Treatment for Women,' sent in plain wrapper.

SUCCESSFUL CANDIDATES

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

For District Attorney for 42nd Judicial District
N. N. Rosenberg
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.

P. Smith

SPECIALS

A big towel 17x35 inches, worth 15 cents. Trades Day prices only 5 cents.

THE RACKET STORE

WANTED TO RENT a typewriter at review office. Phone us what you have.

We are paying fancy prices for cotton and grain on accounts!

B. L. Boydston