

The CROSS PLAINS REVIEW

VOL. 5*

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

NO. 41

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

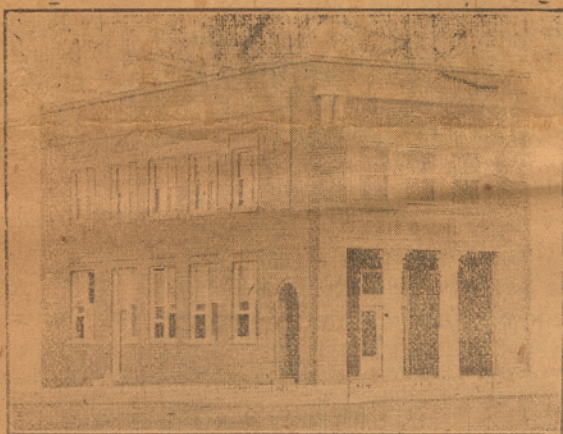
(UN-INCORPORATED)

Responsibility \$1,000,000

CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND
A HAPPY NEW YEAR
to all our Friends
and 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.

NO REVIEW NEXT WEEK

In accordance with a custom more or less prevalent among country newspapers, we will publish no paper Christmas week. We are not missing a week because we have been overworked or because we need the rest. You may need it. We want the week off that it may seem like Christmas.

W. C. Bagwell of De Leon has moved to Cross Plains where he is bookkeeper for Higginbotham Trading Co. He has been working for Higginbotham's at De Leon in the same capacity for quite a while. We are glad to welcome him among us.

THE WHEELS OF BUSINESS

Are never stopped at the Racket Store. We have as usual full stocks of novelties appropriate for Christmas gifts. We have as usual, the lowest possible prices. Yes the wheels of business are always running at

THE RACKET STORE

NEW TAILOR SHOP

R. Burgess of Hico has opened a new tailor shop in the Reeder & Hitt barber shop. He has been in the tailoring business for many years and comes recommended as a first class tailor. He uses the French process for cleaning and dyeing.

B. F. Shields, erstwhile editor of the Review, and now proprietor of a specialty film showing wild west pictures was in De Leon Sunday. In conversation with the writer he said he was doing well with his work. He means to come here Trades Day.

Must raise money and the goods must sell,
At Carters

NOTICE

Will buy war horses. will be in Cross Plains Trades Day, December 21 to buy war horses.

Want horses 5 to 8 years old; 15 to 15 1-2 hands high.

No paints, greys or duns wanted.

E. H. Leache.

TRADES DAY AND

CHRISTMAS

This issue of The Review will fall in the hands of many who do not regularly read The Review or do their trading here. To such a special invitation is extended to visit our little city on Monday next, the occasion of our regular monthly trades day, or any time during the holidays. We have arranged a special program for your amusement for Monday. Come and enjoy yourselves. Read the advertisements of the merchants in The Review; when in town see the goods they are advertising. Finally, see us in regard to trading for subscription to The Review.

Thirty thousand copies of a bulletin entitled "A Study of the Rural Public Schools of Texas" are being distributed by the Extension Department of the University of Texas. Messrs. E. V. White and E. E. Davis, collaborated in the production of the careful survey of the rural school situation. The distribution of this important document is being effected through Miss Marian E. Poets, Package Librarian, to whom applications are coming by the hundreds, threatening to exhaust the supply in a short time.

METHOD IN MADNESS

Buy a bale o' cotton, Bill,
Buy a heavo ham,
Buy a bar'l of appal sass,
Buy a jar o' jam

Buy a box of oranges
Buy a car of oats
Buy yourself a suit of clothes
Buy some overcoats,

Buy yourself a ton of hay
Buy a load of bricks
Buy a pair of rubber boots
Buy a flock of chicks.

Buy yourself some chewing gum
Buy it by the box
Buy yourself an auto
Buy a dozen sox.

Buy a year's subscription
Pay it in advance
Then your friend, ye editor
Can pay a pair o' pants.

E. F. McIntyre.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Jessie Arrowood on the 7th a boy. Mother and baby doing well.

W. R. Roberts of Comal neighborhood was in town Monday.

Ato Baucom has returned to his home at Cross Cut after spending few weeks at Vernon.

I UNDERBUY AND UNDERSSELL

We don't buy goods in train loads—sometimes we get express bundles But Watch our Prices.

10-lb. bucket of lard . . . 85c
Coffee 25c grade 6 lbs. for \$1.00
Vinegar per gallon . . . 25c
Soap 7 bars for . . . 25c
Salmons 80c a dozen
Good candy per pound . . 15c
Axle grease 5 & 15c

A good supply of fire works, all kinds of Christmas goods at the best prices in town.

McCord's Bargain House

COMING MON. TRADES DAY AFTERNOON AND NIGHT

The American Round-Up, made on the Y-6 Ranch in Wyoming, a special Western in three reels. See lobby mount of hides of animals killed on the ranch, of spurs, Indian blankets, etc., taken from the ranch. See it Monday afternoon and night at—The Electric Theatre.

T E Powell and B L Russell of Baird and Paul Ramsey of Cottonwood were here on business Tuesday.

Good work horse for sale or trade See C L Stallings.

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.

Turkeys For Breeding

We have a few extra choice Toms, bred from a new strain of Kentucky Mammoth Bronze. Price 3.00 to \$5.00 each Delevered Cross Plains, W. L. Young

R. H. Waddell and family of De Leon have moved to Cross Plains. Mr. Waddell is brakeman on the branch. Mr. and Mrs. Waddell are the parents of a two weeks old boy of which R. H. is especially proud.

Mrs. Dotson of Abilene has arrived and will be here a few days with her husband who is working for Higginbotham Trading Co.

Let Burgess clean and press your clothes,—at Reeder & Hitt barber shop (adv)

Building paper—lots of it. Shackelford Lmbr. Yard

FOR SALE CHEAP

A scholarship in the Tyler Commercial College.

WORTH GIVING

Your wife wants a nice piece of furniture, and what would be nicer and nearer worth your money than something that she can use every day, something that will last and be useful. We have it and at the right price.—Furniture Store

The De Laval, the separa or you will eventually use. (adv)

Give me a trial on your old suit and see the difference in appearance and crease.—Burgess the Tailor

This is headquarters for made-to-measure clothes, cleaning and blocking of hats, cleaning and pressing of clothes for men, women and children, and all kinds of alteration work. All work guaranteed to be good as the best. Phone 94 Tarrt the Tailor

A few more months and dear Uncle Jim Coffman will be three score and ten, and then—yes then—he is going to give an old fashioned hard cider and ginger corn bread dinner for himself and a prepared list of old Ex-Confederate soldier friends, and by far better still. "Juan" is on the list, and we may have a little stronger, you know. Now don't envy us, Uncle Bill, you behave yourself and "may be so" you may be bid. And sister Coffman, God bless her, will preside with the grace and dignity of a queen. May this grand old couple live to be a hundred, with love, health and prosperity in their declining years.—Juan in Baird Star

Dressy News

Old has crept out from behind the clouds once more, and the wind and the wind is blowing briskly from the north. We are glad to see this fair weather,

perhaps we can get our cotton out while the price is so high.

Lane Steele and wife visited W. T. Wilson and family Sunday.

Mabry Beard filled his regular appointment with Bob Wheeler Sunday evening.

The party at S. P. Long's Saturday night was attended by a large crowd.

Pomp Payne and wife visited S. P. Longs Sunday.

Lane Steele says he has the worlds record in playing dominoes. He played by himself the other night and made 400 with one hand.

One of Noah Johnsons leaghorn hens eating tacks the other day and Mr. Johnson was amazed at her. Flem come home from school about that time and Mr. Johnson says "son you are just from school can you tell me why that old hen is eating those tacks?" Flem says "why papa she is going to lay a carpet."

Lane Steele hauled Raymon Steel a load of wood Monday.

We want to congratulate Slim Jim on his Slip Shop. He must have been Slip Slipping the other day when he passed Lane Steele's on the running gear of his mail sack.

Misses Dora Covanagh, Byron Freeman, Nellie Duncan, Clara Bell Boden and Fred Long visited the school Friday.

Mr. C. B. Beeler bought 7 bales of cotton Saturday, he sold 6 Monday at .25 profit. The bales were bad and Mr. Beeler says this is very good for his first experience.

Bro. Sisk balled back as our Methodist pastor for another year. He has served us faithful in the past and we welcome him back.

Billy, the kid.

PRODUCE BUSINESS

We have paid out since the 12 of November as follows:

Turkeys	\$2,122.30
Cream and Butter	450.00
Eggs	220.00
Chickens	200.00
Pecans	100.00
Hides	60.00
Total	\$3,142.30

NEEB PRODUCE CO.

Liberty News

J W Morgan and son Grover came in from San Antonio last week. They have bot the J M Lane place near Liberty and will move to the same soon.

Mr and Mrs Morgan were in Cross Plains shopping last Friday Earle Ayers has a child quite sick with a throat trouble.

Mrs George Erwin is now recovering from a serious illness.

Mr and Mrs John Blackburn of Suephens county who have been visiting his parents returne home last week.

Mr. Earle Ayers and Frank Blackburn made a flying trip to Cisco Friday returned Saturday The singing at Mrs. Fulley's last Sunday night was well attended.

Well, as news is scarce I will ring off by wishing the Review and it's many readers a merry Xmas and a happy new year's.

Bow Baum and wife of New Mexico are spending Xmas with home folks.

EXPECTATIONS.

The kids that live in here wite me.

One talking mighty queer, The say that Santa Claus won't be A coming round this year.

They say we're poorer than we was And that's why they are sure,

That Santa Claus won't come be cause He doesn't like the poor.

I guess we know we're poor, all right

Our dad ain't got the jits. And all our sisses does at night

Is fuss, growl and spit. But we should think old Santa'd know

That 'count o' this here war, Us kids that's boosted for him so Would need him all the more,

He must be rich as rich can be For every Christmas day

The papers tells how he gives loads of tows away. We ain't expecting him to bring

A very awful lot, But gee! I'd like some little thing To show I ain't forgot.

Yes your kids will have your stockings placed in some conspicuous spot.

Whether dad's a red or not. When Christmas comes, if things

don't change Dad'll take the road to the city of Cross Plains and bear old

Santa load. A. T. Davis.

THE CENTRAL HOTEL

LOCATED CLOSE IN

MEALS 25c

BEDS 25c

GIVE US A TRIAL

JIM CROSS, PROPRIETOR

Burkett Items

Born to Jim Tabor and wife a boy; to Earl Gray and wife a girl; all doing nicely.

Bert Brown has been collecting for the Burkett Telephone Paul Thate has moved his telephone office to the west part of town.

John Wagoner is working for Mrs Keller

Miss Mary Perkins of Brownwood is teaching the Kidd Peak school. She is boarding at Mrs. Nations.

Ellis Brisco and family of Foard county have returned to old Coleman county after and absence of several years.

The entertainment at George Keller's was well attended.

The Woodmen supper was a big success

Luther Knight, son of Jim Knight, has returned home from a cotton picking tour of the state Charlie Burkett left Monday for Brownwood to enjoy Xmas.

Ernest Harris and wife are moving to their new home.

The Burkett school closed out Wednesday until after Xmas.

The school entertainment Friday night was fine.

Mrs. Pendleton's sister who has been living with her for some time has left for Kingfisher Okla. to spend Xmas.

On the sick list at the present are Miss Eisle Harris and Carl Burns, both having dyptheria but doing nicely.

The Burkett gin is standing idle on account of lack of wood W B Mountain went to Brownwood Tuesday.

Lon Ferrell has moved to Goldsboro.

Messdames Maonering and Jackson went shopping to Coleman Tuesday.

Well, two or three of the Burkett girls are making new Xmas dresses; i. e., wedding dressess.

Any one wishing to subscribe for the Review will please see Bert Brown.

Rambler

LET IT SLIP AND WAS RUINED FOR LIFE

What's the matter? Why are you letting this opportunity slip through your fingers? Don't you

know that out there in the hustling business world opportunity is calling for trained men and women? How much longer will you stand aside and make excuses? Aren't you afraid that if you "put it off" to another time that something will arise between now and then to prevent you from getting this training?

Stop making excuses and delaying! Invest your hours—invest your powers while you have a chance.

Tick-tock! Tick-tock! Your chance is slipping by. Use your gifts—develop you latent talents—gain the ambition-arousing, skill-creating, confidence upbuilding training we stand ready to give you while you have the chance.

You can succeed. Other people—those who are succeeding—nature didn't give them a single extra bone or one more nerve or muscle than you possess. Their success was not a birthright. It came out of efforts—out of action. They use their gifts—as you should. They gained a training that broadened and increased—as you should. They success and fired away until they hit it.

Look around you! Wherever your eye turns you see some man or woman who had no better start than you—with no greater general education or "school learning" than you, but who was wise enough to become specially trained in some one special line and who today is going ahead fast and leaving in the rear those who thought special business training unnecessary.

You must net think of success as a kind of Santa Claus and expect it to drop presents into your stockings while you sleep.

The best way you can improve this very hour that finds you reading this, is to take the first step towards enrolling with us. That will be your first step towards a great success.

You have made excuses and halted long enough. Your duty to yourself is to come to your decision now.

When may we expect you? Write or wire America's largest business training school, with 2000 enrollments this year, if further information is desired. Tyler Commercial College, Tyler, Texas.

To Trades Day and Xmas Shoppers:

My business may be new to you. If so call and see me when in town next week. I can sell you Anything you Need in the Grocery or Gents' Furnishing line.

Buy your Christmas Candies Nuts, Fruits, etc., for the children from me. BUY your Christmas Hats, Shirts, Shoes, Ties, etc., for the men from me!

LOCATED 1st DOOR WEST OF TARTT & MELTON'S

M. D. JONES

SCHOOL BOARD SLATING

We have ordered and will carry in stock a supply of SCHOOL BOARD SLATING. We also carry in stock Everything usually sold in a lumber yard, such as Paints, Oils, Window Glass Screen Goods, Builders Hardware, Etc.

LET US FIGURE ON YOUR NEXT BILL OF LUMBER!

BRAZELTON-PRYOR & COMPANY

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and Diarrhoea. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years
The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Have Your Pictures Made

Do you want your pictures made? If so here's your chance.

TO JANUARY 1st, 1915

I will make all \$3.00 work for \$2.50; Post cards for \$1.25; \$5.00 work for \$4.00, and so on.

NO MONEY NEEDED

I realize money matters are close, and I am willing to bear my part of the burden. I will take as pay for work hogs, chickens or anything else I can use, I will accept it. If you need anything in the way of pictures, picture framing, enlarging etc, See me.

G. B. SWAN, Photogr'ph'r

COULD SCARCELY WALK ABOUT

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Write to: Chattanooga Medicine Co., Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions on your case and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent in plain wrapper. J-68

AN APPROPRIATE CHRISTMAS GIFT

Young folks, have you ever wanted a certain article as a Christmas gift, and when Christmas came around you didn't get it and went and bought it yourself? Well that is just the way to do in this case—but first take the matter up with your parents. If you present the matter in the right light, they can hardly turn you down, for this is the best proposition you ever put up to them; it is a thing that will win your independence and enable you to make a good living throughout life. It is scholarship in the Tyler Commercial College of Tyler, Texas, America's greatest school of bookkeeping, business training, shorthand, typewriting, telegraphy, business administration and finance, the school that not only prepares its students in every efficient manner for the best positions in the largest business offices, but secures these positions for them.

The cost of a life scholarship in a course of bookkeeping or shorthand is \$50, or the two \$95, telegraphy \$55, business administration and finance \$75. Board is from \$11.50 to \$15 per month, payable monthly. The average time for completion of shorthand course is three and one-half months, or telegraphy or bookkeeping course four months, business administration and finance five months, our bookkeeping and shorthand course combined, five and a half months. Figure up your cost of board and tuition and you will be surprised to find out how little it will cost you to obtain an education that you can use throughout life to a great advantage. It will be a Christmas present that you will always appreciate, because you will never cease using it, it is something of every day need.

If you or your parents, as the case may be haven't the cash to pay for the entire course, we have a note plan, we also have a loan fund in connection with our endowment association that may be participated in by those who can give first class references. The old saying is quite true, "wherever there is a will, there is a way."

See about the Christmas gift. Take it up and discuss it seriously. Write for our large catalogue, it is free and will convince you and your parents of the importance of our claims for this Christmas present.

Name.....
Address.....
Course Interested in.....

Ten thousand dollars worth of dry goods, clothing, shoes, etc., at wholesale cost. Don't miss the opportunity if you need goods.—At Carriers

EMMA DEE RANDLE THIRD LYCEUM NUMBER

In Dramatic Recitals
Tuesday Night, Dec. 29

Miss Vera White of Rising Star is visiting Mrs. Wrderson.

COTTON

The highest prices paid for cotton are about 7c. About 4,300 bales have been weighed to date and 1700 ginned. Peanuts are bringing around 55c.

I do not clean clothes with GASOLINE It is made to burn.
Burgess the Tailor



To Make a Long Tail Short Come to Cross Plains

During the Holidays and remember that we meet all prices. Come in, let us prove this to you before buying.

Forbes & Adams

MEAT MARKET

We have opened meat market in the Kaufman building and are running it in connection with the Crystal Cafe. When you need anything in the market line see us.

HENSEN & SIPES, Props.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Glynn Boswell on the 15th twins. All doing well.

Ladies coat suits look as nice as new—when Burgess cleans and presses them—at Reeder & Hitt barber shop. (adv)

Born to Mr. and Mrs. S C Sellers on 13th a girl. Mother and baby doing nicely.

NOTICE.

I have bot the optical equipment of C A Mangham's. My 20 years experience should now prepare me for fitting you up with anything you need in glasses. Also I will have on display jewelry and watches for the holidays. See me for any thing you may need in this line.
L M Bond the Jeweler

Dr and Mrs J N Marron of Kentucky are visiting their daughter Mrs R Robertson.

If you have a suit you want to look new, bring it to
Tarrt the Tailor

Mrs. E Newton of Ft Worth is visiting relatives here.

Mrs. T J Christopher and children of Waco have joined their husband here. They will soon begin keeping house in the Henry McDaniel residence just north of Mr Adkisson's.

ATTENTION, HOG CLUB

We want to ship another car of hogs about Jan. 15 to 20. List your stuff as fast as you see you will have any ready by that time. Several members have already listed stuff
J H Shackelford, Secy

ALREADY BUYING

Some have have already been in and bot a nice piece of furniture for Xmas gifts. They are getting some thing that will last and be useful.
Furn. Store

S R Cade and family have left for their new home in Lynn county. The Review joins their many friends in wishing them well in the Plains country. Mr. Vestal has moved to the Cade home which he bot some time ago.

FALL IN LINE

by getting some nice piece of furniture for that Xmas present; then you will not have thrown your money away.—Furniture, Store

<p>MEN AND WOMEN WANTED</p>	to sell the most remarkable bargain in the magazine world this year.		
	<p>EVERYBODY'S DELINEATOR TOTAL</p>	<p>Regular price } \$1.50 } \$1.50 } \$3.00 }</p>	<p>BOTH \$2 to one person</p>
	<p>A monthly salary and a liberal commission on each order. Salaries run up to \$250 a month, depending on the number of orders. This work can be done in your spare time and need not conflict with your present duties. No investment or previous experience necessary. We furnish full equipment free. Write for particulars to THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING CO. 326 HUDSON ST. NEW YORK</p>		

**SALE Continues Until
December 24th**

HIGGINB

**GREAT OPENING
STILL GOING**

50c Towels
All 50c Turkish bath towels in bleach only, extra large size, for only **4c**

25c Towels
In both Turkish and Huck, bleached and unbleached for only **19c**

8 1-3c Outings
In a big variety of light and dark colors for only **5c**

10c Outings
In all the solid colors pinks, blues, grays and fancy light and dark for only **7 1-2c**

8 1-3 Bleaching
Good heavy quality full yard wide at only **6 1-2c**

10c Brown Domestic
Extra heavy quality full yard wide best in town at **7 1-2c**

10c Shertings and Checks
Solid blues, stripes, checks and plaids. Extra good quality for **7 1-2c**

10c Bleaching
Full yard wide, Extra heavy and free from starch or sizing at only **7 1-2c**

10c Flannelette
In Extra good quality and big assortment of colors and patterns for only **7 1-2c**

12 1-2 Cotton Flanel
Bleach and brown cotton-flanel in extra heavy grade at only **9c**

10c Gingham
Amoskag utility gingham in a wide range of colors and patterns. Best 10c gingham to be had the price now is **7 1-2c**

12 1-2c Gingham
Red Seal gingham, the very best to be had in wide assortments of colors and patterns at only **8 1-3c**

10c Cotton Flannel
Full width bleach and brown cottonflanel extra good, at only **7 1-2c**

Millinery
Every ladies hat in the house must be sold. As an inducement to buy, we offer them at exactly **1-2 Price**

50c Childrens Union Suits
Children's Munsing union in all sizes are now priced at **4c**

35c Children's Union Suits
Children's ribbed union suits in all sizes at only **19c**

50c Ladies Vests
Ladies ribbed and fleeced lined vests, extra heavy and and warm at **39c**

\$1.50 Ladies Union Suits
Ladies Munsing union suits at only **\$1.19**

BOYS SUITS
Every man in the whole country can now afford to clothe his boys for the winter. Bring the boys and fit them up for school.
\$2.00 boy's suits now **\$1.65**
\$2.50 boys suits now **\$1.85**
\$3.00 boys suits now **\$2.45**

75c Dress Silks 39c
One lot of silks in plain colors and fancies. 27 inches wide and worth up to 75c. Take as much as you like at the special price per yard **39c**

MEN'S SUITS
at almost half their former prices. Our clothing stock is all of the season's best styles and fabrics. Every \$10.00 suit now bears a war time price of only **\$6.85** and corresponding reductions throughout this department.

**The Greatest Selling Ever
County Ha**

Has been going on for two weeks and has for days when the weather permitted people to come down the flood gates and let the profits overflow out to the people of Cross Plains and from every nook and corner of the county. Groceries, Dry Goods, Hardware, and even more. We have been able to buy goods at such enormous prices and are willing to meet our friends half way.

We advise every family in the territory to come to our store to get their supplies while the prices are so low. You'll see many more than the prices quoted in this advertisement. Come! Tell your friends of this feast of bargains. The big sale goes right on until December 24th. Christmas gifts that are worth while.

Grocery Specials.

Be sure and talk to our grocery man. Here are some prices that will interest you.

10 pound bucket lard for.....	\$.90
8 pounds good coffee.....	1.00
25 pounds good rice for.....	1.00
100 pounds high patent flour for.....	2.85
25 pound sack sugar for.....	1.45
6 bottles Peachy snuff for.....	1.00
5 bottles Garret or Honest snuff for.....	1.10
5 pound package Quaker Rolled Oats.....	.20
1 gallon New Crop Ribbon Cane Syrup.....	.65
10 pound box evaporated Peaches for.....	.85

Mr. Small Merchant

Here is your chance to replenish your stock with good Merchandise cheaper than you can buy in the market.

If you want to realize ten cents on your cotton, do your winter trading now at the Big Opening Sale.

Mail Orders

If you can't come to the Big Sale, sit down and make out a list of the goods you want and mail it to us. We will fill your order and prices in each and every case to be exactly as represented and will send it out to you by Parcel Post.

Sale R

Irrespective of the kind of merchandise, the great opening sale at Cross Plains will continue until the stock is sold. The failure will amount of bargains and quantities of \$75,000 stock of merchandise.

We are making this a record sale. Every one to share in it.

Every article in the store is high grade merchandise sacrifice prices until Christmas.

Ladies' Coat

\$4.00 Ladies' Coats, new price
6.50 Ladies Coats now price
8.50 Ladies' Coats now price
10.00 Ladies' Coats in a large flare bottoms, set-in sleeves at.....
12.50 Ladies' Coats in cape collar shoulders and large set-in sleeves only.....

Higginbotham
"THE STORE OF QUALITY"

HIGGINBOTHAM'S

**SALE Continues Until
December 24th**

WINTER OPENING SALE GOES ON!

**at Cross Plains and Callahan
Ever Known**

Our sale has exceeded our greatest expectations, and we are now going to throw our \$75,000 stock of high class merchandise surrounding territory. People are coming to take advantage of the great savings on every article in this big store. Never have they sacrificed in prices. We see good times ahead, and we will continue until business conditions get back to normal. Take advantage of this big selling event to buy their winter goods before you get another opportunity to buy goods at your neighbors. We want everyone to share in this great sale. December 24th. You'll do better by coming here to buy your

Rain or Shine

Weather, whether rain or shine, cold or warm, the Higginbotham Trading Co. is open every day until December 24th. If you mean a loss to you. There is any quantity of goods to select from this big sale.

Word of mouth. Tell your friends, we want

to be cut to the limit. \$75,000 worth of merchandise priced in this big sale. Remember sale

Buy at Your Own Price

Selected goods only \$3.45
 Goods at only \$4.65
 Goods at only \$5.85
 Large variety of styles, colors and fabrics, in the Great Fall Opening Sale \$6.95
 Models, fur collars and cuffs with Raglan sleeves, in the Great Fall Opening Sale \$7.85

\$2.50 Childrens Shoes One lot Childrens Shoes in Gun Metal Booties, patents and tans for only \$1.89
\$4.00 Ladies' Shoes One lot Ladies' Tan Rullin Calf Shoes worth up to 4.00 for only \$2.15
\$3.00 Men's Shoes One lot Men's Shoes in Gun Metal and Vici Kid, values up to 3.00 for only \$2.15
\$5.00 Men's Shoes One lot Men's Shoes in Gun Metal and tan, both button and lace, regular \$5.00 values for \$3.15
\$4.50 Men's Shoes One lot Men's Shoes containing Gun Metal and Tans, button and lace, worth up to 4.50 for only \$2.85
Christmas Gifts Come to the Big Sale to buy your Xmas presents. You'll find a big selection of good serviceable, appreciable gifts for every member of the family and at a big saving in prices.

\$5.00 Stetson Hats John B. Stetson hats at less than factory cost. Priced at \$3.45
\$3.00 & 3.50 Men's Hats All \$3.00 and 3.50 men's hats in styles, shapes and fancies for only \$1.95
\$2.50 Men's Hats in staple shapes and fancy in black and white, at only \$1.45
\$2.00 Men's Hats Mostly staple shapes in black and white only at only 95c
\$1.50 Hats Men's and boys' hats, all fancy shapes. Your choice at only 75c
\$4.00 Men's Shoes One lot men's shoes containing patents, vici kid and work shoes in values up to \$4.00, for only \$1.89
\$4.00 Ladies Shoes One lot ladies shoes containing black and brown velvet, brown buckskin and patents, worth up to \$4.00. As long as they last, your choice for only \$1.69.
75c Dress Goods One lot of dress goods containing all-wool fancy suitings, Panama and Mohairs, as long as it lasts as much as you want at per yard 19c
25c Dress Goods One lot of striped suitings in nice pretty patterns, at your choice per yard 12-2c
35c Ladies Underwear Ladies ribbed vests and pants at only per garment 19c
\$1.00 Ladies Union Suits Ladies Musing union suits in extra good quality and best fitting garment at only 83c

50c Shirts and Drawers Both fleece lined and ribbed shirts and drawers are now going at per garment 41c
35c Boys shirts and Drawers Boys ribbed shirts and drawers also fleece lined garments at only 21c
\$1.00 Underwear Men's Suits and ribbed shirts and drawers worth regular \$1.00. Going now at only 79c
\$1.00 Wool Underwear Men's heavy wool shirts and drawers at only 82c
10c Men's Hose Extra heavy, good quality men's hose at per pair 61-4c
15c Men's Hose Men's hose in tan black and fancy colors at per pair 9c
25c Men's Iron Clad Hose Men's Iron Clad hose in black and colors at only per pair 19c
Dress Shirts Men's \$1.50 cloth shirts in a host of patterns an sizes to fit every at only 95c
50c Work Shirt Solid blue, linen cloos and gray extra large and full cut for 39c
\$2.50 Wool Overshirts Men's wool overshirts in brown and grey, reduced to only \$1.70
\$2.00 Wool Overshirts Men's extra heavy all-wool shirts in a variety of colors at only \$1.49
\$1.50 Wool Overshirts In greys and browns, all wool, real good quality, at only \$1.49

Higginbotham Trading Co.

CITY, CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS

The Maid of the Forest

A Romance of St. Clair's Defeat

By Randall Parrish
Illustrated by D. J. Lavin

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

"Ah, yes, certainly—St. Clair. At once, sir, but I don't envy you your reception. By Jove, I lost my wits seeing such a woman as that here in this hole. Someone send Masters here."

He came quickly, a youngish lad, with white hair and eyebrows, but intelligent face, who never took his eyes off Rene. Oldham spoke brusquely.

"Take this officer and the— the lady to General St. Clair at once. Tell Butler I say it is important, that he be given immediate interview. Here, wait! get the lady a horse somewhere. Captain, can he take yours?"

"With pleasure, sir; I will fetch the animal."

They watched us depart until we had crossed the ridge, Masters and I trudging through the snow at the horse's head. Rene had drawn up her blanket, but I could see her eyes watching me, when I glanced around at her. It was not long, however, until we came out of the forest, into a bit of lowland near the river, where a dozen tents, grimy and dirty looking, stood on the bank. There were soldiers everywhere, gathered about the camp fires, with a few guards patrolling beats along the forest edge. Masters led the way through the motley crowd up to the central tent. There was delay there, Rene sitting motionless in the saddle, and I waiting impatiently beside her. At last Masters came back.

"He will see you, sir."

"Very well; are there any women in camp?"

"A few, sir; 'non-com' wives mostly, washerwomen and cooks; they are in those two tents there—the officers' kitchens."

"Take the lady over there, and leave her in good hands. Rene."

She looked down at me.

"Yes, monsieur."

"This soldier will take you to some woman who will take care of you until I come. You will wait for me."

"Yes, monsieur."

I waited until they started, and then advanced to the tent. A tall, slender man, in a colonel's uniform, pointed the way within, and I stepped through the narrow opening. The interior was plain—a bearskin stretched on the ground, two officers on campstools against the canvas; a sentry beside the open flap standing motionless; a wide table of one unplanned board, and behind it, seated, St. Clair. He was a spare man, with broad shoulders and prominent nose, wearing a long queue of thick, gray hair, which was plainly visible below his three-cornered hat. He was attired in blanket coat, with hood dangling down his back. I had met him once, but it was clear he retained no recollection of me, as he surveyed me coldly across the table.

"Well, sir," he snapped, "Colonel Oldham says you bring news. Who are you?"

"Ensign Hayward of Fort Harmar," I answered, bringing my hand up in salute. "I was sent with a message to the Wyandots."

The stern lines of his face broke into a grim smile.

"Ah, yes, I recall that. One of Harmar's fool notions. Told him as much when I got back. Well, your peace offering didn't do much good, did it? I hear there is hell brewing in those north woods."

"It is already brewed, sir. The tribes have got together to crush you. They rendezvoused on the Maumee."

"Huh! that is a ways away. No great danger from that source till we're ready. What tribes were there, do you know?"

"I saw them, sir; Wyandots, Pottawattomies, Shawnees, Delawares and

Miamis. There were also some Ojibwas, and a sprinkling of others, mostly young warriors."

"Who heads the conspiracy?"

"Little Turtle, of the Miamis, but there are Englishmen with them also; Hamilton himself was there."

"The cursed hound; so you were there, with them, hey? A prisoner?"

"Yes, general; a scout named Stephen Brady and I. We got away by means of a canoe on the river."

"Where is Brady? I know the old

"He died, sir, and I came on alone. No one spoke, and I went on."

"It was a hard journey, and there were many delays on the way. I came as quickly as I could, sir, but I don't think the savages are far behind."

"Oh, don't you, indeed," sarcastically. "It was not advice I was asking, and as to what is in front of us my own scouts keep me posted. You're young, and easily frightened. I happen to know there isn't a hostile Indian within fifty miles of us—not a bloody one. I don't care what they do up on the Maumee. We'll go on to the Miami towns tomorrow, raze them, and be back to the Ohio before that bunch gets started. I doubt if there is a shot fired. It's all a big bluff, sir; we've got them frightened half to death. I wrote Washington so a month ago."

I stood before him, stunned and bewildered by his obstinacy.

"Am I to understand, General St. Clair, that you question the accuracy of my report?"

"No, sir!" His cheeks flushed. "Only, my young friend, there is nothing to it. This expedition is not interested in what Hamilton is doing on the Maumee. He doesn't dare attack us with his mongrel savages. If he did we'd give him a belly full, and a fine story to send back to England. Come, gentlemen, let's get to more serious affairs. You may go, sir."

I passed out, dazed, unseeing. So this was the man in whose hands rested the fate of the northwest. This was the end of my toil and suffering; this the reward for Brady's death. He had sneered at me, turned me away with a laugh. For a moment I stood shaking from head to foot; then hot anger seized me, and brought me back to life. By heaven! he would learn yet which of us was the fool.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Battle on the Wabash.

He had not even assigned me to service: simply turned me adrift to go where I pleased. This implied insult cut me to the quick, yet, now that I had taken the measure of the man, I cared little enough for his good opinion. Very well, I would choose my own service then—I would go back to Oldham and his Kentucky militia. He was of fighting blood, if his face spoke truth, and his command was stationed where they would feel the first shock of attack whenever it came.

Oldham received me gladly, and about the fire that night I told of my reception by St. Clair.

"Well, I warned yer, Hayward," the colonel commented, chuckling. "I reckon he'll know more about Injuns in a day or two. Told yer he had his scouts out, did he? Why, man, there isn't one of 'em been ten miles from the column since we began this march; isn't that so, captain? The old cock doesn't know tonight what's goin' on two hundred yards ahead of his outposts." He got up, and stretched out his arms. "And so, gentlemen, we march for the Miami towns in the morning. Old Cock-a-doodle-doo says so. I'll wager a year's pay we never get there. What! no takers? Well, I'm going to bed."

Why should I attempt to describe that drear battle on the east fork of the Wabash? Many another has done it already, yet few tell the story as I remember it.

We were up at dawn, but for no purpose, so far as I could see, unless it was to idle through a leisurely breakfast. I had finished mine, and was smoking, cuddled close to the fire, when the storm broke. Our outposts could not have been a hundred yards in advance, or else they ran without firing a shot, for the red devils burst on us without slightest warning. I heard a hoarse shout of alarm, then whoops and yells, such as would strike terror to the bravest. I was on my feet, gripping my gun in an instant. I saw Oldham leap forward, roaring out an order—then they came, pouring out of the woods into the open, a mass of shrieking demons, half obscured in smoke, their rifles spitting fire. The man beside me went down in a heap; Oldham flung up his arms and toppled over; I saw men stare, then turn and run, peering back over their shoulders with eyes full of horror. I threw up my rifle and fired; sprang back, racing for a tree, loading as I ran. Men were everywhere, a frightened, screaming mob. I saw officers strike them with their swords, cursing them as cowards. But nothing could stop the panic; they fought to get away, they struck with clinched fists, they battered a path for themselves with clubbed muskets; they became fiends from terror, every semblance of men lost. God! may I never see such a sight again! My hand trembles as I write of it.

Into that terror-stricken, fleeing mob the naked warriors came, hacking with tomahawks, slashing with knives, battering with clubbed guns. The snow was red with blood, covered with dead bodies. It was massacre. I know not how I got out of it, but I fought back from tree to tree, firing as I halted,

loading as I ran. There were others with me, cool-headed fellows, and we held the painted demons back until a hundred of us, or more, gained the opening by the river, where the regulars and artillery were. But the sav-

age hordes, infatigable by victory, drunk with slaughter, were at our very heels. They lined the edge of the woods and poured in deadly volleys. There was no sound now, no yelling—only the incessant rattle of firearms, as they crept from log to log, and tree to tree, slowly drawing closer. They fled off to either side and hemmed us in, the river alone protecting our rear. Through the clouds of smoke we caught glimpses of their fitting figures, distorted, horrible, of faces striped black and red, of waving feathers, and brandishing arms. Never before or since have I seen Indians fight as they did that day—rushing to the charge, leaping straight at us through the smoke, and firing with deadly aim into our very faces. They shot us down with no rest, no cessation, no time in which to breathe.

Twice they took the guns, swarming forward with a fierce rush that flung us back, and crushed the gunners under foot. But they were in the open now, and we could see; with bayonets and clubbed rifles we charged home, driving them back to the woods. There they held us, while from every hollow and grass patch, every tree and fallen log, their rifles spat fire. The bands of my gun flew off, and I picked up another; I was out of powder and ball and took them from a dead body. The dead lay everywhere, alone, in heaps; cries of the wounded rose above the din. We charged over the bodies, crunching them under foot, seeking to reach our invisible foes. They would not stand, would not meet us. Helpless, bleeding, dying, confused by many orders, we fell back, yet still retained line, and fronted that blazing wood. Frightened, panic-stricken men were everywhere, running and shrieking in terror, seeking vainly for some means of escape from the savage cordon. Indians crept forward under the smoke to scalp and mutilate the dead and dying. Horses from the artillery and staff, breaking loose, charged wildly about, trampling living and dead alike under their feet. Women, camp followers, were wedged in the mob, their shrill screams piercing the mad uproar. Only the regulars stood intact, a thin blue line, with here and there among them a few militiamen who kept their heads. About the guns, not a dozen powder-grimed artillerymen remained. Not an officer of the battery was left; not one of the regulars unwounded.

I heard St. Clair storming up and down behind us, swearing and shouting orders in his high, cracked voice, yet took no time to glance toward him. The smoke settled down upon us in a cloud; we fought blindly, in the dark, hardly certain but we stood alone. I was beside Butler when he was struck, and helped drag him aside out of the rout. Then I saw St. Clair, and, as I stopped a second, staring into his face to be sure of his identity, an officer rushed up through the smoke cloud, knocking me aside, everything forgotten but his urgent message.

"General St. Clair," he cried, "we must get out of here, sir. My men cannot stand five minutes longer. If that line breaks it will cost every life. For God's sake, let us go."

"Yes—yes, Colonel Darke, but how is it to be accomplished, sir? See those fool cowards!"

Darke swept his hand out to the south in sudden gesture.

"There is only one way, sir—there by the road. I can hold the regulars steady; they'll cover the rear, and give the others a chance. One fierce charge forward with the bayonet will drive those devils back, and open the way. May I try it, sir?"

"Ay, try it. Hold! I'll lead them

myself. Here, Simmons, Onley, lead those skulkers into the road there, while we clear a path."

I sprang forward with the others in response to swift orders. We made the woods and plunged into their shadows. There was a fierce, mad struggle face to face, bayonets and clubbed muskets, knives and tomahawks. St. Clair, on an artillery horse, led the way. We swept the front of the broad road clear, the impetuosity of our reckless charge forcing the startled savages into full retreat. Then we dropped to our knees, loading and firing to hold the advantage. Behind us, into the open road, surged the mob of panic-stricken men, fighting and crowding, beginning their long race back to the Ohio. It was a sickening sight, the white, ghastly faces, the wounded limping along, the brutal acts of fear, and over all the ceaseless cries and profanity. I caught glimpses of women among the seething mass, hustled and thrown under

foot in the mad terror. The sight of them brought back to me the remembrance of Rene. Was she also crushed in that mob, fleeing for life, or was she still in the cook tent, trembling as she stared out helplessly on the stricken field? I turned and ran, heedless of all else, plunging through the stream of fugitives, plowing a passage with my bulk. I had done my duty—now I must save her!

CHAPTER XXV.

The Retreat.

I had no faith I should find her there, but I fought my way through to the tent. It had been knocked half over, the camp stove overturned, the long bench smashed into kindling wood. With sinking heart I flung back the sagging canvas, and cast one glance within. As heaven witnesses, she stood there, the blanket still wrapped about her, her hands grasping a rifle, her face turned toward me. Unconsciously her lips gave utterance to a cry of relief, and her expression changed. I sprang forward, eager, glad.

"Rene, you are here!" I cried out. "Why did you stay?"

"It was the word of monsieur," she answered simply. "Monsieur said stay till he come."

"Yes, yes, I know; but I never thought of this; never dreamed of such a defeat. But there is no time to waste in talk. There is nothing to do but run for it now. Come, lass!"

Before she realized what I was going to do, I had flung away my rifle and seized her in my arms. She was a light, slender thing, and I held her tight in the folds of the blanket, scarcely feeling her weight. She made no effort to resist, yet her eyes—bewildered, half-frightened—looked into my face. I gave them no heed, my whole purpose concentrated on the one effort to save her, to fight a passage through that mob of frightened men. The spirit of panic had gripped me also—not for myself, but for her! Here was my duty now; not back wonder where those regulars stood grimly in line, and died with their shoulders touching; not where I had fought all day in the powder-cloud facing those forest demons—but in the mob of fugitives, battling and cursing for their lives. The road was littered with guns thrown away, with discarded blankets and powder horns. I dared not look back, straining every muscle, staggering forward over the ruts. The roar of guns behind grew faint in the distance; the spit of rifles from the thickets ceased. Exhausted, breathless, reeling from fatigue, I put her down, and, with arm about her, stood an instant looking back.

They were coming, a dark mass bearing down upon us, but ahead of them, wild with terror, his harness flapping at his heels, his head flung from side to side, charged an artillery horse full tilt. In his mad terror he saw and knew nothing. He came straight at us, running as if crazed. I flung the girl into the side of the road and leaped recklessly for his head. My hand gripped the mane, then the leather rein; I was flung from my feet, jerked into the air, but hung; my moccasins touched ground again. I was dragged forward, rendered half unconscious by a blow, but weight told. I got fingers on his nostrils, and he stood still, panting and trembling. Clinging to him, warned by shouts of hurry, I stripped the harness and hoisted her onto the bare back. Even as this was accomplished the head of that shrieking mob was on us; one brute grabbed her by the arm seeking to pull her down, and I struck him with all the force I had. Then I ran forward, clasping the horse by the bit, crunching our way, heedless of who opposed or blocked our passage. And they made way for us; even in their blind terror, they swept aside to escape being trampled under the animal's hoofs, and left before us a clear path.

I looked eagerly for some place in which to turn aside, saw the faint trace of an Indian trail, seemingly leading down the bank of the stream

and, with instant decision, turned into it. I walked the horse slow, and Rene sat up straight, and fastened her disarranged hair. The narrow trail led through dense thickets and about a slight hill; in five minutes we were out of sight of the road, alone in the wilderness. To the right through trees was the glimmer of the river. The horse panted heavily, and the way was rough. There was blood I noticed now, on his flank, and he limped slightly as he walked. I staggered and reeled from weariness, feeling reaction from excitement, yet kept grimly on until we must have covered two miles, wandering in and out among the low hills. No sounds reached us, and as we came into a narrow ravine, promising concealment, I released my grasp on the bit and staggered back against the bank. Mademoiselle slipped from her seat and hastened to me.

"You are worn out, monsieur, wounded?"

"Worn out, yet, but nothing has touched me save a blow or two. I—I think we can rest now."

Then it occurred to me, a thought that had swept into my mind once before—we had no provisions, no chance to get away and we dare not shoot, nor build a fire.

"What is it, monsieur?"

"Why, we have nothing to eat, Rene," I admitted reluctantly. "It is a long journey to the Ohio, and how are we to keep from starving? Faith! but I am near that now."

She stood before me, slender, erect, the blanket draped about her, her eyes lowered.

"It was mine to remember, monsieur," she said simply, as if it was all the most ordinary thing in the world. "I knew not what would hap-

pen, and there was food there. When the women ran away, and I would not go, because you told me not, I knew it would be best that I take some. You do not blame me, monsieur?"

"Blame! you are a jewel; but I see nothing of it! Where—"

"'Tis here, monsieur; I am glad if I please you."

She flung aside the blanket, dropping it to the ground, revealing a black ammunition bag strapped across her shoulder. I remembered now feeling it when I held her in my arms,

vaguely wondering what it was. She unclasped and opened it.

"Monsieur must eat," she said gravely, "and sleep. Then he will be strong again."

I tried to do as she said, munching a few mouthfuls. Her actions, her words, her manner toward me, both bewildered and angered. She had assumed the part of a servant—chosen it, as if she would thus teach me my own place. In every possible way she showed me she was not there from choice, but necessity. I lay back, toying with the food, my appetite gone. The wounded horse had been down to the river and drank; now he was pawing the snow in an effort to discover feed. Over in the east, but some distance off, a rifle cracked ominously in the silence. My head, fell back against the bank, and I was sound asleep.

It was two days later when we toiled up a long hill, and came out upon the summit. I no longer needed to lead the horse, and was plodding along wearily behind. Much of the snow had melted, leaving the soft, and the trees appeared bare, phantom-like, against the sky. Rene rode silently, wrapped in her blanket, for the air was chill and damp, her head bent, her eyes straight ahead. I have no remembrance that we had spoken for an hour. Beyond the hill summit there was an escarpment of rock, giving an open view ahead. As I gazed off, over the trees below, my heart gave a great bound—there, scarce a mile away, flowing between leagues of forest, was the broad Ohio, its waters

I staggered and reeled from weariness.

vaguely wondering what it was. She unclasped and opened it.

"Monsieur must eat," she said gravely, "and sleep. Then he will be strong again."

I tried to do as she said, munching a few mouthfuls. Her actions, her words, her manner toward me, both bewildered and angered. She had assumed the part of a servant—chosen it, as if she would thus teach me my own place. In every possible way she showed me she was not there from choice, but necessity. I lay back, toying with the food, my appetite gone. The wounded horse had been down to the river and drank; now he was pawing the snow in an effort to discover feed. Over in the east, but some distance off, a rifle cracked ominously in the silence. My head, fell back against the bank, and I was sound asleep.

It was two days later when we toiled up a long hill, and came out upon the summit. I no longer needed to lead the horse, and was plodding along wearily behind. Much of the snow had melted, leaving the soft, and the trees appeared bare, phantom-like, against the sky. Rene rode silently, wrapped in her blanket, for the air was chill and damp, her head bent, her eyes straight ahead. I have no remembrance that we had spoken for an hour. Beyond the hill summit there was an escarpment of rock, giving an open view ahead. As I gazed off, over the trees below, my heart gave a great bound—there, scarce a mile away, flowing between leagues of forest, was the broad Ohio, its waters



"The Cursed Hound; So You Were a Prisoner?"

THE MAID OF THE FOREST

(Continued from page 3)

silvery in the sun. I turned to her and pointed.

"At last, Rene," I cried, forgetting. "We are safe now; see! There is the river."

She lifted her eyes and looked.

"Yes, monsieur."

"Why do you ever speak to me in that tone? You answer me always as if you were my servant."

"My servant!" She was looking at me now. "Am I not, monsieur?"

"Of course you are not. You are free; whatever put that in your head? I haven't known what to think, what to do since we have been together. Back on the Maumee I—I thought you loved me."

"I do love you, monsieur."

"You—you love me," I stammered. "And yet bear yourself as you do?"

"Yes, monsieur; how else could I do? You are white; I am an Indian."

"Is that all! You think that makes it different? Rene, I love you; out yonder is my home; I would take you there; I would say to those who know me—here is my wife."

"Your—your wife!" There was doubt, questioning in her eyes.

"Yes, of course; how could you think otherwise?"

"Oh, monsieur, how could I know? How could I believe? I was an Indian girl, a Wyandot. It is not so the white men come to our villages. I have seen them—the red-coats, the traders of France. They take with the strong hand, and then laugh, and go away. Then you came and grasped me, and said get into the canoe. I tried to not go, but you said yes, I must. You did not ask me, monsieur—you spoke stern, angry. I was frightened, I dare not say no, so I did as you said—I was your prisoner; you had taken me as the warriors of the Wyandots take the maidens of the Ojibwas."

"Then if that was so, why did you not leave me—that night the Indians passed us in camp?"

Her cheeks flamed.

"I—I could not. I—I loved you."

"I will go with you—no longer."

"Always and forever?"

"Always and forever," I answered.

There was something new, wonder in the depths of the dark eyes that looked into mine. I saw her hands on the white crosses at her throat, then they were held out to me.

"I am so glad, monsieur," she said softly, "so glad!"

THE END.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children
In Use For Over 30 Years.

Always bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Slichter*

YOU MAY BEGIN WITH US AT ONCE

Our students are with us from many different states and they do not go home for the holidays owing to the great distances, therefore, we have no vacations and new students may enroll any day and do splendid work, right through the holidays. The advantage of enrolling instead of January the first is, the sooner you enter, the sooner you will be thru' and holding a good position. Second and you get the advantage of selecting a better boarding place before the big January crowd gets in.

Our school is like a big bank or mercantile establishment it runs thru out the year, we are always well organized and ready for new business rendering the same service thru' out the year. Practically every student gets individual instructions, he is not held back by slow students or crowded too fast by bright ones, he goes just as fast as his ability will permit. Should he happen to be slow or backward in his work, he is not embarrassed by others knowing how he is getting along, for under this individual method of instruction, they have no way finding out. With our methods of individual instructions, and our own copyrighted system, we are demonstrating to young people that it is useless to attend a commercial school teaching other systems and requiring from seven to ten months to finish the course, if they ever finish, when they can finish with us in

half the time at half the cost and be more efficient, get a better salary position and more rapid promotion because their thorough and extensive training. It is our practical methods, our personal attention and our modern systems that enable us to accomplish so much in so short a time. In short, we know exactly what the business office demands, and we teach that and teach it accurately and thoroughly.

Our literary subjects, which are given free with our course, are woven into the main course in such practical way that they are mastered in half the time required by the old methods, and are thoroughly understood from practical application. We guarantee a better course in less time at a less expense and a better job with a better salary than any other school, and it is evident that we have been securing these results or we not in the past few years built up a school with an annual enrollment of more than 2000, and have drawn patronage from 39 states and several foreign countries.

Our January enrollment promises to be the largest in the history of the school. Over 900 requests for cata-

logues were received last month. Write for our large illustrated catalogue, read our cash guarantee of \$100 that every statement made in our catalogue is true and correct. Tyler Commercial College. Tyler, Texas.

Name.....
Address.....
Course interested in.....

A SCHOLARSHIP

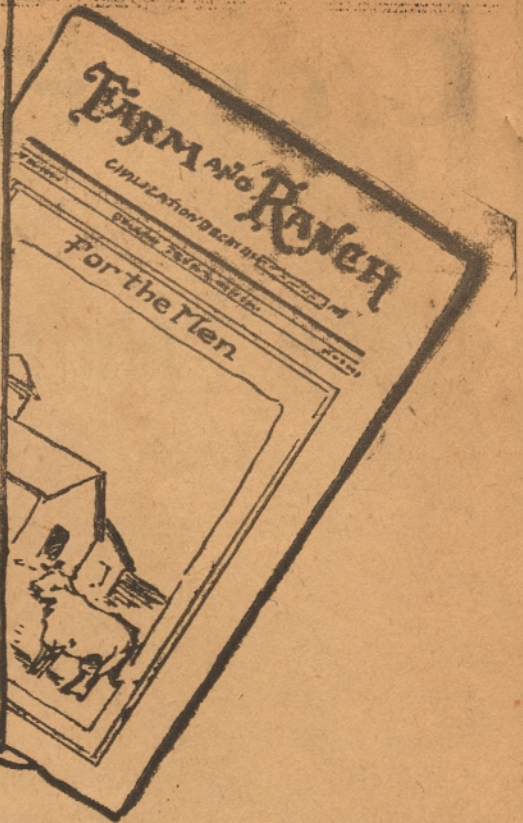
Brownwood has a good Commercial College. That is what Brownwood people and graduates of the school say. We have a scholarship in this school that we will sell cheap.

Electric Bitters

Made A New Man Of Him.
"I was suffering from pain in my stomach, head and back," writes H. T. Alston, Raleigh, N. C., "and my liver and kidneys did not work right, but four bottles of Electric Bitters made me feel like a new man."
PRICE 50 CTS. AT ALL DRUG STORES.

THE REVIEW

HOLLAND'S
for the Women



All
Three
\$2.00
For One
Year

A Worth-While Investment

HOLLAND'S is every woman's chum. With its wholesome, well-illustrated fiction, its household helps, cooking and preserving recipes, fashion and embroidery departments, it is invaluable to the mother; and the department called "The Little Hollanders," especially designed to entertain and benefit the children, is eagerly followed by them in every issue. Elderly readers enjoy the delightful department entitled "Auld Lang Syne." The cover designs are works of art and many of them have been framed to make beautiful pictures.

FARM AND RANCH is the farmer's right-hand man—whether farming is his profession or his hobby. It contains a store of information relating to better crops, improved condition of live stock—deals with and solves many of the vexing problems with which the farmer is confronted. Its splendid articles dealing with the various phases of agriculture—its "Questions and Answers Department," and its department called "Siftings" are edited by experts on the subjects, and the opinions expressed and the advice given may be relied upon as authentic.

THERE are things of interest that you cannot find anywhere except in your local paper, and this paper gathers all the news of the community and brings it together in a manner appealing to every member of the family. Besides this, we endeavor to give as much of the outside news as space will permit, and as we think would be of general interest. Our interest is in this community, and we, at all times, endeavor to do everything in our power to help upbuild and improve it.

If subscribed to singly the subscription price of the above three publications is \$3.00. Order now and we will send all three of them to you regularly one year for only \$2.00. Can you afford to neglect this opportunity?

BETTER PRICES FOR FARM PRODUCTS

Here are a few things that enterprising groups of farmers in Texas are enjoying, which are not being enjoyed by the vast majority of farming communities.

1. Fresh meat at any time in the quantity desired at absolute cost.
2. Doctor's bills reduced to \$12.00 per year per family.
2. Improving immeasurably the breed of hogs, horses and cattle at trifling cost.
4. A gin that turns out a bale worth from \$10 to \$25 more than the old gins had been turning out, saving a certain community about \$120,000 in one season.

How are these magical performances accomplished?

One word is the explanation—cooperation. In a 100 page pamphlet, 30,000 of which have just been issued for free distributed by the Extension Department of the

University of Texas, Professors Austin and Wehrwein of the Division of Public Welfare chronicle interestingly the accomplishments of the more important and striking adventures made in cooperation by Texas farmers, drawing a few examples, also, from other states.

Mr. B. I. Burger, postmaster at Dallas, Texas, has been authorized to compile a list of names of the farmers having for sale anything that can be transmitted by parcel post mailed to the consumer. This information should be given under three heads; first, butter; second, eggs; third, general produce, giving approximately the amount of each kind of the articles enumerated could be furnished per week, also the price that would be reasonably expected, delivered at Dallas.

If you will send a communication to the postmaster at Dallas, giving this information, your name will be listed and furnished to the consumers in order that they may order from you from time to time such of the above mention produce as they may need.

COME TO Cross Plains

And Sell Your Produce to

Neer Produce Co.

Who pays the highest price in cash for
Cream, Hides, Turkeys, Chickens,
Eggs, Furs, Pecans, Etc.

Trades Day Specials

To the party selling us the greatest number
ber of pounds of cream on Trades Day, we
will give a cash prize of \$1.00.

For the greatest number of Chickens \$1.00
For the greatest number of Eggs \$1.00.

Honest Weight and Correct
Count is Our Motto.

Neer Produce Co.

Cross Plains, Texas

\$3.25

BY MAIL ONLY.
NO PART YEAR.

Bargain Days

DECEMBER 1-15

This Period Only.
You can subscribe, renew or
extend your subscription to

FORT WORTH STAR-TELEGRAM

The newspaper with the new modern method of
issuing editions, that of printing them for train
departures. Eight editions daily. The very latest
news right up to train time.

DAY AND NIGHT WIRE SERVICE

Associated Press, Hearst's Leased Wire, Interna-
tional News Service, Special Correspondents, Spe-
cial Market Service. Always all the news. Always
more illustrated features.

\$3.25

For an entire year. Daily and Sunday. By Mail
Only. No part year orders taken. All "Bargain
Day" subscriptions are dated between Dec. 1 and 15.

Send your order direct or give to
authorized agent before Dec. 15.
Be sure the agent has proper
credentials.

You can leave your order at this
newspaper office. We will send
it at the \$3.25 rate and save you
the bother.

\$6.00

AFTER
BARGAIN DAYS.

New
Model
27

Marlin

REPEATING RIFLE

.25 Rim Fire—for all game
smaller than deer. Uses car-
tridges of surprising accu-
racy up to 200 yards,
powerful and reli-
able but cheap
because rim-
fire.

Rifle with
round barrel
\$13.15



Made

in .25-20

and .32-20 cal-

ibres also; octa-

gon barrel only; \$15.

Use both regular and

high velocity cartridges.

Powerful enough for deer, safe

to use in settled districts, excellent for

target work, foxes, geese, woodchucks, etc.

Its exclusive features: the quick, smooth working "pump" ac-
tion; the wear-resisting Special Smokeless Steel barrel; the modern
solid-top and slide ejector for rapid, accurate firing; increased safety
and convenience. It has take-down construction and Peery Bead
front sight; these cost extra on other rifles of these calibres.

Our 128 page catalog describes the full Marlin
line. Sent for three stamps postage. Write for it.
7 Shots The Marlin Firearms Co. 42 Willow Street
New Haven, Conn.

PERSONAL MENTION

Books to rent at 5c each.
Usserys Book Store

We can save you money on
Christmas toys.
McCord's Bargain House

Nothing nicer for Xmas. or birth-
day present than a book. See
Ussery

Nice stock of Xmas books at
Usserys Book Store (adv)

James T. Crosby and Misses
Zora Carter and Hettie Armstrong,
the faculty for the Pioneer school
are attending the institute at East-
land this week.

Do not overlook the stock
of cloaks for all the family
at Carters

Bill Duvall left Sunday for Moran
where he begins work for the Oil
Producers Co.

Carl Manning returned Sunday
from San Angelo.

The cheapest line of books eve
in the county
Usserys Book Store

B. T. Higginbotham returned Sun-
day from a trip to Dalrs, Fort
Worth and other points.

W. M. Reed spent Sunday at his
home in De Leon.

Mrs. B. T. Higginbotham re-
turned Sunday from a visit to Gor-
man.

Xmas. candies for 15c the pound
McCord's Bargain House

Stock must be reduced,
At Carter's.

Get our prices on a good book.
Ussery

If you have not attended
the Cost Sale at Carter's
you are the loser.

Mrs. Sam Westerman, Jr., enter-
tained a few of her young friends
with a rook party Saturday evening

It seldom happens that
you can buy goods at
wholesale prices, but now
is your chance,
At Carter's.

LINES ON AN EDITOR

Here lies an editor,
Snooks, if you will!
In mercy, kind providence,
Let him lie still.
He lied for his living so
He lived while he lied,
When he could not lie longer,
He lied down and died.—X.

C. L. Bibb of Turkey Creek spent
Sunday night with Mr. Perry's
family.

M. J. Manning returned Thursday
of last week from the Abilene
country. He says that there is a
great deal of cotton to pick in that
country yet.

X-MAS POCKET KNIVES

A splendid variety of knives for
Christmas gifts. See our window
display.

THE BACKET STORE

CHRISTMAS SALE

Of box paper in fancy holiday
boxes. The best values ever of-
fered. An inspection will convince
you.

THE BACKET STORE

The Gigantic Cut Price Sale

Our sale is still going on and will continue
until we see fit to close it. The price is cut
deep on everything. We especially call your
attention to the **BIG REDUCTION ON
MEN'S AND BOYS' SUITS AND
OVERCOATS.**

OUR STOCK OF MEN'S AND BOYS'
SUITS AND OVERCOATS IS COM-
PLETE. Your
choice of any suit
or overcoat in
stock

\$13.95

10c
Gingham, Outing, Bleaching, Cotton
Flannel and Domestic
81-3c

Ladies' Coats, Skirts and Dresses Below Wholesale Cost

Groceries

EVERYTHING IN GROCERIES
WILL BE SOLD AS WE HAVE AD-
VERTISED, EXCEPT BEWLEY'S
BLUE RIBBON FLOUR WILL BE

\$3.25

ANCHOR FLOUR

\$3.00

Buy now. The next will be higher. We
have a fresh car.

Hardware

HARDWARE IMPLEMENTS

BUGGIES AND WAGONS

WILL CONTINUE TO BE

SOLD AT SALE PRICES

AS LONG AS THE SALE

LASTS.

Cross Plains Mercantile Co.