

The CROSS PLAINS REVIEW

VOL. 5

CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS, FRIDAY, NOV. 27, 1914.

NO. 38

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)

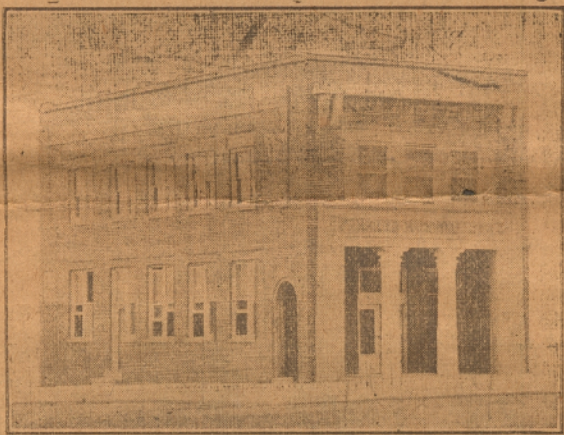
Responsibility \$1,000,000

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.

PLAY POSTPONED

The play, "Mrs. Briggs in the Poultry Yard," which the high school pupils meant to give Saturday night benefit of a laboratory and library for the school, on account of the rain has been postponed until Friday night, December 18th.

You have only this week to get in on our Cost Sale, but we will sell as cheap as any one else in town at all times.

Tartt & Melton

PREPARE FOR WINTER WEATHER

We sell buck saws, one man saws cross cut saws and chopping axes cheaper than you can buy them elsewhere.

THE RACKET STORE

Edwin Neeb made a trip to De Leon Sunday.

Buy your coffins, caskets and robes from Rutherford (adv)

Mr. and Mrs. Gray Powell accompanied Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Boyles to Baird Sunday, returning Monday.

JUST RECEIVED

Another factory shipment of stove pipe. This shipment makes 2,000 joints we have received this fall. We save the people money is the reason we sell so much pipe.

THE RACKET STORE

NOTICE: Farm for rent. 80 acres. 2 1/2 miles west of Cross Plains, mixed soil, mostly sand, 65 acres in cultivation, plenty of water. Reasonable terms for cash rent.

S. E. Settle, Baird, Texas

We can sell you a mattress as cheap as you can make it out of your cheap cotton.—Furn. Store.

John Carter left here Monday morning for Cisco after spending a couple of days with his folks here.

BOYS WAGONS AT BARGAIN

prices. The regular \$1.00 size 65c
The regular \$2.00 size . . . \$1.45
The " \$2.50 size \$1.90

THE RACKET STORE

If it is bargains you wish attend the Cost Sale at Carter's

Make your money buy more by attending the Cost Sale—at Carter's.

GET OUR PRICES

on sweaters and underwear before you buy. We are closing them out to make room for our holiday goods.

THE RACKET STORE

NEW BELL FOR SCHOOL BUILDING

The public school building is now equipped with a new bell whose melodic tones can be pretty well heard anywhere in town. The faculty and pupils are proud of their bell. The fountain pen offered by the City Drug Store for the best plan for beautifying the school grounds was awarded to Miss Clara McDermott. The school according to all reports is doing nicely this year.

Why be bothered with trying to get your cream to rise this cool weather when you can buy a DeLaval separator on terms to suit you?

F. P. Shackelford

A full line of coffins and caskets at Rutherford's. (adv)

Just think of being able to buy goods at wholesale prices—at Carters.

TURKEYS GOOD CROP

Mr. Dave Babb of the Bayou marketed 101 turkeys here last of last week, driving them to town. He sold the turkeys for \$175.00, which he said is more than he could have realized out of cotton. G. B. Gaines of Cross Cut and W. P. Brightwell, W. O. Spencer, Nuff Arvin and others have been well pleased with their turkey crops. Edwin Neeb tells us he has paid out something like \$1500.00 for turkeys within the last week.

OPENS GROCERY STORE

M. D. Jones has opened a new stock of groceries in the old City Drug Store building on 8th street. He invites his friends and acquaintances and all others, for that matter, to come see him. He says he is in business to stay. See his announcement appearing in this issue.

The Baptist Ladies Aid realized something more than \$17.00 out of their market sale Wednesday.

NEW VARIETY OF POTATO

Fred Baker of Scranton was here Saturday. He was selling a red yam potato that was in the nature of a curiosity to most of us. This potato outwardly very much had the appearance of the common beet, some remarking that it must be a hybrid, a cross between the beet and the sweet potato. He said this potato was brot direct from Mexico and thus far seem to well adapted to our climate, producing a much larger yield than the common varieties.

Every man and boy can buy a suit at ssele price, at Davis-Garner & Co.'s

Miss Annie Therese Devault in Cross Plains Wednesday night, Dec. 2. She will furnish you a delightful evening's entertainment and instruction.

Shoes! Shoes! Shoes! in the big sale—Davis-Garner & Co.

A DeLaval will solve the cream trouble. Sold on terms that any body can afford one.

F. P. Shackelford

Ladies coats at almost your own price in the big sale. Davis-Garner & Co.

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.

We might be thankful that if we do not have much business we do not have much to do.

On account of the rain Thanks giving should have been put off.

Turkey has got in the neck— Asiatic, European and American, the last named on Thursday the others by recent meddling in the European War.

The wear-cotton goods movement is gathering momentum. Post Master General Burleson's daughter (or one of his daughters, at least— he may have a dozen for aught we know) is getting into the limelight by advocating the making of Christmas presents out of cotton goods, and suggesting a number of articles suitable for this work.

Regardless of who is to blame for it the price of cotton is low, and you will do well to plan your farming for 1915 on that basis. You are safe then, whether the price remains low, the yield is light. If the price goes up you may thank yourself and all others who may have reduced their cotton acreage for having some lot and parcel in raising the price.

"Juan" of Baird Star renown was in town the first of the week. He is a good correspondent and has done a deal of good for the paper he has served so faithfully. But in a recent comment upon what we had had to say regarding a certain Democratic nominee's saying he was not going to move to Baird until he saw what action he was to receive at the hands of the Socialists, he grossly erred in accusing us of making a play for editorial comment upon our remarks by "a certain" paper, by which we suppose he meant to refer to the Star. We had that that our language was not capable of such a construction, that it was so plain that he who runs might read it. Of course, in making one's language clear one must keep in mind the capacities and limitations of his readers—in this instance which? We are reminded of Bryan's reply to the man who had called on him for the third or fourth explanation of a certain point, which was to the effect that it was his function to expound but the matter of furnishing the ability to understand rested with a higher being.

Groceries are also included in the big sale at—Davis-Garner & Co.

Lost between my house and Jack Baum's a child's red top shoe for the left foot.—Ed Baum.

Plenty of building paper in stock. Shackelford Lmbr. Co.

Another Big Rain

It has been raining nearly all the week, a precipitation of 2 1/2 inches having fallen by Wednesday noon. The excessive rains are hard on peanuts yet to be threshed and cotton yet to be picked, altho it will be good on land that has been or will be sowed to grain.

Our stock is new and up-to-date, and it all goes at sale prices.

Davis-Garner & Co.

We have our prices in keeping with your low-priced cotton. Try us

The Furn. Store

Wanted: Horse to work for its feed. Light work and good care.

Jesse M. Moore.

Married

Some time of the day last Sunday Miss Addie Clark daughter of Mrs. and Mrs. Luther Clark east of town was united in marriage to Major Gaines of the Cross Cut country. It has never been our pleasure to meet Mr. Gains in person but can congratulate him on his choice of a life partner in choosing Miss. Clark. The X-Ray extends congratulations to the happy young couple.

X-Ray.

WANTED—Farm and Ranch Land, for Colonization purposes. No tract too large or too small. If you want to sell your property at your own price, on your terms, without payment of commission, write European Mutual Colonization Co., Ltd., 633 Kress Bldg., Houston, Texas, for listing blanks and full information.

Dressy News

I guess that most of our readers have forgotten that old Dressy is on the map, but she has just been waiting for things to get right, and then she will come in and show you a thing or two.

S. P. Long and G. J. Steel made a business trip to Baird Sunday, returning Monday.

W. T. Wilson and wife and Eli Neeb and wife were the guests of Lane Steel's Sunday.

The singing at Mr. Thompson Sunday evening was well attended, all reporting a nice time.

G. J. Steel has sold his farm to Mr. Long; we do not know the price given.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Stacy, Ester Payne, Nettie and Betie Duncon were the guests of Miss Nora Arrowood Sunday.

Fred Long was seen going toward Johnny Freemans Sunday evening. We suppose that he was going on special business.

Holland Bond and family visited George Baum and wife Sunday.

Mrs. Wheeler has been on the sick list for the past few days, but she some better at this writing.

Wallace Jones and wife visited Mr. Cavanaugh's Sunday.

Mrs. John Steel has bought her a new quilting Machine Mr. Steel says that he sure proud of it so that she can patch his pantaloons with out pulling them off.

O'possums and sweetpotatos are plentiful around the Peak.

Will Jennings and family past thru Dressy Wednesday from near Brady.

They were moving to Mrs. Hoover's near Caddo Peak where they will make their futher home.

The Dressy public school opened Monday with a very good attendance Prof. C. R. Steel Principal, Prof. Shell assistant. This is Prof. Steel's seventh term. Let's all do our best to make this the best school that has ever been taught at our little burg.

Will Cutbirth of Baird spent Saturday night at Lane Steels, returning to Baird Sunday.

Most every body is sowing their grain. We have a fine season in the ground but the prospects are that we are going to have some rain, as it is gently falling now.

Clear weather is badly needed so people can finish picking cotton and get their children in school.

Well as this my first attempt to write to the Review I will try to close peaceably.

A few words to Rambler. Hello old boy how are you? I never felt better and had less in my live.

Rambler, I am a very close friend to Slim Jim but not quite as Windy, although I am around here I would like to meet you and see if your name suited you. Come up and will go driving.

"Billy," the kid.

FOR RENT, farm four miles west of Cross Plains, 40 acres in cultivation, and would like to arrange to have more put in.

W. R. Ely, Baird, Texas.

Gov. Coblitt has designated December 1 and 2 as goods roads days in which the people are urged to meet and work the roads and discuss means for working and maintaining the roads.

Porter Davis of Cross Cut was in town Monday. Porter was to leave Tuesday or Wednesday for Brownwood for Thanksgiving, after which he means to go to Sweetwater near which place he has a school.

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

THE CENTRAL HOTEL

LOCATED CLOSE IN

MEALS 25c

BEDS 25c

GIVE US A TRIAL

JIM CROSS, PROPRIETOR

M. D. Jones

Announces

the Opening of a

New Stock of

GROCERIES

in the old City Drug Store

Building on 8th Street

Wednesday, Nov. 25, 1914

At home permantly to all retail buyers of Groceries.

NEW TAILOR SHOP

I have opened a Tailor Shop in the rear of the Ussery Book Store, where I am prepared to clean and press clothes for men and women. I make a specialty of work for women.

Suits pressed 50c

" cleaned and pressed 75c

Overcoats pressed 50c

" cleaned and pressed 75c

I Will appreciate a part of your business. To get acquainted, I will for a time sell made-to-measure suits at 10 per cent discount. I am Agent for the wholesale tailoring houses of A B Rose & Co., Garden City and Huntington

Come see me before you buy

C. SLAUGHTER

The Tailor That Pleases

A fresh car of American Beauty flour at sale prices, at

Davis-Garner & Co.'s

Jno. McGee has bot P. C. Beeler's farm west of town and will in a sort time move to it. Mr. Beeler has not decided where he will move to as yet.

The big sale is growing at

Davis-Garner & Co.'s

Willis Brown of Sabanno was in town Wednesday. He informed us that his cousin Homer Brown was the last of last week married to Miss Maggie Lee Mathis of Smith county Here is wishing them life's choicest blessings.

A fresh car of White Crest flour going at sale prices.

Davis-Garner & Co.

OUR MARKETS

Weigher Neeb reports about 3,325 bales of cotton weighed up to Wednesday night, since which time we should think there has been but little cotton brot to town. There has not been much cotton sold this week but the price has been about 7c on a middling basis. The best peanuts are bringing about 57 1/2c.

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.]

fought—like two cats, snarling and snapping, throttling each other, occasionally an arm breaking free to send a clinched fist crashing into an exposed face. Once the soldier went down to his knees, and Lappin kicked him, only to be gripped himself and flung headlong. But they were up together, bleeding both, panting for breath, clothes half ripped off their bodies, cursing fiercely, as they rushed at each other once more. There was no mercy asked or given. Straining, stumbling, exerting every ounce of strength, using every trick, they swung back and forth across the open field space. It was brutal, devilish. Ay! and so were those who watched.

Merciful Mother! What a sight that

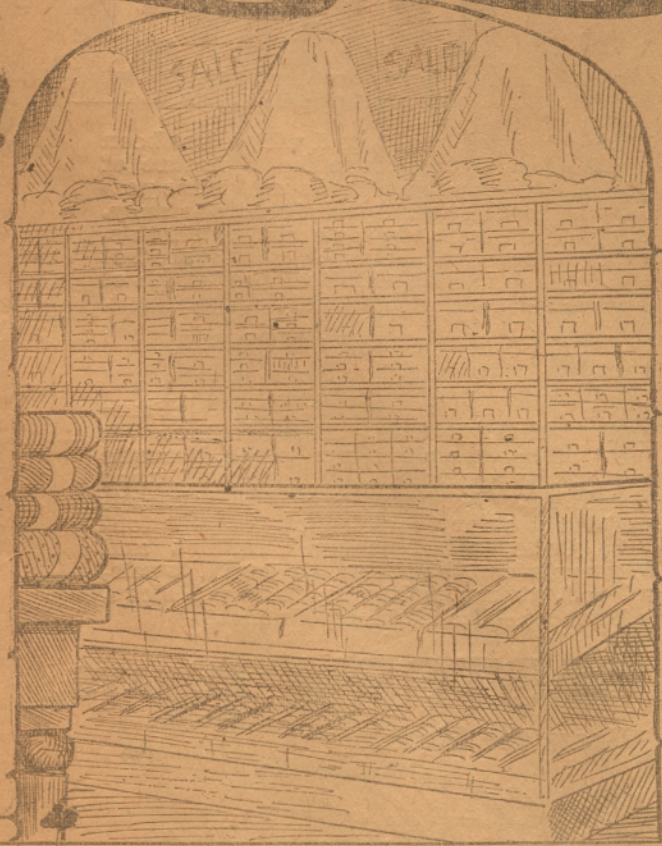
SALE! SALE! SALE!



ADV. DEPT.
H.L.CO.
DALLAS.

HEAR! HEAR!!

Davis-
Garner
&
Co.



Bargains In Every Department
Begins Saturday, November 21st
The Largest Stock!
The Best Goods
The Lowest Prices!
IT ALL GOES!
In This Sale
DAVIS-GARNER & CO
Cash Only

was! I, a soldier, and border-bred, hid my face in my arms—and yet I looked and saw. The very ferocity of it was a fascinating horror—the black, black pight above, around; the forests shutting them in; the howling dogs snapping at their heels; the red glare of fire, and that ring of yelping savages, dancing back and forth to give the combatants room. Rene had disappeared—forced back into the half-crazed mass, as the savages surged forward; of Brady I caught no glimpse.

That was no scene to ever forget, to blot out with passing years. The wild savagery of it burned in on the brain; those dark faces, with wild eyes and dangling hair; the waving arms, and leaping bodies, the gleam of weapons to red spots, the jangle and din of excited voices in jargon of unknown tongues. How the red flames danced over them all, now in shadow, now in glare of light, making them appear *Rene's* incarnate. And those two battling in the midst, huge men in death-grapple, fighting as tigers fight—remorseless, merciless; tearing each other's flesh, battering each other's faces, gripping, clutching,

in effort at mastery. Again and again they crunched into the crowd, reeling from blows, or hurled back by sheer strength of muscle; they sobbed forth curses, staggering with weakness. I saw Lappin drive his head into his opponent's stomach, as though it were a battering-ram; I saw the soldier sink his teeth into the fur-trader's hand, as if he were a mad dog. 'Twas then the brute reached down and fumbled for his knife—found it, and, with one hoarse cry of triumph, sent the bright blade home. Twice he struck, and they went staggering down together, locked in each other's arms, the soldier dead ere he struck the ground.

It was bedlam then, followed by a breathless hush as *Sis-ete-wah* pressed forward with uplitted arms. Two warriors lifted Lappin to his feet, and, as his gripping hand plucked out the knife from the wound, I saw the gush of blood crimsoning the dead man's side. An instant the victor stood glaring down, reeling in weakness, upheld by others. Then he laughed, waving the dripping blade.

"Ah! good!" he cried. "There is one more recruit for hell. Bring me the girl here. 'Tis time she had her les-

son also."

They brought her forward, a red brave grasping either arm. I caught sight of her face, white, drawn, but not with fear, and sighted my rifle across the log at the white ruffian's breast. With clinched lips I lay, finger to trigger. Yet I waited—thank God, I waited. I know not what restrained me, only it was no fear of consequences to myself. It must have been the expression of the woman's uplitted face, the quick glance she cast about, as though in silent warning to me. I took it as a signal, a message of restraint. The fur trader, burly and brutal, still panting for breath, yet able to stand alone now, and conscious of his victory, thrust his reeking knife back into his belt with a coarse laugh.

"How do you like that, you Wyandot squaw?" he asked, leering down into her face.

"When you have these men release my arms I will answer you," she returned quietly.

"Oh, you will, hey! You'll be glad enough to talk before I am through. Let go of her there—yes; that's what I mean. Now look here—there lies your English officer. He's paid the

price of being a fool. Look at him; are you ready to speak now?"

"He was nothing to me," she said slowly, "nothing. But he fought a man's fight, and was killed by cowardly treachery."

"What! You squaw, you dare—"

"Of course I dare. Do you suppose I fear you, Jules Lappin, or your gang of outlaws?" he voice scornful. "Why, I challenge you to lay hand on me. You know who I am; you have eaten in the tepee of my father. I know who you are, and I despise you. You call me a Wyandot squaw; threaten what you will do; point me to this dead man whom you have murdered. Why? To frighten me—me? Very well, I'll answer you. I am a Wyandot; I am Running Water; but in my veins flows also the best blood of France. Mine is not a race of cowards and murderers, thieves and traders; my ancestors were soldiers and men. And you think I am afraid of you—you pur of the woods; afraid of you! Touch me, Jules Lappin, if you dare; I challenge you. Come, I wait for you to lay hand on me."

He stared at her sullenly, angry enough, yet with the bullying look gone from his mottled face. Something

about the girl—her *cool* defiance—had left him uncertain.

"More than that, Jules Lappin," she went on passionately; "you are going to pay for all this," and she pointed down at the dead body, "pay for it, do you understand! That man was what he claimed to be—an aide to Hamilton, England pays her debts, Monsieur Lappin. Ay, and so do the Wyandots; have you forgotten that so soon? Have you forgotten what befell the Frenchman, Phillippe Bridau? Have you blotted from memory already the fate of Michael Cozad? You were in our village when the chiefs of the Wyandots dealt out justice to these renegades. Answer me!"

The cool boldness of her words stunned the fellow. I could see him glance about into the dark woods, and then at the faces of the savages pressing about them. Few among them understood what was said, and their gestures, the fierce expression of their eyes, gave the renegade courage. He had already gone too far for retreat; his only chance now was to proceed—to browbeat this girl, frighten her, and trust to the wilderness for a hiding place.

(Continued on last page)

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

Charles H. Fletcher

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

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

PERSONAL MENTION

Cross Plains Review for one year for \$1.00.

Plenty rubber roofing in stock. Shackelford Lmbr. Co.

Have you ever attended a real Cost Sale? Try it at Carter's

Use ADAMITE for that leak round that flue or chimney. Shackelford Lmbr. Yd.

Seed oats for sale, clear of Johnson grass, extra heavy. Ed Henderson

Remember the De Laval can be bought for \$40.00 and up and on good terms. (adv)

Turkeys For Breeding

We have a few extra choice Toms, bred from a new strain of Kentucky Mammoth Bronze. Price 300 to \$500 each Delivered at Cross Plains, W. L. Young

For sale: A farm, 132½ acres, 87 acres in cultivation good 5 room house, fine orchard, good well of water, 2½ N. E. of Cross Plains. For price and terms see J. B. Ellis.

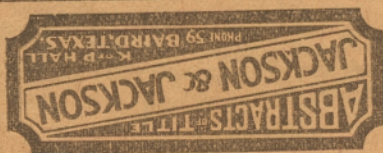
A SCHOLARSHIP

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.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed, you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free. F. J. CHENEY, & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.



THE MAID OF THE FOREST

(Continued from page 3)

"Stand aside, all of yer; get back and give us room, yer red scum!" he roared, his rage increasing as he gave it vent in words. "Well, I've heard yer talk, all of it, you breed, an' that's what I care for your threats," and he snapped his fingers in her face. As she stood silent, motionless, looking straight at him with scorn unalterable in her eyes, the brute clinched his red fist, stepping forward as if he would strike.

"Curse yer! I'm a mind to let yer have some of the same medicine I gave him. You'll laugh at Jules Lappin,

will yer? Oh, ho! but I know a better way than that to make yer cry. By all the gods, we'll roast that Yankee friend of yours to a turn, and you'll stand by and watch. That'll fetch the two of yer to yer senses. Here Shawnees, two of yer come here. Pick up this carrion, and throw it out of the way, over there in the edge of the wood. We'll want this place presently. Sis-e-te-wah?"

"The chief is here," with dignity. "Twas your vote that the hunter die by torture?"

"It was so spoken."

"Then he shall—to spite this squaw of a Wyandot, if for no better reason. Bid your warriors tie the dog up."

For the moment, in the confusion, the noise and rushing back and forth of figures dimly seen in the red light, I lost sense of what was being done. There was a babel of yells, a wild mingling of half-naked forms dancing about through the shadows. Those whose identity I could comprehend had been swallowed up by the rush of bodies. Occasionally Lappin's voice sounded above the din, as he cursed out some order. Then, forth from the surging, excited mass of savages, two braves came directly toward where I lay concealed, staggering under the weight of Hayward's dead body. I drew back my rifle, sinking lower behind the rotten log. The weight of the dead man caused them to shuffle forward, grunting to each other, glad enough to be rid of the burden. In the first dark shadow they let go, flinging him down against the very log behind which I lay, holding my breath in fear. The one turned back, uttering a guttural exclamation of relief, but the other paused, gripping the soldier's hair. Then he also straightened up, and ran back into the open, giving sudden utterance to a wild yell. I peered across the log to see him dancing in the firelight, waving a bleeding scalp in the air.

Even as I gazed with eyes of horror, my mind a chaos, every nerve throbbing in physical pain, there came to me the one hope, the one chance for me to meet alone the situation.

CHAPTER XX.

The Ghost of the Lieutenant. With eyes on those figures blotting out the fire, their discordant yelling deadening all other sound, their whole

attention centered now on savage vengeance, crept over the log, and crouched low beside the motionless body. Ugh! but I dreaded to touch it, to feel the awfulness of clammy flesh. As the upturned face, with staring dead eyes, revealed indistinctly by the red glimmer, met my gaze, it was like looking into my own. For an instant it seemed as if I stared down at myself, bent above my own insensate body. A shudder ran through me; my hands shaking as with palsy. Yet I rallied, crushing back the benumbing horror of that vision, as the hateful voice of Lappin rose above the din.

Recklessly I stripped the red jacket from the body, ripped in the struggle with Lappin, and showing clearly the rent made by the knife, and crawled back over the log, to put it on. Beyond my cover, not a dozen feet away, was a shallow ravine, and the light streaming through tree branches, fell upon a clay bank, gleaming a yellowish white. I reached it on hands and knees, streaking my face with moist clay, until it must have been ghastly, and plastering even more on my hair in horrible representation of the scalped victim.

Still unsatisfied, yet knowing of nothing else I could add, and warned



"I'm a Mind to Let You Have Some of the Same Medicine I Gave Him."

by the shouts that I must act without delay, I stole forward to the edge of the wood, pausing there a moment to muster my courage, and take one last glance at the scene revealed by the firelight. All the center of the opening seemed alive with Indians crowding forward about the prisoner, who stood bound to a stump, facing me. Other savages were running swiftly back and forth bearing armfuls of dried wood, which were cast down at Brady's feet, the mass already rising above his knees. Excitement was evidenced in shouts, and wild cries, in frenzied leaping, dancing, and mad gesticulation. The Shawnee chief stood silent, with folded arms, but burning eyes, while Lappin grasped mademoiselle's shoulder, holding her to place in the front rank of those red demons, his voice shouting forth orders, or taunting the motionless hunter, who made no reply. Reife was upon her knees, her face hidden, but I could see the white gleam of the crucifix as she held it forth in the glow of light. Brady's face was not toward me, nor revealed clearly by the fire, yet he held his head erect, his eyes roving over the devilish faces. The wounded jaw was bound about with a strip of bloody rag. Without speaking, it yet seemed to me he mocked them. Once he twisted in his bonds, and led at her as if he would utter some word, but changed his mind, and for the first time, a look of pain swept into his face. Lappin saw the effort, called out some foul insult, and a warrior sprang forward, striking the defenseless man across the lips, and driving his head back against the stump.

The vicious act drove me mad, and I stepped forth into the open, flinging my gun down in the underbrush. No eye in all that swarm was turned my way. In silence I moved forward until I was within a few yards of the struggling mass. Then I stopped, full in the red glare of fire, my arms uplifted, and gave utterance to a deep, sepulchral groan. God alone knows how awful was the apparition. To them, in startled horror, I was the dead man, standing there with ghastly face, and arms outstretched, my appearance rendered more terrible by the fitful gleam of fire, revealing features and form, glowing on torn red jacket, and head slashed by scalping knife, behind me the night and the black woods. No doubt it was a sight to bring fear to any heart, but to those murderers, their minds poisoned by superstition, it brought panic—a terror too terrible to resist. They knew me in the instant; I was the spirit of the dead; I had come back for vengeance; with clammy hands I was clutching for them; with lightless eyes I was seek-

ing them out. There was one yell, breathing forth the terror of their souls; I saw eyes, wild with horror, staring at me; I saw men run and fall, scramble to their feet, and run again; I saw leaping bodies fight like fiends in an effort to get free. Sis-e-te-wah, struck by the rush, shrieked like a woman, stared toward me from where he lay on the ground, found his feet and ran. I caught glimpse of Rene's face uplifted, the cross still before her eyes; of Lappin, hurled over by the rush, trampled into the earth by flying feet, finally regain his knees, his face white as death, as he stared back toward me with protruding eyes.

Again I groaned, the unearthly sound rising even above the din, seemingly echoed by the great forest and flung back to earth again by the black curtain overhead. Ay! it was an eerie sound! It even made my own flesh creep. Crazed by the terror of it, panic-stricken by the fears of others, the fur trader leaped to his feet, lunged forward his rifle and fired. The ball sang past my ear, and I walked straight toward him, my ghastly face exposed to the fire, my hands reaching out in blind clutching. With one yell, piercing the yelp of a frightened wolf, he turned and dashed for the woods, starting back over his shoulder even as he crashed headlong into the underbrush. For fear they might pause when once under cover—the first spasm of terror gone—I ran forward to the forest edge, giving utterance to another groan to spur them on. But this was not needed—terror, awful terror had struck into their very souls. Not one doubted the evidence of his own eyes; they had seen the dead walk; their murdered and scalped victim rise again in ghost-like semblance, and they thought of nothing but escape—to get beyond the reach of those hands, the gaze of those accusing eyes. They were mad with the ghastly terror. I could hear the fleeing bodies crash blindly into the underbrush, the discordant cries dying in the distance, the occasional thud as some frightened savage struck against a tree in the dark, or fell sprawling to the ground. It was all over with so quickly I could scarcely realize what had actually occurred. Then I laughed and swore, my nerves dancing like so many demons. They were gone—gone! Those merciless red devils, those accursed murderers, those fiends in human guise. Nor was it likely they would stop in their mad flight until they dropped from sheer exhaustion, or the dawn of another day brought with it fresh courage.

And those others, who were yet there—Brady, tied still to the stake, the flames already licking the fagots at his feet, and mademoiselle praying to the Virgin—what would they think? Would they know, understand, what had really occurred, or had the terrible

The Crystal Cafe
 We are running the Cafe, on North 8th Street by the Postoffice, and will appreciate a part of your business.
T. E. Henson, Prop.

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

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.

S. C. GRESHAM
 SHOE REPAIRER
 I Guarantee My Work
 At The Racket Store

L. M. BOND
 Watch Maker & Jeweler
 Formerly of Cisco
 Exchange Work for old Gold and Silver.
 All Work Guaranteed
 Cross Plains, Texas

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

W. A. PAYNE
 Painter and Decorator
 Estimates Cheerfully
 Furnished
 Phone 42 Cross Plains

Dr. E. H. RAMSEY
 DENTIST
 OVER FARMER'S NATIONAL BANK

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 for: 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.