

The Cross Plains Review

VOL. XI

CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS, FRIDAY, JAN. 7, 1921

No. 44



**Make
This Bank
Your
Business Home**

We cordially invite you to make our bank your headquarters during the New Year, 1921, for business or other purposes where we can serve you.

Our loyalty to the community extends to you whether or not you are a customer of ours today.

We are here to be "bothered" and your call at any time will be a pleasure to us

PERSONAL SERVICE ABSOLUTE SAFETY

THE FARMERS NATIONAL BANK

CHRIS C. PARSONS, PRESIDENT
R. BOLDOM, VICE PRESIDENT

MEMBER FEDERAL RESERVE BANK

L. F. BOND, CASHIER
TAYLOR BOND, ASST. CASHIER

CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS

CENSUS SHOWS POPULATION UNITED STATES 105,708,771

The population of the United States on January 1, this year, as enumerated in the Fourteenth Census was 105,708,771, as announced last Friday by the census bureau for certification to Congress as the basis for reapportionment of the members of the house of representatives from the various states.

The population of the United States with outlying possessions is 117,857,509, the outlying possessions totaling 12,148,738, and include Alaska, Samoa, Gaum, Hawaii, Panama Canal Zone, Porto Rico, Philippine Islands, Virgin Islands of the United States and military and naval service abroad.

W. J. Harlow of Brownwood spent a few days here during the holidays the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Harlow. Bill has been with a grocery store for several years in Brownwood and has a good job.

JOHN ATWOOD TO ABILENE

John Atwood and family last week moved to Abilene, where Misses Ruby and Myrtle are attending Simmons College. They will remain there during the school term, and perhaps the year. They are not giving up Cross Plains as their home.

Montgomery-Wright.

On Thursday, Dec. 23, 1920, Loydd Montgomery and Miss Cassie Wright, were united in marriage at the Methodist parsonage in Cross Plains, the pastor Rev. R. O. Bailey, performing the ceremony. The bride and groom lived north of town, the former a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. Wright, and the latter a son of Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Montgomery. The young couple are representative young people, having the good will and best wishes of many friends for a long and happy life, and may they have it.

A new Ford cash or terms.
L. P. Henslee.

Toilet Requisites Of Every Kind

If your complexion is clean and clear, your eyes bright and sparkling with good health, your teeth, your hair, your hands properly attended to and keep in trim condition, you are well and pleasingly groomed.

We Furnish the Purest and Best of Toilet Articles.

Try Those Hot Chocolates With Whipped Cream and Cake

The Cozy Drug Store, Inc.

Next Door to Postoffice. Cross Plains

OVER 5,000 BALES WEIGHED AT CROSS PLAINS YARD

Public Weigher J. W. Payne informs us that up to date a few bales over five thousand of this season's cotton crop have been weighed by him in the Cross Plains yards. Some claim that there are more than a thousand bales yet to pick in the Cross Plains territory. It is reported that in some localities the farmers are turning their cattle in the cotton fields, claiming that it is not worth their time to pick it. It seems to us even at the present low price of the staple that fair wages could be made by any farmer in picking his own cotton, and rather than let it be destroyed by the cattle he should give it to some one who needs the wages that could be made out of it.

OIL MEN BUSY IN NORTHERN BROWN

Considerable attention is being given at this time toward an effort to develop a paying oil field in the northern part of Brown county, according to recent reports.

It will be remembered that three or four deep wells have been drilled in the Byrds and Grosvenor communities, and three or four wells have been drilled in the immediate vicinity of May. In practically every one of the eight or ten wells drilled in the north end of the county, oil has been struck in varying quantities, from a trace to a well flowing thirty barrels a day.

But none of the wells drilled so far reach up to what is known as a paying well. The Williamson well, the last well put down in the Byrds community, a well that gave promise at first of being a 100-barrel well, is now flowing about thirty barrels a day.

A well costs from \$50,000 to \$60,000 to drill, at an average depth of 2,500 feet, and cannot be made to pay on an output of thirty barrels a day.

But the belief that paying oil exists in the north end of the county is still strong in the minds of the men who have made the sacrifices that have produced the developments so far secured, and they, and others, are standing by the field and exerting every effort to locate the paying ground.

Move to Cross Plains.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Harder have moved to Cross Plains from De Leon, and will reside here permanently.

Mr. Harder has charge of Higginbotham's dry goods department and was employed by the same firm at a similar job in De Leon. He is experienced in his line, and comes highly recommended for his work and as a citizen. We are glad to have him and his family with us.

PARENT-TEACHERS' MEETING

The following program will be held at the school auditorium on Monday afternoon at 3 o'clock, Jan. 12, and we are especially anxious that all mothers and others interested in our school attend.

The parent's relation to the school—Mrs. M. E. Wakefield.

The teacher's relation to the school—Mrs. Daisy Baum.

Discussion: School improvement plans.

The Committee.

SAM CUTBIRTH, PIONEER RANCHMAN, DIED SUDDENLY

Sam Cutbirth, aged about 79, a pioneer settler of Callahan County died at the home of Fred Cutbirth on Friday night, New Year's. He had been making his home for some time with his son, Sam Cutbirth, Jr., in Brownwood, and was in Callahan to spend the holidays with his relatives and friends. He went to bed apparently in good health, and his death occurred during the night without the knowledge of anyone.

It was his intention on Saturday to come to Cross Plains and take dinner with his daughter, Mrs. C. S. Boyles. His body was interred in the Belle Plain cemetery.

Mr. Cutbirth was a pioneer of Callahan county, coming here from Denton county. He located in the Bell Plain community, and was well known in the early days as a rancher and cattle man. Some fifteen years ago he and his family moved to Reagan county, where he operated in the cattle business for a few years. He was county judge there for a few years.

He has been living with some of his children at Brownwood for a year or two. He was a charter member of the A. F. & A. M. Lodge at Baird.

He leaves a number of children, among them being Pomp, Sam, Jr., Bob, Cleave, Mrs. C. S. Boyles of Cross Plains, Mesdames Cliff Hill, Jasper McCoy, and Brown Seay, the three latter of Baird.

COTTONWOOD BOX SUPPER

The box supper held at Cottonwood on Christmas night at the school house was a success, the sum of \$182.25 being realized, which sum is to apply on the purchase of a piano for the Baptist church. The Baptist people are working on a play which is to be given for the benefit of the same worthy cause.

13,316 BALES CALLAHAN COUNTY

According to Samuel E. Webb, agent for the Bureau of the Census, there were 13,316 bales of cotton ginned in this county prior to December 13, compared with 8,479 to same date last year. Too much cotton, we all will admit, considering the price. We shall see that we don't have so much next crop.

Influenza Victims Declared Immune

Influenza attacks carry with them "a definite immunity to subsequent attacks, lasting several years," according to conclusions reached by the Public Health Service after extensive study in the homes where the disease was epidemic in 1918-19.

Surgeon General Cummings states there is no reasonable grounds for believing that should flu become prevalent this winter, it would not assume the epidemic proportions of the last two years, nor would it rage in such severe form.

Smith--Childers.

Charley L. Smith and Miss Dovie Childers were married in Cross Plains on Saturday, Jan. 1, at the home of the M. E. parsonage, the R. O. Bailey making them one. The bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Childers of Dressv, and the groom a son of Mr. and Mrs. F. Smith of this place. We join their many friends in offering congratulations.

Good Farming Tools Is What You Want

"The Best Is None Too Good"

There is none better than the Moline Line.

We can supply your wants promptly in:

Stalk Cutters

Middle Busters, Harrows, Planters

Turning Plows, Sulkeys, Disc Plows

Disc Harrows, with or without trucks

Cultivators, riding or walking, Grain Drills.

Moline Steel Wagons, Moline Steel Farm Trucks.

Get Our Prices Before Buying

JOE H. SHACKELFORD'S

Lumber and Paint Store

CROSS PLAINS

TEXAS

MOVES FAMILY HERE

Tom Bryant, who has been in Cross Plains since the Vestal oil boom, arrived here on Sunday of last week, with his family, and have moved to the John Atwood home one mile east of town. Mr. Bryant is going to devote his time to real estate and insurance.

He expects the country to get considerable oil development as soon as financial conditions get normal. He has lived in Moody since boyhood. We are very glad to have him and his family here.

Mr. and Mrs. Charley Pinkstun of Big Spring returned home on last Tuesday after visiting L. P. Woods and W. P. Pinkstun, Gus Barnett, and others.

ANOTHER ARREST REPORTED IN BANK MESSENGER CASE

Other than one arrest, there has been no new developments in the recent bank messenger robbery near Cisco. There was a rumor here that Howell had made a complete confession and had told how the robbery was planned. A message by phone from the authorities at Eastland this afternoon said that was not true and that he had made no confession.

A man was arrested at Leeray. The warrant for his arrest was issued from the county attorney's office, but the office would not give out the name.—Cisco Round-Up.

Review for \$1 with any daily paper

PURE DRUGS

**YOURS
for HEALTH**

It will be our chief concern to be able to supply you immediately with any article or remedy during the year 1921 that makes for your health, comfort and happiness.

This is a store where your health advantage is of first importance.

Our service, our advice, is freely at your command at any time.

ACCURACY SERVICE COURTESY

The City Drug Store

PRESCRIPTION DRUGGIST

CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS

The Retail Store

25

NYAL AGENCY

Will You Do It?

There is a great concerted movement throughout the South to curtail the 1921 cotton acreage by a two-third reduction from the past year's acreage. The acreage must be reduced. The landlord and the tenant must now see the futility of letting everybody raise cotton. Mr. landlord, if you force your tenant to grow cotton, you are recreant to your duty to your country, and deserve the censure and contumely of your neighbors. We must feed ourselves and live at home. We must make cotton a kind of surplus crop, a kind of side-line, where all the cotton will be clear money in our pockets. The manufacturers of cotton curtail their output to meet the demands; the sensible thing for cotton growers is to do the same thing.

Baird, Texas, Dec. 21.—Rev. J. C. McKenzie, pastor of the Baird Baptist church, has recently caused to be made a religious census of Baird. One thousand, four hundred and seventy-seven persons were reached in the canvass, among which were found members of fifteen different religious denominations. Of this number 180 had no church preference, and one was an infidel.

Of the total number only 45 per cent. are members of the four leading churches here—the Church of Christ, Presbyterian, Methodist and Baptist, and only 47 per cent. of the children attend Sunday school.

FOR RENT, sixty acres of land one mile east of town.
See, P. T. Jones.

COMRADES OF PERIL BY RANDALL PARISH

CONTINUED FROM LAST ISSUE

"So, now he's dead; he don't cut no ice anymore."

"But are you sure he's dead?"

"Sure?" sneeringly. "I don't know how I could be no surer. I turned the cuss over an' he was cold then. You don't need worry none about that. Wait a minute till I see who the guy was what tried to break in here."

Shelby could hear Macklin cross the room, and jerk the blanket from off the bodies. The fellow gave utterance to an oath of astonishment at the sight revealed.

"My God! Did you ever see anything like that? Locked together like two stags. H—! Sam was shot, but he got the white guy even after he was dead. D—n me, if it ain't Hank Slagin! Now, what does that mean? I reckon Hanley sent the galoot in here. That comes from spillin' things when yer drunk. Say, you an' I have got to get out of here. I'll tell you about it as quick as I can. It's plain enough Hanley's got his eyes on you, an' will double-cross me if he once gets a chance."

"What is it you mean? I do not understand."

"Naturally yer don't, seem' I ain't told yer nothin'. But now that I know yer ain't pinin' away over that feller Shelby, I reckon the sensible thing fer me to do is ter talk straight. There's goin' ter be h—l to pay in this valley before long, and the sooner we get out o' here the better. I run across a soldier 'bout half way ter Gerlasche, an' he give me a pointer that made me wheel about, an' ride back."

"The Indian outbreak?"

"Sure; the troops got in, an' rounded most of the Sioux up. They had a fight at Wounded Knee, over yonder, an' licked h—l out of the reds. Some of 'em got away though, an' come trailin' west—mostly young ones, I reckon—an' now they're sendin' cavalry out ter ride 'em down. That's what he was after, a bunch to come scoutin' in through here."

"Here? Wolves' hole?"

"Mor'n likely; he didn't say nothin' 'bout that. But they're mighty liable ter call. I'm fer gittin' out, while the goin's good. That's what I come back fer—to get you, and skip."

"To—to get me?"

"Of course, I'll tell yer about it now, an' you'll go all right. I reckon you never thought I run off with you 'cause I loved you?"

"No—you—you loved me?"

"That's the way of it. I saw you long before that funeral down to Ponca; but this guy Shelby horned in fore I was ready to act. You didn't care nothin' for him. So I says to myself, then, I'll have her; I'll take her whether she wants me or not. Long as she don't love him, I'll make her love me—see? Course I didn't aim to do no killing; that was just an accident like, an' I didn't do it nohow. It was Sam here who got gay, and beamed Shelby."

"But what would you do with me, if—if he had been alive?"

fer he ain't all 't's what I want ter do now that counts. Maybe I had a plan then, an' maybe I didn't. But now I got it all planned up proper. I'm a goin' ter marry you. An' that goes whether yer're willin' or not. I ain't even askin' you."

The expression of her face must have brought the fellow a realization that perhaps he was going altogether too fast, for he broke in with an explanation.

"See here now, don't get huffy. I ain't no Western rough-neck for you to be ashamed of. I belong down East in ol' Virginia, an' we got money to burn. That's straight goods. My real name ain't Macklin at all; it's Churchill. I mean business an' just as soon as Indian Joe gets down here with some horses, we're a goin' ter start."

"For where?" her voice trembling in spite of every effort at self-control.

"To Gerlasche first; there's a preacher there, an' then on to God's country just as fast as the train will take us. That's my program, an' let me tell you, I'll be d—n glad ter git away from Injuns, Mexs, an' the rest o' this rotten outfit. No, you wait; that will be Indian Joe comin' now."

The door between the two rooms had closed partially, yielding doubtless to some faint draught of air, so that Shelby ventured to survey the scene through the narrow crack near the hinges. Matters were becoming so complicated he was at his wits end. He had delayed too long, and, perhaps, it had been a mistake to advise the girl to thus appear friendly to this brute. Now, instead of being confronted by the kid alone, he must also face Laud, if he would prevent her being carried away the second time. The situation had become desperate.

He could see the girl standing pressed close to the wall, the light from the broken window on her face, her eyes anxiously watchful of the movements of Macklin, who had turned and was fronting the outer door, one hand resting in readiness on the butt of his "45." Then that opening was shadowed, and the bulky figure of the squaw-man suddenly appeared. His first utterance was full of ill-humor.

"Well, I got your message, and am



"What the H—l is Up, Macklin?"

here," he said roughly. "What the h—l is up, Macklin?"

"Everything is, from all I hear," was the short reply. "Your Indians are licked already, ain't they?"

"Yes; I expected that; I told them how it would be."

"To be sure you did, but you never thought every runaway buck would make for this hole. But they have; and you know what that means, I reckon. They will be smoked out sooner or later. Do you want to stay, and be smoked out with 'em? I'm for getting out of here now—tonight, Joe. I don't intend being caught in this net; an' you are a d—d fool if you don't feel in the same way. There is a chance now to make it, but tomorrow may be too late. How about your cattle?"

"I sent them into the Bad Lands."

Macklin laughed.

"That proves what you think about it. All right then; we'll ride out together. Got three horses out there?"

"Yes, and a pack; that's what the Indian told me to bring. The woman going along?"

"Sure she is, H—l, we've fixed things all up. We're goin' to get married over at Gerlasche. I'm almin' ter take you along for best man."

Laud evidenced his surprise and incredulity with a grunt, and a swift glance at the silent girl, shrinking back against the wall.

"What about Pancha?" he asked dryly.

"That little Devil! Pooh! when she hears about it, I'll be east of the Missouri. She's all right for a Mex, but this time I mean business, Joe. Don't you forget it, I'm playin' for big stakes, an' there don't no Pancha stand in my way. What's the matter with you?"

"Well, I ain't so sure you're goin' ter git off so scot free," returned Laud slowly. "There's a fellow been in here huntin' you; an' I reckon he must be here yet—leastways I don't know how the cuss could have got out."

"A man huntin' me? You're dreamin'."

"No I ain't. The fellow joined my outfit up on the mesa yesterday—

fer he ain't all 't's what I want ter do now that counts. Maybe I had a plan then, an' maybe I didn't. But now I got it all planned up proper. I'm a goin' ter marry you. An' that goes whether yer're willin' or not. I ain't even askin' you."

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"Well, I got your message, and am

all right."

Shelby straightened up. In spite of the odds, he must act now, or never. Yet, before he could take a step forward, a single shot rang out sharply. He saw Macklin fling up his arms, and reel backward, his body striking the half-open door, before it crashed to the floor, and lay motionless.

The impact of Macklin's body had flung the door wide open, leaving Shelby fully exposed to view. For an instant, however, the startled and bewildered Laud failed to note his revelation against the darkness of that interior. He had leaped back instantly to the protection of the wall, and, gun in hand, crouched there with eyes fixed on the broken window opposite. Shelby was swift to take advantage of his surprise. Wherever the shot had come from, whoever had fired it, his concealment was no longer possible. There must be no hesitancy, no delay. He stepped across the motionless body, with weapon flung grimly forward.

"Hands up, Joe! Put them up first before you turn around. Stop that! Don't try any tricks on me. Now stand there—Olga."

"Yes."

"Take that gun out of his hand; there is another in his belt; get that also. That's right; now come over here; you understand firearms."

"Yes, of course" wonderingly. "I know how to shoot."

"I imagined so; Calkins would have taught you. Keep this fellow covered, and let him have it if he makes any effort to break away. Watch him closely, while I rip up that blanket, and tie him up."

He left her with the gun steadily pointed at Laud's head, the fellow cursing, with hands up, his angry eyes following every movement. He was desperate, maddened by sudden helplessness, with the sneaking ferocity of a wolf, yet was temporarily held motionless by the deadly peril. Shelby stripped the ragged blanket from off the dead bodies under the bench, and began hastily to rip it apart. The black, bloated face of Slagin stared upward, and Indian Joe saw it for the first time, a sudden spasm of terror causing him to burst forth:

"My God! That's Hank Slagin!"

"Sure it is; he got his, an' you'll get yours if you drop those hands, you cur. Turn around now, and stop."

Laud obeyed, his face ugly and threatening, and Shelby took a step closer, the strip of blanket in his hands, his revolver thrust back into his belt. What Indian Joe saw will never be known; perhaps a slight wavering in the eyes of the girl, perhaps an instant lowering of her gun. But it was enough. All his hate and treachery drove him to a desperate chance. With the maddened leap of a wild beast, he sprang upon Shelby, gripped him fiercely by the throat, and the two went headlong to the floor. Olga fired, but without aim, missing them both, and dare not pull the trigger again, so tightly were the men grappled, as they rolled back and forth in frenzied effort to obtain mastery. Shelby, taken completely by surprise, was at a disadvantage, his throat crushed by sinewy hands, his loosened revolver flung half across the room. He could only struggle to break the hold of his antagonist, rolling over and over, and forcing the fellow's head back with every ounce of strength he could bring into play. They were not unevenly matched, the

CONTINUED ON LAST PAGE

An Appreciation

As we enter into another New Year we feel it deeming that we should express our appreciation of the wonderful business we have enjoyed, not only during the holiday season, but although the entire year as well. From January to December, as each month sped by and the results were known, it was more than evident that the buying public indorsed the principles and methods of this store.

All this great blessing, the growth of many years, would be in jeopardy were it not for the good judgment and care we exercise in selecting the merchandise which we allow to be submitted to the people whose tastes and likings we have studied and cultivated—bringing them here for your approval and marking them at a fair profit which enables us to do business in a business-like way. And that you have endorsed this method of doing business is proven by your generous support of the last twelve months and for the other years which we have been serving you,

Time cannot erase these wonderful principles of doing business, which are incorporated in the Higginbotham stores. These are steadfast principles—QUALITY, INTEGRITY, SERVICE, COURTESY, VALUE—and the passing of the milestone of time does not lessen their brilliancy.

Our faith and energy, will and skill has grown this store of such splendid facilities to serve, and with the passing of time we hope to continue to serve you with satisfaction to all concerned.

The owners and every employe of the Cross Plains store join in wishing all A HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR.

HIGGINBOTHAM BROS. & COMPANY CROSS PLAINS

My Rid World

berculosis
 useful, useless butter-
 deliverer of mankind
 es of tuberculosis is
 claim. French bacteriologist
 in a report of his investigations
 which he just presented to the
 Pasteur Institute in Paris. He de-
 clares that he believes himself to be
 on the track of a very important dis-
 covery and has asked the help of
 other scientists. He has been ex-
 perimenting on the larvae of butter-
 flies and mths and he has, he de-
 clared, discovered that they have
 the power to destroy the most pow-
 erful known bacilli. He inoculated
 them with diphtheria, plague, tetan-
 us and tuberculosis and discovered
 that, however heavy the dose the
 bacilli didn't live more than a few
 days in the larvae which seemed to
 suffer in no way.

Josh Billings' New year Resolutions.

- That i won't borry nor lend—es' peshily lend.
- That i won't advise enybody un-til i kno the kind ov advice they are anxious to follow.
- That i won't swop dogs with no man unless i con swop two for one.
- That i won't sware enny unless i am under oath.
- That poverty may be a blessing, but if it iz, it iz a blessing in disguise.
- That the world owes me a living, provided i can earn it.
- That no man shall beat me in politeness, not so long as politeness continues to be as cheap as it iz now.

We still have a few pieces of Aluminum ware at a cut price.
 The Model Store.

ATWELL ITEMS OF INTEREST

Rev. S. H. Williams filled his appointment at the Baptist church Saturday night and Sunday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Brashear gave the young people a singing Sunday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Jones and baby of Catebo, Okla., are visiting Mrs. Jones' parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Merce. They are thinking of locating here.

Claude Poste and Miss Minnie Brashear were married in Baird on December 31, 1920. May they have a long and happy life.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Riffe and children of near Albany returned on Wednesday after visiting J. R. Jones and other relatives and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Hutchins of near Merkel came in on last Friday to locate on the Anthony place 2 1/2 miles southwest of Atwell.

Mrs. Sallie Kincaid and baby of Snyder returned home on Monday after visiting her mother, Mrs. E. Pillians, and other relatives.

D. M. Cook and family of Scranton spent Sunday with Henry Cook.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Andrews of Gorman are visitin C. C. Andrews and J. A. Deal.

A. G. Foster of Brownwood spent Sunday with relatives.

School is progressing nicely under the management of E. E. Ernest and Miss Velma Montgomery.

Uncle Tom Coffman is reported on the sick list at his home.

Wheeler Woody of Cottonwood

is contemplating moving to Cross Plains to work at the electric light plant.

"Tige" Gilbert, who is working for the Sun Co. at Breckenridge, spent the holidays with his folks here.

We still have a few pieces of Aluminum ware at a cut price.
 The Model Store.

Mert Adams has made his brother, B. F. Adams of Bel'ast, Tenn., a present of a year's subscription to the Star-Telegram.

Miss Bessie Forte of Lovington, N. M., is visiting her father, B. H. Forte of this place.

Buy a New Home Sewing Machine. Pay \$10.00 down and the balance on installments, at B. L. Boydston's.

If you want Chili that is rich and red go to R. E. Wilson's

J. M. Hembree and family of Abilene spent the holidays with their folks at Cottonwood and friends here.

W. M. Adams, who has been buying cotton in various places in West Texas, is at home to remain.

If you want Chili that is rich and red go to R. E. Wilson's.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Mitchell and baby, Billy Sarrett, and Will's brother, Lester, of Strawn, spent last week in Cross Plains the guests of friends and relatives.

John B. Carter et ux, wedded in Thanksgiving at Brownwood were in town over Sunday night of last week the guests of John's parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Carter.

Hamburgers, hot chocolates and chili that is red, at R. E. Wilson's

Miss Thelma Lamar who is attending school at Abilene, was at home during Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. John Barr, Dr. and Mrs. Tyson and a representative of the Review were guests at a fine turkey dinner at the home of Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Bond last Sunday.

Archie Hampton, who is taking his third year's work in medicine at the University of Texas at Galveston, spent the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Hampton.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyd. Hampton of De Leon spent part of the holidays with Clyde's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Hampton.

Fresh Hamburgers—fresh as the New Year—with the delicious taste added, at R. E. Wilson's.

Miss Gladys McDermott, who has been attending school at San Marcos, came in home on Christmas. She states that she will not return to San Marcos to attend school, but may teach expression elsewhere.

For any kind of life insurance in a good Texas company, see
 L.P. Henslee, Agent

Mr. and Mrs. Cliff Borden of Abilene spent Christmas here with Mrs. Borden's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Kemper, and with Cliff's folks at Cottonwood. Cliff is interested in getting the Review regularly since he moved away from home. He is working for a grocery company.

For Sale.

Maize and good Sudan Bailed Hay. I also want cotton pickers at \$1.50 hundred. Good cotton, most of which has never been picked over.
 W. A. Rawlings, 1 1/2 miles north-east of Cross Plains.

man at the A. & M. at Bryan

spent the holidays with his folks here. Renerick is the youngest freshman except one in the school, and he feels confident that he will graduate in advance of the younger boy. Renerick was about the youngest boy that ever graduated from the Brownwood high school. He is now only sixteen.

Miss Mina Montgomery, who is attending school at Abilene was with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Montgomery of this place during the holidays.

Smith-Gage.
 W. M. Smith, rural carrier on route 1, and Miss Nettie Gage of Sabanno, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Gage of Sabanno, were married on Sunday, Dec. 26. They will make their home in Cross Plains, where Mr. Smith owns a nice home. We wish them much happiness.

Cade-Marshall.
 Marvin Cade, son of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Cade, and Miss Lucy Marshall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ben Marshall, all of Liberty, were married in Cross Plains on Christmas day, the Rev. R. D. Carter performing the ceremony. Here's wishing them the usual success and happiness all newly married people receive.

Dennis-Harpole.
 Chester Dennis, son of Mr. and Mrs. N. W. Dennis, and Miss Ruby Harpole, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bud Harpole, of Cross Plains, were married in Cottonwood on Thursday, December 23, the Rev. S. A. Rogers performing the ceremony. We wish this young couple all the happiness and prosperity possible.

A Big Bargain.
 Have a scholarship in Tyler commercial College value forty dollars, to be started by February. Special bargain to boy or girl now ready to use. Cash or credit, or trade.

Buy a New Home Sewing Machine. Pay \$10.00 down and the balance on installments, at B. L. Boydston's.

Cross Cut Couple Marry.
 Leslie Byrd, son of Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Byrd, and Miss Opal Chambers, both of Cross Cut, were married on New Year's at Cross Plains the Rev. R. D. Carter performing the ceremony. We join their many friends in wishing them much success and happiness.

Tyler Scholarship for Sale
 See the Review.
 The best Hamburgers and Chili to be had.—R. E. Wilson.

STOP THAT ITCHING
 Use Blue Star Eczema Remedy for ITCH, Cracked Hands, Tetter, Eczema, Ring Worm and sores on children. Sold on a guarantee by all drug stores.
 Star Products Co., Cameron, Texas

Star-Telegram during Bargain Days for daily and Sunday, \$7.85 Add one dollar for the Review.
 Daily without Sunday, \$6.40. Add one dollar for the Review. See the Review or write or phone. We have your expiration.
 Add one dollar for the Review to the price of the Telegram and save fifty cents.

ECZEMA
 Money back without question if HUNT'S Salvo fails in the treatment of ITCH, ECZEMA, RINGWORM, TETTER or other itching skin diseases. Try a 75 cent box of our risk.

The City Drug Store, Dealers.
 R. Robertson & Son, Dealers.

RAISE A RACKET

If the lumber you get doesn't turn out to be first class
LONG LEAF

What is still better, why not take no chances to start with, and place your orders where you will KNOW what you are going to have when the lumber arrives.

Lumber, Shingles, Cement
 Paints, Wall Paper, Roofing, Etc.

W. W. PRYOR
 Lumber Dealer Cross Plains

All Car Owners Know This Garage—

Our garage is equipped for all kinds of repair work, and our workmen are experts in their line. Nothing is half done, no detail is overlooked. It is properly finished on the spot. Our prices are reasonable.

Buy your supplies from us. We charge no more than the foreign dealer for the same article, and we pay the freight and you save it. Buy your gasoline from us. It is the best and our prices are always at the bottom.

HARRELL MOTOR CO.
 C. C. HARRELL, PROP.
 CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS.
 FREE AIR SERVICE CAR

Reduce Your Table Expense—

All you have to do is to buy your Groceries and Cured Meats at this store.

TRY OUR FLOUR
 It is Good Flour, and Everybody Likes It

TRY OUR GROCERIES
 Just as Good as Our Flour And Everybody Likes Them, Too

W. E. BUTLER
 CROSS PLAINS

Hemstitching.
 Send your hemstitching to Mrs. L. L. Cook, DeLeon, Texas, 10c per yard, thread furnished.

Rural Route Patrons.
 Alter the 20th of this month patrons of the rural routes are requested to have the proper postage affixed to all first-class mail left in the boxes for posting.
 Moses C. Baum, Carrier Route 2; W. M. Smith, Carrier Route. 1.

Singer Sewing Machines.
 Cash or easy payments. Old machines taken in. Accordion plaiting. Prompt attention to mail orders.
 Chas. M. Logan, Singer Agt., Box 221, Rising Star, Tex.

LOTHER THOMASON
 DENTIST
 Office Over Guaranty State Bank
 Cross Plains
 Operations done under nerve blocking

MY MOTTO: START STRIVE STICK

Cisco, Texas, Dec. 25, 1920

My Dear Friend:

If you are sick with any kind of chronic female or nervous troubles, write Prof. J. H. Surles. He is your friend, he will take pleasure in writing you in confidence, and telling you exactly what he can do for your troubles. It is awful to be sick, we cannot enjoy anything when we are sick. The world looks dark to us, we cannot enjoy the company of our friends as we would like to. People do not want to associate and mingle with us. Our best friends shun us. In fact it sometimes makes us feel so bad, blue and dispondent we feel like all our friends are gone.

Did you know that if you look and feel well, happy and pleasant, you can have all the friends you want. But to the contrary, if you are sick, nervous, run down, blue and despondent, your friends soon leave you, for well and happy people do not want to mix with you if you are sick. You know this to be a fact, and it is growing worse and worse along these lines all the time. so if you want lots of friends, get well and stay well, and it takes work on your part. It takes sacrifice, you owe nature a debt, and you must and will have to pay the debt. It may take your life, but you have got to pay the debt, just as sure as you and I live. I believe there is a remedy for every disease in this world if we only knew what it was, so if you are suffering with any kind of chronic troubles whatsoever, and actually want to get well, and you have tried other things that failed, and you have been trying for years to buy health out of drug stores, which has failed, don't give up and die. There is hope as long as there is life, so keep on trying, but try some other way. I have helped thousands of others, and you don't know but I might help you, do you good, God only knows. I have done wonderful things in the last 20 years in the way of relieving suffering humanity. I always carry my patients to a Higher Power than myself. There is a Balm of Gilead for every disease. God is my Father, Jesus Christ is my Brother, and the Holy Spirit is my Guide, and Heaven is my home. Jesus says to such a one, ask for what you will in my name and I will give it to you, and I believe it with all my heart, mind, soul and strength. Oh, Ye of Little Faith, come, write, phone, or wire.

If you you are Sick with any kind of Chronic Troubles, and want to get well, write or come to see

Prof. J. H. Surles, Cisco, Texas.

TO OUR FRIENDS AND PATRONS

During the year that is now ended it has been the greatest pleasure of our lives to have served you. How well, we leave to you. But it has been the aim of every employee of this store to make a friend of every man, woman and child that has visited this store the past year, and in making this effort we have tried to render the best service we could, and to give you the best goods at all times.

If we have pleased you we ask that you continue in the New Year to help build a mercantile business that you as a community and B. L. Boydston and employees will be proud of. This is the ambition of every employee of this store.

We also extend to you the season's greetings, and wish you that happiness of all the New Years that have come, and that those to come will be happier and more prosperous as they come and go.

B. L. BOYDSTUN

AND EMPLOYEES OF THE CROSS PLAINS STORE

Shelby the younger, and perhaps the stronger; but Laud a skilled fighter, hard as nails, and ready to resort to any trick. Moreover, he knew what he had set out to accomplish, and bent every effort to prevent the frightened girl from getting a shot at him. He hung on, his straining hands, like a vise, twisting tighter and tighter Shelby's shirt band, careless of any injury to himself so that he kept the body of the latter in protection between him and Olga's revolver. Yet, with every move, every straining whirl of their bodies, he gained an inch nearer the open door. He fought like an animal, sinking his teeth into Shelby's flesh, and driving his knees into his body. It was silent, bitter fighting, every muscle strained to the utmost, and the squaw man won. They knocked over the bench, and crashed out through the partially open door, rolling down the single step into the weeds. Laud landed on top, his fin-



His Finger Still Clutched on Shelby's Throat.

gers still clutched on Shelby's throat, the latter half unconscious. Crazed, maddened as he was, the one desire to escape overcame his eagerness to kill, and Indian Joe, cursing, struck once at the upturned face, leaped to his feet and plunged into the shelter of the weeds. Shelby, gasping painfully for breath, scarcely yet fully realizing what had occurred, lay motionless but for the quivering of his limbs.

Indeed, he had scarcely forced open his eyes when Olga was beside him.

"You—you are alive? He did not kill you?"

He endeavored to smile, lifting himself upon one elbow.

"No, no; I am all right," he gasped. "The fellow got my throat, and I couldn't break his hold. The treacherous hound got me that time. I was a fool, and off my guard; it is no fault of yours; I should have taken no chances with the dog. Where did he go?"

"Down there, through the weeds to the creek; he had a horse down below."

"And rode away?"

"I think so; I am not sure. I—cared for nothing then but you; I thought perhaps he had killed you."

Shelby struggled to his feet, his strength returning, although he scarcely could swallow, and every word he uttered pained him.

"That devil will be back; the Hole is full of Indians. Our only chance is to get away before he can gather a bunch of his kind together."

"Get away? Where?"

"Up the bluff; the place in which I hid last night. But wait; my revolver is inside the cabin."

He started back, and Olga followed closely. Standing upon the step, and looking down the valley, his head now above the level of the surrounding weeds, Shelby's teeth clinched tightly to keep back an oath, and his eyes darkened.

"There's no time left," he said grimly, pointing. "Laud has got his gang already; we're sure up against it now."

Even as she stood beside him, straining her neck to see, the cadence of a wild whoop came echoing to them from the distance; Laud and the Indians were coming across the flat, riding straight for the cabin, and lashing their ponies as they came.

"Are—are they after us?" she sobbed, grasping his arm, "are—are you sure?"

"No doubt of it; that's Laud a lead-in' 'em. Them Injuns will do whatever he says. Come in quick; we got to fight it out here, I reckon there ain't much chance, but I'm likely to get some o' that outfit. Hurry, Olga; there ain't no time to lose."

He crashed the door shut, and flung the bar into place; then dragged forward the heavy bench and braced it as best he could. He had to feel along the floor to recover his lost weapon, and before he could straighten up again, the wild chorus of yells rang out close at hand, mingled with the sound of horses crashing recklessly through the maze of weeds, almost to the very door. He was the fighting man now, cool and eager. He looked straight into her eyes.

"You are not frightened, little girl?"

"Oh, yes I am; but—but I am not going to break down—you—you don't need to be afraid for me."

"I'm not; I know the real thing when I see it. You'll stay till h—l freezes over. Only see here first—do you know who these devils are out there?"

"Sioux Indians, ain't they?"

"Ay, and the worst of the tribe; outcasts, hell hounds, and the white man with 'em is no better. There ain't goin' to be no mercy in this fight. Whatever happens, don't you let 'em take you. Maybe they'll get me first, but if they do, you keep a shot in your gun. You know what I mean?"

The lines about her mouth hardened; there was a semblance of the old sullen look in her eyes.

"I know, Tom Shelby," she said steadily. "Dad Calkins used to tell me that before I ever met you. I ain't goin' to be made prisoner."

He gulped in his throat, his lips grim and hard-set.

"Maybe you'd shake hands?" he asked doubtfully. "Seems to me I'd rather like it if you did."

"Of course I will," and she thrust out both hands to him in sudden eagerness. "Why shouldn't I, Tom Shelby? I like you."

In the darkness she could scarcely see his face, but she felt the grip of his fingers and caught the eager tremor in his voice.

"I sure am glad you said that," he admitted, as helpless to express himself as a child. "I sorter wanted you to for—for a long while. H—l! That's Laud out there now."

He stepped over beside the door, whipping both revolvers from his belt and holding one in each hand. A small round hole had been dug through the adobe plaster between the logs and he bent down with his eye to the opening.

A tall, rangy white man, with a dirty skin and scraggling red beard was nearest at hand; and beyond him crouched an Indian naked to the waist, his face blackened and chest disfigured with gaudy paint. There were others behind these scattered out in fan shape, but he could only make them out indefinitely. Laud stood so close to the door his face could not be seen, but he held a rifle in his hands, pounding with the stock on the wood, as he angrily demanded admittance.

"Come on out of there, yer big fool," he roared, maddened by the silence.

"We saw yer go back inside an' we've got yer this time. Come on, now; I won't ask you again!"

"On what terms?"

Shelby asked this more to prolong delay than anything else. The fellows knew they were there, and it was useless to pretend otherwise.

"Terms—h—l!" and Indian Joe burst out into a loud laugh. "Hear the cock crow, Hanley. We'll make terms when we get hands on yer, yer darn sneaking spy. Only I'll say this: yer'll get it harder if yer hang on after we do get yer—an', by God! we'll get yer, sooner or later."

"We'll take chances, Laud, and the fun is not going to be all on one side."

"It won't, hey! So yer goin' ter fight? All right; but there's more o' this outfit comin', an' yer a blamed idiot; if we can get yer no other way I reckon we can burn yer out. Come on, now; save time and and open up!"

He struck hard and angry with his gunstock, but the stout wood held. Shelby made no answer, again bending low and peering out through the narrow opening. The obstinate silence must have maddened the fellow, for he suddenly reversed his weapon and fired. The ball crashed through the wood, leaving a jagged hole, and impinged itself in the south log of a back wall. Before the smoke blew away Shelby replied, sighting out through the small aperture, determined to make every shot count. The nearest white man flung up his arm which dripped blood, grabbed it and ran; the crouching Indian behind, crumpled up as though crushed by some sudden weight and never moved. Laud sprang backward, startled by the swift response from within, the smoke swirling up between his fingers, and Shelby let drive. Whether the speeding bullet struck or missed he never knew, but the squaw-man gave one startled leap into the concealment of the weeds, fell headlong, and then went scrambling down to the bank of the stream. It was all so swiftly accomplished as to seem like a flash-light picture. When the smoke cloud rolled away not a figure was to be seen.

Shelby stood up, grimly smiling, and replaced the cartridges in his weapon. The end was not yet, but he had taught them a lesson in caution.

For a moment, blinded by gazing out into the sunlight, he could see nothing clearly about him, not even the figure of Olga. "Where are you?" he asked.

"Here, by the other door. What has happened?"

He laughed, put at ease by the quick response of her voice.

"Oh, I took pot shot out through a hole in the wall. I thought we might as well start the ball; Joe was getting so gay. Touched up two of them; now they'll go back and talk it over."

"Sure; the Indians will be for waiting till night, an' that ain't far off. What are you doing down there?"

There was a note of startled surprise in her voice.

"Why, this is strange! I—I hadn't noticed before; I was too frightened, perhaps—but, come quick; Mackin's body is not here! It—it is gone!"

CONTINUED

The place to get good hamburgers and hot chili at is R. E. Wilson's.

Johnnie White left the first of the week for Dallas, where he will attend a business college.

Mrs. Ollie Williams of Cisco spent a few days here during Christmas with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. McGowan.

Mrs. S. L. Teague spent a few days last week with her daughter, Mrs. Millie Carey of Stamford.

Lost.

One Crank for Chevrolet car. Leave at Furniture store and get reward.

W. T. Wilson.

Red, Red, Red Chili that is red at R. E. Wilson's.

Mrs. C. E. Gregory, son and daughter of De Leon, visited her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Wilson, last week.

Mrs. G. W. Hester and daughter of De Leon, are visiting her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Wilson.

Citation By Publication.

THE STATE OF TEXAS

To the Sheriff or any Constable of Callahan County Greeting: You are hereby commanded to summon Ada Tucker, and the unknown heirs of Ada Tucker, Mary Ann Libey, and the unknown heirs of said Mary Ann Libey; Mrs. Caley Odom, and the unknown heirs of Mrs. Caley Odom; Mrs. Caley Gratigny, and the unknown heirs of said Mrs. Caley Gratigny; A. J. Brawner and the unknown heirs of said A. J. Brawner; W. C. McGough and the unknown heirs of said W. C. McGough, by making publication of this Citation once in each week for four successive weeks previous to the return day hereof, in some newspaper published in your County, if there be a newspaper published therein, but if not, then in any newspaper published in the 42nd Judicial District; but if there be no newspaper published in the said Judicial District, then in a newspaper published in the nearest District to said 42nd Judicial District, to appear at the next regular term of the District Court of

Callahan County, to the Court House then in Dallas County, Texas on the 2nd Monday after the 14th day of February, A. D. 1921, then and there to answer a petition filed in said Court on the 7th day of December A. D. 1920, in a suit, numbered on the docket of said Court No. 2162, wherein Dr. A. D. Hamilton is plaintiff, and Ada Tucker, and the unknown heirs of the said Ada Tucker, Mary Ann Libey, and the unknown heirs of Mary Ann Libey, Mrs. Caley Odom, and the unknown heirs of the said Mrs. Caley Odom, Mrs. Caley Gratigny and the unknown heirs of the said Mrs. Caley Gratigny, A. J. Brawner, and the unknown heirs of the said A. J. Brawner, and W. C. McGough and the unknown heirs of the said W. C. McGough, defendants, and said petition alleging that Dr. A. D. Hamilton, who resides in Dallas County, Texas, hereinafter called plaintiff, complaining of Ada Tucker, and the unknown heirs of the said Ada Tucker, Mary Ann Libey, and the unknown heirs of the said Mary Ann Libey, Mrs. Caley Odom, and the unknown heirs of the said Mrs. Caley Odom, Mrs. Caley Gratigny and the unknown heirs of the said Mrs. Caley Gratigny, A. J. Brawner and the unknown heirs of the said A. J. Brawner, W. C. McGough and the unknown heirs of the said W. C. McGough, hereinafter styled defendants and whose residence is unknown to this plaintiff herein, and for cause of action plaintiff represents to the court that on or about the first day of December, A. D. 1920, he was lawfully seized and possessed of the following described real estate and premises, situated in the town of Baird, Callahan County, Texas, to-wit: Lot No. 3 in Block 42, of the said town of Baird, holding the same in fee simple.

Plaintiff represents to the court that he and his grantors have and hold peaceable and adverse possession under title from and under the State of Texas, of the land and premises above described, for more than three, five and ten years prior to the filing of this suit.

Plaintiff represents to the court that he and his grantors claim the same under deeds duly registered, and they have had peaceable continuous and adverse possession of the said property, using and enjoying the same, and paying all taxes due thereon for a period of more than five years prior to the filing of this suit.

4. Plaintiff further represents to the court that he and his grantors have good and perfect right and title to the said property, that he and grantors have had and held peaceably said property above described and adverse possession of same, using and enjoying the same for a period of more than ten years prior to the filing of this suit.

5. That on the day and year last aforesaid, defendants unlawfully entered upon said premises and ejected plaintiff therefrom, and unlawfully withholds from him possession thereof.

Wherefore plaintiff prays judgment of the court that defendants be cited to appear and answer this petition and that plaintiff have judgment for the title possession of said above described property and premises, and that he recover his costs in this behalf expended, and for such other and further relief, special and general in law and in equity, that he may be justly entitled to, etc.

Herein Fail Not, but have before said Court, at its aforesaid next regular term, this writ with your return thereon, showing how you have executed the same.

Given Under My Hand and the Seal of said Court, at office in Baird, Texas this, the 7th day of December A. D. 1920.

Roy D. Williams Clerk, District Court Callahan County.

J. Rupert Jackson, Attorney for A. D. Hamilton.