

ADVERTISING

Not only Stimulates business but actually Creates more business, and is entitled to serious consideration

THE TEXAS SPUR

A Paper For The Homes Of Spur And Dickens County

ADVERTISING

Is the foundation upon which every successful business is built. Try it.

Volume Six

SPUR, DICKENS COUNTY, TEXAS, FEBRUARY 26, 1915.

Number 17

BIG MONEY IN HOGS IN THE SPUR COUNTRY

G. S. Jones, of the Soldier Mound community, was a very pleasant caller at the Texas Spur office Tuesday. Mr. Jones said that he had kept a record of his hog business and from one sow he sold pigs and cured meat within fourteen months to the amount of two hundred dollars and seventy cents. A good brood sow can be purchased for twenty five dollars, and when a man realizes two hundred dollars on such a small investment the wonder is that every farmer does not keep at least one or two good brood sows on his place.

GRACE-DICKSON.

At the home of the bride's parents, Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Grace, the most beautiful wedding ever witnessed in this little city occurred on Thursday morning of last week when Mr. R. E. Dickson and Miss Lillian Grace were united in marriage.

The home had been decorated by loving hands. Long trailing branches of Smilax, white and red Carnation festooned the arch in the dining room, under which the bride and groom stood while the beautiful Episcopal ceremony was performed. The whole house was beautifully decorated with East Texas Smilax intermingled with red and white carnations, and soft lights shed their soft glow over what seemed indeed a fairy bower.

Promptly at 11:30 the bride's cousin, Miss Mabel Cole, of Hico, Texas, sweetly sang "All For You." Miss Cole's rendition of this beautiful song was splendid, and as the sweet notes filled the room the many friends of the bride and groom, who had gathered together to wish them God speed, felt that ever soothing influence that comes only through the channel of the beautiful.

Following Miss Cole's song Miss Erma Baker sang very sweetly "Because." Miss Baker's accompaniment was played by Miss Donnalita Standifer, and both song and accompaniment were perfectly rendered, and will be remembered by those fortunate enough to be present.

Following Miss Baker's song softly came the strains of Mendelsshon's wedding march, rendered by Mas. Sam Clemmons, as the pretty maid of honor, Miss Mabel Cole, came down the hallway, passed into the parlor through the folding doors into the beautifully decorated room where the bridal arch had been erected; then came the brides-maid, Miss Pearl Gunn, and best man, Mr. L. P. Hale. Lastly came the bride and groom who took their place under the Arch, and while the sweet strains of Mendelsshon's Spring song softly floated through the room Rev. E. C. Seaman advanced and spoke the impressive words that made the twain one.

The bride was married in a beautiful Duchess satin, overhung with Oriental Lace and Chiffon Crepe, edged with pearls; the bridal veil was held in place by a coronet of orange blossoms, a part of which had been worn by the bride's mother on her

wedding day. She wore a Cameo pin set with pearls, the gift of the groom. Her going away suit was of midnight blue gaberdine with toque to match.

The maid of honor, Miss Cole, was gowned in white silk meteor, flounced with chantilly lace.

The Brides-maid, Miss Pearl Gunn, wore a gown of Marquissette over pink charmeuse, with pearl trimmings.

The bride, Miss Lillian Grace, is the eldest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Grace of this city. She is a young lady whose sterling qualities and splendid character have endeared her to all with whom she came in contact. Mrs. Dickson has many friends throughout West Texas, and possibly without a doubt not one enemy. She is one of those splendid young women, the type of which we love to think of as of the by-gone age—the old fashion girl—with manners so sweet and refreshing that comes to us in this time of fashion and fads as a perfume laden breeze from off the flower bedecked prairie. She is a girl ever equal to the emergency—not one of frills and fancies—but the girl who is well chosen to take her place by the side of the mate God has chosen for her, and do her part in the fight for that place in this life to which he has aspired; she is one who will ever be ready and willing to urge him onward and upward, will never lag behind or pull him back.

There is nothing that could be said of Miss Lillian, as she is lovingly known by her many, many friends, that could properly portray the splendid qualities with which she is endowed, and Mr. Dickson was fortunate indeed in winning the love of so splendid a young woman.

Mr. R. E. Dickson, the groom, is a young man of splendid business qualifications; of one of the old families of the state. Mr. Dickson is at present Superintendent of the State Experimental Station at Spur, and ranks high in the estimation of the State officials. His home is at Greenville, Texas, but he has been located at Spur for the past two years, and his many friends here join in wishing he and his lovable companion a happy journey throughout the life to come.

Mr. Dickson is a graduate from

the Greenville High School, Burleson College, Greenville Business Institute and the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas, and his connections at this time are such that insure a splendid future.

Mr. and Mrs. Dickson left immediately after the ceremony for a trip through East and Southeast Texas, and will return to Spur some time after the first of March.

The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Dickson wish them all the joy possible for this world to bestow upon them—

And they will be so happy,
That when either's lips are numb
They will not smile in Heaven
Until the other's kiss has come.

—A Friend.

WAR CONTINUES.

The war continues in the East, the war zone grows; human life is but a bubble, and property goes like foam on the mighty deep, as the equipment for protection and defense is made stronger and more powers resisting the implements of destruction add another charge of death-dealing explosives, and on goes this duel of disgrace; but let us hope that out of it all may come a more perfect civilization—one that will make Monarchies only matters of history. But coming to the subject that interests us, we want to tell you some things relative to Bryant-Link Co. Our buyers are back from market. They spent time in selecting our stock of Spring Goods, and we do not hesitate to tell you we have never had a more up-to-the-minute stock than we will have this spring. Goods are coming in on every train, and we are ready now to show the ladies many of the newest things in Dress Goods both in Silk and Cotton fabrics. You will find sheer materials predominate this spring, and we have not overlooked that. We will also have all the new Caicoes. We want every lady in Spur, town and country, to see our New Stock. Yes, we have something to give you with every cash purchase in Dry Goods—a real gift. Ask about it. Our Millinery Department will open March 1st. Miss Matthews will again have charge of

this department and will have all that's New and Classy in that line. Come early and select you a little between season hat.

Our Mr. Insey was called to Mineral Wells this week on account of the sickness of his mother. The balance of our force are well and on the job ready to serve you.

Say Ladies, don't forget "Linweave White Goods," "Red Seal Gingham," "Iron Clad Hose," "Queen Quality Shoes," "Lare-sista Corsets" are all to be found in our Dry Goods Department. Yes, our Spring Clothing is here. You know our reputation along this line. Well, we are in better shape than ever to fit you in a Spring Suit. It will surprise you what we can show you for \$10. There's no use wasting money ordering a suit when \$17.50 buys something as good as you order for \$22.

A big car of Michigan Salt just arrived. Don't forget we have Rock Salt for stock. Our car of Implements is on the road. Wait a few days and get a John Deere. You can afford to wait to get the best.

With the good season, the prospects for a bumper crop looks bright. We are all in better shape than we were a year ago. So let's be optimistic and make 1915 the greatest year of our lives. Do you know we are getting better or worse. Let's get better.

We want your business this year. We will keep a good, full stock and make you prices as low as honest merchandise can be sold in this country. We make our homes with you, and feel that we merit a liberal share of your cash. So come on and make our store your headquarters for loafing and trading.—Bryant-Link Company.

NEW POSTOFFICE.

We are informed that a new postoffice to be known as McAdoo has been granted by the Washington authorities and will soon be established in the Lee County settlement on the Plains. B. F. Hines will be the postmaster and the office will be located near the Valley View school house. Mr. Hines will also operate a general mercantile business in connection with the postoffice. The Lee County settlement is one among the most progressive and prosperous communities of Dickens county.

VOICE & MUSICAL RECITAL AT SCHOOL AUDITORIUM

The Pianoforte, Voice and Expression Recital given Friday night at the Spur School auditorium by the pupils from the classes of Miss Trenholm Doyle and Miss Ora Archer was largely attended, the auditorium being taxed to its full seating capacity. The recital was a success in every particular and the large audience evidenced its approval and pleasure by hearty applause and encores throughout the rendition of the program. The program was as follows:

La Grace, by Louise Cates. Ready For A Kiss, by Leslie Morrison. Dancing Sparrows, by Lucile Cates. That Boy George, by Primary Class. Minuet, by Gussie Stafford. Pantomime, "Star Spangled Banner," by Physical Culture Class. Sunbeams, by Lucile Barber. Meeting of the Washingtons, by Primary Class. When Mabel Sings, by Flora Love. March of The Flag, by Robert Bartlett. Rhapsodie Mignonne, by Katie Ellis.

"Love of A Bonnet," a play by Baker, the cast of characters being Mrs. Clipper, represented by Betty Goff; Kitty, her daughter, Vivian Dunn; Aunt Hopkins, Elnora Dunn; Katie, an Irish Maid, Della Scott; Mrs. Fastone, Society Lady, Flora Lovo; her daughter, Lula Goff.

Daddy, by Louise Cates. Legend of Bregens, by Zada Stafford. Sweetheart Waltz, by Gussie Love. A Red, Red Rose, by Erma Baker. Dolls Dream, by Aubrey Barber.

"A Finished Coquet," a play by Key, the characters being represented as follows: Mrs. Filbert, by Mrs. Morrison; Isabelle, Arabelle and Annabelle, her daughters, by Della Scott, Elnora Dunn, Flora Love; Geoffrey Winthrop, an American, by Robert Bartlett; Count Carbonari, an Italian, by Tony Gose; Marquis de Marseillase, a Frenchman, by Faust Collier; Baron von Berlinwool, a German, by Fiedie Cole; Man Servant, Robert Davis.

The entire program was well rendered and appreciated on the part of the audience. The two plays, "Love of A Bonnet" and "A Finished Coquet," deserve special mention not only for excellent character representation but for the moral and social lessons presented.

Again Misses Doyle and Archer are to be congratulated for their recognized success as teachers of music, voice and expression as was thoroughly demonstrated on the occasion of this public recital.

DIED.

Mrs. Blake died Thursday at Roaring Springs and the remains were interred in the Spur Cemetery Friday, the funeral services being conducted at two o'clock. Mrs. Blake was a niece of W. K. Perry of Spur, and leaves a husband and three children, twin babies having recently been born to them.

Announcement!!

WE DESIRE TO ANNOUNCE that our Buyer is now in the leading markets buying goods, and we will soon make most attractive offerings to the trade of this entire territory. Wait for our Spring offerings and you will not be disappointed.

Love Dry Goods Com'ny.
SPUR, TEXAS

Washington's Winter at Valley Forge

Particularly Interesting at This Time Is the Story of How the Continental Army Lay In Camp, Frozen, Starved and Ragged. "2,898 Are Barefooted and Naked," Reported Their Commander—Review of Men In Philadelphia a Pitiable Sight.

THE fighting in snow covered Europe, with the many additional hardships resulting from the cold, has disabled whole regiments of men. Frozen hands, fingers, feet, toes, arms and legs have had to be amputated.

This suffering at the present time recalls the severe trial of Washington's little army at Valley Forge in the winter of 1778.

No story of the Revolution more vividly portrays the exposure, hardship and suffering of the patriot army than the winter at Valley Forge.

The campaign at Whitemarsh had closed. The American army was greatly in need of tents, clothes, blankets and shoes, and to keep the ranks together in the face of a cold winter was a difficult problem. Washington's aim to confine the British to the environs of Philadelphia and Valley Forge, on the Schuylkill, twenty-one miles away from the city, possessed two great advantages. The town lay between two hills in the forest, and as a place of defense against artillery the acclivities of the hills made it eminently fit for the mounting of cannon, while a stream in the rear, which had been a water power to the iron works known as Valley Forge, made any approach for an attack impossible. Besides, there were several routes of escape in case of defeat.

Arrived Dec. 19, 1777.

On Dec. 19, 1777, the army arrived during a dense snow and, with no place of shelter, began the task of felling the trees. The woods became a "town of log cabins" with "huts thatched with boughs." Washington wrote: "For want of a two days' supply of provisions an opportunity scarcely ever offered of taking an advantage of the enemy that has not been either totally obstructed or greatly impeded. Men are confined to hospitals or in farmers' houses for want of shoes. We have this day no less than 2,898 men in camp unfit for duty, because they are barefooted and otherwise naked. Our whole strength in Continental troops amounts to no more than 8,200 in camp fit for duty. Since the 4th inst. our numbers fit for duty from hardships and exposures have decreased nearly 2,000 men. Numbers still are obliged to sit all night by fires."

The only aid from congress was an exemption from any penalty for seizures and a month's extra pay.

The snow lay deep upon the ground, rendering the roads almost impassable, and as the winter advanced a food famine was threatened. The soldiers were told to seize anything they could find, so that many in the neighborhood lost their live stock. The famous order was now issued for the "farmers living within ten miles from the camp to thresh all their grain—one-half by the middle of February and one-half by the middle of March—under penalty of forfeiture," and notwithstanding the ragged and starving condition of the army Washington was advised by General Sullivan—his right aid—to attack Howe in Philadelphia, "risking every consequence in an action."

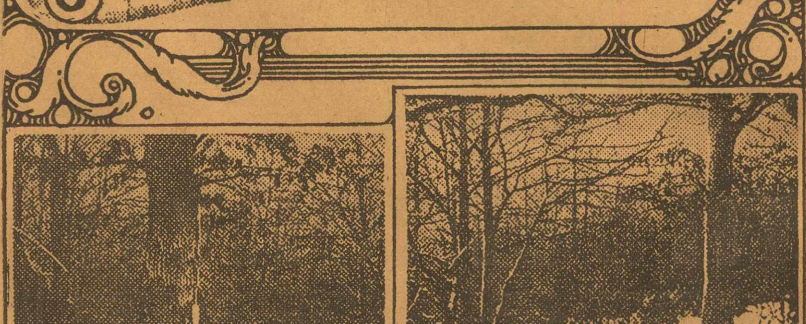
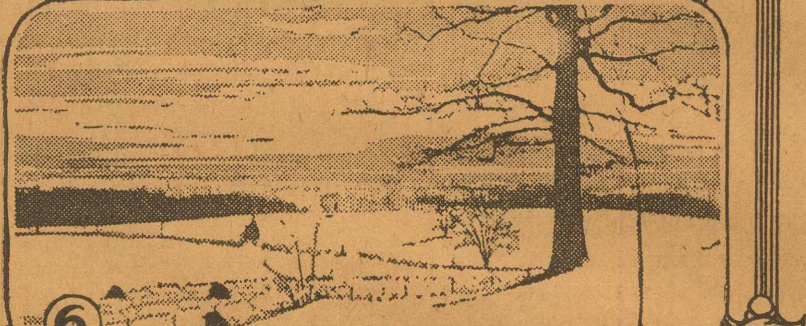
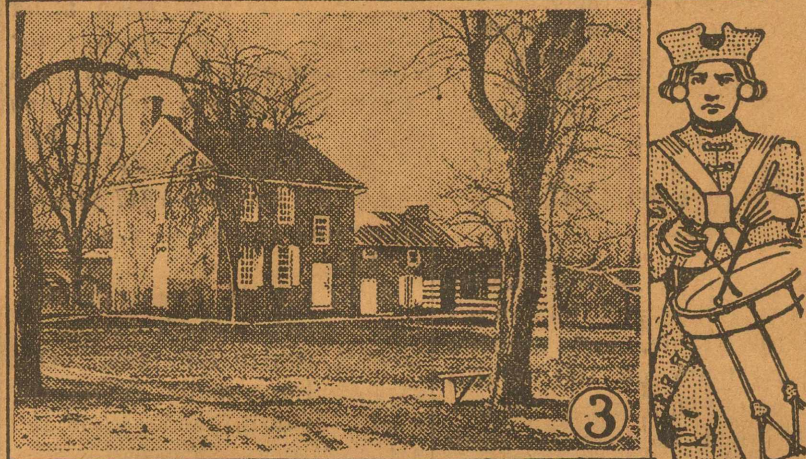
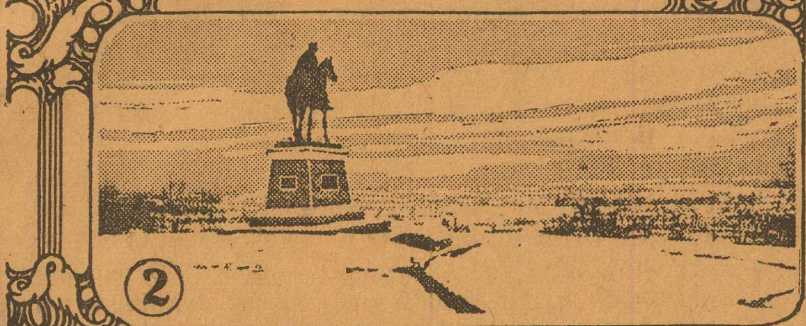
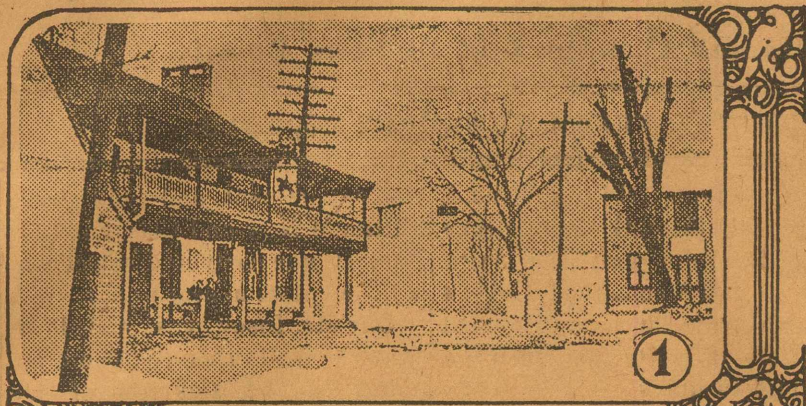
Washington's struggle, now, was not against the English armies, but the mutinous spirit of the soldiers and a helpless, if not neglectful, congress.

The camp at Valley Forge was an interesting spectacle. Washington's headquarters, that stood off near a corner, was formerly the house of Isaac Watts, proprietor of the Forge, and was approached by a path. The neighboring houses were occupied by Greene, Steuben, Lafayette and other officers, who, after the morning muster, met each day for consultation, when sentries stood at the doors.

Soldiers Built Huts.

The soldiers constructed some log huts which in their primitiveness bore more than one mark of Yankee ingenuity and commanded a fine view. Each little hut was entered by a wooden door with a wooden latch that was kept down by a stone hung at the end and raised on the inside by a string that ran through the hole. A window was cut on the side, while crevices were stuffed by chips. A fireplace was made on a small space of earth in a circle of stones in the center, where a kettle dangled from three poles with a cover, opening in the slanting bark roof to emit the smoke.

When Washington entered Philadelphia, on the evacuation of the British, he petitioned the Continental congress the urgent need to provide for an army and, taking the men to the outskirts of the town, invited inspection of the troops, who presented a sight never witnessed. At the morning "taps," when all were drawn up for review, with the tattered flag in the center,



1.—King of Prussia inn, built in 1769, three miles from Valley Forge. 2.—Anthony Wayne monument on the main encampment ground, looking east. 3.—Where Washington lived during encampment in winter of 1777-8. 4.—Site of the ironworks which gave Valley Forge its name. 5.—In-trenchments near the river road. 6.—The camp ground to the west of the Anthony Wayne monument. 7.—The breastworks on Mount Joy. 8.—In-trenchments near Fort Huntington.

the American army might have melted a heart of iron, and it was only iron hearts that could have passed such a winter. Some of the men as they stood in line wore torn caps or a piece of cloth tied around the head. Others wore sheepskin coats or shirts made

Farm Ideas For a Fertile Brain

VALUE OF THE INCUBATOR IN THE RAISING OF POULTRY

It Is Truthworthy and if You Know Your Business Will Always Give a Good Hatch.

The incubator has made a place for itself in the country world and has taken upon itself the duties that used to belong to the hen, as far as hatching is concerned, says the Kansas Farmer. Instead of wasting her valuable time in hatching the hen can go on her way laying eggs. That part of her duty nothing can take from her. The large poultry plants discarded the hen as a hatcher long ago, and the fancy poultryman has followed their example. He can hatch his chickens at any time he pleases. If he wants his birds early he must hatch them in January or February, and there are very few hens that want to sit during these cold months. The modern incubator, whether large or small, fills the bill and does the work of hatching in a much more satisfactory way than the hen.

The hen works in nature's way, and when given a chance to make good in her own sweet way she will come out all right, but you sometimes want things outside of nature's way. For instance, it is nature's way for a hen to commence to sit in the spring and summer, and if you wait on the sitting hen your young fries and broilers will be very late in coming. You cannot get them in late winter or very early spring as you can with an incubator.

The hen sometimes thinks she wants to sit, and then, again, she takes another think. She may stay on the nest for a week and then strike for more wages or another place to work in. After she is given a lot of fine eggs she will make all sorts of fuss and give up the notion of sitting entirely.

The incubator, on the other hand, is trustworthy. You can start it as soon as you have the eggs, and if you attend to your business there is no reason why you should not have a successful hatch. Don't get the idea into your head that some time everybody will be back again hatching with the hen. The incubator has come to stay and is already an indispensable part of every modern poultry plant.

Trim Feet of Foal.

The feet and pastern joints of horses are often deformed or injured through carelessness in keeping the feet properly trimmed during the growing period. The colt's feet should always be looked after, as its future usefulness and value as a grown horse may easily be reduced through carelessness in this matter.

HOW CORN SHRINKS.

How much will corn shrink in weight during the year is a question often asked by farmers. For eight years the Iowa experiment station carried on a thorough and complete test with the following results for each month from the time of cribbing: November, 5.2 per cent; December, 1.7 per cent; January, 6 per cent; February, 3 per cent; March, 1.9 per cent; April, 3.1 per cent; May, 1.9 per cent; June, 1.6 per cent; July, 1 per cent; August, 5 per cent; September, 4 per cent; October, 0; total shrinkage for the year, 18.2 per cent, or nearly one-fifth.

GRADING OF SEED CORN.

May Be Selected Better Before Ears Are Shelled Than Afterward.

Seed corn may be graded better before the ears are shelled than afterward. The United States department of agriculture specialists in corn investigations consider it difficult to grade shelled corn satisfactorily.

If the seed ears vary greatly as to size of kernel they should be separated into two or three grades according to size of kernel. These grades should be shelled separately, tested in the corn planter and numbered to correspond with the number on the planter plates that are found to drop them most uniformly. These arrangements can be completed before spring.

The first operation in properly shelling seed corn is the removal of the small kernels from the tips of the ears and the round, thick kernels from the butts. The former are less productive than the other kernels of the ear. The round butt kernels are as productive as the other kernels of the ear, but do not plant uniformly in a planter.

Shelling seed corn carefully by hand is profitable. The greater the acreage planted the greater the profit. Into a shallow pan or box each ear should be shelled separately.

Don't Starve Sheep.

A fleece of good quality cannot be grown on a poor, half starved sheep. If the ewes are allowed to get poor during the winter the chances are that the lambs will be weak and will perish for lack of nourishment and from cold, while the lambs from a well cared for ewe will be much abler to stand the cold if they should happen to be dropped when the weather is cold.

The Sunday School Lesson

SENIOR BEREAN.

Golden Text.—Be ye doers of the word and not hearers only, deluding your own selves (Jas. 1, 22).

The Lesson Explained. Verses 1-5.—A last alternative.

The clause at the beginning of this chapter should form the conclusion of chapter iii. "And the word of Samuel came to all Israel." These words sum up the early work of Samuel after he received the communication concerning the doom of Eli and his family. He won the approval of every one by the faithful discharge of his duties. He was young when he received such signal honors, but he kept humble and realized that if he was to succeed in these perilous times he needed a large measure of the wisdom which cometh from above. The Greek translation known as the Septuagint has this additional sentence in chapter iii, 24: "And Eli was exceedingly old, and his sons walked perversely, and their way was evil in the sight of the Lord." Certainly the religious influences did not make for unity and stability. The result of the prevalent corruption was quickly demonstrated on the battlefield. "The Philistines." They were the persistent enemies of the Israelites. The fertile low country known as the Shephelah was occupied by them. They were united in a confederacy of the five fortress towns of Gaza, Gath, Ashkelon, Ashdod and Ekron, and their aggressive attacks were hard to be resisted. "Eben-ezer, * * * Aphek." Although we are uncertain as to the scene of this fatal battle, the fact of it is established. The result is stated without any qualification: "Israel was smitten before the Philistines." Such a wholesale defeat in which "four thousand" were slain created consternation in the camp of the Israelites. "The elders of Israel." "Let us fetch the ark of the covenant" was suggested. They were aware that this symbol was used by Moses in battle, but it was now in the custody of its duly appointed guardians, who carried it only after being persuaded that it was the will of God. In the present instance they regarded the ark as though it had virtue in itself and that its mere presence in their midst,

apart from all religious and moral considerations, would insure them a victory. This was superstition. "Which dwelleth between the cherubims." Jehovah is represented as enthroned between these winged creatures which symbolized the presence and power of God. "Shouted with a great shout." They welcomed it into their midst and were superstitiously assured that victory would now be a certainty.

Verses 6-11.—A fearful disaster.

The essence of superstition is a reliance upon God without any reference to character. The Israelites were as superstitious as the Philistines, who were astonished when they heard the voice of exultation in the camp of the vanquished enemy. On inquiry they learned that it was occasioned by "the ark of the Lord" being brought into their midst. They regarded this symbol as an idol which had divine power in itself, and so they said among themselves, "God is come into the camp." This news filled them with dismay, and they said, "Woe unto us." They had heard of the signal victories given to the Israelites in Egypt by their "mighty Gods." They thought that the Israelites had many gods, like themselves, instead of one supreme and sovereign God. "Quit yourselves like men, O ye Philistines." They encouraged themselves in the presence of a common danger and fell upon the Israelites with redoubled energy. The result was utterly disastrous to Israel. The tale of loss was tremendous. "Thirty thousand footmen" were slain. "The ark of God was taken" by the valiant enemy, while its custodians, "Hophni and Phinehas," were killed.

Verses 12, 13, 18.—A terrible tragedy.

This was a very sad day for Israel. "Eli sat upon a seat by the wayside watching." He was occupying his usual place at the entrance to the tabernacle inclosure. He listened to what was said about the defeat of the army and the death of his two sons, and that was serious enough, but when he heard that the ark was also gone the shock staggered him so that he died. Thus ended in untimely fashion the career of one who "judged Israel forty years," but not with a firm hand and not with strong leadership.

We Carry a Full Line of
SHELF AND HEAVY HARDWARE

ALSO Enameled Ware, Queens-ware, Garland Stoves and Ranges, Guns, and Ammunition. Also have a good stock of Buggies which we are going to sell at Mail-Order House prices, for Cash only. Come in and see us.

WE EARNESTLY SOLICIT AND APPRECIATE YOUR BUSINESS

RITER HARDWARE CO.

Advertising is the greatest factor in the success of business concerns. The growth of Sanger Brothers in Texas, Sears-Roebuck, Montgomery-Ward and other concerns is the direct result of extensive advertising campaigns—the very foundation upon which their businesses were built. No business can attain the highest success without advertising. Judicious advertising not only encourages but actually creates more business.

A gin man who is looking for a location is offered the best opportunity in the Lee County settlement on the Plains in Dickens county. There are now four or five new farm homes being built in this already well populated settlement and the man who recognizes this opportunity by installing a cotton gin will make money on his investment this fall and reap a rich harvest in the years to come.

The ginning of twenty thousand bales of cotton within the Spur territory this year is substantial evidence not only of a rich agricultural section but of unprecedented agricultural development during the past five years since the Spur Farm Lands were opened to settlement. The coming five years will witness even greater progress in agricultural development.

Another evidence of the growth and progress of Spur is in the fact that the last scholastic census for the Spur school shows an enrollment of only two hundred and sixteen pupils while at the present time there are two hundred sixty five pupils in regular attendance. We are growing in educational pursuits as well as in population, commerce and agriculture.

Dickens county is one of the leaders of Western Texas in progressive methods of development—and especially is this true of road building. More than two years ago the County Commissioners discarded the hazardous plan of road work by employing a crew of men superintended by an experienced and expert road builder to build roads in each Commissioner's precinct to the full extent of the road tax money derived from each precinct—and to that extent good roads prevail in every part of Dickens county. Recently a road district was created within the Spur precinct and road bonds were voted to build and maintain a first-class roadway from the southeast to the northwest boundary lines of the county. This roadway will be laid out by recognized expert engineers and built by expert road builders and will be inviting to travelers to the east and to the west. This roadway will also become a link in the National Highway from "coast to coast." Thus it will be noted that Dickens county is now paving the way for a more rapid and a more substantial era of agricultural and commercial development progress.

Notwithstanding the recently created sentiment for the disarmament of nations and a "world's peace" our legislators are now clamoring for a larger army and navy and more guns and fighting equipments. "In times of peace prepare for war" is a saying of the darker and more uncivilized ages, and unless the United States expects to declare war on some country or contemplates an attack from another nation, we can not see the consistency in expending millions of dollars for war equipments and millions more for standing armies. When you see an individual buckle a six shooter in his belt, or slip a Stag handle knife in his pocket, or always keep a club handy without any provocation you may know that he is looking for and inviting trouble and will be pretty sure to get it in the end. So it is with nations. Let us spend these millions in developing our resources, caring for our raw products and for the good of our people and our country.

A store and postoffice at Estacado in Crosby county was burglarized one night last week, the burglars securing about one hundred dollars. In this land of plenty burglaries and robberies are the result not of necessity but rather of perverted minds, and such characters should be given the severest penalty of the law.

The trend of the times discourages the cotton farmer but encourages the diversified farmer. Wheat sells for more than a dollar a bushel, maize for twenty dollars a ton, and bacon brings twenty cents a pound. The farmers of this country know what to grow.

NO HUNTING ALLOWED

The public is hereby notified that hereafter no hunting will be allowed in any of the Half Circle S pastures. All parties will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law for any hunting violations.—A. W. Hudson. 51 6m

Mrs. S. R. Bowman was in Spur one day last week and while here called in at the Texas Spur office.

No. 9611
The Spur National Bank

CAPITAL STOCK, \$100,000
SURPLUS, 20,000

We Solicit Accounts of Merchants, Farmers and Stockmen, and Promise Fair and Courteous Treatment to All. Accommodations Granted Consistent with Sound Banking.

MAKE OUR BANK YOUR BANK

OFFICERS

R. V. COLBERT, PRESIDENT
C. A. JONES, VICE PRESIDENT
M. E. MANNING, CASHIER
JNO. B. HARDIN, ASST. CASHIER

NOTICE

You will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law if caught hunting, fishing, shooting, trapping or trespassing in any way in any of the 24 pastures.—Mrs. Boley Brown & Sons. By Bert N. Brown, manager. 1-26t

Chalk Brown was in Spur last week from the 24 Ranch in Kent county, spending some time here on business and greeting his many friends.

Rush McLaughlin, one of the most prosperous farmers and stock-raisers of the Plains country, was here this week on business.

Hawley Bryant, of the Pitchfork Ranch, was among the number of business visitors in Spur this week.

For Sale—Fine, long staple Mebane cotton seed. Call at the residence of Geo. M. Williams for particulars. 15tf

J. A. Davis was among the number of business visitors in Spur Wednesday from the Dry Lake country.

W. S. Hunter and family have moved back to Spur, after spending several months in the country picking cotton.

Rev. W. B. Bennett, of Gilpin, marketed several bales of cotton in Spur Wednesday.

For Sale—Well located Main Street lot in Spur, \$200.—C. H. McDonald, Wirt, Okla. 15-5tp

Mrs. Fred O. McFall was in Spur Wednesday from her farm home several miles north.

Messrs. Eldredge were in the city Wednesday from the Lee County settlement on the Plains.

Miss Pearl Gunn, of Ralls, has been the guest of Miss Lillian Grace during the past week.

We know how to serve the wants of the hungry—Eat at the German Kitchen and be filled.

Murray Brothers...

YOU WILL EVENTUALLY
HAVE US DO
That Work

Why Not Now?

NOTICE

You will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law if caught hunting, fishing, shooting, trapping or trespassing in any way in any of the pastures controlled by me.—Sam White. 52-tf

CATTLE AND RANCHES.

Cattle and Cattle Ranches for sale. If interested, write for list of cattle and description of ranches, etc.—W. H. Parker, Fort Sumner, New Mexico. 2t

FOR SALE.

Refrigerator, bookcase, piano, and four head of fine Jerseys. See Mrs. Jeff Reagan. 1tp

J. C. Morris, of Wake, was among the number of business visitors in Spur last week.

Bert Brown and family, of the 24 Ranch in Kent county, visited friends in Spur last week.

Peet Hollar, of the Northeast Corner, spent several hours in Spur Tuesday on business.

Mules and hogs for sale.—See R. L. Collier. 9-tf

Emmett Kutch made a business trip to Dallas last week.

JACKSON REALTY CO.

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"THE ACCOMPLICE" A Glance at Current Topics

By FREDERICK TREVOR HILL

A Unique Murder Trial as Described by the Foreman of the Jury, in Which Is Revealed the Most Astounding and Inconceivable Act of Rascality.

Copyright, 1906, by Harper Bros.

PROLOGUE.

The office of foreman on the jury in the People versus Emory case falls to the lot of Mr. Lambert, a literary man, whose qualifications lay in his absolute ignorance of the case. Ferris Barstow, a man of tenacious tendencies, is the lawyer for the accused girl, Alice Emory, former private secretary of Gregory Shaw, who was found murdered mysteriously in his home. In presenting the case to the jury Deake Gilbert, the prosecutor, explains the facts in detail, and the evidence all points to the guilt of the accused. The foreman, homeward bound, assists Barbara Frayne, a young horsewoman, and unwillingly listens to a declaration on the Emory case. Barbara believes Miss Emory to be innocent. The foreman visits the scene of the murder. Viewing the home from the outside, he overhears Madeleine Mapes, the housekeeper, endeavoring to persuade Betty Field, another servant, to forget all about a blue skirt she had seen the former put in the furnace. At this moment Barstow's assistant, Mr. Hunt, visits the women in an effort to get them to leave the neighborhood where their testimony might injure the accused. The trial opens. Lambert forces valuable testimony from the architect who had drawn the plans for the Shaw house. Gilbert produces evidence that forged Shaw checks were made out to the order of Alice Emory. When court adjourns Lambert gets a message to call up 22 Pollicet and is told by Miss Frayne that she occupied Miss Emory's room on the night of the murder and that Miss Emory was not there. Soon thereafter Lambert is approached in a dark lane by a man who Lambert believes is Barstow's assistant, Hunt, but who calls himself Gilbert's assistant and gives the name Corning. This man tries to worm from Lambert his reason for desiring to leave the jury, but fails. Lambert meets the real Corning later. Barstow requests a delay in the court proceedings because of illness, and Lambert, taking advantage of the recess, plans to drive to Hefryville, catching up to Miss Frayne on the way after a chase. She is on her way to visit her friend, the prisoner, and each continue on their separate journeys. Meeting Gilbert soon afterward, Lambert is warned he shouldn't leave for Hefryville without first consulting the judge. Lambert ignores the warning and plays the part of hero, with Barbara a witness, by saving Miss Mapes and Betty Field from what looked like a runaway. The driver is pitched off his seat.

The Judge Lectures Me.

"WAIT a moment," called Miss Mapes, hurrying after me. "I will help, though God knows the fellow doesn't deserve any help. He tried to murder you, Mr. Lambert," she added in a low tone, as she overtook me. I stopped and stared in amazement at the woman. "Tried to murder me!" I ejaculated, incredulously. "What do you mean?" "I mean just what I say," she panted. "God knows why he did it, but I saw it all as plainly as I see you, and if something hadn't thrown him off his balance he'd have brained you with the butt of his whip. Why, he struck at you like this!" The woman raised her arm high above her head and brought it down with all her strength, and as she did so I remembered having felt something graze my head just before the man fell. "Was he drunk or crazy?" I demanded, searching for his body in the long grass. "God knows, Mr. Lambert—I don't, and I don't like to think." "How did you happen to be with him?" I inquired, indifferently. "It was just a chance, sir—the merest chance. Betty and I went to town this morning to make some purchases, and while we were there it came on to rain and I asked a young man standing in front of one of the shops to get us a carriage from the livery stable. He was gone a long time, and when he returned he said he'd had some trouble in finding a covered conveyance, but that he'd got one at last. Then this hack drove up, and I told the driver to take us to the railroad depot.



"You may retire, Mr. Lambert!" he thundered.

He started, but we hadn't gone a hundred yards before he turned into a side road and began driving like mad in the opposite direction. I hammered on the window and called out, but he went on thrashing the horses, and when I thrust my head out and screamed at him he lashed me across the face.

"It was somewhere about here he fell, wasn't it?" I inquired.

"Farther back, I think," she answered.

"Here's where he did it, Mr. Lambert," she continued excitedly. "See! Here's the stone we hit, and here's where the wheels slewed across the road, and here's his hat, and—"

"Here he is," I interrupted, for I had stumbled over the man's body as she was speaking and was already kneeling beside him. He was cut on the forehead; but, though unconscious, he was still breathing, and, plucking a handful of wet grass, I began wiping away the blood from his face.

"Good God!" I looked up and saw the housekeeper peering over my shoulder at the man's ghastly face with an expression of horror, and before I could question her she swooped down and plucked his beard, which yielded to her touch, revealing the features of Barstow's man, Hunt.

I do not know what saved me from uttering the exclamation of surprise which rose to my lips, but I made no sound, and when the housekeeper looked up at me, wild eyed with terror, I met her with a glance of calm self-control.

The injured man opened his eyes, but he did not recognize me, and the first words he uttered showed that his mind was affected.

"No, sir," he muttered in a dull, wandering tone, looking straight into my eyes and apparently addressing me. "No—I've done a great deal—enough—too much. That's kidnapping. Leave alone—leave her alone, I say. Give her rope enough and she'll hang herself. No, I won't—too risky—won't work. Didn't I tell you it was foolish to—foreman. State line five miles? It's six! Seven! Get some one else—I don't— Yes, yes, yes, I will!" he shrieked, starting up with a look of terror. "I'll do it—I'll do it!"

"He's mad! Quite mad!" exclaimed Miss Mapes nervously, rising to her feet. "I'll try to get somebody from one of the farmhouses," she offered as she fled down the road.

Presently the sound of hoofbeats reached my ear, and glancing over my shoulder I saw the housekeeper approaching hurriedly, accompanied by a man on horseback.

The newcomer sprang from his saddle as he saw me.

"Mr. Corning!" I exclaimed. "Where did Miss Mapes find you?"

The assistant prosecutor instantly turned to the woman beside him.

"Mapes?" he repeated. "Why, of course. You're Madeleine Mapes. I didn't recognize you in the excitement of the moment, although you're the very person I most wanted to see. Will you be good enough to take this, please?" he continued, pulling a paper from his pocket and thrusting it into her hand.

"What is it?" she inquired, dumbly staring at the document.

"It's a subpoena to attend court tomorrow as a witness in the Emory case," he answered coolly as he bent over the body of the wounded man.

"We must get this fellow into a farmhouse, Mr. Lambert," he continued, glancing up at me. "He's hard hit."

But my eyes were on the housekeeper's face, and I confess I thrilled with all the savagery of a hunter as I noted that she was hit the harder of the two.

I think the courtroom was even more crowded than on the first day of the trial, and as I elbowed my way to the jury box I was more painfully aware of the concentrated stare of the spectators than ever before.

"The judge wants to see you in his private room," whispered a court attendant in my ear.

I started at the summons, but rose and followed the man.

Judge Dudley acknowledged my entrance with a grave inclination of his head as the door closed behind me, but his reception was far from cordial. Indeed, his severe expression so completely occupied my attention that I did not immediately observe that Gilbert and Barstow were also present.

Before I could conjecture what was coming his honor interrupted my thought by ordering me to sit down.

"Mr. Lambert," he began. "I was yesterday advised that you, the foreman of this jury, contemplated disobeying the orders of this court and were only prevented from so doing by accident. I take occasion to inform you, sir, that a bench warrant was issued for your arrest and would have been executed had not Mr. Corning found you within instead of without the limits of Melton township. Now, sir, quite apart from any question of the respect which you owe this court, I am surprised that a gentleman of your intelligence should jeopardize the comfort of his fellow jurors, to say nothing of imperiling the conduct of this case, by taking undue advantage of the liberty accorded him. I have refrained from enforcing strict custody of the jury, and it is entirely due to these gentlemen"—he waved his hand toward the lawyers—"that I do not now do so. However, I warn you that no infraction of either the letter or the spirit of my orders will be tolerated in future, and if you have no consideration for the comfort of your associates you will do well to have regard for your own safety. That is all I have to say, sir. You may now return to your place in the jury box."

I backed toward the door and reentered the courtroom, my face still hot with anger. Before my fellow jurors could question me, however, an attendant announced the advent of the judge, and his honor took his place upon the bench. Then, as my eyes fell upon Gilbert, my wrath received fresh impulse, and I fairly boiled with indignation. I dwelt upon it as the clerk called the roll of the jury. Before the last man answered to his name, however, Judge Dudley stopped the proceedings with a rap of his gavel on the desk.

"Wait a moment!" he ordered, glancing over the room. "The defendant is not present. What does this mean, Mr. Barstow?"

The lawyer arose and, stepping to the railing, laid his hands upon it and gazed earnestly at the judge until he held the attention of every man and woman in the room.

"If your honor please," he began in a low tone, but which could be distinctly heard in the farthest corner of the room, "I must crave the indulgence of the court for my client this morning. I rose from a sick bed myself only a few hours ago, to find Miss Emory so seriously indisposed that I insisted upon her seeing a physician before she attempted to appear in court. I have word, however, that she is now on her way here, and I trust your honor will overlook the delay. We are ready to proceed at once, sir," he added as a young man entered the courtroom and whispered something in his ear.

The judge nodded and Barstow immediately followed the messenger out of the room.

At last the door opened and every eye in the room turned to it as the defendant entered leaning heavily on her counsel's arm. She was very pale, but the same calm, resolute, fearless expression was in her eyes, and I was impressed anew with the sweetness and gentleness of her face.

The little procession halted before the counsel's table, and Barstow tenderly supported his client as she slowly sank into her chair, and then, laying his hand encouragingly upon her shoulder, whispered a few words in her ear and remained gazing earnestly into her eyes until he received her answer. Then he turned to the bench as aggressive and determined as ever.

"We are ready to proceed, your honor," he announced in the firm, clear voice of challenge.

The picture had been touching and pitiful. It was now brave and dramatic, and as I thrilled to it I thought the whole room thrilled with me.

Then Bayne touched me with his foot and, turning, I saw him trace four letters on his knee—S, H, A, M.

[To be continued.]

To Protect Girls at Fair.

San Francisco, Feb. 16.—Plans for the protection of young women at the world's fair opening here on the 20th of February were announced by Mr. John H. Hammond of Des Moines, chairman of the legislative division of the World's Purity Federation, after a conference with B. S. Steadwell, president of the federation.

Mr. Hammond is now in San Francisco with a corps of detectives, investigators and social workers to institute the system decided on. It is designed to guard, so far as possible, every strange young woman who arrives in San Francisco alone during the fair.

At every public place and at all points of danger men and women will be constantly on watch. Every train into San Francisco after the fair opens will have women detectives on board. A fund of \$20,000 is already available for this work.

Palace of Peace "For Sale."

Paris, Feb. 13.—A correspondent who is on a tour through Holland describes a visit to the Palace of Peace at The Hague, on photographs of which, he says, the Dutch are now writing:

For sale or for rent, owing to bankruptcy. May be used as barracks or for moving picture show. Water and gas on every story. Apply to the Angels of Peace.

The correspondent failed to find the curator of the peace palace, but was received by the latter's secretary, correctly dressed in evening clothes and white gloves.

"The secretary," says the correspondent, "addressed me in 'American,' as he was convinced that no one but an American was likely to visit the palace at the present time. No European had been there for the past three months, the latest tourists to call having been a party in the early part of August."

"These tourists, I learn, belonged to the belligerents and soon began to quarrel. They continued their argument throughout their visit to the palace and came to blows when they reached the arbitration room."

Work and Study in Paris. New York, Feb. 15.—Principal Democrat Bryant's high school in Long Island City, N. Y., has a novel plan which has been approved by the board of education. High school boys who want an education, but feel that it is their duty to go to work, will be set apart, in pairs to consist of two boys who want to learn the carpenter trade, two who want to learn the machinist trade and so on. Employment is to be obtained for each pair of boys in a manufacturing concern in Long Island. They will split their time between work and school.

The first boy will work one week and then return to school while his mate will take up the job where his companion left off and work a week. A four years' course has been mapped out for boys who will take up this method of schooling and working. If they finish the course they will be graduated from the high school and at the same time complete their trade and receive an industrial certificate. In addition to their usual high school course they will also receive technical training in the trade they choose.

Thousands in Mexico Starving. Washington, Feb. 16.—Hundreds of thousands of people in Mexico are

starving, according to advices sent here. From Monterey Consul General Hanna reported a condition of serious famine. It developed that the American Red Cross and private citizens are now doing relief work in Mexico on a large scale and that the continuance of revolution has had a much more serious effect than had been realized in this country.

This is a new phase of the Mexican situation and indicates most impressively the general demoralization of the country. It is expected that hunger will play an increasingly important part in Mexico from now on and that these conditions will add to the confusion and anarchy. The Red Cross gave out the following message from Consul General Hanna:

"After four years of war this whole country is short of food. I will make all supplies and money go as far as possible."

All Berlin Women Are Knitting.

Berlin, Feb. 14.—Knitting is a sacred thing to the women of Germany. Every idle moment is being used for the laudable purpose of providing the German soldiers in the battle lines with good, solid, "homemade" footgear. In the street cars, in the cafes, on the benches in the park—everywhere can be seen busy hands with still busier needles.

Of late the women of Berlin are somewhat exasperated. The management of the municipal street car service has announced that knitting stockings while sitting in the cars must cease. Conductors have been furnished with copies of the official order, which requires them to ask women engaged in this occupation to stop it or "kindly step outside."

The reason given by the street car management is that there is considerable danger of passengers falling into the ditches.

"Beauty on Business Basis." Washington, Feb. 15.—Development of the economics as well as the aesthetic value of the national parks of the country is the policy of Mark Daniels, newly appointed superintendent of national parks in the department of the interior.

Through the operation of a carefully worked out plan Mr. Daniels believes that not only can the national reservations eventually become self supporting, but that the picturesque value will be enhanced rather than destroyed by the placing of "beauty on a business basis." Briefly, the plan of the new superintendent contemplates the establishment of a "model village" in each of the large parks or in so many of them as the patronage will justify. In discussing his plan Mr. Daniels said:

"There is no doubt in my mind but that the national parks should be placed on a self supporting basis. The people will in time refuse to support the parks, and we should therefore take advantage of the revenue producing elements of the national reservations."

"My plan is simply to broaden the field for concession and to lay down simple building regulations to be followed by the concessionaries, which will preclude the possibility of the erection of buildings not harmonious with the scenic beauty of the parks."

In Back of Russia's Army.

Petrograd, Feb. 13.—The speed with which Russia mobilized her forces at the outbreak of the war surprised both friend and foe. While her potential strength was known to be immense, it was generally believed that Russia was not prepared for hostilities. But the war with Japan had its lesson, and the czar and his military advisers have been active in army reorganization.

Probably to General W. A. Sukhomlinoff more than to any other man is



Photo by American Press Association. The Palace of Peace, Which is Now a Lonely Place.



General Sukhomlinoff is Minister of War of Russia.

due the strength of Russia's forces today. Formerly military governor of Kiev, Podolia and Volhynia, General Sukhomlinoff was made minister of war in Stolypin's cabinet in 1903. He was then recognized to be a man of more energy and strategic ability than any of the functionaries in the war department, and the result has proved the wisdom of that opinion. [S.A.]

The Golden Greyhound

By DWIGHT TILTON

A chase after a fair face leads Overton Brill, a wealthy man about town, into assisting in the defeat of the most astounding act of piracy ever attempted on the high seas.

Copyright, 1906, by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.

PROLOGUE.

The action of the story has its real beginning on an ocean liner bound for Europe and just leaving New York. It has been boarded in haste on a winter day by Overton Brill, an impetuous wealthy young bachelor, who, attracted by a pretty girl accompanied by an elderly gentleman, has followed them aboard. Brill was on his way uptown with Aristides Stebbins, his valet, known as Jay, when he saw the girl, just after purchasing a valuable bracelet as a gift for a Miss Carstairs. The passenger list reveals the names of the pursued as Mr. Andrew Jennison and daughter. Brill finds himself without money and negotiates with a dark individual named Benedict for the sale of the bracelet, receiving \$500 for it, with which he secures a de luxe cabin. At dinner the conversation turns to the weather, and a Professor Pennythorpe's storm prediction is placed before Captain Humphries for judgment. Brill makes the acquaintance of Mr. Jennison, and the two proceed to the captain's cabin to inspect a phenomenal, wonderfully trained canary. At luncheon a jovial person, Christopher C. Marsh, introduces himself to Brill. Starting from a sound sleep, Brill hears through his window Benedict, the professor and Jennison discussing the large shipment of gold aboard. Soon after this he is rewarded by a smile from Marion Jennison for a small courtesy. Marsh is informed that he has been selected to take charge of the Christmas concert, and he chooses Brill, Dorothy Jennison, the professor and Mrs. Blucher-Ward as his aids. Brill, known as Mr. Overton, and Miss Jennison have a pleasant chat together.

There Is a Death on Board.

"HALF of the subcommittee is busy now," observed Marsh, jerking his head in the direction of the opposite part of the saloon, where Mrs. Blucher-Ward, wide awake now, was seen in close communion with one and another of the feminine passengers. Then he turned to Jay for recreation.

"Well, Mr. Stebbins," he said, with an air of deference, "are you enjoying your trip?"

Aristides was never very responsive to strangers, and Brill spoke for him. "Spent the forenoon in the engine room. Crazy over mechanics, you know."

"Seeking knowledge? That's right!" cried the commercial traveler. "Let me give you a bit. Do you know what fish has eyes nearest together?"

"I don't know that I do," replied Stebbins placidly.

"The smallest, of course. Ha, ha ha!"

But no answering smile came upon the youth's face.

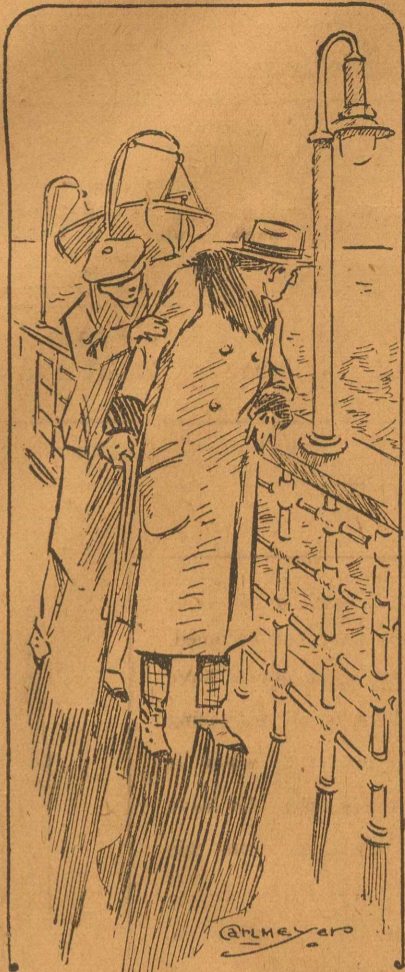
"I think there's a picture in a book in the Cooper library of a fish as large as a big pickerel that has eyes practically together," he said calmly.

"You'll do, my boy," laughed Marsh. "You're not as big a—landlubber as you pretend—Hello; here are the Jennisons."

Father and daughter came in unattended by their swarthy satellite, and Brill felt a wild joy at that very little blessing. As Andrew Jennison stopped to have a word with Marsh about the concert Brill thought he seemed to have aged all at once. New lines of care showed upon his face, and his eyes looked puffy and weary. Perhaps the sea had developed some latent weakness. There was no other reason that the younger man could think of for the change.

"You must make it a success, Mr. Marsh," Jennison was saying. "My daughter talks of nothing else."

And here was the daughter herself, just come from a little diversion with



Mrs. Blucher-Ward and glowing with health and beauty that made her contrast to her father all the more striking.

"You see, Mr. Marsh," she said, bowing and smiling to Brill the while, "there's so little to do on shipboard."

Then, flashing a glance which poor Brill could not set down as either saucy or demure, the young lady took her father's arm, and they proceeded to their own board.

"So little to do," thought the young man in a pet, savagely venting his displeasure on an offending croquette—"so little to do, and there might be so much if I—if she—oh, Lord!" And he firmly resolved to think of nothing at all for the next hour.

Presently Marsh looked up from the neatly printed pamphlet he had been reading and remarked, with his most oracular air:

"This ocean journalism strikes me as a fake. See these alleged news items I read all of 'em in the papers before we sailed."

Brill cared nothing about the matter, but tepidly for courtesy's sake:

"I shouldn't think they'd send old news by the wireless."

"Perhaps they don't. I'm a little suspicious about its value as a news service. Hullo, here's something that is news."

Brill's eyes questioned the other.

"Yes, siree," said Marsh; then he read: "From company's R. M. S. Niagara. Message from Marconi station at Poldhu says immense ice fields and bergs, with heavy fog, have been reported at about 48 north latitude and 42 west longitude, moving southeast."

Marsh put down the pamphlet and ran his fingers across his eyebrows, as if in mental calculation.

"That's strange," he said. "The ice is not usually as far south as early as this."

"Ice in the water? Why don't it melt?" interposed Stebbins.

"Doesn't in time, my son. What do you think of an ice island—a floating island, but not the kind the steward has just set before you—60 miles long, 40 wide and 600 feet high? Saw one in the southern ocean."

This did not appear to satisfy Mr. Stebbins, and he turned to Brill as the fountain back of all things knowable.

"The iceberg is certainly the terror of the sea, Jay," said his friend. "It carries no compass and has no course. If it carried a flag it would be the black one."

"Poetic, but more correct than poetry usually is," cried Marsh. "And the good Lord help those around when one of 'em tips over."

"You may well say that, sir. Why do they tip?" roared a great voice in basso profundo.

It was the noble organ of the small Professor Pennythorpe, who had caught a word or two in passing and had stopped to lean over the table where Marsh and the others were discussing icebergs. No one had asked a question, but it was Professor Pennythorpe's ruling passion to assume that somebody had in order that he might have the pleasure of answering. He now threw back his head and gazed at the three men defiantly, awaiting a reply. None came.

"Because, gentlemen," he rumbled, "a cubic foot of ice weighs 930 ounces, whereas the same volume of sea water weighs 12,080 ounces; hence ice floats, and only about one-ninth of a berg is exposed."

Here was a new oracle for Stebbins, and he stared at the queer little apparition spellbound. This was what he liked—information reduced to facts and figures. He would miss no word of such a marvel. Meantime the professor was growing confidential with Marsh.

"My noon observation today," he said, with less of his usual noisy dogmatism,

"showed that we are much off our course and are bearing strongly to the south. We ought to be at the forty-seventh parallel, and we're only at the forty-fourth."

"Why don't you speak to Captain Humphries about it?" inquired Marsh indulgently.

"I did."

"Oh, well, then, professor, it's probably all straightened out by this time. Anyway, I'm going to have a smoke."

As Stebbins followed his patron from the dining saloon he resolved to have every lingering vestige of doubt as to icebergs set at rest. Mr. Overton would know, and he would tell him if he had been made game of.

"I don't like to seem silly, sir," he said, "but was what those men said about ice in the ocean true?"

"Yes, Jay, quite. Ice and fog are the great perils of navigation."

"And the water, sir; don't forget that," observed the youth, with an uncharacteristically solemn face.

"If you don't mind, Mr. Overton," said Stebbins after lunch, expectation shining from his mild blue eyes, "I'd like to go back to the engine room. The chief was explaining something this morning that he didn't finish."

Brill laughed; he was glad his benchman had something to divert his mind.

"You mechanical people gravitate together naturally," he said. "But why ask permission? Haven't I told you we are simply fellow travelers?"

"Yes, I know, but that's for other people."

Reflecting on the astuteness of Aristides, Brill sauntered about to see if he could find Chairman Marsh of the Christmas concert committee. At least it was his impression that he was searching for the rotund Mercury of commerce, but had he fallen in with another and more slender member of the organization he would not have been displeased.

He did, however, meet Marsh in the corridor, talking with Dr. Henry, the ship's physician.

"Hullo, Overton," cried Marsh. "You've met the doctor?" Brill bowed and exchanged greeting. "He tells me our passenger list has been diminished by one—a death on board."

"In the steerage," explained the officer. "A year-old child. Rather a sad case."

Marsh gave a more detailed account of the misfortune after the man of medicine had gone.

"The parents are young people," he said. "This was their first baby. They were going across principally. I understand, to exhibit their darling to the old folks. After they got aboard membranous croup developed and proved fatal."

As the two passed the bulletin board where the wireless messages were posted they saw the dark skinned operator tacking up a bit of paper. The energetic Marsh reached it first.

"Strange they put out this sort of stuff," said he, as he read. "Passengers are scary enough anyway."

Brill looked over his shoulder and saw this bulletin:

"Incoming steamers at Liverpool and Queenstown report several tremendous ice floes on the point of welding together. But for clear weather, disaster would have been inevitable. Heavy fog area is settling on central north Atlantic."

Marsh grunted his disapproval of ice floes in particular and winter passages in general. Then he became thoughtful.

"Captain Humphries doesn't seem the man to allow passengers to be frightened," he said.

"Perhaps," ventured Brill, "he had to slow down and wants the cause of a long passage understood."

"Hasn't done any slowing down, as I can see."

"Here's Stebbins, fresh from the chief engineer," exclaimed Brill. "Well, Jay, do you understand it all?"

Aristides shook his head slowly and solemnly, as if the idea were too frivolous to entertain.

"Has speed slackened?" asked Marsh. "No, indeed. Mr. Tyson says that ever since yesterday the bridge has been calling for more speed. He can't understand it, since the fog."

Brill and Marsh soon discovered that the ill reports of icebergs and heavy fogs had spread among the passengers. In the main saloon, especially, little groups had formed to discuss the phenomena and their probable effect on the voyage. From the center of one knot of rather tall men and women came the voice of a man invisible. Its sonorous cadence, however, proclaimed the presence of Professor Pennythorpe, who was holding the awed attention of a fascinated few by his tales of great disasters due to ice and mist.

"Hang that bird of bad omen!" growled Marsh. "I'm off to the library to get a novel and forget him. Come along?"

In the beautiful abode of books Brill found Marion Jennison curled up in a huge chair, the blue velvet background of which set off her dark beauty to perfection. She arose at the young man's approach, shook her tweed skirt a trifle and resumed her seat in a more conventional attitude.

The girl knew about the death on board, he found. In fact, she had additional details, obtained from the stewardess. The father and mother were

English people, she said, and almost all the other third class passengers were Scandinavians and Italians.

"And, oh, Mr. Overton," she went on, her eyes dimming, "think of the place where they must sorrow for their little one, surrounded by people who do not speak their tongue. Perhaps they haven't even a room to themselves; and there they must remain until tomorrow, when the baby will be given to the sea. Is it not terrible?"

Brill bowed his assent, deeply moved by this womanliness. He murmured something about immediate burial being best under the circumstances.

"Yes, and they wish it so," returned the girl. "But meantime their grief might be lightened if they could be in better surroundings, among those of their own race."

"What can be done?" asked Brill gently.

"I know what I wish to do. And I hope, Mr. Overton—the name hurt him more deeply than ever now—"you will not think me quixotic or absurd."

As if he could, with that trembling mouth and those dewy eyes making appeal to his heart.

"I want," she continued simply, "to have the family transferred to a first cabin stateroom. My father will pay all charges, but he is not standing the voyage very well and is confined to his cabin."

"I am sorry to hear that," said Brill. "I thought he looked rather unstrung when I saw him last."

"Yes," returned Miss Jennison, a vague note of anxiety in her voice; "he is worried by a sense of responsibility for the gold shipment and talks about it continually. I tell him it is foolish. But that doesn't seem to satisfy him."

His duty was clear. He volunteered to go at once to Captain Humphries and ask permission to put the girl's project into effect. The look of gratitude she gave him as he left her would have inspired him to an undertaking far more complex.

On deck he met a junior officer, who informed him that the captain was on the bridge and that, owing to the fog, no one would be permitted to go there. He was on the point of seeking the first officer when he saw two figures coming down from the bridge itself. The one in advance resolved itself into the trim form of Captain Humphries. To him Brill stated the case with all the eloquence he could muster.

The captain heard his story rather as if it were delaying the progress of the steamer.

"It's against the rules, sir," he said curtly. "Even if it wasn't the cabin passengers would make a fuss."

"I think not," replied Brill. "I come from one of them—Miss Jennison. She assures me the women are agreed that it would only be common humanity."

Brill was in a quandary. He wondered whether further appeal would be of any use, but the face of Captain Humphries had taken on an expression of severity since that first pleasant interview in the cabin—due, Brill told himself, to the coming of greater responsibilities—and promised little. He was about to leave, defeated, when he perceived that the second figure that had descended from the bridge was that of Benedict.

The swarthy man came nearer and said, with a suave but distinct insinuation:

"I think, Captain Humphries, now that you understand the case more clearly, the matter can be arranged."

The officer flashed a glance at the Mexican's impenetrable spectacles, then regarded Brill with peculiar scrutiny.

"Oh, well, if the ladies wish it," he replied, "I suppose we shall have to wink at regulations."

Brill found his delight at having good news for Miss Jennison somewhat tempered by disquieting speculations as to the man Benedict and his particular status on shipboard. How could he so easily obtain from Captain Humphries the permission the officer had at first refused, and how came he on the bridge, where ordinary passengers were not permitted? Was he a private detective for the ship, or something of that sort?

Marion Jennison's joy at the news he bore back to the library made Brill glad the captain had yielded, no matter to whom. If Benedict should undertake to make his part in obtaining the desired privilege shine effulgently, let him. To Brill the present thanks of the girl were sufficient recompense.

As night drew down over the waters a little procession made its way from the steerage to the saloon. In the lead were two sailors, bearing a tiny white burden. Behind them walked the father and mother, the man supporting the weeping woman.

Marion Jennison spoke a few words to the mother and led her to the stateroom in which her child's frail form had been laid. The husband followed them, and a moment later Marion came out, closed the door softly and went away. Brill had never thought her so beautiful as at that moment.

The fog still held on Sunday morning, sullen, impenetrable and bitterly chilling, as Brill found as he paced the promenade deck alone after breakfast. Twenty feet ahead of him vision ceased as abruptly as if cut off by a great gray wall, but for the dull thud of the engines and the faint quiver of the ship's frame the great craft might

have been floating through a cloud. Only the occasional scream of a sea bird as it flew across the path of the steamer, flashing white for an instant and then lost in the mist, reminded Brill that he was still in the kingdom of living beings.

For he, too, was in cloudland. He felt as if he were far above all earthly affairs, hearing over and around him the rich cadences of a woman's voice, now talking gently and again singing in the most exquisite pianissimo, yet as clearly heard as the notes of a bell. It seemed to be a lullaby to a child who was asleep. Strange that the voice should bid to rest one already resting.

Then out of this sea turn of "something new and something strange" Brill's mind came back to the ship and its poor little lifeless burden in the cabin. Today it would be given to the fragrant ocean and begin its wanderings through the deep. The thought was somber, and yet in it was latent happiness. The day's doings would bring him into close perhaps intimate contact with Marion Jennison. He would see more of the tenderness that rested so appropriately on her beauty. He would be near her. That he promised himself. Perhaps she would wish it so. The idea was intoxicating.

As he paced rapidly back and forth he scarcely realized where he was or that other men might wish to walk on the same deck, and at one of the turns in his promenade he almost ran into the plump form of Christopher Marsh, well wrapped up in a great ulster coat topped with a peaked cap pulled down over his eyes. Had the cheery gentleman been adopting a disguise his personality could scarcely have been better hidden.

"Hello, Overton," cried the commercial traveler, permitting a small portion of his ruddy face to appear, "going in training for the long distance championship, or what? Heavens, how you spare youngsters can walk! Tried to follow you up the deck, but it was like a fat poodle chasing a greyhound. Your friend Stebbins said I'd probably find you out here, so I came to get you to go to church with me. Thought a bit of religion might do you good."

"Church?" repeated Brill vaguely, not yet fully on the solid deck again.

"Sure. Reading of the Episcopal service. Captain generally does it, you know, but this morning the purser is going to officiate. Captain Humphries being a trifle under the weather. It's an unusual thing for him. Got to hit us all some time or other, I suppose. But Captain Humphries—it beats the Dutch. Do you know, I?"

The passing of an officer at this moment put an end to Marsh's loquacity, and the two walked on a moment in silence. Then Brill spoke.

"I don't know that I care to hear a purser mumble out the lesson for the day and all that," he said indifferently. "I think if I walked!"

"Well," replied Marsh calmly, "that's as you like it. I overheard Miss Jennison say she should go. Believed passengers ought to show respect for the service."

Brill almost felt his face flush under the merry but keen look of his companion. He would brave it out a bit, he thought.

"Of course I'd like to go well enough," he said, "but my clothes—you see, I've only this one suit aboard, and it isn't very churchly, you'll admit."

"Nonsense!" cried the other. "If there's one place in the universe where the Lord doesn't care what you have on it's aboard ship. You know that as well as I do; you're not a landlubber. You know you want to go, and I know you're going."

It was impossible to take offense at this good fellow's straightforwardness, and Brill was all the more inclined to overlook it since he knew he told the truth. He did want to go if Marion Jennison were to be there, and he glided in putting her above all else; at that precise moment his soul seemed of far less importance than her heart.

It was as he had expected as to the purser. That functionary, whatever his ability behind the brass network, was not designed by nature or training to read in public, and he droned and stammered through the service in a way that would have distressed Brill had not the face of Marion Jennison, who sat at some distance from him, offered its pure profile for his study. There were half a hundred other human beings in the room, but none of them was of the least moment to him, except perhaps her father, who sat huddled in a great velvet chair. What a contrast, thought Brill, to the burly, energetic man who had come out of Tiffany's ago that stormy day—how many years ago was it?

At the close of the service the purser gave notice that the burial of the little English girl would take place at once from the saloon deck. Brill, his gaze again on Miss Jennison's face, saw the girl turn and look him steadily in the eyes. His heart leaped as he read under the long lashes a message—was it a summons?—that asked him to be with her on the deck. He replied "yes" so truly, if Marsh's insinuations as to the mining camp murder were true. No theory seemed plausible, however, and he gave up the attempt to find any.

[To be continued.]

Wood Cutting Prohibited On Spur Lands!

Notice is Hereby Given That Any Person Who Cuts Wood of Any Kind Whatever From Any of Our Lands Any Where Now or Hereafter will Be Prosecuted to the Fullest Extent of the Law Without Favor or Consideration

IN Some localities in past years, the lands have been shamefully cut over, regardless of our rights, and those of purchasers of land not occupied. Many otherwise honest men, have come to think that what others have done, without a penalty resulting, they can also do, and there is an increasing disposition to appropriate wood wherever it can be found, no matter to whom it belongs. This must and will be stopped. We must protect the people who have already bought Spur Lands, and those who will hereafter buy them, from this wood cutting.

Some people pretend to think there is no objection to it. This is, therefore, public notice that no one has our permission to cut, saw, grub, break down or gather wood of any kind whatever from our lands anywhere, and that prosecution will certainly follow trespassers hereafter without favor.

S. M. Swenson And Sons

CHAS. A. JONES, Manager,

Spur, Dickens Co., Texas

TEXAS SPUR

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

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ORAN McCLURE, Editor & Prop.

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When not specified, all Ads will be continued until ordered out and charged for accordingly.

FOUR ISSUES ONE MONTH

Apparently any man with the money can swing a revolution his way in Mexico. When such conditions exist it becomes a question whether or not such people are capable of self government. Should a Democratic form of government be established it is probable that the fractional leaders would continue to rule in the same old way at least until the people become better educated and acquire more democratic ideas. Knowledge is power and so long as time lasts ignorance, to that extent, will remain the tool and the servant of the more intelligent.

Frank James, a former outlaw and one of the most noted characters of Reconstruction days, died last week at his home in Missouri, and in compliance with his request the body will be cremated and placed in a safety-deposit vault in Saint Louis. Frank James was the leader of the James-Younger band of robbers and outlaws, and although credited with many robberies and murders he was never convicted of any law violations. After the murder of his brother, Jesse James, for a reward of thirty thousand dollars, by a member of the James-Younger band, Frank James surrendered to the authorities and after being acquitted of all charges retired to his farm home in Missouri where he lived a quiet, peaceable life until his death. Notwithstanding the fact that he was accredited with having robbed the country of thousands and thousands of dollars during his outlaw days Frank James died a comparatively poor man, possessing only his Missouri farm home and a one hundred

and sixty acre farm in Oklahoma, and it is said that he made it a point to owe no man a dollar, living the simple life of an honorable citizen. Of the noted James band there remains now only one surviving member, Cole Younger, who also lives on a farm in Missouri and on account of feebleness was unable to attend the funeral services of Frank James.

The rain Friday night and Saturday morning came just at the right time. The cotton crops are just about gathered and although we have a good bottom season in the ground this rain will make the winter wheat and other small grain come to the front. Every indication is that the Spur country will again make bumper crops this year.

The farmer who grows wheat and other food stuff this year will be the man of the hour this year. The price of flour is soaring and a few bushels of wheat means much more than acres of cotton at six and seven cents.



Mister!
Get some medicine
for your cold

A so called "cold" is often just a forerunner of some severe disease sure to follow unless the cold is "caught" in time. When you catch cold, "catch" hold of it at once and CURE it.

A neglected "cold" often causes quick pneumonia and death.

Whatever be your needs in the drug line, come to us for them.

Red Front Drug Store

We give you what you ASK for.

Interested in Your Welfare

EVERY effort is made at The City National Bank to render service of the greatest practical value to customers. It makes no difference if you are acquainted with banking methods. Do not hesitate to consult our officers, who will be glad to explain personally the many ways in which this bank is able to serve you as a depositor. We wish to assure every depositor no matter how small or how large his account, that the officers of this bank are interested in his welfare and ready to co-operate with him in any legitimate way to promote his interests.

THE CITY NAT'L BANK OF SPUR, TEXAS

E. C. EDMONDS Cashier
C. HOGAN, Asst Cashier

G. H. CONNELL, President

S. R. DAVIS, Vice-Pres.
D. HARKEY, Vice-Pres.

The "jitney" cars are becoming serious competitors of street car companies in the larger cities. The "jitney" cars carry passengers to any part of the city for five cents. The "jitney"

costs less to install, is operated at less expense and is destined to become the controlling factor in city passenger traffic. Why not organize a "jitney" service in Spur?

Women's Ways and Fancies

Comfortable, Yet Chic, Are the Spring Hats For Small Wearers



CHILD'S CHIP HAT.

Sensible yet attractive is the hat for a small girl which is illustrated here. It is a helmet shaped model in natural colored chip and is trimmed with a figured band of velvet ribbon. A coquettish side bow of satin and velvet ribbon adorns the hat.

CRANBERRIES AS CHERRIES.

Not to Eat, but Use as Substitute For Washington Birthday Symbol.

A hostess who has planned to entertain some friends at a cherry party on the day after Washington's birthday as the 22d falls on a Sunday, has found that the artificial cherries sold by confectioners, etc., are much too expensive for her purse, and she will substitute big red cranberries with excellent effect.

The invitations are written on postals decorated with cherries, which are sold everywhere in February, and begin as follows:

Next Friday night at half past eight
We beg you'll help us celebrate
Great George and the immortal tree,
His gift to all posterity.

After this come the address, the date and hour.

The first thing to catch the eye of the guest entering the parlor on the appointed evening will be a cherry tree in a wooden tub. This is constructed of a dead sapling tricked out with tissue paper leaves and at once becomes the basis of a jolly game where each player receives a big cranberry with a thread drawn through it (by means of a needle) and is required to tie it on the tree while blindfolded. All those who accomplish the feat will receive points toward the prize.

HATCHET PARTY FOR THE 22D

Quaint Old Fashioned Costumes of Colonial Days Are Used.

This hatchet party was given by an organization that stands for temperance, but the scheme could be adopted for the 22d. The invitations were issued on hatchet shaped cards and the envelopes fastened with a patriotic seal. Here is the invitation:

"Ye young women of the Y. W. C. A. extend ye invitation to meet ye Hatchet family of ye ancient tyme at ye home of Miss Mary Brown on ye evening of February ye 22d of ye year of our Lord 1915 at 8 of ye clock."

Below is a list of the receiving dames, dressed in Martha Washington costumes, consisting of flowered chintz overdresses, with skirts of a plain colored satine, perhaps quilted. The waists will open over a white kerchief, with elbow sleeves. Round caps, with frills of lace, surrounded by a band of ribbon, complete these very becoming dresses:

Johanna Adams Hatchet, Tomazine Jefferson Hatchet, Jamesina Madison Hatchet, Jemima Monroe Hatchet, J. Quinclina Hatchet, Wilhelmina Henrietta Hatchet, Johnetta Tyler Hatchet, Marty Van Buren Hatchet, Jinny Keturah Polk Hatchet, Zacherina Taylor Hatchet and Millerella Fillmore Hatchet.

War Entanglements



-St. Louis Republic.

FOR THE LENTEN TABLE.

Sea Food Tastily Prepared For This Season.

Cream Shrimps.—One jar of cream, one can of shrimps, small piece of butter, very little cayenne and a large spoonful of catsup. Cook in a chafing dish.

Oyster Salad.—Parboil one pint of oysters, then chop, mix with celery and place them in lettuce cups. Cover all with mayonnaise. The lettuce cups can be formed by separating lettuce carefully and each leaf shaped into a cup.

Salmon Omelet.—One can of salmon minced fine, three eggs well beaten, one half saltspoonful of salt, a dash of pepper. Fry some pieces of salt pork in a frying pan remove the pork when done and pour the mixture in. Let it fry on top of stove for ten minutes, then set in a hot oven for twenty minutes or until brown. This makes a delicious omelet and is enough for five persons.

Baked Fish.—Haddock, bluefish, shad and bass are nicer baked. After washing cut in small pieces by running a knife down the back, cutting through the skin. Remove the fins, then cut into even pieces the size to serve when baked. Line a shallow tin with wax paper. Place the pieces evenly on this. Bake about an hour, brown evenly and serve by removing the individual pieces on to the serving plate with a fish shovel. Garnish with parsley. Cover the bottom of the tin with milk and butter when baking.

Scalloped Oysters.—One pint of oysters, four tablespoonfuls of oyster liquor, one tablespoonful of milk, one-half cupful of stale breadcrumbs, one cupful of cracker crumbs, one cupful of melted butter, salt and pepper. Mix bread and cracker crumbs and stir in the butter. Put a thin layer of crumbs in the baking dish, cover with oysters and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Add one-half each of oyster liquor and milk. Repeat the two layers again and cover with the remaining crumbs. Bake thirty minutes in the oven. Never allow more than two layers of oysters.

Tasty Lenten Dish.

Boil four eggs till very hard, then place them in cold water and remove the shells. Cut each egg in halves and spread the cut side with anchovy paste. Butter a fireproof dish and arrange the eggs on the dish cut side down on thick slices of tomato. Pour over enough nicely seasoned tomato sauce to cover the eggs completely and sprinkle over with fine breadcrumbs. Cook in a hot oven for eight minutes and serve hot.

A Message From Washington

By BERTRAM A. LIVINGSTONE

BEFORE leaving New York for New Jersey Washington's headquarters were at Dobbs Ferry.

A force was at Fort Lee, on the opposite side of the Hudson from New York city, but the stronghold was given up, and Washington's next permanent stopping place was at Morristown, N. J. Before leaving the river the commander in chief desired to communicate with General Lee—the same Lee who afterward proved a traitor to the colonist cause—and, sending for a young private soldier who had done some scouting for him, gave him the message, written on thin paper and rolled into a ball the size of a small pill. Herbert Burrage, the messenger, proposed to go dressed as an ordinary farmer's boy.

Burrage's route took him through Elizabethtown, now called Elizabeth and then but a small village. Unfortunately or fortunately, as the case might be, he had a sweetheart there. Her father was an ardent Tory, and Burrage felt that it would be very risky for him to stop on the way for a kiss from his girl. But when it is a question with a lover between his girl and danger danger is sure to win. Burrage on passing the Erskine farm, near the town, loitered near till he saw Molly go to the spring house. Then, dodging behind trees and fences, he went there himself.

"Why, Herbert!" she exclaimed, astonished at the sudden apparition. "What are you doing here?"

"Hush! I'm carrying a message from General Washington to General Lee."

The girl paled. "When men carry messages between armies in wartime not in uniform aren't they liable to be hanged if caught?" she asked, trembling.

"Well, in the first place, many of our men have no uniform and this is not exactly within the enemy's lines. I am chiefly concerned for the message. I have taken a great risk in coming here to see you, for if your father knew my errand he would hold me, and if he could get a hand on the message it would go to General Howe instead of General Lee."

If Herbert Burrage had been an older soldier he would have known better than to remain in a spring house, where he could be easily cornered.

The woman in such affairs usually keeps her wits about her better than the man. Molly realized the danger and kept her eye on a little window through which she could see the farmhouse, a short distance away. But even she did not think far enough ahead, for when she saw her father

coming it was too late for her lover to beat a retreat before being seen. Seeing her start up, Herbert started too, and on discovering her father he resumed his wits sufficiently to dispose of the message. He took it out of his waistcoat pocket and put it in Molly's ear. Then he waited for the blow to fall.

The door of the spring house had been closed, but Molly threw it open. When Mr. Erskine saw Herbert Burrage, whom he knew to be his daughter's lover, he greeted him not unkindly, but with surprise.

"I thought you had enlisted," he said to Herbert.

"So I did."

"Then why these citizen's clothes?" Herbert made no reply—indeed, there was nothing to say.

"It is evident," said Erskine, "that you are on some business for the army. I must take you in. Go to the house. If you make any resistance there are those within call who will shoot you down on my request."

Herbert, who, loath to injure Molly's father, having transferred his message, made no resistance. At the house he was locked in a room by himself, and presently several Tory neighbors came in and searched him. Not finding anything, they were tempted to let him go; but, being convinced that if he had no written message he at least had a verbal one, they decided to hold him.

The season was late autumn, but the snow had not yet fallen in that region. The moon was full, and Herbert from the window of his prison room could see far and wide. He knew Molly must have been searched to determine if he had not transferred his message to her and wondered if it had been found. What was his relief and joy to see a horse issue from the barn and by the moonlight a rider on its back and that that rider was a girl, Molly. He knew her errand.

The next morning Molly was discovered to be missing. Her father saw through the matter, divining that Burrage had carried a message and that it had been transferred to Molly, who had carried it to its destination. He called his Tory friends together, and they discussed the situation. It seemed that nothing was to be done but to hold the prisoner till her return.

When Molly returned and admitted that she had carried the message from Elizabethtown, to what point she would not say, after a conference among the Tories it was decided that, rather than have it known that they had been tricked, they would set Herbert Burrage at liberty.

For the Paper's Younger Readers

WASHINGTON BIRTHDAY FUN.

Games With Cherries Which Children Can Indulge In.

A jolly contest for a Washington birthday children's party will be guessing the number of cherries in a basket filled with them. The player who comes nearest to the exact number receives a second point.

When the guessing is over each player thrusts his hand into the basket, palm side down, the idea being to see who can catch up most cranberries on the back of the hand and, so balancing them, walk around the room without spilling one. The player most successful is entitled to a point.

Tossing the cherries into a bowl at the opposite end of the room is another feat on the program and offers another point for the successful competitor.

The first and second prizes will be candy boxes decorated with artificial cherries. Huge cherries made of scarlet crape paper are the consolation prizes.

ETIQUETTE OF WASHINGTON.

Sentence Sermons Which Guided Life of Father of Our Country.

It being necessary to advise or reprimand any one, consider whether it ought to be done in public or private, presently or at some other time; also in what terms to do it.

In reproving any one do it with no sign of anger, but with sweetness and mildness.

Mock not nor jest at anything of importance.

Break no jests that are sharp and biting.

Laugh not at your own wit.

Wherein you reprove another be unblamable yourself, for example is more impressive than precept.

Use no vituperative language against any one.

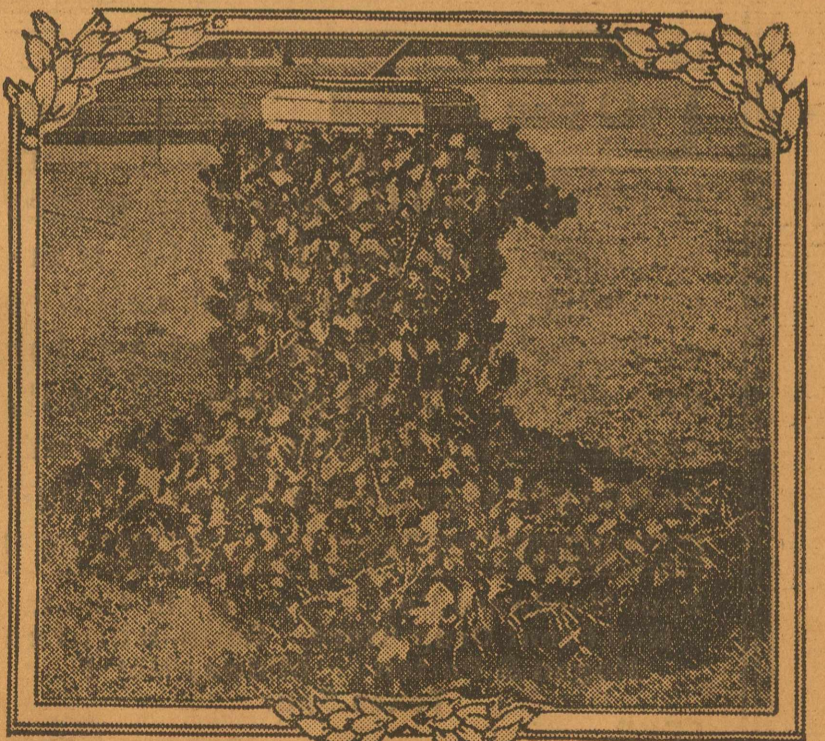
Avoid all blasphemy.

Be not hasty to believe disparaging reports against any one.

Avoid all gossip and scandal.

Why is the letter S like a furnace in a battery? Because it makes hot shot.

Where Washington Got His Time



If George Washington were alive today he would celebrate his one hundred and eighty-third birthday the 22d of February. Children who have studied the history of the Father of Our Country will, of course, know that he died Dec. 19, 1799, at Mount Vernon, Va. Mount Vernon was his home, and, as it was near the national capital, he visited the latter city occasionally after his retirement from the presidency. It is quite probable that before going on these visits, while his carriage was being made ready, Washington strolled out upon the lawn at Mount Vernon and consulted his sundial as to what time of day it was. Perhaps he even set his watch by it. The sundial can still be seen if you should visit Washington's home, which is now kept in condition by the Mount Vernon Ladies' association. The dial is overgrown with ivy, but you can still look down upon its face or plane and see the time of day from the shadow cast by the axis onto the hour figure. The axis performs the same function as the hands of a clock. Sundials were used by the ancients. It is thought that even Adam and Eve used this method of telling time in the garden of Eden.

A QUEER INSCRIPTION.

The following letters are inscribed on a stone tablet placed immediately above the Ten Commandments in a country church in the northwest of England and are deciphered with only one letter:

PRSVRYPRFCTMN
VRKPTHSPRCFTSTN
The answer is the letter "E" and reads:
Persevere, ye perfect men
Ever keep these precepts ten.



Arrow Shirts

You should consider more than beauty when buying Shirts. In the Arrow Brand you will find both beauty and service. A new shipment just received at

\$1.00, \$1.50 and \$2.00

EVERWEAR HOSIERY—In every conceivable color and size will be found at this store. Our Plaited Silks at 25c, can't be equaled. Pure Silks double heel and toe 50c. Hand-Made Boots—We have in stock complete sizes in the Justin Boots at \$12.50 up. A saving to you of at least \$2.50 on your shop made boots.

HOGAN & PATTON

"Men's Wear"
CLEANING, PRESSING and ALTERING
The Modern Way

AFTON.

F. F. Henry went to Crosbyton last week after his father-in-law, Mr. Newman of New Mexico.

C. E. Austin has bought eighty acres of land from the Matador Land & Cattle Company, and has built a residence on same.

J. H. Reynold has sold three cows and calves, consideration fifty dollars per head.

J. H., G. W. and T. N. Dodson, Jr. had business in Spur last week.

G. W. Dodson transacted business in Motley county last week.

Jacob Scott has bought the Jack Nelms farm.

Ben Clark and Henry Elmore have decided that there is no place so dear to them as Dickens county and have returned from New Mexico.

J. W. Young and M. W.

Vaughn are attending Quarterly Conference at Roaring Springs.

Rev. Owens has bought a tract of land from Hugh Squires.

Ira Dobbs had a horse stolen some days ago. While Ira has got the horse yet he thinks he has the right gentleman in custody and will eventually bring things to pass.

It rained all Friday night, the 19th, and part of Saturday. The ground is now in good condition for the early plowing.

J. V. McCormick has bought eighty acres of land from the Matador Land & Cattle Company. Mr. McCormick expects another year to build another up-to-date gin midway between Dickens and Afton.—Oat Meal.

Genuine McAlister Coal for sale at \$6.50 per ton at Farmers Gin Tuesday, March 2nd.

SOLDIER MOUND.

Well, there hasn't been much doing at the Mound this week.

We had a nice rain Sunday night and also a nice hail.

Mrs. Fred O. McFall returned from Stamford Monday.

There will be preaching at the Mound Sunday morning at eleven o'clock. Everyone is invited to attend.

Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Bowman will return this week from Hubbard City where they have been visiting relatives and friends.

Jim Kimble will move to the Garner place this week.—Two Cockle Burs.

TAP TELLINGS.

A fine rain fell here Sunday night. Farmers have begun listing land for another year.

W. C. McArthur and J. E. Sparks are poisoning prairie dogs on their farms this week. This is a good work and we urge all farmers and stockmen who have prairie dogs to kill them out and stock up with better stock.

Merle Rash, of Dickens, is visiting friends and relatives here this week.

Alva Smith has just completed a fine tank for J. R. McArthur. Alva is up-to-date on tank building.

Tom and Craig Parsons are busy in their shop, shaping up to go to plowing. Every farmer should be a blacksmith and have a shop on his farm and save that expense.

Ira Harrell is still on the sick list.

Elder Stephens preached for us Sunday at eleven and left an appointment for every third Sunday in each month.

J. H. Alexander is doing carpenter work for Mr. Fry this week.

F. Fullbright and family moved to Dickens last week. Mr. Fullbright and family made many friends while here who regret to see them leave.—Kid-a-lude.

MARRIED.

J. H. Hobson and Miss Bessie Thacker, two of the most prominent young people of the Draper country, were married Sunday at the home of the bride's parents. The Texas Spur joins their many friends in extending congratulations and very best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Hobson for a long, happy and prosperous married life.

POOL HALLS PROHIBITED.

On this the 24th day of February A. D. 1915, came on to be considered the returns of an election, held on the 13th day of February A. D. 1915 in Voting Precinct No. 10 of the County of Dickens, State of Texas, to determine whether or not pool rooms, as defined by law, shall be prohibited in said Voting Precinct No. 10 of said County. And it appearing from said returns, duly and lawfully made, that there were cast at said election, seventy six votes, of which number 40 votes were cast for "For the prohibition of pool halls," and 36 votes were cast "Against the prohibition of pool halls."

It is therefore found and declared and so ordered by the Commissioners' Court of said Dickens County, Texas, that a majority of the duly qualified voters, voting at said election, voted for the prohibition of Pool Halls in said Voting Precinct No. 10 aforesaid, and that the operation and maintenance of Pool Halls, as defined by law in said Precinct, is now and henceforth prohibited.

It is further ordered that the foregoing order be published for two successive weeks in some Newspaper, to be selected by the County Judge of said County, published in said Dickens County.

V. H. Davis is reported quite sick this week at his home in the west part of the city.



RIPVAN WINKLE

Could sleep 20 years now, and awake finding his bed soft and springy, without a hump, lump or a bump. This is the positive guarantee of the factory, and ourselves, for 20 years of service of the

SEALY TUFTLESS MATTRESS

This wonderful mattress is made in Sugar Land, Texas, the heart of the finest cotton land in the world. The long, white, springy cotton, the choicest of the Brazos Valley, is blown into the mattress by a pneumatic process, where the long cotton fibres interlace and intertwine, forming one huge batt, which is just sufficiently resilient to conform to every curve of the body. You owe it to yourself to provide the most comfortable place to sleep. The Sealy will last twice the time and give twice the comfort of any other mattress. It gives universal satisfaction, yet costs no more than any other pure, cotton mattress.

CAMPBELL & CAMPBELL

FEMALE MASONRY.

A most laughable performance in which Masonry (?) will be exposed will be given by the ladies of the Order of the Eastern Star (Goats have they and secrets too) at the Lyric Theatre Saturday night, March 6th. Admission 35 and 15 cents.

NOTICE BREEDERS.

I wish to say to the public that my jacks and horses will be better this year, and I will be better prepared to serve all breeders than ever before. My Percheron Stallion is now ready for service on same terms as last year; so is my Jack. I will in a short time have another jack that I feel you will be proud of, also a horse that will be the kind a great many of you will need. Call and examine them before you book your mares. Yours truly,—R. L. Collier. 16 2c

No. 10702.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT

Office of Comptroller of the Currency
Washington, D. C., February 12, 1915.

Whereas, by satisfactory evidence presented to the undersigned, it has been made to appear that "The City National Bank of Spur" in the city of Spur in the County of Dickens and State of Texas has complied with all the provisions of the Statutes of the United States, required to be complied with before an association shall be authorized to commence the business of Banking;

Now therefore I, Thomas P. Kane, acting Comptroller of the Currency, do hereby certify that "The City National Bank of Spur" in the city of Spur in the County of Dickens and the State of Texas is authorized to commence the business of Banking as provided in Section Fifty one hundred and sixty nine of the Revised Statutes of the United States.

Conversion of "The First State Bank of Spur," Texas.

In testimony whereof witness my hand and Seal of office this twelfth day of February, 1915.

(SEAL) T. P. KANE
Acting Comptroller of the Currency.

Owing to the incompleteness of the repair work on the Baptist Tabernacle, there will be no Sunday School Sunday morning nor preaching at either hour.—J. M. McMahan, Pastor; N. Q. Brannen, Supt.

W. M. Childress, of near Dickens, was in Spur this week.

W. C. BOWMAN Lumber Com'y.

LUMBER, SASH
DOORS, AND...

All Kinds of Building Material

A Rare Opportunity to Own Your Own Farm—

We are offering for sale 10,000 acres of fine farming and grazing land adjoining the town of Swearingen, Cottle county, Texas, on the Q. A. & P. railroad, in any size tracts to suit the purchaser, on the liberal terms of \$1.00 per acre cash and \$1.00 per acre each year until paid for.

This is located in the heart of a fine agricultural country; 2,5000 bales of cotton ginned at the town of Swearingen this past year.

For further particulars address

White-Swearingen Realty Co'.,
Weatherford, Texas

PUBLIC.

DO you know that we are giving away in the neighborhood of \$750.00 worth of prizes through the purchase of merchandise. Have you a relative or friend who is competing for one of the above prizes, if not, come in and list his or her name in this great prize giving campaign

Spur Hardware Co. Lyric Theatre
Red Front Drug Store German Kitchen
Hogan & Patton Midway Hotel
Texas Spur

SPUR,

TEXAS

LOOK! LOOK!

Great Sale on all Photos for 10 days, beginning Sat., Feb. 27th and continuing until Wed. night, March 10th. All first-class \$3.00 dozen Cabinet Photos, \$1.50 per doz. All other work at one-half the regular price. Post Cards 75c per doz. Don't miss this opportunity to have the best Photos you ever had made at a price within reach of everyone. W. H. DUKE, Spur, Texas.

At The Lyric Theatre

FRIDAY NIGHT—Keystone Comedy—"Fatty Debut." Mutual Girl No. 37. Reliance "A Mother's Trust" Majestic.

SATURDAY NIGHT—"Hello Mable" a Keystone Comedy. "The Cripple" a two part Thanouser. Don't fail to see "Zudora" here Friday night, March 5th. You won't be sorry if you come. A great serial with an all Star Cast.