

THE OCHILTREE NEWS.

C. B. McLarty

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TO GET RIGHT-OF-WAY DEEDED

Goes to Shattuck to Work on That End of the Proposed Road.

Mr. Hereley left for Shattuck, Okla., last Monday to begin putting the right-of-way in deed for construction, and stated that he would not be here very much for the next three or four weeks. In speaking in reference to an article in the News last week in reference to arranging details for the building of the new line, he states he has nothing further to do with the building of the new railroad, only so far as it is necessary to carry out the guarantee of the people of Oklahoma, and of Lipscomb, Ochiltree and Hansford counties, and in doing this he is looking after every detail to facilitate matters, that the Santa Fe will find the people along the new route prepared to keep every promise and to do all that now, so that the work of construction may not be retarded.

He stated that the above is about what was intended to be conveyed in the article in the News last week, but he seems to be particular in keeping his interests separated from that of the Santa Fe Company. His interests lie in close touch with ours in the work of development in general, on account of his large land holdings over this and the other counties through which the road will run. However in the matter of town-building, what would be to his greatest interest would possibly not be to the best interest of the people of this town or of the county, and he has been asked to make concessions here, and the people of the entire county stand as a man to insist upon this, and have sent a delegation of business men to lay the matter before President Ripley in person, from whom they received the assurance that they usually built through the county seats of counties through which they were making extensions, when it was practical to do so, and also that it was not the purpose or intentions of the Santa Fe to do any town-building.

With these assurances from Mr. Ripley and the fact that it would be more practical to build through here from every standpoint, except possibly a territorial, and the fact that the people have given a free right-of-way across the county and given their hearty support to the proposition, with only one request, that the road build through the town of Ochiltree where all our interests are centered, we feel that Mr. Hereley and his associates, who, he assures us are not connected with the Santa Fe Company, should not only grant us this concession, but work with might and main with us to obtain this end, and we are inclined to think they will see it in this light and establish no new town to which to try to move the county seat, but work to the end that the road build through here, so that this great work of development may not be retarded by any strife or differences, but move forward with great strides and bounds to a happy completion.

Mr. Hereley stated before leaving for Shattuck that the Chief Engineer who was over with him last week located the towns to be built on the new road through Lipscomb county and in Oklahoma, but none farther west than Lipscomb county, and he seemed very enthusiastic over the different organizations that he says are preparing to

make up the new towns along the road. There is no doubt but many other enterprises will spring up and business will be stimulated by the addition of the millions of capital which will be added to this country by the advent of the road and the increased development of our farm lands.

While Mr. Hereley has ceased to make any other overtures to the people in Ochiltree county so far as moving is concerned, he states that he believes this is a question that will right itself properly later on, and we are inclined to think that it is possible to get all concerned to see the great advantages of the road building through Ochiltree instead of missing here and trying to start another town. This would be the one feasible and logical way to right this question.

Mr. Hereley states that he has a keen appreciation of the business ability of the people of this town, and fully realizes that they will do what is for their own best interests, and he has had enough dealings with them since he came here to enable him to know what their best interests are, and that it is to his interest to work to their interest that all may be mutually benefitted, and we feel confident that all will work out to the mutual benefit of all, and that ere long the engineers will extend their surveying operations on through the present town of Ochiltree to the terminus in Hansford county, and that there will be great demonstrations of satisfaction and fervent expressions of loyalty to doing the most good for the most people and all working for the rapid and substantial development of the Great North Plains.

Work Horses for Sale.

I have some good work horses and gentle brood mares for sale. 38-4 J. T. Morgan.

Rosedale Stock Farm.

This is the very appropriate name selected by A. L. Carter for his splendid farm home just north of town. It is a beautiful place with good improvements, and nice shade trees and orchard, and with a profusion of roses, a climber on the windmill tower reaching several feet high, and he contemplates putting out many more nice roses to add to the beauty of the place.

Mr. Carter has a splendid bunch of Herefords, having shipped in several head of extra good ones recently, and he also handles Poland China hogs, of which he has extra good stock. He thinks the silo a great factor in economical stock-feeding here, as is evidenced by the fact that he has one silo already and the material on the ground to construct another one, and has still another one at the railroad, he will have out here in a few days.

When he gets these all erected and filled he will be pretty well healed for silage for his stock this winter.

This office turned out some nice stationery for this Stock Farm this week, and other of our farmers might profit by following along this same line.

We Are in the Market

For good cattle paper, whether the loan is large or small. We want to figure with you and show you our plan. Where you can get the best accommodations, you do your business. Come in and see us, or write us.

The Higgins Cattle Loan Co., At the First National Bank, 11-14 Higgins, Texas

Do you want a new court house and High School building?

"Our Side of It" in Rhyme.

1
They tell us they're a railroad that's a-comin' through our county,
And tell us that we're lucky in the prospect of its bounty;—
And so far we agree with them: we're glad it's comin' down,—
But somehow, we don't like their plan o' stealin' this're town!

2
And we don't mind 'em gettin' rich from off our prairie land;—
When it jist comes to real estate, we'll lend a helpin' hand—
We tried to git 'em to our town; we'd paid 'em cash to come,
But they jist flatly turned us down;—I claim that's goin' some.

3
Us "Pioneers of Progress" is a-fella mighty sore;
We've worked and strived to build this town fur twenty year
or more;
And now to have 'em come along, and tear down all we've done,
It sorter makes a feller feel like reachin' fur his gun!

4
And we don't mind swallerin' "blarney," even though it's second
class,
But when they makes it reg'lar diet, I begs your leave to pass;—
I stacks my cards and quits the game; I swear I'm 'feard I'll
drown;
I always runs to git the shovel when I see 'em comin' round.

5
You've heerd the sayin', "Money Talks";—it's all too true, I fear,
Fur when these "mogul" guys commence, their "cash" is all I
hear;
So let 'em stalk about the streets, in short-cut pantaloons;
They'll change their song, I'll bet the treats, before a dozen
moons;—

6
Fur if the railroad misses us, in truth we won't be worried;
We've saved a cent for winter rent;—we've got a bone still
buried—
We'll build OURSELVES a railroad town, right by their town or
near it,
And make the court house to be built,—for that's "TRUE WEST."
ERN SPIRIT

—Contributed.

HEAVY LOCAL RAINS FALL

Many Portions of Panhandle Get Much Needed Showers.

Some heavy showers fell over many portions of the Panhandle the first of the week, which will do untold good to the feed crops, which though late, promise to make good with a little more rain.

While a general rain would have been much better, some portions of the county got enough to add greatly to the prospect for feed, and particularly in the southeast, south and southwest parts of the county and also the northwest, but it was very streaked. The shower here in town which was so heavy Monday evening, reached only a short distance north of town.

Old Settlers' Day

At the Panhandle State Fair will be Wednesday, September 13th. Col. Chas. Goodnight, of Goodnight, is much interested in this organization and associated with him are Capt. G. W. Arrington, of Canadian, Col. R. P. Smythe, of Plainview, and Thos. F. Turner, of Amarillo. The latter gentleman is President of the association and he states that they greatly desire to secure the co-operation of every man and woman who has been a resident of the Panhandle for twenty-five years or more. An interesting collection of early records and relics will be shown at the Fair.

Farm and Ranch Loans.

If you desire a loan on Farm or Ranch lands apply to S. J. Allen & Sons. 40-4

GREAT THINGS FOR OCHILTREE

A Get-together Meeting of Our Business Men Last Tuesday Night.

The business men met at the First National Bank building last Tuesday night and discussed the several important questions now confronting the people of Ochiltree, and without a dissenting voice declared themselves loyal to the town of Ochiltree and her enterprises, and willing to do all in their power for the best interests of the people of the town and of the entire county, and each one is anxious to get the railroad to build to Ochiltree and will do everything in the bounds of reason that this end may be accomplished, but if the Santa Fe ignores this one small request of the people here, who have paved the way so far and willingly conceded every request of the railroad as to free right-of-way, etc., to then invite other roads to come in and bend our energies to get a road from Oklahoma City or Amarillo, either of which would be a feasible route, or to build a tap road to connect with the Santa Fe at the nearest point, or with the road at Beaver, and go on with our great work of development as we ever have in the past, with no thought of our county seat ever being moved, which is out of the question, anyway, as the people of the entire county stand almost to a man for Ochiltree at its present location, which is perfect for a county seat and also for the building of a city.

By the sanction of all a movement was started looking to the erection as soon as possible a splendid court house, which has

long been needed here, and all who have expressed themselves are in favor of something good and that will be sufficient for every need for generations to come, to cost \$50,000 or \$60,000, the finest stone for the foundation of which can be procured within a mile or so of the building site.

Another great movement was started, which shows something of the staunch character and loyalty to our best interests of the Ochiltree business men, and that is a movement to incorporate the school district, thereby insuring to ourselves and our children the very best public and high school facilities for years to come. With this of course would go the erection of a splendid high school building, one which would be adequate for all prospective needs for several years and looking to the addition of other rooms when needed. This is a move in which every man in the county and every one holding land in the county, as well as everyone who contemplates coming here in the future should be deeply interested. Good public schools over the county, of which we already have the best, and a fine high school, are certainly the greatest incentives possible in getting people interested in the country.

Now is unquestionably an opportune time to commence these great works of development and to push them through, and we feel sure that people from all parts of the county will stand together and work hand in hand to the end that these things be accomplished.

Honor Roll.

Following is a list of those paying money on subscription during July:

Geo. S. Phelps,	1.50
Ned January,	1.50
J. W. Woods,	1.50
Ed Furnish,	1.50
G. G. Duffy,	.75
G. B. Mears,	1.50
Bob Archer,	.40
Louis Shipley,	.40
Thos. Broadway,	1.50
L. H. Lance,	1.50
G. F. McKnight,	1.00
A. E. Townsend,	2.00
J. B. Mayes,	1.50
G. R. Squires,	1.00
J. W. Luck,	.75
B. B. Shocklee,	3.00
J. L. Hurter,	3.00
Mrs. Anna Cleal,	1.50
Jas. D. Forster,	1.50
M. E. Chesley,	1.50
W. F. Roden,	1.50
W. E. Potts,	.75
Mrs. J. M. Blasingame,	1.50
H. T. Cutter,	1.50
H. M. Barnes,	1.50

Panhandle State Fair.

In another column we publish announcement of the Fourth Annual Exhibit of this Fair, at Amarillo, September 12th to 16th, inclusive. It is conducted this year under the management and direction of the same well known men who have made the Fair a success from its beginning in 1913. There has been considerable enlargement of the scope of each department and the list of premiums largely increased. Those who have not received a catalog should send for one, addressing Panhandle State Fair Association, Amarillo, Texas.

Many interesting exhibits of products from different counties will be shown at the Panhandle State Fair at Amarillo. In the Cattle Division the total premiums are \$7000.00 and of this amount \$3000.00 is offered in special prizes by different livestock associations and private individuals.

MORE RAIL-ROAD TALK

An Extension Desired From Oklahoma City to N. M. Coal Fields.

Two or three of our business men received long distance telephone calls Tuesday regarding a movement which is on foot to build a road from Oklahoma City to Arnett and from there to Lipscomb, Ochiltree and on to the coal fields of New Mexico. A road like this has been in prospect for a number of years and many think it not only a feasible route, but that the probability is great of its being constructed some time in the near future. It would pass through a fine territory, would open up a direct line for the large wholesale establishments at Oklahoma City, and would be a great factor in getting fuel from the rich coal fields into Texas and Oklahoma.

In coming over that route it would traverse 50 or 60 miles of the beautiful and picturesque Wolf Creek, that part of which would be the most scenic of any road anywhere across the Great Stated Plains, and the entire road would traverse a fine section of the country which stands inviting a road to come through to carry from her fields the yields of golden grain and hundreds of car loads of live stock she raises annually for the markets.

Celebrate Golden Wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Forbes celebrated their golden wedding at the home of their daughter Mrs. H. T. Gilliam, in the Black neighborhood Tuesday, Aug. 15, which was the 50th anniversary of their marriage.

They were married near Carthage in Panola County, Texas, which was then on the frontier, and they have lived on the frontier of Texas ever since, having lived in Ochiltree for a number of years, where their sons, Ed and Frank have been engaged in the garage and machine shop. A large number of their relations and friends were in attendance at this celebration, a few selections of special music were rendered and several nice presents were given the bride and groom of half a century.

Among the guests were: Ed Forbes and wife, W. H. Forbes and wife, Frank Forbes, H. T. Gilliam and family, G. M. Westbrook and daughter Miss Neita, of Kerens, Tex., Miss Mary Louise Askew of Amarillo, Miss Pauline Weaver of Ft. Worth, Mr. and Mrs. Murble Armstrong, Miss Vera Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Gilliam, Will Gilliam, Mrs. J. J. Gilliam and Andrew F. Morgan of Nocona.

Publicity Man Here.

A. M. Hove, publicity agent for Panhandle and Santa Fe Railway, was here a day or two last week getting up some data to be used in advertising this part of the Panhandle. He will be back again in a few weeks to be here several days again, getting data and making write ups preparatory to doing some very extensive advertising which he says the Santa Fe expects to do.

Notice.

You can find the amount of your account due Dickson Pharmacy at the Drug store. It is very necessary that you give this prompt attention, as the books must be closed up at once. This means you.

30-2 W. C. Dickson.

The Lone Star Ranger

A Fine Tale of the Open Country

By ZANE GREY

Buck Duane is learning fast what it means to be a hunted man. He is getting the outlaw's point of view, yet truly he isn't an outlaw. The big question that arises is this: How can Buck make a living? He is not a thief—he wouldn't steal horses and cattle or engage in the hold-up business. His brief partnership with an outlaw terminates abruptly. How he meets new dangers when surrounded by Bland's gang of desperadoes is told with thrilling emphasis in this installment.

SYNOPSIS.

Buck Duane, inheriting blood lust from his father, kills a liquor-maddened "bad man" who is bent on killing Duane. To escape the law, Buck flees to the wild country infested by outlaws. He has just met one and is invited to form a partnership for better or worse.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

"Buck, as we're lookin' fer grub, an' not trouble, I reckon you'd better hang out here," Stevens was saying, as he mounted. "You see, towns an' sheriffs an' rangers are always lookin' fer new fellers gone bad. They sort of forget most of the old boys, except those as are plumb bad. Now, nobody in Mercer will take notice of me. Reckon there's been a thousand men run into the river country to become outlaws since yours truly. You jest wait here an' be ready to ride hard. Mebbe my besettin' sin will go operatin' in spite of my good intentions. In which case there'll be—"

His pause was significant. He grinned, and his brown eyes danced with a kind of wild humor.

"Stevens, have you got any money?" asked Duane.

"Money?" exclaimed Luke blankly. "Say, I haven't owned a two-bit piece since—well, for some time."

"I'll furnish money for grub," returned Duane. "And for whisky, too, providing you hurry back here—with-out making trouble."

"Shore, you're a downright good part," declared Stevens, in admiration, as he took the money. "I give my word, Buck, an' you have to say I never broke it yet. Lay low, an' look fer me back quick."

With that he spurred his horse and rode out of the mesquites toward the town. At that distance, about a quarter of a mile, Mercer appeared to be a cluster of low adobe houses set in a grove of cottonwoods. Pastures of alfalfa were dotted by horses and cattle. Duane saw a sheep herder driving in a meager flock.

Presently Stevens rode out of sight into the town. Duane waited, hoping the outlaw would make good his word. Probably not a quarter of an hour had elapsed when Duane heard the clear reports of a Winchester rifle, the clatter of rapid hoofbeats, and yells unmistakably the kind to mean danger for a man like Stevens. Duane mounted and rode to the edge of the mesquites.

He saw a cloud of dust down the road and a bay horse running fast. Stevens apparently had not been wounded by any of the shots, for he had a steady seat in his saddle, and his riding, even at that moment, struck Duane as admirable. He carried a large pack over the pommel, and he kept looking back. The shots had ceased, but the yells increased. Duane saw several men running and waving their arms. Then he spurred his horse and got into a swift stride, so Stevens would not pass him. Presently the outlaw caught up with him. Stevens was grinning, but there was now no fun in the dancing eyes. It was a devil that danced in them. His face seemed a shade paler.

"Was jest comin' out of the store," yelled Stevens. "Run plumb into a rancher—who knowed me. He opened up with a rifle. Think they'll chase us."

They covered several miles before there were any signs of pursuit, and when horsemen did move into sight out of the cottonwoods Duane and his companion steadily drew farther away.

"No hosses in that bunch to worry us," called out Stevens.

Duane had the same conviction, and he did not look back again. He rode somewhat to the fore, and was constantly aware of the rapid thudding of hoofs behind, as Stevens kept close to him. At sunset they reached the willow brakes and the river. Duane's horse was winded and lashed with sweat and lather. It was not until the crossing had been accomplished that Duane halted to rest his animal. Stevens was riding up the low, sandy bank. He reeled in the saddle. With an exclamation of surprise, Duane leaped off and ran to the outlaw's side.

Stevens was pale, and his face bore beads of sweat. The whole front of his shirt was soaked with blood.

"You're shot!" cried Duane.

"Wal, who said I wasn't? Would you mind givin' me a lift—on this here pack?"

Duane lifted the heavy pack down and then helped Stevens to dismount.

The outlaw had a bloody foam on his lips, and he was spitting blood.

"Oh, why didn't you say so!" cried Duane. "I never thought. You seemed all right."

"Wal, Luke Stevens may be as gabby as an old woman, but sometimes he doesn't say anythin'. It wouldn't have done no good."

Duane bade him sit down, removed his shirt, and washed the blood from his breast and back. Stevens had been shot in the breast, fairly low down, and the bullet had gone clear through him. His ride, holding himself and that heavy pack in the saddle, had been a feat little short of marvelous. Duane did not see how it had been possible, and he felt no hope for the outlaw. But he plugged the wounds and bound them tightly.

"Feller's name was Brown," Stevens said. "Me an' him fell out over a hoss I stole from him over in Huntsville. We had a shootin' scrape then. Wal, as I was standin' my hoss back there in Mercer I seen this Brown, an' seen him before he seen me. Could have killed him, too. But I wasn't breakin' my word to you. I kind of hoped he wouldn't spot me. But he did—an' just shot he got me here. What do you think of this hole?"

"It's pretty bad," replied Duane; and he could not look the cheerful outlaw in the eyes.

"I reckon it is. Wal, I've had some bad wounds I lived over. Guess mebbe I can stand this one. Now, Buck, get me some place in the brakes, leave me some grub an' water at my hand, an' then you clear out."

"Leave you here alone?" asked Duane sharply.

"Shore. You see I can't keep up with you. Brown an' his friends will follow us across the river a ways. You've got to think of number one in this game."

"What would you do in my case?" asked Duane curiously.

"Wal, I reckon I'd clear out an' save my hide," replied Stevens.

Duane felt inclined to doubt the outlaw's assertion. For his own part, he decided his conduct without further speech. First he watered the horses, filled canteens and water bag, and then tied the pack upon his own horse.

That done, he lifted Stevens upon his horse, and, holding him in the saddle, turned into the brakes, after, careful to pick out hard or grassy ground that left little signs of tracks. Just about dark he ran across a trail that Stevens said was a good one to take into the wild country.

"Reckon we'd better keep right on in the dark—till I drop," continued Stevens, with a laugh.

All that night Duane, gloomy and thoughtful, attentive to the wounded outlaw, walked the trail and never halted. Dawn caught the fugitives at a green camping site on the bank of a rocky little stream. Stevens fell a



He Made Stevens as Comfortable as Possible.

dead weight into Duane's arms, and one look at the haggard face showed Duane that the outlaw had taken his last ride. He knew it, too. Yet that cheerfulness prevailed.

"Buck, will you take off my boots?" he asked, with a faint smile on his pallid face.

Duane removed them, wondering if the outlaw had the thought that he did not want to die with his boots on.

"Buck, my old daddy used to say that I was born to be hanged. But I wasn't—an' dyin' with your boots on is the next worst way to croak."

"You've a chance to—to get over this," said Duane.

"Shore. But I want to be correct about the boots—an' say, pard, if I do go over, jest you remember that I do appreciate your kindness."

This matter of the outlaw's boots was strange, Duane thought. He made Stevens as comfortable as possible, then attended to his own needs. And the outlaw took up the thread of his

conversation where he had left off the night before.

"This trail splits up a ways from here, an' every branch of it leads to a hole where you'll find men—a few, mebbe, like yourself—some like me—an' gangs of no-good hoss thieves, rustlers an' such. It's easy livin', Buck. I reckon, though, that you'll not find it easy. You'll never mix in. You'll be a lone wolf. I seen that right off. Wal, if a man can stand the loneliness, an' if he's quick on the draw, mebbe lone-wolfin' is the best. Shore I don't know. But these fellers in here will be suspicious of a man who goes it alone. If they get a chance they'll kill you."

Stevens asked for water several times. He had forgotten or he did not want the whisky. His voice grew perceptibly weaker.

"Be quiet," said Duane. "Talking uses up your strength."

"Aw, I'll talk till I'm done," he replied, doggedly. "See here, pard, you can gamble on what I'm tellin' you. An' it'll be useful. From this camp we'll—you'll meet men right along. An' none of them will be honest men. All the same, some are better'n others. I've lived along the river for twelve years. There's three big gangs of outlaws. King Fisher—you know him, I reckon, fer he's half the time livin' among respectable folks. King is a good feller. It'll do to tie up with him an' his gang. Now, there's Chel-dine, who hangs out in the Rim Rock way up the river. He's an outlaw chief. I never seen him, though I stayed once right in his camp. Late years he's got rich, an' keeps back pretty well hid. But Bland—I knowed Bland for years. An' I haven't any use fer him. Bland has the biggest gang. You ain't likely to miss strikin' his place sometime or other. He's got a regular town, I might say. Shore there's some gamblin' an' gun-fightin' goin' on in Bland's camp all the time. Bland has killed some twenty men, an' that's not countin' greasers."

Here Stevens took another drink, and then rested for a while.

"You ain't likely to get on with Bland," he resumed presently. "You're too strappin' big an' good-lookin' to please the chief. Fer he's got women in his camp. Then he'd be jealous of your possibilities with a gun. Shore I reckon he'd be careful. Though Bland's no fool, an' he loves his hide. I reckon any of the other gangs would be better for you when you ain't goin' it alone."

Apparently that advised the fund of information and advice Stevens had been eager to impart. He lapsed into silence and lay with closed eyes. Meanwhile the sun rose warm; the breeze waved the mesquites; the birds came down to splash in the shallow stream; Duane dozed in a comfortable seat. By and by something roused him. Stevens was once more talking, but with a changed tone.

"Feller's name was Brown," he rambled. "We fell out—over a hoss I stole from him—in Huntsville. He stole it fast. Brown's one of them sneaks—afraid of the open—he steals an' pretends to be honest. Say, Buck, mebbe you'll meet Brown some day—You an' me are pardns now."

"I'll remember, if I ever meet him," said Duane.

That seemed to satisfy the outlaw. Presently he tried to lift his head, but had not the strength. A strange shade was creeping across the bronzed, rough face.

"My feet are pretty heavy. Shore you got my boots off?"

Duane held them up, but was not certain that Stevens could see them. The outlaw closed his eyes again and muttered incoherently. Then he fell asleep. Toward sundown Stevens awoke, and his eyes seemed clearer. Duane went to get some fresh water, thinking his comrade would surely want some. When he returned Stevens made no sign that he wanted anything. There was something bright about him, and suddenly Duane realized what it meant.

"Pard, you—stick—to me!" the outlaw whispered.

Duane caught a hint of gladness in the voice; he traced a faint surprise in the haggard face. Stevens seemed like a little child.

Duane buried him in a shallow arroyo and heaped up a pile of stones to mark the grave. That done, he saddled his comrade's horse, hung the weapons over the pommel, and, mounting his own steed, he rode down the trail in the gathering twilight.

CHAPTER IV.

Two days later, about the middle of the forenoon, Duane dragged the two horses up the last ascent of an exceedingly rough trail and found himself on top of the Rim Rock, with a beautiful, green valley at his feet, the yellow, sluggish Rio Grande sniffling in the sun, and the great, wild mountainous barren of Mexico stretching to the south.

No wonder outlaws were safe in that wild refuge! Duane had spent the last two days climbing the roughest and most difficult trail he had ever seen. From the looks of the descent he imagined the worst part of his travel was yet to come.

The trail proved to be the kind that could not be descended slowly. He kept dodging rocks which his horses loosed behind him. And in a short time he reached and rode down the green retreat, wondering what would be his reception.

The valley was much larger than it had appeared from the high elevation. Well watered, green with grass and free, and farmed evidently by good hands, it gave Duane a considerable surprise. Horses and cattle were everywhere. Every clump of cottonwoods surrounded a small adobe house. Duane saw Mexicans working in the fields and horsemen going to and fro. Presently he passed a house bigger than the others, with a porch attached. A woman, young and pretty, he thought, watched him from a door. No one else appeared to notice him.

Presently the trail widened into a road, and that into a kind of square lined by a number of adobe and log buildings of rudest structure. Within sight were horses, dogs, a couple of steers, Mexican women with children, and white men, all of whom appeared to be doing nothing. His advent created no interest until he rode up to the white men, who were loitering in the shade of a house. This place evidently was a store and saloon, and from the inside came a lazy hum of voices.

As Duane reined to a halt one of the loungers in the shade rose with a loud exclamation:

"Buss-me if that ain't Luke's hoss!"

The others accorded their interest. If not assent, by rising to advance toward Duane.

"How about it, Euchre? Ain't that Luke's bay?" queried the first man.

"Plain as your nose," replied the fellow called Euchre.

"There ain't no doubt about that, then," laughed another, "fer Bosomer's nose is shore plain on the landscape."

These men lined up before Duane, and as he coolly regarded them he thought they could have been recognized anywhere as desperadoes. The man called Bosomer, who had stepped forward, had a forbidding face, which showed yellow eyes, an enormous nose, and a skin the color of dust, with a patch of sandy hair.

"Stranger, who are you an' where the hell did you get that bay hoss?" he demanded. His yellow eyes took in Stevens' horse, then the weapons hung on the saddle, and finally turned their glinting, hard light upward to Duane.

Duane did not like the tone in which he had been addressed, and he remained silent. Something leaped inside of him and made his breast feel tight. He recognized it as that strange emotion which had shot through him often of late, and which had decided him to go out to the meeting with Bland. Only now it was different, and more powerful.

"Stranger, who are you?" asked another man, somewhat more civilly.

"My name's Duane," replied Duane, curtly.

"An' how'd you come by the hoss?" Duane answered briefly, and his words were followed by a short silence, during which the men looked at him. Bosomer began to twist the ends of his beard.

"Reckon he's dead, all right, or no-body'd hev his hoss an' guns," presently said Euchre.

"Mister Duane," began Bosomer, in low, stinging tones, "I happen to be Luke Stevens' side pardner."

Duane looked him over, from dusty, worn-out boots to his slouchy sombrero. That look seemed to inflame Bosomer.

"An' I want the hoss an' them guns," he shouted.

"You or anybody else can have them, for all I care. I just fetched them in. But the pack is mine," replied Duane. "And, say, I befriended your pard. If you can't use a civil tongue you'd better cinch it."

"Civil? Haw, haw!" rejoined the outlaw. "I ain't takin' your word! Sassy thet? An' I was Luke's pard!"

With that Bosomer wheeled, and, pushing his companions aside, he stamped into the saloon, where his voice broke out in a roar.

Duane dismounted and threw his bridle.

"Stranger, Bosomer is shore hot-headed," said the man Euchre. He did not appear unfriendly, nor were the others hostile.

At this juncture several more outlaws crowded out of the door, and the one in the lead was a tall man of stalwart physique. His manner proclaimed him a leader. He had a long face, a flaming red beard, and clear, cold blue eyes that fixed in close scrutiny upon Duane. He was not a Texan; in truth, Duane did not recognize one of these outlaws as native to his state.

"I'm Bland," said the tall man, authoritatively. "Who're you, and what're you doin' here?"

Duane looked at Bland as he had at the others. This outlaw chief appeared to be reasonable, if he was not courteous. Duane told his story again, this time a little more in detail.

"I believe you," replied Bland at once. "Think I know when a fellow is lying."

"I reckon you're on the right trail," put in Euchre. "That about Luke

wantin' his boots took off—thet sattlefies me. Luke hed a mortal dread of dyin' with his boots on."

At this sally the chief and his men laughed.

"You said Duane—Buck Duane?" queried Bland. "Are you a son of that Duane who was a gun-fighter some years back?"

"Yes," replied Duane.

"Never met him, and glad I didn't," said Bland, with a grim humor. "So you got in trouble and had to go on the dodge? What kind of trouble?"

"Had a fight."

"Fight? Do you mean gun-play?" questioned Bland. He seemed eager, curious, speculative.

"Yes. It ended in gun-play. I'm sorry to say," answered Duane.

"Guess I needn't ask the son of Duane if he killed his man," went on Bland, ironically. "Well, I'm sorry you bucked against trouble in my camp. But, as it is, I guess you'd be wise to make yourself scarce."

"Do you mean I'm politely told to move on?" asked Duane, quietly.

"Not exactly that," said Bland, as if irritated. "If this isn't a free place there isn't one on earth. Every man is equal here. Do you want to join my band?"

"No, I don't."

"Well, even if you did, I imagine that wouldn't stop Bosomer. He's an ugly fellow. Merely for your own sake, I advise you to hit the trail."

"Thanks. But if that's all, I'll stay," returned Duane. Even as he spoke he felt that he did not know himself.

Bosomer appeared at the door, pushing men who tried to detain him, and as he jumped clear of a last reaching hand, he uttered a snarl like an angry dog. Bland and the other outlaws quickly moved aside, letting Duane stand alone. When Bosomer saw Duane standing motionless and watchful, a strange change passed quickly in him.

Duane saw all the swift action, felt intuitively the meaning of it, and in Bosomer's sudden change of front, the outlaw was keen, and he had expected a shrinking, or at least a frightened antagonist. Duane knew he was neither. He felt like iron, and yet thrill after thrill ran through him. The outlaw had come out to kill him. And now, though, somehow, checked, he stood a stranger, he still meant to kill. But he did not speak a word. He remained motionless for a long moment, his eyes pale and steady, his right hand like a claw.

That instant gave Duane a power to read in his enemy's eyes the thought that preceded action. But Duane did not want to kill another man. Still, he would have to fight, and he decided to cripple Bosomer. When Bosomer's hand moved Duane's gun was spouting fire. Two shots only—both from Duane's gun—and the outlaw fell with his right arm shattered. Bosomer cursed harshly, and floundered in the dust, trying to reach the gun with his left hand. His comrades, however, seeing that Duane would not kill unless forced, closed in upon Bosomer and prevented any further madness on his part.

Of the outlaws present Euchre appeared to be the one most inclined to lend friendliness to curiosity; and he led Duane and the horses away to a small adobe shack. He tied the horses in an open shed and removed their saddles. Then, gathering up Stevens' weapons, he invited his visitor to enter the house.

It had two rooms—windows without coverings—bare floors. One room contained blankets, weapons, saddles and bridles; the other a stone fireplace, rude table and bench, two bunks, a box cupboard, and various blackened utensils.

"Make yourself to home as long as you want to stay," said Euchre. "I ain't rich in this world's goods, but I own what's here, an' you're welcome."

"Thanks. I'll stay awhile and rest. I'm pretty well played out," replied Duane.

Euchre gave him a keen glance.

"Go ahead an' rest. I'll take your horses to grass."

Euchre left Duane alone in the house. Duane relaxed then, and mechanically he wiped the sweat from his face. He was laboring under some kind of a spell or shock which did not pass off quickly. When it had worn away he took off his coat and belt and made himself comfortable on the blankets. And he had a thought that, if he rested or slept, what difference would it make on the morrow? No rest, no sleep could change the gray outlook of the future. He felt glad when Euchre came bustling in, and for the first time he took notice of the outlaw.

Euchre was old in years. What little hair he had was gray, his face clean shaven and full of wrinkles; his eyes were half shut from long gazing through the sun and dust. He stooped. But his thin face denoted strength and endurance still unimpaired.

"Hev a drink or a smoke?" he asked.

Duane shook his head. He had not been unfamiliar with whisky, and he had used tobacco moderately since he was sixteen. But now, strangely, he felt a disgust at the idea of stimulants. He did not understand clearly what he felt. There was that vague idea of

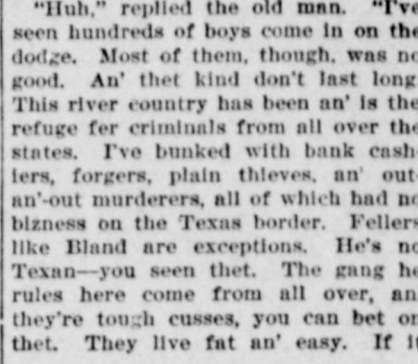
something wild in his blood, something that made him fear himself.

Euchre wagged his old head sympathetically. "Reckon you feel a little sick. When it comes to shokin', I run. What's your age?"

"I'm twenty-three," replied Duane. Euchre showed surprise. "You're only a boy! I thought you thirty any-ways. Buck, I heard what you told Bland, an' puttin' thet with my own fingerin', I reckon you're no criminal yet. Throwin' a gun in self-defense—thet ain't no crime!"

Duane, finding relief in talking, told more about himself.

"Huh," replied the old man. "I've seen hundreds of boys come in on the dodge. Most of them, though, was no good. An' thet kind don't last long. This river country has been an' is the refuge for criminals from all over the states. I've bunked with bank cashiers, forgers, plain thieves, an' out-an-out murderers, all of which had no bizness on the Texas border. Fellers like Bland are exceptions. He's no Texan—you seen thet. The gang he rules here come from all over, an' they're tough cusses, you can bet on thet. They live fat an' easy. If it



"I Want the Hoss an' Them Guns."

wasn't fer the fightin' among themselves, they'd shore grow populous. The Rim Rock is no place for a peaceable, decent feller. I heard you tell Bland you wouldn't like to join his gang. Thet'll not make him take a likin' to you. Have you any money?"

"Not much," replied Duane.

"When thet money's gone how will you live? There ain't any work a decent feller could do. You can't herd with greasers. Why, Bland's men would shoot at you in the fields. What'll you do, son?"

"God knows," replied Duane, hopelessly. "I'll make my money last as long as possible—then starve."

"Wal, I'm pretty pore, but you'll never starve while I got anythin'."

Here it struck Duane again—that something human and kind and eager which he had seen in Stevens. Duane's estimate of outlaws had lacked this quality. He had not accorded them any virtues.

"I'm much obliged to you, Euchre," replied Duane. "But of course I won't live with anyone unless I can pay my share."

"Have it any way you like, my son," said Euchre, good-humoredly. "You make a fire, an' I'll set about gettin' grub. I'm a sour-dough, Buck. Thet man doesn't live who can beat my bread."

"How do you ever pack supplies in here?" asked Duane, thinking of the almost inaccessible nature of the valley.

"Some comes across from Mexico, an' the rest down the river. Thet river trip is a bird. It's more'n five hundred miles to any supply point. Bland has muzzos, greaser boatmen. Sometimes, too, he gets supplies in from down-river. You see, Bland sells thousands of cattle in Cuba. An' all this stock has to go down by boat to meet the ships."

"Where on earth are the cattle driven down to the river?" asked Duane.

"Thet's not my secret," replied Euchre shortly. "Fact is, I don't know. I've rustled cattle for Bland, but he never sent me through the Rim Rock with them."

Duane experienced a sort of pleasure in the realization that interest had been stirred in him. He was curious about Bland and his gang, and glad to have something to think about. For every once in a while he had a sensation that was almost like a pang. He wanted to forget. In the next hour he did forget, and enjoyed helping in the preparation and eating of the meal. Euchre, after washing and hanging up the several utensils, put on his hat and turned to go out.

"Come along or stay here, as you want," he said to Duane.

"I'll stay," rejoined Duane slowly. The old outlaw left the room and trudged away, whistling cheerfully.

Do you believe that Buck will persuade Euchre to leave Bland's gang and form a little partnership of their own? And do you think that Buck will succumb to necessity and become a horse thief and cattle rustler?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Ruse That Worked

Stories of the Greatest Cases in the Career of Thomas Furlong, the Famous Railroad Detective, Told by Himself

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"WOULD YOU MIND MY STANDING BY YOUR BOILER TO GET WARMED?"

The ruse which I am about to describe was perpetrated by me at the time when I was chief of police of Oil City, Pa., and resulted in the apprehension of an anonymous letter-writer. The case was more serious than that, however, for the property of a number of men, valued at several hundred thousand dollars, and the lives of an entire city as well, were imperiled.

One cold winter morning in the month of February I received a visit from a gentleman named Sam Ackert. Mr. Ackert was well known in the district, being the owner of a large oil lease on the Towles farm, as it was called, situated upon the Plummer road, to the northeast of Oil City, and in Venango county.

Mr. Ackert was considered to be at that time one of the largest oil operators in the district. He was operating from twelve to fifteen oil wells, all of which were producing large quantities of oil. Some of it was being pumped while others were flowing wells. One of the latter kind was producing as much as four hundred barrels a day, and at that time crude oil was selling at the well for about eight dollars a barrel.

Ackert employed a large number of men to attend to the wells and to look after his general interests. Some of these men were employed as engineers, being generally known in the oil regions as pumpers. To operate each well two of these pumpers were required, each man working for 12 hours at a stretch. Their work was divided into watches, and men who were so employed usually lived in houses or shanties adjacent to the wells at which they were employed.

The cause of Mr. Ackert's visit to me was that some months previously he had received a threatening letter in his mail. It stated that unless he would discharge his superintendent, a man named Joseph Sullivan, and thoroughly competent and trustworthy, the property would be destroyed by fire or by other methods. Mr. Ackert paid no attention to this letter, which was followed in the course of time by three others of the same threatening character, each one being anonymous, and each demanding the discharge of the superintendent, Sullivan. The three letters followed each other at intervals of four or five days. As Sullivan was not only a competent man but thoroughly reliable and of good character as well, Mr. Ackert paid no attention to these letters, but laid them aside in his desk.

A short time after the receipt of the last anonymous letter one of Mr. Ackert's oil tanks, containing at the time from four to five hundred barrels of

crude oil, was emptied one night, at a time between midnight and daylight, by some person who had gone to the tank and opening what was known as the lower faucet. This faucet, which was two inches in diameter, entered the tank at a point about six inches above the bottom. It was placed there for the purpose of drawing off the salt water at the bottom of the oil. All oil wells in that locality which did not flow but were operated by pumping produced a certain percentage of salt water, which came up with the oil out of the ground. Salt water being heavier than oil, it immediately settled to the bottom of the tank, and for this reason, when the tank had become nearly filled with the mixture, it was the duty of the men employed as pumpers to open the salt water faucet at the bottom of the tank and let the salt water escape through it. The oil thus settling down and making room for a fresh influx above.

On the night when this tank was emptied in the manner described, there was about three feet of snow on the ground. The weather was cold, and the snow had been heaped up around the tank by the wind, so that it was piled about four feet above the salt water faucet at the bottom. The constant drawing off of the salt water had thoroughly saturated the ground for a space of two or three square feet under the faucet, and the ground was soft and muddy, since the saturated earth would not freeze on account of the large quantities of salt which had intermingled with the dirt. Salt and snow form a muddy slush which does not harden.

When the faucet was opened the salt water ran out, followed by the total contents of oil within the tank, amounting, as has been stated, to four or five hundred barrels. This oil, which was highly inflammable, even in its crude state, ran down into a ravine, which was thickly dotted with oil wells, partly belonging to Mr. Ackert and partly to other producers, for the distance of more than a mile. Had this stream, in the course of its journey, reached any of the fires that were under the boilers of the pumping stations, it would instantly have been converted into a fiery river, carrying destruction all along the mile of its course, destroying hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of property, and probably sacrificing many lives.

Mr. Ackert called upon me on the morning after this occurrence.

"I have not the slightest idea who was dastardly enough to commit this malicious act," he said. "I am not aware that I have an enemy on earth."

He begged me to use all possible efforts to discover who the person was and to bring him to justice. He then told of having received the anonymous letters, which he laid before me. I at once perceived that they were all written upon the same brand of paper, in a legible and penmanlike manner, and evidently by the same hand and pen.

By the end of the third day of my investigations, I had hit upon a clue. Joseph Sullivan, the superintendent, had employed two engineers whose names were George and Henry Book. George was a young man, married, and living in a cottage on the leased property, near the well. Henry, his brother, was single, and lived with George and his wife. They were both employed on the same well as pumpers. George, who was employed on the day watch, was considered a very good engineer and a reliable man, while his younger brother, Henry, though known to be competent and energetic, was not nearly so reliable. He had been found asleep while on duty by Superintendent Sullivan on various occasions, for which he was several times reprimanded, and finally discharged from the service. It was subsequent to his discharge that Mr. Ackert had received the first of the anonymous letters.

In addition to the attempt to destroy property or, at any rate, to the drawing off of Mr. Ackert's tank, there had been the theft of oil well tools and other material on the Ackert and adjacent leases. This corroborated the supposition that the perpetrator of these acts was familiar with that portion of the oil territory. In fact, everything pointed to Henry Book as the guilty man.

Being familiar with the manner in which oil leases were operated, I donned the suit of an oil driller, consisting of overalls spattered over with sand pumpings, which gives the wearer the general appearance of a bill-poster. Thus equipped, I set forth on a cold night in February, the thermometer at the time standing below zero. My objective was the pumping house of a well where I knew George Book would be on duty until midnight, when he would retire, to be succeeded by the man who had taken the position formerly held by his brother, Henry.

Before making my way from Oil City to the Ackert property, I visited a meat market in the town, where I asked for five cents' worth of liver.

"There's a pet cat that seems to have adopted me," I explained to the meat market owner. "She stays round my place and cries for food regularly at meal times, and so I guess it's up to me to see that she gets it."

Having plucked down my nickel, I received the chunk of liver which the proprietor cut off and wrapped up in a piece of paper. I took it around the corner, where I made further inroads into it with my jackknife. A small slice I placed in the hollow of my right hand. I then, as a thing piece and spread it on the back of the liver itself looked like a chunk of raw and quivering flesh. "Gracious! You've got an awful hand there," said George Book, looking at the liver and the bandage and shuddering. "You ought to have it attended to at once."

"I'm going to have it attended to when I reach Petroleum Center," I answered. "I don't want to stop on the way, either, because of the other fellow. I shot him, but I don't know whether he is dead or not; in fact, I didn't wait to see. I left immediately he dropped, and have walked the entire distance, only stopping long enough to get a cup of coffee at the eating house in the Oil City depot."

Book's sympathy was now fully aroused, for he was really a good-hearted fellow. "You must be awful hungry," he said.

left Oil City, passing unrecognized through the streets by reason of my costume, and walked through the darkness and bitter cold to the pumping house on the Ackert property, where I arrived a few minutes after nine in the evening.

Inside the pumping house George Book was seated alone in a large easy chair, close to the boiler, which was fired and well lighted with natural gas, and was kept warm and neat. He was reading a novel when I entered.

The engine house was located only a few feet off the main road that ran between Oil City and the neighboring town of Plummer, and it was not an unusual thing for oil men, or any other men for the matter of that, to stop at the door while passing, to get a drink or to warm themselves, especially on a February night with zero temperature. Book, looking up from his book, was consequently not in the least surprised to see another of his fraternity—as he imagined me to be—standing at the door at that hour in the evening.

"Would you mind my standing by your boiler to get warmed?" I asked. "Not a bit," responded George Book. "It's mighty cold outside, and I'll be glad of your company. Where do you work?" he continued, eyeing me closely, and a little suspiciously at first.

"I have been working on the Foster farm," I replied, naming a property which was situated on the Allegheny river, about fifteen miles southwest of Oil City.

"How did you get hurt?" asked Book immediately afterward, observing the bandaged hand, which I had slipped into the sling just before entering the pumping house.

I muttered something inaudibly and stood nearer to the boiler. After a period of silence I said in a slow manner, as a man uses who is about to reveal a confidence:

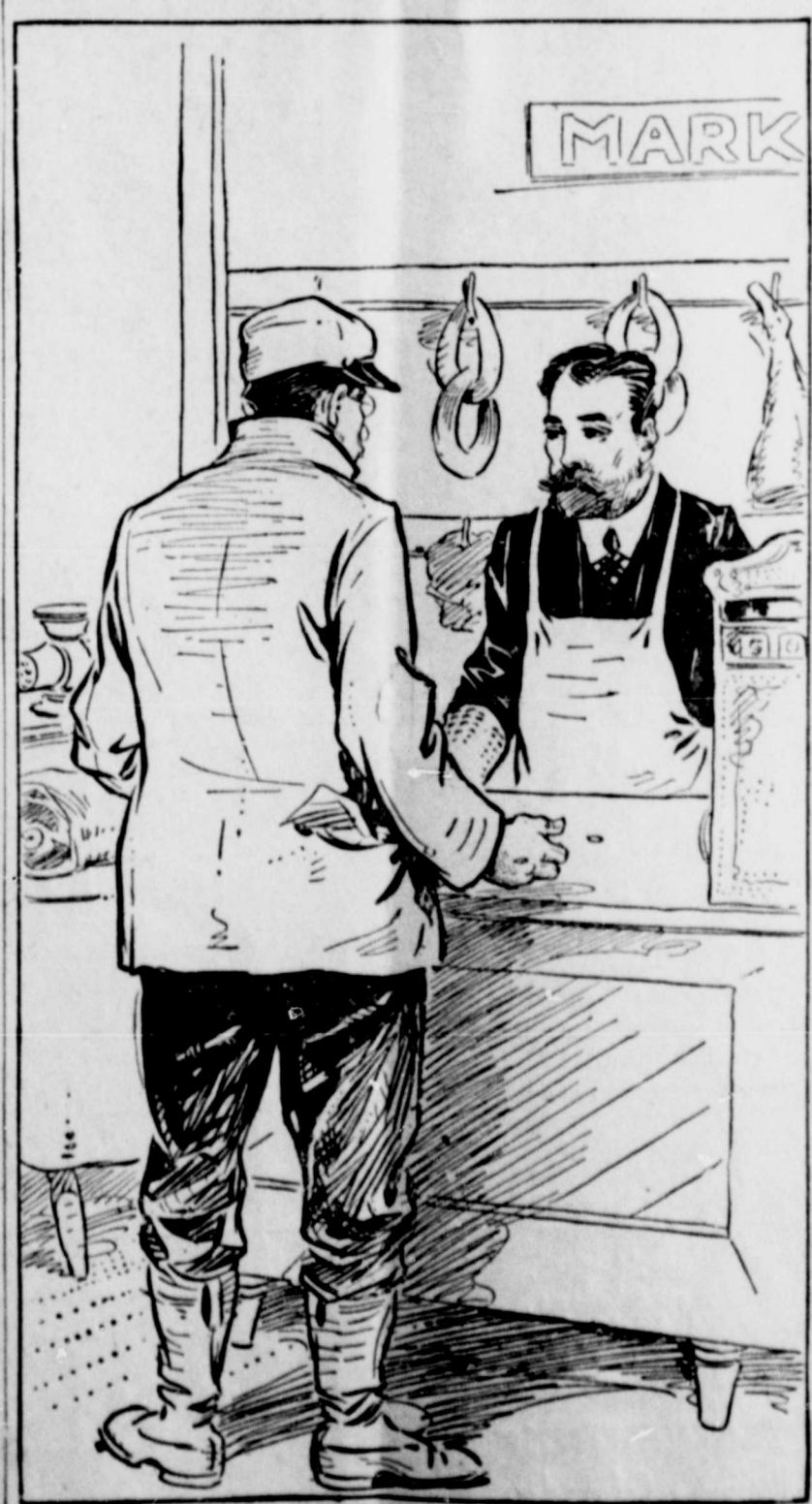
"You have been mighty kind in allowing me to get warm in front of your boiler, and you look to me like you would not get a fellow into trouble by giving him away, so I will tell you all about it. You see," I continued, "I am a driller, and I was working under a superintendent. We had some trouble over a girl, and he had a gun. He shot me through the hand."

With that I pulled my hand out of the sling and showed him the bandage, to which the liver, adhering, had given a hideously stained appearance, while the liver itself looked like a chunk of raw and quivering flesh.

"Gracious! You've got an awful hand there," said George Book, looking at the liver and the bandage and shuddering. "You ought to have it attended to at once."

"I'm going to have it attended to when I reach Petroleum Center," I answered. "I don't want to stop on the way, either, because of the other fellow. I shot him, but I don't know whether he is dead or not; in fact, I didn't wait to see. I left immediately he dropped, and have walked the entire distance, only stopping long enough to get a cup of coffee at the eating house in the Oil City depot."

Book's sympathy was now fully aroused, for he was really a good-hearted fellow. "You must be awful hungry," he said.



"THERE'S A PET CAT THAT SEEMS TO HAVE ADOPTED ME."



EACH DEMANDED THE DISCHARGE OF THE SUPERINTENDENT.

"Not very," I answered. "I have some good friends at Petroleum Center who will feed me and look after me, and keep me under cover while the police are searching for me; and I guess they will get a doctor, too. What is worrying me most just now is that I cannot write with my left hand, and I want to write a letter. You see, my folks live at Fort Erie, Canada, which is just across the Niagara river, opposite Buffalo. I have been saving my money and sending it to my people at Fort Erie, and they have it all deposited in a bank at Buffalo, to my credit. I have several hundred dollars there, and if I could only write a letter tonight and mail it on the early morning train tomorrow morning, it would reach Fort Erie tomorrow night. My friends could then send me all the money I need, which I would receive the day after tomorrow at Petroleum Center."

George Book was thoroughly taken off guard.

"I am a pretty good penman and would be glad to write the letter for you," he answered. This, as a matter of fact, I knew already, for I had learned that George Book was a good scholar, having been a country school teacher some years before in his native county, Crawford county, Pennsylvania. He was also considered an extra good penman. At the same time, it was on Henry and not on George that the suspicion had naturally fallen.

George Book excused himself and went to his house, which stood nearby, returning in a few minutes with letter paper, envelopes and a big lunch for two, including a pot of coffee. We ate the lunch together, and then I produced cigars from my pocket, and we lit up. After we had finished George Book started to write the letter at my dictation. In dictating this I used as many words as I could which had been used in the anonymous letters, with whose contents I of course thoroughly familiarized myself.

At once perceived that George Book was using the same quality of paper as that upon which all the anonymous letters had been written and, in consequence, did not make my letter very long. I also perceived, before three lines had been set down, that he used the same handwriting, the same kind of ink and, in all probability, the same pen as had been used previously. It was now obvious that the letters had been written by George. Whether or not he had drawn the oil out of the tank had still to be shown, and that was the more serious offense, by far.

When the letter had been written Book addressed the envelope, inclosed the missive, and sealed and stamped it. Apparently profusely grateful, I thanked him and departed in the direction of Petroleum Center, but in reality toward Oil City, which I reached early the following morning after I had set out.

During the course of the forenoon I submitted the dictated letter, which I had taken away, as though to post it, together with the anonymous letters which had been sent to Mr. Ackert, to a writing expert who was connected with the First National bank of Oil City. He compared the four and said without hesitation that they had all been written by the same person. That afternoon I went back to the Ackert lease, knowing that George Book would be off duty and in bed, and that, in consequence, there would

be no probability of my meeting him. Approaching the emptied tank, I carefully shoveled the snow from around the salt water faucet, and when I got down to the muddy ground, I found very distinct traces of a No. 8 boot. The boots had been very recently half soled, and the shoemaker who had made the repairs had placed three nails in a row across the center of the half sole, as his trade mark and sign manual.

Returning to Oil City, I made diligent inquiries among the shoemakers of the town. There was not a large number of men who did repair work of the rough and ready type which was required by the men employed in the oil leases, and after a short investigation the man who had soled the shoes was discovered. He at once remembered having repaired a pair of shoes for Henry Book a couple of days before the oil tank had been emptied.

It developed then that both the brothers were in the conspiracy, the one having written the letters and the other having acted upon the threat contained in them. Undoubtedly George Book had been more or less a tool in his brother's hands, for with a wife and a good position he had no reason to feel a grudge against his employer on account of the superintendent.

I at once procured a warrant for the arrest of the Book brothers, and that night returned to the Ackert lease, this was a sleigh and accompanied by two officers. Arriving about 11 o'clock I found George Book in the pumping house on duty, as he had been the night before, and at once arrested him. I then proceeded to George's house, where I found his brother Henry in bed and arrested him also. After this the house, which was a one story building with an attic, was thoroughly searched, and wagon loads of loot were found, all of it taken from the Ackert and adjacent leases. This was afterward identified by the owners as having disappeared from time to time.

After a preliminary hearing the Book brothers were committed to the county jail in default of bail.

Henry Book soon confessed to the emptying of the oil tank and George to the writing of the anonymous letters. There seemed no doubt of their conviction. However about a week before the trial was to have begun there was a jail delivery from the county jail at Franklin, Pa., fifteen or more prisoners making their escape, among them being the Book brothers. They boarded a northbound freight train on the A. & G. W. railroad, now known as the Erie. When at a point about twenty miles north of Franklin this freight train collided with another train and in the wreck Henry Book was killed instantly, while George was so badly hurt that he died the following day.

This was the ending of the Book case, which occupied in all only six days of my time.

An Agreement at Last.

Silas died before his late wife, and seeking the first shelter that presented itself, crept under the bed, from whence after a short time, he peered cautiously out.

Seeing his wife standing near by, with an uplifted broom, he shouted: "Mirandy, I think it's about time somebody was boss in this house."—Christian Herald.

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Price reasonable. See this car and convince your-
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I have some money for ranch
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Ochiltree News

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\$1.50 per year strictly
in advance.

If you need a piano or any
household goods, remember Em-
mett's auction sale Sept. 2, 3 & 4

Emmett Price and family of
Cheyenne, Okla., are here visit-
ing with J. S. Tucker. They
contemplate making their future
home here.

P. M. Woodring and nephew,
Don Woodring, were over from
Hansford yesterday evening.

Mrs. F. C. Spencer returned
home several days ago after sev-
eral weeks spent visiting at
their old home in Indiana.

Dentist's Dates.

Dr. Jarvis, the Dentist, will be
in Ochiltree the weeks beginning
with the first and third Mondays
of each month.

J. H. Keathley and family of
Ponca City visited at the home
of C. H. Stewart Thursday
were enroute to Ochiltree and
plenty to visit relatives.—Ben-
net County Republican.

LOCAL NEWS.

Talley & Wentz have sent nearly two cars of
hogs from here this week for shipment.

FOR SALE.—Sec. of land 20 miles east of Ochil-
tree. Reasonable price, easy terms. News office.

Mrs. Roy Havenhill rendered some valuable as-
sistance in the News job printing department
last Friday.

N. V. Spear of Plainsview, District Deputy, W.
O. W., was here this week in the interest of the
 lodge.

Horace Lackey and his mother and his mother
and sister and Fremont Mead went to Amarillo
Wednesday.

Geo. Cutter has had a lot of re-papering done
in their residence recently. Wayne McLeran did
the work.

B. F. Talley and family, Jim Talley and family
and Bob Talley all of Miami spent several days
here this week visiting relations.

R. A. Fuller, Marble Armstrong and another
party or two were in from the Black neighborhood
Wednesday and Marble was having a speedometer
put on his new Ford.

We had the pleasure of helping devour a couple
of watermelons and a muskmelon at the home of
L. C. Lyons last Sunday evening, which were the
first we have eaten this year.

Mrs. W. A. Ellis and son Wayne paid our office
a pleasant call Wednesday and ordered the News
sent to her father, G. W. Reed at Guthrie, Okla.
She reports the restaurant business good.

E. M. Raymond and family of Morgan, Texas
have been visiting relatives in the northeast part
of the county for some time. Mr. Raymond is the
son of F. N. Raymond one of our stock-farmers.

Eleven car loads of cattle were driven to Glazier
this week for shipment to Kansas City. These
shipping cattle were as follows: S. P. Tevis, 2 cars;
Shaw, 1 car; J. M. Meers, 3. D. P. Tarbox, 1.
Talley & Meers, 2.

H. T. Price has leased the J. A. Russell farm
just east of town for another year and recently
bought four more head of good work horses and
is preparing to do some sure enough farming if
we get some good fall rains. He is preparing
land for wheat now.

Bonheur Bros. show gave a performance here
Tuesday night a part of which program was
"Ten Nights in a Barroom," which was well ren-
dered. The performances of the trained ponies
and dog were excellent and showed careful
and intelligent training. "Fido," their leading trained
pony was not brought in on account of other
performances very similar to it being given here
by other shows several times.

Home Economics at Fair.

In the Woman's Department of
Panhandle State Fair for this
year there are many things pro-
vided for which have been the
subject of much thought and
preparation by the ladies in charge,
and there is one feature
which will no doubt appeal most
eloquently to the women in all
the homes all over the Panhan-
dle. We refer to the "Home
Economics Division" in charge
of Mrs. Scott Laycock, of Claude,
and Mrs. Geo. Bishop, of Pan-
handle. Class No. 39 in this Di-
vision provides premiums for
the best county exhibits of food
products prepared in the great-
est variety of forms for home
consumption. Each exhibit in
this class is to be shown with the
general exhibit from that county,
but is to be judged separately for
awards from a list of desirable
special premiums, the first prize
being a silver cup, valued at
\$25.00 offered by Mrs. W. A.
Warner, of Claude, who is the
originator of this exhibit. The
second prize is a silver cup val-
ued \$15.00 offered by the Fair As-
sociation. These are supplement-
ed by a long list of special prizes.
It is expected that there will be
a considerable number of exhib-
its in this class.

J. A. Jones is expecting his
family home in a few days.
They have been visiting at Still-
water, Okla., for several weeks.
J. A., makes out like he has been
eating his own cooking, but we
have strong suspicions that he
has taken most of his meals
with friends around here and his
old home in Beaver county, as
he seems to be in the best of
health.

J. G. McLarty, W. H. Sharer
and son, Stanley, and R. G. Kel-
ler were down from Guymon
yesterday on business.

J. T. McLarty is moving to
the building formerly occupied
by Tom Atchley today.

Geo. Cutter has our thanks for
some valuable assistance rendered
us in the office last week.

This Paper
can furnish you any
kind of engraving
for circulars, folders,
booklets or catalogs.
We stand back of the
Quality and Service.
THE BROCK HAFNER PRESS CO.
Denver - Colorado



Summer Tourist Rates VIA Santa Fe Route TO

Denver
Colorado Springs
Chicago
St. Louis
Kansas City
Los Angeles Calif.
San Diego
San Francisco

And Points in the North, west,
East and South. On
sale daily to Sept.
30th.

With final return limited Oct. 31.
Information furnished by
C. S. CRAVENS
Agent.

Canadian, - - - Texas.

SEE
W. Dan Lanford
AT



YOAKLEY BUILDING
Perfect Fit and Satisfaction
Guaranteed.

RED PEP'S PHILOSOPHY



"Life is a burden only
to the man who saddles
himself with trouble."

There is nothing that pleases
us so much as a call that brings
us out early on the job. We are
Johnny on the spot, when you
need our services, whether for
little things or big things. Our
stock of lumber and building
materials are so complete that
you have a wide range of choice
to meet your requirements.
When we say lumber and build-
ing materials we mean every-
thing necessary for the big store
building down to the chicken
coop.



LUMBER CO

Cards.

OCHILTREE-HANSFORD AUTO MAIL LINE

Runs Three Times a Week
Special attention given to pas-
sengers and express. Passen-
gers: \$3 one way, \$5 round trip.
J. W. HUMPHREYS, Mgr

H. E. ARTHUR

Veterinarian

HEADQUARTERS AT GARAGE

Ochiltree, Texas.

J. W. McCARTY

Jeweler and Optician
at
DICKSON
PHARMACY

J. W. PAYNE

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

Will Practice in All State Courts

Office in Court House

Ochiltree, Texas

J. W. Wright

TINNER

Dealer in Well and Wind

Mill Supplies

Plumbing and Tank Building
a Specialty. 7c paid for old
brass.

Ochiltree, Texas

NORTH FURNITURE CO.

CARRIES A COMPLETE LINE OF

UNDERTAKER'S
SUPPLIES

Coffins, Caskets and Burial Robes
always on hand.

Gents'
Furnish-
ings and
General
Merchan-
dise.

McLARTY BROS.

Our New
Line of
Fall Goods
is Now on
Display.
See Them

"Where Better Goods are Found"

"STYLE AND QUALITY" IS OUR MOTTO

We are now receiving
our new fall goods and
invite you to pay our
store a visit. We are
headquarters for good
goods.

THE STORE OF COURTEOUS SERVICE

"Star" Brand Shoes
Stetson Hats

Toile De Noird Ging-
hams in All Fast
Colors.

"American Lady"
Shoes

McLarty Bros.

W. A. Seitz
CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER
Estimates Promptly Furnished
Let me Figure with you
Ochiltree, Texas.

The First National Bank
Ochiltree, Texas
Capital and Surplus
\$40,000
The First Nat'l. Bank Ochiltree, Texas
Capital and Surplus, \$40,000
Member Federal Reserve System, also County Depository
We transact a general banking business, and solicit your account—large or small.
Keep your valuable papers in one of our safety deposit boxes—\$1.50 per year.
President—F. P. Rogers
Vice-President—John N. Stump
Cashier—James D. Wyman
Asst. Cashier—Carrie E. Correll
Interest Paid on Time Deposits.

Specially Prepared to Do All Kinds of Woodwork.
Door and Window Frames, Screens, etc., Made to Order at Short Notice.
CLYDE COFER
GENERAL BLACKSMITHING
AT J. A. JONES' OLD STAND OCHILTREE, TEX.

A Fresh Supply of Kodak Films
just received
Miss Zelma King has charge of the Developing and printing Department.
See our fresh line of Velvetina Toilet Preparations.
HAWKINS & MASON
Druggists
Successors to DICKSON PHARMACY

Satisfaction Guaranteed
At
Barbour's
Barbershop



LOCAL NEWS

See or write C. E. McLarty if you have land for sale.
Jim Tucker is breaking land out at Doe Pores' ranch now.
Miss Martha Colvin has accepted the Garrat school for this year. Wanted 1000 bushels of maize and 1000 bushels of barley.
The Mill.
W. W. McLarty and J. A. Jones made a trip to Liberal Wednesday.
H. M. Day, salesman for the chamberlain remedies was in town Tuesday.
Lon Hays and little daughter were over from Hansford Wednesday on business.
A. C. Witt and Roy Turman are each getting new silos, which they will erect at their farms.
Miss Vivien Wynne of Huntsville, Texas, is here visiting with her sister, Mrs. V. P. Brown for a few weeks.
R. W., and J. N. Woods of Claremont, were here several days this week visiting their sister, Mrs. Fred January.
I have just received a nice line of ladies dress skirts at popular prices.
Mrs. Edwards at McLarty Bros.
E. A. Perry and son, J. E., of Hamilton, Texas, are here this week seeing after their interests here. Mr. Perry was formerly connected with the bank here.
Uncle Jesse Cook and two daughters, Misses Jessie and Ethel, and Miss Martha Colvin were in town in that new Maxwell Saturday.
S. J. Black and wife and three smaller children returned a few days ago from a trip to Central Texas points in their new Ford. They report a fine time with lots of watermelons and peaches to eat.

Sept. 2, is Emmett's Auction Sale.
Wm Redding was on our streets Wednesday.
Bill Dewey, an old friend of J. S. Tucker, and an old buffalo hunter and Indian fighter, who has been here for several days left Wednesday for his home at Adren, Texas.
A. L. Carter had his ensilage cutter out at O. T. Glasgow's last week filling that new silo with corn. Mr. Carter said the corn was pretty good and just right for putting into the silo.
C. E. McLarty wants to see you if you are in the market for land.
We have threshing coal for sale, also a good team of mares. 36th Ochiltree Roller Mills.
Misses Jewel Hightower and Lous Callaway were pleasant callers at our office Wednesday.
A man whose veracity is unquestioned, informs us that he was passing J. C. Lyon's place the other morning and discovered the old man behind a big weed eating a watermelon and upon further observation Mrs. Lyons was seen back behind the house doing the family washing.
See Mrs. Edwards for anything in ladies and Misses dress skirts.
Real Estate Loans at 8 per cent long time. Liberal privileges for repayment of principal.
First National Bank, 38th Ochiltree, Texas.
O. G. Kerbow returned last Sunday from points in East Texas, where he went in search of some 8 per cent money to loan on Ochiltree County land. He says he had quite a chase after it, going to Dallas, Ft Worth, and several other cities, but he found it, and calls your attention to it in his ad elsewhere in this issue.

The Mill is paying \$1.00 per bushel for white corn.
Sheriff Tipps and wife went to Ochiltree last Wednesday, by order of the court, to bring the small child of Mr. Dickson here for decision as to the disposition of child. The court returned the child to his father who will take him to their district in Oklahoma where that court will render the final decision as to whom the child will be given.—Canadian Monday Morning News.
Some weeks ago Mrs. Harry Eddie of Arnett, oldest daughter of Joseph Bradley and wife, of Gray, accompanied by her husband, was taken to Mineral Wells, Texas, for medical treatment, but her health grew rapidly worse and they started to come here, but arriving at Ochiltree they found the climate did not agree with the lady and she experienced great difficulty in breathing, so her brother Clyde Bradley, notified his parents and took her to John Beagle's. Mr. Bradley and family at once went down there and finding her in a very serious condition, they took them over to Forgan where they took the train for Woodward. The lady's health is very feeble and fear is entertained that she will not recover.—Beaver County Republican.
The Best is None Too Good.
If you want a newspaper that gives the news, especially the news from Texas and the Great Northwest, as well as from all over the world, one that gives the most of it and in the best possible way, you can get it by subscribing for THE SEMI-WEEKLY FARM NEWS along with the OCHILTREE NEWS.
This is a combination of general news and local news that can't be equaled or surpassed. In addition to its great news service THE SEMI-WEEKLY FARM NEWS has many special features that entertain, amuse and inform. Among these are THE FARMER'S FORUM, THE WOMEN'S CENTURY, OUR LITTLE MEN AND WOMEN, and the best, latest and fullest MARKET REPORTS to be had in any newspaper, hot off the wires. THE NEWS spends many thousands of dollars a year for these telegraph market reports, and they are reliable.
Another splendid feature of THE SEMI-WEEKLY FARM NEWS is the "diversification idea of crops," which will be more interesting than ever before for your benefit and the benefit of all the people of Texas and the Southwest.
The price of THE SEMI-WEEKLY FARM NEWS and THE OCHILTREE NEWS is only \$2.00 a year. You get the best of everything that is good in reading matter from every standpoint.
Send in your order now and take advantage of the next few weeks posting yourself on matters of deep concern the coming year OCHILTREE NEWS.

Bogus Wilbanks was over from Hansford county Wednesday where he has been running his thresher for some time. He says he will thresh no more now but will go to breaking land on his section west of town.

Professional Cards

JOE B. TAYLOR
Contracting Painter and Paper Hanger
At your service at all times.
OCHILTREE, TEXAS
COL. L. S. PALMER
AUCTIONEER
Twenty Years Experience
Phone 162
CANADIAN, TEXAS.
W. J. BREWER
Physician and Surgeon
Office at Dickson's Pharmacy
Ochiltree --- Texas
S. J. ALLEN
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
And Dealer in Real Estate
OCHILTREE, TEXAS

C. E. McLARTY
Real Estate
Taxes paid, leases and rents looked after.

GRIGSBY HOTEL
Good Meals, Good Beds, Courteous Treatment
GIVE US A TRIAL
OCHILTREE, TEXAS

FORD CARS
Touring Car \$360
Runabout \$345
All prices F. O. B. Detroit, Mich.
V. P. BROWN, Salesman.

Star Feed Barn
For sale, trade or rent
Good location and suitable building for a garage
See or write
J. M. BLASINGAME
Ochiltree, Texas

Dr. A. S. JACK
DENTIST.
Upstairs in First National Bank Building
Texhoma, Oklahoma.

GEORGE M. PERRY
Real Estate Dealer
Complete set of Abstract Books of Ochiltree county and the town of Ochiltree
Office: First National Bank.
Correspondence Solicited.
Ochiltree, Texas.

R. T. CORRELL
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
OCHILTREE, TEXAS

J. T. Guthrie
Physician and Surgeon
Office at Dickson's Pharmacy.
Residence phone No. 5.
OCHILTREE, TEXAS

AUCTION SALE
I will sell at Public Auction at my residence in North Ochiltree,
Sat., Sept. 2, 1916
beginning promptly at 1:30, all my house hold goods, a partial list of which is as follows:

Household Goods	
1 Wing piano	1 kitchen table
1 Iron bed	1 oil stove
1 dresser	1 oven
2 washstands	1 oak bookcase
1 sanitary couch	1 ladies' writing desk
2 mattresses	1 solid leather couch
6 home-made quilts	1 small sewing table
1 milk cooler	2 high chairs for children
1 large trunk	1 quartered oak dressing table
1 extension dining table	4 lamps
6 dining chairs to match table	3 stone milk crocks
2 small rockers	1 two gallon stone jar
2 large leather cushion chairs	pictures
1 kitchen cabinet	

Live Stock and Other Articles	
1 sorrel mare, 15 hands high	1 good saddle
1 bay horse, 14 hands high	1 set chain wagon harness
1 Jersey cow with young calf	2 sets buggy harness
1 steel granary, capacity 50 bushels	1 90-barrel water tank
6-horse gas engine	1 20-foot tank tower
1 heavy hack with tongue or shafts	1 2 section garden harrow
	50 foot garden hose
	1 clothes wringer
	3 weeding hoes
	1 shot gun
	3 oil barrels with faucets
	1 hog house and pen
	1 pair stretchers, singletrees
	tools and other articles

Terms of Sale
All sums of \$10 and under, cash in hand. On all sums over \$10, a credit of 6 months will be allowed on good security. Five per cent discount for cash. All property must be settled for before removal of same.
J. D. Wyman, Clerk **Col. J. M. North, Auct.**
Remember the Date SAT., SEPT. 2
M. M. EMMETT

RANCHING

Cattle and Horse Ranching in Western Canada—Steers Brought 10 Cents a Pound on the Seattle Market.

That big money is made by the large cattle rancher in Western Canada, and also by the small farmer as well, is shown by the undisputed facts presented from time to time. A rancher, near Gleichen, Alberta, who commenced in a small way nine years ago, recently disposed of 1,243 cattle at a total of \$101,304.50, and this was only his surplus stock for the present season.

A December shipment of 217 head of ranch steers brought the owner an average of over \$80 per head. They were taken straight from the range without any grain feeding and were in excellent condition to be sold for the Christmas trade. Another shipment of 100 head, averaging \$70 each, was made to Seattle. The highest price paid on the Seattle market was for an Alberta steer, which weighed 1,700 lbs., and brought the fancy price of 10c per lb., or \$170.

Six carloads of live stock from ranches 65 miles from Pincher, Alberta, shipped to Spokane, excited keen competition there on account of their exceptional quality. The price realized was \$10.028. American dealers say they must look to Canada for beef supplies.

A livestock firm, which has shipped over 2,000 head of beef cattle to the American farmer since the middle of November, reports a splendid reception of Alberta stock in the United States.

A carload of choice Alberta steers were sold early in January for shipment to the British Columbia coast at \$6.75 per 100 lbs. and, later on, a lot from Carstairs brought \$6.90—the highest price paid since the spring of 1915. Shipments from Calgary livestock yards during 1915 were: Horses, 8,675; cattle, 30,577; hogs, 144,515; sheep, 12,410. A course in agriculture and livestock demonstration which has been conducted by the Provincial Dept. of Agriculture here was well attended, showing the interest taken by city residents in agricultural progress.

John Young, of Sidney, Man., gives his experiences in sheep-raising as follows, as quoted in a local paper: "I bought a bunch of fifty ewes, which cost me \$362.50. With this little flock I demonstrated just what can be done in the sheep business. This fall I sold fifty fat lambs at \$6.50 per head, \$325, and 18 of the best ewe lambs, which I kept, I value at \$8.00 per head, \$144. The wool sold at an average of \$2.01 per head, \$361.80. This makes the very nice total of \$732.30."

"They ran out nearly every day all winter. The value of hay and oats was small, and one can make them very comfortable through the winter with very little expense. For shelter I have a shed, about 125 feet long and 14 feet wide, which I cover with straw. This gives them protection from the cold winds; yet it is always cool enough to be healthy."

"I intend going in more for sheep this fall, as I believe them to be the most profitable stock on the farm." Desire of farmers and ranchers to increase their sheep holdings is indicated by the sale of 2,500 head recently at \$9.00 each. High wool prices and profitable demand for mutton are the reason given for such a figure.

Manitoba sheep breeders arranged last year for the Provincial Department of Agriculture to handle their wool output on a co-operative basis and obtained most satisfactory results. About 75,000 lbs. of wool were handled, netting the shippers over 25c per lb.—Advertisement.

Sensational Reporter.

It occurred in one of the gambling dens of the far West, such as are only to be found in films and fiction. As the croup of cow punches lost or won huge fortunes on the turn of a pack of greasy cards, a newcomer burst excitedly into the place.

"Heard about Dickson getting shot?" he gasped to his astonished audience. The cow punches gathered round him to hear the news.

"No!" they cried. "When?" "Bout half an hour ago," came the reply. "I was there and saw it all." "Where did he get shot?" was the next question flung at him, while hands tightened ominously on revolver butts.

"Down at the store," chuckled the jester, calmly. "He bought a couple of pounds of it."

Pessimistic Logic for the Season. In almost every family there is one member who simply has to work hard and save his money, in order to have it on hand to lend to the others when they need it, and who thus gets the reputation among them of being stingy.—Ohio State Journal.

"Mother" of Vinegar.

"Mother" of vinegar is so called because it is the mass of germs which produce the vinegar from the alcohol of the hard cider. The "mother" can be dissolved in strong oxidizing agents, but will be killed by such treatment.

Wise "Don't."

Don't knock a man who is "making good." About 900 times out of a 1,000 the success of a man is also success for the entire community.—Atchison Globe.

SEARCHING REFUGEES FROM JUAREZ



A scene on the United States side of the International bridge at El Paso showing United States soldiers searching Mexican refugees who fled Mexico for protection under the Stars and Stripes. One of the soldiers is seen with a revolver he has taken from one of the refugees.

BELGIUM NOW HAS SPLENDID ARMY

Remarkable Piece of Work in Reorganization Accomplished Since October, 1914.

TRIBUTE TO ZEAL OF KING

Belgian Army More Numerous and Better Equipped Than It Was at Outbreak of the War—Difficulties Surmounted.

Paris.—It is hard indeed to recognize in the well-equipped and trained Belgian army of today the disheveled, war-weary troops who, at the end of a painful retreat and lacking almost every military necessity but courage, turned desperately to bay and helped to make history at the battle of the Yser.

The reorganization accomplished since October, 1914, is a remarkable testimony to the energy inspired by the example of King Albert and the zeal with which, often in very difficult circumstances, his officers have fulfilled their task.

The result of their efforts is that M. de Broqueville was able to declare recently that the Belgian army is more numerous and better equipped today than it was at the outbreak of war.

Start at the Beginning.

When, in October, 1914, Antwerp was evacuated, the Belgian recruits who had joined and, being still without arms or equipment, had been employed in digging trenches round the city, were sent back to the neighborhood of Furnes.

Driven thence by the approach of the Germans, they retired, under the command of Lieutenant General de Selliers de Moranville, to Dunkirk. Hence, in the face of insuperable difficulties, of which not the least was the lack of shipping, they were conveyed to Normandy where the whole work of preparing them for the front had to be done.

CHINESE "HELLO GIRL"



Mrs. Ning Fook, sweet-voiced Chinese "Hello Girl" who attends the switchboard in the offices of a steamship company in San Francisco.

UNDERTAKEN FROM THE BEGINNING

The French government rose to the occasion. An extensive camp and a number of large buildings in various parts of Normandy—barracks, canteens and unemployed factories—were put at the disposal of the Belgians.

Clothing was hard to find, and here again, for part of it, recourse was had to the French, although they themselves had barely enough for their own needs. A clothing depot was formed at Rouen, which obtained cloth from Elbeuf. Factories which had been closed for want of labor were reopened for the manufacture of equipment.

Hospital Centers Created. Similarly at Rouen, and this time with the assistance of the British Red Cross, a hospital center was created, including a large portable hospital, situated above the town in a particularly healthy position, a section for mechanical treatment and a section for the manufacture of artificial limbs. Another hospital center, equally well equipped, was founded in the district of Rennes. Attached to these hospital organizations are convalescent homes.

From the purely military point of view, the arrangements made by the general inspection of the Belgian army are wonderfully complete. There are centers for infantry training, an artillery school and depot, a machine-gun school, a bombing school and a school at which men coming from the convalescent homes are taught by "old soldiers" the latest "tricks of the trade" before returning to the trenches.

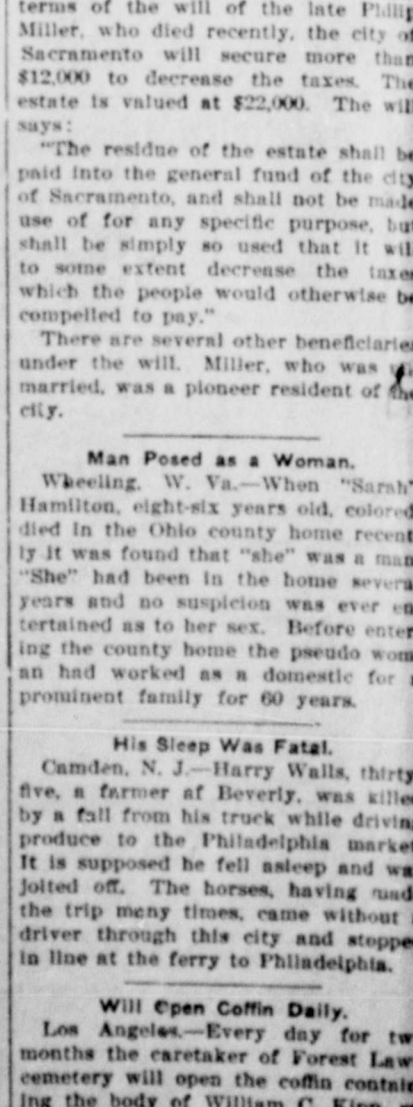
Recruiting offices have been started in all French towns where assemblies of Belgian refugees are to be found, as also military establishments at all places through which the troops pass.

Most important of all, a school, known as the "Centre d'Instruction des Sous-lieutenants auxiliaires instructeurs," has been opened, at which a great number of picked noncommissioned officers and soldiers are taught the command of platoons, thus insuring a steady supply of well-trained officers.

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Mrs. Ning Fook, sweet-voiced Chinese "Hello Girl" who attends the switchboard in the offices of a steamship company in San Francisco.

SURRENDERS TO HUNGER; NOT FOE

Prussian Guard Maintains Its Reputation for Bravery.

OVILLERS A RUBBISH HEAP

British Capture of Town Result of Bitterest Fight in Battle of Somme—Dogged and Desperate Defense.

By PHILIP GIBBS.

With the British Army in the Field. In all the recent fighting the struggle for Ovillers stands out separately as a siege in which both attack and defense were of the most dogged and desperate kind.

The surrender of the remnants of its garrison ends an episode which will not be forgotten in history. These men were of the Third Prussian Guards, and the tribute paid to their bravery by our commander in chief is echoed by the officers and men who fought against them. It is a tribute to our own troops also, who, by no less courage, broke down the stubborn resistance and captured the garrison.

Town Now Rubbish Heap. Many different battalions had a share in the fighting. All had suffered and then gave way to new men who knew not the nature of this business, but set grimly to work to carry on the slow process of digging out the enemy from his last strongholds. It was almost literally the work of digging out. The town of Ovillers does not exist. It was annihilated by bombardments and made a rubbish heap of bricks and dust.

But after that, when our men were separated from the enemy by only a yard or two or by only a barricade or two, the artillery on both sides ceased the fire upon Ovillers, lest the gunners should kill their own men.

They bargained intensely round about. Our shells fell incessantly to the north and east, so that the beleaguered garrison should not get supplies or reinforcement; we made a wall of death about them. But though now no shells burst over the ground where many dead lay strewn, there was artillery of a lighter kind, not less deadly. It was the artillery of machine guns and bombs.

The Prussian guards made full use of the valenced cellars and ruined houses. They made a series of small keeps, which were defended almost entirely by machine gun fire.

Between the attacks of our bombing parties they went below ground into dark vaults, where it was safe enough from trench mortar and hand grenades, leaving a sentry or two on the lookout for any infantry assault. As soon as we advanced the machine guns set to work and played their hose of bullets across the ground which our men had to cover.

Guard Finally Gives Up. One by one, by getting around about them, by working zigzag ways through cellars and ruins, by sudden rushes of bombing parties led by young officers of daring spirit, we knocked out these machine gun emplacements and the machine guns served them, until yesterday there was only a last remnant of the garrison left in Ovillers.

These men of the Third Prussian Guard had been in a hopeless position. They were starving because all supplies were cut off by our never-ending barrage; they had no water supply, so suffered all the tortures of great thirst. They were living in a charnel house strewn with the dead bodies of their comrades and with wounded men delirious from lack of drink.

Human nature could make no longer resistance, and at last the officers raised the signal of surrender and came over with nearly 140 men, who held their hands up.

The fighting had been savage. At close grips, in broken earthworks and deep cellars, there had been no sentiment and British soldiers and Germans had flung themselves upon each other with bombs and any kind of weapons, but now, when all was ended, the last of the German garrison was received with the honors of war and none of our soldiers deny them the respect due to great courage.

Men Hatches Woodpecker.

Federalburg, Ind.—It is unusual for a hen to hatch out a woodpecker, but an instance is reported by Ira Cordrey, a farmer living near here. The hen had been missing for some time. When found she was mothering eleven baby chicks and one tiny woodpecker, which appeared perfectly happy to let the hen scratch worms for it, and the hen is paying just as much attention to the little woodpecker as it is to her brood of chicks. The woodpecker's appearance is explained on the supposition that a woodpecker laid the egg in the hen's nest while the hen was off looking for food.

Compromise Ends 20-Year Litigation.

Asheville, N. C.—After litigation covering a period of 20 years and involving court proceedings in several states, the Gilbert Hopkins case, to determine title to timber lands in North Carolina and Tennessee valued at \$1,500,000, has just been settled by a compromise decree entered in federal court at Asheville, N. C.

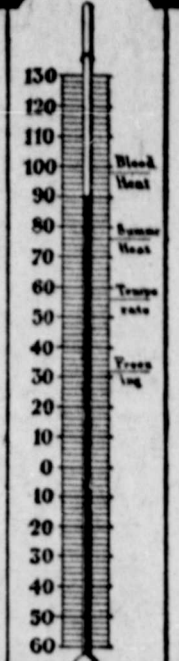
Libby's Hot Weather Meats

Veal Loaf, to serve cold: Cooked Corned Beef, select and appetizing. Chicken Loaf, Ham Loaf and Veal Loaf, delicately seasoned. Vienna Sausage, Genuine Deviled Ham and Wafer Sliced Dried Beef for sandwiches and dainty luncheons.

Insist on Libby's at your grocer's



Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago



No wonder so many men are interested in this talk about dreadnaughts. They married some.

Adruco Barbed Wire Liniment—leaves no scar. For cuts and sores on man or beast. Saves stock. Buy it. Always good. At druggists.—Adv.

Modern Way. "Do you wait for inspiration before writing your novels?" we asked the distinguished author. "Not at all," he replied. "I merely wait for the advance check from my publishers."

COULD NOT SPEAK TO HER CHILDREN

"I have been a great sufferer from asthma since I was thirteen years old," says Mrs. M. A. Mooney, 79 Carroll St., Nashville, Tenn. "I have been so bad many times that I could not speak to my children nor make my wants known to them. I have taken three small bottles of Lung-Vita, which has entirely cured my asthma." Mrs. Rabie Clark, 315 Oriole St., Nashville, Tenn., writes: "After having three doctors to tell me I had tuberculosis, I can gladly say that Lung-Vita cured me." These testimonials are taken from the many we have on hand telling what Lung-Vita has done in cases of consumption, asthma, colds, croup, whooping cough and grippe. If your dealer cannot supply you, order direct. Price \$1.75. Booklet upon request. Nashville Medicine Co., Room 8 Steger Building, Nashville, Tenn. Adv.

Not Without Avail. "Peter Cooper, stand up." The raw-boned "poor-white trash," holding his ragged hat in one hand and the tail of his shabby coat in the other, walked slowly up to the stand.

"Yes, Judge." "You are accused of profanity in a public place."

"I guess I did it, Judge. Nigger was tryin' to steal ma hoss."

"But you should know better than to take the name of the Lord in vain, Mr. Cooper."

"It warn't in vain, Judge. You jes' ought ter have seen that nigger run!"

—Case and Comment.

ITCHING, BURNING SCALPS

Crusted With Dandruff Yield Readily to Cuticura. Trial Free.

Cuticura Soap to cleanse the scalp of dandruff crustings and scallings, and Cuticura Ointment to soothe and heal itches and irritations. Nothing better, surer or more economical than these super-creamy emollients for hair and scalp troubles of young or old.

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Called Down.

They were enjoying a plunge in the surf, he and she. He of New York and she of Boston.

She of Boston accidentally got beyond her depth and it looked like a cinch bet that she would never view the "Hub" again through her spectacles.

But he of New York was on the job in the role of an animated life preserver.

She of Boston was about to make her third and farewell disappearance when he reached her side.

"Hold on tight," gasped he of New York, as he felt a pair of arms about his neck.

"Fardon me," gurgled she of Boston as she expostulated a quart of the ocean from her interior department, "but you should say 'hold on tightly.'"

And the sad sea waves rolled on.

One Man's Wisdom.

Growells—This morning I ordered the iceman to discontinue his visits, told the butcher to send us a supply of salt pork, left word with the baker to send us bread at least three days old. Instructed the mail man to deliver our mail but twice a week.

Mrs. Growells—Why, John, what in the name of all—

Growells—And tomorrow morning I want you to remove all the fly screens from the doors and windows, remove the springs from the bed, put some old bricks in the mattress and have the water cut off from the bathroom.

Mrs. Growells—What is the matter with you, John Growells, are you crazy?

Growells—Perish the thought, Mrs. Growells, perish the thought! I have never been saner in my life. I am simply fixing things so we can enjoy all the comforts of a month's sojourn in the country without leaving town. See?

In Case of Rain. Having lunch on the kitchen floor makes a fair substitute for a picnic.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher*. In Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.

Insinuation. "Don't you know," said Omar, "I once marched in a procession that took seven hours to pass a given point." "Of course," rejoined Helmy, "the given point was a saloon."

ON FIRST SYMPTOMS use "Renovine" and be cured. Do not wait until the heart organ is beyond repair. "Renovine" is the heart and nerve tonic. Price 50c and \$1.00.—Adv.

Just Like a Man.

This overheard conversation could be re-related in two lines, but we are stringing it out a little longer.

"I wish you'd get your life insured," said a lady.

"Why should I?" growled the man.

"If you should die, you'd want to know that I was provided for, wouldn't you?"

"Yes—but I'm bound to outlive you."

"There, that's just like you—always looking on the dark side!"

Had Nothing on Youse.

Will R. Youse, proofreader on a Muncie newspaper, was hailed by a friend as Youse was hurrying along the street the other day. It being one of the days that the state Sunday school convention was in session there.

"Hey, Will! Look at these nice bass I'm taking to the house to have baked," shouted the friend.

"Yep, they're all right," said Youse, as he started on, "but I gotta get home in a hurry—we're going to have six Sunday school delegates for dinner."

—Indianapolis News.

Unexpected Explanation.

Banks—I had a new experience yesterday, one you might call unaccountable. I ate a hearty dinner, finishing up with a Welsh rabbit, a mince pie and some lobster a la Newburg. Then I went to a place of amusement. I had hardly entered the building before everything swam before me.

Banks—The Welsh rabbit did it.

Banks—No, it was the lobster.

Banks—I think it was the mince pie.

Banks—No, I have a simpler explanation than that. I never felt better in my life. I was at the aquarium.

There's still room at the top.

Tea and Coffee For Children?

These beverages contain drug elements that hinder development of both body and mind, especially in children.

Nowadays, for their children, wise parents choose

POSTUM

This delicious table beverage, made of cereals, has a wonderfully satisfying flavor—a flavor much like the higher grades of coffee (but without any of coffee's harm.) Postum is a true, pure food-drink that has helped thousands to forget the coffee habit.

"There's a Reason"

Grocers everywhere sell POSTUM

GERMANS RUSHING MACHINE GUNS TO FLANDERS FRONT



This photograph was brought to this country on board the German transoceanic submarine Deutschland. It shows a company of German marine infantry, one of the most efficient branches of the service, unloading machine guns from a train in Flanders.

SUPPLIES FOR THE TROOPS DOWN IN MEXICO



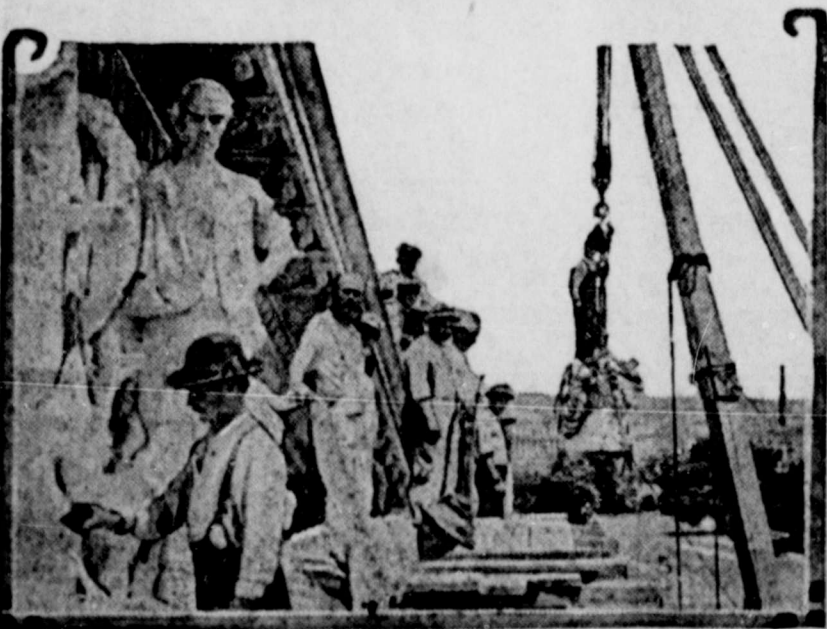
Unloading supplies for man and beast at one of the American camps. Huge quantities of foodstuffs, ammunition, and forage for the horses are daily received at the various camps on both sides of the border.

LOVING CUP GIVEN CAPTAIN KOENIG



Mrs. Christine Langenhan of New York presenting a silver loving cup to Capt. Paul Koenig, commander of the German submarine merchantman Deutschland at Baltimore.

U. S. CAPITOL IS AT LAST COMPLETED



The laying of the final stone shown in the photograph completed the construction of the national capitol, which for more than 50 years has been unfinished. This was the last step in the construction of the pediment of the east wing of the house of representatives, a companion piece to the pediments over the main entrance and the senate wing. This portion of the house wing has been blank since the wing was nominally completed in 1857. An appropriation of \$75,000 in 1908 provided for the final work of construction. This final pediment has been constructed by Paul Bartlett, who calls the design "The Democracy of the United States as Expressed by the Types of the Working People."

HELPING BLINDED SOLDIERS



Miss Esther Cleveland, daughter of the late Grover Cleveland, in her uniform at St. Dunstan's, London, where she is working in the institution for the care of blind soldiers.

American Cities' Growth.

Nobody knows how fast an American city, state or town may grow. I recall some twenty-five years ago meeting a friend in Denver. He was an investor from the East. I think Denver had about 30,000 people then. He had come to buy real estate. He said to me, "This place is overgrown. Real estate is too high. None for me!" And he went away. Had he invested wisely at that time he could have multiplied his money ten or twenty fold. I was in Los Angeles about the same time. It had had a serious reaction after a sudden boom. It was a little place, not one-tenth its present size. It seemed like a doomed city. An investment of \$500 then in outlying acreage property, I am told, would be worth \$500,000 today.—Leslie's.

To Be Sure.

Two Irishmen were engaged in a dispute in a cemetery one day. "Well," said one, "I don't like this cemetery at all, at all." "Well," said the other, "I think it is a very fine cemetery." "No," said number one, "I don't like it at all, at all, and I'll never be buried in it as long as I live." "What an unreasonable old fool you are, to be sure," said number one, apparently losing his temper. "Why, man alive, it is a fine cemetery, and if my life is spared, sure I'll be buried in it."—Philadelphia Record.

STOP CALOMEL! TAKE DODSON'S LIVER TONE

New Discovery! Takes Place of Dangerous Calomel—It Puts Your Liver To Work Without Making You Sick—Eat Anything—It Can Not Salivate—Don't Lose a Day's Work!

I discovered a vegetable compound that does the work of dangerous, sickening calomel and I want every reader of this paper to try a bottle and if it doesn't straighten you up better and quicker than salivating calomel just go back to the store and get your money.

I guarantee that one spoonful of Dodson's Liver Tone will put your sluggish liver to work and clean your thirty feet of bowels of the sour bile and constipation poison which is clogging your system and making you feel miserable.

I guarantee that one spoonful of this harmless liquid liver medicine will relieve the headache, biliousness, coated tongue, ague, malaria, sour stomach or any other distress caused by a torpid liver as quickly as a dose of vile, nauseating calomel, besides it will not make you sick or keep you from

a day's work. I want to see a bottle of this wonderful liver medicine in every home here.

Calomel is poison—it's mercury—it attacks the bones, often causing rheumatism. Calomel is dangerous. It sickens—while my Dodson's Liver Tone is safe, pleasant and harmless. Eat anything afterwards, because it can not salivate. Give it to the children because it doesn't upset the stomach or shock the liver. Take a spoonful tonight and wake up feeling fine and ready for a full day's work.

Get a bottle! Try it! If it doesn't do exactly what I say, tell your dealer to hand your money back. Every druggist and store keeper here knows me and knows of my wonderful discovery of a vegetable medicine that takes the place of dangerous calomel.—Adv.

She Took Stella-Vitæ and Gained 28 Pounds

Mrs. Mattie Spain, of Marion, Okla., one of the vast number of women who have been saved by Stella-Vitæ, says in making this wonderful remedy: "When I began using Stella-Vitæ I weighed but 52 pounds, and could hardly sit up to be weighed. Now I can work all day, feel better than I have in nine years, and have gained 28 pounds." Stella-Vitæ is a godsend to suffering womanhood. It gives strength and health to the female organs, acts as a tonic on the nerves, restores vigor and brings the bloom of health to cheeks that are faded and pale. It is guaranteed. All dealers \$1 a bottle.

THACHER MEDICINE CO., CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC

Sold for 47 years. For Malaria, Chills and Fever. Also a Fine General Strengthening Tonic. 60c and \$1.00 at all Drug Stores.

What's on His Mind?

A man on an Evansville car carried a cage containing a pigeon and a canary bird.

"Huh, well mated," remarked one of the passengers.

"About as well as some married people I know," rejoined the owner.—Indianapolis News.

BABIES AND GROWING CHILDREN need a tonic to tone up the system and regulate the liver. Mothers are constantly using with wonderful success, our "Plantation" Chill and Fever Tonic. Pleasant to take—contains no Calomel. Price 50c.—Adv.

Truth.

"What is your idea in trying to sell your car?"

"That's the only way I can raise enough money to buy gasoline."

"But the gasoline won't be of any use to you after you've sold your car."

"Oh, yes, it will. My friends will always be willing to let me ride in their cars if I furnish the gas."

A HINT TO WISE WOMEN.

Don't suffer torture when all female troubles will vanish in this air after using "Femina." Price 50c and \$1.00.—Adv.

Pa's Opinion.

"Pa," asked little Sammy Twobble, "what is a misnomer?"

"My son," answered Mr. Twobble, whose idea of having a good time is to take a nap in an easy chair close to an electric fan, "I should say the average pleasure resort is a misnomer."

Not Likely.

"How little men understand women!"

"Nonsense! I don't believe they understand them any better than big men do."

Bumper Grain Crops

Good Markets—High Prices
Prizes Awarded to Western Canada for Wheat, Oats, Barley, Alfalfa and Grasses

The winnings of Western Canada at the Soil Products Exposition at Denver were easily made. The list comprised Wheat, Oats, Barley and Grasses, the most important being the prizes for Wheat and Oats and sweep stake on Alfalfa.

No less important than the splendid quality of Western Canada's wheat and other grains, is the excellence of the cattle fed and fattened on the grasses of that country. A recent shipment of cattle to Chicago topped the market in that city for quality and price.

Western Canada produced in 1915 one-third as much wheat as all of the United States, or over 300,000,000 bushels.

Canada in proportion to population has a greater exportable surplus of wheat this year than any country in the world, and at present prices you can figure out the revenue for the producer. In Western Canada you will find good markets, splendid schools, exceptional social conditions, perfect climate and other great attractions. There is no war tax on land and no conscription.

Send for illustrated pamphlet and ask for reduced railway rates, information as to best locations, etc. Address Superintendent Immigration, Ottawa, Canada.

G. A. COOK, 2012 Main Street, Kansas City, Mo.
Canadian Government Agent

HARDWARE

When in need of anything in the way of Hardware Queen's-ware, Cutlery, Stoves, Farming Implements, Wagons, Etc., come and see me. Am agent for the famous Rumeley Tractor, and Empire Auto.

S. J. BLACK

I Have Buyers

For Plains lands on long time basis. Will pay more than prevailing cash prices.

W. B. LA MASTER

Real Estate, Loans and Insurance
OCHILTREE, TEXAS

Polarine Oil. Red Crown Gasoline.

Wilson Automobile Co.
JAS. W. WILSON, Prop.
Successor to Ochiltree Auto Co.
Complete line of supplies and accessories
Orders for parts given prompt attention. Repair work done promptly and guaranteed. : : :
Headquarters of the Ochiltree Mail and Passenger lines.
FREE INFORMATION BUREAU
Routing lists by auto or rail gladly furnished. Call us concerning any trip you contemplate making.

THE BEST COMBINATION ON EARTH

Ochiltree 60-pound Wheat

And a

Midget Marvel Mill

We Have Them!

Our Miller's Name Is

"BILL"

and Bill's flour is absolutely guaranteed. Get a sack and have the best bread and biscuits you ever ate.

Ochiltree Roller Mills

Citation by Publication.

The State of Texas, County of Ochiltree.

In the District Court of Ochiltree County, Texas, November Term, A. D. 1916.

To the Sheriff or any constable of Ochiltree County, Texas, Greeting:

Affidavit having been made as required by law you are hereby required to summons, by making publication of this citation in some newspaper published in the county of Ochiltree if there be a news paper published therein, but if not then in any news paper published in the 31st judicial district; but if there be no news paper published in said judicial district then in a newspaper published in the nearest district to said 31st judicial district, for eight weeks previous to the return day hereof.

Mary J. Graham, J. S. Graham, A. G. McMath, Noah Roark, H. O. Cain, C. T. Wright, Eugene DeBogary, T. E. Baldwin, M. S. Jordan, E. B. Power, W. C. Chambers, A. L. Copeland, R. J. Thomas, W. H. Ford, W. T. Edwards, J. B. Ruddel, J. C. Jones, J. D. Vance, R. S. Winn, J. A. McDonald, Mary E. Jennings, W. H. Jennings, J. H. Wright, M. A. Wright, Henrietta Wright, Elyzabeth Wright, S. B. Maxey, H. W. Lightfoot, Ben H. Denton, S. B. M. Long, Uriah P. Mitchell, Annie Mitchell, J. H. Finks, F. M. Crowley, Sprague V. Masmore, A. L. Woodbury, Ansel R. Clark, Estate of Warren J. Mitchell, the unknown heirs of Warren J. Mitchell, O. C. Conner, Administrator of the Estate of G. W. Wright, L. E. Edwards, Jas. H. Raymond, C. W. Whitis, Elizabeth Flannagan, Julius H. Holsey, Sarah G. Mitchell, Geraldine Mitchell, Martha D. Mitchell, Robert G. Mitchell, J. C. Walker, G. W. Wright, U. Mathiesson, J. A. Wright, Emma Daniel, J. M. Daniel, G. W. Huckby, W. R. Tilton, A. C. Butler, K. H. Butler, H. J. Butler, G. N. Butler, J. E. Gee, W. A. Moore, C. N. Smith, Joe F. Thompson, Gayfree Ellison, all of whose residence is unknown, to be and appear before the Hon. District Court, at the next regular term thereof, to be holden in the County of Ochiltree, at the court house thereof, in the town of Ochiltree, on the Second Monday in November, A. D. 1916, the same being the 13th day of November, A. D. 1916, then and there to answer a petition filed in said court on the 28th day of July, A. D. 1916, in a suit numbered on the docket of said court No. 289 wherein W. G. Yearly, and L. Newcomb, are Plaintiffs, and the above named parties are defendants.

The nature of plaintiffs demand being as follows, to-wit:

Plaintiffs allege that they are owners in fee simple and were on the first day of January, A. D. 1916, of a certain tract or parcel of land in Ochiltree County, Texas, and that upon the above named date the defendants entered upon and unlawfully ejected plaintiffs and dispossessed plaintiff therefrom, to plaintiffs damage in the sum of \$10,000.00, and that the premises so unlawfully entered upon and withheld from plaintiffs, are described as follows: 640 acres of land of the East part of the Warren J. Mitchell Survey, immediately north of Surveys No. 4 & 5 in Block No. 4, in Ochiltree County, Texas, originally granted to Warren J. Mitchell, by certificate No. 29-217, issued by the Commissioner of the General Land Office of the State of Texas.

Plaintiff prays that defendant be cited as the law directs to appear and answer this citation and that upon final hearing that plaintiffs have judgement removing cloud from title, cast thereon by the claims of the defendants and that they have judgements for damages, costs of suit and for general and special relief.

HEREIN FAIL NOT, AND

have you before said court on the said first day of the next term thereof, this writ with your endorsement thereon, showing how you have executed the same.

Given under my hand and seal of said Court, at Office in Ochiltree this the 28th day of July A. D. 1916.

[SEAL] W. M. MALLETT,
Clerk District Court Ochiltree County, Texas. 37-8t

Citation by Publication.

The State of Texas,

To the Sheriff or any Constable of Ochiltree county—Greeting:

You are Hereby Commanded, That you summon, by making Publication of this Citation in some newspaper published in the county of Ochiltree if there be a newspaper published therein, but if not, then in any newspaper published in the 31st, judicial district, but if there be no newspaper published in said judicial district, then in a newspaper published in the nearest district to said 31st, judicial district, for eight weeks previous to the return day hereof, whose residence is unknown, to be and appear before the Hon. District Court, at the next regular term thereof, to be holden in the Co. of Ochiltree at the Court House thereof, in the town of Ochiltree on the 13th day of November A. D. 1916, then and there to answer a petition filed in said Court, on the 9th day of August A. D. 1916, in a suit numbered on the docket of said Court No. 291, wherein Emma J. Ware is plaintiff and Geo. Williams, et al defendants.

The nature of the plaintiff's demand being as follows, to-wit: That she is the owner in Fee Simple of the following described land to-wit:

Situated in Ochiltree County, Texas, being Survey No. 11, the Job Williams Headright, bounded as follows:

Beginning at the N. E. Corner of Survey of 369 acres made for John Bradley, Number 10, a stake in West line of Number 44, made for the S. P. R. R.

Thence North with the West line of same 1000 Varas to a stake; Thence West 1000 Varas to a stake,

Thence South 1000 Varas to a stake in North line of said Survey No 10.

Thence East 1000 Varas to the place of beginning.

And that the Defendants, Geo. Williams, and the unknown heirs of the said Geo. Williams, and their legal representatives, ejected Plaintiff from the possession of said land.

Plaintiff alleges that she has had peaceable and adverse possession of said premises against all of the Defendants named herein, claiming said premises under deed conveying said premises to the Plaintiff, Emma J. Ware, said deed being duly recorded in the Clerk's office in the Deed Records of Ochiltree County, Texas, and that she paid taxes and held possession and cultivated said premises for more than five years in succession.

Plaintiff prays that she have judgment against all of the Defendants for the title and possession of the premises herein described, and that she be confirmed and quietted in her title to said premises. And that she have Writ of Possession against all of Defendants.

Herein fail not, and have you before said Court, on the said first day of the next term thereof, this Writ with your endorsement thereon, showing how you have executed the same.

Given under my hand and seal of said Court, at office in Ochiltree, Texas, this, the 9th day of August, A. D. 1916.

[SEAL] W. M. MALLETT,
Clerk District Court Ochiltree County, Texas.

Notice.

Anyone having land or cattle to sell, or wanting to buy land or cattle see us about it we might help you. NEWS, Ochiltree, Texas.



Your Choice of Ninety-Four (94) Styles Colors and Sizes in the Famous Line

of "Ranger" Bicycles, shown in full color in our big new Catalogue just off the press. There are eighty-three (83) styles, also shown at prices ranging from \$11.75, \$13.75, \$15.75 up. There is a **MEAD** Bicycle for every rider, at a price made possible only by our **FACTORY-DIRECT-TO-RIDER** sales plan.

SEND NO MONEY but write TODAY for this new Catalogue of "Ranger" Bicycles. Tires and sundries at prices so low they will astonish you. Also, full particulars of our great new offer to deliver to you all charges prepaid, your choice of any of the 94 kinds of "RANGER" Bicycles you may select, for **ONE MONTH'S FREE TRIAL**. This wonderful offer is absolutely genuine. No one criticizes your choice if it's a "Ranger"—the most popular, largest selling bicycle in the country.

TIRES, LAMPS, Built-Up-Wheels with Coaster-Brakes, Inner Tubes, Electric Lighting Units, all the newest ideas in Bicycle equipment and sundries, as well as the Repair Parts and Combination Offers for refitting your old Bicycle—all shown fully illustrated, at **HALF USUAL PRICES**. Our new Catalogue is the largest ever issued by any Bicycle concern. Even if you do not need a new Bicycle now, or Repair Parts, Tires, etc., for your old Bicycle, you need this Catalogue to tell you the prices you should pay when you do buy.

RIDER AGENTS WANTED We want a Rider Agent in every neighborhood to ride and exhibit the new "RANGER." You can select the particular style suited to your own needs. Boys and young men in all parts of the country are riding "Rangers" and taking orders from their friends. They make a good commission on every sale and so can you. Our great outfit, perfected methods and machinery enable us to sell "quality" Bicycles at prices below all competitors.

MOTORCYCLE AND AUTOMOBILE SUPPLIES. Our big, new Catalogue also gives large space to these lines at lowest prices. "Thousands of our 'Bicycle' customers of a generation ago are now buying their 'Auto' Sundries of us, because they know 'Mead' quality and prices are always right.

WRITE US TODAY. Do not delay. A postal request at a cost of one cent will bring you the big catalogue. **DO NOT BUY** until you get it and our wonderful new offers and prices.

J. L. MEAD CYCLE CO. CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

PANHANDLE STATE FAIR

AMARILLO, TEXAS
Sept. 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 1916
Fourth Annual Exhibit

The One Great Event of the Year in the Panhandle and Plains Country

Increased List of Premiums in All Departments. Many Special Premiums

Special Display of Fireworks Every Day. Change of Program at Night

Old Settlers' Day Wed., Sept. 13

Balloon and Parachute Races

Every Day. Many Other

Attractive Features

Splendid Race Program

Remember the Dates and Come
Catalogue Sent on Request

PANHANDLE STATE FAIR ASSOCIATION, AMARILLO, TEX.
REDUCED RAILROAD RATES

"Talk Trips" Save Time and Money

"Talk Trips" by Telephone offer you the most up-to-date way to attend to your business and social affairs in nearby or distant cities.

The Telephone carries you there and back again quickly.

THE OCHILTREE TELEPHONE CO.

HARDWARE

When in need of anything in the way of Hardware Queen's-ware, Cutlery, Stoves, Farming Implements, Wagons, Etc., come and see me. Am agent for the famous Rumeley Tractor, and Empire Auto.

S. J. BLACK

I Have Buyers

For Plains lands on long time basis. Will pay more than prevailing cash prices.

W. B. LA MASTER

Real Estate, Loans and Insurance
OCHILTREE, TEXAS

Polarine Oil.

Red Crown Gasoline.

Wilson Automobile Co.

JAS. W. WILSON, Prop.

Successor to Ochiltree Auto Co.

Complete line of supplies and accessories

Orders for parts given prompt attention. Repair work done promptly and guaranteed. : : :

Headquarters of the Ochiltree Mail and Passenger lines.

FREE INFORMATION BUREAU

Routing lists by auto or rail gladly furnished. Call us concerning any trip you contemplate making.

THE BEST COMBINATION ON EARTH

Ochiltree 60-pound Wheat

And a

Midget Marvel Mill

We Have Them!

Our Miller's Name is

"BILL"

and Bill's flour is absolutely guaranteed. Get a sack and have the best bread and biscuits you ever ate.

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Given under my hand and seal of said Court, at Office in Ochiltree this the 28th day of July A. D. 1916.

[SEAL] W. M. MALLETT,

Clerk District Court Ochiltree County, Texas. 37-81

Citation by Publication.

The State of Texas,

To the Sheriff or any Constable of Ochiltree county—Greeting:

You are Hereby Commanded,

That you summon, by making Publication of this Citation in

some newspaper published in the county of Ochiltree if there

be a newspaper published therein,

but if not, then in any newspaper published in the 31st, judicial

district, but if there be no newspaper published in said judicial

district, then in a newspaper published in the nearest district

to said 31st, judicial district, for

eight weeks previous to the return day hereof, whose residence

is unknown, to be and appear before the Hon. District Court, at

the next regular term thereof, to be holden in the Co. of Ochiltree

at the Court House thereof, in the town of Ochiltree on the 13th

day of November A. D. 1916, then and there to answer a petition

filed in said Court, on the 9th day of August A. D. 1916, in a

suit numbered on the docket of said Court No. 291, wherein

Emma J. Ware is plaintiff and Geo. Williams, et al defendants.

The nature of the plaintiff's demand being as follows, to-wit:

That she is the owner in Fee Simple of the following described

land to-wit:

Situated in Ochiltree County,

Texas, being Survey No. 11, the

Job Williams Headright, bounded as follows:

Beginning at the N. E. Corner

of Survey of 369 acres made for

John Bradley, Number 10, a

stake in West line of Number 44,

made for the S. P. R. R.

Thence North with the West

line of same 1000 Varas to a stake;

Thence West 1000 Varas to a

stake,

Thence South 1000 Varas to a

stake in North line of said Survey No 10.

Thence East 1000 Varas to the

place of beginning.

And that the Defendants, Geo.

Williams, and the unknown heirs

of the said Geo. Williams, and

their legal representatives, ejected Plaintiff from the possession

of said land.

Plaintiff alleges that she has

had peaceable and adverse possession of said premises against

all of the Defendants named

herein, claiming said premises

under deed conveying said premises to the Plaintiff, Emma J.

Ware, said deed being duly recorded in the Clerk's office in the

Deed Records of Ochiltree County, Texas, and that she paid taxes

and held possession and cultivated said premises for more than

five years in succession.

Plaintiff prays that she have

judgment against all of the Defendants for the title and possession

of the premises herein described, and that she be confirmed

and quietted in her title to said premises. And that she

have Writ of Possession against all of Defendants.

Herein fail not, and have you

before said Court, on the said

first day of the next term thereof,

this Writ with your endorsement

thereon, showing how you have

executed the same.

Given under my hand and seal

of said Court, at office in Ochiltree, Texas, this, the 9th day of

August, A. D. 1916.

[SEAL] W. M. MALLETT,

Clerk District Court Ochiltree County, Texas.

Notice.

Anyone having land or cattle to sell, or wanting to buy land or cattle see us about it we might help you. NEWS, Ochiltree, Texas.



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