

THE CROSS PLAINS REVIEW

VOL. 4.

CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS, FRIDAY, MAY 2, 1913.

NO. 8

Cottonwood News

The rain has come and the face of the average farmer is again in a normal condition. Crops that are up are looking much improved and with some warm weather now things will begin to hum here in a few days. Wheat that before the rain looked like it was dead looks now like with more rain it will make an average crop. Oats, especially late oats with more rain at the right time will make a fair crop.

Some of the Cottonwood students at Brittons Training School were visiting homefolks Sunday.

Miss Beulah Respass visited her sister and brother at Brittons Training School Monday and Tuesday of last week.

Uncle Brits dance Friday night was a howling success we presume by the noise made by the departing guests about two o'clock a. m. We are authoritically informed that five dancing girls attended.

Mrs. W. F. Griffin who has been visiting at the home of Mrs. Ellis at Cisco for several days has returned to her home in Cottonwood.

John Bennett who has been quite sick for several weeks is still in a bad condition, it seems he cannot get on the upgrade.

Mrs. Paul Ramsey, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Ellis of Cisco. Mrs. Ellis and several of her family have measles.

D. P. Carter passed through our town this week enroute for Cisco. Dave is an old Cottonwood boy and it seems quite natural to see him on our streets.

George Coats little child who has been dangerously ill with meningitis is very much improved at this writing and its recovery is almost assured.

Slim Jim of Caddo Peak offers us a prescription for our mental condition; of three parts Dr. water and one part Grandpa soap applied to the "magneto" as a lubricant. Gee Willekens! What in the name of common sense is a "magneto"? Upon what part of the anatomy is it located? Thanks Slim Jim, we perhaps might have had a severe attack and not even known we had a "magneto". The rain has come and we guess our "magneto" is improved, anyway we are feeling much improved, though we took the prescription minus the Grandpa soap.

Queer Fellow.

ALL-DAY SINGING AT CROSS CUT.

Your presence is requested at the all-day singing, Cross Cut, Sunday, May 4.

In order that we may have you visit our store we are offering Hydrogen Peroxide, the 25c size for 10c. We will also sell you a regular 25c Violet Talcum for 10c. If you only want but these two articles we will be glad to have you call.

City Drug Store.

L. W. Clements left Wednesday morning for Brownwood in the the Alvis car to have it repaired.

Mrs. S. F. White, of Waco, and Misses Ada and Marv McConnell, of Kansas City, have been the guests of o. Mrs. J. E. Linquist, for the past two weeks.

...STRENGTH and SERVICE...

H. W. KUTEMAN,
Pres.

J. E. SPENCER,
V. Pres

VIRGIL HART, Cashier C. C. NEEB, Asst. Cashier

The Bank of Cross Plains

(UN-INCORPORATED)

Responsibility \$1,000,000

CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS.

Are two important factors in determining the selection of a banking connection. Our Responsibility is over ONE MILLION DOLLARS which insures ample protection. As to service ask one of our many satisfied customers. You can not accomplish much without the aid of a good bank.

We offer our service.

Bank with us.

Do Something For The Bank That Is Able And Wants To Do Something For You.

The FARMERS NATIONAL BANK

...Cross Plains,

Texas....

T. E. POWELL, Pres.

J. A. BARR, V. Pres.

T. B. VESTAL, V. Pres.

J. M. HARLOW, V. Pres.

S. F. BOND, Cash.

T. BOND, Asst. Cashier.

R. G. POWELL, Asst. Cash.

SWAT THE FLY.

Its esey with one of our fly killers.

The Racket Store.

Our new carbonator is now installed and is giving splendid satisfaction. A great many appreciate the fact that all our soda water is filtered. We will appreciate a visit from you at any time.

City Drug Store.

Dave Carter returned from Haskell last Sunday.

W. A. Hall returned Sunday from a week's trip to Ardmore, Okla., where he visited his daughters. Mr. Hall is about recovered from his late illness with measles.

Notice:—I have not lost a case in 2 years that I have treated through.

Dr. Upton,
Burkett, Texas.

Dr. Fred Harrell's wife of Kirksland has been visiting her sister Mrs. Walton Wagner.

HOT WEATHER NEEDS

When you think of Ice Picks, Ice Shavers, Lemon Squeezers and the many other articles needed in hot weather, think of the Racket Store where you can buy them for less money.

The Racket Store.

Cross Cut Items

As it has been some time since we have seen any writings from our town will endeavor to relate a few happenings.

The recent rain which fell in our neighborhood has changed that gloomy look on the farmers face to a glad smile of welcome.

We are glad to report uncle Tom Smith of this place is steadily improving over his injuries received some time back

Mrs. Ben Gains has been on the sick list the past week but is better at this writing.

The people of Cross Cut are anticipating a good old time Sunday, May the 4th. There will be an all-day singing with plenty of dinner on the ground for everybody. We will have some singing in the old four note books which will be a great change to the singing most of us are used to hearing. Everybody is cordially invited to attend.

A. T. Davis made his regular three trips to your city last week. He was accompanied Saturday by his baby girl and daughter, Miss Era.

Fowler Gafford who has just returned from El Paso, Texas is suffering a great deal, as a result from measles settling in one of his lower limbs.

Several of the young people from this place went to Burkett Sunday, expecting a singing but soon found out there was nothing doing.

Now just a few words to the prohibitionist; you had better get busy and lay in a supply of bond goods

before June the 30th, for there is going to be "something didding" about that time that we will be glad to see happen.

Jesse Womack took in the closing exercises of the Echo school Friday evening.

We have been reading some lengthy effusions emanating from that Burkett-Bayou bubbler, who is pleased to assume the dignified pseudonym of Rambler. Keep up the work, brother. We are certain that all who hail from your territory read regularly your letters; i. e., when they appear in the Sunday editions of the Review.

If invited to do so, we will come again.

Contributor.

Frank Herrick of Leuders is employed at the depot as assistant to Mr. W. B. Williams. Mr. Herrick comes recommended as a genteel young man, and for the benefit of the young ladies in the neighborhood it might be well to say that he is not married. Nuff sed.

Rev. Boyd has been called to Fullerton, California, on account of the sickness of his mother. He will likely be gone a month or more.

FOR SALE—A good milk cow with second calf 3 weeks old. See J. H. Rone.

R. O. Owen, the jeweler, left Monday for a week's work at Moran, and a visit at Rotan.

O-Cedar Polish makes everything look new—for sale at Boydstuns.

Don't forget that Shackelford's Lumber Yard handles the famous line of Devco's Paints. adv

FACTORY SHIPMENT OF DISHES

Just received a big shipment of dishes, direct from factory. The Racket Store.

O. D. Morrow and family were guests Sunday of his daughter Mrs. Lonnie Childers.

Mr. Grant, who is putting on the market a maize header, and who has organized a company for manufacturing the header, was in town Sunday night, leaving by auto Monday. Mr. Grant had tarried for some property here, and while here sold the same

V. V. Hart spent a part of last week in Brownwood on business.

Insure yourself and family by buying vehicles of quality. The name "Steudobaker" is your guarantee.—Carter & Kenady.

Phone us your order for Ice and we will do the rest. We are prepared to take care of you. Cross Plains Ice & Bottling Co.

DO U KNOW?

Do U ever think, or did you ever try buying goods from a strictly cash store? If not try us. We save you money.

The Racket Store.

Second Hand Sacks.

Bran and chops sacks 2½ cts. each. Oat sacks 4cts. each. I don't want rotten or torn sacks but bring all good ones you have. J. Lee Jones.

Get our prices on Refrigerators, Freezers and Water Coolers before you buy.

Furniture Store.

FOR SALE—One registered Jersey bull, 2 years old, a fine individual of the very best milk and by...

J. P. Walker.

The best varnish is Jap-a-Lac. Furniture Store

For Sale: 10 gallons of ready mixed paint, light brown, \$1.00 per gallon.—cost \$1.25. A bargain for the first man that calls.

W. A. Payne.

Buy your Coffins, Caskets and Robes at the

Furniture Store.

See me for dynamite. W. S. Butler.

Linoleum, linoleum, linoleum, Furniture Store.

THE DROUGHT IS BROKEN



But our Stock of up-to-date Merchandise is complete. This is true because we realize that our splendid business is the result of having what the people want, when they come for it, at prices that are bound to satisfy.

Our Mail Order Department is now well organized. We will be glad to fill your order for Dry Goods and deliver them to your home by Parcel Post, free of expense to you, on orders of \$2.00 or more.

Send us your orders for what you want, we will take pleasure in filling them same day received guaranteeing satisfaction or money refunded.

Davis-Garner & Co.

Quality Counts

Watch Us Grow

THE CROSS PLAINS REVIEW

Review Printing Company

One Dollar a Year. Strictly Cash in advance.

Entered at postoffice at Cross Plains, Texas as second class mail matter.

FOUR ISSUES CONSTITUTE A MONTH

CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS.

Farmers who have properly prepared their land should now be in good shape for crops, even if the rain was late in coming. There is nothing like being prepared.

Now that we have had a good rain with prospects for more at an early date, everybody is wearing the smile that won't come off. Let it stay on—we don't want it off. We ought to wear the smile of hope even if we should go another cycle without rain.

Since the rain prospects are not bad. Of course, we do not have a "cinch" on a bumper crop of every thing, but we have reasonable assurance of making a good feed, peanut and cotton crop. It is well we don't depend on grain alone, or cotton, or any single crop. You can see the fruits of diversification.

You will note that J. P. Walker, ex-dairymen and pioneer of the cream business here, has been carrying a local, advertising bulls for sale. He has reported having sold two bulls directly through the agency of the Review. If you have anything to sell, put it in the Review and you will get a hearing of several hundred of the representative families in this part of the world. For a trifling cost through the Review you tell your wants to a thousand or more readers. Try it.

3125 SCHOOL CHILDREN IN CALLAHAN COUNTY.

The scholastic population of Callahan county is 3125 according to a report just issued by the State Department of Education, and the total apportionment at \$6.81 per capita is \$21,406.25 for the 1912-13 term. All of our school children are whites. The total number of school children over seven and under seventeen years of age in Texas is 1,017,133, and 812,896 are white and 204,237 are colored. The males number 515,603 and the females 501,530. The total apportionments are \$6,967,391 for the State.

It is customary to multiply the scholastic population by five, in order to ascertain the true population of the county, and on this basis Callahan county has a population of 15,625 an increase of 2642 over the Federal Census of 1910.

The scholastic population of the independent districts of Callahan county is shown in the following table:

District: Baird, 473; Clyde, 374; Cottonwood, 179; Cross Plains, 317; Balance of county 1732.

FARM FACTS BY RADFORD.

Fort Worth, Texas, April—The Texas Commercial Secretaries and Business Men's Association has installed a new feature to its publicity department and in the future will furnish the press with a weekly service containing Farm Facts written exclusively for that organization by Peter Radford, president of the Farmer's Union. These facts will be of an educational nature intended to create a better understanding of vital farm problems such as marketing, production and diversification.

See me before buying your cane, millet, kaffir and maize seeds. J. Lee Jones.

"Why shallow cultivation?"—Says J. O. Morgan, head of Agronomy department of A. and M. College of Texas

The two primary objects of cultivating a crop are first, to conserve moisture, and second, to kill weeds. Deep cultivation will conserve very little more moisture than shallow cultivation and possesses three very serious disadvantages: 1st—destroys the feeding roots of the crop; 2nd is wasteful of plant food, as the food elements contained in that portion of the soil that is constantly stirred are not available to the crop, because the roots are kept out of the soil; 3rd—deep cultivation usually leaves the surface of the land very uneven, again shallow and frequent cultivation destroys all weed seeds in the upper layer of the soil and does not bring to the surface weed seeds that are buried too deeply to germinate. Deep preparation and shallow cultivation should be the rule.

Quilt cotton at the Furniture Store

Mr. and Mrs. R. Gray Powell arrived Thursday after spending their honeymoon visiting Mineral Wells, Ft. Worth and Baird. They are now keeping house in their new home.

Dave DeBusk returned Monday from a trip to Dublin.

Green Boden left Monday for his home in Taylor county, after visiting his brother Ed.

Tom Hamlin of Cottonwood was here Monday.

Buy the perfect Peanut planter, The Wilson, at B. L. Boydston.

ROAD BUILDING IN McCULLOUGH COUNTY.

McCullough county is gaining considerable reputation in road building. In that county, they not only spend handsome sums in constructing permanent highways but they look well after maintenance and the citizens are enjoying the benefit of their enterprise in many ways.

Uncle Sam has just established a rural route leading out from Brady and farmers who have had to travel five miles for their mail now get it delivered at their door. Uncle Sam follows close behind the road grader the greatest civilizer of the present century. Records show that \$2,300,000 of road bonds were voted in Texas during the first quarter of 1913 and nine counties have called elections.

As we go to press Geo. McCullough is being tried in the Justice Court on a charge of vagrancy. Mr. McCullough representing himself and J. L. Alford of the Star the State, a number of witnesses are being used by both the defendant and the State.

RISING STAR DEFEATED

A ball game was "jumped up" Friday morning for 3 p. m. same day between Rising Star and our home bunch at the local park. Price of admission was lowered to ten and fifteen cents, ladies free, and a goodly number of people attended. The game resulted in an easy victory for Cross Plains, although at first the visitors had the game going their way, making 6 scores in the third inning. The game stood this way until the seventh inning, when Cross Plains began to come back, and run in a dozen scores by the last two innings. Except the high scores made in the two innings the game was good, and it was the best we have had so far.

BURKETT BEATEN

Saturday p. m. on the local diamond Dodd Price's Colts defeated Burkett's best in a closely fought game, the score being 3 to 1. This was really the best game that has been played; id est, the opposing sides were more nearly matched than any game so far, and the score was held down. The feature of the game was the pitching of James Perry for Cross Plains, who struck out about 14 men. Batteries for Cross Plains, Perry and Hub Mitchell; for Burkett, Heck and Jack Brown. This makes the third game in succession the Colts have taken from Burkett.

Buy the perfect peanut planter, The Wilson, at B. L. Boydston.

A. G. Hardin, Justice of the Peace from Rising Star, was here Wednesday attending court.

BASEBALL DOINGS

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE BATTERIES, IS AS FOLLOWS—



The Umpire.

Jeff and Dave Clark are to go Monday to Baird to play ball with the Baird bunch against Decatur.

Tuesday the Cross Plains team will leave for a series of three games with Hico. There our boys will probably be up against the "real thing", but we are banking on them still.

W. F. Griffin, the general merchant of Cottonwood, was here Wednesday.

HOME COURSE IN SCIENTIFIC AGRICULTURE

FOURTH ARTICLE—TYPE OF MODEL FARMING.

By W. J. SPILLMAN, Agriculturist in Charge of Farm Management, Bureau of Plant Industry, Department of Agriculture.

THE method of management on a fifteen acre farm that raises all the roughage for thirty head of stock, seventeen of which are cows in milk, cannot fail to be of interest to farmers in all parts of the country. The farm in question is situated in southeastern Pennsylvania, near a large city. About thirteen acres are in cultivation, the remaining two acres being occupied by buildings, yard, etc. This farm was purchased in 1881 with a mortgage of \$7,200 upon it. For the first year the farm lacked \$46 of paying expenses. During the next six years the mortgage was paid.

The soil of the farm is a reddish, somewhat gravelly clay. It was so run down in 1881 that it did not support the two cows and one horse kept upon it. It has been brought up to its present remarkable state of fertility solely by the use of stable manure applied directly from the barn as it was produced. The system of handling manure is such that not an ounce is lost, either liquid or solid. No commercial fertilizers have ever been used, and no manure has been hauled from the city. The crops are ordinarily all fed and are thus largely returned to the land in the manure. Of course much valuable fertilizer is added to the farm an



MILKING AT THE MODEL FARM.

nually from the rich milk products fed the cows. The roughage is all raised on the farm, but all the grain is bought.

The owner, a minister with no previous experience in farming, has read whatever agricultural literature has been available. The writer has never seen a farm on which system is more pronounced a feature. A peculiar feature of the management is that each of the principal operations is performed on a fixed day each succeeding year or as near to it as the weather will permit. The farm is more nearly independent of the weather than any other soil the writer has ever seen.

The farm is strictly a dairy farm, the only products regularly sold being milk and a few head of young cattle each year. The cows are mainly registered Jerseys, not only pure bred, but well bred. Scrupulous cleanliness is observed.

One man and a boy do the labor of the farm, except in hay harvest and during the cutting of silage, but these have all they can do. On a farm of this size, with high priced land, pastures are out of the question. There is not even a barn lot. The thirty head of stock remain in the barn the year round.

The writer has never seen a thriftier, better kept herd of cows. They are fed balanced rations every day in the year. Every feed consists of three parts. A portion of it is some succulent material—silage in winter and rye, timothy and clover, corn, peas and oats or some other green crop in summer. A second portion consists of dry hay or fodder. This is used to give the manure proper consistency and adds much to the convenience of caring for the cows. A third portion consists of mill products, of which three kinds are used—bran, oilmeal and gluten. The proportion of concentrates fed depends on the condition of the cow and is regulated by the flow of milk and the manure consistency.

The silage crops used are as follows: Green rye, beginning about May 1 and continuing about four weeks or until the rye is ready to cut for hay; then timothy and clover are fed till peas and oats are ready. When the latter is cut for hay the silo is opened (about July 4), and silage is fed till early corn (planted May 8) is ready. Enough of this is planted (about one-fourth acre) to last till late corn (planted about June 22) is ready. Late corn is then fed till it is time to put it in the silo. From this time forward silage is fed daily till green rye is available in the spring. No abrupt change is ever made.

These carefully kept cows are given

four ounces of salt each, daily, mixed with their feed. The cows are fed three times a day, and the salt is divided among the three feeds. Fine table salt is invariably used.

Every particle of roughage fed on this farm, including hay and all silage crops, is cut in quarter inch lengths. Even the bedding is cut thus.

There are two round silos on the farm, each ten feet in diameter and thirty-four feet high. These together hold about 100 tons of silage, and this quantity of corn silage is produced on four acres, planted about June 22. Eleven men, three teams and a traction engine to run the cutter are employed in filling the silos.

There is no systematic rotation of crops on this farm. It is not necessary since every foot of land receives an abundance of manure every year or two. Every green crop grown on the place is utilized for silage purposes, more or less, the surplus being converted into hay or silage. The crops grown are rye, timothy and clover, corn, peas and oats and millet. At least two crops a year are harvested from most of the fields. The grass crop is a mixture, the seed sown being as follows: Red clover, six quarts; timothy, five quarts; alsike, two and one-half pounds; redtop, one pound. The farm is divided into twelve small parcels, varying in size from one-fourth acre to two and one-quarter acres. In April, 1903, six of these (five or six acres in all) were in grass. About half of this was sown the last week in August, 1900, one-fourth in 1901 and one-fourth in 1902. That sown in 1900 was cut once for hay in the spring of 1903 and then plowed for late corn. The crops which preceded these plots of grass were in two cases rye, grown the preceding winter.

When this was cut for silage or for hay the ground was plowed and harrowed into fine tilth. One and a half bushels per acre of German millet were then sown. This was cut for hay before it had made seed. The land was plowed again and harrowed into fine tilth. Grass seed was then sown broadcast late in August. Sowing this early, using no nurse crop, gives a full crop the next year. In fact, because of the farm's fertility, three large crops are cut the next year after sowing grass in August. Two cuttings are made the second year. In the spring of the third season, if the crop promises to be abundant, a crop of hay is taken before breaking up the sod for late corn. If the grass crop is scanty the sod is broken earlier for any crop for which it may be needed. The sod is always heavily top dressed during the winter before it is broken up.

Some of the fields are kept in rye in

late in the fall. Rye is sown broadcast at the rate of two bushels per acre, the seed being covered by a spring tooth harrow. The hay made from this rye is readily eaten by the stock, but a part of it is used for bedding. Three of the twelve subdivisions of the farm are thus devoted regularly to rye in winter and late corn in summer. Oats and peas are sometimes sown in early spring on land sown in rye the previous fall, the rye being turned under in spring. Sometimes a piece of corn land is left bare during the winter and sown to oats and peas the next spring. Grass is occasionally sown on land from which silage has been cut. One small field was devoted to oats and peas for several years and then put down in grass, to be followed by corn. Oats and peas do not fit very well into the cropping systems followed on any of these small fields. They must be sown in early spring and are off early in July, yet they yield so much nutritious hay or silage material that a small area is usually grown.

The method of handling manure on this farm can be used only on farms on which stock is kept in stalls. Behind each row of cows is a gutter eighteen inches wide and seven inches deep. These gutters have no outlets. They are thoroughly cleaned daily. (The whole barn is disinfected twice a week, and the interior is frequently whitewashed.) When cleaned the gutters are sprinkled with ashes or dry dirt to absorb what moisture may be present. During the day a quantity of absorbent, consisting of leaf mold, rotten sod, etc., is placed in them. Each gutter ends near a door. The manure is lifted from the gutter into a cart backed up to the door. The end of the gutter next the door is slightly lower than the other end. One man lifts the manure with a fork and places it in the lower end of the trench. A second man then lifts it into the cart. In this manner the liquid manure is all got into the cart. Finally the fragments that remain in the trench are swept to the lower end and removed. The cart goes immediately to the field, and the manure is spread at once. In summer it is spread on the land from which the silage crops are removed. In winter it is spread on the rye and grass fields, on the latter particularly when the ground is too soft to place it upon the rye fields. No manure is used on newly seeded grass lands, but the second and third year grass fields are top dressed in winter.

Since this account was first presented in 1903 marked economic changes have occurred, which, if this farm were still in operation as it was then, would materially affect the profit obtained. Most of these changes relate to the price of concentrated feeding stuffs. The writer is of opinion that under present conditions this farm is smaller than a dairy farm ought to be, especially before the land has been made exceedingly fertile. It is now very desirable to have the dairy farm large enough to permit growing at least a part of the concentrated feed used, and the larger the proportion of this class of feed grown the better.

Molly McDonald

—BY—
Randall Parrish
SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Major McDonald, commanding an army post near Fort Dodge, seeks a man to intercept his daughter, Molly, who is headed for the post. An Indian outbreak is threatened.

CHAPTER II—"Brick" Hamlin, a sergeant who had just arrived with messages to McDonald, volunteers for the mission and starts alone.

CHAPTER III—Molly arrives at Fort Ripley two days ahead of schedule. She decides to push on to Fort Dodge by stage in company with "Sutler Bill" Moylan. Gonzales, a gambler, is also a passenger.

CHAPTER IV—Hamlin meets the stage with stories of depredations committed by the Indians. It is decided to return to Ripley. The driver deserts the stage when Indians appear.

CHAPTER V—The Indians are twice repulsed in attack on the stage by Hamlin, Moylan and Gonzales. The latter is killed.

CHAPTER VI—Moylan is killed in next attack. Indians retire, and Hamlin and Molly wait for the next move.

CHAPTER VII—They plan to attempt escape in the darkness by way of a gully.

CHAPTER VIII—Molly is wounded and Hamlin carries her, slipping past the watching Indians in the darkness.

CHAPTER IX—They cross a river and just get into hiding when they hear the Indians renew their attack on the stage.

CHAPTER X—The Indians discover their escape and start pursuit, but go in the wrong direction.

CHAPTER XI—Hamlin is much excited at finding a haversack marked C. S. A. He explains to Molly that he was in the Confederate service and dismissed in disgrace under charges of cowardice. At the close of the war he enlisted in the regular service. He says the haversack was the property of one Capt. LeFevre, who he suspects of being responsible for his disgrace and for whom he has been hunting ever since. Troops appear on the scene.

CHAPTER XII—Under escort of Lieut. Gaskins Molly starts to join her father. Hamlin leaves to rejoin his regiment.

CHAPTER XIII—Hamlin returns to Fort Dodge after a summer of fighting Indians, and finds Molly there.

CHAPTER XIV—Shots are heard in the night accompanied by the call of the sentry. Hamlin rushes out, sees what he believes is the figure of Molly hiding in the darkness, and falls over the body of Lieut. Gaskins, who has been wounded. The officer accuses Hamlin of shooting him and the sergeant is arrested.

CHAPTER XV—Hamlin is discharged from arrest, the officers being satisfied of his innocence, although Gaskins persists in accusing him. Hamlin believes Gaskins is shielding Molly. He later sees her in company with Mrs. Dupont, whom he recognizes as a former sweetheart, who threw him over for LeFevre. Hamlin gets a note from Mrs. Dupont requesting an interview.

CHAPTER XVI—Mrs. Dupont declares she was forced by LeFevre to send a lying note to Hamlin, and that she wrote another giving the truth, which Hamlin did not receive.

CHAPTER XVII—Hamlin accuses Mrs. Dupont of being in a plot with LeFevre to drive him out of the Confederate service in disgrace, so LeFevre, who was a junior officer, would get command of the regiment. He declares he has been looking for LeFevre ever since in hopes of making him atone for the truth which will clear his record. He hints that Mrs. Dupont better leave the place at once.

CHAPTER XVIII—Hamlin overhears a conversation between a civilian named Dupont and a soldier which indicates that they are hatching up a money-making scheme in connection with Mrs. Dupont, involving Gaskins.

CHAPTER XIX—Molly seeks an interview with Hamlin. The sergeant tells her that he and Mrs. Dupont were former sweethearts, but the woman had played him false.

CHAPTER XX—Molly says her father seems to be in Mrs. Dupont's power. The latter claims to be a daughter of McDonald's sister. McDonald is trying to force Molly to marry Gaskins.

CHAPTER XXI—McDonald is ordered to Fort Ripley with \$20,000 in money. Molly disappears. Hamlin gets about to trace her.

CHAPTER XXII—He discovers that a man in uniform who left on the stage under the name of McDonald was not the major.

CHAPTER XXIII—Hamlin discovers McDonald's murdered body. Footprints indicate that two white men and three Indians were involved in the deed. Hamlin is given two troopers and a scout named Wason to run down the murderers. Dupont is suspected.

CHAPTER XXIV—Conners, soldier accomplice of Dupont, is found murdered.

CHAPTER XXV—Hamlin's party is caught in a fierce blizzard while heading for the Cimmaron. One man dies from cold and another almost succumbs. Wason is shot as they come in sight of the Cimmaron. Hamlin dashes blindly forward alone in pursuit of the man who fired the shot.

CHAPTER XXVI—By heroic work he resuscitates Carroll, his remaining trooper. Hamlin discovers a log cabin hidden under a bluff.

CHAPTER XXVII—It is occupied by Hughes, a cow thief, who is laying for LeFevre, who cheated him in a cattle deal. The description identifies LeFevre and Dupont as one and the same. LeFevre is hand and glove with the Indians. Hughes shot Wason mistaking him for one of LeFevre's party.

CHAPTER XXVIII—Hamlin decides to wait at the cabin until the storm abates before attempting to take up the trail of LeFevre, who is carrying Molly to the Indians' camp.

CHAPTER XXIX—Hamlin and Hughes start in pursuit of the fugitives. Two days out they sight them.

CHAPTER XXX—A fight ensues in which Hughes is shot by an Indian.

CHAPTER XXXI—Hughes, dying, makes a desperate attempt to shoot LeFevre, but hits Hamlin, while the latter is disarming LeFevre. LeFevre escapes, believing Hamlin dead. Molly tells Hamlin that her father was implicated in the plot to steal the paymaster's money.

CHAPTER XXXII—Hamlin confesses his love for Molly and finds that it is unreciprocated. They start for the log cabin.

CHAPTER XXXIII—Molly tells the story of her experience. Her father was in the power of Mrs. Dupont, who was bleeding him for money. He was forced into a plot to secure the paymaster's money by pretending robbery. McDonald was killed as a result of a quarrel

tened intently, gripping the arms of his chair.

"Shot from behind, hey?" he ejaculated, "and his clothing stolen. Looks like a carefully planned affair, Sergeant; sending that fellow through to Ripley was expected to throw us off the track. That's why they were so careless covering their trail; expected to have several days' start. It is my notion they never intended to kill him; had a row of some kind, or else Mac tried to get away. Any trace of the girl?"

"No; but she must have been there."

"So I think; got mixed up in the affair some way, and they have been compelled to carry her off to save themselves. Do you know why they were after Mac?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I do; he carried thirty thousand dollars."

"What?"

"He was acting paymaster. The money came in from Wallace last evening, and he was ordered to take it to Ripley at once."

Hamlin drew in his breath quickly in surprise.

"Who knew about that, sir?"

"No one but the Adjutant, and Major McDonald—not even the orderly."

The eyes of officer and soldier met. "Do you suppose he could have told her?" the former asked in sudden suspicion.

"That would be my theory, sir. But it is useless to speculate. We have no proof, no means of forcing her to confess. The only thing for us to do is to trail those fugitives. I need another man—a scout—Wasson, if he can be spared—and rations for three days."

The Colonel hesitated an instant, and then rose, placing a hand on Hamlin's arm.

"I'll do it for Miss McDonald, but not for the money," he said slowly. "I expect orders every hour for your troop, and Wasson is detailed for special service. But damn it, I'll take the responsibility—go on, and run those devils down."

Hamlin turned to the door; then wheeled about.

"You know this man Dupont, Colonel?"

"Only by sight."

"Any idea where he used to run cattle?"

"Wait a minute until I think. I heard McDonald telling about him one night at the club, something Mrs. Dupont had let slip, but I didn't pay much attention at the time. Seems to me, though, it was down on the Canadian. No, I have it now—Buffalo Creek; runs into the Canadian. Know such a stream?"

"I've heard of it; in west of the North Fork somewhere."

"You think it was Dupont, then?"

"I haven't a doubt that he is in the affair, and that the outfit is headed for that section. I don't know, sir, where those Indians came from, or how they happened to be up here, but I believe they belong to Black Kettle's band of Cheyennes. His bunch is down below the Canadian; is it not, sir?"

"Yes."

"Dupont must be friendly with them, and this coup has been planned for some time. Last night was the chance they have been waiting for. The only mistake in their plans has been the early discovery because of Miss Molly's disappearance. They have gone away careless, expecting two or three days' start, and they will only have a few hours. We'll run them down, with good luck, before they cross the Cimarron. You have no further instructions, sir?"

"No, nothing, Sergeant. You're an old hand, and know your business, and



The Man Roughly Dressed Lay on His Face.

there is no better scout on the plains than Sam Wasson. Good-bye, and good luck."

CHAPTER XXIV.

In Pursuit.

The four men, heavily armed, and equipped for winter service, rode up the bank of the ravine to the irregularity of plain beyond. The trail, leading directly south into the solitudes, was easily followed, and Wasson, slightly in advance of the others, made no attempt to check his horse, content to lean forward, his keen eyes marking every sign. Scarcely a word was exchanged, since Hamlin had explained what had occurred as they crossed the river. Hardly less interested than the Sergeant, the sober-faced scout concentrated every energy on the pursuit, both men realizing the necessity of haste. Not only would the trail be difficult after they attained the sand belt, but, if snow fell, would be utterly blotted out. And the dull, murky sky

threatened snow, the sharp wind having already veered to the northwest. All about stretched a dull, dead picture of desolation, a dun-colored plain, unrelieved by vegetation, matching the skies above, extending in every direction through weary leagues of dismal loneliness. The searching eye sought no relief from desolate sameness, drear monotony. Nowhere was there movement, or any semblance of life. Behind, the land was broken by ravines, but in every other direction it stretched level to the horizon, except that far off southward arose irregular ridges of sand, barren, ugly blotches, colorless, and forever changing formation under the beating of a ceaseless wind. It was desert, across which not even a snake crawled, and no wing of migrating bird beat the eaden sky above.

The marks of their horses' hoofs putting sharply into the soil, told accurately the fugitives' rate of progress, and the pursuers swept forward with caution, anxious to spare their mounts and to keep out of vision themselves until nightfall. Their success depended largely on surprise, and the confidence of those ahead that they were unpursued. Wasson expressed the situation exactly, as the four halted a moment at an unexpectedly-discovered water-hole.

"I'd think this yere plain trail was some Injun trick, boys, if I didn't know the reason for it. 'T ain't Injun nature, an' he's cock-sure that nobody's chasin' him yet. He's figurin' on two or three days' get-a-way, and so don't care a tinker's dam 'bout these yere marks. Once in the sand, an' thar won't be no trail anyhow. It's some kinty out thar, an' it would be like huntin' a needle in a haystack to try an' find them fellars after ter-night. This is my idea—we'll just mosey along slow, savin' the hosses an' keepin' back out o' sight till dark. Them fellars ain't many hours ahead, an' are likely ter camp fust part of their night anyhow. They'll feel safe onct hid in them sand-hills, an' if they don't git no sight of us, most likely they won't even post no guard. Thet's when we want ter dig in the spurs. Ain't that about the right program, Sergeant?"

Burning with impatience as Hamlin was, fearful that every additional moment of delay might increase the girl's danger, he was yet soldier and plainsman enough to realize the wisdom of the old scout. There were at least four men in the party pursued, two of them Indian warriors, the two whites desperate characters. Without doubt they would put up a fierce fight, or, if warned in time, could easily scatter and disappear.

"Of course you are right, Sam," he replied promptly. "Only I am so afraid of what may happen to Miss Molly."

"Forget it. Thar's nuthin' goin' ter happen to her while the bunch is on the move. If that outfit was all Injun, or all white, maybe thar might. But the way it is they'll never agree on nuthin', 'cept how to git away. 'T ain't likely they ever meant ter kill the Major, 'er take the girl erlong. Them things just naturally happened, an' now they're scared stiff. I'll take a day or two for 'em to make up their minds what to do."

"What do you imagine they will decide, Sam?"

"Wall, thet's all guesswork. But I reckon I know what I'd do if I was in thet sort 'o fix an' bel'n' chased fer murder an' robbery. I'd take the easy way; make fer the nearest Injun village, an' leave the girl thar."

"You mean Black Kettle's camp?"

"I reckon; he's down thar on the Canadian somewhar. You kin bet those fellars know whar, an' thet's whut they're aimin' for, unless this yere Dupont has some hidin' out scheme of his own. Whar did you say he ranched?"

"Buffalo Creek."

"Thet's the same neighborhood; must 've been in cahoots with those red devils to have ever run cattle in thar. We've got to head 'em off afore they git down into that kinty, or we won't have no scalps to go back home with. Let's mosey erlong, boys."

The day grew dark and murky as they moved steadily forward, the wind blew cold from out the northwest, the heavy canopy of cloud settled lower in a frosty fog, which gradually obscured the landscape. This mist became so thick that the men could scarcely see a hundred yards in any direction, and Hamlin placed a pocket compass on his saddle-pommel. The trail was less distinct as they traversed a wide streak of alkali, but what few signs remained convinced Wasson that the fugitives were still together, and riding southward. Under concealment of the fog his previous caution relaxed, and he led the way at a steady trot, only occasionally drawing rein to make certain there was no division of the party ahead. The alkali powdered them from head to foot, clinging to the horses' hides, reddening and blinding the eyes, poisoning the lips dry and parched with thirst. The two troopers swung grimly, but the Sergeant and scout rode in silence, bent low over their pommels, eyes strained into the mist ahead. It was not yet dark when they rode in between the first sand-dunes, and Wasson, pulling his horse up short, checked the others with up-lifted hand.

"'Har'll be a camp here soon," he said, swinging down from the saddle, and studying the ground. "The wind has 'bout blotted it all out, but you kin see yere back o' this ridge whar they turned in, an' they was walkin' thet horses. Gittin' pretty tired, I reckon. We might as well stop yere to, Sergeant, an' eat some cold grub. Yee two men spread her out, an' rub down a hosses, while Hamlin an' I post about a bit. Better find out all we kin, 'Brick,' fore it gits dark." Hamlin started forward on the faint trail, his rifle in the hollow of his arm,

and the Sergeant ranged up beside him. The sand was to their ankles, and off the ridge summit the wind whirled the sharp grit into their faces.

"What's comin', Sam; a storm?"

"Snow," answered the scout shortly, "a blizzard of it, er I lose my guess. 'Fore midnight yer won't be able ter see yer hand afore yer face. I've been out yere in them things afore, an' they're sure hell. If we don't git sight o' thet outfit mighty soon, 't ain't likely we ever will. I've been expectin' that wind to shift nor'east all day—then we'll get it." He got down on his knees, endeavoring to decipher some faint marks on the sand. "Two of 'em dismounted yere, an Injun an' a white—a white feller by his hoof prints—an' they went on leadin' their hosses. Goin' into camp, I reckon—sure, here's the spot now. Well, I'll be damned!"

Both men stood staring—under protection of a sand ridge was a little blackened space where some mesquite chips had been burned, and all about it freshly trampled sand, and slight



"Thar's Nothin' Goin' to Happen" to Her While This Bunch Is on the Move.

impressions where men had outstretched themselves. Almost at Wasson's feet fluttered a pink ribbon, and beyond the fire circle lay the body of a man, face up to the sky. It was Connors, a ghastly bullet hole between his eyes, one cheek caked black with blood. The Sergeant sprang across, and bent over the motionless form.

"Pockets turned inside out," he said, glancing back. "The poor devil!"

"Had quite a row here," returned the scout. "That stain over thar is blood, an' it never come from him, fer he died whar he fell. Most likely he shot first, or used a knife. The girl's with 'em anyhow; I reckon this yere was her ribbon; that footprint is sure."

He stirred up the scattered ashes, and then passed over and looked at the dead man.

"What do yer think, Sergeant?"

"They stopped here to eat, maybe five hours ago," pushing the ashes about with his toe. "The fire has been out that long. Then they got into a quarrel—Connors and Dupont—for he was shot with a Colt '45; no Indian ever did that. Then they struck out again with two led horses. I should say they were three or four hours ahead, traveling slow."

"Good enough," and Wasson patted his arm. "You're a plainsman all right, 'Brick.' You kin sure read signs. Thet's just 'bout the whole story, as I make it. Nuthin' for us to do but snatch a bite an' go on. Our hosses 're fresher'n theirs. No sense or stoppin' to bury Connors; he ain't worth it, an' the birds'll take care o' him. The outfit was still a headin' south—see?"

There could be no doubt of this, as the shelter of the sand ridge had preserved a plain trail, although a few yards beyond, the sweeping wind had already almost obliterated every sign of passage. The four men ate heartily of their cold provender, discussing the situation in a few brief sentences. Wasson argued that Dupont was heading for some Indian winter encampment, thinking to shift responsibility for the crime upon the savages, thus permitting him to return once more to civilization, but Hamlin clung to his original theory of a hide-out upon Dupont's old cattle-range, and that a purpose other than the mere robbery of McDonald was in view. All alike, however, were convinced that the fugitives were seeking the wild bluffs of the Canadian river for concealment.

It was not yet dark when they again picked up the trail, rode around the dead body of Connors, and pushed forward into the maze of sand. For an hour the advance was without incident, the scout in the lead not even dismounting, his keen eyes picking up the faint "sign" unerringly. Then darkness shut down, the lowering bank of clouds completely blotting the stars, although the white glisten of the sand under foot yielded a slight guidance. Up to this time there had been no deviation in direction, and now when the trail could be no longer distinguished, the little party decided on riding straight southward until they struck the Cimarron. An hour or two later the moon arose, hardly visible and yet brightening the cloud canopy, so that the riders could see each other and proceed more rapidly. Suddenly Wasson lifted his hand, and turned his face up to the sky.

"Snow," he announced soberly. "Thought I felt it afore, and the wind's changed."

Hamlin turned in the saddle, feeling already the sharp sting of snow pellets on his face. Before he could even snaver the air was full of whiteness, a fierce gust of wind hurling the flying particles against them. In another instant they were in the very heart of the storm, almost hurled forward by the force of the wind, and

blinded by the icy deluge. The pelting of the hail startled the horses, and in spite of every effort of the riders, they drifted to the right, tails to the storm. The swift change was magical. The sharp particles of icy snow seemed to swirl upon them from every direction, sucking their very breath, bewildering them, robbing them of all sense of direction. Within two minutes the men found it impossible to penetrate the wintry shroud except for a few feet ahead of them.

The Sergeant knew what it meant, for he had had experience of these plains storms before.

"Halt!" he cried, his voice barely audible in the blast. "Close up, men; come here to me—lively now! That you, Wade? Wasson; oh, all right, Sam. Here, pass that lariat back; now get a grip on it, every one of you, and hold to it for your lives. Let me take the lead, Sam; we'll have to run by compass. Now, then, are you ready?"

The lariat rope, tied to Hamlin's pommel, straightened out and was grasped desperately by the gloved hands of the men behind. The Sergeant, shading his eyes, half smothered in the blast, could see merely ill-defined shadows.

"All caught?"

The answers were inaudible.

"For the Lord's sake, speak up; answer now—Wasson."

"Here."

"Wade."

"Here."

"Carroll."

"Here."

"Good; now come on after me."

He drove his horse forward, head bent low over the compass, one arm flung up across his mouth to prevent inhaling the icy air. He felt the tug of the line; heard the labored breathing of the next horse behind, but saw nothing except that wall of swirling snow pellets hurled against him by a pitiless wind, fairly lacerating the flesh. It was freezing cold; already he felt numb, exhausted, heavy-eyed. The air seemed to penetrate his clothing, and prick the skin as with a thousand needles. The thought came that if he remained in the saddle he would freeze stiff. Again he turned, and sent the voice of command down the struggling line:

"Dismount; wind the rope around your pommels. Sam. How far is it to the Cimarron?"

"More'n twenty miles."

"All right! We've got to make it, boys," forcing a note of cheerfulness into his voice. "Hang on to the bit even if you drop. I may drift to the west, but that won't lose us much. Come on, now."

"Hamlin, let me break trail."

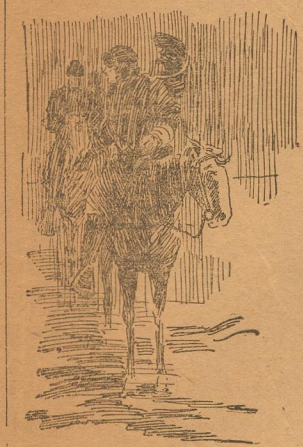
"We'll take it turn about, Sam. It'll be worse in an hour than it is now. All ready, boys."

Blinded by the sleet, staggering to the fierce pummeling of the wind, yet clinging desperately to his horse's bit, the Sergeant struggled forward in the swirl of the storm.

CHAPTER XXV.

In the Blizzard.

There was no cessation, no abatement. Across a thousand miles of plain the ice-laden wind swept down upon them with the relentless fury of a hurricane, driving the snow crystals into their faces, buffeting them mercilessly, numbing their bodies, and blinding their eyes. In that awful grip they looked upon Death, but struggled on, as real men must until they fall. Breathing was agony; every step became a torture; fingers grasping the horses' bits grew stiff and deadened by frost; they reeled like drunken men, sightless in the mad swirl, deafened by the pounding of the blast against their ears. All consciousness left them! Only dumb instinct kept them battling for life, staggering forward, foot by foot, odd phantasies of



"Close Up, Men; Come Here to Me."

Imagination beginning to beckon. In their weakness, delirium gripped their half-mad brains, yielding new strength to fight the snow fiend. Aching in every point, trembling from fatigue, they dare not rest an instant. The wind, veering more to the east, lashed their faces like a whip. They crouched behind the horses to keep out of the sting of it, crunching the snow, now in deep drifts, under their half-frozen feet.

Wade, a young fellow not overly strong, fell twice. They placed him in the center, with Carroll bringing up the rear. Again he went down, face buried in the snow, crying like a babe. Desperately the others lashed him into his saddle, binding a blanket about him, and went grimly staggering on, his limp figure rocking above them. Hour succeeded hour in ceaseless struggle; no one knew where they were, only the leader staggered on,

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State of Texas, County of Callahan
In Justice Court, Precinct No. 6
Callahan County, State of Texas.
Civil docket No. 48, D. P. Carter
and C. S. Kenady vs O. N. Wingfield.

Whereas in the above case D. P. Carter and C. S. Kenady against O. W. Wingfield civil docket No. 48, a certain judgement was rendered against O. N. Wingfield for the sum of \$148.20 in favor of D. P. Carter and C. S. Kenady and all cost accrued or that may accrue in said case with interest and ten per cent attorney fees, and whereas on the 23 day of December 1912 in said suit an attachment was intered against 50 acres of land situated in Callahan county, State of Texas, belonging to said O. N. Wingfield defendant, said land being 50 acres of the Vigo survey No. 798 abstract No. 523 situated and being near Caddo Peak and on or near the water of Burnt Branch an adjoining the farm of W. L. Trammell all under fence and eight acres shrubbed off or partly cleared, known as the Wingfield place in Callahan county, Texas and near the Caddo Peak road. The said Justice Court having ordered said land sold to satisfy the said judgement and cost for which execution is issued for \$148.20 and all cost including interest and ten per cent attorney fees in this suit. Said land having been duly advertised in a weekly newspaper for sale under execution by me the undersigned constable in and for Precinct No. 6 of Callahan county, State of Texas, said newspaper being the Cross Plains Review, said land was advertised on or from 25th day of April to the 16th day of May 1913. Now therefore on the 1st Tuesday of the month of June 1913 it being the 3rd day of June in said month between the hours of 10 o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m. on said day at the court house in the city of Baird in the county of Callahan, I will offer for sale at public auction for cash all the right, title and interest of the said O. N. Wingfield defendant in and to said land.

Dated Cross Plains, Callahan county, Texas and given under my

hand on the 15th day of April 1913.
C. F. Olesby,
Constable in and Precinct No. 6
Callahan county, and State of
Texas.

Building Warehouse

B. L. Brydstun is having constructed in the rear of the buildings he uses for his business a two story warehouse, 32x50 in dimensions, and built of sheet iron. This will afford him much needed room near his store.

We have the Bulgarian silk in all colors for trimming.

Mercantile Co.

NOTICE.

I am in a position to handle a few thousand dollars worth of good vendor's lien notes.

Virgil Hart.

I am prepared to do all kinds of harness repair work. See me in the rear of the Racket Store.

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For Sale: A registered Jersey bull, squirrel grey in color. Cash or good notes.

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Plenty of Buggy and Wagon Paint also Linseed Oil at
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The Crystal Cafe

I am still running the Cafe, and have
employed a new cook, the biggest and
best one in town. Give me a part of
your business.

Tom Henson, Prop.

Blood Was Wrong

All women, who suffer from the aches and pains, due
to female ailments, are urged to try Cardui, the reliable,
scientific, tonic remedy, for women. Cardui acts promptly,
yet gently, and without bad effects, on the womanly system,
relieving pain, building up strength, regulating the system,
and toning up the nerves. During the past half century,
thousands of ladies have written to tell of the quick curative
results they obtained, from the use of this well-known medicine.

TAKE CARDUI The Woman's Tonic

Mrs. Jane Callahan suffered from womanly trouble for
nearly ten years. In a letter from Whiteville, N. C., she
says: "I was not able to do my own housework. My
stomach was weak, and my blood was wrong. I had back-
ache, and was very weak. I tried several doctors, but they
did me no good. I used Cardui for 3 or 4 months, and now
I am in the best health I have ever been. I can never praise
Cardui enough." It is the best tonic, for women.

Whether seriously sick, or simply weak, try Cardui.

Write to: Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.,
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in millinery you wish call
in.—Carter & Kenady.

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adv.

Geo. Pryor left Saturday for
Waco and other points.

Henry Wooten and Bob Cross
of Burkett were here Monday. Mr.
Cross is doing a nice confectionery
business there.

A. J. Nations came into town
Wednesday from Burkett. He
came after his niece Miss Bessie
Nations of Rule, who has been the
guest of her grandparents Mr. and
Mrs. J. M. Coffman.

Buy New Showcases

The City Drug Store, who are
ways abreast of the times, have
just received and installed a num-
ber of modern showcases.

Clint Rutherford and Sam Barr,
who had played the role of widowers
as long as they could, left last of
last week for Abilene, returning
home Saturday with their wives.

Buy a Settee for your porch.
Furniture Store.

**CALLAHAN COUNTY SHEEP
AND WOOL STATISTICS**

The proposed tariff schedule now
under consideration by Congress,
putting wool on the free list, is of
interest to the sheep growers of
Callahan county. The present
tariff on wool is, approximately, 11
cents per pound. The quantity of
wool clipped in this country is not
of record, but the clip per sheep
per annum amounts to about 5.1
pounds.

There are 4013 sheep and goats,
valued at \$8803 by the Federal
Census Department, on the farms
and ranges of Callahan county. The
annual wool and mohair production
is valued at \$570 and 107 sheep and
goats are sold and slaughtered each
year, and their total value is \$134.

The number of these animals on
the farms and ranges of the entire
State is 1,808,709, which have a
value of \$6,301,564. The produc-
tion of sheep and goats is 591,976
annually, valued at \$1,361,544 and
the State's yearly wool production
is valued at \$2,267,308.

Luke Clements returned home
Sunday from attending a Shriners
meeting at Dallas. He went to
witness the induction of his brother
Albert into the secrets of the order.

Foster and Broad Bond left Sun-
day for Plover near Fort Worth
where they go to enjoy a few days
picnic given by the State Ginners
Association.

Lodge Directory

Masonic Lodge No 627



Cross Plains,
meets on or before
full moon in each
month at Masonic

over Bank of Cross Plains.



Plains, Tex.

M. C. Baum, Clerk.

W. O. W. Camp No. 778.



Meets every Sat-
urday night before 2
& 4 Sun. at I. O. O.
F. Hall, Cross
Plains, Tex.

E. T. Bond, Clerk.

I. O. O. F. Lodge No. 171.



Meets every Fri-
day night at 8:30
at the I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. W. Barr, Sec.

M. E. Church, South.

Preaching each 1st and 4th Sun-
days at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

Sunday school each Sunday 10 a.
m. Geo. Carter Supt.

Prayer meeting each Wednesday
7:30 p. m.

Woman's Home Mission Society
meets Thursdays before the 2nd and
4th Sundays of each month. Mrs.
Tyson Pres.

You are cordially invited to attend
all our church services.

A. Lee Boyd Pastor.

Presbyterian Church.

Presbyterian church, preaching on
2nd and 3rd Sundays at 11 a. m. and
8 p. m.

Sunday school at 10 a. m. Regu-
lar session meeting, Friday, 3 p. m.

George A. Crane, Pastor.

Baptist Church.

Preaching every 2 & 4 Sunday at
11 o'clock a. m. and 8 o'clock p.
m. and the Saturday before at 11 a.
m. and 8 p. m. Prayer meeting
Wednesday night at 8 o'clock.

Preaching

At the Christian Church the first
Sunday in each month at 11
o'clock and Saturday night before.
Sunday School every Sunday at
10 o'clock and a Bible school every
Wednesday night at 7:15. All are
invited to attend.

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one of the Cunningham boys, all of
Burkett, were here Sunday in Mr.
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