

The McLean News

FOURTEENTH YEAR

McLEAN, GRAY COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, June 29, 1917

NO. 24

Registration Blanks

We have plenty of Registration Blanks for Cars and will be glad to help you out in any way we can.

Bentley & Grigsby

First Class Garage Service

Notice

The U. S. Government need Battleships Ammunition, etc., we need your scrap Iron will pay \$5.00 per ton for all kinds of iron free from sheet iron and tin. Clean up your premises and have healthy surroundings.

Welch Bros, Blacksmith Shop
McLean Texas

COMING

Car
Of

Bran and Shorts

Bran \$1.85
Shorts 2.35

W. L. HAYNES

Sunday "Food Saving Day"

Sunday, July first, has been set aside as "Food Saving Day" by Herbert Hoover, Chairman of the food supply of the United States. It is requested that on this day the purpose and motto of every household in America will be to Save the Waste and Win the War.

Ministers everywhere have been asked to devote the Sunday morning service on this day to Food Conservation. Rev. J. T. Howell, pastor of the Methodist church, has signified his intention of using this subject for his text as is requested. Rev. R. F. Hamilton, pastor of the Baptist church, will also use this subject in Alanreed, this being his regular appointment at that place. Rev. Smith, pastor of the Presbyterian church, will not be able to fill the pulpit Sunday but is in sympathy with the subject. S. R. Jones, pastor of the Nazarine church, will also devote his service to this subject.

\$108.00 For Red Cross

Postmaster J. F. Faulkner passed a subscription list this week and secured one hundred and eight dollars for Red Cross Relief work. This amount is far short of what our people should rightfully give. The call for funds is still open and those who will contribute can see Mr. Faulkner. Those responding were:

T J Coffey, J F Faulkner, F M Anderson, J P Reeves, Earl Shell, W C Montgomery, A W Hayne, J W McAdams, M L Smith, Earnest, Clark, Troy West, Bee Everett, C Galloway, S A Cousins, V O Cooke, J W Kibler, E R Eakins, A T Russell, J D Morgan, J W Dunn, Sam Hodges, J S Denson, C S Rice, W L Webb, W D Sims, W C Cheney, Citizens State Bank, A G Richardson, Joe Glass, S H Bundy, McLean Hdw Co., G R Bellenger, T W Henry, W A Hedrick, Bob Ashby, F P Wilson, L O Floyd, M D Bentley, D A Davis, R F Hamilton, W T Wilson, A W Willard, A T Wilson, W H Bates, J S Morse, W J Keasler, J F Minter, J C Kinard, J M Noel, C C Holland, Chas. Carpenter, R R Faulkner, S R Jones, R W Bailey, Roy Richardson, J P Welch F Jones, S E Boyett, Geo. Bourland, R S Thompson, John Mertel, Allan Wilson, Scott Johnston, W C Foster, L F Coffey, W E Ballard, Clay Thompson, Jacob Hess, G W Sitter, E W Bowen, Chas. Guill and Mesdames W C Foster, S A Cousins, S B Fast and W H Bates and Misses Ethel McCurdy and Grace Francis and the Presbyterian Ladies Aid.

\$53,200 Bull Calf.

At Worcester, Mass., D. W. Fields of Brockton, paid \$53,200 for a five months old bull calf at the Holstein-Friesian Association Convention's Auction sale. It is the highest price ever paid for a bovine at an auction sale. The seller was Oliver Cabana of Elmira, N. Y. The bull is named King Ormsby Jane Ray Apple. Thy previous record price was \$35,000.

Will Organize Red Cross

Realizing the need of a local Red Cross Society, a call has been made to meet at the Methodist church Sunday evening at 8 o'clock for the purpose of effecting an organization. Keep in mind that this will not be a "Methodist" organization, but is for you and me and will furnish a channel through which everyone may do his "bit."

Be on hand at 8 o'clock and come with a spirit of service.

"In an age charged with being selfish, sordid, and commercial there has grown up and developed the greatest organization for unselfish service the world has ever seen—the American Red Cross. The growth of the Red Cross Society is evidence not to be controverted that the spirit of service is strong in the hearts of the people of today. The work of the society demonstrates that there are thousands who are willing to devote their services to humanity, and the support given by voluntary contributions shows that there are hundreds of thousands more who are willing to devote a portion of their means to the alleviation of suffering.

"The activities of the Red Cross always have been generously supported by the American public, but only since "our own" soldiers beg to take a place in the trenches alongside our allies has this support become bountiful."

In the recent call for \$100,000,000 for Red Cross Work much more than this amount was raised in just one week, known as "Red Cross week."

Texas Crops Improving

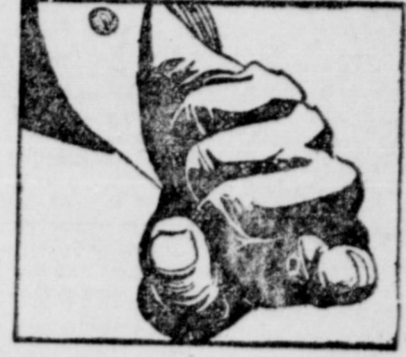
With good rains from April 15 to May 15, continuing into June, Texas is maturing a small grain crop that was not thought possible after the long winter drouth and the cold late spring. A rain over the state May 19 20, averaging about an inch brought the wheat and oats forward wonderfully, and there is now every indication of more than an average crop (11,164,000 bu.)

Wheat and oats acreage was increased last year, but the unseasonable winter and spring caused abandonment in many cases; notwithstanding early starting and later storm damage, a yield of more than eleven million bushels is probable. Harvesting is now in full progress everywhere except in the Panhandle. The oats yield will be up to the average [25,000,000 bu.]

The corn acreage has been increased about twenty per cent. If right weather conditions prevail from now on Texas may expect the greatest corn crop in its history, exceeding the record crop of 1915 (7,100,000 bu.).

The peanut acreage including that planted for feed as well as for the sale of the nuts, was approximately half a Million acres in 1916. A conservative estimate for this year is an increase of 30 per cent. with a larger proportion grown for sale.

The southern counties of the Panhandle have not had enough rain, but in the eastern and northern portions conditions are increasingly better to the Oklahoma line. The wheat yield will average 10 to 12 bushels. Oats will make an average yield. Planting of row crops is still in progress.



I Want You to Understand

that by buying your Drugs from us, you are getting absolutely the best VALUE for the money to be obtained anywhere.

On the basis of RIGHT QUALITY goods we invite the keenest comparison.

ERWIN DRUG CO.

Progressive Conservatism

A Bank can be so "hidebound" in its conservatism as to loose its powers of expansion or, it can be so liberal in its policies as to endanger its solvency.

This bank has tried to strike the happy medium a PROGRESSIVE CONSERVATISM, which, combines all the elements of safety, with a policy of liberality without prodigality.

The Citizens State Bank

Of McLean, Texas

(Guarantee Fund Bank)

A Home Bank Owned By Home People

Just A Word

I am prepared to take care of your grocery bill. Good, clean fresh stock.

Old Dobbin

is still on the job with quick delivery

G. R. Bellenger

Phone 25

Read The News

COULDN'T LIFT SIX MONTHS OLD BABY

Mrs. Hawkins Was So Weak Couldn't Move in Her Bed Without Help.

HAD SUFFERED TORTURE

Well and Strong Again After Taking Tanlac and Weighs More Than She Has in Over Eighteen Years.

"I was down in bed and couldn't raise my head or move without help and now I'm able to do all my housework, even to my cooking and garden work and I weigh more than I have in eighteen years and have been taking Tanlac only about four weeks," said Mrs. Dollie Hawkins, 4906 Second Avenue, South, Birmingham, Ala., recently.

"For years," continued Mrs. Hawkins, "I suffered with rheumatism and acute indigestion. The rheumatism got me down in bed and had me bound so hard and fast somebody had to move me about and the pain was terrible. I couldn't lift my six-months-old baby, and had to hire someone to wait on me and do my work. I was so nervous the least little thing dropping on the floor would startle me and my heart would almost stop beating. I couldn't eat any solid food at all and was in such run-down condition my baby fell off until it was just a little skeleton and fretted and cried all the time. No kind of medicine did me any good and I was getting worse all the time.

"If ever a medicine did wonders, Tanlac did it for me and my little baby. I felt better in just a few days after I began taking it. I have taken three bottles and I am not nervous in the least now and my sleep is fine and rests me. The awful rheumatic pains and misery is all gone. I can eat anything I want and my food not only gives me nourishment but my baby is as fat as a little pig and sits for hours at a time on a pallet and plays without a whimper. Tanlac has made a well woman of me and a fat, healthy baby out of my little sickly one, and I'm just so thankful for what Tanlac has done for us I want everybody to know about this great medicine."

There is a Tanlac dealer in your town. Adv.

The wise wife will see that her husband's life is well insured before beginning to practice economy by discharging the cook.

HEAL ITCHING SKINS

With Cuticura Soap and Ointment—They Heal When Others Fail.

Nothing better, quicker, safer, sweeter for skin troubles of young and old that itch, burn, crust, scale, torture or disfigure. Once used always used because these super-creamy emollients tend to prevent little skin troubles becoming serious, if used daily.

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

PHYSICAL IMPOSSIBILITY.

"Write him a sharp answer, dear." "Can't do it, pet; I haven't any but stub pens."

KIDNEY REMEDY HIGHLY RECOMMENDED

There is no medicine which we handle that gives such good results as your Swamp-Root. Many of our customers have informed us at different times that they have derived great benefit from its use.

There was one case in particular which attracted a great deal of attention in this neighborhood early last Spring, as the gentleman's life was despaired of and two doctors treating him for liver and kidney trouble were unable to give him any relief. Finally a specialist from St. Louis was called in but failed to do him any good. I at last induced him to try your Swamp-Root and after taking it for three months, he was attending to his business as usual and is now entirely well. This case has been the means of creating an increased demand for your Swamp-Root with us.

Very truly yours,

L. A. RICHARDSON, Druggist. May 27, 1916. Marine, Illinois.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You. Send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample size bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention this paper. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.—Adv.

HER NOTION.

"Going to have a vegetable garden this year?" "Well, I thought I'd plant a little succotash."

THIS IS THE AGE OF YOUTH.

You will look ten years younger if you darken your ugly, grizzly, gray hairs by using "La Creole" Hair Dressing.—Adv.

Love often makes a fool of a sensible man and sometimes it makes a sensible man of a fool.

Sore Eyes Granulated Eyelids.

Eyes inflamed by exposure to Sun, Dust and Wind quickly relieved by Murine Eye Remedy. No Smarting, just Eye Comfort. At Druggists or by mail 50c per Bottle. Murine Eye Salve in Tubes 25c. For Book of the Eye FREE ask Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

Fourth of July

By HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH

TODAY the birthright of her hopes the marching nation sings. And o'er the arms of laughing forts the banner lifts her wings. Today in honor of the flag the myriad labors cease,

And breathe the silver bugles low the mellowed notes of peace. Ho, bugles, ho! Ho, glimmering bands! Ho, veterans old and true! Ho, children marching for the States, 'mid roses wined with dew!

Behind ye thrice a hundred years, before, a thousand grand. What are the Past to you today, O children of the land?

What are thy legends, O thou flag, that gladdenest land and sea? What is thy meaning in the air amid the jubilee?

Flag of the sun that glows for all, Flag of the breeze that blows for all, Flag of the sea that flows for all—The silver bugles blow and blow across the silver sea. What is thy meaning in the air? O banner, answer me!

No azure pavon old art thou, borne on the palmer's spear; No oriflamme of Red Cross Knight, or coultured cavalier;

No gold pomegranates of the sun burn on thy silken cloud. Nor shamrock green, nor thistle red, nor couchant lion proud;

No golden bees of purpled isles on red taffeta wrought. Nor eagle poising in the sky above the ocelot.

No gaping dragons haunt thy folds as in the white sun's spray. When westerling Vikings turned their prows from noontide Norway;

No double crowns beneath the cross are in thy hues unrolled. Such as the Prophet Pilot led toward the sunset world;

No Golden Virgin, circlet-crowned, such as with knightly pride Old Balboa threw upon the air o'er the Pacific tide.

Not e'en St. George's Cross is there that led the Mayflower on, Nor old St. Andrew's Cross of faith—the Double Cross is gone.

The silver bugles blow and blow across the silver sea. What is thy meaning, O thou flag! this day of jubilee?

O children of the States! yon flag more happy lusters deck Than oriflammes of old Navarre, or Cressey, or Rosebeq.

The Covenanters' field of blue, caught from the clear sky, see, And Lyra's burning stars of peace and endless unity.

The morning beams across it stream in roses red and white, As though 'twere outward rolled from heaven by angels of the light.

All hail to thee, celestial flag, on this prophetic morn. That minglest with the light of heaven—hail, flag of heaven born!

The silver bugles blow and blow across the silver sea. And speakest thou to every soul this day of jubilee!

Flag of the battlefields with pride beneath thy folds I stand, While gyreless Freedom lifts to thee her chorals trumpets grand.

Thou stand'st for Monmouth's march of fire, for Trenton's lines of flame, For ripping Eutaw's field of blood, for Yorktown's endless fame;

For Cape de Gatt, and fierce Algiers, and Perry's blood-red deck, For Vera Cruz, and Monterey, and white Chapultepec;

Thou stand'st for Sumter's broken wall, as high above Tybee The shouting forts uplift again the Stars of Unity;

For Chattanooga's rain of fire and that grand echelon The deep drums led at Gettysburg beneath the smoky sun;

Thou stand'st for Progress and the years all golden-orded to be, For earth's new Rome upon the land, and Greece upon the sea.

Thou stand'st that all the rights of men may every people, bless, And God's own kingdom walk the world in peace and righteousness!

O my America! whose flag we throne amid the sky, Beneath whose folds 'tis life to live and noblest death to die, I hear the silver bugles blow across the silver sea, And bless my God my palace stands a cottage home in thee—

So speak the voices of the Past, ye children of the land, Behind us thrice a hundred years, before a thousand grand. Such are the legends of yon flag that gladdens land and sea, Such is the Hand that scrolls the air this day of jubilee.

Flag of the sun that shines for all, Flag of the breeze that blows for all, Flag of the sea that flows for all, Hail! flag of Liberty! all hail! The Festal Day has come!

Thought for Nation's Birthday.

That there are many of our people who hold their blessings cheap, or at least take them as a matter of course, cannot be doubted. It is well, therefore, that we should all be reminded that they were won at great cost, and have been preserved by men and women who counted no sacrifice too painful if it were made in the cause of liberty. The comforts and luxuries that we enjoy, the peace and security that are ours, and the liberty of which we are so proud we owe to those who were willing to suffer and die in order to win them for their posterity.

Worthily Celebrate Independence.

If you will be your best you will help others to be theirs. The sum of the individuals is the nation. Let us make July Four a glorious holiday.

Papa Pays



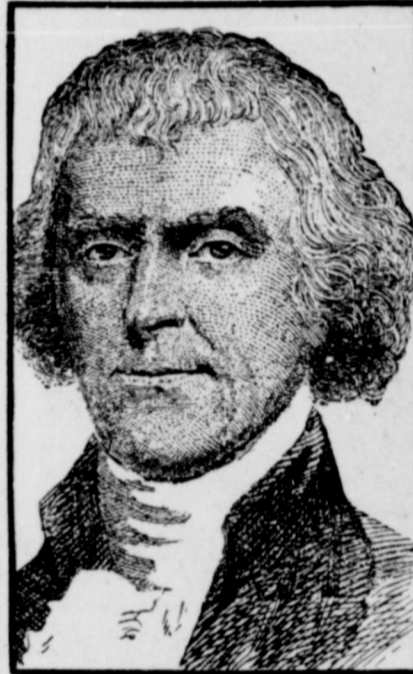
What Are Bandaged Hands in the Sum Total of a Glorious Day?

Urges All Citizens to Peruse the Great Declaration of Independence

(By GAILLARD HUNT, LL. D., Chief of the Division of Manuscript, Library of Congress.)

EVERY citizen of the United States should read the Declaration of Independence once every year. It is a thoroughly American document, and the principles it embodies cannot be too firmly impressed upon our minds.

Thomas Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence, and he alone is its literal author, but there were a number of men who expressed the sentiments, almost in the words he uses,



Thomas Jefferson.

before they appeared in his great document, and Jefferson never laid claim to originality in the ideas expressed.

There were several men who, years before, had expressed themselves publicly as to American independence. They were all good men, many of masterful intellect and men without fear, but the mass of manuscripts this library owns which came from the hand of George Mason make it plain that no man could be called the father of the Declaration of Independence more justly than he.

As early as 1769 a prolonged and serious correspondence—kept up for many years—was going on between George Washington and George Mason, the one in his official position as member of the house of burgesses, the other the unseen but no less potential ally of his friend and of his country.

George Mason was from early life a friend of George Washington, and their intimacy, both as fellow workers and as congenial neighbors, remained unbroken until Mason's death in 1792. He also knew Jefferson well and was old enough to give him the benefit of his



Grave of Jefferson.

broader knowledge and fuller experience in the early days of their friendship.

Born in 1725, he was seven years older than his neighbor at Mount Vernon, and he was eighteen years the senior of the brilliant young Jefferson, and both of these men looked upon the sage of Gunston Hall as a statesman of the first order, a man of clear vision and of absolute disinterestedness in his desire for the best for his country.

The KITCHEN CABINET

About the cheapest thing in the world is happiness, but lots of rich people can't afford to buy it.

MORE ABOUT OMELETS.

The white of the eggs if beaten until dry will make a less tender omelet than one in which the eggs are beaten until light then carefully mixed with the yolks.

Adding a tablespoonful of water (cold) for each egg is also an improvement as to texture over milk. A most delicious omelet may be made using blanched almonds in the omelet pan and cooking them until brown before the omelet is turned. Serve with hot maple syrup.

Spinach Omelet.—Put half a cupful of cooked spinach in an omelet pan with a tablespoonful of butter, when thoroughly hot pour in a three-egg omelet, season and cook as usual. Peach juice may be substituted for water and peaches served in and around the omelet. Serve with hot peach sauce.

Orange Omelet.—Beat the yolks of three eggs with three tablespoonfuls of sugar and the grated rind of an orange with three tablespoonfuls of the juice. Add the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs and pour into a hot buttered pan. Sprinkle with powdered sugar and when well cooked on the bottom set in the oven to cook on top.

Mushroom Omelet.—Fry a few thin sliced mushrooms in butter and spread them over a plain omelet just before folding it. Serve a few mushrooms finely chopped and cooked in butter in a white sauce to accompany the omelet.

Asparagus Omelet.—Break three eggs in a bowl, add a little white pepper and salt and beat them slightly, add two tablespoonfuls of cream, thick and sweet, and pour the mixture into a frying pan containing hot butter. With a spatula rapidly stir the egg, from all parts of the pan, letting the uncooked portion run down to be cooked in its turn. As soon as the mass begins to set it is ready to fold. Have a few spoonfuls of tender tips of asparagus cooked and hot, well seasoned with butter and salt. Spread this over the omelet, fold and serve at once.

Any vegetable or fruit may be served with an omelet, choosing the kind most enjoyed.

My business is not to re-make myself, but to make the absolute best of what God made.—Robert Browning.

SEASONABLE DISHES.

With the coming of warm weather, salads and other dainty dishes will be welcome to the housewife who likes a variety in her menu.

Lima Bean Salad.—Cook a cupful of green or dried lima beans until tender and the liquid is evaporated. Let them chill; grate half of a mild onion, add a tablespoonful of finely chopped capers, two tablespoonfuls each of finely chopped green pepper and olives, half a teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of paprika, one-third of a cupful of olive oil, and a fourth of a cupful of vinegar; pour this over the chilled beans, mix thoroughly and turn upon a chilled serving dish. Garnish with slices of pickled beets and sprigs of parsley.

Creole Rice.—Remove the stems and seeds from two red peppers and chop fine; peel a large, mild onion and chop it fine; chop fine one-fourth of a pound of lean ham, cooked or not, as convenient. Melt three tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan, add pepper, onion, ham, and stir without discoloring the vegetables until the moisture is absorbed. Add one cupful of blanched rice and stir and cook about five minutes, then add three cupfuls of broth, or a teaspoonful of beef extract dissolved in three cupfuls of boiling water and let cook covered about half an hour; add three or four tomatoes, cut in small pieces and a teaspoonful of salt; cover and let cook until the grains of the rice are tender. Lightly stir in with two forks, three tablespoonfuls of butter in bits; let stand five minutes, covered. Serve as a hearty dish for supper or luncheon.

Scottish Gingerbread.—Sift together two cupfuls of flour, half a cupful of granulated sugar, half a teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of baking powder, three-fourths of a teaspoonful of cinnamon, half a teaspoonful of mace or nutmeg, and a fourth of a teaspoonful of salt; add half a cupful of seeded raisins, half a cupful of sliced ginger and a fourth of a cupful of blanched almonds chopped fine. Heat a cupful each of molasses and shortening to the boiling point and stir into the dry ingredients. Add lastly two well-beaten eggs. Bake in a sheet one-half hour.

Rice Cups.—Prepare a thick custard by boiling a cupful of rice until dry and tender, stirring in a well-beaten egg, a tablespoonful of sugar, a few drops of vanilla and two tablespoonfuls of cream; beat until light and pour into shallow cups to mold. When firm, unmold and remove the center of each cup, filling the depression with sliced peaches; cover the tops with whipped cream and serve.

But No Offense. He—"If I stole a kiss, would it be petty larceny?" She—"No; I think it would be grand."

Certain-teed

Everywhere under the sun—wherever roofs are laid—Certain-teed stands for these two things:

Efficiency, Economy

CERTAIN-TEED roofing is the most efficient and economical type of roof for factories, farm buildings, garages, etc., because the first cost is less than that of metal, wood shingles or tar and gravel. CERTAIN-TEED costs less to lay than any other kind of roof. It will not rust, is not affected by fumes, gases and acids, coal smoke, etc.; it is light weight and fire retardant.

Certain-teed Roofing

is the best quality of prepared roofing. It pays to get the best. The only difference between the first cost of a good roof and a poor one is in the materials—the labor, freight, etc., costs the same in both. A CERTAIN-TEED Roofing is guaranteed for 5, 10 or 15 years according to thickness (1, 2 or 3 ply) it will be in splendid condition years after a poor quality roof has to be replaced.

CERTAIN-TEED PRODUCTS CORPORATION General Roofing Mfg. Co., Gregg Varnish Co., Mound City Paint & Color Co. New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Boston, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Detroit, Buffalo, San Francisco, Milwaukee, Cincinnati, New Orleans, Los Angeles, Minneapolis, Kansas City, Seattle, Indianapolis, Atlanta, Richmond, Grand Rapids, Nashville, Salt Lake City, Des Moines, Houston, Duluth, London, Sydney, Harbin

- Browned loaves! —Rich cakes! —Pie crust that melts!

—Better results in all baking!

HELIOTROPE THE ALWAYS RELIABLE FLOUR

—A flour bargain! —Profitable to all parties, from the wheat grower to the ones who eat it!

Ask your grocer! Oklahoma City Mill & Elevator Co. OKLAHOMA CITY

There is just as much kicking in baseball as there is in football, but it is not so effective.

GIRLS! MAKE A BEAUTY LOTION WITH LEMONS

At the cost of a small jar of ordinary cold cream one can prepare a full quarter pint of the most wonderful lemon skin softener and complexion beautifier, by squeezing the juice of two fresh lemons into a bottle containing three ounces of orchard white. Care should be taken to strain the juice through a fine cloth so no lemon pulp gets in, then this lotion will keep fresh for months. Every woman knows that lemon juice is used to bleach and remove such blemishes as freckles, sallowness and tan and is the ideal skin softener, smoothen and beautifier.

Just try it! Get three ounces of orchard white at any pharmacy and two lemons from the grocer and make up a quarter pint of this sweetly fragrant lemon lotion and massage it daily into the face, neck, arms and hands. It should naturally help to whiten, soften, freshen and bring out the roses and beauty of any skin. It is truly marvelous to smoothen rough, red hands. Adv.

But No Offense. He—"If I stole a kiss, would it be petty larceny?" She—"No; I think it would be grand."

Adruco Barbed Wire Lintment heals without a scar.—Adv.

Shrubs that attract birds by their fruit are worth planting around the farm home.

It Never Disappoints

To insure clothes of snowy whiteness on washday just use

Red + Cross Ball Blue

Take no imitation, but insist on the genuine Red Cross.

All good Grocers sell it. Large Package 5 cents.

Jones Motor Car Co.

Builders of High Class Six Cylinder Automobiles. Write or call for catalog and territorial information. DON'T OVERLOOK THE JONES SIX QUALITY WICHITA, U.S.A.

Canada's Liberal Offer of Wheat Land to Settlers

is open to you—to every farmer or farmer's son who is anxious to establish for himself a happy home and prosperity. Canada's hearty invitation this year is more attractive than ever. Wheat is much higher but her fertile farm land just as cheap, and in the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta

160 Acre Homesteads Are Actually Free to Settlers and Other Land Sold at from \$15 to \$20 per Acre. The great demand for Canadian Wheat will keep the price. Where a farmer can get near \$2 for wheat and raise 20 to 45 bushels to what you can expect in Western Canada. Wonderful yields also of Oats, Barley and Flax. Mixed Farming in Western Canada is fully as profitable an industry as grain raising. The excellent grasses, full of nutrition, are the only food required either for beef or dairy purposes. There is an unusual demand for farm labor to reap the many young men who have volunteered for the military service. Write for literature. A railway route to Supp. of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada.

2012 M. C. Room 10 City, Mo. Agent. Will practice.

FOUR WEEKS IN HOSPITAL

No Relief—Mrs. Brown Finally Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Cleveland, Ohio.—"For years I suffered so sometimes it seemed as though I could not stand it any longer. It was all in my lower organs. At times I could hardly walk, for if I stepped on a little stone I would almost faint. One day I did faint and my husband was sent for and the doctor came. I was taken to the hospital and stayed four weeks but when I came home I would faint just the same and had the same pains.

A friend who is a nurse asked me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I began taking it that very day for I was suffering a great deal. It has already done me more good than the hospital. To anyone who is suffering as I was my advice is to stop in the first drug-store and get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound before you go home."—Mrs. W. C. Brown, 2844 W. 12th St., Cleveland, Ohio.

Kill All Flies!

They spread disease. They are a nuisance and kill all that they touch. Kill them with the Daisy Fly Killer. It is a powerful, safe, and effective fly killer. It kills all flies, including house flies, stable flies, and mosquitoes. It is sold in small bottles for 10c each. Write for a free trial bottle.

STOMACH SUFFERERS!

Take a course of the famous "Rhubarb" and "Aqua Pura" and you will be cured. It is a powerful stomachic and laxative. It is sold in small bottles for 10c each. Write for a free trial bottle.

LUMBER

of all kinds bought and sold. If you have any lumber to sell, please write to us. We will give you the best price. Write to: E. J. Hill, 1000 N. W. 10th St., Oklahoma City, Okla.

SAVE A DOCTOR'S BILL

by keeping Mississippi Diarrhea Cordial handy for all stomach complaints. Price 25c and 50c.—Adv.

FRECKLES

Now is the time to get rid of these ugly spots. There is no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles. The prescription ointment—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots. Simply get an ounce of ointment—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it at night and morning and your freckles will disappear. While the lighter ointment has vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

DON'T GAMBLE

that your heart's all right. Make sure. Take "Renovine"—a heart and nerve tonic. Price 50c and \$1.00.—Adv.

Much talking is an effective remedy

for thinking.

The moon affects the tide—likewise

the untied.

Dangers of Watered Coffee

Watered stock, watered milk, and watered coffee—the United States Government is carrying on a crusade to eliminate all three.

Everyone knows about watered stock. Everyone has seen "blue milk," the combined efforts of a cow and the old pump. But not everyone is on his guard against "watered coffee."

That the United States Government realizes the danger of watered coffee is shown by the specifications for the United States Army supplies. These specifications say plainly:

"Coffee: roasts must be 'dry' roasts, no water being permitted before, during or after the process of roasting."

Water in coffee is a piece of dishonesty practiced by unscrupulous coffee roasters. They turn the hose on the coffee while it is being roasted, so that it won't lose weight, as coffee will, when properly roasted. In roasting, coffee should lose about 16% of its weight. If it is watered it loses but 4%. The difference, of course, is water, for which you pay coffee value. This is adulteration and nothing more. The water-logged coffee is rank and unhealthy. Of course, it is not honest to charge for coffee, and sell coffee beans soaked in water.

A lot of watered coffee is being sold no doubt right in this town. It is more often met with in the lower priced grades of bulk coffee.

As coffee is such an important beverage, pure food authorities are advising housewives to use the greatest care in selecting their coffee. The pure food experts say that the best way to avoid watered coffee is to buy some reliable packaged brand, roasted by a reputable coffee roaster as Arbuckle Brothers of New York.—Adv.

When you hear a man boast of his ancestors it's a safe bet that his descendants will have no occasion to boast of him.

Whenever You Need a General Tonic

Take Grove's

The Old Standard Grove's Tasteless Tonic is equally valuable as a General Tonic because it contains the well known tonic properties of QUININE and IRON. It acts on the Liver, Drives out Malaria, Enriches the Blood and Builds up the Whole System. 50c cents.

Naturally. Time—What do the inmates think of the new asylum? Keeper—They just rave over it.

LIFT YOUR CORNS

OFF WITH FINGERS

How to loosen a tender corn or callus so it lifts out without pain.

Let folks step on your feet hereafter; wear shoes a size smaller if you like, for corns will never again send electric sparks of pain through you, according to this Cincinnati authority.

He says that a few drops of a drug called freezeone, applied directly upon a tender, aching corn, instantly relieves soreness, and soon the entire corn, root and all, lifts right out.

This drug dries at once and simply shrivels up the corn or callus without even irritating the surrounding skin.

A small bottle of freezeone obtained at any drug store will cost very little but will positively remove every hard or soft corn or callus from one's feet.

If your druggist hasn't stocked this new drug yet, tell him to get a small bottle of freezeone for you from his wholesale drug house.—adv.

Genius is said to be a certain form of madness, but the madness of most people is more or less uncertain.



DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

BY MARY GRAHAM BONNER

SAND FAIRIES' SECRETS.

"Some children," said Daddy, "were playing on the sand. It was the first warm day and they were enjoying the warm sand and the sunshine.

"Several of the children were bathing caps of green and red and of purple on their heads. It was because they wanted to begin thinking of swimming even if it was a little bit too early for it. They already had their caps and suits and were waiting for Mr. Sun to warm the water up a little more and Mr. Summer Breeze to help.

"Other children wore gay-colored hair ribbons—some of pink, others of blue and yellow.

"They were all playing together in the sand. They built lovely castles and they pretended that they were filled with the people who were now way out on the boats which could be just seen with their white sails. They sailed almost as far out as one could see.

"But at nighttime they pretended that these people on the sailboats came in because the wind died down and that they lived in their castles.

"They played, and they played and they played, and they made strange things with their hands in the sand.

"It was not long before the afternoon was almost over and it was time for the children to stop playing. They said good-by to the sailboats where the lovely people were who would later live in their castles. And they pretended not to notice the waves which were coming nearer and nearer the castles.

"The moon came up and the water waves dashed over the castles. One, two, three, and they were all soft and the rooms and courtyards and turrets had gone entirely.

"Running along the sand were the sand fairies. Their feet were splashing along in the water.

"Why do you go in the water wading at this time of night?" asked old Mr. Moon as he blinked down.

"Because," said the Sand Fairies, "we always run along in the footprints of the children. You have seen—No, you never have, to be sure. But Mr. Sun sees the footprints made

"Close Quarters. "During the thunderstorms our milk turned; did yours?" "No; our refrigerator is so small the milk didn't have room to turn."

Emporium of the Near Future. "Have you any anthracite coal today?" "The jewelry department is on the fourth floor."

Language of the Mule. "The boy sure made a fine speech," said the old man, "an' I'm prouder than ever of him, but what was them languages he wandered off in so frequent?" "Well, once he slung a little Latin, an' next he hit her up in Greek."

"That's good. They'll be fine to swear at the mule in, when he gets home."

That Explained It. "Here, you!" shouted the lord and master of the household to the maid of all work. "What's this your mistress tells me about all the cream missing again?" "The cat, sir," replied the girl, who was offended at her employer's unceremonious manner.

"Nonsense, girl!" said the master. "You know we have not got one!" "But, please, sir, the mistress said as she was a-going to get one."

They Said Good-By to the Sail Boats. In the sand by the children when they play. And we always take a run along those footprints every night after they have gone to bed.

"And why? pray tell," said Mr. Moon.

"Because," said the Sand Fairies, "the children are the ones who look after us. They like us and they make us happy. We love them! And as the Sand Fairies said this they dashed along the shore, carried by Mr. Wind.

"Oh, yes," they went on saying, "they even build the castles for us. The water waves go over them but the Sand Fairies know how to play in the turrets and towers and big rooms and courtyards even after the water waves have come over us. For that is what they do. We just go down a little lower and the water comes up above us and then we play! Yes, we play in the castles made by the children."

"But," said Mr. Moon, "why can't we see the castles after the water waves have dashed over them?" "Ah," said the Sand Fairies, "that is because you aren't a Fairy. Only Fairies can see the children's castles after the water waves have come. And it is the children who love us and make us happy. They make us happy because they play such wonderful games. They love the sand and the ocean and they know how to have such good times! Oh, how the Fairies do love the children who are happy!"

"Every time we see an unhappy child we can't play until the happy ones are around again. And oh, when we see a cross child who is selfish—then we weep.

"And we'll tell you just one more secret, Mr. Moon. The only thing that really and truly makes the castles in the sand wash away is when we hear that some child has been cross and selfish.

"For then we weep. And the tears of the Sand Fairies—not the water waves—make the castles go away. For Sand Fairies are not meant to weep."

"Well," said the Soft Evening Breeze—one of the children of Mr. Wind—"I shall go around and whisper that secret to the children, too!"

"The Sand Fairies were delighted and I heard Mr. Wind tell this story so I am telling it to you."

Boys Can Help, Too. If the girls can help about the barnyard with the cows and horses, so can the boys help about the kitchen now and then with the laundering and washing the dishes.

DANGEROUS CALOMEL IS SELDOM SOLD NOW

Calomel Salivates! It Makes You Sick and You Lose a Day's Work—Dodson's Liver Tone Acts Better Than Calomel and Is Harmless for Men, Women, Children—Read Guarantee!

Every druggist here, yes! your druggist and everybody's druggist has noticed a great falling-off in the sale of calomel. They all give the same reason. Dodson's Liver Tone is taking its place.

"Calomel is dangerous and people know it while Dodson's Liver Tone is safe and gives better results," said a prominent local druggist. Dodson's Liver Tone is personally guaranteed by every druggist. A large family-sized bottle costs only 50 cents and if you find it doesn't take the place of dangerous, salivating calomel you have only to ask for your money back.

Dodson's Liver Tone is a pleasant-tasting, purely vegetable remedy, harmless to both children and adults. Take a spoonful at night and wake up feeling fine, no sick headache, biliousness, ague,

sour stomach or clogged bowels. Dodson's Liver Tone doesn't gripe or cause inconvenience all next day like calomel.

Take a dose of calomel tonight and tomorrow you will feel sick, weak and nauseated. Don't lose a day's work!

Dodson's Liver Tone is real liver medicine. You'll know it next morning because you will wake up with your head clear, your liver active, bowels clean, breath sweet and stomach regulated. You will feel cheerful and full of vigor and ready for a hard day's work.

You can eat anything afterwards without risk of salivating yourself or your children.

Get a bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone and try it on my guarantee. You'll never again put a dose of nasty, dangerous calomel into your stomach. Adv.

At best a wise man can only bring in a minority report.

A man may be self-possessed and still not have any taxes to pay.

NO MALARIA—NO CHILLS. "Plantation" Chill Tonic is guaranteed to drive away Chills and Fever or your money refunded. Price 50c.—Adv.

Everybody is good-natured after dinner.

Spartan Women Suffered Untold Tortures out who wants to be a Spartan? Take "Femenina" for all female disorders. Price 50c and \$1.00.—Adv.

There are 35 letters in the Russian alphabet and 15 of these seem to be useless.

Adruco Liquid Screw Worm Killer kills the worm and heals the wound.—Adv.

When a man knows his own imperfections he is just about as perfect as it is possible for a man to be.

Close Quarters. "During the thunderstorms our milk turned; did yours?" "No; our refrigerator is so small the milk didn't have room to turn."

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Oklahoma Directory

BOOK STORE

Mail Orders Promptly Filled.
OFFICE SUPPLIES
The Parkhurst Book Co., 128 West Main Street, Oklahoma City, Okla.

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We have an outlet for a large amount of ALL ALIJA. Write, wire or phone us.
CHEROKEE GRAIN CO.
608 Grain Exchange, Oklahoma City

Elgin Six

W. C. NORRIS
MOTOR SALES CO.
Tulsa, Okla. City

N. S. SHERMAN MACHINE AND IRON WORKS

Engineers, Founders and Machinists
Grate Bars and Smokestacks
18 to 36 East Main Street Oklahoma City, Okla.

REPAIR SHOP

Our specialties—Repairing leaky, smashed up and frozen radiators. We do not plug tubes, but we replace old tubes with new tubes. 19 S. HUBBARD

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Official Service Station for Simms Magneto. AMERICAN COIL EXCHANGE
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24 and 26 West 5th St., Oklahoma City, Okla.
Write for Agency Proposition.

Films Developed

10c a Roll Any Size
Film packs, any size, 10c. Prints up to and including 8x10. All high speed Kodak film. Let our film experts give you better results. Eastman Kodak. Film, and all Kodak supplies sent anywhere, prepaid. Send us your best roll and let us convince you we are doing better Kodak finishing. Send for catalog.

Federal Motor Sales Co.

312 No. Bdw., Oklahoma City
State Distributors
PREMIER LIBERTY BRISCOE AUTOMOBILES
Dealers wanted in each county. Why not write for full particulars.

Home Refining Co., Oklahoma City, U. S. A.

BUY STOCK TODAY AT \$10 per Share

Oil Refining Stock earns the biggest dividends in the world!

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria

Always Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Hutchins*

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE GENUINE COMPANY, NEW YORK.

ALCOHOL—3 PER CENT.
A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food by Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of INFANTS—CHILDREN

Thereby Promoting Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC

Prepares Sued
Six Weeks
Rochester, N.Y.
J. C. Hutchins
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New York

A helpful Remedy for Constipation and Diarrhoea, and Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP resulting therefrom in Infancy

The Signature of *Dr. J. C. Hutchins*

THE GENUINE COMPANY, NEW YORK.

At 6 months old 35 Doses 35 CENTS

Exact Copy of Wrapper.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria

Always Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Hutchins*

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE GENUINE COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

A Wise Move

is to change from coffee to

POSTUM

before the harm is done.

"There's a Reason"

Velle Motor Co.

Oklahoma City, Okla.

The Keeley Institute

Liquor, Drug and Tobacco Habits and Nerve Exhaustion Positively Cured.
Correspondence Confidential
1122 N. BROADWAY - OKLAHOMA CITY

ALLEN-CLASSIC CAR

\$895.00
is sold by ALLEN-JACKSON MOTOR CO. of 718 N. Broadway, Oklahoma City, State Distributors. Also the Jackson-Wolverine as a side line. Some choice territory open for local dealers.

Ship Your Cattle, Hogs and Sheep to

TO SWIFT & COMPANY
Creameries located at OKLAHOMA CITY and ENID, OKLA.

Ship Your Cattle, Hogs and Sheep to

Cassidy Southwestern Commission Co., Capital, Surplus and Profits, \$700,000.00
Oklahoma City—Fl. Worth—Kansas City—St. Louis

H O I L M E

SAFETY FIRST
MOROCO

W. W. M.

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Mr. J. M. The Texas Special

A train not merely all new and all steel, but each car the finest and latest model.

A schedule shorter, not by minutes but by hours.



MKT

St. Louis - Kansas City
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COMING

Car Of

Chops, bran and shorts will be in the 1st of week. Will make "hot shot" spot cash price for arrival of car.

If you want to take advantage of close price and get good stuff, leave us your order and check to cover.

We Guarantee
Bundy & Biggers

M. Mertel **W. L. Haynes**
Day Phone 23 Night Phone 37

We wish to announce to the public that we will soon open a first class undertaking establishment in McLean and will be in a position to take care of your needs in this line.

With our goods you have at your command the services of a first class Licened Embalmer at a very reasonable price.

Calls answered Day or Night.

Mertel & Haynes

Meats

I have bought the City Meat Market and will continue to give you the same courteous treatment

We keep all kinds of cured meats and ide together with our

Fresh Meats

We will pay cash for your Butter

City Meat Market
S. Bowen, Prop.

Press Meet At Galveston

Last Sunday we arrived at Galveston rounding out the most pleasant and profitable trip we have had for many years.

Leaving Clarendon on the 10th our first stop was made at Memphis, visiting with the Guill family. Friends will be glad to know that Mrs. Guill's health is much better than for several years and the family is well satisfied with their new location. Another stop was made with relatives at Bowie. Arriving at Ft. Worth on the early train Wednesday morning we were greeted by many familiar faces from all portions of Northwest Texas. While waiting for the special train an informal reception was held in the big waiting room and all were presented with badges, tags, souvenirs, etc. It was here also that we had the honor of meeting the affable Joe Hinze, Secretary of the Fort Worth Chamber of Commerce, (known as the 58th variety) who always comes up with a smiling face when he is defeated in presenting the claims of his splendid city for conventions, etc.

At Waco the two Press Specials were converged into one, carrying fourteen pullmans, baggage car, refreshment car, dining car and amusement car. The amusement car was patriotically decorated and in one corner was a huge basket of flowers. A waxed canvass floor and good Victrola music was a temptation too great for even the most staid editors and editors and many of them learned all the "new steps" during the day. In the refreshment car all kinds of soft drinks and beer were served free by various firms; candies, cakes and other goodies were passed from time to time. Mr. Hinze dined pink carnations on the ladies and presented the men with cigars. Another interesting feature of the trip down was the Official Song Book, gotten up by H. C. Edwards, President of the Association, and containing such songs as "The Bear Went Over The Mountain," "I'm Here Because I'm Here," etc. Edgar P. Haney, Editor of the Wichita Falls Morning Tribune, one of the really "Big" men (mentally as well as physically) of West Texas, acted as singing master, toast master and general supervisor.

Arriving in Galveston at 8:30 p. m. we were met by a committee of Chamber of Commerce members and conveyed on special street cars to the Galvez Hotel where accommodations were provided. Then followed three days and nights of business and pleasure, six hours of the twenty-four being devoted to business and the other eighteen to pleasure. Galveston was lavish in her entertainment which included bathing, fishing, dancing, auto ride, boat ride on which we saw an interned German and Austrian ship; a monster English "Tramp" ship; inspected a Submarine chaser also the Southern Pacific Elevator (the largest one in the South) Saw the Federal and State quarantine Stations, the three big forts guarding the city and many other interesting things, the entertainment ending with a sea food and rice banquet on the Crystal Roof Garden. An Official badge was a free passport to everything.

Fort Worth was chosen as the Convention city for next year, with Amarillo as a close second.

After leaving Galveston we visited our parents at Liberty, making a side trip to Port Arthur where we enjoyed the hos-

pitality of Wm. Henry, a McLean boy; a visit with the R. W. Morgan family in Houston and a most enjoyable stop with Miss Pearl Guill at Wichita Falls.

One of the most shocking incidents of the Press Meeting was pulled off by president H. C. Edwards and secretary Sam P. Harbin. Though Mr. Harbin is six feet four and weighs three hundred pounds and Mr. Edwards admitted he had been superintendent of the Christian Sunday School for twenty-five years when the negro orchestra hit on Turkey in the Straw it was too much for them and such fancy jiggling as we have never witnessed before.

Though we were raised in Southeast Texas we learned more about Galveston and the coast country at the Press meeting than we ever knew before. There are many wonderful things about Galveston and Port Arthur that we are going to tell you from time to time in the columns of the News.

The most fragrant memory of our trip to Galveston is the intimate association we enjoyed with Mr. and Mrs. Porter Whaley, Miss Mabel Fimmops and J. L. Pope of Amarillo, Mrs. N. G. Buckley of Texhoma, L. G. Waggoner of Miami and Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Haney and party of Wichita Falls, to all of whom we are indebted for many courtesies. We look forward with pleasure to serving them the chicken-fry dinner and watermelon feast promised this summer.

Especial mention is due W. F. Sterley and W. G. Crush, General Managers of the Ft. Worth & Denver and M. K. & T. Railroads, for their splendid courtesy in extending to the Texas Editors transportation to the P. P. A. and providing them with special trains.

Exemption Board.

Exemption boards for all counties in Texas have been named by President Wilson at the suggestion of Gov. Ferguson. Gray and surrounding counties include:

Gray—Siler Faulkner, W. S. Copeland and Dr. W. C. Montgomery.

Collinsworth—R. L. Templeton, Claude Caperton and Dr. W. E. Jones.

Carson—F. W. Vance, A. A. Callahan and Dr. J. H. Perry.

Donley—Joe Warren, G. A. Wimberly and Dr. T. R. Ellis.

Roberts—T. M. Cunningham, J. E. Kinny and Dr. J. H. Kelly.

Wheeler—M. M. Miller, M. L. Gunter and Dr. R. E. Blackerby.

D. N. Massay Visits Washington.

D. N. Massay returned Saturday from a month's vacation. While away he attended the Confederate Reunion in Washington, D. C., and visited the many beautiful and interesting places in that locality. On his return he stopped several days with Mr. and Mrs. Earl Hurst at Meigs, Ga., and accompanied them on a fishing excursion in Florida.

Paralytic Stroke

Sunday morning Mrs. J. W. Sugg was stricken with paralysis and for several hours her life was despaired of. However, she is much improved at this writing hopes are entertained that she will soon recover. High blood pressure is given as the cause.

Mrs. Sugg has been enjoying the best of health for several months and was on the verge of moving back to her home with a view to keeping house with her father.

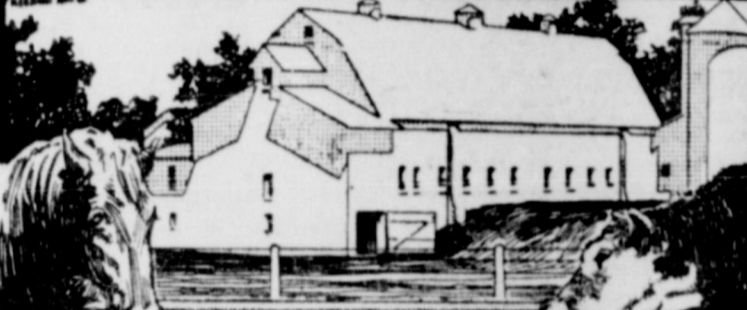
Cultivators

Canton Wiggletail Cultivators

Are light of draft and easy to operate, try one and be convinced

One and two-row Canton Go-devils do the work and do it right.

Yours for business,
C. S. Rice
Hardware and Furniture



CEMENT

NEVER WEARS OUT!

Nothing gives the permanency and security of cement. It is universally used and recommended for all building purposes, such as—

Concrete Watering Troughs
Foundations for Houses
Feed Bins and Stalls
Stable partitions
Silo Foundations

Let the Western Lumber Co. supply you with CEMENT that will "never wear out"—You can order in any amount desired and we'll furnish the directions for its use.

WESTERN CEMENT IS THE BEST

Auto Repairing

We have taken over the entire management and control of the repair department of the Gardenhire Garage and shall endeavor, in the future, to handle your repair and service work to your entire satisfaction. Mr. Poncelet, our chief mechanic, will give his personal attention to your needs.

Let us serve you.

McLean Auto. Co.

Local Happenings

Items of Interest About Town and County

Special invitation to ladies visit the Post Office confectionery.

H Crabtree shipped a car of to the Oklahoma City market the latter part of last week.

want your hydes and pro-Cream accepted Tuesdays and Fridays of each week. Now 33 cents per pound. J. Keasler.

arendon suffered the loss of frame business buildings Sunday morning. The prompt and efficient work of the department saved adjoining buildings.

Everything new and fresh at P. O. confectionery.

E D Langley has been holding a few days on business in Dallas.

orch swings, settees and clocks. C. S. Rice.

rs. C E A Pollard is expected home this week from an extended visit with relatives and friends at Groom.

men in need of groceries. My line is always complete and fresh. G. R. Bellenger.

you want lightning insurance on your valuable livestock? Richardson.

call your attention to the dividend bank statements in this issue of the News. Combined dividends are materially higher than ever before at this time of year.

swatters, screen doors and C. S. Rice.

Crabtree and Cox had a string of cattle on the Oklahoma City market the first of this week.

member, when you phone send your child for an or you get the same fair treatment as when you come yourself. Andy & Biggers.

Orders for suits, the well known A. E. Andesson Tailoring Co., taken at the Post Office Confectionery.

J E Hawley and son, Jim, of Plainview were recent visitors in the Van Sant home.

Claude Haynes of Oklahoma City, formerly a McLean resident, visited friends here this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Luther Coffey and Mr. and Mrs. W C Foster were visitors to Amarillo during the convention this week.

Luther Coffey has purchased the R B Hearn residence.

Mrs. I X Kachelhoffer and daughter expect to leave today for their home in Joliet, Ill., after spending several weeks on the Kachelhoffer ranch.

Estel Bowen has bought the meat market and ice business from Clampitt & Easley.

I am ordering clothes from the A. E. Anderson Tailoring Co. Let me show you samples and styles. Vester Cooke.

Born on the 25th inst. to Emil Weigand and wife, a son.

Ice cream all the time. P. O. Confectionery.

Tea season is here and my line is here. I have the best on the market—Tipton and Golden Gate lines. G. R. Bellenger.

Misses Fannie and Ruth Bailey have rented apartments in the Hindman Hotel building for the purpose of having their little sisters taught music and literary during the coming year.

A fresh stock of dry cell batteries. C. S. Rice.

Get your fruit jars, tops and rubbers from C. S. Rice.

Lost—between my place and town, or in town, a red navajo blanket. Finder please notify me or leave at News office.—C P Overton.

Old shoes and boots made new at McLean Shoe Store.

Mr. and Mrs. Mont Noel and Mr. and Mrs. Clay Thompson attended the round-up on the Noel ranch Tuesday.

We are not equipped to repair your harness, but we want to fix all the old shoes in the country. McLean Shoe Store.

C C Cook returned Monday from a few days visit with his son, S O Cook, of Dallas.

To get the most out of your cream, you should use the Iowa cream separator for sale by C. S. Rice.

Miss Vida Montgomery returned Sunday from a six week's visit in Denver. She was accompanied home by Miss Tresa Snyder.

Wanted—to buy about two thousand feet of old junk pipe, from three fourths to an inch and one half. L C Parker, Alanreed, Texas.

Mrs. Ross Cooke of Ft. Worth joined her husband here the first of the week. They are visiting Mr. Cooke's parents.

The ranges in this part of the country are in reasonably good condition and cattle are doing well.

Any one having any claims against the Mrs. E A Dougherty estate, will make it known to me at once as I am now ready to make final settlement.

W A Dougherty executor.

The demand for freight cars is the greatest ever known owing to the vast amount of commodities being shipped to foreign countries.

Dr. J A Hall, dentist, will be in McLean Thursday, Friday and Saturday, July 5th, 6th and 7th, O'Dell Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Brenton Almon are here from Hooker, Okla., having come to be at the bedside of their mother, Mrs. J W Sigg.

Mr. and Mrs. D N Massay, Mrs. Minnie Massay and child, arrived Saturday from Greenville, driving through in the Massay car.

B J Strobe has been here this week equipping the doors and windows of the News building, American Bank building, Citizens Bank building and C E Thompson's residence with metal strips.

We regret to advise that on account of a recent ruling of the Post Office department requiring all publications to net 50 per cent of their regular subscription price, we will be unable to fill any further orders for our 25 cent magazine offer.

Arthur Erwin has returned from a visit with relatives at Mineral Wells.

The new Erwin building is completed and Mr. Erwin has men at work this week installing his new soda fountain and other fixtures. This will be one of the handsomest drug stores in this part of the state.

Birthday Party.

Complimentary to their son, Prescott, and Miss Gladys Belenger, whose birthday anniversaries are on the same date, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Mathis entertained a large party of young people Saturday evening of last week.

Games were enjoyed until a late hour when refreshments of ice cream and cake were served.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bowman is visiting the latter's parents Mr. and Mrs. J P Burrows.

Alanreed Meeting.

On Friday night, July 6th, Misses Lula Dillbeck and Verda Salee will begin a revival meeting at the Methodist church in Alanreed, and will continue ten days.

Three summers ago these ladies held a revival in McLean, both are good speakers and consecrated in their work.

Thousands At Trail Meeting

Amarillo has measured up the full strength of her reputation for "putting things over" by the splendid manner in which she has cared for the countless hordes of visitors that have thronged her streets this week for the purpose of attending the Ozark Trails convention.

The tent city, unique in many respects, presented a lively scene as the thousands of trail-ers established themselves permanently for the convention, using the tents as their private abode and the streets as their garages.

It is estimated that four or five thousand cars paraded the streets Wednesday afternoon and new arrivals were constantly in evidence. This is probably the largest gathering of any kind that has ever taken place in the Texas Panhandle.

The convention will come to a close tonight and the fate of the different routes competing for the marking of the O-T will be announced.

Be a High Class Stenographer.

Steno is the greatest single forward step in the history of rapid writing. It makes the typewriter do double duty, record dictation as well as transcribe it. It uses the abbreviating power of the English language the same as in Byrnes Simplified Shorthand but with pointed characters on any standard make of typewriter instead of with the pencil. The typewriter has proven to be the most efficient of modern office appliances. The business man likes it because it enables him to turn out his correspondence with speed and accuracy. But he has realized that there was still a weakness in his correspondence from the fact that what he dictated was recorded first with the erring pencil and that which did not go down correct could not come back correct.

He now welcomes Steno because he sees his dictation go down accurately in print to come back accurately transcribed. Steno is simple because it is done mechanically. It is legible because it is print. It is rapid because it is written on the typewriter with eight nimble fingers instead of the hand cramped around a pencil.

Steno notes are interchangeable. It is so legible that one stenographer can read another's notes. Steno may be written at a good commercial rate of speed with a pencil in the absence of a typewriter.

There perhaps, never was a system of note taking that has caused so much favorable comment as has Steno. It is admitted to be the logical way. Steno meets the Civil Service and court room test as well as being successfully used on associated press work.

This most modern method of note taking can only be had in this part of the country at the Tyler Commercial College, Tyler, Texas, the school that is not only the largest of the kind in America, but does the most thorough practical work in Bookkeeping, Shorthand, Steno, Telegraphy, Cotton Classing and Business Administration and Finance.

Tyler Commercial College, Tyler, Texas.

After a careful inquiry of various farmers in this section we learn that the melon crop is fairly promising and McLean will still maintain her reputation as a shipper of this delicious fruit.

OFFICIAL STATEMENT

Of the financial condition of the Citizens State Bank at McLean, State of Texas at the close of business on the 20 day June 1917, published in the McLean News, a newspaper printed and published at McLean, State of Texas on the 29th day of June 1917.

RESOURCES:

Loans and discounts, personal or collateral	\$94,215 77
Loans, real estate	194 40
Overdrafts	1,054 55
Warrants and School Vouchers	
Real Estate (banking house)	2,765 00
Other Real Estate	
Furniture and Fixtures	2,886 00
Due from approved reserve agents, net	54,360 29
Due from other banks and bankers, subject to check, net	931 14
Cash items	3,000 00
Currency	7,446 00
Specie	1,595 70
Interest in Depositors Guaranty Fund	2,235 23
Other Resources as follows: Assessment Guaranty Fund	418 25
Cash Collections	198 50
Internal Revenue Stamps	
Total	\$151,210 83

LIABILITIES:

Capital Stock paid in	\$15,000 00
Surplus Fund	5,000 00
Undivided profits, net	3,279 89
Individual deposits subject to check	100,850 44
Time certificates of deposit	24,580 50
Demand Certificates of Deposit	2,500 00
Cashier's Checks	
Total	\$151,210 83

State of Texas }
County of Gray } We, J. S. Morse as president, and C. C. Bogan asst. cashier of said bank, each of us, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of our knowledge and belief.

J. S. Morse, President.
C. C. Bogan, asst. Cashier.
Sworn and subscribed to before me this 27th day of June nineteen hundred and seventeen. Witness my hand and notarial seal on the last date aforesaid.
(SEAL) E. R. Eakins, Notary Public, Gray County, Texas

Correct—Attest: } J. S. Morse }
W. E. Ballard, M. D. } Directors
C. E. Thompson }
J. M. Noel }

Notice

Beginning with July first the undersigned banks will be open from 8:30 a. m. to 4 p. m.. The doors will be locked except during these hours, and we will ask that we be allowed to observe them. PLEASE make arrangements to transact your Banking Business during these hours.

Appreciating your business and soliciting a continuance of the same, we are,

Very truly yours,

CITIZENS STATE BANK
AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK

No. 10957, Report of Condition of
THE AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK
At McLean in the State of Texas, at the close of business on June 20, 1917.

RESOURCES

(a) Loans and Discounts	\$132,618 54
(c) Acceptance of this bank purchased or dis.	16 50
Total Loans	\$132,635 04
Stock of Federal Reserve Bank, 50 per cent of sub.	
Securities other than U. S. bonds (not including stocks) owned unpledged	50 00
Total bonds, securities, etc.	50 00
Stock of Federal Reserve Bank (50 per cent of subscription)	300
Equity in banking house, Furniture and Fixtures	4,000 00
Due from approved reserve agents in New York Chicago and St. Louis	7,997 63
Due from other reserve agents in other reserve cities	28,607 95
Due from other bank and bankers, etc.	15,428 37
Other checks on banks in the same city or town as reporting bank	3,189 95
Outside checks and other cash items	3,193 28
Fractional currency, nickles and cents	41 13
Notes of other national banks	2,800 00
Federal Reserve Bank bank notes	113 00
Lawful reserve in vault and net amount due from Federal Reserve Bank	15,775 84
Other assets: Int. Dep. Guaranty Fund	
Total	\$214,132 19

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock paid in	\$25,000 00
Surplus Fund	5,000 00
Undivided profits	\$10,320 67
Less current expenses, int. and taxes	1,021 13
Amount reserved for taxes accrued	166 83
Individual deposits subject to check	146,099 27
Certificates of deposit due in less than 30 days	2,000 00
Total demand deposits	148,099 27
Time certificates of deposit	27,166 55
Total	\$214,132 19

State of Texas }
County of Gray } I, E. R. Eakins cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

E. R. Eakins, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 20th day of June, nineteen hundred and seventeen.

S. E. Boyer, Notary Public, Gray County, Texas. (SEAL)

Correct—Attest: } Geo. Sitter }
D. B. Veatch } Directors
A. P. Clark }

SERVICE

STANDING shoulder to shoulder with every good enterprise,
ENDEAVORING to give our customers practical service.
Remember all our claims are reasonable and that we do protect our customers interests.
Vigorously putting forth every effort to keep this institution abreast of the times.
Incessantly striving to make it as good as the best, we are constantly reminded that
Community interest and pride join us together in a business unit and that
Each and every business is dependent one upon the other and that the prosperity of one determines the prosperity of the other therefore, you give us your business and we'll give you our service

The American National Bank
McLean, Texas
Member Federal Reserve

Realty Company

notice of said election, and the County Judge is directed to... S. M... W. N. M... G. L. B... G. L. B...

HEART OF THE SUNSET

By REX BEACH

Author of "The Spoilers," "The Iron Trail," "The Silver Horde," Etc.

Copyright by Harper & Brothers CHAPTER X—Continued.

But as if his thoughts were telepathic messages, she did the very thing he feared.

"We won't be in before midnight," she said, "but I'll send you to Jonesville in the morning."

"Thank you, ma'am—I'll have to go right through."

"I'll get you there in time for business. We've gained a reputation for inhospitality at Las Palmas that I want to overcome. Mr. Austin ought to know," she added, "about this—matter we were discussing, and I want him to meet you."

"He has?" Dave said, shortly; and at his tone Alaire looked up.

"So!" She studied his grim face. "And you quarreled?"

"I'd really prefer to go on, ma'am. I'll get to Jonesville somehow."

"You refuse—to stay under his roof?"

"That's about it."

"I'm sorry." She did not ask for further explanation.

The windows of Las Palmas were black, the house silent, when they arrived at their journey's end; Dolores was fretful, and her mistress ached in every bone. When Jose had helped his countrywoman into the house, Alaire said:

"If you insist upon going through, you must take the car. You can return it tomorrow."

"And—about Panfilo?" Dave queried.

"Wait. Perhaps I'll decide what is best to do in the meantime. Good night."

Law took her extended hand. Alaire was glad that he did not fondle it in that detestable Mexican fashion of which she had lately experienced so much; glad that the grasp of his long, strong fingers was merely firm and friendly. When he stepped back into the car and drove off through the night, she stood for some time looking after him.

Blaze Jones had insisted that Dave live at his house, and the Ranger had accepted the invitation; but as it was late when the latter arrived at Jonesville, he went to the hotel for a few hours' rest. When he drove his borrowed machine up to the Jones house, about breakfast time, both Blaze and Paloma were delighted to see him.

"Say, now! What you doing rolling around in a gasoline go-devil?" the elder man inquired, and Law was forced to explain.

"Father has never learned to drive a car without yelling 'Gee' and 'Haw,'" laughed Paloma. "And he thinks he has title to the whole road, too. You know these Mexicans are slow about pulling their wagons to one side. Well, father got mad one day, and when a team refused him the right of way, he whipped out his revolver and fired."

Blaze smiled broadly. "It worked great. And believe me, them Greasers took to the ditch. I went through like a hot wind, but I shot up sixty-five cartridges between here and town."

"Why didn't Mrs. Austin ask you to stay all night at Las Palmas?" the girl inquired of Dave.

"She did."

"Wonderful!" Paloma's surprise was evidently sincere. "I suppose you refused because of the way Ed treated you. Tell me, is she nice?"

"She's lovely."

This vehement declaration brought a sudden gleam of interest into the questioner's eyes.

"They say she has the most wonderful gowns and jewels, and dresses for dinner every night. Well"—Paloma tossed her head—"I'm going to have some nice clothes, too. You wait!"

"Now don't you start rigging yourself up for men!" Blaze said, warningly. "First thing I know, you'll have me in a full-dress suit, spillin' soup on my shirt." Then to his guest he complained, feelingly: "I don't know what's come over Paloma lately; this new dressmaker has plumb stampeded her. Somebody'd ought to run that feline out of town before she ruins me."

"She is a very nice woman," complacently declared the daughter; but her father snorted loudly.

"I wouldn't associate with such a critter."

"My! But you're proud."

"It ain't that," Blaze defended himself. "I know her husband, and he's a bad hombre. He backed me up against a waterin' trough and told my fortune yesterday. He said I'd be married twice and have many children. He said I loved widows, and unless I was poisoned by a dark lady I'd live to be eighty years old. If I'd had a gun on me, I'd have busted him for some of the things he said. 'A dark lady!' That's his wife. I give you warnin', Paloma, don't you ask her to stay for meals. People like them are dangerous."

"You're too silly!" said Paloma. "Nobody believes in such things."

"They don't, eh? Well, he's got

DAVE LAW RECEIVES TOKENS OF GRATITUDE FROM RICARDO GUZMAN AND MRS. AUSTIN—DURING ANOTHER DAY WITH HIM ALAIRE DISCOVERS THAT THE RANGER SECRETLY LOVES HER

SYNOPSIS.

Mrs. Alaire Austin, handsome young mistress of Las Palmas ranch, lost in the Texas desert, wanders into the camp of David Law, state Ranger, waiting in ambush to capture a Mexican murderer. She has to stay 24 hours, until Law captures his man, kills another and escorts her home. "Young Ed" Austin, drunkard, berates his wife and makes insulting insinuations about the ranger. Law discovers Austin is secretly in league with Mexican rebels and horse thieves. Mrs. Austin encounters Gen. Luis Longorio, Mexican Federal, when she goes to La Feria, her Mexican ranch, to collect damages, and he makes odious love to her. Dave Law kills a cattle thief and comes into unpleasant contact with Austin, at the same time becoming more friendly with Alaire.

all Jonesville walkin' around ladders, and spittin' through crossed fingers, and countin' the spots on their nails. He interprets their dreams and locates lost articles."

"Maybe he can tell me where to find Adolfo Urbina?" Dave suggested.

"Humph! If he can't, Tad Lewis can. Say, Dave, this case of yours has stirred up a lot of feelin' 'gainst Tad. The prosecutin' attorney says he'll sure cinch him and Urbina both. One of Lewis' men got on a bender the other night and declared Adolfo would never come to trial."

"What did he mean?"

"It may have been mesal talk, but witnesses sometimes have a way of disappearin'. I wouldn't put anything past that gang."

Not long after breakfast Don Ricardo Guzman appeared at the Jones house and warmly greeted his two friends. To Dave he explained:

"Last night I came to town, and this morning I heard you had returned, so I rode out at once. You were unsuccessful?"

"Our man never went to Pueblo."

"Exactly. I thought as much. However, I go to meet Blanco today, and perhaps I shall discover something."

"What takes you over there?" Blaze inquired.

"Wait until I tell you. Senor David, here, brings me good fortune at every turn. He honors my poor, thirsty rancho with a visit and brings a glorious rain; then he destroys my enemies like a thunderbolt. No sooner is this done than I receive from the Federals an offer for fifty of my best horses. Caramba! Such a price, too. They are in a great hurry, which looks as if they expected an attack from the Candelistas at Matamoros. I hope so. God grant these traitors are defeated. Anyhow, the horses have gone, and today I go to get my money in gold."

"Who's going with you?" asked Law.

Ricardo shrugged. "Nobody. There is no danger."

Blaze shook his head. "They know you are a red-hot rebel. I wouldn't trust them."

"They know, also, that I am an American, like you gentlemen," proudly asserted Guzman. "That makes a difference. I supported the Liberator—God rest his soul!—and I secretly assist those who fight his assassins, but so does everybody else. I am receiving a fine price for those horses, so it is worth a little risk. Now, senor," he addressed himself to the Ranger, "I have brought you a little present. Day and night my boys and I have worked upon it, for we know the good heart you have. It was finished yesterday. See!" Ricardo unwrapped a bundle he had fetched, displaying a magnificent bridle of plaited horsehair. It was cunningly wrought, and lavishly decorated with silver fittings. "You recognize those hairs?" he queried. "They came from the mane and tail of your bonita."

"Bessie Belle!" Law accepted the handsome token, then held out his hand to the Mexican. "That was mighty fine of you, Ricardo. I— You couldn't have pleased me more. We're going to be friends."

Guzman's delight was keen, his grizzled face beamed, and he showed his white teeth in a smile. "Say no more. What is mine is yours—my house, my cattle, my right hand. I and my sons will serve you, and you must come often to see us. Now I must go." He shook hands heartily and rode away, waving his hat.

"There's a good Greaser," Blaze said with conviction, and Dave agreed feelingly.

"Yes! I'd about do anything for him, after this." Then he took the bridle in for Paloma to admire.

CHAPTER XI. The Rodeo.

It was with a feeling of some reluctance that Dave drove up to Las Palmas shortly after the lunch hour, for he had no desire to meet "Young Ed."

However, to his relief, Austin did not appear, and inasmuch as Alaire did not refer to her husband in any way, Dave decided that he must be absent, perhaps on one of his notorious sprees.

The mistress of the big ranch was in her harness, having at once assumed her neglected duties. She came to welcome her caller in a short khaki riding suit; her feet were incased in tan boots; she wore a mannish felt hat and gantlet gloves, showing that she had spent the morning in the saddle. Dave thought she looked exceedingly capable and businesslike, and not less beautiful in these clothes. He feasted his eyes covertly upon her.

"I expected you for luncheon," she smiled; and Dave could have kicked himself. "I'm just going out now. If

you're not in too great a hurry to go home, you may go with me."

"That would be fine," he agreed.

"Come, then. I have a horse for you." As she led the way back toward the farm buildings, she explained: "I'm selling off a bunch of cattle. Benito is rounding them up and cutting out the best ones."

"You keep them, I reckon."

"Always. That's how I improve the grade. You will see a splendid herd of animals, Mr. Law—the best in south Texas. I suppose you're interested in such things."

"I'd rather watch a good herd of stock than the best show in New York," he told her.

When they came to the corral, an intricate series of pens and chutes at the rear of the outbuildings, Law beheld two thoroughbred horses standing at the hitching rail.

"I'm proud of my horses, too," said Alaire.

"You have reason to be." With his eyes alight, Dave examined the fine points of both animals. He ran a caressing hand over them, and they recognized in him a friend.

"These beauties were raised on Kentucky bluegrass. Brother and sister, aren't they?"

"Yes. Montrose and Montrosa are their names. The horse is mine, the mare is yours." Seeing that Dave did not comprehend the full import of her words, she added: "Yours to keep, I mean. You must make another Bessie Belle out of her."

"Mine? Oh—ma'am!" Law turned his eyes from Alaire to the mare, then back again. "You're too kind. I can't take her."

"You must."

Dave made as if to say something, but was too deeply embarrassed. Unable to tear himself away from the mare's side, he continued to stroke her shining coat while she turned an intelligent face to him, showing a solitary white star in the center of her forehead.

"See! She is nearly the same color as Bessie Belle."

"Yes! I—I want her, ma'am! I'm just sick from wanting her, but—won't you let me buy her?"

"Oh, I wouldn't sell her." Then, as Dave continued to yearn over the animal, like a small boy tempted beyond his strength, Alaire laughed. "I owe you something, Mr. Law, and a horse more or less means very little to me."

He yielded; he could not possibly continue his resistance, and in his happy face Alaire took her reward.

The mare meanwhile was doubtfully nosing her new master, deciding whether or not she liked him; but when he offered her a cube of sugar, her uncertainties disappeared, and they became friends then and there. He talked to her, too, in a way that would have won any female heart, and it was plain to anyone who knew horses that she began to consider him wholly delightful.

"You do speak their language," Alaire said, after she had watched them for a few minutes. "You have bewitched the creature." Dave nodded silently, and his face was young. Then, half to herself, the woman murmured, "Yes, you have a heart."

"I beg pardon?"

"Nothing. I'm glad you like her."

"Do you mind if I call her something else than Rosa, just to myself?"

"Why, she's yours! Don't you like the name?"

"Oh, yes! But—see!" Dave laid a finger upon Montrosa's forehead. "She wears a lone star, and I'd like to call her that—The Lone Star."

Alaire smiled in tacit assent; then when the two friends had completely established their intimacy, she mounted her own horse and led the way to the round-up.

Dave's unbounded delight filled the mistress of Las Palmas with the keenest pleasure. He laughed, he hummed snatches of songs, he kept up a chatter addressed, as much to the mare as to his companion, and under it Montrosa romped like a tomboy. It was gratifying, to meet with such appreciation as this; Alaire felt warm and friendly to the whole world, and decided that out of her abundance she must do more for other people.

Of course Dave had to tell of Don Ricardo's thoughtful gift, and concluded by saying, "I think this must be my birthday, although it doesn't fit in with the calendar."

"Don Ricardo has his enemies, but he is a good-hearted old man."

"Yes," Dave agreed. Then, more gravely, "I'm sorry I let him go across the river." There was a pause. "If anybody harms him, I reckon I'll have a feud on my hands, for I'm a grateful person."

"I believe I can see that you are loyal."

"I was starved on sentiment when I was little, but it's in me bigger than a skinned ox. They say gratitude is an elemental, primitive emotion—"

"Perhaps that's why it is so rare nowadays," said Alaire, not more than half in jest.

"You find it rare?" Dave looked up keenly. "Well, you have certainly laid up a store of it today."

Benito and his men had rounded up perhaps three thousand head of cattle when Alaire and her companion appeared, and they were in process of "cutting out." It was an animated scene, one fitted to rouse enthusiasm in any plainsman, for the stock was fat and healthy; there were many calves, and the incessant, rumbling complaint of the herd was blood-stirring. The Las Palmas cowboys rode like centaurs; the air was drumming to swift hoofbeats, and over all was the hoarse, unceasing undertone from countless bovine throats. Out near the grub wagon the remuda was grazing, and thither at intervals came the perspiring horsemen to change their mounts.

Benito, wet, dusty and tired, rode up to his employer to report progress.

"Dios! This is hot work for an old man. We will never finish by dark," said he, whereupon Law promptly volunteered his services.

"Lend me your rope, Benito," Dave slid out of his seat and, with an arm around the mare's neck, whispered into her ear. Rosa answered by nosing the speaker over with brazen familiarity.

"Diablo! He has a way with horses, hasn't he?" Benito grinned. "Now, that Montrosa is wilder than a deer."

The giant herd milled and eddied revolving like a vast pool of deep, swift water. The bulls were quarrelsome, the steers were stubborn, and the wet cows were distracted. In and out of this confusion the cowboys rode, following the animals selected for separation, forcing them out through dust and brush, until they had joined the smaller herd of choice animals which were to remain on the ranch. It was swift, sweaty, exhausting work, the kind these Mexicans loved, for it was not only spectacular but held an amount of danger. Dave Law made himself one of them.

Alaire sat her horse in the heart of the crowding herd and watched the Ranger. Good riding she was accustomed to. But Law seemed to inspire his mount. In spite of the man's unusual size, he rode like a feather; he was grace and life and youth personified. Now he sat as erect in his saddle as a swaying reed; again he stretched himself out like a whiplash. Once he had begun the work he would not stop.

All that afternoon the cowboys labored, and toward sundown the depleted herd was driven to the water. Then through the cool twilight came the drive to the next pasture, and here the patience of the cowboys was taxed to the utmost, for as the stronger members of the herd forged ahead, the weaker, worried, littler members fell behind. But now these swarthy, daredevil riders were as gentle as women; they urged the tiny youngsters onward with harmless switches or with painless blows from loose-coiled rattans; they picked them up in their arms and rode with them.

Once through the gate and safe inside the restraining pasture fence, the herd was allowed to settle down. Then began a patient search by outraged mothers, a series of mournful quests that were destined to continue far into the night; endless nosings and sniffings and caressings, which would keep up until each cow had found her own, until each calf was butting its head against maternal ribs and gaining that consolation which it craved.

But love is a dangerous element, especially when it occurs between a married woman and a man not her husband—Both Alaire and David discover this and are unhappy—read about developments in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Disheartened. "An astronomer has been telling me about the incredible speed with which light travels," said the motorist.

"Why should that make you look sad?"

"He's just about convinced me that 60 miles an hour in my car is a mere snail's pace."

You could put all our United States (excluding Alaska) into Brazil, and have 200,000 "miles" left.

"L. J. Vegas, N. M., May 10."

INTERESTING ITEMS FROM THE CITIES

Took Freak Ordinance to Set Matters Right

KANSAS CITY.—Something new in the way of freak special ordinance was discovered in the council docket. The ordinance, if passed, would have the council settle a private dispute over a \$200 police court matter which ordinarily would have thrashed out in the criminal courts before a justice of the peace.

The dispute is between Mrs. Alibald A. Marrs, 3841 Wabash street, and Mrs. E. T. Bicknell. At the instance of Mrs. Marrs, her husband was arrested and later Mrs. Bicknell also warned in the charge. The pleaded guilty to the charge against them in the South side court and were fined \$100 each by Judge Joseph F. Keirnan. Mrs. Bicknell paid the \$200. Later Mrs. Marrs complained to Burr N. Mosman, assistant city counselor, that the money with which the fine was paid had been received from the sale of some diamonds belonging, not to Mrs. Bicknell, but to herself.

Mrs. Marrs wanted the \$200. There had been no intention on the part of Judge Keirnan to collect the fine, he having levied it merely as a club on Mr. Marrs in order. Consequently, when Mrs. Marrs had succeeded in inducing Mayor Edwards and several others in her case Mr. Mosman drew up and recommended the passage of the special ordinance.

The ordinance, introduced by Alderman Townsend and approved by the ways and means committee, provides that the \$200 be taken from the city and given to Mrs. Marrs.

Marrs is a traveling salesman. It is said he and his wife have settled their matrimonial troubles and are living together again.

Unable to Enter Army, Youth Will Work Farm

NEW YORK.—The patriotic spirit of the youth of this country has manifested itself again and again among the undergraduate student bodies of the universities in this city. Each day brings stories of heroic deeds performed on the battlefields of Europe by New York college men and of the students here forming into fighting units in preparation for the conflict. Now comes the tale of a group of young men eager to serve their country, but who because of physical disabilities may not go into the "first line." Their patriotic endeavor did not end there, however, and now having failed in their attempt to arm they will farm.

Mr. H. H. Van Aken, a senior in the New York University School of Law, was one of the first applicants to present himself at the offices of the Training Camps association after that body issued its call for men to enter in the Plattsburg camp. The rigid physical examination prevented Mr. Aken from becoming an officer in the United States army. His application for enlistment in the regulars was also rejected and it then became necessary for Mr. Aken to turn his mind to other channels in order to serve his country.

He decided to utilize a farm which had recently come into his possession in Ulster county just south of Kingston, N. Y.

As soon as his decision to return to the farm had been made, Mr. Aken announced his intention to his classmates, and in less time than it takes to tell, enough men to work the farm all summer had volunteered their services. In each instance they were men who had endeavored to enter either the army or the navy and had been rejected because of physical disabilities.

Beans and potatoes will be the principal articles grown, and chickens will be raised.

Visitor Tempted Fate, and Retribution Was Sudden

DETROIT.—Well, he is dead, and I killed him, and it serves him right! He been hanging around my desk all evening, doggone him!—and I was busy, too, trying to find out who did what at the Irvington flag raising, and needing all my natural acumen for the job. Then in he comes!

At first I was inclined to be polite to him, because he was the first of the family to honor our city room with a visit this year, and I took his coming as an omen that spring couldn't be more 'n six weeks off now. So I was almost polite. I said:

"Bent it—can't you see I'm bent?" Well, politeness was altogether wasted on him. He hung around me, and I said, "Dern you—I'll see you to beat it. Now, you beat it or I will heave a lead slug at you and squawk you flat."

Still he did not go. He hung around and buzzed around, and I couldn't think, or anything, and I said to the city editor that it was something about the way anybody was allowed to come loafing around the city room and bother the reporters when they were trying to work, and he said something about how we always gotta be polite to visitors, without exception, because some time mebbe they will have a scoop and give it to us, or something.

So, for awhile I tried to ignore this party that kept bothering me, and tried to keep on writing, and even moved a paste pot so he wouldn't sit in it, and never said a thing when he wiped his feet on my coat, and then, just as I was chasing an elusive adjective up the tree of rhetoric, and all but had treed on the tiptop limb, this guy starts in to sing!

Did you ever try to write something when anybody is singing? Well, it cannot be done. I glared at him horribly, but he kept on singing. I said to him, "Don't you know any better than to sing around here at ten o'clock at night, just before the bulldog is going to press, and sing?"

And he got up right by my ear and began to sing again.

And then is when I did it. He was the first mosquito!

Bean Like Rare Gem Adorns Senator's Tie

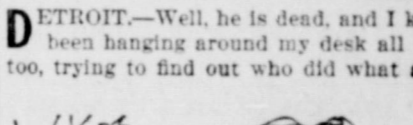
WASHINGTON.—Senator A. A. Jones of New Mexico, formerly first assistant secretary of the Interior, has recently been presented with probably the most unique article of jewelry known to the craft. A little spotted bean, known throughout the Southwestern states—the only section of the country in which it thrives—as the Pinto, is now being worn in the cravat of Senator Jones. It has been handsomely mounted in a solid gold setting and was received by the senator with the accompanying letter:

"You will find in the mail of early date a registered package containing a true specimen of the New Mexico Pinto bean mounted on a tie pin. A few months ago it might have seemed ridiculous to exalt the lowly bean to the realm previously occupied by the diamond, the pearl and other precious gems, but in view of the present prices which the legumes are now bringing, and their increasing scarcity, I have deemed them good material for the jeweler's art."

"Twenty-two million pounds of these beans were raised last year on the dry farms of New Mexico. This year we are working hard to double the amount, for there is no better food for the soldiers or the civilian than the bean, and we believe there is no better bean than the New Mexico Pinto bean. Should our senator, even for a moment, show his interest in our efforts in giving this little spotted bean a place in his cravat, our farmers learning of the honor bestowed upon it, would get busy and raise the largest and best crop of Pintos in the history of New Mexico, or break something in the effort."

"M. R. GONZALEZ, County Agricultural Agent."

"L. J. Vegas, N. M., May 10."



"You Do Speak Their Language," Alaire Said.



LIBERTY

ROMANCE OF OLD MEXICO

H. H. VAN LOAN



Serialized from the Photoplay Serial of the Same Name, Released by the Universal Film Manufacturing Company (Copyright, 1916.)

FIRST EPISODE

The Lair of the Wolf.

Who could recall the night when the Alvarado rode into Discovery and shored up the shed back of the Horton estate, declared that James was one of the bravest men ever hit the trail between Albuquerque and El Paso. His entry was unheralded and unexpected; he came from nobody knew, and a frame, powerful in its conformation, to defy argument, while his steel eyes, seemed to define the contours of the whisky he had in him, in addition to reading the mind of the man who served it.

In those days, when the Alvarado, in those days, was a Jack McGuirk, a rustler, who slipped into the west from the north and never talked about his past. Branch boys used to relate stories of a wife and children Jack had somewhere in Vermont, and, according to their story, there seemed to be another man mixed up in it. But, Jack never told, and boys never asked, so, the more sensitive inhabitants of the little town were inclined to accept the whole thing as gossip.

It was about the most generous man that had ever struck the country. If a fellow came to him from the rear of the bar, then walked around in front while Jack, keeping his eye firmly fixed on his holster during the trip, the round-up was over and the boys came to town, loaded to saddle with silver, and a detestation to ring it on Jack's bar, it was nothing unusual for the proprietor Alvarado to hold them up at the point of a six-shooter, when they had the sentimental stage, take the remnants of their salaries and them into his safe, where they were kept intact until the next day, when he would return the money to them. The result was that many men were just like receiving money from him, and many of them could thank him for their new boots and rangers, which they had bought with their own money and Jack's good graces. This was one of the reasons why Jack never suffered from poverty.

McGuirk took a fancy to Horton and the big, stalwart fellow passed the threshold and slouched up the bar. Before the dusty stranger gulped down his overgrown portion of whisky McGuirk had learned enough about him to satisfy a considerable part of his curiosity. In those days, a man who could hit the ball between Las Vegas and Discovery and live to relate his experience considered himself more than fortunate, for prowling bands of Apaches roamed beyond the old Santa Fe trail.



She Extended Her Hand.

Liberty felt keenly the absence of a mother. There had been moments in her young life when she longed for a mother's comfort and advice. Although she had never attended school, Liberty had been provided with a special tutor who had given her an excellent training. Every summer she had spent several weeks with the family of Major Winston in Albuquerque.

It was while visiting the Winstons that Liberty received word of the serious illness of her father. He had not been feeling well for some time and she had wished to delay her visit, but the Colonel, who was conscious of her fondness for the Major and his family, urged her not to sacrifice an enjoyable holiday for an ailment which he was convinced was only slight on his part, and from which he would soon recover.

But, the Colonel grew worse after she had gone. The terrible exposures he had undergone while fighting the Apaches were now exacting their tolls with the aid of apoplexy and Liberty reached home just in time to learn of her father's death.

When her mother died, she was too young to realize what it meant to her. But it was different now. The blow stunned her. It meant that everything she loved in the world; everything she had cherished had been snatched from her when she needed it most.

The will of Colonel Horton was a rather peculiar one. It made Major Winston and Pancho Leon the trustees of his vast estate and created them guardians of his daughter and only child. It also commanded that Liberty must not marry before reaching the age of twenty-one without the written approval of both trustees. Further, it bequeathed \$1,000 to the Colonel's faithful servant, Pedro; a saddle to Manuel, son of Pancho Leon and his favorite horse to Captain Robert Rutledge, of the Texas Rangers.

It further declared that Liberty

heated steel and his great jaws clicked together like a vise, emphasizing the determination in his heart. "They'll pay for this, pardner; by God they'll pay!" And his bronzed hand went to his belt, which held an ugly six-shooter.

"We'll help yer collect that bill!" added McGuirk as he brought his clumsy fist down on the bar.

They did pay. When the government sent McCullough and his men to destroy the murderous and thieving bands, which for years had been looting and killing in the vicinity of Las Vegas, Albuquerque and Discovery, James Horton was one of the first to join the fighters. When he met an Apache he fought like a madman.

In due course of time the government rewarded him by giving him a commission as captain, and later he was promoted to colonel. He led his men with the same fearlessness which characterized his father when he headed the Indian troops at Pigeon Gap, and it wasn't long before he had driven the Apaches back from the New Mexican trails. The day he retired he walked into McGuirk's, and, throwing his sword on the bar, remarked to the proprietor: "There Jack, I'm through with it now, for they've paid me in full. Hang it above your bar as a reminder to the Apache that he must behave."

He told the truth. Although there were thousands of settlers who had never been able to exact their debts from the blood-thirsty tribes, the Colonel had collected, and, as he took off his mud and dust-covered uniform and laid it carefully away in the big chest in the attic he felt convinced that the bones of the Apaches, which were scattered across the big area from Las Vegas to Discovery, were physical notes that had long been overdue; that the brutal death of one of the fairest flowers of the Southland had been avenged.

The land he owned, which consisted of several thousand acres; the great herds of cattle that roamed over his vast estate had been taken from the Apaches, while the big mansion which was known as one of the finest across the border, had been constructed, under his supervision, by their hands. The Colonel had never been cruel at heart; in fact he was generous to the point of extravagance and his charities were many and widely distributed. Discovery had benefited greatly by his generosity and he had helped those whom he had never seen. But, when his old friends, Pancho Leon and Major Richard Winston, appealed to him on one occasion, to assist a tribe of starving Apaches, encamped near his hacienda, he burst into a rage.

"Let them die; the dogs!" he exclaimed, as he arose and paced back and forth. "They killed the best part of me at Gorieta fifteen years ago!"

At the time of writing Colonel Horton was one of the wealthiest land owners in Mexico. His most valuable possession had been his daughter, whom he had christened Liberty the day after the Gorieta massacre, and who was now seventeen.

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crossed the border," replied Rutledge. "Manuel is as lazy as ever and Lopez just as dominating."

"I don't like the looks of Lopez," she remarked.

"There's something beneath that fellow's black skin that gets on my nerves," said the Captain. "It's going to work its way to the top some day, and when it does, I want to be in the neighborhood."

At that moment Major Winston stepped out on the veranda.

"Hello, Rutledge!" he exclaimed as he joined them. "Seems to me you're a good ways from the border." And he gave the Captain one of those vice-like grips for which he was noted. He was a tall, middle-aged man, of soldierly bearing, and his iron-gray locks and long, slender mustaches gave him the appearance of a southern colonel.

"I thought maybe Miss Liberty was in need of an escort," said Rutledge as he glanced at her.

"Well, you guessed right," replied the Major. Then, as he winked slyly at Liberty. "But, when it comes to such things I'm right at home. She made me promise her when she came here that I would chaperon her back. So, you see I've got to keep my promise; especially in a case where the ward is so charming."

"Looks to me as though I'm on the wrong trail," said Rutledge with a smile. Then, as he pulled on his gloves; "so, if you'll lend my horse a little feed I'll hit it back."

"You'll do nothing of the sort," interjected Liberty commandingly.

"No, now that you're here you might as well chaperon the little lady and myself," laughed the Major with a humorous little twinkle in his eye.

When Liberty had gone inside to prepare for the journey the Major slapped his big brown hands on the shoulders of his friend. "Now then, you must be hungry. If you'll get on the trail to the kitchen you'll find old Peyeta back there with some of the finest tamales that ever entered that grand canyon of yours."

A little later the caballeros were brought around to the front and Liberty dressed in riding breeches, gathered trimly around an attractively slender waist, a rather tight-fitting khaki coat and a brown soft hat, of the style worn by the American soldier.

must live one year at the home of Major Winston, in Albuquerque, and the next year with the Pancho family at the Horton estate in Discovery.

Desiring to fulfill her father's wishes, Liberty prepared to leave for the Winston home at Albuquerque. Old Pedro who had been her father's faithful slave for several years, and was as devoted to her as a squaw to her papoose, aided her in packing. Since she was a tottling tot his devotion to her had been admirable. He had sympathized with her in her childish sorrows and rejoiced with her in her happiness. He would sacrifice every drop of his almost ancient blood to chase the tears from her eyes. How old he was nobody knew; he didn't know himself.

For Pancho Leon and his son Manuel, Liberty held no high regard, and she believed that her father's decision to make Pancho one of the trustees of the estate held ominous forebodings for her. They had been warm friends of Juan Lopez, majordomo of the rancho, and there was something in the eye of Lopez that Liberty feared. She believed he had the cruelty of his ancestors in his soul, and she thought she could discern distrust behind his pleasing manners, which he used merely to hide the blackness in his heart.

So, it was with no great contentment that Liberty left her father's house and started for Albuquerque to fulfill the provisions of the will. But before she went she warned Pedro to keep his eyes open and at the slightest sign of trouble to warn her. And Pedro, faithful until death, sought to allay her suspicions and promised.

The Winston home in Albuquerque was one of the oldest in that section of the city known as the "new town." It stood near the Plaza and had been built in the early forties by Colonel Robert Winston, who journeyed west from New Hampshire in prospect of gold. He didn't find the mellow ore but instead became one of the biggest cattle owners in New Mexico, and, when he died he passed on to his son, his only heir, a large fortune. Here Major Winston, who was a veteran of the Civil war, lived hap-



The Colonel Had Not Been Feeling Well for Some Time.

ly with his wife and daughter Abeyta. Abeyta was a very attractive girl, about Liberty's age, and was christened this Indian name after an old Navajo squaw, who had been in the Winston household for years.

Now at this time there was a great deal of unrest among the Mexicans along the border, and it was said that there was a plot being formed by some of the peons to revolt against the government, which had at its head one Rodriguez Cubrero. This news was brought to Captain Robert Rutledge of the Texas Rangers, who was instructed by Washington to keep a close watch on the border, as there was a rumor that secret meetings were being held across the International bridge, on the American side, and, any outbreak might seriously affect the diplomatic relationship between the United States and Mexico.

Rutledge was as brave a ranger as ever faced a greaser and he feared nothing but God. For the past five years he had spent most of his time chasing Mexicans across the border. He was a handsome fellow and stood close to six feet with his boots on.

The leader of the revolutionists was none other than Juan Lopez, and his followers were holding their meetings in his camera at the rear of the Horton estate. Those who knew the history of Lopez claimed that he was at one time a member of the treacherous Zapatas and that his only object in starting a revolution was that it might give him an opportunity to place himself in public favor. But, up to the present he had been handicapped because of his lack of funds. It takes arms and ammunition, in addition to men, to start a revolution.

Finally, Lopez hit upon a scheme which promised to aid him and his followers. It was near the expiration of Liberty's stay in Albuquerque. Lopez had religiously counted the days up until the time she was expected to return, and his wicked heart was busy in the meantime. He was plotting. It was known to him that Captain Rutledge was very fond of Liberty, and, in all probability he would go to Albuquerque to bring her back. Possibly Major Winston would accompany them. A festa was being planned by Pancho Leon in honor of her return, which was to be followed by a grand ball. There was to be

her mounted "Tore," a fine three-year-old given to her by her father. She was followed by the Major, who was a picturesque figure on a horse, and Rutledge, who sprang into his saddle, with pleasant memories of Peyeta's cooking, and a heart full of Liberty. And, after the Mexican servants had extended their farewells, the trio started down the roadway leading into the old Mexican trail, which would take them direct to Narcitos and thence across the Rio Grande into Discovery.

A great reception awaited Liberty at Discovery. Old Pancho had kept the Mexicans, employed on the estate, busy for several days cleaning the great mansion.

When the house was all ready for the reception of its mistress Pancho gathered the ranch hands together and planned a festa for the day of her arrival.

Finally the day arrived. Pancho had declared it a holiday for everyone. The Mexicans spent most of the morning washing their faces, dressing their hair and putting on their very best vestidos. Pancho ordered Manuel to bring out the old coche, which had not been used since the Colonel died, so that Liberty might be given a royal drive around the estate. Even old Pedro, who had never been caught mingling with water during all the years he had served the Horton household, was found by Pancho scrubbing himself in the waters of the Rio Grande, which ran through the rear of the estate.

When all was ready, the strange procession, headed by Pancho, Manuel and Lopez riding on fiery Mexican steeds, and followed by Pedro on the seat of the coche, cow-punchers, riders and the servants, seated in some of the old farm wagons, left the grounds and journeyed down the road.

Liberty saw them, as soon as she and her companions turned the bend in the road, about a half mile from the house. The cowboys saw her at the same time and started yelling, as they spurred up their horse and started off to meet her. Pancho and Lopez, who were known as two of the best riders in Discovery, were not to be outdone and in an instant they brushed past the others and brought their horses to a stop beside "Tore" and his valuable rider.

"Ah, Pancho!" cried Liberty as she drew in her reins. "And there's Lopez!" she added as each raised his sombrero and put out his coffee-colored hand to greet her.

"Salutations, Senorita! Salutations! gusto, mucho gusto!" shouted Pancho. "Com lo pasa, Senorita Liberte," said Lopez as he grinned, showing his pearly white teeth.

"And, Pedro, donde esta?" inquired Liberty.

"He come, Senorita," said Pancho, as he turned and looked down the road. "There he is. See on the coche." And he pointed to the huddled old figure who was far behind the others, bending over the reins as he tried hard to urge on his tired team.

"The Captain and dear old Major have come with me all the way," said Liberty as these two rode up. "You know them Pancho and Lopez."

Pancho raised his sombrero, while Lopez merely nodded. The majordomo had never liked Rutledge, and their feelings were mutual on this point.

As the others came up Liberty greeted them all cordially.

Rutledge then assisted Liberty into the coche, which took its place at the head of the procession, with old Pedro, the happiest Mexican in the world, handling the reins. Then the Captain climbed in and took a seat beside her, while the Major rode alongside.

Lopez had noted this, and it aroused his jealousy: "Curse that white face! He pay for this," he muttered under his breath. And, with this he spurred up his horse, galloped ahead of the party and disappeared down the road.

But Manuel had noted it, too, and it stirred anew his old hatred for the ranger. There, who loved Manuel, despite the fact that he had a black streak running through his heart, saw the longing look he had cast at Liberty, and it sent every drop of her blood surging through her veins. She had dreaded the coming of this day, and now that it was here she feared what the future would bring.

That evening as the grand ball was in progress in the big ball-room on the first floor of the house, Lopez and several of his vaqueros were holding a secret meeting in his hut at the rear of the ranch.

"There is one way we can raise the money we want," he said to his rough-looking companions.

"How?" mumbled Tienda Barata.

"Sh-h," and Lopez crept softly to the door and opened it to make certain no one was listening. Then he returned to his seat. "To-night, when the Senorita sleeps, you, Tienda, must go get her."

"But how? She sleep upstairs," said the Mexican, who was not particularly pleased that Lopez had selected him for this particular job.

"I arrange for that," assured the black devil, with a grin at his aides. "You will find someone there with ladder."

"But, Therese?" continued Tienda.

"She no sleep there to-night," giggled the chief. "You know she no like the Senorita. She think Manuel throw her down because he likes Senorita. I fix that all right. She no be there."

"You mean to steal Senorita?" inquired Pedro.

"Si, si," returned Lopez excitedly. "We fix like this. Tienda, he go to room of Senorita to-night, when she sleep. Pass he help you. You bring

her find. There, where she too hot for we ta. auhuas mountain keep her. They pay money. Then, as I named in his fendish glee, he add you know I very fond Senorita, too. I show that white rat, Rutledge, that Lopez can get her too. He beat me in that horse race to-day. But, to-night I beat him."

"Maybe the Senorita make big noise when we take her," said Pedro.

"If she does choke her, you hear?" replied Lopez gruffly.

Then they all left the hut, each going in different directions.

In order not to arouse suspicion, Lopez made his way to the house, and mingled with the others in the ball-room. As soon as he entered he saw Liberty seated on a lounge, in the alcove, with Captain Rutledge, and a

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Saw Liberty Seated on a Lounge.

smear spread over his wicked face as he thought of what was going to happen a few hours later.

As he passed the couple, Liberty saw him and spoke. "I say, Lopez, why aren't you dancing?"

"Ah, Senorita, I can no dance like you Americanos," he answered with a gracious bow.

"Lopez is a better rider than dancer," laughed Rutledge, as he recalled how he had defeated the Mexican that afternoon.

The eyes of the Mexican gleamed fire at these words, and instinctively his hand clutched his holster. Rutledge was on his feet in an instant. But Lopez decided this was no time to start anything, and as he slouched away he remarked with heated anger: "Lopez will show you soon how fast he can ride!" Then he left the room and went to his hut.

"I wonder what he meant?" said Liberty after he had gone.

"You never know what is in the heart of a Mexican," answered Rutledge as he led his fair partner out on the floor.

Pancho broke up the party earlier than was customary that night, upon request of Liberty, who explained that she was tired from the long journey and the excitement which had followed. So, about a half hour before midnight the cowboys and servants started for their lodgings. After Liberty had bid the Major and Captain Rutledge good-night she went direct to her room and threw herself on the bed to wait for the return of Therese, who had gone to El Paso with Manuel to attend a Mexican dance. Tired as she was, it didn't take her long to fall asleep, and a few minutes later she was living over again, in her dreams, the events of a day that had turned out to be the happiest in her young life.

How long she slept she didn't know, but she was suddenly awakened by a noise just outside her window. She rubbed her eyes and sat up. What she saw made her blood run cold. For, as she looked the dark figure of a man was cautiously climbing through her window! With the aid of the moonlight she noted his features were that of a Mexican! She started to cry out, but before she found her voice the grim figure made a leap at her and clapped his hand over her mouth, at the same time raising her bodily from the bed in his big brawny arms as though she had been an infant. She fought madly to free herself. But he held her in a death-like embrace while she kicked wildly at him. With one hand she struggled to tear his from her mouth but he held it there like a vise. Then she fainted.

The Mexican then snatched up her handkerchief, gagged her with it, and, making certain that there was no danger of her reviving immediately, carried her to the window; climbed through and descended with his load, over his shoulder, down a ladder, which had been placed against the trelliswork. At the bottom stood another black figure. "Para la cabana," he said as the other stepped to the ground with his unconscious load sagging against him.

At that instant a third figure, which had been crouched in a dark shadow at the side of the house, sprang at the throat of the man who was holding Liberty. But, a stiff blow from the other sent him sprawling to the ground.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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The Mexican then snatched up her handkerchief, gagged her with it, and, making certain that there was no danger of her reviving immediately, carried her to the window; climbed through and descended with his load, over his shoulder, down a ladder, which had been placed against the trelliswork. At the bottom stood another black figure. "Para la cabana," he said as the other stepped to the ground with his unconscious load sagging against him.

At that instant a third figure, which had been crouched in a dark shadow at the side of the house, sprang at the throat of the man who was holding Liberty. But, a stiff blow from the other sent him sprawling to the ground.

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