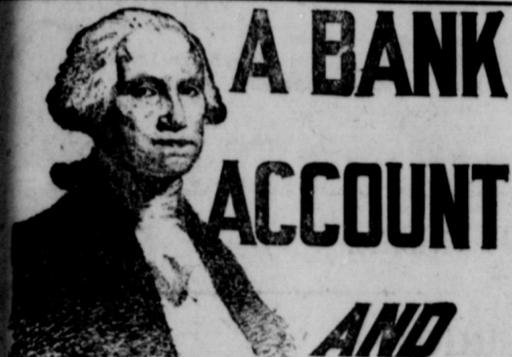


The McLean News

TENTH YEAR

McLEAN, GRAY COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1914

NO 8



A BANK ACCOUNT

AND INDEPENDENCE

GEORGE WASHINGTON, the Father of our Country, in order that you might have independence, was willing to sacrifice his life and liberty. You can only be truly independent when you are the possessor of a live BANK ACCOUNT.

BANK WITH US, A CONSERVATIVE INSTITUTION.

CITIZENS STATE BANK

"GUARANTY FUND BANK"

D. N. Massay, President W. E. Ballard, Vice-Pres.
Earl S. Hurst, Cashier, J. L. Crabtree, Vice-Pres.
DIRECTORS
J. M. Noel. L. H. Webb. J. T. Close.

Ball would have 80 per cent of the convention votes and would be nominated on the first ballot.

In Tarrant County, the place of his official residence, efforts were made to instruct for him but after much wrangling, the delegations were sent without instructions.

Former Gov. Thomas Mitchell Campbell and Judge William F. Ramey will head the Anderson County and Travis County delegations, respectively. Neither of them attended the Dallas elimination conference nor the first conference at Fort Worth.

The counties instructing for Mayes also instructed against proxies. Most counties report no instructions upon this subject.

The large number of delegates elected from the counties reporting indicates that the convention to be held at Fort Worth on Feb. 21 will be very largely attended.

A number of the counties gave instructions for Lieutenant Governor, Controller and Judge of the Court of Criminal Appeal but in many of the county conventions it was evidenced that there was a sentiment against nominating a full prohibition Democratic ticket.

Col. Ball at Houston last night expressed gratification because of the instructions, but said he could make no statement at this time.

Judge Ramsey at Austin issued a statement saying that he absolutely declined to consider the possible nomination of himself as a candidate for governor. He is unwilling to sever his business relations and the law practice he has built up.—Dallas News.

The local convention held at the Odd Fellows Hall on Saturday afternoon was fairly well attended and after being called to order S. E. Boyett was elected chairman, with C. S. Rice as secretary. Some discussion was heard and it was finally decided to send one delegate to the state convention, it being the expressed belief that he could cast the entire vote allowed this half of the county.

Rev. R. F. Hamilton was elected delegate and S. E. Boyett alternate. The instruction was to vote for Thomas H. Ball as long as has had a chance and then to use his best judgment. A subscription list was passed

Road Work Continues

Road improvement in the McLean country continues and it appears to the casual observer that a campaign has been fairly launched that will not wane until some material relief is had from the tortuous roads that have handicapped this splendid section and retarded its growth and development more than any other factor.

The latest undertaking was financed by the city government under the supervision of Mayor J. T. Foster and included the building of a clay road bed from the J. L. Turner residence in the north part of town to the town limits north of Mr. Foster's residence. This was the worst piece of road approaching the town and its improvement will be of untold benefit. Another stretch of road connecting with this one and extending east along the south side of the Foster place to the east line of the town section is being clayed this week, the work being also at the expense of the town government, which in regular meeting Friday decided to spend their entire income except what was absolutely necessary for other purposes in this manner.

Considerable street work is being done also, which includes the ditching of the Main street in front of the A. A. Callahan residence in order that the flood waters that accumulate in that section can find an outlet other than through Mr. Callahan's garden and barn yard.

Let the good work continue and may it never cease until every highway in this entire section has been put into passable condition. A dollar spent in this manner will return to us a hundred fold in the future.

to secure funds for the defraying of the expenses of the delegate and it is understood that a sufficient amount was raised.

Facing Meat Famine

Economic experts of the Federal Government are giving the high cost of living problem their paramount attention, and are investigating the high prices of meat. The Department of Agriculture has completed a census of the meat producing animals of the United States and finds that there has been a decrease of 4,183,000 head and an increase of \$176,530,000 in value during the past year. On January 1, 1914, the herd numbered 143,507,000, compared with 147,690,000 head a year ago.

The bulk of the nation's decreased meat supply is in the swine herd. Compared with last year the number of hogs in the United States has diminished 2,185,000 head; cattle 175,000 head and sheep 1,763,000 head. The major proportion of the increased values is credited to the beef animals. The value of all cattle, excluding milch cows, when compared with last year, shows an increase of \$166,688,000; swine have gained \$9,842,000 in value, while sheep have depreciated \$1,476,000.

Red Rust Proof Oats

Buy your seed oats from us—they took first prize at the Panhandle State Fair at Amarillo October 6th to 11th, 1913. Only ones raised in this vicinity. W. M. Kennedy, one mile east of Alaureed.

STOCK UP!

While there is plenty of coal on the market—winter isn't over.

We have a large stock of coal, all grades, and it is priced right.

Phone 4.

Western Lumber Company

Fire Destroys Donnell Barn

A fire alarm passed along the street by lusty lunged citizens last Saturday afternoon about five o'clock conveyed the intelligence that the barn on the Dr. C. E. Donnell place in the southwest part of town was afire. Soon a large crowd of people gathered and were busily engaged in clearing out the lower floor but could not save the building as it had caught and was burning in the loft and there was no water close enough to be of any material aid.

The loss, including a quantity of headed maize and kafir and a few bales of hay, amounted to about three hundred and fifty dollars and was not insured. The residence of R. B. Hearn, to the southwest of the barn, was in danger of catching from flying embers and the extreme

heat, but a bucket brigade manned the roof and kept it saturated with water until the danger was past. There was practically no wind blowing, which accounts for the fact that the fire was so closely confined.

The origin of the fire was doubtless due to matches struck by the children playing in the loft. Little Reeves Donnell, four years old, had been playing at cigarette smoking and lit a piece of cane stalk, which he left burning on the floor, explaining later that he did not think it would catch the "hard wood". He left the barn, however, and had been in the house probably fifteen minutes before passers by noticed the smoke of the fire.

Remember that I guarantee all photographs to be satisfactory—if they don't suit you you don't have to take them. I have pleased others and can please you. Orders taken for enlarged pictures and don't forget to have stereoscopic views made from your kodak negatives. Tracy Willis.

Onion sets at C. C. Cook's.

We are Giving Away

FREE

To our customers in exchange for the coupons we give with every cash sale a beautiful assortment of

Rogers'

Genuine Solid Nickel Silverware. Every piece is fully guaranteed. For each cash purchase made in our store you will receive a cash sale coupon bearing the Roger Guarantee. When you have collected coupons for the required amount we will exchange them, free of charge, for your choice of the silverware. Come in and look.

C. A. Cash & Son

Service and Solidity The Banking Requisites

The satisfactory bank—the only bank which can be of real benefit to the business public—is that which, while assuring absolute security, is prepared to give expert and courteous service not only to depositors but to the public generally.

The success of the AMERICAN STATE BANK has been built upon this winning combination of Service and Solidity. Your account is solicited.

CAPITAL \$25,000.00
SURPLUS \$10,500.00

American State Bank

(GUARANTY FUND BANK)
McLean, Texas

D. B. VEATCH, PRESIDENT W. H. HOLT, CASHIER
GEO. W. SITTER, VICE PRES. CLAY E. THOMPSON, ASST. CASHIER

A. P. CLARK, JR., J. T. FOSTER,

DIRECTORS.

INDIVIDUAL WORTH OF STOCKHOLDERS \$1,750,000.00

GREAT FEATS ACCOMPLISHED

AND

Grand Prizes Won

Stamp the **UNDERWOOD** the **LEADER**

In the Typewriter field and in a class by itself. Here are a few of its victories:

Holder—

OF
Every Grand Prize

Of importance Awarded in the Last Twelve Years

Holder—

of the
Elliott Cresson Medal

Awarded by the Franklin Institute of Pennsylvania

Holder—

Of every International
Record for

Speed, Accuracy, Stability

1809 Main Street
Dallas, Texas

Underwood

"The Machine You
Will Eventually Buy"

THE McLEAN NEWS

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

McLEAN

TEXAS

By A. G. RICHARDSON

SUBSCRIPTION.

One Year \$1.00

Entered as second-class mail matter May 8, 1905, at the postoffice at McLean, Texas, under the Act of Congress.

This is the open season for candidates, and many tents have already been pitched in the happy hunting grounds. Every citizen is entitled to the right of liberty and the pursuit of office, and to his turn to pull at the tail feathers of the American Eagle and hear the National bird scream out its verdict. From the platform of those who would guide our destinies, large flocks of political disturbances have arisen and some strange birds are making their flight. But before the season closes many candidates will hold up a white feather and the pursuit of office will lose its charms and there will be some wiser, as well as poorer men returning from the hunt.—Commercial Secretaries.

THERE is some agitation among local citizens looking to the improvement of the roads in this county from McLean to the Wheeler county line, in order that promoters may complete the task of making an auto road from Amarillo to Oklahoma City. This would be an advisable move and one that would rebound not only to our credit but our financial benefit as a high road of this character would draw tourists and business through this splendid country which has never been so well known.

Contemporary, the news, avers that McLean has, as usual, a big crop of candidates, and that Pampa people are too busy to run for office. Wonder where he gets his information? Counting those who have resided at LeFors for the past four years as citizens of McLean, we can only count four. Alanreed has two, Northfork one, LeFors two, and Pampa two officially announced and two or three with their hats in the ring.

INFORMATION from those close to the proposition is to the effect that the new test well looking to the development of oil in this section will be commenced as soon as machinery, which has been ordered, can be placed on the ground. The bonus has been all raised and the leases secured. This looks like business and we are confident that within the next six or nine months a paying log well will be brought in. Then, onward fellow boosters, no foe can hold us back.

FEW people are aware of the fact that McLean has a local organization of the nationwide fraternity known as the Boy Scouts, and of the further fact that the movement occupies an important station in the proper development of the young Americans of today. We have not the space here to give in detail all that the movement stands for, but suffice it to say the motive behind it is creditable and that the influences that are brought to bear upon the membership is of a character that will tend to make of them better and more capable citizens in the days to come. The local organization enjoys a splendid membership under the leadership of Rev. Howell, pastor of the Methodist church, and one of the first public services they have been able to render was the watching of the fire on last Saturday night. On account of the burning grain that was in the Dr. Donnell barn there was liability of the fire spreading at any time and the boys spent the night, in relays, keeping watch.

Posted.

All parties are hereby warned that hunting, trapping or otherwise trespassing on my land is absolutely forbidden, and any violations whatever will be strenuously prosecuted according to law. Take warning.

U. S. HAWK.

Dead Broke

By Cinbad the Sailor

We saw a man seated on the curb stone the other evening muttering to himself, apparently, as there was no one else to whom he could mutter. We felt constrained to ask him what he was doing there.

"Aint doing nothing."
"What's your name?"
"Broke".

"Well, suppose you are broke, you've got a name, haven't you?"
"I told you I was broke. You see my mother was a Peasley and she wanted a man so she got Broke, that's dad, and Broke begot me and I've been Broke ever since."

"How did they come to call you Dead Broke?"

"When I was born the thought flashed itself upon my infant brain that I would be Broke all my life. I lost all consciousness at once. "He is dead," cried my mother, wringing her hands. "Yes," groaned my father, "Dead Broke". I revived, alas, but I have been Dead Broke ever since. It has been fated to me all through life. The smallest boy in school always broke me playing marbles, I broke more windows than any other boy playing base ball, always broke down at recitation and had my head broke by the school master.

"Were you ever married?" we asked.

"Yes," sighing deeply, "matrimony broke me up worse than anything else. My wife was regular Tartar. She broke my furniture, broke my dishes, broke my back with a flat iron and finally broke my heart."

"How? by leaving you?"

"No, indeed, by sticking to me. After I left school I went to work for a broker. One day there was deficit in the accounts and I was afraid they might think I had something to do with it, so I broke. But they caught me and when the courts had disposed of my case I was allowed to go into the brokerage business again.

"How?"

"Why, I broke stone in the penitentiary. What would be a fitting inscription for my tombstone? Dead Broke."

Can handle all your business. Cash now or 30 days. C. C. Cook.

Open Program.

In spite of the very inclement weather, a large crowd of ladies gathered at the Presbyterian church on Wednesday afternoon of this week to enjoy the open program offered by the members of the Ladies Aid. The program as published in the News last week was rendered, with one or two exceptions, and very much enjoyed by all who were present. While each individual number showed careful preparation and thought and was splendidly rendered, yet we feel that especial mention should be made of the pen picture on Ben Har by Mrs. W. R. Veale. It was prepared and rendered in a masterly and comprehensive manner that won for the lady unstinted praise.

After the conclusion of the program all present were served with a delicious repast of hot chocolate and wafers. This public meeting marks the close of the year's study course on the "New America" under the direction of Mrs. J. H. Horton, and the ladies express themselves as being well pleased with the results of their work under such capable leadership.

Revival.

We are requested to announce that there will be a revival meeting commence at the tabernacle on Saturday before the fourth Sunday in June by the congregation of the Church of Christ. Elder W. P. Skaggs of Vernon will do the preaching. The public requested to bear in mind the opening date.

JOHN B. VANNOY

Optician & Jeweler

Dealer in Clocks, Watches, Jewelry and Silverware.

Does Engraving and all kinds of repair work pertaining to the jewelry trade.

Money To Loan

Quick loans made on farm lands. If you desire a loan write, phone or come to see me. Will be glad to serve you.

R. B. BONNER

Shamrock, Texas

Junior League Program

Song.
Prayer—Leader.
Subject—Missions.
Reading, "Generous Janie"—Ruby Shook.
Bible drill.
Recitation: "The Giant and the Fairy"—Norman Johnston.
Short talk on missions—Leader.
Missionary collection.
Leader—Charles Sims.
Prayer.
Song.
Benediction.

Don't forget about that photograph. Why not have your father's, mother's and baby's picture enlarged. Stereoscopic views made from your kodak negatives. Tracy Willis.

Church Directory

Methodist Church.

Cordially invites you to all its services. Sunday school at 10 a. m. every Sunday. Preaching at McLean 2nd, 4th and 6th Sundays morning and night. Genom 1st Sunday, morning and night; Alanreed 2nd Sunday, morning and night; Head 4th Sunday, 3:30 p. m.; Eldersville 2nd Sunday, 3:30 p. m. Junior and Senior Epworth Leagues at 2:30 and 3:30 p. m., respectively, ever Sunday. Woman's Missionary Society 2:30 p. m. every Tuesday. Prayer meeting ever Wednesday night.

J. T. HOWELL, Pastor.

Boliness Services.

Conducted by S. B. Jones, at McLean Presbyterian Church 2nd and 4th Sunday nights of each month. Cottage prayer meeting Thursday night of each week. The 1st Sunday of each month at the Head school house at 3 p. m. Third Sunday at the Back school house at 11 a. m. Public invited to attend all services.

Baptist Church.

Preaching second and fourth Sundays in each month at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. every Sunday. C. S. Rice, superintendent. B. Y. P. U. at 8 p. m. every Sunday. Resp. Landers, president. Ladies Aid meets on Tuesdays at 2 p. m. Mrs. Myrtle Hamilton, president. Church conference on Saturday before the second Sunday in each month at 11 a. m.

R. F. Hamilton, Pastor.

Presbyterian Church.

You are cordially invited to attend preaching services at the First Presbyterian Church, U. S. A., first and third Sundays in each month. Sunday school at ten o'clock every Sunday morning. The teachers and superintendent will be glad to greet you each Sunday morning. The pastor will be delighted to welcome you to all the services, both morning and evening. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock.

J. T. BRYANT, Pastor.

CLASSIFIED ADS

FOR SALE. One six year old milch cow with young heifer calf. Will let you try her for yourself. Phone 66 2 long and 2 shorts.

Bulls—Have a number of pure bred registered Hereford Bulls, coming three year olds. Call and see them.—Faulkner Bros., McLean, Texas.

For Sale—200-egg old Trusty incubator at a bargain. Mrs. W. H. Chambers.

For sale—Cane bundles at 2 and one-half cents per bundle. Phone 96 or 3 rings on S. E. N. or J. W. Dougherty.

FOR SALE—One Canton cultivator, parallel beam; One Canton go-devil; one set rubber tug harness with collars. All this stuff practically new. Will sell cheap for cash or on time with good security. See me if you need something good at the right price. A. J. Mayfield or J. W. Mayfield, McLean, Texas.

For Sale—Genuine Red Top Cane seed, NEW. \$1.50 per bushel. Geo. Bourland, Box 83, McLean, Texas.

LOST OR STRAYED 2 head hogs—one white and black spotted the other red and black spotted. One male and one female. Please notify. Bestor Christian.

Alfalfa Hay

We have a stock of CHOICE Alfalfa at Amarillo. Special prices car lots to any point in the Panhandle. Immediate shipment. Also deal in field seeds. Have some Extra Fine Red Seed Oats for sale. Prices and samples on application.

Early Grain & Elevator Co.

Amarillo, Texas

John Mertel

Dealer in Shoes

Fine Shoe Repair Work. I Will Sell You Good New Shoes and Fix Your Old Shoes Good.

Corner South Citizens Bank.

McLean, Texas.

Local Happenings

Items of Interest About Town and County

Use White Lilac flour for chance.

are ear-marks of indomitable and cussedness.

coupons on eggs. C. Cook.

left the first of the week for trip to Kansas City.

of fish and barrel of Delmonte Cafe.

made a trip to the auto the first of week.

get bit if you use White Lilac flour.

made a business trip in the middle of the week.

of best corn (regular 2 for 1). C. A. Cash & Sons.

son gets his first lesson on the bad road.

ing our best calico for Lee Bros.

crack of Alanreed was visitor at the News office.

White Lilac unless you get good results.

has been spending a few hours of business in Oklahoma.

of Wichita flour and C. C. Cook.

are of equal importance for consumer and transporter.

chain is conducting the S. hardware business during his absence this week.

the best grade of calico, it? Lee Bros.

follows the flag, but education follow in ways.

Cafe—a place to eat, you right.

on of better roads is one both the fireside and the case.

of fish and a barrel of Delmonte Cafe.

erson and family visited at LeFors the latter part of the week.

once used always used.

roads problem is not only one, but a moral and one as well.

is milled from choice wheat.

of Pampa was here the week in the interest of his tax assessor.

on shoes and slippers are C. Cook.

ay returned Saturday on business trip to North Texas.

o have engaged fetters will please call at once. Joe Clark.

at of Texico was here the week the guest of his sister Hamilton.

Hindman for meal tickets. for a dollar at the Home.

oy has the thanks of the subscription renewal this week.

et, Belle of Wichita flour C. Cook.

is not competitors of interurbans, they make for both.

& Son are distributors of Mac flour and guarantee.

lin was down from Amarillo part of last week do the new Buick automobile.

pure "Home Made" rib-trap see C. A. Cash & Sons.

mpson has purchased a automobile, the big 37, electric starter, electric lights.

our prices on gingham, cents for regular 12-1/2 grades. Lee Bros.

Dentist, will be in Tuesday and Saturday and 11, to do

One can of our Home Made pure cane syrup will convince anyone that it is about right. C. A. Cash & Sons.

J. B. Paschall returned the latter part of the week from a trip over the county ascertaining his standing in the race for tax assessor.

We want you to try our cooking and our service. We can please you. Eagle Cafe.

Mr. and Mrs. F. B. McLaughlin left this week for Hewett, Oklahoma, where they expect to make their home. They ordered the News to follow.

Tolle du Nord gingham, regular price 15 cents but we are selling it for 12 1/2 cents. Lee Bros.

W. H. Holt cashier of the American State Bank last week closed a deal for a Buick automobile, the very latest type.

We are expecting the fresh fish and oysters every day. Ask us about them. Eagle Cafe.

A freight derailment on the Rock Island west of Jericho caused a considerable delay in the passage service last Monday.

The best grade of gingham made—Utility—a 12 1/2 cent seller everywhere. Our price 10 cents. Lee Bros.

C. C. Cooper and Joe Phillips made a short business trip to Claremore the latter part of last week, going overland in a Ford.

20 Poland China shoats, also 40 pounds of pure bred Tom Watson watermelon seed for sale by S. B. East, four miles north of McLean. Phone on line 133.

J. P. Patrick has moved with his family from here to Mobeetle, where he expects to make his home for the present. The News will follow.

Delmonte Cafe, B. F. Gardenhire, Proprietor, offers the public the services of an expert cook and a modern institution in every respect.

The News man returned Thursday afternoon of last week from a week's visit to the Corn Show at Dallas and a little run into (and immediately out of) Mississippi.

My samples are complete and prices right on made-to-measure all wool suits. Before buying see samples at Luke's Tailor Shop.

Mr. Lee of the firm of Lee Bros., returned the latter part of last week from a trip to market where he had been buying the spring stock of dry goods and clothing.

G. W. Naron and family leave this week for Quanah where they will visit with friends and relatives for a while before deciding upon their permanent location.

Frank Haynes has recently purchased the residence of S. H. Dalrymple in the north part of town. Mr. Dalrymple expects to move to East Texas soon.

A letter from J. F. Harbert at Canadian conveys the news that his section is in fine shape, the cattle in prosperous condition and everything lovely.

J. S. Earp of the Herald community informs us that he is in the race for tax assessor of Wheeler county. The gentleman would fill the office with credit to his constituency and we hope he will be elected.

We are requested to announce that on Ash Wednesday, February 25th, the ladies of the Episcopal Guild will meet with Mrs. R. E. Dorsey and conduct brief services. All are cordially invited.

In exchange for the coupons we give with every cash sale, we are giving away Roger's Genuine Solid Nickel Silverware. Come in and let us explain it to you. C. A. Cash & Sons.

The young folks were entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hodgins on Friday night of last week with an informal dance and a splendid midnight supper. Dancing continued all night and it is reported as most marked success.

Have your rugs and carpets cleaned—guaranteed not to fade. Price: 1 lb. grain 10c per yard; Brussels 12 1/2c to 15c, according to weight; plush 15c to 17 1/2c and 20c, according to weight. See Luke.

Orman Horton has resigned his school at Ramsdell and left Saturday afternoon for Sulphur Springs, Texas, where he will accept a position with his uncle in an established abstract office. The News heartily wishes the young man continued success in his business career.

LOOK Mr. Farmer—Have for sale one 14-inch four horse lister for \$30.00; one 14-inch Success sulkey for \$20.00; one 12-inch John Deere lister for \$10.00; one John Deere disc cultivator for \$15.00; one stalk cutter for \$5.00; two sled go-devils for \$5.00 each; one 60-tooth harrow for \$5.00; one 12-inch walking plow for \$5.00. If you are to farm, come out. I can fit you up for a little money. W. W. Overton, one mile east of city, phone 74.

Missionary Meeting.

The ladies met at the Methodist church Tuesday afternoon, at 2:30 for the regular bible lesson. Mrs. Phillips got brother Howell to take her place, and all who missed the lesson may well regret it. The scripture is found in John's Gospel, 10th chapter, first eighteen verses. Subject, Jesus the good Shepherd. Many spiritual truths were brought out in the discussion, and we feel sure that each one was drawn closer to the blessed Christ, the good Shepherd of our souls. Oh how sweet is to study God's holy word and learn how much He cares for every heart.

The only thing that brought Christ from the shining Courts of Heaven was to seek and to save that which was lost. We hope that all have studied this lesson carefully and prayerfully and that each one can be with us next Tuesday, when we will finish this chapter, and Mrs. Richardson will teach us more about this good Shepherd. Oh how we long to say something that would cause every woman who reads this to realize the worth of those gospel lessons. If you only knew what a feast they are for the hungry soul, and we are all hungry for the good things our Father has prepared for us, if we could tell you how that each time we come together to study and discuss the scripture that is so full of Good's love for mankind; that our very hearts are made to thrill with love for the Christ, our Savior, and God the Father, and how we as Christian workers are drawn to each other, then we believe you would not miss a lesson. We pray God's richest blessings upon you, and invite you to our next meeting. Don't forget your bibles.

Mrs. Phillips will open the meeting promptly at 2:30, and conduct a devotional service of 15 minutes, and during this time we want to pray for the conquest of the cross in America, or America's spiritual needs. After this Mrs. Richardson will take charge of the bible class. After this a short business meeting, and each officer is requested to have a written report of all she has done since our last business meeting.

One Who Loves The Work.

Nothing extra fancy—just plain wholesome food, properly cooked and neatly served. Eagle Cafe.

Senior League Program.

Subject: Epworth League in a foreign field. Scripture lesson—Jonah 4:1-11 Talk in Japan—Alvah Christian. Song. Prayer. Talk in Cuba—Mary Christian Song. Prayer. The Missionary Christ, His mission field—Mrs. Noel. All requested to bring bibles. Election of president.

Intermediate League Program.

Subject—Life. Leader—Charles Cousins. Mathe w 19:16-21 — Leona Watkins. John 5:24-25—Leslie Sims. John 6:27—Maggie Jordan. Rom. 6:22-23—Dewey Dalrymple. Talk on scripture lesson—Leader. Song. Reading—Millard Newton. Song. Recitation, "Loom of Life"—Battie Lee Christian. Song. Talk on life and its influences—Howard Hext. Song: "Lifes Highway to Heaven". Recitation—Mary Henry. Song—Six girls. Benediction.

NU-CUT GLASS

FREE TO YOU

We have in stock at this time about two hundred dollars worth of the beautiful "Nu-Cut Glass", the most handsome medium priced cut glass that is made. We have it all priced reasonably for sale, but to stimulate trade for our store and as an inducement to you to make your purchases from our up-to-date, well selected stock, we are going to offer it to you absolutely

FREE

This is not a graft in any way. We want to give you this beautiful glassware and shall issue coupons for every cash purchase, also coupons on money received on accounts that are not of more than thirty days standing. For every dollar thus received we will give you a coupon to the value of five cents, and these coupons will be accepted the same as cash in payment for this handsome glassware. There are many different styles to select from and the price, of course, ranges accordingly. It is all plainly marked, and when you have secured coupons sufficient you turn them in to us and take the piece, or pieces, you have selected.

We have a complete line of Groceries, Furniture, Shoes and Furnishings, and wish to emphasize Shoes, of which we have a specially large stock, embracing many distinctive styles and values.

BUNDY-HODGES COMP'NY

Incorporated

White Deer Notes.

We were visited again last Thursday by another blizzard, but it soon passed by, and wheat is beginning to look green again. Operator Sefton and wife made a business trip to Panhandle Saturday. Rev. Huffman from Panhandle delivered two very able sermons Sunday. The Santa Fe has replaced the section hands on duty. J. A. Hughes has returned from a two months visit to San Benito. It makes me think of good old spring time to hear him talking of loading out so many nice cabbage at this season of the year. The first edition of the Carson County News, printed at Panhandle, made its appearance last Saturday. We wish the News editor success. White Deer is pretty well represented in newspapers, as "Milo Maize" write every week to the Pampa News, "Jonathan", to the McLean News, and "A Reporter", to the Carson County News. We believe in keeping the people posted on local news through our local papers. Everybody's Literary was well attended last Friday night. The debate was resolved: "The Pen is Mightier Than the Sword". The result was in favor of the negative. Mr. Overstreet was seen suffering from a hurting in his side caused from lifting heavy sacks of grain while loading a car. We are glad a new enterpriser has been established in White Deer, as our popular operator, Mr. Sefton, is conducting a dray line. Robert Lowes has been work

ing at the Santa Fe pump this week.

School is progressing nicely and is well attended.

T. N. Holloway's children, and several others, have the whooping cough.

The local trustees are looking for a man from Oklahoma City on the 21st to figure on plans for a new school building.

Mrs. Sam Kunkle left for her home at McLean after staying with her daughter the past week. JONATHAN.

Quarterly Conference.

The second quarterly conference of the McLean charge of the Methodist Church will be held at Groom on the 28th of this month. There will be preaching services Saturday night, the 28th, and Sunday morning and night. Business session at 3:00 P. M. Saturday. J. P. HOWELL, Pastor.

B. Y. P. U. Program.

Subject—Missionary Meeting: Isaac Taylor Tichenor, D. D., Home Mission Statesman. Opening exercises—President. Song. Prayer. Ancestors of Dr. Tichenor—Burrell Glass. Sketch of life of Dr. Tichenor—Luther Petty. Trio—Landers Brothers. Prayer. Scripture questions on missions by any member. The home board established and its first work—Dan Norman. The woman's Missionary Union's \$20,000 Tichenor Memorial Fund—Ethel Cash. Ten years of growth of Home Mission Board—Prof. Biggers. Business. Collection. Closing exercises—President. Leader—Anna Lou Bodine.

Programme

The Presbyterian Ladies Aid Society will give a Washington's Birthday social at the residence of Mrs. D. B. Veatch Saturday evening, February 21st. The following program will be rendered:

Song—Color Bearer. Oration, "George Washington"—Billie Biggers. Patriotic memory gems. Robert's Resolution—J. F. Watkins. My Country's Son—Joseph T. Bryant. Soap Oppressor—Jonnie Langley. Washington Song—Girls. What Our Flag Means—Flossie Rowe. The Champion—Howard Holt. Washington Song—Boys. A Boy's Opinion of Washington—Reagan Donnell. A patriot—Archie Bryant. Reading—Miss Dalrymple. Song—Soldiers of the Flag. Ten cents admission at the door. Coffee, tea and cake served free. Special music prepared. Everybody I his prin

HIS FIRST YEAR AT FARMING IN SASKATCHEWAN

Win Premiums and Prizes in Competition With the World.

There are thousands of young men filling positions in stores and offices, and in professional occupations throughout the United States, who in their earlier life, worked on the farm. The allurements of city life were attractive, until they faced the stern reality. These people would have done better had they remained on the farm. Many of them, convinced of this, are now getting "back to the land," and in the experience, no better place offers nor better opportunity afforded, than that existing in Western Canada. Many of them have taken advantage of it, and there are to be found today, hundreds of such, farming in the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. The conditions that surround farming operations today are so much superior to those in existence during their early farming days, that there is an attraction about it. Improved machinery, level and open plains, no rocks to shun, no trees to cut down, but wide stretches with mile-long furrows, elevators to handle the grain, railways to carry it to market, and bring almost to their doors the things necessary to operate. Splendid grazing areas, excellent opportunities for raising cattle. These things are all so different from what they once were that there is reason to speak of the attractions. R. H. Crossman of Kindersley, Saskatchewan, the man who won such splendid prizes at the International Dry Farming Congress held at Tulsa, Oklahoma, last fall, grew the prize grains during his first year farming. Up to 1913 he was an engineer and the only knowledge he had of farming was that obtained when he was a boy. That was very useful; in fact it was valuable to him. He had not forgotten it. Thousands with as little experience as he had can do well by taking up one of the 160-acre grants offered by the Canadian government.—Advertisement.

Afraid of Lawyers.
An old colored man, charged with stealing chickens, was arraigned in court and was incriminating himself when the judge said: "You ought to have a lawyer. Where is your lawyer?"
"Ah ain't got no lawyer, judge," said the old man.
"Very well, then," said his honor, "I'll assign a lawyer to defend you."
"Oh, no, suh, no, suh! Please don't do dat!" the darky begged.
"Why not?" asked the judge. "It won't cost you anything. Why don't you want a lawyer?"
"Well, judge, Ah'll tell you, suh," said the old man, waving his tattered old hat confidentially. "Hit's jes dis way—Ah wan tuh enjoy dem chickens mahse!"

Future John D.
Apropos of compulsory school attendance, Superintendent Maxwell said in New York:
"A certain Yakubicka, a Bohemian urclain, rose suddenly the other afternoon in the midst of the lesson, piled his books in an orderly heap and proceeded to clump out of the room."
"Yakubicka, where are you going?" the astonished teacher asked.
"Teacher," Yakubicka answered, gravely "exactly fourteen years ago, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, I was born. So I am now entitled to quit school."
"From the doorway he waved his hand at his fellow students."
"So long, fellers," he said. "I'm off to learn pants-making."

Ever notice that the girl with a broken heart always manages to save a few of the pieces?

FRIENDLY TIP.
Restored Hope and Confidence.

After several years of indigestion and its attendant evil influence on the mind, it is not very surprising that one finally loses faith in things generally.

A N. Y. woman writes an interesting letter. She says:
"Three years ago I suffered from an attack of peritonitis which left me in a most miserable condition. For over two years I suffered from nervousness, weak heart, shortness of breath, could not sleep, etc."
"My appetite was ravenous but I felt starved all the time. I had plenty of food but it did not nourish me because of intestinal indigestion. Medical treatment did not seem to help. I got discouraged, stopped medicine and did not care much whether I lived or died."
"One day a friend asked me why I didn't try Grape-Nuts food, stop drinking coffee and use Postum. I had lost faith in everything, but to please my friend I began to use both and soon became very fond of them."
"It wasn't long before I got some strength, felt a decided change in my system, began sprang up in my heart and slowly but surely I got better. I could sleep very well, the constant craving for food ceased and I have better health now than before the attack of peritonitis."
"My husband and I are still using Grape-Nuts and Postum."
Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pigs. "There's a Reason."
Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

France Trains Nurses for Public Hospitals

By J. B. RICE, New York

Since the department of public assistance in France has been organized on centralized lines, with officers for every bureau, visitors to the sick and needy, inspectors for the welfare of children and the care of the aged, Paris has found it necessary to recruit a corps of nurses for its public hospitals as well. Accordingly, about five years ago there were opened in various parts of the city schools for nurses under state charge. Today the profession of nursing bids fair to excel that of elementary teaching as an opening for the daughters of the petite bourgeoisie.

The largest and best equipped of these schools for nurses is l'Ecole middle class. It has room for 1,800 old people, who share the ancient gardens, with their well-trimmed hedges, neat flower beds and weather-beaten statues, with the young girls who are studying at the nurses' school.

The big classroom where the nurses meet in assembly overlooks a favorite walk of the old women, who hobble in and out all day long, as their predecessors have done for generations. The 200 fresh-faced girls within, in their cream white, unbleached muslin dresses and gauzy caps with frill and flowing blue ribbons, as they sit listening to a dignified doctor or bewhiskered professor, are a striking contrast to these ancient dames below.

In contrast, too, to the age-begrimed dwellings of the old people is the beautifully equipped building which is their home as well as their school. The training includes lodging, food, clothing and a small allowance during the two years' course. There are beautiful dormitories with every convenience, a spacious salon and dining room, besides the big classrooms and gymnasium. After the two years' study, including anatomy, hygiene, massage and medicine, the girls go into one of the city hospitals for three years' practice in nursing.

When the five years' course is completed the nurse is qualified for a position in one of the city hospitals. She holds this for life and may be promoted after certain years of service, and on retirement receives a pension in proportion to the salary she has earned.

Many Things Are Wrong in America

By JOHN CHENOWETH, Boston, Mass.

America is becoming a country without front yards or alleys. One is struck with this after a visit to Europe and the great cities thereof. There is hardly a residence in England that has not its front yard, and the workingman who goes home in the evening has his little patch of garden which he finds recreation in cultivating.

I dare say there is not a garden of any pretensions in New York city. I observed that the alleys in New York are disappearing with the increasing height of the skyscrapers. In Washington I find there are few alleys in the business sections, and there are not many in the residential communities.

There has got to be a stop to the continually increasing haste of Americans. They are all bent upon the same thing, apparently—to make money, and the "get-rich-quick" germ seems to have entered into every system.

Apparently the Americans do not know how to live. An Englishman or a German will spend an hour at his meals, whereas the average American will gulp down his breakfast in two minutes, grab a five-minute lunch at noon, and grudgingly will wait at his dinner table for twenty minutes or a half-hour. It isn't a question of enjoying the meal, but of appeasing the hunger and putting enough into one's stomach to nourish the system.

Back-to-Nature Craze Is Quite Popular

By Charles R. Goodwin, Charlotte, N. C.

The back-to-nature craze seems to be still popular. I know of one farmer out in Kansas who sold \$1,000 worth of lettuce in a year he had raised on one acre of land.

There are many persons who think it requires a large farm to make money. Farming at present has been reduced to a science and many of the small farms are paying better than the large ones. It only requires a few acres if they are handled right.

The modern farmer studies his land in the same manner as a doctor looks into a case of sickness he is called in to attend. The soil may be adapted to certain products that would not grow anywhere else in that part of the country.

He has his soil studied by experts and then he finds out just what he should plant. It is not a gamble with him for he knows exactly what his crops will be. If there is a drought the modern farmer has a well and his farm is small enough to pump enough water to save his crops.

Public Schools Assist in Commercial Spirit

By ROBERT T. DOWD, Toronto, Ont.

Public schools have been the means of blending the different nationalities that have drifted to the United States from every quarter of the world. The common schools have been assisted by the commercial spirit. The commercial spirit should direct the public schools. It has made the common schools of the United States a powerful factor for assimilation and has done the same in Germany.

Now that the tide of immigration has been turned toward Canada, the government will look to the common school to blend the nationalities.

It is the commercial spirit that brings thousands of immigrants to the United States in the hope that they will better themselves.

After they arrive it is for the government and people of the country to direct them to become respectable and share in the commercial citizenship.

The money men and capitalists and millionaires like Carnegie are the most reliable of the exponents of the commercial spirit at work.

Possess Mania for Wearing Freak Clothes

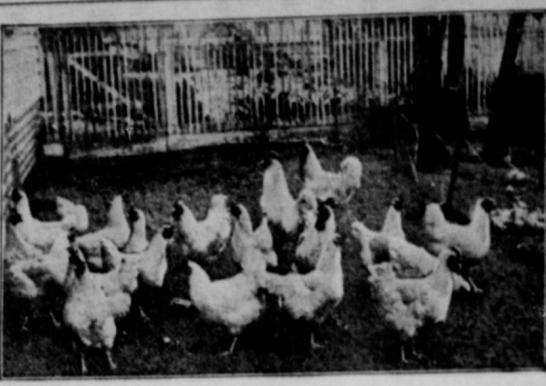
By F. JAY KNOX, London, Eng.

Women are not alone in wearing freak clothes. Tailors of advanced ideas had not insisted until the season had well set in that coats and trousers of various blue shades were bound to put the decent black out of fashion. As for silk shirts, they were to banish starched linen from the masculine wardrobe altogether, and certainly there are enough of them in the market, crinkly, plaited and warranted to bulge.

But these things were not to be. Blue dress coats and silk dress shirts may still be worn, as they have been, by men who like to make themselves unduly conspicuous.

The stewed-stripe effects in bosoms and cravats will still be esteemed as corollaries of the dinner jacket, which knows no laws, by flamboyant young men who wear plush soft hats, but the rigor of evening dress has not abated.

KEEPING TAB ON THE CHICKEN FLOCK



Fine Group of White Rock Chickens.

(By ANNA GALIGHIER.)
A large proportion of the losses, especially among the young poultry, could easily be prevented by the use of common sense and a little forethought. A few years ago we lost a lot of high-priced eggs because we placed the thermometer too near the water pipes in the incubator. Instead of setting it on a level with the eggs it was fastened to a little box, where it could not be overturned. We thought it a very clever idea at the time, but found out too late that we had made a mistake. Being so near the pipes, the heat caused the thermometer to register several degrees too high. That is, it was several degrees higher than the temperature down where the eggs were. Only one chick hatched, and it died. The eggs were broken and examined. We found that they contained chicks in nearly all stages of development. This taught us a lesson that has never been forgotten, and that was not our last by any means. In the poultry business it is just one lesson after another, and still we don't pretend "to know it all." One never gets too old to learn, but we never make the same mistake twice, but try to learn something through every mistake made, and that is some consolation when things go wrong. Whatever the trouble is, we try to find the cause and remove it.

A neighbor of ours lost nearly a hundred young chicks last year because of ignorance or carelessness—probably a little of both. The chicks were not properly cared for and they became very lousy. They had been hatched with hens, but were placed in a small brooder, inclosed in a small yard where not a spear of grass could grow. In spite of the fact that there was no lack of grass on the place, and also plenty of shade, not a bit of either was provided for the chicks.

They would probably all have died sooner or later, anyway, but as stated above they got very lousy and the owner made a short job of it by applying lard. This did the work—it killed all the chicks inside of an hour or two, and it is not at all likely that any lice escaped.

Now it was not the lard alone that did all this mischief, although it had been applied too freely. This happened to be when the thermometer registered 90 degrees in the shade. The chicks had no shade except the brooder, which was about as good as none; to make matters worse, the owner, after treating the chicks to lard, went to call at a neighbor's house, and never knew what was taking place in her poultry yard until it was too late to render aid. This reminds the writer of a similar experience that proved only a little less disastrous to the chicks. We had a fine lot of brown Leghorn chicks, nicely feathered out and growing to "beat the Dutch." They were kept in a house never before occupied by any kind of poultry and quite a distance from any other poultry house. Suddenly we became aware of the fact that they were lousy. Several had died after drooping around with wings dragging. We had been dusting the chicks with "house-killer" and were therefore very much surprised to find their bodies eaten into "raw" spots by the lice. The powder had possibly lost its strength. Something had to be done, and done quickly. We could think of nothing, then, but lard, which we applied in generous quantities. None was applied to their heads, as no lice were found there. Their wings were fairly saturated. They had free range, however, and plenty of shade. Only a few of the chicks died, but a good many were injured. The lard seemed to take the life out of their wings; they hung down limply and dried that way; the skin between the feathers appeared as dry and lifeless as parchment. We have never used lard or any kind of animal grease on young fowls since. Kerosene is worse. If something of this sort must be used, let it be olive oil, vaseline or even castor oil. We have used these with good results. When hunting lice, always raise the short feathers on the outside of the wing, there may be some lice on the body of the chick, but as a rule they are most numerous among the feathers on the outside; that is, under the short feathers among the large wing quills.

Don't be deceived. When a chick or turkey poult begins to drop without any apparent cause it is a sign of lice; when you see the little feathers in the wings either ruffle up or outgrow the body, look for lice. When their shanks or heads look pale or shrunken, search for lice.

If there are any lice or mites on the premises go after them with a vengeance, they will take possession if given half a chance. Where lice thrive poultry will not. Don't give the rats a chance, either. Last year a rat crept in at one of our chick house doors, which was left open a few inches, and killed nine chicks in less than half an hour. This was caused by lack of forethought.

TAKE CARE OF THE HARNESS

Should Be Cleaned at Least Once Every Year—Frequent Spraying Will Help Appearance.

(By A. JOSEPH, Genesee, Cal.)
Harness should be cleaned thoroughly at least once a year, the spring being the best time.

Take the harness all apart and soak the parts in a wash tub of luke warm water with a handful of washing soda in it.

Let the harness soak fifteen or twenty minutes and then scrub with an ordinary scrubbing brush. When the leather is nearly dry use edge blacking. It can be obtained from a harnessmaker. If you cannot get it, take half gallon of vinegar and put pieces of iron in it for three or four days or until the vinegar is a rich golden color.

Give the leather a good coat of this fluid, and rub the harness thoroughly. Take a quart of neatfoot oil and a half pint of kerosene. Mix and warm them and give the harness two coats of this, using it freely.

When the oil has dried, sponge the harness with luke warm water and castile soap. Use the imported castile soap, as the oil in it also helps to soften the leather.

Harness treated in this way will look like new and give about double wear, and can be kept looking well by sponging with the castile soap frequently.

NOTES OF THE DAIRY FARM

Dairying Is One of Few Absolutely Permanent Systems of Agriculture—Name Your Cows.

A cow's ancestry is valuable only so far as it teaches us how to produce her counterpart.

Give each cow a name and call her by it, and you will be surprised to see how soon she will answer to it.

Surrounding conditions have much to do with the milk producing value of any ration.

Dairy cows cannot make as good use of whole grain as they can of grain that has been ground.

In the generality of cases, heifers in their first calf do not show as high a test of butter-fat as they do at a more mature age.

A period of rest before freshening will usually produce a larger flow of milk than where the animal is milked close up to calving.

A man can better afford to sell butter at the cost of production than to sell grain, that is, when the selling price of the butter includes the feeds and labor at their market value.

Much farm butter sells at a low price, not because it is in itself bad, but because it is made to suit the maker and not the buyer.

A stud; of the kind of butter liked best in one's market is quite essential to high prices—as much so as a knowledge of the principles underlying good butter-making.

We can warm water more cheaply in some other way than through the cow.

The dairy cow's stable should combine warmth, ventilation and drain age.

Dairy farming is one of the few absolutely permanent systems of agriculture. Do not try to cheat your cows by giving them an ounce less of anything than they will profitably consume, nor crowd them at anytime beyond their normal capacity.

Progress in dairying is greatest where there is the most interest. Cow-test associations stimulate interest and progress.

Control Boll Weevil.

Occasionally the theory is announced that the boll weevil can be controlled by late planting better than by early planting of the cotton crop. The bureau of entomology has conducted many experiments to determine whether late planted cotton will produce a satisfactory crop. The results have all been negative.

Shelter in Pasture.

Shade and shelter should be in every sheep pasture. If there are plenty of trees, well and good, otherwise a cheap building should be put up.

"CASCARETS" LIVER; BOWELS

No sick headache, biliousness, bad taste or constipation by morning.

Get a 10-cent box.
Are you keeping your bowels and stomach clean, pure and with Cascarets, or merely the passageway every few days with Salts, Cathartic Pills, Castor Purgative Waters?
Stop having a bowel wash. Cascarets thoroughly cleanse the stomach, remove the acid and fermenting food and take the excess bile from the system and carry out of the system constipated waste matter and in the bowels.

A Cascaret to-night will feel great by morning. The while you sleep—never stop or cause any inconvenience, only 10 cents a box from your Millions of men and women Cascarets now and then will have Headache, Biliousness, Tongue, Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Constipation. Adv.

PROBABLY BET WASN'T

Youngster Undoubtedly Had but There Were Other Instances to Consider.

It was the day after the party year-old Robert came to his and said:
"Mamma, how many dishes of cut-glass ice cream dishes of there exactly?"
"Twenty-four, my son."
"Will you bet me that you more than 23?"
"No, darling. Grandmother gave me one dozen and Grandmother Sullivan another dozen. That's exactly two dozen."
"All the same," persisted youngster, "please bet me!"
"Very well, I'll bet."
"Then you've lost." "New York on one of 'em!"—New York Post.

SHE GAVE UP ALL HER WEIGHT

On Account of Her Weakness Cardui, the Woman's Tonic Brought Back Strength

Summit, Va.—Mrs. Leona W. Cardui, who has been suffering from weakness of this place, has the following to say regarding her experience with Cardui, the woman's tonic: "Before I began to take Cardui, I suffered with all the troubles, and, also, with what I thought was stomach trouble. I was so weak, I had to give up all my household work; and could not do anything the cooking.

I commenced taking Cardui, the woman's tonic, and after the third day I began to feel better. I had used five bottles, and am well placed. I can do all my household work and I feel like a new woman.

I shall be only too glad to do anything I can, to help praise the Home Treatment, for it is so good for suffering women. I shall never be without it."

For over half a century, Cardui has been helping to build weak, tired-out women, back to strength and health. It goes to the seat of the trouble and builds up womanly strength where it is most needed.

Cardui may be the very medicine your system has long been needing. Get a bottle from your druggist. It cannot harm you, and should be used for you what it has done for many thousands of others.

N. B.—Write to Ladies' Advisory Dept., Great Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions, and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent in plain wrapper request. Adv.

She Should Not Contradict

An officer in the Indian service was not particularly noted for his looks, one day turned to his wife and said:
"Do I not look like a monkey?"
Expecting that she would, of course, hasten to reply in the negative, she was rather taken aback, however, when she replied:
"The Protector of the Poor is pleased to say so, and how can his wife dare to contradict him?"

Important to Mothers

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

Overheard.

"Katherine has such a taking for me." "I wish she had a way of bringing me back."—Boston Evening Transcript.

"I do." "Constitution causes and aggravates serious diseases. It is thoroughly supported by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. The family laxative. Adv.

"Snickers and giggles seem to be taken the place of the good old-fashioned hearty laugh."

The Cough is what hurts, but the tickle to blame. Dean's Mentholated Compound stops the tickle—do at good Druggists.

A poor imitation of wicker is better than the real thing.

The M A R S H A L

MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS
ILLUSTRATIONS BY ELLSWORTH YOUNG

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SYNOPSIS.

...a peasant babe of
...after an amusing incident in
...New figures, is made a
...France by the Emperor Na-
...rejoiced that his boy
...was a marshal of France
...Bonaparte. At the age of
...the General Baron Gian-
...who with Alise, his
...daughter, lives at the
...of the Empire under
...of his campaigns. The gen-
...Francois a home at the Cha-
...refuses to leave his pa-
...the end becomes a copyist
...and learns of the friend-
...the general and Marquis
...campaign with the general
...Marquis Zappi and his
...arrive at the Chateau. The
...to care for the Marquis
...former goes to America
...before leaving for America
...to be a friend of his son,
...promises. Francois
...Chateau to live. Marquis
...leaving Pietro as a ward of
...Alise, Pietro and Francois
...young boy who proves to be
...Napoleon. Francois saves
...general discovers Francois
...and extracts a promise from
...will not interfere between the
...Pietro. Francois goes to Italy
...Pietro. Queen Hortense
...escape of her son Louis Na-
...discussing him and Marquis
...lacks. Francois takes of
...place, who is ill, in the
...Hortense and Louis. Dressed
...from the hotel, allowing the
...his mother to escape. Fran-
...of the Austrians for
...the castle owned by Pietro
...discovers in his guard one of
...family servants.

see the peaceful little village and the stream that ran through it, and the steep-arched bridge, and the poppy fields, and the corn! The gray castle with its red roofs, and the beech wood, and the dim, high-walled library, how he wanted to see it all! How his heart ached, madly, fiercely! This was the worst moment of all his captivity. And with that, Battista was over him, was murmuring words again. Something was slipped under the bedclothes.

CHAPTER XV.

Good News.

In the garden of the chateau of Vicques, where the stiff, gray stone vases spilled again their heart's blood of scarlet and etching of vines; where the two stately lines of them led down to the sundial and the round lawn—on one of the griffin-supported stone seats Alise and Pietro sat, where Alise and Francois had sat five years before.

As they sat in the garden, they had been going over the pros and cons of his life or death for the thousandth time. Pietro's quiet gray eyes were sad as he looked away from Alise and across the lawn to the beech wood.

"God knows I would give my life quickly if I could see him coming through the trees there, as we used to see him, mornings long ago, in his patched homespun clothes."

Alise followed the glance considering, as if calling up the little, brown, trudging figure so well remembered. Then she tossed up her head sharply. "Who?"—and then she laughed. "I shall be seeing visions next, like Francois," she said. "I thought it was he—back in the beech wood."

"I see no one," Pietro stared. "But you have no eyes, Pietro—I can always see a thing two minutes before you," Alise threw at him. "There—the man."

"Oh," said Pietro. "Your eyes are more than natural, Alise. You see into a wood; that is uncanny. Yes, I see him now. Mon dieu! he is a big fellow."

"A peasant—from some other village," Alise spoke carelessly. "I do not know him," and they went on talking, as they had been doing, of Francois.

And with that, here was Jean Philippe Moison, forty now and fat, but still beautiful in purple millinery, advancing down the stone steps between the tall gray vases, making a symphony of color with the rich red of the flowers. He held a silver tray; a letter was on it.

"For mademoiselle." Mademoiselle took it calmly and glanced at it, and with that both the footman and the Marquis Zappi were astonished to see her fall to shivering, as if in a sudden illness. She caught Pietro's arm. The letter was clutched in her other hand thrust back of her.

"Pietro!" "What is it, Alise?" His voice was quiet as ever, but his hand was around



It Was Whispered Quickly.

her shaking fingers, and he held them strongly. "What is it, Alise?" She drew forward the other hand; the letter shook, rustled with her trembling. "It is—from Francois!"

Jean Philippe Moison having stayed to listen, as he ought not, lifted his eyes and his hands to heaven and gave thanks in a general way, volubly, unrebuked. By now the unsteady fingers of Alise had opened the paper, and her head and Pietro's were bent over it, devouring the well-known writing. Alise, excited, French, exploded into a disjointed running comment.

"From prison—our Francois—dear Francois!" And then: "Five years, Pietro! Think—while we have been free!" And then, with a swift clutch

again at the big coat sleeve crowding against her: "Pietro! See, see! The date—it is only two months ago. He was alive then; he must be alive now; he is! I knew it, Pietro! A woman knows more things than a man."

With that she threw up her head and fixed Jean Philippe, drinking in all this, with an unexpected stern glance. "What are you doing here, Moison? What manners are these?" Then, relapsing in a flash into pure human trust and affection toward the anxious old servant: "My dear, old, good Moison—he is alive—Monsieur Francois is alive—in a horrible prison in Italy! But he is alive, Moison!"

And with that, a sudden jump again into dignity. "Who brought this, Moison?"

Jean Philippe was only too happy to have a hand in the joyful excitement. "Mademoiselle, the young person speaks little language. But he told me to say to monsieur the marquis that he was the little Battista."

Pietro looked up quickly. "Alise, it is the servant from my old home of whom I spoke to you. I can not imagine how Francois got hold of him, but he chose a good messenger. May I have him brought here? He must have something to tell us."

Alise, her letter in her hands, struggled in her mind. Then: "The letter will keep—yes, let him come, and we can read it all the better after for what he may tell us."

So Moison, having orders to produce at once the said little Battista, retired, much excited, and returned shortly—but not so shortly as to have omitted a fling of the great news into the midst of the servants' hall. He conducted, marching behind him, the little Battista, an enormous young man of six feet four, erect, grave, stately. This dignified person, saluting the lady with a deep bow, dropped on one knee before his master, his eyes full of a worshipful joy, and kissed his hand.

Having done which, he arose silently and stood waiting, with those beaming eyes feasting on Pietro's face, but otherwise decorous.

First the young marquis said some friendly words of his great pleasure in seeing his old servant and the friend of his childhood, and the big man stood with downcast eyes, with the color flushing his happy face. Then, "Battista," asked the marquis, "how did you get the letter which you brought mademoiselle?"

"My father," answered Battista laconically. "How did your father get it?" "From the signor prisoner, my signor."

Alise and Pietro looked at him attentively, not comprehending by what means this was possible. Pietro, remembering the little Battista of old, vaguely remembered that he was incapable of initiative in speech. One must pump him painfully.

"Was your father in the prison where the signor is confined?" Alise asked.

The little Battista turned his eyes on her a second, approvingly, but briefly. They went back without delay to their affair of devouring the face of his master. But he answered promptly. "Yes, signorina; he is there always."

"Always?" Pietro demanded in alarm. "Is Battista a prisoner?" "But no, my signor."

"What then? Battista, try to tell us."

So adjured, little Battista made a violent effort. "He is one of the jailers, my signor."

"Jailers? For the Austrians?" The face of the marquis took all the joyful light out of the face of little Battista.

"My signor," he stammered, "it could not be helped. He was there. He knew the castle. They forced him at first, and—and it came to be so."

"Knew the castle?" Pietro repeated. "What castle?"

Battista's eyes turned to his master's like those of a faithful dog, trusting but not understanding. "What castle, my signor? Castelforte—the signor's own castle—what other?"

A sharp exclamation from Alise summed up everything. "Your castle is confiscated; they use it as a prison. Francois is a prisoner there, Pietro! All these years—in your own home!"

"I never dreamed of that," Pietro spoke, thinking aloud. "Every other prison in Austria and Italy I have tried to find him in. I never dreamed of Castelforte."

At the end of the interview the little Battista put his hand into his breast pocket and brought out another letter, thickly folded. Would mademoiselle have him instructed where to find the mother of the signor prisoner? He had promised to put this into her own hands. He must do it before he touched food.

And Jean Philippe Moison, who had lurked discreetly back of the nearest stone vase, not missing a syllable, was given orders, and the huge little Battista was sent off up the stone steps between the scarlet flowers, up the velvet slope of lawn, in charge of the purple one.

Half an hour later the general walked up from the village, walked slowly, thoughtfully through the beech

wood, his face hardly older than when he had come to Vicques, but sterner and sadder; his still soldierly gait less buoyant than it had been five years ago.

He saw Alise and Pietro coming joyfully toward him, running lightly and heartily, calling to him with excited gay voices. It stabbed the general's heart; a quick thought came of that other who had been always with them, now dead or worse, of that other whom these two had forgotten. And with that they were upon him, and Alise was kissing him, hugging him, pushing a letter into his hand, up his sleeve, into his face—anywhere.

"Father—good news—the best news—almost the best! Father, be ready for the good news!"

"I am ready," the general growled impatiently. "What is this foolery? Sabre de bois! What is your news, then, you silly child?"

And Alise, shaking very much, laid her hand on his cheek and looked earnestly into his eyes. "Father, Francois is alive!"

For all his gruff self-control the general made the letter an excuse shortly to sit down. Queer, that a man's knees should suddenly bend and give way because of a thrill of rapture in a man's psychological make-up! But the general had to sit down. And then there all that had been extracted from little Battista was rehearsed, and the letter read over from start to finish.

"But he is alive, father! Alive! That is happiness enough to kill one. I never knew till now that I feared he was dead."

"Alive—yes! But in prison—in that devil's hole of an old castle!" And Alise looked at Pietro and laughed, but the general paid no attention. "He must be got out. There is no time to waste. Diab! He is perishing in that vile stable! What was that the lad said to the doctor's speech, that only a long sea voyage could save him? One must get him out, mon dieu, quick!"

Alise, her hand on his arm, put her head down on it suddenly and stood so for a moment, her face hidden. Pietro, his hands thrust deep in his pockets, looked at the general with wide gray eyes, considering. With that Alise flashed up, turned on the young Italian, shaking her forefinger at him; her eyes shone blue fire.

"That is for you, Pietro. If we should lose him now, just as we have found him! Now is the time for you to show if you can be what is brave and strong, as Francois has shown. It is your castle; you must save him."

Pietro looked at the girl, and the color crept through his cheeks, but he said nothing.

"Alise, my Alise," her father put an arm around her. "One may not demand heroism as if it were bread and butter. Pietro will not fail us."

"Alise always wished me to be brilliant like Francois," Pietro spoke gently. "But I never could."

"Yet, Pietro, it is indeed your time," Alise threw at him eagerly. "Francois must be rescued or he will die."

"Yes," Pietro answered quietly. "Francois must be rescued."

He was silent a moment, as if thinking. His calm poised mind was working swiftly; one saw the inner action in the clear gray eyes. The general and Alise, watching him, saw it.

"I think I know how," he said.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Stone Staircase.

Battista's prisoner stood at the barred window high up the steep side of the castle and stared out wistfully at the receding infinity of bluesness—his meadow. In the three months since his letter had gone to France, he had grown old. The juices of his youth seemed dried up; his eyes were bloodshot, his skin yellow; there was no flesh on him. The waiting and hoping had worn on him more than the dead level of the hopeless years before. There was a new tenseness in the lightly-built figure, even in the long, delicate, strong fingers. The prisoner had caught a whiff of the air of hope and was choking for a full breath.

"You are not well, my friend," said the governor. "The doctor must see you."

But Francois refused lightly and laughed and fell to singing an old peasant song of France which he had remembered lately; he got up on the table and droned it to an imaginary fiddle which he pretended to play after the manner of old Jacques Arne, who played for dances in Vicques. And the governor was taken with a violent fancy for it. He roared at it, and sang it over in fragments till he had learned it, and then he sang it and roared again and slapped his knee; there was a droll comedy in Francois' rendering also, not to be explained—and the count said that Francois must come to his rooms the next night for dinner and sing him the song again and also listen to a new one of his own.

So Francois was taken down the stone staircase and conducted to the two rooms which were the governor's suite. He knew them well, for he had dined many times with the count. But tonight he was left alone a few moments in the outer room, the living-room, while the governor was in the bedroom, and he looked about keenly with a strained attention which grew out of the suppressed hope of escape. Who knew what bit of knowledge of the castle might be vital, and who knew how soon? He noted the swords and pistols hanging on the wall, and marked a light saber whose scabbard was brightly polished as if the blade also were kept in good order. On the table he saw the flint and steel with which Count von Gersdorf lighted his pipe; he stepped to the window and bent out, scanning the wall. A stone coping, wide enough for a man's foot, but little more, ran, four feet below; ten feet beyond the window it ended in the roof of a shed, a sloping roof where a man could drop down, yes, or even climb up with ease. A man, that is, who had climbed when a boy as Francois had climbed—like a cat for certainty and lightness. But what then, when one was in the courtyard? It was walled about with a stone wall sixteen feet high; these old ancestors of Pietro, who had built this place, had planned well to keep Pietro's friend in prison.

So Francois, not hopeful of a sortie by that point, drew in his head from the open window and took to examining the walls of the governor's room. There were three doors—one from the hall by which he had come, one behind which he now heard the count moving in his bedroom, and a third. The count had gone through this last door one night a month before, into a dark, winding, stone staircase, and disappeared for three minutes, and brought up a bottle of wonderful wine.

"A fine stock they put down there—the Italians who ruled here for eight hundred-odd years," he had said. "I've lowered it a bit. A good spacious wine-cellar and grand old wine. You will be the better for a little." And Francois had watched him as he put the brass key back on the chain which hung from his belt.

At this point of memory the bedroom door opened, and the governor came out, in great good humor and ready to eat and drink as became an Austrian soldier. The dinner was brought in, but Francois, for all his efforts to do his part, could not swallow food, or very little. The fever, the unrest burning in him, made it impossible. Count Gersdorf looked at him seriously when dinner was over; as yet Francois, talking, laughing, singing, had eaten not over half a dozen mouthfuls.

"Certainly you are not well," he said. "I think the doctor should see you." And then he nodded his head and his small eyes gleamed with a brilliant thought. "I know a medicine better than a doctor's." He stood up and his fingers were working at the chain of his belt. Francois watched them and saw the thin, old, brass key which he slipped off. "A bottle of wine of our Italian ancestors—yours and mine, Beupre—the count chuckled—"that will cure you of your ills for this evening at least." He slid the key into the lock and said, half to himself. "My little brass friend never leaves the belt of Albrecht von Gersdorf except to do him a pleasure, bless him!" And then "Hold the candle Beupre—well, come along down—it can do no harm and I can't manage a light and two bottles."

So Francois followed down the twisted, headlong, stone staircase and found himself, after rather a long descent, holding the lamp high, gazing curiously about the walls of a large stone room lined with shelves, filled with bottles.

"A show, isn't it?" the Count von Gersdorf demanded. "Here, hold the light on this side," and he went on talking. "The wine is so old that I think it must have been stocked before the time of the last lord of the castle."

And Francois, holding the light, remembering the Marquis Zappi, thought so too. The count pointed to a square stone in the wall which projected slightly, very slightly.

"That is the door to a secret stock of some sort, I have always thought," he said. "Probably some wonderful old stuff saved for the coming of age of the heir, or a great event of that sort. I wish I could get at it," and he stared wistfully at the massive block. "But I cannot stir it. And I don't let anyone but myself down here—not I." The count turned away and they mounted the two stories of narrow steps, for the governor's rooms were on the second floor, and the staircase ran from it between walls, down underground. "The old chaps must have thought a lot of their wine to have the cellar connect directly with their own rooms—for Battista, tells me these were always the rooms of the Za—of the lords of the castle," the governor explained.



"You Must Save Him!"

And to Francois, considering it, the fact seemed an odd one. And then the governor set to work drinking Pietro's wine, and little thought, as he urged it on his prisoner, how much more right to it the prisoner had than he. It was a wonderful old liquid, full of a strange dim sparkle, and of most exquisite bouquet. As he drank it Francois silently toasted its owner on his return to his own again. He took so little as to disgust the governor, but it put fresh life into him, and when at last he could leave the count, who was by that time more than fairly drunk, he went up to his cold prison under the roof quieter and more at peace than he had been for months.

CHAPTER XVII.

A Loaf of Bread.

The next morning Battista came in with a manner which to the observing eye of his prisoner foretold distinctly some event. He talked more than usual, and more gruffly and loudly, but at last, after wandering about the room some minutes, all the time talking, scolding, he swooped on Francois and thrust a thick paper into his coat and at the same instant his heavy left hand was over Francois' mouth.

"Not a word," he whispered, and then—"The loaf of bread."

Francois, struck dumb and blind, turned hot and cold, and his shaking hand in his coat pocket clutched the letter.

But Battista prodded him with his hard forefinger. "Be careful," he muttered, and then again, "The bread"—with a sharp prod—"The loaf of bread"—and the door had clanged. Battista was gone.

A strong man, who had not been shut away from life, would likely have read the letter instantly, would instantly have examined the long round loaf lying before him. Francois was ill and weak and it was the first word for five years from his own people, which lay in his hand; he sat as if turned to stone, touching the paper as if that were enough; he sat perhaps fifteen minutes.

Then suddenly a breathlessness came over him that something might happen before he could read it—this writing which, whatever it should say, meant life and death to him. Taking care not to rustle the paper, deadening the sound under his bedclothes, he read it, kneeling by the bed. It was four letters—from his mother and Alise and the general and Pietro; but the first three were short. He felt, indeed, reading them, that no words had been written, that only the arms of the people he loved had strained about him and their faces laid against his, and that so, wordlessly, they had told him but one thing—their undying love. Weak, lonely, his intense temperament stretched to the breaking point by the last three months of fearful hope, it was more than he could bear. He put the papers against his cheek and his head dropped on the bed, and a storm of tears tore his soul and body. But it was dangerous; he must not be off his guard; he remembered that swiftly, and with shaking fingers he opened Pietro's letter—Pietro's letter which, yellowed and faded but distinct yet, in the small clear writing, is guarded today with those other letters in the mahogany desk in Virginia.

"My dear brother Francois," the letter began, and quick tears came again at that word "brother," which said so much. "My dear brother Francois—this is not to tell you how I have searched for you and never forgotten you. I will tell you that when I see you. This is to tell you how to get out of that house of mine which has held you as a prisoner when you ought to have been its welcome guest. When Italy is free we will do that over; but

we must get you free first. Francois, I am now within five miles of you—" The man on his knees by the prison bed gasped; the letters staggered before his eyes.

"I am living on a ship, and I will explain how I got it when I see you, in a few days now, Francois. Every night for a week, beginning with tonight, there will be a person watching for you in Riders' Hollow, from midnight till daylight. After that we shall go away for two weeks so as to avoid giving suspicion, and then repeat the arrangement again every night for a week. You do not know Riders' Hollow, and it is unnecessary to tell you more about it than that it is a lonely place hidden in trees, and supposed to be haunted by ghosts of men on horse back; the people about will not care there for love or money except broad daylight.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

One may be better than his tutor or his conduct, but never than his principles.—Laten.



The Count Pointed to a Square Stone in the Wall.

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(TO BE CONTINUED.)

One may be better than his tutor or his conduct, but never than his principles.—Laten.

IT'S OVER

The Piano contest is over, but we are still doing business at the old stand and back our claim for a share of your patronage with a large and well selected stock at honest prices.

WISE & BEALL

General Merchandise

Callahan To Retire

As soon as the work of invoicing and straightening up the stock can be completed Messrs. C. S. Rice and W. B. Upham will take over the interest of A. A. Callahan in the McLean Hardware Co., a deal having been closed whereby they purchased his stock in the institution. Mr. Callahan has been identified with the store as manager since its opening here six years ago and that his administration was efficient is attested by the splendid patronage the institution has enjoyed. He has not announced his intentions as to the future but it is sincerely hoped that he will decide to remain with us.

Both Messrs. Rice and Upham have also been identified with the store since its opening, but Mr. Rice was known as a stockholder, having been engaged in other business. Mr. Upham has had charge of the books and accounts and has an intimate knowledge of the business that will fit him to administrate its affairs in a manner pleasing to all its customers.

Business Change.

B. F. Gardenhire last week closed a deal with G. W. Mathrole whereby he becomes the proprietor of the popular cafe known as Red's Restaurant. The new proprietor took active charge of the business Saturday, where he will be pleased to meet his friends and the hungry public. He has been formerly engaged in the restaurant business here and is known to practically everyone. He announces his intention of conducting an up-to-date establishment in every respect and we predict for him an unstinted success.

Mrs. Mathrole, who has been assisting her husband in the restaurant, has leased the building formerly occupied by D. Bassell and will open up a large and complete stock of millinery goods about the fourteenth of next month. The building has been repaired and generally renovated. Mrs. Mathrole intends to open a millinery emporium in the building formerly occupied by D. Bassell.

Clarendon Takes Game

The McLean High School Basketball Team suffered defeat at the hands of the Clarendon College bunch on last Saturday afternoon at the school campus, the final score being twenty-two and twenty-four in favor of the visitors. In the first half the score was in favor of the locals, but during the last half the visitors put it over them, piling up sufficient scores to over come their lead.

Both teams played good ball and it is the expressed opinion of the onlookers that our boys were given the worst of the deal in the matter of decisions to a sufficient extent to cause their defeat.

The next game, and probably the last of the season, will be played here tomorrow (Saturday) with the Hedley school team. This team played the Clarendon bunch eighteen to nineteen not long since and the local boys are expecting a good game.

Knowledge Is The Key.

Practical knowledge is the key to prosperity.

To know things is not sufficient. Men and women who both know and KNOW HOW are the kind the world demands.

We teach the "KNOW HOW" of business. We show the "reasons why" things are done. And our students, equipped with this thoroughly PRACTICAL knowledge, win high distinction in every line.

We will give YOU that training which will equip you as a winner—start you right and help you all the way.

Our graduates are not ordinary competent clerks, stenographers and bookkeepers.

Their BUSINESS SENSE has been developed, so they are ready not only to do their routine work well, but to recognize and seize the chances to make a lasting business success that comes to every earnest worker.

Ask for our free literature.

THE BOWIE COMMERCIAL COLLEGE, Bowie, Texas.

Our new gingham, calicoes and percales are here and we are looking for the balance of our spring stock of drygoods this week. We invite you in to see them. Lee Bros.

Blue Devils.

Do you ever have the Blue Devils? If you never do, you are not Human. Even as the Temperature rises and falls, so do our Moods and Feelings come and go, tumble over each other, scatter, and then come together again.

The most wonderful antidote for the Blue Devils—for of course you know what they are—is Work.

But you say: "That is what brought on the Blue Devils. I have been working too hard". No, you have been worrying too hard. Work harder. It may be, however, that you have been doing the wrong kind of Work. Work till you find the RIGHT Work.

Red-blooded people have fewer Blue Devils than any one else.

Fresh Air, Clean Thoughts, Sound Sleep and plenty of it, and Activity, redden the Blood as nothing else can. Also, these things make it Rich as well as Red. And the Heart, answering back, says, "I want more of the Red."

Your Efficiency depends largely upon how few Blue Devils you allow around.

Drive out your Blue Devils.

Smile them out. Work them out. Sleep them out. Love them out. Exercise them out. KICK them out.—Amarillo News.

New Commissioner.

The first of last week when the county commissioners' court met at LeFors the resignation of J. L. Crabtree, who represented this precinct in the court, was read and accepted and C. E. Anderson was appointed to fill out his unexpired term. The resignation of Mr. Crabtree was made necessary by reason of the fact that he is compelled to live in a lower altitude on account of his health, which has been very indifferent for the past year. He has made the people of his precinct an efficient and careful commissioner and they regret that he is not able to continue in the service.

Mr. Anderson has had previous experience as county commissioner and comes to the office with an intimate knowledge of the duties incumbent upon him that eminently fits him for the place.

Announcements

We are authorized to make the following announcements for office in this county, subject to the action of the Democratic primary:

- FOR SHERIFF: J. S. DENSON, W. S. COPELAND, G. E. CASTLEBERRY, S. L. BALL.
- FOR CLERK: C. L. UPHAM, T. J. D'SPAIN.
- FOR ASSESSOR: A. H. DOUCETTE, J. B. (Joe) FOX, J. B. PASCHALL.
- FOR COUNTY JUDGE: SILER FAULKNER.
- FOR TREASURER: HENRY THUT.

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Have all up-to-date accommodations, through pullman and dining cars. Tickets on sale daily all the year. Call on agent for any information desired for fares and accommodations.

D. H. Nunn Local Agent.

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A TEXAS WONDER

The Texas Wonder cures kidney and bladder troubles, removes gravel, cures diabetes, weak and lame backs, rheumatism and irregularities in both men and women; regulates bladder trouble in children. If not sold by your druggist it will be sent by mail on receipt of \$1.00. One small bottle is two months treatment and seldom fails to perfect a cure. Dr. E. W. Hall, 2926 Olive street, St. Louis, Mo. Send for testimonials. Sold by Druggists.

Grade the Seed You Plant.

Like produces like—if you plant good, healthy, strong seed you will get a large thrifty stalk producing large heads or ears. Why not be particular with the seed you plant for your crop as well as the stock you breed. We have a machine for grading seeds of all kinds and there should be one or two in every neighborhood. A few farmers could club together and buy one of these and the cost would be but little, while the investment would be the kind that brings returns. Why not consider this important matter and get a NEWTON SEED GRADER. We have one on exhibition in our store. Call and examine it.

Respectfully, MCLEAN HARDWARE CO.

\$25.00 REWARD

I will pay a twenty-five dollar reward for the arrest and conviction of any party guilty of tying down any telephone wire or in any other manner tampering with the lines. The state law on the subject is as follows: Penal Code, Art. 784: If any person shall intentionally break, cut, pull or tear down, misplace, or in any other manner injure any telegraph or telephone wire, post, machinery or other necessary appurtenance to any telegraph or telephone line, or in any way willfully obstruct or interfere with the transmission of any messages along such telegraph or telephone line, he shall be punished by confinement in the penitentiary not less than two nor more than five years, or by fine not less than one hundred nor more than two thousand dollars.

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before its all gone. This Coal is next best to Niggerhead. It does not pay to buy cheap coal. Buy good coal and be satisfied. Yours to serve

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McLean, Texas

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