

The McLean News

TENTH YEAR

McLEAN, GRAY COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, APRIL 3, 1914

NO 14



Aladdin's Lamp was only a myth, but THIEF, with a BANK ACCOUNT, will work WONDERS greater than were ever told of Aladdin and his Lamp.

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.

City Election Next Tuesday

On next Tuesday, April 7th, there will be an election held at the office of the McLean Real Estate Co., the second door north of the Hindman Hotel, for the purpose of electing a mayor, a marshal and five aldermen to serve the city of McLean for the next year. While the matter of city officials has not been given much attention in the past, yet we feel that every voter should go to the polls on next Tuesday with a definite idea as to their choice for the various places as the life of our city government depends upon the manner in which it is handled and the efficient service rendered by its officers.

The outgoing regime has made history for our little city and the many and varied improvements made under their administration have been of a nature distinctly pleasing to all, but there is still room for improvement and we are of the opinion that the voters could do no better than to return them to their respective posts where they will be enabled to complete the self-imposed task of putting the city government on a firmer and better foundation.

Don't leave this matter for the other fellow to attend to, but take a hand in it yourself.

Wichita Falls—J. J. Taylor, State Press, Dallas News.

Our Friends, the Candidates—F. R. Jamison, Canadian Record.

Why I Raised Subscriptions to \$1.50—J. H. Hamner, Claude News.

Good and Bad Advertising—A. G. Richardson, McLean News.—Amarillo News.

Baseball Schedule.

Did you notice in last week's paper, on the ready print side, a complete schedule of the Texas League games for 1914? You should clip this out and preserve it if you are a baseball enthusiast. And, by the way, we wish to direct your attention to the fact that every week there are numerous special articles of interest to all readers, besides a ripping good story by Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews entitled "The Marshal". If you have not read this splendid story call at the News office and get back numbers. It is not a cheap story, but one of the best.

Special features to be found in the ready-print section this week are:

Suggestions for boys' pig clubs, general farm notes, national capital affairs, classy editorials by the best writers, etc. Don't fail to read the ready print.

McLean Now Cleaner Town

Saturday was clean-up day, according to a proclamation issued by Mayor J. T. Foster two weeks ago, and so far as we are able to learn the citizens of the town responded nobly to the call to civic righteousness. Dozens of wagon loads of trash was gathered and hauled out to the dumping ground and the town today presents a much more pleasing aspect.

Mayor Foster informs us that the task of cleaning the town was a much more simple one than that encountered a year ago by reason of the thorough cleaning it was subjected to at that time and we are pleased to note the general inclination of the public to lend their aid to the movement for making this town as clean materially as it is morally and otherwise.

Husband Wanted.

The mayor of Houston has received a letter from a former Texas widow, now residing in Michigan, who frankly states that she is tired of the North and longs to return to the Sunny South. She asks the assistance of Mayor Campbell in finding her a husband in Texas, in order that she may return to the land of her birth.

There are half million bachelors and widowers in Texas, according to our census record, to whom this proposition should appeal. The spirit of chivalry still holds its bounteous sway in Texas and of this great number of eligibles surely there is one who will agree to transplant a "blooming widow" from the benighted regions of the North to the blooming South.—Commercial Secretaries.

We are always loaded for you if you happen in town and feel a bit hungry. We feed the hungry Eagle.

Fine Commercial Printing

PROMPT AND CAREFUL ATTENTION WILL BE GIVEN YOUR ORDER AT THE NEWS OFFICE

Press Meet April 11th

C. W. Warwick, president of the Panhandle Press association, was in Amarillo Monday evening and with the assistance of H. R. Greer, editor of the Amarillo Daily News, Horace M. Russell of the Panhandle printing Company, and J. L. Pope, publicity agent for the Santa Fe, drafted the plans for the Press association to be held in Amarillo Saturday, April 11. The three Amarillo gentlemen were named as entertainment committee to confer with the Chamber of Commerce to provide for entertaining the press members.

Several new features for the program are under advisement, one of which seems an almost certainty—that is, a general conference to be held Friday night at which only "shop talk" will be in evidence. It will be a free conference in which all members are invited to indulge, giving their experiences along various lines, and stating some of the

prices they are getting for work of various kinds. It will be convenient for most of the members to arrive in Amarillo Friday night and spend a few hours in most profitable conference.

The following is the program for Saturday:

Cost System Experiences—Horace M. Russell, Amarillo. Free Plate—Miss Ida M. Farrell, Glazier Review.

Advertising Contracts—James L. Dow, Lubbock Avalanche. Composing machines in Small Offices—J. M. Adams, Plainview News.

The Advertising Graft—B. O. Brown, Plainview Herald. What the Merchant Expects from the Newspaper—An Amarillo merchant.

What the Newspaper Expects from the Merchant—J. M. Warren, Clarendon.

Ready Print—L. P. Loomis, Slaton Slatonite.

Handling subscriptions—A. C. Elliott, Hereford Brand.

Advertising Rates—Harry Koch, Quanah Tribune Chief.

The National Editorial Association—Ber F. Smith, Lockney Beacon.

ent officer is a recognized fact. He will appreciate any effort that might be exerted in his behalf.

No Chance For Mistake.

To set an ordinary column of type requires 10,000 pieces of type. There are seven positions in which each letter may be placed, and there are 70,000 chances to make errors, besides millions of chances to make a transposition. In the sentence, "To be or not to be," by transposition alone it is possible to make 5,769,022 errors. After reading the above statement form a printer's magazine, do you wonder why you sometimes see an error in the newspaper? —Exchange.

I want your eggs. C. C. Cook.

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 \$10,000.00

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

SPECIALS!

Saturday Only

How are these prices? Look them over and let us sell you your groceries. We will save you some money.

| | |
|------------------------------------|--------|
| Spuds, per bushel | \$1.25 |
| 10 pound bucket Snowdrift | 1.25 |
| Small bucket Snowdrift | .50 |
| 10 pound bucket Jewel Shortening | 1.25 |
| 10 pounds Blue Ribbon Sorghum | .45 |
| 5 pounds Blue Ribbon Sorghum | .25 |
| 10 pounds King Komus Syrup | .60 |
| 1 gallon bulk Pickles | .55 |
| \$1.00 buckets Steel Cut Coffee | .90 |
| Best grade Pea Berry Coffee, pound | .25 |
| Good Flat Grain Coffee, pound | .20 |
| Best grade Jap Rice, 18 pounds | 1.00 |
| 1 pound Tomatoes, 3 cans | .25 |
| 3 cans Libby's Pork and Beans | .25 |
| 7 bars Clairette Soap | .25 |
| 2 cans Lye | .15 |
| 5 gallons of Oil | .65 |

Will Buy Your Eggs and Butter

W. R. Veal

FAZENDAS OF BRAZIL

Ideal Homes of Wealthy Planters of Southern Country.

Abolition of Slavery in South American State, Leaving Many Fazendos Without Labor on Vast Estates, Caused Decay.

Rio de Janeiro.—The usual traveler to Brazil gets no further than the cities along the coast, and, indeed, so far as sightseeing is concerned, there is little to lure one into the interior country; but if one would see the life of old Brazil beyond the wave of scenic improvement, he has only to go a hundred kilometers or less from any of the principal cities.

Here he finds retrogression instead of progression, and the country seems practically deserted, but one's imagination can easily picture the beauty and ease and luxury of the Fazendos of little more than two decades ago, when gay life and proverbial southern hospitality made the "fazenda" the ideal home of the wealthy planter, and the fields of coffee, sugar and rice were tended by care-free negroes.

In 1889, while her father was visiting abroad, Princess Isabel, acting as regent, abolished slavery by a simple edict and left the Fazendos without labor on his vast estates; so now, as we ride over this beautiful country with its low, rolling hills covered with the coarse wild grass and rank vegetation of the tropics, we come upon many stately fazendas with their walls crumbling—windows gone and spacious grounds grown thick with weeds—a tragedy closing the joyous life of "Empire Days" that so many elderly Brazilians speak of in fond remembrance.

The entrance to these magnificent country places was always between rows of royal palms, and these are now the one remaining mark of stately elegance. They seem to stand a living witness to the downfall of the aristocratic Fazendorian.

The dead leaves around their gigantic trunks that tower nearly a hundred feet above us droop as if to cover the secret of a dire calamity; but above them, as an inspiration of hope for the future, the fresh, green leaves reach their long, slender fingers toward the azure heavens in an attitude of supplication for a blessing on this stricken land—like the "Vestal Virgin" silently waiting to prove her goodness and purity.

One speaks in a low voice and with reverence in places like this and of



The Baking Powder Question Solved

—solved once for all by Calumet. For daily use in millions of kitchens has proved that Calumet is highest not only in quality but in leavening power as well—unfailing in results—pure to the extreme—and wonderfully economical in use. Ask your grocer. And try Calumet next bake day.

Received Highest Awards



You don't save money when you buy cheap or big-size baking powder. Don't be misled. Buy Calumet. It's more economical—more wholesome—gives best results. Calumet is far superior to your milk and soda.

The Effect.

"Well, how did you sleep last night? Goethe spent the night there once."
"Very badly. My husband adores Goethe, and he was spouting him all night."

An Economical Man.

"We can't finish Europe. It will cost entirely too much."
"We gotta finish it. I ain't going to let this \$4 guide book go to waste."

Only One "BROMO QUININE"

To get the genuine, call for full name, LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for signature of E. W. GROVE. Cures a Cold in One Day. 21c.

His Way.

"That jockey beat the record."
"Did he do it with a whip?"—Baldy more American.

Constipation causes many serious diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. One a laxative, three for cathartic. Adv.

Many a proverb is merely a smart sounding saying that cannot bear analysis.

The principal reason why the old times seem good is that people were content with less.

Liquid blue is a weak solution. Avoid it. Buy Red Cross Ball Blue, the blue that's all blue. Adv.

It takes a very long purse to buy popularity.

Constipation Vanishes Forever

Prompt Relief—Permanent Cure

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS never fail. Purely vegetable—act surely but gently on the liver.

Stop after dinner—cure indigestion, improve the complexion, brighten the eyes.

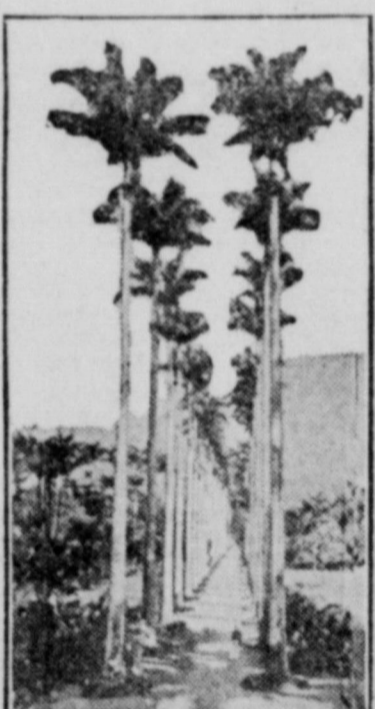
SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature

W. Wood

Pettit's Eye Salve FOR EYE DISEASES

N. U., Oklahoma City, No. 11-1914



Typical Avenue of Royal Palms.

things like this, for are we not all worshippers of the symbols of ease and luxury and moneyed wealth, and at the sight of their decay we mourn as at an empty shrine.

WAVE DEMORALIZED A SHIP

A Lamp Was Short Circuited and the Whole Vessel Charged With Electricity.

Boston.—How a huge sea which boarded the German steamer Wartenfels wrecked the charthouse, smashed a powerful electric signal lamp, short circuited the wires and for a time charged the ship with electricity was related by Captain Schow when the steamer arrived from Calcutta. The sea broke over the ship while it was off the coast.

Chief Officer Voigt was thrown from the bridge and a beam from the demolished charthouse pinned the Malay quartermaster to the deck. The vessel was rolling heavily and a human chain was formed to pull away the beam. When the end man in the chain took hold of a steel stanchion he and all the others were knocked down by an electric shock.

Mail Box Charged With Electricity. Chicago.—A dozen persons who tried to deposit letters in a mail box on Forty-third street, did the same kind of a lively dance. The box in some mysterious manner had become charged with a strong electric current.

Wear Pantaloons Skirts.

Atlantic City, N. J.—Pantaloons skirts, fur anklets and straw hats were features of the fashion turnout on the board walk. They forecast styles to be seen in the Easter promenade.

Sealed!

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT

is now electrically sealed with a "SEAL OF PURITY" so absolute that it is damp-proof, dust proof, impurity-proof—even air-proof!

Give regular aid to teeth, breath, appetite and digestion. It's the safe besides delicious and beneficial confection!

BUY IT BY THE BOX

for 85 cents—at most dealers. Each box contains twenty 5 cent packages. They stay fresh until used.

It's clean, pure, healthful if it's WRIGLEY'S.

Look for the spear

CHEW IT AFTER EVERY MEAL

Out of Date. "Isn't she graceful?" "Yes, but horribly old fashioned. The slouch is all the style nowadays."

TAKE A GLASS OF SALTS WHEN BLADDER BOTHERS

Harmless to Flush Kidneys and Neutralize Irritating Acids—Splendid for the System.

Kidney and Bladder weakness result from uric acid, says a noted authority. The kidneys filter this acid from the blood and pass it on to the bladder, where it often remains to irritate and inflame, causing a burning, scalding sensation, or setting up an irritation at the neck of the bladder, obliging you to seek relief two or three times during the night. The sufferer is in constant dread, the water passes sometimes with a scalding sensation and is very profuse; again, there is difficulty in voiding it.

Bladder weakness, most folks call it, because they can't control urination. While it is extremely annoying and sometimes very painful, this is really one of the most simple ailments to overcome. Get about four ounces of Jad Salts from your pharmacist and take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast, continue this for two or three days. This will neutralize the acids in the urine so it no longer is a source of irritation to the bladder and urinary organs which then act normally again.

Jad Salts is inexpensive, harmless, and is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and is used by thousands of folks who are subject to urinary disorders caused by uric acid irritation. Jad Salts is splendid for kidneys and causes no bad effects whatever.

Here you have a pleasant, effervescent lithia-water drink, which quickly relieves bladder trouble.—Adv.

Too Good.

"To say that honesty is the best policy—to say in other words, that the more honest you are the richer you will become—that is a silly and self-evident lie."

The speaker, Harvey Woodruff, the well-known G. A. R. historian of Houston, had been discussing the honesty of George Washington. He continued:

"To be virtuous means to be poor and wretched. Take the case of Auntie Martha Washington Clay.

"Auntie Martha visited the office of a Nola Chucky lawyer and said:

"'Ah wants a divorce from mah husband Cal.'"

"'Why, auntie, what has Cal been doing?'"

"'He's done got religion, sah, an' ah hain't tasted chicken fo' free months.'"

Many an opportunity is missed because it isn't recognized.

Ugliness a Qualification. Some bygone housewives appear to have regarded ugliness as a quality to be desired in their servants. When Eliza Coke, daughter of Coke of Norfolk, was about to marry, she wrote to her prospective mother-in-law:

"Pray, have the goodness to decide as you think best about the pretty housemaid. I wish she were less pretty and less fond of dress, but if her conduct and principles are good neither are really objectionable faults. I think our establishment will be a pattern of morality, particularly if Mr. Stanhope engages the squinting butler and the terrible housemaid he mentioned to me."

But He Didn't Hit Him.

The Judge—What did you hit this man with?

Prisoner—I didn't hit him with anything.

The Judge—But look at him. He's in a horrible condition. Surely you didn't do that with your fists.

Prisoner—No, yer honor, I ketch'd 'im by the heels and bumped 'im agen a brick wall a few times. But I didn't hit him with anything want.

It Was Ever Thus.

Riff—What is your son doing these days?

Raff—Me.—Nebraska Awgwan.

No thoughtful person uses liquid blue. It's a pinch of blue in a large bottle of water. Ask for Red Cross Ball Blue. Adv.

But the average man would have no use for mirrors if he could see himself in them as others see him.

Banish the "Blues!"

If you have that depressed feeling it's more than likely that your blood is out of order—impooverished or poisoned.

There is only one thing that will alter your present condition—that's to restore your stomach to normal health and strength. For a weak or diseased stomach cannot make good blood. If your digestion is bad your food will not make the good blood which nourishes body, brain, heart and nerve.

This great remedy has proved its worth year after year for over forty years. Let it prove its worth to you. Sold by medicine dealers in tablet or liquid form or send 50c for trial box by mail.

Send 31 one-cent stamps to pay cost of mailing only on a free copy of Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, 1,000 pages, clothbound, Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

helps the stomach to do its work naturally and properly. Stimulates the liver. The system is freed from poison. The blood is purified. Every organ is rejuvenated. Instead of the "Blues," you feel fit and strong, equal to any task or up to any pleasure.

Washed. Boob—Weak things become strong when united.

Miss Tart—Why don't you marry?—Judge.

In this case cash will keep friends longer the diplomacy.

Made a Good Bargain. A mine, now said to be exceedingly rich, was sold by its native African owner for a pair of trousers and a cap.

Whenever You Need a General Tonic

Take Grove's

The Old Standard

Grove's Tasteless chill Tonic

Is Equally Valuable as a General Strengthening Tonic, Because it Acts on the Liver, Drives Out Malaria, Enriches the Blood and Builds Up the Whole System.

You know what you are taking when you take Grove's Tasteless chill Tonic, and the formula is printed on every label, showing that it contains the well-known tonic properties of QUININE and IRON. It has no equal for Malaria, Chills and Fever, Weakness, General Debility and Loss of Appetite. Gives life and vigor to Nursing Mothers and Pale, Sickly Children. A True Tonic and Sure Appetizer. For grown people and children. Guaranteed by your Druggist. We mean it. 50c.

Talking Machines.

"Papa, did Edison make the first talking machine?"

"No, son, the Lord made the first talking machine, but Edison made the first one that could be shut off at will."

Anybody can dye successfully with Putnam Fadeless Dyes. Adv.

It is hard to forgive our enemies when they have us by the neck.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM. A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 50c. and \$1.00 at Druggists.

Oklahoma Directory

PATENTS THAT SECURE BARNACLO

THE PATENT MAN, BASSETT BLDG., 105 N. BROADWAY, OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.

SAVE YOUR HOGS FROM CHOLERA

by use of Anti Hog Cholera Serum manufactured under Government Inspection. Write today for free particulars. Wichita-Oklahoma Serum Co., Stock Yards, Okla. City.

My Free Book

on Chronic Diseases of Men, 98 pages mailed to any address on receipt of two cent stamp. 15 years in Oklahoma City. All correspondence confidential, and solicited. Dr. G. P. Mehl, Specialist, 118 1/2 W. Main St., Okla. City, Okla.

Serum Will Save Your Hogs From Cholera

Write for free booklet. We manufacture our Serum at our plant at Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. State Veterinary in charge, OKLAHOMA STOCK YARDS SERUM COMPANY, PHONE WALNUT 552, OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLAHOMA.

PILES

Cures guaranteed. No knife—serum treatment. Twenty-five years' experience. Write or write enclosing stamp for book on Hemorrhoids. DR. SELWAY, 119 1/2 N. Broadway, Oklahoma City, Okla.

Vestal Roses

excel in form, vitality and loveliness. We specialize on Roses and abou- tunately guarantee every one to bloom. We cannot tell you here all about these wonderful beauties, but about our many other flowers—but with pleasure mail you our NEW SPRING CATALOGUE describing our Roses and a vast assortment of other Florists, Fruit, Flower and Vegetable Seed for the Southern Garden. By all means drop a card for it today. Joseph W. Vestal & Son, Box 856, Little Rock, Arkansas

Death Lurks In A Weak Heart

If Yours is fluttering & weak, use **RENOVINE.** Made by Van Vleet-Mansfield Drug Co., Memphis, Tenn. Price \$1.00

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.

THE NEXT GOVERNOR.

The race for governor of Texas is so tangled and there are seemingly so many axes on the grind stone at one time, that the average voter is kept in a continual stew—divided between many opinions. The News has not had much to say concerning the matter but our opinion is that Texas needs a MAN as governor and the fact that the prohibitionists want prohibition legislation, the antis want "peace and rest" and the farmers want constructive legisla-

tion in their behalf should not stand in the way of our making a sensible selection at the polls. So far as our knowledge of the aspirants for the governor's office goes Tom Ball is the most likely to fill it with the greatest amount of satisfaction to all concerned. True, he is a prohibitionist, but that fact alone should not condemn him in the eyes of the antis and the farmer contingency. If he is as big as the office he seeks to fill there is no reason why he should not make a good governor, and there is no reason why he could not sug-

gest and foster legislation commensurate with the needs of the farmers. Prohibition is a very live issue in Texas and whether a pro or an anti occupy the executive chair the battle will be continued in every department of the government. Prohibition legislation will be enacted and prohibition laws will be interpreted regardless of other matters that may come up for disposal. This is certain. Then why should we as voters undertake to "kid" ourselves into believing that if we elect an anti everything will be carried on in favor of anti-prohibition, and if we elect a pro everything will be done in accordance with the pro view, while a farmer in the executive chair would shape all legislation with an eye single to the betterment of farming class. What we want is a man to represent Texas as whole—a man big enough to grasp the crying needs of every class of humanity. It will take brains, energy and diplomacy to fill this

void. Who is better equipped than Tom Ball. True, he is a railroad attorney, but that fact alone only strengthens our opinion that he has ability. To say that he would be influenced in his executive capacity by reason of his employment as a citizen would be to brand him as a crook. Is there any evidence against him in this respect?

It appears that the News made a serious blunder a few weeks ago in the matter of Primary elections when it stated that these elections were held at the expense of the county government, when in fact they are paid for out of the pockets of the candidates. We are hesitant in acknowledging this error, it being the first mistake we ever made in our lives, but we herewith shake down the corn. Of course, if the candidates pay the bills we are in favor of having a primary every few weeks. Anything you can get for nothing, you want to have plenty of it.

Lest You Forget.

Your home newspaper heralded to the world your birth. It told of your entry into school. Mentioned your birthday party when you were sweet 16. Applauded your graduation from the high school, started you to college, and when you returned mentioned the first job you secured. Told of your marriage to the sweetest girl in town and also mentioned the advent (or event) of your first born. Told of the visits of pa and ma, sympathized with you in your sorrow, laughed with you in your joy, and when you die it will do its best to get you through the pearly gates at only \$1 a year.—Warrenton Banner.

Lecture On Rescue Work.

We are requested to announce that Dr. Penson of Penile, Texas, will be in McLean Sunday, April 12th, and will deliver three sermons at the Presbyterian church—in the morning at eleven, in the afternoon at three thirty and in the evening at eight. One of these sermons will have to do with the rescue work of the Nazarine Orphans and Rescue Home at Pilot Point. The gentleman is reputed to be an able and entertaining preacher and the public is cordially invited to hear his addresses.

A car load of oysters and a barrel of fish at the Delmonte Cafe.

Arts & Crafts Program.

The following program will be rendered by the Girls' Arts and Crafts Club at the school auditorium on Friday night, April 3rd.

Chorus.
Address—Dr. C. E. Donnell.
Play—"The Dumb waiter."
Trio—Grace Hamilton, Ellen Anderson, Ruby Newton.
Art study: (a) Reynolds and Landseer—Nellie Smith. (b) Rosa Bonheur—Bessie Everett.
Pen Picture—Grace Francis.
Play—"The Gentle Jury."
Quartet—Ellen Anderson, Ruby Newton, Grace Francis, Maggie Jordan.
Everyday—English—Maggie Jordan.
Smiles and Chuckles—Miss McAfee.
Piaggio Solo—Maude Gardenhire.
Pantomime—Jaunita.

CLASSIFIED ADS

For Sale—Pure bred Serbright bantam. Phone 54 Roy Richardson.

For Sale—The Electro-Chemical ring for rheumatism, asthma, neuralgia and diseases caused by acid in the blood. Sold on a guarantee. No refund—money refunded. R. L. Parcel, agent.

For Sale—Year old Rhode Island red rooster. Phone 54.

For Sale—Good milk cows. See Don Foggy.

White Lilac is milled from choice Missouri soft wheat.

For Sale—A big shipment of fruit trees, cheap. Peaches, apples, pears, apricots, plums, etc. See them at the Green place in east part of town. Carl Carpenter.

For Sale—One good coupling 8-year old mule, 15 1/2 hands high, also good pair of aged mules. Will sell any or all worth the money or will trade the pair for mule colts. W. A. Dougherty, Phone 32-2.

For Sale—Several head of stock mares and young horses. Will give full time. See me for horse bargains. W. P. Vermillion, on Waldron place.

For Sale—Second hand farm implements. Will take second prices. Frank Pace on O'Dell farm.

For Sale—Three good mules worth the money. Inquire of R. S. Jordan, phone 63-2.

For Sale—Clean alfalfa seed at \$8.00 per bushel. A. O. Willoughby, Texola, Okla.

For Sale—Cotton seed from the J. D. Back stock, 45 cents per bushel. E. T. Turner, Northfork.

Use Peacemaker Flour, which has made Texas famous in America, Europe and the civilized world. Sold by the Union Trading Co., McLean, Texas. Manufactured by the Alliance Milling Co., Denton, Texas.



KRESO DIP No. 1

GOING AFTER THE
LICE.

You need something to clean up
disinfect and kill parasites.

KRESO DIP No. 1
will do the work.

**DEPENDABLE
SURE
INEXPENSIVE
EASY TO USE**

We have a special booklet
let on diseases of Poultry.
Call or write for one.

ERWIN DRUG CO.
Retail Store

(17)

Car of Feed

We have just unloaded a full car of feed stuffs and have it priced for the cash as follows:

| | |
|-----------------|------------|
| Corn Chops, cwt | - \$1.90 |
| Bran, cwt | - - - 1.70 |
| Shorts | - - - 1.85 |

Our grocery department is complete all the time and we keep close cash prices. Another shipment of dry goods expected any day. See our big stock before buying.

C. CASH & SON

Colonist Tickets
TO
California
AND
Northwest

Tickets on sale daily March 15th to April 15th. Optional routes and liberal stop-overs. Best of accommodations.



Take advantage of this very low rate and see the long haul of Northwest country. For fares and particulars inquire of

D. H. NUNN
Local Agent.

Local Happenings

Items of Interest About Town and County

When you use White Lilac flour, you take no chance.

District court has been in session capital this week.

Load of fish and a barrel of flour at the Delmonte Cafe.

Don't forget the city election Tuesday and be sure to make a hand at it.

Shipment of Dry goods coming.

Who you been before the twelve? You may be looking for you now.

Hecherkikin, says Lake.

News is equipped to print candidates on short notice.

Don't use White Lilac unless you want good results.

Many of our people are at LeFors this week helping grind out justice.

Clean your rugs at home. Let S. A. Cobb show you free of charge.

Who you cleaned up your premises and planted trees?

Laundry laundered right. Lake.

Hindman is rounding in the grand jury.

Quality of seed Irish potatoes on hand. C. C. Cook.

Staff Denson was here the latter part of last week from LeFors.

You won't get bit if you use White Lilac flour.

W. F. Barnes of Alanreed was here on business Wednesday.

Electric process way. Kwitcher Miller, Lake wants your laundry.

T. Loftin of Alanreed visited friends here Wednesday.

We have no credit price and cannot sell on long time. C. C. Cook.

Feed stuffs of all kinds is getting scarce here as well as elsewhere.

A fresh supply of tankage just received at the McLean Hardware Co.

John Cash and family were up on the ranch at Ramsdell the latter part of last week.

All bills are payable on the first, unless otherwise agreed. C. C. Cook.

The seed market has reached a low point a pound and is still climbing.

Big and splendid assortment of goods for both ladies and men at the Daniel store. Look them over.

W. Rankin is rankin' among the subscribers to the News for which he has our thanks.

We are never too busy to give you prompt and careful attention. Every day in season. Eagle Cafe.

Frank Gardenhire left Tuesday afternoon for Kansas City on a short business trip.

Reeves and Tom Kirby of LeFors were among the visitors in the city the first of the week.

It is the time to have that photograph taken of your baby, or that group. Orders taken for engravures and satisfaction guaranteed. Tracy Willis.

A Shipment of Thistleware due to arrive in a few days. Call and see it. McLean Hardware Co.

Walter Crosett of the Cadillac agency in Amarillo was here for a short visit Tuesday afternoon.

If we haven't got it we'll get it if it belongs to the hardware line. McLean Hardware Co.

Mrs. Richardson and Edna Morgan visited at the Fast home north of town the first of the week.

Why breathe the dust while sweeping. Let S. A. Cobb show you, free, how to sweep without dust.

Dr. Hugh Snow of Erick was a business visitor here the first of the week.

We do all kinds of tin work on short notice. Leave us your orders. McLean Hardware Co.

Frank Paulkner returned the latter part of last week from a visit to the Bates ranch near LeFors.

Do you want a tombstone or marble work? Call on S. A. Cobb, Northfork, Texas.

Geo. Colebank and U. S. Hawk left Saturday for Kansas City with a couple of car loads of cattle.

C. A. Cash & Son are distributors for White Lilac flour and guarantee every sack.

F. M. Faulkner and Fred O'Dell went up to Kansas City last Saturday with a shipment of sheep.

For Sale—A few head of good milk cows. Will sell cheap. T. J. D'Spain.

Lester Evans of Erick, Okla., is here and has accepted a position with the Delmonte Cafe.

The younger society set enjoyed a party at the Richardson home Saturday night.

Mrs. Lillie Aldus of Shamrock was here last week the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Cook.

County Clerk Upham was among the business visitors in the city Saturday.

The Overton Hardware Co. has this week received a big shipment of new hardware.

J. M. Hontsman and wife and Miss Hardin of Alanreed were among the visitors in the city Saturday.

Old timers say we will now have a rainy season for at least a month. Probably we can stand it.

Wheat in this section is still looking fine and he prospects are most favorable for a bumper yield.

Mrs. D. W. West returned the first of the week from a visit to friends at Wellington.

We have a good supply of 5x5 32 feet long for windmill towers. Dandy stuff. See us about it. Western Lumber Company.

The old baseball diamond has been abandoned and new made on the experimental farm just south of the depot.

While Alexanders' Rag Time Band was playing Down by the Old Mill Stream, Casey Jones was Kissing his Graet Big Beautiful Doll. Bring your Mysterious Rags to Luke's Shop because Everybody's Doing It Now.

W. F. Ausplich of Groom was a visitor in the city the first of the week.

The public is hereby warned that anyone crossing my land will be prosecuted according to law. Keep to the section lines. C. H. Rowe.

E. C. Mahaffey, formerly a resident of this city, was here the first of the week shaking hands with his many friends.

I want to offer you the highest price for your produce. Bring me your eggs and let me make you a price. D. Bassel.

The News is this week printing the invitations for the local school commencement which will be held on the first day of May.

Anyone wanting to be supplied regularly with fine golden Jersey butter phone Mrs. Will Dougherty, 52, 2 rings.

Chas. C. Cook and wife and baby were here this week guests of the former's parents and other relatives and friends.

Examine those gasoline lights of A. G. Richardson's and let us fit you up with a good lighting system. McLean Hardware Co.

C. S. Rice and Rev. Hamilton attended the Fifth Sunday meeting at Zion church in Wheeler county the latter part of last week.

Raise Chickens. We have one Old Turkey incubator left. Better get it before it is gone. McLean Hardware Co.

Wednesday was the proverbial April's Fool day, but there was little doing McLean in the way of "fooling".

Call at the Eagle Cafe and let us show you just how anxious we are to please you and serve you to your satisfaction.

The girls' Arts and Crafts Club will render a splendid program at the school auditorium tonight and the admission will be ten cents.

If you are in need of bois d'arc posts, cedar post, oak posts barbed wire or hog fence be sure to go to the Western Lumber Company.

The school team versus the town was the title of a local ball game last Friday afternoon and the former were victors by a score of six and seven.

Old man Bassel says he is in the market for your butter and eggs and will pay the biggest market prices for all country produce. Call and see him when in town.

While lifting some heavy freight at the local depot Wednesday a Rock Island brakeman strained his back very badly and had to be taken to Amarillo for treatment.

Use Peacemaker Flour, which has won more premiums and medals than any other flour in the world. Sold by the Union Trading Co., McLean, Texas. Manufactured by the Alliance Milling Co., Denton, Texas.

Arrangements have been made for Doctor Slover of Clarendon to preach the baccalaureate sermon for the local school commencement, which will occur at the Methodist church on Sunday morning, May 3rd.

Eat, Drink and be merry. We haven't anything to drink—worth mentioning—but can feed you to your entire satisfaction. Give us a trial. Eagle Cafe.

White Lilac once used always used.

Miss Ruby Cook returned Saturday last week from Waxahachie, where she has been attending the Christian University. While enroute home Miss Cook enjoyed a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Tom Burrows at Geary and also with her sister, Mrs. E. B. Watson at Apache.

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. Skarzs of Vernon will do the preaching. The public requested to bear in mind the opening date.

Ice Cream Parlors.
One of the swellest establishments in the city is the confectionery and ice cream parlors recently fitted up by Jeff Earp and into which he moved his business the first of the week. He has refitted the old Cunningham building next door to the Delmonte Cafe, having the interior repapered and decorated, and has added much new and attractive equipment. The ice cream parlors are separated by a series of picketing and the overhead partitions are hung with rope portiers. Scattered about through the building he has pretty artificial palms and the floors are covered with inlaid lenolium.

Ask For It.
Buggy paint
Wagon paint
Floor paint
Roof paint
Barn paint
House paint
Varnish, stains
Clear wood filler
Window glass
Building paper
Screen doors
Lime, cement and brick
Iron roofing
Asphalt roofing
Barbed wire
Hog wire
Smooth wire
Oak posts
Cedar posts
Bois d'arc posts
Fence stays
Red picket fence
32 foot tower timber
Lumber, sash, doors
Mouldings and coal
Buy a silo from
WESTERN LUMBER CO.

Junior League Program.
Lesson—Matt. 20:14-30.
Subject—What is in thine hand?
Song.
Prayer.
Lesson Story—Charlie Sims.
Bible drill.
Song.
Minutes.
Benediction.

Another Call.
For several weeks we have had a notice before you—in the McLean News—asking that you call and settle your account. In that request we did not say you had to settle with the cash, but said that we preferred the "cash way". We have also mailed you written statements in which we have insisted that you come in and settle. Now inasmuch as many have given the matter no attention, we presume that you have understood that the only way we care to settle is the "cash way". Not so. If you cannot pay us now give us your note, payable some time between now and January 1, 1915. Our intention has been and is to get all accounts prior to February 16th square, either by cash or note. Please show enough appreciation of our favors to answer this call. To those that have so readily responded to our request for settlement we wish to extend hearty thanks and assure you that the new firm will be pleased to extend to you in the future such as favors as may be in their power render. We will also appreciate your continued patronage.

Respectfully,
M C L E A N H A R D W A R E C O .
I want—theggs. C. C. Cook.

THE RURAL TEACHER
Bears Heavy Burden of Civilization.
By Peter Radford.

With the new development of rural life, there comes the demand for increased educational facilities and the impulse of universal education which is sweeping the country calls for intelligent and consecrated leadership in our rural schools. It is upon the rural teacher that one of the heaviest burdens of civilization falls for not only must he lay the foundation of education, but he must also instill into the pupils the real love for country life, which will hold them on the farm and help to stem the toward tide.

In the city, the teacher is a cog in the vast wheel of educational machinery; in the county, he is the wheel. It is he who must mold the character, inspire the ideals and shape the destiny of the farm boys and girls, and if he is fitted by nature for the task, not only will the results of his efforts be reflected in the pupils, but gradually the whole community will be leavened with a new ambition for progress.

He can organize around the school the main interests of the boys and girls and develop the impulse for co-operation, which in time will displace the old competitive individualism and make rural social life more congenial and satisfying. The possibilities for making the rural school the social and economic center of the community are almost endless and the faculties of the rural teacher may have full play, for it will take all his time and ingenuity if he attains the full measure of success.

Must Be Community Leader.
A noted college professor recently said that three things are now required of a rural teacher. The first requirement is that he must be strong enough to establish himself as a leader in the community in which he lives and labors; second, that he must have a good grasp on the organization and management of the new and scientific farm school and, third, that he must show expert ability in dealing with the modern rural school curriculum. If he rises up to the opportunities offered him as a rural leader, he will train boys and girls distinctly for rural life, not only by giving them the rudiments of agricultural training, but by enabling them to see the attractive side of farm life, and to realize that it is a scientific business and one of the most complex of all professions with opportunities as great as those of any other calling.

"School for Parents" Needed.
The duties of the rural teacher are more varied and complicated than those of the city teacher and he sometimes has to include the parents in directing his efforts for the best results. In communities where the older population is opposed to any departure of the younger generation from established customs in either social or economic life, their co-operation can often be secured by calling community meetings and instructing the parents on matters of community interest. It is related that a successful young teacher in a remote locality had weekly meetings attended by parents of his pupils which finally evolved into a "school for parents" in which they were taught how to live a community life in its broadest and biggest sense.

Social Features Essential.
The successful rural school is the vital social and economic center of the community and the successful rural teacher is the one who realizes that the responsibility of training local leaders for the future devolves upon him. Organized play, inter-community athletics, community festivals, lyceum and debating clubs, Y. M. C. A.s with occasional neighborhood entertainments, utilizing home talent, contests in cooking and various other phases of home economics, in corn and hog clubs and other agricultural activities are a few of the methods employed by the successful rural teacher in stimulating interest and enthusiasm while teaching them the fundamental principles of successful community life.

Positively the last chance until fall. If you want to get in an order for a Renovator Dustless Sweeper, this spring, call me at the American State Bank between eleven and one o'clock any day next week. After that time I will be at work elsewhere until fall. S. A. Cobb.

Tax Assessor of Clarendon was among the visitors in the city the first of the week.

Willis For District Judge

To the voters of Gray County:
I am a candidate for the office of District Judge of the 31st Judicial District, the position which has been held by Hon. F. P. Greever during the past six years. It will be remembered that he filled out the unexpired term of Judge H. G. Hendricks and was then elected to fill the office a second time.

I am a native Texan and have spent all my life as a resident of this district, 15 years of which has been in the practice of law. While I shall endeavor to see you in person, I assure you that I shall deeply appreciate your support.

Respectfully,
NEWTON P. WILLIS.

Senior League Program.
Subject—Building of Methodism.
Song.
Prayer.
Talk by leader.
The boy, John Wesley—Roger Hearne.
Quartet—Anna Lou Bodine, Ruby Newton, Ross and Billie Biggers.
The use John Wesley made of his resources—Sam Hodges.
Song.
Leader—Bethel Christian.

Intermediate League Program.
Prayer.
Song.
Isa. 55:6-8—Leslie Sims.
Luke 23:42-43—Kelley Patterson.
I Thes. 5:17-22—Leona Watkins.
John 16:23-24—Zimrude Hent.
Mark 11:24-26—Roscoe Spencer.
Song—Six girls.
Talk on subject—Howard Hext.
Recitation—Sallie Lou Haynes.
Song.
Recitation—Mary Henry.
Song—Six girls.
Reading—Charles Cousins.
Song.
Benediction.
Leader—Ernest Jordan.

A New Plow.
Manufacturers of a large rotary sub-soil plow are planning to give a demonstration with its new plow at San Angelo and has spent \$20,000 making preparations for this exhibition. It is claimed with this plow the soil can be tilled 188 inches below the surface and instead of turning the dirt, it leaves it in its natural condition with the rich top of the sod on top. A tract of 320 acres has been purchased near there for the demonstration.

The big derrick for use in connection with the oil drill is about completed and stands on a commanding hill sight of the entire community for miles in every direction. It is claimed that the machinery, as shipped and is expected to arrive today, when it will be placed and the drilling operations commenced.

A Sn ap
It is easy to be an editor, the Normal Bulletin says. To run a newspaper successfully a man has merely to be able to write poems, discuss the tariff and money questions, umpire a base ball game, report a wedding, saw wood, describe a fire so that the readers will shed their wraps, make \$1 to the work of \$10, shine at a dance, measure calico, abuse the liquor habit, fight whiskey, subscribe to charity, go without meals, attack free silver, wear diamonds, invent advertisements, sneer at snobbery, overlook scandals, appraise babies, delight pumpkin raisers, minister to the afflicted, lead the disgruntled, fight to a finish, set type, mould opinion, sweep out the office, speak at the prayer meeting, and stand in with everybody. And in addition to the above essentials the poor editor has to print a paper once a week.—Publishers' Auxiliary.

Just Received.
We have just received a line of summer caps for men and boys—also something new in men's collars. Buy while our line is complete.
BUNN JODGES.

WATCH FOR THEM

Next week we are going to have some eye-openers to announce. Keep an eye on this space.
This week we want you to see our oil stoves—we guarantee them. You might try one and if you don't like him bring him back.

Overton Hardware Company
SUCCESSORS TO S. O. COOK

The MARSHAL

BY RY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS

OF THE PERFECT TRIBUTE, THE BETTER TREASURE, ETC.
ILLUSTRATIONS BY ELLSWORTH YOUNG

SYNOPSIS.

Beaupe, a peasant babe of France, after an amusing incident in which she was made a prisoner of war by the Emperor Napoleon, is made a Marshal of France. She is the daughter of a French nobleman, and her father is a general in the army. She is a beautiful girl, and her beauty attracts the attention of many men. She is married to a man named Allice, but she is not happy in her marriage. She is eventually rescued by a man named Pietro, who is a soldier in the army. Pietro and Allice are both in love with her, and they both want to be with her. The story is a romance, and it is full of adventure and excitement.

had loved, who stood close now at the side of her lover, her husband.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The Prince's Bright Shadow.

There are old people living in England today who remember hearing their fathers and mothers speak of a young Frenchman of uncommon personality, constantly seen with Prince Louis Napoleon during the last days of his life in London in the year 1840. Lady Constance Cecil nicknamed this Frenchman "the prince's bright shadow." There seemed to be a closer tie than brotherhood between them, and the tradition runs that the mystical prince had a superstition that his luck went with him in the person of the Chevalier Beaupe.

It was all as it should be; he was entirely happy. He had asked three wishes of the good fairies, as he had said long ago; that the prince should be emperor—that he might become "a marshal of France under another Bonaparte"—that Allice should love him. The first two he believed about to be realized. The last? It was not now the time to think of that. Allice had kissed him good-by. That would more than do till the fight was over. So he sped back to London, missing Pietro, but hopeful and buoyant. And in London there was a letter for him from Virginia.

"Dear Francois," Lucy began. "To think that the first letter sent to you by Harry's wife should be to tell you that she has betrayed your trust in her. I am distressed beyond words, for I have made a mistake which may mean distress to you. You remember the letter to Allice which you trusted to me to send in case anything should happen to you? I had it in my hand the week after my wedding when I had gone upstairs to get other letters for Europe which my father had commanded me to send by the next packet. And in some stupid unexplainable way I slipped yours—your precious letter—among them in place of one to my father's agents in London, and I hurried down and gave the parcel to Sambo, who was waiting to ride to Norfolk with them. And then Harry and I went away on a visit to Martin's Brandon for three days, and it was only when I came back that I discovered the dreadful mistake I had made. Can you ever forgive me? Harry and I thought over every possibility of stopping it, but there seemed to be no chance. Are you very angry with me, dear friend of Harry's and of mine?"

The letter went on with reproaches and regrets and finally slipped into a tale of a new happy life which Francois had made possible for the two. He read it over several times. His letter to Allice, which should have been sent only after his death, had gone to her. What then? She would know that he loved her; that he had loved her always; that he would love her forever; that the one wish of his life had been that she should love himself—not Pietro. He had said that in the letter; that was all. He was glad that

she should know, though he would never have told her in life. It was done and he would find out now if Pietro indeed cared for her, if she cared for Pietro. And if not, then one had waited long enough; then at last—the joy of the thought choked him.

A knock came at the door of the room in the London lodging where he sat with Lucy Hampton's letter before him. Fritz Rickenbach stood there; his bigness would like to see the chevalier. All personal thoughts were locked swiftly into the drawer with Lucy's letter and "the prince's bright shadow" went to the prince.

CHAPTER XXX.

The Third Wish. On the day when Francois in London read that letter of Lucy Hampton's which had awaited his return from France, a letter from Lucy Hampton reached Allice at the chateau of Vicques. She sat in a deep chair at a room where she sat in a deep chair at a window which looked over Delesmontes valley and the racing Cheulte river, and the village strung on the shore. His elbow on the stone windowsill, his chin in his hand, he stared at the familiar picture.

Allice, coming in without knocking



The Gray Eyes Met Hers.

at the open door, stepped across and stood by him, and he did not lift his head, his restless eyes did not yet shift their gaze from the broad landscape. Allice, looking down at the black head with its short curls set in thick locks—after the manner of the curls of Praxiteles' Hermes—was startled to see many bright lines of gray through the dark mass. Was everybody getting old? Francois with the broad band of white in his hair—and now Pietro—big little Pietro, who had come to them and learned to ride Coq and played with them. Was Pietro getting old and gray?

By one of the sudden impulses characteristic of her, her hand flew out and rested on the curled head as if to protect it, motherly, from the whitening of time.

And Pietro turned slowly and looked up at her with eyes full of hopelessness and adoration. Such a look he had never before given her; such a look no one could mistake except a woman who would not let herself understand.

"It is good to be up and at the window, isn't it?" Allice spoke cheerfully, and her hand left his head and she went on in a gay disengaged tone. "You will be downstairs in two or three days now, and then it is only a jump to being out and about, and then—in a minute you will be well again."

"Oh, yes," Pietro answered without animation. "It will not be long before I am well."

"Look, Pietro," Allice held out the paper in her hand. "Such a queer letter! From Virginia. From the little Lucy Hampton of whom Francois talks. I don't understand it. Will you let me read it to you?"

"Surely," said Pietro, and waited with his unsmiling eyes on her face.

"My dear mademoiselle," Allice read. "I am writing to beg your forgiveness, as I have begged that of the Chevalier Beaupe, for the very great fault I have committed. The chevalier trusted to me a letter for you which was to have been sent you only in case of a certain event; by a carelessness which, unmeant as it was, I shall never forgive myself. I gave it with other letters to our negro Sambo to be posted at once. By now it may have reached you. I cannot tell if I have made trouble or not, but in any case, I cannot rest without saying to you—as well as to the Chevalier—how sorry I am. If you can find it in your heart to forgive me, please do so, dear mademoiselle. That I should have made trouble for one as dear to the chevalier as you are is a deep grief to me. He has talked to me of you. With a very earnest prayer again for your forgiveness I am, mademoiselle, yours faithfully and sincerely—Lucy Hampton."

Pietro looked bewildered. "What is it about?" he asked.

"I wonder," and Allice laughed and frowned at the paper in her hand. "It seems Francois wrote me a letter and left it with little Mistress Hampton to be sent in case of a certain event. What event? What a strange thing for Francois to do! And then he came to us here and said nothing of mysterious letters left cooking in Virginia. I cannot make it out, Pietro—can you?"

"Not I," said Pietro.

"The letter of Francois has not come; that is certain; I wonder if the negro Sambo lost it."

"Probably," Pietro said. "It should have come before this one, otherwise."

"It is a riddle," Allice decided, "and I never guess them." Then, dropping into a seat on the wide window-sill, "Pietro—you are letting yourself be depressed."

The gray eyes met hers with something that seemed a wall of reserve in their steady glance. "I think possibly I miss having no exercise," he said. "I will feel more natural when I can get about."

Allice looked at him. "You are eating your heart out to be with Francois," she said, and laid her hand on his.

Pietro stared as if the light touch had shaken him; then slowly his large fingers twisted lightly around the small ones, and he turned his face again, holding her hand so, to the window and the view of the valley and the river and the village. A moment they sat so, the girl's hand loose in the hollow of the man's; a slow red crept into Allice's face; there was confusion in her brain. She had laid her hand on that of her brother; her brother had taken it in his—and behold, by a witchcraft it was all changed. This delicate big grasp that held her was not brotherly; through all her veins suddenly she knew that; the flush shot up to her eyes, to her forehead, and she tried, with an attempt at an every-day manner, to draw her hand away. But Pietro, his set pale face toward the window, his eyes gazing out, held her hand. With that the world had reeled and was whirling past her. Pietro had caught both her hands in a tight grip and had drawn them against him, was holding them there, was looking at her with a face which not even she, this time, might mistake.

"Allice," he said, "I know you don't care for me. I know you love Francois. I did not mean ever to speak, but when you put your hand on mine—"

He held her palms together and parted the palms and kissed the fingertips, first of one and then of the other, as if he kissed something holy. "I shall never speak again, but this once I will. I always loved you—one must. I knew always that a slow silent person like me would have no chance against a fellow like Francois. So I have kept still, and it was hard. It won't be so hard now that you know. Are you angry, Allice?"

Allice, with her head bent so that Pietro did not see her face, with her head bending lower—lower, suddenly was on her knees by the chair and her face was on Pietro's arm.

"Allice," he whispered, "what is it—what have I done?"

But the brown waves of hair with the blue ribbon tied around them lay motionless on his arm. And suddenly a thought shook him.

"It cannot be!" he gasped.

And Allice lifted her face, and the exaggerated black lashes lifted, and the blue glance lifted and rested on Pietro's black hair bent down where the light shone on the silver lines through it. Up flashed her hand impulsively, gently—as Allice did things, and touched the thick lock with an infinitely delicate caress. "Your hair—is all turning gray," she whispered in two quick breaths, and at that, in some occult fashion Pietro knew.

For moments they had no need of that makeshift, language; the great house was very quiet, and one heard the horses stamping in the paved courtyard and the grooms singing, and yet one did not hear it. Distant sounds came from the village, but one only knew that long after, in remembering that morning. All they knew was that the ghost of a lifelong affection of brother and sister stood before them, changed by a miracle to a shining angel into whose face, for these first moments, they dared not look. Then slowly, exquisitely, courage came and hand close in hand, they looked at each other astonished, glad. It was Pietro and Allice still, the ancient playfellows, the childhood friends—all the dear familiarity was there yet, but no longer were they brother and sister. And then, after a while they began to compare notes of things hidden.

"When did you begin—to like me—this way, Pietro?"

"I don't know," answered Pietro stupidly. "Does it make any difference?"

"A great deal," Allice insisted. "It's important. It's historical."

"But this isn't history," said Pietro. Allice, however, returned to the charge. "Last year?"

"Last year—what?" Pietro asked; he had already forgotten the question "Oh—that I began to—mon dieu—no. Last year! Why, I think it was the day I came and saw you riding Coq."

"Oh, Pietro—if you will talk only nonsense!" Allice's voice was disappointed. "But why, then, didn't you ever say so before this? We are both a thousand years old now. If you—loved me"—she spoke the word in a lower voice—"why, then, were you as quiet as a mouse about it all these years?"

"I thought you cared for Francois," Pietro said simply. And added, "Didn't you?"

Allice considered. "I don't—think—I ever did, Pietro. Not really. I thought I did perhaps. He dazzled me—Francois—with his way of doing all sorts of things brilliantly, and that wonderful something about him makes everybody love him. He believed in his star; there was around him the romance of the emperor's prophecy and the romance of the career which, we believe, about to begin now; there was always a glamour about Francois."

"Yes," Pietro agreed. "The glamour of his courage, Allice, of loyalty and unselfishness; the qualities which make what people call his charm. Francois is unlike the rest of the world, I believe, Allice."

Pietro talked on, the silent Pietro as if delivering a lecture. He had read much and thought much; it was seldom he spoke of the speculations which often filled his scholarly mind; today it seemed easy to talk of everything. Joy had set wide all the doors of his being. Allice opened her eyes in astonishment.

"Pietro! You are—talking like a book! But it is true; something of that sort has come to me, too—which proves it to be true. I have felt all ways that Francois had notes in him which are not on our planet." Pietro smiled, looking at her.

"And yet, Allice, you do not love Francois, with all these gifts and all his power over hearts—but only commonplace me?"

Allice straightened against his arm. "Monsieur the Marquis Zappi, the gentleman I—care for, is not commonplace. I thank you not to say it," she shot at him, and then, melting to a sudden intensity, she put a hand on each side of his dark face and spoke earnestly. "Pietro, dear, listen. I believe I always cared for you. When I was little it hurt me to have Francois forever the one to do the daring things. Do you remember how I used to scold at you because you would not fight him?" Pietro smiled again. "Then he was captain of the school and you only a private, and I cried about that when I was alone at night. And when you went off to Italy so quietly, with never a word said about the danger, I did not know that you were doing a fine deed—I thought it a commonplace that you should go back to your country, till Francois opened my eyes."

"Francois?" Pietro asked.

"Yes. The day before he went to join you we were riding together and he told me what it meant to be a patriot in Italy under the Austrians. That day I realized how unbearable it would be if anything happened to you. But I thought I cared for Francois; if he had spoken that day I should have told him that I cared for him. But he did not; he went—and was in prison five years."

"And all that time I believed you loved him, and were mourning for him," Pietro said gently.

"I half believed it too," Allice answered. "Yet all the time I was jealous for you, Pietro, for it was still Francois who was the hero—not you. Then when there came a question of his rescue I was mad with the desire to have you do it—and you did it!" Her voice dropped. She laid her hand against his shoulder and spoke, in a quick cautious way.

"But all that is immaterial. I just love you—that's the important. A moment later she spoke again. "I want to finish telling you—and then we need never speak of it again. I did think you were—commonplace. And yet I knew in my heart you were not, for I resented your seeming so. So I urged you into danger. I wanted you to be a hero. I had that echo of a schoolgirl's romance about Francois in my mind, and I clung, all along, to the idea that I loved him and that perhaps he secretly loved me but would not say it because he was poor and a peasant; that he was waiting till his future was made. Then, one day, only the other day, he told me that he had asked three wishes of life—of the good fairies he said. One was to make Prince Louis Emperor, one was to be Marshal of France; the third—she stopped.

"What?" Pietro demanded, his mouth a bit rigid.

Allice flushed and smiled and took Pietro's big hand and covered her eyes with it. "That I should—love you, Monsieur. He said he had wished that all his life."

"May heaven grant him his wish," said Pietro fervently, and then, reflecting. "It seems a strange wish for Francois. You are sure, Allice?"

"Yes, he said so," Allice insisted. "Our dear Francois," she went on softly, and the blue intensity of her eyes grew misty. "Dear Francois," she repeated, "it is only he who could have had those three wishes. The single one that was for himself was not because he cared for it himself, but because it was the Emperor's prophecy."

"I always thought," Pietro spoke slowly, "that it was not indeed for himself that he wished to be a Marshal some day, but because it might make him, in a manner, your equal. It was for you."

"For me!" Allice was astonished. "I never thought of that. I think you thought of it, Pietro, only because you cared for me—and thought Francois must care also."

"Yes, I thought he cared," Pietro considered. "I can not believe otherwise yet."

"You may believe it," Allice was firm. "For he said that what he had wished always was that I should—love you. I did it mostly to please Francois," she added serenely.

And Pietro's response to that was apt, but not to be given here. The minds of these two happy lovers were full of that third wish which had been so close always, to each of them.

"Pietro," Allice spoke earnestly, coming back to the same subject, "you know that I love Francois—of course. But you do not know in what way. I love him as if he were one of the saints—but also as if he were a helpless little child. Yet not—Pietro—as if he were—the man I love. I would give my life for him in a rush of delight, if he needed it. But I know now, whatever were my vague dreams in past years, that it is not in Francois to care for a woman as a human man."

"I am not so sure," said Pietro, and shook his head.

"You know I am not abusing our Francois," Allice protested. "Why, Pietro, my father believes, and I believe, that if affairs should so happen that he has the opportunity he may yet be one of the great characters in history. My father says he is made up of inspirations, illuminations—and limitations."

"Yes," said Pietro thoughtfully. "He has the faults of brilliancy and fearlessness. He judges too rapidly. If he were afraid ever—if he saw the other side of a question over, his judgment would be safer. It may well happen that he will be one of the great

men of Europe; it may also happen that by some single act of mismanagement he will throw away his career—or his life. God keep him safe!" Pietro said simply.

And Allice echoed it—"God keep him safe!" And then, "I am going to write him, Pietro—about us. My father knows where to reach him at Boulogne. I am going to say just a word—that what he has wished for all his life is true. It will get to him the night before the battle."

"Are you sure you are right, Allice?" Pietro asked doubtfully.

"Sure," said Allice buoyantly. "Give him my love, then," said Pietro.

CHAPTER XXXI.

The Night Before.

Out in the dark, in the harbor of Boulogne, the ship Edinburgh Castle lay rocking in the wind. Prince Louis Bonaparte, who had chartered her, and the handful of his followers who had sailed with him on her from England had disembarked quietly at twilight, and in small companies had succeeded in entering the town and the quarters of the officers who were, in France, the nucleus and the hope of their attempt. In the rooms of Lieutenant

Aladenize, the host of the Prince, a short council had been held to go over once more the plans which had been discussed and settled by letter for weeks already. The work was carefully arranged; there was almost nothing to be changed, and the little company of men who were trying so large a fate, scattered, with grave faces, with quiet good nights to the Prince who might tomorrow be their Emperor, to the Prince for whose sake they might tomorrow night be any or all ruined men or dead men.

He sat erect and listened. Thelin was brushing clothes with energy in the bedroom, and through another door there came a light sound of a paper turned, of a gay song sung softly. And a glow suddenly warmed the Prince's heart; here was some one who had known his mother, who had been, indeed, for a few days her son; here was some one who cared for him, he believed it, with a half-consuming flame of devotion. Since the man's arrival from Virginia six weeks before, to have him near himself had been a pleasure to Louis Bonaparte; he seemed to bring back the freshness of his early days, of the young confidence when his star shone for him, distant perhaps, but undimmed by the black clouds which drove now across it. He was a bit superstitious about Francois as well, with an idea, which he spoke to no one, that a pivotal interest of his career rested in the modest figure.

He rose, this night in Boulogne, as the paper rustled and the little French provincial chanson sounded from the room where Francois Beaupe, now his secretary, had been installed, and stepped to the closed door.

"De tous cote's l'on que je suis bete."

Francois sang softly. The Prince smiled. As he opened the door the singing stopped; the young man sprang respectfully to his feet, a letter grasped in his hand, and stood waiting.

"Sire!" he said.

Prince Louis flung out his hand with a gesture of impulsiveness strange to his controlled manner, yet not out of drawing to those who knew him well. "Ah, Francois," he cried. "Let the titles go for tonight. Say, 'Louis,' as on that day when we first saw each other; when the four children played together in the old chateau ruins. And Francois smiled his radiant, exquisite smile and answered quietly. "But yes, my brother—Louis." And went on, "I believe I shall not sleep tonight, Louis. I believe I am too happy to sleep."

As one reads a novel for relaxation in the strain of a critical business affair, Prince Louis caught at the distraction of this side issue. The next morning was planned to the last detail; there was nothing to do till daylight, yet he could not sleep at present. Here was a romance of some sort. He sank back on the cushions of the coach of Lieutenant Aladenize's smoking room and put his feet up luxuriously, and slowly lighted a cigar of Havana.

"Tell me," he ordered, and the gentleness of appeal was in the order.

"Sire—the young man began—and corrected himself. "Louis," he said. The Prince smiled dimly. "Since our landing I have known that a wonderful thing has happened to me. It is—spoke lower—"It is the love of the woman who is to me the only one in the world."

"I congratulate you, mon ami," Louis said gently. "Is it by any chance the delightful little Mademoiselle Allice of the old chateau?"

Beaupe turned scarlet. He was a marvelous man, this Prince Louis. How had he guessed? "She loves me—I have here a letter in which she tells me that she loves me. Will his Highness read it?" With an impetuous step forward he held the paper toward Louis Napoleon.

"I thank you," the Prince said gravely. He read:

"Francois, what you have wished all your life is true. The good fairies have granted one of your wishes before the battle. That they will give you the other two on the day of the battle is the belief of your

"ALICE."

And below was written hurriedly, "Pietro sends his love."

The Prince gave back the letter with a respectful hand; then looked at Francois inquiringly. "What you have wished all your life, 'mon ami'! Francois laughed happily. "What must explain, if it will not tire his Highness." And he told, in a few words, of that day when his self-restraint had given way and how, when his guard was down and he was on the point of telling his lifelong secret love, some spirit of perversity—but Francois did not know it was an angel—had caught Allice, and she had accused him of wishing always that she might love Pietro. And how, meshed in that same net of hurt recklessness, he had answered in her own manner—"Yes," he had said, "it was that which had been the wish of his life—that Allice might love Pietro!" And Francois laughed gaily, telling the simple entanglement to the Prince, the night before the battle. "One sees how she is quick and clear-sighted, my Allice," he said. "For she knew well even then it was not that I wished." He stopped, for in the quiet contained look of the listener an intangible something struck a chill to his delicately-poised sensitiveness. "What is it, Louis?" he cried out. "You do not think I mistake her—mistake—Allice!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Philosopher's Purpose.

"I am looking for an honest man," said Diogenes.

"What do you want with one?"

"Oh, nothing in particular. My real purpose is to show the world how to conduct a long and relentless investigation with as little expense as possible."

Suddenly a Thought Shook Him.



Suddenly a Thought Shook Him.

men of Europe; it may also happen that by some single act of mismanagement he will throw away his career—or his life. God keep him safe!" Pietro said simply.

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PEACE, THE PLOW-MAN'S HOPE

Pro-Anti Conventions Have No Rights Voters are Bound to Respect.—Dove of Peace Coaling to the City Business Man.

Fort Worth, Texas.—We would not feel that we had fully performed our duty to the citizenship of Texas if we did not make a final statement of the attitude of the Farmers' Union toward the coming convention of so-called constructionists. We have two serious objections to that convention. First, it is undemocratic; second, it is a factional convention. The Terrell Election Law proscribes the manner in which nominees for the Democratic party, as well as all other parties, shall be chosen and the methods pursued by the prohibitionists and that adopted by the opposition is outlawry and a crime against good government.

We do not see how a convention called for the purpose of defeating prohibition can be anything but an anti-prohibition movement, for an anti-convention by any other name is an anti-just the same. Factional issues madden men and those who contribute toward making factional strife paramount in this campaign deserve to be crushed at the polls. We believe it would be as impossible to keep liquor representatives out of that convention as it would be to keep a duck out of water, and the farmers will have nothing to do with any convention whose leaders represent or have represented special interests, liquor or otherwise.

Like the prohibition convention, it has no rights that voters are bound to respect. We are as much opposed to an anti-prohibition faction in this campaign as we are to a prohibition faction. In our opinion no man, as a candidate of any faction, can be elected Governor of Texas, and none should be. The people of Texas are tired of factional strife and peace is the plowman's hope.

Discretion the Better Part of Valor.

We realize how trying it must be upon anti leaders to engage in peaceful pursuits while the air is thrilled with the bay of the greyhounds of prohibition as they strike the trail and set politics to the music of the chase and we know full well the power of the bugle call of mighty hunters as they make the welkins ring, marshalling their forces for the onliest and challenging the brave to the battle; but discretion is the better part of valor and there are things far more important in our public affairs today than scrambling over a bottle of booze.

Be Not Deceived.

Let the farmers of Texas be not deceived by promises of either pro or anti for agricultural legislation "after the scrap is over." No party organized for the chase ever did anything more than pursue the object of their wrath or pleasure, and then divide the spoils and none ever will. No party or faction thereof organized to fight for or against prohibition ever plowed the fields, built factories or opened mines and none ever will. The prohibition question was here before we came and it will

be here when we are gone. Like Tennyson's brook, it will run on and on forever; the final word will never be spoken. But it should not be permitted to perpetually torment the life of state. Let us have one administration of peace.

A Peace That Surpasseth Understanding.

The Farmers' Union stands for peace and we want a peace that surpasseth the understanding of the politicians who feast upon the offal of strife. Peace acquired by one faction conquering another is not sufficient. We want a peace that contemplates the retirement of liquor warriors, both pro and anti, as well as the elimination of the liquor question from this campaign.

Frightening the Dove of Peace.

We know of no spectacle more calculated to frighten the dove of peace than for an anti-major-general to come galloping up to the convention with his saddle bags filled with recommendations, and nothing could more effectively point the crooked finger of suspicion at any candidate who might be selected than to have his name put forward by a man or men whose pockets are filled with plunder from the distilleries and whose occupation is that of sapping the lifeblood of the breweries. It is as if a cat were to spring upon the dove of peace.

Such an act would be an outrage against the peace of the commonwealth that could only be excused in vulgarity by prohibition leaders fighting booze both in the bar-room and out, coining fame in the counterfeit mounds of righteousness and making indecent exposures of ambition that shock the morals of society.

Farmers Must Stand Together.

There is no use for a farmer to take part in a convention or series of conventions where his vote is not considered in the final count and government by delegates who are not responsible to their constituents is immoral and silences the voices of the people in the selection of candidates. We want to again urge the farmers to have nothing to do with the precinct, county and state Democratic conventions on April 4th, 6th and 14th, respectively, but to stand as a jury passing upon the platforms and conduct of all candidates who offer for the July primary and select a governor freed from domination of special interests of whatever character.

The farmers of Texas, both pro and anti, must stand together in their efforts to secure peace, giving the prohibitionists and the anti-prohibitionists as a faction, identically the same treatment. Peace can only be obtained by hurling beligerant pro-anti leaders down the precipice of obscurity and clubbing obstreperous politicians into the lungeons of silence.

The City Business Man's Problem.

With these few remarks, we leave the Fort Worth convention in the hands of the city men. There never was in the history of Texas, such an opportunity presented to smash machine rule and exterminate bossism as is now offered to the voters of this State and they can do it by withering the Fort Worth convention with silence and placing business above politics in the July primary.

The dove of peace now sits cooing upon the shoulders of the city business man. Will he frighten it with prejudice and indifference or carass it with courage and wisdom? We shall see.

(Signed)
W. D. LEWIS, President.
PETER RADFORD, Ex-President.
Farmers' Educational and Co-Operative Union of Texas.

Mother's Club Entertainment

The Mother's Club entertainment which was scheduled for last Friday night did not materialize on account of the rain storm that occurred about night, but the ladies readvertised it for Saturday night and one of the largest crowds that ever assembled for a similar entertainment enjoyed the program.

The debate on the subject of intervention in Mexico was curtailed to two speakers, Mr. Rice having been out of the city, but Messrs. Durrett and Biggers handled the subject in a manner that showed careful thought and preparation and it was the expressed opinion of the audience that these two addresses were more than worth the price of admission.

It is understood that in the neighborhood of sixteen dollars was received at the door and thus the ladies are gradually accumulating funds for the liquidation of outstanding indebtedness. They have finished paying for the library books and are devoting their energies towards raising funds to take up the remaining notes on the piano, which will be donated to the school.

Your D-stiny.

Your life is what you make it. Nobody is foreordained to be a millionaire or a beggar. Intelligent, persistent effort, applied in the right way, will win the goal you want to reach.

We show the way. We teach the things that people of today MUST know to succeed. We train young men and women for profitable positions, and equip them for advancement to the highest stations in life, then place them in such positions.

Why not decide today that you will make a success in business? You can do it if you first get the necessary training, and second—work. Don't waste your time this summer, and regret it all the rest of your life. Our school is in uninterrupted session from one year's end to another.

We will tell you what you need to know and start you on a straight line toward success—

Shorthand, Typewriting, Bookkeeping, Penmanship, Modern Office System—all taught the best way—the way that brings results.

Write for literature, and also remember our Cotton School during the summer. No Cotton School in the South has been more successful than our Practical Cotton School which is held every summer.
BOWIE COMMERCIAL COLLEGE, Bowie, Texas.

READ THIS

McLean Texas August 14-12. We the undersigned Druggist of McLean are selling Hall's Texas Wonder and recommend it to be the best Kidney Bladder and Rheumatic remedy we have ever sold.

ARTHUR ERWIN
T. M. WOLFE.

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.

Use Peacemaker, the flower of flowers. Sold by the Union Trading Co., McLean, Texas. Manufactured by the Alliance Milling Co., Denton, Texas.

Announcements

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

FOR DISTRICT JUDGE:
F. P. GREEVER.

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.
C. S. RICE.

FOR TREASURER:
HENRY THUT.

FOR PUBLIC WEIGHER:
CARL OVERTON.
A. W. WILLARD.

John Mertel

Dealer In New Shoes

Expert Shoe Repairing

McLean, Texas

Painting and Paper Hanging

S. J. Hodges

Phone 77-11-2

Church Directory

Methodist Church.

Cordially invites you to all its services.
Sunday school at 10 a. m. every Sunday. Preaching at McLean 3rd, 4th and 5th Sundays morning and night; Groom 1st Sunday, morning and night; Alarred 2nd Sunday, morning and night; Heald 4th Sunday, 3:30 p. m.; Eldersedge 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.

Holiness Services.

Conducted by S. R. 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 Heald 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 6 p. m. every Sunday, Reop 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, C. 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.

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.

\$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 any other manner tampering with the lines. The state law on this 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 obstruct or interfere with the transmission of any messages on such telegraph or telephone line, he shall be punished by confinement in the penitentiary not less than two nor more than five years, or a fine not less than one hundred nor more than two thousand dollars.

McLEAN TELEPHONE EXCHANGE

Elite Barber Shop

W. M. MASSAY, Prop.

EVERYTHING NEW But The Barbers

Agents for that GOOD Laundry—Panhandle Steam Laundry

Next Door To The Postoffice

HOTEL HINDMAN

Rates \$2.00 Per Day

Best Accommodations in the City

Special Rates Weekly Boarders

All Meals 50c—Children 25c

J. R. Hindman, Proprietor

Why dont you

BATHE

Our Bath Tub is at your disposal

We are the real Tonsorial Artasts. Try us.

City Barber Shop

BEE EVERETT, Prop.

W. R. PATTERSON

ABSTRACTER AND CONVEYANCER

Fire and Tornado Insurance

McLean, Texas

WANT A DRAY

See W. D. Sims when you want anything moved. Careful handling of everything entrusted to our care.

PHONE 126

Posted.

All parties are hereby warned not to hunt, fish or otherwise trespass on the property of the undersigned. Violation of this notice will be vigorously prosecuted.

Henry Thut, George Thut, Clem Davis, W. H. Bates & Son, J. E. Williams, C. A. Price, G. H. Saunders.

McLean Auto Company

Supplies and Accessories
Vulcanizing

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF REPAIRING

Hupmobile Agency

Phone 83

Service Co.

Are You A Booster

If you are we want you to join the neighborhood improvement forces you to know this is the time of year when we should all "Tidy up" and beautify the home and its surroundings.

You will probably need some paint to liven up the appearance of your house and out buildings. That yard fence will also need repairing and painted up on. The boards that have been kicked off the barn some new ones. Now we carry in stock the paint (Low Brothers.) Which is most suitable for all painting it spreads farther, wears longer and lasts better. Its already mixed and ready for use.

We also have the material for the repair of your fences and barns. Please call and get our prices on paints and lumber and see our color card of our paints.

Yours for a successful year.

Cicero Smith Lumber Co.

McLean, Texas

BEN HUR

German Coach Stallion, dark bay, 16 hands and one inch high, weight 1400 pounds. Has size, substance, quality good looks and is A 1 in every respect. Fees: \$10.00.

STAR STATE

No. 2357—Black Spanish Jack, 15 1/2 hands high, weight 1000 pounds; winner of sweepstakes Dallas and San Antonio. The best in the Panhandle. Fees. \$12.50.

The above stock will make the season of 1914 one mile south and half mile east of McLean on the A. P. Clark farm.

Terms: I guarantee living colt but not to stand and suck. If mare is traded or removed from country I must have my money. \$2.50 of fee must be paid when service is had and the balance when the colt is born.

JOE CLARK