

The McLean News

THIRTEENTH YEAR

McLEAN, GRAY COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, APRIL 7, 1916

NO. 14

Barb Wire

Plenty of black and galvanized wire now in stock

Buy Your Cement From Us

Western Lumber Company

From Over The Panhandle

The Seth Ward College at Plainview was totally destroyed by fire last week. Plans are already under way for the rebuilding of the institution.

T. W. Morrison died at his home in Plainview Wednesday of last week. The gentleman had been a resident of the plains since 1879, having settled near Clarendon at that date.

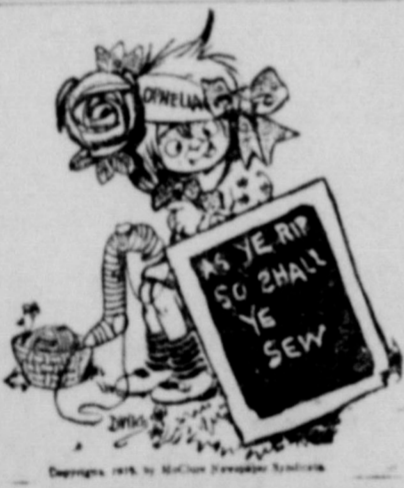
The Pampa Telephone Exchange has just had printed a new directory, showing 300 phones in that vicinity. A nice increase over any previous record.

J. C. Carver of Glazier has an income of \$75.00 per month from seven milk cows and a bunch of chickens, besides the milk, butter and eggs consumed by the family.

A farm house near Hedley was destroyed by fire last week. This is the third farm house to be destroyed by fire in that vicinity in the last eight months.

The Cayler school in Carson county has been awarded \$200,000 out of the Million dollar school fund. This is the third school in the county to be benefited by this fund. Groom, Conway and Cayley.

An axle of a big Studebaker car broke on the railroad crossing at S. Francis and the car was entirely demolished by a passenger train. The driver attempted to signal the engineer but without avail.



School Closes April 14th

Our local school will close an eight months term on Friday of next week and in addition to having a very successful term there will be the largest graduating class ever receiving their diplomas from this school, seventeen young men and women finishing their high school work.

On next Sunday morning at eleven o'clock at the Baptist church Rev. R. F. Hamilton will preach the commencement sermon. The public is cordially invited to attend this service.

On Thursday evening, April 13th, the class will present their class play at the school auditorium. The play is a splendid comedy entitled "Engaged by Wednesday" and has been carefully and thoroughly rehearsed by a cast of the best talent in the class.

Friday evening, the 14th, will occur the graduating exercises and the presentation of the diplomas. A most pleasing feature of this evening's entertainment will be an address to the graduates by Hon. Newton P. Willis of Canadian.

School Election Is Quiet

The school trustee election held in the rear of the Citizens State bank building Saturday of last week commanded but slight attention at the hands of the voters, there being fewer than fifty votes cast. The retiring trustees were all re-elected with substantial majorities and the patrons of the school feel that the affairs of this institution are in good hands for another twelve months as the present board is composed of men who interest themselves in the school's welfare and are thoroughly acquainted with its needs and requirements.

The next school year gives promise of being the banner one in every respect as it is considered certain that sufficient funds will be available to maintain a nine months term.

Get your garden plows, hoes and rakes from C. S. Rice.

The Graduates Entertained

One of the most enjoyable social affairs it has ever been our pleasure to attend was the entertainment given Saturday night by Miss Sallie Helm for the graduating class at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Denson. It being the first day of April the "April Fool" idea was paramount in both the decorations and the various games of amusement.

Upon arriving at the Denson home the guests were confronted by the playcard, "Closed—Legal Holiday—April First," on the front door, and were compelled to seek entrance at the back, where they were received and introduced to Miss Juanita Langley and Elizabeth Patterson, who served them to delicious (looking) punch, which turned out to be about as unpalatable a concoction as was ever produced outside of an apothecary shop. It was made according to the proper rules but had been cruelly and thoughtlessly adulterated by the addition of beet juice, onions, pepper sauce and other equally distressing ingredients. Few of the guests had the fortitude to hide their dismay behind a serene countenance while they refreshed themselves.

Carrying the idea further, the guests were found stepping cautiously around signs reading "fresh paint" and were finally introduced into the drawing room, where was prepared for them a most pleasing exhibition. The harrowing details of this performance are omitted by request, but we will mention the fact that the ground hog which all were anxious to see turned out to be a little ground sausage meat secreted under a large sheet of paper.

Other pleasing features of entertainment were presented in order and an evening of unconfined merriment was the happy result. "Real" cream and angel food cake were served as refreshments.

Nazarine Meeting

We are requested to announce that the Nazarine congregation will commence a revival in the tabernacle on Monday after the second Sunday in September, which will continue for a period of two weeks or longer if need be. Rev. Roy L. Williams of Penial University and general superintendent of the Nazarine church, will conduct the services. Rev. Williams is reputed to be an able preacher and with the excellent choir music led by Mr. Jones the meetings give promise of being both interesting and helpful.

Dates of other meetings are as follows: The Methodist and Presbyterian, Union Meeting will begin on the first Sunday in August with Evangelist Flowers of Waco in charge. Mrs. Flowers will also be here and is an evangelist worker of pronounced ability.

The Baptist meeting will begin on the fourth Sunday in August and will be in charge of Rev. Charles A. Lovelace of Canadian, who is also a splendid speaker.

So far as we can learn there will be no meetings this summer until August.



Our Chief Aim

Has always been to make our store a place towards which the people of McLean could point with pride. To accomplish this, and to attain the highest standard of efficiency, we have adopted the most progressive methods, combined with Good Old-Fashioned Honesty

Erwin Drug Company

Disastrous fires are recorded every day. Why take such a risk? I can insure anything

Richardson

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 \$12,000.00

American State Bank

(GUARANTY FUND BANK)

McLean, Texas

D. B. VEATCH, PRESIDENT W. H. HOLT, CASHIER
GEO. W. SITTER, VICE PRES. A. G. RICHARDSON, ASST. CASHIER

A. P. CLARK, Jr. JACOB L. HESS.

DIRECTORS.

INDIVIDUAL WORTH OF STOCKHOLDERS \$1,750,000.00

Stop AND Figure

It costs as much in labor to paint your house with an inferior paint as it does to paint it with good paint. Then why not use the best? Monarch Paint is guaranteed to be

100 Per Cent Pure

and goes further and wears longer. For Sale By

C. S. RICE

Pay Your Subscription

IS CHILD CROSS, FEVERISH, SICK

Look, Mother! If tongue is coated, give "California Syrup of Figs."

Children love this "fruit laxative," and nothing else cleanses the tender stomach, liver and bowels so nicely.

A child simply will not stop playing to empty the bowels, and the result is they become tightly clogged with waste, liver gets sluggish, stomach sour, then your little one becomes cross, half-sick, feverish, don't eat, sleep or act naturally, breath is bad, system full of cold, has sore throat, stomach-ache or diarrhoea. Listen, Mother! See if tongue is coated, then give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the constipated waste, sour bile and undigested food passes out of the system, and you have a well child again.

Millions of mothers give "California Syrup of Figs" because it is perfectly harmless; children love it, and it never fails to act on the stomach, liver and bowels.

Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly printed on the bottle. Adv.

Synthetic tannin, distilled from tar products, has been invented in England for tanning light colored leathers.

A COMMON FORM OF KIDNEY TROUBLE

A year ago I was badly run down, not able to do heavy work, suffered from nervousness, kidney and liver in bad shape; had to urinate often through the night, and frequently every one or two hours during the day and had no appetite. Since using three \$1.00 bottles of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root I have been cured of all the above troubles. I truly give the above testimony and others may be benefited.

Yours truly, J. P. COX, Atlanta, Texas. Signed and sworn to before me this 22d day of March, 1915.

W. F. CAMERON, Notary Public. In and for Cass County, Texas.

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

All America. I believe in America first.—And also second.—New York.

Watchful Guard

The Stomach, Liver and Bowels are real factors in health matters, and it is a wise plan to watch them carefully. As soon as the appetite wanes, or the digestion becomes impaired, recourse should be had to

POSTETTER'S stomach Bitters

LEE'S SEEDS

A Perfect seed of Bermuda Grass the first season is possible by planting Lee's Bermuda Grass Seed. Lee's Seeds have been used by the best planters for 12 years. Buy them from your dealer or write for 1915 catalogue. ARTHUR G. LEE, Fort Smith, Arkansas.

Oklahoma Directory

Biggest Parity Seed Corns WE PAY THE FREIGHT. Red Globe, Silver King, Boone County, Red Yellow Dent, White Wonder, Bloomy, Strawberry, Mexican June Seed Corns, etc. White, per bushel \$2.50. Spanish Peas, per bushel, \$1.50. Whippoorwill Cow Peas, per bushel, \$1.50. Bermuda Grass Seed, per pound, 50 cents. Mail orders, samples free. Send to S. L. ADMIRE, ANTLERS, OKLAHOMA

Horton Machinery Co.

MACHINERY and SUPPLIES. 213 West First Street. W. 1100 OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Cures all ailments, and restores the system to its normal condition.

INSURING GOOD CRUST

CERTAIN RULES MUST BE OBSERVED IN PIE MAKING.

No Reason in the World Why Delicious Form of Dessert Should Ever Have Been Said to Be Indigestible.

Somewhere along in the late eighties or early nineties a loud voice was heard denouncing the great American pie. Pie-making and pie-eating were among the chief industries of our forefathers, and the pronouncement was made that here was to be found the reason for the various assortment of human ills from which they suffered. They did not know they were pie-poisoned. They ate the crisp-crust, fruit-filled dainties and enjoyed them; they went on their heedless ways ignorant of the crimes they were committing, but according to biblical prophecy their sins were being visited upon their descendants and we were enduring the curse of weakened digestions because of those pie-ous ancestors.

And so the fear of pies was born in us, and it is a heroic hostess who will serve pie as the dessert of a dinner party. If we calmly analyze a pie, though it does not seem so deadly a thing; a little flour, fat, water or milk, and fruit usually, and if these ingredients are skillfully combined, we are willing to take oath as to the wholesomeness of the result.

Here are some simple rules which will insure a good crust, and if we follow them in making our pies we may be able to restore the pie to its old popularity.

The general formula for crust is one and one-half cupfuls of flour, one-half cupful of fat, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of salt, liquid to moisten. This will make one two-crust pie or two one-crust pies. The ingredients must be kept cold. Since the only leavening agent in the crusts is air, and cold air expands on heating, it is reasonable to suppose that the colder the air the greater the expansion and the flakier the crusts. Do not handle the crusts any more than absolutely necessary. Cut the crust a little larger than the tin to allow for shrinking in baking, and be sure to leave no air bubbles between the paste and the tin.

Pastry and modified flour give the best results, and in the case of these less fat is needed. The best crusts are made with one part of lard to four parts of pastry flour. When butter is used two tablespoonfuls more fat to the cupful of flour should be added. Butter in a crust gives it the best flavor, according to some, but lard gives the flakier crust and a good flavor.

More liquid is needed with bread flour than with pastry flour. The larger the amount of water the less fat is needed. A very good way to keep the undercrust crisp is to spread egg white over it and sprinkle with corn starch.

Scalloped Parsnips. Four or five good-sized parsnips, one tablespoonful butter, one teaspoonful salt, two tablespoonfuls milk, one teaspoonful black pepper, two tablespoonfuls finely chopped onion, bread crumbs.

Boil the parsnips until tender, and mash smooth. Add the butter, salt, pepper, onion, and milk. Butter a baking-pan and cover the bottom with a layer of parsnips. Cover the top with bread crumbs and dot with butter. Brown in the oven and serve hot.

Cherry Mold. Wash and soak half a pound of dried cherries. Sift three tablespoonfuls of flour into a basin, gradually add two cupfuls of milk, half a teaspoonful of salt, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, one tablespoonful of melted butter, three well-beaten eggs and the cherries. Pour into a buttered mold lined with cherries, cover with buttered paper and steam for one hour and a half. Turn out and serve with sweet sauce.

To Vary the Children's Supper. A nice supper dish for the children may be made by rubbing a cupful of raisins and prunes cooked together—or either of them separately—and a cupful of rice through the colander, adding the yolk of an egg, a little sugar and squeeze of lemon, thinning with water and cooking a few minutes. Chopped raisins worked into any soft cheese is a nutritious filling for a sandwich.—Woman's World.

Variety Salad. Take three cupfuls finely shaved cabbage, half cupful diced apples, one-quarter cupful diced celery, one cupful grated pineapple, boiled salad dressing, lettuce; mix together the cabbage, apple, celery and pineapple, moisten with salad dressing and serve in lettuce leaves; garnish with whipped cream.

When You Bake a Cake. To prevent cake from sticking to tins when baked, grease the tins, then dust them with flour. Lightly beat out the loose flour, leaving only what sticks to the grease. This does away with the old-fashioned method of lining the pans with greased paper.

To Lay New Matting. Cut each width six inches longer than necessary. Then ravel the ends and tie the cords together. When the matting is taken up to be cleaned it cannot ravel and there is no waste.

Everyone Should Drink Hot Water in the Morning

Wash away all the stomach, liver, and bowel poisons before breakfast.

To feel your best day in and day out, to feel clean inside; no sour bile to coat your tongue and sicken your breath or dull your head; no constipation, bilious attacks, sick headache, colds, rheumatism or gassy, acid stomach, you must bathe on the inside like you bathe outside. This is vastly more important, because the skin pores do not absorb impurities into the blood, while the bowel pores do, says a well-known physician.

To keep these poisons and toxins well flushed from the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels, drink before breakfast each day, a glass of hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it. This will cleanse, purify and freshen the entire alimentary tract, before putting more food into the stomach.

Get a quarter pound of limestone phosphate from your druggist or at the store. It is inexpensive and almost tasteless, except a sourish tinge which is not unpleasant. Drink phosphated hot water every morning to rid your system of these vile poisons and toxins; also to prevent their formation.

To feel like young folks feel; like you felt before your blood, nerves and muscles became saturated with an accumulation of body poisons, begin this treatment and above all, keep it up! As soap and hot water act on the skin, cleansing, sweetening and purifying, so limestone phosphate and hot water before breakfast, act on the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels.—Adv.

Not Sued. "Can you play this song 'The Trailing Vine'?" "Not on an upright piano."

For inflamed sore eyes apply Hanford's Balsam lightly to the closed lids. It should relieve in five minutes. Adv.

The difference between stealing and embezzling depends altogether on the size of the pile that the thief gets away with.

"CASCARETS" FOR SLUGGISH BOWELS

No sick headache, sour stomach, biliousness or constipation by morning.

Get a 10-cent box now. Turn the rascals out—the headache, biliousness, indigestion, the sick, sour stomach and foul gases—turn them out to-night and keep them out with Cascarets.

Millions of men and women take a Cascaret now and then and never know the misery caused by a lazy liver, clogged bowels or an upset stomach.

Don't put in another day of distress. Let Cascarets cleanse your stomach; remove the sour, fermenting food; take the excess bile from your liver and carry out all the constipated waste matter and poison in the bowels. Then you will feel great.

A Cascaret to-night straightens you out by morning. They work while you sleep. A 10-cent box from any drug store means a clear head, sweet stomach and clean, healthy liver and bowel action for months. Children love Cascarets because they never gripe or sicken. Adv.

A Whale Market. Jonah complained. "We are always advised to buy at the bottom, but there is nothing for sale," he cried.

A GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Mr. F. C. Case of Welcome Lake, Pa., writes: "I suffered with Backache and Kidney Trouble. My head ached, my sleep was broken and unrefreshing. I felt heavy and sleepy after meals, was always nervous and tired, had a bitter taste in my mouth, was dizzy, had floating specks before my eyes, was always thirsty, had a dragging sensation across my loins, difficulty in collecting my thoughts and was troubled with shortness of breath. Dodds Kidney Pills have cured me of these complaints. You are at liberty to publish this letter for the benefit of any sufferer who doubts the merit of Dodds Kidney Pills."

Mr. F. C. Case, a dragging sensation across my loins, difficulty in collecting my thoughts and was troubled with shortness of breath. Dodds Kidney Pills have cured me of these complaints. You are at liberty to publish this letter for the benefit of any sufferer who doubts the merit of Dodds Kidney Pills.

Dodds Kidney Pills, 50c. per box at your dealer or Dodds Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Dodds Dyspepsia Tablets for indigestion have been proved, 50c. per box.—Adv.

The Right Sort. "I want somebody to write up a social lion story." "All right; I'll send a cub reporter."

The average speed of the phonograph record under the needle is 1.23 miles an hour.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

A constant struggle, a ceaseless battle to bring success from inhospitable surroundings is the price of all great achievements.—Success.

EGGLESS DISHES.

When eggs are high a few recipes in which they are absent will be welcomed at this season.

Black Cake.—Take a cupful of brown sugar, four tablespoonfuls of butter, a half cupful of cocoa, dissolved in a little hot water in the cup, and fill up the cup with milk. Add 1 1/2 cupfuls of flour and a teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in a tablespoonful of water. Bake in a sheet. Cut in small squares after icing.

Ginger Cookies.—One cupful each of brown sugar and lard, 1 1/2 cupfuls of molasses, a third of a cupful of vinegar, one teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in the vinegar, a teaspoonful of cinnamon, a teaspoonful of salt and a tablespoonful of ginger. Mix with flour to roll.

Lunch Cake.—Take 1 1/2 cupfuls of sugar, add a half cupful of softened butter, a cupful of milk, three cupfuls of flour, one teaspoonful each of cloves and cinnamon, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one cupful of chopped raisins, well floured. Bake in a loaf.

Apple Sauce.—Take a cupful of brown sugar or corn sirup, one-half cupful of butter or lard, one cupful of unsweetened apple sauce, made from sour cooking apples, one cupful of chopped raisins, two teaspoonfuls of cocoa, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, half a teaspoonful of cloves and the same of nutmeg, two cupfuls of flour, sifted, with one teaspoonful of baking powder. Bake in a shallow pan.

Chocolate Wafers.—Take a cupful each of brown sugar and molasses, a half-cupful of butter, the same amount of lard, a half-cupful of chocolate, grated, a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a fourth of a cupful of boiling water, a teaspoonful of vanilla and four enough to make a stiff dough. Form in balls the size of a hickory nut, slightly flatten, and place on a baking sheet an inch apart. Bake in a moderate oven.

We must trust and hope and neither doubt ourselves nor doubt the good in one another.

Perseverance and strength of character will enable us to bear much.—Dickens.

HELPFUL IDEAS.

Spend an hour or two each week in preparing the menus for the week. You will be pleased with the freedom from the constant strain of wondering, planning and guessing what you are going to get for dinner.

It is a most fascinating game and one much more gratifying than that of "solitaire" or a puzzle picture, for you are doing something really worth while, besides entertaining yourself.

If for no other reason than economy a woman should follow this system, for you will be surprised with the saving in your buying, as you can plan for left-overs and combinations that will give variety without extra cost.

For example if you are serving green peas as a vegetable one day, take out two or three tablespoonfuls to be used as a garnish for a salad or a neat dish. By placing these leftovers in a cool place and planning for them the meals are made much more attractive.

A cupful of tomato saved from a can can go over some sliced roast beef, sliced potatoes, a little gravy and a sprinkling of onion; garnish with the peas and bake. This is a dish called Spanish, but will be made pro-American in any family that tries it once.

Spend a day, a month, looking over all clothing. See that hooks and eyes are in place, take out any spots, brush and press skirts, put in fresh rubber in necks or collars and cuffs. A small wardrobe well kept will mark you for a better-dressed woman than a large one carelessly and badly kept.

A list for the guest room should be typewritten and kept where it can be consulted to see that all such things are in readiness for the coming guest. Cards and stationery in the desk and a few stamps will be a source of comfort, for they are so often needed. Sewing materials, pins, shoe horn, safety-pins, button hook, whisk broom, hand glass and, of course, the necessary toilet articles such as towels, soap, wash cloths and bottles of listerine, hand lotion and cold cream, these last will mark you as a thoughtful hostess.

Nellie Maxwell. Silk Stockings. The only piece of morality which women seem to have worked out for themselves is that on all occasions one should preserve the integrity of one's silk stockings.—Rebecca West, in the New Republic.

Book Made Many Friends. "Honest old Isaac Walton." "Dear old Isaac Walton." By such terms is the old linen draper and fisherman referred to by the multitude who have been made happier and better by his book.



Colds Make Backs Ache

MORE aching backs, more kidney troubles come in March, than in any other month. Slushy sidewalks, dampness, raw winds and sudden changes cause chills and colds. And chills or colds tend to hurt the kidneys. It is good sense to use a kidney remedy when recovering from a cold and at any time when suffering from a lame back, sharp pains when stooping or lifting, dizzy spells, irregular or annoying kidney action, and a run-down, nervous state.

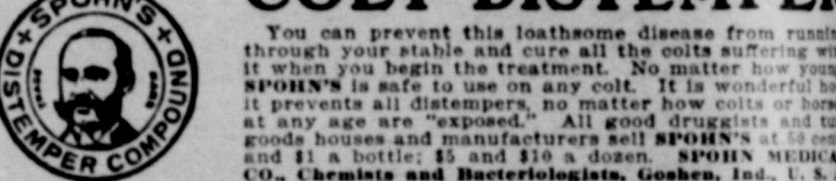
Don't delay and take a chance of getting dropsy, gravel, Bright's disease or some other serious kidney disease. Use Doan's Kidney Pills, the best-recommended, special kidney remedy. All over the world grateful people frankly praise Doan's.

Here's What Oklahoma People Say:

J. B. Leach, grocer, Main St., Comanche, Okla., says: "I have used Doan's Kidney Pills on several occasions and don't hesitate to say that they act just as represented. I had lumbago as the result of colds settling in my kidneys but Doan's Kidney Pills have always relieved these spells. I am certain that they will do just as much for other kidney sufferers."

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

At All Stores, 50c a Box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.



COLT DISTEMPER

You can prevent this loathsome disease from running through your stable and cure all the colts suffering with it when you begin the treatment. No matter how young, SPHON'S is safe to use on any colt. It is wonderful how it prevents all distempers, no matter how colts or horses at any age are "exposed." All good druggists and turf goods houses and manufacturers sell SPHON'S at 15 cents and \$1 a bottle; \$5 and \$10 a dozen. SPHON MEDICAL CO., Chemists and Bacteriologists, Goshen, Ind., U. S. A.

Belligerent. "Hard to get along with, isn't he?" "Oh, yes. He is as quarrelsome as a pacifist."

Table Wit. "I can't reach the sausage." "Whistle to it," suggested the morose boarder.

FRECKLES

Now is the Time to Get Rid of These Little Spots. There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles as the prescription, which—double strength—guaranteed to remove these honey spots. Simply get an ounce of ethio-cin—double strength—strengthened by the light ones have vanished entirely. It is so simple that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength ethio-cin, as this is said under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.—Adv.

Longsighted. "Has he a sense of fairness?" "Goodness, yes! He can tell the block away."

For bruises use Hanford's Balsam Adv. Sin puts disorder in the universe.

Advertisement for Sloan's Liniment. Includes text: 'NEURALGIA STIFF NECK BRUISES KILLS PAIN', 'Why bear those pains?', 'A single bottle will convince you Sloan's Liniment', 'Arrests Inflammation. Prevents severe complications. Just put a few drops on the painful spot and the pain disappears.' Includes image of a woman holding her neck in pain and a bottle of Sloan's Liniment.

Give Your Liver a Chance

Take a time tried and proven remedy for Liver Complaints, Constipation, Biliousness, Jaundice, Kidney Troubles, Impure or Bad Blood, Pimples, Indigestion. If suffering from these take Dr. Thacher's Liver and Blood Syrup

Your Liver and Kidneys are your best friends if you keep them in good condition. When you are afflicted with these troubles, you should immediately take this great purgative.

Miscellaneous text on the right edge of the page, including names and fragments of advertisements.

Local Happenings

Items of Interest About Town and County

Miss Eva Biggers spent Sunday in Ramsdell.

Men's shirts at McLean Shoe Store.

Henry Thut of LeFors is in the city this week.

Suits called for and delivered. C. W. Haynes, the Tailor.

Dr. W. C. Montgomery visited in Shamrock between trains Monday.

Men's Oxfords at Bundy Hodges.

Ernest Reeves and Moulton King were visitors from Alanreed Monday.

Ladies skirts in all the styles and fabrics at Coffey's.

Large double flowering canna bulbs. See Mrs. Scott Johnson.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Turley are moving to the Johnson ranch for the summer.

McLean News and Dallas Semi-Weekly for \$1.75.

Marian Reynolds of Shamrock was here this week looking up the voters.

For Sale—Stock salt and cake. See G. W. Sitter. 2p

G. R. Bellinger has renewed his subscription to the News.

Men's pants—a new line just received. Coffey's.

Bob Harlan is another subscription renewal this week.

For Sale at a bargain—Ruby Sewing machine in first class condition. Phone 54.

S. W. Rice returned Sunday from a business trip to Moody, Texas.

We cannot sell for credit. Our prices are less. McLean Shoe Store.

Charley Turley has had us send the News to his father, E. L. Turley at Roswell, Okla.

Genuine Sealey Mattresses at Bundy Hodges.

Let me order your cut flowers. Mrs. Richardson.

For kitchen satisfaction get a Range Eternal from C. S. Rice.

Prof. W. D. Biggers of Groom spent the week end with his mother.

Men's shoes, any style, McLean Shoe Store.

J. R. Bevers has our thanks for a dollar on subscription.

Herman Hunt has been in attendance on the Federal court at Amarillo this week.

Auto, buggy and wagon paint. Kyanize floor and furniture finish. C. S. Rice.

W. J. Ball of Alanreed was a petit jurymen in the Federal court in session at Amarillo this week.

Picture show every Saturday afternoon for those who can't come Saturday night.

Wash goods line. Buy now, stock complete. T. J. Coffey's.

Mrs. W. C. Montgomery returned Monday from a two weeks visit in Ft. Worth with Miss Veta.

Order your Easter Suit now. Suits \$12.50. up to \$49.00 at the Tailor Shop.

Good pictures all the time. If you can't come at night come Saturday afternoon.

Prof. S. R. Loftin, the Alanreed lumberman, was a visitor here the last of the week. He has our thanks for a dollar on subscription.

Lost—pocket book with important papers. Please return to Charlie Nuun. 2c

The Bankrupt stock of general merchandise in the Beall building will be sold next Monday. R. E. Dorsey is receiver for the stock.

High class millinery. We are showing many charming new models in individual millinery at T. J. Coffey's.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Hindman announce the arrival of a little grandson at the home of their daughter, Mrs. D. M. Graham at Cliftonhill, Mo.

K. Sharp of Alanreed has renewed for the News and Dallas News and also had us send the paper to Mrs. Nancy Watson in Arkansas.

Show tickets Free. With each purchase of \$1.00 we will give you a 15 cent ticket to the moving picture show free. The Melrose.

Lost—Nearly new saddle blanket, blue with border, between my place and town. Please return to L. O. Floyd.

Found—Good lap robe. Owner can have same by calling at this office and paying for this ad.

Mrs. R. D. Harris made the News office a call and had us send the paper to her son, E. L. Harris, at Elmer, Okla., for a year.

Summer dress goods. Lawns, silks, galatea, poplin and linen. See all the pretty new fabrics at Coffey's.

You won't regret starting in with the Broken Coin now. Start now and see it through.

Catarrah Cannot Be Cured
with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrah is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrah Cure is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surface. Hall's Catarrah Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrah. Send for testimonials free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, plus 7c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Rev. and Mrs. H. A. Good win of Shamrock were visitors here Monday. They came over land in their car and were accompanied by A. C. Rippey.

Ladies and children's slippers. A big line to select from. McLean Shoe Store.

Friends will be glad to know that S. H. Bundy and Ross Biggers and families will return to McLean in the very near future and to put it as Mr. Bundy expresses it "to live forever and anon."

For Sale—300 1-year old steers and 25 Hereford males. G. W. Sitter.

Mr. Umphries and family of Young county have moved here to make their future home. Mr. Umphries has bought the Beigel land near town and is improving it with a view to raising horses and mules.

For Sale—various articles of household goods, including new majestic range, oil stove, davenport and fireless cooker. Mrs. R. E. Dorsey. 1c

On account of the Commencement sermon Sunday morning there will be no morning service at the Nazarine church. The evening service will be as announced.

A large range of voiles in all popular colorings—36 inches wide—at Coffey's.

If you have not kept up with the Broken Coin, read the synopsis of the story in the News and then keep up with it each week. See the pictures at the Electric Theatre every Friday night.

Sport shirts. Bundy Hodges.

Mr. or Mrs. Furniture Buyer

We want to keep this before you—if you need furniture SEE US. We are in the furniture business. We do not depend entirely on this line to make our living, but we sell furniture at prices we honestly believe are right. If you are in the market for RUGS of any character, BEDS, LINOLEUMS, MATTRESSES, DUOFOLDS, BUFFETS, CHIFFOROBES, WINDOW SHADES, in fact anything in this line—come and see us.

BRING YOUR MAIL ORDER CATALOGS, compare our prices, we will try our best to sell you and if we fail, you will not find us out of humor about it. Remember, CASH talks at all times and especially does it talk in the above lines.

Bundy-Hodges Mercantile Co. (Inc.)

Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Harris returned Wednesday from Elmer, Okla., where they were called two weeks ago on account of the serious illness of their son, E. L. Harris and wife. Both, however, are recovering nicely.

Mrs. Ola Helvey of McLean and Mr. George Nall were married in Amarillo Friday of last week. They will make their home in Amarillo where the groom is employed as operator for the railroad. Mrs. Nall has been here this week visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Webster.

Mrs. J. O. Pierce was called to Fort Worth Sunday on account of the serious illness of her sister, Miss Viola Baker, who had undergone an operation at the sanitarium at that place. A message yesterday from Mrs. Pierce stated that Miss Baker was slightly improved and hopes of her recovery are entertained by a host of friends.

City Officers Elected.

At the election of city officials held on Tuesday of this week the interest manifested was little better than that apparent at the school election Saturday. Many citizens did not even take the trouble to express a choice one way or another.

The officers elected to serve the town were:

Mayor—C. S. Rice.
Marshall—John Sparks.
Aldermen—D. B. Veatch, T. A. Cooke, W. C. Cheney, J. M. Noel and T. J. Coffey.

High Grade

Stock Dip and disinfectant, Lice and Mite Killer, Bed bug, ant and moth destroyer, Fly and Mosquito Oil. Prices low.

Write or see,
F. G. YOUNT, McLEAN, TEXAS.

Back-Dowis.

Miss Nora Back and Mr. Charley Dowis of this place were married in Shamrock Sunday afternoon.

Both young people are well and favorably known in McLean. Miss Nora Back has lived here with her parents since early childhood and by her charming personality has won a host of friends. Mr. Dowis moved to Texas, several months ago and is a staunch young man.

The News joins with numbers of friends in wishing the a long life of happiness and prosperity.

Mr. and Mrs. Dowis will be located in the Callahan cottage.

MCLEAN 13

Thursday, April 13

One Night Only

GEORGIA SMART SET

THE BEST COLORED SHOW ON EARTH

Under Big Canvass Tent Theatre

Big band parade and free Band Concert at 12 o'clock

The Colored Show De Luxe

Popular Prices

Doors Open 7:30 p. m. Performance 8.

HAL

My Tom Hal saddle horse, a deep red bay 15 1/2 hands high, will make the setson of 1916 a my place six miles northwest of McLean. Will bring him to town if necessary.

TERMS: \$12.50 to insure living colt, \$10.00 to insure foal. Money is due if mare is traded or moved from the county.

SPECIAL: Will give free season for best colt.

J. W. Mars

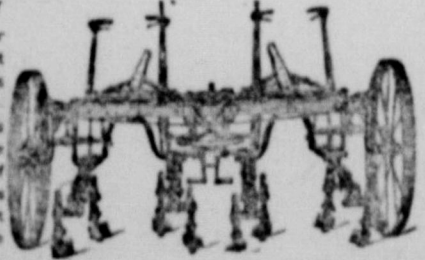
14 YEARS OF KNOWING HOW

P.O.

THE WORLD'S TWO BEST TWO-ROW CULTIVATORS

BACKED BY AN UNQUALIFIED GUARANTEE

The P.O. Two-Row Cultivator covers every essential feature for perfect work, ease of adjustment and adaptability of all conditions of soil. The simplest and strongest Two-Row Cultivator made. "It's the way we build them". Frame as strong as a bridge. Axles of improved construction prevents wheel widening in front; make light draft. Fine depth adjustment; each gang controlled independently. Four levers do the work of six on other styles, as the inside levers control the inside gangs independently, and also raise or lower the gangs in pairs. Easy working adjustable foot levers. The wheels can be pivoted alone or in connection with the lateral gang movement. The pre-set springs are center hung, insuring proper tension in all conditions of the ground and in any position of gangs. The parallel movement of gangs insures each shovel cutting the proper width and depth. Furnished with any style gang.



No. 27 2-Row Lister Cultivator

We make a complete line of DRY-FARMING tools, prominent among which is the No. 27 Lister Cultivator, which has many superior features, consisting of two sets of gangs mounted sliding on a trussed spreader pipe. Turn table construction evenly distributes weight on the gangs, holding them level and preventing one side from going in deeper. Each gang follows its own row. Roller connecting between the gangs and spreader pipe. Gangs can be raised as a unit, or stoves can be raised separately. Frame balances with tongue when raised. Easy change from first to second cultivation. Extra high clearing gangs. Easy change from first to second cultivation. Extra high clearing gangs for large corn, with long shield for small corn. Eight shovel attachments can be furnished when ordered.

If your dealer will not supply you it ONLY TAKES A POSTAL to get our new 1916 catalog and special introductory price.

Parlin & Orendorff Implement Co.

DALLAS, TEXAS



THE Texas Wonder cures kidney and bladder troubles, dissolves gravel, cures diabetes, weak and lame backs, rheumatism and all irregularities of the kidneys and bladder in both men and women. If not sold by your druggist, will be sent by mail on receipt of \$1. One small bottle is two months' treatment and seldom fails to perfect a cure. Send for testimonials from this and other States. Dr. E. W. Hall, 236 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo. Sold by druggists.—Adv.

Men Must Govern Or Be Governed.

Men may voluntarily elect to play no part in the control of the affairs which make up their daily life, and to play no part in the working out of the great questions upon which the prosperity of their country, the future of their children, and the welfare of the race depend; but they need not flatter themselves that these things are matters apart from them, or that they are leading free and independent lives. Abstinence is impossible under the conditions of modern life and modern popular government. Men must either govern or be governed; they must take part in the control of their own lives, or they must lead subject lives, helplessly dependent in the little things and great things of life upon the will and power of others.—Elmer Root.

A large range of voiles in all popular colorings—36 inches wide—at Coffey's.

If you have not kept up with the Broken Coin, read the synopsis of the story in the News and then keep up with it each week. See the pictures at the Electric Theatre every Friday night.

Sport shirts. Bundy Hodges.

The Broken Coin

A Story of Mystery and Adventure By EMERSON HOUGH From the Scenario by Grace Cunard

(Copyright, 1914, by Wright A. Patterson)

SYNOPSIS.

Kitty Gray, newspaper woman, finds in a curio shop half of a broken coin, the mutilated inscription on which arouses her curiosity and leads her, at the order of her managing editor, to go to the principal of Gretzhoffen to piece out the story suggested by the inscription. She is followed, and on arrival in Gretzhoffen her adventures while chasing the secret of the broken coin begin.

EIGHTH INSTALLMENT

CHAPTER XXIX.

King Cortislaw.

"So you find it convenient to enter my room once more unasked?" Kitty's eyes flashed in genuine indignation as she faced Count Sachio. "It is not your room, mademoiselle, but ours. We pay for it and have control of it."

"So there was some definite purpose in secreting me here away from my friends?"

"Assuredly, a purpose very definite, and one from which we do not intend to be swerved, mademoiselle."

"What then do you purpose doing with me?"

"We plan taking you before the king—not the king of Gretzhoffen, but our own king, Cortislaw of Grahoffen. We wish to see you, mademoiselle."

Kitty turned back into the room and Sachio, irritated at the delay, went so far as to take her by the arm to induce her to leave the room with him. She resisted him so vigorously that for the time he stood back non-verbal.

But at length the girl's powers proved no match for those brought against her. She was forced from the room toward the front of the building.

Once more Kitty adopted the policy of Roleau himself—she ceased to struggle when she found struggling useless, and lay back to wait until a time when resistance might be more effective.

"Very well, then, gentlemen," said she. "Do as you like. I am weaker than yourselves. Since you are men and gentlemen, naturally you are strong."

Count Sachio made no answer to her stinging words. In truth, matters had gone so well with him as he would like. He had been ordered to take her to his own king, and now must make that report, and certainly not tell of the unqualified success which he had so confidently expected.

The insignificant distance which separated these two kingdoms was

broken. I wish to know it all. I am informed that you have seen both halves of this coin, and therefore know the entire message. Read it to me at once."

Kitty took the coin in her hand as though to study it, but swiftly put her own hand behind her back as she clutched it.

"It is my property," said she stoutly. "Not even a king can take away property without course of law."

Even a king was astonished at the effrontery of the young girl—who held her possession until two sturdy guards forced the coin from her hand. The king smiled at her, a somewhat toothless smile.

"So you value it? Many do. We are willing to pay for what we have, mademoiselle—and the message of this coin we mean to have. Give it to us, and you shall be set free."

"Your majesty is liberal—you offer what is already mine—the right to liberty. But what you ask is impossible for me. True, I have seen each half of the coin—even I saw both halves at one time—but never have I read the entire inscription."

"But you have seen both halves," went on Cortislaw. "Tell me, what was on the other half?"

"Your majesty, I cannot—I do not know."

"By the saints of our fathers," exclaimed Cortislaw, "if this were in the olden days the torture chamber should show you something. But now—"

"The torture could bring only deception from me, your majesty, and that deception would be of no service to you. I have told you the truth—and that alone can serve you. Give me my liberty again—and then perhaps I might learn more of the other half of the coin."

"The girl argues well," said Cortislaw. "I am not sure whether or not she speaks truth, but her argument goes to the same thing in either case. Let her go under guard—perhaps something may arise to give us further insight into this."

"As for you, Count Sachio, you have not yet succeeded in what was asked of you—you have not yet taught us where lies the hidden treasure of Gretzhoffen!"

"Your majesty," replied the count, reddening, "it is but inadvertence, which shall be amended. In my zeal I fancied your majesty would rather have this young woman than to have the other half of the coin. To secure that may require yet more time."

The king fixed on him the cold smile which his courtiers had learned to dread, yet he could not fail to see the shrewdness of Sachio's reply.

"At least guard her, then," said he dryly. "She shall be our guest until we learn more of what she knows. It means too much to forego the full reading of that coin these days. I mean to have it. I trust all my officers will realize that fact."

"Mademoiselle," said Sachio to Kitty, later, when she had been withdrawn to quarters which virtually were to prove a prison to her. "You have heard what the king has said—he will allow you to return to your own country unharmed if you but help him to the meaning of that inscription. What is it to you? It is only idle curiosity brings you hither. With us it may mean the life or death of our country."

Kitty gave herself up to certain reflections at the time. As to war between the two kingdoms, if it came, why should she aid Grahoffen against the country with which she had become more familiar? Neither had done her much courtesy, true, but for some strange reason her sympathies were not with the country governed by this irascible and unlovely king.

"Think well, mademoiselle," went on Sachio, "it is a long way from here to your country. The coin can mean but little to you at best."

"It may mean much to me," broke out Kitty suddenly. "Listen, your majesty. This coin is not the property of your king or of that other king. It is the property of the people of these countries. It seeks to tell them its story—not to any king for his selfish purposes—but it seeks to make known its appeal for justice and liberty. What, think you the people will forever be content to remain a shuttlecock between you two?"

A moment later and he had left her once more to her own devices.

CHAPTER XXX.

King Michael of Gretzhoffen.

Meantime in Gretzhoffen town the people remained irresolute, uncertain, making no further overt attempt at the long-pending revolution. And as they waited their king amused himself after such fashions as had long been his own. Continually he changed, sometimes hoping, again dreading; and as often as he changed he sent for Count Frederick, on whom he leaned in fatuous confidence.

"But, my dear count," he reproached that gentleman one day, "you have left one errand uncompleted. You have brought us our

coin back again, that is true, but the young lady who we fancied would come after it still remains absent from our court. There has been no word from her for many days."

"True, your majesty, she has disappeared, it seems. I do not, myself, know where she is."

"You have made inquiry at her usual place of residence—some hotel, was it not? An absurd thing, for such a woman as herself to live in a hotel."

"At her hotel," replied Count Frederick, "they know nothing. They tell me that she comes and goes at all hours, and leaves no word as to her return. Nearly two weeks ago she left, and has not yet returned."

"There may be many reasons," continued the count, "for her continued absence. Perhaps the business upon which she came is not yet completed. Perhaps her employers have called her away. Perhaps she may have been intimidated by certain obstacles in her way?"

"By whom, Count Frederick?"

"Well, she has seemed curious herself regarding the coin. Perhaps she knew somewhat of it—"

"So she also has studied this trinket that we gave her? Very well—we meant it to prove of interest."

"Doubtless. But regarding the coin so many threats have been made—"

"Threats? What threats? What do you know of any?"

"Many things come to my ears, your majesty, but I strive to keep them from your own ears so much as may be when I find them unwelcome."

"The most unwelcome thing that could come to us, my dear Frederick, is the absence of this young woman now. Where, think you, she may be?"

"I could not guess, unless perhaps she may have returned to her own country—in which case we shall never see her again, your majesty. We can make examination of the passenger lists of all sailings within the last two weeks. I will look into that. If she has not gone back to her own country, she either remains in this somewhere, or in some other near by."

"You do not mean Grahoffen?"

Count Frederick nodded. "That is what I do mean. In truth, your majesty, there are Grahoffen spies in this city—they were even at your ball. Perhaps they concern themselves with this young lady. Why not? If they

suspect that she had part of the coin—and it was easily seen by any that once she did have that part—might they not undertake to make trouble for their own purposes with her?"

"But what good would come of that?"

Count Frederick saw that his argument had gone too far for his own purposes. He did not care to tell the king all he knew, yet his zeal for Kitty had led him far.

"Much good might come to Grahoffen's war department, your majesty, if they knew our secrets. Perhaps they thought she could give some information."

"But you do not predict trouble between us and our neighbor—you do not mean war?"

"Your majesty, I predict nothing these days, but always it is well to be prepared."

"You disturb me sorely—do not speak to me of war—I cannot endure the thought—I do not wish to hear of it."

As it chanced, much of this conversation came to the ear of one of Sachio's agents, the spy Bartel, still hanging about the city of Gretzhoffen. He overheard enough in his passing by at the time of this conversation to be advised that the king of Gretzhoffen intended to make search for the missing American. Not hesitating, he himself now sped off for his employer to communicate this news that he had learned.

He found Sachio aloof and discontented, out of favor in the court, and somewhat at a loss what next to do.

At the thought of a definite demand on the part of King Michael—or rather on the part of Count Frederick—upon their kingdom for the person of

the young girl, Sachio grew somewhat grave. "This," said he, "is a matter for the king."

But the king was in no too good humor over all these failures.

"What, Sachio," said he, "you come to me once more with these old woman's tales? If your time is so short before your secret is discovered, then all the more reason for diligence on your part. It is not the business of kings to accept reasons for failure in performance. The girl is still available—complete your errand with her—bring to me the reading of the coin. I know well enough that if Count Frederick comes he will be different from his king."

Therefore once more Sachio went back to his bootless interviews with Kitty, once more pleading with her to give him all knowledge she had of the coin. And once more Kitty could no more than reassure him of her own ignorance of what he wished to know.

She heard odds and ends of information which taught her which way the wind sat at Grahoffen capital. Sometimes she heard Sachio, again Bartel, again this or that man, speaking freely of the plans at hand.

"I told the king," said Bartel one time, speaking to Count Sachio, "that all is ripe for the shaking of the tree. I told him that we have full plans of all their fortifications and defenses—that their resistance will be but nominal. Once we get the Gretzhoffen coffers opened, times will be easier in our country."

"Yes, once you do," rejoined Sachio grimly. "But tell us how!"

Kitty, really owing allegiance to neither of these kingdoms, both of which had done her such repeated injustice, hardly stopped to ask herself why she found her own leanings towards Gretzhoffen, the scene of most of the indignities she had met.

She must escape for every reason—so she assured herself. But how?

From the windows she had a full view of the well-kept grounds of the palace and of the boulevards surrounding it. She stood alone one day staring out on scenes grown familiar to her. But all at once her gaze grew more intent, fixed upon some object not far away. A car was standing at the curb. She did not remember to have seen it there regularly.

The two giant grenadiers to whom had been assigned the duty of watch-

ing after her in her wanderings regarded her as little more than a child, and they smiled as now she pushed past them through the door which led out to the gardens. She walked out to the car which stood at the curb, regarding it curiously, as though it were the first car she had ever seen in her life—something very far from true.

What the guards, who smilingly regarded her through the windows, saw was a swift leap of the girl to the driver's seat, her rapid movements with the controlling levers as she cut on the spark, gave the car gas, threw in the clutch, threw open the throttle, and drove away, the cut-out muffler roaring her own defiance to pursuer.

Hue and cry now through all the halls of Grahoffen palace, and general uproar. Count Sachio, never too far away, was promptly on the spot. When he saw what had happened he cursed the two grenadiers with all his ardent soul. Even the king, himself, aroused from his midday slumbers, joined in these scenes of excitement.

"What has happened—what is all this about?" he demanded.

"The trembling guards scarcely dared tell him the truth."

"What, she has escaped—that prisoner! She was of more importance than any held here in our own remembrance. You shall all be held to account for this. How now, Count Sachio, did we not give her into your immediate charge?"

"Your majesty, you did. I dare no explanation of her escape. Only—she is gone."

"And with her our only hope of success in the ambitions of this kingdom,

You seek to explain that to me? After her, dullard, and bring her back in twenty-four hours—or else do not return. You guess my meaning, Sachio?"

CHAPTER XXXI.

Again in Gretzhoffen.

Pursuit? Kitty laughed at the thought as she felt under her the strong pulse of the great machine.

She had taken the driver's seat, and as the car was of left-hand drive, for the time she had no opportunity to look into the tonneau, had she liked. Listening to the swift purr of the smooth motor, she did not at first hear the sound of a chuckling laugh back of her in the car—a chuckle which at length broke out into a hearty gust of laughter.

She turned her eyes swiftly at risk of capsizing the car—and found herself gazing directly into the face of the man whom of all others she would most have preferred to see.

Even now he came crawling across the top of the seat to join her in the front of the car.

"Roleau!" she exclaimed, "is it indeed you? Are you always to be the deus ex machina in all my difficulties—literally you are that now!"

"I do not know what you mean by that, excellency," said Roleau, as he took the steering wheel from her, "but I have been in this machine for some time. I was satisfied that did you escape from the palace you would need a means of getting away. All I needed to do was to wait patiently. So you have come. As soon as I could make my own escape I secured this car—a good one—and I followed. It was very simple, as you see."

"At least a near squeak this time, Roleau," said Kitty. "They never meant for me to escape."

"They do not mean it now, excellency," said Roleau, nodding behind him, where he knew pursuit even now was beginning. "I will drive now as I have never driven before. 'Tis a sweet engine, and it rides well. They will drive fast who follow us."

All of which was so literally true that before long the desert miles once more had sped beneath them and Kitty found herself again in the city she was more than ever disposed to call her home. They found entrance to the Ritz hotel at the rear door, in view of their own travel-stained condition.

"Excellency," said the grieved and pained clerk, when at length she made her way to the desk, "I was on the point of removing your belongings and making other arrangements for your apartments."

"By what right?" demanded Kitty. "They are paid for in advance—why should they not be ready for me when I come?"

"But we did not hear when you would return."

"There are many things one does not hear—perhaps you may hear very little of my own business and my plans. I pay for service here. Please care for me, therefore, and my man—we both are tired."

"You have been inquired for in your absence, excellency. The Count Frederick of Gretzhoffen—"

"Indeed, and what could he want?"

"He has been here twice, excellency, but yesterday he came the last time. He said he came on message of the king—which gave me warrant for what he asked."

"And what was that?"

"Access to your apartments. He said it was the command of the king."

"And you dared give him such access?"

"We dared not do less, excellency. He was most courteous in one way—asked many questions regarding yourself; but as to search of your apartments he made none, or next to none. He seemed to care for nothing that he saw, save one little picture, a portrait."

Kitty remained but briefly in her own rooms. She took a swift glance about. Everything seemed in place, much as she had left it—no search apparently had been made of any of the cabinets or drawers. There had been a little picture—one of herself—left on the dressing table. It was gone! She missed nothing else.

CHAPTER XXXII.

In the Name of the King.

It was plain enough to Count Sachio which way Kitty would head in her flight. Her car was little more than out of sight on the Gretzhoffen road, ere Sachio himself was in pursuit.

Count Sachio himself was no blunderer, and no common thief-chaser, but a courtier and a man of intelligence. He knew it would be futile to make a direct demand of the hotel management regarding the whereabouts of the young American. Therefore, while he himself approached the hotel desk to engage the clerks in conversation, he sent two of his own men—one of them Bartel, the spy, who had been established here so long—by way of a rear stairway to find Kitty's room and report to him what they learned.

He stood for some time making polite speeches with the desk men and the porters, asking for certain information as to routes and distances, but all the time burning with impatience that he heard no report from his messengers. As he stood, there came news of them—startling news enough. There came shrieking down the stairs, incoherent, babbling, a maid who called out to the clerk, or to any who would hear her!

"A man," she cried—"A man—killed in her room—the young American's room—murdered—it is murder, I tell you!"

The officials of the hotel took prompt action.

"Close all the doors," ordered the

porter. "Clear the corridors at once in the king's name. Apprehend the murderer whoever it may be. The gendarmes come at once. The boy—run I say."

It was hue and cry once more, and Sachio was glad enough that his own alibi was plain, for he knew not what now might happen. One of his men rejoined him—the spy Bartel. The other remained behind—his fate unknown as yet.

As for Kitty, she was at this moment once more away from her hotel and once more in the stately palace of Count Frederick.

She entered softly, leaving Roleau as usual somewhat remote, to guard against any sudden intrusion. Once more she cast about a searching glance upon the details of the place. All the

disorder had been removed. Spick and span in military neatness the apartment lay before her.

Upon the dresser, in full view, openly displayed, was a picture in a little frame—a frame of silver set with brilliant gems. She looked at it suddenly—it was the portrait of herself which once had stood on her own dressing table in her hotel! Now it was here. Why? Kitty felt a strange flush come to her face.

Something now arrested her—she paused, reluctant to resume a search which ever had been distasteful to her. No, she would not touch a thing—had he not done as much for her—had he not been more respectful than herself of another's privacy? If he had taken anything from her apartments it was but this. And apparently he had cherished it. No, she would not search for the coin. She would leave this country disappointed, if need be.

But there lay, just at the foot of the little portrait, an object which caught her eye. It was the half coin of Gretzhoffen!

Yes, here it was in full view, openly displayed, that any might see it who liked, who chanced to be there. Apparently Count Frederick felt that all pursuit of the coin had ended—that no longer could any intruder gain access to his palace.

Kitty hesitated for a moment. The appeal of the coin came to her once more. She took it up, held it in her hand, gazed at it—and once more, as so often had been the case—she found herself surprised at the very moment of her success.

She heard Count Frederick's quiet footsteps, his calm voice behind her. "Mademoiselle, again!"

The count stood there regarding her.

"Evidently, mademoiselle, you did not realize that these repeated visits rendered necessary the installation of an electric system of my own devising—you see, I knew of your presence, and as you see, I have come. You rang. Of what service can I be, mademoiselle?"

"Leave me alone," panted Kitty, her face hot, tears almost in her eyes. "I hate you! I hate you!"

"I grieve at that, mademoiselle," said Count Frederick evenly. "I wish I could say the same of you—but I cannot. With every reason to distrust you—I cannot. Continually we cross swords, do we not? And you were easy to deceive this time. See—you are trapped as simply as a bird which steps into its cage without hesitation."

"Will you not give me back my coin, mademoiselle? Will you not add it to the other? Will you not assist me in reading the message of the coin, so that we may make an end of all this—so that we may not continually cross swords with one another?"

In answer Kitty darted past him, found her way into the hall, ran she knew not where. Before her lay a little narrow stairway, and she sprang up it, hoping to find egress somewhere. Alas! the door that closed the head of the stair was locked. She heard his low laugh as an iron grille snapped across the opening, cutting off escape.

"Won't you give it me now—my coin?" he asked.

Silence reigned in the great white marble palace of Count Frederick of Gretzhoffen.

And now, far off in other parts of the city, where men sought one who had done a crime, there rose in the streets the sound of hurrying feet, with the warning cry, "In the name of the king!"

(To Be Continued.)



Sachio Takes Advantage of Kitty's Helplessness, But is Interrupted by a Guard.

disorder had been removed. Spick and span in military neatness the apartment lay before her. Upon the dresser, in full view, openly displayed, was a picture in a little frame—a frame of silver set with brilliant gems. She looked at it suddenly—it was the portrait of herself which once had stood on her own dressing table in her hotel! Now it was here. Why? Kitty felt a strange flush come to her face. Something now arrested her—she paused, reluctant to resume a search which ever had been distasteful to her. No, she would not touch a thing—had he not done as much for her—had he not been more respectful than herself of another's privacy? If he had taken anything from her apartments it was but this. And apparently he had cherished it. No, she would not search for the coin. She would leave this country disappointed, if need be. But there lay, just at the foot of the little portrait, an object which caught her eye. It was the half coin of Gretzhoffen! Yes, here it was in full view, openly displayed, that any might see it who liked, who chanced to be there. Apparently Count Frederick felt that all pursuit of the coin had ended—that no longer could any intruder gain access to his palace. Kitty hesitated for a moment. The appeal of the coin came to her once more. She took it up, held it in her hand, gazed at it—and once more, as so often had been the case—she found herself surprised at the very moment of her success. She heard Count Frederick's quiet footsteps, his calm voice behind her. "Mademoiselle, again!" The count stood there regarding her. "Evidently, mademoiselle, you did not realize that these repeated visits rendered necessary the installation of an electric system of my own devising—you see, I knew of your presence, and as you see, I have come. You rang. Of what service can I be, mademoiselle?" "Leave me alone," panted Kitty, her face hot, tears almost in her eyes. "I hate you! I hate you!" "I grieve at that, mademoiselle," said Count Frederick evenly. "I wish I could say the same of you—but I cannot. With every reason to distrust you—I cannot. Continually we cross swords, do we not? And you were easy to deceive this time. See—you are trapped as simply as a bird which steps into its cage without hesitation."

"Will you not give me back my coin, mademoiselle? Will you not add it to the other? Will you not assist me in reading the message of the coin, so that we may make an end of all this—so that we may not continually cross swords with one another?"

In answer Kitty darted past him, found her way into the hall, ran she knew not where. Before her lay a little narrow stairway, and she sprang up it, hoping to find egress somewhere. Alas! the door that closed the head of the stair was locked. She heard his low laugh as an iron grille snapped across the opening, cutting off escape.

"Won't you give it me now—my coin?" he asked.

Silence reigned in the great white marble palace of Count Frederick of Gretzhoffen.

And now, far off in other parts of the city, where men sought one who had done a crime, there rose in the streets the sound of hurrying feet, with the warning cry, "In the name of the king!"

(To Be Continued.)



Kitty Escapes From the Palace.

suspect that she had part of the coin—and it was easily seen by any that once she did have that part—might they not undertake to make trouble for their own purposes with her?"

"But what good would come of that?"

Count Frederick saw that his argument had gone too far for his own purposes. He did not care to tell the king all he knew, yet his zeal for Kitty had led him far.

"Much good might come to Grahoffen's war department, your majesty, if they knew our secrets. Perhaps they thought she could give some information."

"But you do not predict trouble between us and our neighbor—you do not mean war?"

"Your majesty, I predict nothing these days, but always it is well to be prepared."

"You disturb me sorely—do not speak to me of war—I cannot endure the thought—I do not wish to hear of it."

As it chanced, much of this conversation came to the ear of one of Sachio's agents, the spy Bartel, still hanging about the city of Gretzhoffen. He overheard enough in his passing by at the time of this conversation to be advised that the king of Gretzhoffen intended to make search for the missing American. Not hesitating, he himself now sped off for his employer to communicate this news that he had learned.

He found Sachio aloof and discontented, out of favor in the court, and somewhat at a loss what next to do.

At the thought of a definite demand on the part of King Michael—or rather on the part of Count Frederick—upon their kingdom for the person of

the young girl, Sachio grew somewhat grave. "This," said he, "is a matter for the king."



Kitty Tries to Make Friends With the Old Keeper.

announced in hours, somewhat to the amusement of Kitty, schooled in the vast distances of her own country.

Arrived in the capital of Grahoffen, she was allowed small time to arrange a toilet or compose herself after the fatigue of the journey. Very presently she was brought before King Cortislaw.

He found an old man, thin, but crabbled, irritable, excitable. He regarded the young girl as she stood before him.

"Who is the woman?" he demanded of Sachio, who stood humbly before him.

"Name, your majesty. She can do what you desire to know."

King looked intently at some object he held in his hand. Kitty at sight of it—it was the half coin which she had once possessed, and which had been taken from her by Count Frederick.

"And turned it over forthwith to me," said he. "Tell me, mademoiselle, what the inscription is upon the reverse side of this coin."

"The inscription is

ILLUS

The PRICE

By FRANCIS LYNDE

ILLUSTRATIONS by C.D. RHODES

CHAPTER XXIV—Continued.

He had climbed the steps of the broad veranda when he heard his name called softly from the depths of one of the great wicker lounging chairs half hidden in the veranda shadows. In a moment he had placed another of the chairs for himself, dropping into it wearily.

"I saw you at the gate," she said. "The men are still holding out?"

"We are holding out. The plant is closed, and it will stay closed until we can get another force of workmen."

"There will be lots of suffering," she ventured.

"It's no use," he said, answering her thought. "There is nothing in me to appeal to."

"There was yesterday, or the day before," she suggested.

"Perhaps. But yesterday was yesterday, and today is today. As I told Raymer a little while ago, I've changed my mind."

"No," she denied, "you only think you have. But you didn't come here to tell me that?"

"No; I came to ask a single question. How is Mr. Galbraith?"

"He is a very sick man."

"You mean that there is a chance that he may not recover?"

"More than a chance, I'm afraid."

After a moment of silence Griswold said, "I did my best; you know I did my best?"

Her answer puzzled him a little. "I could almost find it in my heart to hate you if you hadn't."

Silence again, broken only by the whispering of the summer night breeze rustling the leaves of the lawn oaks and the lappings of tiny waves on the lake beach. At the end of it, Griswold got up and groped for his hat.

"I'm going home," he said. "It has been a pretty strenuous day, and there is another one coming. But before I go I want you to promise me one thing. Will you let me know immediately, by phone or messenger, if Mr. Galbraith takes a turn for the better?"

"Certainly," she said; and she let him say good-night and get as far as the steps before she called him back.

"There was another thing," she began, with the sober gravity that he could never be sure was not one of her many poses, and not the least affecting one. "Do you believe in God, Kenneth?"

The query took him altogether by surprise, but he made shift to answer it with becoming seriousness.

"I suppose I do. Why?"

"It is a time to pray to him," she said softly; "to pray very earnestly that Mr. Galbraith's life may be spared."

He could not let that stand.

"Why should I concern myself, specially?" he asked, adding, "Of course, I'm sorry, and all that, but—"

"Never mind," she interposed, and she left her chair to walk beside him to the steps. "I've had a hard day, too, Kenneth, boy, and I—I guess it has got on my nerves. But, all the same, you ought to do it, you know."

He stopped and looked down into the eyes whose depths he could never wholly fathom.

"Why don't you do it?" he demanded.

"Oh, God doesn't know me; and, besides, I thought—oh, well, it doesn't matter what I thought. Good-night."

And before he could return the leave-taking word, she was gone.

Raymer's prediction that the real trouble would begin when the attempt should be made to start the plant with imported workmen was amply fulfilled during the militant week which followed the opening of hostilities. Each succeeding day saw the inevitable increase of lawlessness. From taunts and abuse the insurrectionaries passed easily to violence. Street fights, when the tramping place-takers came in any considerable numbers, were of daily occurrence, and the tale of the wounded grew like the returns from a battle. By the middle of the week Raymer and Griswold were asking for a sheriff's posse to maintain peace in the neighborhood of the plant; and were getting their first definite hint that someone higher up was playing the game of politics against them.

"No, gentlemen; I've done all the law requires and a little more," was the sheriff's response to the plea for better protection.

"In other words, Mr. Bradford, you've got your orders from the men higher up, have you?" rasped Griswold, who was by this time lost to all sense of expediency.

"I don't have to reply to any such charge as that," said the chief peace officer, turning back to his desk; and so the brittle little conference ended.

"All of which means that we shall lose the plant guard of deputies that Bradford has been maintaining," commented Raymer, as they were descending the courthouse stairs; and again his prediction came true. Later in the day the guard was withdrawn; and Griswold, savagely reluctant, was

forced to make a concession repeatedly urged and argued for by the older men among the strikers, namely, that the guarding of the company's property be entrusted to a picked squad of the ex-employees themselves.

During these days of turmoil and rioting the transformed idealist passed through many stages of the journey down a certain dark and mephitic valley not of amelioration. Fairness was gone, and in its place stood angry resentment, ready to rend and tear. Pity and truth were going; the daily report from Margery told of the lessening chance of life for Andrew Galbraith, and the stirrings evoked were neither regretful nor compassionate.

On the contrary, he knew very well that the news of Galbraith's death would be a relief for which, in his heart of hearts, he was secretly thirsting.

CHAPTER XXV.

Margery's Answer.

"Well, it has come at last," said Raymer next morning, passing a newly opened letter of the morning delivery over to Griswold. "The railroad people are taking their work away from us. I've been looking for that in every mail."

Griswold glanced at the letter and handed it back. The burden was lying heavily upon him, and his only comment was a questioning, "Well?"

At this, Raymer let go again.

"What's the use?" he said dejectedly. "We're down, and everything we do merely prolongs the agony. Do you know that they tried to burn the plant last night?"

"No; I hadn't heard."

"They did. They had everything fixed; a pile of kindlings laid in the corner back of the machine shop annex and the whole thing saturated with kerosene."

"Well, why didn't they do it?" queried Griswold, half-heartedly. After the heavens have fallen, no mere terrestrial cataclysm can evoke a thrill.

"That's a mystery. Something happened; just what, the watchman who had the machine shop beat couldn't tell. He says there was a flash of light bright enough to blind him, and then a scrap of some kind. When he got out of the shop and around to the place, there was no one there; nothing but the pile of kindlings."

Griswold took up the letter from the railway people and read it again. When he faced it down on Raymer's desk, he had closed with the conclusion which had been thrusting itself upon him since the early morning hour when he had picked his way among the sidewalk pools to the plant from upper Shawnee street.

"You can still save yourself, Edward," he said, still with the colorless note in his voice. And he added: "You know the way."

Raymer jerked his head out of his desk and swung around in the pivot-chair.

"See here, Griswold; the less said about that at this stage of the game, the better it will be for both of us!" he exploded. "I'm going to do as I said I should, but not until this fight is settled, one way or the other!"

Griswold did not retort in kind.

"The condition has already expired by limitation; the fight is as good as settled now," he said, placably. "We are only making a hopeless bluff. We can hold our forty or fifty tramp workmen just as long as we pay their board over in town, and don't ask them to report for work. But the day the shop whistle is blown, four out of every five will vanish. We both know that."

"Then there is nothing for it but a receivership," was Raymer's gloomy decision.

"Not without a miracle," Griswold admitted. "And the day of miracles is past."

Thus the idealist, out of a depth of wretchedness and self-exprobiation hitherto unplumbed. But if he could have had even a momentary gift of telepathic vision he might have seen a miracle at that moment in the preliminary stage of its outworking.

The time was half-past nine; the place a grottolike summer house on the Mercedes lawn. The miracle workers were two: Margery Grierson, radiant in the daintiest of morning housegowns, and the man who had taken her retainer. Miss Grierson was curiously examining a photographic print; the pictured scene was a well-lighted foundry yard with buildings forming an angle in the near background.

Against the buildings a pile of shavings with kindlings showed quite clearly; and, stooping to ignite the pile, was a man who had evidently looked up at, or just before, the instant of camera-snapping. There was no mistaking the identity of the man. He had a round, pig-jowl face; his bristling mustaches stood out stiffly as if in sudden horror; and his hat was on the back of his head.

"It ain't very good," Broffin apologized. "The sun ain't high enough yet to make a clear print. But you said 'hurry,' and I reckon it will do."

Miss Grierson nodded. "You caught

him in the very act, didn't you?" she said coolly. "What did he hope to accomplish by setting fire to the works?"

"It was a frame-up to capture public sympathy. There's been a report circulating round that Raymer and Griswold was going to put some of the ring-leaders in jail, if they had to make a case against 'em. Clancy had it figured out that the fire'd be charged up to the owners, themselves."

Miss Grierson was still examining the picture. "You made two of these prints?" she asked.

"Yes; here's the other one—and the film."

"And you have the papers to make them effective?"

Broffin handed her a large envelope, unsealed. "You'll find 'em in there. That part of it was a cinch. Your governor ought to fire that man Murray. He was payin' Clancy in checks!"

Again Miss Grierson nodded.

"About the other matter?" she inquired. "Have you heard from your messenger?"

Broffin produced another envelope. It had been through the mails and bore the Duluth postmark.

"Affdavits was the best we could do there," he said. "My man worked it to go with MacFarland as the driver of the rig. They saw some mighty fine timber, but it happened to be on the wrong side of the St. Louis county line. He's a tolerably careful man, and he verified the landmarks."

"Affdavits will do," was the evented rejoinder. Then: "These papers are all in duplicate."

"Everything in pairs—just as you ordered."

Miss Grierson took an embroidered chamois-skin money book from her bosom and began to open it. Broffin raised his hand.

"Not any more," he objected. "You overpaid me that first evening in front of the Winnebago."

"You needn't hesitate," she urged. "It's my own money."

"I've had a plenty."

"Then I can only thank you," she said, rising.

He knew that he was being dismissed, but the one chance in a thousand had yet to be tested.

"Just a minute, Miss Grierson," he begged. "I've done you right in this business, haven't I?"

"You have."

"I said I didn't want any more money, and don't. But there's one other thing. Do you know what I'm here in this little jay town of yours for?"

"Yes; I have known it for a long time."

"I thought so. You know it that day out at the De Soto, when you were tellin' Mr. Raymer a little story that was partly true and partly made up—what?"

"Every word of the story about Mr. Griswold—the story that you overheard, you know—was true; every sin-



Miss Grierson Was Curiously Examining a Photographic Print.

gle word of it. Do you suppose I should have dared to embroider it the least little bit—with you sitting right there at my back?"

Broffin got up and took a half-burned cigar from the ledge of the summer house where he had carefully laid it at the beginning of the interview.

"You've got me down," he confessed, with a good-natured grin. "The man that plays a woman's hand against you has got to get up before sun in the morning and hold all trumps. Miss Grierson—to say 'nothin' of being a mighty good bluffer, on the side." Then he switched suddenly. "How's Mr. Galbraith this morning?"

"He is very low, but he is conscious again. He has asked us to wire for the cashier of his bank to come up."

Broffin's eyes narrowed.

"The cashier is sick and can't come," he said.

"Well, someone in authority will come, I suppose."

Once more Broffin was thinking in terms of speed. Johnson, the paying teller, was next in rank to the cashier, if he should be the one to come to Wahaska.

"If you haven't anything else for me to do, I reckon I'll be going," he said, hastily, and forthwith made his escape. The telegraph office was a good ten minutes' walk from the lake front, and in the light of what Miss Grierson had just told him, the minutes were precious.

Something less than a half-hour after Broffin's hurried departure, Miss Grierson drove by quieter thorough-

fares into the street upon which the Raymer property fronted. Smoke was pouring from the tall central stack of the plant, and it had evidently provoked a sudden and wrathful gathering of the clans. The sidewalks were filled with angry workmen, and an excited argument was going forward at one of the barred gates between the locked-out men and a watchman inside of the yard.

The crowd let the trap pass without hindrance. Though it was the first time she had been in the new offices, she seemed to know where to find what she sought; and when Raymer took his face out of his desk, she was standing on the threshold of the open door and smiling across at him.

"May I come in?" she asked; and when he fairly bubbled over in the effort to make her understand how welcome she was: "No; I mustn't sit down, because if I do, I shall stay too long—and this is a business call. Where is Mr. Griswold?"

"He went up town a little while ago, and I wish to goodness he'd come back."

"You have been having a great deal of trouble, haven't you?" she said, sympathetically. "I'm sorry, and I've come to help you cure it."

Raymer shook his head despondently.

"I'm afraid it has gone past the curing point," he said.

"Oh, no, it hasn't. I have discovered the remedy and I've brought it with me." She took a sealed envelope from the inside pocket of her driving coat and laid it on the desk before him.

"I'm going to ask you to look that up in your office safe for a little while, just as it is," she went on. "If there are no signs of improvement in the sick situation by three o'clock, you are to open it—you and Mr. Griswold—and read the contents. Then you will know exactly what to do, and how to go about it."

Her lips were trembling when she got through, and he saw it. She was going then, but he got before her and shut the door and put his back against it.

"I don't know what you have done, but I can guess," he said, lost now to everything save the intoxicating joy of the barrier-breakers. "You have a heart of gold, Margery, and I—"

"Please don't," she said, trying to stop him; but he would not listen.

"No; before that envelope is opened, before I can possibly know what it contains, I'm going to ask you one question in spite of your prohibition; and I'm going to ask it now because, afterward, I may not—you may not—that is, perhaps it won't be possible for me to ask, or for you to listen. I love you, Margery; I—"

She was looking up at him with the faintest shadow of a smile lurking in the depths of the alluring eyes. And her lips were no longer tremulous when she said: "Oh, no, you don't. If I were as mean as some people think I am, I might take advantage of all this, mightn't I? But I shan't. Won't you open the door and let me go? It is very important."

"Heavens, Margery! Don't make a joke of it!" he burst out. "Can't you see that I mean it? Girl, girl, I want you—I need you!"

This time she laughed outright. Then she grew suddenly grave.

"My dear friend, you don't know what you are saying. The gate that you are trying to break down opens upon nothing but misery and wretchedness. If I loved you as a woman ought to love her lover, for your sake and for my own I should still say no—a thousand times no! Now will you open the door and let me go?"

He opened the door and she slipped past him. But in the corridor she turned and laughed at him again.

"I am going to cure you—you, personally, as well as the sick situation—Mr. Raymer," she said flippantly. Then, mimicking him as a spoiled child might have done: "I might possibly learn to—think of you—in that way—after a while. But I could never, never, never learn to love your mother and your sister."

And with that spiteful thrust she left him.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Gray Wolf.

As it chanced, Jasper Grierson was in the act of concluding a long and apparently satisfactory telephone conversation with his agent in Duluth at the moment when the door of his private room opened and his daughter entered.

He hung the receiver on its hook and was pushing the bracketed telephone set aside when Margery crossed the room swiftly and placed an envelope, the counterpart of the one left with Raymer, on the desk.

"There is your notice to quit," she said calmly. "You threw me down and gave me the double-cross the other day, and now I've come back at you."

Another man might have hastened to meet the crisis. But the gray wolf was of a different mettle. He let the envelope lie untouched until after he had pulled out a drawer in the desk, found his box of cigars, and had leisurely selected and lighted one of the fat black monstrosities. When he tore the envelope across, the photographic print fell out, and he studied it carefully for many seconds before he read the accompanying documents. For a little time after he had tossed the papers aside there was a silence that bit. Then he said, slowly:

"So that's your ruse, is it? Where does the game stand, right now?"

"You stand to lose."

Again the biting silence; and then: "You don't think I'm fool enough to give you back your ammunition so that you can use it on me, do you?"

"Those papers and that picture are copies; the originals are in a sealed envelope in Mr. Raymer's safe. If you haven't taken your hands off of Mr. Raymer's throat by three o'clock this afternoon, the envelope will be opened."

Jasper Grierson's teeth met in the marrow of the fat cigar. Equally without heat and without restraint, he stripped her of all that was womanly, pouring out upon her a flood of foul epithets and vile names garnished with bitter, brutal oaths. She shrank from the crude and savage upbraiding as if the words had been hot irons to touch the bare flesh, but at the end of it she was still facing him hardily.

"Calling me bad names doesn't change anything," she pointed out, and her tone reflected something of his own elemental contempt for the euphemisms. "You have five hours in which to make Mr. Raymer understand that you have stopped trying to smash him. Wouldn't it be better to begin on that? You can curse me out any time, you know."

Jasper Grierson's rage fit, or the mud-volcano manifestation of it, passed as suddenly as it had broken out. Swinging heavily in his chair he took up the papers again, reread them thoughtfully, and then swung slowly to face the situation.

"Let's see what you want—show up your hand."

"I have shown it. Take the prop of your backing from behind this labor trouble, and let Mr. Raymer settle with his men on a basis of good-will and fair dealing."

"Is that all?"

"No. You must cancel this pine-needle deal. You have broken bread with Mr. Galbraith as a friend, and I'm not going to let you be worse than an Arab."

Grierson's shaggy brows met in a reflective frown, and when he spoke the bestial temper was rising again.

"When this is all over, and you've gone to live with Raymer, I'll kill him," he said, with an outburst of the hard jaw; adding: "You know me, Madge."

"I thought I did," was the swift retort. "But it was a mistake. And as for taking it out on Mr. Raymer, you'd better wait until I go to live with him, as you put it. Besides, this isn't Yellow Dog gulch. They hang people here."

"You little she-devil! If you push me into this thing, you'd better get Raymer, or somebody, to take you in. You'll be out in the street!"

"I have thought of that, too," she said, coolly; "about quitting you. I'm sick of it all—the getting and the spending and the crookedness. I'd put the money—yours and mine—in a pile and set fire to it, if some decent man would give me a calico dress and a chance to cook for two."

"Raymer, for instance?" the father cut in, in heavy mockery.

"Mr. Raymer has asked me to marry him, if you care to know," she struck back.

"Oh! So that's the milk in the cocoanut, is it? You sold me out to buy in with him!"

"You may put it that way, if you like; I don't care." She was drawing on her driving gloves methodically and working the fingers into place, and there were sullen fires in the brooding eyes.

"I've been thinking it was the other one—the book writer," said the father. Then, without warning: "He's a damned crook!"

The daughter went on smoothing the wrinkles out of the fingers of her gloves. "What makes you think so?" she inquired, with indifference, real or skillfully assumed.

"He's got too much money to be straight. I've been keeping cases on him."

"Never mind Mr. Griswold," she interposed. "He is my friend, and I suppose that is enough to make you hate him. About this other matter—ten minutes before three o'clock this afternoon I shall go back to Mr. Raymer. If he tells me that his troubles are straightening themselves out, I'll get the papers."

"You'll bring 'em here to me?"

"Some day; after I'm sure that you have broken off the deal with Mr. Galbraith."

Jasper Grierson let his daughter get as far as the door before he stopped her with a blunt-pointed arrow of contempt.

"I suppose you've fixed it up to marry that college-sharp dub so that his mother and sister can rub it into you right?" he sneered.

"You can suppose again," she returned, shortly. "If I should marry him, it would be out of pure spite to those women. Because, when he asked me, I told him no. You weren't counting on that, were you?" And having fired this final shot of contradiction she departed.

After Miss Grierson had driven home from the bank between ten and eleven in the morning, an admiring public saw her no more until just before bank-closing hours in the afternoon. As she passed in the basket phaeton between half-past two and three through the overcrossing suburb there were signs of an armistice apparent, even before the battlefield was reached. Pottery Flat was populated again, and the groups of men bunched on the street corners arguing peacefully. Miss Grierson pulled up at one of the corners and beckoned to a young iron-molder.

"Anything new, Malcolm?" she asked.

"You bet your sweet life!" said the young molder, meeting her, as most men did, on a plane of perfect equality and frankness. "We was hoodooed to beat the band, and Mr. Raymer's got us, comin' and goin'. There wasn't no orders from the big federation, at all; and that crooked guy, Clancy, was a fave!"

"He has gone!" she said.

"He'd better be. If he shows himself round here again, there's goin' to be a mix-up."

Miss Grierson drove on, and at the iron works there were more of the peaceful indications. The gates were open, and a switching engine from the railroad yards was pushing in a car load of furnace coal. By all the signs the trouble flood was abating.

Raymer saw her when she drove under his window and calmly made a hitching post of the clerk who went out to see what she wanted. A moment later she came down the corridor to stand in the open doorway of the manager's room.

"You are still alone?" she asked.

"Yes; Griswold hasn't shown up since morning. I don't know what has become of him."

"And the labor trouble, is that going to be settled?"

He looked away and ran his fingers through his hair as one still puzzled and bewildered. "Some sort of a miracle has been wrought," he said. "A little while ago a committee came to talk over terms of surrender. It seems that the whole thing was the result of a—of a mistake."

"Yes," she returned quietly, "it was just that—a mistake. And then: 'You are going to take them back?'"

"Certainly. The plant will start up again in the morning." Then his curiosity broke bounds. "I can't understand it. How did you work the miracle?"

"Perhaps I didn't work it."

"I know well enough you did, in some way."

She dismissed the matter with a toss of the pretty head. "What difference does it make so long as you



"You Can Wade Ashore Now, Can You?"

are out of the deep water and in a place where you can wade. You can wade ashore now, can you?"

He nodded. "This morning I have said that we couldn't; but now—" he reached over to his desk and handed her a letter to which was pinned a telegram less than an hour old.

She read the letter first. It was a curt announcement of the withdrawal of the Pineboro railroad's repair work. The telegram was still brief: "Disregard my letter of yesterday," this and the signature, "Atherston." The smaller plotter returned the correspondence with a little sigh of relief. It had been worse than she had thought, and it was now better than she had dared hope.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SWISS HOTELS WONDROUS

Stand in Solitary Grandeur, But Lack Nothing That Makes for Comfort of Traveler.

You may climb up the heights by the aid of railways, funiculars, rack and pinions, diligences and sledge, and when nothing but your own feet will take you any further you will see in Switzerland a grand hotel, magically and incredibly raised aloft in the mountains.

It is solitary—no town, no house nothing but this hotel hemmed in on all sides by snowy crags and madly impregnable by precipices and treacherous snow and ice.

At the great redrawing of the map of Europe, when the lesser nations flit are to disappear, the Swiss will take armed refuge in their towers and grand hotels and there defy mandates of the concert.

For the hotel, no matter how remote it be, lacks nothing that is mentioned in the dictionary of comfort. Beyond its walls your life is not worth two hours' purchase.

You would not die of hunger, because you would perish of cold.

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Largest Bermuda onion gardens in the world.
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Largest cotton seaport in the world.

Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the act of Congress August 24, 1912.

Of The McLean News published weekly at McLean, Texas for April 1 1916. State of Texas-County of Gray.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Mrs. A. G. Richardson, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes that she is the publisher of the McLean News and that the following is to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, on the reverse side of this form, to wit:

1. That the names addresses of the publisher, editors, managing editor and business managers are:
Publisher Mrs. A. G. Richardson McLean, Texas
Editor A. G. Richardson McLean, Texas
Managing Editor, A. G. Richardson.
Business Manager, Mrs. A. G. Richardson.

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owners or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.)
A. G. Richardson McLean, Tex.
Mrs. A. G. Richardson McLean, Texas.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, or other securities are:
NONE

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholders or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and condition, under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed

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through the mails or otherwise to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is

MRS. A. G. RICHARDSON, Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day March 1916.
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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. P. Hamilton, Pastor.

Nazarene Church.

Services Second and Third Sundays at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 10 a. m. Young people's meeting at 6 p. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday night. The public is invited. S. R. Jones.

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