

FAIR ASSOCIATION MEETS WITH GOOD ATTENDANCE

As previously stated in the Review, a mass meeting of the farmers and business men met at the W. O. W. hall last Saturday the 18th to determine whether or not we should have a Fair this fall at Cross Plains.

The meeting was harmonious and enthusiastic and all with one accord voted to have the fair. P. Smith Pres. of the Farmers Institute presided over the meeting. There were representatives from many localities over the district and it now seems pretty sure that the greatest affair ever undertaken by the people of this section will be pulled off this fall.

P. Smith was elected Pres., W. A. Hall Sec. After the election of Pres. and Sec. the meeting took up the selection of men in the different localities to act as chairman and to further organize and stimulate the work. The following gentlemen were selected to act as chairman in their respective districts:

Dressy W. T. Wilson.
Cottonwood H. S. Varner.
Burkett Rev. J. W. Watson
Caddo Peak John Moore
Pioneer Joe McClure
Burnt Branch J. T. Sayers
Cross Cut A. T. Davis
Sabanno Sam Irwin.
Atwell Chas. Bradley
Blake Ed Kligore
Admiral Harve Finch
Scranton A. M. Sprawls
Rowden John Stewart
Gilliland Nick Brightwell

These gentlemen are requested to organize their people, and be ready to be at a general meeting to be held in Cross Plains 3rd Saturday in Feb. 2:30 p. m. at which time, a more detailed work will be taken up.

There are many phases of the work yet to be discussed and a number of committees to be appointed. So now let us plow, plant and water and the great bumper crop will come and then in the fall bring together the first of our "Fallings" and show to the outside world the finest products from the most fertile section in all this great state.

W. A. Hall, Sec.

NOTHING BUT FRESH SEED

We buy our garden seed instead of handling them on commission. Therefore, you get nothing but fresh seed when you buy from us.

The Racket Store.

They will be here.

Carter & Kenady.

Bob Norrell, Will Franklin and Co Superintendent Tisdell, all of Baird, were in town from Saturday until Tuesday.

Get our prices before buying your Groceries.

Jones & Westerman.

Mr. Lampe of Dallas was in our town the first of the week, demonstrating the Parlin & Orendoff line of implements.

Get the habit—Save your coupons.

Carter & Kenady.

A Good New Year Resolution

H. W. KUTEMAN,
Pres.

J. E. SPENCER,
V. Pres.

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

The Bank of Cross Plains

(UN-INCORPORATED)

Responsibility \$1,000,000

CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS.

Resolve that I will start the New Year right; and Bank with a good strong Bank--- The Bank of Cross Plains. They can accommodate me at all seasons of the year.

CAPITAL
AND
SURPLUS
\$30,000.00



EIGHT
YEARS
STEADY
GROWTH

Cotton checks are being deposited by the Farmers this Fall, more than ever before. This shows that they are fast learning the advantages of a good accommodating Bank. We are glad to see them. We want every man in our territory to have a Bank account with us and pay his obligations by check, which comes back to him as received on the account paid.

The FARMERS NATIONAL BANK

T. E. POWELL, Pres. T. B. VESTAL, V. Pres. T. BOND, Asst. Cashier
J. A. BARR, V. Pres. S. F. BOND, Cash. R. G. POWELL, Asst. Cash.

Cottonwood

We have had some severe cold weather which we did not enjoy.

Aunt Mary Bennett is improving.

Mrs. Ferguson is also improving.

George Thomason is very busy this week sawing wood with his new gasoline wood saw.

Mrs. C. C. Kenady has moved to Cross Plains this week. We will all miss Mrs. Kenady very much.

Cottonwood school is making fine progress. The attendance is very good.

The school will entertain at the school house the 17th at 7:30 p. m.

Mrs. Hargrove died the 1-st and buried in the cemetery at this place.

Jack Aikin is in this week.

Tom Nordyke and Miss Viola have returned home from Rochester.

Mrs. M. L. Hays Jr. (nee Nora Ferguson) is visiting home folks this week.

Dick Nordyke and family have moved back to town.

Mrs. S. S. Ramsey, has had an attack of the lagrippe but, we are glad to say, is better now.

Mrs. J. C. Nordyke and family spent Sunday in Cottonwood.

Sidney Kenady of Cross Plains spent a while in Cottonwood this week.

Well, I will write more next time.

—J.

Burkett Rumlings

We are glad to say that the ones who have been sick the past week are better, but we regret to say that there have been others to enter upon the sick list.

B. F. Linn and P. Westerly may be the least fishes of the crowd, but we never have been guilty of swallowing the bait cast by smart men, which every fish in the pond has eat his fill of ten years ago, then belching it up and trying to feed to other fish who are as smart and thoughtful as our selves, What Slim Jim is telling is good but just a little old.

Ivan Manning has returned from Stacy where he has been visiting his father for the past two weeks.

Aubrey the thirteen year old son of W. W. Head is going on crushes from a horse falling on his leg.

Our little city is growing of late from the fact that most all of its inhabitants are adding more to their houses.

The singing at George Kellers Sunday night was well attended.

We understand that Mr. Keller and Tip Tabor are to exchange places.

Ove Wooten and W. W. Head made a business trip to Coleman Saturday.

Miss Winnie Peavy left Friday for Cross Plains where she is to

spend a week with her brother.

We understand that John Pearce is going out of the cattle business. He recently sold four hundred head of cattle.

B. F. Linn.

ITS OUR PRICES

That enables us to keep new goods coming in all the time, The Racket Store.

They are coming. Carter & Kenady.

We wish to expres to our friends and neighbors our sincere thanks and appreciation of their kindness and assistance during our recent sickness and bereavement.

R. P. Odum and children.

It will be given to you. Carter & Kenady.

Scott Gilbert of Woodson was here first of the week in his car, Albert Clement of Putman coming with him.

Phone us your order. Carter & Kenady.

Mr. Jones of Baird was here Monday.

PLANS TO RE-Forest EAST TEXAS.

Timber Supply Decreasing.

Houston, Texas: Mr. Jno. H. Kirby in his report to the Texas Welfare Commission estimates that the forests of Texas will be exhausted in a period of fifteen years and recommends that plans be considered for re-foresting East Texas. The report is quoted below in part:

"There were 31,934 mills in operation in the United States in 1910 producing 40,018,202,000 feet of lumber and of this quantity 14,143,471,000 feet was yellow pine.

"There are 466 mills in Texas, 20 mills operate exclusively upon hardwood timber and 70 mills operate on both pine and hardwood, while the remaining 376 operate exclusively upon pine. The average annual production of these mills is in round figures two billion feet. The consumption of lumber in Texas is about equal to the production of Texas mills. The Texas sawmills produced in 1910 an aggregate of 1,884,134,000 feet board measure which was 4.7 per cent of the total amount of lumber produced in the United States.

"It is estimated that there is about 30,000,000,000 feet of yellow pine timber still standing in Texas. I think this estimate ultra-conservative. Taking this estimate, however, as a basis, it will be seen at a glance that at the present rate of consumption, the volume of raw material will be exhausted in a period of fifteen years. I do not believe that the forests will be entirely denuded in that period. On the contrary, I think the manufacture of yellow pine will be carried on in this state for half a century at least, though it goes without saying that there will be an annual reduction in the volume of the product as well as a steady increase in the volume of consumption.

"It is unfortunate that no practical plans for re-foresting the lands of east Texas are being considered. These are the only lands in Texas to which yellow pine is indigenous or upon which forests may be cultivated at a minimum expense. It is true that the present generation of home builders enjoys a condition of cheap material which will be denied to succeeding ones. These same benefits might be preserved to our posterity if the public which is interested, would provide the means therefor by appropriating funds from the public treasury for the promotion of practical forestry plans."

We are indebted to the following for cash on subscription since last issue: Rev. A. Lee Boyd, Fred Cutbrith, Henry Williamson, T. E. Mitchell, C. E. Lilly, Bob Cross, S. T. Swofford.

The Review for high class printing.

AUTO SERVICE

The Review is glad to announce that Cross Plains has an auto for service. W. W. Hill of Rising Star came over Tuesday with a new Ford car and with headquarters here, is prepared to carry passengers to any near by towns, especially Baird, Putnam, Coleman or Brownwood. Later he means to make regular runs to Baird or other towns. If business demands it he will put in two cars. This is a proposition that has been waiting some time for some one to take hold of. We have all felt the need of auto service from here to Baird and Putnam and Brownwood and have all thought it would be a paying proposition to the right man.

Mr. Hill will move his family over in a few days.

JUST RECEIVED

a shipment of Lee's Garden Seed. The Racket Store.

On account of a severe norther blowing up early Monday morning, Trades Day was light as compared with our usual crowds. However, we had an average Saturday crowd, or better. A number of mule buyers were here, among them being Messrs. A. F. McAlister of Brownwood, Nash and Thompson of Coleman, and Triplett of May. Tobe Booth won the prize offered for the trader bringing in the most horses. No other prizes were claimed.

Married at Weatherford.

Mr. Charles Eldon Boydston of Cross Plains and Miss Pattie Dickey were married at the home of the bride's parents Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Dickey in Weatherford, Wednesday afternoon, Jan. 15th, 1913 at 4 o'clock. Rev. Hightower of the Methodist Church officiating. Immediately after the marriage Mr. and Mrs. Boydston left for the City to be the guests of the bride's sister and mother.

The bride and groom are both er and beautiful young people. The bride is a daughter of B. L. and W. P. Boydston of Baird who with himself are well known business men. He has held the managership of B. L. Boydston's store here for two years, with great success, which position he will retain.

His many friends here and other places all wish him and his bride a great and useful life.

New Barber Shop

Tom Nordyke has returned from south Texas, and has put in a barber shop in the old Tone building. Mr. Nordyke is an old timer here, and an experienced barber, and will no doubt do well.

We pay highest prices for eggs and butter.

Jones & Westerman.

Earl Gray of the Bayou was in town Trades Day. Mr. Gray subscribed for the Review, for which he has our thanks.

Others are! Why don't you?

Carter & Kenady

WHEN you are in Cross Plains we want you to call on us whether you want anything in our line or not. If you are a regular customer we will be glad to see you, if you are not we want you to become one and will be glad to see you anyway. We want you to feel free to call on us at all times. Remember that we are here to accommodate you, kindly command us.

THE CITY DRUG STORE

THE CROSS PLAINS REVIEW

Review Printing Company

One Dollar a Year. Strictly Cash in advance.

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

FOUR ISSUES CONSTITUTE A MONTH

CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS.

The school people, considering the weather, did very well with their dinner on Trades Day. It is to be hoped that they can get with but little trouble all the money needed for their cause.

The Legislature is now in session and every member, nearly, has prepared a bill of some kind to be introduced at the present session. Who was it said fewer and better laws? Let's hope that this the 33rd Legislature ends the session without their usual multiplicity and complicity of laws.

We believe that the Farmers Post service is destined to become a great institution for the farmer, and can be so for the retail merchants also. In the first week of the service and one holiday that week, there were 6,000,000 packages handled. That is enormous, but it is only an earnest of what is to come. So far we have seen no local merchants advertising to sell their wares and to deliver by parcels post.

State Senator H. B. Terrell has prepared a bill providing for a highway commission of five members who shall have authority to employ a skilled highway engineer, whose duty it shall be to gather information relative to roads, study the road needs in the different counties, give advice on the construction of good roads, etc. That the bill shall become a law is a much desired consummation, and the highway engineer being felt throughout the State.

We with every progressive man who has studied the question believe that every legitimate business in town should have some representation in the local newspaper, it that progressive and represents the town. A good but is not in the development. You must have and it costs just as much to use space for personal locals as for advertising. Whatever advertises or boosts for your town, also advertises and boosts for you, even if your business is small.

NEW GOODS

We have just finished unpacking shipments of Furnishing Goods Hardware China and Glassware all of which we will save you money on.

The Racket Store.

Mrs. Mc Dermitt and children have moved to Cross Plains where they will live temporarily. They are here to take advantage of the school.

NOTICE

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

Virgil Hart

Auburn Russell, son of Ben Russell of Baird, has been employed as teacher in the Cross Plains public school. The fact that the board had to secure extra teacher is some evidence of the growing popularity of the school.

Wallace Brittain, a prominent ranchman of Fort Stockton county, was killed two weeks ago while returning home from town. Mr Brittain was related to the Youngs, who live west of town and once He

LOCAL DOINGS

Miss Wille Boydston of Baird was here Monday.

Best grade oil still going at 15c per gallon at Jones & Westerman.

T. Baulch of Clyde was here Monday working for B. L. Boydston during their Trades Day rush.

Did it ever occur to you is all for nothing. Carter & Kenady

B. L. Boydston is here from Baird this week looking after his business.

HOSIERY

A big shipment just received. If you buy by price and quality you will give us your hosiery business.

The Racket Store,

Eimer Walker was here from Baird the first of the week.

A free school bag with each pair of school shoes sold. Carter & Kenady.

I have for sale good seed oats, clear of Johnson grass, that I will sell in bulk at 40c per bushel at the granary.

Tom Audas, Burkett, Texas.

Tom Young has been delivering this week two cars of oats sold to local buyers.

John Carter has given up his work as bookkeeper for Carter & Kenady and has gone to Waco where he has the management of a business. He has many friends here who regret to see him leave. We all wish him great success in his new field of labor.

All winter goods at special prices this month. Carter & Kenady

A rain began falling which resulted in a very good season.

INVESTIGATE

If the price is too high come to the Racket Store and nine times out of ten you will find the same Goods for less money.

Miss Nina Hampton of Clyde was in Cross Plains the first of the week assisting in B. L. Boydston's store.

Are you saving your Coupons. Carter & Kenady.

Mrs. Dr. Tisdell of Clyde is the guest of Mrs. Geo. Carter.

I am still buying turkeys.—J. Lee Jones.

Messrs Virgil Hart, Fos Bond, Claude Alvis, B. F. Adkinson, Charley Mangrum, Ky Neeb, Varmer Mc Gowen and others, were called to Eastland the first of the week as witnesses in the O dham and White case. It will be recalled last fall that Young Oldham and White, who live across the line in Eastland county, were charged with robbing an old bachelor near Carbon, and that they passed money here they were supposed to have thus got. Wherefore our citizens being called as witnesses.

Geese, guineas, ducks, etc., in fact, everything in the produce line bought.—J. Lee Jones.

Spend your cash where you can get coupons. Carter & Kenady.

ROAD ELECTION ORDERED

Commissioners' Court met last week, its principal work being the ordering of a road bond election of \$75,000.00 each in the Baird and the Cross Plains precincts.

The citizenship of the two precincts now have an opportunity to say whether they want good roads and progress, or the reverse.

For Trade: Two lots, clear, in Austin, Texas. Submit proposition. Charley Robbin on.

Mrs. R. P. Odom Dead

At their home in Cross Plains, occurred the death at 7:30 a. m., Saturday, January the 13th, of Mrs R. P. Odom. She had been ill but a little more than a week.

Funeral services were conducted from the residence Sunday morning and burial made at the Cross Plains cemetery. Presiding Elder Tugesen, assisted by Rev. Boyd conducted the services.

Mrs. Odom has been a resident of this country for years, the family having settled on a ranch west of town, where they have since resided except for a short time at Baird, and until a few months ago when they moved to Cross Plains. Hers was an exemplary life. She had the respect and love of all who knew her, and her death comes as a sad blow to her family and to the whole community.

We with the many other friends of the family join in extending condolence to the bereaved.

A more extended write up of the life of the deceased will appear in the next issue.

Pioneer Paintings

As it has been some time since we have written we will send in a few locals.

Everything is moving along nicely, except the whooping cough and lagippe.

The Baptist church has been torn down and moved to town site and is now being repaired.

Work will begin next week preparatory to moving the Methodist parsonage.

Rev. Wilkins preached a very interesting sermon here Sunday.

The young folks enjoyed an entertainment at Uncle Tom McClur's Satureay night.

Walter Guch has put in a stock of groceries here.

There is talk of a general merchandise coming here soon.

Emmit Roan of Sabano passed thru our town Saturday.

Jim Clark and son, Raymond, was buying cattle here last week.

Noel Glover of Sabano was here Sunday.

Prof. Grover Curry visited near Carbon Saturday night

Prof. Bellah visited home folks at the Star Saturday night.

Mrs. Henry's father and mother of near the Star visited Mrs. Henry Saturday night.

Mr. Smith, Mr. Harrell and Rev. Wilkins visited the Masonic lodge at Cross Plains Saturday night.

The singing at Mrs. Teston's Sunday night was well attended.

We understand there is a move to hold a fair at Cross Plains this fall. We think this a step in the right direction and hope everybody will feel interested and lend a helping hand.

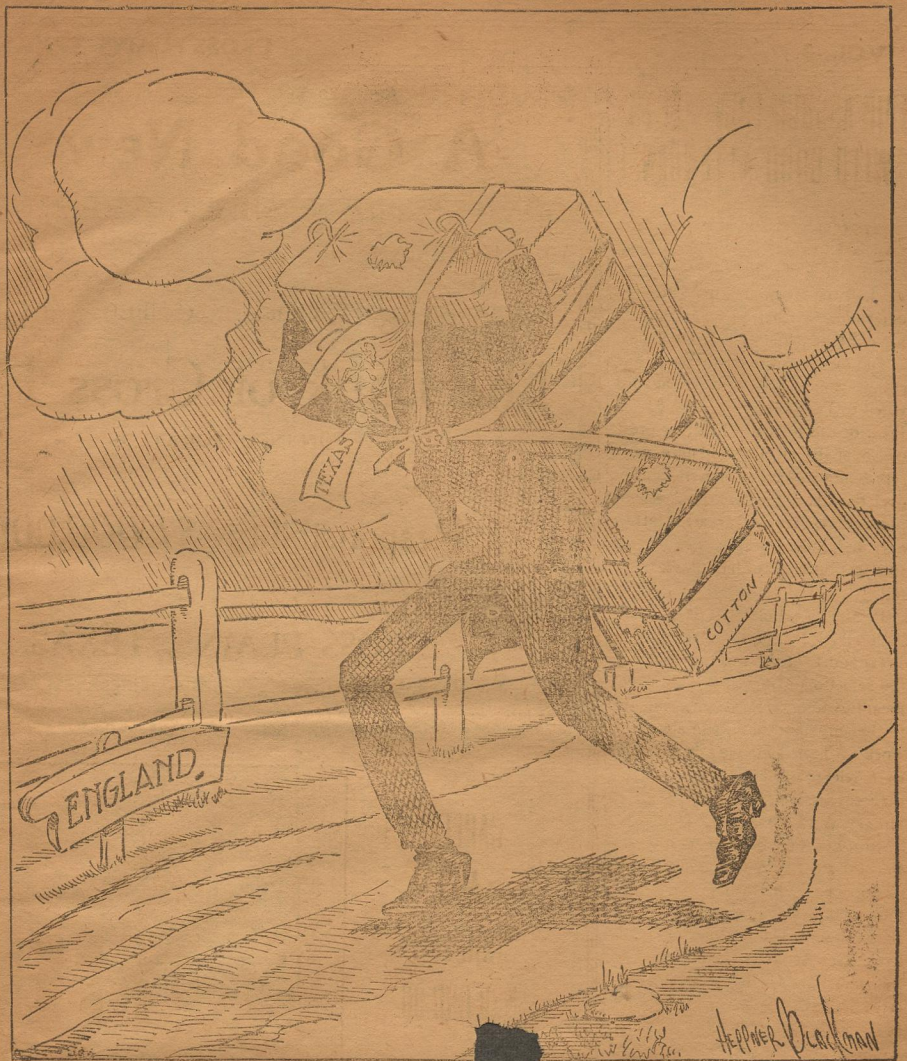
Dead

At his home near Cottonwood, at 6:30 a. m. Wednesday morning occurred the death of Mr. Frank Bennett. Typhoid fever was supposed to be the cause of his death. Interment was made at the Cottonwood cemetery, the funeral services being conducted by Rev. Boyd of Cross Plains.

Mr. Bennett has been a long-time resident of the county through out which he was known as a good man and citizen. He leaves his wife and son Bryan. The Review force joins with the many friends of the family in extending sympathy in this hour of bereavement.

Misses Blanche Williams and Bessie Haley left the first of the week for a few days visit at Abilene and Atwell respectively.

THE LONG ROAD



The cotton crop last year in Texas was 4,297,000 bales. This enormous crop, the Texas cotton mills manufactured less than 40,000 bales.—Texas Welfare Commission.

Citation by Publication

The State of Texas:

To the Sheriff or any Constable of Callahan County Greeting: You are hereby commanded to summon O. N. Wingfield by making publication of this citation once in each week for four successive weeks previous to the return day hereof, in some newspaper published in Callahan County and State of Texas to appear at the regular term of the Justice of Peace Court in Precinct No. 6 of Callahan County to be holden in the town of Cross Plains in said month of March A. D. 1913 then and there to answer to a petition filed in said Court on the 22nd day of December A. D. 1912, in a suit numbered on the Docket of said Court 43 wherein Carter & Kenady a firm composed of D. P. Carter and C. S. Kenady are plaintiffs and O. N. Wingfield is defendant, and said petition said court alleges that on February 2nd, 1910, defendants made and executed to plaintiffs 2 certain promissory notes due after date on October 1, 1910, one for \$35. with 10 percent int. after maturity and 10 per cent attorney fees and all necessary cost of collecting if said note is not paid at maturity when due.

Also on February 4 1910, said defendant O. N. Wingfield made and executed his promissory note to said plaintiffs for the sum of \$113.20 bearing 10 per cent interest from maturity due November 1, 1910 and 10 per cent attorney fee if not paid at maturity and all necessary cost of collecting.

And though often requested, said defendant has wholly failed and refused to pay either of said notes or any part thereof, the said two notes one for \$35.00 and one for 113.20 interest and cost are due and unpaid were executed to said plaintiffs for value received, and are filed in this Court in cause No. 48 in Justice Court precinct No. 6 Callahan County, as cause of action wherefore plaintiffs pray for citation in the terms of the law that on final hearing they may have judgement and such other relief as the court may adjudge and decree in the premises that the debt due to said plaintiffs may be fully satisfied also all interest due and costs adjudged

in this case.

Herein fail not but have before said court at the regular term the 2nd Friday in March A. D. 1913, the 14th day this writ with your return thereof showing how you have executed the same. That is the regular term of Justice Court precinct No. 6 Callahan County to be held on the said 14th day of March A. D. 1913.

Given under my hand this the 15th day of January A. D. 1913. John T. Gilbert, Justice of the Peace, Precinct No. 6 Callahan County, State of Texas.

Notice of Election THE STATE OF TEXAS COUNTY OF CALLAHAN

On this the 14th day of January 1913, the Commissioners court being in regular session, came on to be considered the petition of S. F. Bond and 86 other persons, praying that bonds be issued by road district No. 2 of Callahan County, Texas, in the sum of \$75,000.00 dollars bearing five per cent rate of interest, maturing forty years from date thereof, for the purpose of constructing, maintaining and operating macadamized graveled or paved roads and turnpikes, or in aid thereof. And it appearing to the court that said petition is signed by more than fifty of the resident property taxpaying voters of said road District No. 2 of Callahan County, Texas, and that the amount of bonds to be issued will not exceed one-fourth of the assessed valuation of the real property of such road district No. 2 of Callahan County, Texas.

It is therefore considered and ordered by the Court that an election be held in said road District No. 2 of Callahan County, Texas, on the 15th day of February 1913, which is not less than thirty days from the date of this order, to determine whether or not the bonds of said road district No. 2 of Callahan County, Texas, shall be issued in the amount of Seventy Five Thousand dollars, bearing five per cent rate of interest and maturing forty years from the date thereof; and whether or not a tax shall be levied upon the property of said road district No. 2 of Callahan County, Texas, subject to taxation for the purpose of paying the interest of said bonds, and to provide a sinking fund for the redemption thereof at maturity.

Notice of such election shall be given by publication in a newspaper published in said road district No. 2 for four successive weeks before the date of said election, and in addition thereto there shall be posted notices of such election at three public places in said road district No. 2 for three weeks prior to said

election.

Said election shall be held at Cross Plains, Dressey, Caddo Peak, Cottonwood and Atwell, and the following named persons are hereby appointed managers of said election: J. A. Wagner at Cross Plains, Jno. W. Aiken at Dressey, J. A. Moore at Caddo Peak, J. R. Haley at Cottonwood and J. J. Clark at Atwell.

But election shall be held under the provisions of the road improvement district act passed at the first called session of the Thirty first legislature, and only qualified voters who are properly taxpayers of said road district No. 2 of Callahan County, Texas, shall be allowed to vote, and all voters desiring to support the proposition to issue bonds shall have written or printed on their ballots the words "for the issuance of bonds and levying of the tax in payment thereof", and those opposed shall have written or printed on their ballots the words "Against the issuance of bonds and the levying of the tax in payment thereof".

The manner of holding said election shall be governed by the laws of the State governing general elections.

A copy of this order signed by the County Judge of said County shall serve as a proper notice of said election, and the county judge is directed to cause said notice to be published in a newspaper published in said road district No. 2 of Callahan County, Texas, for four successive weeks preceding said election, and cause to be posted a notice thereof at three public places in road district No. 2 of Callahan County, Texas, for three weeks prior to said election.

W. R. Ely, County Judge, Callahan Co., Tex.

A wedding which will be of much interest to Fort Worth friends was celebrated last Wednesday afternoon when Miss Pattie Dekey of Weatherford and Mr. Eldon Boydston of Cross Plains, Texas, were united in marriage at the home of the bride's parents.

After a short wedding trip to Kansas City the young people will be at home in Cross Plains, Texas, where the groom is engaged in business.

Among the out of town guests who attended the wedding were; Misses Myrtle Boydston and Carine Barringer of Baird, Miss Hattie Ella Cochran of Midland, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Davis, Messrs Borden Davis and Bruce Alexander, and Miss Nellie Dickey of Fort Worth.

—Ft. Worth Record.

New Tailor Shop

Andy Foster and Al Stewart, the latter of Pioneer, have opened up a tailor shop in a corner of Carpenter and Hitt's barber shop. Al is here at the call of the ball boys who want him as a pitcher.

Preaching

At the Christian Church Sunday at 11 a. m. o'clock and at night. Subject Sunday "The Mission of the Church." General review of the Bible School Saturday night.

I. M. Ussery.

I am prepared to do all kinds of shoe and harness work. See me in rear of the Racket Store. W. A. Peterson.

C. E. Lilly of Sabano was here Trades Day, so were lots of other people but we remember him particular by his his paying on subscription to the Review.

Bring your chickens where you can get the cash.—J Lee Jones.

Advertising Talks

Virgil Hart

Atty. and Counselor at Law

Land Titles Examined and Legal Documents Carefully Prepared.

Office At

BANK OF CROSS PLAINS Cross Plains, Texas.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh 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 catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

AMERICAN BEAUTY CORSETS

KALAMAZOO CORSET COMPANY Exclusive Makers

are designed for the purpose of adding to woman's figure attractiveness. They perfect the development of the fashionable figure with perfect freedom of motion and comfort to the wearer. These corsets can be worn comfortably about the home in performance of household duties and yet are equally appropriate to any occasion requiring an elaborate toilet.

\$1.00 AND UPWARDS \$1.00



LONE STAR LINE CONNECTING LINK BETWEEN WEST TEXAS AND NORTH, CENTRAL AND EAST TEXAS POINTS GULF COAST RESORTS AND ALL POINTS IN THE SOUTHEAST

EQUIPMENT AND SERVICE THE BEST

H. B. SPERRY, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Waco, Texas

Molly McDonald

BY Randall Parrish

SYNOPSIS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER XII—Under escort of Lieut. Gasling Molly starts down her old trail. Hamlin leaves to rejoin his regiment.

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER XVIII—Hamlin overhears a conversation between a civilian, named Dupont and a soldier which indicates that they are hatching up a money-making plot of some kind with Mrs. Dupont, involving Gasling.

CHAPTER XIX—Molly seeks an interview with Hamlin. The sergeant tells her that Mrs. Dupont was forced to give her sweethearts, but the woman had played him false.

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

CHAPTER XXI—Molly is ordered to Fort Ripley with \$20,000 paymaster's money. Molly disappears. Hamlin sets about to trace her.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

hand, confident in his judgment. "Those fellows will not attempt to rush us again tonight. You must keep cool, for we shall need all our wits to get away. An Indian never risks a night assault, unless it is a surprise. He wants to see what he is up against. Those bucks have got all they want of this outfit; they have no reason to suppose any of us were hit. They are as much afraid of us as we are, but when it gets daylight, and they can see the shape we're in, then they'll come yelling."

"But they can lie out there in the dark and shoot," she protested. "That shot was aimed at us, wasn't it?" "I reckon it was, but it never got here. Don't let that worry you; if an Indian ever hits anything with a gun it's going to be by pure accident." He stared out of the window. "They're liable to bang away occasionally, and I suppose it is up to us to make some response just to tell them we're awake and ready. But they ain't br-



"Have to Guess the Distance," He Muttered in Explanation.

ing expecting to do damage—only to attract attention while they haul off their dead. There's a red snake yonder now creeping along in the grass—see!"

"No," hysterically, "it is just black to me."

"You haven't got the plainsman's eyes yet. Watch, now; I'm going to stir the fellow up."

He leaned forward, the stock of the Henry held to his shoulder, and she clutched the window-casing. An instant the muzzle of the rifle wavered slightly, then steadied into position.

"Have to guess the distance," he muttered in explanation, and pulled the trigger.

There was a light flash, a crackling report, a yell in the darkness, followed by the sound of scrambling. Hamlin laughed, as he lowered his gun.

"Made him hump, anyway," he commented cheerfully. "Now what comes next?"

"I do not know," she answered, as though the question had been asked her, "do you?"

Somehow she was not as frightened as she had been. The calm, steady coolness of the man was having its natural effect, was helping to control her own nerves. She felt his strength, his confidence, and was beginning to lean upon him—he seemed to know exactly what he was about.

"Well, no, honestly I don't; not yet," he returned, hesitating slightly. "There is no use denying we are in a mighty bad hole. If Moylan hadn't got shot we might have held out till help arrived; I've got about twenty cartridges left; but you and I alone never could do it. I've got to think it out, I reckon; this has been a blind fight so far; nothing to it but blazing away as fast as I could pull trigger. Now, maybe, I can use my brains a bit."

She could not see him, but some instinct led her to put out her hand and touch the rough sleeve of his shirt. It made her sure of his presence, his protection. The man felt the movement, and understood its meaning, his heart throbbing strangely.

"You are going to trust me?"

"Of course; how could you doubt that?"

"Well," still half questioning, "you see I'm only an enlisted man, and sometimes officers' ladies think we are mostly pretty poor stuff, just food for powder."

She tightened her grip on his sleeve, drawing a quick breath of surprise.

"Oh, but I am not like that; truly I am not, I saw your face this afternoon, and—and I liked you then. I will do whatever you say."

"Thank you," he said simply. "To know that makes everything so much easier for me. We shall have to work together from now on. You keep sharp watch at the window there, while I think a bit—there's ordinarily a chance somewhere, you know, if one is only bright enough to uncover it."

How still the night was, and dark; although the sky was cloudless, the stars shone clearly away up in the black vault. Not even the howl of a distant coyote broke the silence. To the left, seemingly a full half-mile distant, was the red flicker of a fire, barely visible behind a projection of bank. But in front not even the keen eyes of the Sergeant could distinguish any sign of movement. Apparently the Indians had abandoned their attempt to recover the bodies of their dead.

CHAPTER VII.

Plans for Escape.

Desperate as he certainly felt their situation to be, for a moment or two

Hamlin was unable to cast aside the influence of the girl, or concentrate his thoughts on some plan for escape. It may have been the gentle pressure of her hand upon his sleeve, but her voice continued to ring in his ears. He had never been a woman's man, not was he specially interested in this woman beside him. He had seen her fairly, with his first appreciative glance, when he had climbed into the stage on the preceding day. He had realized there fully the charm of her face, the dark, gleaming eyes, the clear skin, the wealth of dark hair. Yet all this was impersonal; however pretty she might be, the fact was nothing to him and never could be. Knowing who she was, he comprehended instantly the social gulf stretching unbridged between them. An educated man himself, with family connections he had long ago ceased to discuss, he realized his present position more keenly than he otherwise might. He had enlisted in the army with no misunderstanding as to what a private's uniform meant. He had never heretofore supposed he regretted any loss in this respect, his nature apparently satisfied with the excitement of active frontier service, yet he vaguely knew there had been times when he longed for companionship with women of the class to which he had once belonged. Fortunately his border stations offered little temptation in this respect, and he had grown to believe that he had actually forgotten. That afternoon even—sweetly fair as Miss McDonald undoubtedly appeared—he had looked upon her without the throbb of a pulse, as he might upon a picture. She was not for him even to admire—she was Major McDonald's daughter, whom he had been sent to guard. That was all.

Yet he knew that somehow it was different now—the personal element had entered unwelcomed, into the equation. Sitting there in the dark, Gonzales' body crumpled on the floor at his feet, and Moylan lying stiff and cold along the back seat, with this girl grasping his sleeve in trust, she remained no longer merely the Major's daughter—she had become herself. And she did not seem to care and did not seem to realize that there were barriers of rank, which under other circumstances must so utterly separate them. She liked him, and frankly told him so, not as she would dismiss an inferior with kindness, but as though he was an equal, as though he was a gentleman. Somehow the very tone of her voice, the clinging touch of her hand, sent the blood pumping through his veins. Something besides duty inspired him; he was no longer merely a soldier, but had suddenly become transformed into a man. Years of repression, of iron discipline, were blotted out, and he became even as his birthright made him. "Molly McDonald," "Molly McDonald," he whispered the name unconsciously to himself. Then his eyes caught the distant flicker of Indian fire, and his teeth locked savagely.

"There was something else to do besides dream. Because the girl had spoken pleasantly was no reason why he should act the fool. Angry at himself, he gripped his faculties, and faced the situation, aroused, intent. He must save himself—and her! But how? What plan promised any possibility of success? He had their surroundings in a map before his eyes. His training had taught him to note and remember what others would as naturally neglect. He was a soldier of experience, a plainsman by long training, and even in the fierceness of the Indians' attack on the stage his quick glance had completely visualized their surroundings. He had not appreciated this at the time, but now the topography of the immediate region was unrolled before him in detail; yard by yard it reappeared as though photographed. He saw the widely rutted trail, rounding the bluff at the right a hundred yards away, curving sharply down the slope and then disappearing over the low hill to the left, a slight stream trickling along its base. Below, the short buffalo-grass, sunburned and brittle, ran to the sandy edge of the river, which flowed silently in a broad, shallow, yellow flood beneath the star gleam. Under the protection of that bank, but somewhat to the left, where a handful of stunted cottonwood trees had found precarious foothold in the sand, gleamed the solitary Indian fire. About its embers, no doubt, squatted the chiefs and older warriors, feasting and taking council, while the younger bucks lay, rifles in hand, along the night-enshrouded slope, their cruel, vengeful eyes seeking to distinguish the outlines of the coach against the black curtain of the bluff.

This had proven thus far their salvation—that steep uplift of earth against which the stage had crashed in its mad dash—for its precipitant front had compelled the savages to attack from one direction only, a slight overhang, not unlike a roof, making it impossible even to shoot down from above. But this same sharp incline was not likewise a preventive of escape. Hamlin shook his head as he recalled to mind its steep ascent, without root or shrub to cling to. No, it would never do to attempt that; not with her. Perhaps alone he might scramble up somehow, but with her the feat would be impossible. He dismissed this as hopeless, his memory of their surroundings drifting from point to point aimlessly. He saw the whole barren vista as it last stood revealed under the glow of the sun—the desolate plateau above, stretching away into the dim north, the brown level of the plains, broken only by sharp fissures in the surface, treeless, extending for unnumbered leagues. To east and west the valley floor scarcely more green than the lower plains,

bounded by its verdureless bluffs, ran crookedly, following the river course its only sign of white domain the rutted trail. Beyond the stream there extended miles of white sand-dunes fantastically shaped by the wind, gradually changing into barren plains of alkali. Between crouched the vigilant Indian sentinels, alert and revengeful.

Certain facts were clear—to remain meant death, torture for him if they were taken alive, and worse than death for her. Perspiration burst out upon his face at the thought. No! Great God! not that; he would kill her himself first. Yet this was the truth, the truth to be faced. The nearest available troops were at Dodge, a company of infantry. If they started at once they could never arrive in time to prevent an attack at daybreak. The Indians undoubtedly knew this, realized the utter helplessness of their victims, and were acting accordingly. Otherwise they would never have lighted that fire nor remained on guard. Moreover if the two of them should succeed in stealing forth from the shelter of the coach, should skulk unseen amid the dense blackness of the overhanging bluff, eluding the watchers, what would it profit in the end? Their trail would be clear; with the first gray of dawn those savage trackers would be at work, and they would be trapped in the open, on foot, utterly helpless even to fight.

The man's hands clenched and unclenched about his rifle-barrel in an agony of indecision, his eyes perceiving the silhouette of the girl against the lighter arc of sky. No, not that—not that! They must hide their trail, leave behind no faintest trace of passage for these hounds to follow. Yet how could the miracle be accomplished? Out from the mists of tortured memory came, as a faint hope, a dim recollection of that narrow gully cutting straight down across the trail, over which the runaway had crashed in full gallop. That surely could not be far back, and was of sufficient depth to hide them in the darkness. He was uncertain how far it extended, but at some time it had been a water-course and must have reached the river. And the river would hide their trail! A new hope sprang into his eyes. He felt the sudden straightening up of his body.

"What—what is it?" she questioned, startled. "Do you see anything? Are they coming?"

"No, no," almost impatiently. "It is still as death out there, but I almost believe I have discovered a means of escape. Do you remember a gully we ran over while I was on top of the stage?"

"I am not sure; was it when that awful jolt came?"

"Yes, it flung me to the foot-board just when I had untangled the lines. We could not have traveled a dozen yards farther before we struck this bluff—could we?"

"I hardly think so," yet evidently bewildered by his rapid questioning. "Only I was so confused and frightened I can scarcely remember. Why are you so anxious to know?"

"Because," he returned earnestly, bending toward her, "I believe that gash in the earth is going to get us out of here. Anyhow it is the only chance I can figure. If we can creep through to the river, undiscovered, I'll agree to leave Mister Indian guessing as to where we've gone."

The new note of animation in the man's voice aroused her, but she gazed at him tighter.

"But—but, oh, can we? Won't they be hiding there too?"

"It's a chance, that's all—but better than waiting here for a certainty. See here, Miss McDonald," and he caught her hand in his own, forgetful of all save his own purpose and the necessity of strengthening her to play out the game, "the trend of that gully is to the west; except up here close to the bluff it runs too far away for a guard line. The Indians will be lying out here on the open prairie; they will



Something Besides Duty Inspired Him; He Was No Longer Merely a Soldier.

creep as close in as they dare under cover of darkness. I'll bet there are twenty red snakes now within a hundred feet of us—oh, don't shiver and lose your nerve! They'll not try to close that gap yet; it's too dangerous with us on guard and only one side of the coach exposed. That fellow was trying us out a while ago, and they've kept quiet ever since I let drive at him. They know the limits of the safety zone, and will keep there until just before daylight. That is when they'll try to creep up upon us. Have you got the time?"

She opened her watch, feeling

the hands with her fingers, won't vaguely at her own calmness. Cool resourcefulness of Hamlin like a tonic.

"It—it is a little after one o'clock she said slowly, "although I am sure my watch is exactly right."

"Near enough; there are signs daylight at four—three hours less that ought to be sufficient, but with darkness to spare. Will you go with me? Will you do exactly as I say?"

She drew a swift breath, held her hand to her side.

"Oh, yes," her voice catching, "what—what else can I do? I cannot stand here with those dead men!"

"But I want you to go because well, because you trust me," he urged a new trace of tenderness in his lowered voice. "Because you know would give my life to defend you."

He was not sure, but he thought her face was suddenly uplifted, her eyes seeking to see him in the darkness.

"I do," she answered, "I have never believed I do; but I have never been in such peril before, in such a situation of horror, and I am all afraid of it; it is not dead men—are going to hurt us. Swing the strap over your shoulder this way, and slip the revolver into the holster. That right; we'll carry as little as we can and leave our hands free." He hesitated, staring about in the darkness, swiftly deciding what to take. "Do you happen to know if either of the passengers carried any grub?"

"Grub?"

"Plains' term for food," impatiently retorted; something for lunch or ration."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Moylan did; said he never took chances on having to go hungry. It was in a flat leather pouch."

"Haversack. I have it. That will be enough to carry, with the canteen. Now there is only one thing more before we leave. We must impress those fellows with the notion that we are wide-awake, and on guard yet. See any movement out there?"

"I—I am not sure," she answered doubtfully. "There is a black smudge beyond that dead pony; lean forward here and you can see what I mean—on the ground. I—I imagined it moved just then." She pointed into the darkness. "It is the merest shadow, but seemed to wiggle along, and then stop; it's still now."

Hamlin focussed his keen eyes on the spot indicated, shading them with one hand.

"Slide back further on the seat," he whispered softly, "and let me in next the window."

There was a moment's silence, the only sound the wind. The girl gripped the back of the seat nervously with both hands, holding her breath; the Sergeant, in the outline of his face all motionless in the dark without. Suddenly, not making a sound, he lifted the rifle to his shoulder.

CHAPTER VIII.

A Way to the River.

She waited in agony as he sighted carefully, striving to gauge the distance. It seemed an interminable time before his finger pressed the trigger. Then came the report, a flash of flame, and the powder smoke blew back in her face. Half-blinded by the discharge, she yet saw that black smudge leap upright; again the Henry blazed, and the dim figure went down. There was a cry—a mad yell of rage—in which scattered voices joined; spits of fire cleaving the darkness, the barking of guns of different caliber. A bit of flying lead tore through the leather back of the coach with an odd rattle; another struck the casing of the door, sending the wooden splinters flying like arrows. Hawk-eyed Hamlin fired twice more, aiming at the sparks, grimly certain that a responding howl from the left evidenced a hit. Then, as quickly, all was still, intensely black once more. The Sergeant drew back from the window, leaning his gun against the casing.

"That will hold them for a while," he said cheerfully. "Two less out there, I reckon, and the others won't get careless again right away. Now is our time; are you ready?"

There was no response, the stillness so profound he could hear the faint ticking of the girl's watch. He reached out, almost alarmed, and touched her dress.

"What is the trouble?" he questioned anxiously. "Didn't you hear me speak?"

He waited breathless, but there was no movement, no sound, and his hand, trembling, in spite of his iron nerve, groped its way upward. She was lying back against the opposite window, her head bent sideways.

"My God," he thought, "did those devils get her?"

She lifted her slight figure up on one arm, all else blotted out, all other memory vanished through this instant dread. His cheek stung where flying splinters had struck him, but that was nothing; then was warm, her flesh was warm; then his searching fingers felt the moist blood trickling down from the edge of her hair. He let out his breath slowly, the sudden relief almost choking him. It was bad enough surely, but not what he had first feared, not death. She had been

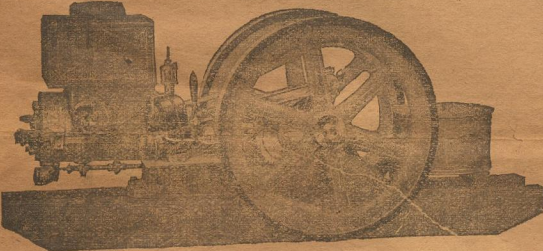
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ness. I was not able to sit up, when I commenced to
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I used it about one week, before I saw much change.
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for Special Instructions, and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent free. 152

Burnt Branch Locals

Mr. and Mrs. Otis Odum's lit-
tle boy who was scalded by falling
over a pan of hot water, is improv-
ing and we hope will be up soon.
He has had an awfully bad time.
Mr. J. C. Teague has been on the
sick list for some time but at this
writing is up again.
Mrs. Varnell Chatham is on the
puny list.
Miss Eva Mauldin is nursing a
genuine case of the mumps.
Robert Burks was sick several
days last week and Carl Hightower
all the week.

Mr. Marlin Morris formerly of
Sipe Springs has moved to his father's
farm in this community and will
reside there the following year. Mar-
lin lived here when he was only a
"sprout." He brings a new male
bride. We are glad to have them
live among us and wish them great
success.

The Literary meeting Saturday
night was rather poorly attended be-
cause of so much sickness. Don't
forget that Saturday night, Feb. 1
is next meeting at which time we
hope to have a large crowd.

Great sadness has come into the
hearts of the people because of the
death of Mrs. R. P. Odum, who
only a few months past moved from
here to Cross Plains. For many
years she lived among us always
wielding a great influence for good.

Slim Jim believed he has change-
d the course of the Prevailing West-
erly will, but just as soon as the peo-
ple get fairly over the lagrippe so a
little wind will not chill so badly
the Westerly will come in on him
from a different angle.

The farmers are busy at prepar-
ing their land for a crop. I do not
know whether they are doing scient-
ific farming or not, whether a por-
tion of them are doing it scientifi-
cally and the balance the same old
way. But I do know most of them
are flat breaking the land, while a
few intend to bed. Now, Slim Jim
has not carried the idea far enough
for me to make the distinction just
here. Oh! I forgot, Scribore prom-
ised to give his opinion and settle
it.

Prevailing Westerly.

Hargrove

Mrs. Mattie Hargrove was born
in Missouri in 1855. Married James
E. Hargrove in 1872 to this union
was born 8 children 3 sons and 5
daughters. One son and one daugh-
ter and her husband all preceded
her to the spirit land. She leaves 6
children and 19 grand children be-
sides a host of friends to mourn her
loss but grieve not dear children for
your loss is her eternal gain the
love and respect the community
held for her was shown by the con-
course of friends who followed her
to her last resting place in this
world. She was laid to rest in the
Cottonwood cemetery Jan. 14, 1913.

As a wife she was a noble and
loving companion; as a mother she
was kind and devoted; as a neighbor
there were none her superior, going
about doing good where ever an ad-
ministering spirit was needed.

She professed christianity at the
age of 11 years. She always con-
fessing her faith in God even to the
last hours of her life she would
breathe His name in prayer. All
that loving hands could do for her
was done but to no avail.
A friend

G S Mitchell and family came last
Wednesday from south Texas. Mr.
Mitchell left in the fall for Alabama
and went thence to south Texas
looking for a better location. He
says he is here to stay.

Lodge Directory

Masonic Lodge No 627



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

over Bank of Cross Plains.



Meets on Satur-
day night before 2
& 4 Sun. at I. O. O
F. Hall, Cross

Plains, Tex.

M. C. Baum, Clerk.

W. O. W. Camp No. 778.



Meets every Sat-
urday night before
the first and third
Sundays, at W. O. W. Hall, south
Cross Plains, Tex.

E. T. Bond, Clerk.

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



Meets every Fri-
day night at 8:30
at the I. O. O. F. Hall.
Drew I. Hill, Sec.

M. F. Church, South.

Preaching each First and Third
Sundays at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.
Sunday School each Sunday at
10 A. M. Geo. Carter Supt.
Prayer meeting each Wednesday
at 7:30 P. M.

Women's Home Mission Society
meets in church each Thursday 3:30
P. M. after first and third Sunday.

You are cordially invited to at-
tend any and all the church services.
A. Lee Boyd, Pastor.

Presbyterian Church.

Presbyterian church, preaching on
2nd and 3rd Sundays at 11 a.m. and
8 p. m.
Sunday school at 10 a.m. Regu-
lar session meeting, Friday, 3 p. m.
George A. Crane, Pastor.

Baptist Church.

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

Preaching

At the Christian Church the first
Sunday in each month at 11
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10 o'clock and a Bible school every
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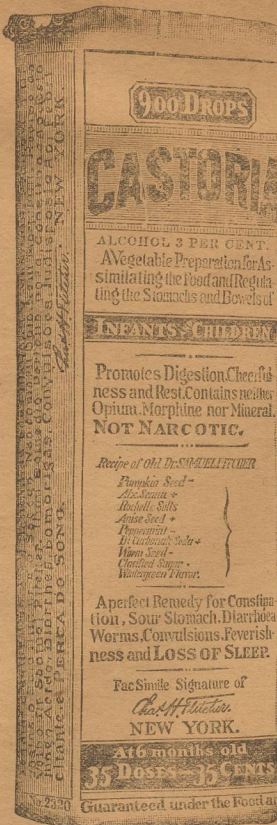
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