

The CROSS PLAINS REVIEW

VOL. 5

CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS, FRIDAY, OCT. 30, 1914.

NO. 34

FRIENDS IN ADVERSITY THE SAME AS IN PROSPERITY

H. W. KUTEMAN,
Pres.

J. E. SPENCER,
V. Pres

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

The Bank of Cross Plains

(UN-INCORPORATED)

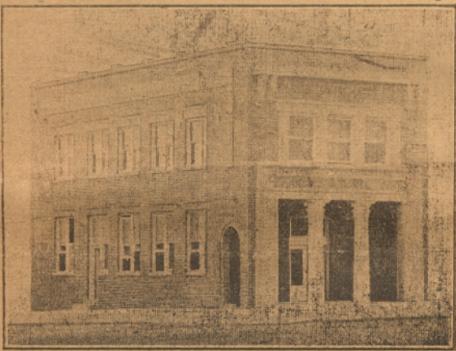
Responsibility \$1,000,000

CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS.

BRING US YOUR FINANCIAL TROUBLES

We will help you adjust them as we have hundreds of others. Our experience and financial ability is at your command. Be free to tell us your troubles. That's a part of our business. Try Us.

THE BANK OF CROSS PLAINS



THE FARMERS NAT'L BANK

CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS

Capital and Surplus, \$30,000.00.

We Bank On You; You Bank With Us.

FOR COTTON GROWERS

In a circular sent out to farmers and business men in the cotton States, the department offers a series of suggestions to remedy the situation created by the falling off in the demand for cotton. Instead of attempting to obtain through cotton the cash required to buy other necessities, farmers are urged to raise these necessities themselves. Cotton is low and likely to remain so. A man, therefore, who has all his acreage in cotton finds himself compelled to exchange a low-priced article for a high-priced one. This is not profitable.

One way within the reach of all to cut down expenses is to pay proper attention to a home-grown garden.

In addition to garden truck, every farmer should grow his own corn, hay, and forage crop and keep enough chickens and hogs to supply his table with at least the bulk of its meat. Few farmers, in the cotton States at least, keep enough chickens. The profits that may or may not be made out of the poultry business have little to do with the fact that with some care a sufficiently large flock of chickens can be kept on the farm to supply the family with eggs and much of its

(Continued on last page)

TO BEAUTIFY SCHOOL GROUNDS

We are all proud of our handsome brick school building; however let us not be satisfied with the present school grounds. We should have the grounds well set, with nice shade trees, small shrubbery and flower beds.

Looking forward to the betterment of these grounds we are going to make the following proposition to the school children of Cross Plains:

To the girl or boy who will furnish us with the ground plan of the most practical and best arrangement we are going to make a present of a Handsome Self-filling Fountain Pen.

Study the ground close, put your plans on paper and submit them to us by noon November 18th, and the one selected will be awarded the prize Nov. 21st.

The plan best suited will be placed in our show window, and the prize pen placed on it. Be sure to put your name on your plan.

We are giving our idea of the arrangement as we see it and have it on display in the Show Window. The City Drug Store

8 colors, 2 grades and 2 prices of building paper in stock.

Shackelford Lmbr. Yard

NEW BUSINESS

T. T. McCord To Open Bargain House in the Gresham Building

T. T. McCord, who in 1911 and part of 1912, conducted the McCord Confectionery at the stand just south of The Racket Store, and who was since in the racket business at Valley Mills, will open up "McCord's Cash House" in the Gresham building now occupied by Higginbotham Trading Co., in the near future. Mr. McCord will handle some dry goods, groceries and notions. Tart and Melton had rented this building, and Mr. McCord was supposed to use the building occupied by them, but they will remain in their present location. Dr. Tyson will office and keep his stock of drugs in this building with Mr. McCord, and L. M. Bond the jeweler will also be located there.

SCHOOL GOODS

This busy store is the place to buy your Tablets, Pencils, Book Straps and all kinds of school supplies. We specialize in the grades which suit the needs and purses of the children.

THE RACKET STORE

COTTON LOOKS UP

Cotton has been bringing about 6½c on middling basis on the local market this week, which is a decided gain over the prices last week. A great deal of cotton is being marketed at present. There have been weighed at the yard 2100 or more bales.

TO THE PUBLIC:

After Nov. 1, I will open in the Gresham building a stock of Dry Goods, Groceries and Variety Goods and will do business under the name of "McCord's Cash House." I will pay cash for my goods and sell for cash, and hence I can and am going to make the price right. Any part of your business will be appreciated.

McCord's Cash House,
T. T. McCord, Prop.

Do not buy a gasoline engine or anything in machinery without getting prices from

Carter.

30-in. and 36-in. hail wire for peanut hay trough in stock.

Shackelford Lmbr. Co.

ANOTHER BIG RAIN

That this portion of the state does not have an abundant rainfall, or at least for the last twelve months, cannot be gainsaid. The Review reported a one and one-half inch rainfall last week, and now for Friday and Saturday it can report a 3¼ in. precipitation. All this rain has fallen gently, and probably cotton and peanuts have been damaged but little, while stubble land has been put in excellent condition for the breaking and sowing of grain. These seasons should insure the greatest grain acreage in the history of the country for next year. From reports we learn that many farmers have already begun or are making arrangements for sowing large grain crops.

Pretty days these for work.

NOTICE:

Until a few days ago we meant to move to Main Street and a report to that effect has gone out. But we wish to say that arrangements have been made for our remaining at our old stand on 8th St. We will appreciate any business you may give us either in the gents' furnishing or tailoring line.

Tartt & Melton

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.

Suppose anybody can see the need of a warehouse now.

A woman's idea of something to worry about even if we are having a war in every way worthy of Sherman's definition, is when her washing has gone wrong.

The various communities should build warehouses under the Emergency and Permanent Warehouse Bills passed by the called sessions of the legislature, in order that the work of these sessions might not result in a fiasco.

There are "fairs" galore this fall. There always are, for that matter, but it seems to us they are being held in a plentitude that we had never before noted. The Brownwood Free Fall Fair, the Coleman County, Taylor County fairs, the State Fair, are now in the past tense while the Cotton Palace and the San Angelo fair will soon be in the present acting tense. If the fair managements would send the country weeklies passes to and from rather than into the fairs, they might get better attendance.

John Moore, sheriff-nominate, and his wife were in town Monday. He stated that he would not move to Baird until after the general election, awaiting results from the hands of the Socialists or Republicans, he said, for which reason we used the term "nominate" rather than "elect." If our coinage of the word is not logical and permissible, will some reader-philologist set us set us right. (This small squip having partaken of the dual nature of a local and of an editorial, editorials being short this week it will appear in their column.)

J W Evans who lives on S E Settle's farm west of town is making arrangements to move to the Lorraine country.

Mrs. J. H. Rone is still sick, she having been afflicted with a stomach trouble for some time.

Trunks and suit cases for less at—Carter's.

Taylor Higginbotham has returned from a trip to Tyler and other points in the East.

Lowest prices for cash at Carter's.

Mrs. Eldon Boydston has returned from a visit with her parents at Weatherford.

Misses Blyne and Ina Montgomery visited friends and relatives in Cross Plains last week.

W. W. Everett of Cottonwood visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Everett, near the Star the first of the week.—X Ray

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children
In Use For Over 30 Years.
Always bears the Signature of *Wm. D. Galt*

I AM A Cotton Booster!

I will pay 7c per lb. for cotton on accounts or merchandise.

I will pay 8 c per lb. for cotton in Dry Goods.

All cotton must be middling or better. Do not bring us your hard cotton and expect to get 7 or 8c per lb. for it.

WAR PRICES ON GROCERIES

100 lbs. Cotton White Flour	-----	\$3.15
100 " Belle of Witchita	-----	3.10
100 " Blue Bonnett	-----	2.90
100 " Red Seal Flour	-----	2.85
100 " Sugar	-----	7.00
25 " Sugar	-----	1.75
35 lb. sack of Meal	-----	.75
1 bucket White Cloud Lard	-----	1.00
1 " Crusto Lard	-----	1.25
75c " Green Velve Syrup	-----	.65
1 case Green Velve Syrup	-----	3.75
65c bucket Red Velve "	-----	.55
1 case " " "	-----	3.25
50c bucket Royal Syrup	-----	.45
1 case " " "	-----	2.50
50c bucket Wild Rose Syrup	-----	.45
1 case " " "	-----	2.50
40c 1-2 gallon bucket Velve	-----	.35
5 pkgs. Arbuckle Coffee	-----	1.10
25c Health club Baking Powder	-----	.20
1 sack Bran	-----	1.40

Bring us your Chickens, Eggs, Cotton and Grain

B. L. BOYDSTUN
Where it Pays to Buy

Joe Shackelford and wife returned Monday from a visit to the State Fair at Dallas.

Mrs. R. Gray Powell is visiting in Sherman.

Greer Gray, ranchman of Coleman county, was in town Tuesday.

S. F. Bond and C. S. Kenady returned Sunday from Dallas where the State Fair is in full blast.

R. M. Boyd of Rising Star, representing the Southern Union Life Insurance Co. of Waco, is in Cross Plains again.

Miss Jamie Hale who has been visiting Joe Shackelford and wife returned to her home at Putnam last Friday.

Ask the Mercantile Co. what Adomite did for their sky light leak this last rain.
Shackelford Lmbr. Co.

W E Melton and his family are reported as being quarantined at Baird on account of their baby having dyptheria.

W P Wilcoxen, a substantial farmer who lives north of Cottonwood, with some of his boys and a son-in-law, was in town Tuesday. He says that he is holding all of his cotton.

There are two cases of dyptheria reported in town. Little Ruby, daughter of Bud Harpole, and the old-st child of Glenn Boswell who is a carpenter on the Higginbotham building, are said to be the victims of this disease.

Card of Thanks

We wish to express our thanks to our neighbors and friends for kindness and sympathy shown us during the illness and death of our dear father who departed this life Oct. 22, 1914.

Sincerely
W. O. Peavy and family
Mrs. M. C. Ivy and family.

Do your Building Now AT WAR PRICES

Are you going to build a House, a Barn, a Fence, or anything at any time in the near future?

Take our advice and DO IT NOW. You can put up your new building cheaper to-day than you can next year or at any time.

See us about your Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Casings, Cement, Lime, and anything else you need. We carry them all in stock

BRAZELTON-PRYOR & COMPANY

THE CENTRAL HOTEL

LOCATED CLOSE IN

MEALS 25c

BEDS 25c

GIVE US A TRIAL

JIM CROSS, PROPRIETOR

Cross Plains Development Co.

Agents for Cross Plains Townsite Company.

LANDS, LOANS and INSURANCE

NOTARIES PUBLIC IN OFFICE

Office in rear of Bank of Cross Plains.

MEN

AND

WOMEN

WANTED

to sell the most remarkable bargain in the magazine world this year.

EVERYBODY'S Delineator	Regular price	BOTH \$2 to one person
	\$1.50	
	\$3.00	

A monthly salary and a liberal commission on each order. Salaries run up to \$250 a month, depending on the number of orders. This work can be done in your spare time and need not conflict with your present duties. No investment or previous experience necessary. We furnish full equipment free. Write for particulars to

THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING CO.
326 HUDSON ST. NEW YORK

TO MOVE TO TOWN

Martin Jones of Dressy was in town Tuesday. He says that he means to move to town in a week or two. He says he tells his friends when they ask him why he is moving to town that he's coming for school advantages. He will make 20 odd bales of cotton himself while Lee Payne who is working part of his farm will make 35 bales off of 40 acres. Besides, there were several hundred bushels of grain raised on his place, there being but about 85 acres in cultivation on the same.

S. C. GRESHAM
SHOE REPAIRER
I Guarantee My Work
At The Racket Store

L. M. BOND

Watch Maker & Jeweler
Formerly of Cisco

Exchange Work for
old Gold and Silver.

All Work Guaranteed
Cross Plains, Texas

A J Nation of the Bayou south east of Burkett was in town Monday. He says tho never a strong believer in cotton he means for the cotton acreage on his farm to be reduced next year. Let all see to it that his tribe increases.

Homer Varner of Cottonwood was in town Wednesday. He was to leave Thursday for Rowden where he will later teach the public school which will not begin until after the cotten is picked. The Review will go to his address.

Mrs. Chess Barr has returned home from Oplin, her father who has been in very bad health for some time, and her mother returning with her. Mr. Atwood is still very sick.

Dick Stone and sons Ray and Monte who live at the confluence of Turkey creek and the Bayou, were in town the first of the week. Mr. Stone has several hundred acres of land in cultivation and never requires a renter to plant cotton but allows him to sow as much grain as he cares to. It is useless to say that he advocates a general cotton acreage reduction for 1915. He always sows a heavy grain crop, himself.

Charley McElroy and wife of Kamey, South Texas, have been here a week with his wife's parents Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Slaughter. They intend to live here.

S. F. Knight and son Doyle came in Tuesday, the latter from Fisher county and the former from Altus, Okla., where he says that conditions are much harder than they are here. They don't intend to remain here.

V. V. Hart returned Monday from a trip to Cisco via Gorman, De Leon and the Star. He says the peanut crop does very well, but that the cotton crop is a flash in the part of the country he has just seen, compared to which our country is a land of "fritters and honey."

Horse Stolen

Bill Watson who lives north of Burkett had a four-year old blue horse to disappear from his pasture on the night of the 16th, and after having made diligent search has decided that the animal was stolen. This is the only case of horse theft that has been reported to The Review under the present regime.

WHETHER YOU'RE 6 OR 60

this is your store and we know what you need—and we have it. We know that price and quality win—and we have won. Money is scarce, but our low prices on good merchandise is bringing us the trade. We go the limit when it comes to making low prices.

THE RACKET STORE

H. Peevy

Mr. H. Peevy died at his home near Cottonwood Oct. 22, death being caused by blood poison. Burial was made at the Cottonwood cemetery Friday afternoon, Rev. Furgerson conducting the funeral services. The deceased was 83 years, 9 months and 23 days old. He had lived in this county since 1833, coming here from Cass county to which he moved from Alabama before the Civil War. He was a member of the Baptist church. He was the father of four children, three of whom, W. O. Peevy and Mrs. M. C. Ivy of Cottonwood and Frank Peevy of Burkett, with 13 grand-children and 7 great grand-children, survive him. We extend sympathy to the bereaved family.

Ross Wagner and his sister Miss Juanita returned last Thursday from a visit with relatives at Grandbury and other eastern points.

Rev. J. M. Furgerson of Cottonwood was here Saturday. He received from The Review printery a large job of telephone tickets for his telephone exchange at Cottonwood.

Pioneer Happenings

For some time past the news of this community has not been reported to our local paper. So we have decided to write again.

The health of this vicinity is just fine at this writing.

School opened here last Monday. There were about fifteen students present at the opening. J. T. Crosby of Putnam, principal of the school, will be the sole teacher until the 16th of Nov. when the full force will be used. Miss Zora Carter of Cross Plains has just recently been employed to teach the fifth, sixth and seventh grades, taking the place made vacant by the resignation of Miss Helm.

Misses Lela, Liddia Moore and Loren Woodv of Blake were visiting relatives here last Sunday.

Mr. A. M. Curry and Edd returned to this place last Thursday from

Dallas where they have been attending the State fair.

Mr. Gentry and family of Stephens county, have recently moved to this place where he will take charge of the telephone exchange located here.

Mr. Boyd of Cross Plains was here Saturday buying cotton.

Mrs. Rutledge of Florence is visiting her daughter Mrs. T. G. Story at this place.

Owing to the rain Bro. Summers did not fill his regular appointment at the Baptist church Sunday.

Well, as news items are scarce here will not write any more.

Dixie

The Maid of the Forest

A Romance of St. Clair's Defeat

By Randall Parrish
Illustrated by D. J. Lavin

[Copyright, 1913, by A. C. McClurg & Co.]

her face.

"No, monsieur, he is a prisoner." Slowly I made effort to explore my wound. This was most painful, as my rough shirt was held to my flesh by congealed blood, and had to be torn away. I possessed no knife, but stuck to the work manfully, my teeth clinched, my face beaded with perspiration, until I separated the last shred, and could explore the wound with my fingers. It proved deep and ragged enough, but had penetrated nothing vital. If I could staunch the flow of blood, and bind it up so as to prevent its being reopened, there should be no serious result. I went at this as best I could in the dark, and, by sense of touch, groaning at the pain, I swabbed out the wound until it practically ceased to bleed, and then bound it up with a silk neckerchief and a strip torn from my shirt. It was rude surgery, but effective. Shut out thus from the air the wound merely dully ached, and I found myself able to move with much greater freedom. Otherwise I was surprised to discover I had sustained no particular injury.

I got to my hands and knees, determined to discover for myself the nature of the passage. Any form of action was better than merely to lie there inert. I had to creep forward, and found barely room for the passage of my body. My wound still hurt sufficiently to make me cautious of every movement, and consequently my advance was slow. There never was blacker darkness; it was like a weight pressing me back, and the silence was like that of the grave. I could hear my own breathing, but my hands and knees made no sound on the earth floor. Whatever of savage fury was occurring above, no echo found way to where I burrowed below. To all appearance the tunnel ran in a direct line; at least I could discover no evidence of deviation. If D'Auvray had

constructed it, then he must have known something of engineering, and been in possession of instruments. The work could not have been done by blind digging. Still, it might have been originally an open ditch, banked and lined with timber, and then covered, and the earth tamped down.

I stopped to rest a moment, sitting cross-legged, my head barely escaping the roof. Suddenly from out that intense darkness before me, came a peculiar sound. Intensified by the long silence, and the contracted walls, I could not tell whether it was cough or groan, gruff exclamation or growl. Perspiration beaded my forehead, my hands like ice, as I stared ahead listening. There was no repetition, no movement. Could I have dreamed the thing? Could it be delirium from the fever of my wound? No! Surely not; I was sane enough; my ears were not deceived. Something—man or animal—was certainly there in the tunnel hiding, crouched in the darkness, unaware as yet of my presence. Then it would not be an animal; it must be a man.

I got upon hands and knees again, slowly and with utmost caution, aware that if I was to escape notice I must advance as stealthily as a wild cat, the slightest sound would carry far in that

gallery. I moved forward a yard, two, three yards, extending one hand out into the dark and feeling about carefully, before venturing another inch. Mine were the movements of a snail.

I had almost convinced myself there was nothing there, either brute or human; yet some instinct continually told me there was. I felt an uncanny presence, and an ill-defined sense of danger I could not cast off. I came to a pause, actually afraid to go on, my flesh creeping with strange horror. I rested on one knee, my face thrust forward as I stared blindly into the awful blackness. I even held my breath in suspense, listening for the slightest movement. Merciful God! Some one—something—was actually there! I could hear now the faint pulsing of a breath, as though through clogged nostrils; yes, and a meaningless muttering of the lips.

CHAPTER XIV.

A Struggle Underground.

I remained poised, breathless, huddled in the dark, hesitating. A dozen considerations flashed through my mind, as I swiftly decided what to do. I could scarcely hope to move backward without noise; nor, if I succeeded, would I be any better off with him still blocking the passage? There was nothing for it then but to come to hand grips. But the fellow, whoever he might be—whether white or Indian—was doubtless armed, while I was weaponless. To get him right was a desperate chance, yet a chance which must be taken. Fortunately I had him located, his heavy breathing being unmistakable, and evidence also that the man remained unaware of my presence. I shifted one foot forward to get firmer purchase, and then grasped for him through the darkness. My hand came in contact with a shoulder; then gripped a mass of long hair. He gave vent to a sudden cry, startled, almost inhuman in its wildness, struggling backward so quickly my other hand closed on air. But I held hard to what I had, dragged off my balance, feeling his fingers after my throat. There was no room for us to do otherwise than claw at each other. After that first cry neither of us uttered a sound, but I closed in on him, getting a stronger grip. He was a man, a white man, for he wore a rough coat, and his face was covered with a growth of straggly, coarse whiskers. Enemy or friend I could not be sure, nor did I find opportunity to discover. We both fought like beasts, resorting to teeth and nails. He was seemingly not a large man, but wiry and muscular. His very lack of size was an advantage in that narrow space; besides I was weakened by loss of blood, and with every movement my wound hurt.

His one object was to wrench himself loose, but my fortunate grip on his hair foiled this effort. Yet both his hands were free, the one clutching my throat; but, in those first breathless seconds, I could not locate the other. He was lying on his side, with right arm underneath. Fearful of a weapon, I let the fellow gouge at my throat with long ape-like fingers, while I struggled fiercely to expose the hidden hand. If it proved empty I knew I could handle the man; that I possessed the strength to draw him to me, to crush him into subjection within the vise of my arms. Straining every muscle I could bring into play, I succeeded in forcing him over onto his face. But he was a cat, wiry, full of tricks. In some manner he twirled his arm out of my grip. There was a flash of reddish yellow flame searing across my eyes, an awful report, like an explosion in my stunned ears. Where the bullet went I will never know, but I saw the man's face leap out at me from the darkness—just an instant of reflection, as though thrown against a screen by some flash of light—the unmistakable face of a negro. And his was a hideous visage; the memory of it lingers with me yet. Swift as it appeared and vanished in that burst of flame, I shall never forget the glare of the man's eyes, the malignant snarl of the open lips, the teeth cruel and snag-like, and the yellowish-black of his face. It was as if I held some foul fiend of hell in my grip.

Yet startled as I was by this apparition, his view of me had no less an effect. Even in that single instant of revelation, the hate in his eyes changed to fear, to uncontrollable panic; his lips gave vent to a wild cry, an exclamation in mongrel French, and, before I could stiffen in resistance, or recover from my own shock, the fellow flung his pistol at me, and jerked free. The flying weapon tore a gash

in my scalp, but his haste and fear proved his own undoing. Half stunned as I was by the blow, I heard him spring to his feet, the dull crash of his head as he struck the hardwood slab of the low roof, and then the thud of a body on the tunnel floor. In his haste, his desperation, his strange fight, he had forgotten where he was, and attempted to spring erect. My head reeled, the blood from this new cut trickling down my cheek. The negro lay motionless in the darkness; I could not even distinguish his breath-

ing, although I hesitated, listening intently, half fearing some trick.

What had frightened the fellow so? What had brought that look of insane terror into his eyes? It was as if he stared at a ghost, the very sight of which had crazed him. I mastered my own nerves, and crept forward along the passage, feeling blindly in advance with one outstretched hand, until it came in contact with the man's figure. He lay full length on the tunnel floor, and I had to find my way over him to reach his head. It was difficult to touch him, to place my fingers against his flesh. The memory of those snarling, wolfish lips, and that yellow skin, caused me to shrink from direct contact. Yet I must assure myself. I could not leave the man lying there, possibly to recover consciousness and do injury. Of one thing I was assured—this French negro could be no friend.

With clinched teeth, I touched the coarse hair with my fingers; then the forehead. The flesh retained some warmth; yet the feeling was not natural—it seemed lifeless. For the instant this appeared impossible. Why, he did it himself; he crashed his own skull against the slab. Yet I could not make the affair seem real, or probable. And a negro! I had seen few of the race, but had always been told they were of thick skull; but if this man was actually dead, his head must have been smashed like an egg-shell. And it was—I found the gash a moment later, the jagged edge of bone. The fellow was dead, stone dead; there was no heat to his heart, no throbbing pulse. Still dazed by the discovery, I ran my fingers along the roof overhead, hoping to find something there which would account for the mystery. No flat surface could ever have jabbed that wound. Ah! I felt it—the sharp point of a stake protruding between the logs. The poor fellow had struck that with sufficient force to penetrate the brain.

I conquered my abhorrence, and searched him, finding tobacco, a knife—an ugly weapon—flint and steel, a few coins, and some powder and rifle balls. There were no pistol bullets, and the thought occurred to me that the smaller weapon probably did not belong to him; he had appropriated it elsewhere. I crept about, and across the body, searching for it in vain, but I found the rifle, and took time to test its flint, and load it.

I was still engaged at this task, blindly feeling about in the dark for everything needed, and always conscious of that dead body beside me, when I suddenly detected smoke—not the puff of powder which still clung to the passage, but the acrid, pungent odor of burning wood. Even as I began to breathe the fumes they increased in intensity; the narrow tunnel filling rapidly with the smoke waves, and setting me to coughing. I realized at once what had happened. Mademoiselle's word of warning coming back to mind—they were burning the cabin, and through some orifice the smoke was being swept down into this underground passage. If there were no outlet, no way by which it could escape again to the open air, I must die there in that black hole, choked and suffocated. I might lie there forever beside this hideous negro; lie there until our bones rotted, and we also became earth. The horror of the thought brought me to my



"Now Push Yourself Down, Monsieur! I Say You Must!"

knees. Already the air was stifling, my lungs laboring heavily for breath as the smoke clouds filled the passage. Only as I bent my nostrils close against the earthen floor could I find life-giving air.

Even in my terror I clung to the negro's rifle desperately. The entrance leading forth into the cave-cellar must be closed, or the smoke cloud would never be so dense and suffocating. To open it might require strength, the blows of the gun stock. If I retained power to burst my way through I must

hurry. Already I felt my head reel dizzily, my open lips gulping for air. I crept forward recklessly in the dark, bruising my body against the sides of the tunnel, actually feeling the thick-

ening smoke swirl about me in dense clouds. I gasped for breath, and drew a bit of cloth about nose and mouth, a slight protection. I was panic-stricken, overcome by sudden horror. Yet some nature within compelled me to struggle on. Suddenly I came to a body lying lengthwise of the passage, the head to the south. This new discovery was a shock, yet seemed to affect me little. I was too intent on my own escape to be halted by a dead man; to even think what it meant, or how the fellow came to be there. To me, at that instant, he was but an obstacle, blocking my progress.

I crawled over him, as though he was no more than a stone in the path, yet as one hand came down in the dark on the upturned face, I experienced a sudden thrill—the flesh was warm, the man lived. Barely had my numbed mind grasped this helplessly, when my rifle barrel, thrust before me, struck the end of the passage, the faint sound of contact signifying wood. Not three feet extended between the man's head and this barrier which blocked us from the outside air. Desperate, half crazed indeed, not only by my own situation, but also by the memory of those bodies behind in the dark tunnel, I found scant knee-room in the small space, and fumbled madly about for some latch. The surface was of wood, roughly faced, but smooth, save for what might be a handle in the middle, a mere strip, bevelled to give finger-hold. I pulled at this in vain; then pushed with my shoulder against the oak, but the wood held firm. Weak as I was, and in so crumpled a position, I could bring to bear but small strength. To batter the door down was the only hope left; no matter what noise resulted, or the possibility of capture by the savages, I could not lie there and choke to death in that place of horror. Better any danger than such a fate. I drew back and struck, the power of fear giving strength to my arms. Again and again I drove the iron-bound rifle stock against the hard oak. I left the center and attacked the sides, feeling the wood give slightly. Encouraged by this I redoubled my efforts, centralizing my blows on one spot, until certain the tightly jammed door was being driven from the groove. It was hot and stifling; the perspiration, streamed from me; the smoke was suffocating, deadly. I gasped and choked, my head swam with dizziness. I felt my strength ebbing away; despair clutched me. Yet I struck—no longer with clear intent, but automatically, driving the heavy gun butt against the slowly yielding wood, with every pound of strength I had left. It seemed as if I had struck my last blow—I believe now I had; I believe my body fell with it—I cannot remember clearly—only I know the wood gave way, and I fell forward into light and air, my face without, my body still in the tunnel.

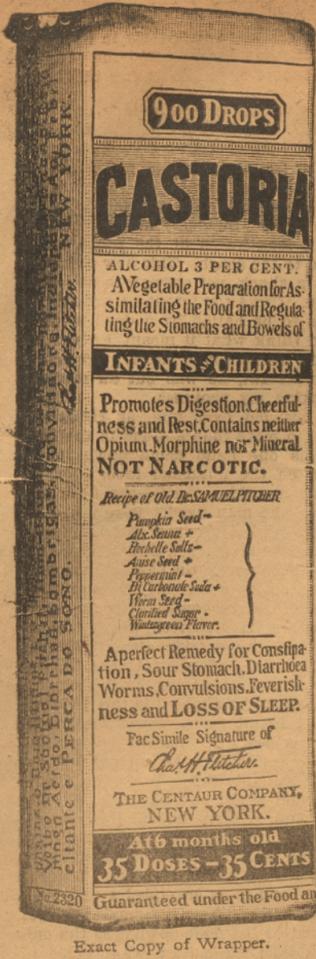
Merciful mother! How I gulped in those first refreshing breaths; how the clogged lungs rejoiced. It seemed as if I could never get enough. I could hardly detect objects, although I lifted my head, and sought to gaze about, for my eyes were blinded by so suddenly emerging into the bright light after those hours of darkness. Clouds of smoke swept over me, and poured out through the open door of the cellar. As strength and purpose came back I sat up, and began to perceive my surroundings. A glimpse of blue sky, and, sounding far away, a medley of discordant cries came thread-like to my ears. These served to restore my wandering senses. The Indians were still on the island; some might be close enough at hand to observe that column of smoke pouring forth from the cellar door, and wonder how it came there. Yet there was nothing I could do but remain hidden; to venture into the open would only expose me to greater danger. I glanced back into the tunnel, suddenly remembering the man who still lived. If he were out, the door might be forced back into place again, that volume of smoke suppressed.

I refastened the cloth across my face, and crept back into the tunnel until I was able to grip the fellow's arms. He was a large man, clothed as a white; I even thought I felt braid on his sleeves; and, as I drew him toward me by a mighty effort, the light streaming in revealed a red jacket.

CHAPTER XV.

I Meet My Double.

The probability that the man was a British officer, whose life depended on my exertions, nerved me anew. No matter who he might prove to be, whether friend or foe, he was of my race and blood, and evidently the victim of treacherous attack. First of all I must get him out of that stifling hole into pure air, and discover the nature of his injuries. It was no easy task dragging the heavy body through the narrow entrance, and across the dislodged door. It had to be accomplished by sheer strength of arm, for I worked on my knees, choked by the foul



CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria

Always Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

900 DROPS

CASTORIA

ALCOHOL 3 PER CENT.
A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of

INFANTS & CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. **NOT NARCOTIC.**

Recipe of Old Dr. J. C. WELLS

Plankia Seed -
Aloe Sassa -
Rhubarb Sals -
Aloe Seed -
Pimento -
Dill Caronole Sals -
Verm Seed -
Clarified Sugar -
Mustard Flower.

Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Fac-Simile Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher

THE CENTAUR COMPANY,
NEW YORK.

At 6 months old
35 Doses - 35 CENTS

Guaranteed under the Food and Drug Act.

"Diversification," says the circular, "and the production of home supplies is the only safe plan to follow." Landlords are urged to see that their tenants follow this plan, and bankers and merchants to cooperate by furnishing the credit which may be necessary to enable farmers to place themselves on the sound financial basis that diversified farming will ultimately bring.

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 every Saturday night at M. W. A. Hall, Cross Plains, Tex
M. C. Baum, Clerk

W. O. W. Camp No. 778.
Meets every Saturday 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 Friday night at 8:30 at the I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. W. Barr, Sec.

M. E. Church, South.

Preaching each 1st and 3rd Sundays at 11 a. m. and 8:15 p. m.
Sunday school each Sunday 10 a. m. R. P. Odom, Supt.
Prayer meeting each Wednesday 7:30 p. m.
Woman's Home Mission Society meets Thursdays before the 2nd and 4th Sundays of each month. Mrs. Alvis Pres.
You are cordially invited to attend all our church services.

Presbyterian Church.

Presbyterian church, preaching on 1st and 3rd Sundays at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m.
Sunday school at 10 a. m. Regular session meeting, Friday, 3 p. m.

Baptist Church.

Preaching 2nd & 4th Sundays at 11 a. m. and 8:30 p. m. Sunday School begins 10 a. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday night at 8:15. Ladies Aid Mondays 3:30 p. m.
Junior B. Y. P. U. meets every Sunday 3 p. m. Senior B. Y. P. U. 4 p. m.
Pastor.

Burkett Lodge Directory

M. W. A. No. 12642
meets every 3rd Saturday night in each month in W. O. W. Hall.
B. D. Wesley, Clerk

W. O. W. No. 666
meets 2nd and last Saturday in each month.
B. D. Wesley, Clerk

I O O F

meets every Monday night in W O W Hall

Burkett Grove No. 1453
Woodmen Circle, meets first and third Saturday afternoon at three o'clock W O W Hall.
Elsie M. Cochran Clerk
Burkett Texas

DENTIST

Dr. Mary L. S. Graves
Office over Farmers Nat'l Bank, Cross Plains, Texas.
Phone 24; Office hours 8:30 to 5

Dr. TYSON

Office 1st Door South of The Racket Store.
Office Phone 50; Resid't 167

W A PAYNE

Painter and Decorater

Estimates Cheerfully Furnished
Phone 42 Cross Plains

Dr. E.H. RAMSEY

DENTIST

OVER FARMER'S NATIONAL BANK



SUCCESSFUL CANDIDATES

The following were nominated for office at the Democratic primary, July 25th:

- For District Attorney for 42nd Judicial District
N. N. Rosenberg of Breckenridge
- For County Clerk:
Chas. Noudyke, of Cottonwood
- For County Tax Collector
W E Melton
- For County Treasurer
W. F. (Pit) Ramsey
- For Superintendent of Public Instruction
S E Settle
- For County Tax Assessor:
M. G. Farmer.
- For Sheriff:
J. (John) A. Moore
- For County Commissioner P. No. 4
Milton Houston of Cottonwood.
- For Constable Precinct No. 6
W. A. [Alfred] Petterson.
- For Public Weigher of Precinct No. 6
Martin Neeb
- For Justice of the Peace of Precinct No. 6.
P. Smith

PERSONAL MENTION

Cross Plains Review for one year for \$1.00.

Carlisle, the eldest son of Roy Bond, who has been threatened with dyptheria, is able to be up.

Special cash prices on men's pants—at Carter's.

Miss Blanche Williams left Friday for her home at Abilene, stopping a few days at Baird with friends.

Let me take the De Laval in your home and show you what a fine separator it is.—Joe Shackelford

SEE US

for warm overshirts, regular \$2.00 grade for \$1.25.
THE RACKET STORE

Miss Vera Scartorough and her father and Miss Gussie Lee Farmer have moved to the Pulley residence just across the street from Mr. Adkisson's residence.

Wanted: To trade Lumber for good saddle.—Joe Shackelford

C C Comper of Abilene was in town the middle of the week. He was here in the interest of some real estate deals.

DON'T FORGET

that we save you big money on underwear.
THE RACKET STORE

Remember the De Laval can be bought for \$40.00 and up and on good terms. (adv)

Millinery as cheap as cotton—at Carter's.

WANTED—Stock to graze 800 acres of land. Good grass and water. Can pasture 200 head of cattle or horses.
Frank Thate and healthy maner.

Wanted: Any who is in arrears to The Review and has more time and wood than money might bring us a load or two of the same and get credit.

S R Cade has returned from a trip to Lynn county where he bot a section of land. His post office will be Slayton, Lubbock county. He states that he has a choice piece of land, and that thus far he is well pleased with the country.

Window glass, putty, linseed oil, paints, varnishes, colors in oils, etc. Shackelford Lmbr. Yard

Get prices on everything from—Carter.

FOR COTTON GROWERS

(Continued from page No. 1)
meat. Hogs, too, can easily be raised for home consumption, and beef cattle as well.

It is obvious that if the farmer follows this advice he will plant less cotton. Much of the acreage that he has in the past devoted to this cash crop will now be required to produce food crops. This is precisely the result that is desired. It is probable that some millions of bales of cotton will have to be carried over from this year's crop. If there is no decrease in the cotton acreage and no increase in the quantity of food products raised, the price of cotton must necessarily continue to be low and the cost of living high. This condition is at the bottom of the demand that some means be found to restrict the cotton acreage in the coming year. Experience, however, has shown that such movements result not in a decrease but in an actual increase. Each man believes that his neighbors will plant less cotton and that the price will consequently go up. He determines, therefore, to take advantage of this by planting all the cotton he can. On the other hand, specialists in the Department of Agriculture believe that if the real value of diversified farming be once thoroughly understood the cotton acreage will be reduced in a natural

The Crystal Cafe

We are running the Cafe, on North 8th Street by the Postoffice, and will appreciate a part of your business.

T. E. Henson, Prop.

THE BENNETT HOTEL

Successor to Traveling Man's Hotel
Under New Management

In a quiet and convenient location. The very best of service guaranteed. Give us a trial and be convinced.

BENNETT BROTHERS, Prop's.

HUSBAND RESCUED DESPAIRING WIFE

After Four Years of Discouraging Conditions, Mrs. Bullock Gave Up in Despair. Husband Came to Rescue.

Catron, Ky.—In an interesting letter from this place, Mrs. Bettie Bullock writes as follows: "I suffered for four years, with womanly troubles, and during this time, I could only sit up for a little while, and could not walk anywhere at all. At times, I would have severe pains in my left side.

The doctor was called in, and his treatment relieved me for a while, but I was soon confined to my bed again. After that, nothing seemed to do me any good.

I had gotten so weak I could not stand, and I gave up in despair.

At last, my husband got me a bottle of Cardui, the woman's tonic, and I commenced taking it. From the very first dose, I could tell it was helping me. I can now walk two miles without its tiring me, and am doing all my work." If you are all run down from womanly troubles, don't give up in despair. Try Cardui, the woman's tonic. It has helped more than a million women, in its 50 years of continuous success, and should surely help you, too. Your druggist has sold Cardui for years. He knows what it will do. Ask him. He will recommend it. Begin taking Cardui today.

Write to: Chattanooga Medicine Co., Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions on your case and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent in plain wrapper. J-62