

The CROSS PLAINS REVIEW

VOL. 5

CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS, FRIDAY, MARCH 5, 1915.

NO. 51



THE FARMERS NAT'L BANK

CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS

Capital and Surplus, \$30,000.00.

We Bank On You; You Bank With Us.

PREMIUM FOR SCHOOL PUPILS

To the first school boy or girl sending us two new subscriptions to The Review for one year each we will send The Youth's Companion until the first of 1916. The Youth's Companion is beyond parley the best paper published for young folks and good for older people. If you are not first we will see that you are liberally rewarded for your efforts, anyway.

The De Laval the separator you will eventually buy.

SPECIAL OFFERINGS

Of dishes this week.
THE RACKET STORE

FOR SALE—Kaffir corn and red top cane seed, all absolutely pure \$1.00 per bushel. Also headed maize and feterita, baled and bundle cane.—W. M. Wright, 1 1/2 miles northeast of town. 8mar5

THE EASY WAY

is daily selling lots of nice furniture for me and making it possible for many to buy what they want and need without having to pay at once. Come in and let me explain the installment plan to you.—Rutherford.

PERSONAL MENTION

G. W. Davis and family have moved into the Hazelwood house.

Let Watkins show you the latest in photos.

Miss Bertha Bennett of Gorman is visiting her brother J. W. Bennett.

Baby Walkers for rent at Furn. Store.

Mrs. E. C. Boydston is visiting her parents at Weatherford.

When in need of a nice coffin or casket at cheap prices, see Rutherford.

Joe Eldridge of Anson has been visiting relatives and friends here this week.

Don't forget that Photographer Watkins will be in Cross Plains next week, March 8 to 13th.

Mrs. Tom McClure of Pioneer spent Friday night of last week with Mrs. J. T. Gilbert.

Remember that Watkins makes faces for a living let him make yours next week.

Wes Everett of Cottonwood was here Wednesday, and while here remembered The Review with a substantial payment on subscription.

J. W. Bennett the tinner returned the first of the week from a trip to Gorman where he was called on account the sickness of his father.

Frank Bryson has bought a bunch of hogs from Durk Jones and a Mr. Whitinger of Atwell. delivery made Tuesday.

W. N. Black of Sabanno was in town Wednesday. The Review has authorized Mr. Black to represent it in the capacity of correspondent and agent in his community.

Homer and Willis Brown of the Sabanno neighborhood were here the middle of the week. While here Homer had The Review sent to his address, for which we thank him.

JUST IN

More packages of Wright's Liquid Smoke to sell at 75c.

THE RACKET STORE

Remember that The Review can take your subscription for any paper or periodical published and wants to take it. We can save you money.

IT IS POSSIBLE

for you to get that new furniture you want and pay for it as you make it at Rutherford's. Come in and see for yourself how I sell so you can have what you want.

SPRING HOSIERY

See our Hosiery and compare prices before you buy. The savings amount to a third or more.

THE RACKET STORE

Subscribe for The Review.

A NEW SUIT FOR SPRING

Before you order a new suit of clothes come and see my samples. I have the latest and swell est line of samples to be found, and I guarantee to fit you correctly. My years' of experience is worth something.

Tartt The Tailor.

Regardless of what you are want to subscribe for send your subscription thru the Review. You can at least give that much business to your home paper. Clubbing rates made with all publications from The Pitchfork up. We can save you money.

Holland's Magazine or Farm & Ranch 10 months 50c. Both 10 months and The Review one year \$1.75. Either one 10 months and The Review one year \$1.40.

FRESH CANDY

When you buy Candy here you get it fresh. We receive fresh candy every week.

THE CANDY SHOP.

Want to trade a new Stephens shot gun or repeating rifle and old saddle for a good saddle. Call at this office.

LET US REPEAT

The Review shouldn't cost you but 75c. We can make it that to almost everybody.

WHEN THEY LINED THE NILE

Primitive Weapon of Destruction Might Have Been a Great Success but for One Reason.

At a time when submarine mines must be much in Mr. Winston Churchill's thoughts one wonders whether he ever recalls his early experiences of those destructive agents in the Sudan campaign of 1898. As the British troops approached Omdurman the Khalifa Abdullah conceived the idea of upsetting the British gunboat expedition by mining the Nile. A former officer of the Egyptian army whom he had long held prisoner was ordered by the khalifa to construct a couple of mines, which were produced forthwith. They were primitive in form, consisting, in fact, of two old iron boilers stuffed with gunpowder, in which was concealed a pistol with a string attached to the trigger whereby the charge could be exploded. The first mine was laid by the Ismailia, worked by a native crew, and demonstrated its efficiency by exploding on the instant, sinking the Ismailia and killing the crew, including the mine constructor.

The khalifa was delighted, not at the accident, but at the testimony to the power of the invention, and immediately ordered the emir in charge of his arsenal to lay the second mine. The emir, profiting by experience, insured his safety by putting the Nile into the boiler before he put the boiler into the Nile. He then carried out the immersion successfully, to the joy of Abdullah, who loaded him with "presents and praises."—Manchester Guardian.

French Statesman and Artist. Premier M. Viviani, who gave out the answer of France to the German ultimatum, is essentially an artist. He knows the line and the works of every living French painter of prominence. It is said that no poet has gained renown in France in the last generation without a gracious word from him, uttered at a time when the poet was still striving for recognition.

De Laval Cream Separators

Four Different Kinds of Silos

PRICES on TULSA SILO

16-Ton Silo	\$85.00	erected on your farm ready to fill
20-Ton "	105.00	" " " " " " " "
30-Ton "	115.00	" " " " " " " "
36-Ton "	130.00	" " " " " " " "

50-Ton Silo	\$140.00	erected on your farm ready to fill
60-Ton "	160.00	" " " " " " " "
72-Ton "	175.00	" " " " " " " "
100-Ton "	225.00	" " " " " " " "

Remember, we are prepared to build you any kind of silo you want, but after taking everything into consideration we don't believe you can beat the Tulsa. "FEWER ACRES & BIGGER PRICES."

SHACKELFORD LUMBER YARD

Glass, Building Paper

D. Voe Paints and Oils

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.

Rain has been falling with more or less regularity since Friday, giving us a precipitation up to Wednesday of about two inches. Rather this regularity of rainfall has been noticed for some several weeks. When misfortunes come they come in single fill, etc., and the converse which is that good fortune must come the same way is true. Hence our plentiful rain this year, following the exceptional good rainfall of last year.

That we are going to have sufficient rain this spring is pretty well presaged by the fact that we have been having rainfall in such a plentitude so far. We are informed that weather prophets predict a very rainy year. If their predictions are true, this should be a better year for us than for those farther east, for the rainfall increases to the east. When we have what we need those to our east may have more than they need. When they have about what they want we likely suffer from droughts. So one's gain is another's loss, etc.

As we see it there are a number of reasons why people should trade with their home merchants. You may not be obligated to trade with your home merchant's he may not ask for your business thru the channels all mail order houses and other progressive firms use. He may not at all times have treated you just the way you would like for him to have treated you. The home merchant may not every time have just what you want. He may not every time quote you as cheap a price on an article as you can get quoted elsewhere. But it is seldom that you cannot find somewhere in your town articles as cheap as John M. Smith would sell them. This is a fact; often some of your home merchants will sell an article cheaper, and never asked more for it, than the mail order house sells it for. Perhaps the one fails to push his business (by some kind of advertising, of course), whereas the other always keeps his wares before you. But look over that; we are all human and make mistakes.

But do you know that if you send your money out of the country, you freeze out your home merchant, that your town will inevitably suffer, your schools become inferior, your churches decay, your roads become poorer (not here, that being impossible), your farm actually deteriorate in value. If cutting out your home merchants does not tend to produce these effects, then we must acknowledge our inability to reason. Your roads, your schools, your churches, the value in dollars and cents of your farms, depend upon the condition of the town you live near. Try to sell your farm to

munity and you will find all this to be true.

There are a few minor reasons why one should buy his goods at home. He can always see and tell what he is getting. There are no misfits and not so much chance for deception in quality of goods, nor no so much likelihood of being imposed upon in the way of getting goods out of date. He gets his goods now and new. He takes no chances in having to return goods on account of their getting broken in shipment, or putting in accounts to the railroad. He pays a dollar at home for an article; that dollar goes toward the payment of a clerk; the clerk may take it and buy butter and eggs from the produce house who has bought the butter from the original possessor of the dollar, and so on ad finitum. A dollar thus put in circulation may return numberless times, like a boomerang, to bless the man that first turned it lose. But when it once goes to a mail order house it unquestionably has got out of the range of its boomerang propensities. It has gone out of his life probably forever.

This process of reasoning applies to the home merchant in the buying of his wares, as well as it does to the consumer. He should at all times give preference to goods made at home or his home county or his state, or his section of the nation. He should buy, if possible, his brooms from farmers who make them for a living in his territory; he should buy all the produce that he deals in from his customers; he should use wood, if farmers have wood to sell, rather than send his money to Colorado or elsewhere for coal; (parenthetically, allow us to say, with apologies, that he should have all of his printing done at home); he should, for instance, buy his cotton goods from Texas mills, and likewise his woolen goods, etc.

All this applies with equal force to those running newspapers. We will venture that newspaper men come nearer following this regime than any other class of men. Are they any more concerned than are merchants? We trow not.

This is not written in a didactic spirit. It may be out of place, but there is one thing we know, that as an academic proposition the things we have waid are almost axiomatic and do not require proof. In fact, we very much doubt that anybody will question anything we have said.

COUNTRY CORRESPONDENTS!

To insure insertion your letters must be here not later than Tuesday of each week. We go to press on Thursday.

Burkett Items.

Bob Colvin had a nice little wolf race one morning last week lasting about two hours when his dogs caught wolf in Oscar Gray's pasture. Also little Elick Thate killed a large wolf with a 22 rifle.

Earl Brown, who has been up at Goldsboro, returned Saturday.

Mr. Peeyy gavethe young folks a play party as a celebration of Washington's birthday on the night of February 22.

Ervin George of Ballinger visited his sister Mrs. Calvin Baker Sat-

urday night and Sunday.

We have on our sick list this week: Barney Lindley, Mrs. Leah Strickland.

Miss Myrtle Wesley was struck by a base ball while at the ball game Monday making a slight bruise on her face. We are glad that it did not hurt her any worse.

Henry Wooten bought a mule from Frank Brown, paying \$75.00 for the same.

Jesse George of Moran, is visiting his sister, Mrs. Calvin Baker.

The entertainment at J. Warren Golson's Saturday night was enjoyed by all present.

Bert Brown has rented land from J. C. Brown to work this year.

Lilbern Morgan returned from Fisher county one day last week singing, "there is no place like Burkett and good old Burkett people."

Dr. Pendleton is in New Orleans taking a course in surgerv.

Charley Hunter and wife spent Saturday night and Sunday at Mrs. Nobia Brown's.

Bud Golson and wife and Arch Harris and wife spent Sunday at Frank Brown's.

Miss Winnie Tabor is now making her home at Mrs. Susie Lindley's.

Miss Ruby Harwell has been visiting her brother, Luke Harwell of Sabanno.

Ed Hughes has moved back to Burkett.

Pete Hughes is working with Fayette Wright in the blacksmith shop.

Joe Wright has returned from Oplin.

Earl Brown went to Coleman Rambler.

Pioneer Locals

Farming will be delayed in this vicinity for a few days on account of the late rain which fell Friday and Saturday night.

Bob Curry of this place has recently purchased a Ford car.

Mrs. Lizzie Browning has been on the sick list for the past week.

Mr. Will Canterbury and family of Admiral are visiting home folks at this place this week.

Messrs. J. T. Crosby and T. J. McClure made a business trip to Cross Plains Saturday afternoon.

Bro. Summers filled his regular appointment at the Baptist church here Sunday.

Grover Curry of Romney was in Pioneer last week assessing taxes.

School is progressing very nicely at present. Up to date there has been about 150 pupils enrolled.

Frank Bryson of near Cross Plains bought a load of hogs from M. B. Nix at this place last Saturday. Dixie.

Burnt Branch News

Several farmers in this community were contemplating planting corn this week, but were detained on account of the rain Friday night and the norther Sunday.

J. H. Warren made a business trip to Baird Tuesday and was a witness to the disposal of "the baby" that was given away Friday night at that place.

J. M. Ferguson from Cottonwood was in the community Friday; his daughter, Miss Etta, accompanied him home.

Lola Ford, age 3, drank coal oil through mistake for water Saturday morning and was real sick for about three hours.

Mrs. [Name] from Allan [Name] has been

BRAZELTON-PRYOR & COMPANY

Dealers In

Lumber, Brick, Lime, Cement,

Sherwin-Williams Paints,

Cedar Posts, Builder's Hardware

SASH DOORS MOULDING WINDOW GLASS

CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS

THE CENTRAL HOTEL

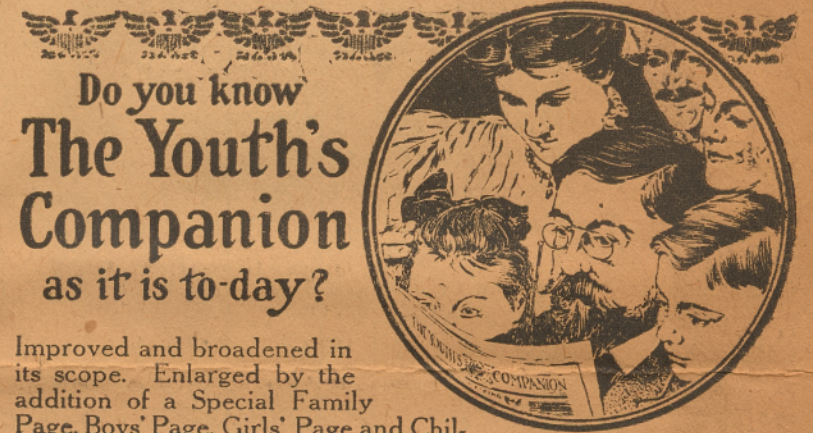
LOCATED CLOSE IN

MEALS 25c

BEDS 25c

GIVE US A TRIAL

JIM CROSS, PROPRIETOR



Do you know The Youth's Companion as it is to-day?

Improved and broadened in its scope. Enlarged by the addition of a Special Family Page, Boys' Page, Girls' Page and Chil-

FREE TO JAN. 1914 Cut this out and send it with \$2.00 for The Companion for 1914, and we will send FREE all the issues for the remaining weeks of 1913 and The Youth's Companion Practical House Calendar for 1914. THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, BOSTON, MASS.

dren's Page. Great serial stories, 250 short stories. A remarkable Editorial Page. Current Events and Science. A wealth of variety and quality, and all of it the best. Illustrated Announcement for 1914 free on request.

Remember — 52 Times a Year, Not 12

Great Family Combination Offer

We do not know of any Family Weekly that we can more heartily recommend to our readers than The Youth's Companion. It gives us pleasure, therefore, to announce that we have arranged with the publishers to make the following offer.

The Review and The Companion both one year for \$2.50.

visiting her parents.

J. T. Riggs and wife returned to their home the latter part of the week.

Mrs. Charlie Hale and little daughter Hazel from Owens, Brown county, is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. V. A. Mauldin.

Harry Warren, who has been boarding and going to school at Cottonwood has come home and is now going from home accompanied by his sister Herendon.

Mrs. Richardson, Mrs. J. H. Warren's mother, is on the sick list this week.

Ernest Riggs and wife spent Saturday night with Iva Odora and wife.

Bro. Gilleland filled at his regular appointment Sunday.

The singing at Mrs. Scarborough's was only attended by a few; the out of the community guests were Burvill Ferguson from Cottonwood.

Mrs. Carl Murdock returned home to Cross Plains Saturday after a week's stay with John Aiken and wife.

Lee Morris and family from Sipe Springs are here looking after property interests and visiting relatives and friends.

Miss Mary Lee Drury is suffering from la grippe this week.

The two negroes that have been

working for Otis and Price Odora have left for other climes.

The De Laval the separator you will eventually use.

Rubbered Roofing, \$1.50 per square. — Shackelford's Lumber Yard.

GET YOUR PIANO TUNED NOW

Hub Harrell with Hall Music Co. of Brownwood will tune and repair your piano at war time prices. If in the market for piano can furnish anything you want easy payment and trade for anything you have also have Victrolas and Phonographs on easy terms.

Will be in Cross Plains country several weeks. Leave any word at The Review office. mar

COMMON SENSE

Exterminator kills rats. Guaranteed. T. T. McCord.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children

In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the Signature of J. C. H. Fletcher

900 DROPS

CASTORIA

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

INFANTS & CHILDREN

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

Recipe of *Old Dr. S. M. C. PITCHER*

*Purified Suet -
Aloe -
The White Sulfur -
Castor Oil -
Peppermint -
The Carbonate Soda -
Vitamin -
Cinnamon Sugar -
Vanilla Flavor.*

A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and **LOSS OF SLEEP.**

Fac Simile Signature of
Chas. H. Hutchins.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY,
NEW YORK.

At 6 months old
35 Doses - 35 CENTS

Guaranteed under the Food and Drug Act

Exact Copy of Wrapper.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Mothers Know That
Genuine Castoria
Always
Bears the
Signature
of
Chas. H. Hutchins.
In
Use
For Over
Thirty Years
CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

BURNT BRANCH CULLINGS

Feb. 22.—Herman lit out for the "breezy west" on the hunt of a job, but like the politicians after the pie there are two men for every job. He will visit his uncle, Judge F. O. Aikens at Stanton.

Otis and Dorse Odom have two negro boys, about 17 years old, at work for them and the boys are good workers and stay strictly in their places and are obedient and polite. There is a prejudice against the negro in Callahan county, but for the life of me I can't see why as long as they conduct themselves properly and stay in a negro's place. We cannot utilize their labor, farm hands are scarce and at a premium. But give the white man the preference, all things considered.

Mrs. R. B. Garrett of Cross Plains is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Hugh McDermott who has been very sick, though we are glad to report her better at this writing.

Will Cutbirth is down looking after interest, also the inimitable "Fritz."

Going to taters with an extra row of the early variety for "Uncle Bill."

A farmer took 1,000 lbs of seed cotton to the Terminal and realized \$2.10 per lbs, a little bit more than the picking. This looks like 20c cotton next fall, doesn't it?

Uncle Bill Bryson and others shipped a car load of hogs from the Terminal this week. The hog business is coming to the front through the efforts of the Hog Club and Review.

Visited town this week and found wheat, oats, goobers, and corn on the move, wheat at \$1.25, oats about 65c, goobers improved in price and cotton—blamed if I know.

Herman Aiken has returned from "the bounding west" and footed it from Admiral.

Met my old friend Heason of Cross Plains. He is a grand old timer and "dyed in the wool" Republican and don't give a blame who knows it.

Our young friend Gray Powell has our thanks for many kindness shown without money or price. Gray is a good boy and I prize him highly.

They are gardening on Uncle Charley Neeb's place to beat six bits. Uncle Charley raises vegetables, not "sheol" he lets the other fellow do that.

Uncle Bill Neeb broke down his auto, borrowed a horse and buggy and went for repairs.

Capt. Andy Hudson is out on the cow buy, a buyer for every maverick and more to follow.

The school children at Cottonwood acted the part of the part of the good Samaritan on Saturday last when they picked up the cotton crop of C. W. Wortly. Charley has been unfortunate indeed the death angel depriving him of his wife and child.

Our old friend G. J. Steel of Dressy has moved from the old home stead to a place near Caddo Peak, while the boys, Raymond and Lane, hold down the old home—"Juan" in Baird Star.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm. NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. It is sold by all Druggists. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Remedy.

(Continued from 4th page)

wild man.
"Wild man!" Edith exclaimed.
"Black, of course!"
"No. White!"
"A white wild man! How strange! Why did you not get his story?"
"We couldn't," Jones replied. "He was a sort of human island entirely surrounded by wild animals. And our Kafirs refused to try to find him for us. He was wild, yet, somehow, Miss Wayne, in the one brief encounter I had with that wild man there was something about him that deeply interested me. He seemed to be—completely in tune with the wild."
Edith started.

"In tune with the wild!" she cried, in a low, thoughtful tone. "How coincidental! Those were the very words my father often used—in tune with the wild! Captain Jones, tell me more of this wild man."
But just then Uncle Steve appeared, looking for Edith.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Great Revelation.

They returned to the dance floor. Edith danced with Capt. Duncan Jones—just one brief tango—and then Uncle Steve put her wrap about her and led her to the waiting motor. Captain Jones saw them off, and Edith said to him:

"You must call and meet my mother, Captain Jones—tomorrow evening."

"Yes, dine with us," Uncle Steve put in. "My sister would derive so much pleasure from a talk with you."

"And, oh, Captain Jones," Edith said, "do bring those photographs you told me about. And be sure you bring in particular the one showing the wild man."

The following evening Captain Jones dined, en famille, with the Wayne family. After dinner Jones and Uncle Steve foregathered in the smoking den and puffed their cigars till Edith entered, saying:

"I just can't wait, captain. I want to see those photographs right away."

Jones produced the photographs. Together the three examined them one by one, till suddenly Edith sat trans-



"It's My Robert!"

fixed with a certain one of the pictures in her hand.

"Who is that?" she asked, indicating a figure in the photograph.

"That's the wild man," answered Jones. "See! He is standing there denouncing my friends for killing those two lions."

A photograph of Edith's father—as he appeared at the time of his supposed death—stood in a frame on the table. A long minute Edith compared the two pictures—the one in the frame and the unmounted kodak picture.

"Captain! Uncle Steve!" she cried. "Look! Look! This wild man—why, it's father—I'm sure of it!"

Half an hour later the three friends entered the library where Mrs. Wayne sat in her invalid chair asleep.

"Mother!" whispered Edith.

Mrs. Wayne awoke.

"Are you prepared for good news—great news—wonderful news, Mollie?" Uncle Steve asked.

"Why, yes, Steve. I feel remarkably strong tonight. What has happened?"

"Look at this picture—and then at this," Uncle Steve said, handing Mrs. Wayne the two photographs, one showing the wild man of the jungle and the other showing Dr. Robert Wayne as a missionary.

"Robert!" she presently exclaimed in a tone of transcendent joy. "It's my Robert!"

Before Captain Duncan Jones left the Wayne bungalow that night he and Uncle Steve had planned the details of

a trip to British East Africa—a trip on which they would start the very next day.

Edith was to go with them. And when Edith laid her head on her pillow that night, she whispered softly: "Duncan, I love you."

CHAPTER XV.

The Wild Animal Pit.

In the Kafir village in British East Africa, where Amazu once reigned, Chief Boola now was ruler. Boola had many wives. After each successful raid on a neighboring tribe he would buy a new wife, paying for these spouses with the stolen cattle.

The favorite of all the wives of Chief Boola was the beautiful Sandili, for whom he had paid full eighty-five head of cattle.

Sandili was, moreover, a jealous wife. Every time Boola bought a new spouse Sandili would treat the newcomer as less than the dust beneath her feet and keep the poor woman thus in proper subjection. But at that she was a good-hearted Kafir woman. Though she insisted upon keeping her rivals in the harem at hard labor, she would never deliberately cause them bodily suffering. And because Sandili was a good-hearted woman, Edith Wayne would presently have reason to thank her stars.

Now, this same Chief Boola—successor to Amazu—had established a business new to Kafirland. He dug a deep, deep pit which served as a "storehouse" for the new business.

The enterprise was nothing less than the capture of wild animals. Leopards, lions, cheetahs and the like would be taken in nets and then Boola would throw these captive beasts into the deep pit, there to thrive on meat furnished by Boola till the coming of European traders in wild animals, to whom Boola would sell the beasts.

That Chief Boola was engaged in this wild animal enterprise and that he possessed a deep pit full of wild beasts of the jungle, Edith Wayne could again thank her stars.

For Edith Wayne was even now not so very far from the village and the pit and the wives of Chief Boola. With Uncle Steve, and with Capt. Duncan Jones, to whom she was now engaged to be married, and with the half hundred Kafirs forming their safari, Edith Wayne was encamped in the jungle.

Now, on a certain day in August, Edith and her party set forth on horses to look once again for a sign of the wild man. This particular morning, as luck would have it, the wild man had left his home in the Caves of the Hundred Lions and was even now wandering on the trail of a wounded leopard—a friend whose hurt he wished to heal.

This same morning, too, as luck would have it, Chief Boola and his men were abroad in the jungle, ready to capture wild animals and take them to the pit.

The result was that the wild man and Boola both saw the wounded leopard at about the same time. Which was all the worse for the leopard and for the wild man. For the leopard bounded away and never did get healed of its wound, while the wild man was roped by Boola and bound by Boola's men, hand and foot, and dragged back to Boola's village.

For Boola had often heard of the alleged power of this wild man over wild beasts. And he did not believe half the stories that were poured into his ears. So now, having captured this white man, he determined to test his prisoner's power by casting him into the deep pit with the wild animals.

"Feed him well over night," was Boola's order to his men, "and he will be all the bigger meal for the leopards in the pit in the morning."

CHAPTER XVI.

Another Victim for the Leopards.

At the very hour when Boola was taking the wild man a captive to his village Edith and Uncle Steve and Captain Jones found the entrance to the Caves of the Hundred Lions. There they discovered—the cross.

They knew that at last they had found the home of the wild man—the sanctuary of Doctor Wayne.

Till nearly nightfall they waited for the home-coming of the wild man. But Robert Wayne came not, for the simple reason that he was a captive in Boola's village, doomed to be lowered the next morning into the pit containing half a dozen leopards.

"Come, we must leave now, as night is falling," said Uncle Steve to Edith and Captain Jones. "With darkness, wild beasts will be coming forth from their lairs within this cave."

So back to their camp they rode, ate their supper and lay down to hopeful dreams of finding the wild man on the morrow.

In the morning, when Edith emerged from her tent, Uncle Steve informed her that Duncan had already gone forth to the Caves of the Hundred Lions in the hope of intercepting the wild man before he left this rock

(Continued on last page)

Don't fail to get one of Stark Bros' books on spraying. It's free. J. H. Shackelford.

The De Laval the separator you will eventually buy.

Farm & Ranch 10 months for 50c. Subscribe thru The Review. Holland's same way. Both for 10 months and Review for 1 year for \$1.75. Either one 10 m. and The Review 12 m. for \$1.40.

We are getting a number of clubbing subscriptions

NOTICE

The public is notified that we will not tolerate the playing of baseball or other games in the ball park on Sundays. We very respectfully ask that all boys and men take due notice of this and act accordingly. Tommie Greenwood and Jeff Stark, Owners.

DENTIST

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

CROSS PLAINS LIVERY BARN AND WAGON YARD

J. G. Aiken & Son, Props.
All Kinds of Livery Rigs at Reasonable Rates
Sell and Trade Horses

Dr. E.H. RAMSEY

DENTIST

OVER FARMER'S NATIONAL BANK

FOR SALE CHEAP

A scholarship in the Tyler Commercial College.

**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.

PERSONAL MENTION

Rev. Ussery is at Trickham holding a meeting.

Meet your friends at McCord's Saturday.

Get McCord's prices on racket goods and groceries.

Jim Moore and a Mr. Shannon of the Opium country were here Monday, trading.

T. J. Henson made a trip to Dublin Tuesday in the interest of his hog business.

For sale or trade for horses, a good piano. See A. C. Foster, Dressy, Texas. 3Feb19

Uncle Tom McClure and Jas. T. Crosby of Pioneer were in town Saturday night.

Mr. L. King of Pioneer was a Cross Plains visitor Saturday. He lives on the dividing line between our town and Rising Star.

Earl Grey of the Bayou near Burkett was in town Monday. He states that he is getting all the rain he needs.

Miss Ha Tarver of Walnut Springs is working for Higginbotham Trading Company in the capacity of trimmer in the millinery department.

C. C. Bernard was in town Friday night from a visit with his relatives W. B. Shirlev and family of north of town.

Dunk Jones of Atwell was in town Wednesday. He brought some red hogs to town and says that he will bring some of his fine Angora goats on next Trades Day.

Don't let your watch stop before you have it examined; take it to the shop, have it looked into. We will treat you right.

L. M. Bond,
Jeweler and Optician.

Diff Jones has decided to close out his stock of gents' furnishing goods and groceries and has put on a sale. You will note his ad in this issue. He doesn't state what he will do when he sells out.

Don't be afraid to give your children candy. Uncle Sam gives it to his soldiers and he's mighty careful what he feeds them.

T. T. McCord.

G. B. Gaines of Cross Plains last week brought 'bolly' cotton to town and on account of rain had to stay all night. He said that it took about half of the proceeds he got from his cotton to pay for the picking or rather the gathering.

Have your eyes tested and fitted with glasses. Satisfaction guaranteed.

L. M. Bond,
Jeweler and Optician.

J. S. Connelly of the Dressy neighborhood was in town early Monday morning on his way to visit his daughter at Brownwood who is attending Howard Payne College. His son Willis will not return to school at the same place for some few days.

C. E. Alvis returned home Saturday from a trip to St. Louis where he bought spring goods for the Davis-Garner & Co. store. Before going to market he accompanied his wife and son to Palacios where they will remain for an indefinite length of time.

Mrs. S. F. Bond and Frank Carpenter came in Friday from Temple with Frank's children. Mr. and Mrs. Martin Jones have taken to raise Mr. Carpenter's baby while Mr. and Mrs. Wiley Jones have taken two and Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Bond one of the children. Frank left Wednesday for Temple where he will hold his old job.

BE MORE, DO MORE, AND HAVE MORE

Continue what you are and where you are and you are what and where you will always be. The world of wage earners is a world of hoppers, wishers, and hesitators, held down by foolish doubts and empty fears. Endless thousands of bright, fine fellows whose wish-bone is where their back bone ought to be, are excusably afraid, halting, timid, clinging with the drowning man, grasp to their slender salaries because they think business is a mystery and they can never learn to transact it.

You must be more, have more and do more in this life or you will always be seeing other men that are better dressed getting more out of life, more of this world's enjoyments and comforts than you. We can point you to hundreds young men and women no smarter than you that are now successfully and happily engaged in a business of their own, because they attended our institution took a course of bookkeeping and shorthand or business administration and finance, prepared themselves to go into the business office and work along with trained men and become masters of the art of doing business.

Business is not happy-go-lucky haphazard sort of a thing. If you understand it thoroughly, you are sure to succeed. If you have never been trained, it is all left to luck and guess work.

Write for our catalog today and read the unsolicited testimonials from many of former students who are today demonstrating their success and the value of our training. Opportunity never comes to him who waits. It comes to him who goes after it with all there is in him, with a deep, burning, intense iron resolve of his inmost being. Read our catalogue carefully. Why not you be one of the 2000 that will go out of our institution this year into a good business office. Procrastination is a thief of time. Fill in the following blank and send in by return mail. It may be the turning point in your life.

Name
Address

Tyler Commercial College, Tyler,
Texas.

QUICK FARM LOANS

on improved lands in Eastland, Brown, Comanche, Callahan, and adjoining counties. Vendor's lien notes taken up and extended. If you want a quick farm loan, see Lanham Brown, Land and Loan Agent at Rising Star, or Gray Powell at Cross Plains. 4Feb19

A nice residence in Cross Plains for sale or trade for live stock. See The Review.

FOR SALE—Cheap a portion of the William G. Anderson Survey, joins Cross Plains on the East, goes same as attorney fee; will sell cheap. Eugene DeBogory, Abilene, Texas. 4Feb19

Will Trade

a scholarship in a business college or most anything. Don't need the scholarship, you may.—The Review

THE REVIEW for only 75c a year. That's all it costs lots of people. See us

The Review \$1.00 per year.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a running ear or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness caused by Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY, & CO., Toledo, Ohio.

Sold by Druggists, etc. Take Hall's Family Pills for Constipation.

IN TUNE WITH THE WILD

(Continued from page 5)

mansion for the day.

Edith, with the healthy appetite of youth, consumed the breakfast that the Kafirs put before her, then waited—and waited. And still Duncan Jones did not return. Uncle Steve was writing letters home.

"I'm going to that cave myself," Edith told herself.

She ordered the Kafirs to saddle a horse. And presently she rode out of the camp, leaving Uncle Steve still busy with his correspondence.

She rode through the jungle in a direction which she supposed would bring her to the Cave of the Hundred Lions. She was riding, instead, toward the village of Chief Boola.

At a water hole she dismounted. The horse drank, and so did Edith. Then, at the approach of a thirsty lion, Edith



On and On Edith Ran.

ran and her horse bolted—in opposite directions.

On and on Edith ran, till she saw a Kafir village. How could she know that this was the kraal of Boola, the collector of wives and wild animals? Before she was aware that she was on hostile ground she had entered the village.

The first black she encountered was none other than Sandili, the favorite wife of Boola—the exceedingly jealous wife of the king of the tribe.

"What want you here?" Sandili asked in English. For she had learned English from the European traders who came annually to buy the animals in the pit and whose arrival was expected this very day and hour.

Before Edith could answer, Boola and a lot more of his wives appeared. Also many Kafir warriors came from their conical huts up and down the village "street."

By this time Edith was, of course, terribly alarmed.

"Let me go!" she cried hysterically, as Boola seized her by the hand and dragged her toward the hut where dwelt the main body of his harem.

"You mine!" Boola said. "You I like! You I keep! You fine wife!"

"No, no!" Edith protested. "No, let me go, you brute!"

"No!" sternly interposed Sandili, the jealous wife. "No, no! You no keep her, Boola. You have plenty wife now. Me no like white wife."

"Yes," Boola repeated.

And the jealous Sandili gritted her ivory teeth in rage.

"You beast, let go of me!" Edith now cried, as Boola tried to thrust her into his hut. And she fought so hard that presently Boola was exceeding wroth.

"See!" he said, turning to his warriors and showing his arms and hands, bleeding from little wounds. "Her claws are as the leopard's and her teeth take hold like the hyena's when it is compelled to fight. I want not such a wife. Get the white man and then take this white woman and throw them both together into the pit with the leopards. We shall have what the white people call great sport."

And thus it came about that Edith at last met the wild man, for Doctor

Wayne was now brought into view.

"Father!" Edith screamed as they dragged the wild man forward. "Father! It is I—your Edith!"

But the wild man, the man without fear, was still without reason. He was still a man with clouded memory of the past—a man whose recollection of his former self was zero. So he did not recognize his daughter. He spoke to her as to a stranger, thus:

"Maiden, fear not. They will cast us both into the pit with the leopards. But be not afraid. Thou shalt not perish, no more than I. The leopards will hurt thee not, maiden, for they and their kinds are my friends."

Edith clutched him nevertheless in hysterical fear.

"Father!" she cried. "Oh, father—to think, even after I have found you—to think that you do not know me. Oh, father, this is terrible!"

CHAPTER XVII.

The Dawn of Reason.

Now Sandili, the jealous wife and good-hearted black woman, had listened to all this wrangling between her liege lord and the white girl, and her jealousy had faded away. And she had heard the white girl's appeal for her father's recognition. And Sandili's heart was touched. Wherefore Sandili made a great resolve. She formed a plan very distinctly rebellious, considering that it had for its object the thwarting of Boola's own plans.

Sandili stole out of the village unobserved and hurried along the jungle trail—the trail over which the European traders would come that very day and hour, provided they were to arrive at the time named by the runners who had reached the village as their advance heralds.

Sandili would meet the traders and urge them to hasten to the village and save the white girl from a horrible death in the pit. For the heart of Sandili was really a white heart in a black body.

Meantime, to the edge of the deep pit the Kafirs dragged the wild man and the maiden—the father and the daughter. One look down into the pit puzzled Edith. She could see no leopards. She wondered where the blacks kept the beasts which she was to confront.

She screamed with fright as they gave her father a push that forced him to leap down into the pit. And terror took possession of her as she found herself suddenly seized by men with a rope. This rope they tied about her and then—

"Father, save me!" she cried, as they lowered her into the pit.

When she felt the ground under her feet she freed herself from the rope. And then for the first time she saw the leopards. The beasts were in an inner recess—just within an iron-barred door that would presently be lifted by Kafirs hauling on a chain at the top of the pit.

Edith turned to the wild man with a desperate resolve. She had a fresh plan to bring back her father's memory and cause him to recognize her. She went very close to him and put her arms on his shoulders and said:

"Father, look at me. Look into my eyes. I am the exact image of my mother as you last saw her. Look! Look closely!"

The wild man stared seemingly into her very soul. Then memory swept through his brain—an overwhelming flood of thoughts.

"Mollie!" he cried. "You are my wife, Mollie!"

"No," she corrected, joy ringing in her young voice. "I am Edith—your daughter Edith."

All this time the Kafirs at the top of the pit were waiting for the coming of Boola. Boola, at the moment, was hunting high and low for his favorite wife, Sandili.

In the pit the wild man, who had so suddenly regained memory of his past, was still dazed by the flood of recollections.

"I am Edith, your daughter," the girl insisted.

"Heaven is certainly good to us—my Edith," Doctor Wayne now said. "But stand back. See! Boola has arrived—up there. They are now opening the door to let out the leopards."

Slowly the iron-barred door rose—and out from the inner recess and into the main pit came six leopards.

Edith flattened herself against the wall of the pit in mortal fear, watching her father, who stood between her and the leopards with his arms upflitted in a commanding gesture.

CHAPTER XVIII.

What Sandili Did.

Doctor Wayne spoke to the leopards in an authoritative tone. The beasts halted.

The doctor then knelt and called to them in a caressing tone.

"Come, my friends. Come, we will play together."

Marvel of marvels! The man lay on

his back on the floor of the pit as the leopards came to him and purged loudly and licked his hands, his arms, his face. And they lay down beside him and all around him.

But what was Edith's horror, now, when suddenly she heard Boola at the top of the pit order his men to build a fire and heat the iron points of their assegais wherewith to torment the leopards and stir them to a fury in which they would read to death the white captives.

"Father!" Edith called. "Did you hear? They are going to scorch the leopards with hot spears."

"I heard," her father answered. "But God will still protect us. I dare not betray the least fear, or these beasts will attack us. Stand perfectly still, Edith—still as a statue. Move not so much as a finger, lest you attract the attention of these leopards when they begin to tire of this play with me."

So the man in tune with the wild held the leopards in play for two minutes—three, four minutes. And then



They Were Safe From the Leopards.

the points of the Kafir spears were pulled from the fire, red hot.

"God help us, father!" Edith murmured. "The fiends are about to hurl their hot spears down at the leopards."

But just then a great shouting was heard beyond the edge of the pit, and Boola and all the Kafirs fled.

At the top of the pit Captain Duncan Jones appeared. With him was Uncle Steve.

"Duncan!" Edith cried, in great relief. "Careful, Edith," her father called. "Don't move."

"We are saved," Edith answered.

"Not yet, Edith, my child," her father retorted. "I must first induce these animals to return to their lair in the inner pit."

"Our Kafirs are chasing Boola and his warriors all over the place," Captain Jones called down. "You need have no more fear of Boola. Our boys and the Kafirs employed by the European traders whom we met on the trail will see that Boola gets his. Boola's wife, Sandili, met us on the trail and made us hurry here to the rescue."

"Keep quiet, please," Doctor Wayne called. "You'll distract the attention of these beasts if you keep on talking."

"We'll shoot the beasts one by one," Captain Jones replied.

"No, no!" answered Doctor Wayne, slowly rising, without taking his eyes from the leopards. "At the first smell of blood—if you kill one of these brutes—the rest will set upon us. Wait!"

Doctor Wayne now moved slowly to the aperture leading into the inner recess. He spoke in a coaxing tone to the leopards.

"Come, my friends. Come now! Home!"

And one by one the leopards came to him. With a firm, but careful hand, he induced them to enter the inner recess.

"Now—quick!" he called up to those at the top of the pit. "Lower the door!"

Next minute the iron-barred door was lowered. Doctor Wayne and Edith were safe from the leopards. Captain Jones and Uncle Steve now jumped down into the pit. While Duncan embraced Edith, Uncle Steve and Doctor Wayne hugged each other like two bears.

Two months later, in the Los Angeles bungalow of the Wayne family, Mrs. Wayne, no longer needing an invalid chair, laid her head on her husband's breast, saying:

"Robert, do you know what spared you to be brought back to me?"

"What was it, Mollie, dear?" Doctor Wayne asked.

"It was because, Robert, dear—because you were in tune with the wild."

At that very moment a young, bronze-faced man of military bearing and a young woman with golden hair were seated in the diner of a train speeding on its way from Los Angeles to San Francisco. The black man who served them addressed the bronzed man as "Cap'n!" And he called the golden-haired woman "Mrs. Jones."

THE END.