

Mack's Garage Talk

We sincerely thank our friends and customers whose patronage during 1919 has made our business a success, and hope 1920 will deal bountifully with you.

Start the New Year right by having your repair work done at

Mack's Garage

Genuine Ford Parts Carried in Stock

Buy 1920 Furniture Here

We have been in the furniture business here but a short time, but we could have sold lots more goods than we could get. We feel thankful for the business you have given us or wanted to give us. We now have a small shipment of furniture, and will do our best to carry in stock a full line during the New Year. We solicit your business on a live-and-let-live basis.

Cross Plains Furniture Company
W. T. WILSON, Prop.

AMBITIOUS YOUNG FOLKS

Had it ever occurred to you that you had as well try to be a successful physician without attending a medical school, or a successful lawyer without attending a law school, or a successful minister without attending a theological school, as to try to be a successful banker or merchant, or business man of any kind without first being trained for business in the Tyler Commercial College. You would attend a university with a reputation if you wanted to make a first class doctor, lawyer or minister. Why not use the same good judgment in selecting a business school in which to secure your training? The Tyler Commercial College of Tyler, Texas, is the business university of the South; it enrolls more students annually than any other similar school in America. Its students have come from 39 different states and seven foreign countries; its graduates are holding the very best of positions in the leading cities of the United States.

If you will spend from \$150 to \$250 for tuition, board and books for a course of Shorthand, Bookkeeping, Telegraphy, Cotton Classing, or Business Finance, or better still, spend \$200 to \$300 and complete any two of these courses, you will have made the best investment of your life. What young man or woman with grit and determination cannot raise this amount? Hundreds of students who borrowed every cent of the money to attend this school, or save their note for part of their tuition will readily tell you that it was the best venture of their lives; they were soon able, through the good positions secured them by the college, to pay what they owed and continue to hold their good positions or go into business for themselves and succeed. If you always remain where you are, you will always be what you are. Think this statement over seriously. More than 300 new students before this month closes, will be added to the fifteen hundred that are now here. Why not you be among the number? You can enter any day and take up the work. For large free catalogue, verifying the above claims and more, fill in and mail.

L. P. Henslee.

List Your Property.

I want to get a list of all city property and farms for sale at reasonable prices. Also leases.

L. P. Henslee.

If you like the daily Dallas News, why not club it with the Review? The Review one year and daily and Sunday News for one year for \$9.50. No bargain days, but worth the money. See or phone the Review.

Buy Furniture Now

while times are good. Furniture is going higher—buy now; save money. Cross Plains Furniture Co.

THE CROSS PLAINS REVIEW

CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS, FRIDAY, JAN. 23, 1920

No. 47

Hail 1920, Year of Splendid Promise!

The New Year spreads its splendid challenge to courage, kindness and energy.

To the Young Man or the Old Man every day is the beginning of a New Year, every day one of good resolution and mental effort.

"SERVICE" is the order of the day.

The ceaseless longing to be of ever-increasing help-fulness has brought us the splendid appreciation and patronage of those we strive to serve.

Our facilities have been made ample, so it is with a feeling of confidence that we look forward to being in a better position to serve our friends during this year.

Farmers National Bank

Of Cross Plains, Texas

The Pioneer Store of Cross Plains

We handle the goods that satisfy—
And will match prices with any store.

CROSS PLAINS MERCANTILE CO.

GET OUR PRICES B 4 U BUY

Mrs. Leona Gilbert.

Mrs. Leona Gilbert, wife of John T. Gilbert, a resident of Cross Plains for twenty-nine years, died at 8 p. m., Jan. 13, after suffering for many days, and was buried in the city cemetery in Cross Plains on Tuesday, the 15th, the funeral services being conducted from the Baptist church by Rev. R. D. Rogers, assisted by S. A. Rogers.

She was born in Smith county, Texas, on Dec. 12, 1855, and was at her death 64 years, three months and 12 days old. She was married to John T. Gilbert in the year 1885, and was the mother of four children, three of whom survive her. They are: Mrs. Fannie Leona Derksen, Fort Worth; John Scott Derksen, Woodson; Mrs. Lucy Marshall, Putnam; Mrs. Edith Derksen, Cross Plains; Mrs. Helen Derksen, Putnam; Victor

Bryson Gilbert and Mrs. Ruby Beulah Shackelford, Cross Plains, Wyatt Harv Gilbert, Breckenridge, and Ernest Eugene Gilbert, Cross Plains. She leaves her husband, John T. Gilbert, also sixteen grandchildren, two brothers, T. J. McClure of Pioneer, and S. H. McClure of Roby, and one sister, Mrs. Addie March of Corsicana.

She was converted at Tyler, under the ministry of Maj. W. E. Penn, in about the year 1869, when she was about fourteen years of age, and at the same time joined the Baptist church. She lived a devoted Christian life until the time of her death.

She was a faithful wife, a loving and indulgent mother, a good neighbor, having the love and respect of all who knew her. "None knew thee but to love thee, none named thee but to praise."

The Review joins with the many friends of the family in extending condolence.

Stock Farm Special.

For a few days I can sell a good stock farm six miles of town, on 7 years' time, \$1200 down. Sixty acres in cultivation. 1-4 royalty with place.

L. P. Henslee, Phone 15.

OLD EARTHQUAKE RIFT NEAR CROSS PLAINS

It does not seem generally known, even among the older inhabitants of the town, that there exists unmistakable signs of an earthquake rift across the north-west limits of Cross Plains. This peculiar bi-strata of rocks have every indication of a subterranean formation of considerable depth and it is not difficult to trace it for several miles across the bottoms north-west of the town. It was recently viewed by a geologist, who pronounced it an earthquake rift. This geologist stated that its occurrence antedated any geological history which the government had of this part of the country, and that it was a seismic disturbance of great violence. In some places it indicates a wide upheaval of this rock formation. In other places the bi-strata narrows down to about an average of a yard apart and shows a distinct separation of the earth surface and the incline of the rocks caused by the upheaval and returning impact of the clefts.

This geologist also indicated his belief that the locality of this rift was the best prospect for oil and a gas pressure of great magnitude which he had viewed in this part of the country.

The cause of earthquakes, like the origin of crude oil, is still one of the undecided problems of science, but many seismologists teach us that earthquakes are often caused from subterranean gas pressure, either from burning explosion or condensation. This theory being accepted it is reasonable to believe that oil or a great supply of gas could be found at a shallow depth in the immediate neighborhood of this rift.

In connection with this mention, a brief history of some of the more notable earthquakes, an explanation of their cause, as given by scientists, and the manner in which they affect the locality of their occurrence, will doubtless be of interest.

The first sensations of an earthquake, if near the center of disturbance, are sudden and violent. It is then followed by earthshakes or tremors of less destruction, due to the talking of rocks. Earthquakes are caused in some regions by volcanic explosions. In others, as was probably the case in the occurrence of the rift above mentioned, they are caused by gas explosion or other subterranean disturbances. The earthquake shock spreads from the center of the disturbance as a wave, and some times traverse a great area. Many earthquake shocks are recorded daily on some parts of the earth, but very few are destructive. Among the most destructive earthquakes of which we have a record are:

Scisley—1693, 60,000 lives lost.
Lisbon—1755, destroyed city; 50,000 lives lost.
Colabrn—1783, 60,000 lives lost.
Quito—1797, 41,000 lives lost.
Caracas—1812, destroyed city; 12,000 lives lost.
Aleppo—1821, destroyed city; 21,000 lives lost.
Charleston—1886, 50,000 lives lost.
Japan—1896, 26,000 lives lost.
San Francisco—1906, thousands of lives lost and great destruction of property by fire.
Messina—1908, several cities destroyed and 200,000 lives lost.

Comparing the extent of the rift near Cross Plains, and the many other indications of earth disturbance, with the above record, it is evident, at one time, there were things happening around here more exciting than an oil boom.

STOCK HOLDERS MEETING FARMERS NAT. BANK

The annual stock holders meeting of the Farmers National Bank was held on January 13 at the office of the bank. The old board of directors and the same officers were re-elected. The following are the personnel of the officers and directors:

Officers—Chris Parsons, President, R. P. Odom, V-President; S. F. Bond, Cashier; Taylor Bond, Asst. Cashier.

Directors—Chris Parsons, R. P. Odom, S. F. Bond, Taylor Bond, B. W. Webb, W. P. Brightwell, E. DeBusk.

IT'S UP TO THE VOTERS.

If the people of this representative district, composed of Eastland and Callahan counties, elect me to the legislature at the special election February 21st, I will serve them to the best of my ability, should there be a called session. Should there be no called session, then there would be nothing for the man chosen at this election to do, as the election is for the purpose of filling vacancy caused by the resignation of Hon. D. J. Neill. No man can afford to make a close and expensive campaign for this office. It is enough for him to give the district his best efforts for such time as the legislature may be in session, as the per diem and traveling allowance will not cover more than actual expenses while the legislature may be in session. Whether you vote for me or for some other man who is now or may become a candidate it is to be hoped that you will not overlook the importance of voting at this special election. Friends in both Eastland and Callahan counties have urged me to make the race. I am no aspirant for the office, but will do my best for the district if elected.

Respectfully,
DON H. BIGGERS.

Card of Thanks.

Those of you who visited her thru her long days of affliction and pain and administered with loving hearts and faithful hands to her wants and necessities until the last, and then prepared her for the long repose so beautifully and sweetly; who stood the lonely watches after the black-winged angel had kissed her lips into eternal silence, and those who prepared her narrow home so daintily and appropriately for its sole tenant with flowers and love, we offer our sincerest gratitude and thanks. You were a source of comfort and joy to our departed mother and by your unyielding loyalty, sympathy and cheer you have earned anew and in an immortal way the thanks of those who loved her best. May the Father of mercy protect and guide you.

A grateful husband,
Jno. T. Gilbert and Children.

To Move To Jones Co.

Dan Gooch, his brother, Walter Gooch, Boyd Foster, George and Lawrence Teston, all but the last two of Pioneer, have bought land from John Mann in Jones County, and will move there at once to farm. John Mann, who formerly lived at Cross Cut, has sold his land to these boys and bought elsewhere. He has made big money both in farming and in the advance on his land.

Wood Haulers, Notice.

Notice is hereby given that I will not allow any more wood hauling off my premises, unless teams come by my home.

J. E. Harrell.

YOU CAN MAKE 20 Per Cent Interest

On your money inside of four months by contracting with us NOW for your building or building materials.

Building Materials will be Hard to Get at Any Price in 1920

Please remember "We Told You So" if you fail to take our advice. Trade with us now for your plans and materials and we will protect you against advancing markets.

JOE H. SHACKELFORD'S LUMBER and PAINT STORE

Your Drug Business

While our 1919 business is the best this store has ever enjoyed, for which we take this opportunity to thank our friends and customers, we will do our best to make the year just ushered in still a better one in point of service to our customers (helping them and us.) We have the best equipped drug store in this part of the world; in fact, it would be hard to find one in a town the size of Cross Plains with such a stock of drugs and sundries as we always carry. We appreciate your trade and ask for it, and are prepared to care for your every want in our line. Then why not give us your 1920 business?

Pure Drugs, Standard Patent Medicines, Best Guaranteed Jewelry, Stationery, School Supplies, Sundries, The Golden Throated Claxtanola. We Have Them All.

THE CITY DRUG STORE

B. G. Lindley, Prop.

From Horace Erwin

Clear Lake Iowa, Jan. 9.
Cross Plains Review:
Enclosed find 50c in stamps to pay adv. bill. Glad to do this. You were quick and the results came. Meeting starting off good. Cold weather up here—16 below zero, but it don't hurt, for it is a dry cold and no wind to drive it in. Hoping great things for the people of Cross Plains, especially if those oil wells pour out their wealth upon you.

Fraternally,
Horace F. Erwin.

PLANTERS & CULTIVATORS

In a few days we will have a good stock of Mr. Bill Planters, Ledbetter "one seed" planters, Bob White Cultivators, place your order with us now.

C. S. Boyles

CROSS PLAINS MARKETS

Cotton, middling, 39c
Peanuts up to \$2.97
Corn from \$1.00 to \$1.25
Wheat, the best grade, \$2.35
Oats 75c

Kill the Blue Bugs.

And all Blood Sucking Insects by feeding Martin's Wonderful Blue Bug Killer to your chickens. Your money back if not absolutely satisfied. Ask your dealer.

5-16-6mo.

Come in and see the Ledbetter one seed planter, Mr. Bill Planters and Bob White Cultivators. We sell them.

C. S. Boyles

ABSTRACTS—COUNTY

Jackson Abstract Co.
Baird, Texas.

Health About Gone

Many thousands of women suffering from womanly trouble, have been benefited by the use of Cardui, the woman's tonic, according to letters we receive, similar to the one from Mrs. Z. V. Spence of Hayne, N. C. "I do not stand on my feet, I just suffered terribly," she says. "As my suffering was so great, and he had tried other remedies, Dr. Cardui had me improving, and it cured me. I know, and my doctor knows, what Cardui did for me, for my nerves and health were about gone."

TAKE CARD

The Woman's Tonic

She writes further: "I am in splendid health, can do my work. I owe it to Cardui, for I was in dreadful condition. If you are nervous, run down and weak, or suffer from headache, backache, etc., every month. Thousands of women praise this medicine for the good it has done them, and the physicians who have used it for years, endorse this medicine. Think what it has done for me, for my nerves and health were about gone."

All Druggists

Baird, Texas, Dec. 31, 1919.
There were 8,479 bales of cotton ginned in Callahan County prior to Dec. 13, 1919, compared with 1075 to same date last year.

Samuel E. Webb, Art.

Our goggles are here, come get yours quick, before they are all gone.

C. S. Boyles

Rowden cotton seed from first-class cotton, gin run, for sale at Uncle Bill Neep's farm at \$1.65 bushel. First-class seed from east.

1919 Has Been a Good Year To This Store—

As well as the public in general, and we are thankful.

But we want to make 1920 a better year to us and also to grocery buyers and produce raisers. If we succeed we will help them—our interests are mutual.

Yours for a better 1920.

Wilson Produce Co.

JEWELRY

I have recently visited some of the best wholesale jewelry markets and have a line of jewelry that will not fail to interest you

See those Beautiful Diamond Rings and Broaches

Complete Line of Guaranteed Optical Supplies

L. M. BOND
Jeweler and Optician

LADY

"Martyrs of The Alamo"

The Electric Theatre, in offering "Martyrs of the Alamo" is presenting a picture dear to the hearts of all Texans, giving as it does an accurate description of the birth of Texas. A most interesting story involving Deaf Smith threads through the play.

You see The Battle of the Alamo, The Battle of Jacinto, The Massacre of Goliad.

The characters are exceptionally well taken, and present such pioneers as

Sam Houston, Col. Wm. B. Travis, Col. Fannin, Davy Crockett, and Deaf Smith.

And the the egotistical self-styled "Little Napoleon of the Western Hemisphere," Santa Anna.

AT THE
ELECTRIC THEATRE
CROSS PLAINS

Tues. Night, Jan. 27

Citation by Publication THE STATE OF TEXAS,

To the sheriff or any Constable of Callahan County. Greeting:

You are hereby commanded to summon J. B. Clinton, and the unknown heirs of J. B. Clinton, and the unknown heirs of J. B. Clinton, and M. C. Clinton, and the unknown heirs of M. C. Clinton, and the unknown heirs of M. C. Clinton, whose residences are unknown, 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 your county, if there be a newspaper published therein, but if not, then in any newspaper published in the 42nd Judicial District; but if there be no newspaper published in said judicial district, then in a newspaper published in the nearest district to said 42nd Judicial District, to appear at the next regular term of the District court of Callahan County, to be holden at the courthouse thereof, in Baird, on the 2nd Monday in February A. D. 1920, the same being the 9th day of February A. D. 1920, then and there to answer a petition filed in said court on the 10th day of January, A. D. 1920 in a suit, numbered on the docket of said court No. 1901, wherein J. T. Davis is Plaintiff, and J. B. Clinton, and the unknown heirs of J. B. Clinton, and the unknown heirs of M. C. Clinton, and the unknown heirs of M. C. Clinton are Defendants, and said petition alleging in substance as follows. to-wit:

Plaintiff represents to the Court that on or about January 1st, 1920, he was lawfully seized and possessed of the following described land and premises, situated in Callahan county, Texas, holding and claiming the same in fee simple, to-wit: 320 acres of land, more or less, out of the G. Padillo Survey No. 14, and described by meters and bounds, as follows: Beginning at the Northeast corner of the said G. Padillo Survey No. 14, a stone P. O. 15 in. brs, S. East 8 vars; Thence South 1461 varas on the line between Survey No. 12, and this Survey to stone mound; Thence West 1247 varas to stake on stone mound; Thence North 1461 varas to the Southwest corner of Survey No. 9, and the Southeast corner of Survey No. 6; Thence East 1256 varas to the place of beginning, and being the same land and premises conveyed by W. D. Clinton and others to J. T. Davis, plaintiff herein by deed, duly recorded in the Deed Records of Callahan County, Texas, in Vol. 36, Page 384.

2. That on the day and year last aforesaid defendants unlawfully entered upon said land and premises and ejected plaintiff therefrom, and unlawfully withhold from him the possession thereof, to his damage in the sum of \$2500.00.

3. That the reasonable annual rental value of said land and premises is \$500.00.

4. Wherefore plaintiff prays judgment of the Court that defendants be cited to appear and answer this petition, and that plaintiff have judgment for the title and possession of said above described land and premises, and that writ of restitution issue and for his rents, damages and costs of suit, and for such other and further relief, special and general, in law and in equity, that he may be justly entitled to, etc.

Herein Fail Not but have before said Court, at its aforesaid next regular term, this writ with your return thereon, showing how you have executed the same.

Given under my hand and the seal of said Court, at office in Baird, Texas, this 10th day of January, A. D. 1920.

Roy D. Williams,
Clerk Dist. Court Callahan County.

Mid-Winter Is Here

This winter weather, forecasters predict, will be unusually long, cold, wet and disagreeable

—and there is just one logical thing to do in order to have the most comfort while it's cold: Fortify yourself and your family with warm, sensible clothes. These clothes may be obtained at numerous places, but the most thoroughly reliable place is here. Any of your friends will vouch for this. Here you will find the largest stock of dry goods, clothing, shoes for every member of the family. That's one reason this store leads all others.

Wet Weather Goods

Don't wait to buy your wet weather goods, while our stock is complete, as you know it is hard to get boots, bootees, rubber boots and overshoes.

Men's Shoes and Suits

We have a very servicable line of Spero-Michael Suits for men. Men's Dress Shoes of fine quality in brown and black.

Blankets---Comforts

Extra long winter blankets warm and soft, splendid values in price and material— as reasonable as you will find anywhere.

Comforts—Silkline covered, and many other pretty patterns in pink, blue and yellow, made with good grade cotton and good size.

HIGGINBOTHAM BROS. & CO.

"THE HOUSE THAT SAVES YOU MONEY"

The Cow Puncher

Copyright by Harper & Brothers

CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

"It'll soon be well, don't you think?" He said he would be well when the holidays—

But Dave's expression stopped the doctor as he suddenly turned and looked at him with fear. "He is well now, Charlie," he said, as steadily as he could. "It is all holidays now for him."

The match had burned out and the room was in utter darkness. Dave heard the child drawing his feet across the floor, then suddenly whirling around like a thing that had been mortally hurt. He groped toward him and at length his fingers found his cheek of hair. He drew the boy slowly into his arms; then very, very gently . . . After all, they were orphans together.

"You will come with me," he said at length. "I will see that you are provided for. The doctor will soon be here, or we will meet him on the way, and he will make the arrangements for—the arrangements that have to be made, you know."

They retraced their steps toward the town, meeting the doctor at the wooden bridge. Dave exchanged a few words with him in low tones, and they passed on. Soon they were walking again through the city streets. Even with the developments of the evening pressing heavily upon his mind Dave could not resist the temptation to stop and listen for a moment to bulletins being read through a megaphone.

"Theaiser has stripped off his British regalia," said the announcer. "He says he will never again wear a British uniform."

A chuckle of derisive laughter ran through the mob; then someone struck a well-known refrain—"What the—do we care?" Up and down the street voices caught up the chorus.

Within a year the bones-of-war in that thoughtless crowd, standing on the fields of Flanders, showed how much they cared.

Dave drove direct to the Hardy home. After some delay Irene met him at the door, and Dave explained the situation in a few words. "We must take care of him, Reenie," he said. "I feel a personal responsibility."

"Of course we will take him," she answered. "He will live here until the face is a—some place of our own." The face was bright with something which must be tenderness. "Bring him upstairs. We will allot him a room and introduce him to the household. And tomorrow we shall have an excursion downtown, and get some new clothes for Charlie—Eli."

As they moved up the stairs Conward, who had been in another room in conversation with Mrs. Hardy, followed them unseen. The evening had been interminable for Conward. For three hours he had awaited word that his victim had been trapped, and for three hours no word had come. If his plans had miscarried, if Dave had evaded the plot, well— And here at length was Dave, engrossed in a very different matter. Conward followed them up the stairs.

Irene and Dave chatted with the doctor for a few moments, then Irene returned to some arrangements for his comfort and Dave started downstairs. In the passage he was met by Conward.

"What are you doing here?" Dave demanded, as he felt his head beginning to swim in anger.

Conward leered only the more offensively, and walked down the stairs to the foot of the coolly lit doorway. He held the match before him and calmly watched it burn out. Then he extended it toward Dave.

"You remember our wager, Elden. I present you with—a burned-out match."

"You liar!" cried Dave. "You infernal liar!"

"Ask her," Conward replied. "She'll deny it, of course. All women do."

Dave felt his muscles tighten, and knew that in a moment he would tear the villain to pieces. As his clenched fist came to the side of his body a knock, something hard. His reply, however, he had forgotten; he was content to let Conward carry it. In an instant he had Conward covered.

Dave did not press the trigger at once. He took a fierce delight in torturing the man who had wrecked his life—even while he told himself he would not believe his boast. Now he watched the color fade from Conward's cheek; the eyes stand out in his face; the livid blotches more livid still; the cigarette drop from his burning lips.

"You are a brave man, Conward," he said, and there was the rasp of teeth and contempt in his voice. "You are a very brave man."

Mrs. Hardy, sensing something wrong, came out from her sitting room. With a little cry she swooned away.

Conward tried to speak, but words stuck in his throat. With a dry gasp he licked his drier lips.

"Do you believe in hell, Conward?"

Dave continued. "I've always had some doubt myself, but in thirty seconds—you'll know."

Irene appeared on the stairway. For a moment her eyes refused to grasp the scene before them: Conward cowering terror-stricken; Dave fierce, steely, implacable, with his revolver lined on Conward's brain. Through some strange whim of her mind her thought in that instant flew back to the bottles on the posts of the Elden ranch, and Dave breaking suddenly off six on the gallop. Then she became aware of one thing only. A tragedy was being enacted before her eyes.

"Oh, don't, Dave! Don't, don't shoot him!" she cried, flying down the remaining steps. Before Dave could grasp her purpose she was upon him, had clutched his revolver, had wrapped her arms about his. "Don't, don't, Dave!" she pleaded. "For my sake don't do—that!"

Her words were tragically unfortunate. For a moment Dave stood as one paralyzed; then his heart dried up within him.

"So that's the way of it!" he said, as he broke her grip, and the horror in his own eyes would not let him read the sudden horror in hers. "All right; take it," and he placed the revolver in her hand. "You should know what to do with it." And before she could stop him he had walked out of the house.

She rushed to the gate, but already the roar of his motor was lost in the hum of the city's traffic.

CHAPTER XIII.

When Dave sprang into his car he gave the motor a full head and drove through the city streets in a fury of recklessness. His mind was numbed; it was incapable of assorting thoughts and placing them in proper relationship to one another. He was soon out of the city, roaring through the still autumn night with undiminished speed.

Over tortuous country roads, across sudden bridges, along slippery hillsides, through black bluffs of scrubland—in some strange way he tried to drown the uproar in his soul in the frenzy of the steel that quivered beneath him.

He took a fierce delight in torturing the man who had wrecked his life. On and on into the night. Bright stars glimmered overhead; a soft breeze pressed against his face; it was such a night as he had driven, a year ago, with Bert Morrison. Was that only a year ago? And what had happened? Where had he been? Oh, to bring the boy—Charlie, the boy. When was that? Under the calm heaven his mind was already attempting to establish a sequence, to set its outraged home again in order.

Suddenly the car skidded on a slippery hillside, turned from the road, plowed through a dump of scrub, ricocheted against a dark obstruction, poised a moment on two wheels, turned around, and stopped. The shock brought Dave to his senses. He sat on the running board and stared for a long while into the darkness.

"No use being a d— fool, anyway, Dave," he said to himself at length. "I got it—where I didn't expect it—but I guess that's the way with everyone." He tried to philosophize; to get a fresh grip on himself. "Where are we anyway?" he continued. "This country looks familiar." He got up again and walked about, finding his way back to the road. He went along it a little way, vague impressions suggested that he should know the spot, and yet he could not identify it. Then, with a sudden shock, it came to him. It was the hillside on which Doctor Hardy had come to grief; the hillside on which he had first seen her bright face, her wonderful eyes. . . . A poignancy of grief engulfed him, sweeping away his cheap philosophies. Here she stood, young and clean and entrancing, thrust before him in an instant out of the wonderful days of the past. And would she always follow him thus? With an unutterable sinking he knew that was so—that the world was not big enough to hide him from Irene Hardy. There was no way out.



He Took a Fierce Delight in Torturing the Man Who Had Wrecked His Life.

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Wet Weather Goods

Don't wait to buy your wet weather goods, while our stock is complete, as you know it is hard to get boots, bootees, rubber boots and overshoes.

Men's Shoes and Suits

We have a very serviceable line of Spero-Michael Suits for men. Men's Dress Shoes of fine quality in brown and black.

Blankets---Comforts

Extra long winter blankets warm and soft, splendid values in price and material—as reasonable as you will find anywhere.

Comforts—Silkline covered, and many other pretty patterns in pink, blue and yellow, made with good grade cotton and good size.

HIGGINBOTHAM BROS. & CO.

"THE HOUSE THAT SAVES YOU MONEY"

The Cow Puncher

By Robert J. C. Stead
Author of "Kitchener and Other Poems"
Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS

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They retraced their steps toward the town, meeting the doctor at the broken bridge. Dave exchanged a few words with him in low tones, and they passed on. Soon they were walking again through the city streets. Even with the developments of the evening pressing heavily upon the mind Dave could not resist the temptation to stop and listen for a moment to bulletins being read through a megaphone.

"The Kaiser has stripped off his British regalia," said the announcer. "He says he will never again wear a British uniform."

A chuckle of derisive laughter ran through the mob; then someone struck up a well-known refrain—"What the deuce do we care?" Up and down the crowd voices caught up the chorus. . . . Within a year the bones of many in that thoughtless crowd, bleaching on the fields of Flanders, showed how much they cared.

Dave drove direct to the Hardy home. After some delay Irene met him at the door, and Dave explained the situation in a few words. "We must take care of him, Reenie," he said. "I have a personal responsibility."

"Of course we will take him," she answered. "He will live here until we have some place of our own." The face was bright with something which must be tenderness. "Bring his things upstairs. We will allot him a room and introduce him first to—the bathroom. And tomorrow we shall have an excursion downtown, and get some new clothes for Charlie—Edith."

As they moved up the stairs Conward, who had been in another room in conversation with Mrs. Hardy, followed them unseen. The evening had been interminable for Conward. For three hours he had awaited word that the victim had been trapped, and for three hours no word had come. If his plans had miscarried, if Dave had discovered the plot, well—And here at length was Dave, engrossed in a very different matter. Conward followed them up the stairs.

Irene and Dave chatted with the boy for a few moments, then Irene turned to some arrangements for his comfort and Dave started downstairs. In the passage he was met by Conward.

"What are you doing here?" Dave demanded, as he felt his head beginning to swim in anger.

Conward leered only the more offensively, and walked down the stairs to strike him. At the foot he coolly lit a cigarette. He held the match before him and calmly watched it burn out. Then he extended it toward Dave.

"You remember our wager, Eldon?" he present you with—a burned-out match.

"You liar!" cried Dave. "You intend to deny it, of course. All women lie."

Dave felt his muscles tighten, and knew that in a moment he would tear the victim to pieces. As his clenched fist came to the side of his body a knock something hard. His replainer! He had forgotten; he was in the habit of carrying it. In an instant he had Conward covered.

Dave did not press the trigger at once. He took a fierce delight in torturing the man who had wrecked his life—man who he told himself he would not believe in his boast. Now he watched the color fade from Conward's cheek; the eyes stand out in his face; the livid blotches more livid still; the cigarette drop from his mistress's lips.

"You are a brave man, Conward," he said, and there was the rasp of teeth and contempt in his voice. "You are a very brave man."

Mrs. Hardy, sensing something wrong, came out from her sitting room. With a little cry she swooned away.

Dave continued. "I've always had some doubt myself, but in thirty seconds—you'll know."

Irene appeared on the stairway. For a moment her eyes refused to grasp the scene before them; Conward cowering terror-stricken; Dave fierce, steady, impalpable, with his revolver blood on his forehead. Through some strange whim of her mind her thought in that instant flew back to the bottles on the posts of the Elden ranch, and Dave breaking five out of six on the gallop. Then suddenly she became aware of one thing only. A tragedy was being enacted before her eyes.

"Oh, don't, Dave! Don't, don't shoot him!" she cried, flying down the remaining steps. Before Dave could grasp her purpose she was upon him, had clutched his revolver, had wrapped her arms about his. "Don't, don't, Dave!" she pleaded. "For my sake don't do—that!"

Her words were tragically unfortunate. For a moment Dave stood as one paralyzed; then his heart dried up within him.

"So that's the way of it!" he said, as he broke her grip, and the horror in his own eyes would not let him read the sudden horror in hers. "All right; take it," and he placed the revolver in her hand. "You should know what to do with it." And before she could stop him he had walked out of the house.

She rushed to the gate, but already the roar of his motor was lost in the hum of the city's traffic.

CHAPTER XIII.

When Dave sprang into his car he gave the motor a full head and drove through the city streets in a fury of recklessness. His mind was numb; it was incapable of assorting thoughts; and placing them in proper relationship to one another. He was soon out of the city, roaring through the still autumn night with undiminished speed.

Over tortuous country roads, across sudden bridges, along slippery hillsides, through black bluffs of scrub land—in some strange way he tried to drown the uproar in his soul in the frenzy of the steel that quivered before him.

"Brownie," he said at length. "The whole scene came back upon him—the moonlight, and Irene's distress, and the little bleeding body. And he had said he didn't know anything about the justice of God; all he knew was the critter that couldn't run was the one that got caught. . . . And he had said that was life. . . . He had said it was only nature."

And then they had stood among the trees and beneath the white moon and pledged their faith. . . .

Again his head went up and the old light flashed in his eyes. "The first thing is to kill the wolf," he said aloud. "No other innocent shall fall to its fangs. Then—my country."

Darkness had again fallen before Dave found his car threatening the streets of the city, still feverish with its newborn excitement of war. He returned his car to the garage; an attendant looked up curiously—it was evident from his glance that Dave had already been missed—but no words were exchanged. He stood for a moment in the street, collecting his thoughts and rehearsing his resolves.

He was amazed to find that, even in his bitterness, the city reached a habit and association and customs of mind—all urging him back into the old groove; all saying: "The routine is the thing. Be a spoke in the wheel; go round with the rest of us."

"No," he reminded himself. "No, I can't do that. I have business on hand. First—to kill the wolf."

He remembered that he had given his revolver to Irene. And suddenly she sat with him again at the tea table. . . . Where was he? Yes, he had given his revolver to Irene. Well, there was another in his room.

In the hallway of the block in which he had his bachelor apartments Dave almost collided with a woman. He drew back, and the light fell on his face, but hers was in the shadow. And then he heard her voice.

"Oh, Dave, I'm so glad—Why, what has happened?" The last words ran into a little treble of pain as she noted his haggard face.

"You—Edith?" he managed to say.

"She came toward him and placed her hands on his. 'I've been here a hundred times—ever since morning—ever since Bert Morrison called up to say you had disappeared—that there was some mystery. There isn't, is there, Dave? You're all right, Dave aren't you, Dave?'"

He started his motor, and even in his despair felt a thrill of pride as the faithful gears engaged and the car climbed back to its place on the trail. Was all faithfulness, then, in things of steel and iron, and none in flesh and blood? He followed the trail. Why stop now? The long-forgotten ranch buildings lay across the stream and behind the tongue of spruce trees, unless some wandering foothill fire had destroyed them. He forded the stream without difficulty. That was where he had carried her out. . . . He felt his way slowly along the old fence. That was where she had set up bottles for his marksmanship. . . . He stopped where the straggling gate should be and walked carefully into the yard. That was where she had first called him Dave. . . . Then he found the doorstep and sat down to wait.

When the sun was well up he arose and walked about. His lips were parched; he found himself shivering them with his teeth, so he went to the stream. He was thirsty, but he drank only a mouthful; the water was flat and insipid. . . . The old cabin was in better repair than he would have thought. He sprang the door open. It was musty and strung with cobwebs. He did not go in but sat down and tried to think.

Later he walked up the canyon. He must have walked swiftly, for the sun was not set at the meridian when he found himself at the little nook in the rock where he and Irene had sat that afternoon when they had first laid their hearts open to each other. Suddenly one remark stood up in his memory. "The day is coming," she had said, "when our country will want men who can shoot and ride." And he had said, "Well, when it does it can call on me." And today the country did want men who could shoot and ride, and he had flown into the foothills to nurse a broken heart. . . . Broken hearts can fight as well as whole ones. He could be of some use yet. At any rate there was a way out.

Some whim led him through the grove of spruce trees on his way back to the ranch. Here, in an open space, he looked about, kicking in the dry grass. At length his toe disturbed a few bleached bones, and he stood and looked with unseeing eyes far across the shimmering valley.

"Brownie," he said at length. "The whole scene came back upon him—the moonlight, and Irene's distress, and the little bleeding body. And he had said he didn't know anything about the justice of God; all he knew was the critter that couldn't run was the one that got caught. . . . And he had said that was life. . . . He had said it was only nature."

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"You—Edith?" he managed to say.

"She came toward him and placed her hands on his. 'I've been here a hundred times—ever since morning—ever since Bert Morrison called up to say you had disappeared—that there was some mystery. There isn't, is there, Dave? You're all right, Dave aren't you, Dave?'"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Pacific Coast Line. The United States and its islands has a greater Pacific coast line than any other nation, possibly equal to those of China and Japan combined, says Gas Logie.

The Cow Puncher

By Robert J. C. Stead
Author of "Kitchener and Other Poems"
Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

"I guess I'm all right," he managed to answer, "but I got a job on—an important job on. I must get it done. There is not time—"

But her woman's intuition had gone far below his idle words. "There is something wrong, Dave," she said. "You never looked like this before. Tell me what it is. Tell me, Dave. Perhaps I—can help."

Dave was silent for a moment, watching her. Suddenly it occurred to him that Edith Duncan was beautiful.

If she had not quite the fine features of Irene she had a certain softness of expression, a certain mellowness, even tenderness, of lip and eye; a certain womanly delicacy—

"Edith," he said, "you're white. Why is it that the woman a man loves will fall him, and the woman he only likes—stays true?"

"Oh," she cried, and he could not guess the depths from which her cry



"Yes," He Answered, "I Have to Kill a Man."

was wrong. . . . "I should not have asked you, Dave," she said. "I'm sorry."

They stood a moment, neither wishing to move away. "You said you had something that must be done at once," she reminded him at length.

"Yes," he answered. "I have to kill a man. Then I'm going to join up with the army."

Her hands were again upon him. "But you mustn't, Dave," she pleaded. "You can't fight for your country then. You will only increase its troubles in these troubled times. Don't think I'm pleading for him, Dave, but for you, for the sake of us—for the sake of those—who care."

He took her hands in his and raised them to his shoulders and drew her face close to his. Then, speaking very slowly, and with each word by itself, "Do you really care?" he said.

"Oh, Dave!"

"Then come to my room and talk to me. Talk to me! Talk to me! For God's sake talk to me! I must talk to someone."

She followed him. Inside the room he had himself under control again. He told her the story, all he knew.

When he had finished she arose and walked to one of the windows and stood looking with unseeing eyes upon the street. For the second time in his life Dave Elden had laid his heart bare to her, and again after all these years he still talked as a friend to friend. That was it. She was under no delusion. Dave's eyes were as blind to her love as they had been that night when he had first told her of Irene Hardy. And she could not tell him now. . . . She had waited all these years, and still she must wait.

Dave's eyes were upon her form, sloutheaded against the window. It occurred to him that in form Edith was very much like Irene. He recalled that in those dead past days when they used to ride together Edith had reminded him of Irene.

When she stood silent so long he spoke again.

"I'm afraid I haven't played a very heroic part," he said, somewhat shamefacedly. "I should have buried my secret in my heart; buried it over from you; perhaps most of all from you. But—you can advise me, Edith. I will value whatever you say."

"The next thing, then, is to make sure in your own mind whether you ever really loved Irene Hardy. Because if you loved Irene a week ago you love her tonight."

"Edith," he said, "there is no way of explaining this. You can't understand. I know you have given yourself up to a life of service, and I honor you very much, and all that, but there are some things you won't be able to understand. You can't understand just how much I loved Irene. Have you never known of love being turned to hate?"

"No. Other impulses may be, but not love. Love can no more turn to hate than sunlight can turn to darkness. Believe me, Dave, if you hate Irene now you never loved her. Listen: Love beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things!"

"Not all things, Edith; not all things."

"It says all things,"

Dave was silent for some time. When he spoke again she caught a different sound in his voice—a tone as though his soul in those few moments had gone through a lifetime of experience.

"Edith," he said, "when you repeated those words I knew you had something that I have not. I knew it, not by words but by the way you said them. You made me know that in your own life, if you loved, you would be ready to endure all things. Tell me, Edith, how may this thing be done?"

She trembled with delight at the new tone in his voice, for she knew that for him life would never again be the empty, flippant, selfish, irresponsible thing which in the past he had called life.

"In your case," she said, "the course is simple. It is just a case of forgiving."

He gazed for a time into the street, his thoughts of bitterness and revenge fought for domination of his mind. "Edith," he said, at length, "must I—forgive?"

"I do not say you must," she answered. "I merely say if you are wise you will. Nothing, it seems to me, is so much misunderstood as forgiveness. The one who is forgiven may merely escape punishment, but the one who forgives experiences a positive spiritual expansion."

"Is that Christianity?" he ventured. "It is one side of Christianity. The other side is service. If you are willing to forgive and ready to serve I don't think you need worry much over the details of your creed. Creeds, after all, are not expressed in words but in lives. When you know how a man lives you know what he believes—always."

"Suppose I forgive—what then?"

"Service. You are needed right now. Dave—forgive my frankness—your country needs you right now. You must dismiss this grievance from your mind, at least dismiss your resentment over it, and then place yourself at the disposal of your country."

"That is what I had been thinking of," he said. "At least that part about serving my country, although I don't think my motives were as high as you would make them. But the war can't last. It is unbelievable."

"I'm not so sure," she answered gravely. "Of course I know nothing about Germany. But I do know something about our own people. I know how selfish and individualistic and sordid and money-grabbing we have been; how slothful and incompetent and self-satisfied we have been; and I fear it will take a long war and sacrifices and tragedies altogether beyond our present imagination to make us unselfish and public-spirited and clean and generous. I am not worrying about the defeat of Germany. If our civilization is better than that of Germany we shall win, ultimately, and if our civilization is worse than that of Germany we shall be defeated and we shall deserve to be defeated."

"But I rather think that neither of the alternatives will be the result. I rather think that the test of war will show that there are elements in German civilization which are better than ours, and elements in our civilization which are better than theirs, and that the good elements will survive and form the basis of a new civilization better than either."

"If that is so," Dave replied, "if this war is but the working of immutable law which proposes to put all the elements of civilization to the supreme test and retain only those which are justifiable by that test, why should I—or anyone else—fight? And," he added, as an afterthought, "what about that principle of forgiveness?"

"We must fight," she answered, "because it is the law that we must fight; because it is only by fighting that we can justify the principles for which we fight. If we hold our principles as being not worth fighting for the new civilization will throw those principles in our discard. And that, too, covers the notion of forgiveness. Forgiveness, if it does not enter into the contention at all, does not fight, not because we hate

Germany but because we love certain principles which Germany is endeavoring to overthrow. The impulse must be love, not hate."

She had turned and faced him while she spoke, and he felt himself strangely carried away by the earnestness of her argument. What a wonderful woman she was! And as he looked at her he again thought of Irene, and suddenly he felt himself engulfed in a great tenderness, and he knew that even yet—

"What am I to do?" he said. "What am I to do?"

In the darkness of her own shadow she set her teeth for that answer. It was to be the crowning act of self-remuneration and it strained every fiber of her resolution.

"You had better go overseas and enlist in England," she told him calmly, although her nails were biting her palms. "You will get quicker action that way. And when you come back you must see Irene, and you must learn from your own heart whether you really loved her or not. And if you find you did not, then—then you will be free to—to—to think of some other woman."

"I am afraid I shall never care to think of any other woman," he answered, "except you. But some way you are different. I don't think of you as a woman, you know; not really, in a way. I can't explain it, Edith, but you're something more—something better than all that."

He had sprung to his feet. "Edith, I can never thank you enough for what you have said to me tonight. You have put some spirit back into my body. I am going to follow your advice. There's a train east in two hours and I'm going on it. Fortunately my property, or most of it, has dissolved the way it came."

She moved toward him with extended hand. "Goodby, Dave," she said.

He held her hand fast in his. "Goodby, Edith. I can never forget—I can never repeat—all you have been to me. I may sound foolish to you after all I have said, but I sometimes wonder if—if I had not met Irene—if—He paused and went hot with embarrassment. "What would she think of him? An—how—how—had been really to kill or be killed in grief over his frustrated love, and already he was practically making love to her. Had he brought her to his room for this? What a hypocrite he was!

"Forgive me, Edith," he said, as he released her. "I am not quite myself. I hold you in very high respect as one of God's good women. Goodby!"

CHAPTER XIV.

When Irene Hardy pursued Dave from the house the roar of his motor-car was already drowned in the hum of the city streets. Hatless, she ran the length of a full block; then, realizing the futility of such a chase, returned with almost equal haste to her home.

"What is the meaning of this?" she demanded of Conward. "Why did he threaten to shoot and why did he leave as he did? You know. Tell me."

"I am sure I wish I could tell you," said Conward with all his accustomed suavity. In truth Conward, having somewhat recovered from his fright, was in rather good spirits. Things had gone better than he had dared to hope. Elden was eliminated, for the present, at any rate, and now was the time to win Irene.

She stood before him, flushed and vibrating and with flashing eyes. "You're lying, Conward," she said de-



"You're Lying, Conward"

th. "First you lied to him, and now you lie to me. There can be no other explanation. Where is that gun? He said I would know what to do with it."

"I have it," said Conward, partly carried off his feet by her violence. "I will keep it until you are a little more reasonable, and perhaps a little more respectful."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

If folks were paid according to their executive ability, a good college professor—Galv—ton News.



Our furniture department is now made complete by a recent shipment.

This furniture is made of quarter-sawed and natural grain-finish white oak. It lasts longer and looks better.

We have it in Chifferobe, Buffet, Dufold, Table, Chairs, etc. We also have a large stock of beds, mattresses, pillows, rugs, Congoleum rugs, etc.

Complete Line of Undertakers Goods

HIGGINBOTHAM BROS. & CO.

Jim Miller has bought the Sipe tin shop building and lot from Corum Beeler.

N. A. Smedly of Rowden, was here on Monday. Mr. Smedly paid for his subscription to the Review.

Charlie Sipes, who is employed at Cisco, is visiting his brother, Sam Sipes, in Cross Plains this week.

Virgil Hart, cashier of the Bank of Cross Plains, spent several days with his family at Brownwood the first of this week.

J. M. Hembree of Abilene, formerly a resident of Cross Plains, visited here this week.

W. J. Bennett, who has been employed at Ranger for some time, visited his family here this week.

Ben Hart of Sabanno is making arrangements to move to Cisco, and has ordered the Review and Dallas news changed accordingly.

C. S. Byles left Monday evening for Dallas, where he will attend the annual convention of the hard ware men of the state, which convenes in that city Tuesday and Wednesday of this week.

L. M. Bond left Tuesday morning for Dallas and other points, where he is making a purchasing visit among the wholesale jewelers.

The Review is in receipt of a letter from J. C. Teague of Hamlin enclosing a check for subscription and ordering his address changed from Cross Plains, route 1, to Hamlin, Motor route A. Suppose he will farm in Jones County this year.

Miss Ruby Atwood, who has been sick with the Flu, resumed her work as teacher in the school. Her place was filled during her illness by Miss Juanita Harpole.

J. W. Wesley, of this place announces a freak in hendom. He found an extra large egg a few mornings ago that had been laid while on roost, the egg having fallen to the ground and being broken. Upon examination, the egg shell contained a smaller egg, there being two perfect eggs in one, and there was no Luther Burbank around either, to make two grow where one grew before.

STRAYED— From my place, about ten days ago, ten black Poland-China pigs, six weeks old. Any one knowing their whereabouts will please notify me. C. E. Barr.

BUGGIES

We have just received a shipment of buggies, get yours, they wont last long.

C. S. Bovies

Horses Strayed.

One bay horse, streak in face, six years old, 16 hands high, left hind foot white, shod all around.

One sorrel pony, 14 hands high, branded "C" on left thigh, roach mane, with little scar just beneath the eyes, shod all around.

The above horses are strayed at my farm two miles southwest of Cross Plains. If not called for in 20 days, they will be sold at auction on first Monday after the 20 days have expired.

J. W. McDaniel, Commissioner.

Buys City Home.

C. C. Westerman, pioneer of the north part of Brown County, has bought the Major Rump place in east Cross Plains, and will move to the same. He expects to leave his farm to his son Doke to manage.

Buys Building

M. E. Wakefield has bought the old Review building and lot just across the street from the Racket Store. He expects to use the lumber in erecting two residences.

Buys Home

B. A. Pierce, who lives in the Board Flat country, has bought the J. M. Little home on east Eighth street, and will move to it. Mr. Little who lives in Cisco was over to make the trade.

W. A. McGowen last week received a card from Mr. and Mrs. Eldon Boydston of El Centro, Cal., announcing the fact that a son had been born to them on the 10th. J. D. Boydston, father of Eldon, who has had a reward out for some time for his first grandson, immediately wired the young man one hundred dollar.

Church Notice.

Services at the Presbyterian church next Sunday. Sunday School at the usual hour; preaching at 11 a. m. and at 7 p. m. You are cordially invited to come and worship with us.

Chalmers Kilburn, Pastor.

Married.

Johnny Henderson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ed Henderson, and Miss Clara Long, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Long, all of Dressy, were married in Cross Plains on Wednesday, Jan. 14. Elder J. M. Harlow pronouncing them man and wife. The young couple have many friends who wish them the best in life.

Taylor Bond Invests.

Taylor Bond has bought the old Crystal Cafe property just west of the post office. The Mercantile Co. are to use the building for a warehouse. He bought the building from Corum Beeler.

Builds New Home

Ed Long has about completed a four-room bungalow on his farm one mile south of town. The house has two porches. It is modern in design, and will make him a nice, comfortable home.

Found one good spring wagon seat. Owner will same at Review office by paying for this ad.

J. H. Harris.

Do you intend to build

Or have anything built, visit our yard and let us show you how you can save money. We have a large stock of building materials of all kinds, including shingles, doors, paints, oils and builder's hardware.

Herwin-Williams Paints Are Best

W. W. PRYOR

Can You Create an Estate Over Night?

Yes, by investing a small per cent of your earnings in an Occidental Life Insurance Policy. It is the quickest and surest policy ever devised to create an Estate. We invented the Perfect Protection Policy—nobody else has them.

IT PAYS—Irrespective of cause
IT PAYS—Promptly.
IT PAYS—Cash and no grumbling.
IT PAYS—To own one.

OCIDENTAL LIFE INS. CO.

J. L. SETTLE, General Agent
Office Over Farmers National Bank

As the New Year Comes In

You will naturally give some thought as to where you will buy your groceries, and we wish to call your attention to the fact that we carry a full line and believe in a quick turn-over at a small profit.

Ask your neighbor—he trades here.

W. E. BUTLER GROCERY

INSURANCE SPECIAL

I have a very fine proposition to offer owners of dwellings in the way of three-year insurance. For the saving see me—fire or tornado. Can give farm dwellings three-year policies with part cash and 6 per cent on balance due, 8 and 20 months. Best of companies. I never let your insurance elapse.

L. P. HENSLEE, Agent.

DR. HOWARD

Office Over Farmers' National Bank

DR. MARY L. GRAVES

DENTIST

Office in Residence. CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS



FOR SALE BY The City Drug Store

ine sses

sale on fine dresses, bath
ve just sixteen of this sea-
s, and the most of them
d Taffetas, and can be worn
can make a saving on these
Notice prices below:

	\$39.50, for \$30.00
es,	40.00, for 30.00
aided,	50.00, for 39.50
	29.50, for 21.00
	47.45, for 39.50
made,	55.00, for 44.00
	39.50, for 30.00
	22.50, for 17.90
	30.00, for 21.00
	30.00, for 21.00
	40.00, for 31.90
	42.50, for 32.00

BATH ROBES

\$18.00 Bath Robes	\$14.85
6.50 Bath Robes	4.75
10.00 Bath Robes	7.90

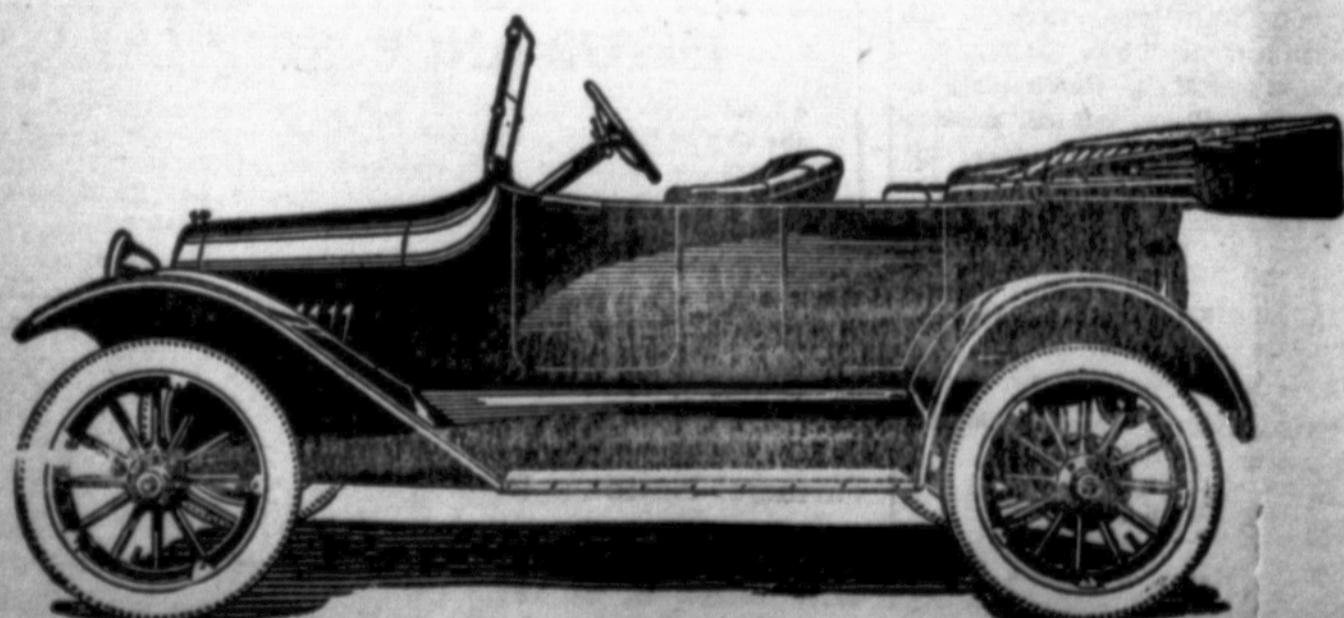
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"WHERE IT PAYS TO BUY"



CHEVOLET "Four Ninety" TOURING CAR

Equipped with electric lights and starter, highest type two-unit system, single wiring used. Complete lamp equipment, Mohair tailored one man top, top cover and side curtains; tilted wind-shield, speedometer, electric horn, extra rim and carrier on rear; complete tool equipment, including pump and jack. Foot rest, Robe Rail, Pockets in each door.



PRICE \$825.00. We Can Deliver Now. Let Us Give You a Demonstration.

C. S. BOYLES, Agent, Cross Plains, Texas

Married.

Cecil Murdock and Miss Dallas Worthy of Cottonwood were united in marriage on Sunday afternoon in Cross Plains, Rev. R. D. Carter performing the ceremony. The groom is a son of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Murdock, and the bride a daughter of C. W. Worthy, all of Cottonwood. A number of young people accompanied them here. Congratulations.

List Your Property.

I want to get a list of all city property and farms for sale at reasonable prices. Also leases.
L. P. Henslee.

If you like the daily Dallas News, why not club it with the Review? The Review one year and daily and Sunday News for one year for \$9.50. No bargain days, but worth the money. See or phone the Review.

ABSTRACTS—COUNTY MAPS

Jackson Abstract Co.
BaIRD, Texas.

Mack's Garage

My gas filling station is now installed and my new garage is equipped for first class work.

GENUINE FORD PARTS

Mack's Garage

Genuine Ford Parts Carried in Stock

Buy 1920 Furniture Here

We have been in the furniture business here but a short time, but we could have sold lots more goods than we could get. We feel thankful for the business you have given us or wanted to give us. We now have a small shipment of furniture, and will do our best to carry in stock a full line during the New Year. We solicit your business on a live-and-let-live basis.

Cross Plains Furniture Company
W. T. WILSON, Prop.

Want To See 'Em

My new Wall Paper samples will have to be seen to be appreciated. They are brim full of new, beautiful and artistic designs. Prices are low considering the high prices of all other kinds of material.

But the manufacturers have advised that prices will soon advance, and that will have to mark my prices up from 20 to 40 per cent above present prices, and that wall paper will probably be unobtainable before the end of 1920. So if you are thinking of buying wall paper, paint anything in that line, it will pay you to see me soon. I can save you money on any article used in my line.

Just drop me a postcard and say bring your samples. You will not obligate yourself in any way if you don't buy.

W. A. PAYNE

CONTRACTOR

P. S.—Watch this space next week. We will tell you about "Sanitas."

STOMACH TROUBLE

Mr. Marion Holcomb, of Nancy, Ky., says: "For a long while I suffered with stomach trouble. I have pains and a heavy feeling after my meals, a disagreeable taste in my mouth. If I ate anything butter, oil or grease, I would spit it up. I began to get a regular sick headache. I had used pills and tablets after a course of these, I would be constipated. It seemed to tear my stomach all up. I found they did me no good at all for my trouble. I heard

THE FORD'S

BLACK-DRAUGHT

recommended very highly, so began to use it. It is the best I have ever used. I kept it in the house all the time. It is the best liver medicine made. I do not have sick headache or stomach trouble any more." Black-Draught acts on the liver and helps it to do its important work. It throws out waste materials and poisons from the system. This medicine should be in every household. Use it in time of need. Get a package today. If you are sluggish, take a dose tonight. You will feel fresher in the morning. Price 25c a package. All druggists.

ONE CENT A DOSE

THE CROSS

CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS

THE REAL BANK

IS THE SPIRIT THAT ANIMATES THE INSTITUTION.

Financial resources, buildings, fixtures, equipment—all these things—are, after all, the mere tools with which the bank works.

A real understanding of the customer's needs; an earnest desire to co-operate with him in every legitimate way; a realization of public responsibility—these constitute the BANK. Everything else is secondary.

The spirit that animates this bank is the ground upon which we invite your account.

Farmers National Bank

Of Cross Plains, Texas

Our Drug Business

While our 1919 business is the best this store has ever enjoyed, for which we take this opportunity to thank our friends and customers, we will do our best to make the year just ushered in still a better one in spirit of service to our customers (helping them and not just selling to them.) We have the best equipped drug store in this part of the world; in fact, it would be hard to find one in a town the size of Cross Plains with such a stock of drugs and sundries as we always carry. We appreciate your trade and ask for it, and are prepared to care for your every want in our line. Then why not give us your 1920 business?

Drugs, Standard Patent Medicines, Best Guaranteed Jewelry, Stationery, School Supplies, Cigars, The Golden Throated Claxtanola, We Have Them All.

THE CITY DRUG STORE

B. G. Lindley, Prop.

Crusade Enlists Public School Recruits

Announcement is made by Miss Hunter, State crusade executive director of children's work of the Texas Public Health Association, that the spring tournament of the Modern Health Crusade begins any time prior to February

Modern Health Crusade as a part of its 1920 "better health" program, and will this year wage an extensive war against tuberculosis and other diseases.

To Build Homes.

Henry Childs is moving lumber from his home north of town to two lots south of the Bennett Hotel preparatory to erecting a home. He says he has enough of moving from one house to another.

"Luke Westerman, who has been expecting to have to rustle another house to live in, has bought the Butler building by the phone office, and will use the lumber in it to build a home in some part of town.

Married.

Jim McGowen and Miss Esther Payne were married on last Thursday at the home of Rev. S. A. Rogers, who performed the ceremony. The groom is a clerk in the hardware department of Higginbotham's store, and the bride is a daughter of J. W. Payne. Both are popular young people who have the best wishes of everybody for a long and happy married life.

The Review for less in a club.

BIG BUSINESS

We are preparing for the biggest business that we have ever had in Cross Plains. Our buyers are in the eastern markets, and they are buying everything that is carried in a dry goods store. It will be a pleasure for our customers and friends to visit our store. You can find just what you want. The best styles, the best goods and courteous treatment.

IMPLEMENTS

Every FARMER knows when you tell him it's an OLIVER Sully OLIVER Disc OLIVER Cultivator OLIVER PLANTER OLIVER Superior Grain Drill OLIVER Turning Plow

or anything in the OLIVER line, that it is the BEST that years of experience can produce for each locality.

Investigate before you buy. It will pay you.

GROCERIES

Our grocery stock is fresh, clean, and we buy the best that can be bought. The time has come when every woman should insist on having the brands of goods that she is familiar with—"The ones that she knows is the best."

When you want the best think of this store.

"Good Service and Good Goods" is our motto

WE WANT YOUR
WHEAT, OATS AND PEANUTS

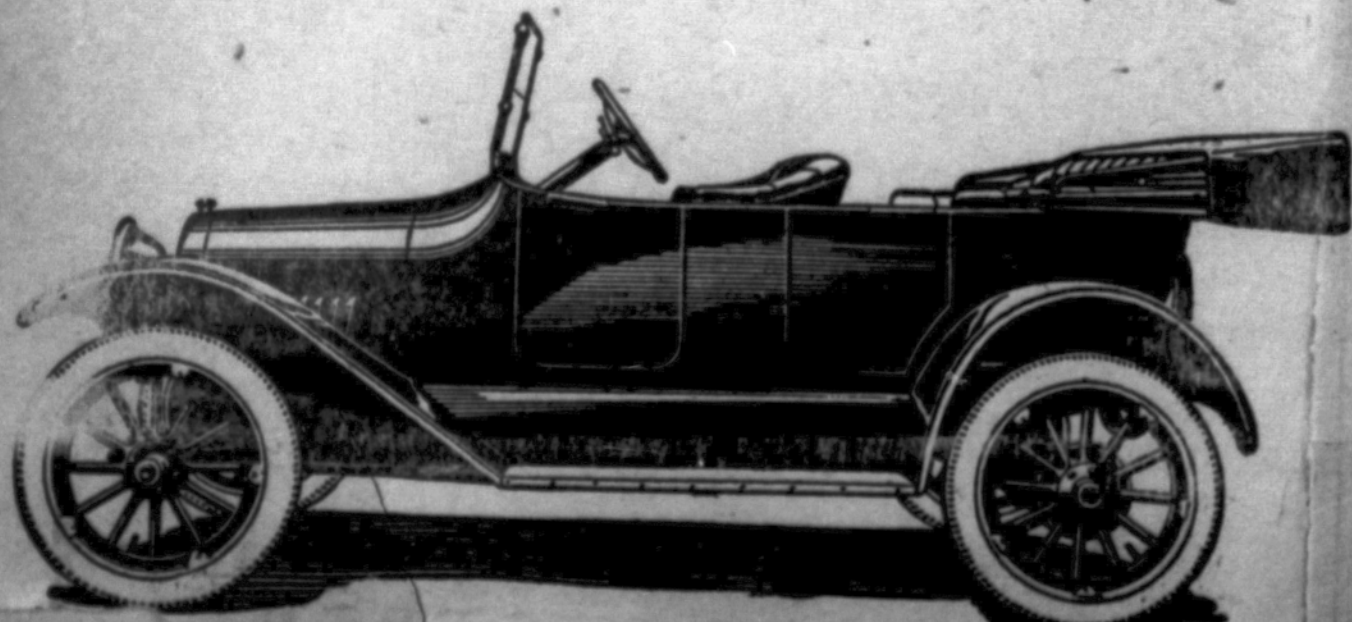
B. L. BOYDSTUN

"WHERE IT PAYS TO BUY"



CHEVOLET "Four Ninety" TOURING CAR

Equipped with electric lights and starter, highest type two-unit system, single wiring used. Complete lamp equipment, Mohair tailored one man top, top cover and side curtains; tilted wind-shield, speedometer, electric horn, extra rim and carrier on rear; complete tool equipment, including pump and jack. Foot rest, Robe Rail, Pockets in each door.



\$25.00. We Can Deliver Now. Let Us Give You a Demonstration.

BOYLES, Agent, Cross Plains, Texas

List Your Property.
I want to get a list of all city property and farms for sale at reasonable prices. Also leases.
L. P. Henslee.

If you like the daily Dallas News, why not club it with the Review? The Review one year and daily and Sunday News for one year for \$9.50. No bargain days, but worth the money. See or phone the Review.

ABSTRACTS--COUNTY MAPS

Jackson Abstract Co.
Baird, Texas.

BREEDEN'S
RHEUMATIC
COMPOUND
FOR RHEUMATISM
SOLD EVERYWHERE

FOR SALE BY
The City Drug Store

Mack's Garage Talk

For Full Measure of Gasoline
Battery Charging
Genuine Ford Parts, Oils and Accessories, and All Kinds of Repairs
SEE US

Mack's Garage

Knight's Livery Stable Stand

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Cross Plains Furniture Company
W. T. WILSON, Prop.

SANITAS

WHAT SANITAS REALLY IS

Sanitas is the only perfect sanitary wall covering on the market.

It is made of strong cloth processed in oil and stamped in designs like wall paper; Has borders to match. It positively will not break nor fade.

Grease, dirt nor water will not effect it. If it get's dirty or greasy just take soap and warm water and wash it off.

The cost of a room finished with Sanitas is a little less than a room of the same size with wall board.

It has no unsightly strips to mar its beauty or gather dirt.

Samples can be seen
at your command.

W. A. PAYNE

CONTRACTOR

STOMACH TROUBLE

Mr. Marion Holcomb, of Nancy, Ky., says: "For quite a long while I suffered with stomach trouble. I would have pains and a heavy feeling after my meals, a most disagreeable taste in my mouth. If I ate anything with butter, oil or grease, I would spit it up. I began to have regular sick headache. I had used pills and tablets, but after a course of these, I would be constipated. It just seemed to tear my stomach all up. I found they were no good at all for my trouble. I heard

THE DORF'S

BLACK-DRAUGHT

recommended very highly, so began to use it. It cured me. I keep it in the house all the time. It is the best liver medicine made. I do not have sick headache or stomach trouble any more." Black-Draught acts on the jaded liver and helps it to do its important work of throwing out waste materials and poisons from the system. This medicine should be in every household for use in time of need. Get a package today. If you feel sluggish, take a dose tonight. You will feel fresh tomorrow. Price 25c a package. All druggists.

ONE CENT A DOSE

THE CROSS

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Farmers National Bank

Of Cross Plains, Texas

Beware of the Flu!

The flu is again getting prevalent in the country. We have a supply of FLU SERUM. Protect yourself and your family now by taking this treatment. Price is reasonable.

THE CITY DRUG STORE

B. G. Lindley, Prop.

WRITE SAM TO THE FARMERS

The year through which we have just passed has been a prosperous one for the stockman and the farmer, but especially for the cotton farmer.

A bountiful yield and the high prices received for cotton and other products of the farm will no doubt more than double the number of income tax payers among the farmers for the year 1919. It should be borne in mind by those who have never made an income tax report, that who will be due a tax for 1919, that it is not necessary for the government to notify you of your liability. The law places the duty squarely on you and you should inform yourself as to the requirements and comply with them. Ample time is allowed in which your income tax returns may be legally filed; failure to file it on time renders you liable to penalties.

Returns (or reports) for the calendar year 1919 may be filed at any time after Jan. 1st, 1920, but not later than March 15th, 1920. They may be mailed to A. S. Walker, Collector, Austin, Texas, or filed with the deputy collector, if one is near you.

Ask your banker for an income tax form; if he can't supply you,

write to A. S. Walker, Collector, Austin, Texas, and ask for Form 1040-A if you made less than \$5000 in 1919 and for Form 1040 if your income exceeded this sum.

Every single man and every single woman whose net income for 1919 was \$1000 or more must file a report. Remember that your board, lodging and other personal expenses are not deducted in figuring your net income.

Go through your bank book, containing cancelled checks, cotton tickets, store accounts and bills and other records and figure up the amount of cotton and other produce sold and other income received. Make a detailed list of the other expenses you have paid from Jan. 1, 1919, to Dec. 31, 1919. Then present your figures to the deputy collector nearest you; he is an employee of the government and will assist you in making up your return without charge; that's his business.

ONE KILLED, THREE INJURED IN LUSK WELL EXPLOSION

Clifton Wilkerson was killed and three others injured as a result of a premature explosion of a nitroglycerine charge Tuesday, 4 p. m., in the Lusk well 41 miles north of Cross Plains. The explosion was thought to have been caused by a thoughtless well in rained.

OIL NOTES

The Foster of the northwest Hilburn farm of Cross Plains which on Friday was reported to be the most in oil circles in this country.

The well to 665 feet, according to information we are receiving by flow by two hours mated at pre hundred an which would mates after four or five ing through inch casing, feet of operation is to say that it set a mach obtained at bridging a reduced.

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