

The McLean News

TENTH YEAR

McLEAN, GRAY COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, APRIL 24, 1914

NO 17

REFERENCE

OF THE STRONGEST KIND



THERE can be no stronger recommendation for a young man than a live BANK ACCOUNT, for it shows integrity, a regard for the future and the regularity of the entries of deposits show prudence.

BANK WITH US, A CONSERVATIVE INSTITUTION.

CITIZENS STATE BANK "GUARANTY FUND BANK"

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The Peanut And the Hog

The business men and farmers are overlooking a tremendous opportunity for profit where they fail to consider the peanut and the hog in Texas farming. The case stands thus: From ten pounds of corn the farmer can get one pound of pork; from ten pounds of peanuts he can get from two to two and a quarter pounds of pork. An acre of corn producing fifty bushels may be expected to yield five hundred pounds of pork; an acre of peanuts producing, say, forty bushels and a ton of hay will make one thousand to twelve hundred and fifty pounds. One could expect two acres of corn to fatten five hogs if they were skillful enough as a farmer and had sufficient rainfall to get a yield of one hundred bushels—the state average yield is about twenty-two bushels per acre. Two acres of peanuts would fatten ten to fifteen

over corn as a pork producer does not fully state the case, for there are other advantages in favor of the peanut in hog raising in the cost of production and the draft upon the soil. Corn is a very exacting crop, requiring plenty of rain, drawing heavily upon the soil fertility—a yield of forty bushels per acre takes out of the ground about \$14.50 in plant food—is subject to insect pests and plant diseases, and requires to be harvested at considerable expense of labor and money. The peanut is a drought resister, making good yields when corn withers in the fields; is a soil builder and has few insect enemies; and the hog will do his own harvesting, digging up the ground while rooting for the nuts and fertilizing the soil with animal manure while he feeds. The peanut requires less cultivation than corn and will grow better on poorer land. In a sentence, as a feed for hogs the case may be summed up as being between a drought-effected and somewhat expensive crop on one hand and a practically certain and much

cheaper crop on the other, and the comparative net profits as expressed in pork are in the proportion of one against two to five. The argument for peanuts must not be taken as being against corn growing on Texas farms, but rather that peanuts should also be grown, especially in connection with hog raising.

The hog is of all farm animals a quick money-maker. A sow will produce two litters of seven to fourteen pigs a year, and these pigs should be made ready for the market at eight to ten months. The market quotations at present show a two hundred pound animal to be worth \$17 at Fort Worth, or, the output of two acres of peanuts in pork is worth, at the market, \$170 to \$225 as against \$85 where the farmer has raised one hundred bushels of corn on his two acres, or \$40 where he has made only the State's average yield. Furthermore, as has been shown, there is less expense to pay in crop production for the peanuts.

The peanut is peculiarly adapted to the sandy loams of Texas and hog production is not a business requiring a large investment. Hog raising is within the reach of the man of little means, the small farmer who has difficulty in keeping ahead of his debts; and the investment may be turned over several times a year. Business sense, work, and study are requisites of success, however, in this as in every other gainful occupation. The farmers of Stephens county, Oklahoma, are planting 85,000 acres to peanuts this year. In 1913 they had 40,000 acres, and a few years ago the first farmer, seeking relief from the droughts and hot winds that ruined his crop three years out of five, started peanut growing there by planting five acres. There can be no over-production where the livestock is raised to consume the yield, and the crop is more profitable when marketed on the hoof.

These facts should appeal to the farmer; and the banker can well afford to finance the peanut growing hog raiser. In fact, in some sections of the state the banks are already furnishing hogs on pledges from the farmer to grow the feed, and taking notes payable from the proceeds of the first and second or second and third litters. The impor-

Fine Commercial Printing

PROMPT AND CAREFUL ATTENTION WILL BE GIVEN YOUR ORDER AT THE NEWS OFFICE

tance of the peanut and the hog in Texas farming and farm profits has caused the Texas Industrial Congress to include peanuts in its crop contests this year and the hog in its livestock classes, and to offer special prizes to the farmers who most profitably combine the two. Every business man should interest himself to introduce the peanut and the hog into the farming within his trade territory, and as many farmers as are qualified under the rules of the Congress would do well to write and make application to enter the contest.

The peanut and the hog offer an opportunity for financial independence to many a farmer who otherwise has little hope ahead, and property to replace the frequent hard times in our Texas towns. "The world has no surplus food supply" said Col. Exall, "and one half the people lay down hungry every night." If the farmers of Texas should devote just a part of their farming to peanut growing and hog raising there would be no likelihood of over-production, and the result in adding to their own prosperity would be literally to add millions to the credit side of the profit and loss accounts of the total business interests of Texas.—Texas Industrial Congress.

Closing Date Draws Near

The time for entering the field crop contest for the \$10,000 prize awards of the Texas Industrial Congress is rapidly drawing to a close; it will end on May 1.

The congress does not make any charge for entering names in its contests, and its prizes are given to those of its contestants who make better than the general average of all contestants in crop yields and net profits.

The size of the tract is not large enough to put any inconvenience upon the farmer in his year's work, being merely intended as a study and experiment acre with which a farmer can learn best what he can actually do with his farm. Such experiment plots ought to be maintained as a matter of course for growing seed crops, and when a man, boy and girl may share in a distribution of \$10,000 in prize awards by simply writing to the Industrial Congress in connection with the farming they are going to do anyway, it seems that the farmer readers of this paper are merely standing in their own light by not getting into the contest.

The entering of many contestants from this county is a matter that concerns our business men, since they are only less vitally interested in the growth of better farming in their trade territory than are the farmers themselves.

Many of our farmers, we are sure, would like to enter the contest and intend to enter, but because they are busy in the fields and a letter requires to be written and mailed and a blank to be signed and mailed they fail to do it. We believe that our bankers and business men, concerned as they are with the farmers in having this territory do the best possible farming, can sit down at their phones, call up a dozen farmer friends and get them to agree to enter either themselves or their children in the contest and authorize the business men to sign and mail the applications for them.

We have received some application blanks from the congress and will make this use of them, and other business men in the city also have them. If this

county does not make a showing in farm study and improvement, the fault is here and not with the Texas Industrial Congress, which would be only glad if every farmer in this section were included as trying for the biggest net profits that entitle him to the prizes.—Contributed.

Revival.

We are requested to announce that there will be a revival meeting commence at the tabernacle on Saturday before the fourth Sunday in June by the congregation of the Church of Christ. Elder W. P. Skaggs of Vernon will do the preaching. The public requested to bear in mind the opening date.

Another Call.

For several weeks we have had a notice before you—in the McLean News—asking that you call and settle your account. In that request we did not say you had to settle with the cash, but said that we preferred the "cash way". We have also mailed you written statements in which we have insisted that you come in and settle. Now inasmuch as many have given the matter no attention, we presume that you have understood that the only way we care to settle is the "cash way". Not so. If you cannot pay us now give us your note, payable some time between now and January 1, 1915. Our intention has been and is to get all accounts prior to February 16th square, either by cash or note. Please show enough appreciation of our favors to answer this call.

To those that have so readily responded to our request for settlement we wish to extend hearty thanks and assure you that the new firm will be pleased to extend to you in the future such as favors as may be in their power render. We will also appreciate your continued patronage.

Respectfully,
MCLEAN HARDWARE CO.

JOHN B. VANNOY
Optician & Jeweler

Dealer in Clocks, Watches, Jewelry and Silverware.

Does Engraving and all kinds of repair work pertaining to the jewelry trade.

Service and Solidity The Banking Requisites

The satisfactory bank—the only bank which can be of real benefit to the business public—is that which, while assuring absolute security, is prepared to give expert and courteous service not only to depositors but to the public generally.

The success of the AMERICAN STATE BANK has been built upon this winning combination of Service and Solidity. Your account is solicited.

CAPITAL \$25,000.00
SURPLUS \$10,000.00

American State Bank

(GUARANTY FUND BANK)
McLean, Texas

D. B. VEATCH, PRESIDENT
O. W. SITTER, VICE PRES.
W. H. HOLT, CASHIER
CLAY E. THOMPSON, ASST. CASHIER
A. P. CLARK, JR., DIRECTORS
J. T. FOSTER, DIRECTORS

INDIVIDUAL WORTH OF STOCKHOLDERS \$1,750,000.00

Oil Prospects Promising

Public confidence relative to the possibility of being developed in this particular section seems to be growing with each succeeding day of the preparations for starting the test well for that purpose. It is understood that the machinery is being placed as fast as possible and by the first of next week it will be ready to start on the actual work of drilling.

The building of the derrick has been somewhat delayed by the continued high winds prevailing last week and the first of this, but the promoters have been steadily at work pushing it to completion as fast as possible. In the meantime the public is on the qui vive, and speculation, mostly of the optimistic kind, is running high.

"When we strike oil" thousands of different things are prophesied to come to pass—and it is possible they will.

DRINK LOTS OF WATER TO FLUSH THE KIDNEYS

Eat Less Meat and Take Salts for Backache or Bladder Trouble—Neutralize Acids.

Uric acid in meat excites the kidneys, they become overworked, get sluggish, ache, and feel like lumps of lead.

Rat less meat, drink lots of water; also get from any pharmacist four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine.

His Mistake. "Gimme some candy, Tom?" "Candy? I ain't got no candy—that's a toothache."

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of J. C. FLETCHER, in Use For Over 30 Years.

Instead of heaping coals of fire on our heads it would be better if our enemies should fill our bins.

Dr. Pierce's Peppet, small, sugar-coated, easy to take as candy, regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Do not gripe. Adv.

We never met a man that got the credit he deserved. As a rule he goes more.

MRS. WILLIAMS' LONG SICKNESS

Yields To Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Elkhart, Ind.—"I suffered for fourteen years from organic inflammation, female weakness, pain and irregularities. The pains in my sides were increased by walking or standing on my feet, and I had such awful bearing down feelings, was depressed in spirits and became thin and pale with dull, heavy eyes. I had six doctors from whom I received only temporary relief. I decided to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fair trial and also the Sanative Wash. I have now used the remedies for four months and cannot express my thanks for what they have done for me.

"If these lines will be of any benefit you have my permission to publish them."—Mrs. SADIE WILLIAMS, 405 James Street, Elkhart, Indiana.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotic or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record of being the most successful remedy for female ailments we know of, and thousands of voluntary testimonials on file in the Pinkham laboratory at Lynn, Mass., seem to prove this fact.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

Why Scratch?

"Hunt's Cure" is guaranteed to stop and permanently cure that terrible itching. It is compounded for that purpose and your money will be promptly refunded WITHOUT QUESTION if Hunt's Cure fails to cure Itch, Eczema, Tetter, Ring Worm or any other Skin Disease. 50c at your druggist's, or by mail direct if the box is. Manufactured only by A. B. RICHARDS MEDICINE CO., Sherman, Texas

PREVENTION

better than cure. Tutt's Pills if taken in time are not only a remedy for, but will prevent SICK HEADACHE.

Stomach, constipation and kindred diseases.

Tutt's Pills

Believes Sore Eyes

PORTABLE FARROWING HOUSE IN FAVOR



Berkshire Sow With Litter.

In order to give the pigs the right kind of a start in life, they must be born under good conditions. If the brood sows can have their way they will slip off to the woods when ready to farrow, pile up a lot of leaves at the side of a stump or in a fence corner and here the pigs will be born in the open air. This procedure is all right in warm weather, but in the spring when cold, wet weather prevails much of the time, a large loss is sustained when the pigs come amid such surroundings, writes W. F. Purdue in Successful Farming. Hogs are so poorly protected by nature against the cold that warm, dry quarters are a necessity for the sows that farrow early in the season, or so many of the pigs will be lost that most of the profit is gone in the beginning.

The portable type of farrowing house has rapidly come into favor lately, even with those who are well able to provide more expensive quarters. The A-shaped building is a very serviceable type of the portable house that commends itself to many farmers who are engaged in the hog business on a large scale. It is warm at all seasons and it may easily be kept in a sanitary condition. Two men can move it to a new location, in a few minutes and thus it does not become infested with rats or hog house smells. The stopping and feeding are always done outside, hence the floor never becomes wet and filthy. These houses are just the thing for nervous sows, as they can be located so as to be out of the hearing of other sows and pigs.

For the man who rents, the portable house is very advantageous, since it can be readily moved. He can well afford to construct portable houses at his own expense, if his landlord will not provide them, since he can retain them as personal property when he moves. These houses need not cost much. One can be made out of good materials for from four to five dollars. Any farmer who can handle a hammer and saw with any degree of skill at all, can construct these buildings during spare time and thus save the large wages demanded by carpenters. Houses 6 by 6 feet at the base are large enough for young sows, while they should be made 8 by 8 feet for the large sows. Floors are not essential if the houses are located on a high, dry site that provides perfect drainage. In cold weather a swinging door should be provided; a piece of heavy canvas may be used for this purpose. There is an opening for ventilation at the back of the house.

The sows should be placed in their individual quarters at least a week before due to farrow, in order that they may become accustomed to their new surroundings. Quietness and but little feed are needed by the sow for the first 24 hours after farrowing; water with the chill removed and a little middlings stirred in it is all that she needs in any case. It is not desirable to start the milk of the sow too rapidly, as it might be more than the little pigs would need, and if it is not all drawn out of the udder it is liable to congest and cause trouble, not only to the sow but to the pigs. It requires caution, therefore, in the start not to push the sow with feed that will start the milk too rapidly. If the litter is a small one, more time should be taken in getting the sow on full feed than otherwise. But the demands of the pigs will increase every day and it will not be long until they will be able to take about all the milk their mother will furnish from the best quality of feed. Care must be taken not to overfeed.

A practical method of feeding a sow with young pigs is to allow her at regular times, night and morning, just what she will eat perfectly clean and still want a little more. This method of feeding will retain the sow's appetite and keep her in a good healthy condition. The sow does not demand a fattening feed, such as an all corn ration, but she requires a milk-producing protein ration. The farmer who produces a large quantity of separator skim milk daily, has one of the best feeds for sows with young pigs to be found, when the milk is combined with ground grain and mixed into a thick slop. Access to a growing pasture will help greatly to keep the sow's bowels regular as well

as adding to her appetite and assisting in the furnishing of milk for the pigs.

Clean kitchen slops are all right for the sows, too, but care must be taken that no spoiled fruits or vegetables are put into the slop, for these are pretty sure to result in diarrhoea or scours in the pigs, and there may be some loss before corrective remedies can be administered. One of the best of these, after the error in diet has been corrected, is to give the sow in her slop twelve to fifteen grains of copperas night and morning; if necessary, slightly increase the size of the doses until effective.

Provide dry bedding for the pigs, and in good weather they should follow the sow around in order to get the exercise which they need. In bad weather the pigs will probably remain in their beds, drawing plenty of milk, and they will then become too fat, which condition is likely to be followed by the thumps. Thumps is a condition brought on by a fatty growth about the heart and lungs, and it is fatal in a large percentage of cases. Even though it does not prove fatal, it always results in a decided setback for the afflicted pigs at the time and for a considerable while afterwards. It must be guarded against, first, by not overfeeding the sow, and second, by forcing the pigs to take exercise if they will not take it of their own volition. As long as the weather remains bad, thus keeping the pigs in their quarters, they should be stirred up and forced to scurry around for 15 to 20 minutes every day.

NOT PROFITABLE TO KEEP OLD HENS

Yearling Fowls Considered Superior to the Pulletts for Breeding Purposes.

(By R. G. WEATHERSTONE.) As a breeder I consider the yearling hen superior to the pulletts, as the eggs are usually larger and will produce better developed chicks. In fact, the vigor of the offspring is not decreased if the hen is kept three or four years.

Considered as a breeder alone her value does not depreciate as long as she produces good chicks. But we must judge her value also by the total amount of her egg yield and we know that the older she grows the fewer eggs she will produce. Experiment station results and practical experience go to show that it seldom pays to keep hens after they are two years old, except for breeding uses.

Notwithstanding the fact that pullets will lay more eggs than yearling hens, I believe it pays to keep as many yearling hens in the flock as pullets. Many who keep a farm flock do not consider the cost of raising the pullets to an egg-producing age while the year-old hens are making a profit for them.

Keeping about the same number of yearlings as pullets enables me to market about one-half of the older birds during the summer when they are in good condition and will bring the highest price.

In this way I have plenty of room for the young pullets early in the fall and get them into their houses and ready to begin laying before cold weather comes on.

By planning my egg-producing flock in this way I am able to supply regular customers and maintain a fairly uniform egg production during the entire year.

After the older birds are marketed the yearlings alone must be depended upon to supply egg customers until the pullets begin to lay in the fall. I have found it unsatisfactory to depend upon pullets alone to maintain a uniform production during the whole of a year.

Does it Pay? A good fresh cow is worth \$60 to \$100, depending on how good she is. A heifer calf will sell for veal at \$10 to \$20, according to the time of year it comes and the amount of milk it gets. Does it pay to raise cows? What does it cost to raise a cow? Test for Tuberculosis. Are you sure your herd is free from tuberculosis? Not unless you've had the tuberculin test applied. You should not sleep well until you know for sure.

OLD RUSSIAN CHURCH

Interesting Ruins Found at Fort Ross, California.

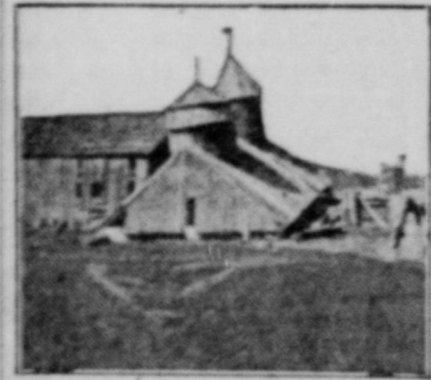
Structure Was Built by Members of Russian-American Fur Company Expedition in 1813 and Used for Place of Worship.

San Francisco.—At Fort Ross, California, some fifty miles north of San Francisco, there are the very interesting remains of what was once a church of the Holy Orthodox religion—as the members of the Eastern or Greek church call their faith. It was in 1809 that an expedition of the Russian-American Fur company came south from Sitka, and made a settlement at Bodega bay, which they called Fort Rumiantzof. Two years later they chose a position for their main post about twenty miles farther north, a little beyond the Russian river, which they called the Slavianska. At this point, which they named Ros, or Russ, they built a fort with watchtowers and mounted 40 cannon.

The settlement was ostensibly only a peaceful trading post and a center for sealing operations. There was no reason, however, in the character of the Indian inhabitants of the region, for a post of such strength, and it seems probable that the company intended to hold the territory as a Russian colony, and by gradual settlement farther south, to offer an effective challenge to the claims of Spain to the coast region north of San Francisco.

The fort was built of heavy redwood timbers. It was about one hundred yards square, and contained the quarters of the officers and men, workshops, warehouses, granaries, a windmill, and, of course, bathhouses. The population varied between two hundred and four hundred, inclusive of some Aleuts who were employed in the sealing and sea-otter industry. The fur business grew to be large and very profitable. Sir George Simpson, the governor of the Hudson Bay company, who visited Fort Ross in 1841, reported that up to that time no less than eighty thousand sea-otter skins alone had been taken and marketed by the Russian-American company. In 1813 the Russians built a church, and there the gorgeous ritual of the Greek Catholic church was conducted until the close of the Russian occupation.

That came in 1842. There was constant friction between the Russians and the Spanish and Mexican governments. In 1824 the Russian government bound itself, by the treaty of London, not to acquire territory on the Pacific coast south of 54 degrees 40 minutes latitude. So there was nothing for the fur company to do but to seek a purchaser for the settlement. After the Hudson Bay company had refused to buy the property, it was sold in 1842 to "Captain" Sutter, who lives in California history as the owner of Sutter's mill, where gold was first discovered.



The Roof of the Russian Church.

covered in 1848. He paid \$30,000 for the buildings and other effects at Fort Ross and four smaller settlements in the neighborhood. In 1842 the Russians sailed away for Sitka. Four years later California passed from Mexico to the United States.

There are few relics of the Russian occupation still to be seen at Fort Ross. The commandant's house still stands, and parts of the stockade can yet be seen. The church was in fair condition until the great earthquake of 1906, which threw the roof, with its quaint cupola and belfry, to the ground. But even then the massive timbers, fastened with hand-wrought bolts and spikes, held together.

BUGS PAINTED ON CHEEKS

Birds and Beetles in Natural Colors Adorn the Faces of Paris Beauties.

Paris.—Designs painted on the cheeks are the latest barbarous eccentricity indulged in by Parisiennes, which is ousting the colored wigs. The fad now is to have a miniature work of art in the form of a bird, bug, lizard or what not painted in natural colors on the cheek.

Safeblowers Obligated. Stockton, Cal.—"Don't blow the safe. Here's the combination."

A note bearing these words was found by crackmen when they entered the plumbing establishment of Pahl & Henry, in the business district. They followed directions and made away with \$5.50.

There's no sense in having a \$200 safe wrecked when there is only \$5.50 in it." a member of the firm explained subsequently.

Hot Pie in Bull Terrier. Boulder, Colo.—An eight-inch hot pie was removed from the body of James F. Mann's valuable bull terrier. The dog still lives.



"The Little Fellow With the Big Pull" Four 14-in. glows, 9 in. deep, plus sub-surface packer in KANSAS STUBBLE

The Sandusky Tractor

The above photo shows a "Sandusky" doing the work of at least 16 horses and 3 men. Some difference in cost between doing your work this modern way as compared with the old way. New Model "C" absolutely dust and sand proof. More convincing proof and other valuable information in Power on the Farm—1914 edition. Write for a copy today—It's free.

J. J. DAUCH, Mfr., Dept. T-4, Sandusky, Ohio. Send me 1914 edition of POWER ON THE FARM. I operate _____ acres, planted to _____ Name and Address _____

BOOST THAT WAS A KNOCK

Critic Knew Well That His Praise of Novel Would Inevitably Decrease Its Sales.

In a discussion of the popular literary taste Theodore Dreiser said at the Century club in New York:

"Here is an illuminating episode: A preacher was talking to a critic. The preacher said:

"I thought you didn't like the work of Potta, the novelist?"

"Neither do I," the critic answered.

"Yet in your review the other day you declared that Potta's last novel was remarkable for its purity, that its high moral tone was a splendid change from the tainted fiction of the day, and that you advised the public to turn to the moral Potta, from the debasing white slave fiction so much in vogue. Why, now, my friend, if you dislike Potta, did you talk like that about him?"

"I did it," the critic answered, "to spoil his sales."

Paper Walls by Machine.

Christian J. Siebenhaar of Oramel, N. Y., has invented a wall papering machine in which an extensible frame is provided with means for extending and collapsing it, and a paper and paste applying mechanism are supplied on a holder, together with devices carried by the extensible frame for pasting the paper on a wall or ceiling.

At the Show. "Here's my boy. Don't you think I ought to be proud of such a fine little youngster?"

"Ah, but you ought to see my fine little roadster!"

Have to Pull 'em. "I see we are soon to talk in general by wireless."

"But you can't work in politics by it."

CLEVER WIFE

Knew How to Keep Peace in Family.

It is quite significant, the number of persons who get well of alarming heart trouble when they let up on coffee and use Postum as the beverage at meals.

There is nothing surprising about it, however, because the harmful alkaloid—caffeine—in coffee is not present in Postum, which is made of clean, hard wheat.

"Two years ago I was having so much trouble with my heart," writes a lady in Washington, "that at times I felt quite alarmed. My husband took me to a specialist to have my heart examined. The doctor said he could find no organic trouble but said my heart was irritable from something I had been accustomed to, and asked me to try and remember what disagreed with me.

"I remembered that coffee always soured on my stomach and caused me trouble from palpitation of the heart. So I stopped coffee and began to use Postum. I have had no further trouble since.

"A neighbor of ours, an old man, was so irritable from drinking coffee that his wife wanted him to drink Postum. This made him very angry, but his wife secured some Postum and made it carefully according to directions.

"He drank the Postum and did not know the difference, and is still using it to his lasting benefit. He tells his wife that the 'coffee' is better than it used to be, so she smiles with him and keeps peace in the family by serving Postum instead of coffee."

Name given by the Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Postum now comes in two forms: Regular Postum—must be well boiled, 15c and 25c package.

Instant Postum—is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly, 15c and 50c tins.

The cost per cup of both kinds is about the same.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.—sold by Grocers.

The Old, Old Story.

Belle—I hear Billy called on you last night.

Beulah—Yes, he did.

Belle—And did he tell you the "old, old story"?

Beulah—Yes, he talked about the weather the whole time.

And Stronger. Teacher—Johnny, for what is Switzerland famous?

Pupils—Why—m'm—Swiss cheese.

Teacher—Oh, something grander, more impressive, more tremendous.

Pupils—Limburger.

Even if an up-to-date woman of look like the pictures in a fashion magazine, she probably wouldn't be satisfied.

If you wish beautiful, clear, white clothes, use Red Cross Ball Blue. At all good grocers. Adv.

It's a good plan to put something by for a rainy day; a little sunshine, for instance.



Whittemore's Shoe Polishes

Finest Quality Largest Variety

GILT EDGE the only ladies' shoe dressing that never contains oil. Blacks and polishes ladies' children's shoes and slippers without shining. 25c. French Glass 10c.

STAR combination for cleaning and polishing all kinds of shoes. 15c. "Dandy" 10c.

QUICK WHITE for light colored shoes with quick cleaning and whitens dry canvas shoes. 10c and 25c.

BASY ELITE combination for gentlemen who like to have their shoes look A1. Makes shoe all colors to all black shoes. Polish with a brush or cloth. 15c and 25c.

If your dealer does not keep the kind you want, we will send you a full size package, charge paid by return mail. Wholesale prices. Write for list of all kinds shoes. Polishes with a brush or cloth. 15c and 25c.

The Largest and Most Complete of Shoe Polishes in the World



W.L. DOUGLAS SHOES

Men's \$12.00 \$10.00 \$8.00 Women's \$12.00 \$10.00 \$8.00

MADE IN U.S.A. Superior Quality

THE BEST STOCK SADDLES

able prices, write for list of illustrated catalogues.

A. H. HESS & SONS, 261 Travis St., Dallas, Texas

Soda Fountain

Soda Fountain. We have made up ready to prompt shipment 6, 8, 10, 12 and 20 ft. systems, pump service outfits, new and slightly used, at a big saving in price on cash monthly payments. The Grosman Co., Inc., Dallas, Tex.

3500 Aero Branch with 1000 sq. ft. of floor space. 1000 sq. ft. of floor space. MEANS LAND COMPANY, BRALIA

Embroidered Taffeta Gown for Young Girl



THE slim, unformed figures of young girls are much helped out by ruffles and skirt draperies, which are already established in spring styles. A kind dispensation of fashion (for the too-slender maid) decrees taffeta and ruffles; both lend themselves perfectly to figure building. Meantime, those who have all the figure they want, and perhaps a little more, are managing to wear frounces and drapery by choosing clinging fabrics and using shaped ruffles instead of gathered ones.

In either case a lot of clever management is evident. The object in view is the achievement of graceful lines, and its attainment for a slender figure, is shown in the gown pictured here—a design by Dœuillet.

It will be seen that the figure is built out about the hips, but that its lines are not lost sight of. The skirt is narrowed just above the knees and hangs straight from this point to the instep. There is a wonderfully easy and pretty effect of drapery at the waist line with a narrow velvet girdle below it. The discernment of the artist in placing the velvet ribbon belt below the normal waist line is one of those evidences of cleverness by which the French have won their pre-eminence in designing.

The model is in fact simple enough. Except for two narrow ruffles of the silk embroidered in a delicate flower pattern, and small bows of black velvet with pearl buckles, there are no purely decorative features.

There is a founce of taffeta, only moderately full, extending from the waist line to the thigh and terminating in a scant ruffle of the embroidery.

Below the embroidered founce is a full ruffle of the plain taffeta. It gives the effect of a short overskirt. The silk below it is laid in plaits about four inches deep. At their termination a second scant ruffle of the embroidery is sewed on. Below it the silk falls free and is finished with a three-inch hem.

The bodice has a plain back and kimono sleeves. It opens surplice fashion in the front, with the front pieces pulled in along the under arm seams. This allows them to fall easily about the waist and over the belt.

The opening at the neck is finished with the embroidery put on almost plain. There is very little fullness in the founce of embroidery which finishes the short sleeves.

There are several fabrics besides taffeta in which this model may be effectively made up. The light, bordered, wool challies are perfect for it. Figured cotton crepes and the light weight poplins, as well as silk materials, adapt themselves to draperies and frounces. In making a choice it is to be remembered that the "body" or stiffness of taffeta, and its high luster, are not desirable for full figures.

This is only one of many designs in which the skirt appears to be made up of frounces.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

Voile Blouses for Daily Wear



WE SEEM to have got away forever from the stiff and starched shirtlet and to have adopted the soft and comfortable blouse, without any sacrifice of neatness. There are plain blouses of trim wash silks and others of batiste and voile. The good, attractive, all-round waists of voile, like those shown in the picture, combine many satisfactory features for daily wear that they are most popular of all.

One of the best new models is pictured here, with round neck and long sleeves. It is cut with drop shoulder, the seams are hemstitched. Small bows decorate the body and sleeves. The neck is finished with a narrow black collar edged with a net lace. A little hand embroidery finishes up the collar and its net edge.

There is a net founce at the waist. The lower sleeve is set on to upper sleeve a few inches above elbow. The second waist is a high-necked one embellished with tucks and pieces of Irish lace insertion to the voile. The collar and sleeves are finished with tucks and are bordered with a crocheted to match the insertion. The crocheted - clay lace is most

desirable, a good match for the voile in wear-resisting qualities.

The sleeves are three-quarter length and all seams hemstitched. It is better to make the collars detachable, as they soil more quickly than the body of the waist.

In selecting the voile, choose a sheer variety made of very hard twisted threads. It will thicken a little with washing, and it is a good idea to rinse it out and iron it before making it up.

The front panel in this waist is decorated with small sprays of embroidery. It is one of the few models that open in the back.

For the business woman and for home wear these waists provide one with cool, comfortable garments having the charm of crisp neatness added to their other attractions, without any hard, starched surfaces to suggest discomfort and become mussed. A very little starch or none at all is used when they are laundered. The expense of the materials is next to nothing, the handwork places them in the elegant class, and their durability pays for it. They are an evolution in waists, the outcome of long experience with the requirements of American woman. JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

WAS NOT REVENGEFUL MAN

But at the Same Time Dog Owner Meant That His Pet Should Have a Fair Show.

"I am not a revengeful man," said a Brooklyn real estate dealer, "but now and then I do want to get even. A few days ago I drove out as far as Mineola in a horse and buggy, and my dog followed me. He's no fighter as a dog, and it was a bad trip for him. Every time we passed a farmhouse a dog came rushing out to roll my canine in the dust, and he was licked 36 different times before we got home. I was sorry for him and mad at the other dogs, and three or four days later I got a loan of a mastiff and made the trip over again. There was fun from the start to finish. The same farmers' dogs came bounding off the fence to chew up something, and most of them got hold of the mastiff before they knew whether he was a poodle or an elephant. They saw their mistake too late. Lord, he slayed 'em right and left. He simply left a trail of howling, limping dogs from Prospect park to Mineola and back, and I've been told that some of the farmers along the road have offered as high as \$20 for his scalp. No; I'm not a revengeful man, but I want to see my dog have a fair show in this world, don't you know?"

CORN CAN BE GROWN ON CANADIAN PRAIRIES

Manitoba is now commencing to produce considerable corn, chiefly for feeding purposes. In some cases, where the crop can be matured into the dough stage, silos could be used and would be a profitable investment. According to the Farm and Ranch Review, a correspondent visited a field of corn in southern Manitoba on September 28. The corn then was untouched by frost and it stood on an average eight and nine feet in height. The crop had developed into the dough stage, and the crop would easily exceed 20 tons to the acre. At many experimental farms, the same favorable showing of the corn crop has manifested itself. At the Brandon experimental farm this year several varieties, all very good yielders, matured into good silo corn.

Considering the success with which corn can be produced, and the advantages to be gained by so producing it, should not it receive the serious attention of the western agriculturist?

Corn is successfully grown in the northern part of Minnesota in similar soil and under the same climatic condition, and there does not appear to be any reason why like results should not be secured in western Canada. It is the opinion of many American farmers of experience that the corn belt is extending northward. The prairie provinces must gradually take up with mixed farming. More stock on the farms must be raised, and in consequence farming must to some extent be diverted from grain growing to other necessary crops. If crops suitable for wintering cattle and especially dairy stock are to be grown, why should not corn be one of these crops? In Ontario and in the United States we find it forms the main bulky food for wintering beef and dairy cattle. They would not be without this profitable plant. In fact, since its introduction almost twice as much stock can be retained on the same amount of land, besides considering its great value for keeping the land clean. Some may say that many crops that can be grown in Ontario and the States cannot be grown here, but not so with corn, even now we find scattered fields of corn in Alberta and Saskatchewan.—Advertisement.

Was Neither, Nayther Nor Neether.

A group of Scottish lawyers were gathered round a brew of toddy one evening. The conversation turned upon a question of pronunciation.

"Now, I always say neether," one of the lawyers said in discussing the pronunciation of the word "neither."

"I say 'nayther,'" remarked another lawyer.

Turning to a third, he asked: "What do you say, Sandy?" Sandy, whose head was a little muddled by too many helpings of toddy, woke up from a gentle doze.

"Me?" he said, "oh, I say whusky."

The Movies in Italy.

Mascagni is writing the music for a moving picture film representing the life of Garibaldi, composed by the Socialist Deputy Ferri. The libretto is by D'Annunzio; it is one act and is entitled "The Children's Crusade." The poet vaguely defines his work as follows: "A pitiful and tragic medieval episode interwoven with a popular legend which in an age of violence and heroism ended with the misfortune of hundreds of poor children."

Kindly Notice.

"Parties that borrowed my meat out of the shed had better be careful as this hog has cholera and we intended to make soap out of it and I don't want any innocent parties exposed."—Atlanta Constitution.

Don't judge by appearances. The stiffest collars made wouldn't enable some men to hold their heads up in the world.

Uric Acid is Slow Poison

Unseen in its approach, hard to detect in its early stages, and cruelly painful in its later forms, uric acid poisoning is a disease too often fatal.

Bright's disease is one of the final stages of uric acid poisoning. It kills in our country every year more men and women than any other ailment except two—consumption and pneumonia. Bright's disease and uric acid poisoning usually start in some kidney weakness that would not be hard to cure, if discovered early, so it is well to know the early signs of kidney disease and uric poisoning.

When uric acid is formed too fast and the kidneys are weakened by a cold, or fever, or overwork, or by indulgences, the acid collects, the blood gets impure and heavy, there is headache, dizziness, heart palpitation, and a dull, heavy-headed, drowsy feeling with disturbances of the urine.

Real torture begins when the uric acid forms into gravel or stone in the kidney, or crystallizes into jagged bits in the muscles, joints or on the nerve tubings. Then follow the awful pains of neuralgia, rheumatism, gout, sciatica, neuritis, lumbago or kidney colic.



"I don't know what ails me."

It is but a further step to dropsy or Bright's disease.

Be warned by backache, by sediment in the kidney secretions, by painful, scant or too frequent passages. Cure the weakened kidneys. Use Doan's Kidney Pills—a medicine made just for weak kidneys, that has been proved good in years of use, in thousands of cases—the remedy that is recommended by grateful users from coast to coast.

SCREAMED ALOUD In Agony With Awful Kidney Ailments

Mrs. Clara Brusch, 208 N. 16th St., Lexington, Mo., says: "My whole system was filled with uric acid poison. I had terrible sharp, shooting pains in my head and sometimes I was so dizzy, I staggered and nearly fell. The poisoning affected my whole body and my hands, arms, limbs and ankles were swollen and sore. The pains got so bad I screamed and I thought I would die. I was nervous and irritable, and at times I had blinding spells. Remedies and physicians' prescriptions did me no good. In 1911 I heard of Doan's Kidney Pills and had some procured for me. After I had taken them a few days the soreness and pain began to ease up and I felt a little stronger. In almost no time, I was up and around, in good health. Doan's Kidney Pills purified my whole system and there is no doubt that they saved my life. Since I was cured, I have had no further trouble."

"When Your Back is Lame—Remember the Name"

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

Sold by all Dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., Proprietors

BROUGHT HER BACK TO LIFE

Remarkable Cure That Was Effected by the Administration of Ardent Spirits.

On his return to his native heath a year or two ago, P. J. O'Keefe found the neighborhood very much agitated. Nellie, the oldest woman in the parish, was dying.

Her friends, arriving at her home, found her lying back in her easy chair, apparently about to pass over the last threshold. Nellie, being a good housewife, carried a bunch of keys at her girdle and, thinking that she was now gone, one of the neighbors reached under the folds of her dress to find the key that would unlock the closet where her shroud was kept. As the good woman was fumbling at the girdle she felt a sly pinch of her hand and knew by that that there was still a spark of life remaining.

"Perhaps," she suggested, "a wee drop of brandy would revive her."

A teaspoonful of brandy was administered, but with only a flickering response. So the friends departed sorrowfully, forgetting, however, to remove the bottle from her side. On their return a few hours later they discovered that the brandy had vanished and that Nellie had completely recovered. She lived to be more than one hundred years old. "But that," says Mr. O'Keefe, "was the story of Nellie's dying."

Brushing Up.

The other day the H. Lieber company, among other pictures displayed in the show window, had one that attracted special attention. It was a large picture representing an immense lioness and four cubs. Together with the praise bestowed on this group, there was some criticism. "What fool artist got up that picture?" said an elderly observer. "Any one ought to know that two cubs is the limit for any lioness." This word picked up by a listener was taken into the picture house. "This is rather overdoing the cub business," said this critic. "Any one ought to know that two lion whelps are enough." The people in the picture house were greatly distressed under this criticism, until a friend hunted up a cyclopaedia of natural history and read these lines: "From two to four whelps are produced at a time. They are born with eyes open, but are helpless for several weeks."—Indianapolis News.

RINGWORM SPREAD ON HAND

R. F. D. No. 2, Box 67, Ellijay, Ga.—"My son's ringworm began on the back of his hand. A fiery red spot came about as large as a dime and it would itch so badly he would scratch it till it bled. It began to spread till it went all over his hand. He would just scream every time I went to wash it. The nail came off on the middle finger.

"I used _____ and it got worse all the time. The trouble lasted two or three months. Then I sent and got some Cuticura Soap and Ointment and began to use them. I would wash his hand with the Cuticura Soap and dry it good and apply the Cuticura Ointment. Relief was found in two or three days and the ringworm was cured in two weeks after using Cuticura Soap and Ointment." (Signed) Josie Parks, Jan. 4, 1913.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

Notable Sight.

"Now don't forget about that Hungarian goulash while you are abroad."

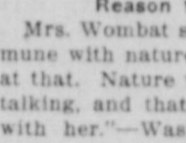
"No; we hope to see it in session."

The fellow who falls in love at first sight would like caviare the first time he tried it.

HORSE SALE DISTEMPER

You know what you sell or buy through the sales has about one chance in fifty to escape SPOHN'S DISTEMPER. "SPOHN'S" is your true protection, your only safeguard for as sure as you treat all your horses with it, you will soon be rid of the disease. It acts as a sure preventive no matter how they are "exposed." 50 cents and \$1 a bottle; \$5 and \$10 dozen bottles, at all good druggists, horse goods houses, or delivered by the manufacturers.

SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Chemists and Bacteriologists, GOSHEN, IND., U. S. A.



Reason for Her Fad.

Mrs. Wombat says she loves to commune with nature. "I'm not surprised at that. Nature will let you do all the talking, and that makes an awful hit with her."—Washington Herald.

Couldn't Qualify.

Hoggs—Has Younggold horse sense? Spoggs—No, he only wears a horse blanket overcoat.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Putnam Fadeless Dyes do not stain the kettle. Adv.

One gentleman who calls another gentleman a liar is no gentleman.

Nature Never Intended Woman to be Sickly

As a matter of fact it is her right and her duty to enjoy perfect health and strength—to be just as strong and healthy as man—perhaps more so—in view of the fact that it is she who brings into the world the offspring. Every woman can be strong and healthy. Don't resign yourself to a delicate life. If you suffer from headaches, backaches, nervousness, low spirits, lack of ambition, or have lost all hope of being well again—it's more than an even chance that you will speedily regain your health if you will try

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

(In Tablet or Liquid Form)

This famous remedy is the result of years of patient research by a physician who has made women's peculiar ailments a life study.

Since its introduction—more than forty years ago—thousands of women in every part of the globe have testified to its wonderful merits. You, too, will find it beneficial. Try it now. Your dealer in medicines will supply you, or you can send to one-cent stamps for a trial box. Address Dr. V. Pierce, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate stomach, liver, bowels.

Rheumatism, Sprains Backache, Neuralgia

"Yes, daughter, that's good stuff. The pain in my back is all gone—I never saw anything work as quickly as Sloan's Liniment." Thousands of grateful people voice the same opinion. Here's the proof.

Relieved Pain in Back.
"I was troubled with a very bad pain in my back for some time. I went to a doctor but he did not do me any good, so I purchased a bottle of Sloan's Liniment, and now I am a well woman. I always keep a bottle of Sloan's Liniment in the house."—Mrs. Marjorie Cotton, 305 Myrtle Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Sciatic Rheumatism.
"We have used Sloan's Liniment for over six years and found it the best we ever used. When my wife had sciatic rheumatism the only thing that did any good was Sloan's Liniment. We cannot praise it enough."—Mrs. M. J. Payne, Jones.

Sprained Ankle Relieved.
"I was ill for a long time with a severely sprained ankle and now I am able to be about and can walk. I think you deserve a lot of credit for putting me on the market and I shall always take time to recommend Sloan's Liniment."—Mrs. Cass. Home, Baltimore, Md.



At all Dealers—25c., 50c. and \$1.00. Sloan's instructive book on horses, cattle, dogs and poultry sent free. Address Dr. Earl S. Sloan, Inc., Boston, Mass.

You Look Preraturely Old

Because of those ugly, grizzly, gray hairs. LAUREL HAIR DRESSING. PRICE

THE McLEAN NEWS

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

McLEANS

TEXAS

By A. G. RICHARDSON

SUBSCRIPTIONS

One Year \$1.00

Entered as second-class mail matter May 8, 1905, at the postoffice at McLean, Texas, under the act of Congress.

Methodist Conference

The annual Conference of the Methodist church of the Clarendon District has been in session at McLean this week...

In attendance upon the meeting were in the neighborhood of a hundred preachers and delegates...

The regular routine of business consisted of hearing reports from the different churches in the district...

On Tuesday evening at the regular hour Rev. Bowman of Wellington preached a fine sermon to a full house. On Wednesday morning Rev. Lovoy of Miami, formerly pastor of this church, preached and Wednesday night Dr. Stever, president of the Clarendon College, delivered an interesting sermon on Christian Education...

The conference adjourned last night to meet again in twelve months at Wheeler. Rev. Carpenter of McKeen, formerly pastor of the McLean church acted as secretary of the meeting.

The News—one year—\$1.00.

Faulkner-McClendon

In company with Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Faulkner, parents of the groom, the News man and wife enjoyed a trip to Claude last Sunday afternoon where we witnessed the marriage of Robert Rhea Faulkner of this city to Miss Kate McClendon of Claude.

The ceremony was performed at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. McClendon, in the presence of a host of relatives and friends. The parlor, reception room and dining room were tastefully decorated with pot plants and scalling vines. Suspended from the archway between the parlor and reception room, amid a profusion of fern and carnations, was a handsome wedding bell. After a beautiful vocal solo by Mrs. Moore of Claude, Mrs. Ernest Miller of Amarillo played the wedding march, to the soft strains of which the bridal party approached the improvised altar. First came Master Lester Brummett bearing the ring in a basket of cut flowers. Behind him came little Miss Mary Francis Miller as flower girl, according to the bridal couple was Mr. Paul P. Shind of Clarendon and Miss Edith Eades. The bride wore an elaborate gown of silk crepe de chine over white satin and carried a beautiful bouquet of bride's roses, the gift of the groom. The bridesmaid wore a shadow lace over pink satin and carried a bouquet of pink roses and fern. The groom and his attendants wore the conventional black.

At the archway the party was met by Rev. Long, pastor of the Methodist church at Clarendon, who read the impressive ceremony making the happy young couple man and wife. After the conclusion of the

ceremony the entire party adjourned to the dining room, where, after offering their congratulations to the bride and groom, they were served with Neapolitan ice cream and cake and punch. Following this was an informal reception which lasted until time for the out of town guests to take their departures.

Miss McClendon is the oldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. S. McClendon and was one of Claude's most popular and accomplished young women. Mr. Faulkner is a son of F. M. Faulkner of this city and has spent his life since early childhood in this vicinity. He is a young man of many sterling qualities and enjoys the friendship and esteem of hosts of admiring friends, with whom the News is pleased to join in extending to both young people hearty congratulations and best wishes for a long life of happiness and prosperity.

They will make their home at the Faulkner ranch twelve miles north of McLean.

To My Patrons.

This is a call for your assistance. You called me when you thought you needed me. I responded at my own expense, trusting your honesty and promptness to pay your obligations, and now I am repeating the call. Had I not gone at your call what would you have thought? If you do not respond by my call what will I think?

I have gone my length, financially, towards caring for the sick in this community. What are you doing to help me? I am not able to go on without encouragement. My money is all gone and no one seems to realize it but myself (and the bank). People generally seem to have the idea that I either don't need money, or that because I am busy most of the time, that I am making plenty of it and to spare.

The above is the plain truth and unless you get to work to raise part or all you owe me, I will be forced to either quit work for those who do not pay or step down and quit altogether.

Yours for good service, C. E. DOWDALL.

Now is the time to have that photograph taken of your baby, or that family group. Orders taken for enlarged pictures and satisfaction guaranteed. Tracy Willis.

U. N. E. U. Program. Missionary meeting—The religious appeal of the South American cities.

Song. Prayer for South America. Scripture lesson, Rom. 10:1-3. Memorized and recited by Fred Laniers.

Acts 17:16, 22—Memorized and recited by Germa Kibler.

Song. Location and boundaries of South America—Carley Crockett. Rivers, mountains and climate—Wayland Floyd.

Natural resources—Bryant Henry.

Brief history—Walter Evans. Religious conditions—Andrew Jordan.

Song, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains"—Read or recited by leader and then sung by entire union.

What Baptists are doing in Brazil—Andrew Wayfield.

Argentina and Uruguay—George Hamilton.

Song, "Nobody Told Me of Jesus."—Ludell and Grace Francis.

Matt. 28:19-20—Entire union, standing.

Junior League Program.

Subject—Truthfulness.

Song. Prayer.

Talk on subject—Mrs. Johnston.

Song—Dorothy Decker and Rachael Newton.

Prayer.

2nd Psalm by League.

Test on basis of Bible.

Recitation—Alta Mae Weaver.

Song.

League benediction.

Leader—Leon Bodine.

TEXAS FACTS

AGRICULTURE

Texas has more farms than any state in the Union—627,779 in number.

The Texas farms produce \$665,000,000 annually.

Eighteen new farms are opened up in Texas every day.

The value of all Texas farm property is \$2,228,645,000.

Texas ranks third with other states in value of farm property.

Fifty-three per cent of the farms of Texas or 233,573 are operated by tenants and 294,206 or 47 per cent are farmed by their owners and managers.

Texas has more farm home owners than any state in the Union.

Sixty-six per cent of the farm home owners of Texas have no mortgage on their property.

The average Texas farm contains 249 acres, 45 of which are cultivated.

Fifty per cent of the wealth of Texas is invested in agriculture.

Texas farm property increases in value at the rate of \$3,500,000 per day.

The value of the average Texas farm is \$5,311; of this amount \$2,909 is invested in land, \$103 in buildings, \$136 in implements and machinery, and \$763 in livestock.

The average value of Texas farm land (improved and unimproved) is \$14.53 per acre.

There are 318,988 native-white farmers, 24,464 foreign-born white and 59,918 negro farmers in Texas.

The average tenant farm of Texas contains 115 acres while the average size of those operated by owners is 352 acres.

About 25 per cent of the Texas farms are mortgaged. The mortgage indebtedness is approximately \$225,000,000.

The average mortgage debt of a Texas farm is \$1,518; the average equity \$4,819.

Texas has more large farms than any state in the Union.

We not only serve all kinds of soft drinks and ice cream but have a complete line of cigars, tobaccos and notions. Jeff Earg.

NIGGERHEAD COAL

We have just received a car load of Colorado Niggerhead Coal—the very best that can be purchased anywhere. If you are expecting to need a load of coal let us show you this. It will please you.

Also have a car load of cement. Phone us your orders or make us a call.

If you are figuring on any kind of a sale we would like to talk it over with you.

Western Lumber Company

They Do.

Well, the boys and girls who attend your school certainly do well. That is a remark we hear on every side. Talk to the men and the women in business in the city yourself.

We take boys and girls from grammar or high school, give them a few months of training, and send them out to a hundred and one different kinds of positions where they "make good" and rapidly advance to the highest positions obtainable.

Why, we have girls out of school only three or four years, earning \$20 to \$25 per week as private secretaries, and boys with the same grade of education, but with energy, enthusiasm and action, evidenced in every trace of their make-up, supervising branch houses, general managers of manufacturing plants, cashiers in banks—LEADERS in their respective fields.

Of course our boys and girls do well. Bear in mind that no school in the state is better prepared to teach you practical business than the Bowie Commercial College, besides your expenses here are very little more than one-half what they would cost you elsewhere. Remember that you will be doing one year from today that you are not prepared to do.

Free! Free! Free!

A Boston Cooking Cup will be given free to every lady buying a 25-ounce can of Health Club Baking Powder from your groceryman anytime after April 24th.

Be Sure to Get Your Cup

It leaves nothing to chance. It measures your baking perfectly. It insures perfect baking.

We guarantee every can of Health Club Baking Powder to give perfect satisfaction or your money will be returned to you by your groceryman and you may keep the cup with our compliments. Bring your labels to the Overton Hardware Co., write the name of your groceryman on the back of the label and get your cup. All groceryman carry Health Club Baking Powder. Respectfully yours,

Layton Pure Food Company

"NIG"

Is a black percheron stallion, five years old, weighs about 1600, and is an excellent animal. Fee \$10.00.

MAJOR

Is a Mammoth black jack, 15 hands high and weighs about 1000 pounds. He is the sire of the big Faulkner mules that took blue ribbon at the Fort Worth Stock Show. Fee \$12.50.

The above animals will make the 1914 season at my barn in the northwest part of town.

TERMS—\$2.50 cash when service is had and balance when colt is born or when mare is traded or removed from county. Will guarantee colt to stand and suck.

S. B. Christian, Owner.

Once More

We call your attention to the fact that our store is plumb full of feed stuffs, piled all over the place. Just unloaded a full car of

Bran, Shorts and Corn Chops

Also we have a complete line of everything in the way of groceries, fresh and of the best quality.

C. A. CASH & SON

Local Happenings

Items of Interest About
Town and County

A car load of fish and a barrel of oysters at the Delmonte Cafe.

Advertising is the voice of any business.

Plenty of screen doors now on hand. Western Lumber Co.

Graduating exercises at the school auditorium Friday night, May 1.

The news is equipped to print cards and cards on short notice.

Mrs. J. Y. Bates of LeFors visited friends here the first of the week.

Wanted—To buy a good milk cow. Richardson at the News office.

A. Haynes visited friends in Amarillo the first of the week.

Fresh supply of tankage just received at the McLean Hardware Co.

Advertising is the advance agent of manhood.

Witcherkin is the place for laundry. H. F. Lankford.

R. Jones visited in the Welling country a few days ago.

Magazines and periodicals of all kinds. Jeff Earp.

B. Gardenhire visited at Sweetwater the latter part of last week.

King Pin and Crack-a-Jack clothes the best. H. F. Lankford.

Advertising don't pay unless the advertised article has merit.

Guarantee our oil stoves. Try Overton Hardware Co.

Hot Mars was here from Ft. Worth the first of the week.

Who have accumulated fortunes by persistent use printers ink.

G. Noel of Memphis is here for a visit with his son, J. M. Noel.

The recollection of quality remains after the price is forgotten.

C. H. Reesor and son of Alanreed died here Saturday.

Cleaning and pressing a specialty. For and deliver. H. F. Lankford.

N. Massay left Sunday for a trip to Texas.

Travelling minstrel show entertained our people Monday night.

Wanted—To hire man to break about twenty acres of land. Moulton King, Alanreed, Texas.

Nothing worth advertising at all is worth advertising well.

The local school will close next week.

Newspaper advertising is the greatest force in the business world today.

School trustee election next Saturday, May 2nd.

T. Powell and wife of Ramsdell died the C. A. Cash family.

Sale—Or Rent, the Roschinski one block east of business section. Sell cheap if taken here; small cash payment balance like rent. Fred Roschinski.

John Waters has our thanks for a subscription renewal.

Jess Ashby has renewed to this paper and the Dallas News.

Moulton King of Alanreed was a pleasant visitor here Tuesday.

We do all kinds of tin work on short notice. Leave us your orders. McLean Hardware Co.

Mrs. J. S. Denson and little son were over from LeFors the first of the week.

Do you want a tombstone or marble work? Call on S. A. Cobb, Northfork, Texas.

Clay Thompson attended the Faulkner-McClendon wedding at Clarendon Sunday.

We are never too busy to give you prompt and careful attention. Everything in season. Eagle Cafe.

L. L. Lasswell has sold his tailor shop to H. F. Lankford, and Vester Cooke is the head pressist.

Stone ware—we have it—jugs, churns, jars, crocks and flower pots. McLean Hardware Co.

D. H. Nunn was enjoying a visit from his brother from Oklahoma City Sunday.

John Deere Listers cannot be beat for good service. We still have a few on hand. McLean Hardware Co.

J. M. Carpenter and S. O. Cook are in Amarillo this week attending Federal court.

Look at our oil stoves—take one and try it—if not satisfactory, bring it back. Overton Hardware Co.

The Rowe wagon passed through here Monday enroute to Clarendon to receive a bunch of steers.

Get one of those New Perfection Oil cook stoves and enjoy life. McLean Hardware Co.

Jack Hamlin has moved here from Jericho and opened up the old Oliver blacksmith shop.

Keep things clean. Get one of our 35c manila dusters for 10c. Overton Hardware Co.

W. S. Copeland and family have moved from the Mars ranch to town and taken charge of the Guill Hotel.

Give us a call, we would like to demonstrate to you our splendid confectionery service. Jeff Earp.

Miss Lucille Horton is home from Wheeler, where she has been teaching in the public school.

Hereafter we will run the grist mill only on Saturdays. However, will grind as much as 1000 pounds any day. T. W. Henry.

Mr. and Mrs. Siler Faulkner of LeFors are in the city for a visit with friends.

Call at the Eagle Cafe and let us show you just how anxious we are to please you and serve you to your satisfaction.

To conduct a business without advertising is like trying to eat without food.

Have you visited our ice cream parlors and tried our service? We are better than ever prepared to handle the lady trade. Give us a trial. Jeff Earp.

May Day Program

Misses Dalrymple and Hoyles, who have charge of the primary department of the local school, are planning a most interesting May Day program which will be rendered by the pupils under their charge on the play grounds at 10:30 next Friday morning, May 1st. The program will serve the two-fold purpose of a May Day party and a closing entertainment for the present school year.

The public, and especially the parents of those children in this department, are cordially invited to be present and help the children enjoy this festivity. The following program has been announced:

Welcome song—Eight girls.
Basket drill—Twelve girls and boys.

The Blue Bird's Call—Eight girls and boys.

Maypole drill—Twenty girls and boys.

Sunbeam song—Ten girls.

Flower drill—Twelve girls.

Summer Yellow Bird—Eight girls and boys.

Flag drill and march—Twenty-six boys.

Mayday dlay—Twenty-three girls and boys.

The Farmer Man—Ten boys.

Away to the Country—Twelve girls and boys.

Screen doors! Screen doors! Fly time is about here. We have screen doors and screen wire. McLean Hardware Co.

Dr. J. A. Hall, Dentist, announces that he will be in McLean from Wednesday until Saturday, May 6th to the 9th inclusive.

Examine those gasoline lights of A. G. Richardson's and let us fit you up with a good lighting system. McLean Hardware Co.

Jim Hopkins and wife of LeFors passed through here Sunday night enroute to Hot Springs for a short visit.

Buy your wife a Motor washing machine and make her happy. They do the work with ease. Overton Hardware Co.

The school children will give a play at the auditorium Saturday night, May 2nd, entitled "Diamonds and Hearts."

For something classy in enamelware don't fail to see our Tango brownware. It will suit you. Overton Hardware Co.

Dr. Slover of Clarendon will preach the baccalaureate sermon to the graduating class on Sunday morning, May 3rd, at the Methodist church.

Say, when are you going to have that photograph taken? We are prepared to do the work. Willis Brothers, successors to Tracy Willis.

Eat, Drink and be merry. We haven't anything to drink worth mentioning—but can feed you to your entire satisfaction. Give us a trial. Eagle Cafe.

For Sale—Cotton seed from the J. D. Back stock, 45 cents per bushel. E. T. Turner, Northfork.

DON'T SWELTER

Over a Hot Cook Stove all Summer

—Buy You a

"MODEL OIL STOVE"

And save one-half of your fuel bill and have a cool house at the same time. They are guaranteed. It costs you nothing to try one and if you are not satisfied bring it back. Nuff sed.

Overton Hardware Company

Successors to S. O. COOK

CLASSIFIED ADS

For Sale—Pure bred Seabright bantam. Phone 54. Roy Richardson.

For Sale—The Electro-Chemical ring, for rheumatism, asthma, neuralgia and diseases caused by acid in the blood. Sold on a guarantee. No benefit—money refunded. R. L. Parcel, agent.

For Sale—Good milk cows. See Bon Fogg.

For Sale—Two one-year-old male calves. See John Duyer.

For Sale—One good coming 8-year old mule, 15 1/2 hands high, also good pair of aged mules. Will sell any or all worth the money or will trade the pair for mule colts. W. A. Dougherty, Phone 52-2.

For Sale—Several head of stock mares and young horses. Will give full time. See me for horse bargains. W. P. Vermillion, on Waldron place.

For Sale—A few head of good milk cows. Will sell cheap. T. J. D'Spain.

For Sale—A good barn at a reasonable price. If interested phone 132 or 48.

For Sale—Second hand farm implements. Will take second prices. Frank Pace on O'Dell farm.

For Sale—Three good mules worth the money. Inquire of R. S. Jordan, phone 69-2.

For Sale—Clean alfalfa seed at \$8.00 per bushel. A. O. Willoughby, Texola, Okla.

Colonist Tickets

TO

California

AND

Northwest

Tickets on sale daily March 15th to April 15th. Optional routes and liberal stop-overs. Best of accommodations.



Take advantage of this very low rate and see the long heard of Northwest country. For fares and particulars inquire of

D. H. NUNN

Local Agent.

I have rented the old Oliver blacksmith shop and have same opened to the public. A share of your patronage is earnestly solicited. I will endeavor to give you prompt and efficient service. Jack Hamlin.

\$50.00 Reward.

We will give a reward of fifty dollars for information leading to the arrest and conviction of any persons found crossing any of the fences or in any manner trespassing upon our land in Gray or Wheeler counties. The public is cautioned to take warning that we will vigorously prosecute any violation of the law covering the crossing of fences so far as it affects our properties.

Boatman Bank,

By A. B. Gardenhire.

McClain For Tax Assessor

We are this week authorized to announce to the voters of Gray county the name of T. J. McClain, who aspires to election to the office of Tax Assessor of Gray county, subject to the action of the Democratic primary on July 25th.

Mr. McClain has lived in the county for the past seven years and is a native of Texas. He is in every way qualified to fill the office to which he seeks election with honor and distinction and promises to give it his undivided attention to the end that his incumbency will be fruitful of satisfaction to both himself and his constituency.

Few men in the county are better or more favorably known than "Jack" McClain and few men are more universally esteemed among their acquaintances.

He asks a careful consideration of his candidacy and wishes to assure one and all that any influence that might be exerted in his behalf or any favors that might be extended him will be heartily appreciated.

HORSES AND MULES.

Texas has more than twice as many mules as any other state in the Union. The total number is 753,000, valued at \$82,077,000.

Texas has 17 per cent of the mules of the United States.

In selecting work animals for the United States army, Uncle Sam invariably prefers Texas horses and mules.

Texas leads the nation in assays and burros. We have 23,106 head, valued at \$1,922,000.

The Texas mule was the predominating class of work animals up to the construction of the Panama Canal.

In the Hollow of Her Hand

New and thrilling story by George Barr McCutcheon.

Started last issue. Don't fail to read the first installment.

Lecture

Dr. R. F. Jenkins

Pastor of the First Baptist Church
Amarillo, Texas

Will Deliver a lecture on

"The Holy Land"

Given under the auspices of the Mothers Club at the

School Auditorium

Friday Night

April 24th

Admission 10c and

The CHARM of BISKRA

By ISABEL CLARK

It was by way of Philippeville, one of the brightest of the smaller Algerian ports, that I journeyed to Biskra, and passed through for the first time, the beautiful landscape of the North African Tell. It was in December, but there was little to suggest winter in the scene that met my eyes. The tracts of forest, filled with cork, ilex and olive trees and thick bushes of arbutus, were colored tenderly in shades of softest green and gray, and the endless orchards of orange and citron trees were hung with bright fruits. Great blue stars of convolvulus decorated the hedge-rows and twined over the porches of the little French homesteads. Overhead, the sky was of cloudless sapphire and the mountains were sharply etched against it. It was only when I passed the wide vineyards, empty except for the stunted brown stems, that I could realize it was December. Beyond Constantine, upon the high plateaus that make a well-defined ridge between the green and fertile strip of the plains and the endless waste of desert to the south, an arid, rocky land presents itself. Scant and grudging is the pasture offered to the flocks that move ceaselessly across the hills. Thin and meager are the crops grown upon that land so patiently plowed. Here and there a chott, or salt lake, clear as crystal, gleamed like a shield of polished steel, reflecting every detail of the mountains with faithful exactitude. Here, too, may be seen the green, scrublike growth of the alfa grass, so much exported to England, where it is used in the production of highly glazed paper. So far it has resisted all the efforts that have been made to cultivate it. Early in the afternoon the train dipped down suddenly into the oasis of El Kantara, known to the Arabs as Foun-el-Sahara—the Mouth of the Sahara. It is a place of palm trees and orange groves, watered by sweet springs, and possessing strange old Roman tombs and delicate fragments of Roman architecture. But the great marvel of El Kantara lies in that deep and narrow gorge where the huge violet sides of Djebel Mellil, risen asunder as if by the mighty stroke of an ax, disclose that abrupt and wonderful entrance into the Sahara. At its narrowest the rent is about 45 yards wide and the length is 200 yards. From the verdant and palm-clad beauty of the oasis the traveler gazes through that rent torn in the high rocks, and sees before him the fitful white expanse of desert, silver pale and shining as if encrusted with gems. A little wind came up from the south, blowing the fine white sand into my face, reminding me of the desolate solitudes that lay beyond, the endless empty sands dipping far southward. Groves of date palms grew close to the river bank, and hedges of wild oleander still showed a few belated blossoms of fragile pink. It is thus almost dramatically that one enters the desert from the stony alfa-strewn ways of the high plateau. No longer needed now were the fur coats and foot-warmers that had been so necessary at the hour of our early departure from Constantine. We seemed to have passed suddenly into a sub-tropical land quivering in the burning sunlight.

It is the fashion to say of Biskra that she has been spoiled since "The Garden of Allah" awakened the world to her hidden beauty, made her popular to the hordes of Cook's tourists and gave a fresh impetus to the leading profession of guide, which the Arab is always only too ready to adopt. He is, indeed, somewhat more of a pest than he used to be; he knows that he has been written about and perhaps presented in too flattering an aspect, and it has made him conceited and self-conscious. But he is really no worse at Biskra than he is in Tunis. Immense and luxurious hotels have sprung up to supersede the simpler caravanserais of former days, when the little town was a favorite but quite unfashionable resort of French people in search of simplicity and sunshine. But I am inclined to think that Biskra is unspoilable. "The Heart of the Desert," as the Arabs affectionately call her, she was the Ad Piscinam of the Romans, and the famous Third Legion sojourned in that wonderful and fertile oasis which can now be reached on the fifth day after leaving London. "Two things are necessary," says Stevenson, "in any neighborhood where we propose to spend a life—a desert and running water." Biskra possesses these essentials in abundance, and she has the additional advantage of constant, almost perpetual, sunshine. Her palm and olive and orange groves are watered by springs that have never failed. Close to her—so close, indeed, that she almost seems to mock at its parched infertility—lies the white splendor of the desert with its pallor as of a calm sea faintly touched with blue haze. The moonlight-colored city with its blanched streets lies surrounded by a fringe of perpetual verdure. Watch the dawn waking iris-hued in the eastern sky, painting the Aureas mountains in a deeper rose and drawing a filmy amber veil across the sands, and I think you will agree with me that Biskra is unspoilable.

There are many simple sights that cannot fail to interest the unaccustomed visitor from the North, on account of their novelty. The Arab school, with the bright-eyed, inattentive little turbaned or befezzed scholars, listlessly reciting verses from the Koran, under the aegis of the toiba, or schoolmaster; the market-place, teeming with native vendors, story-tellers and sand diviners; the groups of picturesque Arabs wrapped in their white burnouses or shabby gray haicks; the cavorting arabis almost daily from the south with their loads of dates; the swaying palanquins within which the women travel on the camels' backs, hidden and mysterious; the fine garden of Count Laxdoy, with its lovely tropical trees and fowers; the village of Old Biskra, with its clay-built huts swarming with dark-eyed children—these are but a few of the picturesque, quaint or beautiful things that Biskra offers to the visitor. The nomad camps, too, are a source of interest with their tents of camel-hair cloth, guarded often by a white Kabyle dog. The nomad



PREPARING COUS-COUS



A STREET SCENE IN BISKRA



RECITING THE KORAN



PITCHING THE TENT

certainly gives a very practical example of the simple life, for his needs are reduced to a minimum. Food, shelter and clothing of the rudest kind are all that he requires as he wanders from desert to tell with his flocks. Like the bishop of Browning's poem, he seems only to ask that "That hutch should rustle with sufficient straw," but he is nevertheless said to suffer greatly from rheumatism caused by incessant exposure to all weathers, and also from ophthalmia, which is a real scourge among the natives of Algeria, and results all too frequently in complete blindness.

About a week or ten days before Christmas the "courses indigènes," or native race meeting, takes place at Biskra. This meeting is, of course, much less popular than the fashionable one which is held in the spring, but a good number of French people always attend it. There is a superstition in Biskra that this particular week is always the windiest in the year, and certainly, on the solitary occasion of which I have had experience, the reputation was justified. Even in the shelter of the stand we were thickly powdered with fine white sand that was blown in upon us by the high, strong wind. We drove out to the course in one of the shabby little carriages drawn by two swift ponies, which can be hired so cheaply in the town.

The Hippodrome d'El Alla was thronged with people, French for the most part, with a sprinkling of English and Germans, and some native Kaidis gorgeously apparelled. The first part, "Courses du Ministère de la guerre," consisted only of two events, the distance in each case being 1,500 meters. In the second part, "Courses de la Commune Indigène," there were three events, and the longest distance run was 2,400 meters, this race being open to horses of all ages. The horses bore such names as Boucoucha, Lamari, Salah and Mabrouk, while the jockeys figure on the program under such nomenclature as Messaoud-dou-Chelha, Beignem-ben-Mohamed and so forth. The course is of hard, white sand, upon which the flying hoofs beat with a noise like thunder.

The streaming burnouses of the Arab jockeys—red and white and blue of all shades—made patches of brilliant color. There were no rows of raucous-voiced bookmakers shouting the odds; but as the Arabs are inveterate gamblers, no doubt a good deal of quiet betting went on. Among the spectators were many French officers, wearing the pale blue tunic of the famous Chasseurs d'Afrique. Most of them were combining business with pleasure, for the Arabs from all parts of the desert bring their best horses to compete in the races, and these are frequently bought for the remount department of the African cavalry. Every effort is being made by the French government to encourage horse-breeding among the Arabs.

Close to the grand stand some of the harem carriages, with their shuttered windows, could be seen wherein the Arab ladies of quality were sitting, concealed, catching imperfect glimpses of the races and also of what probably interested them far more—the toilettes of the French women. A group of Spaniards, in their bright red burnouses and high red boots, added to the picturesque of the gay scene. When the races were over we were invited to mount up into the judge's box to witness the fantasia. This was a thrilling and rather dramatic finale to the day's proceedings.

The men of each group, robe past, headed by their kaid, or galloping in rapid suc-

cession down that hard, white course, waving their swords and firing their guns as they went. The very smell of powder never fails to fill the Arab with maddest excitement, and the fantasia had all the appearance of a fierce cavalry charge. I retained an impression, vivid if fugitive, of kaleidoscopic colors passing swiftly by, blurred by the blue mist of the smoke mingling with the thick, white desert dust. The noise of the firing, of the beating hoofs and of the wild cheering of the multitude of spectators, the sight of the many-colored burnouses and the bronze faces under their white turbans, left a confused sense upon my mind as of something strange and fantastic, almost unreal.

Driving home, we saw the sun setting behind the groves of palms in a sky that was colored like a pomegranate blossom, with a glow that turned the very sands to flame. Djebel Ahmar-Kradon, tallest peak of the Aureas mountains, caught the reflection of it and shone as with rose-colored fire. The palm fronds were softly stippled against the sky. Then the swift, sudden twilight of the South drew its delicate purple veil over the scene. Strange music stole out of the silences, the faint flute notes, liquid and tender, of the gazbah, the dull throbbing of tom-tom and derboukas. The moon rose over the white city of the desert and, touched by its matchless radiance, the streets looked as if they had been wrought of gleaming marble; the cold indigo shadows flung by the houses were sharply defined. And surely nowhere in the world can one see a wider expanse of sky, filled from end to end with clusters of golden stars, than that which hangs its canopy, velvet-soft, above the Heart of the Desert.

SLANGY PA.

Mother—Now, Willie, put away those drumsticks. Don't you know your father has a headache?
Willie—But, ma, when I was going into the parlor with my drum he told me to beat it.—Boston Evening Transcript.

DOING HER BEST.

"Does your wife run to meet you when you come home in the gloaming?"
"Well, her gown is a trifle tight for running. She hobbles toward me as rapidly as she can."

THE LONGER THE BETTER.

"I took a long walk yesterday," said Boreman, as he collapsed into a seat at Busyman's desk. "Take another, old man," suggested Busyman; "it'll do us both good."—Puck.

WHICH IS UNGENEROUS.

His—I always keep my trouble to myself.
His—Quite right, too! When you tell them you are taking up the time of the man who is waiting to tell you his.

GOOD SOIL TILLAGE LESSON

By Pulverizing Top of Land Two or Three inches Escape of Moisture is Effectually Prevented.

A practical and successful southwestern man recently made this statement to the Interstate Farmer:

"I had a field of ordinary upland soil, and undertook to plow it about ten days after cutting a crop of wheat. I found it too dry to plow. I quit trying and got out the disk. I disked the surface of that field, but of course could not go deep. Two weeks later I went in with the plow, and found that I could do a pretty good job of plowing, though there had not been a drop of rain in the meantime."

The statement was questioned, but it was a fact.

When the first attempt to plow was made, the soil had dried out on account of the numerous cracks made by the effect of the sun and the wind. These cracks quickly extend as deep as the soil has been plowed. After they are formed, the moisture is permitted to escape through them and is carried away in the atmosphere. So while there may be plenty of moisture in the subsoil, the top soil becomes so hard that a plow will not work. This was the condition when our friend went in with his disk. By pulverizing the top two or three inches, he stopped the cracks and pores, and prevented the further escape of the rising moisture. But the moisture continued to rise, through the lower sections of the cracks and by capillary action. Being prevented from escaping into the atmosphere, it collected in the soil just under the pulverized surface, and soon softened it so that it could be plowed.

This lesson is one of the most valuable that can be learned in soil tillage. It is a theory that works out perfectly in practice. Of course there must be moisture in the subsoil; otherwise, though the tops of the "chimneys" or cracks may be closed, the disk will not avail much, for there will be no moisture to rise, and consequently none to stop. This illustrates the very reason why stubble land should be disked immediately behind the binder, as the sun and wind quickly opens up the cracks and releases the moisture in the top soil, and then that in the subsoil unless this is done.

ALFALFA AS A SOIL BUILDER

One of the Biggest Advantages of Plant is Its Ability to Increase Nitrogen Content of Soil.

(By D. W. FEEAR, Colorado Agricultural College.)

The great virtue of alfalfa is its ability to increase the nitrogen content of the soil. About 77 per cent of the air is nitrogen. It is estimated that there are 25,000 tons over every acre of land, worth, at the present rate of 18 cents a pound, over \$12,000,000. If it could be used, it is taken out of the air into the soil by very minute organisms called bacteria, which live in the little nodules found on the alfalfa roots. It takes about 25,000 bacteria to measure an inch.

They take the nitrogen from the air and use it in their life processes and then give it up to the alfalfa plant in another form. Alfalfa plants remove a large amount of nitrogen from the soil, but the bacteria collect it such that a portion is left for other plants that follow.

If the soil is too wet, the bacteria cannot work, and if too hard, the air containing the nitrogen cannot get to them.

All plants which have the ability to add nitrogen to the soil, like alfalfa, are called legumes. Some legumes closely related to alfalfa are sweet, red and white clover; some more distantly related are beans and peas.

Lacking Humus.

Humus is the one factor that is lacking in practically all of our old tilled lands. Under the methods of farming generally practiced in the Northwest the drain on the humus content has been steady and persistent. In many cases even the straw from the fields has been burned year after year. Such methods have greatly reduced the productivity of the land, aided soil blowing and the waste of rain waters. It is time to be putting some humus in our older lands and stop wasting it in our newer lands.

Milk Carries Germs.

Milk may convey the active agent of some of our transmissible diseases. Cows having tuberculosis of the udder give off tubercle bacilli in the milk. This milk may be sent to a creamery and there be mixed with the milk coming from a large number of herds, which may be free from tuberculosis. All the milk is then contaminated. Hogs are frequently fed on skim milk from creameries, and this may be the reason why so many hogs are condemned by the meat inspectors every year from tuberculosis.

Secrets of Egg Getting.

The secrets of egg production consist of a good supply of grit, good health, plenty of exercise, pure food, green food, fresh water, green cut bones, freedom from lice, regularity in feeding, cool houses in summer and warm ones in winter, and breeding only from the best-laying stock.

Cold Rains Hurt Sheep.

Warm summer showers will not hurt sheep, but cold spring rains are quite different. If you are too busy to go after the sheep when you see a storm coming up, why not build them some sort of shelter out in the pasture field?

DOES ALL OF HER OWN WORK

And is Glad to Do So, as She Was Denied this Privilege For Two Years.

Richmond, Ky.—Mrs. N. V. Willis, of this place, says: "I suffered for over three years with womanly trouble, and tried many different treatments, but none of them seemed to do me any good. I had almost given up to die, when a friend of mine begged me to try Cardui, the woman's tonic. I got a bottle, and began to feel a great deal better after the first few doses. I then got four bottles, and after taking these I was cured."

I don't know what a female pain is now, do all of my work, eat anything I want, and feel like a 16 year old girl.

I never expect to be without Cardui in my house as long as I live, as I firmly believe it saved my life, and I will praise it to all of my suffering lady friends."

Cardui is a purely vegetable remedy, containing no harmful mineral products. Its ingredients act in a helping, building way, on the womanly constitution. It has been relieving womanly troubles for over half a century, during which time it has proven of more than ordinary value as a tonic for weak women.

You can rely on Cardui. It will do for you what it has done for thousands of others. Begin taking it today.

N. B.—Write to Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions, and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent in plain wrapper, on request. Adv.

Her Writing.

"What's wrong with you, Thomas?"
"I want to get my laundry from the Chinaman, and I can't tell if these slips are the laundry tickets or notes from Julia."

SAGE TEA AND SULPHUR DARKENS YOUR GRAY HAIR

Look Years Younger! Try Grandmother's Recipe of Sage and Sulphur and Nobody Will Know.

Almost everyone knows that Sage Tea and Sulphur, properly compounded, brings back the natural color and lustre to the hair when faded, streaked or gray; also ends dandruff, itching scalp and stops falling hair. You may go the only way to get this mixture was to make it at home, which is messy and troublesome.

Nowadays we simply ask at any drug store for "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy." You will get a large bottle for about 50 cents. Everybody uses this old, famous recipe, because no one can possibly tell that you darkened your hair, as it does it so naturally and evenly. You dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, thick and glossy and you look years younger.—Adv.

Sometimes we would rather meet a man who would lend us a dollar than lend us a hand.

AN EASY MATTER

to correct such ills as Poor Appetite, Sick Headache, Bloating, Heartburn, Indigestion or Nausea if you act promptly and at the first sign of trouble take

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters

It invigorates the digestive system, renews and rebuilds health.

1913 RECORD Magnificent Crops in all Western Canada

All parts of the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, have produced wonderful yields of Wheat, Oats, Barley and Flax. Wheat graded from Contract to No. 1 Hard weighed heavy and yielded from 25 to 45 bushels per acre. If this yield was about the total average, Mixed Farming may be considered fully as profitable as an industry as grain raising. The excellent grasses full of nutrition, and the only food required either for beef or dairy purposes. In 1912, and again in 1913, at Chicago, Manitoba carried off the Championship for beef steers. Good schools, markets convenient, climate excellent. For the homesteader, the man who wishes to farm extensively, or the investor, Canada offers the largest opportunity of any place on the continent.

Apply for descriptive literature and reduced railway rates to Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to G. A. COOK, 125 W. 9th Street, Kansas City, Mo. Canadian Government Agent

The Hollow of Her Hand

by George Barr McCutcheon

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SYNOPSIS.

Challis Wrاندall is found murdered in Burton's Inn near New York. Mrs. Wrاندall is summoned from the city to identify the body. Wrاندall, it appears, had led a gay life and neglected his wife.

CHAPTER I.—Continued.

"I'm not so sure of it," said the coroner, shaking his head. "I have a feeling that she isn't one of the ordinary type. It wouldn't surprise me if she belongs to—well, you might say the upper ten. Somebody's wife, don't you see. That will make it rather difficult, especially as her tracks have been pretty well covered."

"It beats me, how she got away without leaving a single sign behind her," acknowledged the sheriff. "She's a wonder, that's all I've got to say."

At that instant the door opened and Mrs. Wrاندall appeared. She stopped short, confronting the huddled group, grey-eyed but as pallid as a ghost. Her eyes were wide, apparently unseeing; her colorless lips were parted in a drawn rigidity that suggested but one thing to the professional man who looks: the "risus sardonius" of the strychnae victim. With a low cry, the doctor started forward, fully convinced that she had swallowed the deadly drug.

"For God's sake, madam," he began, but as he spoke her expression changed; she seemed to be aware of their presence for the first time. Her eyes narrowed in a curious manner, and the rigid lips seemed to surge with blood, presenting the effect of a queer, swift-fading smile that lingered long after her face was set and serious.

"I neglected to raise the window, Dr. Sheef," she said in a low voice. "It was very cold in there." She shivered slightly. "Will you be so kind as to tell me what I am to do now? What formalities remain for me?"

The coroner was at her side. "Time enough for that, Mrs. Wrاندall. The first thing you are to do is to take something warm to drink, and pull yourself together a bit."

She drew herself up coldly. "I am quite myself, Dr. Sheef. Pray do not alarm yourself on my account. I shall be obliged to you, however, if you will tell me what I am to do as speedily as possible, and let me do it so that I may leave this—this unhappy place without delay. No! I mean it, sir, I am going tonight—unless, of course," she said, with a quick look at the sheriff, "the law stands in the way."

"You are at liberty to come and go as you please, Mrs. Wrاندall," said the sheriff, "but it is most foolhardy to think of—"

"Thank you, Mr. Sheriff," she said, for letting me go. I thought perhaps there might be legal restraint." She cast a swift glance over her shoulder, and then spoke in a high, shrill voice, indicative of extreme dread and uneasiness:

"Close the door to that room!"

The door was standing wide open, but as she had left it. Started, the coroner's deputy sprang forward to close it. Involuntarily, all of her listeners looked in the direction of the room, as if expecting to see the form of the murdered man advancing upon them. The feeling, swiftly gone, was most uncanny.

"Close it from the inside," commanded the coroner, with unmistakable emphasis. The man hesitated, and then did as he was ordered, but not without a curious look at the wife of the dead man, whose back was toward him.

"He will not find anything disturbed," he said, "divining his thought." She had the feeling that something was creeping toward us out of that room.

"You have every reason to be nervous, madam. The situation has been most extraordinary—most trying."

Said the coroner, "I beg of you to come downstairs, where we may attend to a few necessary details without delay. It has been a most fascinating matter for all of us. Hours without sleep, and such wretched weather."

They descended to the warm little reception room. She sent at once for the luncheon, who came in and glowered at her as if she were wholly responsible for the blight that had been laid upon his place.

"Will you be good enough to send me one to the station with me in your depot wagon?" she demanded without hesitation.

He stared. "We don't run a bus the winter time," he said, gruffly.

"She opened the little chateleine bag that hung from her wrist and abstracted a card which she submitted to the coroner.

"You will find, Doctor Sheef, that the only husband came up here in boxes to me. This is the card issued the state. It is in my name. The story number is there. You may compare it with the one on the car. My husband took the car without objection of my consent."

"Joy riding," said Burton, with an angry laugh. Then he quailed before the look she gave him.

"No other means is offered, Doctor Sheef, I shall ask you to let me take the car. I am perfectly capable of driving. I have driven it in the past for two seasons. All I ask is that you direct to go with me to the station. No! Better than that, if there is some one here who is willing to accompany me to the city, he shall be handsomely paid for going. It is but little more than 30 miles. I refuse to spend the night in this house. That is final."

They drew apart to confer, leaving her sitting before the fire, a stark figure that seemed to detach itself entirely from its surroundings and their companionship. At last the coroner came to her side and touched her arm.

"I don't know what the district attorney and the police will say to it, Mrs. Wrاندall, but I shall take it upon myself to deliver the car to you. The sheriff has gone out to compare the numbers. If he finds that the car is yours, he will see to it, with Mr. Drake, that it is made ready for you. I take it that we will have no difficulty in—" He hesitated, at a loss for words.

"In finding it again in case you need it for evidence?" she supplied. He nodded. "I shall make it a point, Doctor Sheef, to present the car to the state after it has served my purpose tonight. I shall not ride in it again."

"The sheriff has a man who will ride with you to the station or the city, whichever you may elect. Now, may I trouble you to make answer to certain questions I shall write out for you at once? The man is Challis Wrاندall, your husband? You are positive?"

"I am positive. He is—or was—Challis Wrاندall."

Half an hour later she was ready for the trip to New York city. The clock in the office marked the hour as one. A toddled individual in a great buffalo coat waited for her outside, hiccupping and bandying jest with the half-frozen men who had spent the night with him in the forlorn hope of finding the girl.

Mrs. Wrاندall gave final instructions to the coroner and his deputy, who happened to be the undertaker's assistant. She had answered all the questions that had been put to her, and had signed the document with a firm, untrembling hand. Her veil had been lowered since the beginning of the examination. They did not see her face; they only heard the calm, low voice, sweet with fatigue and dread.

"I shall notify my brother-in-law as soon as I reach the city," she said. "He will attend to everything. Mr. Leslie Wrاندall, I mean. My husband's only brother. He will be here in the morning, Doctor Sheef. My own apartment is not open. I have been staying in a hotel since my return from Europe two days ago. But I shall attend to the opening of the place tomorrow. You will find me there."

The coroner hesitated a moment before putting the question that had come to his mind as she spoke.

"Two days ago, madam? May I inquire where your husband has been living during your absence abroad? When did you last see him alive?"

She did not reply for many seconds, and then it was with a perceptible effort.

"I have not seen him since my return until—tonight," she replied, a hoarse note creeping into her voice. "He did not meet me on my return. His brother Leslie came to the dock. He—he said that Challis, who came back from Europe two weeks ahead of me, had been called to St. Louis on very important business. My husband was living at his club, I understand. That is all I can tell you, sir."

"I see," said the coroner, gently. He opened the door for her and she was passed out. A number of men were grouped about the throbbing motor car. They fell away as she approached, silently fading into the shadows like so many vast, unwholesome ghosts. The sheriff and Drake came forward:

"This man will go with you, madam," said the sheriff, pointing to an unsteady figure beside the machine. "He is the only one who will undertake it. They're all played out, you see. He has been drinking, but only on account of the hardships he has undergone tonight. You will be quite safe with Morley."

"No snow—falling, but a bleak wind blew meanly. The air was free from particles of sleet; wety the fall of the night clung to the earth where it had fallen.

"If he will guide me to the Post-road, that is all I ask," said she hurriedly. Involuntarily she glanced upward. The curtains in an upstairs window were blowing inward and a dim light shone out upon the roof of the porch. She shuddered and then climbed up to the seat and took her place at the wheel.

A few moments later the three men standing in the middle of the road watched the car as it rushed away.

"By George, she's a wonder!" said the sheriff.

CHAPTER II.

The Passing of a Night.

The sheriff was right. Sara Wrاندall was an extraordinary woman, if I may be permitted to modify his rather crude estimate of her. It is difficult to understand, much less describe a nature like hers. Fine-minded, gently bred women who can go through an ordeal such as she experienced without breaking under the strain are rare indeed. They must be wonderful. It is hard to imagine a more heart-breaking crisis in life than the one which confronted her on this dreadful night, and yet she faced it with a fortitude that seems almost unholly.

She had loved her handsome, wayward husband. He had hurt her deeply more times than she chose to remember during the six years of their married life, but she had loved him in spite of the wounds up to the instant when she stood beside his dead body in the cold little room at Burton's Inn. She went there loving him as he had lived, yet prepared, almost forewarned, to loathe him as he had died, and she left him lying there alone in that dreary room without a spark of the old affection in her soul.

Her love for him died in giving birth to the hatred that now possessed her. While he lived it was not in her power to control the unreasoning, resistless thing that stands for love in woman; he was her lover, the master of her impulses. Dead, he was an unwholesome, unlovely clod, a pallid thing to be scorned, a hulk of worthless clay. His blood was cold. He could no longer warm her with it; it could no longer kill the chill that his misdeeds cast about her tender sensitiveness; his lips and eyes never more could smile and conquer. He was a dead thing. Her love was a dead thing. They lay separate and apart. The tie was broken. With love died the final spark of respect she had left for him in her tired, loyal, betrayed heart. He was at last a thing to be despised, even by her. She despised him.

She sent the car down the slope and across the moonless valley with small regard for her own or her companion's safety. It swerved from side to side, skidded and leaped with terrifying suddenness, but held its way as straight as the bird that flies, driven by a steady hand and a mind that had no thought for peril. A sober man at her side would have been afraid; this man swayed mildly to and fro and chuckled with drunken glee.

Her bitter thoughts were not of the dead man back there, but of the live years that would never pass beyond her ken, that would never die. He had loved her in his wild, ruthless way. He had left her times without number in the years gone by, but he had always come back, gaily unchastened, to remold the love that waited with dog-like fidelity for the touch of his cunning hand. But he had taken his last flight. He would not come back again. It was all over. Once too often he had tried his reckless wings. She would not have to forgive him again. Uppermost in her mind was the curiously restful thought that his troubles were over, and with them her own. A hand less forgiving than hers had struck him dead.

Somewhat, she envied the woman to whom that hand belonged. It had been her divine right to kill, and yet another took it from her.

Back there at the Inn she had said to the astonished sheriff:

"Poor thing, if she can escape punishment for this, let it be so. I shall not help the law to kill her simply because she took it in her own hands to pay that man what she owed him. I shall not be the one to say that he did not deserve death at her hands, whoever she may be. No, I shall offer no reward. If you catch her, I shall be sorry for her, Mr. Sheriff. Believe me, I bear her no grudge."

"But she robbed him," the sheriff had cried.

"From my point of view, Mr. Sheriff, that hasn't anything to do with the case," was her significant reply.

"Of course, I am not defending him."

"Nor am I defending her," she had retorted. "It would appear that she is able to defend herself."

Now, on the cold, trackless road was saying to herself that she will have a grudge against the woman who had destroyed the life she longed to her, who had killed the thing that was hers to kill. She

not mourn for him. She could only wonder what the poor, hunted, terrified creature would do when taken and made to pay for the thing she had done.

Once, in the course of her bitter reflections, she spoke aloud in a shrill, tense voice, forgetful of the presence of the man beside her:

"Thank God they will see him now as I have seen him all these years. They will know him as they have never known him. Thank God for that!"

The man looked at her stupidly and muttered something under his breath. She heard him, and recalling her wits, asked which turn she was to take for the station. The fellow looped back in the seat, too drunk to reply.

For a moment she was dismayed, frightened. Then she resolutely reached out and shook him by the shoulder. She had brought the car to a full stop.

"Arouse yourself, man!" she cried. "Do you want to freeze to death? Where is the station?"

He straightened up with an effort, and after vainly seeking light in the darkness, fell back again with a grunt, but managed to wave his hand toward the left. She took the chance. In five minutes she brought the car to a standstill beside the station. Through the window she saw a man with his feet cocked high, reading. He leaped to his feet in amazement as she entered the waiting-room.

"Are you the agent?" she demanded.

"No, ma'am. I'm simply staying here for the sheriff. We're looking for a woman—say!" He stopped short and stared at the veiled face with wide, excited eyes. "Gee whig! Maybe you—"

"No, I am not the woman you want. Do you know anything about the trains?"

"I guess I'll telephone to the sheriff before I—"

"If you will step outside you will find one of the sheriff's deputies in my automobile, helplessly intoxicated. I am Mrs. Wrاندall."

"Oh," he gasped. "I heard 'em say you were coming up tonight. Well, say! What do you think of—"

"In there a train in before morning?"

"No, ma'am. Seven-forty is the first."

She waited a moment. "Then I shall have to ask you to come out and get your fellow-deputy. He is useless to me. I mean to go on in the machine. The sheriff understates."

The fellow hesitated.

"I cannot take him with me, and he will freeze to death if I leave him in the road. Will you come?"

The man stared at her.

"Say, is it your husband?" he asked agape.

She nodded her head.

"Well, I'll go out and have a look at the fellow you've got with you," he said, still doubtful.

She stood in the door while he crossed over to the car and peered at the face of the sleeper.

"Steve Morley," he said. "Fuller's a goat."

"Please remove him from the car," she directed.

Later on, as he stood looking down at the inert figure in the big rocking chair, and panting from his labors, he heard her say patiently:

"And now will you be so good as to direct me to the Post-road."

He scratched his head. "This is mighty queer, the whole business," he declared, assailed by doubts. "Suppose you are not Mrs. Wrاندall, but—the other one. What then?"

"As if in answer to his question, the man Morley opened his bleary eyes and tried to get to his feet.

"What's—what are we doin' here, Mrs. Wrاندall? Who's up?"

"Stay where you are, Steve," said the other. "It's all right." Then he went forth and pointed the way to her. "It's a long way to Columbus Circle," he said. "I don't envy you the trip. Keep straight ahead after you hit the Post-road." He stood there listening until the whir of the motor was lost in the distance. "She'll never make it," he said to himself. "It's more than a strong man could do on roads like these. She must be crazy."

Coming to the Post-road, she increased the speed of the car, with the sharp wind behind her, her eyes intent on the white stretch that leaped up in front of the lamps like a blank wall beyond which there was nothing but dense oblivion. But for the fact that she knew that this road ran straight and unobstructed into the outskirts of New York, she might have lost courage and decision. The natural confidence of an experienced driver was hers. She had the daring of one who has never met with an accident, and who trusts to the instincts rather than to an actual understanding of conditions. With her, it was not a question of her own capacity and strength, but a belief in the fidelity of the engine that carried her forward.

It had not occurred to her that the task of guiding that heavy, swerving thing through the unbroken road was anything beyond her powers of endurance. She often had driven it a hundred miles and more without rest, or without losing seat in the surprise; then why should she

the small matter of 30 miles, even under the most trying of conditions?

Sharply there came to her mind the question: was she the only one abroad in this black little world? What of the other woman? The one who was being hunted? Where was she? And what of the ghost at her heels?

The car bounded over a railroad crossing. She recalled the directions given by the man at the station and hastily applied the brake. There was another and more dangerous crossing a hundred yards ahead. She had been warned particularly to take it carefully, as there was a sharp curve in the road beyond.

Suddenly she jammed down the emergency brake, a startled exclamation falling from her lips. Not 20 feet ahead, in the middle of the road and directly in line with the light of the lamps, stood a black, motionless figure—the figure of a woman whose head was lowered and whose arms hung limply at her sides.

The woman in the car bent forward over the wheel, staring hard. Five seconds passed. At last the forlorn object in the roadway lifted her face and looked vacantly into the glare of the lamps. Her eyes were wide-open, her face a ghastly white.

"God in heaven!" struggled from the stiffening lips of Sara Wrاندall. Her fingers tightened on the wheel.

She knew. This was the woman! The long brown ulster; the limp, fluttering veil? "A woman about your size and figure," the sheriff had said. The figure swayed and then moved a few steps forward. Blinded by the lights, she bent her head and shielded her eyes with her hand the better to glimpse the occupant of the car.

"Are you looking for me?" she cried out shrilly, at the same time spreading her arms as if in surrender. It was almost a wail.

Mrs. Wrاندall caught her breath. Her heart began to beat once more.

"Who are you? What do you want?" she cried out, without knowing what she said.

The girl started. She had not expected to hear the voice of a woman. She staggered to the side of the road, out of the line of light.

"I—I beg your pardon," she cried—it was like a wail of disappointment—"I am sorry to have stopped you."

"Come here," commanded the other, still starting.

The unsteady figure advanced. Halting beside the car, she leaned across the spare tires and gazed into the eyes of the driver. Their faces were not more than a foot apart, their eyes were narrowed in tense scrutiny.

"What do you want?" repeated Mrs. Wrاندall, her voice hoarse and tremulous.

"I am looking for an inn. It must be near by. I do—"

"An inn?" with a start.

"I do not recall the name. It is not far from a village, in the hills."

"Do you mean Burton's?"

"Yes. That's it. Can you direct me?" The voice of the girl was faint; she seemed about to fall.

"It is six or eight miles from here," said Mrs. Wrاندall, still looking in wonder at the miserable night-farer.

The girl's head sank; a moan of despair came through her lips, ending in a sob.

"So far as that?" she murmured. Then she drew herself up with a fine show of resolution. "But I must not stop here. Thank you."

"Wait!" cried the other. The girl turned to her once more. "Is—is it a matter of life or death?"

There was a long silence. "Yes. I must find my way there. It is—death."

Sara Wrاندall laid her heavily gloved hand on the slim fingers that touched the tire.

"Listen to me," she said, a shrill note of resolve ringing in her voice. "I am going to New York. Won't you let me take you with me?"

The girl drew back, wonder and apprehension struggling for the mastery of her eyes.

"But I am bound the other way. To the Inn. I must go on."

"Come with me," said Sara Wrاندall. "You must not go back there. Now what has happened there."



Come! I will take care of you. You must not go to the Inn."

"You know?" faltered the girl.

"Yes. You poor thing!" There was infinite pity in her voice.

The girl laid her head on her arms. Mrs. Wrاندall sat above her, looking down, held mute by warring emotions. The impossible had come to pass. The girl for whom the whole world would be searching in a day or two, had stepped out of the unknown and, by the most whimsical jest of fate, into the custody of the one person most interested of all in that selfsame world. It was unbelievable. She wondered if it were not a dream, or the hallucination of an overwrought mind. Spurred by the sudden doubt as to the reality of the object before her, she stretched out her hand and touched the girl's shoulder.

Instantly she looked up. Her fingers sought the friendly hand and clasped it tightly.

"Oh, if you will only take me to the city with you! If you only give me the chance," she cried hoarsely. "I don't know what impulse was driving me back there. I only know I could not help myself. You really mean it? You will take me with you?"

"Yes. Don't be afraid. Come! Get in," said the woman in the car rapidly. "You—you are real?"

The girl did not hear the strange question. She was hurrying around to the opposite side of the car. As she crossed before the lamps, Mrs. Wrاندall noticed with dulled interest that her garments were covered with mud; her small, comely hat was in sad disorder; loose wisps of hair fluttered with the unobscured veil. Her hands, she recalled, were clad in thin suede gloves. She would be half-frozen. She had been out in all this terrible weather—perhaps since the hour of her flight from the Inn.

The odd feeling of pity grew stronger within her. She made no effort to analyze it, nor to account for it. Why should she pity the slayer of her husband? It was a question unasked, unconsidered. Afterwards she was to recall this hour and its strange impulses, and to realize that it was not pity, but mercy that moved her to do the extraordinary thing that followed.

Trembling all over, her teeth chattering, her breath coming in short little moans, the girl struggled up beside her and fell back in the seat. Without a word, Sara Wrاندall drew the great buffalo robe over her and tucked it in about her feet and legs far up about her body, which had slumped down in the seat.

"You are very, very good," chattered the girl, almost inaudibly. "I shall never forget—" She did not complete the sentence, but sat upright and fixed her gaze on her companion's face. "You—you are not doing this just to turn me over to—the police? They must be searching for me. You are not going to give me up to them, are you? There will be a reward I—"

"There is no reward," said Sara Wrاندall sharply. "I do not mean to give you up. I am simply giving you a chance to get away. I have always felt sorry for the fox when the time for the kill drew near. That's the way I feel."

"Oh, thank you! Thank you! But what am I saying? Why should I permit you to do this for me? I meant to go back there and have it over with. I know I can't escape. It will have to come, it is bound to come. Why put it off? Let them take me, let them do what they will with me. I—"

"Hush! We'll see. First of all, understand me: I shall not turn you over to the police. I will give you the chance. I will help you. I can do no more than that."

"But why should you help me? I—I—oh, I can't let you do it! You do not understand. I have—committed—a—terrible—" she broke off with a groan.

"I understand," said the other, something like grimness in her level tones. "I have been tempted more than once myself." The enigmatic remark made no impression on the listener.

"I wonder how long ago it was that it all happened," muttered the girl, as if to herself. "It seems ages—oh, such ages."

"Where have you been hiding since last night?" asked Mrs. Wrاندall, throwing in the clutch. The car started forward with a jerk, kicking up the snow behind it.

"Was it only last night? Oh, I've been—" The thought of her sufferings from exposure and dread was too much for the wretched creature. She broke out in a soft wail.

"You've been out in all this weather?" demanded the other.

"I lost my way. In the hills back there. I don't know where I was."

"Had you no place of shelter?"

"Where could I seek shelter? I spent the day in the cellar of a farmer's house. He'd know I was there. I have had food."

"Why did you get out at night?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



She Knew—This Was the Woman.

"So far as that?" she murmured. Then she drew herself up with a fine show of resolution. "But I must not stop here. Thank you."

"Wait!" cried the other. The girl turned to her once more. "Is—is it a matter of life or death?"

There was a long silence. "Yes. I must find my way there. It is—death."

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"But I am bound the other way. To the Inn. I must go on."

"Come with me," said Sara Wrاندall. "You must not go back there. Now what has happened there."

Guarding Against Expense. It took a New York millionaire to hit upon the best scheme yet for cutting down household expenses if one must wed; he married a fashionable milliner.—Baltimore News.



Your Home and Your Neighbors

This is "Neighborhood Improvement Week" in thousands of communities where every property owner is asked to consider the improvement of his property and the neighborhood in which it is located. Are you helping to arouse interest in your neighborhood?

In home and neighborhood improvement plenty of good paint is the first essential. The paint must both beautify and protect buildings. You can accomplish this most easily and satisfactorily with



"High Standard" hides the surface better, spreads over more surface per gallon of paint and wears longer than ordinary paint because it is scientifically made of the best materials by expert paintmakers. Years of experience have proved that these careful methods give most complete protection and lasting beauty. "High Standard" is the most satisfactory and economical paint to use.

Come in and ask us to give you paint information and color combinations for interior walls, floors and woodwork as well as for the outside of your house.

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AGENTS

Auto Road Live Issue

A strong effort is being made by citizens of Amarillo and other towns that are interested to complete an adequate automobile road from that city to Oklahoma City by way of McLean, Shamrock, etc. It is generally conceded that the most urgent need of improvement along the entire stretch is between this place and Shamrock, or rather, between here and Lefa, and if this road is to be established it will be necessary for the people of McLean and vicinity to improve the piece of road mentioned.

The question arises, is it worth the money? Personally, we are not conversant with the facts as to the benefit of an auto road, but superficially it appears to be a good proposition, as it is likely that hundreds of

people would travel this way annually and have an opportunity of seeing this more or less isolated section of the Panhandle. Isolated as we are, to a certain extent, by reason of the fact that we have only one rail road, and it is a branch over which very little tourist travel is handled. Thousands of people travel through the Panhandle every year who have an eye open for investments, should a good one present itself, but few of them see the McLean country. They land in Amarillo over the transcontinental lines of railroad, stop there a few days, size up the situation from the Amarillo point of view, and make their decisions accordingly.

It is our opinion that if more people could be induced to investigate the opportunities and possibilities of this section our vacant acres would soon be converted into prosperous stock farms. The automobile road might be a strong factor in

FRED

My Arabian and Black Hawk stallion will make the season of 1914 at McLean. Fred is a beautiful red and white spotted animal six years old and is a sure foal getter.

TERMS

\$10.00 to insure living colt. \$2.50 must be paid when service is had and the balance when colt is born. In case mare is traded or removed from the county fees will be immediately due. In case live colt is not born cash payments will be returned.

Geo. Hayden, Owner.

BEN HUR

German Coach Stallion, dark bay, 16 hands and one inch high, weight 1400 pounds. Has size, substance, quality good looks and is A 1 in every respect. Fees, \$10.00.

STAR STATE

No. 2257—Black Spanish Jack, 15 1/2 hands high, weight 1000 pounds, winner of sweepstakes Dallas and San Antonio. The best in the Panhandle. Fees, \$12.50.

The above stock will make the season of 1914 one mile south and half mile east of McLean on the A. P. Clark farm.

Terms: I guarantee living colt but not to stand and suck. If mare is traded or removed from country I must have my money. \$2.50 of fee must be paid when service is had and the balance when the colt is born.

JOE CLARK

bringing this about. Certain it is that travel by auto is becoming more popular and we believe many of the homeseekers would avail themselves of an opportunity of seeing this unexplored section.

The necessity for action, if we would cooperate in this matter, is urgent and our business men should give it some thought and try to arrive at some definite plan of action.

FIVE HUNDRED TEXAS FACTS

Material Resources of Texas Explained to Editors.

Texas Leads in Opportunities.

The members of the National Editorial Association—the men who furnish the intellectual food of the nation—met in Houston on April 23rd, 24th and 25th and for three days discussed first-hand, the problems which confront the men behind the pen. Practically every state in the Union was represented and the convention excelled in point of attendance and results accomplished, any meeting ever held by the association.

In appreciation of the compliment offered to Texas by the editorial writers, who have three times selected this state as their meeting place, the Texas Business Men's Association compiled all the salient facts of the State's greatness into a neat little volume which was presented to the editors on their arrival. In this book was told the story of the industrial opportunities which Texas has to offer to the homeseeker and the investor and of the fertile land that is awaiting the plow to make it blossom like a garden of roses.

The history of all writers, after all, is merely a chronicle of their thoughts and in directing their attention towards the greatness of Texas, the Association has sown seeds that will thrive in the minds of the writers and cause them to spread the gospel of Texas prosperity throughout the length and breadth of the land. This little book which was entitled "Texas Facts" will be given to the Texas press in weekly installments and will appear in practically all weekly papers of the state.

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READ THIS

McLean Texas August 14-12. We the undersigned Druggist of McLean are selling Hall's Texas Wonder and recommend it to be the best Kidney Bladder and Rheumatic remedy we have ever sold.

ARTHUR ERWIN
T. M. WOLFE,
A TEXAS WONDER

The Texas Wonder cures kidney and bladder troubles, removes gravel, cures diabetes, weak and lame backs, rheumatism and irregularities in both men and women; regulates bladder trouble in children. If not sold by your druggist it will be sent by mail on receipt of \$1.00. One small bottle is two months treatment and seldom fails to perfect a cure. Dr. E. W. Hall, 2926 Olive street, St. Louis, Mo. Send for testimonials. Sold by druggists.

Announcements

We are authorized to make the following announcements for office in this county, subject to the action of the Democratic primary:

FOR DISTRICT JUDGE:

F. P. GERRIER,
NEWTON P. WILLIS

FOR SHERIFF:

J. S. DENSON,
W. S. COPELAND,
G. E. CASTLEBERRY,
S. L. BALL

FOR CLERK:

C. L. UPHAM,
T. J. D'ESPAIN,
D. W. OSBORNE.

FOR ASSESSOR:

A. H. DOUCETTE,
J. B. (Joe) FOX,
J. B. PASCHALL,
J. H. SAUNDERS

FOR COUNTY JUDGE:

SYLER FAULKNER,
C. S. RICE.

FOR TREASURER:

HENRY THOUT.

FOR PUBLIC WRITER:

CARL OVERTON,
A. W. WILLARD.

Have on hand a complete line of

New Shoes

For Men, Women, Boys and Girls

Call and see them. My prices are reasonable.

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Church Directory

Methodist Church.

Cordially invites you to all its services. Sunday school at 10 a. m. every Sunday. Preaching at McLean 1st, 4th and 5th Sundays morning and night; Gosport 1st Sunday, morning and night; Alameda 2nd Sunday, morning and night; Heald 4th Sunday, 1:30 p. m.; Eldersburg 2nd Sunday, 1:30 p. m.; Junior and Senior Epworth Leagues at 2:30 and 3:30 p. m., respectively, every Sunday. Women's Missionary Society 2:30 p. m. every Tuesday. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night.

J. T. HOWELL, Pastor.

Business Services.

Conducted by S. R. Jones, at McLean Presbyterian Church 2nd and 4th Sunday nights of each month. Cottage prayer meeting Thursday night of each week. The 1st Sunday of each month at the Heald school house at 8 p. m. Third Sunday at the Back school house at 11 a. m. Public invited to attend all services.

Baptist Church.

Preaching second and fourth Sundays in each month at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. every Sunday. C. S. Rice, superintendent. B. Y. P. U. at 6 p. m. every Sunday. Reop Landers, president. Ladies Aid meets on Tuesdays at 2 p. m. Mrs. Myrtle Hamilton, president. Church conference on Saturday before the second Sunday in each month at 11 a. m.

R. F. Hamilton, Pastor.

Notice of Dissolution.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership lately subsisting between A. A. Callahan, C. S. Rice and W. R. Upham of McLean, in Gray County Texas, under the firm name of McLean Hardware Company, was dissolved by mutual consent on the 12th day of February A. D. 1914.

All debts owing to the said partnership are to be received and collected by either of said parties.

Witness our hands at McLean, Texas, this April 8th, 1914.

W. R. Upham, A. A. Callahan,
C. S. Rice.

\$25.00 REWARD

I will pay a twenty-five dollar reward for the arrest and conviction of any party guilty of tying down any telephone wire or in any other manner interfering with the lines. The state law on the subject is as follows:

Penal Code, Art. 286: If any person shall intentionally break, cut, pull or tear down, misplace, or in any other manner injure any telegraph or telegraph wire, post, machinery or other necessary appurtenance in any telegraph or telephone line, or in any way willfully obstruct or interfere with the transmission of any messages along such telegraph or telephone line, he shall be punished by confinement in the penitentiary not less than two nor more than five years, or by fine not less than one hundred nor more than two thousand dollars.

McLEAN TELEPHONE EXCHANGE

Elite Barber Shop

W. M. MASSAY, Prop.

EVERYTHING NEW But The Barbers

Agents for that GOOD Laundry—Panhandle Steam Next Door To The Postoffice

HOTEL HINDMAN

Rates \$2.00 Per Day

Best Accommodations in the City Special Rates to Weekly Boarders All Meals 10c—Children 25c

J. R. Hindman, Proprietor

Why dont you

BATHE

Our Bath Tub is at your disposal

We are the real Tonsorial Artasts. Try us.

City Barber Shop

SEE EVERETT, Prop.

W. R. PATTERSON

ABSTRACTER AND CONVEYANCER

Fire and Tornado Insurance

McLean, Texas

WANT A DRAY

See W. D. Sims when you want anything moved. Careful handling of everything entrusted to our care.

PHONE 126

McLean Auto Company

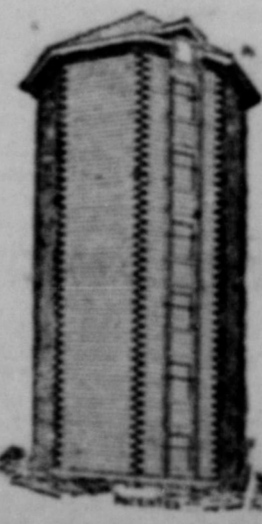
Supplies and Accessories Vulcanizing

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF REPAIRING

Hupmobile Agency

Phone 83

Service Cart



Don't FORGET

That it is time to begin to think about a SILO for this year's crop, and remember there is a right kind and a wrong kind. We sell the COMMON SENSE—the right kind. The kind that don't blow down, dry out or swell up. The kind that gives absolute satisfaction. Study about this and come to our office and let's talk it over. Yours for good crops and a most prosperous year.

Cicero Smith Lumber Co. McLean, Texas