

The McLean News

ELEVENTH YEAR

McLEAN, GRAY COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, JULY 30, 1915

NO. 30

We Do

Appreciate Your Business

Western Lumber Company

See Us For Bailing Ties

From Over The Panhandle

his 85 acres of wheat Mr. Cracken, who lives near Mifflin, reports an average yield of 40 bushels.

highway will be built from Mifflin to Wellington, via Quayle. The cost of the road is estimated at \$100,000 and the two contractors named will furnish the material.

Chita Falls is in the throes of a local option campaign. The notable speakers on both sides are addressing large audiences both day and night. The vote will be on the 31st.

Madison is having a Prentiss Clean-Up Day to make the city more attractive for the big crowds who will attend the Chautauqua which will be held there next week.

Pattie Montgomery, aged 25, died at her home in Mifflin recently. Mrs. Montgomery was a pioneer settler in this county having lived in it for 25 years.

Evangelist Lockett Adair will hold a revival in Lubbock, commencing August 15th.

Elton Henderson, the 14 year old son of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Henderson of Canyon, died in Fort Worth last week. He received an injury while playing football last fall which resulted in his death.

Beginning on July 24th the Santa Fe will run a special hog train from Amarillo to Fort Worth, via the T. & P. at Sweetwater. This was made necessary on account of the heavy hog shipments from the south plains.

Miss Rosa Carthel of Lockney and Mr. John Belt of Olustee, Okla., were married on the 21st inst.

The Twenty fourth Anniversary and "Old Settlers' Reunion" was celebrated at Tulia on the 17th inst. with a big picnic and barbecue.

An increase of 111 scholastic pupils is reported for Donley county. The Clarendon Independent School District has an enrollment of 595, while the Hedley District has an enrollment of 260.

A Disastrous Auto Wreck

J. F. Eustace was knocked unconscious and badly bruised about the head and face and Silas Clark sustained minor bruises when the Ford automobile driven by Joe Clark turned turtle on a culvert in the south part of town Sunday afternoon. Mr. Clark was pinned under the machine but was not hurt. Mr. Eustace was hurriedly taken to the doctors office and given treatment, regaining his consciousness an hour or so later. He was able to get out Tuesday.

Frank Gardenhire was driving ahead of the Clark car in a Buick and when he slowed for the culvert he noticed the Ford bearing down on him at a rapid pace from the top of the hill. He pulled to one side, cutting off of the end of the culvert and jumping a ditch, which killed his engine and the car stopped with one hind wheel still in the road. The Ford steered across the culvert in safety but struck the side of the Buick, careened to one side and summersaulted at the foot of the next hill. Silas Clark and Mr. Eustace were thrown clear of the machine about fifteen feet, but Joe Clark was caught under it, and, being in a low place, escaped injury.

The body of the Buick was crushed in a fender tore off, while the Ford was severely injured in various places.

Missionary Society Notes.

The Methodist Missionary Society met Tuesday afternoon at the usual hour. Quite a number were in attendance.

After a short business session Miss Parrott favored us with a beautiful talk on her Work in Burmah, showing illustrations of her school building and some of her workers, all of which were very interesting.

Next Tuesday will be a lesson in our study. We appreciate having any one who will come and take a part, as we feel that this is the best study we have taken yet. Most especially do we urge the Methodist ladies to come.

Subt. Publicity.

I am in charge of the Confectionery now and want your trade. Mutt.

To Have Two Days' Picnic

It has now been definitely decided to hold a big two day picnic and general "get-together" celebration here on the 25th and 26th of August and committees are busy at work outlining programs and other details of the affair, which we hope to be able to announce in our next issue.

It is likely that the city park will be utilized for the purpose if the Town Council can be induced to have it mowed and cleaned out by that time.

Many suggestions have been offered with reference to the nature of the celebration, but as yet there has been nothing definitely decided upon. It will probably include a basket picnic the first day and a big barbecue the second, with a general amusement program and a number of contests for which liberal premiums will be offered.

The invitation to attend this affair and participate in its gaieties is a broad one and includes everyone, without respect to location or social position, who can arrange to join with us.

Watch for the announcement as to the amusement program, etc.

What Makes A Model Town

The small town is coming into its own.

The propensity of the farms has sifted to the village, and with larger leisure has come definite planning for helpfulness. The forward looking men and women are giving their time and money to betterment of conditions for the young. They have already gone far in material things. Refrigerators, electric lights, telephones in practically every home, water-works, parks, are common possessions. Fountains play, and "white ways" are the fashion—it is as if the communities had enjoyed a shave and hair cut, not to mention a bath and massage.

But the real renovation has come in the community life: the other is merely a corollary. What is remaking the Western town is the growth of direct interest in the social life, and the broadening field devoted to education.

This latter is exemplified in the school curriculum. To the usual college preparatory courses offered a few years ago has been added a whole group of vocational teachings. Manual training, normal training, agricultural instruction and commercial education have become the usual range of a high school.

The direct has been to increase the attendance in the high schools over 100 per cent in the last five years. This has called for new high school buildings commensurate with the increased needs, and the communities have generally been liberal in their construction. These fully equipped buildings have become community centers in a large sense, and are working wonders in giving a finer tone to the town life.

Along with it has come unselfish welfare work which has interested good men and women. Radiating from the clubs and churches and schools have gone influences helpful to the boys and girls in marked degree.

Past Service

Our large list of satisfied patrons is the best advertisement we have to the efficient and satisfactory service we employ.

We carry only the purest line of drugs and every prescription is filled with care.

Erwin Drug Company
Drug Sundries and Toilet Articles

The Weekly Paper.

Sometimes dad says the paper somehow ain't got up just right, and does a lot o' kickin when he reads it Friday night.

He says there isn't a dad burned thing in it that's worth while to read and that it doesn't print the kind of stuff the people need. He throws it in a corner and says its on the bum," but you oughter hear him holler when the weekly fails to come.

He reads about the weddings and sports like all get out, and he reads the social column with a most derisive shout; he'll read about the parties and he'll fuss and fret and groan and say they print the paper for women folks alone. He says of information, it does not contain a crumb, but you oughter hear him holler if the weekly fails to come.

He's always first to grab it and read it through and through—he don't miss an item, nor an ad, old or new.

He says, "They don't know what we want—them darn newspaper guys, I'll take a day off sometime and go and put 'em wise." If editors was as wise as dad they'd be going some, but you'd oughter hear him holler when the weekly fails to come.

An' then when dad goes 'way and stays a day or two, I tell you he gets riled and says what awful things he'll do if the paper fails to mention him as being out of town—well, he almost has a notion to knock some printer down.

He never does however, when he sees one he is mum, but you'd oughter hear him holler when his paper fails to come.—Ex.

Posted.

Please take notice. No hunting allowed on my place east of McLean. This means YOU. Please keep out. W. T. Wilson.

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
W. H. HOLT, CASHIER
E. W. SITTER, VICE PRES.
A. G. RICHARDSON, ASST. CASHIER

A. P. CLARK, Jr. DIRECTORS
JACOB L. HESS.

INDIVIDUAL WORTH OF STOCKHOLDERS \$1,750,000.00

Citizens State Bank McLean, Texas

Offers to Depositors every facility which their balances, business and responsibility warrant.

J. S. Morse, President. Clay E. Thompson, Cashier.
W. E. Ballard, Vice Pres. — J. M. Noel, Vice Pres.

DIRECTORS
J. M. Noel. L. H. Weob. J. T. Cross.

Dark Hollow

By Anna Katharine Green
Illustrations by C. D. Rhodes
COPYRIGHT 1914 BY DODD, MEAD & COMPANY

CHAPTER XVIII—Continued.

It had an overwhelming effect upon me. I had been very near death. Suicide must have ended the struggle in which I was engaged, had not this knowledge of actual and unpunished crime come to ease my conscience. John Scoville was worthy of death, and, being so, should receive the full reward of his deed. I need hesitate no longer.

That night I slept. But there came a night when I did not. After the penalty had been paid and to most men's eyes that episode was over, I turned the first page of that volume of slow retribution which is the doom of the man who sins from impulse, and has the recall of his own nature to face relentlessly to the end of his days. Scoville was in his grave. I was alive. Scoville had shot a man for his money. I had struck a man down in my wrath. Scoville's widow and little child must face a cold and unsympathetic world, with small means and disgrace rising like a wall between them and social sympathy, if not between them and the actual means of living.

Oliver's future faced him untouched. No shadow lay across his path to hinder his happiness or to mar his chances.

The results were unequal. I began to see them so, and feel the gnawing of that deathless worm whose ravages lay waste the breast, while hand and brain fulfill their routine of work, as though all were well and the foundations of life unshaken.

I suffered as only cowards suffer. I held on to honor; I held on to home; I held on to Oliver, but with misery for my companion and a self-contempt which nothing could abate. Each time I mounted the bench I felt a tug at my arm as of a visible, restraining presence. Each time I returned to my home and met the clear eyes of Oliver beaming upon me with its ever-growing promise of future comradeship, I experienced a rebellion against my own happiness which opened my eyes to my own nature and its inevitable demand. I must give up Oliver, or yield my honors, make a full confession and accept whatever consequences it might bring. I am a proud man, and the latter alternative was beyond me. I could forego pleasure, travel, social intercourse, and even the companionship of the one being in whom all my hopes centered, but I could not, of my own volition, pass from the judge's bench to the felon's cell. There I struck the immovable—the impassable.

I decided in one awful night of renunciation that I would send Oliver out of my life.

The next day I told him abruptly . . . hurting him to spare myself . . . that I had decided after long and mature thought to yield to his desire for journalism, and that I would start him in his career and maintain him in it for three years if he would subscribe to the following conditions:

They were the hardest a loving father ever imposed upon a dutiful and loving son.

First, he was to leave home immediately . . . within a few hours, in fact.

Second, he was to regard all relations between us as finished; we were to be strangers henceforth in every particular save that of the money obligation already mentioned.

Third, he was never to acknowledge this compact, or to cast any slur upon the father whose reasons for this apparently unnatural conduct were quite disconnected with any fault of his or any desire to punish or reprove.

Fourth, he was to pray for his father every night of his life before he slept.

Was this last a confession? Had I meant it to be such? If so, it missed its point. It awoke but did not frighten him.

I had to contend with his compunctions, as well as with grief and dismay. It was an hour of struggle on his part and of implacable resolution on mine. Nothing but such hardness on my part would have served me.

Had I faltered once he would have won me over, and the tale of my sleepless nights been repeated. I did not falter, and when the midnight stroke rang through the house that night it separated by its peal a sin-beclouded but human past from a future arid with solitude and bereft of the one possession to retain which my sin had been hidden.

I became a father without a son—a lonely and as desolate as though the separation between us were that of the grave I had merited and so weakly shunned.

But I was not yet satisfied. How could I insure for myself the extreme punishment which my peace demanded, without bringing down upon me the full consequences I refused to accept.

You have seen how I ultimately answered this question. A convict's bed! a convict's isolation!

But after some weeks of this, fresh fears arose. An accident was possible. For all Bela's precautions, someone might gain access to this room. This

would mean the discovery of my secret. And this fence was built.

This should have been enough. But guilt has terrors unknown to innocence. One day I caught a small boy peering through an infinitesimal crack in the fence, and, remembering the window grilles with iron which Bela had replaced the cheerful easement in my den of punishment, I realized how easily an opening might be made between the boards for the convenience of a curious eye anxious to penetrate the mystery of my seclusion. And so it came about that the inner fence was put up. This settled my position in the town. No more visits. All social life was over. It was meet, I was satisfied at last. I could now give my whole mind to my one remaining duty. I lived only while on the bench.

March 5, 1898.

There is a dream which comes to me often—a vision which I often see. It is that of two broken and irregular walls standing apart against a background of roseate sky. Between these walls the figures of a woman and child, turning about to go.

The bridge I never see, nor the face of the man who died for my sin; but this I see always—the gaunt ruins of Spencer's Folly and the figure of a woman leading away a little child.

That woman lives. I know now who she is. Her testimony was uttered before me in court and was not one to rouse my apprehensions. My crime was unwhitened by her, and for years she has been a stranger to this town. But I have a superstitious horror of seeing her again, while believing that the day will come when I shall do so. When this occurs—when I look up and find her in my path, I shall know that my sin has found me out and that the end is near.

1909

O shade of Algernon Etheridge, unforgetting and unforgetting! The woman has appeared! She stood in this room today. Verily, years are nothing with God.

Added later.

I thought I knew what awaited me if my hour ever came. But who can understand the ways of Providence or where the finger of retributive justice will point. It is Oliver's name and not mine which has become the sport of calumny. Oliver! Could the irony of life go further! Oliver's!

There is nothing against him, and such folly must soon die out; but to see doubt in Mrs. Scoville's eyes is horrible in itself and to eliminate it I may have to show her Oliver's account of that long-forgotten night of crime in Spencer's Folly. It is naïvely written and reveals a clean, if reticent, nature; but that its effect may be unquestionable I will insert a few lines to cover any possible misinterpretation of his manner and conduct. There is an open space, and our hand-writings were always strangely alike. Only our e's differed, and I will be careful with the e's.

Her confidence must be restored at all hazards.

My last foolish attempt has undone me. Nothing remains now but that sacrifice of self which should have been made twelve years ago.

CHAPTER XIX.

Sunset.

"I do not wish to seem selfish, Oliver, but sit a little nearer the window, where I can see you whenever I open my eyes. Twelve years is a long time to make up, and I have such a little while in which to do it."

Oliver moved. The moisture sprang to his eyes as he did so. He had caught a glimpse of the face on the pillow and the changes made in a week were very apparent. Always erect, his father had towered above them then even in his self-abasement, but he looked now as though twenty years, instead of a few days, had passed over his stately head and bowed his incomparable figure. And not that alone. His expression was different. Had Oliver not seen him in his old likeness for that one terrible half-hour, he would not know these features, so sunken, yet so eloquent with the peace of one for whom all struggle is over, and the haven of his long rest near.

Had he been able at this moment to look beyond the fence which his fear had reared, he would have seen at either gate a silent figure guarding the walk, and recalled, perhaps, the horror of other days when at the contemplation of such a prospect, his spirit recoiled upon itself in unimaginable horror and revolt. And yet, who knows! Life's passions fade when the heart is at peace. And Archibald Ostrander's heart was at peace. Why, his next words will show.

"Oliver"—his voice was low but very distinct, "never have a secret; never hide within your bosom a thought you fear the world to know. If you've done wrong—if you have disobeyed the law either of God or man—seek not to hide what can never be hidden so long as God reigns or men make laws. I've suffered, as few men have suffered, and kept their secrets intact. Now that—wickedness

is known, the whole page of my life defaced, content has come again. I am no longer a deceiver, my very worst is known."

"Oliver"—This some minutes later.

"Quite alone, father. Mrs. Scoville is busy and Reuther—Reuther is in the room above. I can hear her light step overhead."

The judge was silent. He was gazing wistfully at the wall where hung the portrait of his young wife. He was no longer in his room, but in the cheery front parlor. This Deborah had insisted upon. There was, therefore, nothing to distract him from the contemplation I have mentioned.

"There are things I want to say to you. Not many; you already know my story. But I do not know yours, and I cannot die till I do. What took you into the ravine that evening, Oliver, and why, having picked up the stick, did you fling it from you and fly back to the highway? For the reason I ascribed to Scoville? Tell me, that no cloud may remain between us. Let me know your heart as well as you now know mine."

The reply brought the blood back into his fading cheek.

"Father, I have already explained all this to Mr. Andrews, and now I will explain it to you. I never liked Mr. Etheridge as well as you did, and I brooded incessantly in those days over the influence which he seemed to exert over you in regard to my future career. But I never dreamed of doing him a harm, and never supposed that I could so much as attempt any argument with him on my own behalf till that very night of infernal complications and coincidences. The cause of this change was as follows: I had gone up-stairs, you remember, leaving you alone with him as I knew you desired. How I came to be in the room above I don't remember, but I was there and leaning out of the window directly over the porch when you and Mr. Etheridge came out and stood in some final debate on the steps below. He was talking and you were listening, and never shall I forget the effect his words and tones had upon me. I had supposed him devoted to you, and here he was addressing you tartly and in an ungracious manner which bespoke a man very different from the one I had been taught to look upon as superior. The awe of years yielded before this display, and finding him just human like the rest of us, the courage which I had always lacked in approaching him took instant possession of me, and I determined with a boy's unreasoning impulse to subject him to a personal appeal, not to add his influence to the distaste you at present felt for the career upon which I had set my heart. Nothing could have been more foolish and nothing more natural, perhaps, than the act which followed. I ran down into the ravine with the wild intention, so strangely duplicated in yourself a few minutes later, of meeting and pleading my cause with him at the bridge, but unlike you, I took the middle of the ravine for my road and not the secluded path at the side. It was this which determined our fate, father, for here I saw the stick and, catching it up without further thought than of the facility it offered for whittling, started with it down the ravine. Scoville was not in sight. The moment was the one when he had quit looking for Reuther and wandered away up the ravine. I have thought since that perhaps the glimpse he had got of his little one peering from the scene of his crime may have stirred even his guilty conscience and sent him off on his purposeless ramble; but, however this was, I did not see him or anybody else as I took my way leisurely down towards the bridge, whittling at the stick and thinking of what I should say to Mr. Etheridge when I met him. And now for fate's final and most fatal touch! Nothing which came into my mind struck me quite favorably. The encounter which seemed such a very simple matter when I first contemplated it, began to assume quite a different aspect as the moment for it approached. By the time I had come abreast of the hollow, I was tired of the whole business, and hearing his whistle and knowing by it that he was very near, I plunged up the slope to avoid him, and hurried straight away into town. That is my story, father. If I heard your steps approaching as I plunged across the path into which I had thrown the stick in my anger at having broken the point of my knife-blade upon it, I thought nothing of them then. Afterwards I believed them to be Scoville's, which may account to you for my silence about this whole matter both before and during the trial. I was afraid of the witness stand and of what might be elicited from me if I once got into the hands of the lawyers. My abominable reticence in regard to his former crime would be brought up against me, and I was too young, too shy and uninformed to face such an ordeal of my own volition. Unhappily, I was not forced into it, and—But we will not talk of that."

"God is good," came from the bed; then the solemnity of death settled over the room.

The soft footfalls overhead ceased. The long hush had brought the two women to the door where they stood sobbing. Oliver was on his knees beside the bed, his head buried in his arms. On the face so near him there rested a ray from the westerling sun; but the glitter was gone from the eye and the unrest from the heart. No more weary vigils in a room dedicated to remorse and self-punishment. No more weary circling of the house in the dark lane whose fences barred out the hurrying figure within from every eye but that of heaven. Peace for him; and for Reuther and Oliver, hope!

(THE END.)

Gems That Brought Misery.

The history of diamonds and the many other precious stones, ruby, turquoise, emerald, opal, topaz, sapphire, chrysolite, sardonyx, amethyst, nearly all of which are mentioned in the Scriptures, goes far back of historic times, and is lost in a maze of religion, superstition and legend. It has been intermingled with intrigue, politics and diplomacy, murders galore; scandals unnumbered; imprisonments and beheadings. The story of the "Diamond Necklace," which, possible innocently on her part, smirched the fame of Marie Antoinette was one of the factors in agitation that led to the great French revolution. The Basile opened to several of the actors in the scandal, one of them Cardinal de Rohan, who was arrested in his robes in the midst of his court. Cagliostro, the famous magician swindler, was another of the Basile prisoners, and Countess Lamotte-Valois of royal lineage, who was the chief conspirator, for pecuniary gain, escaped from the prison to London, where she died in penury.

Live as in Olden Times.

In eastern Palestine and Arabia are to be found the most picturesque race in the East, those strange, nomadic tribes, the Bedouins.

Their mode of life has not greatly changed since Biblical times, and today they steal cattle and camels, and their young men steal wives, as was their wont in Old Testament days.

Indeed, the purloining of cattle and camels is considered lawful among them, and the more a tribe or an individual can enrich himself in this manner the more their prowess comes to be recognized.

These people, however, who live by thieving and move by stealth, are lavishly hospitable to the stranger within their gates.

He Knew.

A teacher in a children's institution was giving the geography class a lesson on the cattle ranches. She spoke of their beef all coming from the West, and, wishing to test the children's observation, she asked:

"And what else comes to us from these ranches?"

"This was a poser. She looked at her shoes, but no one took the hint. She tried again:

"What do we get from the cattle besides beef?"

One boy eagerly raised his hand. "I know what it is, it's t'ribes," he announced triumphantly.

NEWS and GOSSIP OF WASHINGTON



Broad Smile Worn by President's Stenographer

WASHINGTON—Charles L. Swem, President Wilson's personal stenographer, went to work the other day with a broad smile, a box of cigars, and the happy announcement that he was proud father of a six-and-a-half-pound boy. Throughout the day the smile was there and the announcement was always on tap. Mention of the cigars became unnecessary fifteen minutes after the distribution began.

President Wilson was the first to congratulate the proud parent. The newspaper men were congratulating him all day. It was the first piece of real news they had ever obtained from "Charlie," who, despite his boyish appearance, has been able to hold under seal more big secrets of state than were ever before intrusted to a man of his years. He not only made the announcement voluntarily, but disregarding a hitherto unbroken habit, he actually confided a secret. He admitted it was possible that the boy would be named Charles Woodrow Swem. And he further admitted that anything he might say by way of a name for the boy would be pure speculation, as, of course, Mrs. Swem would have the final say. It's "Charlie's" first child.

President Wilson brought Swem with him to Washington when he became president. The young man is shy just seven points of the world's record for stenography. He has taken every speech made by the president and through his hands pass all the confidential communications which the president dictates.

But all of this is as nothing compared with the all-important fact that "Charlie" is a father.

Both mother and son are doing nicely.

All of which goes to explain why the president's personal stenographer went to work wearing a broad smile, with a box of good cigars in a convenient place and the important announcement of the little stranger's arrival, always on tap.

George Washington Covered With Gray Dust

If former Congressman McCall could see Greenough's George Washington he would be shocked. Years ago Greenough produced a splendid statue in white marble of the Father of His Country and it was placed in the plaza fronting the east of the capitol, dominating its environment. It was a fine piece of art and represented Washington seated after the manner of a Roman patrician, but very scant of drapery, so that he was much exposed to the elements of torrid heat in summer and of icy cold in winter. The statue became more an object of pity than of admiration.

Congressman McCall was among those who felt distressed, and he noticed, moreover, that the fine marble was corroding from the elements, and he and Senator Wetmore of Rhode Island, both being chairmen of the library committees, having in charge the art of the capitol, got their heads together and persuaded congress to pass an act authorizing the removal of the statue to the Smithsonian institution, where it was placed in an apse in the large hall to the west that looks like a chapel. The new home seemed most appropriate; the statue looked like a shrine. It was indoors, anyway.

But they have made changes in the institution, and the chapel is now a mass of cases for exhibition purposes and the statue is quite concealed, surrounded by the lumber and glass, so that the effect it might have is altogether lost. The statue seems thrust into a hole in the wall, as a cast-off among a lot of other debris, and, moreover, it is covered with gray dust, until it is getting to look quite black and certainly repellantly soiled.

Another amusing incident in connection with this notable statue is the fact that Senator Gorman of New York during the last session of congress introduced a bill providing for the removal of this work of art to the Smithsonian institution. It is presumed, of course, that the senator had no knowledge of the whereabouts of the statue.

WASHINGTON'S most historic spot is to be replaced. For more than one hundred years the stone steps on the east front of the capitol have staged many eventful and historic scenes. Each first president has taken the oath of office and delivered his inaugural address; there President Lincoln made his famous second inaugural; there Coxey tried to make a speech; there automobiles have sought to ascend for advertising purposes, and various other efforts have been made to stage "stunts," including that of the motion picture man when a dancer tripped it lightly down the flight in Grecian garb, and there the suffragists reviewed their parades. All this, and the constant stream of visitors (for legislators and those having business in the capitol seldom use this entrance) have worn the Virginia freestone or sandstone thin. It is cracked in spots, and is unsightly as well as dangerous.

Recently proposals were received by Elliott Woods, superintendent of the capitol, for removal of the main entrance steps and replacing them with either marble or granite. The original material, of which the main capitol building also is constructed, will not be replaced, as the other substances are considered more durable.

The appropriation for the work was \$11,000. Among the Washington firms submitting bids were Arthur Cowsill, Cranford Paving company, and the Vermont Marble company.

Your Uncle Sam Is an Unusually "Good Mixer"

AT the risk of being flippant it might be said that Uncle Sam is an unusually "good mixer." Not that he has a special knack at being a good fellow with the other nations of the world. That term, however, is usually literally for Uncle Sam is recognized throughout the country by his citizens who own and manage industries, great and small, as about the final authority on just what materials in just what proportions should be mixed together to produce a desired substance.

As a result of this recognition scores of letters reach the bureau of standards, which includes the government's big industrial laboratories, requesting information as to formulas and specifications of all sorts from the correct make-up of ink to all formulas for the proper ingredients for concrete to be exposed to sea water.

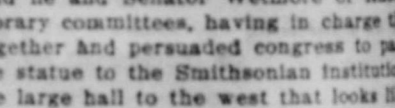
The origins of the requests are about as varied as the requests themselves. They come from manufacturers and dealers, technical specialists, utility corporations and commissionaires, students and inventors, and from the national government or the state governments are required to pay for these services, but a reasonable fee is charged others who pass their requests up to the bureau's experts.



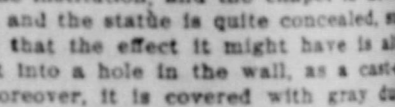
"This is My Story, Father."



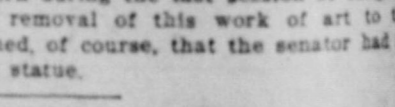
IT'S A BOY



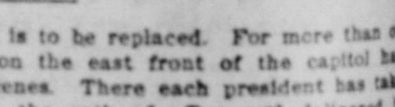
WASHINGTON'S most historic spot is to be replaced.



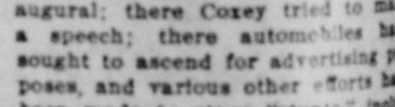
Your Uncle Sam is an unusually "good mixer"



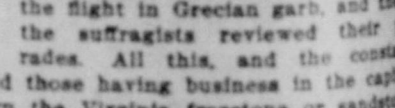
WASHINGTON'S most historic spot is to be replaced.



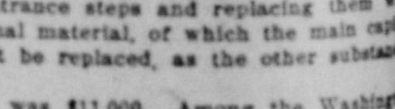
Your Uncle Sam is an unusually "good mixer"



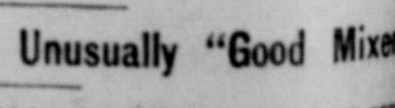
WASHINGTON'S most historic spot is to be replaced.



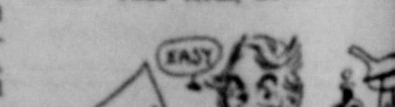
Your Uncle Sam is an unusually "good mixer"



WASHINGTON'S most historic spot is to be replaced.



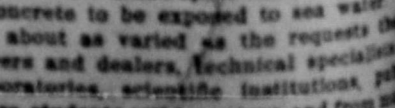
Your Uncle Sam is an unusually "good mixer"



WASHINGTON'S most historic spot is to be replaced.



Your Uncle Sam is an unusually "good mixer"



WASHINGTON'S most historic spot is to be replaced.



Your Uncle Sam is an unusually "good mixer"

Youth's Education Is His Foundation

By A. T. MERRILL, Wheeling, Ill.

The public schools should be brought up to the highest possible efficiency and everything should be done to allow boys and girls to receive a good education without hardship to themselves and their parents.

The farmer does not try to economize in the attention and care that he gives the crop while it is growing, for he knows that he will harvest accordingly.

The majority of children can attend school for only about seven or eight years of their lives. During this time they must get the foundation and a large amount of the material with which they are to go through life.

How careful is the contractor who erects a skyscraper that his foundation shall be solid and true! The boy's education is his foundation whereupon to build his character and manhood.

Instill in the boy self-respect, teach him to do things whereby he will also gain confidence in himself, teach him to occupy his mind by thinking useful and uplifting thoughts of his own, and when evil influences are brought to play upon him his moral muscles will be developed and strong to resist the attacks.

Upon the school depends also our standing as a nation and the people's patriotism. The bearing that schooling has upon the progress of a country is illustrated by the fact that the United States and Germany have on an average one inhabitant out of every five in their schools, while a country like Russia has only one in every thirty-three in school.

In the schools is also about the only place in which the people in this country can be taught "America first" and that this country is not a mixture of different countries, but that it is truly American.

Whether the illiterate should be excluded from this country may be debated, but the children that come here and those who are born here must be educated and taught to be good American citizens, who are proud of their country.

Children must be taught to be Americans first and should be taught the American language before any other. The American flag should be found displayed in all the schools and its significant meaning of justice, righteousness and liberty should be taught impressively.

The public schools should be brought up to the highest possible efficiency and everything should be done to allow boys and girls to receive a good education without hardship to themselves and their parents.

QUICK, DAINTY DISHES

SUPPLIES NEEDED FOR SERVING UNEXPECTED GUESTS.

By Seeing That a Few Requisites Are Always in the Larder, Housewife Need Never Be at a Loss—Eggs Always Mainstay.

Often time is more valuable than money, in the home as well as in business. For instance, if unexpected guests arrive five minutes before lunch hour on the day you had told the cook you would like nothing but a biscuit and a glass of milk you would probably count the expenditure of a little money no extravagance if by spending it you could spread forth an attractive luncheon for your guests.

Where there are good delicatessen shops and caterers in the neighborhood they reap the reward of your desire to save time at the expense of money. But where these popular aids to quick housekeeping do not exist, it is necessary to make up for their lack by having a larder furnished with supplies that can be quickly converted into dainty dishes for the unexpected meal.

Eggs can always be quickly turned into an omelet, made savory with the addition of minced ham or chicken, parsley or a little jelly just before it is turned. A baked omelet, too, with cooked macaroni or cooked green peas or asparagus heads added, is good. And a plain omelet served with a sauce of tomatoes and sweet green peppers simmered together with water or a little stock until tender, is good enough to serve as the main dish of a light summer luncheon.

If there is cold meat in the pantry it can be minced, mixed with a little mayonnaise and converted thus into the filling for tempting sandwiches. Or it can be minced, simmered with a little chopped pepper, tomato or parsley, and served on crisp rounds of toast. Or it can be cut into neat dice, mixed with half its quantity of diced celery, or a quarter of its quantity of sweet green pepper, cut in small pieces, and moistened with mayonnaise for a salad—with or without lettuce or some other salad green, which may not be on hand.

For dessert, anything cool is acceptable on a warm day. Whatever fruit there is can be cut into neat bits, mixed with a little shaved ice, sweetened and flavored to taste, and piled into sherbet glasses. If there is no fruit, perhaps there are the ingredients for a whip. To make this, beat the whites of eggs stiff, sweeten with two or three teaspoonfuls of sugar for each white and flavor with anything on hand—prune juice and pulp, grape juice, a little melted jelly or canned fruit juice, fresh raspberries, strawberries or black raspberries, crushed, orange juice and pulp or even cocoa, when nothing else is at hand. Serve daintily, very cold, in long-stemmed glasses. A sweetened omelet makes a good dessert. Whipped cream on bits of plain cake is good. Muffins from breakfast hollowed out and filled with custard, then topped with whipped cream, give little suggestion of their origin and are satisfying, to make up for any deficiencies in the preceding courses.

Lamb's Kidneys.

Soak, pare and cut in slices six kidneys and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Melt two tablespoonfuls butter in hot frying pan, put in kidneys and cook five minutes; dredge thoroughly with flour and add two-thirds cupful boiling water or hot brownstock. Cook five minutes, add more salt and pepper if needed. Lemon juice, onion juice or Madeira wine may be used for additional flavor. Kidneys must be cooked a short time, or for several hours, they are tender after a few minutes' cooking, but soon toughen and need hours of cooking to again make them tender.

Iowa Fruit Bouillon.

Wash twelve prunes, one-half cupful of seedless raisins and one-fourth cupful of rice. Soak them for a few hours in one quart of cold water. Cook slowly in the same water, and when about half done add one tablespoonful of sugar, one diced apple and strained juice of half a lemon. When ready add one tablespoonful of cornstarch dissolved in three tablespoonfuls of cold water. Boil for ten minutes and serve in bouillon cups. These are very nice.

Brownstone Front Cake.

Two squares of chocolate grated, one-half cupful of milk, yolk of one egg. Stir and cook until the consistency of custard, stirring constantly. Add one tablespoonful of butter. When cool add one cupful of sugar, one-half cupful milk, with one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in it, one and one-half cupful of sifted pastry flour, one teaspoonful of vanilla and a pinch of salt. Frost with egg white and enough powdered sugar to spread. Flavor.

Prize Sirup.

One cupful of granulated sugar, two cupfuls of brown sugar, place in a pan, add one cupful of boiling water, put over the fire and stir until it is dissolved and begins to boil; then boil rapidly five minutes. To be eaten on griddle cakes; make the day before you want to use it.

Bran for White Paint.

A plain cloth dipped in hot water and then in a saucer of bran will clean white paint and not injure it. The bran acts like a soap on the paint.

The piano practice of a girl is must to her ma only.

To remove soreness use Hanford's Balsam. Adv.

Marriage is a lottery in which the prize-winners draw alimony.

For genuine comfort and lasting pleasure use Red Cross Ball Blue on wash day. All good grocers. Adv.

A German baker utilizes a windmill to grind his grain into flour and then to mix and knead his dough.

Regular.

"Is Bronson a regular church goer?" "Well, he goes every Sunday when it's raining too hard for golf."

Grand Prize at Panama-Pacific Exposition Awarded to Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.

The Grand Prize for superiority of Cocoa and Chocolate preparations has been awarded to Walter Baker & Co. Ltd., Dorchester, Mass. This famous old house has received 50 Highest Awards at the leading exhibitions in Europe and America. Adv.

Poor Father!

"When I was a boy," said the head of the family, "I had to wear my father's old clothes made over." "That's all right, dad," answered his son. "I've got a couple of old suits you can have."

To Drive Out Malaria And Build Up The System

Take the Old Standard GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. You know what you are taking, as the formula is printed on every label, showing it is Quinine and Iron in a tasteless form. The Quinine drives out malaria, the Iron builds up the system. 50 cents Adv.

Envious.

"What is the matter, Alice?" asked her mother as the little girl came home crying as if her heart would break. "Mabel Jones has got adenoids and I never have anything," sobbed Alice.

From the Way It Acted.

Little Almee was learning to sew, and one day after vainly trying to thread a needle, she said: "Mamma, what do they call the hole in a needle?" "It is called the eye, my dear," replied her mother. "Well," continued Almee, "I'll bet this old needle is cross eyed."

Those Changing Styles.

Mr. Styles—What did that woman want? Mrs. Styles—She's the woman who calls for the installments on the bonnet I bought. "But it is not due yet?" "I know it, but she came to tell me the bonnet I bought is now out of style. She wants to sell me another one."

Expression Misunderstood.

There is a certain young man who used to be notoriously egotistic. Some of his acquaintances were one day speaking of him before an old lady who was not "up" in the slang expressions of the day. The next time she met him she put out a congratulatory hand. "Oh, Mr. Smith," she cried, "I am so glad you are better! I heard last week that you had a swelled head."

A Scoop.

"I'm writing a history of the European war." "But the war isn't over yet." "That's where I get the bulge on the rest of the historians. I can put my book on the market the day after peace is declared, and they'll have to wait two or three months."

Revenge!

Mollie—What are you letting your hair grow so long for? Going to be a musician? Chollie—No; I've got a grudge against the barber.

The General Says:

You can buy the most durable roofing in the world at a price that is reasonable if you insist on

Certain-teed

Roofing

Your local hardware or lumber dealer can supply you with Certain-teed Roofing. Guaranteed 10 or 15 years according to the thickness. Don't accept a substitute. GENERAL ROOFING MFG. CO.

Canadian Wheat to Feed the World

The war's fearful devastation of European crops has caused an unusual demand for grain from the American Continent. The people of the world must be fed and there is an unusual demand for Canadian wheat. Canada's invitation to every industrious American is therefore especially attractive. She wants farmers to make money and happy, prosperous homes for themselves while helping her to raise immense wheat crops.

You can get a Homestead of 160 acres FREE and other lands can be bought at remarkably low prices. Think of the money you can make with wheat at its present high prices, where for some time it is liable to continue. During many years Canadian wheat fields have averaged 20 bushels to the acre—many yields as high as 45 bushels to the acre. Wonderful crops also of Oats, Barley and Flax.

Mixed farming is fully as profitable an industry as grain raising. The excellent grasses, full of nutrition, are the only food required either for beef or dairy purposes. Good schools, markets convenient, climate excellent.

Military service is not compulsory in Canada. There is no conscription and no war tax on lands.

Write for literature and particulars as to reduced railway rates to Superintendent Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or

G. A. COOK,
215 W. 9th STREET, KANSAS CITY, MO.
Canadian Government Agents

HUBBY HAD NOT FORGOTTEN

Was Right There With Wedding Anniversary Present, and Yet Wife Was Not Pleased.

It was late afternoon and time to get her husband's supper, but the woman sitting moodily by the fire never moved.

Her heart was breaking. It was her birthday. She had been married only four years, but her husband—had forgotten her birthday already. That morning he had given her no present; not even an extra kiss before rushing off to town.

Presently there was the sound of a key turning in the lock. Into the room came her husband. Still she never moved.

He bent over her and whispered as he dropped a tiny parcel into her lap: "Many happy returns, darling!" Her heart was mended. She sprang to her feet and seized him in a frantic grasp as she realized that, after all, he still loved her. Then she opened the parcel.

"Pipe cleaners!" she gasped, as she divested a little bundle of feathers. "Yes, sweetheart," said the man. "I know that they'd please you, as you object to my using your hairpins!"

A new dishpan is rectangular to fit firmly in a kitchen sink and has rubber feet to hold it steady.

Beads of perspiration are the jewels of honest labor—perhaps.

Calm Resignation.

Reference having been made to beautiful resignation, Congressman Joseph J. Russell recalled an appropriate story.

During a dinner party some time ago, the congressman said, the topic turned to the consubstantial state. Among the guests was a bachelor person.

"Speaking of marriage," eventually remarked the bachelor, "it seems that the longer a man is married—"

"The happier he is," impulsively broke in a spinster party with a hopeful glance at the other.

"I was going to say," resumed the bachelor, disregardingly, "that the longer a man is married the less he seems to mind it."

Expansive.

George Bowles, press agent for "The Birth of a Nation," was dealing with an editor who was hostile to the production, yet in a note to Bowles arranging for an engagement the editor wrote:

"I approach the matter in a kneeling elastic mind."

A short time later the editor divined Bowles to have dinner with him, to which Bowles replied:

"I approach the table with an elastic belt."

The production of gold in the Philippines last year gained 39 per cent over the year before.

A new electrical soldering iron is stationary, metals to be soldered being held against it.

Higher Prices for Alligator-Made Goods

By Samuel W. Yeakle, Athol, Mass.

Leather goods made from alligator hides have gone up in price very considerably of late years. The alligator is rapidly disappearing in the swamps and bayous of the far South, and that is why bags and books fashioned from the thick skins of the saurian are worth from 25 per cent to 33 1-3 per cent more than of yore.

Not only is the hunt for them keener, but in those parts of Florida where they were once abundant, civilization is rendering them extinct, as it has done in the case of rattlesnakes.

A man who sets out an orange grove does not relish alligators for near neighbors, and he tries to exterminate all of them in his locality. It isn't so easy, either, to get alligator hides in perfect condition. The bulls wage eternal warfare among themselves, and it is a hard matter to get one whose outer carcass is not punctured with holes, which, of course, render the hide less valuable to the manufacturer.

Down in southern Georgia, not long since, I met a man who told me of a thrilling experience with a gigantic bull alligator. Armed with a long-bladed knife, he jumped on the monster's back in shallow water, and before the surprised creature could make off into a deeper channel he plunged the knife into its throat, thereby putting an immediate end to its existence. At the time of relating the story he was having a huge specimen stuffed in his back yard, and he assured me it was the same one whose existence had been terminated by his hands.

The narrator of the incident lives in Quitman, Ga., and in addition to being the superintendent of a Sunday school, bears a long-established reputation for honesty and veracity.

Leather goods made from alligator hides have gone up in price very considerably of late years.

Temptation Shows Worth of Person

By Rev. Preston Bradley, Pastor of Wilson Avenue People's Church, Chicago.

It is impossible for us to understand the moral development of a man without some knowledge of the temptations that have crossed his path.

In analyzing those factors which have entered into the moral success of a man we find that the part his temptations have played is the leading role in his drama of life.

The highest example that we have of the moral life is found in the character of Jesus. His biographers have portrayed the character and scope of his temptations. There was nothing startling or unique in the temptations of Jesus. They came at a time in his life when they were most severe and at a time when he was the weakest. They were real tests of his power. They revealed his humanity. Without temptation in his own life he could have had no sympathetic attitude for humankind.

The man whose life is spent in ease and refinement can never appreciate the position of the man who is having a terrific struggle.

The man whose heart has never been torn by a great grief can never understand the value or depth of his own happiness.

The man whose whole moral nature has not been swept by some mighty surge of a great temptation can never feel the moral security of the man who fought and won.

Great and terrific temptations are necessary to strong and powerful men.

I am glad to see that so many persons are co-operating in encouraging song birds to come back and remain with us again. I have recently seen numbers of robins, meadow larks, blackbirds, thrushes, bluejays and other birds.

Co-operation in Encouraging Song Birds

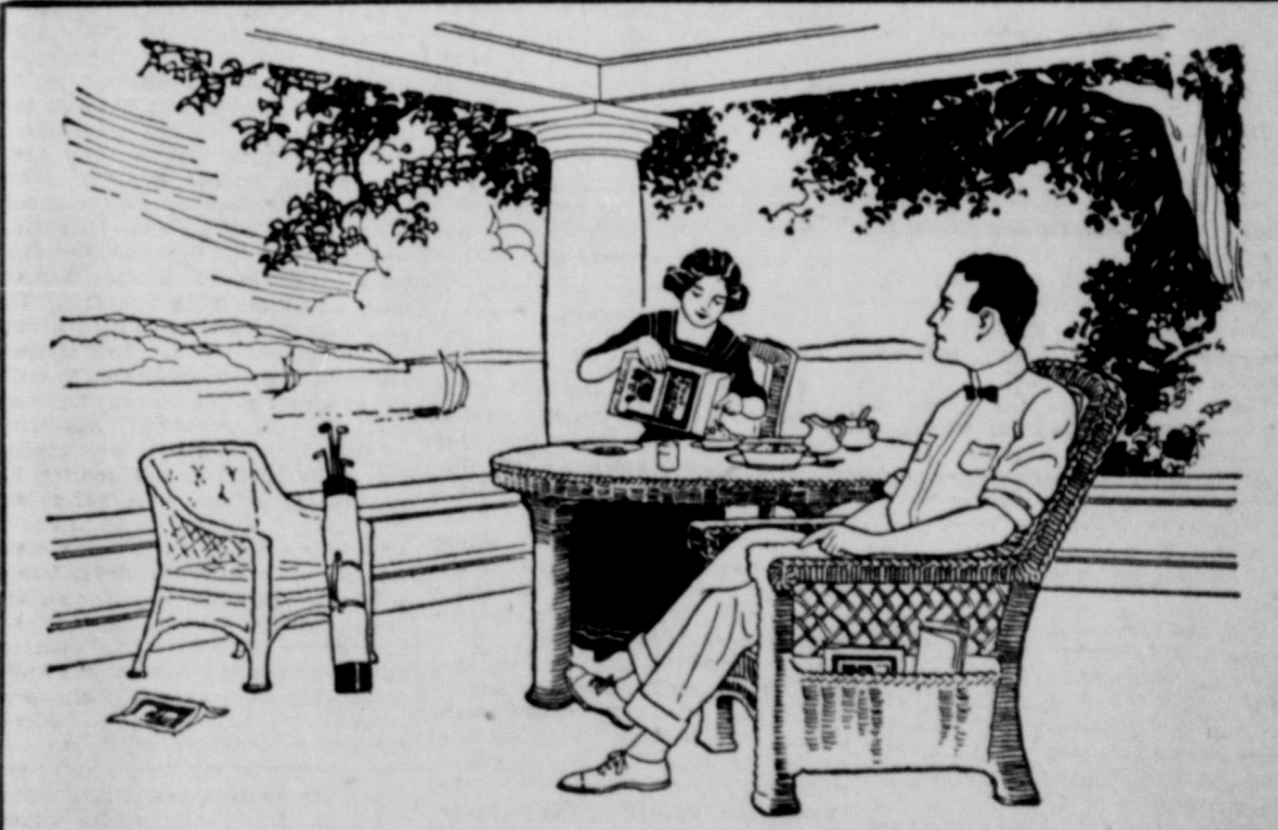
By Allan Stephens, Columbus, Ohio

Here is a suggestion: Kill all English sparrows, for they eat the eggs of song birds and tear up their nests. These sparrows eat nothing but the farmers' grain, while song birds earn their keep by the insects they destroy as well as the songs they sing for us.

While robins eat a few cherries, they more than earn their bread with the good they do elsewhere. If a cherry orchard is surrounded with a row of mulberry trees the robins will hardly touch the cherries.

Blackbirds are not such nuisances in the garden or in the orchard as people imagine. Small boys should be encouraged to leave the birds alone. Hunters should spare song birds.

Cats are great enemies of birds, but I believe they can be taught to leave them alone.



Summer Comfort

is wonderfully enhanced when rest and lunch hour unite in a dish of

Post Toasties

There's a mighty satisfying flavour about these thin wafery bits of toasted corn.

So easy to serve, too, on a hot day, for they're ready to eat right from the package—fresh, crisp, clean. Not a hand touches Post Toasties in the making or packing.

Served with cream and sugar, or crushed fruit, the

hand. "No. I can blame But coffee; if we strike all that will bring us to Black ver settlement by dark." (TO BE CONTINUED)

THE McLEAN NEWS
 PUBLISHED WEEKLY
 McLEAN TEXAS

By A. G. RICHARDSON

SUBSCRIPTION.
 One Year\$1.00

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

Now that our enthusiasm for local enterprise has been awakened to a certain extent and the public interest is taking more or less definite form, as indicated by the willingness with which the citizenship is taking hold of the picnic proposition, let us turn our attention to the matter of preparing an exhibit for the big Panhandle Fair at Amarillo this fall. This institution has proven its intention and ability of becoming a permanent factor in the exploitation and development of this section of the state and the agricultural and livestock displays this fall will be inspected by hundreds of visitors from distant localities who are looking for homes.

We may easily secure an exhibit that would be a credit to any farming community and the expense of placing it and maintaining it would be quite small in comparison with the accruing benefits. If we would grow and expand we must exert ourselves to that end and what better opportunity could present itself for a beginning?

A CHICAGO pie-maker recently devoted a whole page in the leading papers of that city advertising his pies. The advertisements cost thousands of dollars—the pies sold for ten cents. The pie-maker says it was the most important he ever made, and he sold five hundred milds buying his pies.

Indifference of the People.
 Returns from Saturday's election are not all in but they are sufficiently large and widespread to make it certain that five of the six amendments voted on have been rejected, and it is very probable that the sixth providing for the separation of the University and the Agricultural and Mechanical College, has suffered a like defeat. Complete returns will show that not

Will Fix Box.
 On next Tuesday the ladies of the Methodist church will meet at the church for the purpose of fixing up a box of clothing to be sent to the McCowan Home at Stamford, Texas. This is a Methodist Home for the benefit of Mexicans in that part of the of the state.

Anyone who will contribute to this work is earnestly solicited to do so and what ever you have will be gratefully received. The children are asked to take part in making up the box and each ones' gift will be labeled with the name of the giver. Don't forget the time and if you cannot come send your children with a gift.

Receives Fine Cattle.
 J. B. Paschall Wednesday received a car load of registered Hereford cattle which he had recently purchased in the vicinity of Cliftonhill, Mo., the home of our former townsman, D. M. Graham. Although they had been on the road for five days and were badly drawn, they showed to be an extra fine bunch of stuff and will be a valuable addition to our local registered herds.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County.
 Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.
 FRANK J. CHENEY
 Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1906.
 A. W. GLEASON,
 Notary Public.
 Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
 F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
 Sold by all Druggists, etc.
 Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

A Family Reunion.
 Mrs. M. A. Rogers (Grandma Rogers as she is lovingly called by her many friends) has been enjoying a family reunion of her children, grandchildren and great grandchildren at the homes of her son and daughter, W. P. Rogers and Mrs. A. P. Rippy, of the Head community.

Of her nine children eight were present, who were: Mesdames H. N. Barrett of Carnegie, Okla., R. M. Stone of Clarendon, J. E. DeGraftonreed of Melrose, N. M., W. L. Rippy of Wheeler and A. P. Rippy of Head; Messrs. J. R. Rogers of Memphis, J. E. Rogers of Canyon, C. G. Rogers of Oklahoma City and W. P. Rogers of Head.

Members including the house party during the week not mentioned above were: Mesdames J. R. Rogers, C. G. Rogers and children, Kitty Kirby, Carl DeGraftonreed, and J. E. Rogers; Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Rippy and H. N. Rippy of Wheeler, Messrs. Hirschal Stone, H. N. Barnett, J. E. DeGraftonreed, W. L. Rippy, F. M. DeVine and children of Wheeler, and Miss Ethel Stone of Clarendon.

Grandma Rogers is 73 years old and is one of Wheeler county's pioneer citizens. She is beloved by all who know her.

\$32.50 For Calves.
 C. M. Carpenter this week sold his steer calves to Chas. McMurtry for fall delivery, the price being \$32.50 per head. This is the highest price so far reported for steer calves in this vicinity.

Notice.
 Anyone wanting to see something good in Registered Hereford Heifers will do well to see me. I have just brought these heifers back from Missouri and all of them will bring calves by Christmas. Some of these heifers are for sale.
 J. B. PASCHALL.

S. R. Loftin suffered a broken rib and other minor bruises in Alanreed yesterday when the team he was driving became frightened and ran away.

Notice.
 You are probably aware that I have sold out to Dr. Montgomery and that I am preparing to leave McLean. I expect to load out Tuesday, August 3rd. I take this means of expressing my appreciation to my friends for the loyal support you gave me in my work here. It is with regret that I leave the people here for a more loyal people I never expect to know.

To those who have kept their accounts paid in full or in part, I wish to express my thanks. It through your promptness that I was able to stay and work for those more unfortunate. To those who are still in arrears with their accounts, I wish to say that my profits for the past two years are in your hands. You will confer a favor on me by seeing me about these accounts before Monday evening I need the money. It is justly due me and you wish to pay your just debts.

Again thanking you all for your patronage and wishing for my successor all the good things that you have bestowed on me, I am,

Always yours for service,
 C. E. DONNELL, M. D.

An east bound train Saturday night killed four calves on the railroad track at the Luther Petty place.

Mrs. L. A. Thompkins was returned to her home after a visit with her son, J. W. Kibler.

THE ELITE BARBER SHOP
 D. N. MASSAY, Prop.
 Everything New and Clean. The very best service in tonsorial lines given our customers.
 Agents for the reliable
Panhandle Steam Laundry
 Next door to Postoffice

What Is Life To You.
 To the preacher life's a sermon.
 To the joker it's a jest;
 To the miser life is money.
 To the loafer life is rest.
 To the lawyer life's a trial.
 To the poet life's a song;
 To the doctor life's a patient
 That needs treatment right along.
 To the soldier life's a battle,
 To the teacher life's a school;
 Life's a good thing to the grafter.
 It's a failure to the fool.
 To the man upon the engine
 Life's a long and heavy grade;
 It's a gamble to the gambler;
 To the merchant life is trade.
 Life's a picture to the artist,
 To the rascal life's a fraud;
 Life perhaps is a burden
 To the man beneath the hod.
 Life is lovely to the lover
 To the player life's a play;
 Life may be a load of trouble
 To the man upon the dray.
 Life is but a long vacation
 To the man who loves work;
 Life's an everlasting effort
 To shun duty, to the shirk.
 To the earnest Christian work-

Germes Of Death
 lurk in poor and cheap meats.
 Inferior meats produce much distress, sickness and death.
 Our interest prompts us to sell only the best of guaranteed meats.
 Your interest prompts you to buy from us.
 Let's make it a community of interests. It will be our mutual advantage.
Denson & Brown
 Life's a story ever new;
 Life is what we try to make it—
 Comrade what is life to you?

Binder

Are you going to need a binder of any kind this season, if so, come and see us early and let us get your order in.

Sometimes when you wait until you are ready to use your machine before you order it, you are put to considerable delay.

Everything kept in first class hardware.

Prices Right

McLean Hardware Company

THE TREY O' HEARTS

Begins in this issue of the News

READ IT

And then see the pictures at the

ELECTRIC THEATRE

Beginning Tuesday Night

August 3rd

The I of H...
 That day w...
 Long before...
 Perhaps tw...
 But even a...
 With a go...
 The shelv...
 His head...
 He was in...
 But his str...
 The I of H...
 That day w...
 Long before...
 Perhaps tw...
 But even a...
 With a go...
 The shelv...
 His head...
 He was in...
 But his str...

The Trey O' Hearts

A Novelized Version of the Motion Picture Drama of the Same Name Produced by the Universal Film Co.

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

Author of "The Poison Heart," "The Rose Bush," "The Black Dog," etc. Illustrated with Photographs from the Picture Production

Copyright, 1914, by Louis Joseph Vance

SYNOPSIS.

The Trey O' Hearts is the "death sign" used by Seneca Trine in the private war of vengeance which, through his daughter, Judith, a woman of violent and criminal temper and questionable sanity, he wages against Alan Law, whose father (now dead) Trine held responsible for the accident which made him a helpless cripple. Law loves Rose, but under dramatic circumstances saves the life of Judith, her twin sister, and unwillingly gains her love, also.

CHAPTER V.

The Hunted Man.

That day was hot and windless with an unclouded sky—a day of brass and burning.

Long before any sound audible to human ears disturbed the soundless hush, a bobcat sunning on a log in a glade to which no trail led, pricked ears, rose, glanced over shoulder with a snarl and—of a sudden was no more there.

Perhaps two minutes later a succession of remote crannings began to be heard, a cumulative volume of sounds made by some heavy body forcing by main strength through the underbrush, and ceased only when a man broke into the clearing, pulled up, stood for an instant awaying, then reeled to a seat on the log, pillowing his head on arms folded across his knees and shuddering uncontrollably in all his limbs.



It Was a Rose.

But even as he strove to calm himself and rest, the feeling that something was peering at him from behind a mask of undergrowth grew intolerably acute.

At length he jumped up, glared wildly at the spot where that something no longer was, flung himself frantically through the brush in pursuit of it, and—found nothing.

With a great effort he pulled himself together, clamped his teeth upon the promise not again to give way to the hallucinations, and turned back to the clearing.

There, upon the log on which he had rested, he found—but refused to believe he saw—a playing card, a Trey of hearts, face up in the sunlight.

With a gesture of horror, Alan Law fled the place.

While the sounds of his flight were still loud, a grinning half-breed guide stole like a shadow to the log, laughed derisively after the fugitive, picked up and pocketed the card, and set out in tireless, cat-footed pursuit.

An hour later, tapping a ridge of rising ground, Alan caught from the hollow on its farther side the music of clashing waters. Tortured by thirst, he began at once to descend in reckless haste.

The shelving moss-bed afforded treacherous footing; Alan was glad now and then of the support of a cedar, but these grew ever smaller, and more widely spaced and were not always convenient to his hand. He came abruptly and at headlong pace within sight of the caves of a cliff—and precisely then the hillside seemed to slip from under him.

His head flourished in the air, his back thumped a bed of pebbles thinly overgrown with moss. The stones gave, the moss-skin broke, he began to slide—grasped at random a youngish shrub which stayed him imperceptibly, coming away with all its puny roots—slung at another, no more substantial—and amid a shower of loose stones shot out over the edge and down a drop of more than thirty feet.

He was instantaneously aware of the sun, a molten ball wheeling madly in the cup of the turquoise sky. The dark waters closed over him.

He came up struggling and gasping, and struck out for something dark and rude the waters near at hand—something vaguely resembling a canoe.

But his strength was largely spent, his breath had been driven out of him by the force of the fall, and he had weighed much water—when the field of his consciousness was stricken with confusion.

He lay in a stroke of an outstretched arm to be his nearest

Instantly one occupant of the canoe, a young and very beautiful woman in a man's hunting clothes, spoke a sharp word of command and, as her guide steadied the vessel with his paddle, rose in her place so surely that she scarcely disturbed the nice balance of the little craft, and curved her lithe body over the bow, head foremost into the pool.

Mr. Law had, in point of fact, endured more than he knew; more than even a weathered woodsman could have borne without suffering. Forty-eight hours of such heavy wood-walking as he had put in to escape the forest fire, would have served to prostrate almost any man, add to this (ignoring a dozen other mental, nervous and physical strains) merely the fact that he had been half-drowned.

He experienced a little fever, a little delirium, then blank slumbers of exhaustion.

He awoke in dark of night, wholly unaware that thirty-six hours had passed since his fall. This last, however, and events that had gone before, he recalled with tolerable clearness—allowing for the sluggishness of a drowsy mind. Other memories, more vague, of gentle ministering hands, of a face by turns an angel's, a flower's, a fender's, and a dear woman's, troubled him even less materially. He was already sane enough to allow he had probably been a bit out of his head, and since it seemed he had been saved and cared for, he found no reason to quarrel with present circumstances.

Still, he would have been grateful for some explanation of certain phenomena which still haunted him—such as a faint, elusive scent of roses with a vague but importunate sense of a woman's presence in that darkened room—things manifestly absurd.

With some difficulty, from a dry throat, he spoke, or rather whispered: "Water!"

In response he heard someone move over a creaking floor. A sulphur match spluttered infamously. A candle caught fire, illuminating—illusion, of course!—the figure of a woman in hunting shirt and skirt. Water splashed noisily. Alan became aware of someone who stood at his side, one hand offering a glass to his lips, the other gently raising his head that he might drink with ease.

Draining the glass, he breathed his thanks and sank back, retaining his grasp on the wrist of that unreal hand. It suffered him without resistance. The hallucination even went so far as to say, in a woman's soft accents:

"You are better, Alan?"

He sighed incredulously: "Rose!"

The voice responded: "Yes!" Then the perfume of roses grew still more strong, seeming to fan his cheek like a woman's warm breath. And a miracle came to pass; for Mr. Law, who realized poignantly that all this was sheer, downright nonsense, distinctly felt lips like velvet caress his forehead.

He closed his eyes, tightened his grasp on that hand of phantasy, and muttered rather inarticulately:

The voice asked: "What is it, dear?"

He responded: "Delirium."

But I like it. . . . Let me rave!"

Then again he slept.

CHAPTER VI.

Disclosures.

In a little corner office, soberly furnished, on the topmost floor of one of lower Manhattan's loftiest office-towers, a little mouse-brown man sat over a big mahogany desk; a little man of big affairs, sole steward of one of America's most formidable fortunes.

Precisely at eleven minutes past noon (or at the identical instant chosen by Alan Law to catapult over the edge of a cliff in northern Maine) the muted signal of the little man's desk telephone clicked and, eagerly lifting receiver to ear, he nodded with a smile and said in accents of some relief:

"Ask her to come in at once, please."

Jumping up, he placed a chair in intimate juxtaposition with his own; and the door opened, and a young woman entered.

The mouse-brown man bowed. "Miss Rose Trine?" he murmured with a great deal of deference.

The young woman returned his bow with a show of perplexity: "Mr. Digby?"

"You are kind to come in response to my—ah—unconventional invitation," said the little man. "Won't you—ah—sit down?"

She said, "Thank you," gravely, and Mr. Digby, with an admiration he made no effort to conceal, examined the fair face turned so candidly to him.

"It is quite comprehensible," he said diffidently—"if you will permit me to say so—now that one sees you, Miss Trine, it is quite comprehensible why my employer—ah—feels toward you as he does."

The girl flushed. "Mr. Law has told me that you are his nearest

friend, this side the water, as well as his man of business."

He paused with an embarrassed gesture. "So I have ventured to request this—ah—surreptitious appointment in order to—ah—take the further liberty of asking whether you have recently sent Alan a message?"

Her look of surprise was answer enough, but she confirmed it with vigorous denial: "I have not communicated with Mr. Law in more than a year!"

"Precisely as I thought," Mr. Digby nodded. "None the less, Mr. Law not long since received what purported to be a message from you; in fact—a rose." And as Miss Trine sat forward with a start of dismay, he added: "I have the information over Mr. Law's signature—a letter received ten days ago—from Quebec."

"Alan in America!" the girl cried in undisguised distress.

"He came in response to—ah—the message of the rose."

"But I did not send it!"

"I felt sure of that, because," said Mr. Digby, watching her narrowly—"because of something that accompanied the rose, a symbol of another significance, altogether—a playing card, a Trey of hearts."

Her eyes were blank. He pursued with openly sincere reluctance: "I must tell you, I see, that a Trey of hearts invariably forebode an attempt by your father on the life of Alan's father."

With a stricken cry the girl crouched back in the chair and covered her face with her hands.

"That is why I sent for you," Mr. Digby pursued hastily, as if in hope of getting quickly over a most unhappy business. "Alan's letter, written and posted on the steamer, reached me within twenty-four hours of his arrival in Quebec, and detailed his scheme to enter the United States secretly—as he puts it, 'by the back door,' by way of northern Maine—and promised advice by telegraph as soon as he reached Moosehead Lake. He should have wired me ere this, I am told by those who know the country he was to cross. Frankly, I am anxious about the boy!"

"And I!" the girl exclaimed pitifully. "To think that he should be brought into such peril through me!"

"You can tell me nothing?"

"Nothing—as yet. I did not dream of this—much less that the message of the rose was known to any but Alan and myself. I cannot understand!"

"Then I may tell you this much more, that your father maintains a very efficient corps of secret agents."

"You think he spied upon me?" the girl flamed with indignation.

"I know he did," Mr. Digby permitted himself a quiet smile. "It has seemed my business, in the service of my employer, to employ agents of my own. There is no doubt that your father sent you to Europe for the sole purpose of having you meet Alan."

"Oh!" she protested. "But what earthly motive?"

"That Alan might be won back to America through you—and so—"

There was no need to finish out his sentence. The girl was silent, pale and staring with wide eyes, visibly mustering her wits to cope with this emergency.

"I may depend on you," Mr. Digby suggested, "to advise me if you find out anything?"

"For even more." The girl rose and extended a hand whose grasp was firm



"Oh, Come, Come!" She Cried Wildly.

and vital on his fingers. A fine spirit of resolve set her countenance aglow. "You may count on me for action on my own part, if I find circumstances warrant it. I promised not to marry Alan because of the feud between our fathers—but not to stand by and see him sacrificed. Tell me how I may communicate secretly with you—and let me go as soon as possible!"

CHAPTER VII.

The Mutineer.

Within the hour Rose Trine stood before her father in that somber room wherein he wore out his crippled days, in that place of silence and shadows whose sinister color-scheme of crimson and black was the true livery of his monomania—his passion—for vengeance that alone kept war-

bers of life in that wasted and moveless frame.

An implied malice glimmered in his sunken eyes as he kept her waiting upon his pleasure. And when at length he decided to speak, it was with a ring of hateful irony in that strangely somber voice of his.

"Rose," he said slowly—"my daughter!—I am told you have today been guilty of an act of disloyalty to me."

She said coolly: "You had me spied upon."

"Naturally, with every reason to question your loyalty, I had you watched."

She waited a significant moment, then dropped an impassive monosyllable into the silence: "Well?"

"You have visited the man Digby, servant and friend of the man I hate—and you love."

She said, without expression: "Yes." "Repeat what passed between you."

"I shall not, but on one condition."

"And that is?"

"Tell me first whether it was you who sent the rose to Alan Law—and more, where Judith has been during the last fortnight?"

"I shall tell you nothing, my child. Repeat"—the resonant voice rang with inflexible purpose—"repeat what the man Digby told you!"

The girl was silent. He endured her stare for a long minute, a spark of rage kindling to flame the evil old eyes. Then his one living member that had power to serve his iron will, a hand like the claw of a bird of prey, moved toward a row of buttons sunk in the writing-bed of his desk.

"I warn you I have ways to make you speak—"

With a quick movement the girl bent over and prisoned the wrist in her strong fingers. With her other hand, at the same time, she whipped open an upper drawer of the desk and took from it a revolver which she placed at a safe distance.

"To the contrary," she said quietly, "you will remember that the time has passed when you could have me punished for disobedience. You will call nobody: If interrupted, I shan't hesitate to defend myself. And now"—laying hold of the back of his chair, she moved it some distance from the desk—"you may as well be quiet while I find for myself what I wish to know."

For a moment he watched in silence as she bent over the desk, rummaging its drawers. Then with an infuriated gesture of his left hand, he began to curse her.

She shuddered a little as the black oaths blistered his thin old lips, dedicating her and all she loved to sin, infamy and sorrow; but nothing could stay her in her purpose. He was breathless and exhausted when she straightened up with an exclamation of satisfaction, studied intently for a moment a sheet of papers, and thrust them hastily into her hand-bag, together with the revolver.

Then touching the push-button which released a secret and little-used door, without a backward glance she slipped from the room and, closing the door securely, within another minute had made her way unseen from the house.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Incredible Thing.

Broad daylight, the top of a morning as rare as ever broke upon the north country: Alan Law opening bewildered eyes to realize the substance of a dream come true.

True it proved itself, at least in part. He lay between blankets upon a couch of balsam furs, in a corner of somebody's camp—a log structure, weather-proof, radeily but adequately furnished. His clothing, rough-dried but neatly mended, lay upon a chair at his side.

He rose and dressed in haste, at once exulting in his sense of complete rest and renewed well-being, a prey to hints of an extraordinary appetite, and provoked by signs that seemed to bear out the weirdest flights of his delirious fancies.

There were apparently indisputable evidences of a woman's recent presence in the camp: blankets neatly folded upon a second bed of aromatic balsam in the farther corner; an effect of orderliness not common with guides; a pair of dainty buckskin gauntlets depending from a nail in the wall; and—he stood staring witlessly at it for more than a minute—in an old preserve jar on the table, a single rose, warm and red, dew upon its petals!

There was also fire in the cook stove, with a plentiful display of things to cook; but despite his hunger Alan didn't stop for that, but rushed to the door and threw it open and himself out into the sunshine, only to pause, dashed, chagrined, mystified.

There was no other living thing in sight but a loon that sported far up the river and saluted him with a shriek of mocking laughter.

The place was a cleft in the hills, a table of level land some few acres in area, bounded on one hand, beneath the cliff from which he had dropped, by a rushing river fat with recent rains; on the other by a second cliff of equal height. Upstream the water curved round the shoulder of a towering hill, downstream the cliffs closed upon it until it roared through a narrow gorge.

Near the camp, upon a strip of shelving beach that bordered the river where it widened into a deep, dark pool, two canoes were drawn up, bottoms to the sun. Dense thickets of pine, oaks, and balsams hedged in the clearing.

He was, it seemed, to be left severely to himself that day; when he had cooked and made way with an enormous breakfast, Alan found nothing to do till time for luncheon

than to explore this pocket domain.

He feasted famously again at noon; whiled away a somewhat vainly whipping the pools with rod and tackle found in the camp, for trout that he really didn't hope would rise beneath that blazing sun; and toward three o'clock lounged back to his aromatic couch for a nap.

The westerling sun had thrown a deep, cool shadow across the cove when he was awakened by importunate hands and a voice of magic.

Rose Trine was kneeling beside him, clutching his shoulders, calling on him by name—distracted by an inexplicable anxiety.

He wasted no time discriminating between dream and reality, but gathered both into his arms. And for a moment she rested there unresisting, sobbing quietly.

"What is it? What is it, dearest?" he questioned, kissing her tears away.

"To find you all right. . . . I was so afraid!" she cried brokenly.

"Of what? Wasn't I all right when you left me here this morning?"

She disengaged with an effort, rose, and looked down strangely at him.

"I did not leave you here this morning, Alan. I wasn't here—"

That brought him to his own feet in a jiffy. "You were not!" he stammered. "Then who—?"

"Judith," she stated with conviction. "Impossible! You don't understand."

The girl shook her head. "Yet I know: Judith was here until this



Precipitating Both into That Savage Welter.

morning. I tell you I know—I saw her only a few hours ago. She passed us in a canoe with one of her guides, while we watched in hiding on the banks. Not that alone, but another of her guides told mine she was here with you. She had sent him to South Portage for quinine. He stopped there to get drunk—and that's how my guide managed to worm the information from him."

Alan passed a hand across his eyes. "I don't understand," he said dully. "It doesn't seem possible she could—"

A shot interrupted him, the report of a rifle from a considerable distance upstream, echoed and re-echoed by the cliffs. And at this, clutching frantically at his arm, the girl drew him through the door and down toward the river.

"Oh, come, come!" she cried wildly. "There's no time!"

"But, why? What was that?"

"Judith is returning. I left my guide up the trail to signal us. Don't you know what it means if we don't manage to escape before she gets here?"

"But how?"

"According to the guide the river's the only way other than the trail."

"The current is too strong. They could follow—pot us at leisure from the banks."

"But downstream—the current with us—"

"Those rapids?"

"We must shoot them!"

"Can it be done?"

"It must be!"

Two more shots put a period to his doubts and drove it home. He offered no further objection, but turned at once to launch one of the canoes.

As soon as it was in the water, Rose took her place in the bow, paddle in hand, and Alan was about to step in stern when a fourth shot sounded and a bullet kicked up turf within a dozen feet. A glance discovered two figures debouching into the clearing. He dropped into place and, planting paddle in shallows, sent the canoe well out with a vigorous thrust.

Two strokes took it to the middle of the pool where immediately the current caught the little craft in its urgent grasp and sped it smoothly through more narrow and higher banks. A moment more and the mouth of the gorge was yawning for them.

With the clean balance of an experienced canoeist, Alan rose to his feet for an instantaneous reconnaissance both forward and astern. He looked back first, and groaned in his heart to see the sharp prow of the second canoe glide out from the banks. He looked ahead and groaned aloud. The rapids were a wilderness of shouting waters, white and green, worse than anything he had ever

But there was now no escaping that ordeal. The canoe was already spinning between walls where the water ran deep and fast with a glassy surface.

The next instant it was in the jaws; and the man settled down to work with grim determination, pitting courage and strength and experience against the raving waters that tore at the canoe on every hand, whose mad clamor beat back and forth between the walls of the gorge like vast bellows of infernal mirth.

He fought like one possessed. There was never an instant's grace for judgment or execution; the one must be synchronous with the other, both instantaneous, or else—destruction.

The canoe wove this way and that like an insane shuttle threading some satanic loom. Now it hesitated, nuzzling a gigantic boulder over which the water wore a pale green and glistening hood, now in the space of a heartbeat it shot forward twice its length through a sea of creaming waves, now plunged wildly toward what promised instant annihilation and cheated that only by the timely plunge of a paddle, guided by luck or instinct or both.

The one ray of hope in Alan's mind, when he surveyed before committing himself and the woman he loved to that hideous gauntlet, sprang from the fact that, however rough, the rapids were short. Now, when he had been in their grasp a minute, he seemed to have been there hours.

His labors were tremendous, unbelievable, inspired. In the end they were all but successful. The goal of safety was within thirty seconds' more of quick, hard work, when Alan's paddle broke and the canoe swung broadside to a boulder, turned turtle and precipitated both heading into that savage welter.

As the next few minutes passed he was fighting like a mad thing against overwhelming odds. Then, of a sudden, he found himself rejected, spewed forth from the cataract and swimming mechanically in the smooth water of a wide pool beyond the lowermost eddy, the canoe floating bottom up near by, and Rose supporting herself with one hand on it.

Her eyes met his, clear with the sanity of her adorable courage.

He floundered to her side, panting instructions to transfer her hand to his shoulder, and struck out for the nearer shore.

Both found footing at the same time and waded out, to collapse, exhausted, against the bank.

Then, with a sickening qualm, Alan remembered the pursuit. He rose and looked up the rapid just in time to view the last swift quarter of the canoe's descent: Judith in the bow, motionless, a rifle across her knees, in the stern an Indian guide—kneeling and fighting the waters with scarcely perceptible effort in contrast with Alan's supreme struggles.

Like a living thing the canoe seemed to gather itself together, to poise, to leap with all its strength; it hurdled the eddy in a bound, took the still water with a mighty splash, and shot downstream at diminished speed, the Indian furiously backing water.

As though that had been the one moment she had lived for, Judith lifted her rifle and brought it to bear—upon her sister.

With a cry of horror, Alan flung himself before Rose, a living shield, anticipating nothing but immediate death. This was not accorded him. For a breathless instant the woman in



They Found a Footing.

the canoe stared along the sights, then lowered her weapon and, turning, spoke indistinguishably to the guide, who instantly began to ply a brisk paddle.

The canoe sped on, vanished swiftly round a bend.

After a long time, Alan voiced his unmitigated amazement:

"Why—in the name of heaven! Why—?"

The girl said dully: "Don't you know?" And when he shook his head:

"Her guide told mine you had her life on the dam at Spirit New do you see?"

His countenance was blank, wonder: "Gratitude?"

Rose smiled wearily: "Not gratitude alone, but something more terrible. . . . She rose and held out her hand. 'Not that I can blame her. . . . But come; if we strike

all here we will, I think, pick up our settlement by dark."

TO BE CONTINUED

The Trey O' Hearts

A Novelized Version of the Motion Picture Drama of the Same Name Produced by the Universal Film Co.

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

Author of "The Fortune Hunter," "The Brass Boat," "The Black Dog," etc.
Illustrated with Photographs from the Picture Production

Copyright, 1914, by Louis Joseph Vance

CHAPTER I.

The Message of the Rose.

Lapped deep in the leather-bound luxury of an ample lounge-chair, walled apart from the world by the venerable solitude of the library of London's most exclusive club, Mr. Alan Law sprawled (largely on the mape of his neck) and, squinting discontentedly down his nose, admitted that he was exhaustively bored.

Now the chair filled so gracefully stood by an open window, some twenty feet below which lay a sizable walled garden, an old English garden in full flower. And through the window, now and then, a half-hearted breeze wafted gusts of warm air, suave and enervating with the heavy fragrance of English roses.

Mr. Law drank deep of it, and in spite of his spiritual unrest, sighed slightly and shut his eyes.

An unspoken word troubled the depth of his consciousness, so that old memories stirred and struggled to its surface. The word was "Rose," and for the time seemed to be the name neither of a woman nor of a flower, but oddly of both, as though the two things were one. His mental vision, bridging the gap of a year, conjured up the vision of a lithe, sweet silhouette in white, with red roses at her belt, posed on a terrace of the Riviera against the burning Mediterranean blue.

Mr. Law was fully conscious that he ought to be sorry about something. But he was really very drowsy indeed; and so, drinking deep of wine-scent of roses, he fell gently asleep.

The clock was striking four when he awoke; and before closing his eyes he had noticed that its hands indicated ten minutes to four. So he could not have slept very long.

For some few seconds Alan did not move, but rested as he was, incredulously regarding a rose which had materialized mysteriously upon the little table at his elbow. He was quite sure it had not been there when he closed his eyes, and almost as sure that it was not real.

And in that instant of awakening the magic fragrance of the rose-garden seemed to be even more strong and savoring sweet than ever.

Then he put out a gingerly hand and discovered that it was real beyond all question. A warm red rose, fresh-plucked, drops of water trembling and sparkling like tiny diamonds on the velvet of its fleshy petals. And when impulsively he took it by the stem, he discovered a most indisputable thorn—which did service for the traditional pinch.

Convinced that he wasn't dreaming, Alan transferred the rose to his sound hand, and meditatively sucked his



With Red Roses at Her Belt.

thumb. Then he jumped up from the chair and glared suspiciously round the room. It was true that a practical joke in that solemn atmosphere were a thing unthinkable; still, there was the rose.

There was no one but himself in the library.

Perplexed to exasperation, Alan fed the club, only pausing on the way out to annex the envelope he found addressed to him in the letter-rack.

It was a blank white envelope of good quality, the address typewritten, the stamp English, and bore a London postmark half illegible.

Alan tore the envelope open in absent-minded fashion—and started as if stung. The enclosure was a simple playing card—a tray of hearts!

As for Alan Law, he wandered toward in a state of stupefaction. He could read quite well the message of the rose. He would not soon forget that year-old parting with his Rose of the Riviera: "You say you love me but may not marry me—and we must part. Then promise this: that if ever you change your mind, you'll send for me." And her promise: "I will send you a rose."

But the year had lapsed with never

a sign from her, so that he had grown accustomed to the unflattering belief that she had forgotten him.

And now the sign had come—but what the deuce did the tray of hearts mean?

When morning came, London had lost Alan Law. No man of his acquaintance—nor any woman—had received the least warning of his disappearance. He was simply and succinctly removed from English ken.

CHAPTER II.

The Sign of the Three.

Out-of-doors, high brazen noon, a day in spring, the clamorous life of New York running as fluent as quicksilver through its brilliant streets.

Within-doors, neither sound nor sunbeam disturbed a perennial quiet that was yet not peace.

The room was like a wide, deep well of night, the haunt of teeming shadows and sinister silences.

Little, indeed, was visible beyond the lonely shape that brooded over it, the figure of an old man motionless in a great, leather-bound chair.

His hair was as white as his heart was black. The rack of his bones, clothed in a thick black dressing gown with waist-cord of crimson silk, from the thighs down was covered by a black woollen rug. He stared unblinkingly at nothing; a man seven-eighths dead, completely paralyzed but for his head and his left arm.

Presently a faint clicking signal disturbed the stillness. Seneca Trine put forth his left hand and touched one of a row of crimson buttons embedded in the desk. Something else clicked—this time a latch. There was the faintest possible noise of a closing door, and a smallish man stole noiselessly into the light, paused beside the desk and waited respectfully for leave to speak.

"Well?"

"A telegram, sir—from England." "Give it me!"

The old man seized the sheet of yellow paper, scanned it hungrily, and crushed it in his tremulous claw with a gesture of uncontrollable emotion. "Send my daughter Judith here!"

Two minutes later a young woman in street dress was admitted to the chamber of shadows.

"You sent for me, father?" "Sit down."

She found and placed a chair at the desk, and obediently settled herself in it.

"Judith—tell me—what day is this?" "My birthday. I am twenty-one." "And your sister's birthday: Rose, too, is twenty-one."

"Yes."

"You could have forgotten that," the old man pursued almost mockingly. "Do you really dislike your twin-sister so intensely?"

The girl's voice trembled. "You know," she said, "we have nothing in common—beyond parentage and this abominable resemblance. Our natures differ as light from darkness."

"And which would you say was—light?"

"Hardly my own: I'm no hypocrite. Rose is everything that they tell me my mother was, while I—the girl smiled strangely—"I think—I am more your daughter than my mother's."

A nod of the white head confirmed the suggestion. "It is true. I have watched you closely, Judith, perhaps more closely than even you knew. Before I was brought to this—the wasted hand made a significant gesture—"I was a man of strong passions. Your mother never loved, but rather feared me. And Rose is the mirror of her mother's nature, gentle, unselfish, sympathetic. But you, Judith, you are like a second self to me."

An accent of profound satisfaction informed his voice. The girl waited in a silence that was tensely expectant.

"Then, if on this your birthday I were to ask a service of you that might injuriously affect the happiness of your sister—"

The girl laughed briefly; "Only ask it!"

"And how far would you go to do my will?"

"Where would you stop in the service of one you loved?"

then—it came to pass that we loved one woman, your mother. I won her—all but her heart; too late she realized it was Law she loved. He never forgave me, nor I him. Though he married another woman, still he held from me the love of my wife. I could not sleep for hating him—and he was no better off. Each sought the other's ruin; it came to be an open duel between us, in Wall street. One of us had to fall—and I held the stronger hand. The night before the day that was to have seen my triumph, I walked in Central park, as was my habit to tire my body so that my brain might sleep. Crossing the East drive I was struck by a motor-car running at high speed without lights. I was picked up insensible—and lived only to be what I am today. Law triumphed in the street while I lay helpless; only a living remnant of my fortune remained to me. Then his



We Both Loved One Woman.

chauffeur, discharged, came to me and sold me the truth; it was Law's car with Law at the wheel that had struck me down—a deliberate attempt at assassination. I sent Law word that I meant to have a life for a life. For what was I better than dead? I promised him that should he escape, I would have the life of his son. He knew I meant it, and sent his wife and son abroad. Then he died suddenly, of some common ailment—they said; but I knew better. He died of fear of me.

Trine smiled a cruel smile: "I had made his life a reign of terror. Ever so often I would send Law, one way or another—mysteriously always—a tray of hearts; it was my death-signal for him; as you know, our name, Trine, signifies a group of three. And every time he received a tray of hearts, within twenty-four hours an attempt of some sort would be made upon his life. The strain broke down his nerve."

"Then I turned my attention to the son, but the distance was too great, the difficulties insuperable. The Law millions mocked all my efforts; your alliance with the Rothschilds placed mother and son under the protection of every secret police in Europe. But they dared not come home. At length I realized I could win only by playing a waiting game. I needed three things: more money; to bring Alan Law back to America; and one agent I could trust, one incorruptible agent. I ceased to persecute mother and son, lulled them into a sense of false security, and by careful speculations repaired my fortunes. In Rose I had the lure to draw the boy back to America; in you, the one person I could trust."

"I sent Rose abroad and arranged that she should meet Law. They fell in love at sight. Then I wrote informing her that the man she had chosen was the son of him who had murdered all of me but my brain. It fell out as I foresaw. You can imagine the scene of passionate renunciation—pledges of undying constancy—the arrangement of a secret code whereby, when she needed him, she would send him a single rose—the birth of a great romance!"

The old man laughed sardonically. "Well, there is the history. Now the rose has been sent; Law is already homeward bound; my agents are watching his every step. The rest is in your hands."

The girl bent forward, breathing heavily, eyes aflame in a face that had assumed a waxen pallor.

"What is it you want of me?" "Bring Alan Law to me. Dead or alive, bring him to me. Dead or alive, if you can compass it; I wish to see him die. Then I, too, may die content."

The hand of hot-blooded youth stole forth and grasped the icy hand of death-in-life.

"I will bring him," Judith swore—"dead or alive, you shall have him here."

CHAPTER III.

The Trail of Treachery.

But young Mr. Law was sole agent of his own avengement: just as he was nobody's fool, least of all his own.

The hidden meaning of the tray of hearts perplexed him with such distrust that before leaving London, he dispatched a code cablegram to his confidential agent in New York.

What do you know about the tray of hearts? Answer immediately.

The answer forestalled his arrival in Liverpool:

Trine's death sign for your father. For God's sake, look to yourself and keep away from America.

But Alan had more than once visited America incognito and unknown to Seneca Trine via a secret route of his own selection.

Eight days out of London, a second-class passenger newly landed from one of the C.-P. steamships, he walked the streets of Quebec—and dropped out of sight between dark and dawn, to turn up presently in the distant Canadian hamlet of Bale St. Paul, apparently a very tenderfooted American woods-traveler chaperoned by a taciturn Indian guide picked up heaven-knows where.

Crossing the St. Lawrence by night, the two struck off quietly into the hinterland of the Notre Dame range, then crossed the Maine border.

On the second noon thereafter, trail-worn and weary, as lean as their depleted packs, the two paused on a ridge-pole of the wilderness up back of the Allagash canyon, and made their midday meal in a silence which, if normal in the Indian, was one of deep misgivings on Alan's part.

Continually his gaze questioned the northern skies that lowered portentously, foul with smoke—a country-wide conflagration that threatened all northern Maine, bone-dry with drought.

Only the south offered a fair prospect. And the fires were making southward far faster than man might hope to travel through that grim and stubborn land.

Even as he stared, Alan saw fresh columns of dun-colored smoke spring up in the northwest.

Anxiously he consulted the impassive mask of the Indian, from whom his questions gained Alan little comfort. Jacob recommended forced marches to Spirit lake, where canoes might be found to aid their flight; and withdrew into sullen reserve.

They traveled far and fast by dim forest trails before sundown, then again paused for food and rest. And as Jacob sat dejected about preparing the meal, Alan stumbled off to whip the little trail-side stream for trout.

Perhaps a hundred yards upstream, the backlash of a careless cast by his weary hand hooked the state of Maine. Too tired even to remember the appropriate words, Alan scrambled ashore, forced through the thick undergrowth that masked the trail, found his fly, set the state of Maine free—and swinging on his heel brought up, nose to a sapling, transfixed by a rectangle of white paste-board fixed to its trunk a tray of hearts, of which each pip had been neatly punctured by a .22-caliber bullet.

He carried it back to camp, meaning to consult the guide, but on second thought held his tongue. It was not likely that the Indian had overlooked an object so conspicuous on the trail.

So Alan waited for him to speak—and meantime determined to watch Jacob more narrowly, though no other suspicious circumstance had marked the several days of their association.

The first half of the night was, as the day, devoted to relentless progress southward; thirty minutes of steady jogging, five minutes for rest—and repeat.

No more question as to the need for such urgent haste; overhead the north wind muttered without ceasing. Thin veils of smoke drifted through the forest, hugging the ground, like some weird acid mist; and ever the curtains of heaven glared, livid with reflected fires.

By midnight Alan had come to the bounds of endurance; flesh, bone and sinew could no longer stand the strain. Though Jacob declared that Spirit lake was now only six hours distant, as far as concerned Alan he might have said 600. His blanket once unrolled, Alan dropped upon it like one drugged.

The sun was high when he awakened and sat up, rubbing heavy eyes, stretching aching limbs, wondering what had come over the Indian to let him sleep so late.

Of a sudden he was assailed by sickening fears that needed only the briefest investigation to confirm. Jacob had absconded with every valuable item of their equipment.

Nor was his motive far to seek. Overnight the fire had made tremendous gains. And ever and anon the wind would bring down the roar of the holocaust, drolled by distance but not unlike the growling of wild animals feeding on their kill.

Alan delayed long enough only to swallow a few mouthfuls of raw food, gulped water from a spring, and set out at a dog-trot on the trail to Spirit Lake.

For hours he blundered blindly on, holding to the trail mainly by instinct. At length, panting, gasping, half-blinded, he staggered into a little natural clearing and plunged forward headlong, so bewildered that he could not have said whether he was tripped or thrown; for even as he stumbled a heavy body landed on his back and crushed him savagely to earth.

In less than a minute he was overcome; his wrists hitched together, his ankles bound with heavy cord.

When his vision cleared he found Jacob within a yard, regarding him with a face as immobile as though it had been cast in the bronze it resembled.

Beyond, to one side, a woman in a man's hunting costume stood eying the captive as narrowly as the Indian, but unlike him with a countenance that seemed aglow with a fierce exultancy over his downfall.

But for that look, he could have believed the face that had brought

him overseas to this mortal pass. Feeling for feature, even to the hue of her tumbled hair, she counterfeited the woman he loved; only those eyes, aflame with their look of inhuman ruthlessness, denied that the two were one.

He sought vainly to speak. The breath rustled in his parched throat like wind whistling among dead leaves.

Thrusting the Indian roughly aside, the woman knelt in his place by Alan's head.

"No," she said, and smiling cruelly, shook her head—"no, I am not your Rose. But I am her sister, Judith, her twin, born in the same hour, daughter of—can you guess whose daughter? But see this!" She flashed a card from within her hunting shirt and held it before his eyes. "You know it, eh? The tray of hearts—the symbol of Trine—Trine, your father's enemy, and yours—and—Rose's father and mine! So, now, perhaps you know!"

A gust of wind like a furnace blast swept the glade. The woman sprang up, glanced over-shoulder into the forest, and signed to the Indian.

"In ten minutes," she said, "these woods will be your funeral pyre."

She stepped back. Jacob advanced, picked Alan up, shouldered his body, and strode back into the forest. Ten feet in from the clearing he dropped the helpless man supine upon a bed of dry logs and branches.

Then, with a single movement, he disappeared.

CHAPTER IV.

Many Waters.

Overhead, through a rift in the foliage, a sky was visible whose ebullient darkness called to mind a thunder-cloud.

The heat was nearly intolerable; the voice of the fire was very loud.

A heavy, broken crashing near by made Alan turn his head, and he saw a brown bear break cover and plunge on to the farther thickets—forerunner of a mad rout of terrified forest folk, deer, porcupines, a fox or two, a wildcat, rabbits, squirrels, partridges—a dozen more.

Two minutes had passed of the ten. Something was digging uncomfortably into Alan's right hip—the automatic pistol in his hip pocket, of which Jacob had neglected to relieve him. Then a sharp, spiteful crackling brought him suddenly to a sitting position, to find that the Indian had thoughtfully touched a match to the pyre before departing. At Alan's feet the twigs were blazing merrily.

It would have been easy enough, acting on instinct, to snatch his limbs away, but he did not move more than to strain his feet as far as their bonds



Sawed the Cords Against the Razor-Sharp Blades.

permitted. Conscious of scorching heat even through his hunting boots, he suffered that torture until a tongue of flame licked up, wrapped itself round the thick hempen cord and ate it through.

Immediately Alan kicked his feet free, lifted to a kneeling position, and crawled from the pyre.

As for his hands—Alan's hunting-knife was still in its sheath belted to the small of his back. Tearing at the belt with his hampered fingers, he contrived to shift it round until the sheath knife stuck at the belt-loop over his left hip. Withdrawing and conveying the blade to his mouth, he gripped it firmly between his teeth, and sawed the cords round his wrists against the razor-sharp blade.

Before Alan could turn and run he saw a vanguard of flames bridge 50 yards at a bound and start a dead pine blazing like a torch.

And then he was pelting like a madman across the smoked-dilled clearing, and in less than two minutes broke from the forest to the pebbly shore of a wide-bosomed lake, and within a few hundred feet of a substantial dam, through whose spillway a heavy volume of water cascaded with a roar rivaling that of the forest-fire itself.

Two quick glances showed Alan two things: that his only way of escape was via the dam; that there was a solitary canoe at mid-lake, and that he was there as swiftly as the

Trine and the Indian—the latter was

ing the paddle. In the act of turning toward the dam he saw Jacob drop the paddle. The next instant a bullet from a Winchester 30 kicked up a spurt of pebbles only a few feet in advance of Alan.

He quickened his pace, but the next bullet fell closer, while the third actually bit the earth beneath his running feet as he gained the dam.

Exasperated, he pulled up, whipped out his pistol and fired without aim. At the same time, he noted that the distance between dam and canoe had



A Tremendous Weight Tore at His Arms.

lessened perceptibly, thanks to the strong current sucking through the spillway.

His shot flew wide, but almost instinctively his finger closed again upon the trigger, and he saw the paddle snap in twain, its blade falling overboard. And then the Indian fired again, his bullet droning past Alan's ear.

As he fired in response Jacob started, dropped his rifle and crumpled up in the bow of the canoe.

Simultaneously earth and heaven rocked with a terrific clap of thunder.

He turned again and ran swiftly along the dam, toward two heavy timbers that bridged the torrent of the spillway.

Then a glance aside brought him up with a thrill of horror; the suck of the overflow had drawn the canoe within a hundred yards of the spillway. The dead Indian in its bow, the living woman helpless in its stern, it swept swiftly onward to destruction.

His next few actions were wholly unpremeditated. He was conscious only of her white, starting face, the strange likeness to the woman that he loved.

He ran out upon the bridge, threw himself down upon the innermost timber, turned, and let his body fall backward, arms extended at length, and swung, braced by his feet beneath the outer timber.

With a swiftness that passed on conscious thought, he was aware of the canoe hurtling onward with the speed of wind, its sharp prow apparently aimed directly for his head. The hands closed round his wrists his clamps; a tremendous weight tore at his arms, and with an effort of incredible difficulty he began to drag the woman up out of the cascading laws of death.

Somehow that impossible feat was achieved; somehow the woman gained a hold upon his body, shifted it to his belt, contrived inexplicably to clamber over him to the timbers; and somehow he in turn pulled himself up to safety, and sick with reaction sprawled prone, lengthwise upon that foot-wide bridge, above the screaming abyss.

Later he became aware that the woman had crawled to safety on the farther shore, and pulling himself together, imitated her example. Solid earth underfoot, he rose and stood swaying, beset by a great weakness.

Through the gathering darkness—a ghastly twilight in which the flaming forests on the other shore burned with an unearthly glare—he discovered the wan, written face of Judith Trine close to his and he heard her voice, a scream barely audible above the mingled voices of the conflagration and the cascades.

"You fool! Why did you save me? I tell you, I have sworn your death!" The utter grotesqueness of it all broke upon his intelligence like the revelation of some enormous mental absurdity in Nature. He laughed a little hysterically.

Darkness followed. A flash of lightning seemed to flame between them like a fiery sword. To its crashing thunder, he leaped into unconsciousness.

When he roused, it was with a shudder and a shudder. Pain was falling in torrents from a sky the hue of slate. Across the lake dense volumes of steam enveloped the fire that faded beneath it a deluge. A great hissing noise filled the world, mingled with the roar of the spillway.

He was alone. But in his hand, patterned and beaded

ARM LOANS

We have the money for your use.
FIVE YEARS TIME
 We also buy vendor's lien notes.
WELLINGTON & RAWLINGS
 SHAMROCK, TEXAS

Local Happenings

Items of Interest About Town and County

at cost. C. C. Cook.
 ve for ice cream. Pal-Store.
 Roach, and Sam Brown of new Ford cars.
 ber we meet competition.
 andies, fruits, cigars, be found at Mutt's.
 cent ribbon for 12 and a Coffey's.
 and suitcases marked C. Cook.
 is offering a lot of boys' hats at 25 cents each.
 all for your laundry—just a trial. Vester Cooke.
 choice of any ladies hat S. Coffey.
 rs at half price at C. C. George Cash is enjoying from her father.
 e have a car of cane sugar 70 per sack. C. C. Cook
 re selling out our shoes ly at cost. Cash & Son.
 \$6.70 per sack. C. C.
 and \$1.60 buys Seal and flour at Cash's.
 still doing cleaning and at the same old stand. Cooke.
 y Thut, Jr., of Pampa the city yesterday on
 e 50 pairs of slippers I offer half selling price. Let us ou. C. C. Cook.
 W. C. Foster is spending week in Wellington, a guest sister, Mrs. W. R. Orr.
 deliver ice at the rate of 10 per hundred. Phone me you want. A. H. Carver, 145 3 rings.

Mr. and Mrs. Brenton Allmon and two children of Hooker, Okla., are visiting relatives in the city.

Billy Biggers returned the latter part of the week from Canyon, where he had been attending the Normal.

Miss Delight Allen left Wednesday after an enjoyable visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Will Haynes.

Real Estate. We are in position to advantageously handle your property. Write or phone us. Smith & Atkinson, Shamrock, Texas.

Little Miss Edith Langley of Dallas arrived Friday and will spend the summer with her grandparents, Dr. and Mrs. E. D. Langley.

We guarantee our flour to be as good as any that can be bought. Seal \$1.75 per sack and Hercules \$1.60 per sack. Cash & Son.

Another nice shower Wednesday night lends additional lustiness to the glory of our growing crops and the coming big harvest is thus doubly assured.

Good five room house and one half acre of ground in South part of McLean, well and wind mill, for sale or trade for stock. See or phone C. J. Cash. 297c

Howard Wingo of the south plains has traded for the Taylor place in the Heald community. His family arrived this week and will make this their home.

A party composed of Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Roach, Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Roach and Harold Rippy motored to Amarillo Tuesday.

Mrs. D. B. Veatch entertained a number of friends at an elaborate dinner Sunday, the occasion being in honor of Mrs. S. O. Cook of Dallas.

J. R. Hindman visited his children at Endee, N. M., this week. He was accompanied by Waiter Caldwell and Marvin Cooke.

Mrs. Lou A. Haynes left the latter part of the week for a visit with relatives at Granite, Okla. She was accompanied by Miss Sallie Lou Haynes.

Miss Ruby Cook expects to leave tomorrow for Wichita Falls where she will be joined by her friend, Miss Annie Dalrymple. Both young ladies will be guests of Mrs. B. H. Minter for a week.

Editor Lee J. Roundtree of Georgetown elected President of the National Editor's Association, which convened in San Francisco recently. This is quite an honor for Texas.

Mrs. Luther Coffey is enjoying a visit from her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Pool of Hamilton, Texas. They were accompanied by two of their small grandchildren.

Dr. J. A. Hall, Dentist of Shamrock, will be in McLean, Thursday, Friday and Saturday August 5th, 6th and 7th, to do dental work. Office at Wolfe Drug Store.

Mrs. R. T. Harris has been enjoying a visit from her friend, Mrs. Brisco of Elmer Okla. The lady came here for her health and is much improved by the change.

Earl Miller, Manager of the Electric Theatre, announces that from now on the Electric Theatre will open promptly at 8:30 p. m. and run until all those present have seen the pictures.

All six constitutional amendments voted on last Saturday were defeated by a large majority. The University and A. & M. Separation Amendment was the only one in which any interest was shown.

Mrs. J. B. Paschall left Sunday night in response to a telegram announcing the death of her mother, Mrs. Morris, which occurred in Marshall, Texas. Mrs. Morris had been an invalid for several months and her passing was not a surprise to her children. Friends extend sympathy to Mrs. Paschall in her bereavement.

Master Bartlett Rush of Kansas City is spending his vacation with Mr. and Mrs. Luther McCombs, on the Pyron ranch. W. I. Rush, who has also been their guest for some time returned home.

On account of the serious illness of her father-in-law, Mr. Doran of Marlow, Okla., Mrs. E. G. Doran did not arrive here last Friday as reported by the News. Her visit has been postponed indefinitely.

R. H. Collier, vice President of the First National Bank of Amarillo, has been appointed National Bank Examiner with Pennsylvania as his territory. Mr. Collier organized and was president of the American State Bank of McLean.

Money to Loan on improved and unimproved property anywhere in the Panhandle or this section of the country. We will give five, seven and ten years time interest to be collected once per year. Write or phone us for full particulars. Smith & Atkinson, Shamrock, Texas.

The embroidery club was charmingly entertained Wednesday afternoon from 3 to 6 o'clock by Mrs. John B. Vannoy at her pretty home in the east part of town. Lovely refreshments of cream and cake were served to more than thirty guests. Mrs. S. O. Cook and Miss Edna Mills were out of town guests.

Visitors returning from the Pampa country say that the wheat crop thereabouts is something marvelous and while there is a constant stream of wagons hauling the golden grain to market, the fields appear not to have been touched. The immediate future of Gray county is indeed bright.

J. G. Noel returned Saturday from McLean, Texas, where he has been looking after his farming interests. While there he disposed of his 1915 crop of calves at \$30.00 apiece. This is considered a good price at this time of the year. He reports feed crops in that section very fine and a bumper crop is assured.—Memphis Democrat.

It is a regrettable fact that our city park is in such a bad state of repair and the rank growth of weeds and grass that is hampering the best efforts of the trees presents a vista not at all pleasing even to the most shiftless observer. If the city treasury is not equal to the drain of having it cleaned out the citizens should declare a holiday and do it themselves.

Mrs. J. M. Noel entertained a large crowd of children Monday afternoon in honor of the fifth birthday of her daughter, Francis. The children enjoyed many games on the big lawn interspersed with having their pictures made in different styles. An abundance of cream and cake was served. Many pretty little gifts were received by the honoree.

Earl Miller, who has leased the Electric Theatre, has made arrangements to run The Troy O'Hearts, said to be one of the greatest serials ever produced. This picture will be shown Tuesday and Thursday of each week, commencing Tuesday, August 3rd. The Million Dollar Mystery will continue to run every Saturday night, as usual.

General Land Office.
 Austin, Texas, June 25, 1915.
 To the Editor:

Permit me, through your columns, to advise those of your readers who have not paid their last year's interest due on their school land that it will be necessary for them to pay by about the middle of August if they desire to prevent a forfeiture of their land. This is necessary on account of the importance of getting the money into the State's Treasury before the close of the present school year on August 31st in order to help prevent a deficit in the school fund apportionment. No one should wait for a personal notice before sending in his payment.
 Yours truly,
 J. T. Robinson,
 Commissioner.

Shoes at cost at Cash's.

A FEW THINGS You Should Know

We sell Ladies', Misses' and childrens' hose --new stock

We sell suit cases and we have no old stock to close out

We sell the best vinegar made--Heinz pure apple cider

B. V. D. Underwear for men--the kind you need

Everything in the furniture line at prices that are right

Last but not least--all our granite ware to go at first cost--we don't make one penny on it--it must move if you need any come early.

Bundy-Hodges Mercantile Co. (INCORPORATED)

B. Y. P. U. Program.

Subject, Faith makes heroes; doubt makes cowards.

Leader--Frankie Upham.

Song--No 166.

Prayer.

Scripture reading, Heb. 1:10--Ethel Cash.

The Story of twelve spies told by Andrew Floyd.

Introduction--Leader.

Faith gives courage. talk--Lula Faulkner.

1 Kings 18:15-40--Bessie Christian.

Faith gives strength, talk--Maggie Jordan.

Song No. 249.

Faith gives vision--Isabell Petty.

Heb. 10:24-27--Gaynelle Wilson.

Faith leads to action, talk--Edith Stockton.

Heb. 10:20-30--Winnie Newton.

Illustrations showing how "faith leads to action."

First, The prodigal son in his own behalf, talk--Andrew Jordan.

Second, Syro Phoenician woman in behalf of her daughter, talk--Billie Biggers.

Third, The four men in behalf of their paralytic friend, talk--Pastor.

Quartet--Grace Hamilton, Winnie Floyd, Buford Nunn and Wayland Floyd.

Prayer.

John B. Vannoy

Optician and Jeweler

Dealer in Clocks, Watches, Jewelry and Silverware.

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

RIBBON

I have a lot of parts of bolts of wide ribbon left that I am going to close out at the remarkable price quoted below. Come early and get your choice.

This ribbon is from number 40 up to number 200, in many beautiful designs.

250 yards of fancy ribbon, was 20 to 45 cents per yard, now 12 and 19 cents

One lot of small boys' cloth hats while they last at 25 cents each

LADIES' HATS

Your choice of any ladies' hat in the house for \$1.48

T. J. Coffey

Shoes at cost at Cash's.

Notice

Cicero Smith Closing Out

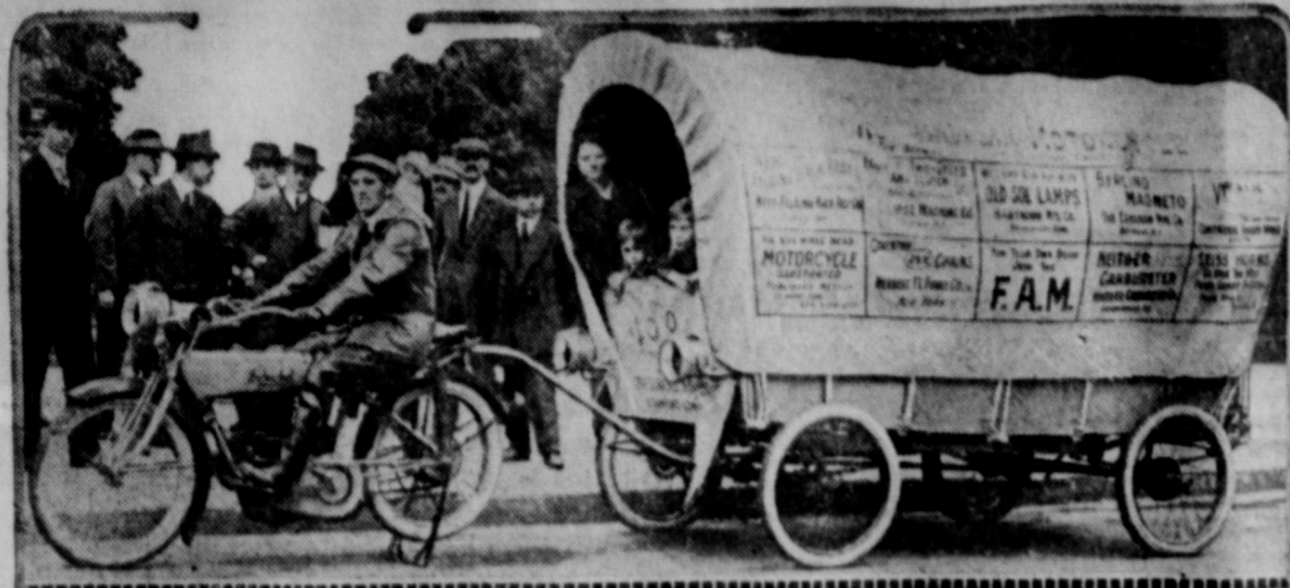
Yes we are trying to close out all our present stock to make room for more. Our stock is yet complete and unless an awful rush is made on us in the next few days we think we will still be able to fill your orders complete. Our storage coal has begun to come in and now will be the time to fill up your bins and get the reduction you get by taking it from the cars. For goodness sake don't overlook this matter as its money to you. Come and get prices and buy your lumber, coal and building material from

Cicero Smith Lumber Company

They appreciate your business

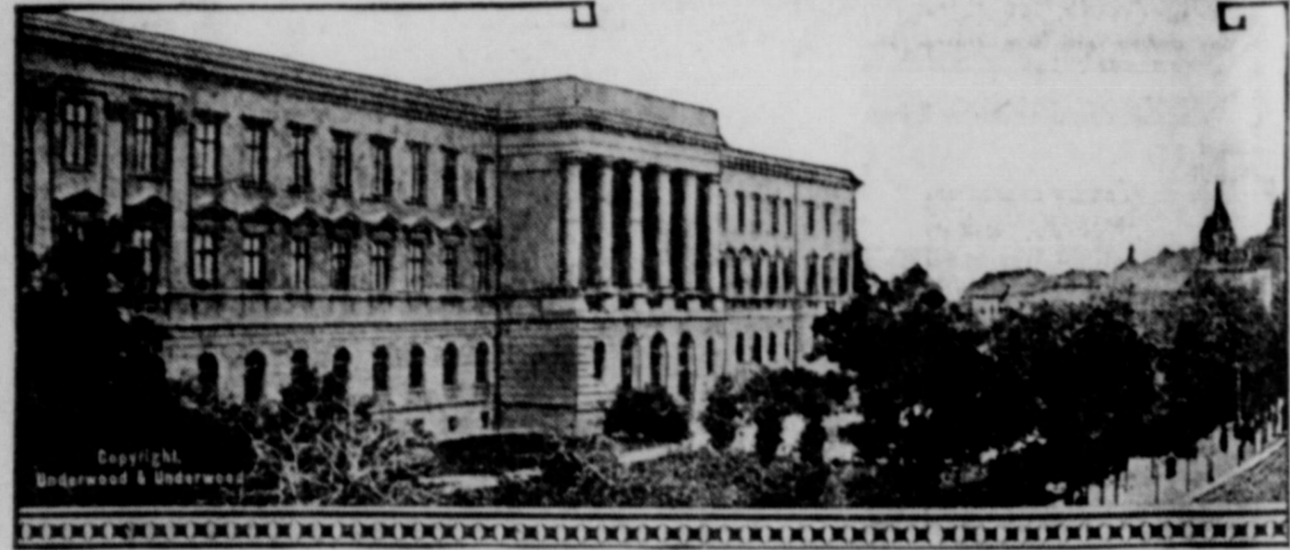
Phone 3

FINDS NOVEL USE FOR HIS MOTORCYCLE



F. A. Cole of Stamford, Conn., is an enthusiastic motorcyclist. Ingenious New Englander that he is, he has discovered a new use to which his cycle may be put. For instance, when he decided to make an overland trip with his family to the San Francisco exposition, he planned a prairie schooner to be drawn by his motorcycle. The result is shown in the picture.

LEMBERG FALLS BEFORE AUSTRO-GERMAN ASSAULT



Sapiecha street, one of the main thoroughfares of Lemberg, where the Russians made their last stand in Galicia. On the left is the diet, or house of parliament, and in the background is the cathedral. The Kaiser personally directed the German assault which resulted in the rout of the Russian army.

THE NEWEST WHITE HOUSE BABY



Little Miss Ellen Wilson McAdoo, aged about two months, has just submitted to the camera, and this is her first picture, in company with her mother, who was Miss Eleanor Wilson, her father, Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo, and her grandfather, the president of the United States.

GONE TO FIND DONALD B. M'MILLAN



This is Capt. H. C. Pickens, commander of the auxiliary schooner George B. Cluett which sailed recently for Etah, Greenland, with the purpose of finding and bringing home Donald McMillan and his party of arctic explorers.

FROM WORM TO GOWN



A new exhibit showing the silk industry—literally from the worm to the finished gown—is one of the attractions at the National museum in Washington. The picture shows Miss Helen Stuart of the curator's office holding one of the frames in which the silkworms have fastened themselves and are engaged in weaving the filmy threads of silk in preparation for their metamorphoses later into silk moths.

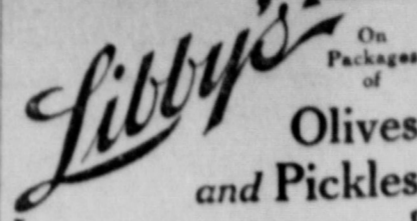
INCENDIARY BOMBS



The picture shows a man holding two of the incendiary bombs which are being used in aerial raids on the enemy's country.

Let Tots Pick Own Books. Librarians in charge of children's departments were advised to go slow in their enthusiasm to render service by Mrs. Edna Lyman Scott of Seattle at a meeting of the section on library work with children of the American Library association at Berkeley. She said the librarian was likely to overdo her work in selecting books for children, says the Oakland Tribune. Let the children select their own books so they may develop their brains and find inspiration in the discovery of books they like, Mrs. Scott advised.

Look For This Name



—it's a quality mark for exceptionally good table dainties. Our Manzanilla and Queen Olives, plain or stuffed, are from the famous olive groves in Spain. Libby's Sweet, Sour and Dill Pickles are pungent and firm. Your summer meals and picnic baskets are not complete without them. Insist on Libby's at your grocer's. Libby, McNeill & Libby Chicago

DEFIANCE STARCH

is constantly growing in favor because it Does Not Stick to the Iron and it will not injure the finest fabric. For laundry purpose it has no equal. 16 oz. package 10c. 1-3 more starch for same money. DEFIANCE STARCH CO., Omaha, Nebraska

Tutt's Pills

The dyspeptic, the debilitated, whether from excess of work of mind or body, drink or exposure in MALARIAL REGIONS, will find Tutt's Pills the most genial restorative ever offered the suffering invalid.

LITTLE ONE PROUD OF DADDY

Hardly Willing to Admit That There Could Be Anyone Prettier Than He Was.

The Warrenpeas live in a picture-book bungalow, framed in oak trees, shrubbery and flowers, and as Warrenpea's income is adequate, and likely to be more so, they go about a bit in a social way.

Mulligan, their chauffeur, had been directed to steer the gasoline boat under the side porch at precisely 7:50. The engine was buzzing as Warrenpea descended the stairs from the owner's chamber, a fine figure of a man in evening clothes, immaculate to the tips of his shoes.

Little Barbara, not quite three, was being prepared for her crib. Generally she's in it an hour earlier, hence up to this time had been deprived of observing how well her good-looking dad carries after-dinner garb. She was visibly impressed.

"Daddy, you are the very prettiest man I ever saw," she confided, snuggling into his arms for the good-night kiss. "I think you're the prettiest man they is."

"Toodlekies, you're a flatterer," he admitted, though not displeased by her appraisal. "Surely not the handsomest in the world?"

"Well, daddy," she replied, as one who desires to be just above all else, "I haven't seen God yet."

A Bracer for Daughter. Anxious Mother—It was after nine o'clock when Clara came down to breakfast this morning and the poor girl didn't look well at all. Her system needs toning up. What do you think of iron?

Father—Good Idea. Anxious Mother—What kind of iron had she better take? Father—She had better take a fat-iron—New York Sun.

He's a wise prophet who can induce others to forget his predictions.

Oklahoma Directory

PASEVITCH FOR PHOTOGRAPHY
1254 W. MAIN OKLAHOMA CITY
The Best postcards in the state \$1.00 a dozen.

ADRUCO Standardized CRESYLENE COMP. LIVE STOCK DISINFECTANT
AT ALL DRUGGISTS

Films Developed 10c a Roll Any Size
Kodak, Eastman, and other films developed. Kodak, Eastman, and other films developed. Kodak, Eastman, and other films developed.

RODGERS IMPROVED COTTON CLEANERS
Over 100 in use and every one giving satisfaction. The Best Cotton Cleaner Made. Unequaled for either new or soiled cotton. Late Improvements. Consists of Adjustable Breaker Bar, Dirt Squeegee and Valve. S. S. SHERMAN MACHINE & IRON WORKS. Sole Manufacturers Oklahoma City, Okla.

FOOS RELIABLE ENGINES
If you realize the wisdom and economy of letting gasoline do your work, let our expert engineers figure out the right equipment for you. Four engines are the BEST engines built—an ideal size and style for every purpose. Complete stocks of shafting, belting, centrifugal pumps, piping, etc. to equip you for irrigation, water and light systems, sewage cutting and filling, feed mills, corn shellers, etc.

MIDEKE SUPPLY CO.
304 West 1st Street, Oklahoma City, Okla.

DISHES, JEWELRY, SILVERWARE, ETC.

FREE
for wrappers and coupons from
COTTON BOLL... KING NAPHTHA... WATER LILY



The delicately scented toilet and soap. These soaps are made in home especially for hard waters. Makes wash-day easier—saves clothes, but knocks the dirt. We share profits with you. See big premium catalogue now.

PRODUCTS MANUFACTURED IN OKLAHOMA CITY

Oklahoma Directory

Lee-Huckins
OKLAHOMA CITY
FIREPROOF
450 Rooms 300 Baths
Rates: \$1 and upward

OKLAHOMA TYPEWRITER SALES CO.
The New Company, 201 2nd State Street, Okla. Highest grades, factory reliable, office appliances, supplies, etc. Machine partment complete. Address Field Dept.

PRaise WAS SWEET TO

Neighbor of Impressionable Youth. Naturally Pleased at Attention Bestowed on Singer.

At a concert a young fellow into conversation with the next pretty girl came on to sing.

"I say, isn't she lovely?" exclaimed the impressionable youth. "And look at her splendid teeth!"

"Yes, they are very nice," replied his neighbor. "And it gives me pleasure to hear you praise them."

"That so? Is she your daughter?"

"No."

"Are you her brother?"

"No," was the answer; "but glad you like her teeth."

"They're absolutely perfect. Better—I should—er—what's it got to do with you?"

"I'm the dentist that made 'em. Perhaps I can do the same kind for you?"

A Spinster's Warning. She may have had experience matrimony from what she said, to all outward appearances she was a spinster. She had been sitting the courtroom of a justice of peace while he was preparing marry a couple in his private office. There was too much laughing in office to suit the spinster, and she everybody know it.

Finally she had stood the laugh of the bride-to-be long enough, thought, and she squeaked the following in a high-pitched voice:

"Marriage is not to be laughed at. It is a serious thing like going to church."—Indianapolis News.

The Exact Spot. Lawyer—So you went out and seduced for some time on the premises. Now, did you strike the witness the interim?

Defendant—No, I didn't. I put him in the jaw.

Holds The Lead

For over seventeen years Grape-Nuts, the pioneer health cereal, has had no equal, either in flavour or nutrition.

Thousands of families use it regularly because

Grape-Nuts

Has qualities which make it the ideal food—

Delicious Flavour,
Rich Nourishment,
Quick Preparation,
and withal, easily digested.

Grape-Nuts and cream, in place of heavy, indigestible food, helps to make one cooler and more comfortable on hot days; and builds body and brain in a way that gives zest and energy.

"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

STRONG WORDS
From a Doctor With 40 Years Experience.

"In my 40 years' experience as a teacher and practitioner along hygienic lines," says a Calif. physician, "I have never found a food to compare with Grape-Nuts for the benefit of the general health of all classes of people."

"I have recommended Grape-Nuts for a number of years to patients with the greatest success and every year's experience makes me more enthusiastic regarding its use."

"I make it a rule to always recommend Grape-Nuts when giving my patients instructions as to diet, for I know Grape-Nuts can be digested by anyone."

"As for myself, when engaged in much mental work my diet twice a day consists of Grape-Nuts and rich cream. I find it just the thing to build up and keep the brain in good working order."

"In addition, Grape-Nuts always keeps the digestive organs in a perfect, healthy tone." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Strong endorsements like the above from physicians all over the country have stamped Grape-Nuts the most scientific food in the world.

Now Comes the Bride



one can tell when the bride of will introduce the mode of to some detail of her wedding be it ever so conventional in For since her choice of fabrics

The veil worn with this gown was of lace-bordered net, ample as to fullness and long enough to lie a few inches on the floor.

New Petticoats.

The phases of the new petticoat are many. We have princess slips of silk, batiste, crepe de chine, held over the shoulders with straps of ribbon and elaborately trimmed about the hem with wide flounces of lace, plaited organdie, chiffon or net, caught here and there with bouquets of delicately tinted French flowers.

Convertible Outing Caps



The outing cap, which can be easily converted into an auto bonnet, and is made of stuff that will stand the stress of wind and weather, needs not to be recommended. It speaks for itself and its talking points are unanswerable.

As a rule these caps are made of mercerized poplin or Palm Beach cloth, although pongee, taffeta and other fabrics are occasionally used. Mercerized poplin and Palm Beach cloth are cotton materials in themselves so attractive that they are combined with silk and lose nothing by this close association with

New Hat Model.

One of the prettiest transparent hat models is shown in a shop which caters to exclusive patronage, writes a New York correspondent. The crown, a round bunty, dented tam-o-shanter, is of neapolitan and the brim is caught by a wide stiffened ruffle of malines, so full that the ruffle curves up and down bonnily at the edges. If desired, so that the malines will longer keep its shape, the ruffle may be supported with satin-covered wire, bent to accommodate the natural curves of the ruffle and extending in a few radiating spokes from the crown as well. If the malines ruffle is unsupported by wire, then the malines must be renewed from time to time, and a very stiff variety must be selected for motoring they slip through

CALOMEL IS MERCURY, IT SICKENS! STOP USING SALIVATING DRUG

Don't Lose a Day's Work! If Your Liver Is Sluggish or Bowels Constipated Take "Dodson's Liver Tone."—It's Fine!

You're bilious! Your liver is sluggish! You feel lazy, dizzy and all knocked out. Your head is dull, your tongue is coated; breath bad; stomach sour and bowels constipated. But don't take salivating calomel. It makes you sick, you may lose a day's work.

Calomel is mercury or quicksilver which causes necrosis of the bones. Calomel crashes into sour bile like dynamite, breaking it up. That's when you feel that awful nausea and cramping.

If you want to enjoy the nicest, gentlest liver and bowel cleansing you ever experienced just take a spoonful of harmless Dodson's Liver Tone. Your druggist or dealer sells you a 50-cent bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone under my personal money-back guarantee that each spoonful will clean your

sluggish liver better than a dose of nasty calomel and that it won't make you sick.

Dodson's Liver Tone is real liver medicine. You'll know it next morning because you will wake up feeling fine, your liver will be working, your headache and dizziness gone, your stomach will be sweet and your bowels regular. You will feel like working; you'll be cheerful; full of vigor and ambition.

Dodson's Liver Tone is entirely vegetable, therefore harmless and cannot salivate. Give it to your children! Millions of people are using Dodson's Liver Tone instead of dangerous calomel now. Your druggist will tell you that the sale of calomel is almost stopped entirely here.

VICTIM OF CRUEL DECEPTION

Fair Seaside Visitor Satisfied She Had Seen Remarkable "Government Salting Apparatus."

They were passing the holiday at Onset and during the course of the sunny afternoon took a stroll on the beach. At one point they came upon an improvised breakwater, where some resident had filled bags with sand and piled them in breastworks fashion to prevent the sea from encroaching upon his land during the stormy season.

One of the young ladies was curious immediately. She would know what the bags were for.

"Why, it's very simple," explained her companion with due gravity. "The water in Onset bay originally was fresh, a peculiarity of nature which has puzzled scientists. It seemed too bad to deprive the place of seashore advantages so the government took the matter in hand, filled the bags with salt and thereby has imparted the proper flavor to Onset water."

"Far from rebuking him for being 'fresh,'" she is now telling her friends of having seen the "government salting apparatus" down there.

Such a Long Time Ago.

He had just reached the philosophical stage when he slipped into a restaurant between bars for a bit to eat. He ordered. Then he sat staring ahead, quietly thoughtful in expression, and waited.

It is admitted he did some waiting, too. What happened to his order couldn't be understood outside the peculiar convolutions of a restaurant kitchen, but he spent half an hour sitting there staring ahead of him.

At last it came. As the waitress put the order before him he started from his deep study, as if he had forgotten he had an order coming. Then, looking up at the fair transporter of edibles, he said:

"You don't look a day older!"—Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.

CARE FOR YOUR HAIR

By Frequent Shampoos With Cuticura Will Help You. Trial Free.

Precede shampoos by touches of Cuticura Ointment if needed to spots of dandruff, itching and irritation of the scalp. Nothing better for the complexion, hair, hands or skin than these fragrant supercreamy emollients. Also as preparations for the toilet.

Sample each free by mail with Book, Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. XY, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Nearly Lost.

She—if you could have only one wish, what would it be? He—It would be that—that—Oh, if I only dared tell you what it would be!

She—Well, go on! Why do you suppose I brought up the wishing subject?

For Galled Horses.

When your horse is galled, apply Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh and you can keep on working. Try it and if your horse is not cured quicker than by any other remedy, the dealer will refund your money. Adv.

Sure Cure.

"What are you taking for your cold?" "Advice."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

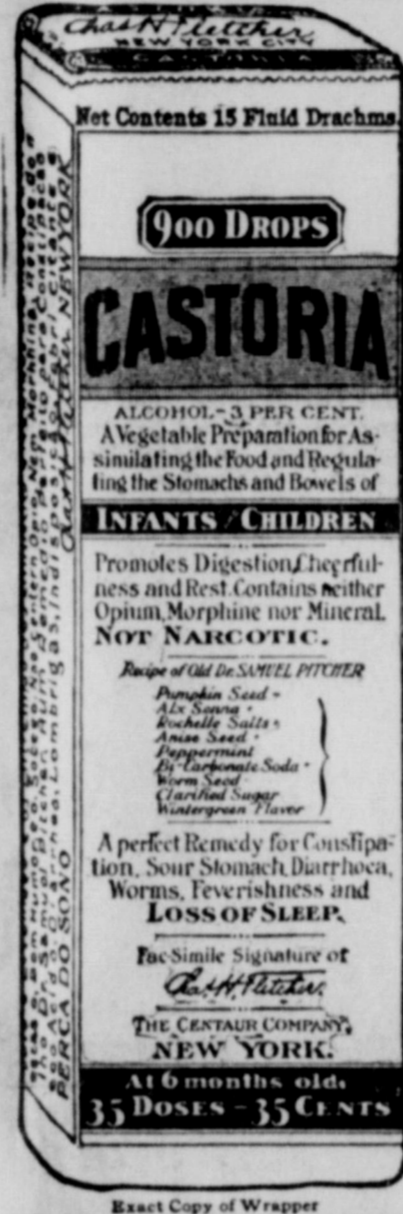
YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU Try Murine Eye Remedy for Red, Weak, Watery, Itchy and Irritated Eyes. No Stinging, No Pain, No Discomfort. Write for Book of the Eye by mail Free. Murine Eye Remedy Co. Chicago

When an old man falls in love he is entitled to a lot more sympathy than he gets.

Happy in the home where Red Cross Ball Blue is used. Sure to please. All Grocers. Adv.

O liberty, what a lot of divorcees hide under thy cloak.

A woman would rather be inconspicuous than otherwise.



Children Cry For



What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic, all Teething Troubles and Diarrhoea. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, assimilates the Food, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over 30 Years

The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Taking Papa Along.

The baggage master halted the family party and politely explained that under the new law the value of the contents of each trunk must be given.

After a brief consultation with her daughter, mamma pointed to her own trunk and said: "Please put this one down as containing one thousand dollars' worth of personal belongings. This one," indicating her daughter's trunk, "you may put down for eight hundred."

"How about this little one?" asked the baggage master, resting his heel on his top.

"Oh, that!" replied the lady contemptuously. "Ten or twelve dollars will cover that one."

"I see," returned the official. "Father's going along too."

Let Us Hope She Got One.

The following, which was overheard quite by accident, clearly goes to show that some people must appreciate that their pet dogs are really human. The incident was in connection with the entering of the little pet dog in the dog show.

"Do you have a ribbon for each dog?" was asked by the lady as she fondled her pet.

"We have ribbons for all the winners," was the reply.

"Well, I don't know. You see, Tootsie here is so sensitive. If I entered her I know it would break her heart if she did not get a ribbon!"—Brockton Enterprise.

Her Worry.

"Darling, will you love me when I'm old?" "I will if you'll promise to love me if I should grow fat."

Generally speaking, a crank is a man with an enthusiasm for some particular form of idiosyncrasy.

Makes Hard Work Harder

A bad back makes a day's work twice as hard. Backache usually comes from weak kidneys, and if headaches, dizziness or urinary disorders are added, don't wait—get help before the kidney disease takes a grip—before dropsy, gravel or Bright's disease sets in. Doan's Kidney Pills have brought new life and new strength to thousands of working men and women. Used and recommended the world over.

An Oklahoma Case

W. D. Carter, Cordell, Okla., says: "I suffered for years from kidney trouble. My back ached and I was lame and often the attacks were so bad that I couldn't bend over to lace my shoes. Mornings I was as stiff as a board. My kidneys acted too freely too. Doan's Kidney Pills restored me to good health and for a year I have been free from kidney complaint."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Woke Him Up.

The young man was rather slow. So the girl thought it time to give him a hint.

"Gracious," she exclaimed suddenly. "I've bruised my lip! Do you know, Mr. Jenkins, my mother always used to kiss a hurt place to make it well."

"And did it do any good?" asked the young man, failing to see the point.

"I don't remember," replied the girl, getting desperate; "but those old-fashioned remedies are sometimes very good."

Then he got busy.

Never Get Tired.

"You dance like an angel." "You fatter me," said the girl. "I could keep going much longer if I had wings."

Paxtine

A Soluble Antiseptic Powder to be dissolved in water as needed For Douches

In the local treatment of woman's ills, such as leucorrhoea and inflammation, hot douches of Paxtine are very efficacious. No woman who has ever used medicated douches will fail to appreciate the clean and healthy condition Paxtine produces and the prompt relief from soreness and discomfort which follows its use. This is because Paxtine possesses superior cleansing, disinfecting and healing properties.

For ten years the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. has recommended Paxtine in their private correspondence with women, which proves its superiority. Women who have been relieved say it is "worth its weight in gold." At druggists. 50c. large box or by mail. Sample free. The Paxton Toilet Co., Boston, Mass.

DAISY FLY KILLER

placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies. Heat, open, ornamental, convenient, cheap. Lasts all season. Made of metal, non-toxic to insects, will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. All dealers ordered express paid for \$1.00.

LUMBER Fence posts, wholesale; prompt shipments. W. N. U., Oklahoma City, No. 28-1915

You Look Prematurely Old

Because of those ugly, grizzly, gray hairs. Use "LA CREOLE" HAIR DRESSING. PRICE, \$1.00, retail.

Low Round Trip Fares

Daily to

Corpus Christi

The Gulf Summer Resort of Texas

Delightful bathing, fishing, camping. Excellent Hotel facilities. Tickets good for ninety days.

Best Reached

VIA

M. K. & T. RY.

Through San Antonio

Double daily fast trains, carrying chair cars, sleepers, dining cars. Stopover of one day allowed at San Antonio both going and return trips

Ask your local agent for the reduced rates via the "Katy" thru San Antonio, or write

W. G. CRUSH, GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT
DALLAS, TEXAS.

7,500 Mistakes A Day.

Too many readers laugh when they see a mis-print in the newspaper. Do you know how many opportunities there are for printers to make mistakes, much more so than any other line of business? The printer has an opportunity to make an average of thirty mistakes to each ordinary line of reading matter. Setting two and a half columns a day would make the opportunity of making better than seven thousand five hundred mistakes. Where is there another business

in which the care has to be taken that is observed in a newspaper office?—Canadian Record.

Notice, Real Estate.

I am going to revise my list of real estate and would be glad to have your property listed with me.

I expect to push the real estate business this fall and want to get my list complete at once. See me as soon as possible.

D. N. MASSAY.

We sell for cash. Prices right. C. C. Cook.

OUR PUBLIC FORUM

Col. Jno. N. Simpson
On Five Per Cent Money for Farmers



There is no man in Texas more capable of analyzing problems of finance and agriculture, and none whose views are more highly respected, than that veteran banker and farmer, Col. Jno. N. Simpson. He knows the farmer, the banker and a bale of cotton, which are the three important factors at issue in cotton financing, and he is a friend of the Farmers' Union.

Col. Simpson very aptly points out the failure of last year's cotton pool, which should carry with it a lesson for all. There was too much psychology, red tape and hurried trips across the continent with sensational newspaper interviews for results. To apply to that pool for a loan was like playing "pussy wants a corner", and all the King's horses and all the King's men couldn't have pulled a dollar out of the banks when the money was most needed. The farmer wants a dollar he can get when he needs it and he doesn't want to have to work a Chinese puzzle to get it. Col. Simpson, when asked for his view on cotton financing, said in part:

"The rate of interest to the farmer should not be more than 5 per cent and the cotton crop should be financed through the season.

Money is plentiful and cheap and Texas banks will experience no difficulty in getting the necessary funds with which to finance the Texas cotton crop. The farmer who borrows money for eight months on cotton should have the privilege of paying the obligation on or before the date of maturity, as he may elect. It is urgent that cotton should be financed through the season; it is easy to see the result if cotton is financed for thirty, sixty, or ninety days. The buyer will wait until the notes expire and then purchase cotton which crowded on the market.

Arrangements to finance the crop should be made at once, as cotton picking will start the first of August and the market should be upheld from the start. The time in which to arrange for sufficient finances, to be of any benefit whatever, is extremely short. Arrangements for furnishing the produce, with money should be devoid entirely of red tape, or unusual rules and regulations. It is now generally known what hindered the success of last year's cotton pool, the cause being an excessive amount of red tape, the more having been available too late. The modus operandi for making loans of cotton to the farmer should be as simple as ordinary transactions between the farmer and his banker.

The amount of money advanced on cotton should not be limited by arbitrary rules, but should be gauged according to the market value of cotton, when advances are made. I consider that 75 to 80 per cent of the market value is a fair percentage.

The coming crop should be properly warehoused and insured, and no time should be lost in completing the warehouses which have already been begun."

Man Lives in Four States.

Dolores, Colo., July 14—The only place in the United States where four states corner is a remote desert section 65 miles south of here. There, a large cobblestone monument marks the common corner of Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona and Utah. A rancher, whose ranch house is near the intersection, receives his mail at Riverside, Utah; ships his cattle from Dolores,

Colo., attends church at Jewett, N. M., and pays most of his taxes at St. Johns, Ariz. He votes in Utah, because it chanced that his bedroom is just over the line in that state. The windmill of his ranch is in New Mexico, but the water trough is in Ariz. To feed his hogs, this rancher must go to Utah, while a trip to Colorado is necessary every time he has occasion to visit his chicken yard.—Clarendon News

THE O'DELL HOTEL

Denson & Brown, Props.

Cafe, Meat Market and Ice House in connection

EVERYTHING FIRST CLASS

\$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 tampering with the lines. The state law on the subject is as follows:

Penal code, Art. 784: If any person shall intentionally break, cut, pull down, misplace, or in any other manner injure any telegraph or telephone wire, post, machinery or other necessary appurtenance to 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

RESTAURANT

We have opened up a restaurant in connection with our hotel and are prepared to serve the short order trade at all hours.

Will serve regular dinners in the restaurant at the same rate as the hotel dining room—35 cents. Our meals will be the very best the market affords. A part of your trade will be appreciated.

HOTEL HINDMAN

SEE AMERICA FIRST
TWO FARES

FOR ONE FARE
\$50.00

Round trip McLean to San Diego, Los Angeles and San Francisco, and low round trip fares to various destinations in the North-west. Optional routes going and returning.

Tickets on sale daily
March 1st to November 30th. Return Limit Three Months.

STOP OVERS
and side trips at many points of interest. You can also—

GO ONE WAY—
RETURN ANOTHER SERVICE

is what you want
WE HAVE IT



D. H. NUNN Local Agent.
Geo. S. Pentecost, G. P. A. Fort Worth, Texas.

TERRY W. HUDGINS

Expert Watch Repairing

Best Engraver in Oklahoma

ERICK OKLAHOMA

Send me your work by Parcel Post

Notice of Dissolution.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership lately existing between G. H. Wise and J. W. Beall, of McLean, County of Gray and State of Texas, under the firm name of Wise & Beall, was dissolved by mutual consent on the 5th day of July, A. D. 1915.

All debts owing to said partnership, except such notes and accounts as are scheduled in the agreement of dissolution this day executed by said partners, are to be received by the said J. W. Beall, and all demands on the said partnership are to be presented to him for payment.
McLean, Texas, July 5th, 1915.
J. W. BEALL,
G. H. WISE.

Church Directory

Methodist Church.

Cordially invites you to all its services. Sunday school at 10 a. m. every Sunday. Preaching at McLean 1st and 5th Sundays morning and night; Groom 4th Sunday, morning and night; Alanreed 2nd Sunday, morning and night; Heald 3rd Sunday, 3:30 p. m.; Eldersedge 2nd Sunday, 3:30 p. m. Junior and Senior Epworth Leagues at 2:30 and 3:30 p. m., respectively, every Sunday. Woman's Missionary Society 2:30 p. m. every Tuesday. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night. J. T. HOWELL, Pastor.

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. Reef 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.

Presbyterian Church.

Shamrock, 1st Sunday and Sunday night; Groom, 2nd Sunday and Sunday night; McLean, 3rd and 4th Sunday and Sunday night; Gracey School House 5th Sunday and Sunday night. Come and invite your friends. Sunday school at McLean at 10:30 a. m. each Sunday. V. H. ROLLINS, Pastor.

Nazarine Church.

Services the first and second Sundays of each month at Presbyterian Church at 11:00 a. m. and at night. Cottage prayer meeting every Thursday night. Revival meeting in tabernacle at McLean, beginning Sunday August 8th. S. R. Jones.

WANT A DRAY

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

PHONE 126

W. R. PATTERSON

ABSTRACTER AND CONVEYANCER

Fire and Tornado Insurance

McLean, Texas

If you want milk by the gallon for cream I will deliver it for 20 cents to regular customers and 25 cents to others. I guarantee my milk to be good, rich, pure milk—free of weeds. A. H. Carver.

| | | | | | | | | | |
|------|-----|------|-----|-----|-----|------|--|------|--|
| 1915 | | JULY | | | | | | 1915 | |
| SUN | MON | TUE | WED | THU | FRI | SAT. | | | |
| | | | | 1 | 2 | 3 | | | |
| 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | | | | |

Gained Four Days Out of Nine

Over in Oklahoma one of the business concerns using a great many wagons had been considering the question of axle grease.

Apparently no conclusion could be reached from the statements of competitive sellers of the products, so the company decided to make a test.

Two NEW wagons which had just been delivered to the company were selected for the test. To one wagon a competitive grease was applied on both front and rear wheels. Texaco grease being used on the other.

They were set to work. In five days the competitive grease was done, the spindles got hot and a new application was required.

IN NINE DAYS TEXACO GREASE WAS STILL GOOD, SPINDLES IN PERFECT CONDITION READY FOR ONE MORE DAY.

Texaco service on wagons is like Texaco service on anything else, ready to give unusual value to the man who uses it.

Take advantage of Texaco quality by buying the Red-Star-Green-T oils. Made in Texas.

The Texas Company
General Offices, Houston, Texas



John Smith
23 Somewhere St.
Jane better; will see you on the 9th. If you want a good time read the new Serial to appear in this paper, "Black Is White," a new one by Mr. Cutchew. Believe it's the best story Mr. Cutchew ever wrote; full of quick action and interesting people. Young pianist, his world-adventurer father, old knickerbocker society, mysterious beautiful woman of noble Vienna family, sweet girl from old Virginia, uncanny Hindu valet who's a reformed murderer, two old-time adventurers who are whimsical and pathetic. Mystery of the exquisite Viennese can't be guessed till the end of the story.
Yours truly
Bill
P.S. Tell Nell and Bob to read it too. They'll sure like it.