

THE CROSS PLAINS REVIEW

VOL. 5.

CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS, FRIDAY, JUNE 12, 1914.

NO. 14

ANNUAL REPORT

Of the 1913-14 session of Cross Plains Public School

The annual report of the superintendent of the Cross Plains Public School, recently mailed to county and state Department of Education, shows some interesting features commending the school and the community. In the first place is to be noted that the annual enrollment for this term, compared last year's enrollment, shows a substantial increase, last year's report showing 306 pupils enrolled, while this term's report shows 333 pupils enrolled.

For the past two years the local school board and the faculty have been striving to increase the daily attendance which tends to put a premium on punctuality. The board, upon recommendation by the teachers, put on record on their minutes a resolution requiring a minimum attendance of eighty days for promotion, with minimum grades on examination and yearly average of 60 per cent and a promotion general average of 75 per cent. This resolution has had a very marked influence in impressing upon pupils the necessity of "full attendance", the yearly attendance being increased a great deal. It is gratifying to note that there were 165 pupils whose attendance was over 100 days and 70 pupils with attendance between 80 and 100 days and 38 whose attendance was between 60 and 80 days, the remaining 60 pupils of the total enrollment having attendance records of less than 60 days. From these facts it will be noticed that there were 235 pupils whose attendance is in accord with the board's attendance requirement for promotion.

It is further gratifying to see that there were seven who were graduated and 228 promotions; or, counting graduates there were 235 promotions. While the number entitled to promotion by attendance record and the actual number promoted is each the same, the report shows that it did not hold in every instance, but that in the primary some promotions are for high and low divisions of the same grades. Promotions from consecutive grades shows 215 pupils. In the matter of making promotions the teachers have been careful not to make discriminations in favor of pupils whose daily and monthly averages were short of "full or sufficient preparation" to enable them to do the work of the grade higher another year. This was taken out of full consideration of the child's welfare in school. "Strained promotions" are the means of greatly discouraging pupils making school life a disappointment and of little value.

You might also note the fact that while the Cross Plains school is ranked by the state as a high school of the third class, yet in point of efficiency the state has made certain concessions to the faculty, thereby giving permission to do a part of the course of study prescribed for high schools of the second rank. That Cross Plains public school should be of the second class, at the very least, goes without saying. A little work and a little sacrifice will easily raise its rank.

Uncle Tom Norrell of Cottonwood, candidate for tax assessor, was in town Monday shaking hands with the "sovereigns".

SPECIAL PRICES

on hosiery for Trades Day at THE RACKET STORE

CONDITIONS

H. W. KUTEMAN,
Pres.

J. E. SPENCER,
V. Pres

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

The Bank of Cross Plains

(UN-INCORPORATED)

Responsibility \$1,000,000
CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS.

Now prevailing have demonstrated to the farmers and other individuals alike the wisdom of of "Tieing to a Good Bank." Stay with it and it will stay with you. Nothing comes to the man who changes with the wind for temporary accommodations. Every Bank will loan in time of plenty. This Bank will always loan to "true and tried customers."

THE BANK OF CROSS PLAINS



THE FARMERS NAT'L BANK

CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS

Capital and Surplus, \$30,000.00.

We Bank On You; You Bank With Us.

The Review ALMOST GIVEN AWAY

Price of Reading Cut to Pieces!

A careful selection of the literature you order for home reading this spring and summer is very necessary. The best selection for general reading is

The All-Southern Combination

Cross Plains Review \$1.00 a year
Holland's Magazine [Monthly] 1.00 a year
Farm and Ranch [Weekly] 1.00 a year
A 4-sheet, 22-29 inch Wall Chart, worth \$1.50

All 4 to You Until Dec. 1, '14 for \$1.00

Or The Review one year and the 4-sheet chart for .. \$1.00
Or Farm & Ranch and Hollands to Dec. 1, 1914,
and The Review for twelve (12) months for only .. \$1.00
Or Farm & Ranch to Dec. 1, 1914, for 25c
Or Hollands to Dec. 1, 1914, for 25c

This Chart has four sheets, 22x29 inches, and contains a Full Page Map of Texas, Maps of the United States, Mexico, the World, of the Panama Canal, 1910 Census Gazetteer of Texas, Portraits of the Rulers of the World and of the Governors of Texas. Sells by agents for \$1.50.

Bring or send for this combination at once. Farm and Ranch and Holland's are published in Texas and give you the best all the time. Cross Plains Review gives you all the home news.
This Offer to New Subscribers Only.

Order Them Today

Tell Your Friends About It
THE REVIEW, Cross Plains, Tex..

ALL-WOOL SUITS FOR \$12.50 ENAMELWARE BARGAINS

I can order you an all-wool, tail or made suit, guaranteed to fit and give satisfaction. To do this, my margin of profit is cut short. Let me show you.—Karl Murdock.

Special prices on Enamelware for Trades Day. Everything to cook in, everything for the kitchen.

The Racket Store

WAKE UP!!

Get busy! Build a Silo, of some description. If I can interest you with my silo will be glad to do it, but build a silo. However, if you will but only give me just 30 minutes of your time I can thoroughly convince you that the above "dope" is real and furthermore, that I have the best silo proposition that you ever had put up to you.

Shackelford Lmbr. Yd.

OIL MILL FOR ECHO

Discontinuance of Post Office Does Not Affect Village

Echo, which until lately boasted of a gin, store, school house, and post office, some few months ago show of the distinction of having the latter, is now to have a 35,000.00 oil mill, says the Democrat Voice Messrs. E. R. Frenzil and son, gin men, are busy preparing for the erection of the plant. At first this would appear to be a rather daring financial enterprise, but probably these Germans have studied throughly the proposition. Echo is 12 miles northeast of Coleman, on the road to Burkett from which place it is 8 miles distant. It is the center of a rich black prairie belt as can be found in this portion of west Texas. There is a large per cent of this country under cultivation, which will supply the gin and oil mill with the raw product; then the rest of the county furnishes what the Democrat Voice states, which we sanction, is the best stock farming country in Texas, Farmers and stockmen will now be able to prepare their raw products, in the way of cotton and cattle, for the markets.

SOMETHING NEW

FOR SATURDAY AND TRADES DAY

Miss Keeser, of Fort Worth will be with us on the above dates and will demonstrate Bewley's BLUE RIBBON FLOUR in a way that will make your mouth water for the nice light biscuit that she makes out of of this old reliable flour, a flour we have sold for fifteen years. Come In, And Buy It. And Try It.
Cross Plains Merc. Co.

Pure raw Lin seed oil.—Shackelford.

FIRST OF ALL THE OBJECT OF

this store is to bring the things to this town you need when you need them. Secondly, we price our goods so reasonably low that you will not hesitate to buy. Come here for seasonable goods at very low prices.
THE RACKET STORE

HIGGANBOTHAMS HERE

This Strong Firm to Locate Here If They Can Get Good Location

Col. Rufus Higganbotham of Dallas, three of his nephews, two Higganbothams of DeLeon and Mr. Williams, manager for his store at Rising Star, were here Wednesday night. The firm usually known as the Higganbothams, the strongest firm in West Texas, with stores at DeLeon, Dublin, Gorman, Rising Star, and other places, with wholesale houses at Dallas, have decided to put in a house at Cross Plains. According to Mr. Williams, manager for the Star house, they will come here at an early date if the matter of securing a suitable location can be settled. As they handle everything that ordinarily is sold, they want a good frontage on two streets.

Plenty of Glue in stock.—Shackelford

Wm. Neeb, accompanied by V. V. Hart and Martin Neeb, last Thursday went to Cloeman in his car. They say the trip was pleasant, tho the roads were rough.

SUMMER GOODS

We have just stocked up with new summer goods in all of our departments—just the things you need now. Don't buy anything until you get our prices.
The Racket Store

C S Boyles and family made a trip the first of the week to Baird.

Creosote in stock, now.—Shackelford Lmbr. Yd.

Send your mail order business to Carter. (adv)

The price is the the thing at Carter's (adv)

I also want your paint trade, strictly on the merits of the goods.
Shackelford Lbr. Co.

Ice Patrons: I will deliver Ice in 5c pieces on the morning run only. Nothing less than 10c pieces will be delivered after this run. Close Sunday 9:30 a. m.
J. Lee Jones

Rev. R. D. Carter of Fort Worth who has lately been visiting Bob Williams, of Putman, is here with his son D. P. Carter.

Graney Coffman returned Wednesday from a visit with her daughter Mrs. Scott Gilbert of Woodson.

"Larger returns from fewer acres" should be the slogan of every farmer and the silo is certainly the solution. Let Shackelford erect you one of his Guaranteed \$100. silos.
Shackelford Lmbr. Yd.

Surrey and harness for sale at a bargain. See C. S. Boyles.

Review readers: Don't lose sight of the fact that I can also furnish you with the best metal silo on the market. Have miniature section here in office that would be glad to show you.—Shackelford Lmbr. Yd.

It is not necessary to ask the clerk to do better as you get the best price without asking at Carter's (adv)

THE CROSS PLAINS REVIEW

Review Printing Company

One Dollar a Year. Strictly Cash in advance.

Entered at postoffice at Cross Plains, Texas as second class mail matter.

FOUR ISSUES CONSTITUTE A MONTH

CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS.

For cleaning and pressing, - see Carl Murdock

Mrs. W. A. Williams and son have returned from a visit at May.

J. R. Keene of the Bayou country was in town Tuesday night. Mr. Keene came to town to buy a new reaper, his old one having played out.

Notice: Dr. Montgomery of Rising Star will be in Cross Plains, Tuesday June 16, at Drs. Rumph's office, prepared to fit glasses, and give advice on diseases of the eye, ear, nose and throat. [adv]

Tom Hart and family of Porterville, California, are the guests of Mr. Harts parent's Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Ellis.

The screen is the only thing that will keep out those flies. Try it. We have all kinds of screens and building material. come and get yours. Brazelton-Pryor & C.

Notice: Dr. Montgomery of Rising Star will be in Cross Plains, Tuesday June 16, at Drs. Rumph's office, prepared to fit glasses, and give advice on diseases of the eye, ear, nose and throat. [adv]

COTTONWOOD NEWS.

Editor Review:

After a prolonged absence we are again at our post and ready to dispense the news of our town and local happenings of the community.

Well, it rained and it rained and it rained but at last old Sol has put in an appearance and farmers are putting in full time, and we hear the hum of the reaper in every direction. It would be impossible to get up a respectable forty-two game in Cottonwood now.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Walter Robbins on Thursday night June 4th a girl; mother and child are doing well and their are considerable hopes of the fathers' recovering under favorable circumstances.

One lone candidate this week except local aspirants.

J. T. Respass returned one week ago from an extended trip to Jacksonville, Florida, and different points in Georgia where he met a host of old friends, relatives and acquaintances. He reports the weather very dry east of the Mississippi river. In Georgia the corn and cotton were good but the corn was twisting from the effects of dry weather. The farmers in that country were prosperous and living well. Every man's barn was well supplied with home grown feed and his stable supplied bountifully with the products of his own farm. They pay out some money for fertilizers but the cheap labor so plentifully supplied by the negro population of the country more than repays them. And the negroes though they work for a pittance seem to be in good circumstances.

W. F. Griffin of Tulia, Texas, a former citizen of our town, is still with us and his daughter Miss Fredda Griffin who has been attending school at Denton, Texas, is also here mixing with friends and relatives

C. W. Worthy's horse ran away with a small harrow Friday afternoon and demolished the harness

and perhaps the harrow and sustained some injuries himself but nothing serious.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Elkins Thursday night June 4th a boy. Both mother and child are doing well.

Miss Eula Mitchell who has been teaching at Peacock, Tex., for the last several months has returned to to her home at Cottonwood.

Two of the teachers of the Cottonwood high school have been elected. We understand the faculty will be reduced to four teachers.

Our regular picnic for election year has been appointed for July 23rd 1914. Now every body knows what a picnic at Cottonwood means. A gala day for every body. Set aside all cares, business, and everything except real life enjoyment and every body can with perfect safety expect to get agood dinner. No starvation picnic for Cottonwood. Leave your money at home only enough to pay for your pink lemonade; you will not have to buy dinner. Every body invited come and join us in our good cheer. We presume the candidates will be here in full force.

Miss Kate Mitchell who has been attending school at Denton for the last several months is again at her home in Cottonwood.

J. A. Ayers of this place has sent in his name to be put on the ticket for J. P. of Precinct No. 3.

Our long silence is attributable to our absence; you see we went to the reunion at Jacksonville Florida, and then to Georgia; we liked to have "enjoyed our fool selves nearly to death" and the truth of the matter we just ignored the Review and every other newspaper. When a friend would offer us a late paper we told him no. We were going to talk while there and read when we get home. We had to tell about our trip when we got home but we have told it now as long as we can get any one to listen and now we are ready to read. Let the Review come laden with the best the country affords.

"Beautifully yours"
Queer Fellow

You Can't Hold It By The Tail

Prepare to grasp opportunity by the horns, you can't hold it by the tail.

Opportunity is knocking at your door. You probably do not fully realize what this means; how much it means to you. What preparation have you made for the reception of your opportunity when it comes? Are you prepared? It will not take you long to make the preparation if you adopt the following motto "Dig" "Determine," "Deliver." To dig means to strive earnestly conscientiously, diligently day after day securing a practical training for which the business world pays cash and then when you have secured this training, keep on digging-Dig Determine, without determination you cannot make a success of your future. It takes determination to do anything, and with it you can revolutionize the world, you can accomplish everything. Deliver-that is the natural result after putting into operation the other two mottos-Dig and Determine. Can you not embody these three words in your life to an advantage? Begin today to Dig by entering the Tyler Commercial College of Tyler Texas, for a course of Bookkeeping and Shorthand or Telography. Secure a training that will help you deliver the goods. When we fail to make a success we have no one to censure but self, for we are the architects of our own future. It is far easier to fail than to succeed.

We admonish you to do your best to begin on your practical cash producing education this month, and finish your course before the beginning of the busy fall season, and then when the demands for well qualified bookkeepers and stenographers or operators are made you will be ready; not getting ready but ready. A whole lot of energy and a little cash will greatly increase your earning capacity. Write for catalogue we have helped thousands and can help you.

If I can sell you a silo for half the money you can buy a metal one for and it will last half as long as your metal, can't you easily figure I am giving you much the best deal. You have money left to operate on and you can easily turn this money once a year and in the course of 10 to 15 years you have made something like \$1000.00 on your surplus you didn't have to spend as original investment.—Shackelford Lbr. Yd.

Mrs. C. R. Myers, Jr. and little daughter, returned Sunday from a trip to Dallas, where her parents live.

Dr. Tyson left Monday morning for a trip east.

Gun Companies: I have plenty of fire brick and clay. Shackelford Lbr. Co.

AMMENDMENT TO ORDINANCE NO. 34

An Ordinance requiring the owner of vacant lots to keep the same free of weeds, etc.

Be it ordained by the City Council of the City of Cross Plains, Texas, that the owners of or persons acting for the owners of vacant lots or parcels of ground within the corporate limits of the city of Cross Plains, Texas are here by required to keep the same free of weeds, down timber or brush, old logs, decaying matter of any kind, and shall immediately cleanse said lots or parcels of ground of such things when notified by the City Marshall so to do.

Any one violating this ordinance shall be fined not less than one nor more than twenty-five dollars; and each day's failure to comply with said notice shall constitute a separate offense.

Passed at a regular meeting of the City Council, June 2nd, 1914, and shall be effective and in full force on and after legal publication.

Dave P. Carter, Mayor, Cross Plains, Texas.

J. H. Shackelford, City Secy., Cross Plains, Texas.

Pioneer Happenings

After an absence of several weeks from the list of the Review correspondents, will try to report again.

Farming is moving along very nicely at present, since the rain has ceased.

Mrs. Chaffin and family of Hamlin are visiting friends at this place.

Messrs. Edward King and Reubin Freeman of this place left Thursday for Brownwood where they will take examination for teachers certificates.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Browning of Sayare have been visiting relatives at this place.

Misses Mollie and Hattie Bryson of this place left Friday for Abilene where they will attend the Summer Normal held there.

Mr. Walter Stewart of this place and Mrs. Nealy Harrell of Holder were united in holy wedlock at Rising Star Friday evening.

Miss Mary Currey left here Thursday for Brownwood where she will attend the Summer Normal held there.

Mrs. Lucy Stewart and family of Baird are visiting home folks here at this writing.

The Fifth Sunday meeting held at the Baptist church was well attended. Most every point in the Cisco association were represented.

The Children day held at the M. E. church Sunday night was well attended, and most every one present enjoyed the program.

The death angel visited the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Stewart Friday evening and took from their midst little Hellen, their two year daughter, we extend to the bereaved ones condolence in their hours of sorrow.

Dixie

Announcements.

We are authorized to announce the following named persons as candidates for office, subject to the Democratic Primary, July, 1914:

For Associate Justice Court Civil Appeals.

Judge Ocie Speer (re-election)

For County Clerk:

Homer Shanks

T(Tom) E Parks of Baird Chas. Nordyke, of Cottonwood

For County Tax Collector

W E Melton

Joe Y. Frazier.

J. O. Williams.

B. F. Austin of Baird

For County Treasurer

W. P(Pit) Ramsey

C. W. Connor, Baird (Re election)

For Superintendent of Public Instruction

S E Settle

For County Tax Assessor:

Geo. A. Johnson of Clyde.

M. R. Haily of Rowden

Harry N. Ebert of Baird.

T. L. Conway of Baird

T. J. Norrell,

M. G. Farmer.

W. B. Dodds of Deep Creek.

For Sheriff:

J. (John) A. Moore

Felix Rains(re-election)

For County Commissioner P. No. 4

Milton Houston of Cottonwood.

J. G. (Jack) Aiken.

J. W. [Wade] McDaniel

For Constable Precinct No. 6

W. A. [Alfred] Petterson.

For Public Weigher of Precinct No. 6

Martin Neeb(re-election)

J. R. Williamson

Geo. Swan,

Sid Munsey

Jeff Clark.

Bill Gibbard.

For Justice of the Peace of Precinct No. 6,

A. J. Matthis

John I. Gilbert.

P. Smith

FLY PEAQUE

Prevention is better than Fly Swatting; both are very necessary. Shackelford Lumber Co. will furnish each Review reader with an interesting Bulletin on the House Fly if you will call at their office. Head Mr. Typhoid Fly off by invading his "breeding camp."

Wagon & buggy paint, buggy top dressing, all fresh goods.—Shackelford Lbr. Yard.

W. H. Shanks, tax collector and candidate for county clerk, was in our community this week.

ORDINANCE NO. 35

An Ordinance prohibiting hitching to or damaging in any form shade trees or or shrubbery, yard fences, Etc.

Be it ordained by the City Council of the City of Cross Plains, Calahan County, Texas, that it shall be unlawful for any person or persons to hitch livestock, or allow same to be done, to or within the reach of any shade tree or shrubbery or yard fence, within the corporate limits of the City of Cross Plains, Texas.

Any one violating this ordinance shall be fined in any sum not to exceed five dollars (\$5.00).

Shade trees in this instance to mean trees or shrubbery set out by property owners, and to be used for shade or ornamental purposes. Said property owners to post notice in conspicuous places, or otherwise penalty will not be assessed.

Passed at a regular meeting of the City Council, June 2, 1914, and shall be effective and in full force on and after legal publication.

Dave P. Carter, Mayor, Cross Plains, Texas.

J. H. Shackelford, City Secretary, Cross Plains, Texas.

The Review, \$1.00

Cross Plains Development Co.

Agents for Cross Plains Townsite Company. LANDS, LOANS and INSURANCE

NOTARIES PUBLIC IN OFFICE.

Office in rear of Bank of Cross Plains.

THE CENTRAL HOTEL

LOCATED CLOSE IN

MEALS 25c

BEDS 25c

GIVE US A TRIAL

JIM CROSS, PROPRIETOR

The Crystal Cafe

I am still running the Cafe, on North 8th Street by the Postoffice. I will appreciate a part of your business.

Tom Henson, Prop.

8th Street Restaurant

We have moved to the Murdock Bldg. on 8th Street where we will be glad to see you. When hungry remember us Located across the street from City Drug Store

Mrs. M. J. Manning, Prop.

BLACKSMITHING

We Do All Kinds of Blacksmith Work. We have added new Equipment and Guarantee All Work. Barr & Coffee Blacksmith Shop

W A PAYNE

Painter and Decorater

Estimates Cheerfully Furnished

Phone 42 Cross Plains

PERCHON STALLION

Imported from France

Will make the season at my barn Hours, 10 a. m. to 4 p. m.

Terms, \$15.00 to insure colt. W. B. DUNCAN

Dr. E.H. RAMSEY

DENTIST

OVER FARMER'S NATIONAL BANK



L. P. Henslee

Notary Public

THE CROSS PLAINS REVIEW \$1.00

For \$1.00

The Cross Plains Review 1 year Farm & Ranch to December 1, '14 Hollands Magazine to Dec. 1, '14 All for \$1.00 To new subs. only

KEITH OF THE BORDER

A TALE OF THE PLAINS

By RANDALL PARRISH
 Author of "MY LADY OF THE SOUTH,"
 "WHEN WILDERNESS WAS KING," etc.

Illustrations by DEARBORN MELVILL

(Copyright, A. C. McClurg & Co., 1910.)

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Jack Keith, a typical border plainsman, is riding along the Santa Fe trail on the lookout for roaming war parties of Indians. Keith, with his spurs as captain in a Virginia regiment during the civil war. He had left the service to find his old southern home in ashes, his friends scattered, and the fascination of wild western life had allured him. He notices a camp fire at a distance and then sees a team attached to a wagon and at full gallop pursued by men on ponies.

CHAPTER II—When Keith reaches the wagon the raiders have massacred two men, shot the horses and departed. He searches the victims finding papers and a locket with a woman's portrait. He resolves to hunt down the murderers.

CHAPTER III—Keith reaches Carson City and is arrested there charged with murdering and robbing the two travelers. His accuser is given as Black Bart, a notorious ruffian.

CHAPTER IV—They can readily swear the crime on Keith. The latter goes to jail fully realizing the peril of a border justice. A companion in his cell is a negro, who tells him he is Neb and that he knew the Keith family back in Virginia.

CHAPTER V—Neb knows about the two murdered men from the description by Keith. He says one was John Sibley, the other Gen. Willis Waite, formerly an officer in the Confederate army.

CHAPTER VI—The plainsman and his humble friend escape from the cell.

CHAPTER VII—The two fugitives become lost in the sand desert.

CHAPTER VIII—They come upon a cabin and find its lone occupant to be a beautiful young girl. Keith recognizes her as a singer he saw at Carson City.

CHAPTER IX—The girl explains that she came there in search of a brother who had deserted from the army. She had met a Mr. Hawley, who had induced her to come to the cabin while he sought to locate her brother.

CHAPTER X—Hawley appears, and Keith in hiding recognizes him as the notorious Black Bart. Hawley tries to make love to the girl.

CHAPTER XI—There is a terrific battle in the abandoned room in which Keith overcomes Black Bart. Horses are appropriated, and the girl who says that her name is Hope, joins in the escape.

CHAPTER XII—Keith explains his situation as a fugitive from justice.

CHAPTER XIII—The fugitives make for the ford of the Arkansas aiming to reach Fort Larned.

CHAPTER XIV—Here the girl is left in charge of the hotel landlady.

CHAPTER XV—Keith is riding Black Bart's horse, and in the saddle-bags discovers a letter bearing the name of Christie MacLaire, and he believes Miss Hope deceived him in disclosing that name. Miss Hope tells the landlady that she is the daughter of General Waite.

CHAPTER XVI—The fugitives Keith and Neb drift into Sheridan. Here Keith meets an old friend named Hope Waite, doctor. The plainsman speaks of the murder of General Waite, but Fairbain insists that he saw the general alive in Sheridan only the day previous.

CHAPTER XVII—At the tavern Keith is disturbed by the talk of two men in an adjoining apartment. One of them speaks of trying to find Black Bart. He calls this companion, Fred Willoughby, which is the assumed name of the brother of Hope Waite. When the other man is gone, Keith enters the room.

CHAPTER XVIII—Willoughby acknowledges that Hope is his sister, but is evasive about Christie MacLaire.

CHAPTER XIX—An overheard conversation convinces Keith that Hope Waite is not the stage singer Christie MacLaire, but that Black Bart has some plot in progress involving the two girls and the scoundrel brother.

CHAPTER XX—Hope, getting a clew to the fact that General Waite is at Sheridan, starts for that town.

CHAPTER XXI—Hope Waite is mistaken for Christie MacLaire at Sheridan.

CHAPTER XXII—Keith meets the real Christie MacLaire and finds that Black Bart has convinced her that there is a mystery in her life which he is going to turn to her advantage.

CHAPTER XXIII—The plainsman calls upon Hope Waite and tells of her resemblance to Christie MacLaire. They decide that Fred Willoughby may hold the key to the situation.

CHAPTER XXIV—Keith locates Willoughby, but it is to find the army deserter just shot dead by a lawless gang.

CHAPTER XXV—Hope is told of the death of her brother by Keith. He again comes across Christie MacLaire.

CHAPTER XXVI—Keith tries to learn what representations Black Bart has made to the stage singer, but she declines to tell him.

CHAPTER XXVII—Hope suggests that in order to learn the secret of Black Bart she must briefly impersonate Christie.

CHAPTER XXVIII—Dr. Fairbain is in love with Christie MacLaire, and Keith induces him to detain her from the stage while Hope goes to the theater where she meets Black Bart.

CHAPTER XXIX—Black Bart really believing Hope to be Christie MacLaire, tells her that General Waite has suspected his plans about an inheritance and that they must fly. Hope is alarmed and demurs.

CHAPTER XXX—General Waite appears and confronts Christie MacLaire. He says Black Bart has stolen papers from him regarding an inheritance.

CHAPTER XXXI—Keith coming upon the scene is informed by General Waite that Christie MacLaire is the half sister of Hope. The latter has been carried away by Black Bart and his gang.

CHAPTER XXXII—Dr. Fairbain avows his love for Phyllis. She accepts him.

CHAPTER XXXIII—Keith and his friends strike the trail of Black Bart.

CHAPTER XXXIV—Hope has been taken back to the old cabin of the gang.

CHAPTER XXXV—The wilderness Keith is the scene of a fight in which he and his partners overcome their outlaw enemies.

CHAPTER XXXVI—Black Bart and the plainsman meet in a duel in a wild spot and Keith is the victor.

CHAPTER XXXVII—The plainsman is wounded in the fight with the desperado but is nursed back to life and health by the faithful Hope Waite.

of acaulated, gruffy, "pretending to be so damn particular. Maybe you'd rather stand out there on the prairie and talk" with a sweep of his hand around the horizon.

"Yes, I would," catching desperately at the straw. "I'm not afraid of you; I'm not blaming you at all, only I—I don't want to go to 'Sheeny Joe's.'"

He looked at her, puzzled at her attitude, and yet somewhat reassured by her expression of confidence. Oh, well, what was the difference? It might be better to let her have her own way, and the change would not materially interfere with his plans. Of course, it would be pleasanter sitting together at one of Joe's tables, but he could talk just as freely out yonder under the stars. Besides, it might be as well now to humor the girl.

"All right, Christie," his voice regaining its pleasant tone. "You shall have your way this time. There is too much at stake for us to quarrel over this."

Frightened, yet not daring to resist or exhibit the least reluctance, she clung to his arm, and permitted him to lead her to the right down a dark passage and out into the open land beyond. He had to feel his way carefully, and scarcely spoke, yet proceeded as though the passage was reasonably familiar and he had some definite point in view. She answered in monosyllables, now thoroughly re-



Mad With Terror, She Pulled the Trigger.

gretful of having permitted herself to drift into this position, yet not in the least knowing how to extricate herself. Hawley took everything for granted, her very silence convincing him of her acquiescence. With throbbing pulse, Hope felt the small revolver hidden within her dress, undoing a button so that, in emergency, she might grasp it more quickly. Hawley felt the movement, the trembling of her arm.

"You are afraid, just the same," he said, pressing her to him lovingly. "Darkness always gets on a woman's nerves."

"Yes, that and loneliness," resenting his familiarity. "Do we need to go any farther? Surely, we are alone here."

"Only a few steps; the ravine is yonder, and we can sit down on the rocks. I want to smoke, and we will be entirely out of sight there."

He helped her down the rather sharp declivity until both were thoroughly concealed below the prairie level. Feeling about with his hands he found the surface of a smooth rock, and seated her upon it. Then a match flared, casting an instant's gleam across his face as he lighted his cigar. Blacker than ever the night shut down about them, and he groped for a seat beside her. She could perceive just one star peering through a rift of cloud, and in her nostrils was the pungent odor of tobacco. With a little shiver of disgust she drew slightly away from him, dreading what was to come. One thing alone she felt was in her favor—However familiar Hawley attempted to be, he was evidently not yet sufficiently sure of Miss MacLaire to become entirely offensive. She might not have frowned at his love-making, but apparently he had not yet progressed sufficiently far in her good graces to venture to extremes. Hope pressed her lips together, determined to resist any further approach of the man. However, his earliest words were a relief.

"I reckon, Christie," he said slowly, between puffs on his cigar, the lighted end of which faintly illumined his face, "you've got the idea I have brought you out here to make love. Lord knows I'd like to well enough, but just now there's more important matters on hand. Fact is, my girl, we're up against a little back-set, and have got to make a shift in our plans—a mighty quick shift, too," he added, almost savagely.

"I—I don't think I understand."

"No, of course, you don't. You imagine all we've got to do is in a matter of this kind is to step into the nearest court, and draw the money. One trouble is, our evidence isn't complete—we've got to find that woman who brought you up."

"Oh!" said Hope, not knowing what else to say.

"Yes," he went on, apparently satisfied with her exclamation. "Of course, I know she's dead, or at least, you say so, but we haven't got enough proof without her—not the way old Waite promises to fight your claim—and so we've got to hunt for a substitute. Do you happen to know any old woman about the right age who would make affidavit for you? She probably wouldn't have to go on the stand at all. Waite will cave in as soon as he knows we've got the evidence."

He waited for an answer, but she

hardly knew what to say. Then she remembered that Keith insisted that Miss MacLaire had no conception that there was any fraud in her claim.

"No, I know no one. But what do you mean? I thought everything was straight? That there was no question about my right to inherit?"

"Well, there isn't, Christie," pulling fiercely on his cigar. "But the courts are particular; they have got to have the whole thing in black and white. I thought all along I could settle the entire matter with Waite outside, but the old fool won't listen to reason. I saw him twice to-day."

"Twice?" surprise wrung the word from her.

"Yes; thought I had got him off on a false scent and out of the way, the first time, but he turned up again like a bad penny. What's worse, he's evidently stumbled on to a bit of legal information which makes it safer for us to disappear until we can get the links of our chain forged. He's taken the case into court already, and the sheriff is here tryin' to find me so as to serve the papers. I've got to skip out, and so've you."

"I?" rising to her feet, indignantly. "What have I done to be frightened over?"

He laughed, but not pleasantly.

"Oh, hell, Christie, can't you understand? Old Waite is after you the same way he is me. It'll knock our whole case if he can get you into court before our evidence is ready. All you know is what I have told you—that's straight enough—but we've got to have proof. I can get it in a month, but he's got hold of something which gives him a leverage. I don't know what it is—maybe it's just a bluff—but the charge is conspiracy, and he's got warrants out. There is nothing for us to do but skip."

"But my clothes; my engagement?" she urged, feeling the insistent earnestness of the man, and sparring for delay. "Why, I cannot go. Besides, if the sheriff is hunting us, the trains will be watched."

"Do you suppose I am fool enough to risk the trains?" he exclaimed, roughly, plainly losing patience. "Not much; horses and the open plains for us, and a good night the start of them. They will search for me first, and you'll never be missed until you fail to show up at the Troadero. Never mind the clothes; they can be sent after us."

"To-night!" she cried, awakening to the immediate danger, and rising to her feet. "You urge me to fly with you to-night—now?"

"Sure, don't be foolish and kick up a row. The horses are here waiting just around the end of the ravine."

She pressed her hands to her breast, shrinking away from him.

"No! No! I will not go!" she declared, indignantly. "Keep back! Don't touch me!"

Hawley must have expected the resistance, for with a single movement he grasped her even as she turned to fly, pinning her arms helplessly to her side, holding her as in a vise.

"Oh, but you will, my beauty," he growled. "I thought you might act up and I'm ready. Do you think I am fool enough to leave you here alone to be pumped dry? It is a big stake I'm playing after, girl, and I am not going to lose it through the whims of a woman. If you won't go pleasantly, then you'll go by force. Keep still, you tigris! Do you want me to choke you?"

She struggled to break loose, twisting and turning, but the effort was useless. Suddenly he whistled sharply. There was the sound of feet scrambling down the path, and the frightened woman perceived the dim outlines of several approaching men. She gave one scream, and Hawley released his grip on her arms to grasp her throat.

She jerked away, half-stumbling backward over a rock. The revolver, carried concealed in her dress, was in her hand. Mad with terror, scarcely knowing what she did, she pulled the trigger. In the flash she saw one man throw up his hands and go down. The next instant the others were upon her.

CHAPTER XXX.

In Christie's Room.

Keith swept his glance up and down the street without results. Surely Hawley and his companion could not have disappeared so suddenly. They had turned to the right, he was certain as to that, and he pushed through the crowd of men around the theater entrance, and hastened to overtake them. He found nothing to overtake—nowhere along that stretch of street, illumined by window lights, was there any sign of a man and woman walking together. He stopped, bewildered, staring blindly about, falling utterly to comprehend this mysterious vanishing. What could it mean? What had happened? How could they have disappeared so completely during that single moment he had waited to speak to Fairbain? The man's heart beat like a trip-hammer with apprehension, a sudden fear for Hope taking possession of him. Surely the girl would never consent to enter any of those dens along the way, and Hawley would not dare resort to force in the open street. The very thought seemed preposterous, and yet, with no other supposition possible, he entered these one after the other in hasty search, questioning the inmates sharply, only to find himself totally baffled—Hawley and Hope had vanished as though swallowed by the earth. He explored dark passage-ways between the scattered buildings, rummaging about recklessly, but came back to the street again without reward.

Could they have gone down the other side, in the deeper shadows, and thus reached the hotel more quickly

than it seemed to him possible? There was barely a chance that this could be true, and yet Keith grasped at it desperately, cursing himself for having wasted time. Five minutes later, breathless, almost speechless with anxiety, he started the clerk.

"Has Miss Waite come in? Miss Hope Waite?"

"Blamed if I know," retorted the other, indifferently. "Can't for the life of me tell those two females apart. One of them passed through 'bout ten minutes ago; Doc Fairbain was with her. Another party just went upstairs hunting Miss MacLaire, and as they haven't come down, I reckon it must have been her—anything wrong?"

"I'm not sure yet," shortly. "Who was this other person?"

"Old fellow with white hair and whiskers—swore like a pirate—had the sheriff along with him."

It came to Keith in a flash—it was Waite. Perhaps Christie knew. Perhaps the General knew. Certainly something of importance was crystallizing in the actress' room which might help to explain all else. He rushed up the stairs, barely waiting to rap once at the closed door before he pressed it open. The sight within held him silent, waiting opportunity to blurt out his news. Here, also, was tragedy, intense, compelling, which for the instant seemed to even overshadow the fate of the girl he loved. There were three men present, and the woman. She stood clutching the back of a chair, white-faced and open-eyed, with Fairbain slightly behind her, one hand grasping his arm, the other clinched, his jaw set pugnaciously. Facing these two was Waite, and a heavily built man wearing a brown beard, closely trimmed.

"You'd better acknowledge it," Waite snapped out, with a quick glance at the newcomer. "It will make it all the easier for you. I tell you this is the sheriff, and we've got you both dead to rights."

"But," she urged, "why should I be arrested? I have done nothing."

"You're an adventuress—a damn adventuress—Hawley's mistress, probably—a—"

"Now, see here, Waite," and Fairbain swung himself forward, "you drop that, Miss MacLaire is my friend, and if you say another word I'll smash you, sheriff or no sheriff."

Waite glared at him.

"You old fool," he snorted, "what have you got to do with this?"

"I've got this to do with, you'll find—the woman is to be treated with respect or I'll blow your damned obstinate head off."

The sheriff laid his hand on Waite's shoulder.

"Come," he said, firmly, "this is no way to get at it. We want to know certain facts, and then we can proceed lawfully. Let me question the woman."

The two older men still faced one another belligerently, but Keith saw Christie draw the doctor back from between her and the sheriff.

"You may ask me anything you please," she announced, quietly. "I am sure these gentlemen will not fight in my room."

"Very well, Miss MacLaire. It will require only a moment. How long have you known this man Hawley?"

"Merely a few days—since I arrived in Sheridan."

"But you were in communication with him before that?"

The pleasant voice and quiet demeanor of the sheriff seemed to yield the girl confidence and courage.

"Yes, he had written me two or three letters."

"You met him here then by appointment?"

"He was to come to Sheridan, and explain to me more fully what his letters had only hinted at."

"You possessed no previous knowledge of his purpose?"

"Only the barest outline—details were given me later."

"Will you tell us briefly exactly what Hawley told you?"

The girl's bewildered eyes wandered from face to face, then returned to the waiting sheriff.

"May—may I sit down?" she asked.

"Most certainly; and don't be afraid, for really we wish to be your friends."

She sank down into the chair, and even Keith could see how her slender form trembled. There was a moment's silence.

"Believe me, gentlemen," she began, falteringly, "if there is any fraud, any conspiracy, I have borne no conscious part in it. Mr. Hawley came to me saying a dying man had left with him certain papers, naming one, Phyllis Gale, as heiress to a very large estate in North Carolina, left by her grandfather in trust. He said the girl had been taken West, when scarcely two years old, by her father in a fit of drunken rage, and then deserted by him in St. Louis."

"You—you saw the papers?" Waite broke in.

"Yes, those that Hawley had; he gave them to me to keep for him." She crossed to her trunk, and came back, a manilla envelope in her hand. Waite opened it hastily, running his eyes over the contents.

"The infernal scoundrel!" he exclaimed, hotly. "These were stolen from me at Carson City."

"Let me see them." The sheriff ran them over, merely glancing at the endorsements.

"Just as you represented, Waite," he said, slowly. "A copy of the will, your commission as guardian, and memoranda of identification. Well, Miss MacLaire, how did you happen to be so easily convinced that you were the lost girl?"

"Mr. Hawley brought me a picture which he said was of this girl's half-sister; the resemblance was most startling. This, with the fact that I have never known either father or

mother or my real name, and that my earlier life was passed in St. Louis, sufficed to make me believe he must be right."

"You—you—" Waite choked, leaning forward. "You don't know your real name?"

"No, I do not," her lips barely forming the words. "The woman who brought me up never told me."

"Who—who was the woman?"

"A Mrs. Raymond—Sue Raymond—she was on the stage, and died in Texas—San Antonio, I think."

Waite swore audibly, his eyes never once deserting the girl's face.

"Hawley told you to say that?"

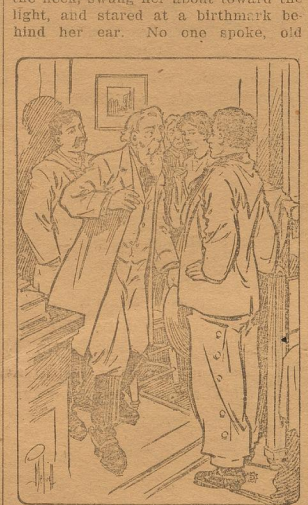
"No, he did not," she protested warmly. "It was never even mentioned between us—at least, not Sue Raymond's name. What difference can that make?"

He stepped forward, one hand flung out, and Fairbain sprang instantly between them, mistaking the action.

"Hands off there, Waite," he commanded, sternly. "Whatever she says goes."

"You blundering old idiot," the other exploded. "I'm not going to hurt her; stand aside, will you?"

He reached the startled girl, thrust aside the dark hair combed low over the neck, swung her about toward the light, and stared at a birthmark behind her ear. No one spoke, old



Keith Straightened Up, Looking Directly Into the Fierce Questioning Eyes.

Waite seemingly stricken dumb, the woman shrinking away from him as though she feared he was crazed.

"What is it?" asked the sheriff, sternly.

Slowly Waite turned about and faced him, running the sleeve of his coat across his eyes. He appeared dazed, confounded.

"My God, it's all right," he said, with a choke in the throat. "She's—she's the girl."

Christie stared at him, her lips parted, unable to grasp what it all meant.

"You mean I—I am actually Phyllis Gale? That—that there is no mistake?"

He nodded, not yet able to put it more clearly into words. She swayed as though about to faint, and Fairbain caught her, but she slipped through his arms, and fell upon her knees, her face buried in her hands upon the chair.

"Oh, thank God," she sobbed, "thank God! I know who I am! I know who I am!"

CHAPTER XXXI.

The Search for the Missing.

The note of unrestrained joy of relief in the woman's voice rang through the room, stilling all else, and causing those who heard to forget for an instant the sterner purpose of their gathering. Fairbain bent over her, like a fat guardian angel, patting her shoulder, her eyes so blurred with tears as to be practically sightless, yet still turned questioningly upon Waite. The sheriff was first to recover speech, and a sense of duty.

"Then this lets Miss MacLaire out of the conspiracy charge," he said, gravely, "but it doesn't make it any brighter for Hawley so far as I can see—there's a robbery charge against him if nothing else. Any one here know where the fellow is?"

For a moment no one answered, although Keith took a step forward, reminded instantly of Hope's predicament. Before he could speak, however, Christie looked up, with swift gesture pushing back her loosened hair.

"He was to have met me at the theater to-night," she said, her voice trembling, "but was not there when I came out; he—he said he had important news for me."

"And failed to show up—did he send no message?"

"Doctor Fairbain was waiting for me instead. He said that Mr. Hawley was called suddenly out of town."

The eyes of the sheriff turned to Fairbain, whose face grew redder than usual, as he shifted his gaze toward Keith.

"That was a lie," he confessed, lamely. "I—I was told to say that."

"Just a moment, Sheriff," and Keith stood before them, his voice clear and convincing. "My name is Keith, and I have unavoidably been mixed up in this affair from the beginning. Just now I can relieve the doctor of his embarrassment. Miss Hope Waite and I have been associated together in an effort to solve this mystery. This evening, taking advantage of the remarkable resemblance existing between herself and Miss MacLaire, Miss Hope decided upon a mask."

"What's that," Waite broke in excitedly. "Is Hope here?"

"Yes, has been for a week; we've

OUR TENANT PROBLEMS

EDITOR'S NOTE:—This is the fourth of a series of Articles on AGRICULTURAL PROBLEMS prepared by Judge S. A. Lindsay, Chairman of the Texas Farm Life Commission.

The tenant problem is less simple than the getting of cheap money on land worth twice the amount borrowed; all that is required in that case is to arrange the security (the best in the world) so that it is acceptable at the source of cheap money. All this is cold-blooded business between the investors in securities and those selling same. The transaction is: give me security and I will give you money. The state is not interested in this and should take no further hand in it than to provide the law by which the organization for invading the cheap money market may be effected, and then giving such organization opportunity to borrow such trust funds as the government may be lending.

The problem of inducing shifting tenants who are merely in partnership with the landlord in robbing the soil of its fertility and lividing the swag, to induce them to buy, improve and build up the soil they till and become fixed units of strength in their communities is clearly a concern of the state. This problem is close akin if not entirely identical both in purpose and result to that of general education. The strength and vigor of the state is as much dependent upon conserving the fertility of the soil as upon the intelligence of the people. The family is the unit of the state and the home surroundings, the prosperity, the optimism and education of the members of the family spell the strength and vigor of the state. If the state would be strong and enduring it must educate its citizens and attach them to the soil. There is something strengthening in the possession and proprietorship of a piece of land. Deprive people of this strength and they become socialists because their sense of weakness and insecurity impels them to seize at straws as to the drowning.

Mr. V. T. Hoggatt, Register State Land Board of Colorado told me the other day how his state is attempting to convert tenants into land-owners. He said Colorado has \$6,000,000 of permanent school funds. This money is being made available in this way: The counties are given the privilege of investing their proportionate part in the notes of purchasers of homes. This is done through the commissioner's courts. The court considers each individual case. If the man is honest, intelligent, industrious and capable of paying out the land and the land is worth the money, the court buys the land for him, or takes up his notes and gives him 40 years at 5 per cent interest in which to pay. The county must see that the state does not lose its funds. Every proposed loan is advertised and the people knowing the county to be responsible to the state assist in preventing an unworthy or unsafe case from getting through.

Inasmuch as the people of a state have adopted this plan let us consider it closely, before dismissing or advocating it. For remember we are not writing a political platform but studying a modern question in economics or statecraft which is now upon us for solution.

This discussion will be continued in my next article.

HAY AND FORAGE.

The production of hay and forage is one of the chief agricultural industries of Texas.

Tame or cultivated hay is raised on 111,000 farms of Texas.

Texas hay and forage crops have an annual value of \$15,000,000.

The Texas range grows \$19,000,000 worth of wild grasses annually,

Tip Wolf was in town from Friday to Monday.

Mrs. Geo Jackson and children of Burkett were here Friday night en route to Throckmorton on a visit. She was returning with a sister.

Misses Marie Cornell, Jessie Adams and Lucy McPermett left Sunday for a two or three days' visit at Waco, where Miss Cornell has a sister in school.

Baptising Sunday

Rev. J. M. Parker authorizes us to announce that he will administer the ordinance of baptism at the J. A. Barr tank Sunday afternoon. On account of his having to carry his wife to the sanitarium, he was unable to hold the baptising as announced about three weeks ago. All candidates are requested to be in readiness.

We wish to call your attention to the announcement of B. F. (Frank) Austin of Baird for the office of tax collector. Mr. Austin has lived in the county practically all his life, and of late years has clerked for Tom Powell and B. L. Boydston. He has the name of being a worthy man and well qualified for filling the office he seeks. He has a wide and favorable acquaintance throughout the county. He no doubt would make a good officer if elected.

Screen doors, wire and fixtures screen mouldings—Shackelford.

Your suit cleaned and pressed for \$1.00

Carl Murdock

A SCHOLARSHIP

Brownwood has a good Commercial College. That is what Brownwood people and graduates of the school say. We have a scholarship in this school that we will sell cheap.

Let me order you a all wool made to measure suit for \$12.50

Carl Murdock

NOTICE

There will be a meeting of the Shareholders of the Farmers Nat'l Bank on Thursday June 18th, 1914 for the purpose of electing seven directors of said Bank. Said meeting to be held at the banking house of the Farmers Nat'l Bank in the town of Cross Plains, Texas.
S. F. Bond, Cashier.

Tom Young and family were here Saturday in his Buick car.

Tom and Bob Colvin and their wives of Burkett were here Wed.

If you have never quenched your diaphragm at the iceless, perfectly sanitary soda fountain at the Cross Plains Drug Store, you have missed the greatest and most pleasant means of alleviating the warmth of these hot days. (adv)

Tom Parks of Baird, candidate for county clerk, was in town this week seeing the "sovereigns."

You get more for money at Carter's. (adv)

Posted Take Notice

The public is requested to take notice that all Pastures owned, Controlled or leased by the undersigned, in Coleman Co. Texas, are Posted according to law and trespassing is prohibited. Hunting, Fishing, and Pecan gathering in absolutely forbidden.

C. E. Burns, James Gelson, T. H. Colvin, W. T. Burns, J. R. Adams, Burkett Texas.

For Sale: A good 950 to 1000 lb. horse, Good puller and a good buggy horse. Call at this office.

A manufacturer's written guarantee furnished with Certain-teed Rubber roofing.—Shackelford Lmbr. Yd.

Advertising Talks

Saturday, June 13, will be the last day candidates can get their names on the ticket for the primaries, for county offices. So Mr. prospective candidate, you had better get busy.

Dodd Price, speaking for the the City Drug, informs us that he would have to quit advertising Lax-Fos, as he had sold almost the entire stock. We will not give the usual induction.

Married

Mr. Clark Rollins and Miss Nep Williamson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Williamson, an old time and well respected family, were united in marriage Sunday afternoon at the home of Rev. S. P. Collins, who performed the ceremony. Here's wishing them a happy and useful life.

J. E. Harrell was in town Sunday afternoon. He was here for under extras.

On account of the continued rains most of farmers who have grain crops were constrained to work on Sunday. On that day, which was about the second day that one could put machines in the fields, there were thirty or more binders at work in the Burkett country. There were four machines in one field, and two and more in a number of fields.

Wanted: A position by an experienced gin man. Address P. O. box 123, Cross Plains.

Rev. J. M. Parker returned Friday from the Baptist Sanitarium at Dallas, where his wife has just undergone an operation. He says that she is doing nicely. She will leave Dallas the latter part of this week for about a month visit with her mother at Roon's Prairie after which she will return home.

C. R. Myers, Sr, of San Angelo is visiting his son C. R. Jr. Mr. Myers is a retired railroad man, being one of the first conductors to run over the main line of the Central about 40 years ago.

JONES STAYS DRY

In the local option election in Jones county last Saturday the prohibitionists won by more than three to one. Jones county which has been dry since its organization, it would appear, means to live up to her former record of sobriety and uprightness.

Millard Ray of Cottonwood was here Wednesday.

Sam Hunt of Sabanno was in town Wednesday in his car.

Misses Ida and Fay Petty of May returned with their aunt Mrs. W. A. Williams.

Tom and Bob Cross and Will Butler left to-day for Haskell county. Their thresher was shipped out the first of the week.

Mrs. T. W. Sarrett of Gordon is the guest of her daughter Mrs. Will Mitchell.

Uncle Henry Harpole is at Putnam for medical treatment. He sends word that he is doing nicely.

Remember I have plenty of screen goods.—Shackelford Lmbr. Co.

EVERYBODY WILL BUY SHIRTS

Blue chambray double stitched shirts, worth regular 50c, Trades Day price only 25c.

THE RACKET STORE

Meets every Friday night at 8:30 at the I. O. O. F. Hall. C. W. Barr, Sec.

I. O. O. F. Lodge No. 171

M. E. Church, South.

Preaching each 1st and 3rd Sundays at 11 a. m. and 8:15 p. m.

Sunday school each Sunday 10 a. m. R. P. Odom, Supt.

Prayer meeting each Wednesday 7:30 p. m.

Woman's Home Mission Society meets Thursdays before the 2nd and 4th Sundays of each month. Mrs. Alvis Pres.

You are cordially invited to attend all our church services.

Presbyterian Church.

Presbyterian church, preaching on 2nd and 3rd Sundays at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m.

Sunday school at 10 a. m. Regular session meeting, Friday, 3 p. m.

Baptist Church.

Preaching 2nd & 4th Sundays at 11 a. m. and 8:30 p. m. Sunday School begins 10 a. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday night at 8:15. Ladies Aid Mondays 7:30 p. m.

Junior B. Y. P. U. meets every Sunday 3 p. m. Senior B. Y. P. U. 4 p. m.

Pastor.

Lodge Directory

Masonic Lodge No 627

of Cross Plains, meets on or before full moon in each month at Masonic

over Bank of Cross Plains.

Meets every Saturday night at M. W. A. Hall, Cross

Plains, Tex

M. C. Baum, Clerk

W. O. W. Camp No. 778.

Meets every Saturday night before the first and third

Sundays, at W. O. W. Hall, south Cross Plains, Tex.

E. T. Bond, Clerk.

SEASONABLE HARDWARE

A big assortment of seasonable hardware just received.

THE RACKET STORE

YOU NEED

Overalls and jumpers to wear in the harvest field. We can save you money on them.—The Racket Store.

Literally thousands of articles priced lower at Carter's. (adv)

Bernie Richardson of Baird was here Monday seeing about the telephone business. He was in his car and Miss Bessie Haley returned to Baird with him.

REMEMBER

We save you money on Tubs, Wash Boards, Sad Irons and all laundry supplies. Our stock is complete.

THE RACKET STORE

Miss Elizabeth Helm, who has been teaching school at Spofford the past session, has been visiting her sister Mrs. R. D. Carter, and nephew D. P. Carter. She left Sunday for a visit to Pioneer.

Roy Bond and family, C. E. Alvis and family, and Dr. Ramsey and family went west of town Tuesday fishing.

No matter what you need before buying get prices from Carter. [adv]

Jeff Clark and son Rendrick, Mermon and Russell McGowen, Jess Greenhill and son Loyd, all the first of the week were on the Bayou catching the finny tribe.

Paint with Devco lead & zinc; my stock is complete.—Shackelford

Rubber roofing always in stock, 1 & 2 ply. Get my prices. Shackelford Lbr. Yd.

Statement of Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc.

of The Review, published weekly at Cross Plains, required by Act of August 24, 1912.

Editor, Publisher, Business Manager, Etc.: L. P. Henslee, Cross Plains, Texas.

Owner: L. P. Henslee. Known bondholders, mortgagees, etc., holding 1 per cent or more of bonds, mortgages, etc., J. H. Kirth, Kelys, Texas.

(Signed) L. P. Henslee Sworn to and subscribed before me this 2nd day of June, 1914.

[Seal] Dodd Price, Notary Public Callahan County, Texas.

TRADES DAY, MONDAY, JUNE 15 A DAY FOR AMUSE-- MENT ONLY

We are going to do our best to see that you have a pleasant time here on our next regular Trades Day. Don't come with a serious face, bent on business, but come fancy free, ready to enjoy the program we have arranged for your pleasure.

The following are the prizes offered:

\$1.00 Prize Winner	Stilts Race
1.50 " "	Potato Race
1.00 " "	" Spoon & Egg "
1.00 " "	" Pole Vaulting
1.00 " "	" 100 Yd Dash
1.50 " "	" Cigar Race

Program begins promptly at 2 p. m. and will continue until entire program is finished

This is going to be one of the most interesting entertainment you ever witnessed. It will be worth coming to see the Egg Race.
CROSS PLAINS, Tex.

THE BENNETT HOTEL

Successor to Traveling Man's Hotel

Under New Management

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

BENNETT BROTHERS, Prop's.

COULD SCARCELY WALK ABOUT

And For Three Summers Mrs. Vincent Was Unable to Attend to Any of Her Housework.

Pleasant Hill, N. C.—"I suffered for three summers," writes Mrs. Walter Vincent, of this town, "and the third and last time, was my worst.

I had dreadful nervous headaches and prostration, and was scarcely able to walk about. Could not do any of my housework.

I also had dreadful pains in my back and sides and when one of those weak, sinking spells would come on me, I would have to give up and lie down, until it wore off.

I was certainly in a dreadful state of health, when I finally decided to try Cardui, the woman's tonic, and I firmly

believe I would have died if I hadn't taken it.

After I began taking Cardui, I was greatly helped, and all three bottles relieved me entirely.

I fattened up, and grew so much stronger in three months, I felt like another person altogether."

Cardui is purely vegetable and gentle-acting. Its ingredients have a mild, tonic effect, on the womanly constitution.

Cardui makes for increased strength, improves the appetite, tones up the nervous system, and helps to make pale, sallow cheeks, fresh and rosy.

Cardui has helped more than a million weak women, during the past 50 years. It will surely do for you, what it has done for them. Try Cardui today.

Write to: Chattanooga Medicine Co., Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga, Tenn., for complete instructions on your case and 50-page book, "The Treatment for Women," sent in plain wrapper.