

THE CROSS PLAINS REVIEW

VOL. 4.

CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS, FRIDAY, APRIL 25, 1913.

NO. 7

AND IT RAINED

1-2 INCHES OF RAINFALL FOR THIS TERRITORY TUESDAY NIGHT

We desire to state for the benefit of those who at divers times have asked us when we were going to chronicle a "million dollar" rain that the time has now arrived for said chronicling. From all surrounding points have come reports of good rains. Some of our citizens say that unprotected vessels caught from 1 1/2 to 1 3/4 inches of water, and we believe that 1 1/2 inches is a conservative estimate. It is thought this rain is in time to help all late grain, although a little late for wheat. It is amply in time for cotton and feed stuffs. Cheer up, you that have been wearing the faces! We have now fine prospects for great crops of cotton, nuts, maize, which are staple, and of such useful accessory crops as water melons, and other truck, and fruit.

TRADES DAY

April Trades Day for Cross Plains has come and gone. That it was a successful Trades Day, as such days go with us, cannot be gain said. That we had the largest number of people in town and that there was the greatest amount of business transacted of any 3rd Monday thus far this year is generally conceded. There is still life in the country—we are confident of the outcome.

For Sale: A registered Jersey bull, squirrel grey in color. Cash or good notes.

J. P. Walker.

Buy that bicycle from us, we meet any price.

C. S. Boyles.

We meet catalogue prices and are selling everybody who comes in and compares our prices. On many things we will save you money. Then trade where you see what you buy.—Furniture Store.

Why is it that the people are bringing their pictures to G. B. Swan to have them enlarged? It is because he does good work and cheaper. He guarantees every one to give satisfaction, and the customer is not out a cent until the picture comes and he can be the judge, whether it is a good one or not. That is fair enough, bring them to him and stop the agent's going through the country skinning the people. You can get your old frames worked over at Swan's gallery and made as good as new. Try one and see, it won't cost much. And if your Sewing Machine is out of order he can fix it—try him and see. He will order any part that breaks for you. And while you are there have your pictures made. Some one wants to see your picture. He makes good pictures and as cheap as you can get them any where. And he also handles Kodaks and Films—get you one of those new Kodaks; they are good ones. Have him finish them for you. Don't forget that you can get your work done right at home as good as anywhere. (Adv.)

We are headquarters for base ball goods, fishing tackle, bicycles and supplies.

C. S. Boyles.

...STRENGTH and SERVICE...

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.

Are two important factors in determining the selection of a banking connection. Our Responsibility is over ONE MILLION DOLLARS which insures ample protection. As to service ask one of our many satisfied customers. You can not accomplish much without the aid of a good bank.

We offer our service.

Bank with us.

Do Something For The Bank That Is Able

And Wants To Do Something For You.

The FARMERS NATIONAL BANK

...Cross Plains,

Texas...

T. E. POWELL, Pres.

J. A. BARR, V. Pres.

S. F. BOND, Cash.

T. B. VESTAL, V. Pres.

T. BOND, Asst. Cashier.

J. M. HARLOW, V. Pres.

R. G. POWELL, Asst. Cash.

BALL GAME

The third time's the charm; at least, Jeff Clark had to make arrangements with the third team before he could get a game for last Monday, Sipe Springs and Blanket both "backing out" on him. At the last moment he matched a game with Bird and it stuck—the boys came, but on account of a break down got here very late. The game! Well, to give the score tells the story, which was 24 to 7 in favor of home team. No comment is necessary.

Batteries: Baird; Anderson and Hall, Cross Plains; Stewart and Clark. Strikeouts: Anderson 9, Stewart 11, Gus Hall for Baird parker a ball, making them their first score. Stewart parked one for the home team.

Powell-Rushing

A very pretty church wedding was solemnized at the Presbyterian church last Wednesday noon when Miss Wille Gay Rushing of this city became the bride of Mr. Gray Powell of Cross Plains, Rev. E. E. Ingram of Waco pronouncing the marriage ceremony. The happy couple boarded the 1 o'clock train Wednesday and will visit Fort Worth Mineral Wells and Baird before returning to their future home at Cross Plains. A more extended notice was delayed this week.—Walnut Springs Rustler.

Buy the perfect Peanut planter, The Wilson, at - B. L. Boydston.

DIED

Mrs. R. D. Baum died Saturday morning at her home at Granbury, death resulting from general debility, she having been in poor health for several years. Her body was sent to Cross Plains where it was interred in the local cemetery Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock, Rev. Crane conducting the services. She leaves her husband and one son, Archie, about 14 years of age. She and her husband formerly lived here, Mr. Baum being a brother to Joe Baum. The Review extends the stricken family and relatives sympathy.

Mr. Baum and son will remain here this week, when they will return to their home. Mr. Baum says that he means to move to Thorpe Springs where he can keep his son in a good school.

We certainly can keep the flies out if you will let us
Shackelfords Lumber Yard.

We have the Bulgarian silk in all colors for trimming.
Mercantile Co.

Dosh, Jim and Dick Watson of Burket were here Friday.

Dick Stone and wife, old timers of the Cross Cut country, and their son Charlie and his wife, were buying supplies here last Friday.

Furniture, coffins, caskets and robes.—Furniture Store.

THREE SHIRTS FOR PRICE OF TWO

Blue Chambray, double stitched extension collar band, pearl buttons regular 50c value; our price 35c or three for a dollar.

The Racket Store.

Railroad Officials

Messrs. W. A. Webb, A. A. Matthis, Wilbur Wright, W. E. Williams, Dr. Sam Webb, H. B. Sperry constituted a car of M., K. & T. and T. C. officials that visited us Tuesday. They expressed themselves as being well pleased with the town. Mr. Matthis, Supt. of the T. C., when asked in regard to extending the road from Cross Plains, stated that nothing in the way of extensions would be considered until the constitutionality of the Katy Merger bill was settled in the courts.

Card of Thanks

To our friends and especially the order of Eastern Star we desire to offer our heartfelt thanks for help, love and sympathy given us in the sad hours of sorrow caused by the death of our wife and mother. May the God of heaven reward you all.

R. D. Baum and Archie.

Building Home

J. W. Wesley of Burkett has begun the erection of a 5 room house in northeast part of town on block Jeff Clark's house is located upon, the two to be alike in design.

O-Cedar Polish makes everything look new—for sale at Boydstuns.

To Sell: 3 trap buggies new, easy payments.

B. L. Boydston.

I have some Extra High Grade Hand-Made ware at my shop, such as Buckets, Measures, Milk Strainers Cups, etc.

J. W. Bennett, The Tinner.

Don't forget that Shackelford's Lumber Yard handles the famous line of Devoes Paints.

We sell bicycles, bicycle supplies and auto supplies.

C. S. Boyles.

CLAYING ROAD

Joe Shackelford and Dodd Price, active members of a committee for that purpose, have been soliciting subscriptions for claying the Burkett-Dressy road just this side of Wm. Franke's and ucle Charchie Neels. The county is to pay as much as we raise. Jack Aiken is superintending the work. With these two sandy stretches of road clayed the road to Burkett will be nearly clear of sand and a reasonably good road.

Another Auto

No more wagons, nor even buggies for our friend C. E. Barr. They are entirely too slow for him. Last week he made a trade with an Abilene party whereby he became owner of a \$1450 practically new Overland touring car. He can now go fishing on short notice. He is setting the pace for the rest of the farmers—they will have to get busy.

Buy the perfect peanut planter, The Wilson, at B. L. Boydston.

Doc Garrett left Wednesday for Comine, just below DeLeon, where he takes charge of the station. Doc has many friends who are glad to hear of his promotion.

Insure yourself and family by buying vehicles of quality. The name "Steu-debaker" is your guarantee.—Carter & Kenady.

Phone us your order for Ice and we will do the rest. We are prepared to take care of you.

Cross Plains Ice & Bottling Co.

The Knocker

The knocker will knock, as all knockers do, He may hurt his own business, as well as hurt you, But that makes no difference, he sees nothing good, He knocks and does nothing, wouldn't if he could— He knocks the new railroad, says there's nothing to it, Knocks the new bank, says it won't last a minute, Knocks the new school house, there's not enough kids, Said the price was too high when they opened the bids. He knocks at the editor, says he is slow, Knocks at the preacher, he is a mighty poor go, Knocks the merchant—says the prices are too high, Knocks at the lawyers—says they all lie. Knocks at the doctors—says they are quacks, Says real estate men don't deal in facts, So he knocks and knocks—poor lonesome devil, Trying to get others down to his level. Oh! give me the booster—the man with a smile, Who will give you the glad hand without any guile, Who will go out of his way to show you around. And tell of the good things found in his town. When he gets to Heaven at the pearly gates, He will find a welcome, early and late, While the poor old knocker, so sour and crusty, Will find the gates closed and the hinges rusty.

W. S. Butler

Real Estate. Office Second Floor
Shackelford Bldg.

Cross Plains,

—:—

Texas

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.

J. E. Spencer of Carbon was in town Friday in his auto. Mr. Spencer, as is well known, is Vice President of the Bank of Cross Plains, and owns good business property here.

It is a fact that it is getting pretty dry in these parts just now, but we still hope for good seasons. A good rain now would make some grain, and would be amply in time to give us a good start on cotton and feed crops. Let us taint not by the wayside.

Rev. Crane returned last week from attending the Presbytery at Sweetwater. He is reported as saying that in all the towns he was in making this trip that he noted a less amount of building than is going on in Cross Plains. Cross Plains is still growing, new houses going up all the time. Yet a great many of our citizens seem not to realize that the town is alive. We should be more alive ourselves and let the world know it.

Cross Plains needs a clean up day. She has been needing it for some time. This town is more fortunate than many towns in having a great many native trees that if taken care of could be made objects of beauty. However, as long as papers, trash and other debris are allowed to collect around these trees the background thus afforded kills the effect of their beauty. The good women of the town will probably have to take us this work.

We attended the ball game at Waco on the 13th inst, the first game in the State league we have witnessed since leaving East Texas. While there we solved the cost of high living, at least as applies to the ball going public. As it appears to us this extra cost is tributable, as to those in question, to the fact that those who go to the grand stand pay extra for cushions to sit on whereas in the past they were satisfied to sit on the uncompromising planks used as seats.

The Allison bill prohibiting the shipment of intoxicating liquors into dry territories will likely work a hardship on many of our friends who are wont to take their "morning's morning." This bill which is soon to become a law is a compromise with the cause of prohibition, but according to our understanding of the question it will do little good. This bill does not or cannot as we understand it, regulate interstate shipments, and therefore it will do only to encourage doing business with out of state liquor houses. We await the result.

The city of New Orleans has passed an ordinance prohibiting women wearing hat pins protruding from their hats unless their points are covered. We do not see any good reason for the enactment of such an ordinance. Of course, a hat pin is a useful and highly effective implement of warfare in the hands of an engaged woman, but as long as the said pin is properly placed in the feminine head gear and does not protrude beyond the average range of the Merry Widow, we must admit that so far we have no room to object to her so wearing it. Others may have good reasons for their objections.

To those who are contemplating attending school and who are not prepared for any reason to go to college, we would suggest a course

of correspondence in the University of Texas. There are more than 5,000 students in the State engaged in this correspondence work. The correspondence department or correspondence schools are destined to play a great part in educational matters. The colleges and universities will be forced to institute correspondence departments to meet the demands of the times. There is little excuse for any young man or woman now—he can get a good common school education or better at a trifling cost by spending his spare time from work, in a correspondence course.

And the fight for good roads goes on. We in Callahan county may never be fortunate enough to have good roads, but many other counties of the state are building them. These counties will be looked upon with favor by homeseekers or even speculators. Men are not afraid to put their money into a community where there are good roads. Men with money like the spirit that promotes the building of good roads. This spirit means progress—it means an enlightened neighborhood, good schools and churches. It tends to keep the boys on the farm. It tends to prepare them for a better and higher conception of life whether they stay on the farm or not. Somehow or other, we are in favor of good roads. The result of the recent election did not change our conviction on this subject in the least. It only showed us where we "are at"—a good distance from the day of good roads.

Buy the perfect peanut planter, The Wilson, at B. L. Boydston.

ACTION

Quick action on our money enables us to quote the prices that undersell the other merchants. Our trade is good; therefore we are able to turn our money often and can be satisfied with a small margin of profit. Price our goods and you will think the profit is very small. The Racket Store.

Reduced Prices on Watches, Fri. & Saturday only:
7 jewel Elgin silverene case \$5.00
15 " " " " " " 7.50
15 " " 20 year case 12.50
7 " Standard silverene case 3.50
Special jewel silverene watch 3.00
10 year filled case with guaranteed works 5.50
Owen, the Watch Repairer,
Cross Plains Furn. Store.

Quilt cotton at the Furn. Store (adv)

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS

is to give the public what they want at a price they cannot buy it at elsewhere. That is the theory upon which we have built up a good trade and which has enabled us to hold it. A trial will convince you that we can do it.

The Racket Store.

If you want to save money on your refrigerator, water cooler or freezer, buy them at the Furniture Store. (adv)

Cottonwood Items

This scribe is as dull as the veritable "meat ax" of our ancestors, nothing to chronicle save a few dry weather incidents. Farming is at a standstill in our country; the land is all prepared and it is to dry to plant and the principal occupation in our town is pitching dollars and playing dominoes.

The regular quarterly meeting of the Methodist church occurred here Saturday and Sunday. Rev. Ferguson, presiding elder of this district did the preaching.

Rev. Usery of Cross Plains filled the pulpit at the Christian (as Jaun in the Baird Star says we call them Campbellites) church Sunday, we think each place was well attended.

The latest thing in our town is a

dance hall conducted by Uncle Brit Payne. Last Friday night was the grand opening of the season with one girl and the local talent along that line and the local talent consisted of one too.

We notice several of the Cottonwood girls who are attending the Britton Training School at Cisco were visiting homefolks Sunday. They report the school in good shape and the students and teachers doing good work. Prof. Britton is coaching a class of teachers for the June examination and will continue his instructions until that period, though the main session of the Britton Training School will close sometime in May.

Mr. John Bennett who has been sick for several weeks is reported some better, he has had quite a siege and is not well yet.

B. L. Boydston passed through our town early Monday morning enroute to Cross Plains for Trades day.

Misses Leah Respass and Mable Varner will visit Brittons Training school at Cisco this week.

The weather clerk is treating us to a change this (Monday) morning; whether we have any rain or not we have a cloudy morning.

When we get some rain and get to feeling good we will write to S. It is too dry and we are too blue to write now.

Queer Fellow

Burkett Items

The singing at A. J. Nations last Sunday night was quite a success. The crowd was small although the singing was good.

Fayett Houndshell was a pleasant visitor at Frank Browns last Sunday.

The pound supper at Mrs. Henry Burkett's last Friday night was attended by a large crowd and enjoyed by all. Also the musical entertainment at Jim Morgans last Saturday night was attended by a large crowd and the music was certainly good.

Mr. Nation and wife visited Patton Helms last Sunday.

Granvel Keller has been on the sick list for some time but is able to be up and about again.

Misses Julia Helms and Lola Keller have returned from their visit to El Paso and Scurry county, they report a most enjoyable time, and say that it is their desire and intention to visit El Paso again some future day. Mrs. Bill Helms of Scurry county came home with them on a visit.

Guss Burkett has left home. He went away with Prof. Booth who taught the Burkett school last year.

One of the most interesting ball games of the season was played on the Burkett diamond Saturday, April 12th, between Burkett and Cross Plains second team, Burkett met with defeat. Scores stood 6-7 in favor of Cross Plains. Strickland who pitched for Burkett struck out ten men. Andy Foster of Cross Plains who umpired the game was highly honored by the Burkett boys for umpiring a good game. The Burkett ball team leaves a standing challenge to the Cross Plains second team for another game at any time.

Miss Gussie and Ethel Burns went to Coleman Thursday.

Oscar Howe of Throckmorton was down visiting homefolks and

friends last week, Oscar came down in his car. He was only six hours coming from Throckmorton to Burkett.

Quite a number of the prairie people were down on the Bayou one night last week fishing.

Claud DeBusk of El Paso came home last week on a visit. Claud has many friends in the Burkett neighborhood and they were all glad to see him back again.

W. A. labor of Shackelford county was down attending court at Coleman last week.

Earl and Lawrence Brown of Burkett went and played ball with Watts Creek ball team against Coleman one day last week and report a very warm game. The score stood 9 to 0 in favor of Coleman.

Earl Brown and Cecil Head are working for Henry Wooten this week.

Dodd Price of Cross Plains was a welcome visitor of Burkett one day last week.

J. W. Wesley of Burkett is building him a new home in Cross Plains.

The Burkett ball team crossed bats with Watts Creek ball team a few days ago, resulting in very interesting game, the score standing 4 to 6 in favor of Burkett. The game was played at Colorado Post in front of Henry Sackett's residence.

Joe Golson and family of Brownwood were up visiting Jim Golson last Saturday night.

The pound supper at Homer Webbs last Friday night was attended by a very large crowd. It is said to have been one of the most successful entertainments of its kind that has ever been in this section of the county.

The Commissioners court has paid the bounty on 12,217 jack-rabbits scalps at the close of business April 15th, at which time the operation of the bounty ordinance became ineffective.

There is going to be a debate at the Independent school house next Saturday night, April 26th, on the all important question of,Resolved, that married life affords more happiness than does single life. This question will be debated by four of the best speakers in this section of the country.

John Pearce and B. C. Howell of Coleman were through Burkett last Sunday morning in an auto.

Miss Era Harwell and Mr. Ed Hughes were married Sunday afternoon. Justice of the Peace, Wesley officiating. Miss Era is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bill Harwell of this place, and Mr. Hughes is the son of Pete Hughes.

Miss Jenne Wheeler and Jess Flowers were married at the home of the bride Sunday. B. D. Wesley officiating. This made the second wedding in the Burkett community Sunday. Rambler wishes for both couples a pleasant and useful married life.

Miss Zelma Harwell returned Saturday from Cross Plains to attend the wedding of her sister Miss Era. She will now remain at Burkett.

There was quite a number of people from Burkett who attended the Trades Day at Cross Plains. This was, according to our observation, the best day our neighboring metropolis has had since fall.

Rambler.

Walnut Springs, Tex. April 22.—In the Presbyterian church of Walnut Springs, Joseph A. Rushing gave in marriage his daughter, Willie Gay to Robert Gray Powell. The ceremony was performed by E. E. Ingram of Waco. A background of evergreen with jardiniere of haw blossoms, ferns and Southern plants made the altar a floral bank, and ribbons knotted at intervals marked the passage way for the wedding party. Drue McGinty and Wendal Clark were ushers. Before the entrance of the bridal party, Mrs. Ebb Seale sang "The Hour that Gave Me You." Then Mrs. Lawrence Ross Whitely announced their coming with Lohengrin's music, playing during the reading of the ceremony. Miss Neil, as maid of honor, wore a gown of white Marquisette accented with lace and jewel trimmings; a large picture hat and corsage bouquet of red carnations.

The bride entered with her father preceded by little Misses Lavern Massey and Dora Saider, as flower girls. She wore an English cutaway suit of champagne satin with hat and other accessories to match, carrying an army bouquet of pink and white carnations. The matrons of honor, Mesdames James Rushing and John Kirby, were gowned in white chiffon over charmeuse and blue charmeuse, accented with lace trimmings for the latter, each wearing picture hats and corsage bouquets of red carnations.

Attending the groom as best man was Taylor Bond.

The couple will be at home at Cross Plains, where the groom is assistant cashier of the Farmers' National Bank, and where he has prepared a new home for his bride. —Dallas News

We have just installed a splendid Carbonator of the best type and from now on will be able to give you the very best Fountain drink to be had. A very important feature also is the addition of a large Filter. All of the water going into the Carbonator will be thoroughly filtered first thus giving you the very purest Soda Water you can find. Pay us a call and see the difference. City Drug Store.

Scott Gilbert, wife and child, and Miss Bessie Nations, arrived here Tuesday for a few days visit with home folks. Miss Nations will be here some time the guest of Miss McGowen.

Albert Clements and wife of Putnam came to Cross Plains Saturday to take their Shiner degrees in Masonry.

Be sure to watch our show window for the large photographs shown each week. You get to view pictures of the worlds greatest events without cost. City Drug Store

Entertained

Miss Mary Robertson, assisted by Miss Ollie McGowen, on Tuesday evening entertained her young friends in her home. The guests as they entered were served with delicious punch, after which they drew for partners for progressive forty-two. Readings by Miss McCord and music by Misses Chambliss, Odom and Adams completed the program of one of the most pleasant evenings the young people have enjoyed for many a day.

Those present were Misses Beulah and Jessie Adams, Chambliss, Cox, Baird, Odom, Gilbert, McCord, Nellie Hall, Robertson and McGowen, and Messrs. Taylor and Parker Bond, Neb, Davis, Baum, Fred and Randolph Robertson, Henslee, Williams and Pierce Shackelford.

Catarrah Cannot Be Cured
with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrah is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrah Cure is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrah Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a reliable prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrah. Send for testimonials, free. P. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, price 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

peering forth from a mass of untrimmed gray whiskers, were familiar. "You keep the junk shop down by the express office, don't you?" "Yep," briskly, scenting business in the question. "I'm Kaplan; vot could I do for you—hey?" "Answer a question if you will, friend. Do you recall selling a haversack to a traveler on the last stage out for Santa Fe in June?" "Vel, I do no; vas he a big fellow? Maybe de von vat vas killed—hey?" "Yes; his name was Moylan, post-sutler at Fort Marcy."

"Maybe dot vos it. Why you want to know—hey?" "No harm to you, Kaplan," the Sergeant explained. "Only I picked it up out there after Moylan was killed, and discovered by some writing on the flap that it originally belonged to a friend of mine. I was curious to learn how it got into your hands."

The trader shrugged his shoulders. "Vud it be worth a drink?" he asked cannily. "Of course. Frank, give Kaplan whatever he wants. Now, fire away." "Vel," and the fellow filled his glass deliberately, "it vas sold me six months before by a fellow vat had a black beard—" "Dupont?" "Dat vos de name ov de fellar, yes. Now I know it. I saw him here again soon. You know him?" "By sight only; he is not the original owner, nor the man I am trying to trace. You know nothing of where he got the bag, I presume?" "I know nothing more as I tell you already," rather disconsolately, as he realized that one drink was all he was going to receive.

Hamlin elbowed his way out to the street. He had learned something, but not much that was of any value. Undoubtedly the haversack had come into Dupont's possession through his wife, but this knowledge yielded no information as to the present whereabouts of Le Fevre. When the latter had separated from the woman, the old army bag was left behind, and, needing money, Dupont had disposed of it, along with other truck, seemingly of little value.

The Sergeant reached this conclusion quickly, and satisfied that any further investigation along this line would be worthless, reverted to his earlier quest—the safety of Miss McDonald. Merely to satisfy himself of her presence, he crossed the street and glanced in at the whirling dancers. There were few loiterers at the doorway and he stood for a moment beside the guard, where he was able to survey the entire room. Mrs. Dupont was upon the floor, and swept past twice, without lifting her eyes in recognition, but neither among the dancers, nor seated, could he discover Miss Molly.

Startled at not finding her present, Hamlin searched anxiously for the Major, only to assure himself of his absence also. Could they have returned to the fort as early as this? If so, how did it happen their guest was still present, happily enjoying herself? Of course she might be there under escort of some one else—Captain Barrett, possibly. He would ask the infantryman.

"Have you seen Miss McDonald since supper?"

The soldier hesitated an instant, as though endeavoring to remember. "No, I ain't, now you speak of it. She went out with that kid over there, and he came back alone. Don't believe he's danced any since. The Major was here, though; Connors brought him a note a few minutes ago, and he got his hat and went out."

Hamlin drew a breath of relief. "Girl must have sent for him to take her home," he said. "Well, it's time for me to turn in—good-night, old man."

He tramped along the brightly illuminated street, and out upon the dark road leading up the bluff to the fort, his mind occupied with the events of the evening, and those other incidents leading up to them. There was no doubt that Miss McDonald and her father had returned to their home. But what could he do to assist her? The very knowledge that she had voluntarily appealed to him, that she had come to him secretly with her trouble, brought strange happiness. Moreover his former acquaintance with Mrs. Dupont gave him a clue to the mystery. Yet how was he going to unravel the threads, discover the motive, find out the various conspirators? What were they really after? Money probably, but possibly revenge. What did the woman know which enabled her to yield such influence over McDonald? What was the trap they proposed springing? The Sergeant felt that he could solve these problems if given an opportunity, but he was handicapped by his position; he could not leave his troop, could not meet or mingle with the suspected parties; was tied, hand and foot, by army discipline. He could not even absent himself from the post without gaining special permission. He swore to himself over the hopelessness of the situation, as he tramped through the blackness toward the guard-house. The sentinel glanced at his pass, scrutinizing it by the light of a fire, and thrust the paper into his pocket. Hamlin advanced, and at the corner saluted the officer of the day, who had just stepped out of the guard-house door.

"Good evening, Sergeant," the latter said gently. "Just in from town? I expect they are having some dance down there tonight."

"Yes, sir," hesitatingly, and then venturing the inquiry: "May I ask if Major McDonald has returned to the post?" "McDonald? No," he glanced at his watch. "He had orders to go east to apply on the stage. That was due out about an hour ago."

"To Ripley? By stage?" the Sergeant repeated the words, dazed.

"Why—why, what has become of Miss McDonald?"

The officer smiled, shaking his head. "I'm sure I don't know, my man," he returned carelessly. "Come back with Barrett and his ladylove, likely. Why?" suddenly interested by the expression on the other's face. "What's happened? Is there anything wrong?"

CHAPTER XXII.

A Deepening Mystery.

Startled and bewildered as Hamlin was by this sudden revelation, he at once comprehended the embarrassment of his own position. He could not confess all he knew, certainly not the fact that the girl had met him secretly and had vanished while he was endeavoring to turn aside Mrs. Dupont. He must protect her at all hazards. To gain time, and self-control, he replied with a question:

"Did not Connors drive them down, sir?"

"Yes, the four of them."

"And Major McDonald knew then that he was ordered East?"

"No, the order came by telegram later. An order was sent down about ten o'clock. But, see here, Sergeant, I am no Bureau of Information. If you have anything to report, make it brief."

Hamlin glanced at the face of the other. He knew little about him, except that he had the reputation of being a capable officer.

"I will, sir," he responded quickly; "you may never have heard of the affair, but I was with Miss McDonald during a little Indian trouble out on the trail a few months ago."

"The officer nodded." "I heard about that; Gaskins brought her in."

"Well, ever since she has seemed grateful and friendly. You know how some women are; well, she is that kind. Tonight she came to me, because she didn't seem to know whom else to go to, and told me of some trouble she was having. I realize, Captain Kane, that it may seem a bit strange to you that a young lady like Miss McDonald, an officer's daughter, would turn for help to an enlisted man, but I am telling you only the truth, sir. You see, she got it into her head somehow that I was square, and—and, well, that I cared enough to help her."

"Wait a minute, Sergeant," broke in Kane, kindly, realizing the other's embarrassment, and resting one hand on his sleeve. "You do not need to apologize for Miss McDonald. I know something of what is going on at this post, although, damn me if I've ever got on to the straight facts. You mean that Dupont woman?"

"Yes, she's concerned in the matter, but there are others also."

"Why couldn't the girl tell her father?"

"That is where the main trouble lies, Captain. Major McDonald seems to be completely under the control of Mrs. Dupont. He is apparently afraid of her for some reason. That is what Miss Molly spoke to me about. We were on the side porch at the hotel talking while the dancers were at supper—it was the only opportunity the girl had to get away—and Mrs. Dupont and her husband came into the parlor."

"Her husband? Good Lord, I thought her husband was dead."

"He isn't. He's a tin-horn gambler, known in the saloons as 'Reb,' a big duffer, wearing a black beard."

"All right, go on; I don't know him."

"Well, I stepped into the room to keep the two apart, leaving the girl alone outside. We had a bit of talk before I got the room cleared, and when I went back to the porch, Miss Molly had gone."

"Dropped over the railing to the ground."

"That's what I thought at the time, sir, but what happened to her after

pile of papers. Both officers glanced up, resenting the interruption, as Kane entered, Hamlin following. The former explained the situation briefly, while the commandant leaned back in his chair, his keen eyes studying the younger man.

"Very well, Captain Kane," he said shortly, as the officer's story ended. "We shall have to examine into this, of course, but will probably discover the whole affair a false alarm. There is, at present, no necessity for alarming any others. Sergeant, kindly explain to me why Miss McDonald should have come to you in her distress?"

Hamlin stepped forward, and told the story again in detail, answering the Colonel's questions frankly.

"This, then, was the only time you have met since your arrival?"

"Yes, sir."

"And this Mrs. Dupont? You have had a previous acquaintance with her?"

"Some years ago."

"You consider her a dangerous woman?"

"I know her to be utterly unscrupulous, sir. I am prepared to state that she is here under false pretenses, claiming to be a niece of Major McDonald's. I do not know her real purpose, but am convinced it is an evil one."

The Colonel shook his head doubtfully, glancing at the silent adjutant.

"That remains to be proven, Sergeant. I have, of course, met the lady, and found her pleasant and agreeable as a companion. Deuced pretty, too; hey, Benson? Why do you say she masquerades as McDonald's niece?"

"Because her maiden name was Carlson and the Major's sister married a man named Counts."

"There might have been another marriage. Surely McDonald must know."

"Miss Molly says not, Colonel. He has known nothing of his sister for over twenty years, and accepted this woman on her word."

"Well, well! Interesting situation; hey, Benson? Like to get to the bottom myself. Damn it if it don't sound like a novel. However, the thing before us right now is to discover what has become of Miss McDonald." He straightened up in his chair, then leaned across the table. "Captain Kane, make a thorough examination of McDonald's quarters first. If the girl is not found there, detail two men to accompany Sergeant Hamlin on a search of the town."

"Very well, sir; come on, Sergeant."

"Just a moment—if we find the trail leads beyond the town are we authorized to continue?"

"Certainly, yes. Adjutant, write out the order. Anything more?"

"I should prefer two men of my own troop, sir, mounted."

"Very well; see to it, Captain."

The two men walked down past the dark row of officers' houses, the Sergeant a step to the rear on the narrow cinder path. McDonald's quarters were as black as the others, and there was no response from within when Kane rapped at the door. They tried the rear entrance with the same result—the place was plainly unoccupied.

"Pick out your men, Hamlin," the Captain said sternly, "and I'll call the stable guard."

Ten minutes later, fully equipped for field service, the three troopers circled the guard-house and rode rapidly down the dark road toward the yellow lights of the town. The Sergeant explained briefly the cause of the expedition, and the two troopers, experienced soldiers, asked no unnecessary questions. Side by side the three men rode silently into the town, and Hamlin swung down from his saddle at the door of the dance hall. With a word to the guard he crossed the floor to intercept Mrs. Dupont. The latter regarded his approach with astonishment, her hand on Captain Barrett's blue sleeve.

"Certainly not," she replied rather sharply to his first question. "I am not in charge of Miss McDonald. She is no doubt amusing herself somewhere; possibly lying down over at the hotel; she complained of a headache earlier in the evening. Why do you come to me?"

"Yes," broke in the Captain, "that is what I wish to know, Hamlin. By what authority are you here?"

"The orders of the Colonel commanding, sir," respectfully, yet not permitting his glance to leave the woman's face. "You insist then, madam, that you know nothing of the girl's disappearance?"

"No!" defiantly, her cheeks red.

"Nor of what has become of Connors, or your ranch manager?"

She shrugged her shoulders, endeavoring to smile.

"The parties mentioned are of very small interest to me."

"And Major McDonald," he insisted, utterly ignoring the increasing anger of the officer beside her. "Possibly you were aware of his departure?"

"Yes," more deliberately; "he told me of his orders, and bade me goodbye later. So far as Connors is concerned, he was to have the carriage here for us at two o'clock. Is that all, Mr. Sergeant Hamlin?"

"You better make it all," threatened the Captain belligerently, "before I lose my temper at this infernal impertinence."

Hamlin surveyed the two calmly, confident that the woman knew more than she would tell, and utterly indifferent as to the other.

"Very well," he said quietly, "I will learn what I desire elsewhere. I shall find Miss McDonald, and discover what has actually occurred."

"My best wishes, I am sure," and the lady patted the Captain's arm genially. "We are losing this waltz."

There was but one course for Hamlin to pursue. He had no trail to follow, only a vague suspicion that these

plotters were in some way concerned in the mysterious disappearance. Thus far, however, they had left behind no clue to their participation. Moreover, he was seriously handicapped by ignorance of any motive. Why should they desire to gain possession of the girl? It could not be money, or the hope of ransom. What then? Was it some accident which had involved her in the toils prepared for another? If so, were those unexpected orders for Major McDonald a part of the conspiracy, or had their receipt complicated the affair? The Sergeant was a soldier, not a detective, and could only follow a straight road in his investigation. He must circle widely until he found some trail to follow as patiently as an Indian. There would be tracks left somewhere, if he could only discover them. If this was a hasty occurrence, in any way an accident, something was sure to be left uncovered, some slip reveal the method. He would trace the movements of the father first, and

whom he had any acquaintance. Few among these could recall to mind either "Reb" or his boon companion, and even those who did retained no recollection of having seen the two lately. The bartenders asserted that neither man had been there that night, and the dealers above were equally positive. The city marshal, encountered outside, remembered Dupont, and had seen him at the hotel three hours before, but was positive the fellow had not been on the streets since. Connors he did not know, but if the man was Major McDonald's driver, then he was missing all right, for Captain Barrett had to employ a liveryman to drive Mrs. Dupont back to the fort. No, there was no lady with her; he was sure, for he had watched them get into the carriage.

The troopers were no more fortunate in their results, but had succeeded in stirring up greater excitement during their exploration, several irate individuals, roughly aroused from sleep, exhibiting fighting propensities, which had cost one a blackened eye, and the other the loss of a tooth. Both, however, had enjoyed the occasion, and appeared anxious for more. Having exhausted the possibilities of the town, the soldiers procured lanterns, and, leaving the horses behind, began exploring the prairie. In this labor they were assisted by the marshal, and a few aroused citizens hastily impressed into a posse. The search was a thorough one, but the ground nearby was so cut up by hoofs and wheels as to yield no definite results. Hamlin, obsessed with the belief that whatever had occurred had been engineered by Dupont, and recalling the fact that the man was once a ranchman somewhere to the southward, jumped to the conclusion that the fellow would naturally head in that direction, seeking familiar country in which to hide. With the two troopers he pushed on toward the river, choosing the upper ford as being the most likely choice of the fugitives. The trampled mud of the north bank exhibited fresh tracks, but none he could positively identify. However, a party on horseback had crossed within a few hours, and, without hesitation, he waded out into the stream.

The gray of dawn was in the sky as the three troopers, soaked to the waist, crept up the south bank and studied the trail. Behind them the yellow lanterns still bobbed about between the river and town, but there was already sufficient light to make visible the signs underfoot. Horsemen had climbed the bank, the hoof marks yet damp where water had drained from dripping fetlocks, and had instantly broken into a lope. A moment's glance proved this to Hamlin as he crept back and forth, scrutinizing each hoof mark intently.

"Five in the party," he said soberly. "Three mustangs and two American horses, cavalry shod. About three hours ahead of us." He straightened up, his glance peering into the gray mists. "I reckon it's likely our outfit, but we'll never catch them on foot. They'll be behind the sand-dunes before this. Before we go back, boys, we'll see if they left the trail where it turns west."

The three ran forward, paying little heed until they reached the edge of the ravine. Here the beaten trail swerved sharply to the right. Fifty feet beyond, the marks of horses' hoofs appeared on the sloping bank, Hamlin sprang down to where the marks disappeared around the edge of a large boulder. His hand on the stone, he stopped suddenly with quick indrawing of breath, staring down at a motionless figure lying almost at his feet. The man, roughly dressed, lay on his face, a bullet wound showing above one ear, the back of his neck caked with blood. The Sergeant, mastering his first sense of horror, turned him over and gazed upon the ghastly face of Major McDonald.

"My God, they've murdered him here!" he exclaimed. "Shot him down from behind. Look, men. No; stand back, and don't muss up the tracks. There are foot-prints here—Indians, by heaven! Three of them Indians!"

"Some plainsmen wear moccasins."

"They don't walk that way—toes in; and see this hair in McDonald's fingers—that's Indian, sure. Here is where a horse fell, and slid down the bank. Isn't that a bit of broken feather caught in the bush, Carroll? Bring it over here."

The three bent over the object.

"Well, what do you say? You men are both plainsmen."

"Cheyenne," returned Carroll promptly. "But what the hell are they doing here?"

Hamlin shook his head.

"It will require more than guessing to determine that," he said sternly. "And there is only one way to find out. That fellow was a Cheyenne all right, and there were three of them and two whites in the party—see here; the prints of five horses' hoofs, and one animal led. That will be the one McDonald had. They went straight up the opposite bank of the ravine. If they leave a trail like that we can ride after them full speed."

Carroll had been bending over the dead officer and now glanced up.

"There's sand just below, Sergeant," he said. "That's why they are so darn reckless here."

"Of course; they'll hide in the dunes, and the sooner we're after them the better. Wade, you remain with the body; Carroll and I will return to the fort and report. We'll have to have more men—Wasson if I can get him—and equipment for a hard ride. Come on, Jack."

They waded the river, and ran through the town, shouting their discovery to the marshal and his posse as they passed. Twenty minutes later Hamlin stood before the Colonel, hastily telling the story. The latter

then search the saloons and gambling dens for the two men. Though unsuccessful with Mrs. Dupont, he knew how to deal with such as they.

The stage agent was routed out of bed and came to the door, revolver in hand, startled and angry.

"Who?" he repeated. "Major McDonald? How the hell should I know? Some officer went out—yes; heavy set man with a mustache. I didn't pay any attention to him; had government transportation. There were two other passengers, both men, ranchers, I reckon; none in the station at all. What's that, Jane?"

"A woman's voice spoke from out the darkness behind."

"Was the soldier asking if Major McDonald went East on the coach, Sam?"

"Sure; what do you know about it?"

"Why, I was outside when they started," she explained, "and the man in uniform wasn't the Major. 'I know him by sight, for he's been down here a dozen times when I was at the desk. This fellow was about his size, but dark and stoop-shouldered.'"

"And the others?" asked Hamlin eagerly.

"I didn't know either of them, only I noticed one had a black beard."

"A very large, burly fellow?"

"No, I don't think so. I didn't pay special attention to any of them, only to wonder who the officer was, 'cause I never remembered seeing him here before at Dodge, but, as I recollect, the fellow with a beard was rather under-sized; had a shaggy buffalo-skin cap on."

Plainly enough the man was not Dupont, and McDonald had not departed on the stage, while some other, pretending to be he, possibly wearing his clothes to further the deceit, had taken the seat reserved in the coach. Baffled, bewildered by this unexpected discovery, the Sergeant swung back into his saddle, not knowing which way to turn.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Dead Body.

That both McDonald and his daughter were involved in this strange puzzle was already clear. The disappearance of the one was as mysterious as that of the other. Whether the original conspiracy had centered about the Major, and Miss Molly had merely been drawn into the net through accident, or whether both were destined as victims from the first, could not be determined by theory. Indeed the Sergeant could evolve no theory, could discover no purpose in the outrage. Convinced that Dupont and his wife were the moving spirits, he yet possessed no satisfactory reason for charging them with the crime, for which there was no apparent object.

Nothing remained to be done but search the town, a blind search in the hope of uncovering some trail. That crime had been committed—either murder or abduction—was evident; the two had not dropped thus suddenly out of sight without cause. Nor did it seem possible they could have been whisked away without leaving some trace behind. The town was accustomed to murder and sudden death; the echo of revolver shots would create no panic, awaken no alarm, and yet the place was small, and there was little likelihood that any deed of violence would pass long unnoticed. With a few words of instruction, and hasty descriptions of both Dupont and Connors, Hamlin sent his men down the straggling street to drag out the occupants of shack and tent, riding himself to the blazing front of the "Poodle Dog."

Late as the hour was, the saloon and the gambling rooms above were all crowded. Hamlin plunged into the mass of men, pressing passage back and forth, his eyes searching the faces, while he eagerly questioned those with

whom he had any acquaintance. Few among these could recall to mind either "Reb" or his boon companion, and even those who did retained no recollection of having seen the two lately. The bartenders asserted that neither man had been there that night, and the dealers above were equally positive. The city marshal, encountered outside, remembered Dupont, and had seen him at the hotel three hours before, but was positive the fellow had not been on the streets since. Connors he did not know, but if the man was Major McDonald's driver, then he was missing all right, for Captain Barrett had to employ a liveryman to drive Mrs. Dupont back to the fort. No, there was no lady with her; he was sure, for he had watched them get into the carriage.

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"I Am Not in Charge of Miss McDonald."



"May I Ask if Major McDonald Has Returned to the Post?"

that? She didn't return to the hotel; she was not at the dance hall, and hasn't come back to the post."

"The hell you say! Are you sure?"

"I am; I searched for her high and low before I left, and she could not get in here without passing the guard-house."

Kane stared into the Sergeant's face a moment, and then out across the parade ground. A yellow light winked in the Colonel's office, occasionally flickered out by the passing figure of a sentry. The officer came to a prompt decision.

"The 'old man' is over there yet, grubbing at some papers. Come on over, and tell him what you have told me. I believe the lass will turn up all right; but it does look rather queer."

The Colonel and the Post Adjutant were in the little office, busy over a

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Complete Line Building Material

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State of Texas, County of Callahan hand on the 15th day of April 1913.

C. F. Oglesby,

Constable in and Precinct No 6 Callahan county, and State of Texas,

Civil docket No. 48, D. P. Carter and C. S. Kenady vs O. N. Wingfield.

Whereas in the above case D. P. Carter and C. S. Kenady against O. W. Wingfield civil docket No. 48, a certain judgment was rendered against O. N. Wingfield for the sum of \$148.20 in favor of D. P. Carter and C. S. Kenady and all cost accrued or that may accrue in said case with interest and ten per cent attorney fees, and whereas on the 23 day of December 1912 in said suit an attachment was interred against 50 acres of land situated in Callahan county, State of Texas, belonging to said O. N. Wingfield defendant, said land being 50 acres of the Vigo survey No. 798 abstract No. 523 situated and being near Caddo Peak and on or near the water of Burnt Branch an adjoining farm of W. L. Trammell all under fence and eight acres shrubbed off or partly cleared, known as the Wingfield place in Callahan county, Texas and near the Caddo Peak road. The said Justice Court having ordered said land sold to satisfy the said judgement and cost for which execution is issued for the sum of \$148.20 and all cost including interest and ten per cent attorney fees in this suit. Said land having been duly advertised in a weekly newspaper for sale under execution by me the undersigned constable in and for Precinct No. 6 of Callahan county, State of Texas, said newspaper being the Cross Plains Review, said land was advertised on or from 25th day of April to the 16th day of May 1913. Now therefore on the 1st Tuesday of the month of June 1913 it being the 3rd day of June in said month between the hours of 10 o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m. on said day at the court house in the city of Baird in the county of Callahan, I will offer for sale at public auction for cash all the right, title and interest of the said O. N. Wingfield defendant in and to said land.

Dated Cross Plains, Callahan county, Texas and given under my hand and seal of office.

C. F. Oglesby,

FOR SALE—A house and lot, well located. Easy terms. Call at the Review Office.

NOTICE.

I am in a position to handle a few thousand dollars worth of good vendor's lien notes.

Virgil Hart.

Regular \$30.00 Bicycle-equipped with guaranteed tires and coaster brake for \$23.75 at

C. S. Boys.

I am prepared to do all kinds of harness repair work. See me in the rear of the Racket Store.

W. A. Petterson.

For Sale: Two of the choicest lots in town. Call at Review Office.

For Sale: A registered Jersey bull, squirrel grey in color. Cash or good notes.

J. P. Walker.

Plenty of Buggy and Wagon Paint also Linseed Oil at Shackelford Lumber Yard.

Nice things in Ladies' collars, etc.

Carter & Kenady.

We pay the highest prices for your chickens, eggs, butter and hides.—Neeb & Sipes.

Spend your cash with us and save the coupons—it pays.

Carter & Kenady

WANTED-

**Bookkeepers
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Telegraph Operators**

to fill the many calls we are receiving daily. **START NOW** and get ready for one of these excellent opportunities.

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Scholarships purchased in Draughon's San Antonio, College good at any Draughon School.

No Vacation. Enter any time.

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Contractor & Builder
Building Designed and Constructed. Reasonable prices and good workmanship. Concrete Side Walks constructed.
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I SHIP YOUR CREAM
It saves you that churning besides you double your money. Come in when in town and see me
J. LEE JONES, AGENT FOR
NISSLEY CREAMERY CO., FT. WORTH, TEX.

Main Street Restaurant
I have opened up a new Restaurant on Main Street, just across the street from Davis-Garner & Co. I serve meals at 25c and all kinds of short orders, Chili, etc. Give me a trial.
Mrs. C. S. Johnson, Prop.

The Crystal Cafe
I am still running the Cafe, and have employed a new cook, the biggest and best one in town. Give me a part of your business.
Tom Henson, Prop.

Stubborn Case
"I was under the treatment of two doctors," writes Mrs. R. L. Phillips, of Indian Valley, Va., "and they pronounced my case a very stubborn one, of womanly weakness. I was not able to sit up, when I commenced to take Cardui.
I used it about one week, before I saw much change. Now, the severe pain, that had been in my side for years, has gone, and I don't suffer at all. I am feeling better than in a long time, and cannot speak too highly of Cardui."

TAKE CARDUI The Woman's Tonic

if you are one of those ailing women who suffer from any of the troubles so common to women.
Cardui is a builder of womanly strength. Composed of purely vegetable ingredients, it acts quickly on the womanly system, building up womanly strength, toning up the womanly nerves, and regulating the womanly system. Cardui has been in successful use for more than 50 years. Thousands of ladies have written to tell of the benefit they received from it. Try it for your troubles. Begin today.
Write for Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions, and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent free, 1922

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The City Meat Market
buys hides & cream. (adv)

FORD CAR MODEL T.
Touring Car \$650.00
Roadster \$570.00
Delivered in Cross Plains
Fulwiler Elec. Co.
Agents
Abilene, Texas.

For First Class
Painting or Paper Hanging
See
KELSEY.
All Work Guaranteed

Elder I. M. Ussery will fill his regular appointment at Rowden next Sunday, and will conduct the Bible class at home on next Wednesday night and preach here the 1st Lords day in May. All are invited to attend.

I have some Extra High Grade Hand Made Ware at my shop, such as Buckets, Measures, Milk Strainers Cups, etc.
J. W. Pennett, The Tinner.

Charlie Gibson of Rising Star, was here Trades Day.

REMEMBER

every can of Good Luck Baking Powder is guaranteed, and we sell 3 cans for 25c.
The Racket Store.

John McClure of Pioneer was in our city Trades Day.

Refrigerators, ice cream freezers, Gasoline and Oil Stoves.
C. S. Boyles.

W. L. Spencer and family, of Carbon were guests, the first of the week, of Dr. and Mrs. Rumph. Mrs. Spencer and Mrs. Rumph are sisters.

Bill Shirley and J. N. Brown of Cottonwood were here Trades Day.

Get one of my Ice-less Milk Coolers, 75c to \$5.00.
J. W. Bennett, The Tinner.

At the Presbyterian church Sunday, the pastor will discourse on Salvation by Grace at 11 a. m. A lecture on True Womanhood at 8 p. m. Everybody cordially invited.

Geo. A. Crane, Pastor.

S. A. Black of Atwell is in town doing masonry work. Mr. Black was here two years ago when the town was new. He subscribed for the Review.

Vastis Duke Pogis

A Thoroughbred registered Jersey Bull, No. 92010, Vastis Duke Pogis, Sire Torment of Lakeside No. 59002, Dim Wommack's Vashti No. 182598, will make the season at my shop. Terms, \$2.00 cash in advance, to guarantee calf.
J. W. Bennett,
at the Tin Shop.

J. L. Munsey and family who lived in the Burkett community, returned Friday from Clay county and are living north of Cross Plains.

B. L. Boydston, Foley Bell and Mr. Bearinger of Baird were Monday in Mr. Boydston's car assisting in the Trades Day rush at Mr. Boydston's store here. Joe Shackelford returned with them to Baird.

Mrs. W. T. Wilson went Sunday to DeLeon to meet her daughter, Mrs. Jenks Garrett of Jayton, who will be here some time. Her husband is son of uncle Bob Garrett.

Lodge Directory

Masonic Lodge No 627



o Cross Plains. meets on or before full moon in each month at Masonic

over Bank of Cross Plains.



Meets on Saturday night before 2 & 4 Sun. at I. O. O. F. 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.

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



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

M. E. Church, South.

Preaching each 1st and 4th Sundays at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

Sunday school each Sunday 10 a. m. Geo. Carter 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. Tyson Pres.

You are cordially invited to attend all our church services.

A. Lee Boyd Pastor.

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. George A. Crane, Pastor.

Baptist Church.

Preaching every 2 & 4 Sunday at 11 o'clock a. m. and 8 o'clock p. m. and the Saturday before at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday night at 8 o'clock.

Preaching

At the Christian Church the first Sunday in each month at 11 o'clock and Saturday night before. Sunday School every Sunday at 10 o'clock and a Bible school every Wednesday night at 7:15. All are invited to attend.

I. M. Ussery.

Vendor's lien notes taken up and extended, by the best companies. Plenty of money to loan on land at 8 per cent interest.—Cross Plains Development Company.

Dr. E. H. RAMSEY

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OVER FARMER'S NATIONAL BANK

W. A. Petterson
The
Shoe Repair Man.
ALL KINDS OF HARNESS WORK.
Rear Racket Store.

For Trades Day:—Two choice lots, in good part of town. Will consider horse on deal. Apply at Review Office.

Cross Plains Review and the Semi-Weekly Dallas News \$1.75

.....AUTO SERVICE.....

One man to Baird or Cisco \$5.00
Two men or more each \$3.00
One man to Putman \$3.50
Two men or more each \$2.00
One man to Rising Star \$3.50
Two men or more each \$2.00

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There will be a big game of ball, so we are requested to announce, at the local park Saturday p. m. between Burkett Leaguers and Dodd Price's Colts. You are invited out.

Buy your wall paper from Shackelford.

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