

Dr. S. P. Brooks, President of Baylor University will speak here Wednesday, July 30.

Homer D. Wade of Stamford, Secretary of the Good Roads Association will speak here Thursday, July 31.

Sells House And Lot

W. E. Melton, last week sold his business house and lot on 8th Street to Rev. McCord, possession to be given later.

Mrs. J. G. Newton was reported on the sick list last week.

The editor left Thursday, July 17, for his old home at Wolf City, where goes to spend a week with his parents and other relatives.

L. D. Slaughter of Port Lavaca, is here this week, the guest of G. S. Mitchell. Mr. Slaughter had the Review sent to his address for one year.

Perry Clements of Lubbock was last of last week a visitor of relatives here. Perry is a son of Harty Clements, and is well known by the old timers here.

Mrs. Jim Gaines of Dallas is visiting her folks in the Cross Plains country.

T. E. Powell of Baird was a business visitor her last week.

Sherwing & Williams Paint, as good as the best. Brazelton, Pryor Lumber Co.

Notice: We have a lot of shoes we are going to give you 20 per cent off on as long as they last. Remember these prices are for cash only. Forbes & Adams.

SEASONABLE HARDWARE.

We have received many new seasonable articles in our hardware department this week. The Racket Store.

Misses Leona Gibbs and Marie Cornell of May were here Monday.

J. W. Gates of Sabanno was in town Tuesday

We have just installed a News Stand and will endeavor to handle all standard Magazines. We earnestly solicit all lovers of good reading to call and thoroughly inspect this stand as we will be glad to secure any copy of any Magazine you wish if we do not happen to have it.

In this connection we wish to say that we will handle no literature that is not strictly elevating so that your children may safely visit our News stand. The City Drug Store

E. P. Crawford left this week for Whitesboro where he will meet his wife on her return home from a several weeks stay in Tenn. Mr. and Mrs. Crawford will visit at other points before returning home.

WHO IS YOUR BANK

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.

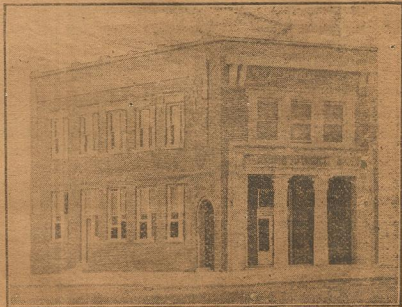
If you will select OUR BANK FOR YOUR BANK. The men who direct this institution are successful business men, and it is wisdom to place your account with us. We are in position to extend accommodations to our customers every day in the year.

Bank with us.

FARMERS NATIONAL BANK

Cross Plains, Texas

Capital And Surplus \$30,000.00



Eight Years Steady Growth

We are Banking on You to Bank With Us.

T. E. POWELL, Pres.
J. A. BARR, V. Pres.
S. F. BOND, Cashier.
T. B. VESTAL, V. Pres.
J. M. HARLOW, V. Pres.
R. G. POWELL, Asst. Cash.

Kid Peak Items.

The farmers have all been very busy with the thrasher the past week. The most of them have laid by their crop, and turned it over to the boll weevil; they have gotten everything but the stalk, and a few more days of dry weather will get them. The corn crop is very good but not as good as it would have been if they had received more rain.

Most everybody are preparing to attend the big picnic at Cross Plains the 30-31.

The big meeting at Burkett was well attended last week.

Mrs. Jim Cooper who was reported very sick is better at this writing.

Ray Stone is now making his home at Burkett.

Bert Brown, after making a few wild trips away from home, has returned satisfied. He says, that he is like the old song: "There is no place like home"

Well, as news is scarce I will close for this time.

Wild West.

MONEY

Should be made go just as far as possible. There is only one way to do this, and that is to find out where prices are the lowest. We invite comparison. We know that we can save you money and we only ask a trial.

The Racket Store.

Caddo Peak.

As I understand that the Review force is small I will write only a little. I see that Mr. Rumbler says he is my Huckelberry. Before I am thru with him he will think he is a goose berry.

Whistletrigger had better keep quiet for ever more or I will tell to the world something that would send him into exile on his own accord. No wonder he is displeased with Caddo Peak after one of the fair Peak belles railroaded him back to Liberty faster than he came. If you don't want to get your heart cracked again you had better throw no more loving glance at the fairest of the fairest at Caddo Peak.

We had no preaching at the school house Sunday on account of Rev. A. Lee Boyd being gone.

J. A. Moore and family and Johnnie and Ettie Breeding and Mrs. S. R. and Jake Hoover attended church at Dressy.

Mrs. Lane Steele has been slightly ill for a few days.

Curt Oglesby is making regular trips to Coleman taking produce.

Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Robinson went to Baird the first of the week to visit their daughter, Mrs. Payne.

This Box went unanimous against the amendments in the election Saturday.

Cutting fodder and maize is the order of the day. You know that that and newspaper reporting don't go good together.

I wonder who our bunch of Sunshine is from Turkey Crook. We will allow the reporters to take any non-de-plum they like except the name of Whistletrigger or any similar trigger.

Mrs. T. M. Shuffurd returned Sunday from Rochester where she had been visiting her sister Mrs. Caldwell.

Slim Jim

Liberty Items

Here I come again after a brief absence. Everything is moving along nicely at Liberty at present. Most of the farmers are laying by.

Miss Myrtle Marshall took serious ill last week but is thought to be improving some at present.

Miss Letha Kemp of Bradshaw visited H. D. Marshall and family last week.

Many of the Libertyites went over to the picnic at Sabanno and spent a pleasant day.

In a difficulty last week between Berry Bell and Harvey Armour Berry was painfully stabbed with a pocket knife. The gash required six stitches and was deep enough to reach the hollow.

W. D. Gooch and family of Pioneer are visiting in Liberty this week, they intend to go to Haskell county next week where Mrs. Gooch sister resides.

John Holder lost a fine Poland China pig last week.

Bob Brooks of near Rising Star was in Liberty one day last week.

Tom Bruce was in town yesterday. While here he told some of his friends of his intention of going south on a pleasure trip. He says he will be gone about a month.

Say Grumbler when are you and Slim Jim going to pull off that debate? Please publish it as we want to hear it. I would like to put in a challenge now for Liberty versus the winners of that debate.

Jimmy Whistletrigger.

SOME DISH PANS.

We sold 72 Dish pans Trades Day. Which shows the people knows a bargain when they see one.

The Racket Store.

Mark Strickland was reported on the sick list the first of the week.

Harty Clements and son, Perry, left Friday of last week for Putnam.

Tip Wolf came in for a day or two, Thursday of last week.

Mrs. Sam Sipes returned last Sunday from a few days visit with her mother at Quanah.

J. H. Carter and wife and son passed through Cross Plains Sunday enroute to their home at Rising Star.

Cross Plains and Rising Star played ball Monday, the score standing 17-3 in favor of Cross Plains.

E. O. Adams and wife are visiting at Garmon this week.

Mrs. Cal Wright is visiting relatives here this week.

Mr. Eppler and daughter, Ernest Gode and others of Cisco were here Monday.

W. P. Ramsey and Bud Anderson left Wednesday for a few weeks visit to the Davis mountain. Mr. Anderson going to look at the country and Mr. Ramsey going for his health.

Mr. Dorse Odom's little child was quite sick last Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Montgomery, of Silvester, were here this week the guests of their daughter, Mrs. W. L. Swafford, returning home Thursday.

Miss V. Nordyke is reported on sick list this week.

Owen left Monday evening for Rotan.

AMENDMENTS ARE DEFEATED

"S. J. R. 18" defeated four to one; "Judges" Amendment by nearly three to one and "Salaries" by two to one. El Paso and Austin lead in support of proposals. Dallas and Waco against them and so were most smaller towns and rural precincts.

Latest returns give: For Judges amendment 21,432, against 58,313; for salaries amendment 29,456, against 55,914; for bonds amendment 16,486, against 65,146.—In Sunday Dallas News.

Cross Plains: For Judge amendment 12, against 96, for Salaries 16 against 83 and Bonds 13, against 93.

C. C. Neeb, Mark Strickland and Misses Marry Robinson and Ollie McGowen, visited in Rising Star Sunday.

RAINFALL BY THE YEAR SINCE 1885

RECORD AS KEPT BY M. R. HALEY, EX-COUNTY SURVEYOR, FOR LAST 28 YEARS

The Review is indebted to M. R. Haley, who lives on the proposed line of the Texas Central from here to Abilene, for the following very interesting and useful information.

1885	32 inches
86	25
87	35
88	49
89	40
90	39
91	31
92	34

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

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

Be sure to be here July the 30 & 31, the days of the picnic. 5000 people are expected to attend.

Stand by your town. Not a dollar invested there but some good comes of it.

The C. S. Service is sponsor for the statement that the average farm in Callahan county contains 253 acres.

will please consider this an invitation to subscribe. \$1.00 the year, 50c for 6 months, 25c for 3 months.

On the first page of the Review there appears an article giving the rainfall for Callahan county for 28 years.

Mr. Haley shows our rainfall to be ample or the growing of all crops in this or the temperate belt.

City Building Notes

Advertising is the art of persuasion The door won't linger long in a live City.

Molly McDonald

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Major McDonald, commanding an army post near Fort Ripley, is a man to intercept his daughter, who is headed for the post. An outbreak is threatened.

CHAPTER II—Major McDonald's daughter had just arrived with her friends to a picnic at the mission and starts alone.

CHAPTER III—Molly arrives at Fort Ripley two days ahead of schedule. She decides to push on to Fort Dodge by stage in company with "Suttler Bill" Movellan. Gonzales, a gambler, is also a passenger.

CHAPTER IV—Hamlin meets the stage with stories of the fighting with the Indians. It is decided to return to Ripley. The driver deserts the stage when Indians appear.

CHAPTER V—The Indians are repulsed in attack on the stage by Hamlin, Movellan and Gonzales. The latter is killed.

CHAPTER VI—Movellan is killed in next attack. Indians retire, and Hamlin and Molly wait for the next move.

CHAPTER VII—They plan to attempt escape in the darkness by way of a gully.

CHAPTER VIII—Molly is wounded and Hamlin carries her slipping past the watching Indians in the darkness.

CHAPTER IX—They cross a river and just get into hiding when they hear the Indians renew their attack on the stage.

CHAPTER X—The Indians discover their escape and start pursuit, but go in the wrong direction.

CHAPTER XI—Hamlin is much excited at finding a haversack marked "S. A." He explains to Molly that he was in the Confederate service and mentions in disgrace under orders of General LeVeve, who he suspects of being responsible for his disgrace and for whom he has been hunting ever since. Troops appear on the scene.

CHAPTER XII—Under escort of Major Gaskins Molly starts to join her father. Hamlin leaves to rejoin his regiment.

CHAPTER XIII—Hamlin returns to Fort Dodge, believes of hiding from the Indians, and finds Molly there.

CHAPTER XIV—Shots are heard in the night accompanied by the call of the vulture. Hamlin rushes out and believes is the figure of Molly hiding in the darkness and falls over the body of Major Gaskins who has been shot. The officer accuses Hamlin of shooting him and the sergeant is arrested.

CHAPTER XV—Hamlin is discharged from arrest, the officers being satisfied of his innocence, although Gaskins persists in accusing him. Hamlin believes Gaskins is hiding from the Indians. He goes in company with Mrs. Dupont, whom he recognizes as a former sweetheart, who threw him over for LeVeve. Hamlin gets a note from Mrs. Dupont questioning an interview.

CHAPTER XVI—Mrs. Dupont tells her she was forced by LeVeve to marry him. She tells Hamlin, and that she would not receive him.

CHAPTER XVII—Hamlin accuses Mrs. Dupont of being a spy with a view to drive him out of the Confederate service in disgrace, so LeVeve, who was a junior officer, would get command of the regiment. He declares he has been looking for LeVeve ever since in hopes of making him tell the truth which will clear his record. Hamlin tells Mrs. Dupont better leave the place at once.

CHAPTER XVIII—Hamlin overhears a conversation between a civilian, Major Dupont and a soldier, which indicates that they are hatching a money-making plot of some kind with Mrs. Dupont, involving Gaskins.

CHAPTER XIX—Molly seeks an interview with Hamlin. The sergeant tells her that he and Mrs. Dupont were former sweethearts, but the woman had played him false.

CHAPTER XX—Molly says her father seems to be in Mrs. Dupont's power. The latter claims to be a daughter of McDonald's sister, McDonald, trying to force Molly to marry Gaskins.

CHAPTER XXI—McDonald is ordered to Fort Ripley with \$20,000 of the government's money. Molly disappears. Hamlin sets about to trace her.

CHAPTER XXII—He discovers that a man in uniform who left on the stage under the name of McDonald was not the major.

CHAPTER XXIII—Hamlin discovers McDonald's murdered body. Footprints indicate that two white men and three Indians were involved in the deed. Hamlin is given two troopers and a scout named Wasson to run down the murderers. Dupont is suspected.

CHAPTER XXIV—Conners, soldier accomplice of Dupont, is found murdered.

CHAPTER XXV—Hamlin's party is caught in a fierce blizzard while heading for the Cimarron. One man dies from cold and another almost succumbs. LeVeve is shot as they come in sight of the Cimarron. Hamlin dashes blindly toward a light in pursuit of the man who fired the shot.

CHAPTER XXVI—By heroic work he rescues Conners. His remaining horse, however, Hamlin discovers a log cabin hidden under a bluff.

CHAPTER XXVII—It is occupied by Hughes, a cow thief, who is laying for LeVeve, who cheated him in a cattle deal. His description identifies LeVeve and Dupont as one and the same. LeVeve is hand and glove with the Indians. Hughes shot Wasson mistaking him for one of LeVeve's party.

CHAPTER XXVIII—Hamlin decides to wait at the cabin until the storm abates before attempting to take up the trail on LeVeve, who is carrying Molly to the Indians' camp.

CHAPTER XXIX—Hamlin and Hughes start in pursuit of the fugitives. Two days out they sight them.

CHAPTER XXX—A fight ensues in which Hughes is shot by an Indian.

CHAPTER XXXI—Hughes, dying, makes a desperate attempt to shoot LeVeve, but hits Hamlin, while the latter's disarming LeVeve. LeVeve escaped, believing Hamlin and Molly dead. Hamlin tells Hamlin that her father was implicated in the plot to steal the paymaster's money.

CHAPTER XXXII—Hamlin confesses his love for Molly and finds that it is reciprocated. They start for the log cabin.

CHAPTER XXXIII—Molly tells the story of her experience. Her father was the power of Mrs. Dupont, who was plotting to secure the paymaster's money by pretending robbery. McDonald was a result of a quarrel.

"Sergeant, I must send a messenger to Camp Supply. Are you fit to go?"

"As much as anyone, General Custer," was the quiet response. "I have no wounds of consequence."

"Very well. Take the fastest horse in the command, and an Osage guide. You know the country, but he will be of assistance. I have written a very brief report; you are to tell Sheridan personally the entire story. We shall rest here two hours, and then proceed slowly along the trail. I anticipate no further serious fighting. You will depart at once."

"Very well, sir," the Sergeant saluted, and turned away, halting an instant to ask: "You have reported the losses, I presume?"

"Yes, the dead and wounded. There are some missing, who may yet come in. Major Elliott and fourteen others are still unaccounted for." He paused. "By the way, Sergeant, while you are with Sheridan, explain to him who you are—he may have news for you. Good night, and good luck."

He stood up and held out his hand. In surprise, his eyes suddenly filling with tears, Hamlin felt the grip of his fingers. Then he turned, unable to articulate a sentence, and strode away into the night.

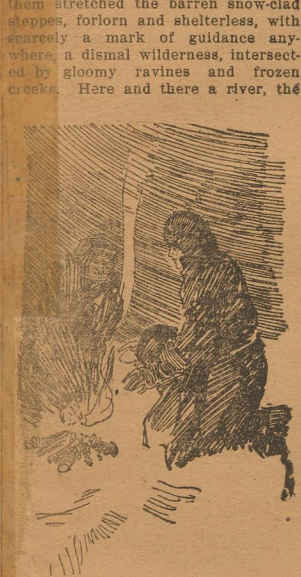
CHAPTER XXXVIII.

At Camp Supply.

There are yet living in that great Southwest those who will retell the story of Hamlin's ride from the banks of the Washita to Camp Supply. It remains one of the epics of the plains, one of the proud traditions of the Army. To the man himself those hours of danger, struggle and weariness, were more a dream than a reality. He passed through them almost unconsciously, a soldier performing his duty in utter forgetfulness of self, moved by the discipline of years of service, by the importance of his mission, and by memory of Molly McDonald. Love and duty held him reeling in the saddle, brought him safely to the journey's end.

Let the details pass unwritten. Beneath the darkening skies of early evening, the Sergeant and the Osage guide rode forth into the peril and mystery of the shrouded desert. Beyond the outpost picket, moving as silently as two specters, they found at last a coulee leading upward from the valley to the plains above. To their left the Indian fires swept in half circles, and between were the dark outlines of savage foes. From rock to rock echoed guttural voices, but, foot by foot, unnoted by the keen eyes, the two crept steadily on through the midnight of that sheltering ravine, dismounted, hands clasping the nostrils of their ponies, feeling through the darkness for each step, halting breathless at every crackle of a twig, every crunch of snow under foot. Again and again they paused, silent, motionless, as they gazed upon the savagery outlined between them and the sky, yet they passed steadily, every instinct of the plains exercised, they passed unseen.

In the earliest gray of dawn the two wearied men crept out upon the upper plateau, dragging their horses. Behind, the mists of the night still hung heavy and dark over the valley, yet with a new sense of freedom they swung into their saddles, faced sternly the chill wind of the north and rode forward across the desolate snow fields. It was no boys' play! The tough, half-broken Indian ponies kept steady stride, leaping the drifts, skimming rapidly along the bare hill-sides. From dawn to dark scarcely a word was uttered. By turns they slept in the saddle, the one awake gripping the other's rein. Once, in a strip of cottonwood beside a frozen creek, they paused to light a fire and make a hasty meal. Then they were off again, facing the frosty air, riding straight into the north. Before them stretched the barren snow-clad steppes, forlorn and shelterless, with scarcely a mark of guidance anywhere, a dismal wilderness, intersected by gloomy ravines and frozen creeks. Here and there a river, the



They Paused to Light a Fire.

water lay cold and covered with floating ice, barred their passage; down in the valleys the drifted snow turned them aside. Again and again the struggling ponies floundered to their ears, or slid headlong down some steep declivity. Twice Hamlin was thrown, and once the Osage was crushed between floating cakes and submerged in the icy stream. Across the open barrens swept the wind into their faces, a ceaseless buffeting, chilling to the marrow; their eyes burned in the snow-glare. Yet they rode on and on, voiceless, suffering in the grim silence of despair, fit denizens of that scene of utter desolation.

At the Cimarron the half-frozen Indian collapsed, falling from his saddle into the snow utterly exhausted. Staggering himself like a drunken man, the Sergeant dragged the nerveless body into a crevice of the bluff out of the wild sweep of the wind, trampled aside the snow into a wall of shelter, built a hasty fire, and poured hot coffee between the shivering lips. With the earliest gray of another dawn, the white man caught the strongest pony, and rode on alone. He never knew the story of those hours—only that his trail led straight into the north. He rode erect at first, then leaning forward clinging to the mane; now and then he staggered along on foot dragging his pony by the rein. Once he stopped to eat, breaking the ice in a creek for water. It began to snow, the thick fall of flakes blotting out the horizon, leaving him to stumble blindly through the murk. Then darkness came, wrapping him in a cloak of silence in the midst of that unspeakable desert. His limbs stiffened, his brain reeled from intense fatigue. He dragged himself back into the saddle, pressing the pony into a slow trot. Suddenly out of the wall of gloom sprang the yellow lights of Camp Supply. Beneath these winking eyes of guidance there burst the red glare of a fire. Even as he saw it the pony fell, but the exhausted man had forgotten now everything but duty. The knowledge that he had won the long struggle brought him new strength. He wrenched his feet free from the stirrups, and ran forward, calling to the guard. They met him, and he stood straight before them, every nerve taut—a soldier.

"I bring dispatches from Custer," he said slowly, holding himself firm. "Take me to General Sheridan."

The corporal walked beside him, down the trampled road, questioning eagerly as they passed the line of shacks toward the double log house where the commander was quartered. Hamlin heard, and answered briefly, yet was conscious only of an effort to retain his strength. Once within, he saw only the short, sturdy figure sitting behind a table, the shaggy gray beard, the stern, questioning eyes which surveyed him. He stood there straight, motionless, his uniform powdered with snow, his teeth clenched so as not to betray weakness, his face roughened by exposure, grimy with dirt, and disfigured by a week's growth of beard. Sheridan stared at him, shading his eyes from the glow of the lamp.

"You are from Custer?"

"Yes, sir."

He drew the papers from within his overcoat, stepped forward and laid them on the table. Sheridan placed one hand upon them, but did not remove his gaze from Hamlin's face.

"When did you leave?"

"The evening of the 27th, sir. I was sent back with an Osage guide to bring you this report."

"And the guide?"

"He gave out on the Cimarron and I came alone."

"And Custer? Did he strike Black Kettle?"

"We found his camp on the evening of the 26th, and attacked at daybreak the next morning. There were more Indians with him than we expected to find—between two and three thousand, warriors from all the southern tribes. Their tepees were set up for ten miles along the Washita. We captured Black Kettle's village, and destroyed it; took his pony herd, and released a number of white prisoners, including some women and children. There was a sharp fight, and we lost quite a few men; I left too early to learn how many."

"And the command—is it in any danger?"

"I think not, sir. General Custer was confident he could retire safely. The Indians were thoroughly whipped, and apparently had no chief under whom they could rally."

The General opened the single sheet of paper, and ran his eyes slowly down the lines of writing. Hamlin, feeling his head reel giddily, reached out silently and grasped the back of a chair in support. Sheridan glanced up.

"General Custer reports Major Elliott as missing and several officers badly wounded."

"Yes, sir."

"What Indians were engaged, and under what chiefs?"

"Mostly Cheyennes, although there were bands of Arapahoes, Kiowas, Comanches, and a few Apaches. Little Rock was in command after Black Kettle was killed—that is of the Cheyennes. Little Raven, and Santanta led the others."

"A fiend, that last. But, Sergeant, you are exhausted. I will talk with you tomorrow. The officer of the day will assign you quarters."

Hamlin, still clinging to the chair with one hand, lifted the other in salute.

"General Sheridan," he said, striving to control his voice, "General Custer's last words to me were that I was to tell you who I am. I do not know what he meant, but he said you would have news for me."

"Indeed!" in surprise, stiffening in his chair.

"Yes, sir—my name is Hamlin."

"Hamlin! Hamlin!" the General repeated the word. "I have no recollection—why, yes, by God! You were a Confederate colonel."

"Fourth Texas Infantry."

"That's it! I have it now; you were court-martialed after the affair at Fisher's Hill, and dismissed from the service—disobedience of orders, or something like that. Wait a minute."

He rapped sharply on the table, and the door behind, leading into the other room, instantly opened to admit the orderly in the dim light of the single lamp Hamlin saw the short,

stocky figure of a soldier, bearded, and immaculately clean. Even as the fellow's gloved hand came sharply up to his cap visor, Sheridan snapped out:

"Orderly, see if you recognize this man."

Erect, the very impersonation of military discipline, the soldier crossed the room, and stared into the unshaven face of the Sergeant. Suddenly his eyes brightened, and he wheeled about as if on a pivot, again bringing his gloved hand up in salute.

"Eet vas Colonel Hamlin, I tink ya," he said in strong German accent. "I know heem."

The Sergeant gripped his arm, bringing his face about once more.

"You are Shultz—Sergeant-Major Shultz!" he cried. "What ever became of you? What is it you know?"

"Wait a minute, Hamlin," said Sheridan quickly, rising to his feet. "I can explain this much better than that Dutchman. He means well enough, but his tongue twists. It seems Custer met you once in the Shenandoah, and later heard of your dismissal from the service. One night



"He is My Soldier."

he spoke about the affair in my quarters. Shultz was present on duty and overheard. He spoke up like a little man; said he was there when you got your orders, that they were delivered verbally by the staff officer, and he repeated them for us word for word. He was taken prisoner an hour later, and never heard of your court-martial. Is that it, Shultz?"

"Mine Gott, ya; I sa dot alretty," fervently. "He tell you not reconnoissance—charge! I heard eet twice. Gott in Himmel, vat a hell in der plines!"

"Hamlin," continued Sheridan quietly, "there is little enough we can do to right this wrong. There is no way in which that Confederate court-martial can be reconvened. But I shall have Shultz's deposition taken and scattered broadcast. We will clear your name of stain. What became of that cowardly cur who lied?"

Hamlin pressed one hand against his throbbing temples, struggling against the faintness which threatened mastery.

"He—he paid for it, sir," he managed to say. "He—he died three days ago in Black Kettle's camp."

"You got him!"

"Yes—I—I got him."

"I have forgotten—what was the coward's name?"

"Eugene Le Veve, but in Kansas they called him Dupont."

"Dupont! Dupont!" Sheridan struck the table with closed fist. "Good Lord, man! Not the husband of that woman who ran off with Lieutenant Gaskins, from Dodge?"

"I—I never heard—"

The room whirled before him in mist, the faces vanished; he heard an exclamation from Shultz, a sharp command from Sheridan, and then seemed to crumble up on the floor. There was the sharp rattle of a woman's skirt, a quick, light step, the pressure of an arm beneath his head.

"Quick, orderly, he's fainted," it was the General's voice, sounding afar off. "Get some brandy, Shultz. Here, Miss McDonald, let me hold the man's head."

She turned slightly, her soft hand pressing back the hair from Hamlin's forehead.

"No," she protested firmly, "he is my soldier."

And the Sergeant, looking past the face of the girl he loved saw tears dimming the stern eyes of his commander.

THE END.

New Automobile Alarm. A new French automobile alarm consists of a pair of bells rung by a propeller whirled by its resistance to the air through which it passes.

Molly McDonald

A TALE of the FRONTIER

By

RANDALL PARRISH

Author of "Keith of the Border," "My Lady of Doubt," "My Lady of the North," etc., etc.

Illustrations by

V. L. BARNES

Copyright, 1912, by A. C. McClurg & Co.

W. B. WILLIAMS
Contractor & Builder
 Building Designed and Constructed. Reasonable prices and good workmanship. Concrete Side Walks constructed.
 Cross Plains, Texas.

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.

You Need a Tonic
 There are times in every woman's life when she needs a tonic to help her over the hard places. When that time comes to you, you know what tonic to take—Cardui, the woman's tonic. Cardui is composed of purely vegetable ingredients, which act gently, yet surely, on the weakened womanly organs, and helps build them back to strength and health. It has benefited thousands and thousands of weak, ailing women in its past half century of wonderful success, and it will do the same for you. You can't make a mistake in taking

GARDUI
The Woman's Tonic

Miss Amelia Wilson, R. F. D. No. 4, Alma, Ark., says: "I think Cardui is the greatest medicine on earth, for women. Before I began to take Cardui, I was so weak and nervous, and had such awful dizzy spells and a poor appetite. Now I feel as well and as strong as I ever did, and can eat most anything." Begin taking Cardui today. Sold by all dealers.

Has Helped Thousands.

THE CENTRAL HOTEL
 LOCATED CLOSE IN
 MEALS 25c BEDS 25c
 GIVE US A TRIAL
JIM CROSS, PROPRIETOR

JULY 30-31st
PICNIC, Cross Plains

It's Time to Visit
 The TEXAS GULF COAST RESORTS
 The Convenient Route is via
The Texas Central Railroad
 THE RATE FROM CROSS PLAINS IS:
 \$12.50 to Galveston \$15.30 to Corpus Christi
 \$15.30 to Rockport.
 Tickets on sale each Friday to and including September 25th, limited to return 10 days from date of sale.
 For rates to Aransas Pass, Talacios Port Lavaco and various other destinations, call on or write,
 W. B. Williams, Agent. E. Blair, G. P. A.
 Cross Plains, Texas. Waco, Texas.

Attention Automobile Owners.
 We carry in stock, casings, tubes, tire chains, spark plugs, batteries, rubber tubing, vulcanising rubber, vulcanizers, michelin mastic, Carbyde, patches, Pumps, engine oil, cup grease, transmission grease water bags, etc. All extras are spot cash. Come to see us.
C. S. BOYLES.

FORD CAR MODEL F.
 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

HITT & EDWARDS
 Barber Shop
 Located across street from Post Office
 Will appreciate your business
 Agents for Crow Brothers Steam Laundry.
 Basket leaves Tuesday
L. P. Henslee
 Notary Public

I am Agent for the celebrated Stover Gasoline Engine. I am prepared to install all kinds of Pumping outfits. More than 10 years experience with Gasoline Engines.

DREW HILL
 Cross Plains, Texas
J. Rupert Jackson,
 Attorney—at—Law,
 Baird, Texas.
 Office Home Nat'l Bank Bldg.

Virgil Hart
 Atty. and Counselor at Law
 Land Titles Examined and Legal Documents Carefully Prepared.
 Office At
BANK OF CROSS PLAINS
 Cross Plains, Texas

FOR SALE: A life time scholarship in Draughon's Practical Business College at San Antonio. Will sell cheap for cash or good note. Apply 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.

Lodge Directory
Masonic Lodge No. 627
 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.

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 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. 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 1st 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 3:30 p. m.
 Pastor.

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.

Dr. E.H. RAMSEY
DENTIST
 OVER FARMER'S NATIONAL BANK

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

DRS. RUMPH & RUMPH
 PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS.
 CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS
 Phone No. 37.
 Residence 39

The Terrible Test.
 "Darling," cried the young man as he sank at the maiden's feet, "I would do anything to prove my love for you!"
 "That's what every man says when he wants to win a girl," answered the young lady harshly.
 "Can't I move you?" panted the desperate Romeo. "Prove me. Put me to the test. Test me, I pray you."
 "I wonder!" whispered the lady softly to herself, while a blush mantled her pale cheeks. Then suddenly bending over the almost swooning youth who crunched at her feet she exclaimed, "I will put you to the test!"
 "Ah!" The youth sprang to his feet, exultant, triumphant, and cried aloud to the maiden at his side: "Your test? Your test?"
 "'Tis to marry some other girl," murmured the sweet young thing as she glided backward through the velvet curtains into the ballroom.—Baltimore American.

An Ugly Weapon.
 When boxers and fighters came together in the old days of Greece they wore upon their hands the cestus, which was in itself a terrible adjunct to any fighter. But there was sometimes attached to the cestus a deadlier weapon, consisting of a three pronged fork of bronze, known as the myrmex. Classical literature has frequent references to the myrmex, which is described as the deadliest weapon of the ancient pugilist. The right hand was swathed in tough hide, bound in place with thongs and supplemented by small knobs of lead or iron. This was the cestus, to which was affixed the myrmex. Combats in those days were much more brutal and dangerous than those of the modern prize ring. It is easily seen that a single blow of the myrmex might cause death or permanent injury.

King Haakon's Hopeful.
 One day Prince Olaf had a little playmate with him in one of the private salons in the palace at Christiania. The visitor climbed into one of the armchairs. "Get out of there," cried Olaf, "that's my father's place!" King Haakon hastened across the room to comfort the little visitor, who looked scared, and in order to reassure him picked him up and sat him on his knee. At this young Prince Olaf became still more enraged. With a stamp of his small foot, he expostulated, "Get out of there, I tell you; that is my mother's place!"—T. P.'s Weekly.

When you want to go anywhere, whether by auto or horse rig, be sure to see me. Prices reasonable
S. F. Knight, The

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.

WANTED-
Bookkeepers
Stenographers
Telegraph Operators
 to fill the many calls we are receiving daily. START NOW and get ready for one of these excellent opportunities.
POSITIONS SECURED
 OR
MONEY REFUNDED
 Contract backed by 24 years success; \$300,000 Capital—48 Big Schools and more Bank endorsements than all other Business Colleges in the United States Combined. Scholarships purchased in Draughon's San Antonio, College good at any Draughon School.
 No Vacation. Enter any time.
Draughon's Practical Business College
 San Antonio, Texas.

2 days PICNIC 2 days

Cross Plains, Texas, July 30-31.

We are offering some special inducements in every Department—Do not miss them.

CARTER & KENADY

Are You Interested In Cooking?

See us for all kinds of Flavoring, Extracts and Coloring, etc., for the making of Ice Cream, Cakes, etc. We handle the best, buy in large quantities and can therefore sell cheap.

Cross Plains Ice & Bottling Company.

STORES CLOSED FROM 10 A. M. TO 5 P. M. ON PICNIC DAYS

We the undersigned agree to close our places of business on July 30th and 31st from 10 a. m. to 5 p. m.

- Furniture Co.
- City Drug Store
- J. Lee Jones
- F. P. Shackelford
- Mercantile Co.
- J. A. Wagner & Son
- Jones & Westerman
- B. L. Boydston
- Carter & Kenady
- Davis Garner & Co
- Bank of Cross Plains
- Farmers' National Bank
- Forbes & Adams
- B. F. Adkisson

My wagon and buggy paint is new stock. Also handle PURE raw linseed oil. Shackelford Lumber Yard.

DeVoe's paints are the best. Shackelford's Lumber Yard

Buy your flavoring, extracts and coloring from the Bottling Co.

Crusto Lard at \$1.20 per bucket Jones & Westerman.

Use screens and keep out the flies. We have the screens. Brazelton & Pryor Lumber Co.

Notice: One-fifth off on one lot of Shoes as long as they last. Remember these prices are for cash only. Forbes & Adams.

Old paper for sale at this office, 15 cts. per hundred.



Vacation land is calling now, and it only remains for you to make up your mind when and where to go.

The low fares, to more than a hundred attractive resorts, and the conveniences to be had in reaching them will help you solve the question.

For fares, berths or any other travel information desired, address

W. G. Crush, General Passenger Agent
Katy Building, Dallas, Tex.



Floor and crack wax wood filler, stains, interior and exterior varnishes, all DeVoe's goods. Shackelford Lumber Yard

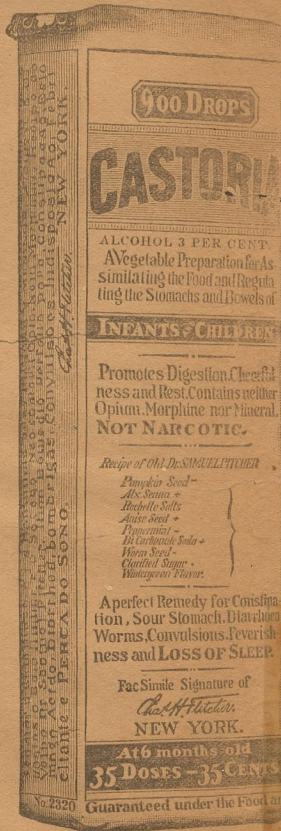
75 pairs of shoes at 75c a pair. Come and get yours. Cross Plains Merc. Co.

Misses Jean and Ada Powell of Baird, and Miss Ruth Honcker of Farmers were here Sunday, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Grav Powell.

Cross Plains Marble and Granite Works

C. O. HAMILTON, Prop.

Close prices for anything in the Marble or fancy line. Goods Manufactured in home town.



CASTORIA

For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature

of

J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. U.S.A.

In Use

For Over

Thirty Years

CASTORIA

Callahan County Cotton Crop Worth \$1,133,276

The Texas cotton crop for 1912 is the most valuable one in the history of the cotton industry according to preliminary estimates furnished the Commercial Secretaries and Business Men's Association by the Federal Census Bureau. The Texas yield in 1912 was 4,88,210 bales of 500 pounds or 624,000 bales more than the 1911 crop, while the 1912 yield in the United States was approximately 3,000,000 bales less than in 1911. The excessive yield in Texas was absorbed by floods, droughts and unfavorable conditions in other southern states. The world's consumption of cotton in 1911 is reported by our Census Bureau to be 20,402,000 bales of 500 pounds net and the 1912 production will, according to reliable estimates, fall slightly under these figures. The 1911 world's production amount to 22,297,000 or an over production of approximately 2,000,000 bales. The average price of cotton for 1911 was 9.9 cents per pound and in 1912 the price was 12.05. The 1912 Texas crop, included, sold for \$338,538,822 which is an advance of \$90,658,000 over the 1910 crop, its nearest competitor.

The effect of production in 1911 made itself manifest in the price per pound. The 1912 world crop while 2,000,000 bales under the 1911 production, will, in all probability, sell for several million dollars more than the 1911 crop. It will be 60 days before complete report on the world production and prices are announced.

There were 16332 equivalent 500 pounds bales of cotton produced in Callahan County from the crop of 1912 and the lint and seed sold for approximately \$1,133,276. The lint sold for \$984,003 and 8166 tons of seed produced in this county brought 149273

Miss Annie Mae Chambliss left Thursday morning for Goree where she will visit home folk.

tem." "I spent 27 months trying to learn Pitman shorthand, but owing to the hundreds of rules, hundred of exceptions and thousands of words signs, I failed to become a good stenographer. After studying Byrne in your school two weeks, I had a more practical working knowledge of Shorthand than I did after 27 months study of the Pitman."

"After studying six different Pitman systems I was unable to hold an ordinary office job, but with five weeks study of the Byrne I went in to the District Court and did reporting successfully, and was appointed regular Court Stenographer."

"Why study any system of short hand other than the Byrne, when the Byrne can be learned in half the time or less, read with great ease and written at a higher rate of speed which means better salary and promotion? It does not cost half as much to complete a course in our school as it does one of the other systems in other school. We hold the exclusive right to teach the Byrne in this section."

Write for catalog containing full indorsements and names and addresses of others who have tried the systems and abandoned them for the Byrne. Our Bookkeeping and Telegraphy are as far superior to the other systems as is the Byrne Shorthand. Don't fail to write or phone collect for our large free catalogue. Tyler Commercial College, Tyler Texas.

Texas Has 1,637 Chinese, Indians and Japs.

Washington, D. C., July — The Indian, Chinese and Japanese population of Texas is confined to twenty-two counties and consists of 702 Red Men, 595 Celestials, and 340 Japs, according to a recent census bulletin. Ten years ago there were 470 Indian 839 Chinese and 13 Japs in the Lone Star State. During the past decade the Indian population has increased 232, the Jap 327 and the Chinese population shows a decrease of 241. Kinney County leads in number of Indians having 200 within her borders. El Paso has the greatest number Chinese which is 253 and Harrie County takes first rank in Jap population, there being 92 in that county.

Women Refuse To Tell Age.

The Census enumerators report that 3144 women in Texas refused to tell their age. No reasons were assigned and the subject is open for general discussion. We hesitate, in this age of theories, theaters and moving picture shows, to hazard an opinion, but we always look important issues squarely in the face especially if they are feminine. It is our guess they are old maids in love.

Any woman who has, for an unknown number of years, played the game of love and drawn a blank, should not be required to answer questions, or should at least be permitted to tell a pretty fable. But this is a ticklish subject, and we feel pale-hearted fear coming over us, so we will pass it to State Press to say the last word.

Heavy Wheat Yield Near Wichita Falls.

Wichita Falls, July — An average of forty-four and a half bushels of wheat to the acre was maintained this season on the Lysaght farm, located near here. There were one thousand acres planted to wheat this year on this one tract.

Mrs. W. P. Ramsey and H. P. visited in Sipe Springs last Saturday returning Tuesday evening.

Mr. Bennett and family of Gorman, are in the city this week; the guests of his brothers, Jim and Bert. They left Wednesday for the Bayou, to try their luck fishing.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only Constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 30 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, etc. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

20 DAY NORMAL SINGING SCHOOL

By B. J. Clements of Northport, Ala., Graduate of Eagle's Normal Institute

Beginning August 1st and continuing 20 days. Branches taught:

Rudiments, sight singing, practical voice culture in class, ear training, practical harmony and composition, methods of teaching and conducting. Daily lessons will be given in each of the foregoing subjects which constitute normal course.

For further information see T. E. MITCHELL

Say, Ma! I am a stranger here. Where is the best place to buy ice? Go where they all go—to the Cross Plains Ice & Bottling Co. (adv)

Anything in screen goods you might want.

Shackelford Lumber Yard

Housewife, buy your flavoring, extracts and coloring from the Bottling Co.

Snow Drift Lard at \$1.20 per bucket.

Jones & Westerman.

Cooking Oil 80c per gallon. Jones & Westerman.

Red Cedar shingles are the best to cover that house with. Brazelton & Pryor Lumber Co.

Markets Is Real Problem of Farmer.

Washington, D. C. July — In speaking of the disadvantages of the American farmer Senator Duncan U. Fletcher of Florida, chairman of the American Commission on Agricultural Co-operation and President of the Southern Commercial Congress declares that the present system of faulty distribution of farm products is the most discouraging.

While the consumer complains about the price he pays for farm products "said Senator Fletcher," that complaint is not to be lodged against the farmer — the producer. Somewhere between the farm and the dinner table, billions of dollars, probably seven billion, disappear annually. Some portion of this belongs to the farmer. Some portion of this belongs to the consumer. We must solve this problem of distribution which today is absolutely unsolved in this country.

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