

# THE CROSS PLAINS REVIEW

VOL. 5. CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS, FRIDAY, MAY 8, 1914. NO. 9

## PUBLIC SCHOOL CLOSES

### Cross Plains Best School Term Comes To An End

Last Friday the Cross Plains Public school came to a close, after a 6½ months' term. This closes what we consider the best school year Cross Plains has enjoyed thus far. The faculty for the year just closed was composed of Messrs. S. E. Settles, Supt., J. M. Harris, Prin., Willis Conley, and Misses Bryson, Vina Gaines, Myrtle Trantham and Alice Floyd, the four last mentioned of whom have been re-employed for the next school term.

Rev. J. M. Parker preached the commencement sermon Sunday at the Presbyterian Church. He had a large and certainly an appreciative audience, he preaching an excellent sermon, and the audience being deeply interested in the bright and ambitious young graduates of the High School to whom the discourse was especially directed. He told them that they were just commencing life in reality, whence the term "commencement," and that they should not only commence well-trained in mind and body but prepared in heart as well, in order to succeed in life. His talk should be an inspiration to all who heard it.

Monday night the graduating exercises were held at the Presbyterian church. There are seven graduates, three girls and four boys, all of whom did themselves credit in their final essays. The church was packed with friends and relatives of the graduates, standing room being in demand. The invocation was asked by Rev. Sisk, after which followed the various numbers of the graduating program, interspersed by music rendered by members of Mrs. Lindquist's music class. Jesse Moore was salutatorian of his class. Tommie Aiken was valedictorian, which honor was closely contested with him by Jesse Moore, and Miss Laura Boyles. The members of the class and their themes are: Jesse Moore, Self Reliance; Laura Boyles, From School Life to Life's School; Wm. Wagner, Value of Reputation; Myrtle Atwood, More State-ly Mansions; Lucy McDermitt, This is My Own My Native Land; Wyatt Gilbert, Class Poem; Tommie H. Aiken, Class Prophecy. Rev. S. P. Collins in a very fitting and beautiful address presented the diplomas. With a few minutes talk on the work of the school and of this class in particular, Mr. Settles finished the program.

## CHANGE OF SCHEDULE

Beginning Saturday of last week The Texas Central train leaves at 7:30 in the morning instead of at 7 o'clock, and arrives here at 4:20 p. m., 30 minutes earlier than before. The schedule for Sunday is the same, leaving here at 8 a. m., and returning at 3:50.

Cash buys more at Carter's.

## BALL GAME

Friday the Cross Plains ball team, which was "improvised" for the occasion, played the Cottonwood boys on the local diamond, defeating them in a score of 3 to 0. There was not a score made by either side until the latter part of the game. The batteries for Cottonwood were Purvis and Handy, and for Cross Plains, Luke Clark, and Roy Clack. Each pitcher got more than a half dozen strike outs, but we think Clark got more than his opposing pitcher. It was the first matched game of the season.

## CONDITIONS

H. W. KUTEMAN,  
Pres.

J. E. SPENCER,  
V. Pres

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

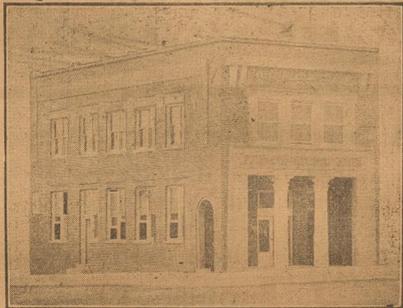
## The Bank of Cross Plains

(UN-INCORPORATED)

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

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

## THE BANK OF CROSS PLAINS



## THE FARMERS NAT'L BANK

CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS

Capital and Surplus, \$30,000.00.

We Bank On You; You Bank With Us.

## PETTY JURY MAY 11,

B E Higgins  
R Cordwint  
Will Burleson  
J A Devault  
G A Rylee  
T J Cross  
B F Loven  
Harry Berry  
W C Franklin  
W J Glenn  
R G Jones  
S E Eubanks  
E P Crawford  
A H Wagley  
L O Payne  
R L Cutbirth  
J E Bailey  
J F Gunn  
G W Miller  
J R Keele  
W H Dawkins  
W T Garders  
W T Wilson  
T J Hollingshead  
T J Harris  
Frank Dyer  
C A Conlee  
W S Hinds  
E L Bush  
J H Cunningham

## GRAND JURY MAY 11,

W M Coffman  
Geo. W Coats  
V V Hart  
W Tom Austin  
S C Harris  
L M Farmer  
P Hughes  
T M Slaughter  
Ed Davis  
G E Biggerstaff  
A R Kelton  
H F Harris  
J M Jones  
W O Spencer  
H H McDermitt  
J M Sikes

## The \$100.00 Silo SILO PRICE LIST-NET

30 Ton	\$110.00	70 Ton	\$190.00
40 "	135.00	80 "	205.00
50 "	155.00	90 "	215.00
60 "	175.00	100 "	225.00

## Shackelford Lmbr. Yd.

S. E. Settles left Tuesday morning for Admiral, where he meant to spend the night, and whence he was to go to Clyde where his wife and children are. Mr. Settles is preparing to open his campaign for county superintendent. Here's wishing him little trouble in campaigning, success in the primaries, and a tenure in office, as long as he desires it.

## COTTON CHOPPING HOES

Forged Steel polished blades with selected ash handles. Another direct shipment just received. It will pay you to get our prices before you buy.

## THE RACKET STORE

## CALLAHAN PIONEER

Mr. F. P. Shackelford has returned to his home at Putnam after a few days' visit with his son Joe of this place. Mr. Shackelford has been at Putnam for about 30 years, which makes him a pioneer of this section. He says that he formerly knew nearly every citizen of the Cross Plains country, as in the early days nearly all traded more or less at Putnam. The new order of things has so changed the population that not a few are strangers to him. All the while has been and still is in the lumber business.

Your suit cleaned and pressed for \$1.00

Carl Murdock

## SANITARY FOUNTAIN

We have just installed a new, sanitary and thoroughly up-to-date soda fountain in our new location on 8th street, opposite the post office, and we respectfully ask the public to see us for anything they need in the cold drink line.

The Cross Plains Drug Store.

Drew Cannon of Burkett was here Tuesday. Drew who has an irrigated farm on the Bayou, says that he has had to water his farm but one time this year, and that he hopes that it will continue to rain sufficiently that he will not have to resort to the use of the pump.

Drew Hill went Monday to Putnam to meet his wife who had been to Dallas with Mrs. Sam Hill of Baird

## TRUSTEE ELECTION

The trustee election held last Saturday in the Gresham building to elect four trustees resulted in the election of S. T. Bond, W. A. McGowen, W. R. Wagner and Rhd Harpole.

## RAINS CONTINUE

Local rains have been falling throughout the country for some time. It is hardly possible that any particular belt of country has not been visited by abundant rain. Sunday night about ½ of an inch fell here in such a way as to give us full benefit of all the water that fell. Reports indicate that heavier rains fell to the north and elsewhere. Since Sunday those "what's so rare days" have been ours.

## ITS THE TRUTH

You can make a dollar go further here than at any other store in town.

THE RACKET STORE  
Latest Millinery at Carter's

TRADES DAY, MONDAY 18  
PROGRAM OF AMUSEMENT

## REVIVAL CLOSES

The big tabernacle revival meeting that has been in progress here the past several weeks closed Monday night. There has been a great revival in this city. 105 persons have surrendered their hearts to the Lord and declared their souls were saved during the meeting. A number of backslidden christians have renewed their efforts and obligations for and unto the Lord.—X Ray.

## SHIPS SILO CALVES

Greer Cray and son Clyde shipped from Cross Plains Tuesday two cars of silo fed calves and yearlings. We suppose this is the first silo fed cattle shipped from this point. The bunch were in fine shape and ought to top the market. To slaughter such pretty stuff is a pity.

## CITY COUNCIL RESOLUTION

Resolved that the City Council request all property owners to cut the brush and clean up their vacant lots, and thereby enhance the value of their own property as well as add to the general improvement and beauty of the town.

This work to be done by May 18

The Council request that this resolution be published in the paper and a copy sent to all non resident realty owners.

D. P. Carter, Mayor.

## "I LIKE TO TRADE IN THIS STORE--THE PRICES ARE SO REASONABLE"

A woman was saying this to her friend while waiting for her purchase to be wrapped. We are glad to hear these expressions because then we know you appreciate our efforts to make this store a bargain store. The right price is a foundation stone of this business—dependable merchandise at as low or lower prices than elsewhere.

THE RACKET STORE

## READ THE ADVERTISING

We respectfully call your attention to the advertising we are carrying in this issue of the Review. Cross Plains merchants are abundantly prepared to serve you, even if you are nearer some other market, and that some of them are earnestly seeking your patronage is evident from a perusal of the advertising appearing herein. Give them a fair trial.

Remember I am agent for Devoe's "100 per cent pure" Paints etc, and my stock is complete and fresh.

Shackelford Lbr. Yard

If it is anything you want in the building line see us. We carry lumber, shingles, brick, lime, cement, doors sash, building paper, paints putty, glass & builders hardware.

Brazelton-Pror & Co  
B. F. Wright, Mngr.

All the suits I order fit and please. I also make the price right.  
Carl Murdock.

For Public Weigher.

Being a candidate for the nomination of public weigher precinct no. 6 I respectfully ask your support in the July primaries.

W. P. Keeling.

No need to wait until Trades Day to get the right price. It is always right at

Carter's.

## 28X36 IN. 6-PAGE MAPS

Free! Free! For the month of May we will sell you a Six-page, 28x36 in. map and wall chart (sells by agents for \$1.50) for \$1.00, and add one year's subscription to the Review. This chart has a full page map of Texas, map of the world, map of United States, of Mexico, map of the Panama canal, portraits of the rulers of the world, portraits of the governors of Texas, 1910 census gazetteer of Texas, full history of the Panama canal, and other useful information. We have ordered just 100 of these maps, and our offer ceases with this supply. This offer is to new subscribers only. This map alone would cost you more than we ask you for both the map and the Review.

Call for sample at Review office.

# 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.

Prospects for a great 1914 crop are now indeed flattering. This is about the beau-ideal part of Texas, anyway. East Texas is now being devastated with floods; west Texas is yet too arid for the successful growing of crops; south Texas is too warm and north Texas has short seasons. Stay where you are.

There is nothing worse than stagnation. It is much better to do something, even if mistakes are made, than it is to settle down and rest on our oars. If Abilene continues to grow we must keep something doing. Always on the job and everlastingly at it. That is the motto we need to live up to.—Reporter.

The man who invests in Shackelford county land is like the wise man of Biblical fame who built his house upon the rock. And the rains descended and the floods came and the winds blew but the house fell not, for it was founded upon the rock.—Albany News.

The rock may be suitable for sites for houses, but we are of the opinion that Bro. Baker had better be sure to make it plain to prospective-immigrants that the term "rock" as applied to Shackelford county soil is a figure of speech.

Cross Plains is located on land eminently suited for growing of shrubbery and trees which in their wild form appear to be indigenous to the soil. No one sees our neglected park but to praise its natural beauty. The beautiful pecan timber that skirts the creek flowing (i.e. when it flows) through the west part of town, the post oak gnarled and olden, every where evident on the townsite, and the pretty trees that have been planted since the beginning of the new town, all are earnest or that natural beauty that might adorn the town by the giving of proper attention to the growing of shrubbery and shade trees.

### The Out Look

This portion of the State is probably in better condition just at this time than it has been for years. 1914 was ushered in with a better ground season than any year save 1906, for many a year, so far as we know. In the last month all the rain that we have needed has fallen, making our country as green as the Emerald Isle.

Post oaks are simply solid bulks of verdure, and grass and other vegetation are growing in luxurious profusion. Corn has been up some time, and cotton that has been planted long enough has come up a perfect stand. When it gets started to raining it usually can keep it up. Then we are to expect the good rain we have been having to be repeated for some time. So "not in vain the distance beacons."

Pierce Shackelford and his sister Miss Wilda of Putnam are the guests of their brother Joe.

### FOUR-NOTE SINGING

The Baptist church was far too small to accommodate the people who came here Sunday to attend the old four-note singing convention. Many old timers were here, as they alone can fully appreciate this kind of singing which has almost passed into history. Prominent among those who take the lead in this work, are J. W. Bishop of Rising Star, Pres. of the convention, Tom Hamlin of near Putnam and C. S. Kenady of Cross Plains. The convention adjourned to meet next at Cottonwood on the 1st Sunday in August.

For cleaning and pressing.—see Carl Murdock

Lee Champion was here Friday in his Buick, and while here took in the ball game, where he was an ardent booster for the Cottonwood boys.

Think of Shackelford Lumber Yard when you want screen goods.

Lee Champion and family visited T. E. Nordyke and family Sunday.

Rev. M. Ray of Weatherford is the guest of his step-son W. C. Adams. Rev. Ray has been a Missionary Baptist minister for 53 years, and has a son who has been preaching for 30 years. He said he was well pleased with the four-note singing held here Sunday.

Miss Melba Farmer, who was recently operated on for appendicitis and was seriously ill for several days is now rapidly recovering. Mr. and Mrs. Farmer wish to thank their friends and neighbors for the many acts of kindness shown them during Miss Melba's illness.—Baird Star.

### INDUCEMENTS FOR YOUR TRADE

A feast of unusual bargains is our inducement to you to buy now. Our stocks are the largest we have ever carried and the prices are so low they will make you really wonder.

#### THE BACKET STORE

30¢ per pound for lime to those who will use it for sanitary purposes. Shackelford Lbr. Yard

#### Cross Cut

As you have had no news from this city since last October, guess you thought Reporter was dead or had probably been shot in the Mexican war, but have just awoken from my winters nap.

It is really astonishing how Cross Cut has grown since last fall.

Messrs. Hull, Eli Smith and Perry Smith have moved to Cross Cut.

Dr. Upton, formally of Burkett, is making his present home with us.

Mr. Clach formally of this place is now proprietor of a hotel at May. Mr. Robert Gaines who has been traveling for the past year, is now at home.

Mr. Willis is visiting his wife and son at Georgetown.

Mr. Jesse Womack and Fowler Gafford are in New Mexico at work.

Mrs. Parks is now living at Rising Star.

Mr. Stafford, principle of our school, was called home some four weeks ago, his wife has pellaury and is not expected to live.

Miss Della Dickey first assistant left for the spring term of school at the Denton Normal.

Mr. Porter Davis and Mr. Annis, of Brownwood now have the school in charge and doing good work.

Miss Vinna Gaines was visiting relatives Sunday.

There was a singing at Mr. M. F. Newsoms on Sunday night the 17th. All enjoyed themselves.

There was a pound supper at Mr. Byrds on Friday evening. There was a very good attendance despite the inclemency of the weather.

Bro. Richburg filled his regular appointment here Saturday and Sunday. We also had the County Missionary with us.

Cross Cut and Hollaway crossed bats on Saturday afternoon, Cross Cut easily carried the day.

Prof. Chambers closed his school at Blake on Friday evening, and went to Brownwood on Saturday.

Messrs. Will Balcum and Luke Clark went fishing Saturday night; they had fine luck, Luke caught a cold.

Will write more next week if I'm not in Mexico.

Reporter.

### Announcements.

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

For Associate Justice Court Civil Appeals.

Judge Ocie Speer (re-election)

For County Clerk:

Homer Shanks

T(Tom) E Parks of Baird

Chas. Nordyke, of Cottonwood

For County Tax Collector

W E Melton

Joe Y. Frazier.

J. O. Williams.

For County Treasurer

W. P(Pit) Ramsey

C. W. Connor, Baird (Re-election)

For Superintendent of Public Instruction

S E Settle

For County Tax Assessor:

Geo. A. Johnson of Clyde.

M. R. Haily of Rowden

Harv N. Ebert of Baird.

T. L. Conway of Baird

T. J. Norrell

M. G. Farmer.

For Sheriff:

J. (John) A. Moore

Felix Rains(re-election)

For County Commissioner P. No. 4

Milton Houston of Cottonwood.

J. G. (Jack) Aiken.

J. W. [Wade] McDaniel

For Constable Precinct No. 6

Jno. Swan

W. A. [Alfred] Petterson.

For Public Weigher of Precinct No. 6

Martin Neeb(re-election)

J. R. Williamson

Geo. Swan,

Sid Munsey

Jeff Clark.

Bill Gibbard.

For Justice of the Peace of Precinct No. 6.

A. J. Matthis

John T. Gilbert.

P. Smith

Wanted: Young Man or Lady To Take Nice Office Position At Good Salary.

Many of our large business concerns are wanting bright, energetic young men and women to fill good paying positions in their office this Fall, providing they have a thought training in Bookkeeping, Shorthand and Typewriting or Telegraphy. The demand for this class of help will be far greater than the supply.

Write for our catalog and read what we do, and what our graduates say we have done for them, and what our graduates' employers say of their efficiency. Then you will be convinced that our training exactly meets the demands of the best business and railway offices. You will also be convinced that our graduates are placed in positions promptly. Every statement made in our catalog is backed by a cash guarantee of \$100.00 to be true and correct.

Don't waste your summer months just because there is no work you can do. Enter our school for a course of Bookkeeping and Shorthand or Telegraphy, or Business Administration & Finance. Our rooms are large and cool, they are well ventilated, there is not a place that you would enjoy spending the summer more than taking a course with us, with our original copyrighted systems we give you a better course in half the time and at almost half the cost of other schools teaching other systems.

For free catalog giving full particulars, fill in your name and address, and mail to Tyler Commercial College, Tyler, Texas.

Name..... Address.....

# The Review, \$1.00

## Cross Plains Development Co.

Agents for Cross Plains Townsite Company. LANDS, LOANS and INSURANCE. NOTARIES PUBLIC IN OFFICE. Office in rear of Bank of Cross Plains.

## THE CENTRAL HOTEL

LOCATED CLOSE IN

MEALS 25c

BEDS 25c

GIVE US A TRIAL

JIM CROSS, PROPRIETOR

## The Crystal Cafe

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

Tom Henson, Prop.

## 8th Street Restaurant

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

### BLACKSMITHING

We Do All Kinds of Blacksmith Work. We have added new Equipment and Guarantee All Work.

Barr & Coffee Blacksmith Shop

### W A PAYNE

Painter and Decorater

Estimates Cheerfully Furnished

Phone 42 Cross Plains

## PERCHON STALLION

Imported from France

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

Terms, \$15.00 to insure colt.

W. B. DUNCAN

### Dr. E.H. RAMSEY

DENTIST

OVER FARMER'S NATIONAL BANK

### W. A. Petterson

The Shoe Repair Man.

ALL KINDS OF HARNESS WORK.

Rear Racket Store

THE CROSS PLAINS REVIEW \$1.00

For \$1.00

The Cross Plains Review Missouei Valley Farmer Household—all three for \$1.00

# KEITH OF THE BORDER

A TALE OF THE PLAINS

By RANDALL PARRISH

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

Illustrations by DEARBORN MELVILL.

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

### SYNOPSIS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

# SALUTE THE [Davis-Garner & Co.] FLAG!!

## AN OTHER BIG VICTORY!

Our sales up to date show a big gain as compared with the same period of a year ago, and the sales were then the largest in the history of this house.

This is further evidence the people appreciate, want and buy where they can get the best Values.

We Carry a Full and Complete Stock of New and Up-to-date Merchandise at All Times.

### Make Our Store Your Store

CASH

OR

CREDIT

# Davis-Garner & Co.

Quality Counts

Watch Us Grow.

## TRADES DAY, MONDAY, MAY 18

### A DAY FOR AMUSE- MENT ONLY

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

The following are the prizes offered:

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

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

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



**New Model 27 Marlin REPEATING RIFLE**

25 Rim Fire—for all game smaller than deer. Uses cartridges of surprising accuracy up to 200 yards, powerful and reliable because of rim-fire.

Rifle with round barrel. \$13.15

Made in .25-20 and .32-20 calibres also; octagonal barrel only; \$15.

Use both regular and high velocity cartridges. Powerful enough for deer, safe to use in settled districts, excellent for target work, foxes, geese, woodchucks, etc.

Its exclusive features: the quick, smooth working "pump" action; the wear-resisting Special Smokeless Steel barrel; the modern solid-top and side ejector for rapid, accurate firing, increased safety and convenience. It has take-down construction and Ivory Bead front sight; these cost extra on other rifles of these calibres.

Our 128 page catalog describes the full Marlin line. Sent for three stamps postage. Write for it.

7 Shots

The Marlin Firearms Co. 42 Willow Street New Haven, Conn.

#### CADDO PEAK ITEMS.

We have all been having a good time of late, since we have been blessed with so much rain. Small grain is doing fine, so is small grass. Some grain will not be much good on account of so much cold weather.

Among other freaks of nature we have had a wedding. Sun. before last Mr. Walter White and Miss Cordie Miller were married. This was somewhat unexpected by their many friends. Miss Miller was making her home with Jim Miller of Dressy, Mr. White with Curt Oglesby. We wish them a long and prosperous married life.

Since our last writing there has been a twelve pound girl born to Mr. and Mrs. Curt Oglesby.

Rabbit hunts have been the order of the day. During the last few days several hundred of the little garden ornaments have been slain.

The following attended the old time singing at the Plains Sunday: H. L. Breeding and family, Lee Champion and family, Jno Birchfield and family, J. M. Moore and wife, Clyde Slaughter Dave Ingram, Felix Oglesby, et al

On account of every body attending the singing Bro. Patterson never filled his regular appointment Sunday however he will preach again the first Sunday in next month.

We are very sorry that Meddler has no nickel to buy fish-hooks with. If he will come up we will lend him ours.

We wish Rambler to understand that we dont take a fool's advice very well. He raised an awful rookus about not giving the Burkett boys enough time. They had as much time as we did. It they will use more pointed language they will have plenty of time always, and and will not worry the audience by having the grain among so much chaff.

Slim Jim

Mr. and Mrs. Harkey of Rising Star were guests last Thursday night of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Alvis.

Mrs. Chas. Mangham has received word from her brother A. J. Tobey of Los Angeles that his baby has died on the 14 inst. The old timers will all recall Mr. Tobey.

Rube Lee and family of Rising Star were guests of Rev. McCord from Saturday to Monday.

Miss Beulah Cain returned Saturday from Galveston to her home at Turkey Creek. She says that Galveston has been having a surfeit of rain of late, and that she is indeed glad to get back to Callahan.

Dr. Ragsdale, optician of Brownwood, was in our community this week.

#### Carter has it for less.

Merman McGowen and Sid Munsey went Sunday to Baird.

Miss Melva Farmer who recently been operated on for appendicitis is reported as being up and doing nicely at her home at Baird.

When you think of floor covering think of the Furniture Store. A full stock of all kinds.

Corliss McDermitt returned Friday from Waco where he has been attending Hill's Business College. He will now work on his father's ranch.

Jno. Carter, who has just arisen from an operation for appendicitis, left Sunday for Fort Worth, where his parents live.

Miss Bill Lively spent Sunday at Dressy. Bud Arrowood also spent Sunday there.

Mrs. Mc Dougal of Carbon has returned to her home after a few weeks visit with her daughter Mrs. E. O. Adams.

J. B. Brown of Pioneer was here Monday trying the local horse market

If you are not a reader of the Review, it will pay you to take advantage of our chart proposition to new subscribers, \$1.00 gets the 6 page chart or atlas and the Review for one year.

See those matting Art Square at the Furniture Store.

Rural Route no. 2 out of Cross Plains is now in successful operation, with Mose Baum, the efficient and accommodating carrier for Route No. 1, since its inauguration three years ago, as carrier. This new route serves directly about 150 families, which means that to this number, which is about the number of present patrons of the Burkett office, have a post office brought to or near their door daily. The patrons of this route are not insensible that to have such a service is not a desirable thing. It is a service the longer enjoyed the better appreciated, until ere long it will be esteemed a necessity. Nearly all Texans of the rural districts have for sometime been blessed with this service; it belongs to our people, who have paid or are paying for the general expense of running the same, and why not let them have it?

I will in the very near future build a Creosote Vat here in the yard and will be in position to treat any thing from a mosquito fence post up to 24ft. in length.

F. P. Shackelford

#### IN NEW QUARTERS

The City Drug Store is now at home in their new location in Wagner building on Main Street. With their combined fixtures and stock this always enterprising drug firm now has a very complete and up to date stock. Your attention is called to their page add on last page of this issue. They ask that you see them for anything you want in their line.

Pure Raw Linseed Oil at Shackelford Lbr. Yard

Burnt Branch, May 5th. Met my old friend Pitt Ramsey who has just returned from Clyde, where he has been electioneering. Said he met a gentleman at said city; after the usual salutation the fellow asked him how he was on the Prohibition question. I am no fool but, I always vote an anti ticket. Nothing doing, said the prospective voter. Pit saw his opponent and generously put him on the Racket.

"Juan," in Baird Star.

Now what Mr. Ramsey really said was in substance this, "Met the gentleman referred to, and he asked me how I stood on the prohibition question, I told him it was no issue in this campaign, that I always voted the anti ticket but was not foolish about the prohibition question, he told me he could not support me, I saw his opponent and put him on the racket."

And this is the impression I wished to convey by the above "Scrib," and if it has been misinterpreted, as claimed by my friend Ramsey, I am sorry of it, and make this "amends honorable." My friend Ramsey claims it will injure him among his prohibition friends and supporters, and I respectfully disclaim any and all said intentions, I would be the last man to reflect in any manner on my friend and his supporters.

The above was all written in pleasure, and with no intention of reflection on any or any body. Pitt Ramsy is one of the best friend I have in Callahan County and I do not wish to do him an injury or an injustice.

Jno. W. Aiken  
"Alias Juan."

F. P. Shackelford and daughter Mrs. Locher Thomasson have returned to the former's home at Putnam.

Bargains in stylish low cuts at Carter's.

Jap-A-Lac makes old furniture look new good for any and all purposes when varnishes are used.

Furniture Store

Miss Vina Garies has returned to her home at Cross Cutt.

Have you seen those nice picture frames at the Furniture Store?

Bill Gibbard returned Tuesday from a trip to Waco.

The "Price is the thing" at Carter's

Ralph Carter, son of Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Carter, in company with Jno. Carter, left Sunday morning for Fort Worth where he visits his grandparents.

We will save you money on your furniture, come in and let us prove our statement

Furniture Store

#### TRADE AT CROSS PLAINS

Cross Plains, since it is practically a new town, should be stocked with better goods than other towns, and hence is better prepared, in this respect at least, to serve you. While not a city in style it is urban in that almost anything from a needle to a thrashing machine can be purchased here.

Buy Undertakers goods at Carter's

#### GOOD PIANO FOR SALE

We have in the vicinity of Cross Plains a splendid New Upright Piano (factory complete) with nice stool and scarf and rather than ship back, we will sell at a sacrifice and on any reasonable terms.

This is a chance for somebody to get a mighty nice Piano at a very low price. Write at once to

The Leyhe Piano Co.

Waco, Texas.

5-8-4

A Business Training at Mc'S Business College will equip you to BE MORE-DO-MORE and MAKE MORE than any business training you could secure elsewhere.

Our Superior Facilities In Every Department

make it possible to give our students a training that will at once impress the business man with a thoroughness and up-to-dateness that he has not found in graduates of other schools. Such a training means bigger salaries to the graduates of this institution.

Before making your decision, you should not fail to investigate this school. Call, write or phone for our catalogue. DO IT NOW before you forget.

Mc'S Business College.  
Brownwood, Texas.

# WANTED: A CARLOAD OF POULTRY

For Wednesday only,  
**MAY 13**

we will pay the following prices for poultry delivered at the car, CROSS PLAINS:

HENS per lb. 91-2c  
OLD ROOSTERS, each 20c

You are aware that because friers will soon come in you will not have a chance to get this price again until late in the fall, and as this will be the last car here until fall.

Date, WEDNESDAY, MAY 13  
**NEEB & SIPES, PRODUCE**  
Cross Plains, Texas

Misses Luzon and Leota Powell of Baird are visiting their brother R. Gray Powell.

A carload of fresh drugs received at The Cross Plains Drug Store every week.

Uncle Bill Neeb has at last given up to the speed mania, having last week bought Sam Barr's Ford automobile.

Just added to my stock of paints, Devoe's Polishing Oil, the best made, will have limited number sample bottles for distribution in a few days.

Shackelford.

Miss Alice Floyd has returned to her home at Baird.

For Sale: A good work horse cheap, on easy terms.

E. C. Neeb

For Sale: Russels Big Boll Prolific cotton seed, \$1.50 per bu.

J. Lee Jones

C. S. Boyles went Wednesday to Baird returning Thursday; the Misses Powell and Wilson who have been visiting here, and Mrs. R. Gray Powell went with him.

## LIME

To those who want lime for sanitary purposes, I will sell it for 2c. per pound.

J. P. Shackelford.

## RENALT

(A pure vegetable remedy)

Is a health builder for sufferers of Kidney, Stomach and Bladder Trouble. The Ferrel-Saunders Co. guarantees Renalt to bring relief after a trial or money will be refunded. For sale by City Drug Store.

L. P. Henslee  
Notary Public

Doc Garrett left Wednesday morning for his old job at Acme N. M.

T. Z. Wilson of Clyde was here Wednesday in the interest of a land deal.

Sky blue and white Enamel in stock.

Shackelford Lbr. Yard.

## Moves Ball Park

The Clark boys and Tommy Greenwood have been busy this week moving the ball park fence and grand stand to the block just south of the Bennett Hotel, having purchased the new site from Sam Barr.

Miss Myrtle Trantham has returned to her home at Abilene.

See us for your extracts, for ice cream, cakes, etc., We make special prices on them.

Neeb and Sipes.

Devoe's Buggy Top dressing, the best in the world.

Shackelford Lbr. Yard.

Miss Blanch Williams of Abilene is the guest of her sister Mrs. S. C. Barr.

I will clean and press your suit for 1.00 satisfaction guaranteed.

Carl Murdock

Sam Barr, Wm Neeb, Bill Davidson, Dodd Price Wednesday went to Abilene in Uncle Bill's car. Sam brought back with him his new auto.

Paint brushes of any description and price at

Shackelford Lbr. Yard.

S. F. Bond and his mother Mrs. E. P. Bond are in Dallas. Mrs. Bond is having her eyes fitted up with glasses.

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

Carl Murdock

Jno. W. Aiken and wife were in town attending the graduating exercises of the High School. Their grandson Tommie Aiken won highest honors of the graduating class.

## BURKETT ITEMS.

Well here comes old Rambler again. I am tickled so much, we have had so much good rain and crops are looking so good, and I know when the Cross Plains merchants gets this report that it will bring joy to their hearts. And by the way I bet they wont to come a fishing on the Bayou for we Bayou people certainly have been catching the fish here of late.

Jim, Jewel, and Arby Webb all left last week for Commerce where they will attend school.

The dance at John Tabors Friday night was attended by a large crowd; they danced all night and all seem to enjoy themselves very much.

J. C. Brown made a business trip to Coleman one day last week.

W. B. Mountain and Emmett Walker took dinner at Jim Golsons Sunday.

Miss Julia Helms went to Cross Cut shopping one day last week.

Quite a number of young folks gathered at Jim Golsons Saturday night and had a social entertainment which was enjoyed by all.

J. W. Golsons has with-drawn from the race for County Clerk.

Henry Wooten has gone east on a business trip.

Miss Clara Mountain went to Cross Plains one day last week shopping.

W. C. Henderson has purchased him a new automobile.

J. K. Baker and Judge Ragsdale of Coleman were in Burkett Friday counting.

Luke Harrell and Miss Mattie Roberts were united in the happy bonds of marriage Sunday. We hope them a life of never ending joy.

Alfred Newton of Clyde is in our town again looking after his interest.

Henry Jones school was out last Friday.

The death angel has called again and taken from our own midst the little babe of Jess and May Harris. We extend our deepest sympathy to the father and mother in their sad misfortune.

And don't forget the 23 day of May is our day set aside to clean up the Burkett Cemetery; so let all come to Burkett on that day and do that work with a free good will for their is nothing that could speak more higher for our little town than a noble days work like the one billed for the 23 of May.

Well, Slim Jim, old boy! guess had better pick at you a little bit I see you said that you got 2 of our boys skin for one of yours. My request of you is to just please explain how you figured that and you said our boys got their argument from Pros and Cons, if I had have used as much argument from Pro & Con as you did to ans. our boys I don't think I would question the literature from which they produced their argument. I just think that you are thankful that our boys did not use anything stronger on their side but as it was had you boys only allowed Lindley about three more mintes time on his rejoinder he would have peeled you up so bad that your wife never would have recognized you again, so since you got out as light as you did you should be thankful and don't get into such a pickle as that again, (take a fools advice)

Rambler

Mr. Harris of Colorado city is visiting his son Henry Harris of Cottonwood.

## Cross Cut News

Prof. E. J. Pyle has returned home from Bangs where he has been teaching for the past year.

Prof. W. R. Chambers is in Brown wood having his eyes treated. A crowd of men went fishing Monday evening. They report fine luck.

J. A. Pyle made a trip to Brown-wood the past week.

The Baptist people built the seats for the Baptist church last week.

The Methodist church gave a mothers program last Sunday. Bro. Wilson filled his appointment. It was a nice occasion and there was a large crowd present.

Several people from Burkett attended the Mother's Day.

Mr. Hub Mitchell and some beautiful young lady were driving the streets of Cross Cut Sunday afternoon.

Dave Clark was in Cross Plains on Saturday afternoon.

Bob Westerman went hunting Saturday night.

Plenty of rain and small grain looking fine; cotton and corn up and nearly ready to chop.

Reporter.

For Public Weigher,

Being a candidate for the nomination of public weigher precinct no. 6 I respectfully ask your support in the July primaries.

W. P. Keeling.

## "Here is the Answer," in WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL THE MERRIAM WEBSTER

Every day in your talk and reading, at home, on the street car, in the office, shop and school you likely question the meaning of some new word. A friend asks: "What makes mortar harder?" You seek the location of *Loch Katrine* or the pronunciation of *Jajuteu*. What is *white coal*? This New Creation answers all kinds of questions in Language, History, Biography, Fiction, Foreign Words, Trades, Arts and Sciences, with final authority.

400,000 Words.  
6000 Illustrations.  
Cost \$400,000.  
2700 Pages.

The only dictionary with the new divided page, characterized as "A Stroke of Genius."

India Paper Edition: On thin, opaque, strong, India paper. What a satisfaction to own the Merriam Webster in a form so light and so convenient to use! One half the thickness and weight of Regular Edition.

Regular Edition: On strong book paper. Wt. 14 1/2 lbs. Size 12 1/2 x 9 1/4 x 6 inches.

Write for specimen pages, illustrations, etc. Mention this publication and receive FREE a set of pocket maps.

G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Springfield, Mass.



## THE BENNETT HOTEL

Successor to Traveling Man's Hotel  
Under New Management

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

BENNETT BROTHERS, Prop's.

## HUSBAND RESCUED DESPAIRING WIFE

After Four Years of Discouraging Conditions, Mrs. Bullock Gave Up in Despair. Husband Came to Rescue.

Catron, Ky.—In an interesting letter from this place, Mrs. Bettie Bullock writes as follows: "I suffered for four years, with womanly troubles, and during this time, I could only sit up for a little while, and could not walk anywhere at all. At times, I would have severe pains in my left side.

The doctor was called in, and his treatment relieved me for a while, but I was soon confined to my bed again. After that, nothing seemed to do me any good.

I had gotten so weak I could not stand, and I gave up in despair.

At last, my husband got me a bottle of Cardui, the woman's tonic, and I commenced taking it. From the very first dose, I could tell it was helping me. I can now walk two miles without tiring me, and am doing all my work.

If you are all run down from womanly troubles, don't give up in despair. Try Cardui, the woman's tonic. It has helped more than a million women, in its 50 years of continuous success, and should surely help you, too. Your druggist has sold Cardui for years. He knows it will do. Ask him. He'll send it. Begin taking C

Write to: Chattanooga Advisory Dept., Chattanooga, Instructions on your card Treatment for Women.

Feel Free! For the month of May we will sell you a Six-page, 28x36 in. map and wall chart (self by agents for \$1.50) for \$1.00, and add one year's subscription to the Review. This chart has a full page map of Texas, map of the world, map of United States, map of Mexico, map of the Panama canal, portraits of the rulers of the world, portraits of the governors of Texas, 1910 census gazetteer of Texas, full history of the Panama canal and other useful information. We have ordered just 100 of these maps, and our offer ceases with this supply. This offer is to few subscribers only. This map alone would cost you more than we ask you for both the map and the Review.

Call for sample at Review office.

# MORE RAIN, MORE GRAIN!

The Good Rains of the month of April have insured a big Grain Crop for this year. We can sell you Binders, Mowers, Rakes, Hay Balers, Hay Ties, Binder Twine, Oat Sacks, and Binder & Mower Extras. SEE us before you buy.

<h3>Straw Hats</h3> <p>Our Men &amp; Boys' Straw Hats are moving fast. Our prices are right.</p> <p>Mens Straw Hats .75c to \$3.00 Mens Panama Hats \$5.00 to \$7. Boys Straw Hats .25c to \$1.50 Mexican Straw Hats 10c to \$1.</p>	<h3>MILLINERY</h3> <p>Our prices on Ladies and Childrens ready trimmed hats are being reduced 10 to 25 per cent. We both lose money if you do not buy from us.</p> <p>Ladies Hats \$1.50 to \$6.00 Childrens Hats .50c to \$2.00</p>
--	--

Get Our Prices On Groceries Before You Buy

SELLS EVERY-THING **D. L. BOYDSTUN** BUYS EVERY-THING

Where It Pays to Buy

...the latter was either already here in Sheridan or expected soon. And exactly what was the gambler desiring this Maclaire woman to do? This was the important matter, and for his solution Keith possessed merely a few hints, a few vague suggestions. She was expected to represent herself as Phyllis—Phyllis who? Some Phyllis surely whose physical resemblance to Hope must be sufficiently marked to be at once noticeable. Willoughby had evidently revealed to Hawley some hidden family secret, having money involved, no doubt, and in which the discovery of this mysterious Phyllis figured. She might, perhaps, be a sister, or half-sister, who had disappeared, and remained ignorant as to any inheritance. Hope's picture shown by the boy, and reminding Hawley at once of Christie Maclaire, had been the basis of the whole plot. Exactly what the details of that plot might be Keith could not figure out, but one thing was reasonably certain—it was proposed to defraud Hope. And who in the very truth was Hope? It suddenly occurred to him as a remarkably strange fact that he possessed not the slightest inkling as to the girl's name. Her brother had assumed to be called Willoughby when he enlisted in the army, and his companions continued to call him this. If he could interview the girl now for only five minutes he should be able probably to straighten out the whole intricate tangle. But where was she? Would she have remained until this time at Fort Larned with Kate Murphy?

There was a noise of movement in the next room. Apparently as Hawley arose carelessly from his edge of the washstand he had dislodged the glass, which fell shivering on the floor. Scott swore audibly at the loss.

"Shut up, Bill," snapped the gambler, irritated, "you've got the bottle left. I'm going; there's nothing for any of us to do now, until after I see Christie. You remain here! Do you understand?—remain here. Damn me, if that drunken fool isn't waking up."

There was a rattling of the rickety bed, and then the sound of Willoughby's voice, thick from liquor.

"Almighty glad to see you, Bart—am, indeed. Want money—Bill an' I both want money—can't drink without money—can't eat without money—shay, when you goin' stake us?"

"I'll see you again in the morning, Fred," returned the other briefly. "Go on back to sleep."

"Will when I git good an' ready—go sleep, stay wake, just as I please—don't care damn what yer do—got new friend now."

"A new friend? Who?" Hawley spoke with aroused interest.

"Oh, he's all right—he's mighty fine fellow—come in wisout in invitation—called her Hope—you fool, Bart Hawley, think my sister Christie—Christie—damfino the name—my sister, Hope—don't want yer money—my new friend, he'll stake me—he knows my sister—Hope."

The gambler grasped the speaker, shaking him into some slight semblance of sobriety.

"Now, look here, Willoughby, I want the truth, and mean to have it," he insisted. "Has some one been in here while Scott was gone?"

"Sure—didn't I just tell yer?—friend o' Hope's."

"Who was he? Speak up! I want the name!"

There was a faint gurgling sound, as though the gambler's vice-like fingers were at the boy's throat; a slight struggle, and then the choked voice gasped out:

"—damn yer! He called himself Jack Keith."

The dead silence which ensued was broken only by heavy breathing. Then Scott swore, bringing his fist down with a crash on the washstand.

"That rather stumps yer, don't it, Bart? Well, it don't me. I tell yer it's just as I said from the first. It was Keith an' that nigger what jumped yer in the cabin. They was hidin' there when we rode in. He just nat'ly pumped the gal, an' now he's up here trallin' you. Blame it all, it makes me laugh."

"I don't see what you see to laugh at. This Keith isn't an easy man to play with, let me tell you. He may have got to our game."

"Oh, hell, Bart, don't lose your nerve. He can't do anything, because we've got the under holt. He's a fugitive; all we got to do is locate him, an' have him bung back inter jail—there's murder an' hoss-stealing agin him."

Hawley seemed to be thinking swiftly, while his companion took another drink.

"Well, pard, ain't that so?"

"No, that trick won't work, Scott. We could do it easily enough if we were down in Carson, where the boys would help us out. The trouble up here is that 'Wild Bill' Hickock is Marshal of Sheridan, and he and I never did hitch. Besides, Keith was one of his deputies down at Dodge two years ago—you remember when Dutch Charlie's place was cleaned out? Well, Hickock and Keith did that job all alone, and 'Wild Bill' isn't going back on that kind of a pal, is he? I tell you we've got to fight this affair alone, and on the quiet. Maybe the fellow don't know much yet, but he's sure on the trail, or else he wouldn't have been in here talking to Willoughby. We've got to get him, Scott, somehow. Lord, man, there's a clean million dollars waiting for us in this deal, and I'm ready to fight for it. But I'm damned sleepy, and I'm going to bed. You locate Keith tomorrow, and then, when you're sober, we'll figure out how we can get to him best; I've got to set Christie right. Good-night, Bill."

He went out into the hall and down the creaking stairs, the man he

wanted so badly listening to his descending footsteps, half tempted to follow. Scott did not move, perhaps had already fallen drunkenly asleep on his chair, and finally Keith crossed his own room and lay down. The din outside continued unabated, but the man's intense weariness overcame it all, and he fell asleep, his last conscious thought a memory of Hope.

#### CHAPTER XX.

##### Hope Goes to Sheridan.

The discovery of the locket which had fallen from about Keith's neck made it impossible for Hope to remain quietly for long in the hotel at Fort Larned. The more carefully she thought over the story of that murder at the Cimmaron Crossing, and Keith's tale of how he had discovered and buried the mutilated bodies, the more assured she became that that was where this locket came from, and that the slain freighter must have been her own father. She never once questioned the truth of Keith's report; there was that about the man which would not permit of her doubting him. He had simply failed to mention what he removed from the bodies, supposing this would be of no special interest.

Mrs. Murphy, hoping thus to quiet the apprehensions of her charge, set herself diligently at work to discover the facts. As her house was filled with transients, including occasional visitors from Carson City, and was also lounging headquarters for many of the officers from the near-by fort, she experienced no difficulty in picking up all the floating rumors. Out of these, with Irish shrewdness, she soon managed to patch together a consistent fabric of fact.

"Shure, honey, it's not so bad the way they tell it now," she explained, consolingly. "Nobody believes now it was yer father that got kilt. It was two fellers what stole his outfit, clothes an' all, an' was drivin' off wid 'em inter the sand hills. Divil a wan does know who kilt 'em, but there's some ugly stories travelin' about. Some says Injuns; some says the posse run 'em down; an' Black Bart an' his dirty outfit, they swear it was Keith. Ol' ve got me own notion. Anyhow, there's 'bout three hundred dollars, some mules, an' a lot o' valuable papers missin'."

"But if it wasn't father, where is he now?"

"That's what Ol' ve been tryin' ter find out. First off he went out to the Cimmaron Crossing, guarded by a squad o' cavalry from the fort here. Tommy Caine went along, an' told me all about it. They dug up the bodies, but niver a thing did they find on 'em—not a paper, nor a dollar. They'd bin robbed all right. The old General swore loike a wild man all the way back, Tommy said, an' that met her straining eyes was sterile desolation. Here and there a great ugly water tank reared its hideous shape beside the track, the engine always pausing for a fresh supply. Beside it was invariably a pile of coal, a few construction cars, a hut half buried under earth, loop-holed and barricaded, with several rough men loafing about, heavily armed and inquisitive. A few of these points had once been terminal, the surrounding scenery evidencing past glories by piles of tin cans, and all manner of debris, with occasionally a vacant shack, left deserted and forlorn."

Wearied and heartsick, Hope turned away from this outside dreariness to contemplate more closely her neighbors on board, but found them scarcely more interesting. Several were playing cards, others moodily staring out of the windows, while a few were laughing and talking with the girls, their conversation inane and punctuated with profanity. One man was figuring on a scratch pad, and Hope decided he must be an engineer employed on the line; others she classed as small merchants, saloon-keepers, and frontier riff-raff. They would glance curiously at her as they marched up and down the narrow aisle, but her veil, and averted face, prevented even the boldest from speaking. Once she addressed the conductor, and the man who was figuring turned and looked back at her, evidently attracted by the soft note of her voice. But he made no effort at advances, returning immediately to his pad, oblivious to all else.

It was growing dark, the outside world, now consisting of level plains, fading into darkness, with a few great stars burning overhead. Trainmen lit the few smoking oil lamps screwed against the sides of the car, and its occupants became little more than dim shadows. All by this time were fatigued into silence, and several were asleep, finding such small comfort as was possible on the cramped seats. Hope glanced toward the heretofore noisy group at the rear—the girl nearest her rested with unconscious head pillowed upon the shoulder of her man friend, and both were sleeping. How haggard and ghastly the woman's powdered face looked, with the light just above it, and all semblance of joy gone. It was as though a mask had been taken off. Out in the darkness the engine whistled sharply and then came to a bumping stop at some desert station. Through the black window a few lanterns could be seen flickering about, and there arose the sound of gruff voices speaking. The sleepers inside, aroused by the sharp stop, rolled over and swore, seeking easier postures. Then the front door opened, and slammed shut, and a new passenger entered. He came down the aisle, glancing carelessly at the upturned faces, and finally sank into the seat directly opposite Hope. He was a broad shouldered man, his coat buttoned to the throat, with strong face showing clearly beneath the broad hat brim, and lighted up with a pair of shrewd, kindly eyes. The con-

"'T'd have ter take the stage back to Topeky; loikely they'd be runnin' trains out from there on the new road. It'll be aisy; fer me ter foind out from some av the lads down below."

The only equipment operating into Sheridan was a construction train, with an old battered passenger coach coupled to the rear. A squad of heavily armed infantry rode along, as protection against possible Indian raiders, but there was no crowd aboard on this special trip, as all construction work had been suspended on the line indefinitely, and most of the travel, therefore, had changed to the eastward. The coach used had a partition run through it, and, as soon as the busy trainmen discovered ladders on board, they unceremoniously drove the more bibulous passengers, protesting, into the forward compartment. This left Hope in comparative peace, her remaining neighbors quiet, taciturn men, whom she looked at through the folds of her veil during the long, slow, exasperating journey, mentally guessing at their various occupations. It was an exceedingly tedious, monotonous trip, the train slackening up, and jerking forward, apparently without slightest reason; then occasionally achieving a full stop, while men, always under guard, went ahead to fix up some bit of damaged track, across which the engineer dared not advance. At each bridge spanning the numerous small streams, trainmen examined the structure before venturing forward, and at each stop the wearied passengers grew more impatient and sarcastic, a perfect stream of fluent profanity being wafted back whenever the door between the two sections chanced to be left ajar.

Hope was not the only woman on board, yet a glance at the others was sufficient to decide their status, even had their freedom of manner and loud talking not made it equally obvious. Fearful lest she might be mistaken for one of the same class, she remained in silence, her veil merely lifted enough to enable her to peer out through the grimy window at the barren view slipping slowly past. This consisted of the bare prairie, brown and desolate, occasionally intersected by some small watercourse, the low hills rising and falling like waves to the far horizon. Few incidents broke the dead monotony; occasionally a herd of antelope appeared in the distance, silhouetted against the skyline, and once they fairly crept for an hour through a mass of buffalo, grazing so close that a fusillade of guns sounded from the front end of the train. A little farther along she caught a glimpse of a troop of wild horses dashing recklessly down into a sheltering ravine. Yet principally all that met her straining eyes was sterile desolation. Here and there a great ugly water tank reared its hideous shape beside the track, the engine always pausing for a fresh supply. Beside it was invariably a pile of coal, a few construction cars, a hut half buried under earth, loop-holed and barricaded, with several rough men loafing about, heavily armed and inquisitive. A few of these points had once been terminal, the surrounding scenery evidencing past glories by piles of tin cans, and all manner of debris, with occasionally a vacant shack, left deserted and forlorn."

Wearied and heartsick, Hope turned away from this outside dreariness to contemplate more closely her neighbors on board, but found them scarcely more interesting. Several were playing cards, others moodily staring out of the windows, while a few were laughing and talking with the girls, their conversation inane and punctuated with profanity. One man was figuring on a scratch pad, and Hope decided he must be an engineer employed on the line; others she classed as small merchants, saloon-keepers, and frontier riff-raff. They would glance curiously at her as they marched up and down the narrow aisle, but her veil, and averted face, prevented even the boldest from speaking. Once she addressed the conductor, and the man who was figuring turned and looked back at her, evidently attracted by the soft note of her voice. But he made no effort at advances, returning immediately to his pad, oblivious to all else.

It was growing dark, the outside world, now consisting of level plains, fading into darkness, with a few great stars burning overhead. Trainmen lit the few smoking oil lamps screwed against the sides of the car, and its occupants became little more than dim shadows. All by this time were fatigued into silence, and several were asleep, finding such small comfort as was possible on the cramped seats. Hope glanced toward the heretofore noisy group at the rear—the girl nearest her rested with unconscious head pillowed upon the shoulder of her man friend, and both were sleeping. How haggard and ghastly the woman's powdered face looked, with the light just above it, and all semblance of joy gone. It was as though a mask had been taken off. Out in the darkness the engine whistled sharply and then came to a bumping stop at some desert station. Through the black window a few lanterns could be seen flickering about, and there arose the sound of gruff voices speaking. The sleepers inside, aroused by the sharp stop, rolled over and swore, seeking easier postures. Then the front door opened, and slammed shut, and a new passenger entered. He came down the aisle, glancing carelessly at the upturned faces, and finally sank into the seat directly opposite Hope. He was a broad shouldered man, his coat buttoned to the throat, with strong face showing clearly beneath the broad hat brim, and lighted up with a pair of shrewd, kindly eyes. The con-

ductor came through, nodded at him, and passed on. Hope thought he must be some official of the road, and ventured to break the prolonged silence with a question:

"Could you tell me how long it will be before we reach Sheridan?"

She had partially pushed aside her veil in order to speak more clearly, and the man, turning at sound of her voice, took off his hat, his searching eyes quizzical.

"Well, no, I can't, madam," the words coming with a jerk. "For I'm not at all sure we'll keep the track. Ought to make it in an hour, however, if everything goes right. Live in Sheridan?"

She shook her head, uncertain how frankly to answer.

"No loss to you—worst place to live in on earth—no exceptions—I know—been there myself three months—got friends there likely?"

"I hardly know," she acknowledged doubtfully. "I think so, but I shall have to hunt some place in which to stay tonight. Can you tell me of some—some respectable hotel, or boarding house?"

The man wheeled about, until he could look at her more clearly.

"That's a pretty hard commission, Miss," he returned uneasily. "There may be such a place in Sheridan, but I have never found it. Old Mother Shattuck keeps roomers, but she won't have a woman in the house. I reckon you'll have to try it at the hotel—I'll get you in there if I have to mesmerize the clerk—you'll find it a bit noisy though."

"Oh, I thank you so much. I don't mind the noise, so it is respectable." He laughed, good humoredly.

"Well, I don't propose to vouch for that—the proprietor ain't out there for his health—but, I reckon, you won't have no serious trouble—the boys mostly know a good woman when they see one—which isn't often—anyhow, they're liable to be decent enough as long as I vouch for you."

"But you know nothing of me."

"Don't need to—your face is enough—I'll get you the room all right."

She hesitated, then asked:

"Are you—are you connected with the railroad?"

"In a way, yes—I'm the contract surgeon—had to dig a bullet out of a water-tank tender back yonder—fellow howled as though I was killing him—no nerve—mighty poor stuff most of the riff-raff out here—ball wasn't in much below the skin—Indian must have plugged him from the top of the bluff—blame good shot too—ragged looking slug—like to see it?"

She shook her head energetically.

"Don't blame you—nothing very uncommon—get a dozen cases like it a day sometimes—stay in Sheridan, show you something worth while—very pretty surgical operation to-morrow—come round and get you if you care to see it—got to open the stomach—don't know what I'll find—like to go?"

"Oh, no! I'm sure you mean it all kindly, but—I would rather not."

"Hardly supposed you would—only knew one woman who cared for that sort of thing much—she was nursing for me during the war—had a fair lip and an eye like a dagger—good nurse though—rather have your kind round me—ever nurse any? Could get you a dozen jobs in Sheridan—new prospects every night—fifty dollars a week—what do you say?"

"But I'm not seeking work, Doctor," smiling in spite of her bewilderment. "I have money enough with me."

"Well, I didn't know—thought maybe you wanted a job, and didn't like to ask for it—have known 'em like that—no harm done—if you ever do want anything like that, just come to me—my name's Fairbain—everybody knows me here—operated on most of 'em—rest expect to be—Damn that engineer! don't believe he knows whether he's going ahead or backing up." He peered out of the window, pressing his face hard against the glass. "I reckon that's Sheridan he's whistling for now—don't be nervous—I'll see you make the hotel all right."

#### CHAPTER XXI.

##### The Marshal of Sheridan.

It was called a depot merely through courtesy, consisting of a layer of cinders, scattered promiscuously so as to partially conceal the underlying mud, and a dismantled box car, in which presided ticket agent and telegrapher. A hundred yards below was the big shack where the railroad officials lodged. Across the tracks blazed invitingly the "First Chance" saloon. All intervening space was crowded with men, surging aimlessly about in the glare of a locomotive head light,

and greeting the alighting passengers with free and easy badinage. Stranger or acquaintance made no difference, the welcome to Sheridan was noisily extended, while rough play and hoarse laughter characterized the mass.

Hope paused on the step, even as Dr. Fairbain grasped her hand, dinned by the medley of discordant sounds, and confused by the vociferous jam of humanity. A band came tooting down the street in a hack, a fellow, with a voice like a fog horn, howling from the front seat. The fellows at the side of the car surged aside to get a glimpse of this new attraction, and Fairbain, taking quick advantage of the opportunity thus presented, swung his charge to the cinders below. Bending before her, and butting his great shoulders into the surging crowd, he succeeded in pushing a passage through, thus finally bringing her forth to the edge of the street.

"Hey, there," he said shortly, grabbing a shirt-sleeved individual by the arm. "Where's Charlie?"

The fellow looked at him wonderingly.

"Charlie? Oh, you mean the 'Kid'? Well, he ain't here ter-night; had a weddin', an' is totin' the bridal couple 'round."

Fairbain swore discreetly under his breath, and cast an uncertain glance at the slender figure shrinking beside him. The streets of Sheridan were not over pleasant at night.

"Only lack in town is somewhere else, Miss," he explained briefly. "I reckon you and I will have to hoof it."

He felt the grip of her fingers on his sleeve.

"The boys are a little noisy, but it's just their way—don't mean anything—you hang on to me, an' keep the veil down—we'll be there in the shake of a dog's tail."

He helped her over the muddy crossing, and as they reached a stretch of board walk, began expatiating on the various places lining the way.

"That's the 'Mammoth' over there—dance hall back of it—biggest thing west of the Missouri—three men killed there last week—what for? Oh, they got too fresh—that's the 'Casino,' and the one beyond is 'Pony Joe's Place'—cut his leg off since I've been here—fight over a girl. Ain't there any stores?—sure; they're farther back—you see the saloons got in first—that's 'Sheeny Mike's' gambling joint you're looking at—like to go over and see 'em play? All right, just thought I'd ask you—it's early anyhow, and things wouldn't be goin' very lively yet. Say, there, you red head, what are you trying to do?"

The fellow had lurched out of the crowd in such a manner as to brush partially aside the girl's veil, permitting the glare of "Sheeny Mike's" lights to fall full upon her revealed face. It was accomplished so openly as to appear planned, but before he could reel away again, Fairbain struck out, and the man went down. With an oath he was on his feet, and Hope covered back against her protector. Each man had weapons drawn, the crowd scurrying madly to keep out of the line of fire, when, with a stride, a new figure stepped quietly in between them. Straight as an arrow, broad shouldered, yet small waisted as a woman, his hair hanging low over his coat-collar, his face smooth shaven except for a long moustache, and emotionless, the revolvers in his belt untouched, he simply looked at the two, and then struck the revolver out of the drunken man's hand. It fell harmless to the ground.

"And don't you pick it up until I tell you, Scott," he said quietly. "If you do you've got to fight me."

Without apparently giving the fellow another thought, he wheeled and faced the others.

"Oh, it's you, is it, Doctor? The drunken fool won't make any more trouble. Where were you taking the lady?"

"To the hotel, Bill."

"I'll walk along with you. I reckon the boys will give us plenty of room." He glanced over the crowd, and then more directly at Scott.

"Pick up your gun!" the brief words snapping out. "This is the second time I've caught you hunting trouble. The next time you are going to find it. I saw you run into this lady—what did you do it for?"

"I only wanted to see who she was, Bill."

"You needn't call me Bill. I don't trot in your class. My name is Hickock to you. Was it any of your affair who she was?"

"I reckoned I know'd her, and I did."

The marshal turned his eyes toward Hope, and then back upon Scott, evidently slightly interested.

"So? Recognized an old friend, I suppose?"

The slight sneer in "Wild Bill's" soft voice caused Scott to flame up in sudden passion.

"No, I didn't! but I called the turn just the same—she's Christie Maclaire."

The marshal smiled.

"All right, little boy," he said soberly. "Now you trot straight along to bed. Don't let me catch you on the street again to-night, and I'd advise you not to pull another gun—you're too slow on the trigger for this town. Come along, Doctor, and we'll get Miss Maclaire to her hotel."

He shouldered his way through the collected crowd, the other following. Hope endeavored to speak, to explain to Fairbain who she actually was, realizing then, for the first time, that she had not previously given him her name. Amidst the incessant noise and confusion, the blaring of brass, and the jangle of voices, she found it impossible to make the man comprehend. She pressed closer to him, holding more tightly to his arm, stunned and confused by the fierce uproar. The stranger steadily pushing ahead of

them, and opening a path for their passage, fascinated her, and her eyes watched him curiously. His name was an oddly familiar one, associated in vague memory with some of the most desperate deeds ever witnessed in the West, yet always found on the side of law and order; it was difficult to conceive that this quiet-spoken, mild-eyed, gently smiling man could indeed be the most famous gun fighter on the border, hated, feared, yet thoroughly respected, by every desperado between the Platte and the Canadian. Beyond the glare and glitter of the Metropolitan Dance Hall the noisy crowd thinned away somewhat, and the marshal ventured to drop back beside Fairbain, yet vigilantly watched every approaching face.

"Town appears unusually lively to-night, Bill," observed the latter gravely, "and the boys have got an early start."

"West end graders just paid off," was the reply. "They have been whoopin' it up ever since noon, and are beginning to get ugly. Now the rest of the outfit are showing up, and there will probably be something interesting happening before morning. Wouldn't mind it so much if I had a single deputy worth his salt."

"What's the matter with Balm?"

"Nothing, while he was on the job, but 'Red' Haggerty got him in 'Pony Joe's' shebang two hours ago; shot him in the back across the bar. Ned never even pulled his gun."

"I'm sorry to hear that; what became of Haggerty?"

The marshal let his eyes rest questioningly on the doctor's face for an instant.

"Well, I happened to be just behind Ned when he went," he said gently, "and 'Red' will be buried on 'Boots Hill' to-morrow. I'm afraid I don't give you much chance to show your skill, Doc," with a smile.

"If they all shot like you do, my profession would be useless. What's the matter with your other deputies?"

"Lack of nerve, principally, I reckon; ain't one of 'em worth the powder to blow him up. I'd give something just now for a fellow I had down at Dodge—he was a man. Never had to tell him when to go in; good judgment too; wasn't out hunting for trouble, but always ready enough to take his share. Old soldier in our army, Captain, I heard, though he never talk'd much about himself; maybe you knew him—Jack Keith."

"Well, I reckon," in quick surprise, "and what's more to the point, he's here—slept in my room last night."

"Keith here? In Sheridan? And hasn't even hunted me up yet? That's like him, all right, but I honestly want to see the boy. Here's your hotel. Shall you need me any longer?"

"Better step in with us, Bill," the doctor advised, "your moral influence might aid in procuring the lady a decent room."

"I reckon it might."

They passed together up the three rickety steps leading into the front hall, which latter opened directly into the cramped office; to the left was the wide-open bar-room, clamorous and throbbing with life. A narrow bench stood against the wall, with a couple of half drunken men lounging upon it. The marshal routed them out with a single, expressive gesture.

"Wait here with the lady, Fairbain," he said shortly, "and I'll arrange for the room."

They watched him glance in at the bar, vigilant and cautious, and then move directly across to the desk.

"Tommy," he said genially to the clerk. "I've just escorted a lady here



Don't Be Nervous—I'll See You Make the Hotel All Right.



"Any Other Room You Could Conveniently Assign Mr.—ah—Montgomery to Tommy?"

from the train—Miss Maclaire—and want you to give her the best room in your old shebang."

The other looked at him doubtfully.

"Hell, Bill, I don't know how I'm going to do that," he acknowledged. "She wrote in here to the boss for a room; said she'd be along yesterday. Well, she didn't show up, an' so to-night we let a fellow have it. He's up there now."

"Well, he'll have to vamoose—who is he?"

"Englishman—Walter Spotteswood Montgomery," consulting his book. "Hell of a pompous duck; the boys call him 'Juke Montgomery.'"

"All right; send some one up to rout his lordship out lively."

Tommy shuffled his feet, and looked again at the marshal; he had received positive orders about that room, and was fully convinced that Montgomery would not take kindly to eviction. But Hickock's quiet gray eyes were insistent.

"Here, 'Red,'" he finally called to the burly porter, "hustle up to '15,' an' tell that fellow Montgomery he's

# MOVED!



We have recently purchased the J. A. Wagner & Son Drug Store and have moved to their location on Main Street.

To the friends and customers of the Wagner Drug Store we extend a cordial invitation to visit us and trust we may merit at least a portion of your patronage.

To our friends and customers: We desire to thank you for your liberal support while we were on 8th Street and hope our change in location will not greatly inconvenience you.

## SODA FOUNTAIN

The season has opened early this year—don't forget us.

Ice Cream  
Limes  
Milk Drinks  
Sodas  
All the good drinks

## STATIONERY

Tablets of all grades and sizes. We believe that we are in a position to sell you a tablet to your liking

A Nice Line of Box Stationery

## MAGAZINES

More than 75 different magazines to select from, including

Everybody's  
Popular  
Munsey  
Cosmopolitan  
Ladies' Home Journal  
Woman's Home Companion  
Woman's World  
Elite Fashions  
Saturday Evening Post

Your subscription is earnestly solicited

## STOCK FOOD

International and LeGears—none the better  
Also a complete line of their veterinary remedies

## DRUG SUNDRIES

Kodak Films, Memoranda Books, Purses, Harps, Pencils, Pens, China ware Thermometers, Eye shades, Syringes, Hot Water Bottles, Ice Caps, Hair Brushes, Lather Brushes, Paint Brushes, Tooth Brushes, Bath Bruhes

## KINGS CHOCOLATES

May we soon enjoy a visit from you on Main Street

# The City Drug Store