

Burnt Branch Rumbings

The community is enjoying peace and quietude, but no one is idle. Every farmer, except R. C. Hightower who has finished, is busily engaged in the preparation of his land. The land is in fine condition.

Mr. and Mrs. Otis Odom visited the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Steel, of Dressy, Saturday and Sunday, it being the first time their little son, Loyd, has been away from home since getting scalded.

Owing to the inclemency of the weather, no Sunday school was had Sunday morning.

The literary meeting, on Saturday night was very well attended. The advocates of "Woman Suffrage" carried off the laurels.

A number of youngsters were entertained Friday afternoon in the home of Varnell Chatham.

Mrs. Hill's new resident building is nearing completion.

I notice that Slim Jim anxiously inquires about the Dressy Reporter, and suggest that he (the Reporter) probably "dried up in the hull." If for a reason the reporter ceases to exist as such, in no sense can it be said that he dried up in the hull, for S. J. pronounces it a must-room to begin with and we know a must-room never makes a hull, but after the order of things has its own development. Perhaps it is waiting for maturity, like the "polk stalk" ought to be doing.

Previling Westerly.

Take your watch repairing to R. O. Owen at the Cross Plains Furniture Co.

Rev. J. M. Parler of Blossom Texas, will fill the pulpit at the Baptist church Sunday at 11 and at night, and at Dressy in the afternoon.

John Pa m and family of Big Spring are moving back to this country. Mrs. Bumm has already arrived and Mr. Baum is coming with a car of household goods. We welcome them home.

Mr. and Mrs. Eldon Boydston came to Cross Plains the latter part of last week from Baird in his B. L. Eoydstun's auto. Mr. and Mrs. Boydston have just returned from a honeymoon trip to Kansas City. They are at present boarding, but may keep house later.

Let R. O. Owen fit you with proper fitting spectacles.

Buy a Farm

S. E. Settle, school superintendent has bought the Green Jean's farm west of town through the Cross Plains Development Co. His brother James L. will work the same with some assistance at a later date from S. E. Mr. Settle is a veritable Cincinnatus now.

A. G. Foster and family and Tom Upton and family have moved back to Cross Plains from Carbon. Mr. Upton informs us that he will re-enter the photograph business. Mr. Foster doesn't know what he will do yet.

A Good New Year Resolution

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.

Resolve that I will start the New Year right; and Bank with a good strong Bank--- The Bank of Cross Plains. They can accomodate me at all seasons of the year.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$30,000.00



EIGHT YEARS STEADY GROWTH

Cotton checks are being deposited by the Farmers this fall, more than ever before. This shows that they are fast learning the advantages of a good accommodating Bank. We are glad to see this. We want every man in our territory to have a Bank account with us, and pay his obligations by check, which comes back to him as receipt for the account paid.

The FARMERS NATIONAL BANK

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

James L. Settle, brother to S. F. Settle has moved to Cross Plains from Prosper. He will live with his brother and run the farm that S. E. has recently bought. We are glad to have Mr. Settle among us.

J. C. Holder and son of Sabanno were in town Saturday.

W. F. Elliott, a progressive farmer of Sabanno, was in town Saturday.

The public school in their recent dinner, secured \$27.00 which has been used in the purchasing of maps, cabinets, etc., These have all been ordered and are expected soon to be here.

R. O. Owen, the jeweler, made a trip to the Star Sunday.

Take your watch repairing to R. O. Owen at the Cross Plains Furniture Co.

Messrs. Shelton and A. H. Johnson of Cisco, real estate agent and banker respectively, were in town the first of the week.

MONEY SAVING

People are fast finding out that we save them money. One woman says she saved \$1.50 on a \$6.00 purchase; another customer saved 40c on a \$1.25 article. And we are getting lots of new customers who have found out we save them money. The Racket Store.

Oscar and Earl Gray were in town the first of the week.

Miss Flanche Williams has returned from Abilene and is now ill.

Bargain:
One practically new buggy and harness for \$75.00.
Joe Shackelford

For Sale Cheap: I have a bunch of mares and horses, from two years old on up, broke and unbroke. Also two well-bred stallions. Will sell for cash or good notes.
Bob Colvin, Burkett, Texas.

Will and Perry Boyle were in town Tuesday. Will is in the music business at Knox City and is doing well. He is here visiting his father who is ill at his home on Turkey creek south of town.

NEW GOODS

This store is an ever-changing exposition of the New. There is scarcely a day passes but what we place on display something new for you to see and buy if you desire. The main attraction of these new things we are showing, however, is the quality and price. We know we buy our goods right and we say to you that our prices are lower than this same quality sells for elsewhere, and this is what counts. The Racket Store.

Wanted: Two or three pigs. See or write I. M. Userv, Cross Plains

Grace, the little four year daughter of Will Austin, on Monday morning, accidentally fell into a pot of hot embers and severely burnt her right hand.

Good span of medium sized mules for sale for cash or good note. —Davis-Garner & Co.

We have added a line of leather goods to our stock—prices right.
Jones & Westerman.

Mrs. M. D. Jones is visiting her parents west of town, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Klutz.

We appreciate your account.

Carter & Kenady.

Highest market price paid for your chickens, eggs, butter, hides and furs. Give us a chance and be convinced.

Neeb & Sipes.

Don't fail to call and see my new line of spring and summer samples before buying your suit; we can give you money.

T. W. Tart, Tailor.

SOME MONEY-SAVING PRICES

Electric welded trace chains, the 75c kind 50c
The 65c kind 45c
12 in. reversible collar pads 30c
7 bars Clariette soap for 25c
4 cans of Giant Lye for 25c
3 cans of Good Luck Baking Powder for 25c. 4 sewed wire bound brooms, the 35c grade for 20c. And we could mention hundreds of other articles on which we save you money, if we had the space.

The Racket Store,

Wayne Conley was badly hurt by being thrown from a buggy about 6:30p. m. Sat. just south of the depot. He and his brother Willis were driving a young horse which had already been scared, and upon the train coming up behind him he became unmanageable, running away and throwing Mr. Conley to the ground on his head and shoulders. He was carried to the Central Hotel. It was at first feared that his hurt was serious, but he is now able to return home.

Mrs. Sam Sipes is visiting relatives at Quanah.

Starlight, Oklahoma's best flour, at \$3.00.
Jones & Westerman.

Miss Riddle of Cisco is the guest of her sister Miss Myrl Riddle.

Liberty Locals

The farmers are rejoicing over the fine rain that fell last Sunday which put a fine season in the ground. Oat sowing is now the order of the day.

Bill Phillips gave the young people a social last Saturday night which was well attended and every one seemed to enjoy himself fine.

Zack Westerman was in our midst last Thursday on business. I suppose the young people gathered at Henry Marshalls last Friday and had a huge time in celebration of Bill Marshalls birthday.

Homer Phillips made a flying trip to the Star last Monday and back by way of Salt Tank and Liberty.

Oh, Geel wasn't last Trades Day a cold one! nevertheless there was a good many there. Several went from Liberty.

Mrs. J. H. Duke has been very sick the past week, but is better at this writing.

Elmore Balldridge went to Cisco last Saturday to meet his sister who came in from Canada whom he had not seen in seven years.

Success to the Review.

A Libertvite.

VALENTINES

Send a pretty Valentine We have a nice assortment to select from.

The Racket Store.

NOTICE: I have opened up a blacksmith shop at R. C. Atwood's home 2 miles east of Cross Plains. Will appreciate your work.

Jeff Atwood.

Pioneer Pinnings

Be thankful for the good rain, Sunday.

Hiram Foster has been slightly sick.

Married:—Mr. Dan Atwood and Miss Ada Underwood. We wish them a happy useful life.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Foster are the proud parent of twin girls.

Will Foster visited relatives near Blake, Sunday.

Professors Hellah and Curry visited in Rising Star Friday night.

Rev. Summers preached an interesting sermon, Sunday.

Prof. W. F. Robinson and twenty-two of his pupils left May for Pioneer at 2:30 Friday evening arriving at 10 o'clock. They were entertained at the home of Rev. Wilkins until later and were assigned places and stayed all night.

About 9:30 Saturday morning the (boy's) basket ball team played in which May was victorious. After the game they returned home.

Teddy Jane.

The Methodist of Cross Plains contemplate the erection of a new church building at an early date. Approximated cost, complete, \$2700.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. John Farr February 6, a boy.

WHEN you are in Cross Plains we want you to call on us whether you want anything in our line or not. If you are a regular customer we will be glad to see you, if you are not we want you to become one and will be glad to see you anyway. We want you to feel free to call on us at all times. Remember that we are here to accommodate you, kindly command us.

THE CITY DRUG STORE

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.

There is not much force in the argument of some that, though they are in favor of and believe in good roads, we are not ready for them. The fact is you seldom if ever get ready for anything. You never will get exactly ready for voting bonds for good roads—some never got entirely ready for school bonds, but that's no great argument against the school tax. The most of us would not have to pay a fortune, anyway, on the basis of 37cts. to the \$100. valuation.

Brownwood is receiving a great deal of notice from her securing the \$500. prize in the Holland's Magazine Clean Town contest. The State papers have given write-ups of considerable length descriptive of the little city down the Bayou, and articles are being prepared and photographs secured on Brownwood beautiful to be sent to the Saturday Evening Post and Colliers Weekly. This is publicity worth the while. Might pay some of the rest of us to begin a cleaning up crusade

The voters of Rising Star precinct will have an opportunity on the 4th of February to show whether they desire to have good roads by the bonding method. On that date an election will be held to decide on the issuance of road bonds to the amount of \$50,000. Precinct One in Brown county has tried the road bond issue and take it from us it is a good thing. True, it makes taxes a little higher, but did you ever see a good thing that didn't come high? If Rising Star ever expects to out of the village class, good roads are absolutely necessary.—Brownwood Bulletin.

The foregoing comment by the Bulletin applies with equal force to Cross Plains and territory. We are not unacquainted in precinct 1 in Brown county, and we are strongly persuaded that the citizens of that precinct would not give up the good roads for twice the amount of the taxes. In line with this we might mention that this precinct after voting \$100,000 bonds, voted in a second election \$50,000 additional bonds in Tarrant county, one of the pioneers in the good roads movement in Texas, a county which already had some of the best McCadamized roads in the State, only last year voted another bond issue for good roads to the modest amount of \$1,000,000. That is some indication good roads are popular when they have once been tried.

You Are Right

We with every progressive man who has studied the question believe that every business in town should have some representation in the local newspaper, if that paper is progressive and represents the best spirit of the town. A good paper is not a luxury but is a necessity—an essential, if not the most essential factor in the development of a town. You must have a paper, and it costs just as much to use space for personal locals as for advertising. Whatever advertises or boosts for your town, also advertises and boosts for you, even if your business is small.—Cross Plains Review.

The Review is eminently correct in its conclusions, and the only thing now is to convince the merchants that your views are logical. The up to date merchant realizes that a

newspaper is absolutely essential to the growth of a town, but too many of them are content to let the newspaper man bear the burden alone. The Bulletin can cite you to a town whose newspaper a year ago was crowded with advertising, and the eyes of all Texas were turned to ward that town as the marvel of the state in growth and prosperity. But the merchants are neglecting to give that same newspaper the patronage it justly deserves now, and one of the results is that the town is being pointed to as a "back number," and "dead as Hector." A prosperous, well patronized newspaper and a prosperous, wideawake town are inseparable.—Brownwood Bulletin.

W. E. Spencer, manager for the Cross Plains Townsite Co., was in town first of the week.

Notice of Election THE STATE OF TEXAS COUNTY OF CALLAHAN

On this the 14th day of January 1913, the Commissioners court being in regular session, came on to be considered the petition of S. F. Bond and 86 other persons, praying that bonds be issued by road district No. 2 of Callahan County, Texas, in the sum of \$75,000.00 dollars bearing five per cent rate of interest, maturing forty years from date thereof, for the purpose of constructing, maintaining and operating macadamized graveled or paved roads and turnpikes, or in aid thereof: And it appearing to the court that said petition is signed by more than fifty of the resident property taxpaying voters of said road District No. 2 of Callahan County, Texas, and that the amount of bonds to be issued will not exceed one-fourth of the assessed valuation of the real property of such road district No. 2 of Callahan County, Texas.

It is therefore considered and ordered by the Court that an election be held in said road District No. 2 of Callahan County, Texas, on the 15th day of February 1913, which is not less than thirty days from the date of this order, to determine whether or not the bonds of said road district No. 2 of Callahan County, Texas, shall be issued in the amount of Seventy Five Thousand dollars, bearing five per cent rate of interest and maturing forty years from the date thereof; and whether or not a tax shall be levied upon the property of said road district No. 2 of Callahan County, Texas, subject to taxation for the purpose of paying the interest of said bonds, and to provide a sinking fund for the redemption thereof at maturity.

Notice of such election shall be given by publication in a newspaper published in said road district No. 2 for four successive weeks before the date of said election, and in addition thereto there shall be posted notices of such election at three public places in said road district No. 2 for three weeks prior to said election.

Said election shall be held at Cross Plains, Dressey, Caddo Peak, Cottonwood and Atwell, and the following named persons are hereby appointed managers of said election: J. A. Wagner at Cross Plains, Jno. W. Alken at Dressey, J. A. Moore at Caddo Peak, J. R. Haley at Cottonwood and J. J. Clark at Atwell.

But election shall be held under the provisions on the road improvement district act passed at the first called session of the Thirty first legislature, and only qualified voters who are property taxpayers of said road district No. 2 of Callahan County, Texas, shall be allowed to vote, and all voters desiring to support the proposition to issue bonds shall have written or printed on their ballots the words "for the issuance of bonds and levying of the tax in payment thereof", and those opposed shall have written or printed on their ballots the words "Against the issuance of bonds and the levying of the tax in payment thereof".

The manner of holding said election shall be governed by the laws of the State governing general elections.

A copy of this order signed by the County Judge of said County shall serve as a proper notice of said election, and the county judge is directed to cause said notice to be published in a newspaper published in said road district No. 2 of Callahan County, Texas, for four successive weeks preceding said election, and cause to be posted a notice thereof at three public places in road district No. 2 of Callahan County, Texas, for three weeks prior to said election.

W. R. Ely, County Judge, Callahan Co, Tex.

Molly McDonald

—BY—
Randall Parrish
SYNOPSIS.

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

CHAPTER II—"Brick" Hamlin, a sergeant who had just arrived with messages to McDonald, volunteers for the mission and starts alone.

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

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

CHAPTER V—The Indians are twice repulsed in attack by the soldiers Hamlin, Moylan and Gonzales. The latter is killed.

CHAPTER VI—Moylan 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 C. S. A. He explains to Molly that he was in the Confederate service and was disgraced under charges of cowardice. At the close of the war he enlisted in the regular service and saved the haversack was the property of one Capt. LeFevre, 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 Lieut. Gaskins Molly starts to join her father. Hamlin leaves to rejoin his regiment.

CHAPTER XIII—Hamlin returns to Fort Dodge after a summer of fighting Indians, and finds Molly there.

CHAPTER XIV—Shots are heard in the night accompanied by the call of the sentry. Hamlin rushes out, sees what he believes is the figure of Molly hiding in a junk officer, and over the body of Lieut. Gaskins, who has been wounded. 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 his charge. Hamlin saves the haversack is shielding Molly. He later sees her in company with Mrs. Dupont, whom he recognizes as a former sweetheart. She shows him a note from Mrs. Dupont, which sets a note from Mrs. Dupont, requesting an interview.

CHAPTER XVI—Mrs. Dupont declares she was forced by LeFevre to send a lying note to Hamlin, and that she wrote the truth, which Hamlin did not receive.

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

CHAPTER XVIII—Hamlin overhears a conversation between a civilian named Dupont and a soldier which indicates that they are hatching up 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 she 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 Major McDonald. McDonald is trying to force Molly to marry Gaskins.

CHAPTER XXI—McDonald is ordered to Fort Ripley with \$200.00 paymaster'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 Wesson 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. Wagon is shot as they come in sight of the Cimarron. Hamlin dashes blindly forward alone in pursuit of the man who fired the shot.

CHAPTER XXVI—By heroic work he resuscitates Carroll, his remaining trooper. Hamlin discovers a log cabin hidden under a bluff.

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

CHAPTER XXVIII—Hamlin decides to wait at the cabin until the storm abates before attempting to take up the trail of LeFevre, 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 LeFevre, but hits Hamlin, while the latter is alarming LeFevre. LeFevre escapes, believing Hamlin and Molly dead. Molly 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 in the power of Mrs. Dupont, who was bleeding him for money. He was forced into a plot to secure the paymaster's money by pretending robbery. McDonald was killed as a result of a quarrel

"There is no hotel over in those sand hills. Now hold on tight."

He swung her easily to his broad shoulder, clasping her slender figure closely with one arm.

"That's it! Now get a firm grip. I'll carry you all right."

To the girl, that passage was never more than a dim memory. Still partially dazed from the severe blow on her head, she closed her eyes as Hamlin stepped cautiously down into the stream and clung to him desperately, expecting each moment to be flung forward into the water. But the Sergeant's mind was upon his work, and every detail of the struggle left its impress on his memory. He saw the dark sweep of the water, barely visible in the gleam of those few stars unobscured by cloud, and felt the sluggish flow against his legs as he moved. The bottom was soft, yet his feet did not sink deeply, although it was rather difficult wading. However, the clay gave him more confidence than sand underfoot, and there was less depth of



"Tell Me, Are You Hurt?"

water even than he had anticipated. He was wet only to the thighs when he tumbled up on to the low spit of sand, and put the girl down a moment to catch a fresh breath and examine the broader stretch of water ahead. They could see both shores now, that which they had just left, a black, lumping, dim outline. Except for the lapping of the water at their feet, all was deathly still. Even the Indian fire had died out, and it was hard to conceive that savages were hidden behind that black veil, and that they two were actually fleeing for their lives. To the girl it was like some dreadful delirium of sleep, but the man felt the full struggle. There was a star well down in the south he chose to guide by, but beyond that he must trust to good fortune. Without a word he lifted her again to his shoulder, and pushed on.

The water ran deeper, shelving off rapidly, until it rose well above his waist, and with sufficient current so that he was compelled to lean against it to maintain balance, scarcely venturing forward a foot at a time. Once he stumbled over some obstruction, barely averting a fall; he felt the swift clutch of her fingers at his throat, the quick adjustment of her body, but her lips gave no utterance of alarm. His groping feet touched the edge of a hole, and he turned, facing the current, tracing his way carefully until he found a passage on solid bottom. A bit of driftwood swirled down out of the night; a water-soaked limb, striking against him before it was even seen, bruised one arm, and then dodged past like a wild thing, leaving a glitter of foam behind. The sand-dunes grew darker, more distinct, the water began to grow still, low, the bottom changing from mud to sand. He slipped and staggered in the uncertain footing, his breath coming in quicker gasps, yet with no cessation of effort. Once he felt the dreaded suck about his ankles, and broke into a reckless run, splashing straight forward, falling at the water's edge, yet not before the girl was resting safely on the soft sand.

Strong as Hamlin was, his muscles trained by strenuous outdoor life, he lay there for a moment utterly helpless, more exhausted from the nervous strain indeed, than the physical exertion. He had realized fully the desperate nature of that passage, expecting every step to be engulfed, and the rejection, the knowledge that they had actually attained the shore safely, left him weak as a child, hardly able to comprehend the fact. The girl was upon her feet first, alarmed and solicitous, bending down to touch him with her hand.

"Sergeant, you are not hurt?" she questioned. "Tell me you are not hurt?"

"Oh, no," dragging himself up to the bank, yet panting as he endeavored to speak cheerfully. "Only that was a rather hard pull, the last of it, and I am short of breath. I shall be all right in a moment."

There was a sand-dune just beyond, and he seated himself and leaned against it.

"I am beginning to breathe easier already," he explained. "Sit down here, Miss McDonald. We are safe enough now in this darkness."

"You are all wet, soaking wet."

"That is nothing; the sand is warm yet from yesterday's sun, and my clothes will dry fast enough. It is beginning to grow light in the east."

The faces of both turned in that direction where appeared the first twilight approach of dawn. Already were visible the dark lines of the opposite shore, across the gleam of water, and beyond appeared the dim outline of the higher bluffs. The slope between river and hill, however, remained in impenetrable darkness. The mind of both fugitives reverted to

the same scene—the wrecked stage with its dead passengers within, its savage watchmen without. She lifted her head, and the soft light reflected on her face.

"I—I thank God we are not over there now," she said falteringly.

"Yes," he admitted. "They will be creeping in closer; they will not wait much longer. Hard as I have worked, I can't realize yet that we are out of those toils."

"You did not expect to succeed?"

"No; frankly I did not; all I could do was hope—take the one chance left. The slightest accident meant betrayal. I am ashamed of being so weak just now, but it was the strain, you see," he explained carefully. "I've been scouting through hostile Indian country mostly day and night for nearly a week, and then this thing happened. No matter how iron a man is his nerve goes back on him after a while."

"I know."

"It wasn't myself," he went on doggedly, "but it was the knowledge of having to take care of you. That was what made me worry; that, and knowing a single misstep, the slightest noise, would bring those devils on us, where I couldn't fight, where there was just one thing I could do."

There was silence, her hands pressed to her face, her eyes fixed on him. Then she questioned him soberly. "You mean, kill me?"

"Sure," he answered simply, without looking around; "I would have had to do it—just as though you were a sister of mine."

Her hands reached out and clasped his, and he glanced aside at her face, seeing it clearly.

"I—I thought you would," she said, her voice trembling. "I—I was going to ask you once before I was hurt, but—but I couldn't, and somehow I trusted you from the first, when you got in." She hesitated, and then asked: "How did you know I was Molly McDonald? You never asked."

The Sergeant's eyes smiled, turning away from her face to stare out across the river.

"Because I had seen your picture."

"My picture? But you told us you were from Fort Union?"

"Yes; that is my station, only I had been sent to the cantonment on the Cimarron with dispatches. Your father was in command there, and worried half to death about you. He could not leave the post, and the only officer remaining there with him was a disabled cavalry captain. Every man he could trust was out on scouting service. He took a chance on me, maybe he liked my looks, I don't know; more probably, he judged I wouldn't be a sergeant and entrusted with those dispatches I'd just brought in, if I wasn't considered trustworthy. Anyhow I had barely fallen asleep when the orderly called me, and that was what was wanted—that I ride north and head you off."

"But you were not obliged to go?"

"No; I was not under your father's orders. I doubt if I would have consented if I hadn't been shown your picture. I couldn't very well refuse then."

She sat with hands clasped together, her eyes shadowed by long lashes.

"I should have thought there would have been some soldiers there—his own men."

"There were," duly, "but the army just now is recruited out of pretty tough material. To be in the ranks is almost a confession of good-for-nothingness. You are an officer's daughter and understand this to be true."

"Yes," she answered doubtfully. "I have been brought up thinking so; only, of course, there are exceptions."

"No doubt, and I hope I am already counted one."

"You know you are. My father trusted you, and so do I."

"I have wondered sometimes," he said musingly, watching her face barely visible in the dawn, "whether those of your class actually considered us as being really human, as anything more valuable than mere food for powder. I came into the regular army at the close of the war from the volunteer service. I was accustomed to discipline and all that, and knew my place. But I never suspected then that a private soldier was considered a dog. Yet that was the first lesson I was compelled to learn. It has been pretty hard sometimes to hold in, for there was a time when I had some social standing and could resent an insult."

She was looking straight at him, surprised at the bitterness in his voice.

"They carry it altogether too far," she said. "I have often thought that—mostly the young officers, the West Pointers—and yet you know that the majority of enlisted men are—well, dragged from the slums. My father says it has been impossible to recruit a good class since the war closed, that the right kind had all the army they wanted."

"Which is true enough, but there are good men nevertheless, and every commander knows it. A little considerate treatment would make them better still."

She shook her head questioningly. "I do not know," she admitted. "I suppose there are two viewpoints. You were in the volunteers, you said. Why did you enlist in the regulars?"

"Largely because I liked soldiering, or thought I did. I knew there would be plenty of fighting out here, and I believed in advancement."

"You mean to a commission?"

"Yes. You see, I did not understand then the impossibility, the great gulf fixed. I dreamed that good fortune might give me something to do worth while."

"And fate has been unkind?"

"In a way, yes," and he laughed, rather grimly. "I had my chance—twice; honorable mention, and all

that, but that ended it. There is no bridge across the chasm. An enlisted man is not held fit for any higher position; if that was not sufficient to bar me, the fact that I had fought for the South would."

"You were in the Confederate army? You must have been very young."

"Oh, no; little more than a boy, of course, but so were the majority of my comrades. I was in my senior college year when the war broke out. But, Miss McDonald, this will never do! See how light it is growing. There, they have begun firing already. We must get back out of sight behind the sand-dunes."

CHAPTER X.

The Ripening of Acquaintance.

They needed to retire, but a few steps to be entirely concealed, yet so situated as to command a view across the muddy stream. The sun had not risen above the horizon, but the gray dawn gave misty revelation of the sluggish-flowing river, the brown slope opposite, and the darker shadow of bluffs beyond. The popping of those distant guns had ceased by the time they attained their new position, and they could distinguish the Indians—mere black dots against the brown slope—advancing in a semicircle toward the silent stage. Evidently they were puzzled, fearful of some trickery, for occasionally a gun would crack viciously, the brown smoke plainly visible, the advancing savages halting to observe the effect. Then a bright colored blanket was waved aloft as though in signal, and the entire body, converging toward the deserted coach, leaped forward with a wild yell, which echoed faintly across the water.

The girl hid her face in the sand, with a half-stifed sob, but the Sergeant watched grimly, his eyes barely above the ridge. What would they do when they discovered the dead bodies?—when they realized that others had eluded their vigilance during the night? Would they be able to trace them, or would his ruse succeed? Of course their savage cunning would track them as far as the river—there was no way in which he could have successfully concealed the trail made down the gully, or the marks left on the sandy bank. But would they imagine he had dared to cross the broad stream, burdened with the girl, confronting almost certain death in the quicksand? Would they not believe rather that he had waded along the water's edge headed west, hoping thus to escape to the bluffs, where some hiding-place might be found? Even if they suspected a crossing, would any warriors among them be reckless enough to follow? Would they not be more apt to believe that both fugitives had been sucked down into the treacherous stream? Almost breathless Hamlin watched, these thoughts coursing through his mind, realizing the deadly trap in which they were caught, if the Indians suspected the truth and essayed the passage. Behind them was sand, ridge after ridge, as far as the eye could discern, and every step they took in flight would leave its plain trail. And now the test was at hand.

He saw them crowd about the coach, leaping and yelling with fury; watched them jerk open the door, and drag forth the two dead bodies, dancing about them, like so many demons, brandishing their guns. A moment they were bunched thus, their wild yelling shrill with triumph; then some among them broke away, bending low as they circled in against the bluff. They knew already that there had been others in the stage, others who had escaped. They were seeking the trail. Suddenly one straightened up gesticulating, and the others rushed toward him—they had found the "sign!" They were silent now, those main trappers, two of them on hands and knees. Only back where the bodies lay some remained yelling and dancing furiously. Then they also, in response to a shout and the wave of a



He Saw the Crowd about the Coach Leaping and Yelling With Fury.

blanketed arm, scattered, running west toward the gully. There was no hesitancy now; some savage instinct seemed to tell them where the fugitives had gone. They dragged the dead warrior from the ditch, screaming savagely at the discovery. A dozen scrambled for the river bank, others ran for the pony herd, while one or two remained beside the dead warrior. Even at that distance Hamlin could distinguish Roman Nose, and tell what were his orders by every gesture of his arm. The Sergeant grasped the girl's hand, his own eyes barely above the sand ridge, his lips whispering back.

"No, don't move; I'll tell you everything. The stage has been gutted and set on fire. Now they are coming with the ponies. Most of them are direct-

WHICH THIS SPACE

For Trades Day Program, February 17, 1913.

Program Will Appear Next Week.

SHOES FOR SALE.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

SHIRTS FOR SALE.

Keep in mind that I will make you a Suit of Clothes for—\$15.00—
Why pay 16.00 or 18.00 dollars for a hand-me-down when \$15.00 Buys
a Tailor Made at

--W. E. MELTON'S--

LOCAL DOINGS

We share profits in Premiums.

Carter & Kenady,

NOTICE.

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

Virgil Hart.

A carload of Oklahoma feed, the very best feed, just received.

Chops, per sack, \$1.40. Bran \$1.35
Corn per bushel 77c.

Jones & Westerman.

Have you seen the latest Premiums?

Carter & Kenady

We are now completely equipped in our barber shop. We are prepared to give hot and cold baths. Your business appreciated.

Reeder & Tart

Dave Babb of the Bayou came to market Saturday with a bunch of turkeys, chickens, etc. His load of poultry brought him \$30.00. He also sold his team to Jerry Miller.

A free school bag with each pair of school shoes sold.

Carter & Kenady.

J. W. Vernon of Sipe Springs was in town recently and while here bought a piano which he has shipped to his home.

A bargain in a sewing machine at Furniture Store.

I have for sale good seed oats, clear of Johnson grass, that I will sell in bulk at 40c per bushel at the granary.

Tom Audas,
Burkett, Texas.

Do you read the Dallas Farm News, The Semi-Weekly Record? If you do not, don't you want to read them? The Cross Plains Review in connection with any other \$1.00 paper or periodical for \$1.75. Supply your home with good reading matter.

Coffins, caskets and robes.
Furniture Store

We buy and sell Every thing.

Carter & Kenady.

Save your floor and quit scrubbing by covering your room with Linoleum.

Furniture Store

Let us trade you new furniture for old.—Furniture Store.

Buy from us and save money.
Furniture Store

No matter what you need. See us.

Carter & Kenady.

Our annual revival occasion begins Sunday Feb. 23. Rev. C. B. Meador of Stamford, Conference Missionary and Evangelist for the Northwest Texas Conference, will do the preaching. We desire the co-operation of the other Christians in the community.

A. Lee Boyd, P. C.

A \$17.50 cook stove for \$11.00 at Cross Plains Fur. Store.

For Trade: Two lots, clear, in Austin, Texas. Submit proposition.
Charley Robbins.

Turkeys 11c per lb. at Neeb and Sipes.

Rube Lee and family left Sunday for the Star where his family will remain for a while. Mr. Lee will go to Dallas prospecting.

Spring Slippers have arrived.

Carter & Kenady.

Cottonwood Items

Editor Review:

Having a desire to air our intellect this morning and to get our name in the paper, and get as much representation in the correspondents column as possible and in fact a general desire to "blow off" we have recourse to our "Faber" to give vent to this pent-up desire of ours to "explore."

This town is almost deserted during the work days, from the fact that the farmers are very busy preparing their lands for another crop or another failure as the case may be. Now and then we see one of the "horney handed sons of toil" in to have a plow sharpened or to get a dollars worth of coffee or to get a little "Terbacker."

We noticed Mr. Forbs and the editor of the Review on our streets Thursday. We presume the editor was here in the interest of his paper with Mr. Forbs to show him around. J. T. Respass visited the Terminal City Friday.

Will Harris of Baird was in our town Wednesday; we presume he was here in the interest of his banking business here. At a late hour in the afternoon he started home but when only a short distance from

town his "Auto" refused to go but just at night J. T. Coffey having displayed his skill on the machine he was able to continue his journey home without further accident.

We have been having quite a lot of sickness scattered over our community. Wiley Smith living one mile east is now and has been confined to his bed with Typhoid fever but the doctor reports him doing well. There are also some cases of Dyptheria in the community.

Mr. Shelton who moved here from near Comanche a short time ago lost his little girl about six years of age with Dyptheria Tuesday evening. She was buried in the Cottonwood cemetery Wednesday afternoon. He also has another child sick with the same dread malady but is reported doing well. Mr. Ford Purvis also has two children sick with Dyptheria but both are doing well.

Citation by Publication

The State of Texas:

To the Sheriff or any Constable of Callahan County Greeting: You are hereby commanded to summons O. N. Wingfield by making publication of this citation once in each week for four successive weeks previous to the return day hereof, in some newspaper published in Callahan County and State of Texas to appear at the regular term of the Justice of Peace Court in Precinct No. 6 of Callahan County to be holden in the town of Cross Plains in Callahan County on the 14th day of March 1913, being the 2nd Friday in said month of March A. D. 1913 then and there to answer to a petition filed in said Court on the 22nd day of December A. D. 1912, in a suit numbered on the Docket of said Court 48 wherein Carter & Kenady a firm composed of D. P. Carter and C. S. Kenady are plaintiffs and O. N. Wingfield is defendant, and said petition said court alleges that on February 2nd, 1910, defendants made and executed to plaintiffs 2 certain promissory notes

due after date on October 1, 1910, one for \$35. with 10 percent int. after maturity and 10 per cent attorney fees and all necessary cost of collecting if said note is not paid at maturity when due.

Also on February 4 1910, said defendant O. N. Wingfield made and executed his promissory note to said plaintiffs for the sum of \$113.20 bearing 10 per cent interest from maturity due November 1, 1910 and 10 per cent attorney fee if not paid at maturity and all necessary cost of collecting.

And though often requested, said defendant has wholly failed and refused to pay either of said notes or any part thereof, the said two notes one for \$35.00 and one for 113.20 interest and cost are due and unpaid were executed to said plaintiffs for value received, and are filed in this Court in cause No. 48 in Justice Court precinct No 6 Callahan County, as cause of action wherefore plaintiffs pray for citation in the terms of the law that on final hearing they may have judgement and such other relief as the court may adjudge and decree in the premises that the debt due to said plaintiffs may be fully satisfied also all interest due and costs adjudged in this case.

Herein fail not but have before

said court at the regular term the 2nd Friday in March A. D. 1913, the 14th day this writ with your return thereof showing how you have executed the same. That is the regular term of Justice Court precinct No. 6 Callahan County to be held on the said 14th day of March A D 1913.

Given under my hand this the 15th day of January A. D. 1913.
John T. Gilbert, Justice of the Peace, Precinct No. 6 Callahan County, State of Texas.



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CONNECTING LINK BETWEEN
WEST TEXAS
AND
NORTH, CENTRAL AND EAST TEXAS POINTS
GULF COAST RESORTS
AND ALL POINTS IN THE
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EQUIPMENT AND SERVICE THE BEST

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No Vacation. Enter any time.

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More than 20 years experience. All work guaranteed. Shop just South of W. O. W. Building. Cross Plains, Texas.

We make correct prices
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I am prepared to do your tailoring work at any and all times of week. Satisfaction guaranteed.
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Lodge Directory
Masonic Lodge No 627

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

Meets on Saturday night before 2 & 4 Sun. at I. O. O. F. Hall, Cross Plains, Tex.

M. C. Baum, Clerk.

W. O. W. Camp No. 778.

Meets every Saturday night before the first and third Sundays, at W. O. W. Hall, south Cross Plains, Tex.

E. T. Bond, Clerk.

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

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

M. E. Church, South.

Preaching each First and Third Sundays at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School each Sunday at 10 A. M. Geo. Carter Supt. Prayer meeting each Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.

Women's Home Mission Society meets in church each Thursday 3:30 P. M. after first and third Sunday. You are cordially invited to attend any and all the church services.
A. Lee Boyd, Pastor.

Presbyterian Church.

Presbyterian church, preaching on 2nd and 3rd Sundays at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. Regular session meeting, Friday, 3 p. m. George A. Crane, Pastor.

Baptist Church.

Preaching every 2nd Sunday at 10 o'clock a. m. and 8 o'clock p. m. and the Saturday before at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday night at 8 o'clock.

Preaching

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

I. M. Ussery.

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

Dr. E. H. RAMSEY

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ALL KINDS OF HARNESS WORK.
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One man to Baird or Cisco \$5.00
Two men or more each \$3.00
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All kinds of Real Estate and Insurance.

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\$1.00 Per Day House/ Nice, Clean
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F. P. SHACKELFORD

Wm. Neeb made a trip to Baird the first of the week, returning on Tuesday. Mr. Neeb says that he believes that the Terminal is getting the advantage of the county seat as a market frequented by farmers, as evidenced by the fact that the roads leading into the former show to have been traveled so much more than do the roads leading to the latter. The eyes of this country are turned C. P.-ward.

Learn While You Earn.

Abraham Lincoln would split rails all day in the forest, and then after his day's work was finished, would walk five miles to get a book to study and improve himself. It is said of George Washington that in answer to a question of his neighbors as to why he studied, he replied that he was working out the destiny of his country.

There are hundreds of young people today who are desirous of gaining a practical education, but for one reason or another they cannot leave home to secure it, so they drag a long from one year to the next in the same old rut. There are hundred of others that are availing themselves of the opportunity offered by the correspondence department of our college saving their leisure moments and investing them in an education that will mean thousands of dollars to them in the coming years.

You may say that you are not able to take a course, but the person who can least afford it is the one who needs it most and should have it by all means at any sacrifice; it don't cost much.

Young friend, why not take advantage of this opportunity and gain a business education by using your moments that would otherwise be wasted? why not spend an hour of the long winter evenings of nightfall qualifying yourself with a knowledge of the famous Byrne Simplified Shorthand, Practical Bookkeeping, Typewriting, Arithmetic, Grammar, Writing, and Telegraphy for which the business world will pay you cash?

Fill out the following blank and mail to the correspondence Dept. Tyler Commercial College, Tyler, Texas, for catalogue and full particulars.

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Mrs. Jane Calahan suffered from womanly trouble for nearly ten years. In a letter from Whiteville, N. C., she says: "I was not able to do my own housework. My stomach was weak, and my blood was wrong. I had backache, and was very weak. I tried several doctors, but they did me no good. I used Cardui for 3 or 4 months, and now I am in the best health I have ever been. I can never praise Cardui enough." It is the best tonic, for women.

Whether seriously sick, or simply weak, try Cardui.

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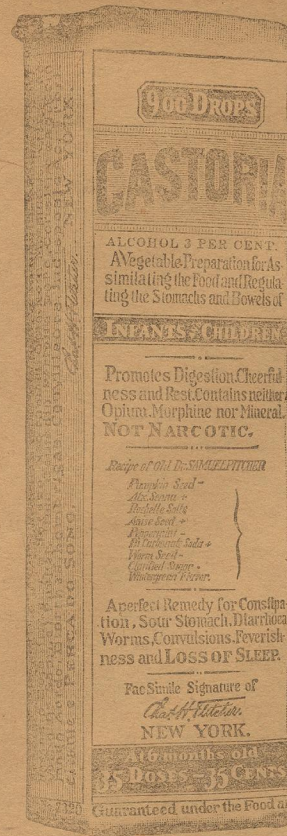
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