

THE CROSS PLAINS REVIEW

VOL. 4.

CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS, FRIDAY, MARCH 21, 1913.

NO. 2

Trades Day.

Trades Day, though not advertised extensively, was, considering the season of the year, well attended. The wind was a little high, but not so bad as the last of the preceding week.

The only attraction of the day was the ball game between Scranton and Cross Plains. The Game was called about 3:00 p. m. It was seen from the very beginning that the local team had the visitors badly outclassed. The score stood 20 to 5. The gate receipts were fairly good for the opening game of the season.

A big line of "Curlee" suits just come in. We want you to see them.

Cross Plains Mercantile Co.

Good bulk coffee at 25 cts per lb. Forbes & Adams.

Bring your chickens, butter, eggs and produce to me. I pay cash at all times.—J. Lee Jones.

Burkett Items.

Burkett was visited by 1½ inches of rain Monday night, March 10th, which everybody appreciated very much.

The wheat and oat crops are certainly looking fine since the good rain.

The Burkett school was out last Friday March 14, followed by a very successful concert Friday night. There was a large crowd at the concert, Mr. Hart, Mr. Alvis, Mr. Boyles and others of Cross Plains were at the concert.

The Independent school boys played ball against Burkett school boys Friday. Independent school team was victorious over Burkett, the score 17 to 12. The Independent team is expected to be one of the fastest little teams in West Texas this season.

Miss Julia Helms and Miss Lola Keller of Burkett left Monday for El Paso where they will visit relatives for some two months.

Cecil Head who has been one of the Burkett school students has moved over to Mrs. Nobe Brown of the Independent school district where he will make his home for some time. Cecil is going to continue in school at the Independent school.

Henry Martin of Grosvenor, was up visiting the Brown boys Saturday night.

The singing at Burkett Sunday evening was attended by a large crowd of young people.

There will be a debate at Barkett Friday night March 21 between B. G. Lindly and Rev. Tabor, on the great question of Woman Suffrage.

Frank Browns little girl Tennessee who has been very sick for the past nine weeks is improving very slowly.

Miss Lyda Keller of Cross Plains has been down visiting her folks. Miss Lyda returned to Cross Plains Sunday. Mr. Earnest Harris accompanied her to Cross Plains.

Mr. Jim Golson whose house was burned a few days ago has rebuilt a new house. Mr. Golson extends his many thanks to his many friends who were so kind and liberal to him while in time of need.

Bert Brown who left home Sept. 18, 1912 after a voyage over East Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas and Missouri recently returned home again. Bert spent Christmas in Kansas City Mo. He reports Kansas City a fine town. Shortly after Christmas Bert returned to Vernon

...STRENGTH and SERVICE...

H. W. KUTEMAN,
Pres.

J. E. SPENCER,
V. Pres

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

The Bank of Cross Plains

(UN-INCORPORATED)

Responsibility \$1,000,000

CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS.

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

We offer our service.

Bank with us.

Do Something For The Bank That
Is Able
And Wants To Do Something For You.

The FARMERS NATIONAL BANK

...Cross Plains,

Texas...

T. E. POWELL, Pres.

J. A. BARR, V. Pres.

S. F. BOND, Cash.

T. B. VESTAL, V. Pres.

T. BOND, Asst. Cashier.

J. M. HARLOW, V. Pres.

R. G. POWELL, Asst. Cash.

Texas, where he accepted a position with the Southwestern Telephone Co. but soon became home sick and returned to Burkett where he says is the poorest country in the world but the best people.

Earnest Harris who has been clerking for several years for J. T. Audas at Burkett, has moved back to his old home three miles south of Burkett on the farm with his father and mother.

Prof. Booth whose school was out Friday at Burkett, will leave the first of next week for Canyon City, where he expects to take charge of an opera house.

Married—At the home of the bride, Mr. Ben Strickland and Miss Leah Wooten were united in marriage Sunday afternoon, March 8. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wooten. They are both natives of this neighborhood, and have the respect and good wishes of the whole community. We wish them a happy wedded life.

Rambler.

One of the twin babies of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Irwin of Sabanno, died Sunday and was buried at Cross Plains Monday. We extend sympathy to the bereaved family.

The baby of Mr. and Mrs. B. T. Ray of Sabanno, died Tuesday of last week and was buried Wednesday.

J. L. Piller, progressive truck grower of Pioneer, was in town last Friday.

Liberty News.

By the way, we thought spring would open up some time but it looks like winter was upon us again from the way we was chivering around last Saturday. It looks like we are going to have cold weather all the year.

The people of Liberty are trying to organize a Mercantile Co.

Died on the 12 inst the infant baby of Mr. Ray, and was buried at Liberty on the 13. It died with whooping cough.

Homer Phillips is following the teachings of the Bible. He is still visiting the widow and orphans.

Gus Huttons baby that was so sick is improving. His little boy is very sick with measles and whooping cough.

Our school is progressing nicely.

Corn planting has been retarded very much on account of the recent high winds and cold weather.

Quite a number of young people of Liberty attended prayer meeting at Sabanno last Wednesday night.

Liberty was visited by a fine rain on the 12th inst which was badly needed and highly appreciated.

With success I am,
A Libertyite.

On account of a spread of measles the school at Dressy has been dismissed for two weeks, Mr. Steel the principal, being a victim. Miss Ellie Lummis, the assistant, will spend the vacation at her home at Moran.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Luke Clements on the 15th, a fine boy. Mother and baby doing well, and Luke all smiles. Their first two children are girls and so they are very proud to have a boy in the family.

Card of Thanks.

We wish to thank our friends and neighbors for their kind assistance and sympathy in our late bereavement.

W. B. Irwin and wife.

Geo. Carter, for two years bookkeeper for B. L. Boydston at Cross Plains, has bought a business in Oklahoma, and he and Mrs. Carter will move there at an early date.

That Hoosier Cabinet you have heard so much about is here. Come and see it.

Cross Plains Furniture Store.

Bernie Richardson, of the Home Telephone Co. of Baird, was here Monday.

John Hembree has assurance of receiving the appointment as postmaster at Cross Plains, although he has not been officially notified to that effect. He has disposed of his interest in the Cross Plains Development Co. to V. V. Hart and Ky Neeb.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Tommy Greenwood of Cross Cut a fine boy. This is the second boy in their family, there being no girl.

DO BILLS ANNOY YOU?

If they do we can put a stop to it. Our price is so low you can afford to pay the cash when you buy of us. Saving our customers money is one of our specialties.
The Racket Store.

Alburn Russell, who has just completed a two months contract as teacher in the public school of this place, left for his home at Baird Monday. Alburn, though young in the work, is well qualified as a teacher, and his work here has been very satisfactory both with his pupils and patrons. We wish him well wherever he goes.

I have a few choice seed peanuts for sale.
Martin Neeb

W. A. Albin of Pioneer passed through the Star Monday, enroute to Dallas where he represented the Pioneer Camp of W. O. W. at the Head Camp in Dallas this week.—X-Ray.

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

Buy that new Steudebaker rig from us. They represent quality.

Carter & Kenady.

C. E. Barr returned Friday from a several days trip to Coke county, or rabbit twisting renown. Charley has some land there, and made the trip to see about it, and he says he is well satisfied with the same.

F. A. Risley, of Leuders was here Sunday the guest of his aunt, Mrs. L. A. Liles.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Walker, of Liberty Hill, are the guests of their son, J. P. Walker, who lives 3 miles southwest of town. Mr. and Mrs. Walker mean at an early date to visit two of their sons who are in business at Herford.

Gray Powell and Miss Willie Gay Rushing left on Sundays train, Miss Willie going to her home at Walnut Springs and Gray making a round trip to De Leon.

Dr. Payne of Pioneer was a caller here last week.

Train Schedule Changes Summer Services Instituted.

Train service on the Texas Central branch has been changed. We will have only three freight days the week, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, on which days the train will leave at 6:30 a. m. Passenger days are Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday and Sunday, on which days the train leaves at 8:00 a. m. and returns at 3:50 p. m. The public should take due notice of this change and govern themselves accordingly.

If you buy a suit from me and it don't please, don't keep it
W. E. Melton.

Remember our millinery opening March 21st and 22nd.

Carter & Kenady.

Cooking oil 90cts per gallon at Jones & Westerman.

Cottonwood Items.

Z. H. Wilkey and wife have been in Rains county for some time at the bedside of Mr. Wilkey's mother, a very aged lady who suffered a stroke of paralysis a few weeks ago, and returned to Cottonwood Thursday night. Mr. Wilkey reports his mother slightly improved but dangerously sick yet.

Mrs. Quincy Mitchell of Baird, a daughter of W. S. Melton, of Cottonwood, who has been dangerously sick, is reported much better.

T. J. Norrell, Nuff Arvin, Marshal Cochran, Bob Young, Ben Hargrove and Manna Wilcoxon visited the stock show at Fort Worth.

Uncle Tom Norrell is reported on the sick list this week. The latest report is that he is improving slowly.

The Cottonwood school closes in one week. Quite a number of the pupils who are preparing for teachers will continue their studies at Brittons Training School and the Scranton school until the June examination.

We are creditably informed that the Turkey Creek school will continue five weeks yet.

Miss Lois Worthy, daughter of C. W. Worthy, is undergoing a case of measles. We hope she will enjoy a speedy recovery.

John Aikens, son of our county commissioner, has measles at his home out in the Bent Branch country. We think there are several cases in the country and some whooping cough.

Respectfully,
Queer Fellow.

Say, did you know you could buy furniture here as cheap as you can order from mail order houses? Don't take our word but come and see for yourself.
Cross Plains Furniture Store.

BARAINS IN EMBROIDERIES

The regular 15c kind for 7½c.
The regular 20c kind for 10c
The regular 15c kind for 12½c
The Racket Store.

Lee Pierce who is attending school at Cisco, was a visitor here Saturday to Monday.

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.

The freeze Friday and Saturday night has likely hurt the fruit crop, but from what we can learn no serious damage was inflicted. We must not lose our fruit crop.

Star early and cut out the "fly time." Screen doors and windows, clean premises and an ample amount of disinfectants, properly applied, will effect the desired result.—Dublin Progress.

J. L. Robbins, old timer here, paid us a dollar on subscription the first of the week. Mr. Robbins says that he would continue taking his home paper if it were \$2.50 a year. We wish we had more like him.

There is considerable talk about the extension of the Cotton Belt from Comanche to Rising Star. This road has been contemplating an extension to Cross Plains and the Rising Star people are banking heavily on it coming through their burg.—Brownwood Bulletin.

A stroll on Austin avenue these sunny afternoons dispels all doubt of the success of the season's peach crop.—Waco news, Mar. 13.

14th, 15th following, a stroll down the avenue is not necessary to dispel all hope for said peach crop. But we are still hoping.

C. B. Beeler Monday paid us for a short local we have been running for him advertising cotton seed for sale. He states that through the agency of this little ad he has sold practically all his seed. We asked him to tell the local merchants of his experience. Advertise your goods.

John C. Adams, editor and owner of the Rising Star Signal, has sold his subscription list, good will, etc., to J. J. Gregg, publisher of the X-Ray. This leaves Rising Star with but one paper, which is all the size of the town will justify. Mr. Adams published a good paper. He will assist for the time being in the publishing of the X-Ray.

If those of the East who have misgivings of the West on the score of high winds had been here the last three days of last week they would have thought their fears well founded. Though we know these days of high winds must come, yet we are never ready for them. We should congratulate ourselves, though, upon the fact that we do not have more of these days than we do, that is to say, there are countries that we know of where such days as we have spoken of are not uncommon.

Entries in the \$10,000 crop contest of the Texas Industrial Congress will not be accepted after April 1 and those who desire to compete for the prizes offered should send in their applications immediately.

Over 3,000 contestants from 180 counties have been enrolled to date. Ellis county has the largest number of entries, there being 217 contestants. This is due largely to the active interest of the County School Superintendent, E. G. Grafton, who has visited a number of his schools within the past two weeks and spoken upon the great value of the work the Congress is doing.

Jack county ranks second with 145 entries; Van Zandt county is third, having 97 contestants and Grayson county with 81, is fourth.

The Congress has recently issued bulletins on fertilizers and their use,

seed selections, soil preparations etc., all of which are sent to contestants free of charge. Full particulars and application blanks for entering the contest may be obtained by writing to the Congress at Dallas before April 1.

Dallas, Texas.—The headquarters of the "Cleanest Town" movement which was recently inaugurated in Texas cities, has been swamped with letters from magazines and periodicals from throughout the country, asking for information and details concerning the movement.

Col. Frank P. Holland, editor of Holland's Magazine and Farm and Ranch, inaugurated the movement, assisted by Dr. M. M. Carrick, who was medical director in charge of the campaign. The prize offered was \$500, which was won by Brownwood.

Following the example of the movement in this State, several northern and eastern states are planning to inaugurate a "clean-up" campaign by offering substantial rewards as inducement to cleanliness.

LOCAL DOINGS

For Sale, a 950-lb. all-round horse, perfectly sound and gentle. Will trade for good note. Apply at the Review office.

On account of a siege of the measles, the school has been dismissed for one week. Misses Beaird and Cox left Saturday to visit at Abilene and Stamford respectively.

Wanted—By good workers forty or fifty acres of cotton land to rent on shares. Address K., P. O. box 31

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

THE RACKET STORE.

This store's attractions are its immense variety and low prices.
The Racket Store.

Do you need a good suit of clothes? We have 800 samples for your inspection, price and satisfaction guaranteed.
Carter & Kenady.

A. M. Stewart, who is to twirl the sphere for the Cross Plains Leaguers this season, was here last of last week.

Come in and see our new line of dress goods just received. We have the latest designs.
Forbes & Adams.

Oscar Tunnell of Rising Star was in our city Monday.

We pay highest prices for eggs, butter, chickens and hides.
Carter & Kenady.

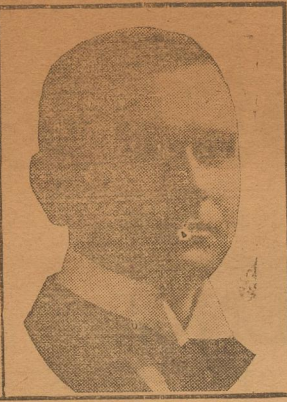
Mrs. Larue, who has been for some time the guest of C. S. Boyles and family, left Tuesday for Dallas where she will remain for some time.

All kinds of feed, flour, meal and cane seed at
J. Lee Jones.

J. P. Hampton and wife, of Clyde, came in Friday to visit their daughter, Mrs. S. E. Settle. Mr. Hampton returned Saturday, while Mrs. Hampton will remain for a few days.



Hon. N. B. Williams



Hon. H. B. Terrell

Austin, Texas.—Hon. N. B. Williams, representing the Sixty-first District in the Lower House, and Hon. H. B. Terrell, representing the Eight District in the Senate, piloted the Katy Consolidation Bill through the Legislature over the veto of the Governor.

The contest was as free from partisan politics as it is possible to rid public questions of such influence and the bill rested squarely on its merits. Petitions poured into the Legislature from all over Texas

favoring the consolidation and none were received opposing it.

The record of this measure in the Legislature proves that the trouble all along has been that those in power have misinterpreted the thought-life of the people. The action of the Legislature now clears the atmosphere of all misunderstandings and those of our public servants who care to respect the will of the people, can have no further excuse for continuing a warfare on the railroad interests of the state.

Do not overlook the new things in our Dry Goods Department. They are spring reminders.
Carter & Kenady

Wallace Owen, jeweler, of the Star, made his regular Monday at the Plains.

Ladies and childrens dresses 60c to \$2.00.
Cross Plains Mercantile Co.

Just received a nice line of Men's Dress Pants. Come in and see them before buying.
Forbes & Adams.

Luther Liles left Monday for a trip to Dallas.

Heel-fly time means refrigerator time and we have them. Honest prices.
Cross Plains Furniture Store.

Rev. Green of Scranton, was on the streets Tuesday.

Good sack corn at 75 cents per bushel.
Forbes & Adams.

S. E. Settle made a trip Tuesday to Rising Star for the purpose of visiting the public school there.

My watch word is, be pleased. If you are not pleased let me know it.
W. E. Melton.

LOST—Boys coat at ball park Saturday afternoon. Finder please return to Chas Mangham for reward.

Good sack corn at 75 cents per bushel.
Forbes & Adams

C. S. Boyles left Tuesday for a few days trip to Dallas.

A large stock of spring hats for men, boys and children.
Carter & Kenady.

We have everything that is new in ladies hats
Cross Plains Mercantile Co.

When in Cross Plains come in and let me show you just how cheap you can buy a new suit. Remember if you buy and the suit don't please, don't keep it.
W. E. Melton.

Pink Reid of Rising Star was a visitor here Sunday and Monday.

Remember we fit all the family in Oxfords for spring.
Carter & Kenady.

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

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.

I have several settings of full blood Rhode Island Red eggs at \$1.00 per dozen.
Mrs. Clint Rutherford.

The curtain still held slightly back by her hand permitted the light from within to reflect over her figure, revealing in softened outline the beauty of her features, the glossy brightness of her hair. She was in evening dress a light shawl draping her shoulders. An instant she paused in uncertainty striving to distinguish his face; she stepped impulsively forward, and held out her hands.

"I have kept you waiting, but you must forgive that, as I came as soon as I could manufacture an excuse. Won't you even shake hands with me?"

"Is it necessary?" he asked, almost wearily. "You have come to me for some purpose surely, but it can hardly be friendship."

"Why should you say that?" reproachfully. "I have deserted a rather brilliant party to meet you here."

"That, perhaps, is why I say it, Mrs. Dupont. If my memory serves, you would not be inclined to leave such friends as you have yonder to rendezvous with a common soldier, unless you had some special object in view. If you will inform me what it is, we can very quickly terminate the interview."

She laughed, a little touch of nervousness in the voice, but drew her skirts aside, and sat down on the bench.

"Do you think you can deceive me by such play-acting?" she asked eagerly. "You are no man of wood. Tell me, is there nothing you care to ask me, after—after all these years?"

Hamlin lifted his eyes and looked at her, stirred into sudden interest by the almost caressing sound of the soft voice.

"Yes," he said slowly, "there are some things I should like to know, if I thought you would answer frankly."

"Try me and see."
"Then why are you Mrs. Dupont, instead of Mrs. Le Fevre?"

"Then my guess is true, and you are not so devoid of curiosity," she laughed. "My answer? Why, it is simplicity itself—because I was never Mrs. Le Fevre, but am rightly Mrs. Dupont."

"Do you mean you were never married to Le Fevre?"

"What else could I mean?"

"Then he lied."

She shrugged her white shoulders. "That would not surprise me in the least. It was a characteristic of the man you had ample reason to know. How came you to believe so easily?"

"Believe? What else could I believe? Everything served to substantiate his boast. I was in disgrace practically drummed out of camp. There was nothing left for me to live for, or strive for. I was practically dead. Then your letter confessing

"Wait," she interrupted, "that letter was untrue, false; it was penned under compulsion. I wrote you again later, but you had gone, disappeared utterly. I wanted to explain, but your own people even did not know where you were—do not know yet."

He leaned his body against the rail and looked at her in the dim light. Her face retained much of its girlish attractiveness, yet its undoubted charms no longer held the man captive. He smiled coldly.

"The explanation comes somewhat late," he replied deliberately. "When it might have served me it was not offered—indeed, you had conveniently disappeared. But I am not here to criticize; that is all over with, practically forgotten. I came at your request, and presume you had a reason. May I again ask what it was?"

CHAPTER XVII.

At Cross-Purposes.

She sat for a moment silent, gazing up the street, but breathing heavily. This was not the reception she had anticipated, and it was difficult to determine swiftly what course she had best pursue. Realizing the hold she had once had upon this man, it had never occurred to her mind that her influence had altogether departed. Her beauty had never failed before. To win such victory, and she had trusted now in reviving the old smouldering passion into sudden flame. Yet already she comprehended the utter uselessness of such an expectation—there was no smouldering passion to be fanned; his indifference was not assumed. The discovery angered her, but long experience had brought her control; it required only a moment to readjust her faculties, to keep the bitterness out of her voice. When she again faced him it was to speak quietly, with convincing earnestness.

"Yes, I realize it is too late for explanations," she acknowledged, "so I will attempt none. I wished you to know, however, that I did not desert you for that man. This was my principal purpose in sending for you."

"Do you know where he is?"

She hesitated ever so slightly, yet he, watching her closely, noted it.

"No; at the close of the war he came home, commanding the regiment which should have been yours. Within three months he had converted all the family property into cash and departed. There was a rumor that he was engaged in the cattle business."

"You actually expect me to believe all this—that you knew nothing of his plans—were not, indeed, a part of them?"

"I am indifferent as to what you believe," she replied coldly. "But you are ungentlemanly to express yourself so freely. Why should you say that?"

"Because I chance to know more than you suppose. Never mind how the information reached me; had it been less authentic you might find me now more susceptible to your presence, more choice in my language. A carefully conceived plot drove me from the Confederate service, in which you were as deeply involved as

Le Fevre. Its double object was to advance him in rank and get me out of the way. The plan worked perfectly; I could have met and fought either alone, but the two combined broke me utterly. I had no spirit of resistance left. Yet even then—in spite of that miserable letter—I retained faith in you. I returned home to learn the truth from your own lips, only to discover you had already gone. I was a month learning the facts; then I discovered you had married Le Fevre in Richmond; I procured the affidavit of the officiating clergyman. Will you deny now?"

"No," changing her manner instantly—"what is the use? I married the man, but I was deceived, misled. There was no conspiracy in which I was concerned. I did not know where you were; from then until this afternoon I never saw or heard of you. Molly told me of her rescue by a soldier named Hamlin, but I never suspected the truth until we drove by the barracks. Then I yielded to my first mad impulse and sent that note. If you felt toward me with such bit-



"Will You Deny It Now?"

terness, why did you come here? Why consent to meet me again?"

"My yielding was to a second impulse. At first I decided to ignore your note; then came the second consideration—Miss McDonald."

"Oh," and she laughed, "at last I read the riddle. Not satisfied with saying that you would preserve her savage innocence from the contamination of my influence. Quite noble of you, surely. Are you aware of our relationship?"

"I have heard it referred to—garrison rumor."

"Quite true, in spite of your source of information, which accounts, in a measure, for my presence here as well as my intimacy in the McDonald household. And you propose interfering, plan to drive me forth from this pleasant bird's nest. Really you amuse me, Mr. Sergeant Hamlin."

"But I have not proposed anything of that nature," the man said quietly, rising to his feet. "It is, of course, nothing to me, except that Miss McDonald has been very kind and seems a very nice girl. As I knew something of you and your past, I thought perhaps you might realize how much better it would be to retire gracefully."

"You mean that as a threat? You intend to tell her?"

"Not unless it becomes necessary; I am not proud of the story myself."

Their eyes met, and there was no shadow of softness in either face. The woman's lips curled sarcastically.

"Really, you take yourself quite seriously, do you not? One might think you still Major of the Fourth Texas, and heir to the old estate on the Brazos. You talked that way to me once before, only to discover that I had claws with which to scratch. Don't make that mistake again, Mr. Sergeant Hamlin, or there will be something more serious than scratching done. I have learned how to fight in the past few years—Heaven knows I have had opportunity—and rather enjoy the excitement. How far would your word go with Molly, do you think? Or with the Major?"

"That remains to be seen."

"Does it? Oh, I understand. You must still consider yourself quite the lady-killer. Well, let me tell you something—she is engaged to Lieutenant Gaskins."

His hand-grip tightened on the rail, but there was no change in the expression of his face.

"So I had heard. I presume that hardly would have been permitted to happen but for the existence of a Mr. Dupont. By the way, which one of you ladies shot the Lieutenant?"

It was a chance fire, and Hamlin was not sure of its effect, although she drew a quick breath, and her voice faltered.

"Shot—Lieutenant Gaskins?"

"Certainly; you must be aware of that."

"Oh, I knew he had some altercation, and was wounded; he accused you, did he not? But why bring us into the affair?"

"Because some woman was directly concerned in it. Whoever she may be, the officers of the fort are convinced that she probably fired the shot; that the Lieutenant knows her identity, and is endeavoring to shield her from discovery."

"Why do they think that? What reason can they have for such a conclusion? Was she seen?"

"Her footprints were plainly visible, and the revolver used was a small one—a '36'—such as a woman alone would carry in this country. I have said so to no one else, but I saw

her, crouching in the shadow of the barrack wall.

"You—you saw her? Recognized her?"

"Yes."

"And made no attempt at arrest. Have not even mentioned the fact to others? You must have a reason?"

"I have, Mrs. Dupont, but we will not discuss it now. I merely wish you to comprehend that if it is to be war between us, I am in possession of weapons."

She had not lost control of herself yet there was that about her hesitancy of speech, her quick breathing which evidenced her surprise at this discovery. It told him that he had played a good hand, had found a point of weakness in her armor. The mystery of it remained unsolved, but this woman knew who had shot Gaskins; knew, and had every reason to guard the secret. He felt her eyes anxiously searching his face, and laughed a little bitterly.

"You perceive, madam," he went on encouraged by her silence, "I am not now exactly the same unsuspecting youth with whom you played so easily years ago. I have learned some of life's lessons since; among them how to fight fire with fire. It is a trick of the plains. Do you still consider it necessary for your happiness to remain the guest of the McDonalds?"

She straightened up, turning her eyes away.

"Probably not for long, but it is no threat of yours which influences me. It does not even interest me to know who shot Lieutenant Gaskins. He is a vulgar little prig, only made possible by the possession of money. However, when I decide to depart, I shall probably do so without consulting your pleasure." She hesitated, her voice softening as though in change of mood. "Yet I should prefer parting with you in friendship. In asking you to meet me tonight I had no intention of quarreling; merely yielded to an impulse of regret for the past—"

The heavy curtain draping the window was drawn aside, permitting the light from within to flash upon them, revealing the figure of a man in uniform.

"Pardon my interruption," he explained, bowing, "but you were gone so long, Mrs. Dupont, I feared some accident."

She laughed lightly. "You are very excusable. No doubt I have been here longer than I supposed."

The officer's eyes surveyed the soldier standing erect, his hand lifted in salute. The situation puzzled him.

"Sergeant Hamlin, how are you here? On leave?"

"Yes, sir."

"Of course this is rather unusual, Captain Barrett," said the lady hastily, tapping the astonished officer lightly with her fan, "but I was once quite well acquainted with Sergeant Hamlin when he was a major of the Fourth Texas Infantry during the late war. He and my husband were intimates. Naturally I was delighted to meet him again."

The captain stared at the man's rigid figure.

"Good Lord, I never knew that, Hamlin," he exclaimed. "Glad to know it, my man. You see," he explained lamely, "we get all kinds of fellows in the ranks, and are not interested in their past history. I've had Hamlin under my command for two years now, and I know anything about him, except that he was a good soldier. Were you ready to go, Mrs. Dupont?"

"Oh, yes; we have exhausted all our reminiscences. Goodby, Sergeant; so glad to have met you again."

She extended her ungloved hand, a single diamond glittering in the light. He accepted it silently, aware of the slight pressure of her fingers. Then



"Some Soldier Asleep, With His Head on the Rail."

the Captain assisted her through the window, and the falling curtain veiled them from view.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Another Message.

Hamlin sank back on the bench and leaned his head on his hand. Had anything been accomplished by this interview? One thing, at least—he had thoroughly demonstrated that the charm once exercised over his imagination by this beautiful woman had completely vanished. He saw her now as she was—heartless, selfish, using her spell of beauty for her own sordid ends. If there had been left a shred of romance in his memory of her, it was now completely shattered. Her coolness, her adroit changing of moods, convinced him she was playing a game. What game? Nothing in her

words had revealed its nature, yet the man instinctively felt that it must involve Molly McDonald. Laboriously he reviewed, word by word, each sentence exchanged, striving to find some clue. He had pricked her in the Gaskins affair, there was no doubt of that; she knew, or at least suspected, the party firing the shot. She denied at first having been married to Le Fevre, and yet later had been compelled to acknowledge that marriage. There then was a deliberate falsehood, which must have been told for a purpose. What purpose? Did she imagine it would make any difference with him, or did she seek to shield Le Fevre from discovery? The latter reason appeared the more probable, for the man must have been in the neighborhood lately, else where did that haversack come from?

So engrossed was Hamlin with these thoughts that he hardly realized that some one had lifted the window curtain cautiously. The beam of light flashed across him, disappearing before he could lift his head to ascertain the cause. Then a voice spoke, and he leaned back to listen.

"Not there; gone back to the dance likely, while we were at the bar."

"Nobody out there?" this fellow growled his words.

"Some soldier asleep with his head on the rail; drunk, I reckon. Who was she with this time?"

"Barrett?"

"Who? Oh, yes, the fellow who brought in that troop of the Seventh. Lord, the old girl is getting her hooks into him early. Well, as long as Gaskins is laid up, she may as well amuse herself somewhere else. Barrett is rather a good looking, isn't he? Do you know anything about the man? Has he got any stuff?"

"Don't know," answered the gruff voice. "He's a West Pointer. Vera likes to amuse herself once in a while; that's the woman of it. Heard from Gaskins tonight?"

"Oh, he's all right," the man laughed. "That little prick frightened him though. Shut up like a clam."

"So I heard. He'll pay to keep the story quiet, all right. As soon as he is well enough to come down here, we'll tap his bundle. Swore he was shot by a cavalry sergeant, didn't he?"

"And sticks to it like a mule. Must have it in for that fellow. Well, it helped our get-away."

"Yes, we're safe enough, unless Gaskins talks, and he's so in love with the McDonald girl he'll spill out big rather than have any scandal now. Wish I could get a word with Vera tonight; she ought to see him tomorrow—compassion, womanly sympathy, and all that rot, you know, helps the game. Let's drift over toward the Palace, Dan, and maybe I can give her the sign."

Hamlin caught a glimpse of their backs as they passed out—one in infantry fatigue, the other, a heavier built man, fairly well dressed in citizen's clothes. Inspired by a desire to see their features the Sergeant swung himself over the rail, and dropped lightly to the ground. In another moment he was out on the street, in front of the hotel, watching the open door. The two passed within a few feet of him, clearly revealed in the light streaming from the dance hall. The soldier lagged somewhat behind, an insignificant, rat-faced fellow, but the larger man walked straight, with squared shoulders. He wore a broad-brimmed hat pulled low over his eyes, and a black beard concealed the lower portion of his face. Hamlin followed as the two pushed their way up among the idly crowds congregated on the wooden steps, and peered in through the wide doorway. Satisfied that he would recognize both worthies when they met again, and realizing now something of the plot being operated, Hamlin edged in closer toward the sergeant who was guarding the entrance. The latter recognized him with a nod.

"Pretty busy, Masters?"

"Have been, but there will be a lull now; when they come back from supper there'll be another rush likely. Would you mind taking my job a minute while I go outside?"

"Not in the least; take your time. Let me see what the tickets look like. That's all right—say, Masters, before you go, do you know that big duffer with a black beard in the front line?"

The other gave a quick glance down the faces.

"I've seen him before; dealt faro at the Poodle Dog a while; said to be a gun-man. Never heard his name. Oh, yes, come to think about it, they called him 'Reb'—Confed soldier, I reckon. Ain't seen him before for a month. Got into some kind of a shootin' scrap up at Mike Kelly's and skipped out ahead of the marshal. Why?"

"Nothing particular—looks familiar, that's all. Who's the soldier behind him—the thin-faced runt?"

"Connors. Some river-rat the recruiting officers picked up in New York; in the guard-house most of the time; driver for Major McDonald when he happens to be sober enough."

"That is where I saw him then, driving the ladies. Knew I had seen that mug before."

Left alone, except for the infantry man at the other side of the entrance, and with nothing to do beyond keeping back the little crowd of curious watchers thronging the steps, Hamlin interested himself in the assembly, although keenly conscious of those two men who continued to linger, staring into the brilliantly lighted room. That the two were closely involved with Mrs. Dupont in some money-making scheme, closely verging on crime, was already sufficiently clear to the Sergeant's mind. He had overheard enough to grasp this fact, yet the full nature of the scheme was not apparent. Without doubt it involved Gaskins as a victim; possibly Barrett

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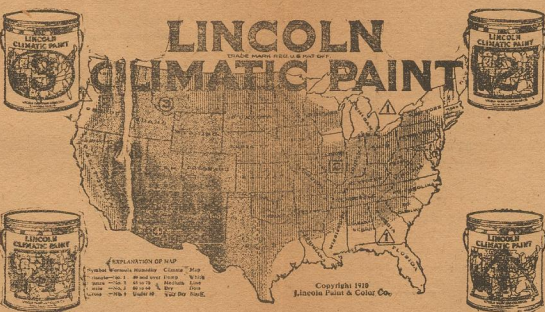
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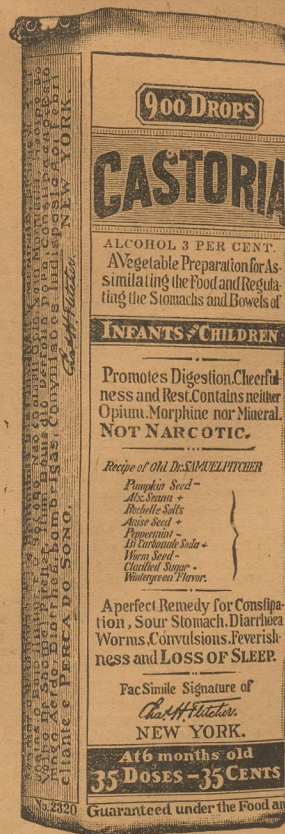
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