

# The CROSS PLAINS REVIEW

VOL. 5

CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS, FRIDAY, NOV. 20, 1914.

NO. 37

FRIENDS IN ADVERSITY THE SAME AS IN PROSPERITY

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.

BRING US YOUR FINANCIAL TROUBLES

We will help you adjust them as we have hundreds of others. Our experience and financial ability is at your command. Be free to tell us your troubles. That's a part of our business. Try Us.

## 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.

### BOY IS SHOT WHILE PLAYING WAR

Monday afternoon the ten-year old boy of Mrs. Media Haley's was shot by the unintentional discharge of an old musket by a playmate, a ten-year old boy of Teddy Archer's, in a vacant house on Mr. Archer's farm about a mile north of Cottonwood. The boys were supposed to be playing war, both having old guns, one without a lock, the other the musket which was loaded some eighteen months ago by older boys who being unable to shoot the gun had put it away without unloading it. They cut off the heads of matches which they snapped in the guns, and while the musket was in Loy Archer's hands he discharged it, the contents entering the chest of little Milo Haley, inflicting a wound from which he died Monday afternoon at five o'clock, which was about two hours after the shooting. The bereaved family has the sympathy of the entire community. Little Loy Archer was nearly crazed when he realized what he had done.

Mr. J. R. Haley of near Sweetwater came to attend the funeral of his little grandson. The remains were laid away in the Cottonwood cemetery, Rev. Sisk of Cross Plains conducting the funeral service. From Cottonwood correspondence.

### MONEY'S WORTH

This is a new business, but it is growing. Our business has been good, especially on Trades Day. Read the prices we give below—they may help you to understand why we expect your business.

#### Dry Goods & Notions

Hats for ..... \$1.00  
Wool Pants ..... 1.45  
Shirts ..... 25c  
Heavy Overalls ..... 85c  
Underwear .... 25c to 45c  
Caps ..... 25c to 45c

#### Groceries

Guaranteed Coffee 6 lbs. for ..... \$1.00  
10-lb. bkt. lard ..... 1.00  
Vinegar per gallon ..... 25c  
Red Top axle grease .... 5c

Look up your mail order prices, but see my GOODS and PRICES.

McCord's Bargain House

### QUALITY, SERVICE AND SATISFACTION

Our China and Glassware means all this. Ours is Cross Plains ideal tableware store. An experience of over twenty years has taught us just what lines are the best, just what is most economical for our customers. And our prices you will find by comparison are always a little lower than the other fellows.

THE RACKET STORE

NOTICE:—If any one got Herbert Mitchell's school books thru mistake please return them to Prof. Wakefield.

ABILENE—A new weekly paper is soon to make its advent here, bearing the title of the "Tovlor county Vidette." The new publication will be edited by S. L. Neely, who formerly published the Tuscola Valley Vidette. Mr. Neely has moved here and will issue the initial copy November 19th.

If it is bargains you wish attend the Cost Sale at Carter's

### TO YOUR BENEFIT

It is a saving of much time and many dollars when you trade here.

THE RACKET STORE

### BOOTH LOWREY

Booth Lowry delivered his lecture "Simon Says Wigwag" which was the second number of the Lyceum course, to a small but appreciative audience Thursday night at the picture show building. The crowd was small because of the fact that it was a bad night, and the fact that his appearance was not advertised sufficiently (the latter may be only a newspaper's reason).

It is hardly putting it too strong to say that this is the best number so far on the Lyceum course either this or last year, it being the only lecture given. He said many good things, his philosophy being sound and seasoned with much humor. Everybody came away feeling better for having attended the lecture. It was quite a rest from this time of war and rumors of war. Come out to the next number of the course; you are sure to profit as well as to be entertained.

### Sprains Ankle

Rev. R. P. Odom Monday, fell from a horse which he was riding bareback on his farm west of town, resulting in spraining his ankle badly. Ralf brot him to town Tuesday in in their car.

Read the ads in this issue

### UNION THANKSGIVING SERVICE

Please don't forget it promptly at 10:30 a. m. Thursday Nov. 26 at the Presbyterian. Church.

J. M. Parker.

Just think of being able to buy goods at wholesale prices—at Carters.

### DRESSY SCHOOL TO OPEN

The Dressy public school is to open Monday, Nov. 23, with C. R. Steel as principal. Mr. Steel has served the good people of Dressy for a number of years in the capacity of teacher, which fact alone is as good recommendation as they could give him. Dressy has a good school.

Make your money buy more by attending the Cost Sale—at Carter's.

### GET READY

This is November the month of Thanksgiving and pretty soon we shall declare war on Turkey. Then our roast pans and carving sets will be needed. We have the right kind at the right prices. See our window display.

THE RACKET 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.

If there is anything in the transmigration of the soul we trust that it shall not be our fortune to be a quail during this season of the year.

Thanksgiving will be here next week. We are thankful that the locus of the European war has not moved to this continent, as well as for a number of other things.

Don't preach hard times. Be a Christian Scientist—just think that everything is well, and it will be so in a large degree. Don't draw in the purse strings too tight; the present is the most needed time for the circulation of money, and he who may have laid by something against a rainy day would be doing something serviceable for his fellow-man if he should put his money in circulation. The new currency legislation enacted was meant to provide an elastic currency, a currency that could be stretched when conditions are hard. A like spirit on your part would mean that you will be reasonably liberal in putting any money you may have in circulation.

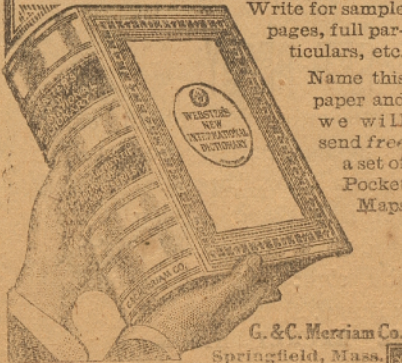
The price of cotton, peanuts, etc. may not be quite satisfactory, but we dare say it has been many a day since the country was blessed with such a plentitude of feed stuffs, potatoes, peas, apples and the like. Save for the matter of clothing Callahan county could live absolutely off of its own products. Of course, the term "Callahan county" is used in the generic sense, and is meant to represent this territory.

You will be patronizing home industry by trading with those merchants who use the newspaper, a home enterprise and a booster for home enterprise, as a medium for advertising. Everybody should take advantage of the service a newspaper in the way of advertising, for the reason if for no other that it is the world-wide recognized medium for advertising and the cheapest.

Plenty of building paper in stock. Shackelford Lmbr. Co.

**A NEW CREATION**  
**WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY**  
 THE MERRIAM WEBSTER  
 The Only New unabridged dictionary in many years. Contains the *pith* and *essence* of an authoritative library. Covers every field of knowledge. An Encyclopedia in a single book.  
 The Only Dictionary with the *New Divided Page*. 400,000 Words. 2700 Pages. 6000 Illustrations. Cost nearly half a million dollars. Let us tell you about this most remarkable single volume.

Write for sample pages, full particulars, etc. Name this paper and we will send free a set of Pocket Maps



G. & C. Merriam Co. Springfield, Mass.

NO. 8583.  
 REPORT OF CONDITION OF THE  
**FARMERS NATIONAL BANK**  
 of Cross Plains in the State of Texas as at the close of business, Oct. 31, 1914.

| RESOURCES.   |                     |
|--|---------------------|
| Loans and Discounts  | \$70,087.73         |
| Overdrafts, secured and unsecured  | 1,599.67            |
| U. S. Bonds to secure circulation  | 6,300.00            |
| Bonds, Securities, Etc.  | 00                  |
| Commercial paper deposited to secure circulation                                     | 12,194.50           |
| Expense Account  | 53.47               |
| Stock in Fed'l Reserve Bank  | 300.00              |
| All other stocks   | 1,500.00            |
| Bills of Exchange  | 4,606.73            |
| Banking house, Furniture and Fixtures  | 8,776.00            |
| Notes of other Nat'l Banks   | 2,220.00            |
| Fractional Paper Currency, Nickels, and cents  | 10.70               |
| Collection Account   | 117.09              |
| Due from Nat'l Banks (not reserve agents)  | 00                  |
| Due from State and Private Banks & Bankers, Trust Companies & Savings Banks          | 316.79              |
| Due from approved Reserve Agents in Central Cities, 1,013.56 in other Reserve Cities | 4,286.41            |
| Checks and other Cash Items  | 1,434.83            |
| Other Stocks   |                     |
| Exchanges for Clearing House   |                     |
| Lawful Money Reserve in Bank, viz:   |                     |
| Specie   | 371.50              |
| Legal-tender notes   | 2,293.00            |
| Redemption fund with U.S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation)                      | 762.80              |
| <b>TOTAL</b>   | <b>\$118,744.78</b> |
| LIABILITIES.   |                     |
| Capital stock paid in  | \$25,000.00         |
| Surplus Fund   | 5,000.00            |
| Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid                                      | 00                  |
| National Bank Notes, outstanding   | 15,300.00           |
| Due to other Nat'l Banks   | 3,410.50            |
| Due to approved Reserve Agents   | 00                  |
| Individual Deposits subject to check   | 47,214.98           |
| Time certificates of deposit payable in 30 days                                      | 8,067.79            |
| Cashier's checks outstanding   | 1,251.51            |
| Bills payable, including certificates of deposit for money borrowed                  | 13,500.00           |
| <b>TOTAL</b>   | <b>\$118,744.78</b> |

State of Texas, County of Callahan, ss: I, S. F. Bond, Cashier of the above-named bank do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

S. F. BOND, Cashier  
 CORRECT—Attest:  
 J. A. Barr  
 T. B. Vestal  
 C. E. Barr  
 Directors.

Subscribed and Sworn to before me this 9th day of Oct. 1914.  
 BOD PRICE  
 Notary Public

**How's This?**  
 We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.  
 We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE, Toledo, O.  
 Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.  
 Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

**WANTED—Farm and Ranch Land** for Colonization purposes. No tract too large or too small. If you want to sell your property at your own price, on your terms, without payment of commission, write European Mutual Colonization Co., Ltd., 633 Kress Bldg., Houston, Texas, for listing blanks and full information.

## Burkett Items

Jim Webb of Goldsboro was in town Monday.  
 Dr. Morrison of Grosvenor was here Monday.

The Independent school began Monday with Miss Emma Helm as teacher. Miss Emma attended school at Daniel Baker at Brownwood last year, which has well prepared her for teaching.

Among the Trades Day visitors we can mention all the Colvins, A. L. Porter, Drew Canoe, Bill Watson, J. Warren Golson, and others. We understand that Oscar Howe meant to take some horses to sell to the party buying for the war, but that the horses when turned out ran off, and he was unable to find them in time to make the trip.

Since our last writing, which has been some time, a wedding has taken place, that of Mr. Erneat Harris and Miss Lydia Keller. It is late to make mention of this, but we want publicly to offer them the customary congratulations and personally our very best wishes.

Bill Wright and wife of near Cross Cut was in Burkett Tuesday. Born to Dr. Pendleton and wife a girl. Mother and babe doing well. Frank Sanders and wife were in Burkett Tuesday.

Mel Walker and wife of near Coleman are visitors of W. M. Burkett this week.

Miss Sallie Wooten of near Burkett was in Cross Plains shopping last Thursday.

Miss Jewel and Aadie Webb of Goldsboro were in Burkett Tuesday. Mrs. Aviebell Olliver and Miss Elsie Cochran returned home Tuesday from the Cotton Palace at Waco.

The Socialists polled 25 votes at Burkett. (Rambler, you are rather late with your returns. We had almost forgotten about the election.—Slim Jim.)

The Burkett gin has ginned near to 1200 bales to date.

Charlie Holman has moved to Burkett to open a new blacksmith shop.

Miss Alice Burkett is staying with W. M. Burkett attending the Burkett High School.

Bob Hall of Coleman was in Burkett Saturday.

The entertainment at Jim Golson's Saturday night was enjoyed by all present.

Mr. Forbes of Cross Plains was thru Burkett last week.

Clayton Burns visited the Cotton Palace this year.

Luther Knight and family went to Brownwood to trade last week.

Ausey Wolrdridge has moved to the Jim Tabor place.

The Review man was in Burkett last week.

Bob Colvin has just returned from a nine year tour of the world. He says Burkett looks good to him. Rambler.

**Wanted: Horse to work for its feed. Light work and good care.**  
 Jesse M. Moore.

**Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury**  
 as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.  
 Sold by Druggists. Price 75c per bottle. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

# Do your Building Now AT WAR PRICES

Are you going to build a House, a Barn, a Fence, or anything at any time in the near future?  
 Take our advice and DO IT NOW. You can put up your new building cheaper to-day than you can next year or at any time. See us about your Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Casings, Cement, Lime, and anything else you need. We carry them all in stock

## BRAZELTON-PRYOR & COMPANY

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

New Model 27 **Marlin** REPEATING RIFLE  
 Made in .25-20 and .32-20 calibres also; octagon barrel only; \$15.  
 .25 Rim Fire—for all game smaller than deer. Uses cartridges of surprising accuracy up to 200 yards, powerful and reliable but cheap because rim-fire.  
 Rifle with round barrel \$13.15  
 7 Shots  
 Its exclusive features: the quick, smooth working "pump" action; the wear-resisting Spectral 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 calibers.  
 Our 125 page catalog describes the full Marlin line. Sent for three stamps postage. Write for it.  
**The Marlin Firearms Co.** 42 Willow Street New Haven, Conn.



**NEW TAILOR SHOP**  
 I have opened a Tailor Shop in the rear of the Ussery Book Store, where I am prepared to clean and press clothes for men and women. I make a specialty of work for women.

Suits pressed 50c  
 " cleaned and pressed 75c  
 Overcoats pressed 50c  
 " cleaned and pressed 75c

I will appreciate a part of your business. To get acquainted, I will for a time sell made-to-measure suits at 10 per cent discount. I am Agent for the wholesale tailoring houses of A B Rose & Co., Garden City and Huntington

Come see me before you buy  
**C. SLAUGHTER**  
 The Tailor That Pleases

Dick Ratliff of below Cross Cut was in town Tuesday with cotton seed. He has a boy who has had quite a seige with dyptheria.

Morgan Harlow and family have moved from the farm to their house in town, the one heretofore occupied by W. E. Melton.

E. P. Crawford has been called to the bedside of his mother in Oklahoma. His mother is reported to be dangerously sick.

Charley Mayes of Dodsonville has been in town a few days. He is in the cash grocery business, and says he is well satisfied and doing nicely.

### A BIG SHIPMENT

Of steel traps just received; see us before you buy.

THE RACKET STORE

### Cross Cut Items

School began at Cross Cut Monday with an attendance of about forty.

Mrs. Williams gave the young folks a party last Saturday night. Those attending report a nice time.

The old people sang in the four note books morning after Sunday School.

The road hands worked the road Monday and Tuesday.

Miss Bernice Neel of Brownwood came here last Saturday. Miss Neel will teach in the Cross Cut School.

S. R. Chambers visited at Mat Russell's Sunday.

Misses Claribel and Beffie Boden visited at Cross Cut Saturday night.

Luther Forbes is on the "Sparking" list this week.

Wayre Newsome has been on the sick list the last few days.

Well, news is scarce this week.  
New Reporter

### THE REVIEW FOR 75c

How? Simply by giving us \$1.75 for one year's subscription to both the Review and the Semi-W'kly Farm News or Record.

### Cottonwood News

Hello, Mr. Editor! This "Queer Fellow" is again in the land of mountains and sand-roughs, with Faber poised ready to dish up the local happenings of our community should something happen. War times, low priced cotton and continual rain renders our country dull indeed.

Quite a lot of cotton in the fields yet but the weather continues bad and the price is no great incentive.

We think the merchants are using their best methods to collect what is due them from their summer's trade.

Franklin (Ted) Archer, once of this but now of Coleman county with his little son Loy has been visiting in our community for several days, and incidentally looking after his farm here, too.

Miss Beulah Respass went to Trent Friday to take charge of her school in the edge of Nolan county.

On account of there being so much cotton yet to pick the time for the beginning of the Cottonwood school has been postponed until the first Monday in December.

There have been ginned to date at the Cottonwood gin 807 bales.

Queer Fellow.

# COST SALE

Beginning Saturday, Nov. 21st, I will offer my entire stock of **DRY GOODS, MEN'S & BOYS' CLOTHING Ladies', Misses' & Children's CLOAKS** and, in fact, **Everything sold in a Dry Goods store at Actual Cost, for CASH!**

I will also make special Inducements in prices of Groceries but do not claim to sell them at cost.

If you contemplate buying a bill of goods soon you had better not miss this Great OPPORTUNITY, to get them at this sacrifice to me.

You ask my reason and I will give it. I need money and must have it. When you are forced to raise money you sell what you raise for what it will bring. That's just what I am doing. If you owe me any amount I need it and hope that you will pay it at an early date.

I have no time or disposition to try to quote prices but if you are satisfied to buy at Wholesale Prices come on remembering that this SALE begins Saturday, November 21st.

"The PRICE Is The Thing"

## D. P. CARTER

Cross Plains, - - - Texas

### Do Something For Our School

This is our school and it needs a laboratory and library very badly. We, the pupils, are going to get them if you will help us. We are preparing and will play "Mrs. Briggs of the poultry yard" Saturday evening Nov. 28 at the school auditorium. This is a very humorous play and will be sure to please you. Help us in our undertaking by coming to the performance.

Very sincerely,

The pupils of the Cross Plains High School.

### Profits given to the customer—at Carters

Tommy Greenwood and family have moved from the farm south of Cross Cut to Cross Plains, and are occupying the Reeder house on South Main Street. Tommy has been boarding here a week or two. He is now working regularly at the City Drug Store.

### MARKET SALE

The ladies of the Baptist Ladies Aid Society will have a market sale on the day before Thanksgiving Nov. 25th. The sale will consist of chickens (dressed, not cooked) salads, cranberries, pies, cakes, candy, etc.

The sale will be held at the new Higginbotham building.

### Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

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

Cost 1 lb. for Saturday November 21st at Carter's

### MISS ANNIE THERESE DEVAULT IN DRAMATIC RECITALS In Cross Plains, Wednesday Night, December 2

Miss Devault is one of the most gifted women who have ever appeared before Lyceum and Chataqua audiences. With a voice of wonderful range and mellow, and with a dramatic instinct which makes her characters live before you, Miss Devault gives an entertainment that pleases everybody.

She has appeared before the Central Young Men's Christian Association of St. Louis sixteen times in the last six years.

Cross Plains people are united in highly praising Miss Devault's appearance here last year.

A splendid program for you  
Out-of-town people are especially invited!

# GIGANTIC SALE!

This will without doubt be the greatest opportunity to buy Dry Goods, Clothing, Hats, Shoes, Groceries and Hardware at Prices you cannot duplicate at any sale place or time this fall. We must have money and we are going to sell the goods at prices that will make every man, woman and child take notice. Come early before the stock is picked over. Lack of space forbids our giving prices on every article. Don't forget the date, Sat. Nov. 21.

## Clothing

We bought heavy in Men's and Boys' suits and overcoats while prospects were fine for good crops and prices. Right here are some of the biggest bargains you will ever find.

| MEN'S SUITS       |        | OVERCOATS         |       |
|-------------------|--------|-------------------|-------|
| 1 lot \$15. Suits | \$6.95 | \$12.50 Overcoats | 8.95  |
| 1 " 20. "         | 11.95  | 15.00 "           | 9.50  |
| " " 17.50 "       | 12.95  | 18.00 "           | 13.95 |
| " " 20.00 "       | 14.85  |                   |       |
| " " 15.00 "       | 11.95  |                   |       |

| BOSS' SUITS          |        |
|----------------------|--------|
| One lot \$5.00 suits | \$1.00 |
| " " " "              | 2.95   |
| " " 3.50 "           | 1.95   |
| " " 8.00 "           | 6.15   |
| " " 5.00 "           | 3.95   |
| " " 3.50 "           | 2.90   |

| MEN'S PANTS      |        | UNDERWEAR             |     |
|------------------|--------|-----------------------|-----|
| \$1.00 Pants for | \$0.75 | Men's 50c Shirts      | 40c |
| 1.50 " "         | 1.15   | " 50c Drawers         | 40c |
| 2.50 " "         | 1.95   | Boys's 50c Union suit | 40c |
| 3.50 " "         | 2.95   |                       |     |
| 5.00 " "         | 3.95   |                       |     |

| MENS SHOES      |        |
|-----------------|--------|
| \$6.00 A. D. B. | \$4.75 |
| 5.00 Shoes      | 4.45   |
| 4.00 "          | 3.45   |
| 3.50 "          | 2.95   |
| 3.00 "          | 2.45   |

Boys' Knee Pants at Bargain Prices

A big lot of mens and boys' sweaters and shirts at Bargain Prices!

| HATS! HATS!     |        |
|-----------------|--------|
| All \$3.00 Hats | \$2.25 |
| " 2.50 "        | 1.95   |
| " 1.50 "        | 1.10   |
| " 1.25 "        | .90    |
| " .60 "         | .40    |

Boys, Misses and Children's Shoes—the Price is Cut Deep!

Quilts, Blankets and Lap Robes at Sale Prices!

| Groceries                  |        |
|----------------------------|--------|
| Bewley's Blue Ribbon Flour | \$3.00 |
| Snow Drift 10 lb. bkt      | \$1.10 |
| Karo Syrup                 | 35c    |
| Wild Rose syrup            | 35c    |
| Royal Sorghum              | 45c    |
| 3 cans K. C. Bkt Pdr       | 50c    |
| Best Pea Berry Coffee      | 25c    |
| 5 Pk Arbuckle Coffee       | \$1    |
| Silk soap the cake         | 3 1-2c |
| Corn Flakes 3 for          | 25c    |
| 5 Gallons best oil         | 75c    |

| LADIES GOATS  |        |
|---------------|--------|
| \$15.00 Coats | \$8.50 |
| 12.50 "       | 7.00   |
| 10.00 "       | 6.95   |
| 8.00 "        | 4.95   |
| 5.00 "        | 3.25   |
| 3.50 "        | 2.95   |

| CHILDRENS GOATS |        |
|-----------------|--------|
| \$5.00 Coats    | \$3.85 |
| 3.50 "          | 2.95   |
| 3.00 "          | 1.95   |
| 2.50 "          | 1.85   |
| 2.00 "          | 1.45   |
| 1.00 "          | .75    |

|                           |     |
|---------------------------|-----|
| Ladies \$1.00 Union Suits | .80 |
| " .65 Union suit          | .45 |
| Misses 50c "              | .40 |

Your Choice of any Ladies' Hat for \$1.00

Ladies' skirts and petticoats at Bargain Prices.

| LADIES SHOES            |      |
|-------------------------|------|
| \$4.00 A D B pat. leat. | 3.45 |
| 3.00 Pat. leather But.  | 2.45 |
| 2.50 Box Calf           | 2.20 |
| 2.00 Kah. Calf          | 1.75 |

Everything in the Notion line will be reduced.

| SOME HOT PRICES ON IMPLIMENTS AND BUGGIES |         |
|---|---------|
| 14 in Olliver sully                       | \$34.50 |
| 14 in Avery "                             | \$34.50 |
| Moline single disk                        | \$44.75 |
| Reversible "                              | \$44.50 |
| Pluto Double "                            | \$54.00 |

| BUGGIES           |         |
|-------------------|---------|
| \$65.00 Buggy     | \$45.00 |
| \$75.00 "         | \$59.50 |
| \$100 Rubber Tire | \$74.50 |

| STAPLES                |     |
|------------------------|-----|
| 10c Bleaching          | 8c  |
| 10c Domestic           | 8c  |
| 8c "                   | 7c  |
| 10c Cotton Flannel     | 8c  |
| 10c Drilling           | "   |
| 10c Outing             | "   |
| 10c Gingham            | "   |
| 35c Bleach Sheeting    | 25c |
| 20c Feather Ticking    | 15c |
| 10c Sheeting & Ticking | 8c  |
| 8c Cot. Checks         | 7c  |
| 6c "                   | "   |

The price will be cut deep on all DRESS GOODS

| HOSIERY              |        |
|----------------------|--------|
| All \$1.00 Silk Hose | \$0.77 |
| " .60 " "            | .40    |
| " .25 Hose           | .20    |
| " .17 1-2c Hose      | .15    |
| " 10c Hose 2 prs.    | .15    |

| TRUNKS AND SUIT CASES |        |
|-----------------------|--------|
| \$1.00 Suit Cases     | 70c    |
| \$1.75 " "            | \$1.25 |
| \$2.20 " "            | \$1.75 |
| \$5.00 " "            | \$3.95 |
| \$10 " "              | \$7.95 |
| \$12 Trunks           | \$8.50 |
| \$10 " "              | \$7.50 |
| \$7.00 " "            | \$5.50 |
| \$6.50 " "            | \$4.95 |
| \$5.00 " "            | \$3.95 |
| \$3.00 " "            | \$2.25 |

There will be many odd sizes and old stock that will be sold regardless of cost!

| HARDWARE  |        |
|---|--------|
| 20 per cent reduction on pocket knife and scissors. |        |
| \$1.00 Pliers                                       | 80c    |
| 50c "   | 35c    |
| 35c "   | 25c    |
| Smokless shells                                     | 65c    |
| 2 bx blk pwdr shells                                | 85p    |
| \$2.50 Boy's Wagons                                 | \$1.90 |
| \$2.25 " "  | \$1.75 |

The Sale Begins Saturday, November 21st.

# CROSS PLAINS MERC. CO.

# The Maid of the Forest

A Romance of St. Clair's Defeat

By Randall Parrish

Illustrated by D. J. Lavin

[Copyright, 1913, by A. C. McClurg & Co.]

pressed to her forehead. Suddenly she turned from me, and faced him. I thought he shrank back against the wall; but, for a long moment, she stood there in silence, staring at him.

"Who was it?" she asked at last, her voice like ice. "Tell me the truth—was it Picard?"

He dropped his eyes, with an odd gesture of the shoulders. The girl's rifle flashed to a level, so quickly I could not even throw out my arm.

"Say yes, or no! Please stand back, monsieur; this is my affair."

"Yes," the word seemed dragged from him.

"And you told monsieur here the negro killed my father? You said that!" His lips moved, but no sound came forth from them. She waited a breathless moment.

"That was a lie! You would not dare repeat that to me," she burst forth passionately, her whole body trembling. "You thought you could tell him, and he would believe you; would pity you, and let you go. You did not dream that I was here—I, Rene D'Auvray, monsieur—to face you. You are afraid of me; yes you are—it is in your eyes. You think me an Indian? That I will avenge myself? Is that what you fear?"

He muttered something in Indian dialect I could not understand.

"You say that to me! You dare say that! You are a bold man to try and threaten me now. Ay, do it then—monsieur," and she stepped aside facing me, "this brute of an Englishman claims to be my husband."

"What," I exclaimed in shocked surprise. "He told me he attempted to make love to you, but failed, yet hinted that marriage might have been possible."

"He did venture that far. Then, monsieur, I will tell you the truth. He won my father to him—God alone knows how—and persuaded me to go through the tribal ceremony. To me, a Christian and a French woman, that mockery of form means no more than to him. It was the price I paid for peace."

"But the Wyandots?"

"In their eyes I am this man's squaw," her voice trembling with scorn, her hand pointing at him. "But in the eyes of God, I am not. His hand has never touched me—never will. Monsieur, I had to tell you."

"And I am glad you did. It is better for me to know."

"Oh, I begin to see," broke in the prisoner, finding his voice. "It is not my appearance that you object to, mademoiselle, only you prefer the Yankee edition."

I strode forward threateningly.

"You low-lived coward—"

"No, monsieur, let him talk," and she caught my arm. "We have no time now for a personal quarrel. We must save a man's life."

"His?"

"Monsieur Brady's. There is but one way. 'T was for his sake, the endeavor to save him from torture, that I was so long in coming here. I did all that was in my power, but those Indians are not of my tribe. They might listen to me, but for the Englishman who leads them. He is heartless, more cruel than any savage; moreover Brady struck him, and he suspects me of aiding you to escape. There is no mercy in him, and I have failed. They mean to burn him at the stake, and I could do no more."

"Where are they now?" I asked in horror.

"Yonder on the mainland. I could not remain to witness the scene—I could not, monsieur. I was under guard, but stole away in the darkness, and came here, praying I might find you yet waiting. Now I know God has answered my prayers. He has shown me the way."

She turned from me, her eyes on his face.

"Are you any relative to Monsieur whom you resemble so much?"

He laughed unpleasantly.

"Lord, I hope not—if so the connection is too remote to be considered. I have no desire to claim any Yankee cousins. Why?"

"The reason is not material. I want you to hear me. I do not know you killed my father, but I suspect it, and am certain you lured him to

his death. If it was Picard's hand that did the deed, it was done at your desire. I would be justified as a Wyandot in killing you—even this American would grant me the right—but I am going to spare you, Monsieur—on one condition."

"What?" The very sound of his voice proved his realization of her seriousness.

"That you accompany me to the Indian camp yonder, and help me save that white man's life."

"What do I care—"

"You care for your own, no doubt. Well, monsieur, it hangs by a hair. Only on such a pledge will you go forth from here alive."

"You threaten to kill me?"

"It is hardly a threat—it is a certainty, monsieur."

"Tell me the plan then," he said roughly.

"I can control the Indians," she went on, "if the Englishman does not interfere. It will be your part to command him."

"Who is the fellow?"

"The fur trader—Lappin."

He stared into her face; then laughed insolently.

"Then the game is up. By the gods, it would be more likely he burned me. You make sport to suggest I could influence that monster."

"I do not," her face changeless in its expression. "There is nothing for you to laugh at. I know you two are enemies, but he dare not ignore your uniform. He has no authority and you have. You can accomplish the rescue of this prisoner if you have the courage, and will. There is only one thing for you to say—yes, or no."

"Answer the lady," I commanded sternly.

His eyes settled on my face; they were furtive, cowardly.

"Oh—well—I'll go," he said slowly and sullenly. "But it's little enough good you'll get out of it, I promise you."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### The Fire in the Clearing.

"Go on now," I commanded grimly, "and do not forget. Mademoiselle, do you go first, and show the way. I will keep good guard of the rear."

She gave me her hand in a long, lingering clasp, and then her slender figure blotted out the red glare as she mounted the steps.

"You next, sir," the words sufficiently polite, but my rifle flung forward, in readiness to enforce the brief order.

"Curse you! I'll make you pay for this!"

"Hold yourself to words, and threats," I returned coolly, "but do as I say—move on!"

He climbed the stairs, muttering savagely, with me following so close behind, the muzzle of my gun touched his back.

"I am playing safe," I muttered grimly, "so don't try any tricks in the dark."

We came out on the shore, pausing a moment to gaze out across the water to the gloom of the mainland.

The red and yellow flames lit up the open space fairly well, but all around the black forest wall closed in tightly. It was like a grotesque picture in a frame. Before the fire, mostly with their backs toward us I counted twenty savages on the grass, their red skins and matted hair showing clearly. They were silent, motionless, apparently staring into the flames. The fiendish yelling came from beyond, from the other side of the fire, where I caught fitful glimpses of wildly dancing figures, of arms flung in air, of brandished guns, and streaming hair.

I saw Mademoiselle rise silently to her feet, but my hand only gripped harder on the Englishman's shoulder as I watched. Brady advanced between two Indians, his arms bound behind him, a bloody cloth concealing his jaw. He was bare-headed, his clothing rags, and he staggered slightly as he walked. An Indian struck him with a stick, a vicious blow, and Lappin jerked him forward between the chief and the fire. The warriors sat there impassive, emotionless, their eyes cold and merciless. Brady looked into that ring of savage faces without a quiver, throwing back his shoulders, blood trickling down one cheek. It even seemed to me his eyes smiled. Then one of the chiefs spoke without rising, in deep guttural voice. I heard the words, but they were meaningless, a jumble of sound, yet somehow menacing, gruff with threat. The discordant yelling ceased, and a dark mass of forms clustered beyond the blaze, drawing together in a half circle behind the prisoner. The light played over dark, sinister faces and sparkled in the wild savage eyes. It was a horrid scene—that small open space lit up by the fire glare, and banked about by the black wall of trees, filled with those demons, half naked, repulsive, weapons gleaming in their hands, their glittering eyes on the helpless Brady waiting the torture. As I looked forth upon it I grew sick, my limbs trembling.

The girl stepped backward, noiselessly, until she stood beside me, her hand touching my arm.

"We are here in time," she whispered, "but can delay no longer."

"He is condemned then? They will not spare him?"

"The chief speaks in Shawnee, and I know little of the tongue, but there is no mercy in his words."

"And you mean to go out there, to face those fiends? Are you not afraid?"

She smiled, a sad, brave smile up into my eyes.

"Monsieur, I must," she said pleadingly. "It is not only his life, but my duty. I leave my rifle here, and bear this; with Christ I am not afraid."

And in her clasped hands, reddened by the flames, I saw a crucifix.

She bowed her head, her lips pressed to the cross, and, when she looked up again into my face, I had no words to say; I could but choke, and brush tears from my eyes.

"Mademoiselle, if this man speaks a word of treachery; if by look or gesture he attempts to play us false, will you give me a sign?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"Clasp your hands like this" about your head; it will be his death warrant. Now, sir, are you ready?"

There was hate in his eyes, but I was glad of it. The very intensity with which he hated me at that moment, had brought back his courage. He had forgotten all else in a mad desire to get revenge on me. I let him read defiance, scorn in my face, and the look stung him like the lash of a whip.

"Oh! but I'll get you for this. Yes, I'm ready, you clod of a Yankee peasant! but you'll pay before ever you get out of these woods—oh, Lord! you'll pay."

I half thought he would spring at me, and drew back, my rifle lifted. But he only laughed, his lips snarling, and strode past crunching his way through the thicket. I caught the swift upward glance of the girl's eyes—a message of thanks, ay! more—and she had followed him. I sprang aside amid the trunks of trees, confident I could not be seen, that every savage eye would be riveted upon those two advancing figures. The light afforded me sufficient guidance, and I possessed some idea of where I wished to go. I found it with a dozen quick steps, and, even as the first wild scream of discovery burst from the red throats, I crept in behind a decaying log, at the very edge of the opening, and trust my rifle barrel across the rotten bark. Deliberately, coolly, with full determination to act, I drew bead on the red jacket.

They were not five yards away, advancing straight toward the startled group of chiefs, the girl slightly in advance, the freight on her uplifted



I Drew Back, My Rifle Lifted.

face, the white crucifix gleaming in her hands. The Englishman, a step behind, his first mad anger already dying, walked like a criminal, with lowered head, and eyes glancing furtively aside. Even by then the treacherous cowardice of him had returned. At sight of his face I cocked my weapon, every nerve taut as a bowstring, breathing through clenched teeth. I cannot say that I saw much of what occurred in that first moment—I had no eyes but for the red jacket—and yet I must have perceived it all. I remember now the whole scene, as if it hung painted before me, in all its vivid coloring and rapid movement. I saw the chiefs start up, grasping their weapons, at the first screech of alarm, a fierce intensity in their eyes. A glance at those two unarmed figures, and they stood still, gazing at them, yet with a shadow upon the dark, scowling faces that chilled my blood.

The yelling ceased; there was no sound, but the pressing forward of bodies, and the crackle of flames. The Shawnee chief, a dark, saturnine face showing under his war-bonnet, stood erect with folded arms. Down the lane of warriors, apparently oblivious to their presence, Mademoiselle came, the Englishman slouching behind. The

crowd of figures hid for a moment. Brady and his guard, and surged in between me and Lappin.

There was silence; I could hear the wind in the tree tops, the restless movements, the heavy breathing of the excited savages; somewhere a dog barked. Rene stopped, her hand now touching the soldier's sleeve, her eyes on the dark, savage face confronting her. A moment he stared at her, then at the Englishman, while I held my breath.

"Why you—here—gain?" he asked in halting English, the face like bronze. "I—send you—to forest—why come—back?"

"Because I am a Wyandot and a Christian," she answered, the words slow and distinct. "We kill warriors in battle, not by torture, Sis-e-te-wah. I come with this that I may beg your prisoner's life. See; it is the cross of the Great God."

"Huh!" he grunted. "Why should we listen—to a—squaw? The warriors of—the Shawnees—are men."

"So are the Wyandots, Sis-e-te-wah; they are as the birds of the air. Once they came to the villages of the Shawnees. You know it well—they were warriors, under great chiefs. Yet they listen to words of wisdom from a squaw. I am Running Water; I have sat in the councils of my people; I am the daughter of the White Chief." She glanced about her proudly, looking into the ring of dark faces. "I am a squaw, but I am a Wyandot—no Shawnee dare place a hand on me."

"This so," he answered gravely. "I know—but not my—young men. It best you go—I speak true—the white man will die—it has been decided—the Shawnees know not—your God—the God of the Long Robes—the white man dies."

"But he came in peace, not war; he was a messenger to the Wyandots."

The chief had stepped back, and lifted his hand, but now he stood statue-like before her.

"He great hunter—he warrior—we have—met in—battle. He kill warriors—my tribe—now he die—it is spoken. Sis-e-te-wah listen—no more."

"But you must! you shall!" she insisted. "Tis not the Wyandots alone who say this. You may refuse me; you may disregard the cross I bear, but you dare not disobey the word of the English—of the great chief across the water. If you will not heed the word of a squaw, listen to this man—a warrior of the Red Coats."

"I know him not," coldly, "nor care what he—says. He nothing—to Sis-e-te-wah—why he—come here?"

"To stop this deed, this dastardly outrage; he speaks for the Great Chief. 'Tis best the Shawnees listen. 'Now, monsieur."

She stepped aside and the Englishman stood alone, facing the grim-faced Shawnee. The very desperation of his position had brought to him courage; he knew enough of Indian nature to be aware that any cringing now would add to his peril. In calm assurance he folded his arms.

"You say you know not who I am, Sis-e-te-wah," he said sharply. "Then I will tell you; you and your warriors. I am an officer of England, an aide to Hamilton. Will you hear me now?"

There was silence, profound breathless; the bold defiance had fallen upon them like a blow. Then, before even the chief could answer, the crowding ring of Indians was broken, and into the circle of firelit space strode the fur-trader, his mottled face purple, his mustache bristling. One moment he glowered into the soldier's face, and the latter stepped back recoiling against mademoiselle, all his audacity gone. Lappin laughed, the cruel echo of it breaking the silence.

"A soldier of England; an aide to Hamilton! You lie. When Hamilton knows what I know he will tear you limb from limb. You come here to frighten us with your threats—you! I spit upon you! Sis-e-te-wah, warriors, hear me; you know who I am; I travel with you on the war-trail; I go with you into battle. Now I speak with the straight tongue. You do not know this man, but I do. See; he dare not face me; watch him shrink back afraid. Well! there is reason."

"I fear you, Jules Lappin?"

"Ay! and with cause. Knew you ever the time I failed to pay my debts? or wreak my vengeance? I have you now, and will crush the white-livered heart out of you with these hands. Listen, Shawnees, Miamis, Ojibwas, while I tell you who this fellow is. Then give him to me—I ask no more."

He stopped, bent forward, his fingers clinched. The ring of Indians pressed closer, but the old chief waved them back, standing motionless.

"Speak, Englishman," he said with dignity, "we will hear."

Lappin half turned to face them, one hand gripping the knife at his belt. Like a white ghost mademoiselle slipped silently in between the two men. "I saw it all over the brown barrel of my rifle, my heart throbbing fiercely."

"He is a renegade, a traitor," and Lappin's hand pointed at the man he accused, "the uniform he wears a lie. How do I know? Because he

fought me yonder in the woods on the island; because he was in the cabin with the others. This is the man who was left for dead, who escaped. Do you recognize him now?"

I saw the red faces, and heard the scream of voices.

"Ay! you do; and the woman, the Wyandot squaw, helped him. I said so before; now we have the proof. You drove her out, afraid to treat her

an enemy, and she goes to him, taking his uniform will frighten you into sparing the hunter from torture. She brings him here to threaten you with what England will do. What say you, Shawnees, to the dog?"

The voices burst into a wild yell that seemed to split the night, but the fur trader flung up his hand.

"Back all of yer!" he roared savagely. "I claim this man as mine! Who has better right? I'll throttle the life out of him with my bare hands before yer all. Have your warriors give us space, Sis-e-te-wah."

The chief of the Shawnees, his eyes blazing under tangled hair, uplifted his arms.

"Tis the white man's right," he ordered grimly. "I have spoken."

I drew in my breath deeply, yet what could I do? The rifle trembled in my grasp, but I dare not use it. The un-



The Very Ferocity of It Was a Fascinating Horror.

fortunate Englishman stood in my place, was mistaken for me, but if I revealed myself it could serve no end—would only leave me helpless to aid the girl. I could not think of him at that moment, but only of her. What would be her fate when this struggle was over? Maddened by the fight, could those savages be controlled? Would she be spared? I had no time to think; my blood was like ice—I could only look, look at that hideous spectacle, reddened by flame, as my lips muttered a prayer, "God help me to do the best thing!"

It was all the work of an instant. Lappin whirled on his victim, flinging his gun to the ground.

"Face me, you cur, you spy!" he shouted. "Come out from behind that squaw. You got me once when my foot slipped. Let's see what you can do now. What! you won't! Well, you will!"

He thrust Rene back, hurling her with one sweep of his arm into the crowding ranks of warriors, one of whom clutched her as she fell. Then he struck the shrinking, startled Englishman a vicious blow in the face.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### In the Hands of Savages.

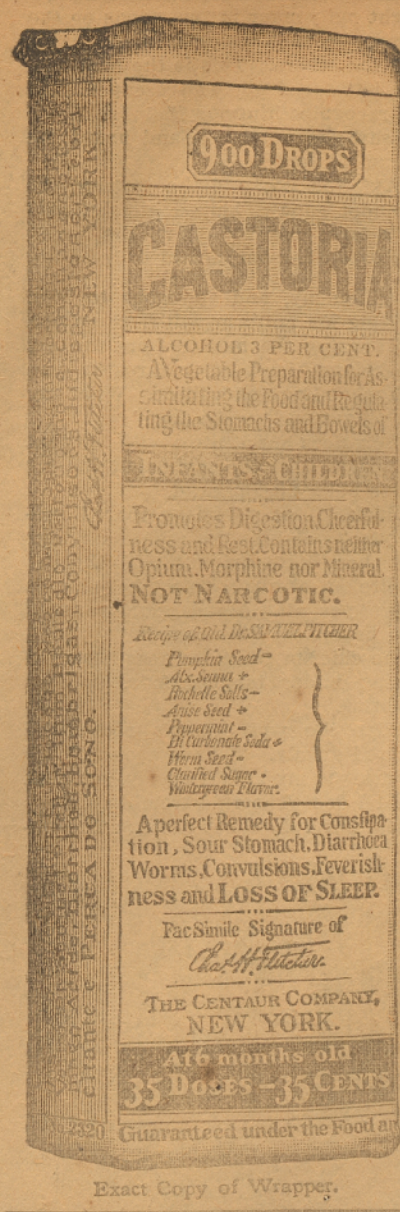
I saw the red welt on the white cheek left by the fur trader's rough hand, his arms flung up, a sudden passing of anger darkening his eyes. This was more than flesh and blood could stand, and not retaliate. Wild rage usurped the place of courage; his lips snarled like a cornered wolf; he had forgotten all but hate. It was not a man, but a maddened animal who crouched for a spring.

"Fight you! I will! Yes, to the death," he snapped out hotly. "But you lie when you say I fought you before; when you say I was in the cabin—you lie, you dog of a white savage—you lie!"

"Messieurs, it is a mistake," I caught the girl's protesting voice in the hush. "It was not—"

"A lie, hey!" Lappin broke in crazed with rage. "What am I—blind! I saw you, you hound, with my own eyes. Shut the squaw up. Oh! you will; then have it now!"

They met like two enraged bucks in the forest, clutched at each other in blind, deadly battle. They were big men, evenly matched, fired with hatred. Never did I witness such fighting, such mad barbarism, the ferocity of which stopped at nothing. The soldier I knew was unarmed, but a knife dangled at Lappin's belt. Either he forgot it, or in his rage disdained to use the steel. Oh! how they



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Use ADAMITE for that leak around that flue or chimney. Shackelford Lmbr. Yd.

Trades Day was reasonably well attended. However, the day in a large measure has lost its prestige.

Seed oats for sale, clear of Johnson grass, extra heavy. Ed Henderson

Remember the De Laval car be bought for \$40.00 and up and on good terms. (adv)

Homer Hughes and family have moved from the prairie between Burkett and Echo to the home place near town, in which he has bot the others' interests. His brother Dave has moved to the prairie where Homer has been living.

C E Boydston is on the sick list and hasn't been in the store save for a short time Monday, since Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. S R McClure of Pioneer were here Monday. Mr. McClure is a brother to Mrs. J. T. Gilbert.

Mrs. Cy Burns and daughter Ethel of Burkett were in town Tuesday.

C L Stallings has moved from south Main street to the Tatum place in northwest part of town.

Herman Thate of west of Burkett was in town Tuesday. He says his cotton crop is not as that in his father and brothers, Frank and Otto and Henry, Jr.'s, neighborhood where he says they have the best cotton he has seen.

**Turkeys For Breeding**

We have a few extra choice Toms, bred from a new strain of Kentucky Mammoth Bronze. Price 300 to \$500 each Delivered at Cross Plains. W. R. Young

Uncle Tom Henson has rented the Kaufman building on 8th street and has opened a meat market in it. He will move the Crystal Cafe there also after the first of the year.

Jas. T. Crosby, principal of the Pioneer school, spent Saturday in Cross Plains. He states that Pioneer has a splendid school interest. There are ten grades in the school. Several pupils are attending school this year with a view to securing teacher's certificates in the following spring or summer. The school opened Monday with three teachers.

For sale: A farm, 132½ acres, 87 acres in cultivation good 5 room house, fine orchard, good well of water, 2½ N. E. of Cross Plains. For price and terms see J. B. Ellis.

### The New Wet and Dry Line-up.

As a result of the November elections there are now fourteen states in the dry column. They are Arizona, Colorado, Georgia, Kansas, Maine, Mississippi, North Carolina, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Oregon, Tennessee, Virginia, Washington and West Virginia.

There remain 15 states in which half the population live in so-called no-license territory. They are Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Idaho, Kentucky, Louisiana, Minnesota, Nebraska, New Hampshire, South Carolina, South Dakota, Texas and Vermont.

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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 every Saturday night at M. W. A. Hall, Cross Plains, Tex.  
M. C. Baum, Clerk

**W. O. W. Camp No. 778.**  
Meets every Saturday night before the first and third Sundays, at W. O. W. Hall, south Cross Plains, Tex.  
E. T. Bond, Clerk.

**I. O. O. F. Lodge No. 171**  
Meets every Friday night at 8:30 at the I. O. O. F. Hall.  
C. W. Barr, Sec.

**M. E. Church, South.**  
Preaching each 1st and 3rd Sundays at 11 a. m. and 8:15 p. m.  
Sunday school each Sunday 10 a. m. R. P. Odom, Supt.  
Prayer meeting each Wednesday 7:30 p. m.

Woman's Home Mission Society meets Thursdays before the 2nd and 4th Sundays of each month. Mrs. Alvid Pres.

You are cordially invited to attend all our church services.

**Presbyterian Church.**  
Presbyterian church, preaching on 1st and 3rd Sundays at 11 a.m. and 8 p. m.  
Sunday school at 10 a.m. Regular session meeting, Friday, 3 p. m.

**Baptist Church.**  
Preaching 2nd & 4th Sundays at 11 a. m. and 8:30 p. m. Sunday School begins 10 a. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday night at 8:15. Ladies Aid Mondays 3:30 p. m.  
Junior B. Y. P. U. meets every Sunday 3 p. m. Senior B. Y. P. U 4 p. m.  
Pastor.

### Burkett Lodge Directory

**M. W. A. No. 12642**  
meets every 3rd Saturday night in each month in W. O. W. Hall.  
B. D. Wesley, Clerk

**W. O. W. No. 666**  
meets 2nd and last Saturday in each month.  
B. D. Wesley, Clerk

**I O O F**  
meets every Monday night in W O W Hall

**Burkett Grove No. 1453**  
Woodmen Circle; meets first and third Saturday afternoon at three o'clock W O W Hall.  
Elsie M. Cochran Clerk  
Burkett Texas

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### Election Returns

Governor:  
J. E. Ferguson, Dem., 515  
F. M. Echejidge, Progressive 28  
Jno. Phillips, Rep., 20  
R. R. Metzger, Soc., 62

Sports Officers:  
W. F. Ely, County Judge, 562  
J. R. Black, County Atty, 538  
A. R. Day, Dist. Clerk, 532  
Chas. Nordyke, Co. Clerk, 541  
J. A. Moore, Sheriff, 625  
W. E. Melton, Tax Collector, 526  
Melvin Farmer, Tax Assessor 530  
W. P. Farney, Co. Treasurer 542  
T. H. Floyd, Surveyor, 702  
S. E. Settle, Co. Supt. Schools 514

All new County officers that were not already sworn in were to take charge of their respective offices yesterday.—Baird Star

### ABSTRACTS-TITLE

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## HUSBAND RESCUED DESPAIRING WIFE

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

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

The doctor was called on, and his treatment relieved me for a while, but I was soon overwhelmed by my old ailment. After that no more could be done for 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 its 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 what it will do. Ask him. He will recommend it. Begin taking Cardui today.

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