

Mack's Garage

My gas filling station is now installed and my new garage is equipped for first class work.

GENUINE FORD PARTS

Mack's Garage

Genuine Ford Parts Carried in Stock

Buy 1920 Furniture Here

We have been in the furniture business here but a short time, but we could have sold lots more goods than we could get. We feel thankful for the business you have given us or want to give us. We now have a small shipment of furniture, and will do our best to carry in stock a full line during the New Year. We solicit your business on a live-and-let-live basis.

Cross Plains Furniture Company
W. T. WILSON, Prop.

Want To See 'Em

My new Wall Paper samples will have to be seen to be appreciated. They are brim full of new, beautiful and artistic designs. Prices are low considering the high prices of all other kinds of material.

But the manufacturers have advised that prices will soon advance, and that will have to mark my prices up from 20 to 40 per cent above present prices, and that wall paper will probably be unobtainable before the end of 1920. So if you are thinking of buying wall paper, paint or anything in that line, it will pay you to see me soon. I can save you money on any article used in my line.

Just drop me a postcard and say bring your samples. You will not obligate yourself in any way if you don't buy.

W. A. PAYNE

CONTRACTOR

P. S.—Watch this space next week. We will tell you about "Sanitas."

STOMACH TROUBLE

Mr. Marion Holcomb, of Nancy, Ky., says: "For a long while I suffered with stomach trouble. I have pains and a heavy feeling after my meals, a disagreeable taste in my mouth. If I ate anything butter, oil or grease, I would spit it up. I began to get regular sick headaches. I had used pills and tablets after a course of these, I would be constipated. It seemed to tear my stomach all up. I found that no good at all for my trouble. I heard

THEDFORD'S

BLACK-DRAUG

recommended very highly, so began to use it. It is the best I keep in the house all the time. It is the best liver medicine made. I do not have sick headaches or stomach trouble any more." Black-Draught acts on the liver and helps it to do its important work. It throws out waste materials and poisons from the system. This medicine should be in every household. Use it in time of need. Get a package today. If you are sluggish, take a dose tonight. You will feel better tomorrow. Price 25c a package. All druggists.

ONE CENT A DOSE

THE CROSS PLAINS REVIEW

CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS, FRIDAY, JAN. 30, 1920

No. 48

THE REAL BANK

IS THE SPIRIT THAT ANIMATES THE INSTITUTION.

Financial resources, buildings, fixtures, equipment—all these things—are, after all, the mere tools with which the bank works.

A real understanding of the customer's needs; an earnest desire to co-operate with him in every legitimate way; a realization of public responsibility—these constitute the BANK. Everything else is secondary.

The spirit that animates this bank is the ground upon which we invite your account.

Farmers National Bank

Of Cross Plains, Texas

Our Drug Business

While our 1919 business is the best this store has ever enjoyed, for which we take this opportunity to thank our friends and customers, we will do our best to make the year just ushered in still a better one in point of service to our customers (helping them and saving them money). We have the best equipped drug store in this part of the world; in fact, it would be hard to find one in a town the size of Cross Plains with such a stock of drugs and sundries as we always carry. We appreciate your trade and ask for it, and are prepared to care for your every want in our line. Then why not give us your 1920 business?

Drugs, Standard Patent Medicines, Best Guaranteed Jewelry, Stationery, School Supplies, Remedies, The Golden Throated Claxtonola, We Have Them All.

THE CITY DRUG STORE

B. G. Lindley, Prop.

Crusade Enlists Public School Recruits

Announcement is made by Miss Hunter, State crusade executive and director of children's work for the Texas Public Health Association, at the spring tournament of the Modern Health Crusade held here last night.

Mr. Hunter and George G. Grand, secretary of the Texas Health Association, are traveling the State lecturing in the schools and organizing the Health Crusade. They expect over 300,000 Texas children to enter the fight against untimely death and disease, and will health habits which will help them up to be strong, healthy and happy.

Education in health is as important as teaching of reading, writing and arithmetic," declared Mr. Grand. "The Texas Public Health Association would like to see the Health Crusade made a part of every school curriculum. Hygiene and bygiene should be taught to children, and the glamor and superstitions of the crusades make the habit of cleanliness into

The Review for less in a club.

GOOD WELL BROUGHT IN NEAR CROSS PLAINS

Foster Well No. 1, located on the Hilburn farm, eight miles northeast of Cross Plains, came in as a good producer last Friday night.

Drilling on this well has been in progress for some time and the sand from which it is now producing was struck at a depth of about three thousand feet. It is owned by a few Oklahoma parties, and we understand was drilled on lease concessions from parties in the neighborhood of the well, based on results of the enterprise.

While reports vary, as usual, relative to the daily amount of oil this well is producing, enough facts can be learned from the parties who visited it to class it as a good strike. The fact that it is a self-producer, flowing at good heads and rapidly increasing in proportion will place it and the locality in which it was drilled upon the oil map of Texas.

This well is nearer Cross Plains than it is to any other town, except Rising Star, which is about an equal distance, and while its discovery may not be a full realization of our hopes for an oil town, it and the further developments that will immediately follow, certainly leads a flattering cast upon the future prosperity of Cross Plains.

A few local parties already held leases in that locality, and others having a good knowledge of the oil game have secured leases since the well was brought in. The greater portion of these leases are near the well and located between it and Cross Plains, and it is reasonable to believe that it is only a question of a short time until the field will extend to our limits. Confidence in this assurance is reflected through the immediate advance placed upon the value of town property.

In the mean time other wells located at every direction of the compass, are drilling not a great distance from Cross Plains.

Our Representative.

D. J. Neal, our representative, has resigned and Don H. Biggers, of Eastland, has announced as a candidate at the special election to be held February 21st. Don Biggers, as a young man 31 years ago, worked on the Star, and is one of the best all round printers and newspaper men in Texas. He served in the 34th Legislature from Lubbock. Don Biggers understands the needs of our section, perhaps better any man in public life and he is not afraid to express his views with his tongue and pen. We hope the voters of Callahan county will give Don Biggers, who is a country raised Eastland County boy, a big vote.

We have no personal interest in the candidacy of any man for the legislature but do want a man there who knows what his people need and has the nerve to fight for what he wants. Don Biggers is that kind of a man. By way of parenthesis, Don Biggers had five sons in the army. Four of them went to France and returned safely, the other son was in service on the border and died while at home on a furlough in the early part of last year. Every soldier in Callahan county ought to feel an interest in a man like Don Biggers.—Baird Star.

CENTRAL AND WEST TEXAS NOW PROSPER

Two years ago Central Texas looked about as barren as the cellar floor. Crops of every variety had been a complete failure, the war was on, people were troubled finances and it seemed almost that fortune would never smile on Grand Old Texas anymore. However things have changed. Today, Central and West Texas are perhaps attracting more attention than possibly any other particular part of the United States. Big investors from every section of the country have their agents on the ground looking for investments.

Of course the oil industry has been a big factor in all this marvelous prosperity. On the other hand the most wonderful yields that have been produced on farm lands must come in for its share of the glory. Many and many are the farmers who have become independently rich off the recent harvest. One land holder in particular, states that his returns off of wheat sales will total near eighty thousand dollars. He also says that his oil holdings will easily net one hundred per cent returns. Almost any number of instances of this kind can be enumerated. It is safe to say that practically every land mortgage in central and west Texas will be wiped out with the ending of this year.

With all this wonderful prosperity business is again assuming its pre-war standing and the future is looking much brighter. Big prices for raw material, bountiful yields and plenty of oil is a fine combination.

THREE DISTILLERIES CAPTURED IN EASTLAND CO.

The third domestic distillery confiscated in Eastland county this month was taken by county officers last week in Ranger. The still was complete in detail and had been operating practically in the heart of the business district, two blocks from the main street.

Of the two other stills confiscated this month one, it is charged, was operated in a dormitory building at the Britton school here by Lawrence Adams, former Cisco deputy constable, and the other was taken at Olden, near Eastland.—Cisco Round-Up.

No Real Estate Men Have Had Operation

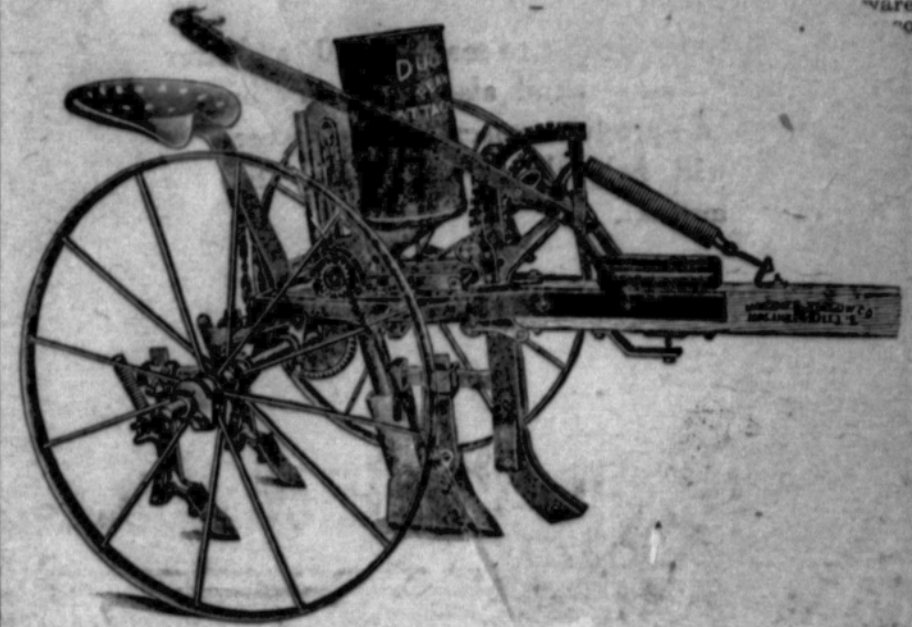
As we were going down the street one day this week, we noted a white looking rock weighing perhaps two dozen pounds laying on the front gallery of a local land office. It was an ordinary looking lime, with a few wrinkles up and down its side, and seeing that it was tagged, we at first thought that it was a huge petrified potato, and curiously getting the better of us, we threw the brakes on our walking ford, we sighted got closer inspection. The tag just said, "This is part of a stone taken from the gall of a Lubbock Land Agent."

And this is all we know about the matter.—Terry County Herald. So far as we have been able to learn, there has been no operations performed on Lubbock County Real Estate men at any of our sanitariums and there is a possibility of the above being a mistake as to where it came from.—Lubbock Avalanche.

BUGGIES

We have just received a shipment of Buggies, get yours, they won't last long.

C. S. Bovles



Moline Implements

- First car will contain—
- Moldboards, 10"x12"
 - Middle Breakers, 12"x14"
 - Stalk Gutters, 7 knife.
 - Moldboard Sulky, 14"
 - Moline Pony Disc Plow, 20" Disc
 - Steel Lever Harrow, two sections 7x8.
 - Force Feed Planters.
 - One Seed Cans.
 - Peanut Attachments.
 - Tongs, 4x6 Shovel Cultivators (Riding)
 - Lister Cultivators.
 - Walking Planters and Cultivators



To appreciate the line you positively will have to see them and let us explain their many advantages.

LET US SHOW YOU

JOE H. SHACKELFORD'S
LUMBER and PAINT STORE

NATIONAL PROHIBITION IS NOW EFFECTIVE

Nation-wide prohibition by constitutional amendment—the dream for years and years of those opposed to the sale of liquor—became effective January 17, and the Department of Justice and the Bureau of Internal Revenue, the two Government agencies intrusted with enforcement of the basic law, were ready to take drastic action against all violators.

The final step in the work of enforcing the new form of prohibition was taken when Secretary Glass approved finally the regulation to be observed by agents of the Federal Government.

Echols Ford Dead.

Echols Ford, who has lived for a number of years in the Burnt Branch community, died at the home of his wife's father, W. D. Drury, in Des Moines, N. M., on the 20th, from pneumonia, his body being shipped to Burnt Branch for interment. He leaves his wife and a son two years old, and many other relatives and friends to mourn his untimely death. He was only 26 years of age and had been married but a few years. He and Mrs. Ford were in New Mexico on a visit and prospecting trip when he contracted pneumonia that resulted in his death. The bereaved have our sincerest sympathy.

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Married.

Cecil Murdock and Miss Dallas Worthy of Cottonwood were united in marriage on Sunday afternoon in Cross Plains, Rev. R. D. Carter performing the ceremony. The groom is a son of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Murdock, and the bride a daughter of C. W. Worthy, all of Cottonwood. A number of young people accompanied them here. Congratulations.

List Your Property.

I want to get a list of all city property and farms for sale at reasonable prices. Also leases.

L. P. Henslee.

If you like the daily Dallas News, why not club it with the Review? The Review one year and daily and Sunday News for one year for \$9.50. No bargain days, but worth the money. See or phone the Review.

ABSTRACTS—COUNTY MAPS

Jackson Abstract Co.
Baird, Texas.

FOR A SQUARE DEAL

The Cow Puncher

By Robert J. C. Stead
 Author of "Kitchen and Other Poems"
 Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS



The COW PUNCHER

By Robert J. C. Stead
 Author of "Kitchen and other poems"
 Illustrations by Irwin Myers

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

"Your country needs you more," she whispered. "It is better that way. And what a man you are in uniform! I think I see you smashing heads instead of bottles. Six out of six, Dave! It's awful, but you must do it. Already we know what has happened in Belgium. You will forget your own wrongs in the greater wrongs of others. . . . And I shall join the service as a nurse. My father was a doctor, and I can soon pick it up."

She chatted on, but he had become suddenly grave. "I don't think that is your course, Irene," he said. "This is going to be a bigger job than it looked. The government will get soldiers and nurses; the popular imagination turns to such things. But it will be neither soldiers nor nurses that will win the war. I feel sure of that now. Millions of men will be taken from production and turned to purposes of destruction. They will be taken from offices, where they need little food, and put in the trenches, where they need much food. Countries will be devastated; armies will retreat, destroying all food as they go. Ships will go down with cargoes of wheat; incendiary fires will swallow warehouses of food. I believe my place is in the trenches; but those less fit for the fight than I must, in some form or other, produce food. This includes the women; it includes you."

"We? But what can I do?"
 "Since I left home I've thought a good deal of the old ranch. I despised it in those prosperous days—those days we thought were prosperous—but the prosperity is gone and the ranch remains. It still lies out there, just as it did when you and your father motored down that afternoon a dozen years ago. I think you'll have to go back there, Reenie. I think you'll have to take the boy Charlie, and what other help you can get, and go back to the old ranch and raise something for the soldiers to eat. You can do it. There are good men to be had; men who can't drive a plow. And believe me, Reenie, it's the plow that's going to win. Go back and put them at it. Think of every furrow as another trench in the defenses which shall save you home from the fate of Belgium's homes. It's not as easy as going to the front; it hasn't got the heroic ring to it, and I suppose there are many who will commercialize it. Let them. We shall need their profits after the war to pay our debts. But it's the thing that must be done. And you'll do it, won't you?"

"I'll do whatever needs to be done. Dave, I'd rather be by your side, or as near as may be, but if you say that my duty lies back on the old ranch I shall go back to the old ranch and raise food for my soldier. And when it's all over we shall ride those old hillsides again. . . . Up the canyon, you remember, Dave? The little niche in the wall of the canyon, and all the silence and the sunlight. . . . Forever. . . ."

CHAPTER XV.

Any philosophy which accepts the principle that the great, overshadowing events of life are subject to an intelligent controlling influence must of necessity grant that the same principle applies to the most commonplace and every-day experiences. The course of the greatest stream of events may well be deflected by incidents so commonplace as to quite escape the notice of the casual observer.

Some such thought as this comforted me, or at least, would have comforted me, had I thought it—when a leaking gasoline tank left me, literally as well as figuratively, high and dry in the foothills. The sun of an August afternoon blazed its glory from a cloudless sky; low in a valley to the left a ribbon of silver-green mountain water threaded its way through fringes of spruce and cottonwood, while on the uplands beyond sleek steers drowsed in the sunshine, and far to the westward the Rockies slept unconcerned in their draperies of afternoon purple. All these scenes the eye took in without enthusiasm, almost without approval, and then fell on the white-washed ranch buildings almost in the shadow underneath. And in those days a ranch—almost any ranch—meant gasoline.

I soon stood at the door. My knock attracted a little chap of two and a half or three years; his stout hands showed the screen back, and I found myself ushered into his company. There evidently was no one else about. So I visited, and we talked on those things which are of importance in the world of three-year-olds. "Murver's don't to the wiver," he confided. "She tum back pretty soon."

"And father?" I asked. "Where is he?"
 Into the dark eyes came a deeper look; they suddenly shone with the spirituality of a life only three years removed from the infinite. By what instruction, I afterward wondered, what almost divine charm had she been able to instill into his young mind the honor and the glory that is the pride of it? For there was pride, and something

more than pride—adoration, perhaps—in his words as he straightened up and said in perfect English: "My father was a soldier. He was killed at Courcellette."
 I looked in his little sunburnt face, in his dark, proud eyes, and presently a strange mist enveloped the room. How many little faces, how many pairs of eyes! It was just fading away when a step sounded on the walk, and I arose as she reached the door.
 "The Man of the House has made me at home," I managed to say. "I am shipwrecked on the hill for a little gasoline."
 "There is plenty out in the field, where the tractor is," she replied. "You can find it without difficulty. Or if you care to wait here, Charlie may be along presently."
 Her voice, low and sweet, modulated tones, with just that touch of pathos which only the Angel of Suffering knows how to add. And her face was fair, and gentle, and a little sad, and very sweet.

"He has told me," I said. There seemed no reason why I should not say it. She had entered into the sisterhood—their sisterhood of suffering which the world has known in these long, lonely years. And it was between us, for we were all in the family. There was no occasion to scrape acquaintance by slow, conventional trust and parry.

"Yes," she said, sitting down and motioning me to a chair. "I was bitter at first. I was dreadfully bitter at first. But gradually I got a different view of it. Gradually I came to feel and know that all we can feel and



"My Father Was a Soldier—He Was Killed at Courcellette."

know here is on the surface—on the outside, as you might say, and we can't know the purpose until we are inside. It is as though life were a riddle, and the key is hidden, and the door behind which the key is hidden is called Death. And I don't believe it's all for nothing; I won't believe it's all for nothing.

"Then there is the suffering," she continued, after a pause. I don't know why there should be suffering, but I know if there were no suffering there would be no kindness. It is not until you are hit—hard hit—that you begin to think of other people. Until then all is selfishness. But we women—we women of the war—we have nothing left to be selfish for. But we have the whole world to be unselfish for. It's all different, and it can never go back. We won't let it go back. We've paid too much to let it go back. It was hard to find a reply. "I think I knew your husband a little," I ventured. "He was a—man."
 "He was all that," she said. She arose and stood for a moment in an attitude of hesitation; her fingers went to her lips as though enjoining caution. Then with quick decision she went into an inner room, from which she returned in a moment with a letter.

"If you knew him you may care to read this," she said. "It's very personal, and yet, some way, everything is impersonal now, in a sense. There has been such a common cause, and such a wave of common suffering, that it seems to flood out over the individual and embrace us all. . . . So this is really, in a sense, your letter as well as mine."

I took it and read:
 I have had many letters to write since my service began as a nurse in the war, but never have I approached the task with such mixed emotions. The pain I must give you I would gladly bear myself if I could, but it is not all pain; underneath it, running through it in some way I cannot explain, is a note so much deeper than pain that it must be joy.

You have already been advised that David Elden was among those who fell at Courcellette. It is true to say that you have the sympathy of a grateful nation. How grateful the nation really is we shall know by its treatment of the heroes who survive the war and into the dependencies of those who have crossed over. But nothing can rob you of the knowledge that he plays a man's part. Nothing can rob you from that universal fellowship of sympathy which is springing up wherever mankind is united at its need. A new Order has been born into the world; the Order of Suffering. Not that it is new, either; it has been with us since the first man went into the shadow of his first child; but always suffering has been incidental, a matter of the individual, a thing to be escaped if possible. But now it is universal, a thing not to be escaped, but to be accepted, readily, bravely, even gladly. And all who accept it enter into the new Order, and wear

its insignia, which is unselfishness and sympathy and service. And in that Order you shall not be least, measured by either your sacrifice or the spirit in which you accept it.
 But you are yearning for his last word; for some voice which will seem to you now almost a voice out of the grave, and so happy to be able to bring you that word. It was something more than chance that guided me that night—as it is every night.

We were well behind the line of actual fighting, but I had become detached from my party in moving to another station. If you like, yet not lost; never have I gone so directly to so great a destination. While trying to get my location, I became aware of a presence; it will sound strange to you, but I became intensely aware of your presence. Of course I knew it could not be you, in the flesh, but you it seemed to be, nevertheless. I moved as though led by an invisible hand, and presently I found a bit of shattered wall. In the gloom I could just discern the form of a man lying in the shelter of the wall—if you could call it shelter—it rose scarce a foot above the ground.

I knelt beside him and turned my torch on his face. It was pale even through the brown skin; the eyes were closed; the hair was wet and plastered on the forehead; there were smears of blood on it and on his cheeks. As my light fell on his lips they framed a smile.
 "Reenie," he said, "it was good of you to come. I knew you would come."
 "I am here, Dave," I answered, and I think you will forgive the impersonation. "Now let me find out where you are and we'll fix you up, and get you moved presently."

He opened his eyes and looked at me with the strange look of a man whose thread of consciousness is half unrolled. "Oh, it's you, Edith," he said, when he had taken me in. "Funny, I thought it was Irene. I must have been dreaming." I questioned him again about his wound and began feeling his hair. "It's hot there," he said. "Guess I got it all over my hands. They got me this time. Don't waste time on me. Some other fellow may have a chance."

I found, with a little examination, that the case was as bad as he supposed. Fortunately, the wound had induced a local paralysis and he was not suffering to any great degree. I placed my hand in his and felt his grip tighten on it. "I'm going to stay till it's over, Dave. We'll see it out together."
 "That's decent," he answered, and then was still for quite a time.

"I've often wondered what was on the other side," he said, at length. "I shall know presently."
 "You are not afraid?" I whispered.
 "No. Only sort of curious. And—remember, I guess it's relevant. You know I haven't been much on religion. Never seemed to get the formula. What is the formula? I mean the key—the thing that gives it all in one word."

"In one word—sacrifice. He that loseth his life shall find it," I quoted.
 He did not answer, but I could see his lips smiling again. His breath was more labored. A few drops of rain fell, and some of them splattered on his face.

Presently he chuckled. It was an easy sensation, out on that broad plain of death, alone by the side of this man who was already far into the shadow—to hear him chuckle.

"That splash of water—you remember—it made me think of the time we pulled the old car into the stream, and the harness broke or something, and I had to carry you. You remember that, Reenie?" I could only say, "Yes," and press his hand. His mind was back on the old, old trails.

He became suddenly sober. "And when Brownie was killed," he went on, "I said it was the innocent thing that got caught. Perhaps I was right. But perhaps it's best to get caught. Not for the getting caught, but for the—the compensations. The innocent men that are getting killed. And perhaps it's best. Perhaps there are compensations worth while."
 His voice was weaker, and I had to lean close to catch his words.

"I'm going—out," he said. "Kiss me, Reenie."
 And then I kissed him—for you. "Suddenly he sat up. 'The mountains!' he exclaimed, and his voice was a shrill with the pride of his old hills. 'See the moonlight—on the mountains!'"
 Then his strength, which seemed to have gathered itself for this one last vision of the place of his boyhood, gave way, and he fell back, and he did not speak any more.

And what can I add? Dear, it is not defeat. It is promise. It is hope. Some day we shall know. But until then we shall go on. It is woman's bit to carry on. But not in despondency, not in bitterness, not in anger or despair. He didn't go out that way. He was repentant—and a little curious, and he went out with a smile. And we shall go on and carry his smile and his confidence through the valley of our sacrifice. What an I doing, speaking of our sacrifice? I salute you, sister in the Order of Suffering—and of hope.

EDITH DUNCAN.

I handed the letter back to her, and for a time I had no words. "Won't you let me tell the story?" I said, at length. "The world is full of sorrow, and it needs voices to give that sorrow—correctly, and perhaps turn it into hope—as this letter does."
 She hesitated, and I realized then how much I had asked. "It is the story of my life—my soul," she said. "Yet, if it would help—"

"Without names," I hastened to explain. "Without real names of places or people."

 And so, in that little whitewashed home, where the brown hills rise around and the placid mountains look down from the distance, and a tongue of spruce trees beyond the stream stands sentinel against the open prairie, she is carrying on, not in despondency and bitterness, but in service and in hope. And so her sisters, all this world over, must carry on, until their sweetness and their sacrifice shall fill up and flood over all the valleys of hate. . . .

And if you should chance that way, and if you should win the confidence of young Three-year-olds, you may stand for you and say, with his voice filled with the honor and the glory and the pride of it:
 "My father was a soldier. He was killed at Courcellette."
 THE END.

Believed to Bar Mosquitoes.
 Many plants are popularly believed to keep away mosquitoes, among them being several species of eucalyptus, the castor-oil plant, the chinaberry tree, etc. Scientific observations have not confirmed the popular idea on this subject.
 Important Date in History.
 On the tenth of October in 1850, the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis was opened. George Bancroft, the historian, who was secretary of the navy, was largely instrumental in establishing the academy.

ON EVERYTHING YOU NEED

BUY FROM OUR
 BIG DEPARTMENT
 STOE

DRY GOODS
 GROCERIES
 HARDWARE
 FARM IMPLEMENTS
 EVERYTHING

HIGGINBOTHAM
 BROS. & CO.

"THE HOUSE THAT SAVES YOU MONEY"

nine sense of danger which so seldom errs in dealing with its own sex, and is yet so unreliable a defense from the danger of the other. Mrs. Hardy was in the living room. . . .
 "Won't you come up to my workshop?" Irene answered, without change of voice, and they ascended the stairs together. "I draw a little," Irene was saying, talking fast. "Oh, yes, I have quite commercialized my art, such as it is. But I haven't lost my soul altogether. I dab in color a little—yes, dab, that's the word. But it keeps one's soul alive." She trembled, and her voice choked; she put out her arm to a chair. When she turned her face there were tears on it. . . . "Tell me—Edith," she said. . . . "You know. . . .
 "I know some things," Edith managed to say. "I know, now, that I do not know all. Dave and I are old friends. My father took a liking to him and he used often to be in our house. And we got to know each other very well, and he told me about you long ago. And last night I found him at his rooms, almost mad and swearing to shoot Edward. And then he told me that—that—"
 "Yes? Yes? What did he tell you? I am not afraid—"
 Edith turned her eyes to where the white crests of the mountains cut like a crumpled keel through a sea of infinite blue. "He told me he saw Edward here. . . . upstairs. . . . and Edward made a boast. And he would have shot him, but you rushed upon him and begged him not to. He said you would have taken the bullet yourself rather than it should find Edward."
 "Oh! oh!" the girl cried, in the pain of one mortally hurt. "How could he think that? I didn't care for him—for Edward—but for Dave. I knew there had been a quarrel—I didn't know why—and I knew if Dave shot him—it wasn't in self-defense—what ever it was, he couldn't plead that, and they'd hang him, and that was all I saw, Edith, that was all I saw, and I would—yes, I would rather have taken the bullet myself than that that should happen—"
 "You poor girl!" said Edith. "You poor girl!" And her arms found the

other's neck. "You have been hurt, hurt." And then, under her breath, "more than me."
 "What has he done?"
 "He had already been convinced that he should offer his services to his country, in these times. He said he couldn't remain here, and he has already left for England. I am afraid I encouraged him to leave at once. You see, I didn't understand."
 Irene had taken a chair, and for some minutes she sat in silence. "I don't blame you," she said, at length. "You gave him good advice. There remains only one thing for me to do."
 "What?" said Edith after a moment's hesitation.
 "Follow him! I shall follow him and make him understand. If he must go into battle—with all that that means—he must go in knowing the truth. You have been very kind, Miss Duncan. You have gone out of your way to do me a great service, and you have shown more kindness than I have any right to claim from a stranger. . . . I feel, too, the call for vengeance," she exclaimed, springing to her feet, "but first I must find Dave. I shall follow him at once. I shall readily locate him in some way through the military service."
 She accompanied her visitor to the door. They shook hands and looked for a moment in each other's eyes. And then Edith burst away and hurried down the street.

Irene had searched London for two weeks. The confidence of her earlier inquiries had diminished with each successive blind trail, which, promising at first, led her into a maze of confusion and disappointment. Her little store looked into the face of every man in uniform with a pathetic earnestness that more than once caused her to be misunderstood.
 The organizer of the military service commanded less enthusiasm than she felt a month before. She saw

it struggling with the apparently impossible; it was as though she, in her little studio, had been suddenly called upon to paint all the portraits in the world. . . . In some degree she understood the difficulties; in equal degree she sympathized with those who were striving to overcome them, and she hung on from day to day in her search with a dogged determination which set its teeth against admitting that the search was hopeless.
 At last one great fear had settled on her heart. Suppose Dave should not enlist under his right name? In such a case her chance of finding him was the mere freak of accidental meeting; a chance not to be banked upon in a citizen soldiery. . . . And yet there was nothing to do but keep on.
 She had sought a park bench where groups of soldiers were continually moving by. The lights shone on their faces, and her own tired eyes followed them incessantly. Always her ear was alert for a voice that should set her heart a-pounding, and more than once she had thought she heard that voice; more than a score of times she had thought she had seen that figure with its stride of self-reliance, with strength bulging in every muscle. And always it had been to learn that she had been mistaken; always it had been to feel the heart sink just a little lower than before. And still she kept on. There was nothing to do but keep on.

Often she wondered how he would receive her. That cold look which had frozen her in features when she seized the revolver in his hand, would it still sit there, too distant and detached to be even scornful? Would she have it to break down? She could not know; she could only hope and pray and go on.
 As she turned her eyes to follow a group of men in uniform she became aware of a soldier sitting alone in the shadow a short distance away. Some quality about him caught her attention; his face was not discernible, and his figure was too much in the shadow to more than suggest its outline, but she found herself regarding him with an intenceness that set her pulses racing. Should she dare risk it again? And yet there was something. . . . She had a sudden plan. She would make no inquiry, no apology; she would walk near by and call him by name. If that name meant nothing to him he would not even notice her presence, but if it should be—
 "Dave," she said.
 He turned quickly in his seat; the light fell on her face and she saw her; he was on his feet and had taken a step toward her. Then he stopped, and she saw his features harden as they had on that dreadful occasion which now seemed so long ago.
 "Well?" he said. His voice was mechanical, but it was something which quickened her hope; something which suggested that he was making it mechanical because he dared not let it express the human emotion which was struggling for utterance.
 "Let me talk to you, Dave," she pleaded. "I have followed you around the world for this. Let me talk. I can explain everything."
 He stood still so long that she wondered if he never would speak. She dared not reach her hands to him; she could only stand and wait.
 "Irene," he said, "why did you follow me here?"
 "There is only one answer, Dave. Because I love you and would follow you anywhere. No one can stop me doing that; no one, Dave—except you."
 And again he stood, and she knew that he was turning over in his mind things weightier than life and death, and that when he spoke again his course would be set. Then, in the partial shadow, she saw his arms slowly extend; they rose, wide and strong, and extended toward her. There was a quick step, and they met about her, and the world swooned and went by. . . .

"I can explain everything," she said, when she could talk.
 "You need explain nothing," he returned. "I have lived the torments of the damned. Edith Duncan was right; she said if it were real love it would never give up. 'Endureth all things,' she said. 'All things,' she said. . . . There is no limit."
 "But I must tell you, dear," she said, "so that you may understand." And then she pitched over her the story, from what she knew and from what Edith Duncan had told her, and Dave lived in what neither had known, including the incident earlier on that fateful evening. She could see his jaws harden as they placed the plot together and she knew what he was thinking.
 (TO BE CONTINUED.)

First Moving Picture.
 The first real moving picture was produced by C. Francis Jenkins, a stenographer at the treasury department, Washington, and shown by him at Richmond, Ind., his home town, on June 6, 1894. The picture portrayed a butterfly costume dance performed by a vaudeville artist named Anna Belle, who received \$5 for her work.

Edith Duncan, who managed to get a quick leap in Irene's ears of that intuitive femi-



"Because I Love You, and Would Follow You Anywhere."



Our furniture department is now made complete by a recent shipment.

This furniture is made of quarter-sawed and natural grain-finish white oak. It lasts longer and looks better.

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Or have anything built, visit our yard and let us show you how you can save money. We have a large stock of building materials of all kinds, including shingles, doors, paints, oils and builder's hardware.

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IT PAYS—To own one.

OCCIDENTAL LIFE INS. CO.

J. L. SETTLE, General Agent
Office Over Farmers National Bank

Notice

A box supper will be given by the Deer Plains school Friday night February 6th. The proceeds are to be used for athletics and school pictures. Plan to come—and come!!

New Shoe Shop

I have opened up a new shoe shop in the corner building, west of the Picture Show, and am prepared to do all kinds of repair work.

S. C. Gresham.

Sells Home.

Cliff Borden last week sold his home in northeast part of town to A. W. Orrell of Dressy. Mr. Orrell will move to town for the school. Cliff intends to build on some lots in north part of town.

Horses Strayed.

One bay horse, streak in face, six years old, 16 hands high, left hind foot white, shod all around.

One sorrel pony, 14 hands high, branded "C" on left thigh, roach mane, with little scar just beneath the eyes, shod all around.

The above horses are strayed at my farm two miles southwest of Cross Plains. It not called for in 20 days, they will be sold at auction on first Monday after the 20 days have expired.

J. W. McDaniel, Commissioner.

Kill the Blue Bugs.

Andal Blood Sucking Insects by feeding Marti's Wonderful Blue Bug Killer to your chickens. Your money back if not absolutely satisfied. Ask your dealer.

5-16 6mo.

DR. MARY L. GRAVES

DENTIST

Office In Residence.
CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS

Joe Shack made a business trip to Dallas last week.

Hugh McDermitt of west of town, is on the sick list. Hope to see him out soon.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Huntington, at Liberty on Sunday, Jan. 11, a boy, who weighed eleven pounds.

Drew Baum, salesman in the clothing department of Higginbotham's store, visited at Dallas this week.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. John Fore of Liberty, on Thursday, Jan. 22, a nine pound boy.

Mr. and Mrs. Willie Mitchell are visiting relatives and friends.

Mrs. J. A. Lamb, formerly Mrs. G. A. Mitchell, of Hamlin, was in town a few days ago seeing after her farm and other property. She was married to J. A. Lamb on Christmas Eve.

Friends of L. M. Rond, who has been confined to his bed this week, and whose illness was at first feared had developed into pneumonia, will be glad to learn that he is improving.

Misses Gorden and Jewel Owens of Rising Star, visited friends in Cross Plains Tuesday and Wednesday.

Married.

E. A. Eakin and Miss Ola Shirley of Pioneer were married in Cross Plains on Sunday, Jan. 14, the Rev. Harry Clark performing the ceremony. The groom is a brother of Mrs. Harry Clark. They are a young couple who have the best wishes of all for a useful and happy married life.

PLANTERS & CULTIVATORS

In a few days we will have a good stock of Mr. Bill Planters, Ledbetter "one seed" planters, Bob White Cultivators, place your order with us now.

C. S. Boyles

Stock Farm Special.

For a few days I can sell a good stock farm six miles of town, on 7 years' time, \$1200 down. Sixty acres in cultivation. 1-4 royalty with place.

L. P. Henslee, Phone 15.

Of course when we first opened this store, everybody just sort of dropped in by accident—now by force of habit their footsteps lead this way.

?

Highest cash price paid for country produce.

Lowest cash price on the groceries you want to buy.

Our qualities are no longer questioned by anybody.

THE WHITE HOUSE GROCERY
AND MARKET

"The Store With a Future"

F. M. GWIN, Prop.

As the New Year Comes In

You will naturally give some thought as to where you will buy your groceries, and we wish to call your attention to the fact that we carry a full line and believe in a quick turn-over at a small profit.

Ask your neighbor—he trades here.

W. E. BUTLER
GROCERY

For Sale.

A 6-plow Case cultivator and a 12-in. Middle and stock at Frank Harlow's farm.

DR. HOWARD

Office Over

Farmers' National Bank



GET some today!
You're going to call Lucky Strikes just right. Because Lucky Strike cigarettes give you the good, wholesome flavor of toasted Burley tobacco.

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It's toasted