

# THE BELLEVUE NEWS.

By C. W. BONER & CO.

BELLEVUE, CLAY COUNTY, TEXAS, DECEMBER 22, 1911.

5TH YEAR: NO. 5

## Uncle Tommy Mounts

A Unique and Pioneer Character of Bellevue.

T. A. Moants of Bellevue, who is familiarly called "Uncle Tommy," is one of our most unique characters. He and Gray are cheering figures almost daily on our streets. He dropped into The News office the other day to have the paper sent to his son, Tom, at Hale Center and we got these items: Born in Carrollton, Green county, Ill., Jan. 3, 1827; lived two years in northwest Mo. came to Lamar county, Texas, in 1843, then to Dallas and Collin and to Bellevue in 1879.

Married to Evefine Harmon of Denton in 1858 and to this union were born Mrs. McWhorter of Big Springs, Mrs. J. T. Craiger Harmon, Mrs. Mahard of Van Housen, Mrs. Bryan of Denton. Second marriage to Mrs. Mollie of Denton. To this union were born Mrs. Elb McKinney of Henrietta, Mrs. Mauda Orton of Bellevue, Mrs. Kate Kelley of Harold and T. F. Moants of Hale Center.

Never tried to make money, never cared for any, only a living and never held nor never wanted office—well, was road overseer of Collin county two years. Served as Texas Ranger in scout work under Capt McGrath in 1844-45. Served in the Mexican war in 1846 under Gen Taylor in three battles at Monterey. He was baptized in 1869 in East Fork in Collin county, by Rev Hall, a Christian preacher of Kentucky.

Some of his maxims: "To live long, man must treat his fellow man right, be honest, consecrate himself to God—then he can live happy and a long life. God is always with us, never forsake. There are good and bad men—as much difference in men as horses and cattle. Body to dust, spirit to God, then happy as before birth. I have lots of work yet to do and God will be with me to do it, even unto the end. A thieving robbing, lying man may fall any time. We live on God. Take His power away and we would suffocate in thirty minutes in Bellevue. In 50 years we will control the world, not by bullets, but by power of God."

G. B. Wadsworth's children and many others rushed in on him when he surprised them at a surprise dinner being 80.

## AT REST.

Denie E. Roberts was born in Fulton, Fulton county, Ky., Oct. 11, 1839; moved with her parents at age of 9 years to Clay county, Texas; married to H. C. Budd, Nov. 23, 1860. To this union were born seven children, six girls and one boy, all now living at home, four and a half miles northwest of town. Deceased died Dec. 15, 1911, at 4 a. m., at place they get together when they married and also where they spent all their married life, except ten years in Oklahoma. Funeral was held at cemetery here by Rev. Elms A. Crutchfield, pastor Methodist church, Sunday afternoon, large crowd of sympathizing friends being present, lowering the body tenderly and lovingly in a tomb beautifully trimmed in white and lavender. The News joins the community in sympathy for the bereaved.

Card of Thanks—Our hearts are full of gratitude and thankfulness to the good friends who so kindly and tenderly helped in ways you will be during the sickness and the death of our dear wife and mother. H. C. Budd and Children.

## Youthful Hearts Plight Nuptials

Sunday evening at the Baptist parsonage Pastor Meroney united in marriage Carl Faubion and Miss Mary Johnson, a popular young couple of the young set. They were attended by Mr. and Mrs. Forest Robinson. Owing to the youth of the couple some parental objection existed, but these were waived and they married. The groom is 19 years of age and is the eldest son of J. C. Faubion; he is a young man of most excellent habits and character, a boy who gives bright promise of noble manhood. The bride is 16 years of age, the youngest child of Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Johnson. Although young, Miss Mary has many of the attributes that go to make the good helpmeet and noble woman. May life together for these splendid young people be always as roscate as on their wedding day.

Francis Kelley loaded his household goods here Monday, moving to Sweetwater, Okla. We regret to lose this splendid family, but they'll come back again.

## THE BIRTHDAYS OF Wetsel, Liggett, Williamson, Colquitt

Pete Wetsel and Joe Liggett each had a birthday dinner at Pete's pleasant home near Independence last Friday during the snow storm. It was so snowy but few could attend, but a royal good time was had anyway. "Me and my family landed the turkey on Saturday to get the running gear of the turkey," said John Kirby. Pete was two score and five, Joe three score and five.

Friday was Constable Jim Williamson's birthday and Saturday Colquitt's, he being two score and ten. The governor and constable had dinner at home.

The Baptist Standard and Bellevue News have been sent \$2.50 cash with order.

## Red Cross Seals

Mrs Perce Hodge has been appointed to manage the sale of Red Cross Seals in Bellevue and she has arranged and put them on sale at postoffice and White's drug store, Wright's, Manning's.

Mr. Gaines had the pleasure of a visit from her mother, Mrs. J. C. Hodge, and little niece, Fay, of Dallas. Mrs. Cole and Opal left yesterday for Pyote to spend Xmas with Mr. Cole who out there running a big ranch.

H. Davidson of Red Ridge was ever Monday as guest of the Reeves home.

A Reeves of Red Ridge was in town yesterday and sold his enter for one half for



## A Sabbatical Voice Crying in The Rockwall Wilderness

Rockwall, Dec. 19.—Editor Bellevue News—Dear News: I am always glad to get The News, as I have a boy trying to make a living with you good people and see what is going on in your little town and among the most important things that have transpired is the death of Joe Bailey of Bellevue. I am not personally acquainted with the owner of the hog, but I know he must be a man of good judgment or he would not have named his hog for Joe of Gainesville. The name is so applicable, both hogs alike and Joe Bailey of Gainesville is just as dead politically as the hog of Bellevue and Joe knows it, but his followers do not; but they will be like pup; they will get their eyes open after a while. Respt., J. C. GAINES.

## PROGRAM

- Precinct Sunday School Rally Jan 7, to be held with Vash Christian Church
- 10 a. m.—Singing led by J. P. Thompson.
- 10:15—Devotion—Rev. Lee A. W. ful.
- 10:25—Music in S. S.—Ed. P. Bulls and C. A. Shvaer.
- 10:45—Day school methods in Sunday school—Profs. W. C. Parrish and E. H. Tooley.
- 11:15—Five minutes social.
- 11:20—The relation of S. S. to the home and church—Rev. S. F. Houtchens.
- Afternoon, L. T. Hunter in charge 2 p. m.—Singing led by Nolan Goza.
- 2:45—Minutes of some Sunday of each S. S. read by secretary or delegate.
- 2:45—20th century S. S.—T. E. Cantrell and J. B. Ford.
- 3:10—What should be our aim this year (a) The Supt.—W. F. Manning; (b) The Teacher—Mrs. Lillian Thweatt; (c) The Pupil—Joe Joping
- Meeting to be held at 8 o'clock
- Send
- E. P. Miller,
- G. H. Hodges,
- Carl Wesner,
- Committee.

## A Bale of Cotton Given Away

When the Clock Strikes 4 P. M., Saturday, Dec. 23, 1911 Be sure to have your tickets at our store by that hour Tickets Void After THAT HOUR

We are going to give away a bale of cotton. With every dollar's worth of goods sold by us from this date until Dec. 23, 1911, at 4 o'clock p. m., we will issue a numbered ticket, and on that day and at that hour, we will present the bale of cotton free of charge to the person present at our store and holding the lucky number or nearest to it. In the event of a tie, the presentation will be made jointly to those tying.

Be sure and ask for your tickets when making purchases. Be sure to have your cotton tickets in our store at 4 p. m., Dec. 23; void after this date

## L. S. WRIGHT & CO

### Farm Demonstrator

The government has appointed Jim Pearce of Henrietta as farm demonstrator for Clay county. Wm Ganzer of Denton will deliver a lecture here soon as special demonstrator. Every farmer and others are urged to be ready to attend. Date will be given later. Eight specially trained ladies will be appointed in Texas to go over the state and teach canning. One of these ladies is to be located in Clay county.

### The Snow.

The heaviest snow here in five years fell from 4 o'clock last Friday morning till middle of the afternoon. Had it not melted largely as it fell it would have reached a depth of perhaps 18 inches; it held about 6 inches. It was preceded a week by heaviest rain in a long time and on that night by a good rain. Following the las big snow five years ago a big crop was made here.

The News wishes all its friends a merry Xmas and happy New Year.

For Sale—Two fine pawnshops in good prosperous town; sell on account of health. R. Darnell, Justin, Tex. (Want ad in Wednesday's Dallas News.

### New Bridge.

The commissioners court of Clay county acted wisely in letting a contract for a fifty-foot steel bridge on the Bellevue and Henrietta road over East Fork near Dickworsham. The price paid is \$550. The bridge is to be finished in sixty days. The Kansas City Bridge Co got the contract. The court deserves praise for building this much needed bridge.



HOUSE OF DISCONTENT.

The poor man, or the man moderate... well to do, who makes the few good books of a small collection the companions of his home...

All women today have a wider horizon. The mother studies the task of feeding and caring for her children and hunts information...

According to a Texas... women in this country, the women no longer keep their... covered in public...

Luther Burbank, the wizard of naturalists, has produced a blackberry bush without thorns...

A German has been arrested for smuggling glass eyes into this country. This is proper...

Let us hope that the baby emperor of China knows what he means when he says "the spirits of our nine emperors are unable to enjoy the sacrifices..."

An umbrella was found in the stomach of a shark caught in Delaware Bay a few days ago...

Panama hats are now to be made in Panama, but the frankfurter, the hamburger steak and the Havana cigar will continue to register from their old place...

Astronomers report from the Lowell observatory at Flagstaff, Ariz., that they had its first frost of the season...

Edison, coming up New York... felt like kissing the goddess Liberty, as he says, he must have been more than ordinarily seasick on the way across.

NATIONAL CAPITAL AFFAIRS

Panama Canal Tolls Up to Congress



WASHINGTON.—That the question of legislation relative to canal tolls and regulations and the government of the canal zone will come before congress at the very outset of the session and that it will be one of the most important matters of the winter in a legislative way was the view expressed by Senator Bristow of Kansas...

Senator Bristow summed up his impression of the canal and the work being done on it with one word: "Great." He commends in the highest terms the efforts of those in charge of the construction of the canal...

Postal Savings Bank Proves a Success

BY Jan. 1 the trustees of the postal savings banks expect to have a postal savings bank established in every first, second and third class post-office in the entire country...



beyond this point was slow at first but now that the system of administration is well in hand, designations are proceeding as rapidly as investigations can be made...

Consul-General Kicks on Moscow



John H. Snodgrass, consul-general at Moscow, ever kicked about his laundry work in Cincinnati, Washington or Indianapolis, he begs the pardon of every steam cleaning establishment...

without doubt—Consul-General Snodgrass (he is no relation to Snodgrass of the New York Giants, who snore in the world's series game)...

Schools of Nation Show Marked Gain

GREATER progress has been made in education in the United States during the last ten years than in any previous decade in the country's history...



years ago, the average salary of male teachers now being \$65 a month, as compared with \$46.50 in 1900...

Vienna Auto Cap



Here is a helmet shaped knitted cap designed to protect the chin from freezing in the snowy, windy weather that will soon be upon us...

FOR WOMAN WHO EMBROIDERS PUTTING ON THE TRIMMINGS

Book for Holding Various Colored Silks is Always a Most Welcome Gift.

An inexpensive gift for the woman who sews or embroiders is a book made of stiff cardboard backs, four by ten inches, and covered with heavy silk or an art linen in dull colors...

TWO SMART COSTUMES.



On the left is a smart evening wrap of black velvet and white satin. The right-hand figure depicts a dress to wear with the cloak, of ivory and rose pink crepe de chine and tulle, embroidered in silver.

Net Blouses. After a lapse of a season or two net blouses have been revived once more, this time it is Paris who calls them back into favor...

Washed Corduroy. Corduroy may not be the easiest thing in the world to wash because it is so heavy, but it certainly emerges from its bath fresh and new-looking to a degree most unexpected by those to whom the process is a new and untried...

GOOD CAKE RECIPES

ANY ORDINARY COOK CAN SUCCEED WITH THESE.

Delicious and Toothsome Confections That Are Easily Made by Following Simple Instructions—Latest Style in Cakes.

Chocolate Sponge Cake.—Cook to a syrup 1 1/2 cups of sugar and five tablespoons of boiling water. Separate six eggs, beat whites ten minutes, then beat yolks very light, add and beat together five minutes...

Orange Cake.—Cream half a cup butter with one cup sugar, add yolks of two eggs, half cup milk, and half cup of orange juice, and a little of the grated rind, two small teaspoons baking powder sifted with two scant cups of flour...

Ice Cream Cake.—One cup butter, two cups sugar, one cup milk, 3/4 cups flour, two teaspoons baking powder, whites of eight eggs, one-quarter teaspoonful salt. Mix dry ingredients, cream, butter and sugar, add milk, then flour, and beat. Add whipped whites and beat again...

Devil's Food Cake.—Butter, one heaping teaspoon; sugar, one cup; beat to a good cream, then add yolks of two eggs. Cut up one-fourth of chocolate, put in saucepan, add one-half cup of cold water, let come to a boil, then pour over about one-half cup of flour, scant one-half cup of baking powder...

Oyster Patties. Into frying pan put two tablespoons butter. When hot add one-quarter medium sized onion cut in very small pieces. When well browned add the oysters, liquid of one pint of oysters and one cup of cream...

The best method of attaching these somewhat fragile and elusive "dangles" is to knot the threading silk firmly, first in the heading of the fringe, then, at the proper distance, around the bead, and again in the heading with another knot...

Silence is Golden. It is to be regretted that among the dozen and one unnecessary things which the modern girl is taught, some deep-thinking person has not added to the list that most necessary thing for a girl to learn, the art of silence...

Delicious Toast. Cut rather thick slices of stale light bread and lay them in the oven till dried through; then put them in a toaster and hold over the coals until a golden brown; have ready some scalded cream or new milk made only as thick as cream with a tablespoon of butter and flour rubbed together...

Corset Bag. Take a strip of white or gray linen one yard long and seven and one-half inches wide, allowing for seams. Embroider any small flower you may choose and outline the word "corsets" with color to match embroidery. Have lining to match also. Leave bag open two inches from top and buttonhole outside and lining together neatly...

Turbot a la Creme. Roll a nice fresh fish, pick out the bones and season with salt and pepper; mix one-quarter pound of flour with one quart of milk; put in four small onions, small bunch of parsley and a sprig or two of thyme, salt, and one-half teaspoon of white pepper. Put over the fire and stir until it forms a paste; take off and add one-half pound of butter and yolks of two eggs.

Cream Horseradish Sauce. Put one-quarter cup of freshly grated horseradish in a bowl; add one-quarter level teaspoon of salt, one-half teaspoon of vinegar, and one-half teaspoon of oil. Use at once, or keep in refrigerator by standing. This sauce is good with roast beef, and is especially good with broiled fish.



W. L. DOUGLAS' THE

Manufacturer Thinks Government Should Obtain Publicity by a License System.

Large business organizations have come to stay. We cannot go back to old conditions. We must meet world competition. Large concerns can produce goods at lower cost than small ones. Germany favors large corporations. The method of the present national administration is to dissolve the great organizations and make them smaller, which is a backward step. There should be no limit to a corporation doing a large and legitimate business, such as would be possible under the licensing plan which I favor, writes W. L. Douglas, former governor of Massachusetts, in the Boston Herald.

Prejudices against corporations merely because they are big, perhaps, must be done away with. They give labor better returns. They cheapen product and thus benefit the consumer. They give opportunities to small investors who get returns otherwise unattainable. They employ able young men who have no capital at all, but who receive handsome salaries for their ability and service.

In place of the Sherman law it is my opinion there should be a department at Washington to grant licenses to all manufacturers and corporations in this country who do an interstate commerce business.

The law should be made so clear, plain and definite that it could not be misunderstood. It should require all capital to be paid in full. Semi-yearly statements should be given to the public and certified by a public accountant. There should be a board of examiners in each state to look after these corporations just as our national banks are watched by the national government. They should have the right to enter the offices and examine the records of all the directors of these companies.

A Natural Error.

"How did that story pan out about the man up in the Bronx who found the big hailstone on his back stoop this morning?" asked the city editor.

"Nothing in it," replied the reporter. "He discovered it wasn't a hailstone, after all. The iceman left it there."—Woman's Home Companion.

A Father's Worry.

Your poor wearied wife losing sleep night after night nursing the little one suffering from that night fiend for children and horror to parents, Group, should have a bottle of Taylor's Cherokee Remedy of Sweet Gum and Mullein, an undoubted cough preventive and cure for coughs, colds, consumption, Whooping Cough, etc.

At druggists, 25c., 50c. and \$1.00 a bottle.

Bush Leaguers.

You know that the low of human nature is found in the bush. What are those native bush leaguers?—Puck.

A USEFUL XMAS GIFT

For man, woman or child is a good fountain pen. Waterman's Ideal is the best pen made and the one that is most imitated, therefore insist on the genuine. Sold by all good dealers.

A Flat.

"Did the singer succeed in getting what suited her in an apartment?" "Oh, yes. She told me she had a suite thing in A flat."

BEAUTIFUL POST CARDS FREE

Send 2c. stamp for five samples of my very choicest Gold Embossed Birthday, Flower and Motto Post Cards; beautiful colors and loveliest designs. Art Post Card Club, 731 Jackson St., Topeka, Kansas

In Hard Luck.

Hewitt—You are always broke. Jewitt—I know it; I couldn't raise the wind with an electric fan.

His heart was as great as the world, but there was no room in it to hold the memory of a wrong.—Emerson.

Lewis' Single Binder gives the smoker a rich, mellow-tasting 5c cigar.

For every time a man is hurt he is scared a hundred times.

**Don't Hesitate To Take Hostetter's Stomach Bitters**

It has a proven reputation in cases of Poor Appetite, Belching, Heartburn, Flatulency, Indigestion, Costiveness, Colds, Grippe and Malaria. Don't experiment—insist on having **HOSTETTER'S IT TONES AND INVIGORATES**

**Defiance Starch**  
16 ounces to the package—other starches only 12 ounces—same price and "DEFIANCE" IS SUPERIOR QUALITY

# HEROIC DEEDS OF TWO FEARLESS FIGHTERS

By EDWARD B. CLARK

**I**N the records of the war department appears the name of Henry B. Clitz, who was a major in the regular service, and who rose to the rank of a brigadier general of volunteers while in the Union army during the Civil war. Old army officers remember Clitz well, but possibly millions of civilians have well nigh forgotten him. After the short official story of his service written on the now time-stained paper hidden away in a vault of the war department, these words appear: "Mysteriously disappeared in the year 1888." The disappearance of Henry B. Clitz is one of the mysteries of army life.

On other records in the war department are brief official lines, also on time-stained paper, telling of the career of Jasper A. Maltby, colonel of the Forty-fifth Illinois infantry, more familiarly known in the darker days of the country's history as the "Washington Lead Mine Regiment." Maltby's name was brought back not long ago sharply to memory by the death of his widow in St. Luke's hospital, Chicago. She was a little snow-haired woman who had borne life's burdens for just the time allotted by the Psalmist. During the days that this woman lay ill at the hospital of the Beloved Physician, if her eyes wandered about the walls of her room, it is probable that for the first time in many years when within any room chosen by her as an abiding place, they failed to rest upon the folds of an American flag.

The stories of Generals Clitz and Maltby were stories of sterling patriotism, of action and of wounds received in the discharge of duty. Mystery has added its interest to the life's story of Major Clitz, perhaps one should say, to his death's story. There is always a possibility that at a great age the major, some-where in the world, will be found, and that the spark of life which moved him to soldier deeds.

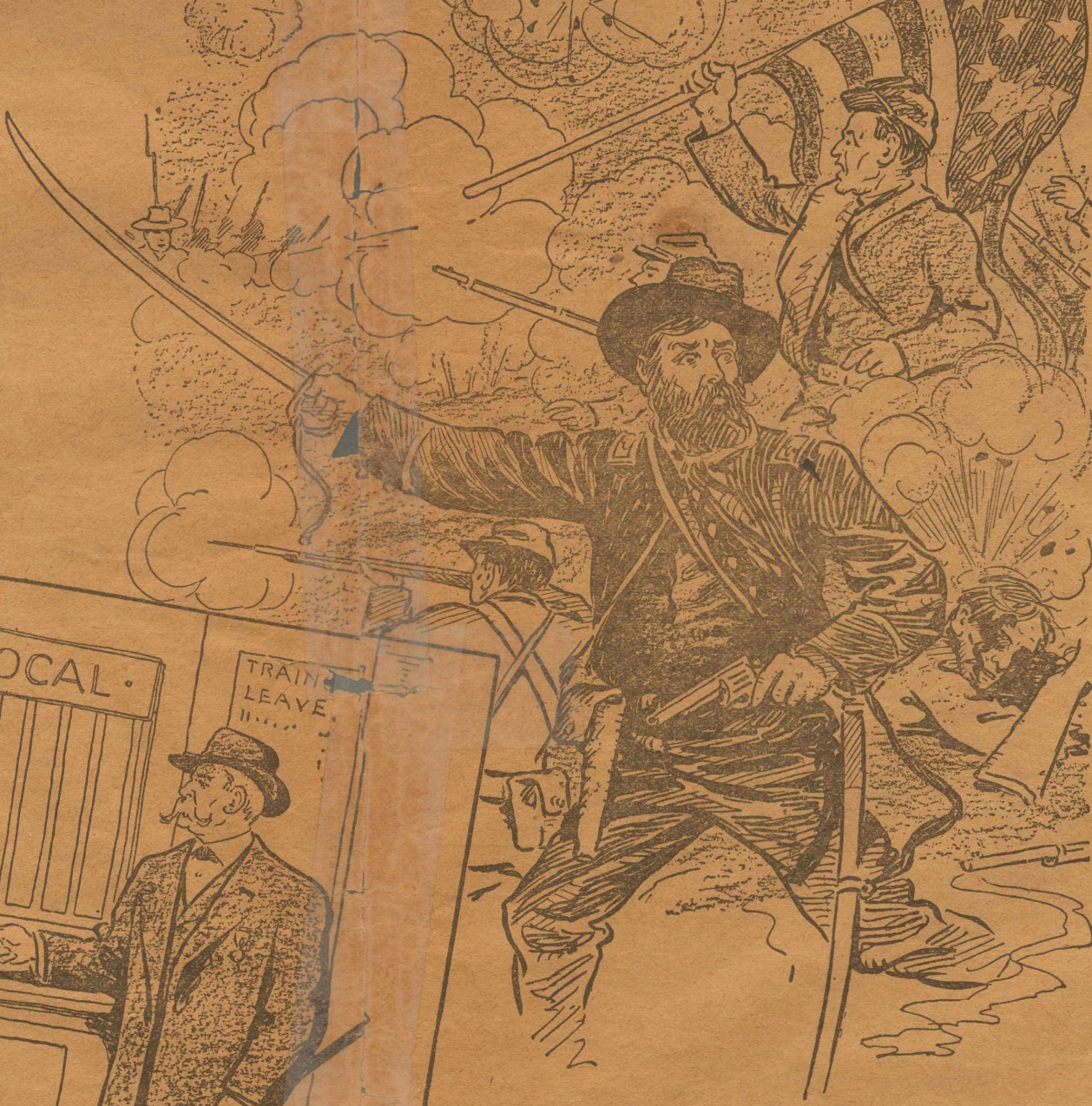
Recently a brigadier general of the regular service, many years retired, came to Washington. In the lobby of a hotel he met a veteran as grizzled and wrinkled as he, but still of an upright physical bearing. The general looked at the man a moment actually aghast and then with words that came out in the disorder of a "route step" gasped:

"John I heard you were dead. I would as soon have thought of meeting Clitz." The two had been subalterns in Clitz's regiment during the Civil war and after, and had loved him. It was perhaps the flashing thought of an anniversary of a disappearance at hand that sent the returned soldier's thought to Major Clitz when in the lobby of a Washington hotel he met the former comrade, who he had heard was dead. The army archives bear no stranger records than that of this case of General Henry B. Clitz—he was only a major, however, when he won distinction by his gallantry. It is twenty-three years ago now that Major Clitz was lost. Twenty-three years, but a man may be found after twenty-three years.

Major Henry B. Clitz, Twelfth Infantry, U. S. A., was once dead and buried and was alive again, was lost, and—the other word that should naturally fit here is either yet to be supplied, or forever is to remain unwritten. There are scores of soldiers today, old soldiers—but once a soldier always a soldier—who, in the memory of what happened after Gaines Mills, think that one day they may again clasp this side of the grave the hand of Comrade Clitz.

Henry B. Clitz of Michigan entered West Point in the year 1841, graduating four years after. He was a schoolmate of Grant, McClellan, Sheridan and Burnside. Clitz went into the Mexican war and won praise on the field and a brevet rank afterward for conspicuous gallantry at Cerro Gordo. Clitz was a fighter. He proved this fact every time he had a chance, and during his forty-five years of service he had chances in plenty.

When the Civil war had been on for a time Clitz found himself major of the Twelfth regulars. He was transferred to that outfit from the Third, another fighting regiment. It came along toward the time of Mechanicsville and Gaines Mills. The Twelfth and the Fourteenth were lying pretty close together. When the Gaines Mills battle was on and war's hurricane was at its height the Twelfth and the Fourteenth were given a position to hold. The two regiments were attacked by overwhelming numbers, but the numbers weren't overwhelming for a long time. There wasn't any retreat in the make-up of those two regiments of regular infantry. The wave of battle simply had to come down on them and engulf them. Afterward when General Sykes wrote a report about the Twelfth and Fourteenth and the fight that they put up, he said the ranks of the Twelfth were "decimated." General Sykes had probably never studied "English Lessons for English People." Unless things have changed, decimated means the cutting out of one in ten. This is the way the Twelfth was "decimated." It went into the fight with 470 men; came out with



PURCHASED A RAIL ROAD TICKET FOR A LAKE CITY

200. They say Major Clitz fought that day as he did at Cerro Gordo, only a little more so. The regulars resisted strenuously for an hour or two. Finally some of the men saw Major Clitz go down. A big wall of gray was falling on them and just then, and many others went down when

most desperate enterprises of the entire war. There are today surviving members of the Forty-fifth Illinois in whose veins the words "Fort Hill Mine" will make the blood tingle. It was only a week before the Fourth on which Pemberton surrendered the Confederate city. In Logan's front lay Fort Hill. It was decided at a council of the generals that its sapping and mining and the subsequent seizing and holding of the embrasure made by the explosion would be of tremendous moral and strategical value to the Union cause. The place was commanded by Confederate artillery and by sharpshooters in a hundred rifle pits. It was known that if the explosion of Fort Hill was a success that few of the men who rushed into the crevasses could hope to come out alive. It would be what the Saxons called a dead of derring-do. Owing to the limited space to be occupied only a single regiment was to be named to jump into the great yawning hole after the explosion and to hold it against the full fire of the enemy until adequate protective works could be thrown up.

There was a company of volunteers for the enterprise as there were colonels of regiments in Grant's army. The choice fell on Jasper A. Maltby and his following of Illinois boys. The time came for the explosion. The Forty-fifth lay grimly awaiting the charge into death's pit. The signal was given; there came a heavy roar and a mighty upheaval. Silence had barely fallen before there rose one great reverberating yell, and the Lead Mine Regiment, led by its colonel, Jasper A. Maltby, with his lieutenant colonel, Malancthon Smith, at his elbow, hurled itself into the smoking crater. The lieutenant colonel was shot through the head and mortally wounded before his feet had fairly touched the pit's bottom. The colonel was shot twice, but paid little heed to his wounds. A battery of Confederate artillery belched shrapnel into the ranks and sharpshooters seemed fair to be firing by volleys. The question became one of getting some sort of protection thrown up before the entire regiment should be annihilated. Certain men in the pit were tolled off to answer the sharpshooter's fire and to make it hot for the cannon-ade in the Confederate battery. They did what they could, but it availed little to save their comrades, who were toiling to throw up the redoubt. Men fell on every side.

Beams were passed into the pit, and these were put into position as a protection by the surviving soldiers. The joists were placed lengthwise and dirt was quickly piled about them. Colonel Maltby helped the men to lodge the beams. He went to one side of the crater where there was no elevation. There he stood fully exposed, a shining mark. He put his shoulder under a great piece of timber, and, weak with wounds though he was, he pushed it up and forward into place. The bullets chipped the woodwork and spat in the sand all about him. One Confederate gunner of artillery trained his great piece directly at the devoted leader. A solid shot struck the beam, from which Colonel Maltby had just removed his shoulder, and split it into kindling. Great sharp pieces of the wood were driven into the colonel's side, and he was hurled to the bottom of the black pit.

The action was over shortly, for the gallant Forty-fifth succeeded in making that death's hole tenable. Then they picked up their colonel. He was still alive, though the surgeon shortly afterward said that it would be hard work to count his wounds. They took him to the field hospital, and before he had been there an hour there was clicking over the wires to Washington a message carrying the recommendation that Colonel Jasper A. Maltby of the Lead Mine Regiment be made a brigadier general of volunteers for conspicuous personal gallantry in the face of the enemy.

A week later Grant's victorious forces marched into Vicksburg. Colonel Jasper A. Maltby or General Jasper A. Maltby as it soon became, lived until the end of the war, but no system could long withstand the shock and pain of those gaping wounds. He died in the very city which he had helped to conquer. Afterward a flag and a precious memory were rarely absent from the life which finally flickered out when the white-haired little widow died at St. Luke's hospital, Chicago.

too many men are there today, bar a few old soldiers, to whom the name Jasper A. Maltby would mean anything unless it were coupled, as is the above, with some specific information? Yet this man Jasper A. Maltby was chosen by General Grant, on the advice of McPherson and Logan, to lead, with his single regiment, the most desperate enterprise at the siege of Vicksburg, and, as some historians have it, one of the three

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There was a company of volunteers for the enterprise as there were colonels of regiments in Grant's army. The choice fell on Jasper A. Maltby and his following of Illinois boys. The time came for the explosion. The Forty-fifth lay grimly awaiting the charge into death's pit. The signal was given; there came a heavy roar and a mighty upheaval. Silence had barely fallen before there rose one great reverberating yell, and the Lead Mine Regiment, led by its colonel, Jasper A. Maltby, with his lieutenant colonel, Malancthon Smith, at his elbow, hurled itself into the smoking crater. The lieutenant colonel was shot through the head and mortally wounded before his feet had fairly touched the pit's bottom. The colonel was shot twice, but paid little heed to his wounds. A battery of Confederate artillery belched shrapnel into the ranks and sharpshooters seemed fair to be firing by volleys. The question became one of getting some sort of protection thrown up before the entire regiment should be annihilated. Certain men in the pit were tolled off to answer the sharpshooter's fire and to make it hot for the cannon-ade in the Confederate battery. They did what they could, but it availed little to save their comrades, who were toiling to throw up the redoubt. Men fell on every side.

Beams were passed into the pit, and these were put into position as a protection by the surviving soldiers. The joists were placed lengthwise and dirt was quickly piled about them. Colonel Maltby helped the men to lodge the beams. He went to one side of the crater where there was no elevation. There he stood fully exposed, a shining mark. He put his shoulder under a great piece of timber, and, weak with wounds though he was, he pushed it up and forward into place. The bullets chipped the woodwork and spat in the sand all about him. One Confederate gunner of artillery trained his great piece directly at the devoted leader. A solid shot struck the beam, from which Colonel Maltby had just removed his shoulder, and split it into kindling. Great sharp pieces of the wood were driven into the colonel's side, and he was hurled to the bottom of the black pit.

The action was over shortly, for the gallant Forty-fifth succeeded in making that death's hole tenable. Then they picked up their colonel. He was still alive, though the surgeon shortly afterward said that it would be hard work to count his wounds. They took him to the field hospital, and before he had been there an hour there was clicking over the wires to Washington a message carrying the recommendation that Colonel Jasper A. Maltby of the Lead Mine Regiment be made a brigadier general of volunteers for conspicuous personal gallantry in the face of the enemy.

A week later Grant's victorious forces marched into Vicksburg. Colonel Jasper A. Maltby or General Jasper A. Maltby as it soon became, lived until the end of the war, but no system could long withstand the shock and pain of those gaping wounds. He died in the very city which he had helped to conquer. Afterward a flag and a precious memory were rarely absent from the life which finally flickered out when the white-haired little widow died at St. Luke's hospital, Chicago.

How many men are there today, bar a few old soldiers, to whom the name Jasper A. Maltby would mean anything unless it were coupled, as is the above, with some specific information? Yet this man Jasper A. Maltby was chosen by General Grant, on the advice of McPherson and Logan, to lead, with his single regiment, the most desperate enterprise at the siege of Vicksburg, and, as some historians have it, one of the three



## YOURS

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Yours for greatest leavening power.  
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Yours for everything that goes to make up a strictly high grade, ever dependable baking powder.  
That is Calumet. Try it once and note the improvement in your baking. See how much more economical over the high-priced trust brands, how much better than the cheap and big-can kinds.  
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Received Highest Award—World's Pure Food Exposition.

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**TRAPPER'S GUIDE FREE**  
100 Ways and Means of Trapping.  
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**Wool**

**MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT**  
Soothes and Heals, Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Sore Throats, Stings of Insects, Mashes, Torn Ligaments.  
Relieves the Aches and Pains incident to old age, such as Sciatica, Lumbago and Rheumatism.  
25c, 50c, \$1 a bottle at Drug & Gen'l Stores

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Women as well as men are made miserable by kidney and bladder trouble. Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, promptly relieves.  
Swamp-Root stands the highest for the reason that it has proved to be just the remedy needed in thousands upon thousands of even the most distressing cases. At druggists in 50c and \$1.00 sizes. You may have a sample bottle by mail free, also a pamphlet telling you about it. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N.Y.

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**PROSPECTUS** and other information in regard to Detective Service work will be sent upon application and receipt of 2c stamp for postage.

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**DROPSY TREATED.** Give quick relief, usually remove swelling and short breath in a few days and entire relief in 10-15 days trial treatment. FREE. DR. GUNTER'S SOFT, ROCK, ATLANTA, GA.

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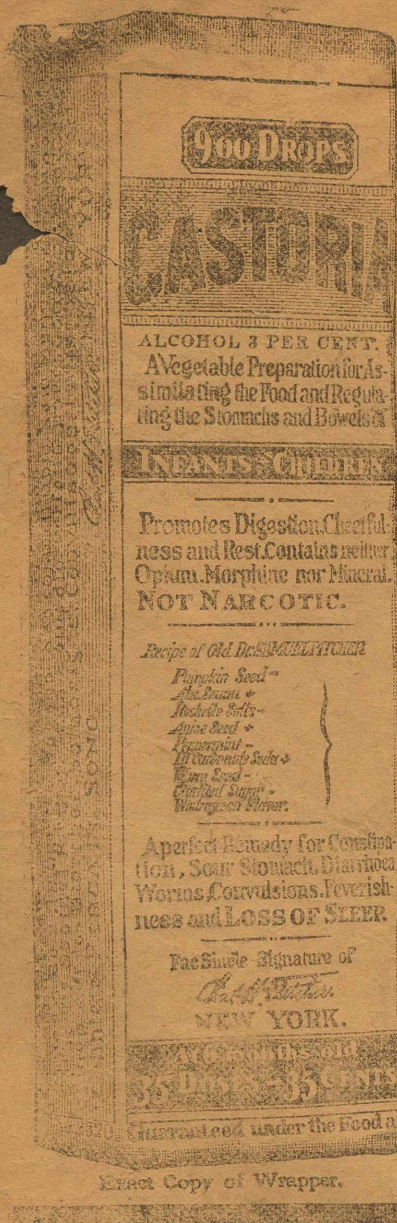
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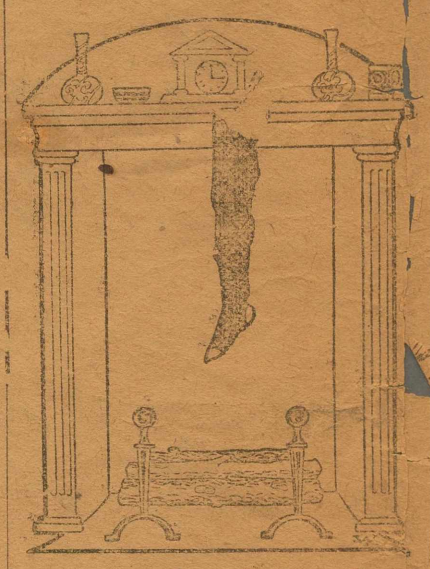




**CASTORIA**  
For Infants and Children.  
The Kind You Have Always Bought  
Bears the Signature of  
Use For Over Thirty Years  
**CASTORIA**

The News man has had his biggest sock hanging up all week and will continue to hang on next week yawning for Xmas gifts in the way of subscriptions. See the picture of our huge sock below. Hope to get it FULL!

**A FULL STOCKING**



At Christmas Time is a Good Thing.

But a full head during the rest of the year is better. You can fill your head with useful knowledge of the world's current history by subscribing for this newspaper and reading it regularly.

The big booster edition of the Naples Monitor by Laney is all coming to our desk.

Oil drill engine is fired up.

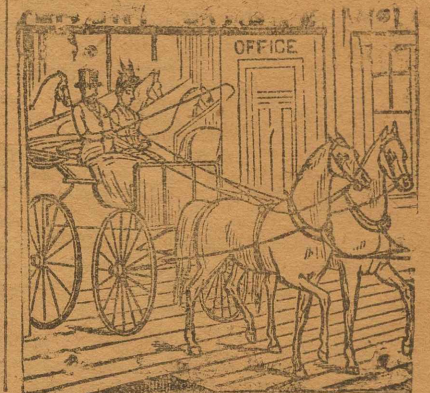
Oh the ground soaker—grain.

Send The News as a Xmas gift back yonder.

At operahouse, Dec 22, at night you will get a rich treat from home talent—our boys, girls and teachers. Everybody urged to attend.

For Sale—A \$50 scholarship in Draughon business college for \$20 if sold right away.

Knowing that you, dear readers, are always interested in opening for an interesting good year, we have taken to present for your approval what seems to be an excellent business proposition. Find out amount of stock wanted by you to form company for exploitation of the idea. Object is to operate a cat ranch. To start we will collect 100,000 cats. Each cat will average 12 kittens a year. The skins will sell for 10c for white and 75c for pure black and will have about 12,000,000 skins to sell, at average of 30c a piece, making our gross revenue about \$10,000.00 a day. A man can skin 50 cats a day. He will charge \$2.00 a day for his labor. It will take about 100 men to operate the ranch, therefore the net profit will be about \$9,000 a day. We will feed the cats on rats and will start a rat ranch adjoining cat ranch. The rats will multiply four times as fast as the cats, so if we start with 100,000 rats we will have four rats a day for each cat, which is plenty. We will feed the cats on rats and in turn will feed the rats on the skinned carcasses of the cats, thus giving each rat a fourth of a cat a day. It will thus be seen that the business will be self acting and automatic. The cats will eat the rats and the rats will eat the cats and we will get the skins.



**A wise old owl**

**The First National Bank**  
BELLEVUE, TEXAS  
Sidney Webb, President  
A. W. Melton, Vice-President  
L. B. Moore, Cashier.  
J. S. Hyatt, Assistant Cashier.

Said Shiftless Sam: "It easy enough to make money if you have money to make it with. I see chances every day to make money if I only had a little stake to start with, but a fellow that has no capital doesn't have a fair shake in this world."  
Said the Wise Owl: "You never will have a stake until you start. Stop your spending and try saving. Pinch out a little of your earning and start a bank account no matter how small. Add to it. The longer you put it off the longer opportunity will give you the cold shoulder." Which one was right, Sam or the Owl?

**BEGIN NOW**

**Cleaning and Pressing Clothes.**

Ladies' Suits Cleaned and Dyed.  
ORDERS SUITS  
**BILL SPRADLING.**  
Next door to barber shop  
BELLEVUE, TEXAS

**G. H. GOWAN & CO**  
**Real-Estate**  
Bellevue Texas  
List Your Land with Us for Quick Sales.

**Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA**

**THE SEMI-WEEKLY FARM NEWS**

Galveston and Dallas, Tex.  
The best newspaper and agricultural journal in the South. Contains more State, National and foreign news than any similar publication, the latest market reports, a strong editorial page and enjoys a reputation throughout the Nation for fairness in all matters. Specially edited departments for the farmer, the women and the children.

**THE FARMERS' FORUM**  
The special agricultural feature of The News consists chiefly of contributions of subscribers, whose letters in a practical way voice the sentiment and experience of its readers concerning matters of the farm, home and other subjects.

**THE CENTURY PAGE**  
Published once a week, is a magazine of ideas of the home, every one the contribution of a woman reader of The News about farm life and matters of general interest to women.

**THE CHILDREN'S PAGE**  
Published once a week and is filled with letters from the boys and girls who read the paper.

**RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION**  
One year, \$1.00; six months, 50c; three months, 25c, payable invariably in advance. Remit by postal or express money order, bank check or registered letter.

**SAMPLE COPIES FREE.**  
A. H. BELO & CO., Pubs., Galveston or Dallas, Tex.

**THE SEMI-WEEKLY NEWS AND THE The Bellevue News \$1.75 per year.**

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**The Wetsel Shop**

**I AM BACK** in the blacksmith work and am running the Wetsel shop, where I will always be glad to have all my old friends and many new ones come around and have first class work done. **ALL WORK GUARANTEED.**

**COGUE BRUNE**

**Brown & Shuford**  
South of Hotel  
Bran, Chops, Corn, Meal, and Flour

**WHOLESALE and RETAIL**

Phone 22 for good things to eat.

**McCConnell & Nichols**  
**Groceries**

**Headquarters for Vegetables and Fruits**

**McCConnell & Nichols**  
Bellevue, Texas.

**Before the FIRE or After.**

INSURANCE: Fire, Tornado and Lightning. Also, we represent the Largest Bonding Company in the United States. Stock of all kinds insured. Write Deeds and Contracts. Notary Public.

**J. K. GAULT & SON.**

Every family has need of a good reliable liniment. For sprains, bruises, soreness of muscles and rheumatic pains there is none better than Chamberlains. For sale by M. J. White druggist.

**J. I. Watters**  
The Particular Carpenter  
Phone 140  
The Contractor and Builder  
BELLEVUE TEXAS

**THE BELLEVUE NEWS**  
By C. W. BONER & CO.

**SUBSCRIPTION**  
One year \$1.00.  
Six months 50c.

Entered as second class mail matter November 23, 1906, at the post office of Bellevue, Texas, under the act of congress, March 3, 1879.

**PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY**  
at Bellevue, Clay County, Texas.  
Office of publication in rear of Bank

December 22, 1911.

The greatest Xmas blessing that could come to this country would be for the people to resolve to get out of debt and stay out. The credit system is all right when not abused, but it is the worst abused thing in this whole country. If you run in debt for a home or some interest producing property that will not depreciate in value or lie down and die, it is not so bad a deal; but to run in debt for stuff to be consumed is a policy that would bankrupt a Croesus. Good book says to owe no one anything but to love him. Excellent advice.

President Barrett of the National Farmers Union struck the key when he said that the farmers had better get to raising their necessities so they will be in a position to hold their cotton. This will beat all to hollow the Ousley New York banker plan or any other plan. It is impossible to practice much holding when the owner owes for necessities as much or more than the cotton is worth. Raise pork and peas, chickens and chops, fruit and fritters, butter and beans, vegetables and vinegar, buttermilk and bread, etcetera, then they can hold cotton until the grease and rust freeze on the spindles.

No News next week.

Farmer Bowen of Arlington is to edit and publish the Farmers Fireside and Bulletin for Texas Farmers Union, first number to appear Jan 3. Editor Bowen is the head, shoulders and pedals of the Journal there and he is a good 'n too, as is his paper, and also will be Farmer Bowen's new farm paper.



DEAR CHILDREN:

My headquarters for the coming Christmas will be at

**White's Drugstore**

There you will find samples of my Christmas gifts of all descriptions. Call and make your selections early. Please do not wait until the last day. You can make your selections now while the clerks have plenty time to wait on you. Wishing you all a merry Christmas, I am,

SANTA CLAUS.



WALTER PHELPS TOM FLINN  
**City Meat Market**  
 PHELPS & FLINN, Proprietors



**Fresh Meats**  
 Bologna, oil-d Ham,  
 Breakfast Bacon, Cheese  
 Mince Meat.  
 Highest Price Paid for Hides.  
 Buy and Sell Cattle.  
**Phone 83**

**SCHOOL**

**ENTERTAINMENT**

Friday Night, December 22  
 7:30 p. m., at Operahouse.  
 A TWO ACT COMEDY

**"THE HIGHER EDUCATION"**  
 followed by a cantata

**"THE LITTLE GYPSIES"**  
 by the students from music and expression dpts

ADMISSION 10c and 15c. Reserved seats  
 10c extra, on sale by Brown & Shuford

**Local Mention**

Office Phone **NO. 29**  
 Residence Phone **NO. 61**

Pete Wetsel was smiling with the boys here Saturday.

Mr Reeves of Haskell county rented the W T Nichols farm near Vashiti.

You will find the most extensive, most beautiful and useful line of

**JEWELRY**

at the White drugstore ever brought to this town. Call, see and buy.

Scott McConnell was doing Bowie last Friday.

Liquid smoke for your meat at McConnell & Nichols store.

J Emmet Gill, one of our best farmers south, was in and swapped a few with Bro Roaves and the hotair doper the other day.

Just received a complete line of current books of fiction and history at White's Drugstore.

Miss Allie Ship, one of our efficient teachers, enrolls as one of our subs.

See that attractive line of useful jewelry at White drugstore.

W A Phagan orders The News to his brother-in-law, W A Ferguson, at Claude.

Jewelry for everybody at the White drugstore.

S B Hodges of Vashiti checks us with KZ renewals.

Tom Bush made a map of the surveys leased by the Bellevue Oil & Gas Co.

Turn out enmasse to the school play Dec. 22 and thereby help a good work along.

Emmett Gill sold some fine turkeys here Monday.

Mr and Mrs J E C Smith and daughter, Miss Gerie, of near Belcher were in town during the week visiting and chatting old friends, the Robinsons, Neeleys, Hills and Boners.

Miss Inez Hamm of Henrietta was the guest of Misses Midge and Lorena Gorin over Sunday.

Mrs John Jeraud visited her sister, Mrs Cole, Sunday.

Harry C Build renews for a yr.

Miss Vera Douglass is at home from Hardin college in Mo. to spend the holidays with home-folks, as is also Hubert Spivey from Arlington academy.

Cogne Brune moved the Wetsel blacksmith shop to the Johnson wagon yard.

**Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA**

**Sweet Milk**  
 delivered to your door night or morning, in any quantity. Joe White.

**NOTICE.**  
 City taxes are now due and 10 per cent will be added after Jan. 31st, 1942.  
 J. W. Williamson,  
 Tax Collector.

**School Taxes.**

The school tax payers of the Bellevue Independent district are hereby urged to pay their school tax at once, as it is badly needed to run our school. Please do this today. A. G. Taylor, Collector.

Mrs Sudie Brown of Cresson town visited Dr and Mrs Crook on 4th west brook. Mr and Mrs G S Bass, Mr and Mrs Obas W Boner and Sylvester Karsteter were entertained Monday evening, the time being pleasantly spent in playing forty-two, eating angel cake, drinking chocolate, eating homemade candy, all interspersed with repartee. The evening was pleasantly spent in refined home. Mrs Brown left for home Tuesday with a list of new friends who remember her with pleasure. Mrs Brown is a friend of years of Dr and Mrs Crook.

Albert McCreary renews for his good wife.

J I Ballengee and family were Wednesday at Wadsworth dine.

Joe Melugin was in town Monday.

December 22 at



**Santa Claus Store**

Christmas buyers will find easy selection of **GIFTS** to please old and young —at—

**White's Drugstore**

Come and join the crowd of holiday buyers and give a gift that will be appreciated — have lots of them to pour out cheap.  
 M. J. White

**STAGG & GAULT**  
 Hardware and Furniture

**UNDERTAKERS**

Gas Light Fixtures and Stoves  
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\$25 Silver Service to be given away with Monarch Enamel-ware. Chance with every 25c purchase. Call and see the silver in its chest.

**Hodges & Harbison**

WHOLESALE and RETAIL

Grain, Feed, Flour  
 Staple and Fancy Groceries

Fuel  
 Coal

Highest cash price paid for country produce

Fuel  
 Coal

**ANNOUNCEMENT**

subject to the Democratic Primary  
 For County Commissioner, Precinct  
**J. H. CADENHEAD**

Remember the school entertainment Dec 22 at operahouse. Admission 10c an 15c, reserved seats 10c extra. Seats on sale at Brown & Shuford's.

Rev Finis A. Crutchfield, pastor of the Methodist church, broke the ice into our office Monday and started an acquaintance account which we hope will grow to a mutual big lump. He is a pleasant gentleman and full of energy. Bellevue is well hooked up on good preachers and all are welcome to break in on The News any old time, or sooner.

S A Banks of Bluegrove loaded his car here Wednesday for Henderson county.

**RAILROAD TIME TABLE.**

SOUTH BOUND.	
No. 8.....	Due 4:13 a. m.
No. 6.....	Due 7:41 a. m.
No. 2.....	Due 3:08 p. m.
No. 4.....	Due 1:43 p. m.
NORTH BOUND.	
No. 7.....	Due 1:07 a. m.
No. 3.....	Due 10:58 a. m.
No. 1.....	Due 12:35 p. m.
No. 5.....	Due 10:05 p. m.

J. T. SHELTON, Agent.

**SPECIAL NOTICE**



This is the season of the year to do your building and painting, because the air is dry and the wood much more free from moisture. Let us estimate your lumber and paint bills.

**LYON & MATTHEWS CO**

Builders Material  
 Sherwin-Williams Paints and Varnishes  
 "The Best Is Always Cheapest"  
**PHONE 27**

**The Farmers Wagon Yard**

**M. A. JOHNSON, Prop'r**

Plenty stalls, plenty water, every thing sanitary. New Yard. Come to see how nice the yard.

DRAY AND TRANSFER Deliver Trunks Day or Night  
 Phone 107, Bellevue, Texas.

**J. S. NICHOLS**  
**The Real Estate Man**  
 NO DEAL TOO LARGE OR TOO SMALL FOR ME  
 I Have Made More Land Sales in the Last Year Than Any Other One Man in Clay County, Tex.  
**GIVE ME YOUR BUSINESS BELLEVUE, TEXAS**





# KEITH OF THE BORDER

A TALE OF THE PLAINS  
By RANDALL PADDISH  
AUTHOR OF MY LADY OF THE SOUTH  
WHEN WILDERNESS WAS KING ETC.  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY DEARBORN MELVILLE



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

### SYNOPSIS.

Jack Keith, a Virginian, now a border plainsman, is riding along the Santa Fe trail on the lookout for roaming war parties of savages. He notices a camp fire at a distance and then sees a team attached to wagon and at full gallop pursued by men on ponies. When Keith reaches the wagon the raiders have massacred two men and departed. He searches the victims finding papers and a locket with a woman's portrait. He resolves to hunt down the culprits. He is arrested at Carson City, charged with the murder, his accuser being a ruffian named Black Bart. He goes to jail fully realizing the peril of swift border justice. A companion in his cell is a negro, who tells him he is Neb and that he knew the Keith family back in Virginia. Neb says one of the murdered men was John Sibley, the other Gen. Willis Waite, formerly an officer in the Confederate army. The plainsman and Neb escape from the cell, and later the two fugitives become lost in the sand desert. They come upon a cabin and find its lone occupant to be a young girl, whom Keith recognizes as a singer he saw at Carson City. The girl explains that she came there in search of a brother who had deserted from the army. A Mr. Hawley induced her to come to the cabin while he sought to locate her brother. Hawley appears, and Keith in hiding recognizes him as Black Bart. Hawley tries to make love to the girl. There is a terrible battle in the darkened room in which Keith overcomes Black Bart. Hawley is appropriated, and the girl who says that her name is Hope joins in the escape. Keith explains his situation and the fugitives make for Fort Laramie, where the girl is left with the hotel landlady. Miss Hope tells that she is the daughter of General Waite. Keith and Neb drift into Sheridan, where Keith meets an old friend, Dr. Fairbank.

### CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

"You say there was no trace?"  
"Nothing to travel on after forty-eight hours—a posse started out next morning, soon as they found him—when they got back they reported having run the fellows as far as Cimmaron Crossing—there they got across and escaped."  
"Who led the posse?"  
"A man called Black, I think," he said.

"Black Bart?"  
"Yes, that's the name; so, I reckon you didn't bury Willis Waite this time, Captain. You wouldn't have thought he was a dead one if you had heard him swear while he was telling the story—it did him proud; never heard him do better since the second day at Gettysburg—had his ear shot off then, and I had to fix him up—Lord, but he called me a few things."

Keith sat silent, fully convinced now that the doctor was telling the truth, yet more puzzled than ever over the peculiar situation in which he found himself involved.

"What brought the General up here?" he questioned, finally.  
"I haven't much idea," was the reply. "I don't think I asked him directly. I wasn't much interested. There was a hint dropped, however, now you speak about it. He's kept after those papers, and doesn't feel satisfied regarding the report of the posse. It's my opinion he's trailing after Black Bart."

The dining-room was thinning out, and they were about the only ones left at the tables. Keith stretched himself, looking around.  
"Well, Doctor, I am very glad to have met you again, and to learn Waite is actually alive. This is a rather queer affair, but will have to work itself out. Anyway, I am too dead tired tonight to hunt after clues in midst of this babel. I've been in the saddle most of the time for a week, and have got to find a bed."

"I reckon you won't discover such a thing here," drily. "Get seven in a room upstairs, and others corded along the hall. Better share my cell—only thing to do."  
"That would be asking too much—I can turn in at the corral with Neb; I've slept in worse places."  
"Couldn't think of it, Keith," and the doctor got up. "Besides, you sleep at night, don't you?"  
"Usually, yes," the other admitted.  
"Then you won't bother me any—no doctor sleeps at night in Sheridan; that's our harvest time. Come on, and I'll show you the way. When morning comes I'll rout you out and take my turn."

Keith had enjoyed considerable experience in frontier hotels, but nothing before had ever quite equalled this, the pride of Sheridan. The product of a mushroom town, which merely existed by grace of the temporary railway terminus, it had been hastily and flimsily constructed, so it could be transported elsewhere at a moment's notice. Every creak of a bed echoed from wall to wall. The thin partitions often failed to reach the ceiling by a foot or two, and the slightest noise aroused the entire floor. And there was noise of every conceivable kind, in plenty, from the glare of a hand at the Pioneer Dance Hall opposite, to the energetic cursing of the cook in the rear. A discordant din of voices surged up from the street below—laughter, shouts, the shrieks of women, a rattle of dice, an occasional pistol shot, and the continuous yelling of industrious "barkers." There was no safety anywhere. An exploding revolver in No. 47 was quite likely to disturb the peaceful slumbers of the innocent occupant of No. 15, and every sound of quarrel in the thronged bar-room below caused the lodger to curl up in momentary expectation of a stray bullet coursing toward him



"Oh, You Mean Hope? Do You Know Her?"

through the floor. With this to trouble him, he could lie there and hear everything that occurred within and without. Every creak, stamp, and snore was faithfully reported; every curse, blow, snarl re-echoed to his ears. Inside was hell; outside was Sheridan.

Wearied, and half dead, as Keith was, sleep was simply impossible. He heard heavy feet tramping up and down the hall; once a drunken man endeavored vainly to open his door; not far away there was a scuffle, and the sound of a body falling down stairs. In some distant apartment a fellow was struggling to draw off his tight boots, skipping about on one foot amid much profanity. That the boot conquered was evident when the man crawled into the creaking bed, announcing defiantly, "If the landlord wants them boots off, let him come an' pull 'em off." Across the hall was a rattle of chips, and the voices of several men, occasionally raised in anger. Now and then they would stamp on the floor as an order for liquid refreshments from below. From somewhere beyond, the long-drawn melancholy howl of a distressed dog greeted the rising moon.

Out from all this pandemonium Keith began to unconsciously detect the sound of voices talking in the room to his left. In the lull of obstructing sound a few words reached him through the slight open space between wall and ceiling.  
"Hell, Bill, what's the use goin' out again when we haven't the price?"  
"Oh, we might find Bart somewhere, and he'd stake us. I guess I know enough to make him loosen up. Come on, I'm goin'."  
"Not me; this town is too near Fort Hays; I'm liable to run into some of the fellows."

A chair scraped across the floor as Bill arose to his feet; evidently from the noise he had been drinking, but Keith heard him lift the latch of the door.  
"All right, Willoughby," he said, thickly, "I'll try my luck, an' if I see Bart I'll tell him yer here. So long." He shuffled along the hall and went, half sliding, down stairs, and Keith distinguished the click of glass and bottle in the next room. He was sitting up in bed now, wide awake, obsessed with a desire to investigate. The reference overheard must have been to Hawley, and if so, this Willoughby, who was afraid of meeting soldiers from the fort, would be the deserter Miss Hope was seeking. There could be no harm in making sure, and he slipped into his clothes, and as silently as possible, unlatched his door. There was a noisy crowd at the farther end of the hall, and the sound of some one laboriously mounting the stairs. Not desiring to be seen, Keith slipped swiftly toward the door of the other room, and tried the latch. It was unfastened, and he stepped quietly within, closing it behind him.

Jack Keith." No expression of recognition came into the face of the other, and Keith added curtly, "Shall we talk?"

There was a moment's silence, and then Willoughby swung his feet over the edge of the bed onto the floor.  
"Fire away," he said shortly, "until I see what the game is about."

### CHAPTER XVIII.

Interviewing Willoughby.  
Coolly, yet without in the least comprehending how best to proceed, Keith drew toward him the only chair in the room, and sat down. Miss Hope—more widely known as Christie MacLaire—had claimed this drunken lad as her brother, but, according to Hawley, he had vehemently denied any such relationship. Yet there must be some previous association between the two, and what this was the plainsman proposed to discover. The problem was how best to cause the fellow to talk frankly—could he be reached more easily by reference to the girl or the gambler? Keith studying the sullen, obstinate face confronting him, with instinctive antagonism over his intrusion, swiftly determined on the girl.

"It was not very nice of me to come in on you this way," he began, apologetically, "but you see I happened to know your sister."

"My sister? Oh, I guess not!"  
"Yes, but I do," throwing a confidence into his tone he was far from feeling, "Miss Hope and I are friends."

The boy sprang to his feet, his face flushed.  
"Oh, you mean Hope? Do you know her? Say, I thought you were giving me that old gag about Christie MacLaire."

"Certainly not; who is she?"  
"That's more than I know; fellow came to me at Carson, and said he'd met my sister on a stage west of Popoka. I knew he was lying, because she's home over in Missouri. Finally, I got it out of him that she claimed to be my sister, but her name was MacLaire. Why, I don't even know her, and what do you suppose she ever picked me out for her brother for?"

He was plainly puzzled, and perfectly convinced it was all a mistake. That his sister might have left home since he did and drifted West under some other name, apparently never occurred to him, as possible, or as a natural, considering the explanation, and nothing entering the lad's loyalty. Faith in his sister might yet save him.

"Perhaps the fellow who told you," hazarded blithely, speaking the first thought which came to his mind, "had some reason to desire to make you think this MacLaire girl was your sister."  
The suggestion caused him to laugh at first; then his face suddenly sobered, as though a new thought had occurred to him.

"Damn me, no, it couldn't be that," he exclaimed, one hand pressing his forehead. "He couldn't be workin' no trick of that kind on me."  
"Whom do you mean?"  
"A fellow named Hawley," evasively.  
"The man who claimed to have met my sister?"  
"Black Bart' Hawley?"  
The boy lifted his head again, his eyes filled with suspicion.

"Yes, if you must know; he's a gambler all right, but he's stuck to me when I was down and out. You know him?"  
(TO BE CONTINUED.)



### Merely Obeyed the Rules

How the Late Tom Johnson, in Early Life, Squirreled Out of Very Tight Place.

When the late Tom Johnson started in life he drove a horse car in Indianapolis.  
One night there was a big storm of sleet and snow and the tracks were almost hidden. Johnson was on the night shift, and in the storm he drove his car two blocks beyond a curve before he realized the car was off the tracks and slipping along on the ice.  
He tried to pull the car back and failed. Thereupon he unhitched the horses, drove them back to the barn and left the car where it was.  
Next day the superintendent called him. "Here, Johnson," he said, "what do you mean by driving a car off the track and then leaving it in the street?"  
"Why," Johnson replied, suavely,

"that's in the rules for drivers, and conductors."  
"In the rules for drivers and conductors?" roared the superintendent. "Where'd I like to know?"  
"Certainly," replied Johnson. "It says always to be polite to passengers. Do you remember the kind of a night last night was? Well, there was a lady on my car who didn't have an umbrella and she lived two blocks from that curve. So I drove her home."—Saturday Evening Post.  
No Elevator to Success.  
There are men who crowd about the push-button of an elevator, instead of taking kindly to the steep stairs of success and they will never get there or anywhere else.  
Be sure you are right and then go ahead. Don't turn around to see if your neighbors are looking.

### ORDER HE COULDN'T DISOBEY

What Was Poor Darcy to Do When "Old St. Luke Himself" Gave Directions.

The venerable rector of St. Luke's has a saintly and apostolic appearance. He also has decided opinions of his own on most matters and is not averse to expressing them. Recently, unknown to him, the vestry decided to have the next supply of coal for the church put in a different cellar from the one commonly used. When the coal was delivered the rector, seeing the drayman making what he thought was a mistake in its disposal, interposed and in no certain terms bade the drayman place the coal in the cellar always used for that purpose.  
The senior warden several days later was much annoyed to discover that his orders had been disregarded and that the coal was in the same old cellar. With wrath in his eye he complained to the coal dealer. The latter declared that he had carefully explained to the drayman where to put the coal, so to settle the matter the drayman was called up.  
"Sam, you black rascal," thundered the coal man, "didn't I tell you to put that coal for St. Luke's in the cellar opening on Fourth street?"  
"Yassah."  
"Mr. Smith tells me you didn't do it. Why can't you carry out my orders?"  
The drayman grinned sheepishly, hesitated, scratched his head. "Well, boss, you see, I done started to put dat coal when you tole me—yassah, I done started—an' ole St. Luke himself he come out and gimme fits about it."—Harper's Magazine.

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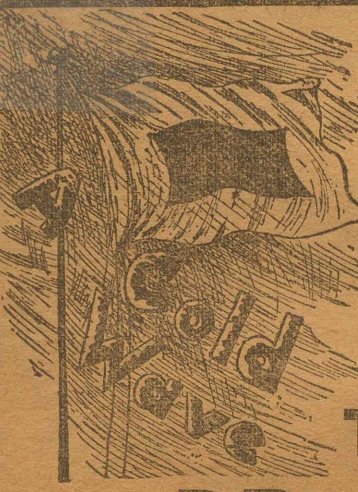
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The quicker a cold is gotten rid of the less the danger from pneumonia and other serious diseases. Mr. B. W. L. Ball of Waverly, Va., says: "I firmly believe Chamberlains Cough Remedy to be absolutely the best preparation on the market for coughs. I have recommended it to my friends and they all agree with me." For sale by M. J. White druggist.

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Special Office, 635 P St., Washington, D. C.

## The Damage Suit Industry

The following editorial that appeared in the Waco Morning News of November 26 presents a timely topic:

Of late the press of Texas had considerable to say, relative to "The Damage Suit Industry." Out of all the discussion that has taken place three truths have become evident. First, sworn statistics furnished the Texas Railroad Commission show the Texas railroads pay a greater amount in damages than any other state in the union and about four or five times as much as is the average for the entire United States. Second, that every dollar paid out by railroads in settlement for personal injuries is in turn collected by the railroads back from the people of Texas in the form of higher freight rates. Third, through the enactment of a fair and just compulsory compensation law by the state of Texas not less than a million dollars a year could be saved the shippers of Texas.

In the first count here given, The Waco Morning News has only an academic interest. The Waco Morning News is for a square deal every time as well as boosting. If the amounts paid out by Texas railroads in settlement of damage suits is fair, then the amounts paid out in every state in the union are too low. In the second and third counts The Waco Morning News has a vital interest, even a selfish interest. It is opposed to wastage in every form. It believes in the best possible service being given by the railroads at the least possible cost. As long as over a million dollars a year is now wasted—that is paid by the people of Texas for injuries received by those hurt by Texas railroads and goes to those to those not injured in the least—freight rates can not be

lowered, nor can the service given by Texas roads be improved. The Waco Morning News holds no brief to defend Texas railroads, but as long as \$2.50 is taken from every \$100 freight bill and passenger-fares collected by railroads to meet these damage suit payments, The Waco Morning News is contributing its full share to meet these payments.

Why not enact a law that will give to those injured 100 cents of every dollar collected in satisfaction of personal injuries instead of forcing these to turn over one third to three fifths of the amount collected to some lawyer? Not only would such a law prevent waste but it would prevent the kind of "padding" which is a subject worth thinking about. Suppose you put on your thinking cap, Mr. Citizen, and study it a bit.

When you have a cold get a bottle of Chamberlains Cough Remedy. It will soon fix you up all right and will ward off any tendency toward pneumonia. This remedy contains no opium or other narcotic and may be given as confidently to a baby as to an adult. Sold by M. J. White, druggist.

## Mebane Cotton Seed

I want to sell about 500 bushels Improved Mebane cottonseed of my own raising. Average gin receipt in News office shows 1440 pounds seed cotton made 500 lb. bale will run a pound lint to 60 bales. See sample in this office. Price of seed \$1.00 per bushel. E. O. L. Granger, Texas.

W. M. PYLE

R. 2 D. 1, Circleville, Texas.

"I had been troubled with constipation for two years and tried all of the best physicians in Bristol, Tenn., and they could do nothing for me," writes Thos. E. Williams, Middleboro, Ky. "Two packages of Chamberlains Stomach and Liver Tablets cured me." For sale by M. J. White druggist.

**Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA**

## NOTICE!

Attention is called to the ordinance prohibiting the firing of any kind of firework in the limits described as follows: N. Front street, (depot) to 6th street, (S. side lumber yard) and Ross St., (East Methodist church) to King St., (east Presbyterian church.) Ordinance passed and approved by Mayor Dec. 2nd 1910. Anyone violating this law will be fined not less than \$1 nor more than \$100. Attest  
W. T. McNeill, Mayor.

## Cumberland News

W. J. Walker, Pastor.  
Preaching 2nd and 4th Sunday, 11 and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 9:45; W. J. McConnell, Supt.  
Prayer meeting Tuesday night.  
The Woman's Missionary Society meets at 8 o'clock on Monday after each second and fourth Sunday.  
Mrs. T. S. Sowell Pres.

## Baptist News

W. P. Meroney, Pastor.  
Regular preaching every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Conference Saturday night before first Sunday. Sunday school 9:45; A. W. Melton, Supt. Teachers' meeting Monday night.  
Mid-week prayer-meeting 7:30 Thursday night.  
Woman's Mission Society Monday 8 p. m. after 1st and 3rd Sunday. Mrs. J. B. Ford, President.  
Young Peoples Union meets Sunday at 6 p. m. C. H. Melton President. George Welch, Secretary.

Pastor Meroney preached out of the ordinary for the Baptist flock Sunday, at eleven, preaching a timely, suggestive, deeply impressive illustrated sermon on "The Blood" to the children collected in a group on front seats. He preached on the "Wages of Sin" at evening hour.

The Baptists will grade their Sunday school first Sunday in January; this will affect the classes of the primary and junior departments, ages, from 16 years down.

When your feet are wet and cold and your body coiled through and through from exposure take a big dose of Chamberlains Cough Remedy bath your feet in hot water before going to bed and you are always most certain to ward off a severe cold. For sale by M. J. White druggist.

## Methodist News

Finis A. Crutchfield, Pastor.  
Preaching each Sunday at the usual hours. Sunday school at 9:45. W. F. Manning, superintendent. Prayer meeting, Wednesday evening. All are invited to attend these services. Teachers' meeting 3:30 Sunday.  
Woman's Home Mission Society meets Monday afternoon at three o'clock.  
Mrs. Jim Green, President.  
Mrs. R. T. Gowan, Secretary.

Pastor Crutchfield preached as usual interesting sermons both hours for the Methodist Sunday.

## The Lodges

W. O. W. meets in own hall on every Saturday night.  
Joe Dixon, Consul Commander.  
E. L. Fox, Clerk.

I. O. O. F. meets every Monday night in its own hall.  
T. C. Burnam, N. G.  
LaFayette Walters, Secretary.

A. F. & A. M. meets Saturday night on or before full moon.  
N. T. Gaines, W. M.  
M. J. White, Sec.


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