

Canyon City News.

VOL VII.

CANYON CITY, RANDALL CO., TEXAS, FRIDAY, JANUARY 15, 1904.

NO. 44.

A LESSON IN FARMING.

How Bill Jones Got Some
Sense Into Himself.

"Ah, there comes a load of cotton from my farm," I must go and see it sold," remarked Bill Forbes, who had been whittling a dry goods box on the corner of Main and Esplanade streets for nearly three hours without missing a single expectation of tobacco juice every fifteen minutes during that time. "I ain't raised more'n a bale to twenty acres," he said to Cotton Buyer Jones, who stood near, "and believe I'll have to quit the business; there's no money in farming no more and I don't know what to do to make a living."

"Hello, there comes neighbor Schmidt with his wagon full of eggs, butter, chickens and truck. That fellow," continued Forbes, "is always selling something and I wonder how he does it? I can't find time to do anything but look after my cotton, and I ain't making anything out of it either. I owe now for my last year's supply and it looks like I'll never be able to pay out."

"Haven't you got any corn, hogs or anything else to sell?" asked Cotton Buyer Jones.

"Why, bless you, no! Didn't I just tell you it took all my time to look after my cotton and attend to my business in town. I must come to town every day for something or other. I tell you it's a big job to look after things on my place. It's no small job to raise 100 acres of cotton, and I won't make over ten bales, either."

"What's Schmidt done this year?" asked Jones, who had just bought a bale of cotton and came back just in time to ask this question as Forbes made his fifth expectation.

"Schmidt? Why he as made six bales on ten acres, and how in the world he done it I'm blessed if I know. He's always a working it and doing something in the field. They tell me he picks up the squares and even gathers the weed by hand. Would I do such work?" he asked in reply to Jones' question. "Thunder, no! I would not have time to go over my big patch with such monkey business. It's all I can do to plow it twice. It takes me half a day to come to town, and when I get home I'm busy till dark looking after things in general."

"How does Schmidt manage to sell eggs, hogs, truck, etc.?" asked Jones.

"Well, that knocks me," replied Forbes. "They say his old lady looks after the chickens, eggs, butter, etc., and the boys raise the truck, feed the hogs and work in the cotton. My old lady has no time to fool with chickens, butter, etc. Fact of the matter is, I have no cows, hogs and chickens, as I'm too busy to get interested in such stuff. Perhaps if I did she would get interested, too. The boys? Oh, they are monkeying around here and there. They don't seem to take no interest in anything, and when night comes they are off on a frolic of some kind. They say Schmidt gives his boys an interest in the profit of the farm, and even buys them books and such things to read at night. This sort of doings is new to me; looks like foolishness."

"You say Schmidt pays all his grocery bills in truck, etc.?" asked Forbes of Jones. "Yes," replied the latter, "the merchants tell me he never asks for credit, and has a bank account."

"Well, that beats me," replied Forbes. "I couldn't establish a bank account to save my life," and as he spoke another big gob of tobacco juice made the sidewalk look like a section of a barnyard in wet weather."

"Say, Jones, what do you think?" said Forbes to the cotton buyer the next day. "I went home and talked the matter we were speaking of yesterday with my wife. She said she would be glad to look after chickens, butter, etc., and the boys were tickled to death over a chance to

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A Total Value of \$2.00

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It is the brightest, choicest and most entertaining home and family magazine published. In quality and amount of reading matter, beautiful illustrations, fine printing and excellent paper and practical departments it surpasses all other Home Magazines.

It is taken and read in upward of a half-million homes.

Farm And Fireside

IT IS THE BEST FARM JOURNAL The various editors are each and all practical people actually following the lines concerning which they write. They have no fine-spun theories to exploit, but write from the experience which they have had and are having every day. They give experience, not experiment, and what they recommend can be relied upon.

Fiction—For the benefit of those who enjoy fiction there will be issued a series of interesting stories, strictly pure and selected with the greatest care.

The Household Department—which is edited by Mrs. Lida Keck-Wiggins, will contain many interesting and helpful articles from some of the best writers on all details of house-keeping and home-making.

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CANYON CITY NEWS.

earn a few times. John actually got down an old story book he had found somewhere and said he believed he would read a little and not go with neighbor Smith's boy on a coon hunt that night. Bless me, if I don't believe I have solved the problem. I will rustle up a cow or two and look after my chickens closer, plant only 50 acres in cotton and make arrangements with my merchant to settle my account later on. He said he would be glad to take all the produce I could bring him; in fact, was short of eggs and would give me 12 1-2 cents a dozen for 100 dozen at that moment. He also could take all the chickens I could bring him at \$2.50 per dozen. I had no idea there was such a demand for truck. To me it appeared that cotton was the only thing that would sell. Why, it is a fact Schmidt sold two bushels of tomatoes the other day for \$1. I never heard of such things growing here in October."

An Actress' Valuable Jewels.

An actress now playing in London wears about \$73,000 worth of diamonds every evening. She owns jewels worth \$250,000 altogether, including a five-roped pearl necklace said to be exceeded in value only by a similar decoration possessed by Queen Alexandra. The jewels owned by the player in question are kept in a bank, a man from which brings them to the theater and takes them back at each performance.

Proving It.

Eleonor—I detest Elizabeth. She is the most disagreeable girl I ever knew.

Winifred—I have very little acquaintance with her.

"The less you have to do with her the better you will like her. Well, so long; I must be traveling."

"Where are you going?"

"Oh, I'm going over to Elizabeth's, to invite her to my party."

Murders in London.

Within the metropolitan police district of London, which comprises 688 square miles and has a population of 6,500,000 there were committed last year only twenty murders. In four cases the murderers committed suicide. In all the others the murderers were discovered and arrested by the police. Thirteen of them were tried by the courts within the same year, and nine of them were hanged and four were adjudged insane. What disposition was made of the other three is not stated in the report before us. The statistics are important in that they show much fewer capital crimes in that vast population than would be presumed to occur. No American large city can show a similar good record. In other respects they are exemplary, as in the fact that the perpetrators of all the murders were secured, or, at all events, discovered; that they were promptly tried and promptly punished when found guilty. The police force in London consists of 14,476 officers and men, with an annual pay roll of about \$7,000,000. But it is not in politics, a fact that may account for its efficiency in dealing with great criminals. London by this showing would appear to be a safer place to live in than any American large city.

When Loubet Retires.

M. Abel Combarien, secretary general to President Loubet of France, is quoted as saying in a recent interview: "At the expiration of the period of seven years for which he was elected, the president will step back into the ranks. He is a plain citizen, whom the people have raised to office for a given time, but he would consider it contrary to the spirit of the constitution for him to take advantage of his present position in order to secure re-election."

A Woman Teacher Preached.

Rev. E. B. Saunders, pastor of the Seventh Day Baptist church of Shiloh, N. J., was taken suddenly ill one Saturday and members of the congregation were at a loss for some one to act as substitute. The church was well filled when Miss Mary Dixon, a popular teacher in the public school there, walked up into the pulpit and delivered an excellent sermon. So acceptably did Miss Dixon preach that her many friends are advising her to abandon her profession as school teacher and enter the ministry.

Rockefeller Jr., on Baptism.

The Sunday school class conducted by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., at the Fifth Avenue Baptist church attracts an increasing audience each week, many being drawn less by a curious interest in a millionaire's expounder of Holy Writ than a certainty of its novel interpretation. The other day, for example, Mr. Rockefeller took a fall out creeds, saying: "You may think me unorthodox and I know I am treading upon delicate ground, but I want to ask in perfect candor: Can any one group of Christians afford to say to a fellow Christian, 'Thou must be immersed in baptism, not simply sprinkled?' And can any one group of Christians say to a fellow Christian, 'Thou shalt not partake with me of the Lord's supper, our sacrament?'"

Helen Keller Is a Class Officer.

Miss Helen Keller, the blind deaf mute, has just been elected vice president of the senior class at Radcliffe college, the woman's department of Harvard. She is pursuing four full courses, two in English and two in Latin. She has thus far passed all her examinations with as much credit as if she had all her faculties and is accomplished more in scholarship than any other person in the world so handicapped.

Freeman's Estimate of Froude.

Hannis Taylor, in his argument before the Alaskan boundary commission, told a story of Edward A. Freeman, the English historian, whom he knew well. On one occasion, when dining with him at a hotel in St. Louis, Mr. Taylor innocently asked him: "Mr. Freeman, what is your estimate of Froude as a historian?" Sad Mr. Taylor: "He looked at me in a strange kind of way, and then he replied: 'I will tell you what I think about Froude. If ever you read anything he writes, read it with care; read it over and over and over again, and fix it in your mind so that you will never forget it, for then you will know one thing for certain, and that is that by no possibility did it ever happen in that way.'"

When Wealth Has No Charms.

Fred—There are times when I care nothing for riches—when I would not so much as put forth a hand to receive millions.

Kittie—Indeed! That must be when you are tired of the world and its struggles and vanities—when your soul yearns for higher and nobler things. Is it not?

"N-no, you are wrong."

"Then when is it?"

"When I'm sleeping like a log."

American Ingenuity Shelved Books.

Andrew Carnegie had the pleasure last week of witnessing the opening of the scholastic year at the University of Edinburgh, when that famous institution of learning availed itself of the Carnegie trust, which has materially improved its equipment. A New York firm was selected for the work of putting 400,000 books into a space designed for half that number. This was accomplished by making all the shelves and cases of the best American sheet steel one-sixteenth of an inch thick.

IN COMMENCING THE NEW YEAR

We entered it with the determination to inaugurate special sales from time to time, the advantage of which we hope will accrue to our customers. We positively will not be undersold, either here or anywhere else on the Plains, the proof of which assertion can only be ascertained by you giving us a fair trial. The approaching change of season naturally suggests that the time is ripe for clearance sales and we respectfully invite your attention to some prices on winter goods that are sure to please. In stocking our store for a severe winter and with it an anticipation of a heavy demand for warmth-producing clothing, we are naturally overloaded on some lines and will dispose of them to your profit in order to make ready for spring.

LADIES' DRESS GOODS--We have remarkably great values in Ladies' Dress Goods and our reputation for "selling the best" is nowhere better exemplified than in this department. A few pieces of 58-inch Zibeline and Broadcloth patterns that will sell at the bargain price of 90c and 80c per yd. A few pieces of 40-inch wide material, same grade as above, at 65c per yd.

NOVELTY SUITING--This season's prettiest designs, in one of the staple, popular-priced dress fabrics, always in good demand, as fine looking as the best of woolen goods. A staple suiting that sells all the year around in large stores at 75c, to go in this sale at the low price of 55c per yd. All 50c and 25c worsted goods go at 35c and 15c. In this department we also have some special values in French Flannels.

SHAWLS AND FASCINATORS--We have priced all of our shawls and fascinators so close to cost for this sale that there is no reason why we should not sell double the quantity we usually sell.

LADIES' SWEATERS--Fine quality worsted; strictly all wool; shaped waist; fashioned, perfect fitting. The regular \$5 grade; each \$39.50.

We earnestly desire that you study our PRICES, and, better still, come in and see the goods for yourself, and COMPARE them with those of other firms. Business etiquette forbids us making any direct comparisons ourselves, so we are compelled to depend upon the intelligence of our trade to distinguish the difference. We cater to a thinking element with honest goods and up-right methods.

LADIES' UNDERWEAR--This department contains a full line of carefully selected goods for winter wear, in Ladies, Misses and children's sizes, and we will make a special effort to give the limit of value.

CHILDREN'S CLOAKS--In sizes 8 to 12 and 2, 3 and 4 years, will go at prices that will make you think that if we were dealing in cloaks exclusively, it would be utterly impossible to sell these garments at as low a price as we are selling them.

BLANKETS--Fine values here, cotton, all wool, or wool mixed, it does not matter which, they are all picked from the best stock and we know what our customers on the Plains want in this article.

MEN'S UNDERWEAR--We reserve nothing in our men's and boy's underwear, wool and cotton; they must go.

CLOTHING--Probably the greatest values of this sale will be in this department. We will leave absolutely no doubt in your mind that you are not getting your money's worth. Men's and Boy's suits that have been selling at \$12, \$10 and \$8, now sell at \$8, \$6 and \$5.50.

FELT BOOTS--Some good values in this article for freighters and stockmen; also a full line of over-shoes, medium and Arctic, for ladies.

We would also have you remember that our grocery department is at all times complete and would also have you bear in mind that nothing but fresh, standard goods are handled. Everything in this department sells every day at a small margin of profit.

CANYON MERCANTILE COMPANY.

CANYON CITY NEWS. (THE STAYER.)

GEO. A. BRANDON, Prop.
WALTER R. BRANDON, Editor.

A Weekly newspaper devoted to the interests of Randall county and published at office on West Evelyn St. Canyon City, every Friday.

Papers sent out of the county promptly discontinued at expiration of time paid for.

SUBSCRIPTION.
One Year, \$1.00
Six months, .50

Announcement Rates.

POSITIVELY IN ADVANCE.
District Offices \$10.00
County Offices 5.00
Precinct Offices 5.00
Please don't ask for credit on announcements.

Announcements.

COUNTY TICKET.
For County and District Clerk, Randall County, subject to action of Democratic nominating convention, if such be held:

L. J. SCOTT.
J. A. TATE.

For Tax Assessor, of Randall county, subject to Democratic nominating convention if such be held:

C. H. HITCHCOCK,
P. H. YOUNG,
J. T. JOWELL.

There is nothing new to report on the brick yard proposition.

Hereford is to have a cotton gin this fall.

From all reports a considerable acreage of cotton will be planted in Deaf Smith county this year.

The opening of the Russia-Japan war would add materially to the value of cattle in this country.

As little as may be said about it there is nothing on the farm or stock ranch in which there is more money than the raising of good horses or mules.

There is every likelihood of cotton remaining around the ten cent mark for several years to come and there is money in it to the planter at this price.

Next Saturday is the day appointed for those interested in the growing of cotton in this county to meet at the Court House.

R. W. O'Keefe started to his ranch in Lamb and Bailey counties Tuesday to see after his cattle interests.

Have you paid your poll tax? The 31st day of this month is the last day of grace for those who have not complied with the new rules governing the right of franchise.

Wanted--50 or 75 head of two and three year old heifers. Spring delivery.

J. L. PERDUE,
Canyon City, Texas.

"Hello, John! Who do you think you should buy grain from, now that it is so low?" "Why, from the man that put it down to where people could live and buy it, of course," said John. M. M. Wesley is the man who revolutionized grain prices. See him at the "pool hall."

The chickens advertised for sale in last Friday's News were all sold by Saturday.

Estray Notice.

Taken up as an estray by W. T. Lofland, post office Canyon City, Randall county, Texas, and estrayed before W. J. Redfearn, Justice of the Peace, said Canyon City, on the 17th day of December, 1903, one roan horse, about 15 hands high ten or twelve years old, branded A with a half circle over it and gear marked and appraised at \$10.

J. H. Garrison,
Clerk. Co. Court.

By C. N. Harrison, Dep.

Lost--At the Canyon City stock yards, about 1st of Oct., while shipping calves, one black, white-faced cow, branded A on left hip, J B L on left side. The calf of this cow was shipped from the yards and it is believed that the cow wandered off in search of it. Finder will please notify

W. I. LOFLAND.

The people of Canyon City were paying \$1.40 per cwt for corn and other grain at proportionate prices, until M. M. Wesley demonstrated to the satisfaction of all that it could be sold for less. See him at the old pool hall for price.

The Fort Worth Record of Tuesday is authority for the statement that the Denver people have not yet reached an agreement with the Santa Fe for the erection of a new depot at Amarillo.

The "Denver Road" has recently contracted for a 3000 foot well at Childress--expecting to get artesian water. The water supply at present is being hauled from Wichita. Canyon City could supply them easily.

Grandma Stephens, mother of Congressman J. H. Stephens, died at the home of her son-in-law, Dr. N. W. Cunningham, at Amarillo, Monday morning at 5:30 o'clock.

Monday evening the weather man threatened us with a snow storm, but Tuesday dawned bright and clear. W. C. Baird says he has lived in the Panhandle a long time and has never yet known the weather indicator get a corner on the pretty sunshiny days. Verily this is a clime where we have 333 days of glowing sunshine that makes the ground hog leave his lair.

"It's rather tough," said a citizen of this town to the writer the other day, "when one receives an exhaustive circular extolling the merits of a certain brand of whisky, which is being sold direct to consumers at a reduced price, and in the same mail another circular from the 'jag' house, guaranteeing a cure for the 'jim-jams.' The aforesaid citizen is looking for a Moses to lead him out of the wilderness."

J. T. Jowell authorizes the News to submit his name before the voters of Randall county for the office of Tax Assessor. Mr. Jowell is a substantial stock-farmer, living some 18 miles southwest of town. He is practically a native of the Plains country, having emigrated from Midland county in the year 1900. He is qualified for the office, is a pleasant gentleman in the transaction of business and feels confident that he could give the county a satisfactory administration in the capacity of assessor. He informed the News that he would make the race on his own merits and not on the demerits of his opponents.

One of our citizens went to Amarillo the other day to do some trading. He came back on the morning train with a shoe box under his arm. By some mishap he let it fall and it bursted the shoes all to pieces and juice from them ran through the cracks on the depot platform. It pays to do your trading at home.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is Pleasant to Take.

The finest quality of loaf sugar is used in the manufacture of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, and the roots used in this preparation give it a flavor similar to maple syrup, making it quite pleasant to take. Children like it, and as it contains no opium or other harmful substance it has no injurious after effect. It always cures. In cases of colds, croup and whooping cough it can be given with implicit confidence. It is equally valuable for adults and children. For sale by S. V. Wirt.

J. N. Donohoo paid a business visit to Portales, N. M., Tuesday.

PLAINS COTTON GROWING.

"I believe that this is the proper time for the land owners of the country north and west of Fort Worth, to place their lands on the market in small tracts," said the general freight agent of the Rock Island, to a reporter of the Fort Worth Record a few days ago. "I believe," said the same person, "that the land in a great many of the Panhandle counties will produce as much cotton to the acre as any land in any county of Texas. This land can now be bought at a very low figure. At even ten cents per pound the cotton that can be raised in one season will more than pay for the land."

"The virgin soil there is extremely rich. It will produce anything that can be raised anywhere in the State. All that is needed to get this county more settled is to do the proper sort of missionary work among those who have seen their cotton eaten up by weevils for the past three years."

So thinks Mr. J. C. McCabe of the Rock Island, concerning cotton production in this country and from his opportunities for observation he ought to know something about it whether he does or not.

While the News is not ready to fall in line altogether with Mr. McCabe, especially on his assertions that this section "will produce as much cotton per acre as the land in any county of the state," or, that our soil "will produce anything that can be raised anywhere in the state," yet, in the main the News agrees with him that cotton can be made to do well in the Panhandle.

The most serious objection so far heard by the News is that the seasons are not sufficiently long enough here for the crop to properly mature and open before killing frost. The News hardly thinks this will be in the way if proper attention be given to preparation of the ground, seed, and time of planting; yet, if it should prove to be so, the plan successfully followed in north Georgia--the application of guano to push the crop forward--will remove the objection altogether.

As affirmed in the News of last week, if cotton will do well immediately south of us, west of us and north of us, there is no good reason why it will not succeed here. In the opinion of this paper, it is one of the very things most needed to build up this county and the sooner we go after it the better.

HARTER & McDADE

*** PIONEER BLACKSMITH ***
Dating from January 1st we cut prices for spot cash on all blacksmith work. Only the very best of material used. Come in and see us, we will treat you right.

If You Want

Your Boots or Shoes Made-to-Order and in a servicable manner Do Not Fail

To see me. Repairing a specialty.
JOHN MEISTERHANS.

W. W. MERRILL,

PRACTICAL TINNER
Manufacturer of
Tanks, Flues, and
All other Galvanized Iron Works.

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We also carry a nice line of Paints and Oils.

We will appreciate the patronage of the public.

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Office over Thompson Drug Company's

Calls promptly answered night or day

STOCK TAKING IS OVER

And the time has come to clean up winter goods and make ready for our spring stock. We have marked our prices down so that if you need anything in our line you cannot afford to miss this opportunity. Look at some of our convincing prices:

Blue Cashmere, worth 60c at40c.
Blue Cashmere, worth 30c at25c.
Blue Cashmere, worth 35c at27½c.
Tan Covert, worth 50c at39c.

Men's Overcoats, worth \$6.00 at\$4.75.
Men's Overcoats, worth \$7.50 at\$6.25.
Men's Overcoats, worth \$10.00 at\$8.25.
Men's Overcoats, worth \$12.50 at\$10.00.

Brown Covert, worth 50c at39c.
Novelty Dress Coods, worth 50c at39c.
Grey Cheviot, worth 60c at40c.
Novelty Worsted, worth 15c at12½c.

Blankets, full size, worth \$6.50 at\$5.50.
Blankets, full size, worth \$5.00 at\$4.25.
Blankets, full size, worth \$3.50 at\$3.00.
Elegant line of Navajo blankets just received.

ALL Ladies' Skirts at greatly reduced prices:
Ladies' Balmorals, worth \$1.50 at\$1.25.
Ladies' Flannel Skirts, worth \$1.25 at\$1.00.
Ladies' Flannel Skirts, worth \$1.00 at80c.

A full line of "Star 5 Star" Shoes just received
1 Lot Men's Shoes, odds and ends, \$1 to \$2.50
25 per cent off on Ladies' Capes and Jackets
All Dress Calicoes at4½c

We wish to thank our friends for their liberal patronage during the past year and we shall endeavor at all times to give you the best values that the market affords.

WRIGHT, GAMBLE & CO.

SUCCESSORS TO PATTILLO & GAMBLE.

Local.

Miss Kittie Tolbert of Quannah a relative of Mr. Farr, was the guest of that family Friday last, returning last Tuesday.

Jeff Hightower, of Portales, N. M., half-brother of Mrs. L. T. Lester, spent Sunday here with his relatives.

Oscar Hunt left for Estelline last night at which place he will be joined by J. D. Gamble in a chicken hunting expedition.

J. T. Wesley, a prosperous stock farmer of the Ceta neighborhood, was a pleasant caller at this office this morning and left evidence of his good will toward us to the sum \$1.50 on subscription.

Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Lester were passengers on Wednesday morning train for Portales, N. M.

M. M. Wesley has entered the list of business men of our town. He has opened up a grain store in the old pool room.

D. A. Park went up to Amarillo Tuesday evening to be present at the funeral of his wife's grandmother, Mrs. J. H. Stephens, who died there Monday morning.

T. M. Reid left Tuesday evening for Amarillo and from there he may go to Oklahoma. He is a genteel young workman of our own craft and like most of the followers of this trade as a journeyman printer, his home is where he hangs his flat at night when he is not putting his feet under his parental table.

G. W. Carr and wife left Wednesday for Portales, N. M., where they will make their future home. Mr. Carr takes charge of the yard managed for some time by N. W. Newman at that place. A host of friends, the News included, regret to lose Mr. and Mrs. Carr and wish for them a congenial habitation in their new home.

R. B. Redfearn and family moved this week to the neat little ranch home 8 miles south of town that has just recently been erected. R. B. says that he didn't say he wouldn't move back to town.

The summer revival services for the Methodist church will be conducted by Rev. A. P. Lawery, of Waco, Texas, beginning July 17th. The cooperation of all Christian people is earnestly solicited.

J. E. Stephens.

Notice to Candidates.

The News desires to call the especial attention of the candidates for office in Randall county that our Job Department is especially equipped for the printing of cards, all sizes and prices right. Nothing serves better in an introduction to voters than a neatly printed card, as it leaves a lasting impression on the memory, thus obviating the confusion of names. It pays a candidate to advertise and is just as legitimate when practiced with discretion and honor as anything else.

You Take Desperate Chances When You Neglect a Cold.

It should be borne in mind that every cold weakens the lungs, lowers the vitality and makes the system less able to withstand each succeeding cold, thereby paving the way for more serious diseases. Can you afford to take such desperate chances when Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, famous for its cures of colds, can be had for a trifle? For Sale by S. V. Wirt.

Notice.

There will be no preaching at the Methodist church next Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. Services at night at 7:30. Subject, "Prohibition according to the Bible." Everybody, and antis especially, invited.

J. E. STEPHENS.

W. J. Sluder, of the Ceta neighborhood, was a pleasant caller at our office yesterday. He was en route home from Amarillo where he had taken his young son to be examined by the board of physicians which met in that city Tuesday and Wednesday. The boy has been afflicted from child birth with partial paralysis and Mr. Sluder was desirous of obtaining opinions from prominent physicians as to the mode of treatment. It was the opinion of the board that the young man would eventually "out-grow" the affliction. Mr. Sluder says he will plant five or six acres in cotton as an experiment which will be done by most of Randall county farmers this year. He is of the opinion that it will make from 1 to 4 bale per acre with the proper cultivation.

Mrs. Pyles, of Woodward, Okla., was the guest this week of her old friend, Mrs. R. G. Oldham. She was enroute to Lockney where she will visit relatives for awhile.

Charlie Epps was down from Amarillo Sunday shaking hands with old friends. He said that in U. S. Guber selling his drug business he thereby lost his position for a time but expected to commence work again Monday.

Croup.

A reliable medicine and one that should always be kept in the home for immediate use is Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It will prevent the attack if given as soon as the child becomes hoarse, or even after the croupy cough appears. There is no danger in giving it to children for it contains no opium or other harmful drug. For sale by S. V. Wirt.

An investigation made yesterday under the supervision of Mr. Manson, the brick machinery man, disclosed the fact that the brick dirt on the Shinebarger land was not in sufficient quantity to justify the erection of a brick plant there. It is thought however, that the brick clay can be had in plenty on the lands of L. G. Conner and steps will be taken to ascertain whether or not this be true. As it is all plans with reference to putting the plant on the Shinebarger property are abandoned and Mr. Manson returned last night to St. Louis and will await the outcome of the "find" on the Conner land.

JUST RECEIVED—A car of corn, chops and seed oats at the old pool hall. M. M. Wesley.

J. W. Turner, the "old reliable" carpenter, is constructing a dwelling house for a Mrs. Bark, who lives west of town. He commenced last Tuesday.

H. E. Hume was a passenger to Amarillo from Roswell, New Mexico, Tuesday evening. He was surprised to learn that we had some snow here the previous evening as it didn't snow a "drap" in Roswell.

Dr. O'dell left here Tuesday evening for Claude at the instance of a message from his daughter, Miss Vera, to the effect that she was compelled to suspend her school some 9 miles south of Claude on account of a severe attack of rheumatism. The doctor returned Wednesday morning in charge of his daughter who was in almost a helpless condition from the ravages of the painful malady. The sufferer was met at the train by loving friends and immediately removed to her home. Dr. O'dell stated that his daughter would not resume her school duties again this winter as he feared exposure would result disastrously for her health.

M. F. Slover sold his livery business last Tuesday to T. H. Rowan. Mr. Slover comes into possession of the section of land near Ceta formerly owned by Mr. Rowan by the transaction. We regret to lose Mr. Slover as a business man of the town and hope that he will continue a citizen. He has given general satisfaction to the public and has in many ways promoted the progress of the town as peculiarly his special business at times would permit. Mr. Rowan is well and favorably known by all our citizens as a sturdy, reliable business man and we wish him success.

Mrs. G. H. Price and family left Tuesday for Pueblo, Colo., where they go to join their husband and father, who preceded them to their new home some two weeks ago.

County Court

Convened Monday and the following cases disposed of to date:

CIVIL DOCKET

O'Rear vs Sprouse—suit to enforce performance of sale of real estate or for penalty on non-compliance. Judgment by default in sum of \$500 and costs.
Note:—This is a backout on the part of the person who purchased the O'Rear section.

Canyon Lumber Co. vs H. S. Burnham; suit on note; continued for service.

George C. Wolfarth vs Pecos Valley Ry., suit for damages; dismissed for want of prosecution.

CRIMINAL DOCKET

State vs Jno. Crawford violating local option law; dismissed by State for want of sufficient evidence with which to secure conviction.

State vs M C Chamlee, selling liquor to minor; appeal from Justice court; appeal dismissed on account of defective appeal bond.

State vs M C Chamlee, violation local option law; Bob Foster prosecuting witness; submitted to jury and verdict of not guilty returned.
State vs M C Chamlee, viola-

tion local option law; J H Garrison prosecuting witness; submitted to jury yesterday. After being out nearly half a day the jury failed to arrive at a verdict and a mistrial was declared.

All cases, civil and criminal, except the Chamlee cases now engaging the attention of the court, were continued to perfect service.

LATER: The Chamlee cases were all dismissed and court adjourned this morning.

Program of Reading Circle to be held at the home of Dr. and Mrs. J. L. Howell at 7:30 p. m. Jan. 22.

1. Prayer.
2. Biography of Byron, Miss Maud Brandon.
3. Thoughts Suggested by a College Examination, Rev. Stephens.
4. Music, Piano Solo, Mrs. Thomas.
5. "On the Death of a Young Lady", Miss Wallace.
6. Child Harold, Canto 1, 40-70, Mr. Rollins.
7. Music.
8. Child Harold, Canto 1, 70-90, Mr. Hodges.
9. Reading Canto 11.
10. Current Events Miss Pope.
11. Music.
12. Quotations from Byron.

Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Burrow spent Sunday in Hereford.

Mrs. Ewell Brown and pretty little children, of Amarillo, came down yesterday to visit Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Brown.

Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Foster returned from Kansas City yesterday where Mrs. Foster has been taking medical treatment for a cancer.

Begin the New Year by reading
The Canyon City News,
The Cosmopolitan,
The Twentieth Century,
All three—your local paper and these two great magazines—for \$2.10.

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At Dusk.

Between this twilight and the morn
Tears, like blown leaves, may sweep
away.
All life's strip branches be unborn
And cast into the Sea of Day.
Then, little pulse beat, soft and still,
Thou art a thread within the loom:
What matters, so thou dost but bid
The wheels within thy little room?
What matters that they reel or jar,
And that their tangles ink and fret?
They turn not long, they turn not far,
And suddenly, one morn—forget.

How Prince Saved My Life.

By A. Ernest Marston.

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"Now, if the weather only continues pleasant so we can climb Mt. Shasta to-morrow, I shall deem it a splendid ending to our rambles," said Prof. Hillman.

"You have voiced my thoughts exactly, professor," I said, throwing myself down beside him.

Our party of tourists, consisting of two college professors and five students, had come to California to spend the summer vacation, hunting, fishing and collecting botanical and geological specimens while we viewed the beauties of the Excelsior state.

"If to-morrow is a nice day, I hope to get some fine specimens," I continued, addressing Prof. Hillman.

"Yes, but there is always an 'if' in the way," remarked Prof. Wilmer, to whom the future did not always appear rosy-bued.

"Well, I for one wouldn't be much disappointed if something did happen to prevent our going to-morrow," said Harry Thornton. "We have tramped around so much that I am about worn out."

"Shake on that, old fellow," exclaimed Ned Williams, extending his hand. "I am completely used up and ready to welcome a good old-fashioned rain or anything that will give us an excuse to rest."

"There are others of the same mind," remarked Tom Edwards. "Harvey and I were just hoping something would happen to save us from that climb."

"We seem to be alone to-night, Arthur," said Prof. Hillman laughing.

"Yes," I answered, "but that doesn't lessen my enthusiasm. I am tired, also, but I am as ambitious as ever to climb Mt. Shasta."

"Perhaps you will be as ready as anyone to stop and rest before we reach the summit, Arthur," remarked Prof. Wilmer.

"Possibly," said I. "Time will tell." "Oh, he can get on Prince and be carried to the top with ease," broke in Harvey Elliot, at which a merry laugh went around the circle at my expense.

Prince was a St. Bernard—a magnificent specimen of his race—which I had purchased in San Francisco and taken with me in our subsequent rambles.

"You may jest about him as much as you please," I said, after the laugh provoked by Harvey's sally had subsided, "but he could undoubtedly carry me if I cared to make a meal of him."

"Well, well, we will not quarrel with you about that, Arthur," said Prof. Hillman, "but if we make the climb to-morrow, we must needs be fresh, so I advise you to roll up in your blankets without delay."

The first thing that reached my ears the next morning was a loud laugh close to my tent, then I heard Ned call out cheerily, "Come, Arthur, get up! I have my wish; something has happened, sure enough."

"What is it?" I asked, scrambling out into the bright sunshine, for I had slept quite late.

"Why, the guide is sick and won't be able to go to-day and perhaps not to-morrow," said Ned, in response to my query.

"Well, this is too bad," I said. "Such



Wandered up the valley for several miles.

a fine day, too. It's a pity we can't go."

Notwithstanding my disappointment, I enjoyed the excellent breakfast of venison, fish, potatoes and bread and butter, with fragrant coffee.

"Where are you bound for now?" sang out Ned, as I started off with Prince an hour later.

"Going to climb Mt. Shasta," I retorted, "better come along."

"No, thanks. If I were you, I'd ride that dog; I wouldn't have him forever following me without making some use of him."

I strolled on without replying. Of course I had no idea of visiting Mt. Shasta alone. With my meager knowl-

edge of the country, it would have been madness to attempt it. But I was an enthusiastic lover of nature, and intended to spend a few hours exploring on my own account. I wandered up the valley for several miles and finding some interesting plants, busied myself securing specimens for my herbarium. Engrossed in this occupation, I took no note of the time, and was surprised on looking at my watch to see that it was almost one o'clock. I began to retrace my steps at once, following, as I supposed, the same route I had taken that morning; but after walking some distance I came to an abrupt curve in the ravine which I knew I had not made in coming. I glanced around for some familiar object, but instead I saw for the first time a curiously formed rock, but which was in such plain sight that I knew it could not have escaped my notice had I passed it in the morning. The unpleasant truth flashed upon me: I was lost in the mountains.

In my haste to return to camp I had unconsciously turned into one of the ravines which intersected the one in which our camp stood. Vainly I retraced my steps in the hope of finding the ravine I had left. I was confused



I made a desperate leap across the chasm.

by the numerous windings, and could see no familiar objects.

At length, despairing of finding the camp in any other way, I began to ascend the mountain, hoping to discover it from a higher elevation. The ascent was precipitous, but I was young and active and had little difficulty in reaching the shelf-like projection, which was my objective point. I could see nothing of the camp, and determined to ascend until I could command a view of a part of the country that was hidden from this place.

Finding my way back by a solid mass of rock, which rose perpendicularly for some thirty feet, I made a detour, only to encounter a new difficulty after proceeding a short distance.

Directly in front of me was a yawning chasm apparently about six feet wide. I had often jumped farther in our athletic contests, and not stopping to consider the risk of the attempt, here, where a good foothold was not obtainable, I made a desperate leap across the chasm.

All would have been well had not my left foot slipped into a crevice between the rocks. Stung by the sudden pain, I staggered back to the brink of the chasm, almost plunging to instant death. By a desperate effort I threw myself away from the chasm. The fall stunned me, and when I recovered I was conscious of a severe pain in my foot. I examined it, and found that it was badly sprained. I began to consider the seriousness of my position. The prospect was not reassuring. I would be missed at the camp, but they would probably not be seriously alarmed until after dark, when it would be too late to do anything until the next day.

In the meantime, I would be in imminent danger from wild animals, and, being without means of defense, I felt considerable alarm, but was somewhat reassured by Prince, who at this moment licked my face affectionately. As I looked at his magnificent form, Ned's words suddenly recurred to me: "If I were you, I would make some use of that dog."

The thought came to me, "Why not ride him back to camp?" I was confident he could easily sustain my weight, and I recollected reading of the marvelous feats performed by his brethren across the sea.

A few minutes' consideration convinced me that the plan was feasible, and I at once began to execute it. By exerting all my strength I succeeded in pulling myself upon the dog's back. I hurt my foot badly in so doing, and lay faint with pain for some moments ere I felt strong enough to begin the journey.

"Now, Prince, take me back to camp," I said.

He looked at me with intelligence in his eyes, then started off. Every step was torture to me, but I "gripped my teeth" and held on.

Prince did not attempt to jump across the chasm, but picked his way down the mountain by another route. The noble animal never hesitated about the direction, and I trusted implicitly in him. Nor was my confidence misplaced, for after what seemed to me hours, I saw the gleam of a campfire, and a few moments later I rode into the midst of the circle, to the astonishment of all present.

I was greeted by shouts of merriment, which soon changed to active sympathy when it was seen that I was injured.

After I had eaten supper I felt much better and satisfied the general curiosity by relating my adventure.

Dallas County Beats the Weevil.

The Dallas News tells how a citizen of that county headed off the pestiferous weevil and came out many plunks to the good:

M. H. Turner of Dallas brought to the News office recently a sweet potato weighing ten and a half pounds, which was raised on his plantation a few miles northwest of Dallas. Mr. Turner's farm consists of 3000 acres, on which, among other products, this year he has three acres in potatoes, which will produce, he says, about 150 bushels per acre. Five potatoes of the size of the sample make a little over a bushel. Mr. Turner says he is having marketed potatoes in Dallas which bring from 50c to 75c a bushel.

"You see," said Mr. Turner, "that beats cotton and boll weevils considerably, being about \$75 to the acre. My cotton is very light, on account of damage done by floods and overflows in July. I work seventy-five cents on my plantation. I raised some Mexican June corn this year, which was planted on the 25th of July. It has developed splendidly. I am selling it at wholesale in Dallas at 10 cents a dozen, for roasting ears. June corn is the coming corn, and the time is not far distant when it will be raised almost to the exclusion of Indian corn by Texas farmers. They will cut their wheat and oats and plant the stubble in June corn, thus raising two good staple crops on the same land in one year. This is being done now by a great many. The same land can be sown to fall oats or wheat again, while the corn is still on the ground. June corn is the easiest crop made. It matures so rapidly that very little cultivation is required, and it produces abundantly.

"I expect I had the largest watermelon patch in Dallas county this year, the melons from which I disposed of for \$550 at the field, the purchasers coming in their wagons to get them. We raised some cantaloupes which, for various reasons, did not develop as well as they should have done, so we fed them to about three hundred hogs, which succeeded in disposing to advantage of about all raised on a farm that cannot be sold.

"Within a year or so I shall plant about a thousand acres in alfalfa. I am now getting the ground in condition for it—bottom land, on which is a very good growth of timber. I think it a profitable crop for any farmer who has land suitable for its growth. I know of a piece of alfalfa near me which was planted eighteen years ago, and has not attention so far as cultivation is concerned. He cuts three or four good crops from it every year.

"Diversification is the idea; there is no doubt of that."

Buried With the Gopher.

Amos Green, a worthy colored man, who conducted a farm in the vicinity of Alachua, decided he wanted to eat some gopher, and accordingly went in search of his game. This was on Friday morning, and when he did not return on the following day his good wife and family, naturally became alarmed, and, with a few neighbors, instituted a search. After a couple of hours one of the searching party discovered the man's legs extended from the ground, his body and head being buried. With the shovel which Green had carried with him, the earth was soon removed, and when he was released from his bondage it was discovered that one hand was still tightly grasping a gopher's leg at the bottom of the hole. It is supposed that Green attempted to dig his game out of its abode, and when a sufficient quantity of earth had been excavated had gone in after the game head first, expecting to capture it and pull it out. The earth being soft, at once gave way, and the man suffered the terrible experience of being buried alive. It is supposed he had been dead about twenty-four hours.

Slot Machine in Spain.

Shortly after the Spanish-American war, says the World's Work, among the first American novelties sent to Spain were the nickel-in-the-slot machines—the musical kind. Unluckily, the first machines played American airs. They were quickly demolished. With the next lot of machines it was carefully advertised that these contrivances would play Spanish airs only. This was taken as a sort of national compliment, and the American slot machines jumped into sudden favor, especially the gambling varieties, as the Spaniards are very fond of all games of chance. In a place like Malaga there are now more than forty such machines, and each are earning \$3.50 on the average.

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The Southern Kansas Ry. Co. of Texas has printed a little book descriptive of the Panhandle of Texas and setting forth its advantages to the homeseeker. This book is intended to be used in the work of developing and settling the country and we are pleased to offer it to our friends for this purpose. Anyone interested is requested to send us names and addresses of friends in other states to whom they would like this book sent. We shall be pleased also to send out these books to lists of prospective patrons sent us by real estate agents in the Panhandle. If you want a copy send me your name and address.

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