

## THE MYSTERY OF GRASLOV

By Ashley Towne

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### SYNOPSIS OF The Mystery of Graslov

CHAPTER I.—Prince Neslerov wants to marry Frances Gordon, the charming daughter of an American who is building the Transsiberian railroad. Frances is interested in the fortunes of Vladimir Paulpoff, a stalwart Russian blacksmith. She asks Neslerov to use his influence for Vladimir. II.—Neslerov goes to Vladimir's hut. The blacksmith has talent and shows Neslerov a picture he has painted. It is the portrait of a woman of rank copied from a miniature. The prince is excited and asks for the original. Vladimir further says it has been lost. To Vladimir old Paulpoff confesses that he lied to Neslerov and still has the miniature. III.—Neslerov has the Paulpoffs sent to Siberia as nihilists. IV.—Frances Gordon goes to the forge with books for Vladimir. At the door of the lonely hut she encounters Neslerov. The prince presses his suit violently, and Frances stuns him with a pistol shot in the head. V.—Gordon wishes his daughter to marry Jack Denton, an American bridge engineer. Frances demands that her father intercede with the governor for Vladimir. They start for Obl. Neslerov boards the same train, which breaks in two, and Neslerov has Frances alone in his power. VI.—Neslerov drags Frances before a priest and bids him to perform a marriage ceremony. Jack Denton comes to the rescue, Neslerov is beaten off. VII.—Denton nearly kills Neslerov in a duel. VIII.—Jack promises Frances to save the blacksmith.

### CHAPTER IX. DENTON TAKES LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEER.

DENTON presented an unfulfilled front. "Take me to the governor," he said. "The governor is resting," growled a fellow whose face was a mass of greasy hair. "You will kill him!" "Nonsense! Take me to the governor. If you kill me, he will die." "Why is that, builder of bridges? Is there a god who avenges the death of Americans?" "It will need no god to do that now. The case is simply that Neslerov needs better care than you can give him. He is badly injured. It is necessary that he shall be taken to Tomsk at once. I can start within the hour. There will not be another train to the Obl in four days. Do you desire to keep your precious governor here and have him die on your hands?" "No. Let us see what the governor has to say." It was a solemn crowd that marched in two columns, with Denton between, to the hut of the village priest, where Neslerov lay. "Why do you bring him here?" asked the priest. "Hear you not what his excellency said?" "Hold your peace. Wait till you hear them speak together," was the reply. Neslerov looked up at his conqueror, and an expression of hatred came into his eyes. Denton made no show of sentiment or compassion. "I understand you commanded these villagers to kill me," he said, standing at the side of the bed and looking coldly and sternly at his victim. "I just wanted to say before they kill me—which they certainly will do if you insist—that in that case you would probably die here for lack of proper care." "You cannot help me—you would not," answered Neslerov. "That is for you to say. I am not a murderer. I had no desire to kill you. You attacked me, and I defended myself. I am going back to Tomsk, provided your savage villagers don't kill me, and I merely came to ask if you would be pleased to go." "How?" he asked. "In the same car you came thus far in." "But how? There is no train due for days." "I will take you to Tomsk if you promise never again to molest Mr. Gordon or his daughter." "I promise," said Neslerov. "I will order the villagers to permit you to go." Denton then went to the car and examined it. He discovered where a few in the iron had weakened the

comings. He was followed at a short distance by several young men, among whom was the boy who had run to tell him that a woman was being roughly handled by Neslerov, and who had taken his horse to shelter. He ordered the boy to bring the horse. Mounting, he was soon out of sight. He did not go far, however. He rode along the track until he reached a siding a short distance from the bridge, where there was an old construction engine. Denton examined the old hulk. It was fit only for drawing one or two cars. Denton carried water from the river and filled the boiler and built a fire of wood. Soon after the villagers were surprised to see a wheezy, rickety old engine coming slowly, with a prodigious noise, into view. Denton's horse had no difficulty in keeping up with it. The old engine was coupled to the car, and then Denton went for Frances. "The train is ready," he said. "The train! What train?" "The train that is to carry you to the Obl, where you will join your father." "But there is no train!" "There is a train, and as the steam is up and the track clear I suggest haste. Your father is probably anxious." She went with him. At the sight of the engine she understood. "You are a wonderful—you are doing this for me!" she said. "Yes, but Neslerov will be a passenger." "And you?" "Engineer, conductor, guard—all." He took her to the car and made her comfortable. Neslerov was carried to the car by the villagers. The backs of two seats were turned down, a bed was made for him, and he lay there quiet and seemingly content. "Of course, I know that you are seriously wounded," said Denton to him, "and the possibility of your doing any mischief is small, but I want to tell you before we start that if I catch you at any tricks I will kill you as I would a dog." Neslerov nodded, and Denton went on the engine. It was an exciting start, though the audience was small. The villagers stared, then laughed as the little old engine puffed and screeched and scraped as it got under way. But it had a man in charge of it who was accustomed to overcoming difficulties. And the way he made it groan and work would have made glad the heart of the man who had abandoned it on the siding six months before. In the car was silence. Neslerov was too weak to talk; Frances would not talk to him if he wished. She remained at her end of the car, save to go to mercy to him and offer him water at intervals. At such times he would look up at her with an earnest, insupportable expression on his face. She would not speak, nor lie. Suddenly at a siding toward which he had been aiming Denton turned the engine to the right and brought the little train to a standstill. They had been on the road sixteen hours and had traveled 210 miles. Frances and Neslerov both looked up as the train stopped and saw the engineer enter the car. "There is a village near here," he said, "and just beyond this siding there is a small signal box. I have just visited it, and there is a train coming this way from Tomsk. Undoubtedly, as there is no regular train due, this is a searching party out after Frances Gordon. Now, have no wish to start an international controversy. What story shall we tell?" "Tell the truth," said Frances. "It does not, as a rule, harm any person who is innocent." "No," said Neslerov; "not as a rule. But we are in a part of the world where customs are different from yours. If you tell the truth, you will never make the world believe you. But you will not understand; I cannot tell you." "I know what you mean," said Frances scornfully. "You mean that your reputation is so bad that if it were known that you had that car left behind to compel me to marry you every body will be sure I am your wife. Is that it?" "Yes; something like that." "But, then, there is my word," said Denton. "Your story will be believed by your people, my story by mine," said Neslerov. "Let us each tell what we please. I do not care." Denton nodded and went back to his engine. But he did not start. The

whistle of a speeding locomotive was borne to him by the breeze. It came—one engine and a car, the same as that he was on, but a modern locomotive of American make. Gordon was in the car with some officials from Tomsk. "Hey! That you, Denton?" he gasped as the grimy bridgebuilder stepped into the car, which was stopped at the side of the construction engine. "My girl and the governor of Tomsk got left behind in a car. Seen?" "I'm all right," said Frances as she emerged from her car and flew to her father's arms. "Did Denton save you? What was he?" "Where is Neslerov?" asked Gordon. "Oh, he is in there," said Frances coolly. "We've had a lively experience. I thought at one time we'd be killed by some savages. But Mr. Denton and the prince—oh, let's get on; I'm tired out and hungry." Denton heard and wondered. In every new experience he had had with Frances Gordon he had been made more and more astonished by the uncertain moods, the whims, the strange turns her caprice would take. "Hitch on to this train and haul her back to the Obl," said Denton. "If the road doesn't want this engine, I can use it at the Obl bridge." This attachment was soon made, and Mr. Gordon, after visiting the prince and congratulating him upon his escape from the savages, assisted in



At the sight of the engine she understood, transferring to him some of the comforts to be found in the other car. The Russian officials swarmed around him and praised his courage. "And that American! He is a brave one too!" they said. "Yes; he is brave—braver than I," said Neslerov weakly. The train started back toward Tomsk. It had about ninety miles to go to reach the Obl. During the journey Denton and Frances found themselves side by side in the rear car, with no one near enough to hear their low spoken tones. "I cannot understand you," said Denton. "You first said the truth, then you yourself told the first deliberate lie. Why?" Frances looked at him coolly. "Because I thought it over. There was a good deal in what Neslerov said. Then, again, you and my father have work to do, a career to make, money to earn, and with the enmity of Neslerov you would be ruined. I studied it well. It is better as I said it. Let it pass."

"Here we are at Vashlov," he said. "For the time being you are home again." "Yes," she replied, with the slightest tremor in her voice. "Thanks to you, I am home again—in my temporary home." CHAPTER X. JANSKY, SUPERINTENDENT OF POLICE. NESLEROV lay in his palace in Tomsk, slowly recovering. His heart was filled with rage, and he longed for vengeance. His closest confidant now was Jansky, who, owing to his meritorious conduct in the apprehension of so great a gang of conspirators as the Paulpoffs, was promoted at the request of Neslerov to a post where he could assist his superior in his plans and ambitions. He had told Jansky the story of the ride from Moscow, and it was of course colored to suit his purpose. Jansky had received his commission—the first important one since his arrival at Tomsk—to watch the American and find an opportunity to wreak vengeance. About twenty miles from the city of Tomsk was the village of Tivoloffsky, a small mining town peopled by convicts. To this town the Paulpoffs had been sent. Vladimir was useful in the mines. With his tremendous strength he could do the work of two, and in his simple obedience to the mandates of his superiors he never uttered a complaint. The old people did mental work, cooking for the convicts who had no families or cleaning in the houses of the officers. This new life came hardest upon the old people, and it was their sufferings that made Vladimir curse under his breath. One day Jansky entered the room where Neslerov sat or half reclined. "Well, what is it? I see you have something to say," said Neslerov. "I have your excellency," replied the superintendent of police. "It concerns him—your enemy." "The American?" "Yes. I have obeyed your commands—he has been constantly watched. And at last we are in a position to strike." Neslerov sat up straight. "What? Tell me at once." "It is not yet revealed what the man's object is, but he and the Paulpoffs are plotting again." "They and the American. He has visited them twice. It was overheard that he and Papa Paulpoff had a long conversation about a picture." Neslerov glanced at a painting that hung on the wall. It was the painting he had taken from the Paulpoffs' house at Perm. "What can he know about the picture?" asked the governor. "I do not know. That is, as I said, not yet revealed." "Jansky," he said, "I know what the object is if you do not. Listen carefully now to what I say. It is quite possible the American has discovered the existence of the original of that picture you see there. It is a small medallion, probably in a locket. It was lost some years ago by a member of my family and bears relation to a great mystery—the mystery of Graslov." Jansky shut his eyes and seemed to be thinking. "Jansky, your life and mine depend on your action now. Do you understand?" "I understand nothing." "That picture, if it is the one I mean,

must be brought to me. The American, if he proves to be interested in it, must know or suspect something I do not wish him to know. There are ways whereby even an American could disappear in Siberia. And Jansky, Vladimir Paulpoff is a most dangerous plotter even here. He ought to be placed where he can do no more mischief." "I begin to understand," said Jansky grimly. He bowed and left the palace and rode toward Tivoloffsky. Two days passed, during which Jansky watched and kept himself in readiness to act. Then, while Mamma Paulpoff was alone in her hut, she heard an imperative knocking at the door. Papa Paulpoff and Vladimir had just gone to the mine. Denton, the American, had left the hut but a short time before. Mamma Paulpoff had been through so much trouble of late that the slightest sound jarred upon her. She turned whiter still and stepped backward as she saw the dark and forbidding face of Jansky. Behind Jansky were two of the Tomsk police. "You are Mamma Paulpoff," said Jansky, slipping his foot in the door and working his way inside. "I am; you know me; I was at Perm," faltered the trembling old woman. "I am quite well aware that you were at Perm, old woman, and also that conspiring son of yours. It showed the mercy of the czar that you received no worse punishment. This is heaven compared to what you deserved." "We had done nothing, your excellency." "What! You still persist in that lie! You were all in the game, and you are still at it. Let me tell you." "It is not so," wailed the old woman, having visions of horrible punishments of which she had heard. "Don't tell me," said Jansky, brandishing a whip he carried. The other two did the same, but their whips were heavier. The old woman crouched against the wall. "Don't lie to me again," thundered Jansky. "I have been watching you every day since you came to this place. I say you are still conspiring." "It is not so! I swear it in the name of God!" cried Mamma Paulpoff. "Let me tell you, it will be worse for you if you do not tell the truth. You are receiving a visitor who is suspected." "I—a visitor! I know no one!" gasped Mamma Paulpoff. "Oh, do you not? But you were here when he came. Did he come to see you, your husband or your son?" "Who—of whom do you speak?" asked the frightened old woman. "Of whom would I speak save that accursed American? He has twice made attempts upon the life of the governor of Tomsk. Yet the governor in the kindness of his heart has not molested him. But he was warned if a third attempt was made it would go hard with him." "Ah, it is impossible! He is so good—so kind—" "Good and kind, eh? In what manner does he display it?" "Oh, he came—he came—" The old woman stumbled and floundered. It had been borne in upon her understanding by Papa Paulpoff that on no account must she breathe a word to any person concerning the visit of which Jansky spoke. "Come, out with it!" stormed Jansky.

"He came—I do not know why he came," murmured the old woman in despair. "I will tell you. He came to conspire against the life of Neslerov, governor of Tomsk." "No, no! I swear he did not." "Good! Then if you know he did not, you must know why he did come here. Out with it, now, if you value your life." "My life! Ah, you would not harm a helpless old woman!" For answer Jansky brought his whip down on her bony shoulders. "Have mercy!" cried the unfortunate. "Will you tell why the American visited this house?" "I know not!" "Take her; tie her thumbs—there, over the door!" he commanded savagely. His two glib men needed no further bidding. The aged woman was seized, cords were fastened to her thumbs, and she was placed standing in the doorway Jansky had indicated with her thumbs hung above her head. "Tear the rags from her back!" A rude hand tore away her garments to the waist. "Now, then, old hag," said Jansky, "understand I have come for the truth, and will have it. If you do not tell it to me, I will kill you. I will get the truth from Paulpoff, who has more sense than you. Now, what was the business that brought the American here?" "I know not!" whispered the woman, with a great sob. "The lash!" roared Jansky. One of his police swung his heavy whip, and the lash came down across the naked shoulders. A livid mark told the course, and Mamma Paulpoff cried out in agony. "This must be known!" said Jansky. "Either you or some one must tell. What brought the American here? Was it concerning a picture?" "I know not!" said the woman. "The lash! Twice!" ordered Jansky. A white line and a red one marked the blows of the whip. Mamma Paulpoff screamed in her awful torture. Her limbs grew weaker, and she hung by the cords tied to her thumbs. The thumbs were black. "You will learn!" said Jansky. "The officers of the czar must take these steps to protect his empire. With the lesson you have had, tell the truth. What brought the American here?" "I know not!" answered the woman. "Hell's fires upon her!" said Jansky, almost beside himself. "The lash! Three times!" "Your arm is weak," said the police officer who had done no whip, ag. "Let me try." A smile of horrible cruelty crossed his face as he stepped by the side of the woman. His whip whistled in the air. It fell once—twice—three, and with a scream, her head fell back, her eyes glazed. "Hold! Quick! Release her and restore her to consciousness," ordered Jansky. "She is unconscious and cannot feel our punishment." They cut her down, laid her on the floor and poured liquor down her throat. Groans came from her as they worked. "God, take me from this awful pain!" she murmured. "She feels again!" said Jansky in savage glee. "String her up!" Again she was raised and the cords were fastened to her thumbs. (Continued on 4th Page.)

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**MADE A BUGABOO OF.**

Sometime ago there was organized in Canyon City a "Merchants Protective Association," and some people, not knowing its purpose, are making quite a "bugaboo" out of it. When it is clearly understood, all good folks must approve it.

These protective associations are common throughout the state. Amarillo, and almost all towns of any size have them. The great underlying purpose is to protect the merchant against the "professional dead-beat." There are certain people in this world, to be found almost everywhere, who, judging from their actions, seem to have decided to live on their wits. Their doctrine evidently is, that this world owes them a living, and they are going to take it whenever and wherever they can. Acting under this impulse they "run their faces" with one merchant or at one town until they reach the end of their string, and then they pull for fresh fields. And it is wholly to guard against this class that "merchants' protective associations" are formed. By the aid of these organizations this class of citizens are posted, or "blacklisted" so to speak.

This kind of protection is as much to the interest of the honest customer as it is to the business man—he profits by it because he does not have, by paying higher prices, help to make up the losses occasioned by the dead-beat tribe.

This is the object of the business organization in this town. It is neither a "trust" as some would have it, or a "plan to agree upon prices," as others term it, but as its name implies—a way to protect the business man and his honest customers from the people who buy, but never intend to pay.

There's no bugaboo about this, 'tis only a fair, square business proposition, and when properly understood it cannot but receive the approval of good people everywhere.

Who says nay?

Call at Merrill's shop and get a beautiful picture of the Pope Bicycle Girl. They are given away.

There is one large hotel on the grounds of the World's Fair at St. Louis called "The Inside Inn." It has a capacity of accommodating with comfort and safety, 6000 guests. It is located near the southeastern corner of the grounds and convenient to two of the entrances. In its immediate vicinity are many of the beautiful buildings erected by the states and territories.

The Inside Inn is embowered in natural forest trees. It is in fact a bit—a big bit—of suburban enterprise set in the edge of a great city. From the doors and windows of the Inside Inn one is not compelled to look upon sun-baked stone streets, sweltering alleys and dead walls. On the contrary, the guest has an outlook upon a primeval forest in which appear here and there the inviting outlines of new houses built without qualms as to cost and embellished with all the artistic adornments that architecture can supply.

In short, the guest at the Inside Inn will be practically a Summer resorter, away from the din and clamor and dust and heat of the busy city, and yet near enough to the World's Fair glories to behold some of them from his windows, and to reach any of them in a few minutes.

The guests of the Inside Inn will be the only visitors who can see the World's Fair from their own front door, so to speak; for at the Inn they will be at home, and while viewing any part of the great exposition they will have the satisfaction of knowing that a short walk or a brief ride on the Intramural cars will take them home without going outside the grounds.

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**THE SPELLING CONTEST.**

The Spelling Contest between the Methodists and the Cumberland Presbyterians last Friday night, was largely attended by the townspeople. Those who had ever before attended, an amusement of this character probably did not partake of the enjoyment as heartily as the uninitiated, but there was evidently only a few of the former as everyone in the audience seemed to get their ten cents worth of mirth. With a line up of 25 on each side, the contest commenced in earnest with Prof. Emsberger to give out the words and A. H. Thompson referee. One by one the contestants were spelled down, until at last Miss Vera Odell was left alone to represent the Methodists and Mesdames Overhuls and Dean, Miss Dora Wallace and Judge Henson were left on the opposing side. After several words had been spelled successfully with this array, the word "patrie" proved too much for Miss Odell and the contest was declared won by the Presbyterians. By way of consolation to those who were spelled down, it should be remembered that it is not always the best spellers that stand up the longest in a contest of this kind. One who would spell every word correctly in the composition of a letter might possibly miss the same words used in such letter when it came to appearing before an audience in a spelling contest. The door receipts amounted to \$15.75, which amount was equally divided between the two churches.

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**RANDOM THOUGHTS.**

G. A. B.

One of the very decided tendencies of our age is to go beyond the limit of our incomes. The oldtime methods of our ancestors—laying by something in a stocking for the "rainy day"—has well nigh been abandoned. The question is now not so much how well to live and at the same time maintain our independence as it is how best to keep up with those who lead the style in the communities in which we live. In doing this we are altogether too prone to overlook the all important fact of difference in individuals as to their ability to pay. The man of family with an income of only thirty or forty dollars per month cannot keep up in this respect with his more prosperous neighbor who is getting double this amount. Yet, notwithstanding this acknowledged fact, to feed a false pride—called vanity in holy writ—we see many instances where this is done or we might more properly say, tried to be done. Living beyond our means is one of the greatest evils of our day and in the opinion of the writer, it stands a good second to the strong drink habit for many of the victims of extravagance seek a refuge there.

'Tis not extravagance to reside in a fine house, to eat the very best the land affords or to dress in purple and fine linen, provided our income admits of so doing, but when we can't foot the bill and do it easily, the term extravagance may well apply.

Buying on credit and the installment plan has had a great deal to do with putting folks in hard places. For the actual necessities of life this may be well enough, but when it comes to those things we can dispense with and still live, it is risky to say the least of it. This installment plan is all the go now in the older settled parts of our country and it is not altogether a new idea in the West. All things can now be had "on easy payments" even including diamonds. Capital has discovered that by ministering to the vanity of people who do not possess the cash that the harvest is far greater than from any other source. "Two prices" are of course charged but still the victims multiply. To be in debt for those things we are obliged

to have in our business is bad enough, but when asked to mortgage our future and peace of mind for the ornaments, frills and other adornments of the day we should call a halt. "Owe no man anything but love," is the advice of the great apostle Paul, and we should never, no never! stretch that doctrine to purchase things which prudence and our empty purse would forbid our proper enjoyment of.

Russia proposes trust in the Lord and is assured—so says her ruler—that God will give her victory over Japan, and yet, she does not propose to give the armies of the Mikado battle until her forces number three to one. Now, either Russia is lying about her faith or she sets "a heap" on the fighting qualities of the little Jap.

The set out by the Empire State Democrats, miscalled a platform, is worthy the name Bryan gives it, a "confidence layout" in which the dear people are to be the victims.

Do not forget that your pet hog which has been at liberty to run at large about town is apt to get penned. There have been several about town annoying people who have not got any hogs of their own, hence they are not expected to have much sympathy for this mischievous pet of others.

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Measles are finding new victims among our citizens every day. This week one of our citizens who was developing pronounced symptoms of this disease, informed the News reporter that he wasn't half so humble as he looked. He said that he felt like kicking the house cat every minute in the day. Did you feel that way when you had them?

**STRAYED**—From the pasture of E. C. Lair last Saturday night, one sorrel "blazed-faced" horse about 14 1/2 hands high, branded OBR on left hip. Any information leading to the recovery of said animal will be rewarded. W. E. LAIR.

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PRICE, ONLY \$4.00.

**L. G. CONNER, LAND, LIVE STOCK AND CANYON CITY PROPERTY.**

Thousands of acres of fine Grazing and Agricultural lands at from \$1 to \$5 an acre, owing to location and improvements.

Notary Public, Abstracters in office opposite Northeast corner of Square. Inquiry Solicited.

"Ab" Thompson, the young man who left here last week for Waco, writes the News that he arrived there safe and sound and orders his paper sent in care of Hills' Business College, which school he is now attending. In a P. S., to his letter he says: "I would like to trade you a hot day and night down here for one of those sixty-miles winds, and take the sand in the bargain."

**Notice of Removal.**  
 I have moved from the Lair & Long real estate office to the building opposite the post office on north side of square, where I am permanently located and will be glad at all times to have any one call on me that are in need of Dental services. I will appreciate your patronage and try to treat you right in return.  
 Very Respectfully,  
 S. B. PADLOCK.

### Local.

Dr. D. M. Stewart paid a visit to Hereford Wednesday.

J. G. Cruikshank and J. R. Skidmore came down on Sunday morning's train from Amarillo.

L. T. Lester went down to Portales Wednesday where he goes to attend to some business matters.

Charlie Stratton left last Monday morning for Roswell, N. M., where he will take a job on a ranch up the Pecos.

**Found.**—A gold ring on the streets of Canyon City. Owner may recover same by calling on C. P. Money and proving property.

At the teachers examination last Saturday, Misses Maud Roberts and Lucile Duckworth passed the examination and secured 2nd grade certificates for 3 years each.

Miss Belle Parker, in company with her father, were up from Swisher county Monday, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jno. A. Wallace.

R. M. Black, whose home is at Cisco, a nephew of our venerable townsman J. M. Vasant, is here visiting his relatives for a short time. It is the first time that Mr. Black had ever met his uncle.

Mrs. Downs, of Parker county, an old friend of H. S. Parks and family, who recently came here from the same county, came in on Wednesday morning's train for a visit on the Plains.

Mrs. DeLong, of Waco, a sister to our bachelor photographer—M. S. Lusby, came in Wednesday morning. Her husband will arrive later with a car of their household goods and they will occupy for a time the residence vacated by F. P. Wilson, the property of A. E. Brown.

County Commissioner Gilliland says that a considerable scope of country about Happy failed to come in for any of last week's rain and that grass in that section cannot grow until rain comes.

Geo. A. Brandon and wife left yesterday for St. Louis, where they will spend about two weeks sight-seeing at the Fair. While en route to their destination they will stop at Quannah two days and attend the meeting of the Northwest Texas Press Association, which convened there today.

Elbert Yarbrough, of Amarillo, father of Mrs. T. H. Rowan, died at his home last Friday night after a long illness. Mr. and Mrs. Rowan upon learning of the death of Mr. Yarbrough, immediately left for the scene of sorrow. They have the warm sympathy of their many friends in their sad bereavement.

The ice cream supper given at H. W. Key's confectionery store last Tuesday night by the ladies of the Christian church, was a pleasant social success as well as a decided success financially. The gross receipts amounted to something over \$30. The ladies requested the News to extend cordial thanks for the patronage extended and for the help given by the members of other denominations.

Measles are still prevailing here and a rather severe form of them. There is considerable sickness on this account, in many instances several members of one family being down. Perhaps, one of the worst cases in town is that of J. W. Cummings' little boy, Roy, who had a relapse, the measles settling on his lungs. His condition is serious.

Mrs. Loftland, of Leger, and Mrs. Rees, of Amarillo, both daughters of our citizen T. F. Reid, came in this week to visit their parents. Mrs. Loftland will probably remain here for a month or more.

J. R. Harter has put him up a wooden tank that looks almost as large as his house—from a distance

If the heavy rain that fell on the upper draw was at John Estes' place it will go a long way towards insuring him a good wheat crop from his six or seven hundred acres of this staple cereal.—Plainview Herald.

If you have anything to sell or trade, list it with "Joe" or "Jim" at the office of the Randall County Land and Abstract Co., and they will find you a buyer.

The merchants, true to their promise, closed their places of business on the first of this month at 7 P. M. o'clock, and some were perhaps disappointed that they could not do their shopping after this hour, just because they could not, supposing of course that any one could have been so contrary. The people of the town should help the merchants enforce this rule by making their purchases before 7 o'clock, P. M.

Notice is hereby given that the Commissioners' Court of Randall county will sit as a Board of Equalization on the second Monday in June, the same being the 13th day of said month.

J. H. Garrison, Co. Clk., Randall Co. Texas.

**Say Bill, how about the title to your land?** Better have the Randall County Land and Abstract Company make you an Abstract and see how you stand.

Rev. Jno. R. Morris, pastor of Morrow St. M. E. Church South, of Waco, Texas, will deliver his famous lecture on Music at the Methodist church, Friday night, May 27th. This will be a great treat. You will laugh and cry. Well worth one dollar to hear this lecture. Admission only 25 cents. See testimonials in next issue.

Ladies H. M. Society, Methodist church.

A number of Randall Co. Republicans met at the Court House Saturday 7th at 2 P. M. and organized the Randall County Republican Club of which J. D. Gamble was elected Pres., and C. M. Houser Secty. The chair appointed Earl Cobb, J. G. Cruikshank and Oscar Hunt a committee to draft a constitution and by-laws and report at next meeting. Several Potter Co. Republicans were present and the meeting was favored with speeches from Hon. Clark and Capt. Kindred. Adjourned to meet Wednesday, the 11th inst. same place.

"Get in a hurry" the sooner you list your property with the Randall County Land and Abstract Company the sooner you will find a buyer.

### To Get Rid of a Troublesome Corn.

First soak it in warm water to soften it, then pare it down as closely as possible without drawing the blood, and apply Chamberlain's Pain Balm twice daily, rubbing vigorously for five minutes at each application. A corn plaster should be worn for a few days to protect it from the shoe. As a general liniment for sprains, bruises, lameness and rheumatism, Pain Balm is unequaled. For sale by S. V. Wirt, Druggist.

Mr. W. E. Bates, of Canyon City, was in the city Tuesday. He sold a bunch of horses to a gentleman who shipped them to Arkansas, and Mr. Bates was up attending to the financial part of the transaction.—Amarillo Advocate.

The drouth, late freeze and hail combined has settled our peach crop for this year. There will, however, be some plums and cherries and maybe grapes, that is, barring future mishaps. The orchards so far visited by our reporter, W. F. Heller's and Sam Lofton's, close to town, give evidence of producing a very fair crop of cherries and plums but other fruit, including apples will be extremely short. Mr. Heller has a few apple trees which are just beginning to bloom and he is very enthusiastic about them. He claims a fine apple and a certain crop for this late blooming variety and says there is a fortune in them to those dwellers on the plains who plant them extensively.

# BARGAIN-COUNTER PRICES

We invite the attention of the public to a few of our many cash bargain prices as follows:

21 lbs good Rice	\$1.00
Best Brand Tomatoes, 3-lb cans	.10
" Hominy, 3-lb cans	.10
" String Beans, per case	2.40
" E. J. Peas, per case	2.40
" Blackberries, per case	2.00
" Strawberries, per case	2.40
Dry Salt Bacon, per lb	.10
Apples, 1 gallon cans	.35
California Peaches, 1 gallon cans	.45

150 pairs Ladies' Shoes going at a reduced price in order to make room for our new goods:

Our \$3.50 Shoes for \$3.00  
Our \$3.00 Shoes for 2.60  
Our \$2.50 Shoes for 2.00

Do not fail to see this elegant line of shoes before buying elsewhere.

If you want the best goods for the least money, we believe that we can please you. Nothing but the freshest goods kept in stock. Try us.

We also have about 250 cedar post for sale at 10c

## R. G. OLDHAM & COMPANY.

### Going to the Fair.

495,000 drinks of beer in one barrel at the St. Louis Fair is no small attraction, and, is a good deal of beer, but we promise with what little help we can get to cause a visible shrinkage in short metre when we get to it.—Plainview Herald.

The senior editor of the News will be on hand, Bro. Shafer, and if he doesn't see the "elephant" it will be because he can't give his wife the dodge. The senior editor upon reading the above clipping takes the "devil" into his confidence and tells him of a few sights he will take in while at the Fair:

"I have packed my leather satchel and I'm going to the Fair. An' I'm going to have a good time, too;

"I'm going to do the city an' you bet I'll do it brown. An' I'll do the things the city people do.

"I'm going to take a haddock and go ridin' round the streets. I'm a-goin' to take my meals at roustabouts. I'll have the fancy vittles that the city fellers eats.

"Till I have to shift the buttons on my pants.

"Now I reckon there'll be dewin's in a pretty lively style. When your unkie George, he strikes that town.

"But the sports they will disfavor that I'll stay with 'em a while. Just as soon as I get fairly settled down.

"I expect to spend some money—I shall sling it right an' left—A dollar—yas, an' ten each day!

"For I've got some in that wallet. Can't you tell it by heft. Still, ye've got to go it lively when ye play.

"So I'm goin' to the Fair an' I'm goin' to buy my kite!

"I'll blow ten big plunks in! Then I'll settle down to printing an' be feelin' out of sight.

"'Cause I'm back on terry-ferry once again."

"Don't be an ox" but list your cattle with the Randall Co. Land and Abstract Co., and let them find you a buyer at the highest market price.

The Santa Fe has a strike to contend with. The machinists are out at nearly every point except Galveston. Those at Amarillo are out and according to the Advocate, the sheriff has detailed ten men to guard the property, the Santa Fe paying the wages, \$3 each per day.

We had been wondering what had become of Attorney R. A. Sowder, the man who always wears a happy, pleasing smile. Upon inquiry, the News was officially informed that he had gone down to his old home in Cooke county last week, and after spending several days with home folks would go to Galveston where he will attend the State Council of the Improved order of Redmen, which convened in that city the 10th inst., "rush the can" and attend to other important business matters before returning to the home of his adoption on the Plains.

### HOFFMAN PARAGRAPHS.

The wind still continues to blow.

Our section of the country has been visited by a good rain which was quite a welcome visitor.

Mrs. C. H. Hitchcock and daughter, went to Canyon Monday.

Grass has put up new life since the rain and cattle are doing well.

L. A. and Jesse Price went to Amarillo Saturday on business.

Ed Hoffman has changed his every day occupation of wolf hunting to "dear" hunting (?)

L. A. Price is building a vat to dip cattle.

The musical at B. T. Johnson's last Friday night was greatly enjoyed by both young and old. Prof. Moseley introduced several little games that caused a great deal of laughter.

F. Hoffman and daughter, Miss Emma, went to Amarillo Monday.

B. T. Johnson and Prof. Moseley went to Canyon Tuesday evening.

B. T. Johnson and wife attended church at Umbarger Sunday and visited J. T. Burnett's family.

We want to extend congratulations to Mr. Andy Costley in securing a housekeeper in his old days. As this is leap year we hope all the bachelors will do likewise.

J. M. White, of Amarillo, was in our midst this week.

Several spent Saturday on the creek fishing.

School is progressing nicely both teacher and pupils seem deeply interested.

TASSIE.

The appearance of the town already commends itself to those who have been disposed to call the Plains a barren waste, the grass is getting green, trees are of the same delightful hue and lawns are once more an inviting place to spend an evening.

The number of pretty homes will be greatly increased this spring in Canyon City, as those who did not prepare a pretty lawn with some nice trees last year were chided for their negligence by seeing their neighbor make all sunshine around them by having a well-kept yard in which was growing nicely all kinds of evergreens. Thus it is that with a few more copious rains the little town on the canon will fairly get up and shed its winter raiment, and it won't be the measles that causes it, either.

J. C. Pipkin is further improving his residence property this week by erecting alongside his windmill a neat little house and putting on top of it one of W. W. Merrill's galvanized iron tanks.

Get your Bicycle repaired at Merrill's shop.

### Commissioners' Court

Convened in regular session Monday with all members present. The substance of proceedings had is as follows:

Results of school trustee election held 2nd Saturday in April declared, to wit:

Dist. No. 2, J. M. Cooper.  
" " 4, J. D. Kindley.  
" " 6, J. N. Thomas.  
" " 10, H. James.  
" " 11, J. L. Perdue.

W. J. Redfearn was authorized to purchase for pauper, Dan Mabry, such clothes as he may need.

Report of jury of view, acting on petition of J. F. Smith, was approved and the road overseer of precinct No. 9, Bob, Caler, is ordered to open up the road.

Report of Smith & Stratton, butchers, of animals slaughtered approved.

Report of W. J. Redfearn as Justice precinct No. 4, approved.

Sheriff's quarterly report of fines collected, examined and approved.

Five acres of land was purchased of Henry Shinberger, out of S. W. corner of survey No. 32, for use as a dumping ground. The price paid was \$150.

### MR. SMYTHE QUILTS.

A little hitch occurred on the college building Saturday over the brick work. It was alleged that contractor Smythe was not complying with the specifications on the wall and a portion of it was taken out. F. J. Trigg, who is Mr. Smythe's bondsman, was present and agreed with the main contractors, Scott & Roland, that all specifications touching the walls should be complied with whether Mr. Smythe continued on the job or not.

Later: The News is informed that Mr. Smythe has decided to quit and that Mr. Trigg will now carry on his contract. The work goes on.

### REAL ESTATE AGENCY,

For Canyon City property and Randall County Lands only.

Property listed with me will be advertised in ways that cannot fail of bringing purchasers. My connection with the Texas Real Estate Exchange, gives me unusual facilities in bringing this about.

NOTARY PUBLIC IN OFFICE. Call in and see me and let me tell you what I propose to do.

GEO. A. BRANDON, Office—Canyon City News Building.

Jno. A. Guthrie, The Central operator of the local telephone system, is down with the measles this week. Jno. A. Wallace is discharging "Central's" duty.

Farm and Ranch—sample copies at this office.

### Notice to Breeders.

For the convenience of breeders, Ranger R 31428 will finish the season of 1904 at Tom Rowan's Livery Stable at Canyon Texas. Will be there 6 days in the week, from 8 A. M. to 6 P. M.

C. P. Money.

Lee Shifflett will pay you 14c per dozen, in cash, for your good fresh eggs. \$3 to \$4 per dozen for chickens. Also will buy your bones, hides, copper, brass, and old rubber shoes. First house east of Bank, Canyon City, Texas.

**Wonderful Bird Flight.**  
The most wonderful bird flight noted is the migratory achievement of the Virginia plover, which leaves its northern haunts in North America and, taking a course down the Atlantic, usually from 100 to 500 miles east of the Bermudas, reaches the coast of Brazil in one unbroken flight of fifteen hours, covering a distance of 3,200 miles at the rate of four miles a minute.


Little Bo Peep would have won instead of lost, and her Pa, too, had they bought their lumber of the

CANYON LBR. CO.

**Looking For Sport.**  
She was city bred and had the usual fear of cows.  
"Why," she asked when the danger was past, "did you take me across this lot?"  
The small country lad chuckled.  
"I thought it would be fun," he said, "to see you try to climb a tree." Then, after another chuckle, "And it was."—Chicago Post.

**Trees and Lighting.**  
The oak, the poplar and the pear tree, possessing the greatest electrical conductivity, are the most dangerous shelters during a thunderstorm. The beech is the safest. Chalk is the safest soil in which to plant trees that may be needed for shelter from the storm, clay the next, sand the third and loam the most dangerous of all.

...Best...  
**Passenger Service**  
IN TEXAS.  
4 IMPORTANT GATEWAYS 4



"No trouble to answer questions."  
**2 FAST TRAINS DAILY 2**  
to St. Louis, Chicago and the East....  
SUPERB PULLMAN VESTIBULED SLEEPERS  
HANDSOME NEW CHAIR CARS (Seats Free).  
**FASTEST TIME TO NEW ORLEANS**  
(Compare Schedules).  
ONLY LINE RUNNING THROUGH COLORED AND SLEEPERS WITHOUT CHANGE.  
INCOMPARABLE PULLMAN SLEEPER AND TOURIST CAR SERVICE TO  
**CALIFORNIA.**  
POSITIVELY NO CHANGE.  
Rolling Chair Cars (Seats Free) Daily to  
**ST. LOUIS, MEMPHIS AND EL PASO**  
See any Ticket Agent, or write  
P. HUGHES, Trav. Passenger Agent, P. O. Box 101,  
S. THORNE, E. P. STUBBS,  
Texas Travelers' Bureau, 215 S. 7th St., Dallas, Tex.

**REAL ESTATE AGENCY,**  
For Canyon City property and Randall County Lands only.  
Property listed with me will be advertised in ways that cannot fail of bringing purchasers. My connection with the Texas Real Estate Exchange, gives me unusual facilities in bringing this about.  
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# A STORE FOR THE PEOPLE!!

The House from which the new things come

A store that serves you as satisfactorily when you want inexpensive merchandise of reliable quality as it does when you desire the finest and costliest goods made. It occupies a corresponding position in this mercantile world of ours because it deserves to do so. It strives continually to improve the store service, to elevate the standard of merchandising, to make the store more helpful and more beneficial to its patrons in every way; to sell the best class of goods at lowest prices

## SPRING AND SUMMER WEAR

There are so many things in our stock for the wear of Spring and Summer, that Ladies are able to find just what they want. They have a novelty and brightness about them which, together with the fact that all the late ideas in weave and pattern may be seen, makes them desirable. We have **Laces, Lawns, Linens, Muslins, Dimities, Silks, Tweeds and Voiles** that we would like to show you.

Our Spring line of Block Bros. & Kilpatrick's celebrated line of trousers has arrived and for fit and style they can't be beat. Will wear like "Buckskin." A look at them will convince you.

# WRIGHT, GAMBLE & CO.

### The Mystery of Graslav

[Continued from 1st page.]  
 "Now, beg, tell me why the American came here? Was it to kill the governor or to kill the czar?"  
 "No, I do not know."  
 "You lie. The charge against him, and Vladimir is that they are conspiring to kill both. The American and Vladimir will be taken to the prison at Tomsk and shot. Tell the truth. It will save them and you."  
 "I know nothing," said the old woman, remembering her husband's warnings.  
 "The lash, both of you! Kill the old beast!" yelled Jansky.  
 "It was but a picture—to take a picture!" cried Mamma Paulpoff in tones that pierced the air.  
 Her weakness had come too late. Both whips coiled round her shrunken breasts. The withered skin was cut as with a knife. One scream came from her writhing lips, and she was still.  
 "Cut her down. Leave her," was Jansky's curt remark. He watched them lay the still form upon the floor and then led the way to their horses.  
 "It was a picture," he muttered.  
 "Then Neslerov was right, and the American is on the trail. Both he and Vladimir must die!"  
 That night Vladimir came home from the mine with Papa Paulpoff. He was the first to step across the threshold.  
 "My God!" he said. "Who has been here?"  
 Papa Paulpoff stood stupefied, looking at the overturned face of his wife—dead—bruised—her breast covered with blood.  
 "The police!" wailed the old man, wringing his hands pitifully. "They have killed Mamma Paulpoff! They will kill you—and me!"  
 Vladimir's gentle, placid face became distorted with leonine rage. He stooped over the dead body of his mother.



The withered skin was cut as with a knife, touched her blood with the tips of his fingers and wiped them on his own brow.  
 "If this is Neslerov or the order of the czar," he thundered into the ears of the terror-stricken old man, "I will rend them all! From this moment I live for vengeance!"  
 He brought his clenched fist down on a wooden table and wrecked it completely.  
 "So will I crush them who have done this thing!" he cried. "So will I smash their hearts!"  
 While he raged Papa Paulpoff sank by the side of Mamma Paulpoff and wept.

[To Be Continued]

### Citation by Publication.

THE STATE OF TEXAS,  
 To the sheriff or any constable of Randall county, greeting:

You are hereby commanded to summon H. S. Burnham by making publication of this citation once in each week for four successive weeks previous to the return day hereof, in some newspaper published in your county, if there be a newspaper published therein; but if not, then in any newspaper published in the 47th Judicial district; but if there be no newspaper published in said Judicial district, then in a newspaper published in the nearest district to said 47th Judicial district, to appear at the next regular term of the Justice's Court of Precinct No. one, Randall county, to be holden at Canyon, in said Randall county, on the 6th day of June A. D. 1904, then and there to answer a petition filed in said court on the 26th day of April A. D. 1904, in a suit numbered on the docket of said court No. 154, wherein Garrison Brothers, a partnership consisting of W. H. Garrison, C. S. Garrison and M. F. Garrison, who reside, and are in business at Hereford, Texas, are Plaintiffs, and H. S. Burnham is Defendant, and said petition alleging that said Defendant is indebted to Plaintiffs in the sum of \$171.00, as follows: One note for \$135.00 dated Oct. 10th 1903, due Nov. 15th 1903, with 10 per cent interest after maturity and providing for reasonable attorneys fee if not paid at maturity and suit is brought thereon, signed by H. S. Burnham, payable to International Harvester Company, of America, which note has been transferred for a valuable consideration to Plaintiffs. And suit having been brought thereon, alleging the attorneys fees to be of the reasonable value of \$20.00. And an account, sworn to and filed, dated Oct 10th 1903, for \$11.25, for goods, wares and merchandise purchased of Plaintiffs by Defendant.

Herein full not, but have you before said court, at its aforesaid next regular term, this writ, with your return thereon, showing how you have executed the same.

Witness, W. J. Redfearn, Justice of the Peace for Precinct No. 1, Randall county.

Given under my official signature at office in Canyon, this 26th day of April, A. D. 1904.

W. J. REDFEARN,  
 Justice of the Peace,  
 Precinct No. 1, Randall Co. Texas.

### S. V. WIRT, DRUGGIST.

You will always find our stock of Drugs and Druggist sundries fresh and complete.

We also carry a nice line of Paints and Oils.

We will appreciate the patronage of the public.

### ROGERSON HOTEL

JOHN ROWAN PROPRIETOR.  
**\$1.00 DAY HOUSE**

As good hotel as can be found on the Plains—nice Up-Stairs Rooms

### W. W. MERRILL, PRACTICAL TINNER

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

SHOP ON S. EVELYN ST. PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

### ODELL & STEWART

Physicians and Surgeons, Office with Thompson Drug Co. Calls promptly answered night or day

### GEO. A. BRANDON, LAWYER.

Eighteen years experience in the courts of Central Texas.

Office—Canyon City News Building.

### SLOVER & MAY, THE BLACKSMITHS,

We do all kinds of repairing; Farming Implements, wagons; buggies and guns made like new.—First-class material, good workmanship. Give us a trial HORSE SHOEING A SPECIALTY.

### J. R. HARTER, 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.

Our Cuts Talk  
**THE WILLIAMSON HAFNER ENGRAVING CO.**  
 DENVER



MAKES OLD Furniture, Floors and Woodwork, look like NEW.

ANY CHILD CAN APPLY IT! Removes all scratches and other marks of wear and tear and gives new life and lustre to anything made of wood.

For New or Old Floors it is the best Finish on the market. Made in 8 colors and Clear to match all kinds of woods.

FOR SALE BY S. V. WIRT DRUGGIST.



WIDE VESTIBULED, ELECTRIC LIGHTED TRAINS FROM GALVESTON, HOUSTON, SAN ANTONIO, DALLAS, AND FORT WORTH TO

ST. LOUIS KANSAS CITY AND THE NORTH AND EAST

Choice of Routes via Paris or Denison

Observation Dining Cars and Harvey Dining Halls

all the way W. A. TULEY, G. P. A. FORT WORTH, TEXAS

Do You Want the Earth?

"The Earth" is a new illustrated monthly journal, published by the Santa Fe. Tells the truth about the Great Southwest and California—the truth is good enough. Frequent articles describing your part of the country. Contains letters written by farmers, stockmen and fruit raisers; men who have succeeded and who give the reasons why. Strong editorials and interesting miscellany. A very persuasive immigration helper.

Why not have it sent to friends "back east," to do missionary work for the Southwest? Regular subscription price is 25 cts a year; worth double. Send 50 cents (coin or stamps) with names and addresses of five eastern friends; we will mail "The Earth" to them and you for six months. Write today to, "The Earth," 1120 Railroad Exchange Building, Chicago, Ill.

### T. H. ROWAN, LIVERY FEED AND SALE STABLE.

Bus meets all trains. Best teams and rigs always on hand DRUMMER'S RIGS A SPECIALTY.

### BURTON-LINGO CO.,

Dealers In Fence Stays, Lumber, Post, Doors, Lath, Sash, Shingles, Building Blocks and Mouldings.

### "COOL COLORADO"

The Gem of American Health and Pleasure Resorts and OUR NATIONAL SUMMER PLAY GROUND Affording every essential for Physical and Mental upbuilding and advancement, may be visited and enjoyed at an extremely low cost

COLORADO Offers more creditable resorts and health retreats affording accommodations within the limits of moderate purses than can be found elsewhere upon equal area which, with its incomparable climate and matchless scenic grandeur, makes it well nigh irresistible to those possessing a sense of appreciation.

### "The Denver Road"

Leading thereto is "The Line of Least Resistance" and provides double daily solid trains with Pullman Palace Drawing Room Sleepers, all meals in Magnificently appointed Cafe Cars (a la carte) at reasonable prices, the privilege of numerous stopovers and schedules saving many hours time. It is shortest by exceeding THREE HUNDRED MILES per round trip (see any map) and is the only line offering solid through trains from the Southwest. Upon postal request we will gladly mail to any address beautifully illustrated information booklets and advice of other special arrangements. Address A. A. GLISSON, Genl. Pass. Agt., Fort Worth, Texas. P. S.—Upon Application any connecting line will ticket you via "THE DENVER." Ask us about Tri-Angle tickets to St. Louis

### STOP AND THINK!

Before you purchase your tickets for Points North, East, South or West.

THE SOUTHERN KANSAS RY. OF TEX. Is the only direct route to Kansas City, Chicago, St. Louis and points beyond and

THE PECOS VALLEY LINES penetrate the heart of the far-famed Pecos Valley, justly reputed to be the finest fruit growing district in the U. S., connecting closely at Pecos, Texas, with the Texas & Pacific Ry. for El Paso and all points in Old Mexico.

All of our trains make close connection at Amarillo with the Ft. Worth & Denver City Ry. trains both north and south, eliminating the necessity for stop-overs enroute for passengers traveling over that line. Write your friends in the East to ask their local railway agents regarding homeseekers' rates to the Panhandle and Pecos Valley via the Santa Fe System. A full line of descriptive literature of the Panhandle and Pecos Valley always on hand which may be obtained free by application to this office. DON A. SWEET, TRF. MAN, AMARILLO, TEXAS.