

## A SOLDIER OF COMMERCE

BY JOHN ROE GORDON

Copyright, 1902, by F. R. Toombs

### CHAPTER XXI.

#### THE MONASTERY OF THE LAMAS.

"SURELY," said Orskoff, peering in the darkness at the face of the American, "it is not your purpose to desert the girls."

"I should say not; but with our feet and hands tied and we helpless in that camp we could not assist them. It's this way, Domitan is now camping in the woods. His horses are on the cliff. According to what he said, there is a road farther up the pass by which he will take the camels to the mountains. If that rascal ever gets the girls into the Zannuck stronghold, nothing that we can do will avail. We've got to think of something to do now."

"But what? Is it to fight? I will fight to the last drop of blood!"

"No, fighting will not help us. We've got to win out by some trick."

"They sat down, and Orskoff leaned his head in his hands. Harvey became intent with his thoughts."

"Hello!" said Harvey, getting to his feet quickly. "Somebody around here! Hear that noise? Sounds like a wounded man calling for aid."

"Must be one of the Zannucks or one of the ameer's men who crawled here to get out of the way."

"I'm going to see who and what it is," said Harvey. "I can't see friend or enemy suffer when helpless."

"They soon discovered a man, wounded by spear and sword, lying near the side of the road."

"Art thou friends?" he whispered in the tongue of the ameer's people.

"We have reasons to be enemies; but we have no wish to harm you. Is there anything we can do?"

"Canst thou bring water?"

"I could if I knew where there was any," said Harvey. "Do you know of a river or spring near by?"

"Nay, there is none nearer than the Batoola temple."

"And what is this Batoola temple?"

"A place for lamas—priests of the monastery. There are many there. They are hospitable. If I could get there, they would know how to deal with my wounds."

"How far is it?"

"It is not far. It stands on the high way, but is surrounded by high walls."

"How came you here?"

"I was with the ameer's men when we were attacked by the Zannucks. I was wounded and crawled away from the pass, for the Zannucks kill all their wounded enemies. I could go no farther."

"You came to a good place. The Zannucks are almost within reach of our voices. But tell me more about that Batoola temple."

"As I said, it is a lama monastery. There are monks of all kinds there—missionary monks, begging monks, praying monks."

"Are they all natives of Bokhara?"

"Not all. They come of many nations. Could I be carried there?" asked the wounded soldier.

"We have work to do here," broke in Orskoff. "We cannot give you the time."

"You spoke of begging monks," said Harvey. "What do they beg? How do they reach people?"

"They walk along the roads and ask alms of all they meet. It is in this way the monasteries are supported."

"What do they wear? What sort of looking?"

"You interested in monks?" interrupted Orskoff impatiently. "We have no time to think of them."

"I am thinking of them very hard just now."

Again addressing the wounded man, Harvey asked:

"What sort of garb do these monks wear?"

"Cloaks and hoods. They are humble and holy men."

"I've seen them near Lake Balkal in Siberia," said Orskoff. "They cover their heads and faces so their own grandmothers wouldn't recognize them."

"Oh, they do! And the monastery is poor, supported by alms?"

"Yes," said the soldier of the ameer. "You want to go there?"

"I would live if I could be carried there."

"If we could make a litter of some kind, we might do it."

"We could manage with our coats to make a chair in which to carry him," said Orskoff, "but we have not the time. We cannot forsake our duty to the girls for a wounded enemy."

"We are not forsaking the girls. I have an idea these monks can be of use to us. I want to see them. Help me make the chair."

Harvey's voice was imperative. Orskoff protested, but it was of no avail. He tied the sleeves of their coats together and formed what he called a Russian field chair. The wounded man was then picked up, and the three

# COAL! COAL! COAL!

WE ARE EXCLUSIVE AGENTS FOR

## The Genuine "Niggerhead" Maitland Lump Coal AND Victor Lump Coal

And when we say we will give you the Genuine Maitland Coal WE MEAN IT, and will not substitute some other grade of coal. Don't be fooled in taking something that is claimed to be just as good, but come and get the Genuine Maitland and Victor Coal.

We also carry a large stock of Grain and Field Seeds of all kinds, also the genuine Piedmont Smithing Coal.

We pay the highest CASH Prices for Hides. Good Wagon Yards and courteous treatment to all.

COME AND SEE US WHEN IN TOWN.

# GOBER, HUME & KENYON,

By W. C. KENYON, Manager.

started off.

"Tell me more about these monks," said Harvey as they went along.

"They are priests of the religion of Buddha-Sakyamuni. They are good and holy men."

"Have I not heard somewhere that they are supposed to be gifted with the power to foretell the future—a sort of second sight?"

"Yes, they have magic sight."

"How shall we know when we reach this monastery?"

"There is a light at the pool. If I can be bathed in the sacred pool of Batoola, I shall be cured."

"What pool is that?"

"The life giving pool of Batoola. It is just within the first gate. One who bathes in it is made holy and is given much power by the Dalai lama."

"Watch for the light. But the dawn is breaking; we shall soon be able to see for ourselves."

An hour later they saw the stone walls of the lama monastery.

"The first gate is there," said the Bokharan, who proved to be a young, handsome fellow and seemed inclined to be friendly.

"How do we call them?" asked Harvey as they reached the iron gate.

"There is a rope. Pull it, and a bell will ring."

Harvey pulled a rope that dangled from above, and inside a bell tolled twice. Immediately the wicket of the gate was opened.

"Who thus disturbs the peace of this holy city?" asked a voice.

The hooded face of a monk peered out at them.

"A wounded soldier of the ameer who seeks thy help," answered the young Bokharan.

"The gate was opened, and the monk walked away, leaving the three at the edge of a large pool. Soon other monks in their peculiar garb, wearing hoods that hid their faces, came toward them, and the wounded soldier was laid up on a bed brought from the interior. Another wall could be seen, and inside of this was a large building."

"He shall be bathed in the pool by our brothers," said one of the priests.

"The living waters of Batoola will surely heal his wounds."

"Holy one," he said as he walked by the old priest's side, "my one who knows but little of thy race and religion ask a boon?"

"All men may come to us and learn."

"It is not to learn, for there is not time. I wish to do that which perhaps is not according to your laws. Not far from here are wicked men, hundreds of them, who have stolen two young women and will perhaps harm them if we cannot rescue them. Two of us against so many are powerless, but we could do something by strategy if we wore the garb of your order. I have gold, and here here is a watch from far off America; here is a diamond ring from Paris; these will I give to enrich thy temple for the use of two such outfits of clothing as thy people wear."

The old priest looked at him curiously.

"This request never has been made before. I do not understand. Wouldst thou seek to harm us by a wrongful act?"

"Is it wrongful to rescue young women from robbers?"

"Nay, but the robe of a holy man must not be soiled with blood."

"I promise that no stain of crime shall rest upon it. If blood there is, it shall be our own."

The gleaming diamond attracted the old priest. He listened to the ticking of the watch.

"They are wonderful and beautiful. And wouldst thou give both for the use of two of these garbs?"

"Yes, gladly."

"Come with me."

Harvey motioned to Orskoff, who followed him.

"What are you after now?" he asked.

"You and I are to become monks—old and feeble monks."

Orskoff stared in amazement. His amazement grew as he saw Harvey hand over to the priest his expensive watch and valuable diamond ring in exchange for two outfits of the monkish garb.

"These garments are new and have not been consecrated to our purpose," said the lama. "Take them. Remember, thou shalt shed no blood."

"We promise, and we thank thee."

With the robes and hoods they went out of the place. Harvey started at a quick pace back toward the camp. At a convenient place he stopped and said:

"As soon as I heard of those monks it seemed to me that this was the solution of the problem. We can't fight 200 men. My idea is to disguise ourselves and appear as old and feeble as possible, traveling in the same direction as Domitan's forces. We will ask a lift as far as the Batoola monastery, and if the Zannucks are believers, as the Bokharan said, they will grant what we ask. The camels bearing the girls have the lightest burdens, and it ought not to be difficult to get



An aged priest was coming toward them, seated on a stool. Then, well, let the rest take care of itself. We can tell what to do when we get there."

"I swear by the holy crown of the great white czar," Orskoff exclaimed, "that you are the most daring and the most resourceful devil I ever knew! Did anything ever overcome you? The world is your plaything. You do what you will with all people. If I had asked that old priest for these things, he would have expelled me from the place."

"Well, you are a soldier. I've got to know how to talk or I couldn't sell windmills."

"Talk? You could convince a man that he was a horse. It takes no great amount of talk sometimes to convince him he is an ass. This is the most surprising result of your skill I have yet witnessed. Well, the thing is fascinating. We will try it."

The Russian wondered still more at the resources of the American during the process of disguising themselves. The people of the region were dark. With the bruised husks of nuts of a walnut tree he made an olive colored stain, which he dabbed over their faces. With a pair of folding scissors he cut off the Russian's mustache, bringing sadness to his heart. They made themselves grimy with the soil of the road and practiced the walk of feeble old men. So well did Harvey execute this act that Orskoff said they would become play-actors next.

"We are to permit ourselves to be overtaken by Domitan's army," said Harvey, "and ask to be assisted on

our way. Let me do the talking. And, what you see me do, do also. I must plan as I go along for after we join the Zannucks there will be no time."

Slowly they tramped along the road, and at last, judging themselves to be about half way between the camp and the monastery, they waited.

"Here they come," said Harvey. "Be ready and keep cool. It will be the effort of our lives."

Domitan and his captains rode ahead mounted on horses they had taken from the Bokharans. Following came the little army, struggling along in anything but military style, laughing, singing and celebrating their victory. It was Domitan's watchful eye that discovered two bowed and bent priests resting by the wayside, their great hoods concealing their faces except for the eyes.

"It is well," he said to one of his captains, "that on the first day of my chieftainship I meet with two holy men upon the way. I will give them alms and have their blessings upon me."

"Most holy fathers, holy ones of the sun, bless me," he said, "for Lam but today the chief of the Zannucks."

"Bless you," said Harvey, with a weak and trembling voice as he pocketed the gold. "We are weary, and the temple is far. Hast thou no seat for us on a camel? I see there are two with apparently but little load."

"It is well that thy presence augurs good," said Domitan in a sort of exultation. "These camels bear the one who will be my bride and the one who will be the bride of my brother. Surely it will be well for us if the holy men ride with them. Come."

He went back to the camels and commanded them to kneel.

"Holy companions will thou have, my sweet ones," he said, "these holy men have blessed me, and I have made them presents. I shall win great victories."

Harvey got into the howdah by the side of Alma, and Orskoff, with apparent feebleness, climbed in with Koura. The camels rose to their feet again, and Domitan proudly led on. It was not every day that a chieftain had two lamas in his caravan.

Orskoff was fidgety. He knew that when they reached the monastery they would be expected to leave, but he had faith that Harvey would surmount the difficulty. He saw Harvey scanning the sky and muttering and making peculiar signs. Harvey called to Domitan, and the chief rode back.

"I see mysterious signs in the heav-

ens," said Harvey in a manner that would inspire awe. "I see but an hour's ride from this spot a band of soldiers of the ameer coming to give you battle. They are mighty men and armed. I have blessed thee, and therefore thou wilt surely win. But these tender children must not be taken into danger if thou wouldst have them for wives. Take thy fighting men and go meet the foe. We will remain here, where it is safe."

"How many of the ameer's soldiers dost thou see, holy one?"

"Ten score of horse."

"We are their equals. We will obey thee, holy one, leaving only enough to guard thee."

He appointed an officer and part of a company to remain to guard and led the remainder on to meet the foe. The caravan came to a halt. The camels laden with merchandise were brought up, and the soldiers put aside their arms to make camp.

"Now, you gallant Russian!" shouted Harvey as he turned his camel and gave it a prick with the blade of his knife. The beast flew like the very wind toward Siloon, with Koura's camel in hot pursuit.

Cries of rage and consternation rose from the soldiers. A few shots were fired, but no bullet touched them. On, on they went. Nothing stayed the mad flight. The howdahs rocked and swayed and the girls became dizzy. Harvey guided his camel to the utmost. He could picture to himself a soldier on the best horse sent to inform Domitan; one chief's wild ride back in pursuit; his awful rage when he knew he had been duped; his murderous desire for revenge. Harvey gritted his teeth and sped the camel on. Many a long journey had he taken on the beasts and knew well the handling of them.

Thus they raced on the fleetest camels in all Bokhara. For ten hours they kept up the pace. Then he knew it would be safe to rest, for the best horse Domitan possessed could not overtake them.

Then on again for hours they sped along the pass; then another stop for water and fruit. They passed a shepherd's cottage, and he gave them a good meal.

"That's enough," said Harvey. "That will do till we reach Siloon. There's plenty on the gunboat."

On again they went, slackening the pace but little. They reached Siloon in two days. The caravan was four days in making the distance.

Siloon was agape with astonishment when it saw the camels of the ameer racing into the place with the two pretty women and two monks. It was eager to know the particulars. The streets were filled with Russian sailors, and Russian guns frowned from a gunboat in the harbor.

Harvey and Orskoff alighted, while the Russians and people of Siloon gathered round.

"Where is Lieutenant Nevsky?" asked Orskoff, removing his red hat and robe and showing himself in his regular uniform.

"Lieutenant Nevsky has been sent back to Sahin," was the reply of a sailor. "Admiral Platoff is here with the gunboat, yonder, waiting for you."

"Does he understand?"

"I suppose so. We knew you were coming here."

"Signal the gunboat."

While the boat was coming Harvey arranged with a bazaar merchant to have the camels returned to the ameer, who, he said, would give a reward for their recovery.

The gunboat showed signs of activity, and the small boat soon took them to it. On the deck stood a grizzled old officer wearing the uniform of an admiral. He did not greet them, but looked with some curiosity at a girl in the uniform of the inspector of prisons, a grimy American clad as a lama, a naval officer with a monk's hood in his hand and Koura, the girl who had twice been stolen from Tiflis.

"I inform you that you are my prisoners," he said curtly.

"You place us under arrest!" exclaimed Orskoff.

"I do. You for deserting your gunboat and entering forbidden territory and releasing captured robbers, the American as being an escaped prisoner, Almy Jurneff for releasing said prisoner, Koura Bartelkis is not under arrest. You shall go at once to Tiflis for trial."

In the office of the governor's palace at Tiflis sat a man of powerful build wearing a uniform that betokened exalted rank. He was General Uroff, governor general of the province, a man of blood and iron and one in whom the czar placed so much confidence that it was said that a command from Uroff was a command from the czar himself.

Before him stood three prisoners. He listened attentively while they told the story of their adventures. It is not necessary to repeat the testimony that was given before the governor general. In the main it was Harvey Irons' cool voice that rehearsed the adventures that culminated in the arrests by Admiral Platoff.

When the story was ended, General Uroff said:

"With his knowledge of the matter, having been told by Lieutenant Nevsky,

[Continued on 4th page.]

**CANYON CITY NEWS.**

**Geo. A. Brandon, Prop.**  
**Walter E. 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.....3 00  
Please don't ask for credit on announcements.

**Announcements.**

**COUNTY TICKET.**  
For County Judge—  
J. M. VANSANT,  
G. G. FOSTER  
A. N. HENSON,  
(For Re-Election)  
For County and District Clerk—  
L. J. SCOTT,  
J. A. TATE,  
C. N. HARRISON

For Tax Assessor—  
C. H. HITCHCOCK,  
P. H. YOUNG,  
J. T. JOWELL,  
S. H. HEYSER,

For Sheriff and Tax Collector—  
E. A. UPFOLD,  
(For Re-Election)  
M. F. SLOVER

For County Attorney—  
ALBERT S. ROLLINS,  
R. A. SOWDER  
BERN WILSON  
(For Re-election)

For County Treasurer—  
R. G. OLDFAM,  
JOHN ROWAN,  
R. B. REDFEARN  
(For Re-Election)

For Inspector—  
R. E. FOSTER  
(Re-Election)  
W. A. JENNINGS  
G. R. STRATTON  
J. R. LUNA

For Commissioner and Justice of the Peace of Precinct No. 1—  
W. J. REDFEARN  
(For Re-Election)  
J. T. PARKS

For Commissioner of Precinct No. 2—  
J. A. COFFEE

For Commissioner of Precinct No. 3—  
L. W. McCLURE.

**CANYON CITY'S FIRST COTTON.**

Two bales of cotton were brought into town Monday from Briscoe county and offered for sale. J. N. Donohoo agreed to take the staple at 9 cents, and left it to the enterprise of the merchants as to whether they would give a premium. A committee at once set to work on the matter and the following firms donated sums which amounted in the aggregate to \$20.

Wright, Gamble & Co.  
Stringfellow-Hume Hdw. Co.  
Canyon Mercantile Co.  
Thompson Drug Co.  
Nobles Bros. Grocery Co.  
Gober, Hume & Kenyon.  
First Nat'l Bank.  
R. G. Oldham & Co.  
Canyon City Hdw. & Grain Co.  
The marketing of this cotton at this place has a significance about it that has not possibly been thought of by many, in that it is the first cotton that has ever been marketed in the town and the first Plains raised cotton that has ever been sold in any town on the Pecos Valley Ry. in Texas.

Canyon City has provided ample facilities for buying and handling all cotton that will seek a market and shipping advantages here, having already two buyers on the ground in the persons of our townsman J. N. Donohoo and W. S. Almond, a buyer who is representing a Gainesville commission company.

The Canyon City Hardware and Grain Co. are preparing at their own expense a yard just east of the Victoria hotel which

**WRIGHT, GAMBLE & CO.**  
**Canyon City's Greatest Dress Goods Store!**

We've brought here for your inspection this season the handsomest line of Dress Materials ever brought to Canyon City. Read carefully below all the special items that we will have for the month of October:

- Imported Broadcloth.....\$1.25 per yd.
  - Novelty Suitings......60 per yd.
  - Sicilian, 50 inches wide......65 per yd.
  - Fancy Sicilian......60 per yd.
  - Novelty Flannels for waists......50 per yd.
  - Tricot Flannels, all wool......35 per yd.
  - Good LL Domestic......06 per yd.
  - Good Cotton Flannel.....7 1-2 to 12c per yd.
  - Latest Styles in Ladies' Jackets.....\$5 to \$10.
  - Misses' and Children's Wraps.....\$1.50 to \$4.
- A few more Men's Sample Hats left at 50 per cent less than they generally cost. There are some rare bargains in these hats. Look at 'em

**Salient Features About Our Men's Clothing:**

The largest stock in Canyon to select from; Greatest variety in the town; More novelties than elsewhere; A complete range of sizes; Latest approved styles; Best Qualities Manufactured; Fairest Prices in the World; The Kind that will look and wear well  
**Prices Ranging from \$10 to \$17.50.**

will be equipped with the necessary scales for weighing cotton and a public weigher will either be elected or appointed not later than November 8th.

The News force was treated Saturday to two large watermelons, the gift of our large-hearted friend, T. F. Reid. Such tokens of remembrance on the part of our friends has already made us feel that at least in many homes of the county our efforts to get out a good local paper has been appreciated, for not a few, as did Mr. Reid, have followed the example of proving it by their deeds. Thanks, to each and every one of them.

Among the things that seem to thrive on the Plains with great exuberance is all kinds of flowers, the names of which no one knows but a florist. Two as lovely specimens of roses have been growing in Photographer Lusby's yard as one needs care to see, equaling in delicate tints the flowers of more tropical climates. With a little care and attention and an occasional douche of moisture from the heavens, flower growth on the Plains can attain a degree of success that would be reckoned phenomenal by those who have not tried the experiment.

The San Antonio International Fair opens Oct. 22, and continues until Nov. 2nd. Bull fights and Racing, daily. Special rates on all railroads. The editor of the News acknowledges courtesies extended and regrets exceedingly his inability to be there.

Saturday, J. M. Vansant presented this office with a splendid red turnip beet, weighing three lbs, the product of his garden, and also some fine snap beans which he said were of the true Mexican frijole variety. It is simply wonderful how such things do grow here—it beats anything since the report rendered by Caleb, touching the products of the land of Canaan.

The Brand says that Cyclone Davis will address Hereford people on prohibition the 12th inst.

L. C. Lair reports the sale of 320 acres of land, the property of Owens Miller, of Gatesville, to J. A. Wansley at \$4 per acre.

**Creditable Exhibits.**

The several real estate firms of the town have been collecting samples of Randall county productions, both of the field and the garden, of this year's growth, as an exhibit of what the county could do along this line. The showing so far has not only surprised the stranger within our gates but has called forth an occasional ejaculation from those who have been here for a long time, but who originally hailed from "Missouri." A visit to the Randall County Land & Abstract Co., this week by a News reporter has induced him to make mention of some of the things seen in this particular office. To begin with there was a big pumpkin which tipped the scales at 28½ lbs., a pie melon that played hide and seek around 40 lbs., a 5 lb raddish, a 6½ lb turnip, a 5½ lb beet, cucumbers, onions, sweet potatoes, 2 kinds of squashes, potato pumpkin, winter musk melon, peanuts and pepper. Of the field crops there were splendid specimens of Indian corn, milo maize, kafir corn, broom corn, California wheat, sugar cane, alfalfa, Soy bean, oats and hard wheat. A notable feature of the milo maize exhibit was a stalk and suckers, the growth of one seed, containing nine well-developed heads of this fine feed. This is convincing evidence that this county is pre-eminently destined to become one of the foremost in the production of truck and forage crops.

**WHEAT AND CABBAGES.**

At Hereford, Saturday, October the first, a Truck Growers' Institute was organized as an adjunct to the Farmers' Institute then in session. "There were some very interesting talks by men who have had years of experience in this country in farming, and by others who have not had so much experience but who had truck farmed in a scientific way, and they, one and all, report results even better than they had expected," says the Hereford Brand. One of these "talks" as recorded in the Brand reads as follows:

"J. C. Womble, a man of thirteen years experience on the

Plains, and a successful farmer from every point of view was asked to give his experience in regard to wheat growing and truck farming. Mr. Womble stated that he had run a harvester in this country for the past thirteen years, and in the thirteen years there had not been but one entire failure of the wheat crop, and that it ran as high as thirty bushels per acre some years. He went further to state that he pledged his faith in wheat, and that he would raise wheat first, last and always. Mr. Womble then told us a cabbage story, starting out by saying that he would not ask the audience to believe his story, for it was considerably "fishy" but he could prove it by Sarah Jane. He then stated that one fall they raised so many cabbage they could not eat them, give them away or make them into kraut; so they decided to put them up in a hill, covering the pile over with dirt to prevent freezing; and the next spring when they dug the bottom of the hill there were a number of the stalks that had sprouted and had several heads of cabbage on them. One stalk had forty-eight heads of cabbage grown to it, forty-seven of which had grown during the winter."

The Institute secretary in commenting on Mr. Womble's cabbage experience makes the following official statement:

"If one had not seen cabbage grow in this country and did not know Mr. Womble, this story might be doubted, but any one who will take a look at the cabbage crop in this country this fall, will be prone to believe anything in the way of a cabbage story; and the only thing to be feared about growing cabbage in this country is that they will get a start and grow wild, and if they ever do they will be harder to get rid of than an acre of sassaparilla roots in the swamps of Arkansas."

while the News man does not vouch for the Bible truth of this Hereford cabbage story, yet, he has seen enough in his own limited experience on the Plains to convince him that it might be true.

**Burton-Lingo Co-Lumber**

The best Bakers' light bread at Wilson's. Fresh and good. 19 1/2

**RANDOM THOUGHTS.**

G. A. B.

In the action of the Russian government refusing to recognize an American passport, when the holder is a Jew, the dignity of American citizenship receives a serious setback unless full and complete reparation be speedily demanded of and surely made by the haughty Muscovite.

Under a treaty between this country and Russia, entered into in 1832, citizens of the United States were granted such rights in districts "where foreign commerce is permitted," as were bestowed upon subjects of Russia within the territories of the United States. Actuated by her bigoted, fanatical and unreasonable hate toward the Jew, Russia, disregarding her obligation under this treaty, absolutely refuses to recognize him although he be in fact and in law an American citizen.

Under the Constitution and enlightened policy of the United States all citizens stand equal before the law, and as a government we stand pledged to see that he is respected as a citizen the world over no matter what his religion be or race from whence he springs. It is the proud boast of Britain that her flag protects her citizens "anywhere on God's green footstool." This has been declared to be the policy of this Republic and just why the present administration is so backward about enforcing it our people, generally, would like to know.

To American citizens of the Jewish race our gates are closed. This is virtually the stand of Russia, taken some two years ago and proclaimed to the world and yet, not until right recently has our National Administration paid any attention to it and then only in a half-hearted way. In fact nothing at all seems to have been done until Congress passed a resolution of inquiry on the subject.

Had Mr. Cleveland been President he would have promptly and plainly informed Russia, when the outrage occurred, some two years ago, that it had to stop—that the American passport shall be honored by those who would retain the friendship of the United States.

**ELECTION NOTICE.**

Pursuant to the Election Proclamation issued by the Governor of Texas, notice is hereby given that an election will be held on **Tuesday, 8th day of November, 1904.**

In each Election Precinct in the County of Randall, State of Texas, for the purpose of voting for Eighteen Electors for President and Vice President, Member of Congress, Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, Comptroller, Treasurer, Commissioner of the General Land Office, Attorney-General, Superintendent of Public Instruction, One Railroad Commissioner, One Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, One Judge of the Court of Criminal Appeals,

One Chief Justice of the Court of Civil Appeals for the Second Supreme Judicial District, Senator and Representative to the Twenty-ninth Legislature, as named in the Governor's Proclamation, and such County and Precinct Officers as the law requires to be elected, and for or against amending Section 52, Article 3, Section 51, and Section 16, Article 16, of the Constitution of the State of Texas.

A. N. HENSON,  
County Judge Randall Co., Texas.

**Burton-Lingo Co-Lumber**  
**Sheriff's Sale.**

State of Texas, County of Randall. By virtue of an execution, issued out of the Honorable Justice Prec't. 1, Court of Randall County, on 10th day of September A. D. 1904, by the Justice of the Peace thereof, in the case of W. E. Cannon & Company, versus M. C. Chamlee Jewelry Co., a company composed of J. Ed Crawford and M. C. Chamlee, said execution being issued against J. Ed Crawford No. 155, and to me, as Sheriff, directed and delivered, I will proceed to sell for cash, within the hours prescribed by law for Sheriff's Sales, on the first Tuesday in November A. D. 1904, it being the First day of said month, before the Court House door of said Randall County, in the town of Canyon City, the following described property, to-wit:

Being lots Sixteen (16) and Seventeen (17) in Block Twenty-two (22), original town plat of Canyon City, Texas, with all improvements thereon, levied on as the property of J. Ed Crawford to satisfy a judgement amounting to \$60.00 in favor of W. E. Cannon & Company and costs of suit.

Given under my hand, this 1st day of October A. D. 1904.

E. A. Upfold, Sheriff.  
**Burton-Lingo Co-Lumber**

## OVER THE TICKER

(Original.)  
She was a splendid girl, but I knew she should marry money. This was my thinking, not hers, of which I knew nothing. A long time I worshipped her. Then when the great Wall street boom came on I invested a few thousand dollars and gained a fortune. I was worth \$200,000. This result was not fully attained till the summer of 1902. Hearing that Marguerite was at the seashore, I went there. I pretended to be much surprised to meet her, but this was all assumed. I had gone there to woo and win her if I could. I didn't have much trouble inducing her to accept my attentions—indeed, she would decline to make engagements with very rich men to be with me, though she knew nothing about my circumstances. September came on, and many people left the coast. Enough remained to keep up the daily attendance on the beach and at the hops. One morning Marguerite and I were sitting on the shining sands looking at the bathers. I had got pretty near to a proposal the night before and was just about to close the matter up so far as my part was concerned when I heard a cheery voice behind me, and Billy Allen clapped a hand on my shoulder. I introduced him to Marguerite, and we all three chatted together. Billy said there was a flurry in Wall street and suggested that we go to the hotel and look at the ticker. Marguerite said she would like to go, too, so we rose, sauntered together up the beach and were soon bending over the tape. I explained matters to Marguerite.

"Those letters M. O. P.," I said, "stand for Missouri Pacific common stock. It is a great favorite at present and is usually referred to as 'Mop.'"

"A good name for a poodle," interposed Marguerite.

"Now, a holder," I said, "of 100 shares of 'Mop' makes or loses \$100 for every point it goes up or down. On 1,000 shares the change is \$1,000, on 10,000 shares \$10,000, and so on. Supposing we have, say, 20,000 shares, let us see what one makes or loses as the quotations vary."

I held the tape and read the quotations on the stock.

"A quarter, a half, three-quarters rise. We're ahead \$15,000. Back she goes a quarter, a half, seven-eighths, one point. We've lost our \$15,000 and \$5,000 besides. Still she goes down. A half, three-quarters, a point, a point and a quarter, a half, three-quarters. Great heavens, is she never going to stop? Two points, a half, three-quarters, three points. We've made a big loss. We're out \$60,000."

"It quite takes my breath away," said Marguerite, with a gasp.

"Oh, you would soon get used to it," I replied.

I am not much of an admirer of myself and didn't think I was doing anything remarkable, but Billy, who knew I was "long" of exactly 20,000 shares of "Mop," looked at me in amazement. There was some reaction (which, as I explained, regained some of our hypothetical losses), and then down went the ticker I was out \$85,000. Marguerite went upstairs for a short nap before lunch, and Billy and I went out on to the piazza to talk it over. I made up my mind that I would take advantage of the first reaction and sell out.

The next morning I met Marguerite on the piazza. I excused myself for not having seen her in the evening by saying I had Billy on my hands and proposed that before we went to the beach we should take a look at the ticker. We did so, and I saw that several stocks of which I had a few thousand shares each followed "Mop's" example and slid down to a point that left me barely \$10,000 if all my shares were sold at the prices quoted. I resolved to save that bagatelle for future operations and, excusing myself from Marguerite for a few minutes, went to the telegraph office and sent a message to my broker to sell all I had "at the market." Then I rejoined Marguerite and we went to the beach.

That evening while we were sitting together on the piazza looking at the ocean slowly lapping the shore as a lion may lick his chops after devouring somebody I said to my companion:

"Marguerite, you are the only woman I ever saw whom I wanted to marry, and I resolved three years ago that if I ever made enough money to take proper care of you I would ask you to be my wife. Yesterday morning when Billy Allen came up I was worth \$200,000 and was on the eve of putting the question to you. We went to the ticker and saw \$60,000 pass away in less than half an hour. The rest, except \$12,000 which I have saved from the wreck, went yesterday afternoon and today. I tell you this because it is due to you and myself that you should know why, after all I have said to you, I do not complete what I have begun."

She sat looking at me with eyes opening wider and wider till I had finished.

"Do you mean to tell me that that supposititious case was your own?"

"I do."

"Then all I have to say is that I'd rather marry a man with such splendid nerve than one with a million."

With a simultaneous impulse we opened our arms and clasped each other in a tight embrace.

My fiancée would not hear of my leaving Wall street. She said that a man with such nerve is especially fitted for a speculator and I must seek my fortune where I lost it. I went "short" and in less than three months regained my \$200,000. Where I shall land eventually I don't know. We must all take our chances in this world, and my chances seem to be in the stock market.

F. A. MITCHEL.

Subscribe today—quit borrowing.

## MY CHANGEABLE LOVER

(Original.)  
I have a lover.

My lover's name is Jack. Jack is at times feminine, at times masculine. Strange to say, I like my lover best when he is feminine. I suppose, to be strictly grammatical, I should say "when she is feminine," but there is no word in the English language which stands for "he or she." We use "he" at times to stand for both. Therefore whether he is acting like a man or a woman I shall call him "he."

Sometimes Jack pays me compliments, sometimes tells me the truth—if it is the truth—blurring it out suddenly and gruffly. He often criticizes my dress, at times approving of my costume, at times decrying it. I was dressed for a ball the other evening and, suddenly looking up, saw Jack regarding me intently. As my gaze met his an expression of admiration suddenly lighted up his face.

"You are very pretty, dear," he said.

"I'm glad you like my costume," I replied. "Have you any suggestions?"

"It is perfect. You might take that rose from over your right temple and put it farther back. There; that will do. It is a great improvement."

I walked away from him, turning my head, while he kept his eye fixed on the rose.

"Very pretty," he said. "And your train follows you gracefully. You are sure to have plenty of attention this evening. Your card will be filled before you have been in the ballroom ten minutes. Then, when the fellows come up and ask for a dance, you will toss your head, hold out your card and note their disappointment. It will be delightful."

If Jack would always talk to me like this I would like him better. But he doesn't. Sometimes he looks at me in a most unsatisfactory way and says what he looks.

"You're a dowdy looking thing," he said to me the other day. "That dress hangs on you in wrinkles and makes you appear as old as your grandmother."

"Well, I can't help it," I replied. "Mme. B. has tried three times to fit me and failed every time. She'll not have another chance."

This is where Jack is feminine, when he is prattling about dress. But sometimes he talks to me about my good and weak points. He is very changeable. I read him some verses lately that I had just written, and he was in ecstasies over them. I read them to him again in a week, and he called them rubbish.

Jack's only rival is Ernest Field. He is very different from Jack, being always manly. He rarely notices my dress or compliments me, but when he does I prize it far more than Jack's shifting opinions. I read him the verses that Jack at first admired, then called rubbish. He listened respectfully till I got through, then said, "Very pretty." In a bored kind of a way.

"Shall we go for a walk?"

I could have scratched out his eyes. After that Jack called me a fool to waste my time dribbling over commonplace sentimental rhymes. Occasionally he is very sensible, but I have noticed that I get the benefit of his good sense after Ernest has rapped me over the knuckles. The next time I saw Ernest I told him that I was ashamed of my poetic effusion and would not offend again.

"Your verses are much better than the average," he said, "but only a genius can avoid being commonplace in verse."

Yesterday Ernest told me that he would call this evening and would have something very special to say to me. It quite took my breath away, for I knew very well what that something would be. How could I give up Jack?

When Ernest was announced I had been ready and waiting for him half an hour. It was the longest half hour I had ever known. Jack and I were reading—I was pretending to read—at the time in the library. I looked up from my book, and Jack looked up at the same moment. He knew what I was waiting for, and I saw him slobber. There was a sharp ring at the bell, a heavy step in the hall—it seemed as if an undertaker had come to measure me—and the maid came in to tell me that Mr. Field was in the drawing room. I gave Jack a half assuring look and went to meet my fate, whatever it might be, for I was in a state of indecision.

I hoped Ernest would lead up to what he had to say gradually, but he didn't. He began by saying that a better understanding should exist between two people who had been so much together, and he had called to his part in bringing that understanding about. That part was to tell me that he loved me and wished me to be his wife.

Perhaps it was the way he did it. At any rate, I said after a short silence that he was too late; that I already had a lover who was the only one to whom I could entirely give myself. I was very sorry if he had construed a friendliness on my part to mean love. I had not intentionally misled him.

The expression that came over his face was one of terrible disappointment. It was surprising to me after his very methodical proposition. It broke down my resolution.

"I only wish," he said, "that I were in his place. God grant that he may make you happy, as you deserve."

"Ernest," I said in a comforting tone and reaching for his hand, "my lover has a fault which may after all kill my affection for him. He is very changeable. Do you wish to see him? Look!" I pointed to my reflection in a mirror.

"Jaqueline!" he exclaimed, radiant, and took me in his arms.

ELIZA L. WHITCOMB.

Try the News for Job Work.

# The Place To Buy the best Coal



The Genuine Maitland,  
The Genuine McAlester,  
Rugby, "Niggerhead" and  
Piedmont Smithing Coal.

Now is the time to get your winter's supply of coal while the weather is good. Why not now? Our prices are right.  
Our stock of Corn, Oats, Bran, Corn chops and Hay is fresh and good.  
Don't forget that our stock of Shelf Hardware, Queensware, Glassware, Implements, Wagons, Buggies, Harness, Saddles, Windmills, Piping, Casing, Cylinders, all kinds of Water Supplies, Wire and Nails is second to none on the Plains in point of quality, cheapness and quantity.



Give us a chance to save you money on such articles.  
We pay the highest market price to hides.

## CANYON CITY HARDWARE AND GRAIN COMPANY.

### Local.

#### Burton-Lingo Co-Lumber

If it's candy you want see Wilson for the best kind. 19 tf

Mrs. W. C. Kenyon went up to Amarillo Wednesday.

Sherman Clayton, formerly of Swisher county, left Monday for Yuma, Arizona.

Mrs. Bob Strain left Monday for Millsap, where she will join her husband.

Mr. Daughtry, the blind piano man, came in from Fort Worth Saturday.

F. P. Wilson and daughter, Miss Amelia, visited Amarillo Tuesday.

M. N. Gallagher was in the county capitol Monday from his ranch, southwest of town, laying in supplies.

Jim Hood and family, from near Umbarger, were in town Tuesday, the guests of J. A. Grundy and family.

County Court convened Monday and is now virtually over. No trials have been had—the few cases on the docket being continued.

The friends of R. E. Foster will be glad to know that he was able to be out on the streets this week. He will be the same stalwart man as of old in a short time.

Mrs. J. D. Bratton returned home last Saturday from Mineral Wells, where she has been for several months for the benefit of her health.

T. B. Ketner has leased his place east of town to J. M. McCormick for three years and he and his wife will move to Canyon City in the very near future.

George Black, Jr., brought into the News office, Monday, a turnip which weighed 5 1/2 lbs., and measured 25 inches in circumference. Next!

In the Cowboys' roping and riding contest last week at Amarillo, Chas. McDade, of this place, won first money in the broncho riding contest, the purse being \$75.

Mrs. J. M. Wright and D. A. Park left Wednesday evening for St. Louis via Ft. Worth, where at the latter place they will be joined by Mrs. Park, and will thence make a visit to the World's Fair.

Walter Cobb and family this week moved to Artesia, N. M., their future home. We understand that Walter has secured a position there in a mercantile establishment.

#### Burton-Lingo Co-Lumber

Several cars of alfalfa have gone from here recently. It is bringing \$10 per ton loaded on the car and is being shipped to Beaumont, Tyler and other points back east.

M. S. Lusby left Monday evening for St. Louis, where he will attend the great Fair and the annual meeting of the National Photographers Convention, which convenes in St. Louis next week.

The ladies of the C. P. church will serve oysters, ice cream and cake at the N. Thompson building tonight (Friday, Oct. 14.) Oysters, fried or stewed, 25c—a dozen. Ice cream, 2 saucers for 25c.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Heiler anticipate starting to the great Fair next Monday. Canyon City and vicinity has furnished more than her pro rata of Plains visitors to the World's Fair this year.

Harry James was in town Monday from his Ceta ranch. He brought in with him a turnip of his own growing which measured 26 inches in circumference. He says he has one growing that he feels sure will equal that of any that will be grown in the county this year.

Dr. J. L. Howell and wife returned home Thursday night of last week from the Fair, having been held over several days at Higgins. They succeeded in crossing the Canadian river in a wagon, but the doctor says he doesn't care to repeat the experiment.

Mesdames Campbell, Neva Stratton and Dean returned home from Amarillo Wednesday whither they had gone to solicit advertising for the cook book which the C. P. ladies propose publishing. They were able to secure enough advertising to amount to some \$20, and with what they have raised here in the same manner they will be almost able to defray the entire expense of publishing from the advertising pages. The News has been given the contract of printing and anticipates having the book ready for the Thanksgiving bazaar which the ladies will have.

#### Cured of Lame Back After 15 Years of Suffering.

"I had been troubled with lame back for fifteen years and I found a complete recovery in the use of Chamberlain's Pain Balm," says John G. Bisher, Gillam, Ind. This liniment is also without an equal for sprains and bruises. It is for sale by S. V. Wirt, Druggist.

### Church Notice.

The service at the Methodist church Sunday night will be a review of the year's work. Reports from each department of church work will be expected from those representing them. The entire membership is requested to be present. All are invited. J. E. STEPHENS.

### News Roll of Honor.

Under this heading will be found the amounts received on subscription to the News during the past week, and names of the parties paying. This will serve as a receipt to those of our subscribers forwarding money by mail.

S. V. Wirt	.....\$1.00
Felix Thompson	..... .50
Harry A. Howell	..... .50
J. D. Weller	..... .25

**For Sale**—A pair of light hand-made cowboy boots, size 8. Full Kangaroo, wrinkled front, narrow box toe, Morocco legs, full length—original cost \$14.50. The boots have been used only a few days. Made by one of the best bootmakers in Texas. Will sell them for \$10. Come and see them—at this office.

### Extending Banking Interests.

L. T. Lester, of Canyon City, J. B. Posey, of Floydada, and W. S. Posey, of Lockney bought the controlling interest in the First National Bank of Lubbock this week.

Mr. Lester was elected president and W. S. Posey, cashier. These gentlemen are well known financiers and we are glad to see them enter business here.

Mr. W. S. Posey will make his home here and we bid him a hearty welcome. The retiring cashier, I. L. Hunt, and family, will move to Fort Worth. They leave many friends who will join us in wishing them much success.—Avalanche.

### Alfalfa For Sale.

Good clean alfalfa hay, cut and baled at the right time, delivered anywhere in town at ten dollars per ton.

Henry Shinebarger.

### For Sale

—200 acres patented land under fence and on public road 6 miles South of town, 90 per cent tillable, 60 acres already in cultivation, house of 2 rooms, outhouses, two good wells of fine water and over one of them, a 2-inch pump outfit and 12-foot Red Cross Windmill—640 acres adjoining lease goes with it—all for \$1250. If taken at once 60 acres of cane that will make about 100 tons will be included.

### TRY US

Before sending off for Letter Heads, Note Heads, Envelopes, Type writer paper, Bill Heads, or any other class of printing, try the News office on quality and price.

We need the work and will do our very best to meet competition. Only give us the same order you give the foreign house and ten to one we can meet the price. We carry a full stock of material. Give us the same chance we propose to give you—This is all we ask.

### Team and Hack Stolen.

Last Sunday night a team of mares and a topped hack belonging to C. P. Money, which had been driven to the Baptist church by W. W. Stephenson and wife, was stolen while the congregation was quietly listening to the evening discourse. It was at first thought that the team had in some manner released themselves from their position at the hitching rack and only after a thorough search had been made around town and the surrounding country without bringing to view the missing conveyance, did any one suspect that they had been stolen. A clue was given the searchers Monday when they found a portion of the top to the back and one of the seats of the vehicle, on the road 8 miles south of here, partially destroyed by fire.

It is thought that two suspicious characters, a man and a woman, who had been hanging around town several days prior to the disappearance of the team and who suddenly disappeared the same night and in the same manner as did the team and hack, have appropriated this method of transit to their own uses for the purpose of getting out of the country. Howard Stephenson and Valcor Steen left Tuesday in search of the team but gave up the chase near Plainview and started back home yesterday morning. Sheriff Upfold and Mr. Money started out Wednesday to see what they could do in the search.

All bills against this office should be presented promptly on the first of each month—we may not have the cash, but want the bills all the same.

**For Sale**—A four room house on corner lot and in good neighborhood at \$450. Apply to H. James or to this office.

Home and Farm, one of the best agricultural papers in the world and the Canyon City News one year for \$1.35.

# Ready For An Extensive Fall Business

We have anticipated the varied wants of our many customers in the way of Fall and Winter supplies and are ready to serve you in the best possible manner when you happen to be in need of **Hardware, Implements, and all kinds of Farming machinery, Wagons, Buggies, Harness and Saddles. Eclipse wood and Steel Star Windmills, Pipe, Casing and Cylinders, Barb Wire and Nails. In fact everything that is kept in a first-class hardware store. Best line of Queensware and Glassware ever brought to Canyon.**

## IN SHELF HARDWARE

Our stock is complete and we can supply your wants at a saving to you. Call for what you want in this line—we have it. We can't enumerate the whole line, but suffice to say we are setting the pace for the great Plains country, especially in Price and Quality. What you need to do is to come into our place and let us convince you.

## Stringfellow-Hume Hardware Co.

STRINGFELLOW-HUME HDW. CO.

### "A Soldier of Commerce"

(Continued from 1st page.)

ky what he knew, Admiral Platoff was justified in making the arrests and bringing the prisoners here. As a matter of fact, it was fortunate for you that he did so. Conditions have changed in Tiflis. I came from St. Petersburg solely to investigate the fact that an American, of whom I had never heard, was in a Russian prison. I supposed it was one of those blatant nihilists who claim American citizenship, but after a thorough investigation I learned that the man's only crime was loving a Russian beauty. I heard all about the Bartelkis case and had my own officers investigate it, with the result that Hafiz Effendi and a Bokharan named Mizik are now in the prison from which the



"How many of the Amer's soldiers do you see, holy one?"

American escaped. There is no charge against the American.

"This brings us to the case of Alma Jurnieff, who really did commit a serious offense in the eyes of Russian law. But I have weighed this matter well. I have taken into consideration her youth and the fact that the man she released was guilty of no crime, but was imprisoned by intrigue and false swearing. Therefore I have decided that there is no charge against Alma Jurnieff.

"As to Captain Orskoff, it appears from the testimony of Lieutenant Nevsky that he had arrested the American and four soldiers, whom he should have brought at once to Tiflis, instead of which he gave them their liberty and went upon Bokharan territory, which is forbidden. This, too, I have studied well. My decision is that Captain Orskoff performed his duties. He is here to see that the law against selling women is not disregarded. It is his duty to follow and rescue any taken away. He has done this in the case of Koura Bartelkis.

"I'm glad that the news of the escape came to me, for justice would not have been done had the affair been left in the hands of local officials. I brought charges of conspiracy against Colonel Jurnieff and threatened him and his brother, the general, with Siberia. He became enraged and died of apoplexy. Prince Delnikoff has been disgraced and removed from the army for permitting a woman to wear his uniform and impersonate him.

"I sincerely thank you for your just decisions," said Harvey. "Somewhere on the Volga I have some valuable windmills, and I want to find them and take them to the fair at Nijni Novgorod to sell. Alma and I shall be married as soon as we can find some one to perform the ceremony, and I shall take her with me.

"Koura and I shall be married at the same time you are," said Captain Or-

skoff to Harvey. Harvey's Novgorod trip was a grand success.

THE END.

### Extending the Analogy.

"I tell you," contended the boarder with the bristling hair, "the man who says we ought to live to be a hundred years old is right. Look at the horse. It takes a horse four years to get its growth, and it lives to be twenty. It takes a man twenty years to get his growth, and by the same ratio he ought to live to be a hundred. There are lots of things we can learn from analogy."

"I don't know but you are right," responded the unemotional boarder. "For instance, there is the flea. It jumps thirteen hundred times its own length. There is no reason, therefore, why a man six feet high should not be able to jump—let us see—7,800 feet, or a mile and a half, at one leap. Yes; we can learn a great many curious things from analogy."

But here the conversation drifted to other topics—Youth's Companion.

### An Indignant Scotchman.

A sheep farmer in the Cheviot hills of Scotland had been told that it was useful to have a barometer in the house, for it would let him know when the weather would be good or bad. He was accordingly persuaded to procure a mercurial instrument with a large round dial, which he hung up in his lobby and duly consulted every day without much edification. At last there came a spell of rainy weather, while the barometer marked "set fair." The rain continued to fall heavily and still the hand on the dial made no sign of truth. At last he took the instrument from its nail and marched with it to the bottom of the garden, where a burn, swollen with the drainage of the higher slopes, was rushing along, brown and muddy. He then thrust the glass into the water, exclaiming, "Will you believe your ain een noo, then?"

### The Sovereign Was Safe.

A carpenter in a Scotch village, to oblige the local undertaker, who was ill, went to screw down a coffin lid. The dead man's wife gave him full and particular instructions respecting the task. "Weel," she asked when he returned, "hoo did ye get on?" "Fine," was the reply. "But there was naught a sovereign in the corp's hand. What was that for?" "Oh," said the lady, "that's a custom some folks hae. He's supposed to gie the ferryman wha rows him o'er the river o' death!"

"Do ye tell me that? It's a queer warid. But I'm sayin', missis—"

"Yes?"

"I'm feared ye chap will hae to swim."

### Cured a Comrade of Cholera Morbus and Saved His Life.

"While returning from the Grand Army encampment at Washington City in 1892, a comrade from Elgin, Ill., was taken with cholera morbus and was in a critical condition," says Mr. J. E. Houghland, of Eldon, Iowa. "I gave him Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and believe saved his life. I have been engaged for ten years in immigration work and conducted many parties to the south and west. I always carry this remedy and have used it successfully on many occasions. No person traveling or at home should be without this remedy." For sale by S. V. Wirt, Druggist.

Wilson carries a nice line of Tablets, Pencils, Pens, Ink, etc. for the School children.

1904 Special Advantages Offered by The 1905

## Canyon City School

- 1.—A good High School Course sustained.
- 2.—Instruction thorough, practical, progressive.
- 3.—Instructors of ability, energy and experience.
- 4.—Prepares students for teachers' examinations.
- 5.—A new brick building, convenient, comfortable and beautiful.
- 6.—A specialty made of all grades from the primary to the college grades.
- 7.—Broadest culture of mind and heart, and aspirations for future good are aimed at.
- 8.—The moral as well as the intellectual is emphasized.
- 9.—A modernized, progressive school which seeks the harmonious development of the whole being.
- 10.—A town free from saloons, and many other vices common to cities.
- 11.—Prepares students for college.
- 12.—Instruction adapted to the age and ability of the pupil.
- 13.—An excellent class of students and citizens.
- 14.—A student can master a subject as well in the Canyon City school as elsewhere.
- 15.—Methodical habits of study, and due respect for authority will be inculcated.

A. ERNSBERGER, A. M., Superintendent.

## THE FIRST NAT'L BANK

(Successor to Stockmens National Bank.)

CAPITAL \$50,000.  
SHAREHOLDERS LIABILITY 50,000.  
SURPLUS 25,000.  
UNDIVIDED PROFITS 8,000.

### OFFICERS.

L. T. LESTER PRESIDENT. D. A. PARK CASHIER.  
JOHN HUTSON VICE-PRES. TRAVIS SHAW ASS'T. Cas.

### DIRECTORS.

L. T. LESTER, J. L. HOWELL,  
JOHN HUTSON, J. N. DONOHOO, F. M. LESTER.

We invite you to open an account with us. We guarantee as liberal accommodations as are warranted by the account and prudent banking.

## 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.

## T. H. ROWAN,

## LIVERY FEED AND SALE STABLE

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

THE NEWS \$1.00 PER YEAR.

The St. Louis Republic and Canyon City News both one year for \$1.80.



OPENING

—OF A—

New & Thoroughly Equipped

≡ LINE ≡

—BETWEEN—

ST. LOUIS AND CHICAGO.  
Sunday, July 31, 1904.

Thoroughly Equipped trains leave St. Louis and Chicago nightly (after arrival of incoming trains), arriving either city the following morning. Equipment entirely new; lavish in design, elaborate in furnishings. Ask your ticket agent, or address, PASSENGER TRAFFIC DEPT., St. Louis.

## J. R. HARTER,

PIIONEER 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.

### PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

## D. M. STEWART,

Physician and Surgeon,

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.

### NOTICE TO SHIPPERS!

Beginning Saturday, August 20th, and continuing thereafter on every Monday and Saturday up to and including November 26th, 1904, we will run regular stock trains for Kansas City, St. Joseph and Chicago markets on the following schedule:

Leave	Hereford	7:30	PM	Monday	—	Saturday
	Canyon City	9:00	"	"	"	"
Arrive	Amarillo	9:50	"	"	"	"
Leave	Amarillo	10:20	"	"	"	"
	Washburn	11:15	"	"	"	"
	Panhandle	12:05	AM	Tuesday	—	Sunday
	Pampa	1:30	"	"	"	"
	Miami	2:25	"	"	"	"
	Canadian	3:25	"	"	"	"
	Higgins	5:15	"	"	"	"
	Gage	6:25	"	"	"	"
Arrive	Woodward	7:25	"	"	"	"

Where connection will be made with train No. 528 on the A T & S F Ry. With these two weekly stock trains we expect to give our patrons the best possible service on their shipments to market.

These two trains are intended to take care of the small shipments which would otherwise have to be handled on way freight trains, but on account of the necessity of gathering these shipments all along the line we cannot guarantee the above schedule at all times.

We will continue to handle trainload shipments, with proper notice, on any day of the week as suits the shipper.

Shippers should file orders for cars at least three days before date on which they intend to load, and longer notice should be given whenever possible.  
A. L. CONRAD,  
Traffic Manager.  
AMARILLO, TEXAS, August 15, 1904.  
PECOS VALLEY LINES.

## FARM LANDS

ALONG

## "THE DENVER ROAD"

IN

## NORTHWEST TEXAS

(THE PANHANDLE)

Are advancing in value at rate of 20 per cent. per annum.

DO YOU KNOW OF ANY EQUAL INVESTMENT?

As our assistance may be of great value toward securing what you need or wish, as regards either Agricultural Properties or Business Opportunities, and will cost nothing, why not use us? Drop us a postal.

A. A. GLISSON, GEN'L PASSGR. AGENT,  
FORT WORTH TEXAS

## 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

### 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.

## ...Best... Passenger Service "TEXAS."

4 IMPORTANT GATEWAYS 4



"No trouble to answer questions." 2 FAST TRAINS DAILY 2

to St. Louis, Chicago and the East....

SUPERB FULLMAN VESTIBULE SLEEPERS, HANDSOME NEW CHAIR CARS (Seats Free).

### FASTEST TIME TO NEW ORLEANS

(COMPARE SCHEDULES). ONLY LINE RUNNING THROUGH COACHES AND SLEEPERS WITHOUT CHANGE.

INCOMPARABLE FULLMAN SLEEPER AND TOURIST CAR SERVICE TO

## CALIFORNIA.

POSITIVELY NO CHANGE.

Reclining Chair Cars (Seats Free) Daily to ST. LOUIS, MEMPHIS AND EL PASO.

See any Ticket Agent, or write H. P. HUGHES, Trar. Manager Agent, Ft. Worth, Tex.

I. K. THOMAS, E. F. TURNER, Trar. Managers Gen'l Mgt. Gen'l Passgr. and Ticket Agts. DALLAS, TEX.

Old papers for sale, 20 cents per hundred. At this office.