

## MISPLACED LOVES

The Story of a  
Valentine  
By...  
EMERY POTTLE

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SARAH ADELINE braided the second of her two vivacious pig-tails with despondent jerks. The frost lay in thick white patterns on the gable window of her bedroom, and her fingers ached with cold. The morning seemed gray and disheartened. It was the embodiment of Sarah Adeline's low spirited condition.

She tied the shoestring viciously in three hard knots around the end of the braid, unmindful of the difficulty she would encounter when she untied it.

"Sarah Adeline, for the land's sake, ain't you dressed yet? It's quarter past 7, and your pa's gone, and the cakes are stone cold. You come here right off!" It was Sarah's mother who called.

"Yes'm," answered Sarah meekly.

"My goodness!" she muttered crossly to herself. "They think I can do everything all at once."

When she essayed to button the back of her red and black plaid flannel over the box plaited skirt, her winter dress for school, her fingers fairly refused to do their work, so cold were they. After one or two attempts Sarah Adeline sat down on the edge of her bed and wept. The reason for her tears was not entirely the obstinacy of the buttons nor her icy fingers. There was a sore disappointment in her heart, and her objective world, as generally is the case, seemed perversely in league with it.

"Sarah, Sa-rah; Sa-rah Adeline!" came shrilly from below.

Sarah Adeline stumbled rapidly down the stairs, her red and black plaid dress gaping wide in the back.

Her grandfather kissed her good morning, with the cheerful admonition that "little gals should always be up in the morning lively." Sarah's mother was kneading bread in the kitchen with swift, determined punches. "Wash your face good, Sarah, at the sink. Then get your breakfast off the back of the stove and set right down," she said briskly. "Pa, see if you can't button her dress for her. I ain't got time to get my hands out the dough."

After the little frock was fastened in a strange, unexpected way Sarah ate her breakfast in silence.

When she finished she put her dishes with the others in a big tin pan.

"Time you was getting along to school, Sarah Adeline," said her grandfather.

"Yes'm. Yes, sir, I mean," she answered absently.

"Your lunch is in your basket on the pantry shelf," called her mother. "And don't you wade in the snow today. I want you to come right home after school too. Don't you run around with those Lacy children on the way home."

"Yes'm; no'm, I won't."

After Sarah Adeline had put on her pink zephyr hood, her heavy brown coat, her gray leggings and her red mittens she hesitated irresolutely.

"Tomorrow's Valentine's," she said tentatively to her mother.

Mrs. Munford was showing big, rectangular tins full of fat, white mounds



"TOMORROW'S WHAT?" SHE QUESTIONED, of dough into the oven. They scraped exasperatingly on the iron grating.

"Tomorrow's what?" she questioned.

"Valentine's."

"My land, is it the 14th of February already? I sh'ld have to begin spring house cleaning before I know it."

Still Sarah Adeline lingered.

"Lots of 'em 'll get valentines," she ventured.

"Well, maybe you'll get one, too," answered her mother, piling up the soiled breakfast dishes in clattering heaps.

"I don't believe so. I guess—they's a

# 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.

lovely pink one down to Sanders store that I'd like to buy for—Sarah hesitated—"for the teacher," she ended in a shamed little voice.

"How much is it, Sarah Adeline?" inquired her mother between the washes of the steaming dishwater she was pouring in the pan.

"It's—65 cents." There were boldness and despair in Sarah's voice.

"My soul and body! Well, I guess we won't have you paying any 65 cents for that teacher. You run along now or you'll be late."

"Sarah Adeline," whispered her grandfather as his granddaughter scuffed in to her rubbers in the storm house on the west porch, "you take this an' buy a valentine." He slipped a five cent piece into Sarah's mitten.

"Thank you, gran'pa," she answered quietly. When she got out into the road she was almost of a mind to throw the money away. "Huh! Nickle!" she sniffed. "That won't buy anything decent!" She put the nickel in her pocket, however, and wiped away two angry tears. Then she trudged soberly along the snowy road in the wide tracks left by the wood sleighs and the pungs that had passed early that morning.

Sarah Adeline Munford was nine years old. She was a slim, pale faced little girl with stiff straw colored hair, and on her nose, by her own laborious count, were twelve large, freckles. She recounted them each week to see if any had disappeared, for she despised them.

For the last week Sarah's heart had been troubled, and as Valentine's day approached her trouble grew larger. Ordinarily Sarah Adeline was of a complacent nature and not often stirred from a certain placid inoffensiveness which seemed to hang about her like a cloud. Where she loved she loved in secret bliss, taking greater pleasure in the darling imaginings of her young heart than in the more commonplace exhibitions of sentiment displayed by her schoolmates.

Sarah Adeline was not a favorite with boys. This she knew and accepted, though she could not tell why it was so. Perhaps her physical calm and outward deprecatory submissiveness of manner repelled young swains and restrained their boyish ardor.

So her affection for the sterner sex was of a romantic spirituality. She raised up her masculine ideals, cherished them for a time and cast them down, only to repeat the process. She had but to appropriate mentally the boy she considered nicest, and immediately the vexed course of true love was smooth under her control. The little girl smiled benignly on her, and she knew no rival. When she wearied of one spiritual admirer, there was only the slight wrench of separation; then gayly away to the next.

For a month Willie Penn Dixon had held supreme place in Sarah's heart, though he knew it not. They had walked to and from school daily; they had together attended "socials" and "prize parties," they had even indulged in an impressive marriage ceremony which Sarah had devised from memorable incidents of her growing-up sister's wedding, but Willie Penn knew nothing of it.

Indeed Willie Penn scorned Sarah Adeline. On the day of the first snow that winter he had given his sled a sharp push and sent it all alone down a little hilly

path to dump into the backs of Sarah's thin legs. She sat down suddenly and heavily in a snow bank, and there were black and blue spots on her ankles afterward. He pinched her severely whenever he stood next her in the spelling class and tried to trip her when she took her seat. In fact, he did all the horrid things a vigorous out of door little ruffian could do to an offensively innocent little girl, but in a determined feminine way, as old as creation, Sarah Adeline continued to adore.

As St. Valentine's day drew near Sarah heard much from the other girls about the sending of valentines. Melissa Marvin had confided to Sarah one night on the way home from school her purpose of bestowing upon Willard Kitchell "a perfectly lovely" valentine. Melissa Marvin's father gave her 25 cents a week to spend as she liked. She and Sarah went around by Sanders' store that night to press their noses flat against the window and stare at a big, beautiful pink creation that occupied the center of a varied and wonderful group of valentines. There was soft white swansdown on the edge of this gorgeous satin thing. It bristled with fat, stuffy looking little Cupids brandishing harmless darts, and there were also elegantly embossed flowers in bewildering wreaths.

Sarah Adeline gaped with admiration.

"Oh, Melissa!" she whispered.

"That's it; that's the one. I'm going to buy it for—" she whispered in Sarah's ear—"for W. K."

"It's 65 cents," Pa asked Sanders yesterday, "continued Melissa. "Why don't you get a valentine for some boy?"

"I'd know but I will—if I want to," answered Sarah with maidenly reserve.

As she went home in the twilight Sarah Adeline made a resolve. She would send Willie Penn Dixon that pink valentine if she could possibly buy it. And she would send it to him without her name or even her initials on it.

But the day before Cupid's reckless revel had come and poor Sarah Adeline was almost without hope. The 5 cents her grandfather had given her, added to her painful savings of 18 cents, was not nearly enough to buy the wonderful pink token. She had put into her regular prayer of the night before a tender little petition for "the big pink one, dear Lord, in Mr. Sanders' window" and had secretly hoped to find it lying on her herringbone pattern quilt when she awakened. To lose her faith in Providence and to be deprived of love's offering at a blow was more than Sarah Adeline could endure.

The tears trickled off the end of her freckly nose as she plodded, on to school.

At the crossroads she met Willard Kitchell.

"Hello!" said he.

"Hello, Willard!" responded Sarah.

"What's matter?"

"Nothing."

"R's too."

"Ain't." Sarah dried her tears stubbornly.

They walked along in silence. Willard rarely kept an eye out for other boys that he might quickly skip ahead and avoid the shame of walking with a girl.

For long Willard Kitchell had loved Sarah Adeline. He had, in time honored fashion, begun by pitying her lonely estate. The rest followed in due course. Furthermore, he had never by word or sign betrayed his passion to a single soul, much less to Sarah. In his trousers pocket at that moment jingled comfortably 65 cents. He, too, had desired the pink wonder and intended that very noon to buy it for the object of his love. He wanted to tell her so now, but he refrained. The gorgeous valentine could speak his devotion better than his words, he dimly felt.

When they were still, a goodly way from the schoolhouse, Willard Kitchell said to Sarah:

"Sompens goin' to happen tomorrow."

He gave a loud whoop and ran away before Sarah Adeline could answer. He was a very fat, round boy, hunched up to his ears in a huge green scarf which his aunt had knit him for Christmas, and he could not run fast. Sarah might easily have caught him if she had wanted to.

She gazed after him in astonishment and only said, "My!"

At noon that day Willard Kitchell did not eat his lunch, but raced down to Sanders' store to buy the pink satin valentine. He addressed it to Miss Sarah Adeline Munford, making many flourishes and displaying much red tongue. He had scarcely dropped it in the postoffice which was in the back part of Sanders' and hurried away when Melissa Marvin came in. Mr. Sanders told her that he had just sold the valentine she demanded. Melissa's eyes filled with tears. Sanders patted her and gave her a hard chocolate caramell, which stuck fast to her teeth. He was sorry for her because Melissa was a very pretty little girl.

Melissa cried all the afternoon behind her geography, and when Sarah asked her in a note what was the matter she made a hideous face over her shoulder. Poor Sarah Adeline! How could she know that Melissa believed that she had bought the coveted valentine?

Sarah Adeline went straight home from school. At supper she was very quiet and ate little. Her mother told Grandfather Munford that she believed Sarah Adeline had got cold. So the little girl was sent to bed early with a big bowl of boneless tea.

Sarah asked Providence again that night, albeit in a half hearted way, for the big pink one, and fell asleep in a dazy miserable state of mind.

Next morning she awoke to find her father standing over her with a large, flat paper package in his hand. He kissed her loudly and said, "I guess father's little girl has got a valentine." Before she untied the string Sarah knew it was the pink valentine, and she reproached herself for her yesterday's lack of faith. She gave one swift look at it, discovered the name on the resplendent thing, then shut her lips tight with resolve.

Her father took it downstairs to show the rest of the family. When Sarah Adeline appeared she was much puffed. Her father joked her about the sender, and her mother settled herself with a little shake of conscious pride and said she guessed she'd have to be looking after Sarah Adeline pretty close. Sarah said nothing and ate her breakfast quickly and departed for school.

She avoided meeting any one she knew and went straight to the postoffice. Sanders asked her what he could do for her.

"Please wrap this valentine up for me, Mr. Sanders," said Sarah.

"Well, I want to know," chuckled Sanders when he saw his pink satin valentine again. "What's the young one up-to?" But he said nothing and handed the white paper parcel to Sarah. She grasped the postoffice pen in her small fingers and wrote neatly in one corner, "Mr. Willie Penn Dixon." Later Sanders put it in Willie Penn's father's box and laughed heartily.

Sarah Adeline was lardy that morning, but Melissa would not speak to her, and Willie Penn hit her in the neck with a big, soft ball of snow. But she did not mind, for she loved devotedly the Willie Penn's, her imagination, and, furthermore, the real Willie Penn would have the most beautiful valentine in the world.

During the afternoon recess Willard Kitchell wrote Sarah a note.

"Friend Sarah—Did you get it? I sent it! With love. Your obedient servant, "WILLARD K."

The teacher saw him when he threw it and made him put it in the stove.

When school closed Sarah walked home with Mabel Taylor. Willard hung behind and threw snowballs as near their heads



as he could without hitting them.

Next morning Willard Kitchell waited at the crossroads for Sarah Adeline. In his hand was a flat, white paper package. There was wrath in his eye and a tremulous quiver about his lip.

Sarah Adeline approached serenely. In fancy she was hand in hand with Willie Penn Dixon, and it gave her a considerable start to see Willard Kitchell sternly awaiting her.

"Good morning, Willard," she said sweetly, though she felt his chilling glances.

For answer Willard thrust out his tongue. His fat, rosy face, with its appendages of red tongue, was very funny. Sarah Adeline almost laughed out loud.

"Why, Willard," she said, "what's the matter with you?"

He said nothing, but poked the package into her red mittened hand.

A sudden fear assailed Sarah Adeline. She tore off a corner of the wrapping and peeked timidly in.

"Why, Willard, it's—"

Her companion eyed her with reproach.

"Why, Willard, she stammered blushing.

"It's it," grunted Willard, "the one I gave you. You're a mean girl you didn't keep it."

"Oh, my! Willard Kitchell," returned Sarah Adeline, with spirit. "I guess that ain't the only pink satin valentine in the world."

"Tis too!" Willard asserted illogically. "I gave it to you, an' you gave it to Willie Penn. An' he gave it to Melissa Marvin, an' she sent it to me. So!" Willard turned his back to hide his tremulous lips and nervously dug a hole in the snow with his heel.

"Hub, I guess you needn't think that it's all the same valentine!" contended Sarah defiantly. "I'm sure it's a very nice one, and any one would buy it, and how do you know it's the one you gave me, and Sanders maybe had two or three like it, and—"

"Why-y-y, Sarah Adeline Munford! I sh' think you'd be 'shamed, Sanders didn't have but one, an'—I bought it, an'

Sanders told pa you sent it to Willie Penn, an' he gave it to Melissa, an'—something stuck in Willard Kitchell's throat—"an' they laughed awful. Besides—Willard grew wrath at the thought—"look here." He tore away the covering and accusingly lifted up a small bibus Cupid in the upper left hand corner of the valentine. It was attached to a queer little paper spiral. There, beneath the Cupid's fat body, was the inky inscription: "S. A. M., from W. K. With love." "There! Now!" Sarah Adeline cast her eyes to the earth. Willard turned haughtily to depart.

"I know what 'll happen to you, Sarah Munford," he said in a choked voice.

"What?" demanded Sarah, too thoroughly miserable.

"You'll be cast into—everlasting hell fire!" burst out the exasperated Willard, bethinking him of his latest Sunday school lesson. Then he ran off, shocked but triumphant at his own dreadful prophecy.

Sarah Adeline sat down in a heap of snow and cried. Then she dug a deep hole in a big drift with her speeling book. Into the hole she crammed the ill fated pink satin valentine and covered it up.

"Oh, dear!" she sighed tearfully. "I don't believe I'll ever love any one any more. It's such hard work."

### 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; 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.

**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

**ELECTION INFORMATION.**

No tickets can be used except those declared official and furnished under the authority of the Commissioners' Court. There will be in this county six tickets to wit:

Democratic, Republican, Populist, Prohibition, Socialist and Social Labor.

The law requires that candidates desiring to have their names printed on any of these tickets shall notify the County Clerk, choosing one and only one ticket.

Those having announced in the News will be taken care of by this office—their names all going upon the Democratic ticket unless otherwise ordered by them.

The poll tax receipt necessary to bring to the election is that for the assessment of 1903. Don't forget this. And if you have paid said poll tax prior to Feb. 1, 1904, but have lost the receipt you should take with you in lieu thereof your affidavit of such loss. Blanks for this purpose can be had at the Court House.

**THE RAILROAD.**

Under date of October 12, a special from Austin to the Fort Worth Record has the following concerning the new railroad scheme:

"The charter of the Northern Texas construction company which has a capital stock of \$250,000, was filed in the secretary of state's office today. It is formed for the purpose of building a railroad from either Amarillo or a point south of there near Canyon City on the Pecos Valley line of the Santa Fe, south in the direction of San Antonio, to which city it is believed to be eventually extended. The plans for the early construction of this road are said to be well advanced.

"It has been reported that the Santa Fe is back of the proposed road, but this has been denied by officials of that company. The men who are named in the charter of the construction company as being associated with Mr. Tallmadge in the enterprise are Joseph E. Caldwell and E. B. Stabman of Nashville, Tenn., Daniel C. Buntin, E. B. Tallmadge and E. C. Gordon, all of Amarillo.

"The principal office of the company is at Amarillo. The surveys for the first 150 miles of the road have been completed and the contract let to the construction company, which today filed its charter. The distance from Amarillo to San Antonio is about 450 miles. The route of the proposed road is through the heart of the cattle grazing region of the state.

"The same persons who are named as the incorporators of the construction company have also organized the Northern Texas Townsite and Land Company, which has a capital stock of \$250,000. The charter of this company was filed today in the secretary of state's office. It has its principal offices at Amarillo and the object is to colonize the land along the route of the proposed road with farmers."

The Southern Kansas Railway bridge over the Canadian river was reported yesterday to be in a passable condition for passenger traffic.

**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.**

**RANDOM THOUGHTS.**

G. A. B.

Kuropatkin went after the Japs. He found them and would now be immensely glad if he could turn them loose.

Even Russia now admits that the recent defeat of Kuropatkin seals the fate of Port Arthur.

By the world Port Arthur was assigned to fall sometime ago but it has required a further sacrifice of 40,000 soldiers at the Shakhe river, to bring Russia to this way of thinking.

There are said to be 35,000 Jewish soldiers in the army of the Czar, and Kuropatkin, it is stated, has assigned them the post of honor during battle—the next the Japs.

Kuropatkin is still conducting a "victorious retreat." He is repulsing the Japs, who are yet yanking his skirts, "every day."

As Kuropatkin can't "drive the Japs into the sea" he might try leading them to it.

Estimates of the present cotton crop vary from ten to twelve million bales. The latter is what the agricultural department puts it at and if this be correct or nearly so, cotton will yet go at 8 cents. A general effort is being made throughout the State to hold for 12 cents but it's not working just right, for many who favored the holding plan a few days ago are now turning loose at or near the 10 cent mark.

Cotton raisers should set it down once for all that under normal conditions the size of the crop always fixes the price. Supply and demand govern prices in this as in all other commodities and no matter where the bales of cotton are, in the farmers yards, at the seaports or afloat, as soon as the total number is ascertained this inflexible rule of supply and demand at once applies. There is money in cotton at 10 cents, yes, at 8 cents, and if you are holding for more you are simply taking chances, or in plain English, gambling in futures. As well sell your "spot" thus saving wastage and storage and purchase the "futures" straight.

"No human experience is

**Write Us. Wire Us. Ship Us.**

**THIS IS LOW YEAR.**

**NATIONAL LIVE STOCK COMMISSION COMPANY**

**GOES ON RECORD.**

We believe cattle values are dragging on the bottom this season. Another year will witness a decided up-turn, lasting for many years to come. Our Texas friends must be of good cheer. Now is the time to have nerve. Cattle raising is the best business on God's green earth. Let no man become discouraged on account of low markets. The man who sticks and lasts will surely reap a rich reward as the years go by.

**THE FUTURE OUTLOOK ON CATTLE WAS NEVER BRIGHTER THAN TO-DAY.**

We call the attention of our Texas friends to the fact that our old stand-by, **GEO. LONG**, of Canyon City, one of the best known and most popular cow men of the Panhandle, is now located in our office at Kansas City, where he will meet his friends and give his personal attention to their shipments.

**OFFICES.**

CHICAGO.

ST. LOUIS.

FT. WORTH.

KANSAS CITY.

known at present to stop the advance of the boll weevil." This is the very latest news from the United States agricultural department. During the present year this pest has traveled northward about 100 miles. It has reached that distance into Louisiana, and it has made its appearance as far westward as Runnels county. The efforts to find a sure enough poison for the weevil have also fallen short of success. This means that a territory in which cotton can be successfully grown and which at the same time is practically immune from the pest will come into unusual prominence. Just such a territory, in the opinion of the writer, is to be found in the Plains country.

Whatever may be the fate of cotton on the Plains the present year, the fact remains, that it does remarkably well here. It makes a stocky, well limbed and healthy stalk and the bolls are abundant and unusually large. It grows high enough too and is practically free from disease. Ordinarily it can be planted here about the 10th of May and with from then until October 15, to grow and mature in, it can and will be made a success. This season in Randall county, very little if any cotton was planted prior to the middle of June, and while it is, at this date, full of bolls a large proportion being full grown, the chances are against such an opening of them before killing frost as would make the crop profitable. As outlined in this column some two weeks ago a close plowing would have decidedly changed this condition

for the better, but in so far as the knowledge of this writer goes, nothing has been done in this direction and the result, good or bad as the case may be, depends altogether upon the caprices of the weather.

Today, our experimental cotton crop in Randall county looks fine, even to an old cotton raiser. Provided that only the grown bolls opened the yield would not fall short of a third of a bale to the acre, even a half bale is a conservative estimate, but, as the fellow says, it depends—entirely too much on "Old Probabilities." Judging from the experience of this year, however, we may safely say that beginning a month earlier, with the same seasons and even with the same cultivation, which by the way in most instances, was nothing to brag on, the yield of cotton in Randall county would equal that of the prairies of central Texas. This, the writer is aware, is saying a great deal for cotton in this county, but he honestly and candidly believes it.

**Croup.**

Not a minute should be lost when a child shows symptoms of croup. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy given as soon as the child becomes hoarse, or even after the croupy cough appears will prevent the attack. It never fails, and is pleasant and safe to take. For sale by S. V. Wirt, Druggist.

Randall county candidates are rustling these days. No county in the State has a nicer lot of men out and it is a pity we can't elect all of them.

**Cupid Invades Bachelor's Quarters.**

There has been more or less "speckilashun" of late among the old-time friends of J. R. Skidmore as to whether "he would" or whether "he wouldn't" get married. It seems that at last "specklatin" has been silenced in the dim past by the subject of the sketch having presented himself in person to County Clerk Garrison and in the presence of three witnesses made affidavit that he was "21" and his'n was "18", thereupon he received the necessary credentials.

It appears that some time ago in the happy by-gone days, "Mike," as Mr. Skidmore is familiarly known among his friends, chanced to meet Mrs. S. A. Coleman, who lives some 12 or 15 miles west of town, and tharby hangs a tale, as th' meat klevaer said t' th' chopping block after th' dog had passed thru the sausage factory, and he, who has been a woman teetotlar and a mocker of poetry for so many moons, and who has been putting his own cat out nights and bragging around that no woman ever'd get him tangled into a scheme of marryin', up an' gets "inocculated" with love's fittul fever and instead of acting scarder'n a gopher what had got his tail "decapertated" in a steel trap, he jest up and begin to quotin' poetry, kinder straiten'd up his "shack" and got religiouser'n all git out! Well to make a long story short, he up an' popped the question and she said "I will" and he, just like you and I did, wilted.

So, according to a previous understanding, Mr. Skidmore and Mrs. Coleman met at the Womble school house Sunday afternoon and were joined in the holy bonds of matrimony, Rev. J. T. Burnett

performing the ceremony. Here's trusting that nothing will ever get between that love of th'er'n and from now on she's his'n an' he's her'n and if he don't split the kindling as he oughter, all she's got t' do is to lay down th' law an' ther statutes therein provided. An' may they allus read in each other's eyes that: "Whomsoever lives true life is boun' ter love true love!"

**IMPORTANT BUSINESS NOTICE**

On and after November 1st, '04 and continuing until January 1st, 1905, the CANYON MERCANTILE CO. will close their books to the credit business and inaugurate a **STRICTLY CASH** plan, by which we hope to not only be benefited ourselves, but expect to give our customers the satisfaction of knowing that every purchaser pays for his own goods and gets in actual value 100 cents on every dollar's worth that he may purchase at our store. Many reasons might be presented for this determination, chief among which is that this is the season of the year when most people have a little ready cash and they are looking for a chance to place it for the necessities of life where they can get the most for their money. We are the first to appreciate the situation and have decided to institute a cash plan of business by which we can put goods down so low that there will be absolutely no excuse for sending away for your necessities. A glance at our stock will readily convince the close observer that in quality, variety and price the same goods cannot be duplicated for the money. This is no threadbare advertising catch phrase of "Selling out at cost" but is plainly a "live and let live" plan of business. In next week's News will appear our large display ad and in that we will give prices on our goods which can be compared with those of our competitors at your leisure. Look out for it!

**For Sale or Exchange.**

Jersey cow for Hereford or Durham fresh in milk.

B. Frank Buie.

**Burton-Lingo Co-Lumber**

**HOFFMAN PARAGRAPHS.**

Miss Emma Hoffman is very sick with typhoid fever at this writing.

Miss Dale Beasom of Boyd, Texas is visiting her friend Mrs. Deerberrry.

People in general have been busy the past week dipping cattle at L. A. Pierce's.

H. S. Burnham and family left last week for the World's Fair and to visit friends in the East.

Wedding bells have been ringing, but their sweet chimes suddenly closed Sunday when Mr. J. R. Skidmore led Mrs. Alice Coleman to the hymenial altar where Rev. J. T. Burnett solemnly united two hearts into one. They were united at Paloduro church where a vast number of friends awaited them. The bride is one of our sweetest, most devout Christian workers, a good noble lady. Mr. Skidmore deserves praise in winning such a prize. Tassie cordially wishes them a happy, prosperous life. May God's richest blessings be forever on them. May they always be as happy as now.

The Misses Miles, sisters of Mrs. L. A. Pierce, left for their home in Tennessee last week, accompanied by Ellie Finch. We regret to give them up, and especially some of the boys, they greatly admire girls of the "Sunny South. We hope to have them visit the Plains again.

Several from Canyon City attended the Skidmore-Coleman nuptial Sunday.

**TASSIE.**

Randall county people are very busy gathering in the crops. Dry weather and not too cold are the things most desired.

All over the county the stock interests are in fine shape—nothing at all wrong but the market prices.

**Local.**

**Burton-Lingo Co-Lumber**

If it's candy you want see Wilson for the best kind. 19 1/2

S. V. Wirt visited in Amarillo Tuesday.

Look out for our next serial story to begin in November.

R. W. O'Keefe left Monday for his ranch.

J. L. Pritchard has our thanks for a nice musk melon.

C. N. Harrison was a business caller at Amarillo Tuesday.

H. E. Hume came down from Amarillo Tuesday.

Have you plowed that cotton to make it open?

Randall county pastures are in fine condition for winter.

H. C. Nobles came down from Amarillo Tuesday to look after his business interests here.

Three thousand bales of cotton are expected to be marketed in Canyon City this season.

Mrs. Rosa Jones, of Fanchon, visited Mrs. R. G. Oldham, Monday and Tuesday.

Misses Hutchinson and Keck of Tulia, left here for the World's Fair city Saturday.

Be sure to figure with us before placing your order.

CANYON LBR. CO.

The first frost of the fall season came Tuesday night. Some ice was also to be found in the exposed water.

Candidates should take notice of what is said elsewhere in this paper under the head of election information.

W. E. Lair has purchased the City Restaurant business of Jas. F. Beaver. Mr. Beaver takes a position as cook with Mr. Good, at the old "Block" headquarter ranch.

The C. P. ladies report a total of \$40 taken in at their supper last Friday evening. About half of this goes for expenses.

Several of our young people made up a party Saturday evening and went out to the hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Jowell, where they had a royal good time.

Howard Stephenson left Wednesday evening for Fort Worth where he will enter Draughon's Business College for the purpose of studying book-keeping.

Mrs. W. P. Orr, of Stephenville, arrived here Tuesday and will be the guest of Mrs. L. M. Faulkner for some time.

Tom Cochran commenced work Monday morning painting the Baptist church building, being assisted by A. E. Brown and Carl Coffee.

Mrs. J. M. Shafer, who has been visiting her daughter at Portales, passed through here Monday on her way to Plainview, her home.

Henry Barry was in town Wednesday for the first time since his convalescence from the ravages of fever, looking as if he had had a hard time of it. He says his wife is now down with the fever but was much better Wednesday.

K. W. Williams, of Tarrant county, the same who owns a section of land 4 miles north of town, came in the latter part of last week to look after his property interests. He will gather up a lot of Randall county productions to take back with him in order to convince his neighbors of the truthfulness of the "big tales" he has been telling of the Plains.

W. B. Campbell had the misfortune Sunday afternoon of having his two-story, six-room dwelling house on his ranch northeast of town consumed by fire. The fire originated in some manner unknown, to the occupants of the house, in the second story, and before anything scarcely could be saved, the house and contents had gone up in smoke. The home was comparatively new, only having been constructed nearly a year ago. The burning of this home makes two disasters of the same character to Mr. Campbell in the last two years.

**Burton-Lingo Co-Lumber**

W. F. Heller and wife left Tuesday for St. Louis.

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

One second-hand heater for sale.

CANYON LBR. CO.

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

Jimmie Pipkin has become imbued with the spirit of ranch life and has given up his position as book-keeper at the Canyon Mercantile Co., to accept a position with Wallace Good as a cow hand.

Lost—A red Durham cow with red mottled-faced calf. Cow branded Circle with dot in center, on left hip. Has been missing since about 15th of Sept. Finder will receive \$2.50 reward by bringing cow and calf to H. W. KEY, Canyon City, Texas.

The central portion of the State is reported as dry and needing rain badly. This section has had all it needs for this year and all hands, both stockmen and farmers, want dry weather.

The News intends to secure another first class serial. Nothing but the very best is good enough for News readers. We will leave the Russians this time and get one that deals with our own country. Will begin with first or second number in Nov.

At a special meeting of the School Board last Saturday evening, the contract of Scott & Roland, to construct the new school building, was reviewed and accepted by the Board. The contractors were paid in full and this together with other improvements on the grounds, places the cost of our modern educational institution at about \$11,000.

W. J. Luna was in town the first of the week from his ranch southwest of here and reports an abundance of crops being raised in his locality for both man and beast. He says he is now harvesting the second crop of maize and sorghum on his place and that sweet potatoes, cabbage, turnips, etc., are about to take his land. He had not a word to say about his cotton patch.

Last Saturday, T. C. Thompson presented the News editor with two handsome roses as it has been his pleasure to see since he has been on the Plains. They were large, deep red roses that breathed aromatic fragrances around the editor's sanctum and put to flight the usual grateful odor of the paste pot. The soft showers with which the plains has been unusually blessed this year has done much to turn the attention of those who love flowers to a more correct knowledge of environments that will promote their general excellency. Mr. Thompson has devoted considerable study to flower lore and he is of that kind who thinks one will not have to go away from the Plains to obtain beautiful yards and lawns where the result is left to the influence of the flowers. The News editor has been receiving so many kind attentions of late that first thing anybody knows somebody will be enjoying the newspaper fraternity. (?)

**B. Y. P. U. Program.**

Following is the regular program of the Baptist Young People's Union, for Sunday evening, Oct. 23, at 4 p. m.

Leader—A. H. Thompson. Interpretation of the accident of the withered fig tree, by the leader.

William Carey and Isaiah—paper by Mrs. W. R. Brandon. Solo—Pauline Dunbar.

Enlarging our work; does it need it; is it possible, and can we do it?—Short talks.

Reading—Mrs. Cochran. Everybody is cordially invited to attend these services.

Hereford has let the contract for a new gin to Sucker & Jacobsen.

We are prepared to supply your wants in building material. CANYON LBR. CO.

**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.**



**HORSE THIEVES CAUGHT.**

News was received here early Monday morning to the effect that the fugitives who made away from here Sunday night, Oct. 9th, with a team and hack belonging to C. P. Money, had been captured together with their ill gotten gain at a point 25 miles from Estelline by Sheriff Upfold, C. P. Money and two deputy sheriffs, of Hale and Motley counties, respectively. The parties who were in possession of the outfit was a man and a 14-year girl, who gave their names as Sam and Nellie Wilson and said that they were half-brother and sister. Sheriff Upfold and Mr. Money arrived here Tuesday evening with the prisoners and put them in the county "hotel."

The team which was recovered was almost completely exhausted as a result of the long trip and ill care which they have received in the past ten days. The hack was minus the top and one of the seats but was otherwise uninjured.

It is understood, in fact Wilson intimates himself, that he is wanted in Indian Territory, his former home, for several violations of the law.

With the advance of civilization across the great Plains the horse-thief has been buffeted and beaten until they bid fair to take their place in obscurity with the buffalo, deer and antelope, only once in a great while some desperate fellow, as in the instance above, taking a chance of getting away with something that he has no right to. Instead of vast expanses of lone prairie that once afforded ample avenue of escape for the horse thief and his kindred tribe, the Plains are now dotted with towns, in each of which is located either a telegraph instrument or telephone connection with the outside world, a device which has done more to eradicate the horse thief and his methods than any other agent. By its means the thief has no sooner broken the law until he is hemmed in on all sides by sheriffs, farmers' posses and vigilance committees and he is not given the chance of a jack-rabbit for escape.

**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.

W C Baird	.....\$1.00
Nash Hicks	..... 50
W W Stephenson	..... 50
Dr. Black	..... 1.00
A J Wells	..... 50
J M Gibson	..... 1.00
Howard Stephenson	..... 25

**Christian Endeavor and Epworth League Program.**

Following is the program of the "Union" which has been arranged by the two above societies, for next Sunday, at the C. P. church.

SUNDAY, Oct. 23, 3:30 p. m.

Subject, "How can we enlarge and improve our work."

Leader—A. S. Rollins.

Song.

Prayer, Prof. Ernsberger.

Song.

Scripture lessons and comments. Matt. 21:17-22, A. S. Rollins. Acts 11:21-26, T. C. Thompson.

Song.

"How can we get our members to give more time and money to God's work?"—Miss Thompson.

"Why may we be bold to do whatever Christ asks us to do?"—Miss Minnie West.

A talk by Rev. J. E. Stephenson.

Song, by six little girls.

"What is the connection between better consecration and better work?"—B. F. Hodges.

"How much service is it reasonable for God to require of us?"—Mrs. Dean.

Talk by Rev. Haynes.

Sentence prayers.

Song.

C. E. Benediction.

All are cordially invited to attend.

**Literary Meetings.**

The literary meetings which proved so profitable to many of its members last winter, has again been resuscitated for the purpose of studying popular authors and their writings. While the society membership is composed principally of Senior Epworth Leaguers, it is nevertheless not absolutely necessary to present these credentials in order to become an honored member. The first meeting of this year was had last Friday evening at the hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. Ernsberger, who are in reality responsible to a large degree for the great success of this organization. The next regular meeting is to be held at the Methodist parsonage, Friday evening, Oct. 28th. See the program elsewhere in this issue.

**Church Notice.**

"Woman's work in the church," will be the subject next Sunday morning at the Methodist church. Some old thread-bare ideas exploded. J. E. STEPHENS.

The Dallas Semi-weekly News and this paper one year for \$1.80.

**Hope For The Dyspeptic.**

Everyone who has realized the discomfort and distress which accompany a disarrangement of the digestive organs will rejoice with Mrs. M. Macy, of Port Arthur, Ontario, in the relief she has obtained after having suffered for so long a time. She says: "I have suffered for the last four or five years from stomach trouble and dyspepsia, experiencing great pain. I took Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets and can truthfully say they have done me a great deal of good. I feel like a different woman as a result of using them, and the after-effect is never unpleasant. These Tablets are for sale by S. V. Wirt, Druggist."

**General Topics.**

On Wednesday of last week, the Hon. Ira Webster, District Judge of the 47th Judicial District, was united in marriage to Miss True Capell, of Channing, the marriage ceremony being performed by Rev. W. H. Younger, pastor of the Baptist church at Channing.

The wife of C. L. Tallmadge, the well known land agent of the Santa Fe railroad, died at her home at Geneva, Neb., several days ago.

The Roswell Record says that "Sockless" Jerry Simpson has formed a partnership with an Illinois real estate and immigration company and will run special trains bringing immigrants to the West in the same manner as the Tallmadge Southwestern Land Co.

Deat-Smith county is to have a \$6,000 brick and steel jail, by February 1st, 1905, the contract being let to Snyder & Lacy, of Hereford.

**Burton-Lingo Co-Lumber**

The Home Mission Society of the M. E. church observed the week of prayer, set apart by the General Society, two days of last week. Instructive papers and articles on the various phases of the work were read and discussed. Earnest prayers were offered up for a deeper interest in the work. The Mission Society meets, for devotional and business meeting, the first Wednesday after the first Sunday in each month. Every Methodist lady should be interested.

**Press Superintendent.**

A car of the celebrated Austin White Lime just arrived. CANYON LBR. CO.

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.

**Literary Program**

To be held at the M. E. Parsonage, Friday evening, Oct. 28th.

1. Quotations from Bryant.
2. Biography of Wm. Cullen Bryant.
3. Reading "Thanatopsis," Mr. Rollins.
4. Music.
5. Reading, "The Death of the Flowers," Miss Maud Brandon.
6. "The Ages," to be read by class.
7. Music.
8. Current Events, Rev. J. A. Wallace.

All desiring to engage in literary work with us, are cordially invited.

**SOME LAND BARGAINS.**

1—An improved section one mile from Ceta, \$2500.

2—640 acres patented land 8 miles S. E. of town, fenced, fine well of water, windmill and tank, \$4 per acre.

—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.

Each of above tracts of land is choice—all fit for cultivation—we have others.

3—Seven-room frame house, east front, good outhouses, fine well water. A very desirable location.

5—Two 2-room residences, close in at low prices.

6—A 70 section leasehold ranch in southeast portion of Yoakum county. Fine stock range and well watered, ranch house and other necessary improvements. \$6,000 for lease. Will also sell stock on this ranch if desired.

GEO. A. BRANDON, News Office.

J. M. Redfern last week purchased a bale of cotton that came up from Silverton, paying 9 1/2 cents for it. This makes three bales of cotton for Canyon City.

# 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.

### 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—  
 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—  
 B. G. OLDHAM,  
 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—  
 I. W. McCLURE.

### 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

### CONDENSED STORIES.

#### How Dean Swift Rebuked a Foppish Printer.

Dean Swift was one day visited by a Dublin printer who had just returned from London and was dressed in a rich coat of silk and gold lace. He seemed so proud of his dress that Swift resolved to humble him. When he entered the room, the printer saluted the dean as an old acquaintance. The dean pretended that he did not know him, said that he was an impostor and bade him leave the house. The printer saw the mistake which he had made and returning home he put on his usual dress. Then he again went to the dean, and this time was warmly welcomed.

"Ah, George," said the dean, "I am so glad to see you, for there has been an impudent fop here in silks and gold lace, who wanted to pass himself off for you, but I knew you to be always a plainly dressed, honest man, just as you are now."

#### A. P. T. Barnum Story.

The late P. T. Barnum used to tell this story: "An Irishman once sat in front of me on a rear seat of an open Broadway car, smoking the 'heel' of a pipe that was not very sweet. A nervous woman, carrying a poodle, boarded the car and sat



HE THREW THE DOG INTO THE STREET.

down in the sole remaining seat on my right and just back of the Irishman, who was smoking hard. She twitched and fumed and finally, with some heat, told the Irishman to desist. He referred her to a seat farther forward, without the confines sacred to smokers. The nervous lady with the poodle squirmed and fidgeted and repeated her demand. The Irishman kept on smoking. Suddenly she leaned forward, snatched the pipe from his hand and threw it into the street.

"The Irishman turned around quickly, but instead of swearing he seized the poodle, patted it and threw it into the street.

"The passengers enjoyed mixed sensations until the poodle relieved the situation by trotting up to the foot rail with the pipe in his mouth."

—New York Times.  
 Knew When to Pray.  
 Governor A. P. Montague of Virginia is a good story teller as well as a wise and progressive chief magistrate. At Hampton institute he compared the never failing sense of

justice between man and man to the unchanging north star and told a story of a sagacious old slave in the "year of the falling stars."

The negro was on a plantation on an island in the Rappahannock river. On the night of the most terrific meteoric shower the negroes were all assembled on the shore, weeping, shouting, and, above all, praying vociferously. But one old slave, Uncle Caesar by name, off at one side under a pine tree, was making no sound and uttering no prayer. He had rigged a sort of squint with a pole and had it trajected on a point in the skies.

By and by one of the other negroes came along and said: "Uncle Caesar, ain't it 'bout time you begun to pray?" "Not yet," said Caesar; "I got my pole p'inted at de noth star, an' when dat 'ar begins to fizzle an' fool, den I'm gwine ter git down an' pray—not before!"

—New York Mail.

"Where Are We At?"  
 "Across the river from Clifton, Ia.," says Senator Dolliver of that state, "is the town of Fulton, Ill. From that point the railroad crosses the river over a long bridge.

"It is said that on one occasion, when a train leaving Fulton had halted in its progress over this bridge, being then directly over the center of the stream, a passenger, evidently Celtic of origin, demanded in stentorian tones:

"Mr. Conductor, will you kindly tell me whether we are in this state or in Illinois?"

## 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 all 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,

**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.

### 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