

The Blazed Trail

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE

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CHAPTER I.

IN the network of streams draining the eastern portion of Michigan and known as the Saginaw waters the great firm of Morrison & Daly had for many years carried on extensive logging operations in the wilderness.

Now at last, in the early eighties, they reached the end of their holdings. Another winter would finish the cut.

At this juncture Mr. Daly called to him John Radway, a man whom he knew to possess extensive experience, a little capital and a desire for more of both.

"Radway," said he when the two found themselves alone in the mill office, "we expect to cut this year some 50,000,000, which will finish our pine holdings in the Saginaw waters. Most of this timber lies over in the Crooked Lake district, and that we expect to put in ourselves. We own, however, 5,000,000 on the Cass branch which we would like to log on contract—Would you care to take the job?"

"How much a thousand, do you give?" asked Radway.

"Four dollars," replied the lumberman.

"I'll look at it," replied the jobber.

So Radway got the "descriptions" and a little map divided into townships, sections and quarter sections and went out to look at it. He searched until he found a "blaze" on a tree, the marking on which indicated it as the corner of a section. From this corner the boundary lines were blazed at right angles in either direction. Radway followed the blazed lines. Thus he was able accurately to locate isolated "forties" (forty acres), "eighties," quarter sections and sections in a primeval wilderness. The feat, however, required considerable woodcraft, an exact sense of direction and a pocket compass.

These resources were still further drawn upon for the next task. Radway tramped the woods, hills and valleys to determine the most practical route over which to build a logging road from the standing timber to the shores of Cass branch. He found it to be an affair of some puzzlement. The pines stood on a country rolling with hills, deep with pot holes. It became necessary to dodge in and out, here and there, between the knolls, around and through the swamps, still keeping, however, in the same general direction and preserving always the requisite level or down grade. Radway had no vantage point from which to survey the country. A city man would promptly have lost himself in the tangle, but the woodsman emerged at last on the banks of a stream, leaving behind him a meandering trail of clipped trees.

"I'll take it," said he to Daly.

Daly now proceeded to drive a sharp bargain with him.

Customarily a jobber is paid a certain proportion of the agreed price as each stage of the work is completed. Daly objected to this method of procedure.

"You see, Radway," he explained, "it's our last season in the country. When this lot is in we want to pull up stakes, so we can't take any chances on not getting that timber in if you don't finish your job. It keeps us here another season. There can be no doubt, therefore, that you finish your job. In other words, we can't take any chances. If you start the thing, you've got to carry it way through."

"I think I can, Mr. Daly," the jobber assured him.

"For that reason," went on Daly, "we object to paying you as the work progresses. We've got to have a guarantee that you don't quit on us and that those logs will be driven down the branch as far as the river in time to catch our drive. Therefore I'm going to make you a good price per thousand, but payable only when the logs are delivered to our river men."

Radway, with his usual mental attitude of one anxious to justify the other man, ended by seeing only his employer's argument. He did not perceive that the latter's proposition introduced into the transaction a gambling element. It became possible for Morrison & Daly to get a certain amount of work short of absolute completion done for nothing.

All this was in August. Radway, who was a good, practical woodsman, set about the job immediately. He gathered a crew, established a camp and began at once to cut roads through the country he had already blazed on his former trip.

Radway's task was not merely to level out and ballast the six feet of a

roadbed already constructed, but to cut a way for five miles through the unbroken wilderness. The way had, moreover, to be not less than twenty-five feet wide, needed to be absolutely level and free from any kind of obstructions and required in the swamps liberal ballasting with poles, called corduroys. Not only must the growth be removed, but the roots must be cut out and the inequalities of the ground leveled or filled up. Perfect further that Radway had but a brief time at his disposal, but a few months at most, and you will then be in a position to gauge the first difficulties of those the American pioneer expects to encounter as a matter of course.

The jobber of course pushed his roads as rapidly as possible, but was greatly handicapped by lack of men. Winter set in early and surprised him with several of the smaller branches yet to finish. The main line, however, was done.

At intervals squares were cut out alongside. In them two long timbers or skids were laid endwise for the reception of the piles of logs which would be dragged from the fallen trees. They were called skidways. Then finally the season's cut began.

The men who were to fell the trees Radway distributed along one boundary of a "forty." They were instructed to move forward across the forty in a straight line, felling every pine free over eight inches in diameter. While the saw gangs, three in number, prepared to fell the first trees, other men called swamper were busy cutting and clearing of roots narrow little trails down through the forest from the pine to the skidway at the edge of the logging road. The trails were perhaps three feet wide and marvels of smoothness, although no attempt was made to level mere inequalities of the ground. They were called travoy roads (French travois). Down them the logs would be dragged and hauled either by means of heavy steel tongs or a short sledge on which one end of the timber would be chained.

Meantime the sawyers were busy. Each pair of men selected a tree, the first they encountered over the blazed line of their forty. After determining in which direction it was to fall they set to work to chop a deep gash in that side of the trunk.

Tom Broadhead and Henry Paul picked out a tremendous pine, which they determined to throw across a little open space in proximity to the travoy road. One stood to right, the other left, and alternately their axes bit deep. Tom glanced up as a sailor looks aloft.

"She'll do, Hank," he said.

The two then with a dozen half clips of the ax removed the inequalities of the bark from the saw's path. The long flexible ribbon of steel began to sing, bending so adaptably to the hands and motions of the men manipulating that it did not seem possible so mobile an instrument could cut the rough pine. In a moment the song changed timbre. Without a word the men straightened their backs. Tom flung along the blade a thin stream of kerosene oil from a bottle in his hip pocket, and the sawyers again bent to their work, swaying back and forth rhythmically, their muscles rippling under the texture of their woollen like those of a panther under its skin. The outer edge of the saw blade disappeared.

"Better wedge her, Tom," advised Hank.

They paused while, with a heavy sledge, Tom drove a triangle of steel into the crack made by the sawing. This prevented the weight of the tree from pinching the saw. Then the rhythmic z-z-z, z-z-z, again took up its song.

When the trunk was nearly severed Tom drove another and thicker wedge. "Timber!" hailed Hank in a long drawn melodious call that melted through the woods into the distance. The swamper ceased work and withdrew to safety.

"Crack!" called the tree.

Hank coolly unhooked his saw handle, and Tom drew the blade through and out the other side.

The tree shivered, then leaned ever so slightly from the perpendicular, then fell at first gently, afterward with a crescendo rush, tearing through the branches of other trees, bending the small timber, breaking the smallest and at last hitting with a tremendous crash and bang which filled the air with a fog of small twigs, needles and the powder of snow.

Then the swamper, who have by now finished the travoy road, trimmed the prostrate trunk clear of all protuberances. It required fairly skillful

ax work. The branches had to be sawed close and clear, and at the same time the trunk must not be gashed. And often a man was forced to wield his instrument from a constrained position.

The chopped branches and limbs had now to be dragged clear and piled. While this was being finished Tom and Hank marked off and sawed the log lengths, paying due attention to the necessity of avoiding knots, forks and rotten places. Thus some of the logs were eighteen, some sixteen or fourteen and some only twelve feet in length.

Next appeared the teamsters with their little wooden sledges, their steel chains and thick tongs. They had been helping the skidders to place the parallel and level beams, or skids, on which the logs were to be piled by the side of the road. The tree which Tom and Hank had just felled lay up a gentle slope from the new travoy road, so little Fabian Laveque, the teamster, clamped the bite of his tongs to the end of the largest or butt log.

"Allez, Molly!" he cried.

A horse, huge, elephantine, her head down, nose close to her chest, intelligently spying her steps, moved. The log half rolled over, slid three feet and menaced a stump.

"Gee!" cried Laveque.

Molly stepped twice directly sideways, planted her forefoot on a root she had seen and pulled sharply. The end of the log slid around the stump.

"Allez," commanded Laveque.

And Molly started gingerly down the hill. She pulled the timber, heavy as an iron safe, here and there, through the brush, missing no steps, making no false moves, backing and finally getting out of the way of an unexpected roll with the ease and intelligence of Laveque himself. In five minutes the burden lay by the travoy road. In two minutes more one end of it had been rolled on the little flat wooden sledge, and the other end dragging, it was winding majestically down through the ancient forest.

When Molly and Fabian had travoyed the log to the skidway they drew it with a bump across the two parallel skids and left it there to be rolled to the top of the pile.

Then Mike McGovern and Bob Stratton and Jim Gladys took charge of it. Mike and Bob were running the cant hooks, while Jim stood on top of the great pile of logs already stacked. A slender, pliable steel chain like a gray snake ran over the top of the pile and disappeared through a pulley to an iron horse—Jenny, the mate of Molly. Jim threw the end of this chain down. Bob passed it over and under the log and returned it to Jim, who coaxed down after it with the hook of his implement. Thus the stick of timber rested in a long loop, one end of which led to the invisible horse, and the other Jim made fast to

the top of the pile. He did so by jamming into another leg the steel swamp hook with which the chain was armed. When all was made fast the borse started.

"She's a bumper," said Bob. "Look out, Mike!"

The log slid to the foot of the two parallel poles held slanting up the face of the pile. Then it trembled on the ascent. But one end stuck for an instant, and at once the log took on a dangerous slant. Quick as light Bob and Mike sprang forward, gripped the hooks of the cant hooks like great thumbs and forefingers, and while one held with all his power, the other gave a sharp twist upward. The log straightened. It was a master feat of power and the knack of applying strength justly.

At the top of the little incline the lumber hovered for a second.

"One more!" sang out Jim to the driver. He poised, stepped lightly up and over and avoided by the safe hairbreadth being crushed when the log rolled. But it did not lie quite straight or even. So Mike cut a short, thick block and all three stirred the heavy timber sufficiently to admit of the biller's insertion.

Then the chain was thrown down for another.

Jenny, harnessed only to a short, straight bar with a hook in it, leaned to her collar and dug her hoofs at the word of command. The driver, close to her tail, held fast the slender steel chain of an ingenious hitch about the ever-useful swamp hook. When Jim shouted "Whoa!" from the top of the skidway the driver did not trouble to stop the horse; he merely let go the hook. So the power was shut off suddenly, as is meet and proper in such ticklish business. He turned and walked back, and Jenny, like a dog without the necessity of command, followed him in slow patience.

Now came Dyer, a scaler, rapidly down the logging road, a small, slender man with a little, turned up mustache. The men disliked him because of his affectation of a city smartness and because he never ate with them, even when there was plenty of room. The scaler's duty at present was to measure the diameter of the logs in each skidway and so compute the number of board feet. At the office he tended van, kept the books and looked after supplies.

He approached the skidway rapidly, laid his flexible rule across the face of each log, made a mark on his pine tablets in the column to which the log belonged, thrust the tablet in the pocket of his coat, seized a blue crayon, in a long holder, with which he made an S as indication that the log had been scaled, and finally tapped several times strongly with a sledge hammer. On the face of the hammer in relief was an M inside of a delta. This was the company's brand, and so the log

was branded as belonging to them. He swarmed over the skidway, rapid and absorbed, in strange activity to the slower power of the actual skidding. In a moment he moved on to the next scene of operations without having said a word to any of the men.

"A fine thing," said Mike, spitting.

So day after day the work went on. Radway spent his time tramping through the woods, figuring on new work, showing the men how to do things better or differently, discussing minute expedients with the blacksmith, the carpenter, the cook.

He was not without his troubles. First he had not enough men, the snow lacked and then came too abundantly, horses fell sick of colic or caught themselves, supplies ran low unexpectedly, trees turned out "punk," a certain bit of ground proved soft for traveling, and so on. At election time, of course, a number of the men went out.

And one evening, two days after election time, another and important character entered the North woods—and our story.

CHAPTER II.

ON the evening of a question some thirty or forty miles southeast of Radway's camp a train was crawling over a badly laid track that led toward the Saginaw valley. The whole affair was very crude. To the edge of the right of way pushed the dense swamp, like a black curtain shutting the virgin country from the view of civilization. Across the snow were tracks of animals.

The train consisted of a string of freight cars, one coach divided half and half between baggage and smoker, and a day car occupied by two silent, awkward women and a child. In the smoker lounged a dozen men. They were of various sizes and descriptions, but they all wore heavy blanket mackinaw coats, rubber shoes and thick German socks tied at the knee. The air was so thick with smoke that the men had difficulty in distinguishing objects across the length of the car.

The passengers sprawled in various attitudes, and their occupations were diverse. Three nearest the baggage room door attempted to sing, but with out much success. A man in the corner breathed softly through a mouth organ, to the music of which his seat mate, leaning his head sideways, gave close attention. One big fellow with a square beard swaggered back and forth down the aisle offering to every one refreshment from a quart bottle. It was rarely refused. Of the dozen probably three-quarters were more or less drunk.

After a time the smoke became too dense. A short, thickset fellow with an evil, dark face coolly thrust his head through a window. The conductor,

who, with the brakeman and baggage master, was seated in the baggage van, heard the jingle of glass. He arose. "Guess I'll take up tickets," he remarked. "Perhaps it will quiet the boys down a little."

The conductor was a big man, raw-boned and broad, with a hawk face. His every motion showed lean, quick, pantherlike power.

"Let her went," replied the brakeman, rising as a matter of course to follow his chief.

The brakeman was stocky, short and long armed. In the old fighting days Michigan railroads chose their train officials with an eye to their superior deltoids. The two men loomed on the noisy smoking compartment.

"Tickets, please," clicked the conductor sharply.

Most of the men began to fumble about in their pockets, but the three singers and the man who had been offering the quart bottle did not stir.

"Ticket, Jack!" repeated the conductor. "Come on, now."

The big bearded man leaned uncertainly against the seat.

"Now, look here, Bud," he urged in wheedling tones. "I ain't got no ticket. You know how it is, Bud. I blows my stakes."

"He fished uncertainly in his pocket and produced the quart bottle, heavily empty. "Have a drink?"

"No," said the conductor sharply.

"A right," replied Jack amiably.

"Take one myself." He tipped the bottle, emptied it and buried it through a window. The conductor paid no apparent attention to the breaking of the glass.

"If you haven't any ticket, you'll have to get off," said he.

The big man straightened up.

"You go to blazes!" he snorted, and with the sole of his spiked boot delivered a mighty kick at the conductor's thigh.

The official, agile as a wildcat, leaped back, then forward and knocked the man half the length of the car. You see, he was used to it. Before Jack could regain his feet the official stood over him.

The three men in the corner had also risen and were staggering down the aisle intent on battle. The conductor took in the chances with professional rapidity.

"Get at 'em, Jimmy!" said he.

And as the big man finally swayed to his feet he was seized by the collar and trousers in the grip known to "bouncers" everywhere, hustled to the door, which some one obligingly opened, and buried from the moving train into the snow. The conductor did not care a straw whether the obstreperous Jack lit on his head or his feet, but a snow bank or a pile of ties.

The conductor returned to find a rolling, kicking, gouging mass of kinetic energy knocking the varnish off all one

(Continued on 4th page.)

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.

STOCK SHIPMENTS.

From this point to Kansas City and other markets, as follows:

SATURDAY.

Lewis & Molesworth.....23 cars
T. A. Rosser.....18 "

TUESDAY.

John French, Tulsa.....12 "
The Saturday shipment was mixed stuff. Of the 12 cars on Tuesday 11 were cows and 1 car yearlings. This last lot was in fine condition and went to the National Live Stock Commission Co., at Kansas City, as killers.

Thomas—Wallace.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Jno. A. Wallace was the scene of a quiet wedding last Sunday evening when Comer Thomas took to the marriage altar their daughter, Miss Bertha. Only a few of their most intimate friends witnessed the ceremony. Rev. J. E. Stephens, pastor of the M. E. church, in which religious body both of these young people are devout members, pronounced the words that united them as man and wife.

Mr. Thomas is the well known manager of Thomas Bros. Furniture Co. He is a young man of exceptionally strong moral stamina and is making a success in his chosen calling. The bride, Miss Bertha, whom he has wooed and won, is a young lady of pronounced personality, energetic, and just the type of the effeminate sex that makes a man an adorable help meet. She graduated from Canyon City High School class of 1903, and enters the duties of home-making with the usual pre-requisites which warrants usefulness and happiness to those with whom she comes in contact.

The News joins their many friends in wishing them a happy voyage to the goal of true happiness.

HOFFMAN PARAGRAPHS.

Everybody is busy gathering feed.

Miss Callie Sims of Miami, is visiting Miss Emma Hoffman.

Miss Annie McClain spent several days with Bessie Johnson.

Relus Potter was in our midst last week buying beef cattle.

Election is now over, I'm sure we will be quite lonely.

We are pained to learn of Clarence Womble's death. He was a bright, promising young man and well beloved by all who knew him. God works in mysterious ways, and we must be resigned to his will. We extend our heartfelt sympathy to the family in their bereavement.

The musical given at the home of B. T. Johnson, Tuesday night, was enjoyable. A treat of candy and apples was given by the young people. The music furnished was fine. The main feature was the hemming of the girls' aprons by the boys.

Old People Have Their Troubles.

The most common ailments to which people past middle age are subject are indigestion and constipation. Fortunately there is a remedy especially suited to these disorders and that affords prompt relief. It is called Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. The laxative effect of these Tablets is so agreeable and so natural that you do not realize that it has been produced by a medicine. They also improve the appetite and strengthen the digestion. Write to the Chamberlain Medicine Co., Des Moines, Iowa, for a free sample, and give them a trial, or get the regular 25-cent size from your druggist, S. V. Wirt.

One second-hand heater for sale.

CANYON LBR. CO.

Burton-Lingo Co-Lumber

WHAT IS AGGRESSIVE MERCHANDISING

If aggressive merchandising consists of placing before the public in our newspaper announcements goods and garments most in demand, quoting them at lower prices than any other store in Canyon City, drawing people to the store, supply them with their needs for Winter and making regular patrons of those who respond to our advertisements, we may feel secure in claiming the credit of being an aggressive and a progressive store in every sense of the term. We keep permanent patronage in view by making one price to all and aim to make this a store to which you will turn, not simply when we announce extraordinary bargains, but as the natural source from which to supply your every want in the many lines we sell. Read the following:

MEN'S UNDERWEAR

Wright's Health Underwear, without doubt the best Underwear on the market, price per suit	\$1.90.
Light Weight Wool Underwear, per suit	\$1.90.
Extra Heavy All Wool Underwear, per suit	\$3.50
Heavy Fleece-Lined Underwear, per suit	\$1.00.
Boy's Knee Suits, extra good values,	\$1.50 to \$4.00
1 Lot Ladies' Capes, worth \$5 at	\$4
1 " " " " " \$4 at	3.00
1 " " " " " \$2.50 at	2.00
1 Lot Ladies' Jackets, worth \$8.00, at	\$7.00
1 Lot Ladies' Jackets, worth 6.00, at	5.00
1 Lot Ladies' Jackets, worth 5.00, at	4.00
All Calico at	.5 per yd.
Good Apron Check Gingham at	6 1-4c per yd.
Good Values in Cotton Blankets	90c to \$1.75
All Wool Blankets, at	\$3.50 to \$6.

WRIGHT, GAMBLE & CO.

Short orders and oysters at all hours at W. E. Lair's restaurant.

Republicans carried all the Northern and Western States barring Missouri.

Fresh Oysters at all hours—served with dispatch at the City Restaurant.

Miss Oats, of Depoy, Ky., a niece of Mrs. G. W. Palmer, came in Monday and will visit her aunt for some time.

Meredith Crumbley of Artesia, N. M., a cousin of Mrs. W. W. Stephenson, is here for a short visit with Mr. and Mrs. Stephenson.

In Potter county Sam Merrill was elected County Judge; Gowin County Attorney, and Hughes Sheriff.

Be sure to figure with us before placing your order.
CANYON LBR. CO.

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

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Heller returned home the first of the week from their trip to the World's Fair.

The election in Randall county passed peacefully. All of the defeated candidates, seen by The News reporter, are taking their "medicine" cheerfully, philosophically and good humoredly and by so doing making friends all around.

Next week Commissioners' Court will canvas the returns and issue, through the County Judge, certificates of election to the successful candidates.

Stringfellow-Hume are moving their saddlery stock into the building formerly occupied by the Canyon Drug Co., to make room for a furniture department.

Revs. J. E. Stephens and J. T. Robeson will leave the latter part of this week for Mineral Wells to be in attendance at the annual conference of the M. E. church.

Lost—A ladies' black plush cloak near the Victoria Hotel the first of last week—finder please return to this office.

Mr. Roosevelt carried all the doubtful States with a big majority. The next Congress will also be largely Republican.

You can buy apples from John Orr cheaper than they can be bought in Texas. Come quick and get them at 50 cents per bushel.

The News will not use its big rooster cut this week.

James Redfearn is convalescing from a seige of fever.

G. W. West has been ill for some time.

Rev. J. D. Ballard left Tuesday evening for Waco where he will attend the Baptist State Convention. He was accompanied on his trip as far as Decatur by his mother-in-law, Mrs. Ward, who has been visiting here for some time.

T. E. Baird is now located on the Bob Foster place just south of town.

B. D. McLarry has engaged in the grocery business on his own account occupying the house on the south side of the square recently vacated by Mr. Key.

Mrs. Whitworth and mother, Mrs. Lane, of the Ceta neighborhood, were in town shopping Monday.

Miss Newell, of Silverton, is visiting friends here this week.

My car of apples must be sold this week. In order to move them at once they will be sold at 50 cents per bushel. Bring something to put them in—John Orr.

G. O. Long came down from Kansas City to visit his family and friends and to exercise the privilege of franchise. He will work for another month with the National Livestock Com. Co., at the close of which his present contract expires.

H. M. Phillips and J. W. McElroy, both of Missouri, brother-in-law and cousin of our citizen R. A. Campbell, respectively, spent a couple of weeks here the latter part of last month with their several kinsmen and left with the opinion that their visit to the Plains was altogether profitable and that they might at some time become citizens here. They had hitherto possessed the characteristic of the true Missourian in regard to this country, i. e. "they had to be showed," and now they are satisfied in that respect.

Did You Ever

Hear of apples selling on the Plains at 50 cents per bushel? John Orr will sell you 1 or 100 bushels at 50 cents only asking that you bring a sack and get them at the depot.

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

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.

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.

C. L. Gordon-Cummings.....\$1.00
T. E. Baird.....2.00
W. W. Stephenson......50

Plainview Mail

Closes at 9 p. m. Leaves 7 a. m.

NOTICE.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

The State of Texas, County of Randall. By virtue of an order of sale, issued out of the Honorable County Court of Randall County, on the 9th day of November A. D. 1904, by the Clerk thereof, in the case of Canyon Lumber Co., a firm composed of J. M. Rockwell, A. A. Rockwell and C. M. Hardin versus H. S. Burnham No. 157, 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 December, A. D. 1904, it being the 6th 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:

About 3 miles north and 12 miles west of Canyon City, all that part of Abstract No. 1106, Survey 180, Block No. 1, Certificate No. 57, Tyler Tap Railway land, awarded to E. H. Fulwood, January 7th, 1897, and by E. H. Fulwood and wife, transferred to H. S. Burnham by deed dated Sept. 2nd, 1899, and recorded in Vol. 7, P. 16, deed records of Randall county, Texas, subject to the 200 acre exemption for homestead of said H. S. Burnham, to be hereafter designated as the law directs, there being 480 acres more or less of said survey in Randall county, Texas.

Will sell all the interest of H. S. Burnham had in said land on December 22nd 1903, or since said time—levied on as the property of H. S. Burnham November the 9th 1904, to satisfy a judgment amounting to \$340.00 in favor of Canyon Lumber Co., with 10 per cent interest from date of judgment and costs of suit.

Given under my hand, this 9th day of November A. D. 1904.
E. A. UPFOLD Sheriff.

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.

NOTICE.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

The State of Texas, County of Randall. By virtue of an order of sale, issued out of the Honorable County Court of Randall County, on the 9th day of November A. D. 1904, by the Clerk thereof, in the case of Guber, Hume & Kenyon, a corporation versus H. S. Burnham No. 163, 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 December, A. D. 1904, it being the 6th 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:

About 3 miles north and 12 miles west from Canyon City viz: All that part of Abstract No. 1106, Survey 18, Block No. 1, Certificate No. 57, Tyler Tap Ry. Co. land situated in Randall county, except 200 acres, as Homestead to be hereafter designated by said H. S. Burnham. There being 480 acres more or less of said survey in Randall County, Texas. Will sell all the interest H. S. Burnham had in said land on May the 7th, 1904, or since said time—levied on as the property of H. S. Burnham November 9th 1904, to satisfy a judgment amounting to \$250.50, in favor of Guber, Hume & Kenyon with 6 per cent interest from date of judgment and costs of suit.

of November A. D. 1904.
E. A. UPFOLD, Sheriff.

Burton-Lingo Co-Lumber

Prices cut in the Middle;

From now till January 1, 1905, I will do all work in the repairing of watches, clocks, and jewelry at just one half the price you can get the same work done for in Amarillo or anywhere else. Get others to make you prices and I will do the work for half of that amount let it be what it may, and a strict guarantee with all work done. Will also repair Sewing Machines and grind razors, and sell Watches, Clocks, Silverware, and all kinds of Jewelry for 50 per cent less than catalogue prices plus 5 per cent and express charges. Will put in watch glass at 10 cts to 25 cts. Call and see me, one door east of the City Restaurant.

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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.

"The Blazed Trail"

(Continued from 1st page)

end of the car. A head appearing, he coolly batted it three times against a corner of the seat arm, after which he pulled the contestant out by the hair and threw him into a seat, where he lay limp. Then it could be seen that Jimmy had clasped tight in his embrace a leg each of the other two. He hugged them close to his breast and jammed his face down against them to protect his features. They could pound the top of his head and welcome. The only thing he really feared was a kick in the side, and for that there was hardly room.

The conductor stood over the heap, at a manifest advantage.

"You lumber jacks had enough, or do you want to catch it plenty?"

The men, drunk though they were, realized their helplessness. They signified they had had enough. Jimmy thereupon released them and stood up, brushing down his tousled hair with his stubby fingers.

"Now, is it tick or bounce?" inquired the conductor.

After some difficulty and grumbling the two paid their fare and that of the third, who was still dazed.

The interested spectators of the little drama included two men near the water cooler who were perfectly sober. One of them was perhaps past the best of life, but still straight and vigorous. His lean face was leather brown in contrast to a long mustache and heavy eyebrows bleached nearly white. His eyes were a clear steady blue and his frame was slender, but wiry. He wore the regulation mackinaw blanket coat, a peaked cap with an extraordinary high crown and buckskin moccasins over long stockings.

The other was younger, not more than twenty-six perhaps, with the clean cut regular features we have come to

from his sister and announced her arrival at the little rural village in which he had made arrangements for her to stay. "It is interesting now," she wrote, "though the resources do not look as though they would wear well. I am learning under Mrs. Renwick to sweep and dust and bake and stew and do a multitude of other things which I always vaguely supposed came ready made. I like it, but after I have learned it all I do not believe the practice will appeal to me much. However, I can stand it well enough for a year or two of these for I am young and then you will have made your everlasting fortune, of course."

"She's a tramp," said Thorpe to himself, "and she shall have her everlasting fortune if there's such a thing in the country."

He fished the \$3.00 in his pocket and smiled. "That was the extent of his everlasting fortune at present."

The letter had been answered from Detroit.

"I am glad you are settled," he wrote. "At least I know you have enough to eat and a roof over you. I hope sincerely that you will do your best to fit yourself to your new conditions. I know it is hard, but with my lack of experience and my ignorance as to where to take hold it may be a good many years before we can do any better."

When Helen Thorpe read this she cried. Things had gone wrong that morning and an encouraging word would have helped her. The somber tone of her brother's communication threw her into a fit of the blues from which for the first time she saw her surroundings in a depressing and distasteful light. And yet he had written as he did with the kindest possible motives.

Thorpe had the misfortune to be one of those individuals who, though careless of what people in general may think of them, are in a corresponding degree sensitive to the opinion of the few they love. This feeling was further exaggerated by a constitutional shrinking from any outward manifestation of the emotions. Perhaps for this reason he was never entirely sincere with those he loved.

After the disgrace of his father Harry Thorpe had done a great deal of thinking and planning which he kept carefully to himself. He considered in turn the different occupations to which he could turn his hand and negotiated them one by one. Few business firms would care to employ the son of a shrewd, an embezzler as Harry Thorpe. Finally he came to a decision. He communicated this decision to his sister. It would have commended itself more logically to her had she been able to follow step by step the consideration that had led her brother to it. As the event turned, she was forced to accept it blindly. She knew that her brother intended going west, but as to his hopes and plans she was in ignorance. A little sympathy, a little mutual understanding, would have meant a great deal to her, for a girl whose mother she but dimly remembers turns naturally to her next of kin. Helen Thorpe had always admired her brother, but had never before needed him. She had looked upon him as strong, self-contained, a little moody.

At the beginning of the row in the smoking car Thorpe laid aside his letter and watched with keen appreciation the direct practicality of the trainmen's method. When the bearded man fell before the conductor's blow, he turned to the individual at his side.

"He knows how to hit, doesn't he?" he observed. "That fellow was knocked well off his feet."

"He does," agreed the other dryly.

They fell into a desultory conversation of fits and starts. Woodsmen of the genuine sort are never talkative, and Thorpe, as has been explained, was constitutionally reticent. In the course of their disjointed remarks Thorpe explained that he was looking for work in the woods and intended first of all to try the Morrison & Daly camps at Beeson lake.

"Know anything about logging?" inquired the stranger.

"Nothing," Thorpe confessed.

"Ain't much show for anything but

lumber jacks. What did you think of doing?"

"I don't know," said Thorpe doubtfully. "I have driven horses a good deal. I thought I might drive team."

The woodsman smiled slowly and looked Thorpe over with a quizzical eye. Then he faced to the front again and spat.

"Quite like," he replied, still more dryly.

The boy's remark had amused him, and he had showed it, as much as he ever showed anything. Excepting always the river men, the driver of a team commands the highest wages among out of door workers.

It is easier to drive a fire engine than a logging team.

But in spite of the naïveté of the remark the woodsman had seen something in Thorpe he liked. Such men become rather expert in the reading of character. He revised his first intention to let the conversation drop.

"I think M. & D. is rather full up just now," he remarked. "I'm walking boss over there. The roads is about all made, and roadmaking is what a greenhorn lacks first. They're more chance earlier in the year. But if the old fellow," he strongly accented the first word, "hain't nothing for you, just ask for Tim Shearer; an' I'll try to put you on the trail for some jobber's camp."

The three who had come into collision with Jimmy and Bud were getting noisier. They had produced a stone jug and had collected the remainder of the passengers, with the exception of Shearer and Thorpe, and now were passing the jug rapidly from hand to hand. Soon they became musical, striking up one of the weird, long drawn out chants so popular with the shanty boys. Thorpe shrewdly guessed his companion to be a man of some weight and did not hesitate to ascribe his immunity from annoyance to the other's presence.

"It's a bad thing," said the walking boss. "I used to be at it myself, and I know."

"Bees' Lake!" cried Jimmy fiercely through the aperture of the door.

"You'll find the boardin' house just across over the track," said the woodsman, holding out his hand. "So long. See you again if you don't find a job with the old fellow. My name's Shearer."

"Mine is Thorpe," replied the other. "Thank you."

Thorpe followed and found himself on the frozen platform of a little dark railway station. Directly across the track from the railway station a single building was perched from the dark by a solitary lamp in a lower story room. The four who had descended before Thorpe made over toward this light, stumbling and laughing uncertainly, so he knew it was probably the boarding house and prepared to follow them.

The five were met at the steps by the proprietor of the boarding house. This man was short and stout, with a hare-lip and cleft palate, which at once gave him the well known sturring speech of persons so afflicted and imparted also to the timbre of his voice a peculiar

early hollow, resonant, trumpetlike note. He stumped about energetically on a wooden leg of home manufacture. It was a cumbersome instrument, heavy, with deep pine socket for the stump and a projecting brace which passed under a leather belt around the man's waist. This instrument he used with the dexterity of a third hand. As Thorpe watched him he drove in a projecting nail, kicked two "turkeys" inside the open door and stuck the armed end of his peg leg through the top and bottom of the whisky jug that one of the new arrivals had set down near the door. The whisky promptly ran out. At this the cripple flung the impaled jug from the wooden leg far out over the rail of the veranda into the snow.

A growl went up. "What 'n thunder's that for?" snarled one of the owners of the whisky threateningly.

"Don't allow no whisky here," snarled the cripple.

The men were very angry. They advanced toward the cripple, who retreated with astonishing agility to the lighted room. There he bent the wooden leg behind him, slipped the end of the brace from beneath the leather belt, seized the other peg and in his right hand and so became possessed of a murderous bludgeon. This he brandished, hopping at the same time back and forth in such perfect poise and yet with so ludicrous an effect of popping corn that the men were surprised into laughing.

"Bully for you, pecker!" they cried. "Takes an' regerations, boys," replied the latter, without, however, a shade of compromising in his tones. "Had supper?"

(To Be Continued)

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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
Arrive	Canyon City	9:00	" " "
Leave	Amarillo	9:50	" " "
Arrive	Amarillo	10:20	" " "
Leave	Washburn	11:15	" " "
Arrive	Panhandle	12:05 AM	Tuesday — Sunday
Leave	Pampa	1:30	" " "
Arrive	Miami	2:25	" " "
Leave	Canadian	3:25	" " "
Arrive	Higgins	5:15	" " "
Leave	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 when ever possible.

A. L. CONRAD, Traffic Manager.

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He was seized by the collar.

consider typically American. Eye brows that curved far down along the temples and eyelashes of a darkness in contrast to the prevailing note of his complexion combined to lend him a rather brooding, soft and melancholy air which a very cursory second examination showed to be fictitious. His eyes, like the woodman's, were steady, but inquiring. His jaw was square and settled, his mouth straight. Unlike the other inmates of the car he wore an ordinary business suit, somewhat worn, but of good cut and a style that showed even over the soft flannel shirt. The trousers were, however, bound inside the usual socks and rubbers.

The two seat mates had occupied their time each in his own fashion. The elder stared straight before him and spit with a certain periodicity into the center of the aisle. The younger stretched back lazily in an attitude of ease. Sometimes he smoked a pipe. Three he read over a letter. It was