

Canyon City News.

VOL VIII.

CANYON CITY, RANDALL CO., TEXAS, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1905.

NO. 48.

NO COST SALE MOONSHINE!

WE MEET ALL PRICES FOR CASH!!

And Will Not Be Undersold!!!

Good Patent Soft-Wheat Flour per cwt. . . . \$2.80	Sample PRICES Changed EVERY WEEK.	25-lb Box Prunes for 35 lbs Rice for \$1.25 \$1.00
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We mean what we say--we will not be undersold--one trial is all we ask.
THOMAS & ORR. Canyon City, Texas.

The Blazed Trail

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE

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CHAPTER XXIX.

Then began the wonderful struggle against circumstances which has become a byword among river men everywhere. A forty day drive had to go out in ten. A freshet had to float out 30,000,000 feet of logs. It was tremendous. Fourteen, sixteen, sometimes eighteen hours a day the men of the driving crew worked like demons. Jams had no chance to form. Of course under the pressure the lower dam had gone out. Nothing was to be depended on but sheer dogged grit. Far up river Sadler & Smith had hung their drive for the season, and so had resigned themselves to a definite but not extraordinary loss. Thorpe had at least a clear river.

Wallace Carpenter could not understand how human flesh and blood endured. The men themselves had long since reached the point of practical exhaustion, but were carried through by the fire of their leader. Work was dogged until he stormed into sight, then it became frenzied. When he looked at a man from his cavernous, burning eyes, that man jumped.

Impossibilities were puffed aside like thistles. The men went at them headlong. They gave way before the rush. Thorpe always led. Not for a single instant of the day nor for many at night was he at rest. Instinctively he seemed to realize that a let down would mean collapse.

After the camp had fallen asleep he would often be awake half of the few hours of their night, every muscle tense, staring at the sky. His mind saw definitely every detail of the situation as he had viewed it. In advance his imagination stooped and sweated to the work which his body was to accomplish the next morning. Thus he did everything twice. Then at last the tension would relax. He would fall into uneasy sleep. But twice that did not follow. Through the dissolving from mist of his striving a sharp thought cleaved like an arrow. It was that, after all, he did not care. Subconsciously, the other influence, was growing like a weed. Perhaps there were greater things than to succeed, greater things than success. And then the keen, poignant memory of the dream girl stole into the young man's mind and in agony was immediately thrust forth. He would not think of her. He had given her up. He refused to believe that he had been wrong. In the still darkness of the night he would rise and steal to the edge of the dully roaring stream. There, his eyes blinded and his throat choked with a longing more manly than tears, he would reach out and smooth the round rough coats of the great logs.

"We'll do it," he whispered to them and to himself. "We'll do it. We can't be wrong."

CHAPTER XXX.

WALLACE CARPENTER'S search expedition had proved a failure, as Thorpe had foreseen, but at the end of the week, when the water began to recede, they came upon a mass of flesh and bones. The man was unrecognizable. The remains were wrapped in canvas and sent for interment to the cemetery at Marquette. Three of the others were

never found. The last did not come to light until after the drive had quite finished.

Down at the booms the jam crew received the drive as fast as it came down. From one crib to another across the broad extent of the river's mouth heavy booms were chained end to end effectively to close the exit to Lake Superior. Against these the logs came and stopped. The cribs were very heavy, with slanting instead of square tops, in order that the pressure might be downward instead of sideways. In a short time the surface of the lagoon was covered by a brown carpet of logs running in strange patterns like windrows of fallen grain. The drive was all but over.

Up till now the weather had been clear, but oppressively hot for this time of year. The heat had come suddenly and maintained itself well. The men had worked for the most part in undershirts. They were as much in the water as out of it, for the jam had become almost grateful. Hamilton, the journalist, who had attached himself definitely to the drive, distributed bunches of papers, in which the men read that the unreasonable conditions prevailed all over the country.

At length, however, it gave signs of breaking. The sky, which had been of a steel blue, harbored great piled thunder heads. Toward evening the thunder heads shifted and finally dissipated, to be sure, but the portent was there.

Hamilton's papers began to tell of washouts and mudbursts in the south and west. The men wished they had some of that water here.

So finally the drive approached its end and all concerned began in anticipation to taste the weariness that awaited them. The few remaining tasks still confronting them all at once seemed more formidable than what they had accomplished. The work for the first time became dogged, distasteful. Even Thorpe was infected. He, too, wanted more than anything else to drop on the bed in Mrs. Hathaway's boarding house. There remained but a few things to do. A mile of sacking would carry the drive beyond the influence of freshet water. After that there would be no hurry.

He looked round at the hard, fatigue worn faces of the men about him, and he suddenly felt a great rush of affection for these comrades who had so unreservedly spent themselves for his affair. Their features showed exhaustion. It is true, but their eyes gleamed still with the steady, half-humorous purpose of the pioneer. When they caught his glance they grinned good humoredly.

All at once Thorpe turned and started for the bank.

"That'll do, boys," he said quietly to the nearest group. "She's down."

It was noon. The sackers looked up in surprise. Behind them, to their very feet, rushed the soft smooth slope of Hemlock rapids. Below them flowed a broad, peaceful river. The drive had passed its last obstruction. To all intents and purposes it was over.

Calmly, with matter of fact directness, as though they had not achieved the impossible, they shouldered their

peaveys and struck into the broad wagon road. In the middle distance loomed the tall stacks of the mill, with the little board town about it. Across the eye



"You've changed, Junko," said he.

spun the thread of the railroad far away gleamed the broad expanses of Lake Superior.

The men paired off naturally and fell into a dragging, dogged walk. Thorpe found himself unexpectedly with Big Junko. For a time they plodded on without conversation. Then the big man ventured a remark.

"I'm glad she's over," said he. "I got a good stake comin'."

"Yes," replied Thorpe indifferently. "I got most \$600 comin'," persisted Junko.

"Might as well be 600 cents," commented Thorpe. "It'd make you just as drunk."

Big Junko laughed self consciously, but without the slightest resentment.

"That's all right," said he, "but you better life I don't blow this stake."

"I've heard that talk before," shrugged Thorpe.

"Yes, but this is different. I'm goin' to get married on this. How's that?"

Thorpe's attention struck at last, stared at his companion.

"Who is she?" he asked abruptly.

"She used to wash at Camp Four."

Thorpe dimly remembered the woman now—an overweighted creature with a certain attraction of effishly blowing hair, with a certain pleasing, full speckled, full bosomed health.

The two walked on in re-established silence. Finally, the giant, unable to contain himself longer, broke out again.

"I do like that woman," said he with a quaintly deliberate seriousness.

"That's the finest woman in this district."

Thorpe felt the quick moisture rush to his eyes. There was something inexpressibly touching in those simple words as Big Junko uttered them.

"And when you are married," he asked, "what are you going to do? Are you going to stay on the river?"

"No, I'm goin' to clear a farm. The woman says that's the thing to do. I like the river too. But you bet when Carrie says a thing that's plenty good enough for Big Junko."

Thorpe looked at his companion fixedly. He remembered Big Junko as a wild beast when his passions were aroused, as a man whose honesty had been doubted.

"You've changed, Junko," said he.

"I know," said the big man. "I been a scallawag all right. I quit it. I don't know much, but Carrie she's smart,

and I'm goin' to do what she says. When you get stuck on a good woman like Carrie, Mr. Thorpe, you don't give much for anything else. Sure. That's right. It's the biggest thing top of earth."

Here it was again—the opposing creed. And from such a source Thorpe's iron will contracted again.

"A woman is no excuse for a man's neglecting his work," he snapped.

"Shorely not," agreed Junko serenely. "I aim to finish out my time all right, Mr. Thorpe. Don't you worry none about that. I done my best for you. And," went on the river man in the expansion of this unwonted confidence with his employer, "I'd like to rise to remark that you're the best boss I ever had, and we boys wants to stay with her till there's skating in hades."

"All right," murmured Thorpe indifferently. Suddenly the remaining half mile to town seemed very long indeed.

CHAPTER XXXI.

WALLACE CARPENTER and Hamilton, the journalist, seated against the sun warmed bench of Mrs. Hathaway's boarding house, commented on the band as it stumbled into the washroom. Their conversation was interrupted by the approach of Thorpe and Big Junko. The former looked twenty years older after his winter. His eye was dull, his shoulders drooped, his gait was inelastic. The whole bearing of the man was that of one weary to the bone.

"I've got something here to show you, Harry," cried Wallace Carpenter, waving a newspaper. "It was a great drive, and here's something to remember it by."

"All right, Wallace, by and by," replied Thorpe dully. "I'm dead. I'm going to turn in for awhile. I need sleep more than anything else."

He passed through the little passage into the parlor bedroom, which Mrs. Hathaway always kept in readiness for members of the firm. There he fell heavily asleep almost before his body had met the bed.

In the long dining room the river men consumed a belated dinner. They had no comments to make. It was over.

The two on the veranda smoked. To the right, at the end of the sawdust street, the mill sang its varying and lulling keys. The odor of fresh sawed pine perfumed the air. Not a hundred yards away the river slipped silently to the distant blue Superior, escaping between the slanting stone filled cribs which held back the logs. Down the south and west the huge thunder heads gathered and flashed and grumbled, as they had done every afternoon for days.

"Queer thing," commented Hamilton finally, "these cold streaks in the air. They are just as distinct as though they had partitions around them."

"Queer climate anyway," agreed Carpenter.

Excepting always for the mill, the little settlement appeared asleep. The main booms were quite deserted. After awhile Hamilton noticed something.

"Look here, Carpenter," said he. "What's happening out there? Have some of your confounded logs sunk, or what? There don't seem to be near so many of them somehow."

"No, it isn't that," proffered Carpenter after a moment's scrutiny. "There are just as many logs, but they are getting separated a little so you can see the open water between them."

"Guess you're right. Say, look here, I believe that the river is rising."

"Nonsense! We haven't had any rain."

"She's rising just the same. You see that spile over there near the left hand crib? Well, I sat on the boom this morning watching the crew, and I whittled the spile with my knife. You can see the marks from here. I cut the thing about two feet above the water,

Look at it now."

"She's pretty near the water line, that's right," admitted Carpenter.

About an hour later the younger man in his turn made a discovery.

"She's been rising right along," he submitted. "Your marks are nearer the water, and, do you know, I believe the logs are beginning to feel it. See, they've closed up the little openings between them, and they are beginning to crowd down to the lower end of the pond."

"I don't know anything about this business," hazarded the journalist, "but I should think there was a good deal of pressure on that same lower end. By Jove, look here! See those logs up-end! I believe you're going to have a jam right here in your own booms."

"I don't know," hesitated Wallace.

"I never heard of its happening."

"You'd better let some one know."

"I hate to bother Harry or any of the river men. I'll just step down to the mill. Mason—he's our mill foreman—he'll know."

Mason came to the edge of the high trestle and took one look.

"Jumping fishhooks!" he cried. "Why, the river's up six inches and still a-comin'! Here you, Tom!" he called to one of the yard hands. "You tell Solly to get steam on that tug double quick and have Dave hustle together his driver crew!"

"What are you going to do?" asked Wallace.

"I got to strengthen the booms," explained the mill foreman. "We'll drive some piles across the cribs."

"Is there any danger?"

"Oh, no. The river would have to rise a good deal higher than she is now to make current enough to hurt. They've had a hard rain up above. This will go down in a few hours."

After a time the tug puffed up to the booms, escorting the pile driver. The latter towed a little raft of long, sharpened piles, which it at once began to drive in such positions as would most effectively strengthen the booms. In the meantime the thunder heads had slyly climbed the heavens, so that a sudden deluge of rain surprised the workmen. For an hour it poured down in torrents, then settled to a steady gray beat. Immediately the aspect had changed.

Solly, the tug captain, looked at his mooring hawsers and then at the nearest crib.

"She's riz two inches in th' last two hours," he announced, "and she's runnin' like a mill race." Solly was a typical north country tug captain, short and broad, with a brown, clear face and the steadiest and calmest of steel blue eyes. "When she begins to feel th' pressure behind," he went on, "there's goin' to be trouble."

Toward dusk she began to feel that pressure. Through the rainy twilight the logs could be seen raising their ghostly arms of protest. Slowly, without tumult, the jam formed. In the rear they pressed in, were sucked under in the swift water and came to rest at the bottom of the river. The current of the river began to protest, pressing its hydraulics through the narrowing crevices. The situation demanded attention.

A breeze began to pull offshore in the body of rain. Little by little it increased, sending the water by in gusts, ruffling the already hurrying river into greater haste, raising far from the shore dimly perceived whitecaps. Between the roaring of the wind, the dash of rain and the rush of the stream men had to shout to make themselves heard.

"Guess you'd better rout out the boss," screamed Solly to Wallace Carpenter. "This water's comin' up an inch an hour right along. When she backs up once she'll push this jam out sure."

(Continued on 4th page.)

By GEO. A. BRANDON,

Entered at Postoffice at Canyon City, as
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West Evelyn Street.

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

SUBSCRIPTION.

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

FOR HOMELESS CHILDREN.

A highly meritorious measure now before the present Legislature is the proposition to establish an Industrial Training and Reform School for the helpless, parentless boys and girls of this State, between the ages of eight and sixteen years.

The bill contemplates the selection of a site for the school through the competition of towns, asks the appointment of commissioners for this purpose and provides for an appropriation of \$1000 with which to meet the expenses of making the choice. It further provides that the cost of site, which must contain not less than 500 acres, shall not exceed \$15,000, and that the buildings and other equipments erected thereon shall not exceed in cost the sum of \$40,000. For the establishment of the school \$85,000 is asked for in all to be available out of the revenues of 1906, except the first thousand named which is to be available this year. The institution when established is to be under control of the State, and of course kept up by taxation as is the State University, etc.

To briefly state the case the object of this legislation is to furnish a home with common school education and proper training for manual labor, to the deserted, homeless, helpless little white waifs of Texas; to feed them, to clothe them and to teach them the ways of honest labor until arriving at an age when they can shift for themselves. Truly, if any class need legislation and ought by all means to have it, it is the poor helpless orphans of our country.

The News is not lost to the fact that a great deal of work along the line of caring for the homeless little ones, is done by the churches and outside benevolent institutions, but they don't and in the very nature of things can't care for all of them. All over this great State of ours today, are many homeless little waifs, and they should at the public expense be furnished refuge from destitution and the road to crime.

Aside from the benevolent features of this proposed measure, which surely within themselves, would appeal to all but the most callous heart, there is another way to look at it; it is good policy, it will rather save money to the State than add to the burdens of government. The News can make this statement authoritatively, because over half of the prisoners in the State today are out of the class of children who, abandoned in their tender years, drifted easily and naturally in the paths of vice and crime.

Texas has provided well for some of her children. Her great University with its departments of law, medicine and art; her Agricultural and Mechanical College; her State Normals, all offer fine opportunities to certain classes; even the afflicted are seen after to a considerable degree, the deaf, dumbs and blind are homed and educated at the State expense, but nowhere has Texas made provision for the little orphan casta-

STRINGFELLOW-HUME HDW. CO.
Ready For Winter And Spring Business

We have anticipated the varied wants of our many customers in the way of Winter & Spring 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.

way souls—unless it be in her jails and penitentiaries. Surely, these friendless and homeless children are entitled to some consideration at the hands of our great State—and they ought to begin to receive it now.

Our readers can help in getting this good work on foot by asking, by petition or otherwise, our representatives in the Legislature to vote and work for this bill. There is no better way to serve the great Shepherd than by caring for the little fatherless and motherless stray lambs of his flock.

RAILROAD CHAT.

The engineer corps on the proposed route from this place south to Coleman City or Brownwood, are still at work in the vicinity of Brownwood. They recently made one survey running in this direction from Brownwood, coming north as far as Jim Ned, but were compelled to go back and try it over on account of the difficulties presented by the breaks of that stream.

The folks, whoever they be, Santa Fe or somebody else, who are footing the cost of all this surveying are not doing it just for fun—it means something. You may depend upon it, the railroad is going south or southeast from Canyon City and its not very far off either.

The towns south of us are still holding railroad meetings. It is now claimed that they have a proposition direct from the Frisco people to build west from Quanah. Referring to a meeting on this proposition held Tuesday night of last week the Lockney Beacon says:

"Another joint railroad meeting was held in Lockney Tuesday night with delegations from Floydada and Plainview, as follows, from Floydada; Dr. R. C. Andrews, C. Surginer, W. W. Nelson, J. B. Posey, John Faris, L. P. Adair; and from Plainview, J. M. Carter, R. P. Smyth, L. G. Wilson, W. L. Dalton. The meeting called to order by F. F. Oliver, and on unanimous vote D. C. Allmon, of Petersburg, was made chairman and L. P. Adair of Floydada secretary. Papers were read on ways and means and the convention addressed by Messrs. Carter, Posey, Andrews, Dalton, Smyth, Wilson and Oliver, relative to what the counties of Floyd and Hale could give the Wichita Valley or Frisco railroad to come to us.

Finally by a unanimous vote a proposition was ordered to be made the roads for both counties to give the joint sum of \$80,000 in cash and lands and right of way and depot grounds, and a committee of R. C. Andrews, J. M. Carter, G. W. Brewster and W. L. Dalton, appointed to form and forward same to Morgan Jones and the Frisco people."

Now, it looks like there may be something in this, and if so, it can have but one effect—the certainty of the road going south from here at an early day. Canyon City can't lose much and may gain considerable when the road goes south—and it's going.

The bill providing for the establishment of State banks is making quite a stir among the private banks. Many of them say that if their affairs be made subject to inspection and they are required to publish statements as the National banks do that they will have to shut up shop. This is really one of the very best features of the present bill and those private banks which won't bear public inspection ought to shut up.

The State Democratic platform positively declared against nepotism in office and rightly so too, but our present Legislature does not see it that way—the bill to carry out the platform demand has been virtually killed.

The Henrietta Independent is still advertising "The Frisco" as the best way to the World's Fair, and an excursion over the Santa Fe to Galveston for "a plunge in the Surf" on Aug. 20, 1904.

Burton-Lingo Co-Lumber

The Japs have many thousand Russian prisoners, perhaps 75,000, and finding that a very large percentage of them can neither read or write they have ordered that "school be kept" daily and that the few Russians who are educated shall teach their comrades. Wonderful fellows, these Japs.

New York reports a flood of money coming in from interior towns—so much of it and so fast is it coming in that the bank clerks even including the sub-treasury force of experts, are unable to count it. The News had wondered where it had all gone to, but perhaps it will return "arter awhile."

H. C. Williams

NEW BARBER SHOP
SHAVE, HAIR TRIM AND SHAMPOOING.

Razors and Scissors always Sharp
Represent Fort Worth Acme Laundry. Give me a part of your patronage. In Crawford building south side street.

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.

THE RAILROAD IS COMING!

And so is our new stock of all kinds of Building Material. No one CAN undersell us and no one SHALL do it.

CANYON LUMBER CO.
CANYON CITY, TEXAS.

When to go Home.
From the Bluffton, Ind., Banner: "When tired out, go home. When you want consolation, go home. When you want fun, go home. When you want to show others that you have reformed, go home and let your family get acquainted with the fact. When you want to show yourself at your best go home and do the act there. When you feel like being extra liberal go home and practice on your wife and children first. When you want to shine with extra brilliancy go home and light up the whole household." To which we would add, when you have a bad cold, go home and take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and a quick cure is certain. It counteracts any tendency of a cold to result in pneumonia. For sale by S. V. Wirt, druggist.
The claimed right of officials to give snaps to kinfolks at the public expense, notwithstanding that the people of Texas have condemned the practice, has been sanctioned by our present Legislature. It's only another case of the people be d—d. Subscribe for the News.

Local.

Dull times all over the Panhandle.

According to the ground hog legend we will have early spring.

Two brand new states—Oklahoma and Indian Territory form one and New Mexico the other.

The 12th of this month is Lincoln's birthday, the 14th, Valentine Day, and the 22nd is Washington's birthday.

Burton-Lingo Co-Lumber

Regular term of Commissioners' Court next week.

Mr. Slover's little girl, Parlee, has been right sick the past week but is now getting better.

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

Witherspoon & Gough.

A new girl made its appearance at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Upshaw Monday night.

Mrs. L. S. Kinder of Plainview passed through Monday on her return home from Mineral Wells.

The Sowder case, tried over again Monday before a jury, resulted in a verdict for the defendants.

Berne Wilson will move to Plainview this week and become a partner in the law business with his brother, L. G. Wilson.

Mrs. Willis, a sister of Brent C. Taylor's, died Monday night at her home in Waco, of consumption.

Burton-Lingo Co-Lumber

Umbarger school closed last week and the teacher, Miss Lily Leonard, has returned home to town.

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

Mrs. Walter Lair recently returned from a visit to relatives and friends in Mississippi.

Sleighs and sleds came into use again the first of the week.

Joe Foster was around Wednesday with a petition seeking aid for G. W. Alexander's family. Joe says they are all sick and badly in need of assistance.

Witherspoon & Gough.

365 polls were paid in Deaf Smith county up to Feb. 1st.

From a clipping taken from the Brand, published elsewhere, you can see how Hereford reaches out after settlers.

Several houses for rent or sale.
B. Frank Buie.

Mrs. T. F. Gilliland and daughter, Mrs. Thomas, returned Monday from their eastern visit.

L. N. Lochridge says that in his neighborhood the snow was about ten inches deep.

Wednesday and Thursday were thawing days and the snow is going fast, mud taking its place.

Just received a car of choicest Texas red rust proof seed oats at Canyon City Hardware & Grain Co. Come and get your seed oats before they are all gone.

LOST—In town, about January 28, by Mrs. J. M. Cooper, a grey blanket. Finder please return same to this office.

L. S. Kinder, who went with Judge Randolph to Austin in the interest of the new judicial district, is expected to be its first judge, and when he returns home it is thought he will carry the appointment in his pocket.

The best Bakers' light bread at Wilson's. Fresh and good. 19tf

There has been some sickness among the children during the cold spell on the order of severe colds bordering on pneumonia. One of W. F. Taylor's boys and Rev. J. T. Burnett's baby are among the number now affected.

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 for hides.

CANYON CITY HARDWARE AND GRAIN COMPANY.

DISTRICT COURT JURORS.

This court is to convene Monday, Feb. 27. The grand jurors for the term are as follows:

G. F. Ames, J. M. Burkhalter, R. E. Baird, R. A. Campbell, W. H. Hicks, T. C. Jennings, M. S. Park, J. A. Edwards, H. E. Wesley, R. W. O'Keefe, W. F. Taylor, J. A. Wansley, W. M. Williard, J. I. Campbell, S. V. Gentry and C. P. Money.

The petit jurors summoned for the 28th of February, are:

M. N. Gallagher, B. D. McLary, C. R. Burrow, L. W. Broiles, R. M. Peeler, J. L. Perdue, D. Steen, J. D. Robinson, J. M. Posten, J. D. Ballard, E. W. Small, J. S. Christian, C. B. Wallace, Andy Costley, J. M. Craig, J. W. Orr, A. P. Baird, J. M. McNaughton, I. C. Jenkins, I. W. Scott, I. V. Sleck, C. H. Hitchcock, J. H. Dunbar, C. T. DeGraftenreid, D. B. Dodson, J. W. O'Rear, J. E. Wilson, C. M. Houser, L. A. Pierce, C. L. Montgomery, C. E. Long, J. T. Foster, A. B. Cage and W. R. Farr.

The Weather.

The weather all over the State for ten days has not been such as the people would have had made-to-order. Cold and bad clear to the gulf is the general report. Over the Panhandle snow has fallen to a depth varying from six to ten inches. Six inches would, perhaps, cover the fall in this county. This is equal to about 1 1/2 inches of rain and with the previous snows which melted and were absorbed by mother earth will make an excellent season—just right for early grass and spring seeding of crops. Where small grain is already in these snows practically insure a crop.

All told these snows have done a world of good for this section of the country and so far the stock interests are not injured to any great extent.

The new South Plains Judicial district bill has now passed successfully through both Houses. It is to be known as the 64th district and will include Swisher, Lubbock, Hale, Brisco, Castro and some other southern counties.

Hunting has been the rule for some of our citizens the past few days. Tuesday a wolf hunt with greyhounds was organized, resulting in one quarry being run in after a twelve mile chase.

PUBLIC AUCTION SALE!

BULLS



BULLS

I will sell at Public Auction at Canyon City
Thursday, February 16th.,
23 Head Registered Hereford Bulls

16 of these Bulls are coming 2's, all the rest Spring Calves. They represent some of the best strains of the Hereford family, such as Columbus 10th, a half brother to Dale, the \$10,000 bull, Spurgeon, Benjamin Wilton and others. They are all large heavy boned fellows, have not been raised in barn and pampered but in good shape and used to run in pasture.

These Bulls will be sold on 6 months time with 8 per cent. interest on bankable notes or 5 per cent. discount for cash. Now is your chance to buy a good cheap bull as these bulls will sell.

SALE WILL COMMENCE AT 1 O'CLOCK P. M.

GIB MASON,
WHEELER, ILLINOIS.

R. A. CAMPBELL, Auctioneer.

To Our Friends.

We are now prepared to do all kinds of Iron and Wood work at the old Pioneer shop with promptness. We use the best of material and all work guaranteed. Horse Shoeing a specialty. Our best endeavors will be to please.

HARTER & CHESSEB.

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M. A. Lamkin and J. H. King left on Wednesday afternoon's train for Greenfield, Missouri, where they go to work in the interest of immigration to this country. Both gentlemen were loaded with literature, the Brand and a great big determination to show those Missouri fellows. King and Lamkin will make a good team and are qualified in every respect to properly place the advantages of this country well before the public.—Hereford Brand.

Witherspoon & Gough.

Skinner Crawford was here yesterday waiting for some land buyers. The morning train failed to get in till night—waited for the Tallmadge excursion cars. There were nine coaches on the train. Eight of the prospectors got off here, six being taken charge of by Garrison & Harrison and the other two going to Tulia with Crawford this morning.

382 polls were paid in Hardeman county.

"The Blazed Trail"

[Continued from 1st page]

Wallace ran to the boarding house and roused his partner from a heavy sleep. The latter understood the situation at a word. While dressing he explained to the younger man wherein lay the danger.

"If the jam breaks once," said he, "nothing top of earth can prevent it from going out into the lake, and there it'll scatter heaven knows where. Once scattered it is practically a total loss." They felt dimly through the rain in the direction of the lights on the tug and pile driver. Shearer, the water dripping from his flaxen mustache, joined them like a shadow. At the river he announced his opinion. "We can hold her all right," he assured them. "It'll take a few more piles, but by morning the storm'll be over, and she'll begin to go down again."

The three picked their way over the creaking, swaying timber. But when they reached the pile driver they found trouble afoot. The crew had untied and refused longer to drive piles under the face of the jam.

"If she breaks away she's going to bury us," said they.

"She won't break," snapped Shearer. "Get to work."

"It's dangerous," they objected sullenly.

"You get off this driver!" shouted Solly. "Go over and lie down in a ten acre lot and see if you feel safe there!"

He drove them ashore with a storm of profanity and a multitude of kicks, his steel blue eyes blazing.

"There's nothing for it but to get the boys out again," said Tim. "I kinder hate to do it."

But when the Fighting Forty, half asleep but dauntless, took charge of the driver a catastrophe made itself known. One of the ejected men had tripped the lifting chain of the hammer after another had knocked away the heavy preventing block, and so the hammer had fallen into the river and was lost. None other was to be had. The pile driver was useless.

A dozen men were at once dispatched for cables, chains and wire ropes from the supply at the warehouse.

"It's part of the same trick," said Thorpe grimly. "Those fellows have their men everywhere among us. I don't know whom to trust."

"You think it's Morrison & Daly?" queried Carpenter, astonished.

"Think?" know it. They know as well as you or I that if we save these logs we'll win out in the Stock Exchange, and they're not such fools as to let us save them if it can be helped."

"What are you going to do now?"

"The only thing there is to be done. We'll string heavy booms chained together between the cribs and then trust to heaven they'll hold. I think we can hold the jam. The water will begin to flow over the bank before long, so there won't be much increase of pressure over what we have now, and as there won't be any shock to withstand I think our heavy booms will do the business."

He turned to direct the boring of some long boom logs in preparation for the chains. Suddenly he whirled again to Wallace with so strange an expression in his face that the young man almost cried out. The uncertain light of the lanterns showed dimly the streaks of rain across his countenance, and his eye flared with a look almost of panic.

"I never thought of it," he said in a low voice. "Fool that I am! I don't see how I missed it. Wallace, don't you see what those devils will do next?"

"No. What do you mean?" gasped the younger man.

"There are 12,000,000 feet of logs up river in Sadler & Smith's drive. Don't you see what they'll do?"

"No. I don't believe."

"Just as soon as they find out that the river is booming and that we are going to have a hard time to hold our jam, they'll let loose those 12,000,000 on us. They'll break the jam or dynamite it, or something. And let me tell you that a very few logs hitting the tail of our jam will start the whole shooting match so that no power on earth can stop it."

"I don't imagine they'd think of doing that," began Wallace by way of assurance.

"Think of it! You don't know them. They've thought of everything. You don't know that ago Daly. Ask Tim. He'll tell you."

"Well, the—"

"I've got to send a man up there right away. Perhaps we can get there in time to head them off. They have to send their man over"—He cast his eye rapidly over the men.

"I don't know just who to send. There isn't a good enough woodsman in the lot to make Siscoe Falls through the woods a night like this. The river trail is too long, and a cut through the woods is blind."

With infinite difficulty and caution they reached the shore. Across the gleaming logs shone dimly the lanterns at the scene of work, ghostly through the rain. Beyond, on either side, lay impenetrable, drenched darkness racked by the wind.

"I wouldn't want to tackle it," panted Thorpe. "If it wasn't for that cursed fate road between Sadler & Smith's I wouldn't worry. It's just too easy for them."

Behind them the jam cracked and shrieked and groaned. Occasionally was heard beneath the sharper noises a dull boom as one of the heavy timbers forced by the pressure from its

resting place, shot into the air and fell back on the bristling surface.

"Tim Shearer might do it," suggested Thorpe, "but I hate to spare him."

He picked his rifle from its rack and thrust the magazine full of cartridges. "Come on, Wallace," said he. "We'll hunt him up."

They stepped again into the shriek and roar of the storm, bending their heads to its power, but indifferent to the rain. The sawdust street was saturated like a sponge. They could feel the quick water rise about the pressure at their feet. From the invisible houses they heard a steady monotone of flowing from the roofs. Far ahead, dim in the mist, sprayed the light of lanterns.

Suddenly Thorpe felt a touch on his arm. Faintly he perceived at his elbow a face from which the water streamed. "Injun Charley!" he cried. "The very man!"

CHAPTER XXXII.

RAPIDLY Thorpe explained what was to be done and thrust his rifle into the Indian's hands. The latter listened in silence and stolidity, then turned and without a word departed swiftly in the darkness. The two white men stood a minute attentive. Nothing was to be heard but the steady beat of rain, and the roaring of the wind.

Near the bank of the river they encountered a man visible only as an uncertain black outline against the glow of the lanterns beyond. Thorpe, stopping him, found Big Junko.

"This is no time to quit," said Thorpe sharply.

"I ain't quittin'," replied Big Junko.

"Where are you going, then?"

Junko was partially and stammeringly unresponsive.

"Looks bad," commented Thorpe. "You'd better get back to your job."

"Yes," agreed Junko helplessly. In the momentary slack tide of work the giant had conceived the idea of searching out the driver crew for purposes of pugilistic vengeance. Thorpe's suspicions stung him, but his simple mind could see no direct way to explanation.

All night long in the chill of a spring rain and wind storm the Fighting Forty and certain of the mill crew gave themselves to the labor of connecting the slanting stone cribs so strongly by means of heavy timbers chained end to end that the pressure of a break in the jam might not sweep aside the defenses. Wallace Carpenter, Shorry, the chore boy, and Anderson, the barn boss, picked a dangerous passage back and forth carrying pails of red-hot coffee which Mrs. Hathaway constantly prepared. The cold water numbed the men's hands. With difficulty could they manipulate the heavy chains through the auger holes, with pain they twisted knots, bored holes. They did not complain. Behind them the jam quivered perilously near the bursting point. From it shrieked aloud the demons of pressure. Steadily the river rose an inch an hour. The key might snap at any given moment, they could not tell, and with the rush they knew very well that themselves, the tug and the disabled pile driver would be swept from existence. The worst of it was that the blackness shrouded their experience into uselessness. They were utterly unable to tell by the ordinary visual symptoms how near the jam might be to collapse.

However, they persisted, as the old time river man always does, so that when dawn appeared the barrier was continuous and assured. Although the pressure of the river had already forced the logs against the defenses, the latter held the strain well.

The storm had settled into its gait. Overhead the sky was filled with gray, beneath which darker scuds flew across the zenith before a howling southwest wind. Out in the clear river one could hardly stand upright against the gusts. In the fan of many directions furious squalls swept over the open water below the booms, and an eager boiling current rushed to the lake.

Thorpe now gave orders that the tug and driver should take shelter. A few moments later he expressed himself as satisfied. The dripping crew, their harsh faces gray in the half light, picked their way to the shore.

In the darkness of that long night's work no man knew his neighbor. Men from the river, men from the mill, men from the yard, all worked side by side. Thus no one noticed especially a tall, slender, but well knit individual dressed in a faded mackinaw and a limp slouch hat which he wore pulled over his eyes. This young fellow occupied himself with the chains. Against the racing current the crew held the ends of the heavy booms while he fastened them together. He worked well, but seemed slow. Three times Shearer hustled him on after the others had finished, examining closely the work that had been done. On the third occasion he shrugged his shoulder somewhat impatiently.

The men straggled to shore, the young fellow just described bringing up the rear. He walked as though tired out, hanging his head and dragging his feet. When, however, the boarding house door had closed on the last of those who preceded him and the town lay deserted in the dawn he suddenly became transformed. Casting a keen glance right and left to be sure of his opportunity he turned and hurried recklessly back over the logs to the center booms. There he knelt and busied himself with the chains.

In his zigzag progression over the jam he so blended with the morning shadows as to seem one of them, and he would have escaped quite unnoticed had not a sudden shifting of the logs under his feet compelled him to rise for a moment to his full height. So Wal-

lace Carpenter, passing from his bedroom along the porch to the dining room, became aware of the man on the logs.

His first thought was that something demanding instant attention had happened to the boom. He therefore ran at once to the man's assistance, ready to help him personally or to call other aid as the exigency demanded. Owing to the precarious nature of the passage he could not see beyond his feet until very close to the workman. Then he looked up to find the man, squatted on the boom, contemplating him sardonically.

"Dyer!" he exclaimed. "Right, my son," said the other coolly.

"What are you doing?"

"If you want to know, I am filing this chain."

Wallace made one step forward and so became aware that at least firearms were taking a part in this desperate game.

"You stand still!" commanded Dyer from behind the revolver. "It's unfortunate for you that you happened



"You stand still!"

along, because now you'll have to come with me till this little row is over. You won't have to stay long. Your logs'll go out in an hour. I'll just trouble you to go into the brush with me for a while."

The scaler picked his file from beside the weakened link.

"What have you against us, anyway, Dyer?" asked Wallace. His quick mind had conceived a plan. At the moment he was standing near the outermost edge of the jam, but now as he spoke he stepped quietly to the boom log.

Dyer's black eyes gleamed at him suspiciously, but the movement appeared wholly natural in view of the return to shore.

"Nothing," he replied. "I didn't like your gang particularly, but that's nothing."

"Why do you take such nervy chances to injure us?" queried Carpenter.

"Because there's something in it," snapped the scaler. "Now, about face, Mosey!"

Like a flash, Wallace wheeled and dropped into the river, swimming as fast as possible below water before his breath should give out. The swift current hurried him away. When at last he rose for air, the spit of Dyer's pistol caused him no uneasiness. A moment later he struck out boldly for shore.

What Dyer's ultimate plan might be he could not guess. He had stated confidently that the jam would break "in an hour." He might intend to start it with dynamite. Wallace dragged himself from the water and commenced breathlessly to run toward the boarding house.

Dyer had already reached shore. Wallace raised what was left of his voice in a despairing shout. The scaler mockingly waved his hat, then turned and ran swiftly and easily toward the shelter of the woods. At their border he paused, again to bow in derision. Carpenter's cry brought men to the boarding house door. From the shadows of the forest two vivid flashes cut the dusk. Dyer staggered, turned completely about, seemed partially to recover and disappeared. An instant later, across the open space where the scaler had stood, with rifle a-trail, the Indian leaped in pursuit.

[To Be Continued]

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