

# Canyon City News.

VOL VIII. CANYON CITY, RANDALL CO., TEXAS, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1905. NO. 50.

A VERY GOOD INVESTMENT—A HOME IN RANDALL COUNTY.

## The Blazed Trail

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE

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### CHAPTER XXXV.

"Yes," said she diplomatically. "But you?" he cried suddenly. "The papers remind me. How about that Morton?"

"What about him?" asked the girl, astonished. "He is very happily engaged."

Thorpe's face slowly glistened with blood.

"You'll break the engagement at once," he commanded, a little harshly.

"Why should I break the engagement?" demanded Hilda, eyeing him with some alarm.

"You actually don't think he's engaged to me?" she burst out finally.

"Isn't he?" asked Thorpe.

"Why, no, stupid! He's engaged to Elizabeth Carpenter, Wallace's sister. Now where did you get that silly idea?"

"I say it in the paper."

"And you believe all you see? Why didn't you ask Wallace? But of course you wouldn't. Harry, you are the most inebriated dumb old brute I ever saw. I could shake you. You need a wife to interpret things for you. You speak a different language from most people."

"She said this between laughing and crying, between a sense of the ridiculous uselessness of withholding a single timely word and a tender pathetic intuition of the suffering such a nature must endure."

Suddenly she jumped to her feet with an exclamation.

"Oh, Harry, I'd forgotten utterly!" she cried in laughing consternation. "I have a luncheon here at half past 1. It's almost that now. I must run and dress. Just look at me; just look! You did that!"

"I'll wait here until the confounded thing is over," said Thorpe.

"Oh, no, you won't!" replied Hilda decidedly. "You are going downtown right now and get something to put on. Then you are coming back here to stay."

Thorpe glanced in surprise at his driver's clothes and his spiked boots.

"Heavens and earth!" he exclaimed. "I should think so! How am I to get out without ruining the floor?"

Hilda laughed and drew aside the portiere.

"Don't you think you have done that pretty well already?" she asked.

"There, don't look so solemn. We're not going to be sorry for a single thing we've done today, are we?" She stood close to him, searching his face wistfully with her faithless dusky eyes.

"No, sweetheart, we are not," replied Thorpe solemnly.

### CHAPTER XXXVI.

SURELY it is useless to follow the sequel in detail, to tell how Hilda persuaded Thorpe to take her money. To a woman such as she this was not a very difficult task in the long run—a few scruples of pride; that was all.

"I hate to do it," he said. "It doesn't look right."

"You must," she insisted. "I will not take the position of rich wife to a poor man. It is humiliating to both. I will not marry you until you have made your success."

"That is right," said Thorpe heartily. "Well, then, are you going to be so selfish as to keep me waiting while you make an entirely new start, when a little help on my part will bring your plans to completion?"

She saw the shadow of assent in his eyes.

"How much do you need?" she asked swiftly.

"I must take up the notes," he explained. "I must pay the men. I may need something on the stock market. If I go in on this thing I'm going in for keeps. I'll get after those fellows who have been swindling Wallace. Say

\$100,000."

"Why, it's nothing!" she cried. "I'm glad you think so," he replied grimly.

She ran to her dainty escritoire, where she scribbled eagerly for a few moments.

"There," she cried, her eyes shining—"there is my check book all signed in blank. And I'll see that the money is there."

So it was that Hilda Farrand gave her lover confidence, brought him out from his fanaticism, launched him afresh into the current of events. He remained in Chicago all that summer, giving orders that all work at the village of Carpenter should cease. With his affairs that summer we have little to do. His common sense treatment of the stock market, by which a policy of quiescence following an outright buying of the stock which he had previously held on margins, retrieved the losses already sustained and finally put both partners on a firm financial footing. That is another story. So, too, is his reconciliation with an understanding of his sister. It came about through Hilda, of course. Perhaps in the inscrutable way of Providence the estrangement was of benefit, even necessary, for it had thrown him entirely within himself during his militant years.

Let us rather look to the end of the summer. It now became a question of reopening the camps. Thorpe wrote to Shearer and Radway, whom he had retained, that he would arrive on Saturday noon, and suggested that the two begin to look about for men. Friday, himself, Wallace Carpenter, Elizabeth Carpenter, Morton, Helen Thorpe and Hilda Farrand boarded the north bound train.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE train of the South Shore railroad shot its way across the broad reaches of the northern peninsula.

Thorpe welcomed the smell of the northland. He became almost eager, explaining, indicating to the girl at his side.

"There is the Canada balsam," he cried. "Do you remember how I showed it to you first? And yonder the spruce. How stuck up your teeth were when you tried to chew the gum before it had been heated! Do you remember? Look, look there! It's a white pine! Isn't it a grand tree? It's the finest tree in the forest, by my way of thinking, so tall, so straight, so feathery and so dignified. See, Hilda, look quick! There's an old logging road all filled with raspberry vines. We'd find lots of partridges there, and perhaps a bear. Wouldn't you like to walk down it about sunset?"

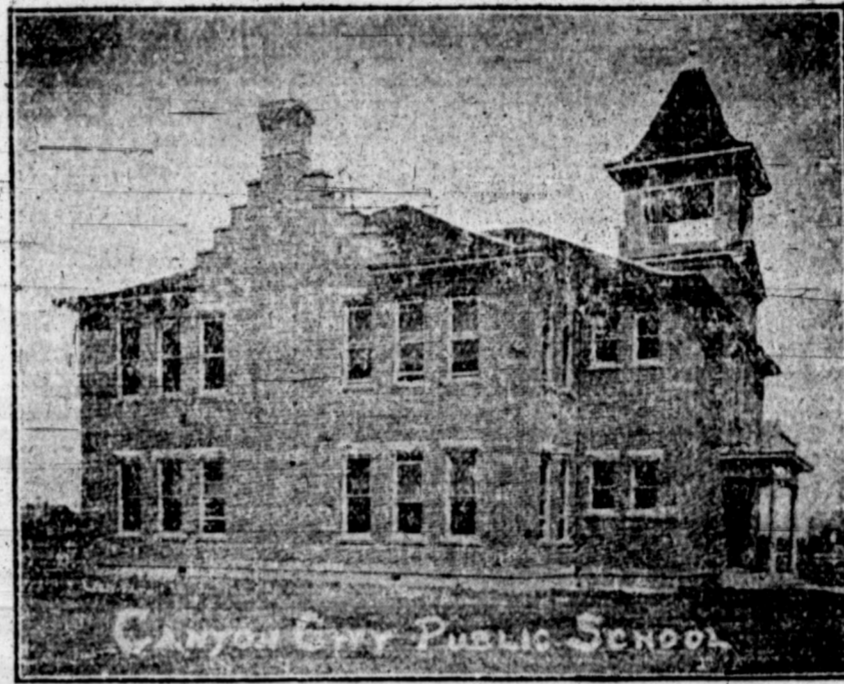
"Yes, Harry."

"I wonder what we're stopping for. Seems to me they are stopping at every squirrel's trail. Oh, this must be Seney. Yes, it is. Queer little place, isn't it, but sort of attractive? Good deal like our town. You have never seen Carpenter, have you? Location's fine anyway, and to me it's sort of picturesque. You'll like Mrs. Hathaway. She's a buxom, motherly woman who runs the boarding house for eighty men and still finds time to mend my clothes for me. And you'll like Solly. Solly's the tug captain, a mighty good fellow, true as a gun barrel. We'll have him take us out some still day. We'll be there in a few minutes now. See the cranberry marshes. Sometimes there's a good deal of pine on little islands scattered over it, but it's very hard to log unless you get a good winter. We had just such a proposition when I worked for Radway. Oh, you'll like Radway. He's as good as gold. Helen!"

"Yes," replied his sister.

"I want you to know Radway. He's the man who gave me my start."

"All right, Harry," laughed Helen. "I'll meet anybody or anything from bears to Indians."



A student can become thorough in Grammar and Rhetoric, accurate in Arithmetic, master a principle in Algebra, demonstrate a proposition in Geometry, learn Latin, or become proficient in any study as well in the Canyon City school as elsewhere. A specialty of all grades from the primary to the college department.

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E. A. UPFOLD.

"I know an Indian, too—Geezigt, an Ojibway. We called him Injun Charley. He was my first friend in the north woods. He helped me get my timber. This spring he killed a man—a good job, too—and is hiding now. I wish I knew where he is. But we'll see him some day. He'll come back when the thing blows over. See! See!"

"What?" they all asked, breathless.

"It's gone. Over beyond the hills there I caught a glimpse of Superior."

"You are ridiculous, Harry," protested Helen Thorpe laughingly. "I never saw you so. You are a regular boy."

"Do you like boys?" he asked gravely of Hilda.

"Adore them!" she cried.

"All right; I don't care," he answered his sister in triumph.

The air brakes began to make themselves felt, and shortly the train came to a grinding stop.

"What station is this?" Thorpe asked the colored porter.

"Shingleville, sah," the latter replied. "I thought so. Wallace, when did their mill burn, anyway? I haven't heard about it."

"Last spring, about the time you went down."

"Is that so? How did it happen?"

"They claim incendiarism," parried Wallace cautiously.

Thorpe pondered a moment, then laughed. "I am in the mixed attitude of the small boy," he observed, "who isn't wicked enough to wish anybody's property destroyed, but who wishes that if there is a fire, to be where he can see it. I am sorry those fellows had to lose their mill, but it was a good thing for us. The man who set that fire did us a good turn. If it hadn't been for the burning of their mill they would have made a stronger fight against us in the stock market."

Wallace and Hilda exchanged glances. The girl was long since aware of the inside history of those days.

"You'll have to tell them that," she whispered over the back of her seat. "It will please them."

"Our station is next!" cried Thorpe, "and it's only a little ways. Come, get ready!"

They all crowded into the narrow passageway near the door, for the train barely paused.

"All right, sah," said the porter, swinging down his little step.

Thorpe ran down to help the ladies. He was nearly taken from his feet by a wildcat yell, and a moment later that result was actually accomplished by a rush of men that tossed him bodily on to his shoulders. At the same moment the mill and tug whistles began to screech and miscellaneous firearms exploded. Even the locomotive engineer, in the spirit of the occasion, leaned down heartily on his whistle rope. The sawdust street was filled with

screaming, jostling men. The homes of the town were brilliantly draped with cheesecloth, flags and bunting.

For a moment Thorpe could not make out what had happened. This turmoil was so different from the dead quiet of desertion he had expected that he was unable to gather his faculties. All about him were familiar faces upturned to his own. He distinguished the broad, square shoulders of Scotty Parsons, Jack Hyland, Kerlie, Bryan Moloney; Ellis grinned at him from the press; Billy Camp, the fat and shiny drive cook; Mason, the foreman of the mill; over beyond howled Solly, the tug captain; Rollway Charley, Shorty the chore boy; everywhere were features that he knew.

As his dimming eyes traveled here and there, one by one the Fighting Forty, the best crew of men ever gathered in the northland, impressed themselves in his consciousness. On the outskirts sauntered the tall form of Tim Shearer, a straw peeping from beneath his flax white mustache, his eyes glimmering under his flax white eyebrows.

Big Junko and Anderson deposited their burden on the raised platform of the office steps. Thorpe turned and fronted the crowd.

At once pandemonium broke loose, as though the previous performance had been nothing but a low voiced rehearsal.

His eyes were dim, his breast heaved, his voice shook. Hilda was weeping from excitement. Through the tears she saw them all looking at their leader, and in the worn, hard faces glowed the affection and admiration of a dog for its master. Something there was especially touching in this, for strong men rarely show it. She felt a great wave of excitement sweep over her. Instantly she was standing by Thorpe.

"Oh!" she cried, stretching her arms out to them passionately. "Oh, I love you, I love you all!"

THE END.



"Men," cried Thorpe,

show you in the company's booms 3,000,000 feet of logs rescued by their grit and hard labor from total loss."

"At this point the speaker was interrupted. 'Saw off!' 'Shut up!' 'Give us a rest!' growled the audience. 'Three million feet ain't worth talkin' about!'

'You make me tired!' 'Say your little say the way you oughter!' 'Found purty nigh two millions pocketed on Mare's Island, or we wouldn't 'a' had that much!' 'Fool's undertaking, anyhow!'

'Men,' cried Thorpe, 'I have been very fortunate. From failure success has come. But never have I been more fortunate than in my friends. The firm is now on its feet. It could afford to lose three times the logs it lost this year!'

He paused and scanned their faces.

"But," he continued suddenly, "it cannot now or ever can afford to lose what those 3,000,000 feet represent—the friends it has made. I can pay you back the money you have spent and the time you have put in—Again he looked them over, and then for the first time since they had known him his face lighted up with a rare and tender smile of affection. "But, comrades, I shall not offer to do it. The gift is accepted in the spirit with which it was offered!"

He got no further. The air was rent with sound. Even the members of his own party cheered. From every direction the crowd surged inward. The women and Morton were forced up the platform to Thorpe. The latter motioned for silence.

"Now, boys, we have done it," said he, "and so will go back to work. From now on you are my comrades in the fight."

His eyes were dim, his breast heaved, his voice shook. Hilda was weeping from excitement. Through the tears she saw them all looking at their leader, and in the worn, hard faces glowed the affection and admiration of a dog for its master. Something there was especially touching in this, for strong men rarely show it. She felt a great wave of excitement sweep over her. Instantly she was standing by Thorpe.

"Oh!" she cried, stretching her arms out to them passionately. "Oh, I love you, I love you all!"

THE END.

## TRY US

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

We need the work and will do our very best to meet competition. Only give us the same order you give the foreign house and ten to one we can meet the price.

We carry a full stock of material. Give us the same chance we propose to give you—This is all we ask.

CANYON CITY NEWS.  
Published Every Friday

By GEO. A. BRANDON,

Entered at Postoffice at Canyon City, as  
Second-Class Matter. Office of Publication,  
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

SHELTER FOR STOCK.

Cattle protected from such spells of cold as experienced recently require at least one-third less feed. This has been proven time and time again and is therefore not now debatable. And, if this be the general rule, and such it is, with how much greater force does this question of shelter apply to prairie countries where nature has left all of this provision to man alone.

The Durham, Hereford, Angus, Galloway, Red Polls and all other improved breeds, which today represent the perfection of the cattle species, were made just what they are by being cared for—housed not in windbreaks, but in barns from infancy to maturity. In Aberdeenshire, Herefordshire, Durham, Yorkshire and other counties of Scotland and England where these cattle originated are many people yet engaged in raising them, who as dollars and cents go, are far worse off than most of the small ranchmen of the Plains, but they would no more think of leaving their "beastes" out in the weather than they would their own flesh and blood. And, it is not at all because they have more feeling than we have, but because the losses occasioned by such exposure would bankrupt them.

From close observation and from some experience it is the candid opinion of the editor of The News, that good comfortable shelter during bad weather will save fully half the expense of feeding to say nothing at all about the humanity of the thing.

When this country was open and free no stock remained on the "baldies" of their own volition during bad spells—they sought the breaks and canyons, and now, since man chooses to keep them here at all times he should provide them what their instincts sought when free—he must do it if he would make the business of raising them profitable. Compelling stock to rough it, much as it is done and oftentimes little thought of, never has paid since the free grass days, don't now pay and never will. One winters' loss in extra feed and deterioration of stock would almost build barns enough to house them, and just why we can't get onto this fact like our brethren of the northern and middle States have already done has always been somewhat of a mystery to this writer.

A farmer says he got rid of rats in the following manner: "On a number of pieces of old shingles I put a half teaspoonful of molasses, and on that with my pocket knife I scraped a small amount of concentrated lye, and then placed the shingles under the barn and cribs. The next morning I found 40 dead rats and the rest vomised and left for parts unknown."—Ex.

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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.

HERE AND THERE.

Richmond P. Hobson of Santiago fame, has been on an extended lecture tour and one of his most popular subjects is that which deals with the situation in the "far East."

Captain Hobson in speaking of the Russians, among other things says:

"Their whole policy has been to stir up the nations of Europe to the danger of a Mongolian domination, and by the cry of 'Yellow Peril' cause Europe to combine against England and America, and in united power sweep down upon helpless China. The real cause of it all has been all the time, the jealousy felt by the nations towards America, and a feeling of resentment against the rapid growth of their eastern trade. The nations of Europe understand each other thoroughly and their plans are deeply laid. If these plans are allowed to come to their destined end, the next decade will open in blood and carnage."

"The only real 'Yellow Peril,'" says Hobson, "is when the 400,000,000 Chinese are under the yoke of Russia, and trained by their generals, they will be powerful enough for the Russian Czar to employ as a telling weapon in the establishment of Russia as a World Power."

Our readers know how, that after the war with China, Japan was, by the action of some of the European powers led by Russia, robbed of the territory which she had wrested from the Chinese by force of arms, but just how and the dramatic manner of it may be new to some of them so upon this point we again quote Capt. Hobson, as follows:

"After the close of the war between China and Japan, something like a decade ago, a treaty was drawn up ceding Korea, Manchuria and surrounding territories to Japan, while China retained certain parts of her original possessions in this

locality. The treaty, a vast sheet of parchment lay on a table and in the presence of representatives of the powers, the Chinese and Japanese officials were about to sign the document. Li Hung Chang, the grand old man of China, a giant in size, tall, broad and imposing, stepped up laid his hand upon the brush, with which to trace his signature. There was the clang of tempered steel as the Russian Admiral, threw his sword upon the table and said: "In the name of the Czar of all the Russians, I forbid it." Awed and in fear the Chinaman withdrew. But Togo, fierce, fighting, dauntless little Togo, stepped up and brushing aside the sword of the Russian said: "Gentlemen, are you ready to proceed?" Again there was the sound of steel and the German Admiral laid his sword across the parchment, the French Admiral followed, the Italian, the Spanish, the Austrian, until the document lay hidden under a glittering mass of threatening steel. And that treaty was never signed. But in its stead a treaty was agreed upon ceding to Russia Port Arthur, to another Wei Hai Wei, to another Hong Kong and to Japan, nothing."

The News will venture to predict that Japan holds Port Arthur this time if not the whole of Manchuria.

THE STATE OF TEXAS,  
Randall County.  
IN COMMISSIONERS' COURT,  
February Term, 1905.  
Before me, J. A. Tate, Clerk of the County Court in and for said County, personally appeared the Members of the Commissioners' Court, whose names are below subscribed, who, upon their oaths, do say: That the requirements of Art. 567, Chapter 1, Title XXV, of the Revised Statutes of the State of Texas, as amended by the regular session of the Twenty-fifth Legislature, have in all things been fully complied with, and that the cash and other assets mentioned in the quarterly report made to and filed in this Court by R. B. Redfearn County Treasurer of said County, for the quarter ending the 31st day of January 1905, and held by him for said County, have been fully inspected and counted by them at this term of said Court; and that the amount

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.

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LIVERY FEED AND SALE STABLE  
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of money and other assets in the hands of said Treasurer are as follows, to-wit:  
Total amount of cash in the various funds belonging to the County, Eleven Thousand Four Hundred Twenty and Forty-five One Hundredths Dollars (\$11420.45) Total amount of assets other than actual cash to the credit of the County, Sixteen Thousand Dollars (\$16000).  
J. M. Vansant,  
County Judge.

J. T. Parks,  
J. A. Coffee,  
I. W. McClure } Commissioners.  
Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 14th day of February 1905.  
J. A. Tate,  
County Clerk, Randall Co.  
By A. N. Henson, Deputy.  
The Tallmadge excursion cars for the Pecos Valley passed through yesterday. Four of the prospectors got off here, two bound for Tulia, the others remaining here with Garrison and Harrison.

**Local.**

Springtime will be here before we know it.

**Burton-Lingo Co-Lumber**

Postmaster Cobb and wife are just getting up from a severe spell of grip.

W. H. Hicks and Dr. Stewart have purchased the Mack Leonard residence in the south part of town.

Sowing of considerable spring wheat is being talked of.

Our hardware houses are getting in big piles of agricultural implements.

W. B. Walters and family left Tuesday for Iowa Park, their future home. Mr. Walters owns property there. His section near Ceta is rented for this year to T. A. Ridgeway.

Witherspoon & Gough.

The ground is in splendid condition, or soon will be, for sowing wheat and oats.

Monday, Henry Bradford purchased the C. W. Word place of two sections near Happy, including stock and feed. Mr. Word will move temporarily to Amarillo.

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

The Canyon City Hardware & Grain Co., has been selling lots of oats for seeding purposes.

Several houses for rent or sale.

B. Frank Buie.

Last Friday, Mr. H. B. Greathouse lost his youngest child, about six weeks old, by pneumonia. It was buried Saturday in the cemetery south of town.

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

The depot is "chock" full of freight and running over and several loaded cars on the track. The roads are so bad, owing to the melted snow, that not much hauling is being done.

**Burton-Lingo Co-Lumber**

Stock in the feed lots have not much more than held their own this month and those engaged in the business are almost certain to lose out unless prices climb.

The new telephone company has purchased the lot on the public square north of Judge Buie's office from S. V. Wirt and will make it headquarters instead of back of the bank as at first intended.

With this issue The News finishes its serial story, "The Blazed Trail." Those who have kept up with it have done well—those who have "let it go" have missed one of the very best stories of American life ever written. For the present we shall discontinue the long story.

Dr. Howell, whose ranch is partly in Swisher and partly in Castro counties, says that his loss up to date is eight head of cattle—and these "not from starvation." He has nine hundred head. This is a most excellent showing considering the length and severity of the recent cold wave and nearly every stockman in Randall county has done about as well.

The loss of a printer and moving machinery about the office must partly account for our short crop of locals this week.

Witherspoon & Gough.

**THE EMERSON DISC PLOWS**



Is the most successful Disc Plow on the market, for light draft, easy to adjust and operate, can be made a single, double or a triple disc all in the same plow, discs can be set at any angle so as to take the land in any condition. Can turn to the right as well as to the left. All bearings dust proof, Spring lift levers. These are only a few of the many merits of this wonderful Disc Plow. Come in and let us show it to you.

We Handle 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.**

**The Boy's Estimate.**

The wisest man on this here earth is paw; He knows a thousand times as much as maw. The nabors don't know near as much as he— He's full of knowledge as he can be. He knows just how the housework should be done. And how this glorious country should be run. He knows exactly how maw ought to dress— And he's certain he can do it for much less. —The Earth.

**Epworth League and C. E. Program.**

Union meeting to be held at the C. P. Church, Feb. 26, 3:30 p. m. Subject—"Glorifying God in the Home." Leader—Rev. J. A. Wallace. Song. Prayer. Scripture Lesson—Eph. 6:1-9. Prayer. Song. "Bible Instances of Christian Homes."—Mrs. Dean. Duett—"Home Sweet Home." "The Influence of a Christian Home."—Mfs. Ernsberger. Song. Open meeting. "What have Christian Homes done for me." Song. C. E. benediction.

Judging from the amount of seed oats already purchased and the talk of those of our farmers, who these days have the temerity to wade to town, there will be a considerable acreage of oats sown in Randall county this season.

**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.

Miss Fannie Williamson	50
H. P. Greathouse	25
W. T. Moreland	\$1.00

**HOFFMAN PARAGRAPHS.**

Mud! Mud!! Plenty of mud and some to spare; a fine season in the ground. Farmers will have plenty to do when the ground gets dry enough to turn the soil.

Tommie McClain left Tuesday for Oklahoma where he expects to reside for some time. He will be greatly missed in our community.

Charlie Wilkerson and John Glasscock went to Canyon Saturday.

B. T. Johnson and wife visited J. M. White last Monday.

Ellie Finch spent last week with A. B. Cagle's family. His health is improving.

We were sorry to hear of Mrs. J. D. Weller's death. Our loss is heavens gain, as we knew her to be a good christian lady, ever ready to do what she could for her Master. We want to extend our sympathy to the family in this sad hour of bereavement.

We rest assured the ground hog froze out this time, so we probably will not be bothered with him any more and have earlier springs.

We are very uneasy about "Uncle Dan," our correspondent, as we haven't heard from him lately. Hope he will come to life again.

B. T. Johnson went to Canyon Wednesday.

**TASSIE.**

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

**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 & CHESSER.

Plenty of mountain cedar posts at Burton-Lingo Co.

Witherspoon & Gough.

**Commissioners' Court**

Convened in regular session Monday and held four days. The proceedings were in substance as follows:

The reports of officers were approved.

The following persons were appointed to hold elections for school trustees in the various districts as follows:

District 1. M. S. Park, J. C. Kilbourne, E. E. Adams.

District 2. H. Parks, C. B. Wallace, J. M. Cooper.

District 3. J. R. Skidmore, J. G. Cruikshank, C. P. Hileman.

District 4. J. M. Craig, M. H. Wallace, W. H. Black.

District 5. E. W. Neece, B. T. Johnson, A. B. Cagle.

District 6. Allen Bassett, J. T. Tartar, B. A. Vaughn.

District 7. D. W. Wallace, J. K. P. Yeary, T. W. Barrett.

District 8. T. W. Scott, L. S. Carter, J. T. Jowell.

District 9. T. F. Gilleland, D. Currie, G. G. Foster.

District 10. J. A. Currie, H. James, H. E. Wesley.

District 11. J. C. Keezee, J. L. Perdue, Theo. Cochell.

Following the next term of the County Court, 2nd Monday in April, it was ordered that future regular terms of said County Court should be held on the 3rd Mondays in February, May, August and November respectively.

The county tax levy for this year was put at 55 cents on the \$100—last year it was 65 cents.

This is a reduction of ten cents on the hundred dollars, and is alright if the county can be run on that basis but to say the least of it, it is a rather doubtful experiment.

In school districts Nos. 1, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 a levy for school purposes was made of 15 cents on the \$100, and in districts Nos. 2, 3, 10 and 11, 20 cents on the \$100 assessed valuation was levied.

What about the cotton crop for this season?

Subscribe for the News.

**The Weather.**

As The News went to press last Friday it was snowing and it continued to snow until the fall amounted to eight inches. This added to the previous falls makes a total of 22 inches for Canyon City this winter. From all reports the southern part of the county has received more than this.

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday it was warm and the melting snows made water everywhere. Thursday, most of the snow disappeared—gone into the earth—and the season in the ground is enough to put a smile on the face of the traditional brass monkey.

The grass roots have a soaking all the way through and as soon as the breath of spring passes over the surface of the sod the life giving grass will be ready to come by leaps and a fine crop of it is already assured.

As The News stated last week, the ground could not well be in better shape from an agricultural standpoint. It is wet "way down" and the freezing process has given it a vitality that will push planted crops from the very beginning.

The outlook in this county is indeed fine and in this respect we might also include the whole Plains country.

**Afraid of Strong Medicines.**

Many people suffer for years from rheumatic pains, and prefer to do so rather than take the strong medicines usually given for rheumatism, not knowing that quick relief from pain may be had simply by applying Chamberlain's Pain Balm and without taking any medicine internally. Rev. Amos Parker of Magnolia, North Carolina, suffered for eight years with a lame hip, due to severe rheumatic pains. He has been permanently cured by the free application of Chamberlain's Pain Balm. For sale by S. V. Wirt Druggist.

Today, Friday, the snow is about all gone and we have nice Plains weather—a clear sunshiny day.

**A Sepia Sketch**

"Good night, Harry!" Miss Eastwick's coat fell on to the floor, and, bending forward in her shimmering satin gown, she kissed the pictured face before her.

It was a ceremony gone through every night, as it had been for the last ten years. In the early days, with silent tears, in a lavender scented attic, now electric light was switched on in the big studio in Washington, where Harry Lawton's picture hung in its silver frame to inspire the pastels and dainty miniatures which had brought Isobel Eastwick fame.

Ten years ago young Lawton had sailed for South America, vowing as soon as he had a home to offer her to return and claim Isobel's promise to wait for him.

Miss Eastwick was nothing if not constant—nothing if not fanciful, her friends said, though they did not guess at the romance of her life, and she had cherished the memory of those promises and the hope that one day her lover would return.

Paul Maitland was one of the few people who knew the whole story, and in spite of that he had asked her to marry him.

The question had grieved Miss Eastwick's soul. It seemed to be a reflection on her constancy, and she was not a little afraid that this unexpected development might end their friendship.

But he had spoken strongly, a great deal too strongly, on the subject of wasted affections, pink and white boys, etc.—he who was really impossibly ugly. And yet—

As though to convince herself of his impossibility Miss Eastwick picked up a sepia sketch of a man's head—it was an ugly face, with the determined jaw and deep set eyes—and laid it for a moment beside the water color in its dainty silver frame. She laughed. The contrast was too funny!

Miss Eastwick stood painting in her studio before an easel, making the most of the early spring sunshine. The many successful portraits at last year's exhibitions had brought her more work than she could do, and she rose early and labored hard for love of her art.

Paul Maitland had sometimes brought his fiddle and played to her in the afternoons when her visitors had departed, but today he had not come, and she missed his dark, ugly face, his deep, refined voice expressing her own half formed, wholly inexpressible thoughts.

"Ah! There was a knock. It must be he! He would not stay away simply because she could not marry him. A faint, becoming blush rose to her cheek. Yes, it was a man's tread coming upstairs; but not Maitland's surely! This was heavier, and this red faced, red bearded man, with meaningless light eyes! Who could he be? Who? And then in a moment she knew.

"Harry!"

"My gracious! What elegant quarters! Belle, you are a peach!"

A twang that might have been cut with a knife!

Miss Eastwick was speechless. She glanced from the uncompressing figure on the hearth rug to the water color on the wall, and only a sickening dread that he had come to claim her promise kept her from bursting into uncontrollable laughter at the shattering of her idol.

"I've times and dimes seen your name in the illustrated papers we've had in Lima," he was saying, "painting daughters and wives of millionaires, duchesses and Jords and even a royal princess. Haven't the boys stared when I've told them how you and I were going to be married when my ship came in?"

"You spoke of me like that!" Miss Eastwick thought. "And it was for you that I sent away Paul! And I thought it mattered what a man looked like!"

"You're an elegant little woman enough," Mr. Lawton continued condescendingly. "Eliza, now, is a different build of a woman. Would make three of you!"

Who could Eliza be?

"She was a bit jealous of you, I

can say. I've often laid it on how pretty and dainty you were to rile her, but I'd always bring her around by telling how, if I'd married you, we'd have been sitting on spindle legged chairs reading 'In Memoriam' or some such twaddle, and Eliza'd feel mighty pleased with herself."

A great content had come upon Miss Eastwick.

"Eliza is your wife. Is she not with you?"

"You bet! Eliza wouldn't give up the chance of seeing Washington and the states in a hurry."

"Why did you not bring her with you?" said Isobel. "I should have been delighted to see her."

"Tell you the truth, Belle, I didn't quite know how you'd take my marriage. Of course I knew there was a sort of promise between us, but nothing in writing, mind you. Being an old maid and that, I thought you might cut up rough."

"On the contrary," said Miss Eastwick cheerfully, "it would have been quite absurd for you to have done otherwise. Must you go already?"

The door shut behind him.

She crossed the room, took down the sepia sketch and once more laid it beside the Harry of long ago. She tried to laugh—a pitiful little laugh, which ended in a sob.

Then with feverish haste the silver frame was unfastened, the paper at the back torn off, and with the aid of a pair of scissors Isobel removed the tiny headless nails and piece of board. The sketch followed, was crumpled in ruthless hands and flung far from her. She dusted the glass carefully with her handkerchief and with the lightest, tenderest touch fitted another scrap of rough drawing paper into the vacant place—a man's head in sepia, with deep set eyes and an ugly, square jaw.

Miss Eastwick was too busy hammering in the nails again to hear this time a step on the stairs. It was only when the door opened and a man's voice spoke that she started guiltily, clasping the silver frame close to her that its contents might not be seen.

"I have come to get my violin before I go away," Paul Maitland said quietly.

He had come to get the fiddle—yes, and also with the hope that Isobel might have changed her mind last night—might have found that she cared more for the present friend than for that pink and white boy. He found her instead with the boy's picture clasped to her breast.

"Your violin? Oh, yes," Miss Eastwick said nervously, pointing to a faraway corner of the studio. "No, no—there, not here!"

A shadow crossed the dark, ugly face.

"Thank you," he said. "You need not fear that I shall touch the picture or come near you."

Isobel watched him with fascinated eyes. In five minutes—in four—three—in one minute—it would be too late. Oh, why could she not speak—show him—tell him?

The man fastened the violin case mechanically, replaced some magazines he had disarranged, picked up a crumpled piece of paper which lay at his feet, smoothed it out and laid it on the table.

"Good heavens! Isobel, what does this mean?"

He held it out to her, crumpled and torn, the pictured face from the silver frame.

"Isobel"—the tenderness of his voice was irresistible—"what have you put in that frame?"

He gently loosened the slender fingers and took her treasure from her, seeing at last what she had sought to hide.

"What does this mean, Isobel?" he repeated.

"It means—it means—oh, Paul, it means that I missed you, and then Harry came and didn't want me! And, oh, if you could have seen him!" She broke off, laughing hysterically.

"Lawton came here, Isobel? Not that brute I saw getting into a carriage outside with a woman dressed in every color of the rainbow?"

"Was she there? Yes, that was the man. Directly he went," she added slowly, "I took down the frame and put you there instead—and into my heart, too—for always."

—Chicago Tribune.

**BIRD FLIGHT.**

**Marvelous Power and Endurance of the Frigate Bird.**

When the marvelous problem of bird flight has been solved man will be able to navigate the air with ease and safety, but it is doubtful if he will be before that period. The writer has watched the frigate bird keep alongside a steamer going at the rate of fifteen miles an hour for days in the Pacific ocean. Occasionally when some morsel of food was dropped from the vessel the bird would sink into the water and devour it, only to overtake the steamer in an instant with the greatest ease and then again sail for hours alongside the vessel, neither raising nor closing its extended wings.

Going against the wind, a piece of paper thrown overboard would fly backward like a shot, but the bird moved constantly forward against the wind without the slightest apparent effort. At night, of course, it would sink into the water for rest and sleep, and by morning the steamer would be perhaps a hundred miles ahead. But the bird would soon overtake it and continue its close companionship the following day. It may be claimed that it was not the same bird that thus accompanied the vessel day after day, but in the case cited there was a marked peculiarity about the bird's wing that easily distinguished it from the others.

Whence comes this marvelous moving power? No man can tell. It may not be difficult to define the impelling power of the flapping winged sparrow or robin, but the force that impels the wonderful frigate bird with its steadily and constantly outstretched wings is simply miraculous.—Amateur Sportsman.

**A "Tramp" Geysers.**

Everybody has heard of the famous geysers of the Yellowstone region, and many know their peculiarities. A guide was showing one of these geysers to a party of travelers.

"This," he said, "is what we call a 'tramp' geyser."

"Why 'tramp' geyser?" asked a member of the party.

"If you should offer it a cake of soap," he rejoined, with a grim smile, "you would find out."

The visitor followed the guide's suggestion and found the point of the joke in the violent ebullition which followed. It is a peculiarity of some of these geysers that throwing a cake of soap into them causes them to burst at once into a fit of ungovernable fury.

**Nothing to Fear.**

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