

Canyon City News.

VOL VIII.

CANYON CITY, RANDALL CO., TEXAS, FRIDAY, MARCH 3, 1905.

NO. 51.

A VERY GOOD INVESTMENT—A HOME IN RANDALL COUNTY.

WHY NOT?

By P. D. PATTISSON

The harbor of Hongkong was looking its loveliest on this mellow October afternoon as the big P. and O. steamer slowly glided from her moorings amid the crowd of shipping that filled the harbor.

There were not many passengers on board the Parramatta, for this was not a time of the year that many people traveled from the east homeward, but amid the stir and bustle attendant on the departure of a big mail steamer and the settling down of newly joined passengers two people, both passengers, formed a tranquil contrast.

Major Walton, although his eyes rested on the gold tipped hills they were so swiftly passing, saw them not at all. His thoughts were all inward, too much occupied with a bitter past to take much heed of the surroundings of the present. It was the old, old story his mind was dwelling on—that of a woman's frailty and a man's villainy—and, although the events which had well nigh wrecked his life had all happened more than a year ago now, they were brought but too freshly to his mind by this journey home. "Home! And what a home coming!" he said to himself bitterly.

The story was one perhaps only too common. He and his wife, the latter beautiful, spoiled, vain, had been staying in the south of France and had gone on to Monte Carlo for a week or two. Here they had met Sir Lionel Hippeley, a handsome, shallow young Englishman, who was doing his best, without success, to ruin himself at the tables, although the money he so freely squandered was not his, but his young wife's, and, as a rumor averred, he had married the pretty Scotch heiress only for her fortune.

He was staying at Monte Carlo very much on garcon, his wife being ill at home and unable to travel. He and the Waltons became acquainted, and he appeared much struck by Mrs. Walton's beauty, while she was both pleased and flattered by his admiration and attentions, and her husband, glad that she should be amused, thought or suspected no wrong. Under Hippeley's guidance Mrs. Walton became an ardent gambler, and a good many bank notes fluttered away, but Walton was a rich man and could afford to indulge her every whim.

Then had come the war in South Africa, and Walton's regiment was among the first ordered to the front, and he departed, leaving his wife more or less her own mistress and with the command of plenty of money.

During her husband's absence she again met Sir Lionel Hippeley, this time at home, and he, more than ever fired by her excessive beauty, persuaded her, a too willing victim, to run away with him to Paris. From there she wrote to her husband and told him she had never really cared for him and that now she loved only one man on earth, and that man was Sir Lionel Hippeley.

The blow almost stunned Walton. Then he was wounded and invalided home, when he obtained his divorce. Hippeley's wife had already divorced her husband. Immediately after the trial Walton had started on a voyage to Japan and was now, after a year spent in the east, once more returning to England.

With a short, impatient sigh Walton roused himself and turned to go to the smoking room. As he did so the lady near him turned to go below at the same moment, and they came face to face. Such a beautiful, pathetic face, out of which shone a pair of dark bluish gray eyes. Walton, as for an instant his eyes met hers, felt a sudden thrill

of interest, and he wondered who she was.

He very soon found out, for on board ship one speedily becomes aware of the identity, whether true or false, of one's fellow passengers. She was a Mrs. Grenville, a widow, and had been staying at Hongkong with friends and was now returning to England. She was chaperoned by an aunt, Lady Grahame.

"I wish Violet would make up her mind to marry again," she said one day when the Parramatta had left Singapore far behind and they were steaming through the heat of the Indian ocean, "but I fear she never will. She had a very unhappy married life, short as it was, and I am afraid she will never care to repeat the experiment."

Walton murmured something inaudible. The idea somehow of Mrs. Grenville marrying any one became very distasteful to him unless—His heart suddenly beat faster and his cheek flushed as he all at once realized that Violet Grenville had become very dear to him.

They had spent a great deal of their time together during those long, hot days and had paced the deck after dinner in the cool darkness of those tropical nights, and she had attracted him more than any other woman he had ever met, for his wife had never attracted him or appealed to the intellectual side of his nature as Mrs. Grenville did, and, alas, he knew now that the feeling he had had for his wife was but a purely physical passion born of her beauty. She could never have held his mind. She was too shallow, too vain.

After that conversation with Lady Grahame Walton's eyes were opened to the true state of his feelings for Mrs. Grenville, but as yet he gave her no hint. First he must tell her his story, yet he shrank from the idea of laying bare the shameful past before that pure soul.

It was a couple of evenings later. Walton and his companion leaned side by side over the rail and talked in a fragmentary manner, but there was an intonation in his voice, a tenderness in his gray eyes, that made her heart beat and stirred her pulses strangely. One little hand lay near his, and suddenly his closed on it, and he raised it to his lips and kissed it passionately.

"My darling," he whispered, "Violet, I love you. Will you be my wife? Speak to me, darling. Tell me I have not hoped in vain."

For a moment, as he put his arm round her and drew her to him, she yielded to his embrace; then she hurriedly drew herself away.

"Wait until tomorrow," she murmured. "I—I will tell you then if you still care to hear."

"Care to hear?" he cried passionately. "Child, don't you guess how much I love you?"

But with a sad little smile she fitted from his side and was lost in the shadows of the deck.

Punctually at 5 o'clock the next day Mrs. Grenville appeared on deck, looking very lovely in her white dress, though her face was pale and heavy shadows rested under the gray blue eyes. Walton, to whom her coming was as a glimpse of paradise, hurried forward to meet her, and he carried her deck chair to a secluded corner, shaded from the glare of the afternoon sun, which was now creeping to its rest.

"Well, Violet, which is it to be?" he whispered. "You don't know what tortures of impatience, and uncertainty I have suffered since last night. Is it to be—yes?" And he tried to read his answer in her averted eyes.

"Wait," she murmured faintly. "I—I have something to tell you before I give you my answer—something that you ought to know. If after—you still care, I—will—say yes."

"My darling," he cried, "Violet,

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.

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CANYON CITY, TEXAS.

THE FIRST NAT'L BANK

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

only say you love me a little, and I don't care for anything else!"

"Yes, I—I do care for you," she whispered, "more than I thought I could care for any one. I feel I can trust you, lean on you, respect you, and you do not know what all that means to a woman who has suffered as I have and has had every illusion stripped from her. Listen, and I will tell you my story. To begin with, I am not a widow, as you thought, and my name is not Grenville. It was my mother's name, and I took it when I dropped my own, after—after I was divorced. I divorced my husband nearly two years ago now. We had only been married a short time, and I was ill, when he went abroad and met there a married woman who, I suppose, attracted him. But, to cut the story short, he—he finally ran away with her to Paris after her husband had been ordered out to South Africa. She was a Mrs. Walton—oddy enough, a namesake of yours."

Walton had turned livid. "Good God!" he cried hoarsely. "My wife!"

"Your wife!" echoed his companion. "Then—then you"—And she sank back in her chair pale and trembling.

"Yes," he answered thickly, "my wife. I was the husband of that wretched woman."

"Then it was not a coincidence, as I thought it was, your name being the same? I never dreamed of this," she murmured brokenly.

Walton rose and leaned over the rail, turning his feverish brow to the desert, where a little breeze was blowing from the mountains. His mind was in a whirl, only one thought being uppermost.

"Then you are really"—he began.

"Lady Hippeley," she replied bitterly.

There followed a long silence, only broken by the slow pulsing of the engines and the ripple and eddy of the water caused by the steamer's wash.

At length the man roused himself, and, fixing his eyes yearningly on the pale face before him, he said abruptly:

"Well, darling, and why not? Is there any just cause or impediment? Why not?"

"Why not?" she whispered dreamily, letting her hand fall in his. "Bystander."

THE PARIS BALLET.

Severe Training That Begins When the Dancers Are Children.

Members of the ballet in the Paris Opera House are given a most thorough training. The sixty-four "eleves," better known as the "rats," are selected at the age of eight years. They are chosen, in the first place, for their prettiness and intelligence. This thins down the number of candidates by over 50 per cent. The second test is the medical examination, only children sound in wind and limb being accepted. Every day for an hour they must go through the drill, stretching out their legs while they hold on to the rail fixed to the wall. They must be able to go through all the movements without any sign of outward fatigue. The professors are entirely dependent on moral suasion by word and gesture. No child is ever touched with the hands. If it has not the gift of carrying out the instructions by the aid of its eyes and ears it is no good for the Paris ballet. A dancer who must be placed in the proper position by means of the teacher's hands may as well abandon the profession. She will never be a success. At the end of the second or sometimes the third year the girls come into a higher department.

Here the most severe exercises are gone through till every muscle is developed to its highest perfection. When the pupil has gone through this curriculum with success she is promoted to the rank of "coryphée." In order to satisfy the requirements they must know the "five positions." These five positions are the alpha and omega of the dance, and in them are carried out all the figures used. When perfection has been reached then the dancer has reached the rank of "sujet," the highest in the terpsichorean hierarchy. To become a "sujet" is the ambition of every member of the school, for the "sujet" has the right to aspire to everything. She can become a great star in the operatic firmament.

Salaries of those who reach the rank of "premiere danseuse" at the Paris Opera run from \$8,000 to \$10,000 a year. But even if the "sujet" does not reach this giddy height she enjoys a number of valuable privileges. She is no longer condemned to share in the common dressing room. She, with a comrade, has the right to a private room, which she has the privilege of decorating as she pleases. A "premiere sujet" receives a salary of from \$2,000 to \$3,000 a year, so that as a career the ballet in the Paris Opera is fairly remunerative. The work is hard, and only girls exceptionally gifted with intelligence, artistic sense, perseverance and a capacity for accepting an iron discipline can succeed.

A Passionate Scene.

Her eyes were wild. Her hair was in disorder. Her face was flushed. Her hands were clenched. She was a deeply injured and desperate woman.

"Oh, cruel one," she cried in anguished tones, "I have borne with you too long! You have injured, you have tortured me, and yet I could not bear to give you up. When first we met, how your ease and polish attracted me! When you became my own, how my friends envied me! But your understanding is too small for my large soul. You are opposed to my advancing myself. You have ruined my standing in society. If we had never met I might have walked in peace. So now—gone. We part forever."

There was a moment's convulsive breathing, a gritting of teeth and a sharp sigh. It was all over. By a supreme effort she had pulled off her new shoe.

For Sale—The Tom Cochran residence—one of the nicest places in town—This office

THE CHILDREN'S HOLIDAY.

In China, New Year's is the Little Ones' Great Day.

Except at the Chinese New Year, which comes in February, it is very hard to catch a glimpse of children in China. Little beggars will run beside you for miles to earn one "cash," a copper coin with a square hole in the middle of it, worth the twentieth of a cent, but children who have parents to care for them seem to be kept indoors all the time or only allowed to play in walled yards and gardens. We used to say to each other: "Why, where are the children? Haven't they got any?" But at New Year's we found out that they had. This is the great holiday of all the year in China, when everybody hangs out flags and colored lanterns and sets off firecrackers. We borrowed our custom of firecrackers for the Fourth of July from Chinese New Year's. All the people put on their very best clothes and the children the best of all, jackets and trousers of bright blue or green or yellow or purple, the boys and the girls so much alike that you can only tell them apart by their hair. The boys, of course, is braided in a pigtail, and the girl's is done up on her head with silver pins or, if she's a very grand little girl, with gold or jade. Thus decked out the children go walking with their proud papas and mammas and often go to the theater, which is a rare treat for them.

Perhaps Chinese children have romping plays together, but they always look as if they were born grown up.—Bertha Runkle in St. Nicholas.

Too Difficult.

In a Pennsylvania town where the Friends abound a prim old Quaker spinster one day attended the marriage of her grandnephew, a young person who had in the course of his twenty-one years received much needed discipline at her hands.

The old lady was at her best on this festive occasion, and at a pause in the wedding breakfast her young relative looked over at her with a beguiling smile.

"Tell us why thee never married, Aunt Patience?" he said teasingly.

"That is soon told, William," said the old Quakeress calmly. "It was because I was not as easy pleased as thy wife was."

CANYON CITY NEWS.

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By **GEO. A. BRANDON,**

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SUBSCRIPTION.

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

Getting our Bearings.

Success is what we are all after and in the stock, as well as any other line of business, if we would attain it we must get our bearings. What branch of the stock business is the country in which we have cast our lot best adapted to? This is one of the first and most important questions for us to solve; it is a ground plan upon which, if correctly gauged, we may safely rear our superstructure. In passing upon this question climate, range and cost of feed-stuffs are perhaps, the three leading factors to consider. Where, to us, is the best money? Is it in raising stuff for northern feed lots, or, is it in both raising and finishing combined?

Answering these questions, The News, under its present lights, sees best money in raising the feeder. It is forced to this view of the case on account of the prevailing prices for requisite finishing feeds. Under present conditions it is easier and better for all concerned to take the stock to the feed than it is to bring the feed to the stock. The News says "present conditions" advisedly, because, the time is not far distant when the Plains country will not only raise the boss feeder, but the grains and cotton seed by-products to finish him on as well. But getting our bearings down to the point of deciding on producing the feeder is not enough—we must produce the animal that is in most demand—"the right sort," and just what this is The News will endeavor to tell next week.

The action of the Standard Oil Company in trying to put out of business Kansas oil concerns has riled that State and she is now, through her law-making powers, making it extremely interesting for the Standare Oil.

Laredo celebrated Washington's birthday with a big roping contest and the railroads furnished for the special benefit of our lawmakers at Austin—the House part—a special train of Pullmans.

President Roosevelt's declarations against the beef and oil trusts are endorsed by the long suffering masses of the people and there will be general rejoicing to see him press the matter to a finish.

It is stated upon very good authority that the Standard Oil company has secured a controlling interest in the Atchison Topeka and Santa Fe and also in the M. K. & T. railway systems.

No more roping contests in Texas. This is the decision of the present Legislature and The News says, Amen!

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 ine 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 ennumerate 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.

WATER SUPPLY TESTED.

From the Hereford Brand of last Friday we take the following account of testing the water supply at that place the preceding Wednesday:

"A question which is of paramount importance to every man and woman in the broad expanse of the Panhandle of Texas was forever settled satisfactorily to the minds of those who witnessed the demonstration. The question referred to was that pertaining to the water supply of this section of the Panhandle.

"The test had been arranged for several weeks ago but the continued freezing weather had forced the matter to be postponed from time to time until Wednesday morning it was announced that the test would be made Wednesday afternoon at the well on G. R. Jowell's ranch at the stock pens east of town.

"The well, which was dug for the purpose last summer, was ten inches in diameter and 100 feet deep, the water standing 50 feet deep. The pump was a 54 inch propeller wood pump, furnished by Prof. Hallam, hydraulic engineer, and expert pumper, of Roswell, the pump being pulled by a 25 horse power steam engine.

At about 2 p. m., a large crowd of citizens having assembled, the pumping was begun. A stream of water 5 by 7 inches, came rolling forth and continued for about twenty-five minutes, without any perceptible decrease in the water supply. When the pumping was going at an average speed, a test was made by the committee appointed for this purpose, and it was found that from 188 to 200 gallons were pumped per minute, which, for 25 minutes, would make a total of about 5000 gallons, when there was only about 260 gallons of water in the well when the pumping was begun. This is conclusive evidence that the supply was furnished as fast as it could be pumped and goes to prove that our water supply is, in a measure, inexhaustible.

At the rate of 188 gallons per minute, a well would furnish

270,720 gallons per day, which is a large volume of water.

"This is the first test of the kind which has been made in the Panhandle proper and will doubtless mark the beginning of actual irrigation from wells in West Texas."

Nebraska has now joined Kansas in her fight against the Standard oil and by resolution of her legislature seeks the aid of President Roosevelt in curbing that great monopoly.

A tunnel piercing the Alps from Briga, Switzerland, to Iselle, on the Italian side of the mountain, a distance of twelve miles, has just been completed at a cost of fifteen million dollars. It is one of the greatest engineering achievements of the age.

Amarillo had a rousing mass meeting Saturday for the purpose of seeing about getting President Roosevelt to visit that town when on his tour of the State this month. All wanted him to come and formal invitations by all organizations including the city government were unanimously agreed upon.

Died—At Amarillo, last Friday, L. N. White. He had been suffering from appendicitis for some time and went to Amarillo for surgical treatment and passed away soon after the operation. He resided some eight miles north of town and was highly respected, the Trigg school being suspended a week on account of his death. He leaves surviving him a wife and young child.

GROCERIES!

Remember the new Grocery Store where you can get nice fresh Groceries at reasonable prices. Prompt delivery of all orders. A share of your trade will be appreciated.

LEE—the Grocer.

Try the News for Job Work.

T. H. ROWAN, LIVERY FEED AND SALE STABLE

Bus meets all trains. Best teams and rigs always on hand

DRUMMER'S RIGS A SPECIALTY.

B. Frank Buie.

I desire to list for sale, from owners who wish to sell, lands situated in Randall county. The usual 5 per cent commission charged. All lands placed with me for sale will receive prompt attention, and every effort will be made to sell the same. List at once so as to get the advantage of the first advertisement. Below is a list of lands, livestock and town property I now have for sale.

1—Several good residences in Canyon City for sale cheap, terms reasonable. Also to rent.

2—1700 acres six miles north, highly improved together with all farming implements on hand.

3—Four league ranch and 1200 stock cattle. Fine land well improved for ranch purposes, terms reasonable.

4—1280 acres in a body 19 miles south, fenced and 90 acres in cultivation. Fine land, \$3.25 for the patented section, and \$2.50 bonus for school section.

5—40 sections situated from 15 to 25 miles S. W. patented land price \$3.25 per acre, 1-5 cash balance 1, 2, 3, and 4 years, 7 per cent interest.

Call in at my office east of Court House, or write

B. Frank Buie, Canyon City, Texas.

Burton-Lingo Co-Lumber

Reports from Arkansas say, that as a result of the recent blizzard, the fruit crop of the northwestern part of the state gives small promise for this year.

Prichard's Dairy.

Between now and the 15th of this month, I will be ready to supply the people of Canyon City with milk, sweet or buttermilk, in quantities to suit, also butter.

J. L. Prichard.

RESOLVED

That it is the sense of this convention that the farmers throughout the state of Texas be and are hereby requested to support the press of the several counties to the extent of subscribing for at least one county paper, and at least one leading semi-weekly or daily paper, in order to keep themselves thoroughly informed in regard to all data respecting the purposes and efforts of all agricultural organizations, keeping themselves in this way posted as to acreage, probable yield, surplus or shortage of cotton for each year; and, further, that they be enabled to report from time to time to their local and state papers crop conditions, acreage, cotton in hand of producers, from every school community or justice precinct or other subdivision of the county.—Texas Cotton Growers Ass'n. in Austin, Feb. 21.

THE BEST PAPERS

The Fort Worth Record was the 1st paper in Texas—and, we think, the first in the South—after the December slump in cotton to urge the carrying over of the 2,000,000 bales surplus and the reduction of acreage on the next crop. It has led in the campaign and may be depended upon for the heartiest editorial support of the cause of the cotton farmers and the fullest information pertaining to the cotton situation. By special arrangement The Semi-Weekly Fort Worth Record is offered from now until Nov. 1, 1905—8 months, including March, or 7 months including April—for 50 cents. The Semi-weekly Record and The News will be sent one year for \$1.80. Subscribe through this office. In order to get the most for your money SUBSCRIBE NOW.

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.

Local.

"The Weather"—Its been all right since last Friday.

H. M. Bridges, W. H. Black and James McCormick were among our welcome visitors Tuesday.

Burton-Lingo Co-Lumber

W. F. Heller says that he fears the peach crop for the Plains this season will be very short.

Nice time to break sod land.

The roads will soon be in good trim again and freighting from here South will be resumed.

Witherspoon & Gough.

Miss Johnnie Cartwright is visiting her sister, Mrs. D. A. Park, this week.

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

Ab Thompson is now at work at Gohr, Hume & Kenyon's.

A. S. Rollins moved into his new purchase Wednesday—the house vacated by Walter R. Brandon.

C. P. Hutchings, of the Canyon City Supply Co., left Tuesday evening for St. Louis to purchase the spring stock.

Wagons, lots of wagons in town the past few days loading for the South Plains towns.

The Stuyvesant docks at New Orleans valued at five millions were burned Sunday night.

Sterling Coffee and wife spent Saturday and Sunday with relatives at Amarillo.

The school trustees are preparing to put out some trees around the new school building.

A. W. Callahan of Tulia, was in town Tuesday.

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

Rev. J. D. Ballard moved into his new home Tuesday and E. Lee now occupies the Odell residence.

Springfellow-Hume are laying in a considerable stock of furniture.

P. Friemel of Umbarger called in Tuesday and had The News sent for one year to R. H. Seydler of Schulenburg, Texas.

H. B. Greathouse and family moved away from here Friday, going to Dallas.

For Sale—Good wood bedstead and springs for \$2.50—This office.

Witherspoon & Gough.

March 7 and 21, are the next dates for northern prospectors to come in.

John Hutson's team took a run with his buggy Tuesday evening but were caught before any material damage was done.

Hon. Jerry Simpson passed through on the train bound for Chicago Tuesday. He is booming the Pecos Valley.

Judge Henson, as representative of the local Odd Fellows lodge, will leave Saturday to attend the grand lodge at Houston.

The Randall County Land & Abstract Co., has purchased the old Smith-Walker bank property, paying \$500 therefor.

Born—To Mrs. and Mrs. C. R. Burrow, Saturday—a daughter. Charlie says that in sex, size and looks, it fills the order exactly.

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

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.



From all reports the losses among stock caused by the late February blizzards will be less on the Plains than anywhere else in all the range country.

Miss Wilida Blackburn, who has been the guest of Mrs. L. M. Faulkner for several days, returned to her home in Amarillo Tuesday.

Miss Donald, who is teaching the Trigg school, is spending the "week off" with her aunt, Mrs. C. T. Word.

Rev. S. P. Clement of Denton came here Sunday. He has been looking over some lands not far from town and it pleased intends to locate with us.

C. H. White, who has been working with Callahan & Crawford in bringing prospectors to Swisher county, left here for the North again Tuesday evening.

Sheriff Slover, who now has charge of the public well, has employed W. F. Taylor and A. A. Hauter to try and get it in running order once more.

Monday, the new Telephone Co. headquarters—the M. T. Jones Lumber office—was moved onto the lot north of Judge Buie's office, recently purchased of S. V. Wirt.

Surveying on the Coleman and Abilene end of our new railroad has been temporarily suspended on account of the weather.

L. T. Lester and wife attended the Fort Worth meeting of the Seventh District Texas Bankers Ass'n., last Wednesday, and on Thursday visited their son Frank, who is in a Commercial college at Dallas, returning home Friday.

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 & CHESSEL.

The first of this month came in mild enough for anyone.

Mrs. J. E. Stephens has been sick with the grip this week, but is able to be up to-day.

Pneumonia and grip has been raging in the eastern and southern portions of the State and has been unusually fatal. While the Plains is not entirely immune from these ailments it can show a cleaner bill of health today than any other part of Texas.

Quite a number of Randall county folks are going to sow oats. John Hutson will put in one hundred acres on his Umbarger place.

W. R. Brandon and wife left Tuesday evening for Lampasas whence he will go Baylor College at Waco, at the beginning of its next term.

Rev. J. E. Stephens was taken down with a severe attack of the grip Thursday of last week and was unable to hold services at the Methodist church Sunday. He is up now and says he will be able for his regular duties by Sunday.

The county authorities have swapped the big pipe and cylinder in the public well for a two inch pipe and 11 cylinder. It is expected that this change will better suit the size of the present windmill, and likely it will.

The well known firm of Wright, Gamble & Co., is now merged into the Canyon City Supply Co., incorporated. The incorporators are J. I. Campbell, R. W. O'Keefe, J. M. Wright, J. D. Gamble and C. P. Hutchings. The capital stock is put at \$15,000. The firm as now organized will carry a good stock of general merchandise; will do business at the old stand and desires to retain not only the old patrons of Wright, Gamble & Co., but as many more as will come.

Subscribe for the News.

Recently at Deming, New Mexico, Elmo Jordan, formerly of Canyon City, was united in marriage to Miss Fannie Watkins, an accomplished and highly reputed young lady of that town. The wedding presents were valuable and if detailed here would fill half a column. They will make their home at Globe, Arizona.

John Harp of Plainview, accompanied by four other men interested in the proposed new railroad, took in the country between here and about Plainview Friday and Saturday, returning to Amarillo Sunday.

J. L. Prichard gives notice in this issue that he is going to start a dairy. This office has already printed him some milk tickets and he is now ready for business with our people. It is something which the town has needed and will no doubt welcome, and Prichard can make a success of it if any man can.

The Bradford-Word deal mentioned in The News last week, in which some seven thousand dollars worth of real estate and other property near Ceta was to pass to Bradford has "fallen through"—no trade. As the poet said, "The best laid plans o' mice and men Aft gang alee."

Pete Davidson had a runaway Saturday. He and his wife were driving, in a single buggy, along Choice Avenue when his old bay getting scared at a dog running out at him, broke to run. Pete pulled on the lines and one of them broke; then he pulled on the other one to turn the horse into the fence and it broke too; he then jumped in an attempt to catch his horse and failed. Mrs. Davidson remained in the buggy. The horse after running about three hundred yards stopped. No damage.

Witherspoon & Gough.

Rev. J. F. Burnett held services at Happy, Saturday and Sunday, securing four additions to the Baptist organization there and a subscription of \$350 towards the erection of the new church building determined upon and mentioned in these columns several months ago. One of those joining was "Alex" Edwards and he also contributed \$200 of the amount subscribed for the new church house. The location of this new house of worship will be some five miles west of the Gilleland schoolhouse, and work upon it is to begin "right away."

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.

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.

- J. L. Prichard.....\$1 00
- A N Henson..... 50
- H S Parks..... 1 00
- R H Seydler..... 1 00
- J T Burnett..... 1 00
- W H Black..... 1 00
- James McCormick..... 50
- Mrs. J E Jordon..... 50
- G C Long for himself and others..... 4 50

Mrs. B. F. Buie is sick and confined to bed this week.

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

THE KISS ...OF LIFE

(Original)

The members of the household stood about my bed waiting for my death. Not brothers, sisters, father, mother, for these were all dead. My aunt stood at the foot of the bed. My Cousin Eugenia, to whom I was engaged to be married, sat weeping near a window, her face buried in her handkerchief. Laura, whom my mother had left to my care when a little girl of but ten years old and for whom I had provided ever since, stood in the background, crowded away from the bed by the others, and I could not see her face. Laura was now twenty and by my death would be left without a home or support. I had provided for her, but had not been fully satisfied with the new will in which I had made the provision and had kept it locked where it would not be found. The old will left everything to Eugenia.

The doctor came and put his hand on my heart and after leaving it there a few minutes said in a softly modulated voice:

"It is all over."

My cousin Tom turned and with bowed head walked out of the room, slowly at first, but more rapidly as he neared the door, and I could hear him going downstairs with a springy step. Eugenia rose and cast a frightened glance my way. I expected to see in her face indications of a blighted life. I was astonished to discover a look of relief. Aunt Winifred went to her, put her arm around her, Eugenia's head fell on her mother's shoulder, and they passed out of the chamber.

One by one those who had been with me in my last moments left me. Laura stood by a window with her back to me. She waited till the last person had departed, then turned. On her face was genuine grief. She had concealed it in presence of the others, but now that they were gone she gave full vent to it. Coming to me, she knelt by my bed, put her face down into her hands and sobbed as if her heart would break. But hearing a step without she rose, brushed away her tears and began to busy herself about the room, gliding noiselessly here and there while the doctor, who had forgotten his satchel, came in, put away his medical paraphernalia and went away.

Was I dead? I didn't believe I was. I had often heard of the comatose condition in which a person may linger for a long while and concluded that mine was such a case. I was certainly paralyzed. Had I not been propped up with pillows I should not have seen what I did.

During the night I heard a faint laugh in a distant chamber. I recognized it at once, for I had long loved it. It was Eugenia's laugh. I heard a sob in the hall, and in a few moments Laura came in. Softly approaching the bed, she stood looking down at me.

Presently she seemed to notice something in my face—probably a life-like tinge. At any rate, she touched my cheek. She appeared to be disappointed and took her hand away, but not before it had stirred my dormant pulse. Then she bent down and imprinted a kiss upon my lips.

That kiss was like new fuel to a flickering fire. I could feel my heart begin to beat slowly at first, but quickening every moment. Laura must have noticed the change, for she hastened out of the room, and presently my aunt and my cousin Tom came hurrying in and looked at me.

"Nonsense!" said Tom, but with a look full of fear that I might live.

"It's that stupid Laura's fancy," said my aunt.

I hoped to hear more, but after a hasty glance they left the room. Laura came back and stood peering down into my face. I gave a faint sigh. Quick as a flash she put her hand to my heart and felt it beating. Seizing my hand, she clasped it spasmodically, then ran to the door and called over her shoulder:

"Get the doctor, quick!"

When the doctor came the sun was shining in at my window, and there is nothing more reviving than its rays. Laura had started life anew; the sun gave it strength. The doctor declared that I still lived, but after deliberation decided not to give me any remedy, though he ordered a tank of oxygen for me to breathe. The household again gathered in the room, my fiancée approaching me with a partly concealed dread or disappointment in her face. They crowded about my bed, and Laura, as before, was crowded out. Then, when sure I lived, they went away again.

The time came when I was perfectly recovered. I broke my engagement with Eugenia and turned the rest of them out of the house. When they were all gone I sent for Laura. She

came into my study wondering. I had two wills in my hand. I gave her one to read. It left all my possessions to my late fiancée. When Laura had read it, I handed her the other, executed that morning. It left everything to her.

"What does this mean?" she asked, a color mounting to her cheek. "Why am I to have all this property?"

"You won it."

"How?"

"By a kiss."

"What kiss?" The color in her cheek deepened.

"The kiss that restored me to life."

She turned away, but I went up behind her and, drawing her face around, kissed her.

"You gave me life; I give you fortune. If you will take me with it, it is yours now."

T. ADOLPH SAUNDERS.

A Comprehensive Answer.

Diner—How comes this dead fly in my soup?

Waiter—In fact, sir, I have no positive idea how the poor thing came by its death. Perhaps it had not taken any food for a long time, dashed upon the soup, ate too much of it and contracted an inflammation of the stomach that brought on death. The fly must have had a weak constitution, for when I served up the soup it was dancing merrily on the surface. Perhaps—and the idea presents itself only at this moment—it endeavored to swallow too large a piece of vegetable. This, remaining fast in the throat, caused a choking in the windpipe. These are the only reasons I can give for the death of that insect.

Missed a Trip.

Mr. Haskell stood before his dressing table arranging his tie when cries of mingled grief and rage floated up to him from the living room. He ran to the head of the stairway and looked down.

"What's the trouble?" he called patiently. "Who is crying?"

"Lloyd," answered several voices.

"What have you been doing to him?"

"Nothing at all, papa," came in chorus.

"You must have done something," insisted the voice of experience.

"We're playing that your big chair is a ferryboat. Lloyd missed it, and then he howled. That's all, truly, papa."

Bronchitis and Glycerin.

A girl long troubled with bronchitis called in the family physician during an unusually severe acute attack. He directed her to use glycerin whenever affected by that peculiar dryness of the throat that attends bronchitis. Five drops of glycerin held as long as practicable in the mouth, with lips closed, proved indeed a wonderful aid. The doctor further said that equal parts of glycerin and water dropped into the mouth would relieve much suffering in illness where feverish conditions existed.—Harper's Bazar.

On a Small Scale.

The Simmons' baby had been through a siege of chicken pox, and when the minister's wife met little Annie Simmons she naturally inquired how the baby was getting on.

"He's some better," said Annie, who was a shy and noncommittal young person of eight.

"Very much better, I hope," said the minister's wife cheerfully.

"He couldn't be so very much better," said Annie, "cause he's too little."—Youth's Companion.

The Way He Said It.

The young wife was weeping bitterly.

Her mother softly stole in and put her arms about her.

"What's the matter, Dolly?" she asked.

"Oh, I am so miserable!" she wailed.

"For what reason, dear?"

"I—I—I asked Tootsey this m-m-morning if he w-w-would marry again if I d-d-died, and he—"

"What! Did the brute tell you he would?"

"N—n—no. That what's the matter. He j—just looked at me as if I had accused him of b—being crazy and said, 'Well, I should rather think not!' And oh, mother, it was the way he said it!"—Kansas City Independent.

Burton-Lingo Co-Lumber

SIGHTSEERS' HEADACHE.

Caused by Strain on the Elevator Muscles of the Eye.

"Academy" or "sightseers'" headache is a not uncommon experience, and some observations of Simeon Snell appear to throw some light on its causation. Allowing that in certain instances astigmatism or other form of ametropia is a factor in its production, he yet argues that there are other influencing conditions. In support of this he quotes the experience of a lady who always suffered from severe headaches after visiting the theater when she had occupied a seat in the pit, but was free from such a disturbance when she sat in the dress circle. In the first position, it is pointed out, sustained action of the elevator muscles of the eyeballs is required in order to see the stage, and this is exactly the action which is required in studying a collection of pictures and more especially in looking at those which are hung "above the line."

The same experience has been noted by Mr. Snell in the case of eye-ists, particularly of those who lean over the handle bars with the head lowered and who, therefore, in looking ahead keep the eyeballs upward. A further argument is found in the experience of miners' nystagmus, which, it is suggested, is due to weariness of the elevator muscles of the eyeballs, caused by the constrained position in which the miner works.

There can be no doubt of the physiological fact that lateral movement of the eyeballs is much more easy and requires less muscular effort than movement in a vertical plane. All this goes to show that muscular strain is involved in sustained upward movement of the eyeballs, and this may well result in a sense of weariness or more pronounced discomfort.—London-Hospital.

Mozart.

Mozart's musical talent was revealed at three years of age. Between four and six he composed pieces with expertness. Mozart died at thirty-six of cerebral hydrophy. He had a presentiment of his approaching end. He was subject to fainting fits before and during the composition of his famous "Requiem." Mozart always thought that the unknown person which presented itself to him was not an ordinary being, but surely had relations with another world and that he was sent to him to announce his end.

Nothing to Fear.

The question of injurious substances in medicines which has been agitating the minds of many people, does not concern those who use Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Mothers need have no hesitancy in continuing to give it to their little ones; as it contains absolutely nothing injurious. This remedy is not only perfectly safe to give small children, but is a medicine of great worth and merit. It has a world wide reputation for its cures of cough, colds and croup and can always be relied upon. For sale by S. V. Wirt, druggist.

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

3—200 acres patented land under fence and on public road 6 miles South of town, 90 per cent tillable, 60 acres already in cultivation, house of 2 rooms, outhouses, two good wells of fine water and over one of them, a 2-inch pump outfit and 12-foot Red Cross Windmill—640 acres adjoining lease goes with it—all for \$1250.

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

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GEO. A. BRANDON,
News Office.

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

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