

THE RANDALL COUNTY NEWS.

Vol. XIII.

CANYON, RANDALL COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1910.

No. 45

TEXAS IN TRANSITION.

There are Six Million People in the State of Texas; Less than One-fifth of Its Area is Occupied.

The Federal census of 1900 reported a total population in Texas of less than 3,500,000. The school census of 1909, taken by local communities and reported to the state department of Education as a basis for the distribution of the income of the State public school fund, indicated a population, mid-year in 1909, of more than 6,000,000.

The latter figure suggests a growth so rapid as to be incredible. A gain of more than 2,500,000, or seventy-one per cent, in less than a decade simply staggers the imagination of even the most ardent booster. Yet the state school fund for 1909 has been apportioned on that basis, and until the Federal census figures shall be published we shall be forced to credit the amazing growth indicated by the figures.

The official estimate, then, is that Texas, in nine years, has gained more new inhabitants than the entire population of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont and Rhode Island with Nevada, Wyoming and Alaska thrown in for good measure.

WHERE THE TEXANS COME FROM

Texas, unlike most other states, does not take a state census midway between Federal censuses, yet the estimate based upon the annual school census for 1909 is not unsupported by isolated bits of evidence tending to give it credibility. For example, a great railroad officially reported that during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1908 it had brought into Texas more than 89,000 "permanent settlers." If the other great railroad systems of the state had done as well, the gain in that year, aside from the natural increase due to excess of births over deaths, must have been more than 400,000.

And the rate of increase from other states rises every year. Texas has taken in very few new settlers from foreign countries, except Mexico. The tide of emigration from Europe has not yet turned toward the Texas ports. The new citizens of Texas are nearly all from other American states, most of them, during the past ten years, from the northern and eastern portions of the Union.

Accepting the figures officially endorsed by the Texas State Government as at least approximately correct. We realize that we are witnessing the largest migration of human beings that has ever taken place since history began to be recorded.

It is therefore moreover, the most impressive human migration in another respect, it being the first that has taken place in sleeping cars. It is certain that the vast army of new citizens that has poured into Texas during the past ten years has been richer in material wealth, per capita, than any other in history. It has been made up, and still is for the migration continues, steadily increasing in volume—very largely of well-to-do families that have sold homes and properties in other states and have come to Texas to re-invest their money where it will buy larger areas of land than new owners possessed in their old home states. For example, in north-central Iowa, in the month of December, 1909, I found many farmers were selling lands worth \$125 to \$175 per acre, well improved, with comfortable homes, and were coming into Texas to re-invest the proceeds of such sale in land at

\$20 to \$50 an acre. The average market value of 160 acres—a quarter section—of that Iowa land is \$24,000. For this, the father of a family of sons can buy in several parts of Texas as land as fertile as that which he leaves in Iowa at \$20 to \$50 an acre, thus providing farms for each of his boys out of the proceeds of the sale of the home place in Iowa.

Under the tremendous pressure of this migration the price of arable lands in most favored portions of Texas has risen rapidly and is still rising. By "most favored portions" I mean those portions most favored by the promoters of the migration. These, as a rule, are those portions where the promoters could buy good lands at the least price. The old sections of Texas, the eastern and central-northern countries, that have been longest under cultivation and are most populous, have been passed over by the home-seekers.

They have located in the Panhandle, or in north-west Texas, transforming cattle ranches into five or more acre farms and truck patches, making the transition at a single bound from range-farming to intensive farming; or they have rushed into the irrigable valleys of the Rio Grande and Pecos River, or into the fertile, well-watered, sparsely inhabited countries of the Gulf coast prairie.

WHERE TEXAS WILL RANK.

If Maine, say, or Iowa or even Illinois, were to gain 2,500,000 new inhabitants in a single decade, the fact would be readily noticeable to one who dwelt there. Here in Texas, where only 24,500,000 acres out of a total of 141,372,000 acres have been brought within the "cultivated area" including lands used for pasture, the vast army of newcomers scatter and is lost to sight like water that sinks into sand. This, perhaps, accounts for the native Texan's reluctance to credit the startling estimate of gain made by the State Department of Education. He has seen all of the principal cities of the state double their size since 1900, and he is conscious that the acreage of farmlands under cultivation is steadily enlarging, but he does not frequently encounter the newcomers in his accustomed walks and he cannot believe that they are all here. If the State's estimate for 1909 be correct, Texas should rank third among the states in population in the Federal census of 1910, led only by New York and Pennsylvania. And if the migration into Texas between 1910 and 1920 continues in anything like its present volume, the largest of the states should be also the most populous ten years hence.

Nine hundred miles from north to south, eleven hundred miles from east to west, with elevations ranging from sea level too over eight thousand feet, Texas, as she ought within so great an area, offers the home-seeker all conceivable varieties of climate and soil products. The virgin soil, with its promise of exemption from the need to use fertilizers for two or three generations, appeals powerfully to the old farmers of the Middle Western States.—Frank Putnam in Collier's.

150, Pay Street Tax.

City Marshal J. H. Jowell has finished his collections for street tax and all who failed to pay before the first of February will either have to work the streets or pay the sum of \$5.00. There were 150 tax receipts issued for \$3.00 each.

GROUND BROKEN FOR NEW SEWER SYSTEM

Work on \$25,000 improvement at Canyon City to be Rushed to Early Completion.

H. A. Campbell of Amarillo today broke ground for the installation of the \$25,000 sewer system of Canyon City. The work is to be rushed as rapidly as possible to completion, materials being already on the ground. Canyon City is one of the number of enterprising little Panhandle towns now busying themselves with questions of better sanitation, which means sewer systems both sanitary and storm.

It is stated that typhoid fever, the one disease of any importance manifest in this section of the state, is almost totally banished through the installation of good systems of sewers. That has been the experience of Amarillo and likewise other cities in the Panhandle. Hereford, Clarendon, Plainview, Memphis, Dalhart and others are included in this list.

Mayor Haney invites any and all critics to go and see for themselves the progress made as to new sewer and water system. The well is completed and the ground staked for the septic tanks. He wants them to quit their fault finding and get a rope and hang some one's carcass if they want matters done their way.

Cork May be Product of National Forests.

Cork oak is to be given a thorough trial on the National Forests. The Bureau of Plant Industry of the United States Department of Agriculture has assigned 2,000 one-year seedlings of cork oak, now at a nursery at Chico, Cal., to be used by the Forest Service for experimental planting.

Fifteen hundred of these seedlings will be tried on the Santa Barbara National Forest and 500 on the Monterey National Forest in Southern California. Arrangements have already been made with the District Forester for carrying out the work, and the planting will be done as soon as possible. One hundred seedlings will also be sent to Prof. Gowsell of the Forest School at Point Loma, Cal., for experimental use by him there.

In addition to these experiments in California, it is expected that 100 pounds of cork oak acorns will be secured from Catalonia, Spain, to be used for experimental purposes in District 6 next fall. Cork oaks of considerable size have already been raised in California, and it seems entirely probable that they can be planted quite extensively in that State as well as to some extent in Florida.

An Old Timer Dead.

Last Saturday morning before daylight, Andrew Wepke killed a wolf which was no doubt in its younger days a monarch of the prairies in its class for a number of years, as the animal was hairless and toothless but not appetiteless as hunger compelled the brute to come close enough to get within rifle range with the result that death ensued.

Notice.

All parties who subscribed to the bonus for the West Texas State Normal College will please call on either J. M. Black or B. T. Johnson and arrange for payment of their subscriptions. L. T. LESTER, Chairman, R. A. TERRY, Secretary, Local Committee.

T. C. Thompson made a business trip to Amarillo Wednesday.

CONTRACT IS LET FOR NORMAL BUILDING

A Bid of \$68,000 Made By Stamford Firm is Accepted by State Board.

On February first a telegram was received from President Cousins which stated that the contract for the building of the Northwest Texas State Normal was let on that date to "Ben D. Lee of Tulsa." The more definite information is that Ben D. Lee is a member of the Martin, Holderness & Oats firm of Stamford which is now erecting a court house at Tulsa. The firm was bonded in the sum of \$44,500. Mr. Cousins is expected here in a few days and the work of constructing begins at once.

FOR TEXAS TEACHERS

Plans For The Summer Normal At Agricultural & Mechanical College.

Col. R. T. Milner, president of the A. & M. College says in an address to the farmers and teachers of Texas:

"We want five hundred farmers to attend the summer school at the A. & M. College in June and July. The information which that many farmers would receive at this college in that short time, coming as they would from all sections of the state, will be of inestimable value to the agricultural interests of Texas. Practical lessons by such instructors as Welborn, Alvord, Ness and McKnight on subjects which confront the farmer each day of his life will aid him to meet and overcome in a few weeks what would otherwise require a lifetime of hard experience. The instructors will court a thorough investigation of each subject, thus inviting from each student the most searching questions. While the best text books will be used the course of lectures will take the widest range and every new and practical thought will be brought forth and fully elaborated and applied to the everyday affairs of the farm. Those who will want reliable information on domestic animals, such as cattle, horses, hogs, sheep and goats will get it; the animals will be brought into the lecture room and there studied at sight. Those who desire information on feed will also have object lessons on the farm. Silos and silage are on the college property and the farmers will be taught how to build silos and how to put up silage. The same practical benefits will be had as to dairying and the creamery. "The normal features of the summer school will be under the management of thoroughly trained instructors who have had many years experience in all lines of academic as well as normal work. Teachers who desire to know the best methods of teaching agriculture in the public schools will have the assistance of Prof. Welborn, author of the book which the law of the state requires to be taught in the public schools. "In short, this school offers the widest range to all teachers of our free schools, as it can be said without fear of contradiction that the A. & M. College has superior advantages along the lines of agriculture and other subjects that relate directly to our industrial progress."

Payton Irving Supt. of schools at Brenham will be conductor of the Normal.

Lewis-Barks Nuptials.

One of the prettiest home weddings that was ever witnessed in Mineral Wells took place Tuesday afternoon at the residence of 'Squire Geo. C.

Lewis when his daughter, Sadie, and Mr. Eugene Guy Barks were made husband and wife, Rev. G. A. Farris of Dallas, a lifetime friend of the bride, officiating.

The guests were received by Mesdames B. H. Lattner and T. J. Green. Misses Ruth Stuart and Lillian Green and ushered into the back parlor where Misses Rachel Stuart and Lucy McWillie and Mrs. Fred Macatee displayed the many and handsome wedding presents.

Mrs. P. E. Brock played Mendelssohn's Wedding March and Traumerie was played softly during the ceremony and prayer.

After congratulations, the bridal party were driven to the beautiful home of Mrs. Barks, mother of the groom, where an elaborate wedding dinner was served to twenty guests.—Mineral Wells Index.

It will be remembered that E. G. Barks was a Canyon City boy and lived here the major part of his life. His many friends here join the News in extending congratulations.

559 Voters for Randall County.

Monday night Tax Collector R. H. Sanford closed the poll tax books and all voters who failed to pay their poll tax will not get to vote in the coming elections. The receipts for each precinct are as follows:

Precinct No. 1	312
" " 2	17
" " 3	48
" " 4	30
" " 5	37
" " 6	10
" " 7	13
" " 8	27
Exemptions	65
Total	559.

Commissioners' Court

met in special session last Saturday for the purpose of attending to some district school matters.

At the request of quite a number of citizens living in district seven, the court discontinued district seven and established two new districts from this territory by adding four sections from district number six.

Both these new districts will issue bonds and erect handsome, commodious school buildings. This, we hope, marks the beginning of interest in bonding the districts and building good school houses all over Randall county.

Milliners Locating Here.

Mrs. White and sister, Miss Anna Russell, formerly of Hereford, were in the city Wednesday on their way to the eastern markets to buy millinery goods for the millinery department of the Leader Store. These ladies come well recommended as trimmers and will be ready for the spring business by March 1 to 10, and will have stock second to none.

They will occupy the balcony or the second floor of the Leader store and it will be prepared for the comfort of these ladies' patrons even better than it was last season.

Mr. and Mrs. David Thomas Entertain.

Last Friday evening Mr. and Mrs. David Thomas entertained a few friends in honor of Mrs. Dorothy Dorman. There were about twenty guests present. A sumptuous supper was served after which games of various kinds were played.

At a late hour the guests departed for their several homes after voting Mr. and Mrs. Thomas jolly entertainers.

Subscribe for the News.

PANHANDLE CROPS AS HOG PRODUCERS

Careful Experiments Prove that Milo Maize And Kafir Corn can Make better Feed Than Indian Corn.

Only recently a car of hogs belonging to Warren A. Blackburn of Amarillo brought the highest price ever paid for Texas hogs. The comment it created now naturally reverts back to the much discussed subject, "Are Panhandle Crops as good Hog Producers as Indian Corn?"

The fact that one car of hogs raised on Panhandle crops topped the market may not be a satisfying proof to many, so a reference to the experiments along this line that have been made from time to time by Swift & Co., at Ft. Worth may be cited as further argument in favor of milo maize and kafir corn, which number among the certain crops of the Panhandle country.

This company took two lots of hogs, consisting of cross-breeds of Berkshire and Poland-China, ten in one group and thirteen in the other, and gave the question a thorough trial in the experiment. The former lot was fed on equal quantities of ground kafir corn and milo maize and the latter bunch on crushed Indian corn. All feed was carefully weighed and soaked twelve hours before feeding. These hogs were not sold on the market, but the day that they were weighed it was clearly evident to all hog judges present that the Kafir and milo maize fed hogs would bring at least three cents more per hundred than the price paid for the market tops. It took, in this instance, to produce 100 pounds of pork, 320 pounds of Kafir corn and milo maize.

After the hogs were killed, hung up and thoroughly cooled, they were carefully inspected, and opinion given as to the quality of the meat, comparing Kafir corn fed with Indian corn fed hogs. It was the consensus of opinion of those who judged these hogs, who are as well versed on this subject as any in the United States, that there is no perceptible difference in the Kafir corn and the Indian corn hogs.

These two experiments are probably the most complete that have ever been made. The feeding of both lots of hogs commenced practically at the same time, there being but one day's difference in the length of time the hogs were fed. The hogs were killed and a test made showing the Kafir corn hogs to be practically equal to those fed on Indian corn. The yield on both was extremely good, in fact we get but few hogs that will yield as well as these.

It is especially gratifying to all who are interested in the development of the hog industry in Texas to note the very satisfactory results in using Kafir corn and milo maize. It is a well known fact that Kafir corn and milo maize will grow and make a splendid yield and return per acre in the western portion of Texas. It is past the experimental stage to the value of this product as a hog fattening feed, and the result will probably be that West Texas will be a great hog producing section, where, up to a few years back, hogs were practically foreign to a great many sections of this western country.

The farmer in West Texas, where Kafir corn and milo maize grow to best advantage can figure out from this test whether he can afford to raise hogs.—Daily Panhandle.

Mrs. Henry Roland Jack of Amarillo spent Tuesday with Mrs. J. R. Cultum.

J. C. HUNT IS A CANDIDATE.

Seeks to be Representative from the 106th District—Will Oppose Farrow of Dalhart.

Another candidate is in the race for representative from the 106th Representative District.

J. C. Hunt, a prominent attorney of Canyon City, was a visitor in Amarillo last night and gave out the information that he will oppose Joseph E. Farrow of Dalhart for a seat in the representative hall at Austin. Mr. Hunt entered the race two years ago with the understanding that J. R. Bowman would not be a candidate, and after it developed that Mr. Bowman's friends would listen to nothing but a second term for the present secretary to the governor, Mr. Hunt made no campaign against him. Now he is in the campaign for "keeps" and intends to make an active contest.

Mr. Hunt is a genuine Texan and dates his residence in the Lone Star state from 1889. He is all for West Texas, and has many good things in view for the 106th district if he is choice of the voter at the coming election.

A court of civil appeals for this district is one of the issues Mr. Hunt will make most prominent in his campaign, and if elected will fight a determined battle at Austin to secure the court for this section of the state. This court he believes should be established at Amarillo as this city is the most accessible from all points in the district. He has many other things in view for district 106 which he will work for if chosen for the position.—Amarillo Daily News.

The News referring to the above article, and after having had some conversation with Judge Hunt relative to the matter is prepared to say that he stated that after due consideration and numerous solicitations to offer to run for the office which embraces twenty-eight counties, he consented to make the race for Representative of the one hundred and sixth district.

His platform is broad, "Everything for the Panhandle country that is good and nothing that is detrimental." He says that when the State builds eleemosynary institutions and establishes other state schools and courts, that they must come this way or he will know the reason why.

Judge Hunt's ability as a lawyer and his experience as such, his large and favorable acquaintance throughout the State of Texas, his keen judgment in matters of justice to all, his fair character and the fact that he is a forcible and fluent speaker will place him in the foremost rank of members in the next general assembly (House) of Texas. We feel sure that all the Panhandle district would be proud of him as a law maker.

Many Merry Matrons Meet.

The Merry Matrons' Club was entertained last Thursday afternoon by Mrs. Robert Pipkin at her home on West Evelyn Street. The afternoon was spent most delightfully and very dainty refreshments were served. The members present were Mesdames J. D. Gamble, A. S. Rollins, Travis Shaw, C. P. Hutchings, Ed Pipkin, Harry Howell, E. H. Ackley, C. C. Doniphan, C. E. Coas, S. R. Griffin and Homer Cassles.

Revival Meeting at Happy.

Revival meetings will be conducted in Happy, beginning Friday evening by Rev. S. W. Smith of Plainview. Rev. Smith is one of the Baptist State Missionaries. The meetings will be held for about ten days.

F. P. Luke went to Amarillo Wednesday evening to visit his wife and son.

To the Voters of Randall County, Texas.

About six months ago, I decided to be a candidate for the office of Assessor of Randall county subject to the action of the Democratic primaries to be held in July next. To many of the first settlers of Randall county I am well known having served as County Judge of this county for almost 4 years and as such was chairman of the Commissioners' Court. During that time I also assisted in the preparation of the tax rolls of the county a number of times so that I am familiar with the duties of the Assessor and feel fully competent to discharge the duties of that office and make the rolls in strict accordance with the law, and should you in your discretion decide to honor me with that office, I promise to discharge its duties to the very best of my ability.

Thanking you in advance for a consideration of my claims as a citizen, I am,

Very truly yours,
Cyrus Eakman.

Methodist Baracas Entertain.

Last Friday evening at the beautiful new bungalow home of Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Coffee, the Baraca Class of the M. E. church entertained with grace and splendor their Sister Philatheas.

Author and Bible contests were the main features of entertainment and some were made to realize that a Bible study course would not be amiss for them, they, however, learned that Noah didn't name the animals anyway.

Refreshments of various fruits were served during the evening after which all were invited to take a bite at an apple which was suspended from a chandelier. Only the least timid—and, I might say, big mouthed—entered into the contest, however, and while the others seemed to enjoy looking on that was nothing to compare with the pleasure and honor(?) of getting to taste the "forbidden" fruit and, strange to say, the "Adams" were as eager for a bite as the "Eves." If any prizes had been offered, Tom Stewart should have received one for perseverance; for the ones to follow thought his trial would last forever, and G. G. Foster have had one for even attempting.

At a late hour we all left feeling grateful to Mr. and Mrs. Coffee for their kindness and with joyous hearts and aching jaws. Voting thanks to our gallant boys.

A PHILEATHA.

J. Frank Smith is able to be about again. He has been at home several days nursing a carbuncle. While it bothers him some and is painful, he is able to sit about.

On Thursday Shofner Montgomery exhibited a dead lizard that measured 28 inches in length, the body being 10 and the tail 18 inches. The young man stated that it was killed in the canyons the previous day.

Judge Lair was reported very sick the first of the week. He was taken sick Saturday but the latest reports were that he was doing nicely and should no other complications develop, he expects to be out shortly.

James M. Wells and family from Denver Colorado landed here Saturday morning and took charge of the Santa Fe rooming house just north of the depot. This family will be quite an acquisition to the school as well as to the business of the community and a few more such families will fulfil the Mayor's recent prediction that our population will double in twelve months. The News congratulates Mr. Wells and family and extends to them a hearty welcome into our growing city.

Notice of Commissioner's Sale.

Notice is hereby given that I, Frank A. White, Special Commissioner appointed by a decree of the District Court of Randall County, Texas, on December 8, 1909, in Cause No. 400, entitled "General Electric Company vs Canyon City Ice & Light Company, et al," in pursuance of the authority conferred upon me by said decree, will sell at public auction on the terms hereinafter stated, within the hours prescribed by law, to-wit, from 10 A. M. until 4:00 P. M., on the first day of March A. D., 1910, the same being the first Tuesday in said month, at the Courthouse door at Canyon City, in said Randall County, State of Texas, the following described property, real and personal, to-wit:

All and singular, the property and assets, both real and personal, of every kind and character belonging to said Canyon City Ice & Light Company, together with all its rights and franchises, except the franchise to be a corporation, including specifically all of block No. 40, according to the plat of Heller's addition to Canyon City, Randall County, Texas, lying south of the right of way of the Pecos & Northern Texas Railway Company; all of Block No. 24, of Lair's addition to said Canyon City, in Randall County, Texas, being the block upon which the plant of said Canyon City Ice and Light Company is situated and lying south of the Pecos & Northern Texas Railway's right of way; also all the improvements situated on said block and premises together with all engines, boilers, dynamos, switchboards, pumps, tanks, pipings, tools, supplies and personal property of every kind and character situated or which may be situated on said premises at the time of the sale as herein-after provided, also all pole lines, wires, transformers, lightning arresters, meters, wiring, lamps and equipment, and all furniture, fixtures, safes, desks, and personal property of every kind and character, whether herein specifically enumerated or not, belonging to said Canyon City Ice & Light Company or to said receiver as such, for the use of the estate of said Canyon City Ice & Light Company. Not including, however, any of the book accounts or choses in action, belonging to said Ice & Light Company, or said receiver as such.

Said property will all be sold as one parcel and upon the following terms, to-wit: The purchaser shall pay to me as said Special Commissioner a sum not less than \$1,000.00, when the property is struck off to him. The remainder is to be paid on or before the First day of the next term of District Court of Randall County, Texas, being the 9th day of May, 1910, and said purchaser shall, as soon as the sale is confirmed by the judge of said Court, execute his promissory note for the balance of the purchase price, bearing six percent interest per annum, containing the usual provision for ten percent attorney's fees if not paid at maturity, and said note shall be secured by a vendor's lien on all of said property and by two or more good and solvent personal sureties, who shall make oath to be attached to said note that they are worth above their liabilities and exemptions the amount of said note, or more, said notes to be payable to Frank A. White, receiver, or his successor.

FRANK A. WHITE,
Special Commissioner

While in town Jan. 28th, our light colored stag hound strayed away from us. He has a small wire mark on breast and answers to the name of "Rex." Finder please leave with Cheney & Son.

TAILOR MADE CLOTHING

We take orders for the famous Fred Kauffman Tailoring Co's. Clothing. They make good clothing and at moderate prices.

JACK BROCK, The Tailor.

Phone 216

French Dry Cleaning

The Last Cut Price Sale of The Season

on suits and trousers. We have a few of the choice patterns in men's suits, all of which are in broken sizes. We will sell these at a loss rather than carry them over another season. The following will give you an idea of the great sacrifice in these lines:

Men's suits, worth \$30.00 and \$35.00 at \$23.50

Men's suits, worth \$27.00 and \$25.00 at \$17.50

Men's suits, worth \$22.00 and \$20.00 at \$12.85

Men's suits, worth \$17.50 and \$15.00 at \$9.75

Others at same reduction.

Men's trousers in all sizes in medium and full peg styles. All \$3.50, \$4.00 and \$4.50 trousers, \$2.85. We have a few ladies, children's and men's sweaters to close at 33 1-3 per cent discount. Big reductions in all heavy materials.

CANYON MERCANTILE CO.

Employees Wanted.

There will be examinations for teachers, Indian service, trained nurse, telegraph operators (male), Junior Chemist (explosives), Topographic Draftsman, during the months of February and March. There is a good demand and good salaries are paid this class of employees. The necessary instruction and application blanks can be secured by addressing E. C. Brown, Amarillo, Texas.

Baby Hands

will get into mischief—often it means a burn or cut or scald. Apply Ballard's Snow Liniment just as soon as the accident happens, and the pain will be relieved while the wound will heal quickly and nicely. A sure cure for pains, Rheumatism and all pains. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00 a bottle. Sold by Thompson Drug Co., The Leading Druggist.

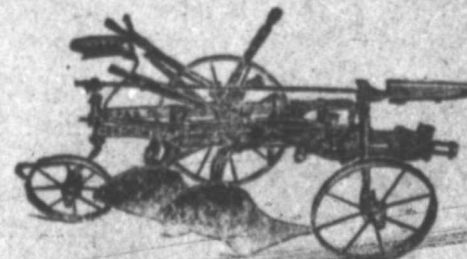
Type-writers Wanted.

Examination for stenographers and type-writers will be held March 24, 1910 in Amarillo. There is a good demand and also good salaries paid this class of employees. The necessary instructions and application blanks can be secured by addressing E. C. Brown, Amarillo, Texas or the United States Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C.

Do you know that croup can be prevented? Give Chamberlain's Cough Remedy as soon as the child becomes hoarse or even after the croupy cough appears and it will prevent the attack. It is also a certain cure for croup and has never been known to fail. Sold by City Pharmacy.

P & O Diamond Plow

The Greatest of all Riding Plows. For over twelve years the leader. Strong and Simple. Easy on the team and driver.



The Diamond Gang has every convenience required in a high-class plow. Is the only plow with an automatic controlling rod, the one that takes care of itself. The best raising and lowering levers. The strongest frame. It is backed by an unqualified guarantee. It stands head and shoulders over any other riding plow made anywhere, by anybody, at any price. We can back up all our claims by the plow itself.

We also have a complete stock of heavy and shelf Hardware, Queensware, Glassware, Stoves, Ranges, Eclipse Windmills American Hog Fence, Nails, Genuine Baker Perfect Barbed Wire, Wagons, Buggies and everything kept in a first-class Hardware and Implement store.

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The Randall County News

By Chas. K. Needham
L. B. Christman, Managing Editor

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Contributors Notice.

The editor of this paper is anxious to receive, from time to time, communications from its readers, but we request that all such communications be signed, not for publication, but that we may know the source from which the article comes.

Any erroneous reflection upon the character, standing or reputation of any person, firm or corporation which may appear in the columns of The News will be gladly corrected upon its being brought to the attention of the publisher.

Railway Time Table.

MAIN LINE, WEST BOUND.

No. 37 to Clovis 3:55 p. m.
No. 113 to Carlsbad 10:40 a. m.
No. 73 Local Freight 10:55 a. m.

MAIN LINE, EAST BOUND.

No. 38 from Clovis 10:08 a. m.
No. 114 to Kansas City 4:48 p. m.
No. 74 Local Freight 3:35 p. m.PLAINVIEW BRANCH, NORTH B'D
No. 36 to Amarillo 3:55 p. m.
No. 94 Local Freight 4:30 p. m.PLAINVIEW BRANCH, SO. BOUND.
No. 37 to Plainview 11:15 a. m.
No. 95 Local Freight 7:15 a. m.Trains No. 37 on the Main line leaving Canyon City at 2:50 p. m. is made up here, and Train No. 38, on the Main line arriving from Clovis at 10 a. m., stops at this place.
Local freights and trains Nos. 37 and 38 don't run on Sunday.

Announcements.

We are authorized to announce the following persons as candidates for the respective offices, subject to the action of the voters at the Democratic Primary to be held on July 23rd, 1910.

FOR REPRESENTATIVE,
J. C. HUNT.FOR COUNTY JUDGE,
W. D. SCOTT.FOR SHERIFF AND TAX COLLECTOR,
R. H. SANFORD.FOR COUNTY AND DISTRICT CLERK,
M. P. GARNER.FOR COUNTY ATTORNEY,
W. J. FLESHER.FOR COUNTY TREASURER,
P. H. YOUNG.FOR TAX ASSESSOR,
G. G. FOSTER.

T. V. SLACK.

WILL CAGE.

C. L. DANIELS.

CYRUS EAKMAN.

FOR COMMISSIONER PRECINCT NO. 1,
HENRY J. WEBER.

W. J. REDFEARN.

FOR JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
W. J. REDFEARN.

THE COST OF LIVING.

The high cost of living is attracting universal attention. The increase has been assigned to various causes, among which are the tariff, control of production by trusts, short supplies of food, an over production of gold and other things.

It is impossible to assign to each of these influences the exact part which it may have had, but the Department of Agriculture has gathered some figures which seem to show that the farmers, at any rate, have been benefited by the rise in prices.

Taking the average prices of farm products between the years 1896 and 1900, as a basis, it is found that the cost of all commodities has increased nearly one-quarter. Farm crops and live stock, on the other hand, have increased more than three-quarters during the same period. Horses have advanced in value two and one-half times and mules nearly as much.

In cereal crops has been a like increase. Corn has more than doubled in price value, a fact which, of course, has an important bearing on increased cost of beef and pork. Potatoes have almost doubled and wheat has advanced to one and one-half times its value ten years ago. Cotton, which used to be ten cents has gone up to sixteen cents, but the price of cotton goods have advanced less than

twenty-five per cent.

It is evident that the farmer is receiving at least an adequate share of the fruits of prosperity, but no one should grudge it to him. Farm labor has been notoriously under paid in the past. Moreover, prosperity among the agricultural population is always reflected in improved conditions of manufacturing, transportation and general business.

Letter From an Illinois Man.

Lanark, Ill., Jan. 29, '10.

Editor News:

Just before leaving Canyon Dec. 11th, the "Panhandle" was experiencing some severe winter weather, but upon my arrival here, I got into the real thing, and we have been having the genuine old-fashioned article ever since.

You people formerly from the North may congratulate yourselves upon what you are missing by living in that delightful climate.

And I am more and more impressed with the distinct advantages the "Panhandle" farmer possesses over his Northern neighbor, not only in his ability to till the soil every month in the year, but also in the matter of stock raising in not being compelled to sacrifice so large a portion of his crops in fighting the cold while "wintering" his stock over to the next spring or in preparing for market.

But some of my farmer friends (who have never seen Texas) tell me "Everything dries up and blows away down there," but I assure them that with the same amount of moisture the "Panhandle" had in 1909, they would not have been able to have raised anything to blow away.

Here land values range from \$100 to \$150 per acre, there from \$20 to \$40. Here the soil is impoverished and washed off from many a hillside down to the red clay and the owner facing the problem of commercial fertilizing, there the soil is of the richest in the country and no danger of washing away.

In view of these and many other advantages, is it any wonder that the homeseeker is turning his face toward the great "Panhandle" where such golden opportunities await him.

I beg your pardon for this effusion, but confess that I never return from there without enthusing.

Very truly,
M. M. Olin.

The Social Message of the Hebrew Prophets.

The so-called Christian powers of the world might well consider the possibility that Jesus meant his kingdom to be one without police and soldiery, a kingdom resting on the one maxim of love and gentleness, and not on a myriad maxims of force and violence. That Jesus, following the high example of the earlier masters in Israel, should have sought to belittle riches, power, rule, in themselves, is a rightful inference from His utterance. But that this Hebrew of the Hebrews wished to move men to rest content under the injustice and oppression of the world in the hope of compensating abundance and bliss in the world to come is borne out neither by the letter nor the spirit of his teachings. And this would signify that Jesus was indifferent to the fate of the poor and unconcerned with the problem of poverty and the suffering which it entailed, that he cared not what hells of wrong and oppression men perforce endured in this world, as long as they delivered their souls from the snares of eternal hell. But if this be a valid interpretation of His thought, how explain His ministry of pity for the poor and His seeming aim to lessen if not remedy the sorrow and suffering of men due to those social mal-adjustments which then as now caused poverty and its woes?—Pacific Monthly.

DIPLOMACY.

A Vague Threat That Meant Nothing, but Brought Quick Results.

The late Lord Salisbury some years ago sent a foreign office emissary to make some demands of a South American republic. Before setting out on his mission the emissary, to whom his lordship had explained the exact nature of the demands, desired to be informed as to the course to take if, after he had said everything, there was a refusal.

"Oh," answered Lord Salisbury, "this is not a matter in which we have the least thought of fighting! If the president refuses, why, you will simply have to come home again."

The emissary went and had his say to the president of the republic, who blankly refused to give in, and the diplomat retired to think things over. A few hours later he wrote to the president:

"I regret that your excellency does not see your way to recognize the justice of the claims which I have now to the honor to present. I have now to say, on behalf of her Britannic majesty's government, that unless your excellency yields on all points which I have named it will be my painful duty to act on the second half of my instructions."

Under this vague and significant threat the president yielded at once.—London Telegraph.

HAUNTED ALASKAN ISLAND.

Ghosts of Russian Exiles Who Died of Starvation or Torture.

To the south and west of Kodiak, distant about 100 miles and forming one of the Semidi group, is the island of Chirikof, the haunted island of Alaska.

Enshrouded for a great portion of the time with almost impenetrable fog, this lonely isle is an object of terror to the natives, who claim it is haunted by the ghosts of Russian exiles.

The natives will not go near the island, saying it means certain death to invade the canny confines, and there are few men in the far north who have the temerity to test the truth of the many weird tales told of this forbidding and barren island.

Shipmasters and sailors passing the place assert that the agonizing cries of Russian exiles sent there to starve or die by torture are sometimes heard on quiet nights, while the creak of chains and the sound of blows are testified to in an affidavit by a white man who once attempted to remain there for a week and who nearly lost his reason.—Tanana Tribune.

The Noise Habit.

A personal experience first showed the writer the possibility of a state of affairs where the habit of noise could become as fixed as the habit of a drug. Waking one night in the quiet of a country house far from other habitations, I suddenly heard the starting of the hot air engine which pumped the water—chug, chug, chug, chug. I lay listening to its monotonous vibrations and wondering at the unusual hour for pumping until I fell asleep.

The next night the sound was repeated. On mentioning the matter to my host he confessed that he could not sleep in the quiet of the country; that the sudden change from the roar of a great city to the silence of the woods was so great as to cause him real suffering. As his only way to rest he would leave the house in the middle of the night, start up the pump and, lying down in a nearby hammock, find sleep brought him by the lullaby of the hot air engine. That man recognized that he had the noise habit and finally conquered it.—Hollis Godfrey in Atlantic.

Oddly Named.

A Mr. Hudson, who had made a large fortune as a dentist, had built a very expensive country house near Dublin, but of such an extraordinary construction as to bid defiance to the criticism of the architect.

One day after dinner at Curran's this singular mansion became a subject of merriment for his guests. The question for their satirical inquiry was, "What was its order of architecture?" One said it certainly was Grecian, another contended it was Saxon and a third that it was oriental, when their host thus interposed:

"Excuse me, gentlemen, you are all wrong. It is Turk-un. From the irregularities of the mansion and from its proprietor being a dentist the Irish call it Snaggletooth Hall."—London Answers.

Not Worth a Rush.

"Not worth a rush" is, as a popular saying, the predecessor of the now more common simile "not worth a straw." In precarious days it was the custom to strew the floors of dwelling houses. When guests of rank were entertained fresh rushes were spread for them, but folk of lower degree had to be content with rushes that had already been used, while still humbler persons had none, as not even being "worth a rush."—London Standard.

The Benefit of the Doubt.

Horrid Citizen—Hey, there! What are you pounding that man for? Man on Top—He says he can't remember whether he ever called me a liar or not. I'm (blf), giving him (blf) the benefit of the doubt.—Chicago Tribune.

The Producer.

"Does your husband play cards for money?"
"Judging from practical results," answered young Mrs. Torkins. "I should say not. But all the other men in the game do."—Washington Star.

The man who loves home best and loves it most manifestly loves his country best.—J. G. Holland.

FRAUD ORDERS.

The Way Our Postoffice Inspectors Protect the Public.

When a person or firm that is unknown to the postoffice inspectors begins to receive large quantities of letters the inspectors begin to investigate. They visit the office of the concern and learn what they can. If it is a legitimate and honest business it is not interfered with. But if it looks "shady," if it happens to be a mining or land scheme that offers large returns upon the investment of money, the inspectors abstract a dozen or so of the incoming letters from the mail, get the names and addresses of the writers and then reveal the letters and permit them to be delivered.

The next move for the inspectors is to visit the persons whose names and addresses were taken from the letters and to get from them the correspondence of the supposed fraudulent concern. With this the inspectors "make" a case and either cause the arrest of the dishonest persons or cause a "fraud order" to be issued against it.

A "fraud order" is simply an order made by the postal authorities at Washington declaring that such a business is fraudulent and warning the public against sending money to it. After that each letter coming addressed to that concern is stamped "fraud" in red ink across its face and returned to the sender.

Thousands of schemes for defrauding the public has been stopped by the postal authorities, and they are always on the watch for them.—Kansas City Star.

ROQUEFORT CHEESE.

The Discovery Made by a Poor French Peasant Boy.

A shepherd boy with a poor appetite discovered the secret of making Roquefort cheese. True as gospel! They swear by that story today in Roquefort, France, and if they only knew the lad's name they'd raise a monument to him. He was out tending sheep, and the sun smiting down hard, he went into a cavern to eat his cheese and rye bread. He failed to get away with all of it and threw a hunk of the cheese off to one side. It happened to drop on a natural shelf, and a few months later the boy found the cheese still there. He saw that it had undergone a constitutional change, for instead of being dry and hard it was moist and creamy. Besides, there were veins of greenish mold running through it. The boy took a nip, and the taste was so pleasing he carried a crumb home to his mother. She must have been a woman of intelligence, for no sooner had she tasted than she took one of the largest rolls of cheese from her dairy, had her son guide her to the cavern and placed it on the shelf. In due time the same change was wrought, and Roquefort cheese had arrived as an article of commerce. All the natural caverns around the quaint old town now are used for ripening cheese, and the women work in them with small oil lamps strapped around their chests.—New York Press.

Hood and His Aunt.

While still a boy Thomas Hood went to Scotland for a holiday trip and stayed with his aunt, who was a rigid Sabbatarian. He describes how upon one occasion the old lady was too indisposed to go to her beloved kirk, but found entertainment in the description of the passersby furnished by her irrepressible "nervy." "Tammy, my man, keek out—wha's that?" "That's Baille So-and-so's daughter, aunt, and isn't she making desperate love to young Somebody, who's walking by her side?" "The graceless bizzle! I'd wauk her, gill! were her mammy! Keek out again, Tam." "There's Mrs. Blank, aunt, and she's got on a grand silk gown and such a velvet mantle!" "Set us up, liddle! She, indeed, the siller wastrelle bodie! She'd better far pay a' she's owing. Wha's next?" And so they would go on, the crabbed old Scotchwoman little suspecting half the "stour" proceeded from the active imagination of her "nervy" to heighten the fun and draw her out.

Overstocked.

Madge as the oldest of a family of girls has evidently heard and taken to heart the disappointment of her parents over the excessive femininity allotted by the fates to the family quiver.

When recently the fifth little daughter was born Madge was playing in the garden with one of her sisters and, as a neighbor considered, was decidedly rough with the child.

"Madge, don't treat your little sister so," remonstrated the neighbor. "You might kill her."

"Well, if I did," was the cool response, "there's plenty more in the house."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Unchanging Sport.

The sport of deerstalking is still the most natural and most nearly allied to the hunting of primitive man that is to be found in the British islands. The difference between the actual hunting of the hungry Pict and the stalking of the owner of a modern deer forest is little more than the weapon.—Field.

When He Feels Safe.

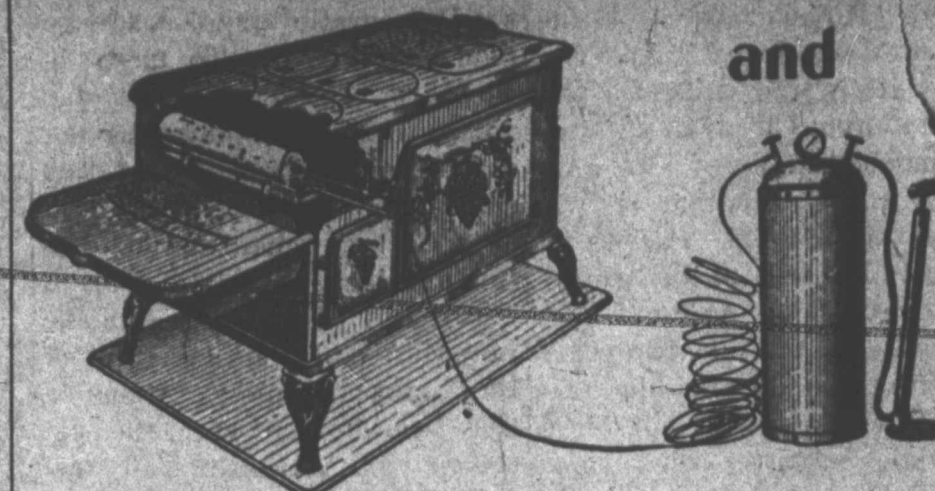
Bacon—A man feels more secure when his views are endorsed by others. Egbert—Especially so if the man in question is a baseball umpire.—Yonkers Statesman.

Out on Top.

Fuddy—Did you ever notice that successful men are generally bald? Duddy—Certainly. They came out on top.—Boston Transcript.

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No smoky pots and pans to clean; no waste of fuel; no dirt, dust or ashes; no wood or coal to clean after. Distributes the heat evenly to all parts of the stove. Positively does not warp or damage the stove.

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will be held up to the highest standard and we will quote you prices of the lowest kind for the best grades of coal. We will expect cash transactions, selling and buying on that basis, thereby saving you and ourselves much annoyance and trouble and in addition giving the purchaser the advantages of a much lower prices as there will be no losses from bad accounts.

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AN ODD WEDDING.

By ROCKFORD KING.

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One day as I was about to leave my study a young couple came hurrying in and asked me to marry them. I dislike very much to marry persons thus hurriedly about whom I know nothing, and in this case I especially hesitated. The man, though refined looking, was dressed in clothes more befitting a workman than a gentleman. He was pale faced either from ill health or because he had not been accustomed to the sunlight; otherwise he seemed to be in good health.

However, since there seemed to be no objection to my uniting them, both being of age, I told them to come into my study and I would accommodate them. We had barely got inside and the couple taken position before me when quick footsteps were heard without.

The man lost what color he had before.

"Go on," said the lady to me impatiently.

But before I could do so two men rushed in. One of them, glancing at the groom expectant, said, "All right; we've got him." Then to the man to whom he referred he said, "You come along with me."

"What's all this about?" I asked. "He's an escaped convict," said the man who had been speaking.

"Is that a fact?" I asked of the man I had expected to marry.

"Yes," he said; "I am."

He spoke without the slightest appearance of shame or regret. The lady went up to the men, who were prison officials, and begged them to permit the ceremony to proceed before taking her lover back to prison.

"But you don't wish to marry a jail bird, do you?" he replied.

"I wish to marry this man. It will delay you only a few moments. Come; let the clergyman proceed."

"What do you say, Tom?" he asked of his companion.

"It's a rum go," said the other, "but if the young lady insists on throwing herself away on a convict I don't see as its any business of ours. We've got him safe enough, and two or three minutes won't make any difference."

"All right," said the other. "Go ahead, parson."

It was my turn to demur, not liking the business of uniting a lady to any man under such circumstances.

"I reckon she's with him," said the official called Tom. "Some one sent him a saw in a cake, and I expect she's the one that did it."

"Do go on," said the girl pleadingly.

I felt constrained to take the same view about the matter the men did—that it was none of my business, so I yielded and married them. The girl took out a portemonnaie and gave me a twenty dollar bill. Then she threw her arms about her felon husband's neck and said cheerily: "It'll be all right now, dearie, we're married. I can now tell the whole story. I would have done it before only you wouldn't let me. It won't be long now, I assure you. I won't say 'goodby,' but only adieu." And with several more kisses she released him, and he went away between his captors, each holding on to a handcuff the prisoner wore about his wrists. After they had gone I gave the lady a certificate of marriage. She was going away without it, but I detained her.

"Would you mind explaining this to me?" I asked as she was about to leave me.

"Not yet," she replied. "Thank you ever so much. You don't know how far you have been instrumental in untying a knot by tying one. Couldn't you date the certificate back a year?"

"I couldn't do that," I said.

"Well, I don't know that it is necessary, though it might make the rest of it easier. Goodby. Some day you'll hear from us."

With that she went away, looking far happier than when she had entered.

Six months passed, during which I heard nothing from either of the couple I had married. Then one day a gentleman called on me whom I failed to recognize.

"You don't remember me," he said.

"I confess I do not," I replied.

"That's not remarkable. The last and only time I saw you I was an escaped convict in borrowed, or, rather, stolen, clothes. You married me before I was returned to the penitentiary."

"And may I ask how you have secured your freedom?"

"By a pardon from the governor. You see, it was a case of conviction under a misunderstanding."

"Please be seated," I said to him, "and make your explanation."

"The matter which has puzzled you is very simple when you get the facts. I courted my wife clandestinely, she being engaged at the time to her father's partner in business. I persuaded her to elope with me. The night we were to make the elopement I went to her house and met her at a rear door. At the moment our egress was cut off she admitted me to the house and closed the door. To escape detection we went upstairs and into a bedroom. We heard some one coming, and the girl told me to go into an adjoining room. Her father came into the room I had entered and, supposing me to be a burglar, called the police."

"I must either be content to confess myself a thief or the girl's reputation would be ruined. I chose the former course. Since my marriage my wife has confessed the whole story to her father, and I have been pardoned both by him and the governor."

Before leaving me he presented me with a check for \$3,000 for a European trip from himself and wife.

HER PROPOSAL.

By MARION GOLDBERG.

[Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.]

Marion Hathaway, though she was not interested in the rights of women, was deeply interested in the rights of a woman; and that woman was herself. Miss Hathaway was twenty-six years old and unmarried when it suddenly occurred to her that there was one right belonging to her that she had been denied, not by any law, but by the most imperious of all rulers, custom.

"A man," she said, "may say with impunity: 'I'm looking for a wife,' but let a woman say the same thing about a husband and she would be considered immodest in the extreme. Indeed, her statement would be held up to ridicule and would defeat her purpose to marry. Furthermore, a man may ask a dozen women one after another to marry him, while a woman is forbidden to ask even one man. Now, I'm not going to submit to such injustice any longer. I wish a husband, home and children. I know the man I should like to marry. I decline to angle for him. I'm going to assume with regard to him the same privilege he has assumed toward me. I shall propose marriage."

Mr. Archibald Howe was the man to whom Miss Hathaway decided to propose. He was thirty-two years old, doing a good business and of good standing both socially and as a citizen. Miss Hathaway had an income of \$1,000 a year. In a business point of view the elements for a partnership existed. The question in the lady's mind was this: First, had the man ever thought of her as one he would like to marry; second, if not, could she lead him to so think of her? He was permitted to discover her feelings for him. Why should she not be permitted to learn his for her?

All this reasoning was well enough, but to put it into practice was another matter. Miss Hathaway winced at the first line. A brave way to act in the case was to send for Mr. Howe and make her proposal by word. Her feelings constrained her to do it by letter; but, after writing and tearing up some twenty epistles, she concluded that she must either "take the bull by the horns"—that is, make her proposal in person or not at all. Summoning all her resolution, she wrote him to call on her.

When Mr. Howe's card was handed her the next evening she caught sight of her face in a mirror. Dismay was written on every feature. She was a strong character, though with a tendency to enter upon innovations that only the concurrent opinion of large communities can effect. At any rate, she was determined and, having once put her hand to the plow, would not turn back. But it required ten minutes before her heart beat would subside to a normal rate, at the end of which time she descended the staircase and entered the drawing room. Her heart had recommenced its kettle-drum performance and her knees threatened to let her down on the floor. That woman's nature had something to do with the custom of proposals for the first time rushed upon her with great force. Mr. Howe rose, she mechanically extended her hand, he resumed his seat, and she sank on one end of a sofa.

"What can I do for you?" asked the visitor.

Miss Hathaway's reply was a shiver. "A matter of charity?" asked the gentleman after a pause to help her out.

"Well—yes—in a way."

"For whom or what do you ask aid?"

"Myself."

"I have sent for you, Mr. Howe," she continued, with every show of resolution, "in order that I may do something—something very disagreeable, and I wish you to help me."

"Something disagreeable?"

"Very."

"Is it something we can do together?"

"No; one or the other must do it."

"I shall be very happy to do it for you if I can."

"That's impossible."

Mr. Howe thought a bit, before saying:

"If one or the other must do it, and I can't do it, I don't see but that you must do it yourself."

Miss Hathaway didn't look as if she could.

"Tell me," added the caller, "what it is and I'll see what I can do for you."

He rose from his seat and sat down beside her.

"No; I have resolved to do it myself, and I will."

"Proceed."

Miss Hathaway gathered her faculties for a beginning.

"Did you ever think of me—that is, in the friendship that has existed between us—has it ever occurred to you?"

"She stopped."

Mr. Howe was looking at her intently. Her bosom was heaving; her eyes were like those of a hunted fawn. It occurred to him that he would like to put his arms about her, take her head on his shoulder and comfort her.

"I have freely resolved," she went on, with a gasp, "always to remain single."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. And I have thought that we might devote ourselves to some world's work together."

He gazed upon her, still intently, for some moments, then said:

"Yes, and that work will be to build up a home for ourselves."

She turned her face up to him lightly by a smile and said:

"There, I knew I could do it."

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We beg to announce that on Sept. 15, we opened an entirely new stock of general merchandise in our own building which we recently erected. We are opening this business for the reason that the country is developing so rapidly that the business has become a necessity to accommodate the trade now coming to Happy. In order to keep this trade we must offer the best in our stock of

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We invite the inspection of the buying public and when you are in Happy make your self happy in our store—we want to meet everyone who trades in our town. We think we can interest you with our goods and prices.

Plains Supply Co.

Happy, Texas.

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Ware's Baby Powder is for children, and if your baby is suffering from bad bowels, irritation from teething and condition that we call summer complaint, stomach all upset, food undigested, use Ware's Baby Powder. It cures the little ones.

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LANDES SHEPHERDS.

French Peasants Who Are Experts in Walking on Stilts.

There is a vast district in France where the entire community goes about and transacts its business on stilts. This district is called "Les Landes."

The inhabitants, who are among the poorest peasants in France, gain their subsistence by fishing, by such little agriculture as is possible and by keeping cows and sheep. The shepherds make use of their stilts for two purposes—first, because walking is quite impossible on account of the sage and undergrowth of brush, and, second, because the height of their stilts gives them a greater range of vision.

The stilts generally are about six or seven feet high. Near the top there is a support for the foot, which has a strong stirrup and strap, and still nearer the top a band of leather fastens the stilt firmly to the leg just below the knee. Some stilts, especially those made for fancy walking and for tricks, are even higher than seven feet, and the man who uses these—and he must be an expert—can travel as fast as ten miles an hour. The lower end of this kind of stilt is capped with a sheep bone to prevent its splitting.

Some of these Landes shepherds are wonderfully clever in the management of their stilts. They run races, step or jump over brooks, clear fences and walls and are able to keep their balance and equilibrium while stooping to the ground to pick up pebbles or to gather wild flowers. They fall prone upon their faces and assume their perpendicular without an effort and in a single moment after they have thus prostrated themselves.—Technical World Magazine.

A VICTIM OF WORRY.

The Man Who Is Always Expecting Some Kind of Trouble.

There is always a cloud on his face because he is constantly expecting that something unfavorable is going to happen. There is going to be a slump in business, or he is going to have a loss, or somebody is trying to undermine him, or he is worried about his health, or fears his children will be sick or go wrong or be killed.

In other words, although he has achieved quite a remarkable success, yet he has never really had a happy day in his life. All his life this man has been chasing rainbows, thinking if he could only get a little farther on, a little higher up, he would be happy, but he is just as far from it as when a boy.

I believe this condition has all come from the habit of unhappiness which he formed during his hard boyhood and which he has never been able to overcome. He has learned to look for trouble, to expect it, and he gets it.

I have been his guest many a time. He has a beautiful home, a very charming wife, a most delightful family, but there is always the same cloud on his face, the same expression of anxiety, of unhappiness, of foreboding.

A little properly directed training in his boyhood would have changed his whole career, and he would have been a happy, joyous, harmonious man instead of being discordant and unhappy. There is everything in starting right. What is put into the first life is put into the whole of life.—Success Magazine.

Self Control.

The self control of the Japanese, even in times of the utmost stress, and their courtesy, which begets quietness and discretion, are both brought out by a writer in St. Paul's Magazine.

"Cry. It will do you good," I said once to a poor Japanese woman who, crouching beside her dying husband, was controlling herself with an effort that would, I feared, make her ill.

She laid her little slim brown finger upon her trembling red lip and shook her head, then whispered, "It might disturb him."

"Cry. It will do you good," I said the next day, when the man was dead and she seemed almost prostrate with grief and overwrought self control.

"It would be most rude to make a hideous noise before the sacred dead," came the soft reply.

Bread and Pipe Baker.

The lecturer at the cooking school sometimes enlivened her remarks with an anecdote.

"The eighteenth century baker," she said, "was a pipe cleaner as well, just as the barber a little earlier was a surgeon. Everybody in those days smoked clay pipes, provided the same as cups or spoons by the coffee houses. Well, each morning a waiter carried his master's stock of pipes, some hundred perhaps, to the nearest bakery. The baker would boil them, then dip them in liquid lime, then bake them dry. They came out of the oven as sweet and white as new."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Degrees of Hunger.

"I'm simply starving!" cried the short story writer at the Hungry club. "I wish they'd begin dinner."

"I never saw you when you weren't starving," said the poet.

"I'm never as hungry as you are, though," the short story writer declared, "because I write prose."—New York Press.

Good Imagination.

Teddy, after having a drink of plain soda water, was asked how he liked it. "Not very well," he replied. "It tastes too much as though my foot had gone asleep in my mouth."—Success Magazine.

THE "IRON KING."

By DAVID G. HARTLEY.

(Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.)

Hooker, the "iron king" of New York, was an irritable man and a stingy one. His business was speculating in iron, and to do this successfully he was obliged to secure information from all parts of the world as to the production, consumption, stock on hand and such other items as tended to fix the price of the metal.

Hooker gave his sister's son, Edward Earle, a position in his office. At twenty-five, though the young man was manager of that branch of the business which pertained to information, he was paid but twelve hundred a year. On this he supported his mother, a wife and two little children. He chafed under his uncle's stinginess and on one occasion asked for more salary. He was informed that if he could do better elsewhere he was welcome to go. The young man appreciated the proverb "A rolling stone gathers no moss" and remained where he was.

One day Hooker informed his clerk that he wished him to go to England to investigate the condition of the market there. He furnished the young man with a second class ticket on an ocean liner and barely enough money to pay his board and travel third class between the principal English iron manufacturing towns.

One morning Earle, who was in Sheffield, arose and while breakfasting with his paper before him saw a notice of the failure of an iron firm located in the neighboring town of Birmingham. The concern being a small one Earle attached little importance to the failure, but during the day a business acquaintance who had an interest in favoring him gave him a bit of secret information that caused him to change his mind. It was believed that the failure would involve a larger firm, that firm would involve a number of others, and the whole community of iron firms in England would go down like card houses. This would throw a large lot of iron on the market that had been held speculatively for a rise, and consequently the prices would fall considerably.

There was no Atlantic cable in those days, so Earle wrote the information he had received, giving his opinion that a crisis was at hand and advising his employer to sell at once all the iron he had on hand. The ship bearing the letter had no sooner sailed than the second firm in line failed. This caused Earle to feel still greater confidence in the information he had received, and he had no doubt that all he had heard would be realized.

The young man proved himself admirably fitted to assume responsibility. He took a risk that would make or break him. In the name of Hooker & Co.—he was not authorized to sign the firm name, but it was not known—he contracted to deliver thousands of tons of iron at a figure below the market price. The iron to be delivered in ninety days. This done, he took the first steamer that sailed for America, the one that bore the news of the iron panic in England.

On the morning of his arrival he went straight to the office. There sat Mr. Hooker at his desk with a morning paper before him. Earle caught sight of large headlines announcing the tumble of iron in England. It had been sent from Sandy Hook. Hooker was white as a sheet.

"You worthless scamp!" cried the head of the firm to his employee. "Why didn't you write of the beginning of all this? I'm ruined! I had an immense stock on hand, and learning of a shortage on the continent, I bought more."

"I wrote by the last steamer, giving you information that pointed to this result and advised you to sell out all the stock you had."

"Your letter never came. You should have brought the information yourself."

"Are you sure about the letter?"

"James," called Hooker to a clerk, "are there any letters that have not been delivered to me?"

"There was one came, sir, a few days ago. You know that you ordered all letters on which the postage was not paid in full to be left at the postoffice. There was 8 cents due on this one, and I refused to pay it."

"Oh, heavens!" groaned Hooker. "Was it from England?" asked Earle of the clerk.

"I think it was."

"It must have been a mistake of the clerk's at the British postoffice. I put on stamps to cover the cost as he quoted it to me."

Hooker's head dropped on his desk. Irritated some time before at receiving unstamped letters (at that time such letters were delivered), he had given orders that all mail on which any money was due should not be taken from the postoffice. For refusing to pay 8 cents he had been ruined.

"How much iron have you on hand?" asked Earle.

"A hundred thousand tons," groaned the speculator without taking his head off his desk.

"Well, Mr. Hooker, cheer up. It's not so bad, after all. I took a big risk while abroad. I sold in your name just as the panic began 125,000 tons to be delivered in ninety days."

"What?"

"I sold for you 125,000 tons at about what your stock cost you. There'll be some low figures today on the publication of this news. Perhaps I'd better go on to the exchange and buy a part of it in."

Hooker fell on his nephew's neck. There was a profit on the transaction of many thousand dollars, and from that day Earle took his uncle's place as the "iron king."

CAUGHT IN HER OWN TRAP.

A Girl Sent a Valentine to a Fellow She Didn't Know.

By HORACE HILL.

(Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.)

My brother Tom is fifteen years older than I and a very different fellow in every way. Tom never cared anything about the girls, while I confess I always had a fancy for them. When I was fourteen I went away to boarding school and stayed until I was eighteen. I had left Tom single, and single he remained.

On my return I could see, over a high hedge that separated our place from the one adjoining, that during my absence a family had moved in there, among the members of which was a girl as pretty as a peach. She was about sixteen years old, wearing her skirts to the tops of her boots. I rather fancied she was not adverse to practicing any kind of mischief that might occur to her.

This was a mere inference till St. Valentine's day came round; then it



"LET ME GO! I DON'T KNOW YOU."

became a certainty. The girl, whose name was Mary Blake, gave herself away by a very simple process. A cousin, Maud Blake, considerably older than herself and a very proper old maid, was visiting at the house.

A valentine came through the mail for Mr. T. Etherton and was delivered to me. My brother's name is Tom and mine is Theodore, both initials letters being "T." Since I considered Tom too old a fogey to receive a valentine, I took the benefit of the doubt, opened and read it. There were some verses in it referring to the warmth of a middle aged heart, which convinced me that it was intended for Tom. Opening a little pocket built in it, I took out a bit of paper on which had been scrawled almost illegibly, "Maud."

It seemed rather strange to me that an elderly person like the middle aged spinster next door should send my ministerial looking brother a valentine, especially with her name on it. I was bothered for a time, then all of a sudden the whole scheme flashed upon me. The little humbug Mary was intending to perpetrate a joke on her cousin.

But I was not of an age myself to waste time in repentance for having spoiled a love story. I was busy hatching mischief myself. I racked my brain for some plan to pay the heartless Mary in her own coin, but without much success. Tom's valentine had come in the mail delivery the evening before St. Valentine's day. I said nothing to Tom about it, not intending that he should do anything to spoil any pranks I might decide to play on the perpetrator of the joke.

We have a letter box beside our front door, and that evening while coming around from the back to the front of the house I saw a figure stealing in at the gate and on tiptoe up the walk to the house. Stepping behind a tree where I would not be observed, I saw the figure—it wore a dress—go up to the letter box and slip something in. Not caring to declare myself at this stage of the proceedings, I lay low and permitted the figure to slip away in the darkness. Then I dived into the letter box.

I pulled out an envelope stamped with leaves and flowers and cupids and all such things and, looking at the superscription, saw that it was for Mr. Theodore Etherton, or my own self. I opened it, expecting some kind of a decoy from the little mischief maker next door, and I was not disappointed. The mislaid purported to be a valentine with the harmless anonymity usual in valentines. But the recipient was invited to join the writer the next evening at 8 o'clock in a little summer house in grounds at the time vacant in rear of our place.

Here was accomplished what I had been racking my brains to invent. Miss Mary was intending to draw me to a meeting with some one who would probably turn out to be no one and doubtless from a hiding place observe my chagrin.

I don't know whether I was more delighted with the willingness of this scheme or the innocence that was intending to perpetrate it. One thing I

know; I was yearning to get the little girl encircled in my arms and heap coals of fire on her head in the shape of a volley of kisses.

The next morning from my window at the rear of the house and overlooking the summer house that was intended for the scene of my disappointment I made a careful survey of the grounds. A path led from a gate behind our yard and a path from the Blakes' yard to the summer house. Between these two paths and near to the summer house were some bushes. Miss Blake would observe me going to the rendezvous and would follow me under cover of the darkness. What, if anything, she intended to do I didn't know; but, whatever it was, it would be done from behind the bushes.

During the day I kept a sharp lookout upon the fair one next door—not an inappropriate occupation for St. Valentine's day—and observed her going about demurely, with never a smile on her face or, so far as I could see, a twinkle in her eye. To look at her one would have supposed butter wouldn't melt in her mouth. There was something fascinating in gazing upon such innocence, knowing the while that it was merely a cover for the most arrant roguishness. As for casting the least bit of a sly glance across the hedge, she seemed entirely oblivious to the fact that there was any other side to it than her own. Was there ever such duplicity concealed under so guileless an exterior?

When night came I, at last was in a state of uncertainty. I could lay no plan by which to surely head her off. She had a safe retreat from the bushes over a straight path to her own back gate. The worst that could befall her was to be seen entering her own premises. But this would give me no information I did not have, and it is questionable if she would care if it were known that the decoy lived there, since she might assume that it would not be known which one of the occupants had perpetrated the joke. What I mainly relied on was my feetness and that I as well as she might work under cover of the darkness.

It is pretty dark at 8 o'clock in the evening on the 14th of February, and in order that Miss Molly should know that I had gone to the rendezvous I put on a light gray coat, carrying a black one in my hand. Having thus arrayed myself, I sallied forth, not doubting that I was watched by the girl next door. I had no sooner entered the summer house than I took off the light colored coat and put on the black one. Then, getting down flat on the ground, I wriggled around with a view to getting between the girl and her home. I had gone a part of the distance when I saw a silhouette against the sky running for the clump of bushes. On reaching it I heard a loud ha-ha and saw the silhouette dash like the wind for the gate. Quick as a flash I was on my feet, running for the path, and a body of flesh and blood ran right into my arms.

"Oh!" I said.

"Let me go!"

"Not just yet. I have a bone to pick with you."

"Let me go! I don't know you."

"I know you very well."

"I have not injured you."

"Yes, you have. You are my enemy."

"Let me go, I say." And she made a vigorous effort to release herself from my grip.

"Do you know how the good book tells us to treat our enemies?"

"No, and I don't care. I want to go home."

"It tells us to love them."

She didn't struggle quite so hard after I said this, but she pretended all the same.

"You must excuse me for being frank with you. This is St. Valentine's day, and we are permitted to tell each other our feelings. I've been watching you from my side of the hedge and have noticed what a nice, pretty girl you are. You haven't ever seen me in our yard, have you?"

"No, and I don't want to see you. Let me go."

"I will of you'll tell me one thing, and tell me truthfully. Who sent that valentine to my brother with the bit of paper in the pocket with 'Maud' on it?"

There was no answer, but a renewal of the struggle to get away. I held on tightly.

"You must tell me that and tell me who slipped the valentine in our letter box decoying me to the summer house."

As before, the only reply was more struggling.

"Well, since you don't seem disposed to buy your freedom with information on these points I'll give you another kind of chance. You must admit that a girl who deceitfully and with malice aforethought induces a fellow to meet an imaginary person in a summer house and gets caught in her own trap must expect to pay some sort of ransom. Now, we'll call it quits for one kiss."

"I supposed you were above such mean things as that."

"I didn't know that you were aware of my being your neighbor, much less understanding the traits of character I possess."

There was a bit of a giggle at this, and I took courage.

"Beggars cannot be choosers," I said. "I shall have to decide the penalty for myself without asking you what you'd rather do."

I took a kiss so quick that she had no time to defend herself. Then I opened my arms and let her go. She walked away to her home, and when she reached the gate I heard her say spitefully:

"Red head!"

"How did you happen to notice that I had a red head?" I called. "It's too dark to see it here."

I'm going to college in the autumn, and I shall take her picture with me. I didn't steal it; she gave it to me.

JEWELRY! JEWELRY!! JEWELRY!!!

And its jewelry of quality—the styles are the latest, the prices are right, and your appreciation of the beautiful will have a feast at this store. Here are fascinating designs in bracelets, lockets, gold rings, sleeve buttons, scarf pins, beautiful back combs, and hand bags, and when it comes to birthday, wedding and graduating presents, a dainty piece of jewelry is the best gift of all.

CITY PHARMACY

"THE HOUSE OF QUALITY"

West Side Square. Phone 32

NEVER!

Canyon City and Randall county have never before faced a new year with such bright prospects.

1910 will be the best year in our history, many good things are visible to the naked eye now.

Keen eyes from every State are looking this way for investments, and at the end of 1910 you will find many of our realty values doubled.

If you wait for a decline in prices, you will never own the home you are entitled to own.

Why not act now?

Let us show you some money making propositions.

SMITH & MONROE

Real Estate and Fire Insurance

Canyon City property a Specialty

NOTICE.

After Feb. 1st, 1910, we will expect cash for everything done and when the work is done as we have to pay cash for rent and for all materials. We treat all alike. Hoping a continuance of your trade, we are,

Yours truly,

CHENEY & SON

JAS. M. HOBSON

Successor to G. G. Foster.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO WAIT

When you let

THE PEELER ABSTRACT COMPANY

Do your work.

Good Building Material

is usually hard to get but we are plentifully supplied with the best lumber that is now cut and we bought it in time to get the low prices which we offer to you.

Another feature of the matter is that every customer is a satisfied customer just because we have the lowest price and deal fairly in everything. Let us figure on your building material anyhow. No harm done if we can't sell the goods to you.

Fulton Lumber Co.

Phone 9

Take The News and Keep Posted

Canyon City Professional Cards

H. Holte,
Watchmaker, Jeweler.
In City Pharmacy, West Side Square.
PHONE 32.

D. M. Stewart,
Physician and Surgeon
Office in Wallace Building on East side of square. Calls answered day or night. Office Phone, No. 90, Residence Phone, No. 24.

F. M. Wilson,
Physician and Surgeon
Office, City Pharmacy. Calls answered day or night. Residence phone No. 44.

S. L. Ingham,
Dentist
Canyon National Bank building. All work warranted.

Rollins & Woolley,
Lawyers
Court practice solicited. Will attend to cases in all courts of the state. Examination of land titles a specialty. Notary in office. Office in Smith building. Phone 92.

Jasper N. Haney,
Attorney-at-Law.
Practices in all courts in this state. Office phone 91. Canyon, Texas.

J. C. Hunt,
Lawyer
Does both criminal and civil practice. Twelve years' experience. Land titles passed upon. Write all kinds of contracts and instruments. Notary in office. Office northeast corner public square, up stairs, Canyon, Texas.

Scott & Flesher,
Lawyers
Civil practice solicited. Office in court house. Notary in office.
CANYON CITY, TEXAS.

H. V. Reeves,
Physician and Surgeon,
Office in Wallace Building on East side of square. All calls promptly answered.
Office Phone 90. Residence Phone 233

Northwestern Title Co.
Complete Abstract of All Randall County Property

R. A. TERRILL, - MANAGER
Anti-Saloon League Organized.

On last Tuesday night, Dr. G. W. Eichelberger of Fort Worth, District Superintendent of the Anti-saloon League, addressed a large and attentive audience at the Methodist church. He spoke of the purposes and aims of the Anti-Saloon League in its fight to drive the saloons from this fair land of ours. He portrayed the evils of the saloon and the liquor business.

After the address, an Anti-Saloon League was organized for Randall county with the following officers; W. J. Flesher, County Chairman; C. E. Coss, County Secretary; John Rowan Sr., John Knight, and G. G. Foster, Executive Committee.

Mrs. M. Hoffmeyer of Denton who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. W. F. Meyers, returned home Wednesday.

At Our Churches

METHODIST

Sabbath school at 9:45 a. m.
G. G. Foster, Superintendent.
Preaching by the pastor at 11 a. m.
Pastor, Rev. Hawkins
Epworth League, 6:00 p. m.
Evening services at 7:00.
Prayer meeting, Wednesday, evening at 7:00

All are invited to these services.

PRESBYTERIAN

Sunday services
9:30 a. m. Sunday school
11:00 a. m. Public worship.
Rev. J. S. Groves, pastor
6:00 p. m. Christian Endeavor.
7:00 p. m. Evening services
7:00 p. m. Wednesday evening, Bible study and prayer meeting.
You are cordially invited to any and all of these services.

BAPTIST

Sunday services,
9:30 a. m. Sabbath School
J. C. Hunt, supt.
11:00 a. m. Preaching
J. M. Harder, Pastor
6:00 p. m. Union Endeavor
Will Hudnall, leader
7:00 p. m. Preaching, by pastor J. M. Harder.
7:00 p. m. Wednesday evening Prayer meeting.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH

Sunday services
10:00 a. m. Bible school
11:00 a. m. Public worship,
J. J. Hutchison, Pastor
6:00 p. m. Christian Endeavor.
7:00 p. m. Public worship
7:40 p. m. Wednesday prayer meeting.
7:40 p. m. Friday training for service.

A Shaking Up

may all be very well as far as the trusts are concerned, but not when it comes to chills and fever and malaria. Quit the quinine and take a real cure—Ballard's Herbine. Contains no harmful drugs and is as certain as taxes. If it doesn't cure you get your money back. For sale by Thompson Drug Co., The Leading Druggist.

While it is often impossible to prevent an accident, it is never impossible to be prepared—it is not beyond any one's purse. Invest 25 cents in a bottle of Chamberlain's Liniment and you are prepared for sprains, bruises and like injuries. Sold by City Pharmacy.

Worn Out

That's the way you feel about the lungs when you have a hacking cough. It's foolishness to let it go on and trust to luck to get over it, when Ballard's Horehound Syrup will stop the cough and heal the lungs. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by Thompson Drug Co., The Leading Druggist.

An attack of the grip is often followed by a persistent cough, which to many proves a great annoyance. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has been extensively used and with good success for the relief and cure of this cough. Many cases have been cured after all other remedies had failed. Sold by City Pharmacy.

Arrested

A cough that has been hanging on for over a month by taking Ballard's Horehound Syrup. If you have a cough, don't wait—stop it at once with this wonderful remedy. Splendid for coughs cold on chest, influenza, bronchitis and pulmonary troubles. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00. Sold by Thompson Drug Co., The Leading Druggist.

For Sale

One cook stove, one heating stove and dining room chairs, brand new and at half price. Enquire at News office.

A SINGLE HAIR.

By PERCY G. HALL.

(Copyright, 1910 by American Press Association.)

The editor of the Excelsior Magazine sat at his desk opening envelopes containing contributions. Running over the sheets of one to discover if it came within the prescribed length, he found between two of them a hair. It was too long for a man's hair and too short for a woman's. But it must be one or the other, and since the manuscript was sent in by a woman he concluded that it had belonged to the latter. It was not black or brown or red; it was golden. And the name of the girl on whose head it had doubtless grown was Nathalie Rose Arrowsmith. But perhaps this was fictitious.

The Excelsior Magazine was published in the far west, where women, being comparatively scarce, are appreciated. Possibly it was this that led the editor to dream over the golden hair and Nathalie Rose Arrowsmith. He was a young man of ideal tastes. He was not the owner of the periodical, but an employee whose business it was to select such contributions as would fit in between certain other staple matter. He possessed literary discrimination, but was aware that this delicate faculty was not considered in fixing his salary. What was expected of him was to read the manuscripts that came in to see that there was nothing in them calculated to offend any of the magazine's patrons, selecting those that would fit the empty spaces.

That a good name for Miss Arrowsmith would be "the fair one with the golden locks" gradually insinuated itself into the young editor's mind. He estimated the length of her production and, finding it within limits, laid it aside for acceptance in case it contained nothing objectionable. Meanwhile his operative mentality was on his work, but his ideal faculties—those akin to soul—were on "the fair one with the golden locks." By the time he had read her manuscript he had conjured up a poetic, aesthetic condition that enabled him to see in it the highest degree of literary merit. The language was "plains" or gulch language, and the author had succeeded in giving it as correctly as if she had kept a cowboy's boarding house. There were Rattlesnake Bill and Mexican Pete, as "bad men as ever fanned a 45 or twisted a bowie." Then there was Cactus Kate not overparticular in her loves, but "a heart as big as Table mountain."

The story was available, but when the editor contemplated offering the management's limit of compensation for such productions—\$2.50—his whole ideal nature sickened. Yet what could he do? Any suggestion to pay an additional sum for a literary gem would only meet with a snarl from his chief and the remark that "we ain't in this here business to educate authors, but for dust." He concluded to soften the blow for the fair one with the golden locks by writing her a letter of apology for offering her so pitiful a sum for her production.

If he had stopped at this there need have been no harm done. All editors kindly insert feather beds under struggling authors before knocking them down. It's a feature of the business. But the gold strand had stuck in his head, and he added some "soft stuff." He inclosed the proprietor's check for the price to be paid and sent the whole away with a fluttering heart.

A few days later the young editor heard a stentorian voice in the manager's private room debating some question with all the intensity of language of Rattlesnake Bill or Mexican Pete in the story. Then the manager called the editor into his office. There stood a strapping cowboy whose yellow hair hung down under his sombrero. There were pistols and cartridges in his belt and spurs big enough for buzz saws on his heels. He was flushed with anger; but, on seeing the editor, who was a delicate fellow of five feet two inches and a hundred pounds weight, he stood astonished for a moment then burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter.

"Be you the kid as writ that?" he asked, holding forth the editor's apologetic message.

The editor stood stupefied. "Waal, waal, I ain't on the blow about seein' big wonders, but this is the blardestest observation I ever made. So y' took me for a gal. And the hair 'ez got in between the sheets. A golden strand. And y' dabbed in some soft soap on me. I sure never see nothin' like this before."

"Did you write the stuff?" asked the proprietor of Nathalie Rose Arrowsmith.

"Sartin. I read it to the boys, and they 'lowed it was fine."

"What made you choose that name?"

"Why, pard, I was called sudden on a roundup and lef' the stuff with a young feller ez jist come out to the Peters ranch from the east to send to your magazine. He put on the name. He said he'd give it a nom der plum."

"It is a plum," remarked the proprietor contemptuously.

"Waal, little one, I come up yere to see what kind of a galoot took me for a gal. I thort as if there was ary fault intended, though I ain't much on gun suddenness, I'd jist bore a hole in the man as did it. But you ain't big enough target for my guns. Good-by, Mr. Proprietor; goodby, little one."

And he walked out to the music of his spurs.

Then the manager turned to his editor.

"I reckon," he said, "this ain't no pasture for a moon calf like you? Y' better go east to some o' them college magazines. Here's your salary to date."

BUSINESS LOCALS

Go to Dooley for Bargains in second-hand goods.

NOTICE—No camping, hunting or fishing allowed on the following sections on the Terra Blanco and Palo Duro creeks: Sections No. 11, blk. K, 14, Deaf Smith county; 108, 117, 140 and 141, blk. K, 14; Nos. 11, 12, 13, 20, 21, 23, blk. 1, all in Randall county, Texas. Any parties found trespassing will be prosecuted. Signed, John Hutson, owner and agent, Canyon City, Texas. 12ufc

EXCHANGE—Send your farm, city property, merchandise and anything you have for exchange. We will put you in touch with 500 property owners direct. Western Exchange, 311 & 312 Scott Thompson Bldg., Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. 34tf

WELLS DRILLED—To any depth, prices low and terms easy. Wells drilled anywhere in town at 35 cents per foot. All work guaranteed. Edward Hyatt, Canyon, Texas. 35tn

Wanted—A lady roomer with or without board. Inquire of R. T. Collins at the old Garner house.

Go to Dooley for first class second hand goods.

FOR SALE—320 acres of fine land four miles south of Canyon City at \$22.00 per acre. Easy terms. Address G. A. Hansen, Anthon, Iowa. 37tf

See Dooley if you want to buy or sell second hand goods.

NOTICE—Having purchased the steam plow outfit that was formerly owned by J. A. Moony, I am prepared to do all kinds of breaking. Those wishing work done write me at either Canyon or Umbarger, Texas. H. G. Breckenridge ft

FOR SALE—Kafir corn heads for seed purposes, well matured and cured 1908 crop. John Ruff, 7 miles west of Happy, Texas. 394t

I have 50 acres of Kafir, one mile east of city, for 3 cents per bundle. L. E. Cowling.

WANT—To rent for cultivation a section of sod land near Canyon. Write or call on J. B. Gamble.

LOST—A black pig about 2 months old, estrayed from my residence a few days ago. Finder please notify Judge Word.

FOR SALE—1909 crop of Dwarf maize seed in any quantities you may desire for seed. I. W. Scott, 7 miles west of Happy, Texas. 44tf

FOR SALE—A choice farm of 640 acres, well improved, two miles from Canyon, Texas. Will be sold cheap for a quick sale so buy of the owner and save commission. For location, description and terms address Box 192 Canyon, Texas.

WANTED—Large tract smooth land for retailing; also large ranch, running water and well grassed, suitable for sheep or cattle. J. W. Wilson, Dalhart, Texas.

Dooley will buy your second hand goods.

Pleasantview.

The weather has been fine for the past week until Wednesday which was windy and cold.

The pesky old Lagrippe has visited us around here and several are sick but none serious.

Last Sunday while Mrs. Schramm's children were playing ball, John accidentally hit his little sister Edna in the forehead inflicting a painful wound which required five stitches to close up. She is now alright and is going to school.

Monday morning after Mrs. Crowley had finished sweeping the house, she discovered it full of smoke. She found the fire in a little side room but it was extinguished before any damage was done.

A chicken thief visited Roe Wakefield Saturday. After arming himself Andy routed the thief which proved to be a coyote.

Rev. M. E. Hawkins delivered us a good sermon Sunday. A large crowd from Canyon came out to hear him. They were welcomed visitors.

BOOSTER.

C. J. Collier, a representative of the Adrian Townsite Co., was on the streets of Canyon Monday, posting up bills and giving away tickets for the free lots. Preparations are now being made for an excursion Feb. 22nd and it will be Galt day for Adrian.

Be a News subscriber.

19 YEARS

A Resident of Canyon City and Randall County, Texas.

Real Estate, Loans and Life Insurance. Choice residence property in southwest part of town, close to Public school and all the churches. A few five to eight acre blocks (1-2 mile south of town) extends into valley for alfalfa. Also 320 acres two miles south of town, cut in tracts to suit purchaser, prices and terms reasonable.

Non-resident interest attended to, pay taxes and collect rentals. Good farms for rent or sale in different parts of the county. Make your wants known. Come around and let us talk it over fully.

JOHN KNIGHT

Canyon Coal & Elevator

INCORPORATED. **Company** W. H. HICKS, Mgr.

Successors to Canyon Coal Company

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Coal, Grain, Hay, Field Seeds

We Sell the Best Quality at Lowest Prices.

Genuine "Nigger Head" Maitland

COAL

We pay the highest price for Grain and Hay.

Strictly a Home Concern.

Office at the Elevator.

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THE FIRST

thing to consider in depositing money in a bank is security. The capital and surplus are the depositors protection fund. The

NATIONAL

government superintends and examines this bank. Our stockholders and directors are responsible, well-to-do business men. This

BANK

has been established over 10 years, during which time it has served the banking public faithfully and built up a large and prosperous business. The best service possible is none too good for our country customers and the people of

CANYON

Subscribe for the "Newsy" News.

A FEW COMPARISONS

IN the Ohio and Missouri river valleys, people are climbing hills to escape floods caused by formation of ice gorges and melting of the snow. Here on the Plains of Texas you are enjoying floods of sunshine.

Throughout the East and Middle west people are battling with snowdrifts and blizzards, burning high priced coal--when it is to be obtained--often shivering through days of a coal famine, during which the bitter cold claims many victims. Here you farmers are turning up the rich prairie soil preparing for the summer's crops. While the first mentioned are pouring grain and feed into



Lucky photo. MILETT GROWN BY JOHN HENSON IN SUBURBS OF CANYON CITY, TEX.

their horses, simply to combat the cold and inclement weather, **YOU** are obtaining returns from your horses, by daily work on your farms. While they are striving to bring their young stock through the winter, in as good condition as when the cold weather came upon them, **YOUR** young stock is making daily and rapid strides in thrifty growth. There the wheels of accomplishment are blocked for six months of the year by snow and cold. Here you have a climate which permits work on your lands each month in the year. Your crops will favorably compare with, and in many cases surpass, their crops, but their climate will in no way compare with that of the Pandandle.

Keiser Brothers & Phillips

Canyon City, Texas.

Keota, Iowa.

Redkey, Indiana.

Wayside News.

There was a very small attendance at Sunday School last Sunday.

A good crowd attended the Literary Friday night. A good program was well carried out. The question for debate two weeks hence will be, "Which is the most destructive, fire or water?" W. H. Painton, Leo Beasley and Cecil Phillips on the affirmative; Mr. Adams, Walter Helms and Clyde Hopkins on the negative side.

Our school at Beula progressing nicely and unusual interest manifested by a number of the pupils. Thanks to the efforts of encouragement by both teachers. We are sorry to hear that Mrs. Richard's health is not the best.

Mrs. Ida Sluder, Jim and Grace visited Mrs. S. J. McGehee last Friday night and Saturday.

W. H. Hamblen and Will Franklin were callers at Rev. Coleman's last Sunday.

G. W. Mayo went to Happy Monday.

Enoch Wilson made a business trip to Canyon Monday.

The sale of H. H. Saul came off last Wednesday. The poor prices that most of the things brought shows that there is a scarcity of money hereabouts.

Quite a number of men dipped cattle at M. L. McGehee's last week.

TEDDIE.

Umbarger, Texas.

J. Findley was an Amarillo visitor Monday.

Leo Stoker and wife spent Monday in Canyon.

John Connor paid Canyon a visit Wednesday.

Ed January from Cedar Edge,

Colo. who spent this week here looking at the country returned to his home Wednesday. He expressed himself as being well pleased with this country.

H. Breckenridge was in Canyon Wednesday.

Theo. Cochell was down from Hereford Saturday looking after his business interests.

The new hotel in North Umbarger, conducted by H. Eubers, seems in a fair way to be quite a success. It has been kept quite busy since opening.

Mr. Stohl of Elgin, Ill. is spending the week in Umbarger.

H. Engbers has a new barber chair for his shop.

Frank Erdman was a Canyon visitor Tuesday.

Miss Anna Wansley left Sunday to accept a position in Amarillo.

We made a mistake in a news item last week. We should have said that A. Parish and son of Newton, Iowa had moved to the Morgan place. His wife and daughters are expected to arrive Friday.

C. F. Hamilton of Cedar Edge, Colo. who has purchased the Wurster place arrived Sunday.

Chas. Slaughter was a Canyon visitor Tuesday.

Our school reporter informs us that little Miss Helena Friemel has the honor this month of having her name on the Roll of Honor for the entire month.

Some time Saturday night a freight train was wrecked at the Lester switch about four miles east of Umbarger. No one was injured however.

MIRAGE.

Beginning to day we will have fresh vegetables, Fridays, Mondays and Wednesdays.

Dawson Bros.

Ralph Notes.

Clay Ross expects to get moved into his new store building by the last of the week.

Most everybody went up to Canyon last Saturday, tax-paying being the main business of the day.

We are glad to note that Mrs. J. M. Craig, after a lingering illness, is able to be out again.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Waller entertained their friends on last Saturday night with a social. The good crowd present report a fine time. Refreshments of cake and fruits were served at ten o'clock.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Pack on Monday a fine boy. Mr. Pack's head is somewhat swelled but it is thought that it will be normal again soon.

In our next week's items we will give an estimate of the wheat that is sown within five miles of Ralph.

R. W. Bince was in Canyon last Tuesday. He is running a dray, using his single buggy for draying purposes.

A. L. Roles was in Canyon on business Wednesday.

Harry Upfold is again visiting his sister, Mrs. Sam Wiggins. For some cause it is rather a hard matter to keep him in the country. GUESS WHO.

Help! Help!

Help to make the city better, Help to make the city clean; Don't be just a constant fretter, Add some beauty to the scene; You may not, indeed, be able To erect a gleaming dome, But clean up around your stable, Beautify your little home.

Help to make the town attractive, Help to stop the flies who sneer; It will pay you to be active,

Since your interests are here. Would your back yard stand inspection?

What about that vacant lot? Rubbish helps to spread dejection, Neatness brings the cheerful thought.

Help to make the city fairer, You can do it if you try. And you'll be a profit sharer In the splendid by and by;

Don't forget while you are grumbling That you might do something more; Let there be no future stumbling O'er obstructions at your door.

Help to make the town more splendid, Do the part you have to do; There is much that may be mended

Through a little aid from you; Help decrease the dirt that's blowing, Help to purify the breeze;

When it happens to be snowing Clean your sidewalk, if you please.—Ex.

Only a Toiler.

He's nothing but a toiler, No banners proudly fly From windows high above the street

When he goes trudging by; No medal gleams upon his breast No hats wave in the air, No eager people line the way To crowd and crush and push and sway.

Because he passes there. No happy mother brings her son To press him by the hand, And few men when his work is done

Will call him great or grand; No splendid roster bears his name, He is not one of those

Who merit praise or win applause Or gain deserved renown because They fight their country's foes.

His hopeless face is wan And from his weary, wasted arms

The strength is nearly gone; For helpless little ones he strives Unflinching day by day Amid destructive fumes that rise

To lure the luster from his eyes And eat his life away. There is no shouting in the street,

No bugle's thrilling blare; He trudges past with aching feet To do his best somewhere; He fights disease and faces death,

But no proud steed is his; He wears no trappings made of brass, Therefore who turns to watch him pass

Or cares how brave he is?—Ex.

The Cost of Living.

"Henrietta," said Mr. Pembroke as he sat down to breakfast, "you've got to cut down on our living expenses. We can't afford it. Here you have bacon and eggs—both very expensive luxuries—to say nothing of real cream for the coffee and maple sirup for the pancakes."

"Well, dear, we can't live on air," Mrs. Pembroke replied.

"I know we can't live on air, but we can live on less expensive things than you've got heaped up on the table here this morning. I told you I was to attend the luncheon which is to be given in honor of Mr. Snigley, who has just been appointed consul at Stuttgart, didn't I. That will cost me \$3. And to-night I'm to go to the banquet of the Herkimer County Society, which is to cost \$6 a plate. I could have worried along very well without any breakfast at all. You ought to think of these things."

"I do think of them; but the children are growing and they must have wholesome food. Do you expect to attend a banquet or anything to-morrow?"

"Yes. The Mohawk Marching Club has its annual dinner to-morrow night. That will cost me \$4 more. You simply must cut down, somehow. And on the following evening there is to be the installation of the newly elected officers of the Cy Yipps. That will take another five-spot. How do you suppose I'm going to be able to stand if you keep on spending money for stuff to eat here at home the way you do? Cut down for heaven's sake. Don't mind me. I can get along with a little inexpensive grub. I should think you'd exercise some judgment."—Exchange.

The Gilbe-Nielsen Company.

Decidedly the best stock company of the season played for three nights at the opera house this week. On Monday night they put on the play entitled "A Gambler's Sweetheart" in which Miss Nielsen, as Bess, did some clever child-acting, also Mr. Gilbe did some good acting as the "Gambler." On Tuesday night they played "A Mountain Wildflower" and the whole company played their parts well, the Irishman, Mr. Hall, with his "Kick, ye devil, kick" doing the funny-stunt to perfection, also pleasing the audience with his dancing.

Wednesday night they put on "Mary Jane at the old Tavern." It was a good play but on account of the weather there were but a few who attended.

Al Simco of Dalhart, who has been in Canyon several days looking up the matter of a grist mill is greatly encouraged with the prospects.