

BOARDING PLACES FOR STUDENTS.

Prospects for Large Attendance at West Texas State Normal College Good, if City Can Care for Such a Large Number.

Judging from indications gathered from correspondence and from personal applications to the faculty and the president of the West Texas State Normal College which is to be opened in this city on September 20, this city will practically be swamped with students for the first year of the new state institution. Every day comes letters asking about boarding places, rates and such like information as well as inquiries for courses of study.

The matter of taking care of these students when they come is just now exercising President Cousins of the college and the local board of trustees of the institution. In fact they are beginning to wonder if it will be possible for all of the applicants to be taken care of under such conditions as these students will deserve. The board of trustees know that the citizens of the town will be amply able to take care of them if these citizens will only come forward and assist in the work. In some cases it may cause some inconvenience to the people of the city, but in order to accomplish the good for the town that will come from the successful operation of the school these inconveniences will prove a step, leading to the largest normal school in the state if not in the entire Southwest.

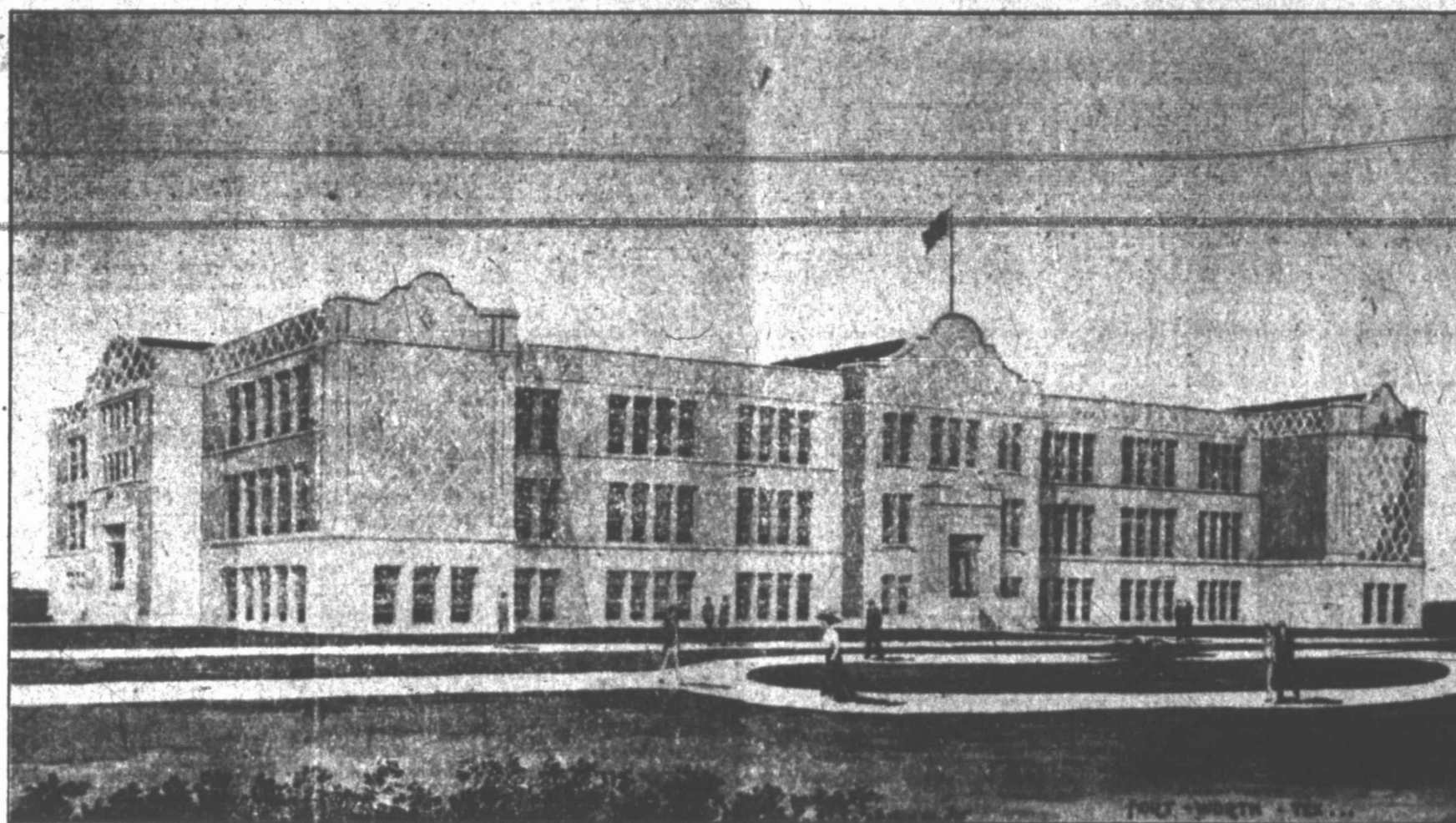
Speaking of the conditions which confronted the local board of trustees, R. A. Terrill, secretary of the board stated to the News reporter yesterday:

"The people of Canyon City are going to be surprised at the attendance which will be here at the opening of the West Texas State Normal College this fall. Numerous inquiries are coming daily requesting information about the course of study, the boarding facilities, rooms, and such information. From these letters and from the applications which are being made to the various members of the faculty, it may be expected that the initial attendance will exceed the number that has confidently been expected from the first. It is now up to the citizens of the town as to the question of boarding facilities. We must take care of the students else the efforts of the citizens to build up the city as an educational center will prove a failure.

"The matter of ascertaining the names of homes and number of pupils that can be accommodated has been left with President Cousins and myself, and we expect to call upon every citizen of the town to assist in this matter and we ask the News to call the attention of the people to the fact that a canvass of the town will be made within the next week for this purpose and to request the citizens to be thinking about the matter in the meantime. It does not mean that just those who are inclined are expected to help out, but we confidently expect that every available room in town will be filled with students and, while Mr. Cousins and myself do not like to request it, it now appears as if the people will have to sacrifice some of their own comforts and conveniences for the benefit of the school for a few months—at least, until proper boarding houses can be erected to take care of these young men and young ladies."

Ernest Miller of Amarillo and a candidate for district attorney, was in Canyon Saturday looking after his political fences and shaking hands with his many friends here.

Main Building of The West Texas State Normal College.



YOUNG MAN DROWNS IN PALO DURO.

Earl Vansant Falls into Creek while Fishing Wednesday Night and is Drowned Before Rescuing Party Reached Him.

While out fishing last Wednesday night with Charley Shultz and Nate Yates of Canyon on the Palo Duro creek near the Canyon Club grounds, Earl Vansant accidentally slipped into a deep hole of water, and, being unable to swim, lost his life before the rest of the party realized what had happened and give help. The exact circumstance will never be known perhaps, as the accident occurred a little before ten o'clock and darkness prevented those who were near from lending aid being unable to see what they were doing.

It is the presumption that darkness was one of the causes of the young man's death since the party were preparing to go home and Earl had gone down the creek for a set hook, and while there in some manner fell into the water and, becoming entangled in the line, was drowned.

The body was recovered about 11:45 in a deep place in the hole of water near where he slipped in. Having remained under the cold water for nearly two hours, all signs of life were extinct and all efforts were exhausted in trying to restore life. The funeral services were held yesterday afternoon at the family home in the western portion of the city and the body laid to rest in Dreamland Cemetery.

Earl was the eldest son of I. L. Vansant. He was a bright, lovable, noble young man, eighteen years of age and one of the High School graduates in the class of 1910, but it was the will of Him who judges all things best to snuff out this promising young life from our midst and take him unto Himself.

Conditions Better than in Iowa, He Says.

Jacob Koenig of LeMars, Ia., made a rather short business call last Saturday when he arrived in the morning and expected to leave on the evening train on Sunday for home. He stated that it was very hot and dry in his locality in Iowa. Pastures were looking very brown and the corn was doing very well but would need rain soon as it was getting dry for it.

He went northeast of Canyon a few miles and said that the wheat in that section was looking fine, much better than he expected to find it. Judging from reports he had, he thinks that the farmers are very much inclined toward pessimism. If it should be warm and dry, everything is going to burn up, and should it rain for several days, everything is going to drown out, and so the matter stands.

There never was a finer time to harvest crops than is now in existence. The alfalfa was practically all harvested without any rain and was cured nice and sweet and could not be better. Now the wheat harvest is on and thrashing can be done at the same time without the anxiety of having it damaged with rains as in some localities. He thinks that the farmers of Randall county have everything to be thankful for and very little to have cause to grumble about as they are pleasantly situated, as compared to other states and localities where weather conditions are the reverse from that here, and the farmers there are optimists.

H. Wallace of Ramsdall, Texas, and a son of Rev. Ed R. Wallace and visiting at the home of his uncle, John A. Wallace, for a few days, left Tuesday for his home, in which place he has charge of a large lumber yard.

A Moral Suasion Used.

An exchange states that Governor Gillett of California is furnishing an object lesson to show how public sentiment can coerce an unwilling public official into progressive attitude.

Governor Gillett did not want to interfere with the prize fight. The Presbyterian preachers who were in session some time ago at Atlantic City, forced the issue until the people of California began to see that the whole country was looking at them, and that the fight was hurting the state. San Francisco is figuring on and wants the Panama Exposition in 1913, began to see that the prize fight, a demoralizing, brutal bunco game of the big sports to fleece the little sports, was becoming more and more offensive to the public and could not be defended.

The Governor, inflexible at the first, but man enough to listen to the call of public sentiment, came to see that the prize fight would in the end be a disgrace, and that he, as chief executive of California, would be held responsible, and that he would go out of office and into history with a stigma from which his name would never recover.

Public sentiment is a mighty power. It has on numerous occasions, forced unwilling men to enact progressive laws and then forces other unwilling men to put these laws into effect.

The prize fight is now an issue in California. It will be an issue in the election of the next legislature. There will be a demand for a prohibitory law. They will be electing an attorney general and judges of the courts who will be giving out to the voters in the election that they are in sympathy with the attitude taken by Governor Gillett. Public sentiment can coerce a governor, and a governor, once enlisted in a progressive move, can bring the law machinery of a state and of the cities up to his higher standard.

Every where in some state, there is planted a milestone in moral progress that will never be removed. And this is one of the milestones that was planted by the ministers of the Presbyterian general assembly at Atlantic City some weeks ago and which the bunco prize fighters said at that time would not stand. The idea of a small handful of bunco prize fighters to set themselves up as larger than a state like California, is preposterous. The milestone of moral suasion is placed to stand all the forces that can be brought against it by the bunco prize fighters.

The Leader Contest.

The Leader, one of the progressive business firms of this place, on last Saturday afternoon held another one of their clock stopping prize gift contests. The plan is for each purchaser of one dollar is entitled to a ticket or guess as to the time that the big clock would stop, and the customer who got the closest to the time, would receive a set of semi-porcelain dishes. The fortunate guesser on last Saturday was J. H. Crowley who resides some five miles southwest from Canyon.

Early in the afternoon the many customers of the Leader gathered at the store to see the clock stop, and it was not until 4:00 p. m. when it ceased to go, and for a while excitement was great, almost as exciting as when it is announced on the Chicago Board of Trade that a corner is being run on some commodity. Everything was conducted in an orderly manner.

Make War on the Thistle.

R. E. Pickens was in the News office this week, and in conversation with the reporter, he stated that unless the farmers used vigorous methods to destroy the thistles that are to be seen of late on the highways and in some pastures. It will not be long before the fields will be seeded with them, and he says that the past month has been ideal time to kill the plants before they seed. So commence to make war on the thistle.

J. J. Bauer, a substantial and prosperous farmer residing near Happy, made the News office a call on Tuesday afternoon. He stated that the crop conditions in his neighborhood were good. The weather was fine for curing hay crops and wheat harvest now being on hands, it was ideal for harvesting. As a number expect to thrash out of the fields, the warm drying atmosphere was all that could be desired, although there has been several light showers but none of the telling kind. While rain-storm delayed on Tuesday, he did not utter a word of complaint but thought it did a world of good to the growing row crops and late pastures, as about an inch and a quarter of rain fell in three hours.

Union Meeting.

On next Sunday evening Union Services will be held at the Methodist Church, it being the first Sunday of the month. Everybody is invited.

Bank Putting in Fixtures.

The First National Bank is having their elegant new marble counters and mahogany trimmed fixtures put in, this week, the furniture has been on hand for some time. The counters are constructed of dark Vermont marble trimmed with mahogany, which makes a very natty and pleasing combination.

When all completed the banking room will have a metropolitan appearance. These people will have not only an up-to-date business place, but will also have the satisfaction of presenting to their many customers and friends as fine and complete a quarters as will be found anywhere in the Panhandle and will do credit to many of the great city banks.

Notice of Withdrawal.

I desire to announce to the people of this county that I have withdrawn from the race for Tax Assessor of the county and in so doing I want to express to them my heartiest thanks for the support which was evident that I would have received in the primary, but my business interests are so arranged that I find that I will have to devote my entire time to these matters. I feel that I should have probably been elected had I continued in the race and I therefore am under deep obligations to these friends and trust that I shall, at some future time, be enabled to return to them with interest the confidence they placed in myself.

G. G. FOSTER

Evans brothers of San Antonio Texas, were News office callers Friday evening. They are touring the Panhandle country in an auto, and are well pleased with road conditions through this section of the state. They find them much better than in the older settled portion of Texas. The natural conveniences near at hand for fixing the roads, such as stone at short intervals to mecadam the low maashes, and good soil to fix the stony points. The crops are looking good in this locality.

Charley Cooper, a prominent business man of Vega, Texas, was a short time visitor in Canyon Sunday, leaving on the evening train, Tuesday, for home. He started to see the ball game at Amarillo at which the Bob Cats were nicely trimmed up by the Hereford Club. As a friend remarked, they (Bob Cats) will soon get the conceit taken out of them if they bump up against some more of the rural boys.

Theodore Roosevelt's Welcome Home.

It could be said that the state of New York could hardly hold the people who desired to have been in New York city on the day of his home coming and to have welcomed him to his home land the most distinguished citizen of any country—the statesman, reformer, soldier, author, hunter, etc.—Theodore Roosevelt.

It is a genuine welcome that the people of this nation extends to the ex-president. No man has more admirers among the people than has Theodore Roosevelt. These many admirers have been interested in him and his achievements every moment of the time that he has been out of the country. They were interested in the success of his hunting trip; they have eagerly read the accounts of his travels and his receptions throughout Europe, and they have as eagerly awaited his return.

Theodore Roosevelt is the most talked about man in the country; he was the most talked about even when he was buried in the wilds of the once dark continent.

There are plenty of people who don't like Roosevelt; but most of them have no basis for their dislike other than their own selfishness, and that helps his friends to be more enthusiastic for him. But even his greatest enemies will have to concede that no man has a greater hold on the affections of the people. There are very many of the admirers of Roosevelt who don't approve all he says or does, but that's only natural; Roosevelt is as human as any other man who ever lived; he makes mistakes, not a few of them, and it is a wonder that a man with such strong impulses does not make more errors.

But whatever of errors he has committed, the people love him; they believe in him; they recognize in him a great exponent of the square deal, a strong willed, clear-headed, big hearted leader. The "welcome" home accorded him some two weeks ago was the "National" tribute of a sane and discriminating people.

Heavy Rains Falling.

About five o'clock this morning it commenced to rain and then poured in torrents and is continuing to rain as we go to press. All the streets resemble creeks, the sewer pipes not being of sufficient capacity to carry the water, so it is flowing over the walks. This is the heaviest down pour since our arrival in the Panhandle. With the heavy rains that have fallen this week and the rain that is falling today will soon turn the opinion of the many pessimists as to rain in the Panhandle country. We are convinced that it can, it does and it will RAIN in this country.



EXCURSIONS

To Los Angeles or San Diego, Cal., and return, 76.80. Final limit six months from date of sale.

To San Francisco, Cal., and return 84.90. Final limit nine months from date of sale.

To Mineral Wells, Texas and return 16.35. Final limit sixty days from date of sale.

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—AN ABSTRACT—

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NOTICE:—To the party who borrowed my History of the Civil War, written by W. C. Oats, will confer a very great favor if they will return the same to J. W. Cowart.

FOR SALE:—A three room house and block in west part of city. Inquire at News office.

For a reliable piano on easy terms see W. T. Gilliam. 96f

W. S. Keiser is packing his household goods.

E. B. Clark of Chicago was in the city Tuesday on business.

Get a nice mutton roast or chops. We have it. Dawson Bros.

T. L. Pearson of Ft. Worth was in Canyon Saturday on business.

FOR SALE:—At a bargain a good piano, inquire of Mrs. M. Jett.

C. M. Cooper of Vega was a short-time visitor in Canyon Sunday.

O. S. Martin of Wichita Falls, Texas was a business caller in Canyon Monday.

Jacob G. Koenig of LeMars, Iowa, made a business trip to this city Saturday.

A. and Henry Jorgeson of Gtrrett, Kans., were in the city Monday on business.

Park Chamberlain of Anamosa, Iowa, was a business caller in Canyon last Saturday.

Why not do that building now? Our stock is complete and prices right. Fulton Lbr. Co.

T. H. Sheperd of Wichita, Kans., was transacting some business in town Tuesday.

It will be to your interest to figure with us before you buy that bill. Fulton Lbr. Co.

H. A. Senn of Norfolk, Neb., was a short time business caller in Canyon last Saturday.

FOR SALE:—My residence property situated in Canyon City W. S. KEISER

O. T. Hunt of Batesville, Ark., was in Canyon Monday looking after some business matters.

Mr. Jackson, extra supply agent of the Santa Fe Railway, was a News office caller Monday.

Wilber E. Binns and J. E. Kennedy of Tulsa were short time sojourners in Canyon Sunday.

FOR SALE:—Several Persian Kittens. Inquire of Miss Rose McNeil, Six miles south and Six miles east of Canyon. 13-4tp

Mr. Murphy of Dallas, the jovial mill supply man, was looking up some business matters in Canyon Tuesday.

The families of A. H. Thompson, J. S. Pipkin and Dr. Stew spent a few days of this week at the club grounds.

Mrs. A. E. Foster of Oklahoma is visiting the home of her daughter, Mrs. Blanton, and expects to spend the summer with her.

Firm-Saunders of Umbarger moved to Canyon on Monday of this week and will reside in the house vacated by Jo Service on East Houston Street.

Clarence Miller and wife left Monday for their home in Topeka, Kans. Miss Pearl Ditto accompanied them to spend a few weeks with friends in that city.

Young man desires place to work for board while attending West Texas State Normal College at Canyon. Address H. G. S. care of E. H. Colburn, Ballinger, Texas.

Leger Blackwell and wife of Cleburne left on the Tuesday evening train for their home, after having a pleasant visit of a week at the home of T. F. Reid and family.

C. W. Smith and wife of Happy were callers at the News office Friday. Crops are looking good considering the conditions the past three weeks. Wheat harvest is on in his locality.

B. Elise and wife of Fordyce, Ill., arrived in Canyon the latter part of last week and are visiting at the home of Rev. A. M. Lohmann for a few days. This is their first visit to the Panhandle country and they made a trip to the canyons, finding the scenery far grander than they thought it possible to find in this part of Texas.



RED DOWN PRICES ON MEN'S GOOD CLOTHES

THE TIME HAS COME WHEN WE WANT TO SELL ALL THAT REMAINS OF OUR SEASON'S STOCK OF CLOTHING. TO DO THIS, WE HAVE LOWERED PRICES. WHEN YOU BUY FROM US A \$25.00 SUIT OF CLOTHES FOR \$18.00, YOU SAVE \$7.00 OF REAL MONEY. OUR PRICES AT NO TIME ARE HIGH PRICES. WE HAVEN'T SHIPPED IN SHODDY JUST TO MAKE A SALE. THE PRICES WE MAKE WILL SOON CLEAR OUR STORE OF OUR SEASON'S STOCK. WE FIT. WE SATISFY.

As we get along towards mid-summer in the clothing business, we begin to look forward to fall; the new goods are ordered for you for fall and winter; and that means that we have to get rid of summer suits. Another reason is that we have about a \$16,000 or \$17,000 stock of goods on hand and must get it down to \$10,000. To do this we are compelled to put goods down to rock bottom prices. Read the following prices then come in and give us a chance to show you.

40 Men's suits new spring models extra good values at \$15.00, but we must clean them out at - - - - - \$9.25
 20 Men's suits carried from last season, good values, original price \$15.00 clean out at 7.50
 All suits regular price \$18.50 to \$20.00 - 13.25
 All suits regular price 21.00 to 24.00 - 15.75
 All suits regular price 25.00 to 30.00 - 18.00

40 Boys' knee suits, carried from last season at one-half price. \$5.00 at 2.50; \$4.00 at 2.00; \$3.00 at 1.50.
 All knee suits, new spring styles at one-third off \$7.50 suits 5.00, \$5.00 suits 3.35, \$4.00 suits 2.65.
 We have several lines of shoes that we have just a few of a kind that we will close at less than wholesale price.

Don't forget that we are offering better values than we have ever given before in order to cut down our stock to the \$10,000 mark. Help us out and we will save you money. This is your opportunity.

JULY 2nd TO JULY 9th.

The Leader
 CANYON, TEXAS. DRY-GOODS & CLOTHING
 "THE QUALITY TELLS."

This store will be closed all day July 4th.

If you want pure home made lard, phone 18, City Market.

WANTED: To exchange two ranches of 160 acres each, three miles from Mountainair, N. M., also a residence in town for Canyon City property. Address Miss Kate L. Trimble, Hereford, Texas. 14-1t

Rev. W. J. Pishke and wife of Amarillo are visiting at the home of Rev. A. M. Lohmann and family for a short time. The two brethren have gone to Penn, Hopkins County, Texas, to attend the Evangelical conference held there this week.

T. E. Meyers, living about five miles northeast of Canyon and a well to do farmer, was a News office caller Saturday. He stated that the crops in his locality were much better than anticipated some weeks ago. There will be a good yield of wheat and of excellent quality. Pastures are going to be somewhat short unless there will be rains and all indications now point to rains.

Highest grade photos on stylish cards at the Lasby studio.

CONDENSED STATEMENT OF

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF CANYON, TEXAS

At the Close of Business, March 29, 1910

RESOURCES	LIABILITIES
Loans and Discounts \$27,928.67	Capital Stock \$100,000.00
Bonds and Premiums 155,992.80	Surplus 50,000.00
Banking House, other Real Estate 46,336.96	Undivided Profits 9,879.00
Due from U. S. Treasurer 5,000.00	Circulation 98,150.00
Demand Loans 25,000.00	Bills Payable 20,000.00
Available Cash 112,559.02	Deposits 334,798.45
	\$612,815.45

OFFICERS: L. T. LESTER, President; L. C. LAIR, Vice-President; D. A. PARK, Cashier; TRAVIS SHAW, Ass't Cashier
 DIRECTORS: L. T. LESTER, L. C. LAIR, D. A. PARK, L. E. COWLING, R. G. OLDFHAM

STATE DEPOSITORY

We offer to depositors every advantage consistent with conservative methods, and the most courteous treatment is extended to those who desire banking facilities.

The "Newsy News" for All the Local News Weekly.

The Modern Beelzebub.

That was a shrewd guess at the truth which the ancients made when they called the prince of devils "Beelzebub," the fly god. When they wished to speak more respectfully of the devil they called him Satan, the adversary; but when it was their humor to treat him with disrespect, they called him "Beelzebub," the fly god, with the "utmost disrespect and contempt, the "dung god." They seemed to realize what some otherwise intelligent people do not seem to (townsman, of course), that flies breed in dung, preferably horse dung, but if this is not handy, in any kind, even human. Thus often do the guesses of the common people anticipate by ages the conclusions of the scientists. For example, in the folklore stories of the English people, the fairies, which "bootless make the housewife's quern (churn), and make the beer to bear no harm" were a shrewd guess about bacteria, as it were, only yesterday.

If we regard the powers of evil as the source of sickness, then the worse devil of all is the common housefly, the modern Beelzebub. We do not wonder that tuberculosis was a general and fatal disease, that dypentery became an epidemic in August, that cholera once introduced spread like wildfire, and that when a boy had a small scratch on his hand it was likely to become a sore unless at once covered with court plaster. Nobody knew it then, but the means of distribution of these and other diseases was this modern Beelzebub—our common housefly.

We like to deal fairly with everybody and everything; and if you don't mind having flies about dropping in your coffee or milk, leaving their signatures on the bread you eat, and leaving their tracks on you as they come from the privy vault or from sucking the juices from a dead hog or horse, they are not likely to do you very much harm unless there is disease in the neighborhood. If one of your neighbors has consumption or typhoid fever, however, you do not want to take the chances of swallowing the germs which the fly, who has been visiting his home, may leave on your bread and butter. The fly does not wipe his feet, whether he comes from the open privy or from feasting on tuberculosis sputum or typhoid excretions before coming into your home. Even if there is no typhoid or dypentery in your neighborhood, you do not want to take chances. Therefore, get rid of the housefly.

You ask how to get rid of them? Well, the first thing to do is to quit breeding them. If you have neglected to clean out the horse stable into the manure spreader and put the manure out on the land at least every three or four days, on examining it you will find that within twenty-four hours it will have swarms of small white maggots. These are the larvae of the housefly. On the second day you will find that these larvae are full grown. On the third day they have changed to pupa, and instead of white maggots the drying manure will be found full of oval reddish brown cocoons, the pupal cases of the flies, from which in three or four days, the perfect flies will swarm out, ready to lay their eggs to carry on the next generation and visit you in the meantime. Dr. Packard in his investigations placed a housefly in a bottle at six o'clock in the evening. At eight o'clock the next morning she had laid one hundred and twenty eggs.

Keep the manure cleaned away from your stable, from your hog pen. Clean up. This will not keep the flies from bothering you unless your neighbors do the same thing, and this is one of the good things to talk about after supper when the farmers' club meets, particularly if the

houses in the neighborhood are not very well screened. Don't stop with cleaning up the barnyard, however. How about that open privy? Have you ever noticed that this is a favorite resort of flies both for feeding and breeding purposes? If you do not have time to build a closed privy now, get some lime the first time you go to town, or some copperas, and settle the fly business at that point. A few boards and a few shovelfuls of dirt will temporarily make the vault closed. Attend to this at once.

What next? Screen your windows and your doors. If after you have taken these precautions flies still bother, arrange to kill them on sight. Fly paper is an excellent thing, but there are other ways of killing them. The old-fashioned fly trap was not a bad thing. As we remember it, it was made by spreading a piece of bread with butter and molasses, cutting in the center a hole about as big as a nickle; then filling a mason fruit jar with soapsuds and laying the bread on top of the jar, butter side down.

One way to kill flies is to take a couple of sheets of thick blotting paper cut to fit the bottom of a soap plate. If you put half an inch of clean sand in the bottom of the plate first, it is still better, as it will then retain moisture on a hot day. Saturate the paper with water. Sprinkle over it a little sugar and then about a quarter of a teaspoonful of formalin diluted with a spoonful of water, so that it will spread all over the paper. Put this in the window where the sun shines or on the floor, and you will be surprised how many flies you will kill in a very short time.

Another fly killer is made by taking a pound of carbolic acid crystals and dissolving it by placing the bottle in hot water, and while liquid pouring it over a pound of camphor broken into bits. This must be securely bottled and must not be allowed to come in contact with the skin. Place an ounce of this over a spirit lamp, and you will not be bothered with flies in the room for very long. Three ounces will fumigate a thousand cubic feet.

Let us carry on a crusade against this modern Beelzebub in all our homes. We are sure it will save a great many doctor bills. It will save human life and increase home efficiency. It is an easy thing to do. No house can be a really delightful place if it is thick with flies. We speak of this now, fly time has come, it is easier to kill the few flies that come in the beginning of the season than to deal with the hordes that will certainly come later, if we do not protect our homes from the modern Beelzebub.—Exchange.

Likes Randall County.

John Finck, one of the prosperous farmers of Falls City, Nebraska, arrived in Canyon the last of last week, making a short business trip and visiting some of his old neighbors southeast of Canyon a few miles until Tuesday afternoon when he left on the evening train for home.

Mr. Finck was agreeably surprised at the appearance of the country and crops. They are in better condition than reports have been having them. The weather condition have been ideal for harvesting and curing of both alfalfa and grain crops which necessarily requires a warm, drying atmosphere which has been the case the past month or more. After a drive in the vicinity of Umbarger Monday, Mr. Finck soon discovered that it would and did rain in the Panhandle country as about two inches of rain fell Monday, almost a deluge so to speak. Had Mr. Finck stayed an hour longer in Canyon he would have witnessed a soaking downpour, fish ponds in evidence on all sides and miniature creeks flowing through all of the streets.

THE STRONG WOMAN

By M. QUAD

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During the first year of her existence the female who came to be known as "the strong woman" was called Betty Davis. That was her correct name. George Davis was a farmer, and both he and his wife were undersized people. The infant was a weakling, and the doctors frankly said that the first symptoms of measles would be the end of her.

At the age of eighteen months Betty took a start in life and was soon known as "the big kid." She took on fat and simply played with bumps, measles and whooping cough. Her weight at two years was that of the average girl of ten. She grew from "the big kid" to "the big girl." At the age of sixteen they were calling her "the strong woman," and that title stuck to her.

The Davis farm was worth marrying, and there was money in the bank besides. There were young men and bachelors and widowers who were willing to marry it. They came courting and were laughed at, but at length the strong woman announced that on a certain day, if the swains would all gather at her farm, she would select a husband from among them. The gathering numbered thirty. As they sat around casting sheep's eyes at her she rose and said:

"Gentlemen, I want a man who can control me. The man who wins me must best me in a fair rough and tumble fight. There are no other conditions."

There were only five men out of the thirty who wanted matrimony that way. Out of the five there was a widower forty years old who could mow hay and hoe more corn than any other for ten miles round. He stepped out on the grass and peeled his coat and vest and spat on his hands. According to authentic reports, he was a licked man in five minutes. Not only that, but he carried a stiff neck for the rest of his life. The strong woman had almost twisted his head off, and none of the others came forward as No. 2.

The farm was run by hired men. Now and then for the first two years they got impudent at times or did not keep up to their work. They were knocked unconscious, thrown over the fence into the road or sent away with broken bones. It was a great highway for tramps, or had been. They came along in bunches. They stopped and demanded food. They even threatened things. When they got to threats the strong woman called in. She struck and slapped; she kicked and bit; she knocked their heads together until their ears rang for days afterward. Her greatest victory was over a bunch of five. After the news of that got abroad all tramps would go six miles around to dodge her farm. The strong woman paid no attention to science. She just waded right in any old way to win, and if she got her teeth fastened upon a man's ear it was bad for him.

The strong woman didn't pay much attention to other women. She knew they didn't like her and that they gossiped about her, but she continued to pass it by for years. Then a casual remark rolled her. A certain woman said that she was so homely that she couldn't catch a husband. No homely woman ever yet admitted that she was homely, nor was there ever an old maid ready to admit that she had tried and failed. The strong woman sent out notice that she had hit the trail for a husband. No one responded. On the contrary, men hid out in barns and haystacks and trembled in their shoes. Two weeks and no husband.

Then the strong woman bought a bear trap, covered the teeth with heavy cloth and set it at the open barn door. Three nights passed without a victim, but at midnight on the fourth night along came a horse thief, gayly, and was caught by the leg. His yells of pain aroused the woman, and she lighted the lantern and went out. After taking a good look at the prisoner she turned away with the remark:

"I guess you'll do. Stay right here till morning."

He begged and pleaded and yelled, but there he stayed for four hours more. Then came daylight and his captor, and she asked:

"Does it happen that you are a married man?"

"No."

"Then you soon will be. Listen to me. You'll be laid up for about a week. After that we shall be married, you and I."

"I marry you?" he asked after a long look at her.

"You will."

"I'll go to prison first!"

"You'll do nothing of the kind. Perhaps you've heard of me—the strong woman?"

He uttered a groan of despair.

"They say I can't find a husband, but I'll show 'em!"

"But, woman, I'm a horse thief!"

"I don't care for that."

It is a fact that after a week they were married. It is a further fact that he ran away, and after a hunt of a month she brought him back and hammered him until he didn't get out of bed for three weeks. He settled down then and made a good husband, and the two lived happily together for twenty years, when the strong woman met a death besting her name. A barn sixty feet long and thirty feet wide blew over on her, and she was gathered to her fathers. A walnut tree in a brick house couldn't have done it.

SPARED THE CHIEF.

Jackson Admired the Bravery of the Famous Indian.

Andrew Jackson was magnanimous in his treatment of Weathersford, the famous Creek chieftain, when that warrior surrendered. Weathersford had done all in his power to prevent the horrible massacre at Fort Mims, but most of the frontiersmen were bitter against him, and Jackson himself had sworn to put him to death if he were taken.

One day after the power of his people had been utterly broken Weathersford came riding into Jackson's camp on his famous gray horse and stopped in front of the general's tent.

"How dare you ride up to my tent after having murdered the women and children at Fort Mims?" demanded Jackson in astonishment.

The chief denied the truth of the charge, but said he would tell him if you will. I came to get aid for the women and little children who are starving in the woods. If I could fight you any longer I would do so, but my warriors are all dead. Send for the women and little children. They never did you any harm. But kill me if the white people want it done."

The troops, crowding about, began to cry menacingly: "Kill him! Kill him!"

"Silence!" ordered Old Hickory sternly. "Any one who would kill as brave a man as this would rob the dead."

The general treated the chief kindly and even gave him permission if he desired to depart and continue the war. The chief afterward settled on a plantation, where he resided for many years, honored alike by white men and red.—Chicago Tribune.

SOLVING A PROBLEM.

The Green Country Brakeman Who Introduced the "Saw By."

Many years ago a green country boy applied to the superintendent of a western railway for work and, somewhat against the superintendent's wish, on account of the danger to life and limb attendant upon such occupation, was given a place as brakeman of a freight train.

On one of his first trips it happened that his train met another freight train at a station where the sidetrack was not long enough to accommodate either of them. The conductors were debating which train should back up to a point where they could pass when the new hand ventured to suggest that neither should back; that they could pass each other by means of the short sidetrack if the thing was managed right.

The idea excited a good deal of laughter on the part of the old trainmen, but the boy stood his ground.

"Well, how would you go about it?" asked one of the conductors, confident that the lad would soon find himself against a stump.

The boy took up a stick and traced in the sand a diagram to illustrate his plan.

"Good gracious!" said the conductor. "I believe that will do it!"

And it did do it. Today every trainman in America probably knows how to "saw by" two long trains on a short sidetrack, but it is not so generally known that the thing was never done until an inexperienced country boy who became the manager of a great railway line worked out the problem for himself.

The White Shark.

The shark of sharks, the real "man eater" and the one most dreaded, is the white shark. This variety reaches a length of thirty-five feet and a weight of 2,000-pounds. Its head is long and flat, and the snout far overhangs the mouth. Its six rows of teeth are sharp as lancets and notched like saws. Its mouth is very large, so that one has been known to cut a man's body completely in two at a single snap of its cruel jaws and another to swallow one at a gulp. Near Calcutta one of these sharks was seen to swallow a bullock's head, horns and all. From the stomach of another a bull's hide was taken entire, and the sailor who made the discovery insisted that the bull had been swallowed whole and all except the hide had been digested. From the stomach of another was taken a lady's workbox filled with the usual contents, scissors and all. It is commonly the white shark which follows the vessel at sea day after day and week after week.

The Retort Courteous.

"Camp Meeting" John Allen was a famous Methodist preacher and revivalist of the old days down in Maine, and, like most successful pulpit orators, his sense of humor was equal to his gift of speech.

It is recalled by the Boston Journal that on one occasion the old gentleman's wife was getting into a carriage, and he neglected to assist her.

"You are not as gallant, John, as when you were a boy," she exclaimed in gentle rebuke.

"No," was his ready response, "and you are not as buoyant as when you were a gal!"

In His Father's Footsteps.

Binks—Did Smith's father leave him anything? Jinks—Only his debts. Binks—How is Smith getting along? Jinks—Well, he has greatly increased his inheritance.—Baltimore American.

The One Way Out.

She—Why did he marry her at all if he intended getting a divorce so speedily? He—Because he didn't think it would be honorable to break their engagement.—Kansas City Journal.

Let no man presume to give advice to others who has not first given good counsel to himself.—Seneca.

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The Randall County News

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

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Contributors Notice.
The editor of this paper assumes no responsibility for the 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.

An 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. 7 to Clovis, 7:45 a. m.
No. 13 to Carlsbad from E. Canyon, 10:05 a. m.
No. 74 Local Freight, 10:25 a. m.

MAIN LINE, EAST BOUND.
No. 85 from Clovis, 10:05 a. m.
No. 114 to Kansas City, 8:10 p. m.
No. 74 Local Freight, 8:35 p. m.

PLAINVIEW BRANCH, NORTH B'ND
No. 84 to Amarillo, 7:45 p. m.
No. 84 Local Freight, 8:45 p. m.

PLAINVIEW BRANCH, SO. BOUND.
No. 85 to Plainview, 11:15 a. m.
No. 84 Local Freight, 10:30 a. m.
Trains No. 87 on the Main line leaving Canyon City at 8:30 p. m. is made up here, and Train No. 25 on the Main line arriving from Clovis at 10 a. m. stop 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 DISTRICT JUDGE 4TH JUDICIAL DISTRICT,
J. N. BROWNING.
A. S. ROLLINS.
- FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY
HENRY S. BISHOP.
E. T. MILLER.
- FOR REPRESENTATIVE
J. C. HUNT.
- FOR COUNTY JUDGE
W. D. SCOTT.
- FOR SHERIFF AND TAX COLLECTOR,
R. H. SANFORD.
J. T. SERVICE
WORTH A. JENNINGS.
- FOR COUNTY AND DISTRICT CLERK,
M. P. GARNER.
- FOR COUNTY ATTORNEY,
W. J. FLESHER.
- FOR COUNTY TREASURER,
P. H. YOUNG.
- FOR TAX ASSESSOR,
T. V. SLACK.
WILL CAGE.
C. L. DANIELS.
CYRUS EAKMAN.
O. C. DAVIS.
H. J. CAVET.
M. M. WESLEY.
- FOR COMMISSIONER PRECINCT NO. 1,
HENRY J. WEBER.
W. J. REDFEARN.
T. F. REID.
- FOR COMMISSIONER PRECINCT NO. 2,
E. W. NEECE.
- FOR COMMISSIONER PRECINCT NO. 3,
W. S. COOK.
- FOR COMMISSIONER PRECINCT NO. 4,
M. S. PARK.
- FOR JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
W. J. REDFEARN.

We believe that our people are unanimously for and will be loyal to Judge J. C. Hunt for representative. We would like to see the color of a voter's eye, who resides in Randall County, who will not vote for him. He is the most able man in the race, and as honorable and clean as any of them in the race.

L. G. Armstrong of Italy, Texas, and assistant cashier of the First National Bank of that place, was visiting at the home of his brother, J. W. Armstrong a few days. He left the first of the week for Plainview to visit friends and is expected to pass through here the last of the week on his return trip home.

FOR SALE—At a bargain if taken soon, St. James Hotel. Inquire of J. M. Meyers.

Commissioners' Court in Session.

The Commissioners' Court met on Monday pursuant to adjournment and the court has been sitting as a board of equalization, listening to all and any protests to be made if any. There were only a few increased valuation cases made by the court, so nearly equal were most of the valuations made, that the court had little or no difficulty in adjusting matters satisfactorily. The court finished its business Thursday afternoon and adjourned.

SPORT IN ENGLAND.

A Pheasant Run is Not a Branch of the Poultry Business.
"A Plain American in England," by Charles T. Whitefield, is a highly amusing diatribe on the gentle art of British entertainment. It appears in the American Magazine, and in the course of some descriptions of English customs the author relates the following incident, which happened at a pheasant run:
"A friend for whom I have a great admiration took me to see a pheasant run. The place looked just like a big chicken yard such as we have at home. There were hundreds of the birds feeding on scraps and grain thrown to them by the keeper. I had seen strings of these birds hanging up in the markets for sale at low prices, had bought their eggs in the swell restaurants at high prices, and I naturally supposed that this trade was conducted like any other branch of the poultry business. When you have been in England a short time you realize that you must approach the subject of trade or business with some delicacy, but I longed to know the modus operandi of poultry packing among the swells. I wondered if they could teach our Chicago stockyards anything. So I asked the keeper in my broadest English:
"How do you collect and ship these birds?"
"Collect 'em, sir?"
"Yes, I said, 'how do you kill them and get them to market?"
"We don't kill 'em. We send in beaters and shoot 'em. It's great sport, sir."
"That seemed to me a disgusting proposition—to beat a flock of tame, harmless pets to death and shoot them besides—and I remonstrated:
"Why don't you simply wring their necks with a quick twist of the wrist, insuring a rapid and painless death, and then—"
"But my friend grasped me violently by the arm and drew me abruptly away. I felt badly about it, because this good and valuable host said it would be at least twenty years before he could look that gamekeeper in the face with tranquillity."

TOO GOOD A SHAVE.

It Lulled Budd to Sleep While the Price of Stocks Tumbled.
One of the anecdotes in Joseph L. King's "History of the San Francisco Stock Exchange Board" is as follows:
While stocks were quite low during a spell in 1878 a discovery of ore was made in Ophir, the stock advancing in price. It was the policy of those in control of a Comstock mine to keep secret any improvement until they could secure for themselves a good quantity of the stock.
Budd heard of this Ophir discovery and bought some stock, and as the price advanced from \$16 to \$85 the profits on his purchases at low figures enabled him to buy more stocks. Being quite a plunger, he purchased in all 2,500 shares. As the stock still advanced to higher figures he sold about 1,500 shares, leaving him a balance of 1,000 shares when the stock reached \$82, which would have given him quite a large profit if all were sold at that figure.
During the recess that day he determined to sell the remainder, which would give him quite a profit. The afternoon session was devoted to the selling of outside stocks, occupying half an hour, after which the members would call up, through the chairman, any of the Comstock shares. Budd, thinking he had time sufficient during that first half hour to get shaved, sat down in a barber's chair and, being quite flush, gave the barber \$5, directing him to give him a good shave. It turned out to be too good a shave, as Budd went to sleep, and the barber, being well paid, devoted quite a time in making his customer appear respectable. Budd woke up, looked at his watch and made a rush for the board. He ascertained that Ophir had been called and had broken so badly that when his stock was sold he only obtained \$40 a share for it.
He always claimed that that shave cost him just \$40,000.

Getting into a Life Buoy.
The average person in danger of drowning usually attempts to lift a life buoy over his head, with the result that he is immediately plunged deeper into the water. A good swimmer can do this with a sudden upward jerk, but with the nonswimmer it is almost an impossible feat. What he should do when he has seized the buoy is to place both hands, palms downward, on the buoy on the part nearest the body, pressing it downward and slightly away, when the farther part of the buoy will rise out of the water and actually fall over the head. The arms can then be put through easily, and there you are.

Letter of Information.

Canyon, Tex., June 18, 1910
Atty. General,
Austin, Texas.

Dear Sir: I will thank you to give me your opinion on the following questions:
Can a person who is not 21 years of age on or before the 23rd day of July (the date of the Primary Election) and who has secured his certificate of exemption, vote in the Primary, though he will not 21 years of age until after the primary but will be 21 before the General Election?

Does the law referring to exemption certificates apply to any and all election precincts or does it apply only to cities of 10,000 inhabitants? I will use my county for example. In Randall county, there are, I would say, not to exceed 5,000 people, and at the outside less than 10,000 in the entire county. Will it be necessary that anyone should have an exemption?

And further, referring to those who were not residents of this county on the first day of January, 1909, but came to the county and have resided here continuously since that date but paid no poll tax, are they entitled to a vote, barring all other legal disqualifications?

Yours truly,
R. H. SANFORD,
Sheriff and Collector.

Austin, Tex., June 21, 1910
Mr. R. H. Sanford,
Sheriff & Tax Collector,
Canyon, Texas.

Dear Sir: In answer to your first question contained in your letter of the 18th instant, we have to advise you that persons reaching the age of twenty-one years between July 23rd and the general election in November, will not be entitled to vote in the primary election, even though they have their exemption certificates. The law prescribes the same qualifications for voters in general elections and hence persons in order to participate in a primary must at the time of such primary be twenty-one years of age.

In answer to your second question, you are advised that persons exempt from the payment of the poll tax by the provisions of Section 12 of the Terrell Election Law are governed in the matter of exemption certificates by Section 19 of said law and are not required to obtain exemption certificates in order to vote, unless they are residents of cities of ten thousand or more inhabitants. On the other hand, persons exempt from the payment of a poll tax because of being under the age of twenty-one years on January 1st, must procure exemption certificates before February 1st of the ensuing year in order to be entitled to vote, even though they do not live in cities of ten thousand inhabitants. (See Section 23 of the Terrell Election Law and the case of Savage vs. Umphries, 118 S. W., 893).

In answer to your third question, we beg to advise you that persons who were residents of another county in the State of Texas on January 1, 1909, but moved into your county subsequent to January 1st and have not paid their State and county poll tax in the county where they resided on January 1, 1909, are not entitled to vote in your county or any where else during the year 1910. The rule is different with regard to persons who were non-residents of the State on January 1, 1909, but moved into this State and into your county subsequent to January 1st, but will have been residents of this State for one year and of your county for six months at the time of the primary election to be held on July 23rd of this year. Such persons will be entitled to vote in said primary. Not being residents of this State on January 1, 1909, they were not subject to any poll tax in this State

for that year and hence they cannot be said to be delinquent in the payment of any poll tax owing by them. See the above cited case of Savage vs. Umphries, 118 S. W., 893.

Yours very truly,
R. M. ROWLAND,
Assistant Attorney General.



The Fourth shall return to discover Us waiting in battle array, And what with one thing and another Regretting we won, anyway.

The cannon shall boom and the scramble Shall warn inexperienced countries Aspiring to freedom themselves.

The dynamite cap and the rocket shall remind us of tyranny thwarted, and the valiant forefather shall turn in his coffin to see what he started. The eagle shall mount on his pinions and circle the North and the South, and the rayid-fire orator stand on the platform and shoot off his mouth.

This latter however is harmless in a strict pathological way, but remains notwithstanding an evil we must in due season ally. Alas, how deficient is nature that might lap this pest on the shelf with ruling that shooting his mouth off, he gave the lock-jaw to himself!

This tetanus, we are quite certain, has good and defensive uses, and all of its manifestations thus far have been only abuses. The idea, as we regard it, is not that it should be the cause of any more serious matter than locking the orator's jaws.

You know that we never hear of it except on the Fourth of July, and whenever some innocent gets it we forever are wondering why. Well, this is the fact of the matter, and by Jove, we are willing to bet it turns out in the long run that no one but a lot of old wind-jammers get it.

At any rate, Jefferies and Johnson will growl like a couple of poodles, and observe independence with beating the hair off their mutual noodles. They'll alternate making the other leviathan howl for his mother, and if the country at random is lucky they'll manage to kill one another.

It's only a plan to make money deserving the strictest strictures, for what they will have is a race war, dividing what's made on the pictures. We've been pretty mad in this country for dollars, and power, and places, but is the first time we've trafficked upon the abyss between races.

One half off on all millinery at the Leader.

E. P. Rippey of Oklahoma City and advance agent for the Dixie Lyceum Bureau of that place, was in Canyon Wednesday looking after business matters of his company. Mr. Rippey is a cousin of M. P. and W. L. Garner, and while here combined business with pleasure.

Say lady, do you want a hat? They are half price at the Leader.

BORN:—June 24th, to Oliver McBride and wife, a daughter. The mother is at the home of her parents who reside in Tarkio, Mo. The News reporter met McBride on the streets the first of the week and wondered why he was stepping so high. In answer to the morning's greeting, he said, "Yes, I am Dad," it being the first news we had. All right Oliver, you have a right to step high, sideways or any other way under such joyful circumstances.

R. L. Mayhew of Amarillo was a short time business caller in Canyon Thursday.

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Take The News and Keep Posted.

A New Method of Rescue

By **ROCKFORD KING**
 Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.

People wondered why I took such interest in aeroplanes, why I continually practiced at driving them, why I studied different makes. Then, when I had taken a flight into a distant land; no one knew where, and after my return all my interest in air navigation had vanished, they wondered still more.

I have been a great traveler, though I am not yet thirty years old. Some years ago while in Russia I made the acquaintance, followed by the friendship, of a member of the American embassy of St. Petersburg. In this way I saw something of court life there. One night at a function at the Winter palace I was introduced to the daughter of a general in the Russian service. Not for an earldom would I give her name, so I shall call her Sophia. In my travels I have picked up a number of foreign languages. Russian I speak tolerably, and Sophia spoke some English. There usually comes in a man's life, if it comes when he is young, some woman who appeals to him as no other woman has ever appealed to him. From the moment I met Sophia I knew that one had risen up in my path whom I must possess, else the vitality had passed out of my life.

I went to my hotel after my first meeting with her to lie awake half the night with the comfort one feels in having found a mate, and the other half I dreamed of her. From that time for several months I was with her as often as Russian etiquette allows. I danced with her, I skated with her, I met her at the opera and on court gala occasions. She gave me unmistakable signs that in me she had found what I had found in her. But when I came to tell her my story her whole manner changed.

"No, no, no," she moaned. "I have permitted myself to sink into a dream. You have awakened me. I have done very wrong. Go away from me. Forget me."

What there was between her and me that led her to talk thus I could not induce her to tell. I left Russia and tried to forget her. I continued my travels, but the interest for me had gone out of the curiosities of travel. The pyramids, the Coliseum, the works of art that had before fascinated me, were now unable to move me.

One day I took up a newspaper and saw by telegraph from Russia that a conspiracy against the life of the czar had been discovered and that the daughter of a prominent general had been implicated. Something told me that she was Sophia. I returned to St. Petersburg to learn that my anticipation was correct. The girl I loved had already been sent to Siberia. Now I understood her action toward me.

I felt that a great work had sprung up before me—the work of liberating Sophia. A famous traveler was in St. Petersburg at the time and was about to start, with the permission of the Russian government, to write up the condition of Siberian exiles. I succeeded in inducing him to appoint me his secretary, or amanuensis. In this way I would be able to locate the girl I had made up my mind to free. On arriving in the prison region I learned that Sophia's father had been enabled to secure for her simply exile, not imprisonment. She was living in a hut close by a prison. Escape for her was as impossible as if she had been within stone walls. But her position was encouragement for me, whose life work was to take her out of Siberia.

I saw her, talked with her and told her that during the same month (August) the following year to expect me with means by which to give her her freedom.

That autumn and winter I was known to be one of the principal devotees to the navigation of the air. I tried every kind of aeroplane that had been invented. I made long flights both by day and by night. I flew to the Land of the Midnight Sun in the dead of winter, that I might become used to flying in the cold. I tried for no prizes, entered no contests. I worked with one purpose in view. That was to make a flight to Russia, swoop down by the hut in which lived my love and bear her away to freedom.

I pass over the details of study by which I found a machine especially adapted for my purpose. I transported it by sea to Sweden. From there to my destination was not far, but I must make the journey at one flight with one supply of fuel. One morning I rose to a height of 500 feet and drove my machine eastward. I purposely kept at a considerable height till I stood directly over the sphygmograph that I might attract the least possible attention. From where I was poised was a slanting course down to the hut. I hoped that she might be outside, but she was not. I descended to her door. All was silent. I was about to leave the machine to enter the hut when I saw her face at the window, and in another moment she was sitting beside me on the machine. I had provided for starting by fitting my machine with apparatus especially adapted to the purpose, and, though keepers were by this time running toward us from every direction, we rose above them and the shots they sent up in time to save ourselves.

After a ride high in the air we came down in Sweden, nearly frozen. From there we traveled southward, not stopping till we reached Marseilles, where we took a steamer.

We are now both in America and are soon to be married.

THE PLANETS.

They All, With Their Satellites, Exhibit Phases Like the Moon.

We are likely to regard the moon as the only thing in the heavens that exhibits phases such as the quarter, the half and the full. As a matter of fact, all planets and their satellites exhibit separately such phases, and most of them can be easily seen with a small power telescope. Thus Mars and Venus, which are comparatively close to the earth, show through the telescope at times a beautiful crescent, at others a half planet fully as brilliant, considering the distance, as does our satellite. At times also the planets suffer eclipses, just as the earth, the moon and the sun, and these eclipses are foretold with as great accuracy.

As to just what causes the phases, say of the moon, is easy to comprehend by a homely analogy. If one stands in a corner of a room, places a globe of some description in the next corner and a light in the third corner the phenomenon of the half moon is seen. The light, representing the sun, shines of course on half the globe representing the moon, but the observer in the corner sees only half of the surface toward him illuminated. If now the light be placed behind the observer and a little above his head a full moon will be seen, the "sun," however, shining on the same area of surface as before, merely allowing this time a view from the "earth" of the whole amount of illumination. All the phases can be demonstrated in this manner by moving the "moon" directly outward from its corner.

One of the greatest discoveries of science is due to observation of the eclipses of Jupiter's moons. It was found that when the earth was in the part of its orbit nearest to Jupiter these eclipses occurred sixteen minutes earlier than when it was in the farthest part, whereas by all rules of astronomy they should have occurred at the same minute each time. It was deduced from this that light was not instantaneous and consequently took sixteen minutes to traverse the diameter of the earth's orbit, a distance of about 200,000,000 miles, thus giving to light a velocity of 186,000 miles a second, which was accurately shown later by other experiments.—St. Louis Republic.

WATCH SPRINGS.

Not Surprising They Break Considering the Work They Do.

The mainspring of a watch does not unwind at a uniform rate, but intermittently. It is subjected to a sudden jerk at every tick—four times per second for my watch. This makes 345,000 times per day and over 126,000,000 times per year. This operating condition is analogous to others discussed in Kent's "Mechanical Pocketbook" under the heads of "Relation of the Elastic Limit of Endurance Under Repeated Stresses" and "Resistance of Metals to Repeated Shocks." Among other things it says:

"Another long known result of experience is the fact that rupture may be caused by a succession of shocks or impacts none of which alone would be sufficient to cause it. Iron axles, the piston rods of steam hammers and other pieces of metal subject to continuously repeated shocks invariably break after a certain length of service. They have 'a life' which is limited."

Wohler found in testing iron by repeated stresses (not impacts) that in one case 400,000 applications of a stress of 500 centners to the square inch caused a rupture, while a similar bar remained sound after 45,000,000 applications of a stress of 300 centners to the square inch. One centner equals 110.2 pounds. The mainspring of a watch is not only under a considerable tensile stress, but also under a bending stress when suddenly released, then immediately stopped by the escapement mechanism. It is then probable that its molecular cohesive power deteriorates in a manner similar to those quoted.—Scientific American.

Von Bulow of Gentle Nature.
 When first Von Bulow was introduced to me I almost avoided him on account of the many stories of his intractability, his erratic disposition, his offhand treatment of the public, his brutality toward musicians and many other crimes of this sort. On closer acquaintance with the great pianist I experienced some astonishment to find him a man of strong mind, yet gentle nature, enthusiastic, artistic to the finger tips and well bred, though of an exceedingly nervous temperament. Intractable he might have been at times, but I am sure that the moments of ungovernable anger were always provoked by people's stupidity or by some unpardonable mistake in musical execution.—From "Modjeska's Memoirs" in Century.

The Text.
 The minister had preached on the text, "Why halt ye between two opinions?" and upon little Cora's return home from church her grandmother asked what the text was.

"I don't remember exactly," answered Cora, "but it was something about a hawk between two pigeons."—Chicago News.

Fooled the Boy.
 "Why did the cow jump over the moon, pa?"
 "I suppose it was a sort of early experiment in aerial navigation."—New York Press.

Almond Oil.
 One hundred pounds of almonds yield forty-eight pounds of oil.

Careworn man has in all ages shown vanity to reap despair.—Goethe.

NEW STORE at Umbarger

The undersigned have a new stock of goods, consisting of

Dry Goods, Groceries and Hardware

which will be sold at low prices. Call and see us, we are located in the Woods store room.

Umbarger Mercantile Co.

SHOTWELL & SEVALL

Wholesale and Retail

Coal, Grain, Hides and Field Seeds.

Best Grades of Nigger Head and Maitland Coal.

TERMS CASH

Draft Stallions

SHIRE

PERCHERON



BEN J., No. 9539, sire, Pembroke Prime, 5837; dam, Somersham, 7292 by Dexter, 4980, is a beautiful bay, five years old.

ROY, No. 45641, sired by Lebride Prime, 40583; dam, Bell, No. 34200; is a ack grey, four years old.

One of these horses, BEN J., will make the season on the Younger place, half mile south from Canyon City.

The other horse, "ROY" will make the season 4 1-2 miles south from Canyon City on the Leslie Crowley place, except Monday and Tuesday of each week, when he will be on the W. T. King place 4 miles north and 1 mile east of Happy.

These horses are large, heavy boned drafters of fine quality and style, beautiful colors and good dispositions. They are the kind that every breeder of draft horses should be looking for.

Season: \$15.00 to insure colt.

See the News Printery

FOR THE SUPERIOR KIND OF

Commercial Job Printing

AS BERFORD FOUND IT.

By STACEY E. BAKER.
Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.

SYLVIA threw a huge lighted firecracker over the convenient clump of alders and waited expectantly for results. They came sooner than she expected. "Hey, wet do youse think!" Boom!

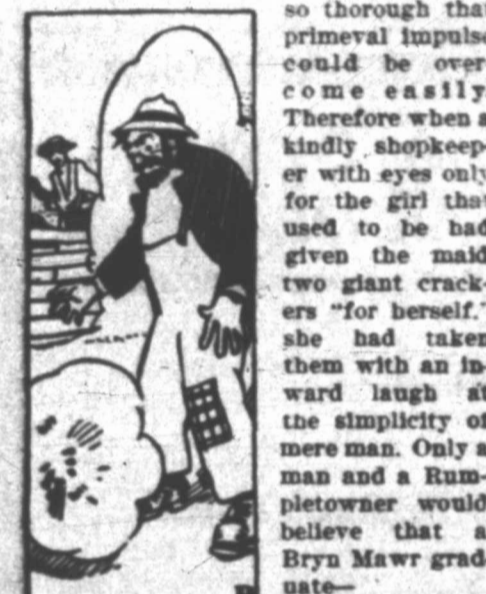
The great red fretting thing had exploded before the surprised sleeper sleep still in his eyes, discovered what hit him.

The girl, Miss Sylvia Moore, late of Bryn Mawr, was no madcap. Don't think it! In fact, a more daintily demure damsel would be hard to find in all the prolific vicinity of Rumpletown. It was this way:

Miss Sylvia, trim and fair, had been a-shopping in the interests of two incorrigible little brothers, whom a fond mamma with painful memories refused to allow away from home on the Fourth of July.

The Moores were farmers, living about a mile from the city. Heretofore the boys on their annual trips to town had left a profusion of burned fireworks by the dusty roadside and arrived with sundry mementos in the shape of powder scarred fingers, powder blued cheeks and powder singed eyebrows; hence the maternal edict resulting in this trip by the sympathizing sister graduate.

The metamorphosis of the maid of the meadows into a self-assured young lady properly "finished" was not so thorough that



"YOU'RE AS GONE DE LIMIT."

Before Miss Sylvia had reached the outskirts of the town on her way home insidious memory had whispered in little pink ears: "Why not? You used to!" To which the important ego of the college girl responded dramatically: "Ah, but that was when I was a che-lid!"

It's all very well to battle against stardom, you people who can't trace ancestors back to every war since the formation of this glorious republic, but, again, if there are frayed uniforms moldering in your attic you will understand, taking environment into consideration, the futility of Sylvia's fight. Time and again the bethored maid drew the two great noise producers from the wicker basket, which contained her purchases, and time and again they were reluctantly returned.

Well, the finding of the little box was really the undoing of Sylvia. This was another gift from the shopkeeper and one which he had not mentioned to her.

And so, selecting a secluded part of the road, Sylvia gently drew a pale stick across the rough edges of its own box and then a spluttering crackler over the convenient alders.

A naturally much irritated gentleman of leisure glared malevolently at the sweet girl graduate after the ensuing explosion, his pudgy and begrimed hands busily engaged in brushing the little bits of red paper, still smoldering from his rags of clothes.

The maiden heart of Miss Sylvia beat tumultuously. Bryn Mawr trained for no such dire predicament as this. Old Grandpa Trouble, metaphorically speaking, hobbled up with a patriarchal smile for the disturbed damsel.



"CLEAN IT UP AGIN DE FENCE," ORDERED THE MAN.

The tramp finished with a suggestive wave of his hand toward the wicker basket. "Wha-wha-what do you mean?" gasped the girl. She had meant to lend a touch of virtuous indignation to the phrase, but frightened lips refused the accent.

The tramp glared—a most ferocious glare. "Youse get busy wid dem sputterin' things," he growled, "and now, or else I'll—"

The terrified imagination of Sylvia did not await the ultimatum. "Oh, I will, sir," she gasped wildly. "I will, sir, honest and true!"

Juvenile Philosophy on the Fourth.



WHEN grandpa sits here on the grass and 'bout the Revolution tells We wonder why they shot each other with those big cannons and the shells, But when we start to pop the cracklers and shoot the rockets up in air We're glad there was a battle—once—and sorry 'cause we weren't there.

you who are precise will allow was hardly a Bryn Mawr expression.

Luke Berford of Harvard had been quite impressed with the clever, rose flushed face of Miss Sylvia Moore. Again, he admired her poise. Her dusky hair and her well-deep eyes, with something sleeping in them that he longed to wake, were allurements that made him a frequent visitor at the home of the Boston aunt whom she occasionally visited.

"You will admire our breezy lack of conventionalism," she assured the youth when he bravely intimated that a summer's western business trip lay through Rumpletown. "Our cheerful indifference to set rules of custom and our true fraternalism are our chief charms, I am told. You will understand when you come west, and of course you will stop off and visit us. I insist."

Berford succumbed to persuasion. He would stop off at Rumpletown gladly, and—er—study the natives.

A broad, athletic young man strode leisurely down the road. His blue coat swung across his arm, and a great "H" showed conspicuously on the chest of his sweater. This was Luke Berford, come west on a purely imaginative pattern of business, and with a keen eye for the buoyant friendliness as yet so conspicuously absent from his adventures.

In Rumpletown several suspicious shopmen had attempted to drag the life history from the reluctant lips of the young man in manner most bucolic, and the rasy voiced clerk at the Rumpletown inn had demanded payment in advance before seating th-

youth in the dismal dining room. Strangers were few in Rumpletown.

The young man had calculated to stay at the hostelry until he could communicate with the Bryn Mawr graduate, but the total absence of the conviviality that the day demanded dispelled this idea, and after painfully extracting from the still suspicious clerk directions leading to the Moore farm he started on his way unannounced.

He was still pondering over the vaunted western breeziness which was not when he rounded a corner in the road and beheld Sylvia Moore, daintily picturesque in her simple attire, with hair in braids down her back. With her was a squat, dirty, tramp-like individual of evil features and repulsive manners. Between them sat a wicker basket of fireworks, and under the man's directions the girl was setting these off.

"The western spirit!" gasped Berford. "The western spirit with a vengeance!"

"Youse'll take dat skyrocket now an lean it up agin dat fence," ordered the man. Neither of the celebrators had an eye for the youth, who was now quite near and only partially concealed by the turn in the road.

"Skyrockets in the daytime," mused Berford. "I guess Sylvia was right; they don't stand much on convention in this particular neck of the woods."

The girl, who had silently obeyed her companion, took the lighted match offered her and touched off the huge rocket, which soared dimly aloft on its misspent journey. The celebrators witnessed the flight in somber silence.

"Now get de rest o' dem firecrackers," growled the tramp. "I can't hang around here all day."

The man from Harvard chafed at the offensive tone. "Yes, sir," answered the girl. There was a note of submission in the reply. Evidently this strange person was a man of some standing according to western standards.

Berford ventured forth, ashamed of himself for eavesdropping even the short second that he had stood silent trying to adjust himself to the situation.

"Luke!" The great dark eyes of the girl blazed with excitement as the big fellow joined them. "Oh, save me! Save me!" The lady promptly fainted.

As for the hobo, after a hasty inventory of the situation he marathoned madly off, and Luke Berford instead of depositing the damsel away, as he should have done, and giving chase, chose to hold her lithe, yielding form in his arms, and as she opened her eyes he—well, he kissed her, if you must know, although it isn't good etiquette for a story writer to do more than intimate this.

TO THE AMERICAN FLAG.

All hail our starry banner,
The emblem of the free,
Whose stars and stripes forever
Shall stand for liberty!
The world beholds thy glory,
Bright banner of the stars,
And nations held in bondage
Shall break their prison bars.

In thee the blue of heaven
Proclaims thy purity,
And peoples plunged in sorrow
Shall fondly turn to thee.
To lead the world in honor,
The weak to cheer and save—
These are thy tasks forever,
Dear banner of the brave.

To thee our holy pledges
We solemnly renew,
Until our hearts are silent
To thee we will be true.
The centuries shall claim thee
Till time itself shall end
And all the world proclaim thee
Protector, savior, friend.
—General Horatio C. King.

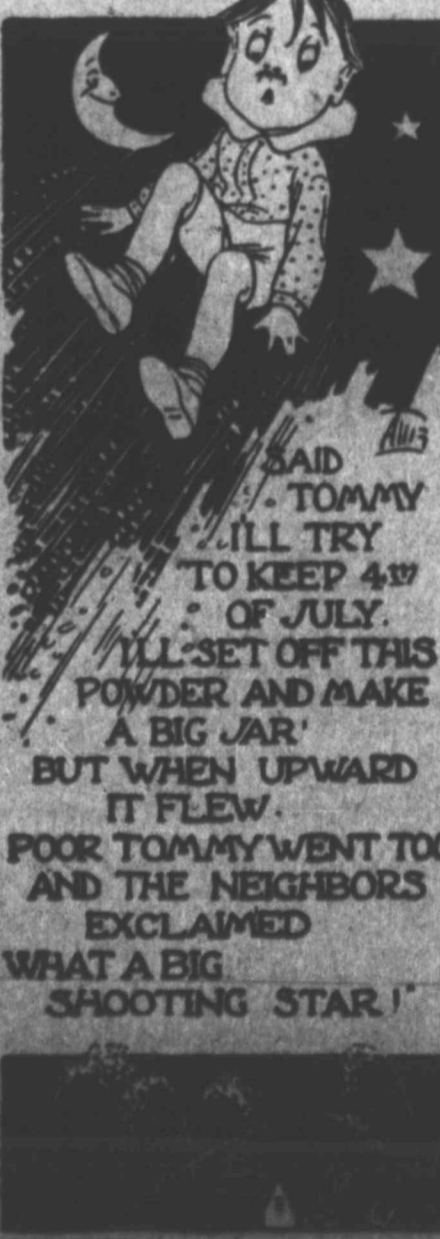
Comments for the Fourth.
Remember the glorious day, to keep it wholly noisy.

Thou shalt not kill the kid who pops one in thy face.

Thou shalt not swear because the cannon is too close to thy domicile and keeps thee awake.

Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor who gets into the police court for setting fire to thy barn.

Honor thy father and thy mother if they refuse to buy thee giant cracklers so that thy days may be long in the land.
T. SAPP.



SAID TOMMY I'LL TRY TO KEEP 4th OF JULY I'LL SET OFF THIS POWDER AND MAKE A BIG JAR BUT WHEN UPWARD IT FLEW POOR TOMMY WENT TOO AND THE NEIGHBORS EXCLAIMED WHAT A BIG SHOOTING STAR!

HOW IT HAPPENED

YOU see, it was this way. There was a damsel who was nothing if not original, and after she'd taken a couple of thinks she got up a fireworks party for the night of the Fourth. Her old man had a house with a dandy big lawn. Every fellow was supposed to bring a girl and a bundle of fireworks.

Of course I'm for anything original, so I attended in a body. I gathered in a little fairy that I'd been tagging around for some time and a bundle of condensed noise, and we two stepped over to the party.

We were pretty nearly there when we met up with the brother of the girl who gave the party. He was trying to get home, but he was taking such a long route, going from one side of the walk to the other, that I was afraid he would not show up before midnight. He had a package of squibs under his arm and several other packages tucked away out of sight. He'd been celebrating and was pipped proper.

I led him off to one corner and told him to go in at the back door and go to bed, but he took a dear old college chum clench around my neck and began telling me in a megaphone tone how he had always loved me and couldn't think of parting from me. Well, you know the kind. He rebuked me with great dignity about being ashamed of an old friend. At last I got sore and told him to go fall off.

We pulled our freight out of there and left him zigzagging, but he loomed up at the party a little while later and acted scandalously.

About this time we had all begun to get busy with the punk, and then the trouble came my way. We had a bunch of these nice, innocent drainage canal dynamite capsules—these half footers, you know. Well, I sprinkled a few of them through the atmosphere until at last I tapped one that had a phony fuse.

The blamed thing fizzled away and got tired and petered out. Did I chase over to investigate the trouble? Not I. I knew what would happen if I approached that crackler to breathe gently on the fuse. Maybe I hadn't read about those good boys who had tried the stunt and then didn't have enough fingers left to handle their harps properly. Oh, little wise boy!

Maybe I was afraid or maybe I was wise, but I wasn't taking chances.

About this time the lad with the fussy footwork began to clamor about my being a cold footed party. He was good and noisy about it too. He allowed that if I was "shamed of old friend" he'd make me ashamed by doing what I didn't dare.

Maybe he said this in a whisper—I don't guess. You'd have thought he was making an oration—I warned him to keep away, but he ambled merrily out into the street and picked up the uncracked crackler.

Now, if I had done that my friends would have been doing a slow sextet alongside me in a few days, but there's a kind providence on the staff of these tanks. After he had inspected it he lighted a new fuse he had fixed up and ducked before it went off. And me standing there, with those girls giving me the pitying glance! They all do; never take the facts into consideration. That's human nature for you!

Well, Pipey felt so fine that he began to celebrate good and swift. He just touched off everything at once, thinking he was real cute, and things began zinging in all directions.

The girls and most of the fellows were taking to the trees, pursued by rockets, roman candles and pinwheels, I thought. "Here's where I do a grand stand play and make good," and so I jumped in to stamp out the lighted fuses.

Well, sir, this boy was that far off his dipper that he opened fire on me with a roman candle and scored all over the target. I caught one on the shirt front, one hit my hat, and that's all I kept tab on, 'cause just then one candle ball lighted the fuse of a cannon crackler that was in my pocket. Everything went red, and then somebody turned on the dark.

When I woke up I was tucked away in bed, wrapped in bandages and arnica until I could have got a job at the museum as a genuine Aztec mummy. The doctor said I'd be out in a week or so.—Bud Barclay in Chicago News.

The Date of the Fourth.
The absentminded man was busy at his desk.

"Here, Miss Daisy," he called to his stenographer.

"Yes, sir," answered Miss Daisy.

"Oh—what day of the month does the Fourth of July come on?"

"Oh—on the 4th, I think," replied Miss Daisy meekly.

"Thank you," said the boss.

INGLORIOUS FIFTH

THIS is the day When the little boy next door, Who has always had a penchant for peeking into things, Is seen resting on the front porch in bandages, Explaining to a group of admiring friends Just how he thought the cannon wasn't going off When he blew Down the touchhole.

This is the day When the old cat Drags herself out from under the bath—looking like a hair mattress after a cyclone, And examines her tail to see if it is all on. And then, With a rueful smile, takes A quiet, unobtrusive sneak into the coal cellar, Where she won't get any squibs or Firecrackers.

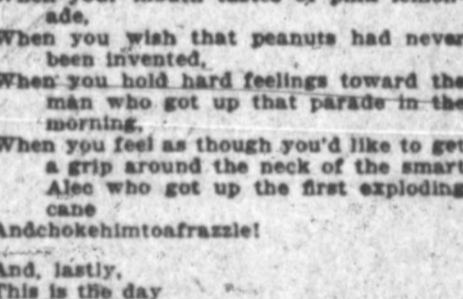


This is the day When old Mr. Henderson, Who lives two houses down the street And whose horse ran away last night, Was when the skyrocket came down in the alley, Says that he's "going to prosecute 'em in the courts."

By George! And if I don't get damages it's because There ain't any justice in the state, By George!

This is the day When everybody from grandma down Wakes up cross and out of sorts, When pa goes to his office in a grump, And ma says she'll be blest if she ever tries to make any more ice cream with that old Ice cream freezer.

And Aunt Het wonders Why on earth people are so foolish as to think they're having a good time By burning up money in Gunpowder.



This is the day When your mouth tastes of pink lemonade, When you wish that peanuts had never been invented, When you hold hard feelings toward the man who got up that parade in the morning, When you feel as though you'd like to get a grip around the neck of the smart Alec who got up the first exploding case And chokehimtofrizzle!

And, lastly, This is the day When your kid brother, With a rag around his left hand And wearing blue spectacles, Goes stumping around the back yard whistling and looking for firecrackers that didn't explode And wishing That every day Was The Fourth of July.—Puck.

Pyrotechnic Talk of Fireworks Man.
The Roman, the Plumber and all the varieties of the little gods are under an eclipse, and the only thing in sight is the fireworks man.

Times may be hard and money scarce, but the fireworks man falls to give evidence of it. His prices are of the skyscraping order, and he knows that the good American people will manage to reach them in some way or other.

Maybe the fireworks man can't talk! The complacent genius who writes the circus programs and whose vocabulary consists of adjectives is a feeble creature, his intellect is a shriveled atom, his nerve the smallest section of a dedicated molecule, in comparison with the towering grandeur of the fireworks man.

"Crackers, roman candles, skyrocket and pinwheels? Yes, we sell them by the carload, but they are for the babes, the creature whose narrow intelligence has never surmounted the boundaries of the primitive celebrations of our ancestors. It wrings my heart with anguish when I read of the progressiveness of the American people and then think of the way they cling to crackers, pinwheels, roman candles and skyrockets when they might revel in the pleasures of paradise if they would but cast aside their superstitious conservatism and use our dragon nests or gascuons, our batteries of colored stars, the Egyptian circlets, the Aztec fountain productions or even the double crazy wheel."

Uncle Sam as Chanticleer.
"I reckon Uncle Sam ought to dress up as a chanticleer leading man this year," remarked the philosopher, "for he certainly will do some crowing, and though that won't make the sun rise, it will cause a big nocturnal illumination all over this grand and glorious country."

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, Resi-
dence Phone, No. 24.

F. M. Wilson,
Physician and Surgeon
Office, City Pharmacy. Calls answered day
or night. Residence phone No. 46.

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.

Mrs. B. Manley,
Trained Nurse
Rates:
\$25.00 per week
-or-
\$4.00 per day
And Expenses

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

Scott & Flesher,
Lawyers
Civil practice solicited. Office in co-
urse. 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 237.

T. P. Turk,
Fire Insurance--Real Estate
List your property with me and give
me your fire insurance. Prompt and
careful attention given to all matters.
Offices in Store of Turk & Armstrong.

Northwestern Title Co.
Complete Abstract of All
Randall County Property
R. A. TERRILL, - MANAGER
For the right piano at price
and terms see our home man,
W. T. Gilliam. 96f

Our old office building recent-
ly damaged by fire is for sale.
Lair-Cowling Land Co.

NOTICE--To the finder of gold
jacket, H. M., you had better re-
turn to owner or News office.

FOR SALE--A good gentle
horse. Inquire of D. H. Haw-
thorne.

Subscribe for the News.

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, 6:30 p. m.
Evening services at 7:30.
Prayer meeting, Wednesday,
evening at 7:30
All are invited to these ser-
vices.

PRESBYTERIAN

Sunday services
9:30 a. m. Sunday school
11:00 a. m. Public worship,
Rev. J. S. Groves, pastor
6:30 p. m. Christian Endeavor.
7:30 p. m. Evening services
7:30 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
6:30 p. m., B. Y. P. U.
Ben Terrill, Pres.
7:30 p. m. Preaching, by pastor
J. M. Harder.
7:30 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
6:30 p. m. Christian Endeavor.
7:30 p. m. Public worship
7:40 p. m. Wednesday prayer
meeting.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

Services are held at the
Christian Science reading room
(one block south of square) every
Sunday at 11 o'clock a. m. and
Wednesday at 8 o'clock. Every-
body welcome at these services.
Sunday school every Sunday
morning at 10:15. The pastor
of this church is the Bible and
Science and Health with Key to
the Scriptures.

When the stomach fails to
perform its functions, the bow-
els become deranged, the liver
and kidneys congested causing
numerous diseases. The stom-
ach and liver must be restored
to a healthy condition and Cham-
berlain's Stomach and Liver Tab-
lets can be depended upon to do
it. Easy to take and most effec-
tive. Sold by City Pharmacy.

Pictures framed on short
notice at Thomas Bros.

Teething children have more
or less diarrhoea, which can be
controlled by giving Chamber-
lain's Colic, Cholera and Diar-
rhoea Remedy. All that is nec-
essary is to give the prescribed
dose after each operation of the
bowels more than natural and
then castor oil to cleanse the sys-
tem. It is safe and sure. Sold
by City Pharmacy.

Notice.

To owners of dogs, who reside
in the corporations of Canyon,
are notified to call at City Mar-
shal's office and pay their dog
license. All unlicensed dogs after
July 10th will be dealt with
according to city ordinance.
J. H. Jowell, Marshal.

Soreness of the muscles,
whether induced by violent exer-
cise or injury, is quickly reliev-
ed by the free application of
Chamberlain's Liniment. This
Liniment is equally valuable for
muscular rheumatism, and al-
ways affords quick relief. Sold
by City Pharmacy.

FOUND--A Misses jacket. The
owner can have the same by
proving property and paying for
ad. Call at News office.

**Farm and
Garden**

BETTER THAN GOLD MINES.

Northwestern Apple Orchards Expec-
ted to Bear Record Crop This Year.
Officers of state horticultural asso-
ciations and commercial organiza-
tions in Washington, Oregon, Idaho
and Montana say there is every indica-
tion that the fruit crop this year will be
the largest and most profitable in the
history of the four states. It is pre-
dicted that higher prices will result
as a result of the heavy damage to the
fruit crop in the middle western states.
F. A. Huntley, state horticultural
commissioner, says that Washington
will produce twice as much fruit in
1910 as in 1908, the year of the record
crop. Including peaches, apricots, cher-
ries, berries and other soft fruits, the
yield will be at least doubled owing
to the increased acreage, he adds,
while the apple crop will show an in-
crease of about 25 per cent. Oregon,
Idaho and Montana will have equally
large crops as the result of increased
acreage and trees coming into bearing
this season. More than 350,000 acres
of lands are devoted to orchards in the
four states, and pomologists estimate
the value of a full crop would un-
doubtedly equal \$175,000,000.
Northwestern apples are in demand
in the eastern and middle western
states and in Europe and Australia,
and the markets are being extended
year by year. American and foreign
experts who have studied conditions
in the northwest refer to the Pacific
states as "the world's fruit basket,"
adding there has been established in
a comparatively short time a domain
where the first foot of soil properly
cultivated is worth more than all the
mines from Alaska to Mexico and all



SCENE IN TYPICAL COMMERCIAL APPLE
ORCHARD EASTERN WASHINGTON.
the forests from the United States
boundary to the Arctic sea. Millions
of dollars have been invested in apple
lands west of the Rockies during the
last decade, and beautiful orchards of
young trees today mark the spots
where but yesterday was a waste of
brown, barren sagebrush covered de-
sert.
Although the domestic and foreign
demand for apples has increased,
strangely enough the production of the
fruit has steadily decreased. The ap-
ple crop for 1909, reported to be less
than 23,000,000 bushels, for example,
was only slightly in excess of one-
third of that for the years 1896 and
1900 and much less than the crop for
1905, when the production reached a
low figure.

SUMMER PRUNING.

Seasonable Suggestions For Use of
Knife on Weak and Declining Plants.
Summer pruning is the best for
shade trees. Use the pruning knife
freely on the tops of weak and declin-
ing plants in order to give them a new
start.
Don't prune after the blooming peri-
od. Nearly all flowering shrubs bloom
on the wood of the previous year's
growth.
By cutting back the heads of young
plants, a thicker and broader growth
is encouraged. Never cut downward
on a limb; a ragged wound is usually
the result of so doing.
When planting shrubs cut back the
branches one half, to balance the root
system. To produce a low headed
fruit tree, trim off all the branches
and cut back the top to eighteen or
twenty inches at planting time.
To avoid crotches in mature trees,
remove all limbs in two-year-old trees
that form crotches with their neigh-
bors. Don't forget to cover the wound
made by pruning with tar or common
paint, preferably drab.
Do not depend on winter pruning to
keep normal shrubs in shape, says Su-
perior Life. They will never look
well. Prune two or three times during
the summer.
Remember that summer pruning in-
duces fruit bearing, while winter prun-
ing encourages a heavy growth of
wood. Summer pruning should be
light, however, and pruning in winter
is often necessary in any case.
It is much better to cut away a little
wood each year than a large amount
occasionally. Begin when the tree is
young, and you can shape it any way
that you desire. Remember that a low
headed tree is easier to spray and eas-
ier to pick the fruit from than one
whose branches are high in the air.

The Farmer's Uplift.
"What you farmers want is uplift-
ing," said the statesman. "That's right,"
answered the farmer. "I've got a
grand piano, steam heat and a private
gas plant. All we want now is an ele-
vator in the house."--Washington Star.

BUSINESS LOCALS

NOTICE--No camping, hunting or
fishing allowed on the following sec-
tions 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. Sign-
ed, John Hutson, owner and agent,
Canyon City, Texas. 12f

NOTICE--I have a new steam thrash-
ing outfit ready to commence business
at any time. Also I am prepared to
do all kinds of breaking. Address
me at Canyon or Umbarger.
7f
H. G. BRECKENRIDGE

Canyon Lumber Company, the
home of Southern Long Leaf
Yellow Pine, the place of low
prices, fair and courteous treat-
ment.

Perchon Horse No. 42028

Another noted Stallion in Can-
yon which was imported a horse
firm, Oltmans Bros. of Watseka,
Ill., and one of the finest show
horses of his class at the Ft.
Worth stock show, now owned
by H. S. Burham.

For Sale.

A new four room house, close
in. For terms inquire of
A. C. Thompson.

Get some of that good meat
we cook and save yourself the
trouble and expense. 8f
Dawson Bros.

Bargains in Alfalfa Land.

80 acres, half mile from Can-
yon, about half alfalfa land, \$65.
per acre. 160 acres, adjoining
Canyon, about half alfalfa land,
\$80. per acre. R. C. Peacock,
Independence, Mo. 7f

Notice.

To any neighborhood wanting
a dependent thrasher, I will
thrash wheat for 5c per bushel.
W. E. BATES

The world's most successful
medicine for bowel complaints is
Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and
Diarrhoea Remedy. It has reliev-
ed more pain and suffering,
and saved more lives than any
other medicine in use. Inval-
uable for children and adults.
Sold by City Pharmacy.

Estray Notice.

Taken up by B. C. Taylor and es-
trayed before W. J. Redfearn, Justice
of the Peace, Precinct No. 1, of Ran-
dall County, Texas, one light bay
pony, about 12 or 14 years old, no
marks or brands, about 14 and a half
hands high, wire cut on right foot.
Same having been estrayed according
to law, the undersigned will sell said
animal at public outcry before the
Court House door of Randall County,
in Canyon City, on the 23rd day of
July, A. D. 1910, within lawful hours.
B. C. TAYLOR

Chamberlain's Stomach and
Liver Tablets gently stimulate
the liver and bowels to expel
poisonous matter, cleanse the
system, cure constipation and
sick headache. Sold by City
Pharmacy.

Notice - Sheriff's Sale.

The State of Texas, County of Ran-
dall: By virtue of an order of sale,
issued out of the Honorable District
Court of Randall County, on 30th day
of May A. D., 1910, by the Clerk
thereof, in the case of J. M. Burkhal-
ter versus W. H. Newberry, No. 466,
and to me, as Sheriff, directed and
delivered, I will proceed to sell for
cash, within the hours prescribed by
law for Sheriff's Sales, on the First
Tuesday in July A. D. 1910, it being
the 5th day of said month, before the
Court House door of said Randall
County, in the town of Canyon the
following described property, to-wit:
All the West one-half of Section
No. 102, Block M. 9, John H. Gibson
Land in Randall County, Texas,
levied on as the property of W. H.
Newberry to satisfy a judgement
amounting to \$3488.09 in favor of J.
M. Burkhalter and costs of suit.
Given under my hand, this 8th day
of June A. D. 1910.
R. H. SANFORD, Sheriff.

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) ex-
tends 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.

Telephone 72.



I have five fine large Tennessee Jacks, 14 1-2 to 15 1-2 hands high, and
offer them for service.

Terms: \$10.00 to insure a colt to stand and suck.

Parting with your mares or removing same from the county forfeits
insurance and payment becomes due. Care will be taken to prevent
accidents, but will not be responsible should any occur. They
can be found at my ranch two miles west and one mile north of
Canyon. I will sell one or two of these Jacks, and will give time to
purchaser giving a good bankable note.

J. P. ANDERSON.

**Dr. T. N. BURNETT
Veterinary Surgeon**

At McKnight's Transfer & Livery Barn, Amarillo

Will be at Reynolds' Livery Barn in Canyon City,
Texas, on Saturday of each week prepared to do all
kinds of Surgical work, and treat all curable dis-
eases of live stock. I have had three years in
school and twenty-one years practical experience.

Reference: All the Liverymen in Amarillo, Texas

YOU DON'T HAVE TO WAIT

When you let

THE PEELER ABSTRACT COMPANY

Do your work.

SAY! Don't You Want to Make Some Money?

Don't you want to have a home in a country of flowers and sunshine? Would you like to live where men and women are healthy, where the babies grow to manhood and womanhood without the care of doctors and nurses? Would you like to live where there are few extremes of heat or-cold, where the winters are mild, and where the summer nights are delightfully cool and pleasant, and where it is a joy to live?

Would you like to live in a country where you can raise a greater variety of farm products more successfully than in almost any other place in the Union? Would you like to buy some land where it is bound to double in value in a short time, where you can get the purest, sweetest, softest well water that you can find any place? Where you have a soil of surpassing fertility and of great depth, underlaid with a clay sub-soil? Where you can raise wheat and corn, oats and barley,



Abundant Field on Farm Keiser Bros. and Phillips, 5 1/2 miles Canyon City, Tex.

kaffir corn and Milo maize, cotton and alfalfa, cherries, grapes, apples, peaches, pears and the finest and best melons in the World?

If you would like to do a few things like these, come to the Panhandle of Texas, come to Canyon City, and see Keiser Bros. & Phillips, they own broad acres of land they would like to sell to actual settlers.

Do It Now!

Keiser Bros. & Phillips Buys and Sells Panhandle Lands

Canyon City, Texas

Keota, Iowa

Redkey, Indiana

Pleasantview News.

It is needless to say that it don't rain in the Panhandle for we had a very good rain yesterday but it did not come any sooner than it was needed. It will help out all row crops and pastures which began to need rain.

Wheat harvest is progressing nicely and there is quite a number of acres to cut yet. Some fields are bothered with smutt but we find it is from seed shipped in here and not seed raised in the Panhandle. That is one of the strong points in favor of the Panhandle, that is, all the grain raised here is of the finest quality.

The thrasher men are making arrangements to run independent outfits this year and are on the lookout for hands on every side and corner.

Mrs. Slack's daughter returned to her home in Oklahoma after visiting her mother and brothers here. She also made a very pleasant visit with relatives and friends down at Pleasantview.

The Pleasantviewites changed the time of Sunday School back to ten o'clock last Sunday. It will soon take a Philadelphia lawyer to tell when and what time Sunday School will be held, but we will keep posted.

Reginald Prichard has ordered a new buggy which ought to tickle the girls of this neighborhood.

There is some talk of an ice cream supper at J. H. Crowley's next Saturday night.

Ed Cornwell reports two inches of rainfall yesterday.

BOOSTER

Umbarger Notes

The weather has been warm and for the past week we have been having some heavy rains. On Tuesday one of the heaviest

rains fell known for the past two years. It was a two inch soaker.

Harvey Saunders left for Canyon to stay over Saturday and Sunday. The rains have stopped the thrashing machines.

Miss Anna Wansley was the guest of Mrs. Neva Stratton Thursday.

Rev. Christian Weigand left on a trip to Treona Monday.

Mesdames Nettie Banks and Bertha Louis arrived Wednesday from Amarillo to visit their sister, Mrs. D. Butts.

G. W. and H. R. Conrad and wives made a business trip to Canyon Wednesday.

H. Wansley and wife visited friends in Canyon Friday.

The feed crop prospects in this locality are very good. The wheat is turning out better than anticipated and farmers are feeling good now.

PANHANDLE

FOR SALE—1 team mules, 1 Jersey cow. Inquire of Dr. C. L. Daniels.

Judge J. N. Browning came over from Amarillo Wednesday on a short business trip and was shaking hands with his many friends here.

The Ladies' Home Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church held their regular meeting at the home of Mrs. L. E. Cowling on Wednesday.

Dr. Griffin, wife and daughter left this week for Galveston to visit at the home of the Doctor's parents. Mrs. Griffin expects to undergo an operation while away.

J. L. Henderson of Amarillo and manager of the Loybe Piano Company, was a business caller in town Thursday. Mr. Henderson informed us that his company was thinking a little of placing a car of pianos in Canyon in the near future.

All millinery goods at half price at the Leader.

There many friends here will be glad to learn that Mrs. W. S. Keiser and daughter, Mary, have reached their destination safely and are nicely domiciled at the Wildamar, Long Beach, Cal.

Dr. S. L. Ingham, who was some weeks ago summoned to Augusta, Ga., to the bedside of his brother-in-law, Mr. Hamilton who was not expected to live at that time, reached home Thursday.

Mrs. Cromer Thomas and daughters accompanied by her brother, Jeffe Wallace, left on the evening train Thursday for Ft. Worth, Steventville and other points, to be gone several weeks, visiting friends and relatives.

I can do your family washing easier, quicker and better; save rubbing and save the clothes; make them clean, wholesome and snowwhite; brighten colors, soften woolens and kill germs. I am WASHWAX, the new scientific compound that does the work without the aid of soap or bleach; am used in hot or cold water. There is nothing like me. Send ten cents stamps today and I will come by mail in regular size. You will be glad you tried me. Address Washwax Co., St. Louis, Mo. 14-2tc

When a person has some photos taken, they expect to have them finished right away, and that is right. Now Lusby, our photographer, has been bothered with having his wind mill fixed up and pipes laid and has been without water for several weeks on that account, and several other things that has come along to hinder him in his work for a few weeks past. But now he says he is prepared to get all work out promptly and that means satisfaction to his customers.

Mrs. Thompson, the manager of the millinery department at the Canyon Supply, left Wednesday for her former home in Sesser, Ill., to spend her vacation, after which she will go to Chicago and trim until the fall season opens when she is expected to return to Canyon in time to fill her fall engagement with the Supply Company.

H. J. Ringler and family arrived in Canyon from Chicago Wednesday, to which place Mr. Ringler left for some two weeks ago, he having been in this section for two months previous, but it was too lonesome for him to live out at the ranch alone. He reports that it was very warm and dry in all of the northern states that he passed through, including old Illinois, Iowa and Missouri, and some portions of Kansas the effects of dry weather was noticeable, although it seemed to be in spots or localities. He seemed to think that this section was as well favored as any he traversed through as far as favorable conditions were concerned. To be sure, we have had warm weather and free from moisture for a month, but it made it ideal conditions for curing hay and alfalfa for hay. No where can a farmer find finer and better hay than was put up this season, and besides, where will you go to find better conditions for the wheat harvest than right here in Randall county. So, why kick?

Ice Cream Social.

The Women's Missionary Society of the Presbyterian church will give an ice cream social beginning at 6 p. m., Thursday July 7th, in the vacant room east of the First State Bank. Everybody is invited.

Subscribe for the News.

To Observe Independence Day.

We, the undersigned, agree to close our places of business from Saturday night, July 2nd, until Tuesday morning, July 5th, 1910: Canyon City Supply Co., Thompson Hardware Co., The Leader, White Swan Grocery Co., Vetsky City Market, W. B. Bailey, Fulton Lbr. Co., Canyon Mercantile Co., Dawson Bros., Normal Grocery, Turk & Armstrong Canyon Lumber Co., Hampton & Armstrong, T. W. Jeanes & Son Lbr. Co., Randall County News.

Estray Notice.

The following estrays have been taken up by the city marshal: one red roan mare about 2 years old, one iron gray mare about 2 years old with a halter on, one bay mare about 1 year old, one sorrel mare about 4 years old, one iron gray mare about 8 years old. All of the above described mares are unbranded. The owners can get same by proving property and paying charges and if not called for in ten days, they will be sold as city ordinance provides.

J. H. Jowell, City Marshall.

Penny Party.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the Baptist Church will give a penny party at Mrs. Tom Rowan's on Tuesday evening, July 5th. Everyone invited. Admission, one penny for every year in your age.

Basket Picnic.

A Big Basket Picnic at the Falls in the Canyons east from the City to which everybody is invited. JULY 4th, COME AND BRING YOUR BASKET.

Subscribe for the News.

Road Notice to Land Owners.

In the matter of the petition of W. S. Cook and others, for a public road in the County of Randall.

To all persons over whose lands the following proposed road shall pass:

TAKE NOTICE, That the undersigned Jury, appointed by the Commissioners' Court of Randall County to lay out, survey and assess damages resulting from the establishment of a Public Road, as petitioned for by W. S. Cook and others beginning at Northwest corner of Survey No. 10, Blk. M9, John H. Gibson land and running to West line of Randall County will, on the 1st day of August 1910, in discharge of our said duty, meet upon the following premises, to which you have some claim or title, to-wit: Surveys 110, 91, 60, 41, 10, 9, 42, 59, 92 and 109 in Block M8, A. B. and M. And Surveys 5, 36, 45, 76, 85, 116, 125, 154, 165, 190, 205, 204, 215, 276, 285, 284, 277, 244, 237, 204, 197, 164, 157, 124, 117, 84, 77, 44, 37 and 4 in Block M 6, S. K. and K. and then and there proceed to assess any damages to which you may be entitled on account of the laying out of said Public Road, and you are hereby requested and required to produce all evidences which you may desire to offer in relation to such damages, and do and perform such other acts as may be necessary and lawful in the premises.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, We have hereunto set our hands this 1st day of July, 1910.

Chas. F. Zoeller,
J. J. Bauer,
J. M. McNaughton,
W. H. Foster,
C. F. Herschberger,
Jurors.

Special Offer.

As a basis for clubing rates jointly with the News, for a short time we will send the Semi-weekly Farm News, eight months and the Randall County News, one year for the small sum of \$1.50. Send in your subscriptions.

Notes.

On account of Sunday intervening both meat markets have agreed to close their markets on Monday morning, July 4th, at 8:00 o'clock sharp.