

THE RANDALL COUNTY NEWS

Vol. XV.

CANYON, RANDALL COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1912.

No. 45

WAYLAND LOSES IN TWO CANYON GAMES

CHAMPIONS PLAY SLOW GAME FRIDAY NIGHT.

Normal and Wayland More Equally Matched in the Games Saturday Night.

The Canyon basketball team met the Wayland college bunch Friday night at the opera house and easily defeated them 45 to 10. The game throughout was very slow. The Champions were out of form and were unable to throw baskets although the opportunities offered were more frequent than during any other game of the season. Wayland was entirely outclassed. Their players were small and were not familiar with the game. "Dinky" Ballard, of this city, was on the Wayland team and was responsible for four points during the game. C. B. Harder, formerly of this city, played a good game at guard.

The first half ended with a score of 26 to 4 in favor of Canyon. In the second half Canyon made 19 points and Wayland 6. The regular team played the first half for Canyon, but in the second half Shotwell went in for Reeves.

The following points were made by members of the team: Tom Lair 8 baskets, Thad Lair 6, Cavet 7 and 1 foul. Hunt 1. For Wayland: Sewell 3, Ballard 2.

NORMAL VS. WAYLAND.

The game Saturday night in the Normal gymnasium between Wayland and the Normal, was more evenly matched than the contest of the night before. In the first half the visiting team let the locals gain the lead in points, which was held throughout the contest, the final score resulting in 16 to 11 in favor of the Normal. Wayland's teamwork was not quite up to the standard set by the locals, although they put forth as fast and clean a game. This fact, together with getting their scoring apparatus in order too late, was the causes of their defeat.

Lair and Pipkin featured for the locals, while Tibbitts and Sewell starred for Wayland.

Bishop Temple Here Sunday.

Bishop Edward A. Temple, of Amarillo will conduct services at the Christian church next Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Rev. Temple is bishop of the newly organized Panhandle district of the Episcopal church. He is a splendid preacher and the general public is cordially invited to hear his address next Sunday.

L. C. Lair Improving.

L. C. Lair has been very ill for the past week, but his friends will be glad to learn that he is improving somewhat the past few days. Mr. Lair has not been well for some weeks, and during the past week was very sick.

According to the Daily News yesterday morning W. H. Adnall will soon leave Amarillo for his former home at Tyler. He does this to be with his parents who are getting old. Mr. Adnall has made good in the banking business in Amarillo and his friends here are sorry to see him leave the Panhandle.

Just received a nice line of Valentines at Cassels Drug Co. 1

COUNTY COURT ADJOURNS.

Final Civil and Probate Matters were Completed Friday and Court Then Adjourns.

The following business was transacted in the county court during the past week:

C. F. Mayer et al vs. Wm. Erdman was continued on application of the defendant.

D. N. Redburn vs. P. & N. T. Ry. was tried Thursday before Judge Scott, the plaintiff recovering \$110 with interest.

D. N. Redburn vs. Western Union Telegraph Co. was continued.

L. A. Pierce vs. Will A. Miller et al was continued by agreement.

I. L. Hunt, A. N. Henson and J. M. Burkhalter selected the jury for the next six months of this court.

PROBATE MATTER.

The annual report of E. M. Riggs, guardian of Anna B. Jordan was examined and approved.

The report of J. A. Campbell, guardian of Christian Weigand, was examined and approved.

The report of J. M. Burkhalter, guardian of Rosabelle Jones, Frank Jones and Malcom Jones, was examined and approved.

The final report of Joanna E. Crawford, administratrix of the estate of J. A. Crawford, was examined and approved.

Society Notes.

Mrs. S. L. Ingham entertained Friday afternoon in honor of Mrs. J. W. Luke, of Hampton, Iowa. Each lady brought either sewing or fancy work for afternoon work. A two course luncheon was served consisting of chicken salad, pea salad, sandwiches and coffee, jelly cream and wafers. The following were the guests: Mesdames Word, Lester, Keiser, Brier, C. C. Miller, C. D. Cleveland, Bennett, Stafford, Guenther, Winkelman, Terrill, J. W. Luke and F. P. Luke.

The Kafir Corn band entertained their wives and a few friends Saturday night at the C. C. Doniphan home with a very fine recital. Light refreshments were served during the evening.

Mrs. F. P. Luke entertained Tuesday afternoon in honor of Mrs. J. W. Luke. After a very enjoyable rose contest the guests were served very excellent refreshments, consisting of a salad course, ice cream roses, cake and mints. Carnations were given as favors. The following ladies were present: Mesdames Lester, Ingham, Hoover, Winkelman, Haney, Shaw, Cullum, I. L. Hunt, Guenther, Cleveland, Bennett, Pipkin and Keiser.

In another column of the News will be found the announcement of P. H. Young for County Treasurer. "Uncle Pat" as he is familiarly known around the court house, has been a good official. He has been prompt in his county duties and has made a host of friends by his strict attention to business and his courtesy in business relations. Mr. Young is running on the record he has made while county official, and this record is one of the best possible.

Cotton Seed.

If you want to raise cotton in the Panhandle, buy O. B. Burnett's Panhandle Improved Cotton Seed. O. B. BURNETT, Memphis, Texas. 45p8

SETH WARD WAS BADLY DEFEATED

CANYON SCORES 93 TO 14 IN GAME MONDAY.

Cavet Breaks All Records of Team by Making 33 Points.—Thad Lair Scores 32.

The Canyon basketball team met the Seth Ward college team, of Plainview, Monday night on the local floor and defeated them by the large score of 93 to 14. This is the largest score ever made by the Champions against any of their opponents and is the largest score made by any basketball team in this section of the state.

The game started slow, so far as the Canyon team was concerned, Seth Ward getting the first three points. Thereafter the team got together and the score making machine turned loose in great style. The visitors were unable to cope with the fast plays of the Canyon team and showed that they were not used to fast company. Taking the forty minutes as a whole, over two and one half points were made every minute of the game. Every member of the home team was at his best and played a wonderful game.

The following is a summary of the scores: Cavet, 33 points, Thad Lair 32, Tom Lair 20, Hunt 6, Reeves 2.

For Seth Ward: H. Edmonson 8, H. Edmonson 4, Monniag 2.

Three records were broken by the Champions in this game: First, it was the largest number of points ever made against any team. Second, Pug Cavet made the largest individual score any member of the team has ever registered. Third, Reeves tried for the first time to make a goal and landed the desired points.

This is the last game of the season. The boys have disbanded for the season and are now looking forward to a bigger season next year.

Prof. E. H. Wray, Dean of the Wayland college at Plainview, came up with the Wayland team Friday to see the games and to visit home folks. He was unable to return to Plainview Tuesday with the team on account of an attack of the la grippe which has confined him to the bed most of this week.

To Parents—Wouldn't you feel insulted if some one were to say a Kodak picture of your children was plenty good enough considering the subjects? Why not get Lusby to make some real photos of them, finished promptly too, 1

Mayor A. N. Henson received word this week that his brother, James, was one of the victims of the mine disaster at Kemmerer, Wyoming, last week. There were five killed and many injured. It was first reported that 150 had lost their lives. Mr. Henson had been in the mining business all his life. The accident was caused by an explosion.

M. P. Garner, C. C. Doniphan and Everett Conner treated their neighbors and friends to a serenade last Thursday night. The boys are members of the Kafir Corn band and their serenade music was certainly fine.

A picture of baby will be much appreciated, and in a few years you wouldn't take anything for it. 45t1

PETITION FOR NEW DOWN TOWN OFFICES

COMMERCIAL CLUB IS AT WORK ON THE MATTER.

Will Attempt to Get Telegraph and Express Offices Opened in the Business Section.

A petition was circulated this week in which the Commercial club, merchants and business men of Canyon petition the Western Union Telegraph Co. and the Wells-Fargo & Company Express to establish within the business district of Canyon new offices. The depot is nearly half a mile from the business section and much complaint has been raised by the business men as to the distance that must be traveled to send a message or express package.

The men petitioned are L. M. Jones, Western Union Telegraph Co., Topeka, Kans. and F. L. Selleck, Wells-Fargo & Company Express, Dallas.

The Commercial club will urge these men to investigate matters at once and it is thought that the new offices will be established. These companies maintain down town offices in cities where business is not nearly so flourishing as in Canyon and it is believed that the companies would be greatly repaid in increased business were these offices established.

The name of practically every business man in Canyon is upon the petition.

Civic League Meeting.

The Civic League will hold a meeting Saturday, February 13, at the Ladies Rest Room in the court house for the purpose of organizing and getting ready to do work this year. The league was very influential two years ago in improving the city and a full attendance is desired in order to do much work this year.

Newspapers and Cities.

There is nothing that calls attention and draws people to a town equal to a good newspaper. In order for a man to make a good newspaper he must have the patronage of the people among whom he lives. If he has half-way support it stands to reason that he must make a poorer paper, and in doing this every man in the town and surrounding country has to bear a portion of the loss. For this reason if for no other, the man who tries to make a good newspaper should have the support of his town people, all of whom reap as much benefit from its efforts as he does himself.—Tara (Ia.) Herald.

E. H. Stearns, of David City, Nebr., was down last week to look after his land in this county. Mr. Stearns has made many trips to the Panhandle and says that the country looks mighty fine to him. He will move his family here this fall to make their future home. Mrs. Stearns was down three months ago and was well pleased with conditions she found.

Why is it that our business is growing so fast? If you are not a customer of the Leader ask your neighbor. She will give you the reason for it. The Leader. 1

Abstracts & Insurance. Fleisher Bros. 45t1

500 PAY POLL TAX.

Office of Tax Collector Rushed During Past Few Days—68 Less Than Last Year.

Five hundred men will vote in Randall county this year. This number included the 483 who paid their poll taxes and 17 who were issued exemption blanks. However, this does not include those over 60 years of age, there being about thirty in all over the county. The record is 68 below last year. There seemed to be less disposition to pay poll taxes this year than ever before, notwithstanding the fact that this is political year.

The following number were issued in the various precincts:

Poll Tax	Exempts.
1. Canyon.....	295 11
2. Hileman.....	7 0
3. Ralph.....	48 2
4. Ceta.....	35 1
5. Park.....	43 1
6. Costley.....	14 0
7. Hoffman.....	10 0
8. Umbarger.....	31 2
Total	483 17

P. H. Young Announces.

To the Voters of Randall County:

I wish to announce to the voters of Randall county that I will be a candidate for reelection to the position of County Treasurer. I have been in this office now for two terms and wish to heartily thank the voters of the county for giving me the office for this length of time. I would appreciate another term and standing upon my record during my time in office I trust that the voters will see fit to give me the office again. I have always tried to be courteous in my business relations with the voters and believe that if I am elected I can serve the people better than during the past. Trusting that I may be given another term and thanking you for your past courtesies, I remain

Yours very truly,
P. H. YOUNG.

A Section of Land for Rent.

Survey No. 101 in Block M-8 Randall County, Texas. I am offering to rent the above for either a part of the crop or money.

IMPROVEMENTS.

All under fence, five room house, good well and wind-mill, 300 acres or more broke out for farming, out buildings and hog pasture.

Do not forget that I am also offering the above land for sale at a bargain. Write to me for Randall County maps and get the location. L. G. CONNER, Canyon City, Texas. 45t3

Rev. J. M. Burrow, of Stacy, was in the city over Sunday visiting with his son, C. R. Burrow. Mr. Burrow is the father of Burette, who was killed in Amarillo a few weeks ago. Mr. Burrow says he has had troubles during his life, but never before did grief so overwhelm him as when the message came of the death of his youngest son. Speaking of Canyon, Mr. Burrow says he does not know of a more appropriate town for the Normal than Canyon. He was very greatly impressed with the beauty of the city and with the splendid moral atmosphere found everywhere.

Correspondent Wanted.

The News wishes to obtain a weekly correspondent at Happy. Will some one please volunteer at once or recommend us some resident of Happy who will act?

EMMER SURE TO MAKE GOOD HERE

NUMBER OF FARMERS WILL TRY IT THIS YEAR.

Is Considered a Better Crop Than Oats.—Discussion by U. S. Government Expert.

After the appearance of the article by H. M. Bainer in the News last week, there was so much discussion of emmer as a suitable crop for this section of country that we publish this week the summary of Farmers' Bulletin 466, by Mark Alfred Carleton, published by the U. S. Department of Agriculture. Any farmer interested should send and get this bulletin.

It will be interesting to note also that on the C. O. Keiser ranch two acres are planted to emmer this year and will be watched with great interest by farmers and those interested in promoting the welfare of the country.

The following is the article:

Emmer has been known as a profitable crop in parts of the United States for 15 to 20 years. Both winter and spring varieties are grown, but the spring varieties have been most commonly planted.

Emmer is commonly but incorrectly called spelt or "speltz." True speltz is a distinct crop. Emmer has stouter, compact, and usually bearded spikes which on breaking up in thrashing leave a short, pointed pedicel attached to each spikelet. Speltz spikes are more slender and loose, both bearded and beardless, and, in breaking up, the pedicel usually does not remain attached to the base of the spikelet.

All varieties of emmer are considerably resistant to drought and certain varieties are very resistant to rust. They are also considerably resistant to the effects of wet weather in humid climates, though best adapted to rather dry regions with hot summers.

Emmers are cultivated thru out southern Europe and to some extent in east-central Africa. They are very largely grown in Russia.

Black Winter emmer was first introduced from France by the Department of Agriculture in 1904, and the seed has been increased and distributed as rapidly as possible since that date.

It has been tested on many of the Departmental farms with good results. A 5-year test at McPherson, Kans., gave an average acre yield of 45.5 bushels, the highest yield obtained being 77 bushels in 1908. Five crops grown in the Panhandle of Texas averaged about 35 bushels per acre.

Many cooperating farmers in the Western States report yields ranging from 25 to 60 bushels to the acre. A seed-breeding farm in Wyoming has been selecting a strain of this Black Winter emmer with special reference to winter resistance. In 1909 this variety yielded at the rate of 42.5 bushels per acre and in 1910 a 10 acre field yielded at the rate of 69.1 bushels per acre. Both crops were grown under irrigation.

Emmer withstands extremes of climate much better than any other cereal and is well adapted for use as a general-purpose crop.

Winter emmer is likely to

Continued on page 2

TAILOR SHOP

I wish to announce to the people of Canyon that I have purchased the Bates Tailor Shop and am now ready to serve the public with cleaning, pressing, altering and ordering suits. I have the latest and best machinery for cleaning and pressing which is far superior to the old method of hand work. Let me have your next order. I am especially interested in ladies work and will be glad to clean and press their suits, skirts and coats.

Give me a trial.

Goods called for and delivered.

H. C. WORD

WANTED

MULES

3 to 7 years old.
Good flesh and
broke to work.

P. D. Kennedy

Will be in Canyon, Monday
February 5, 1912

Canyon Tailor Shop

Telephone No. 12.
WORK CALLED FOR AND DELIVERED
I CLEAN FOR YOU
I PRESS FOR YOU
I DYE FOR YOU
I KEEP UNNEAT

E. W. REID, Proprietor

LUMBER

Which Emphasizes Our Supremacy

Past experience has taught us that the best is none too good for the people of Canyon and surrounding country. **Stop and Think.** If you will, you will admit this is facts. Our lumber can not be surpassed in quality. Come and find out with your next bill. Don't forget the place.

Price Will Suit

Price Will Suit

CANYON LUMBER CO.
Where everything is kept under sheds

Church Conference.

Rev. F. M. Neal called a church conference of the members of the local Methodist church Sunday evening after the sermon and the following business was transacted:

W. J. Flesher was chosen church secretary.

The following missionary committee was selected: D. A. Park, W. J. Flesher, J. S. Christian, Jno. Guthrie, C. N. Harrison, L. L. Hunt.

The following delegates were selected to attend the missionary conference in Amarillo this week: Dr. F. M. Wilson, G. G. Foster, R. B. Cousins and Mrs. F. M. Neal.

Pneumonia and Pleurisy.

For over thirty years Hunt's Lightning Oil has been acknowledged to be a very quick relief when rubbed well on the chest. Many hundred letters testify to the benefit it has given others. Why not try it? All druggists, 25c and 50c bottles.

History and Practice Club.

The following program was given by the History and Practice club at the home of Miss Grace Winder, Jr. on January 20:

Up in a Swing, Jessie DeGraffenreid.

Alpine Hut, Gracie Moreland.
History Lesson, How the System of Writing Notes was Invented!

Sultons Band March, Blanche Croson.

Minuet Paderewski, Lottie Lofton.

Valse E. Durand, Dochia Brown.

Le Secret, Grace Winder.
Da Fontaine, Helen Croson.
Eolienne Harp, Emily Garmon.

Lumbago, Rheumatism and Chillsblains

There is nothing that gives so quick benefit as Hunt's Lightning Oil. The very minute it is rubbed on the improvement is noticed. For over thirty years this Liniment has been acknowledged to be the best for these troubles. Every druggist will recommend it. Price 25c and 50c per Bottle.

Seagraves Predicts Homeseekers Influx.

C. L. Seagraves, of Chicago, head of the Colonization Department of the Santa Fe, came to Amarillo last week after a trip through the Pecos Valley.

Mr. Seagraves in conversation with a representative of the News last night declared that in view of the promising crop outlook in this section, a heavy influx of homeseekers to the Panhandle and Plains country by next autumn might be confidently expected.

Mr. Seagraves will leave this morning for points on the South Plains.—Friday's Amarillo Daily News.

How Foolish

to suffer from Skin Diseases (Itch, Eczema, Ringworm, etc.) when one 50c box of "Hunt's Cure" is positively guaranteed to cure or your money refunded. Every retail druggist in the state stands behind this guarantee. Ask your druggist and see the guarantee with each box. You don't risk anything in giving it a trial.

Notice.

All persons having claims against the estate of J. A. Crawford, deceased, are requested to file the same, properly authenticated with the undersigned who has been appointed Administratrix of the said estate.

MRS. JOANNA E. CRAWFORD, Administratrix with will annexed of the estate of J. A. Crawford, deceased. 4513

FOR RENT—5 room house near and west of square. Phone 229. 401f

Seth Ward 37, High School 17.

The Seth Ward basketball team, of Plainview, remained in the city over Tuesday night after the Monday, to play the team representing the local high school at the opera house. The contest started with a rush, and in the first five minutes of play, it looked like Seth Ward would receive another defeat. However, the visiting team "gingered up" a little and at the end of the first half stood 18 to 6 in their favor. The little high school bunch did excellent work, being of a great deal more of an antagonistic nature than displayed in previous games.

The following points were made according to the score-book: High School: Black 13, J. Hix 2, L. Hix 2. Seth Ward: B. Edmonson 19, Monning 6, C. Edmonson 4, Goodman 4, Nations 4.

Calomel is Bad

but Simmon's Liver Purifier is delightfully pleasant and its action is thorough. Constipation yields, biliousness goes. A trial convinces. (In Yellow Tin Boxes Only.) Tried once, used always.

B. Y. P. U. Program.

Sunday, Feb. 4th, 1912.

Subject, Prayer.
Leader, E. L. Henderson.
Scripture reading, by leader.
Prayer, by president.
Song, by Union.

How we should pray, Mr. Monroe.

Special Music, Miss Wanda McClure.

Why prayers are not answered Mr. Taylor.

Business.

Closing song, by Union.

Benediction, Douglas Johnson.

Everybody invited to attend these services from 4 to 5 p. m. each Sunday. Our Motto: "We do things."

GOOD THINGS TO EAT

Can Be Had If You Know Where

When at a loss to know what you want to eat, just visit our

Big Grocery and Meat Market

The problem will be solved. You will find things good to eat that you had forgotten ever grew or could be obtained in Canyon. Barbecue Wednesday and Saturday. Fresh ground bone for the chickens 4 cents per pound.

Remember they always have it at

W. E. LAIR

Southwest Corner of the Square
Phones 80 and 172

See the News Printery

FOR THE SUPERIOR KIND OF

Commercial Job Printing

Lives of Successful Men



Did you ever read the life of a successful business man whose start did not begin with an account in a good bank and whose success in life could be traced directly to the habit of saving? Do not trust

to any freak of fortune for the future but affiliate yourselves with us today and lay the foundation for comfort in old age.

The Canyon National Bank

Capital and Surplus \$75,000.00

S. A. Shotwell & Co.

Wholesale and Retail
Coal, Grain, Hides and Field Seeds.

Best Grades of Nigger
Head and Maitland Coal.

TERMS CASH

A Slaughter Sale on Clothing

Men's suits, Hart Schaffner & Marx; Boys suits, Hercules; Men's and Boys odd pants must sell. On account of our large stock on hand and our spring goods which will arrive in a short time **WE MUST HAVE ROOM.**

Boys and Youths Suits		Men's Suits, Hart Schaffner & Marx	
Reg. price	Sale price	Reg. price	Sale price
\$10.00 Suits	\$7.10	\$30.00 Suits	\$20.35
7.50 Suits	5.10	27.50 Suits	18.50
6.00 Suits	3.75	26.50 Suits	17.50
5.00 Suits	2.90	25.00 Suits	16.85
4.00 Suits	2.60	22.50 Suits	15.85
Over 100 suits to select from. All odd pants take the same reduction		20.00 Suits	14.70
		17.50 Suits	11.10
		15.00 Suits	9.10
		13.50 Suits	8.60
		Odd coats and vests and overcoats at same reduction.	

Blankets		Comforts	
Reg. price	Sale price	Reg. price	Sale price
\$10.00 Blankets	\$7.50	\$3.00 Comforts	\$2.25
7.50 Blankets	5.00	2.50 Comforts	1.75
6.50 Blankets	4.00	2.00 Comforts	1.50
5.00 Blankets	3.50	1.50 Comforts	1.00
4.00 Blankets	2.75	All outing 12 1-2c grade at 8c.	
3.00 Blankets	2.00	1-4 off on all Suit Cases and Trunks	
2.50 Blankets	1.75		
2.00 Blankets	1.50		

This is all new goods, nothing been in house over 12 months and the most of it not over 6 months. We are not closing out our clothing business, only making room for our large stock of clothing that is coming. We also carry two of the best tailoring lines to be had, Lamm & Co., and The United States Tailoring Co. This line is handled by Mr. Phillips who served nine years as tailor for the Government and is well known in the Panhandle.

THE LEADER

You Will Have to Hurry

It isn't too late yet to save the price of a good barn or shed by protecting those high priced cows and horses. We have a good assortment of shed and barn stock, and we are always glad to figure with you. Yard south west corner of the square. Phone No. 90.

The Citizens Lumber Co.

Read the ads in the News---It will pay you.

EMMER SURE TO MAKE GOOD.

Continued from page 1

prove of value as a feeding crop in a number of the Central, Southern and Eastern States where oats are not profitably grown. It will ripen earlier and yield better than oats and may furnish fall and winter pasture also.

In Europe emmer is often used as human food, in Russia chiefly in the form of a breakfast food, and in the other countries to a considerable extent in bread making.

In the United States it has been and is likely to be most used for stock feeding. In a considerable number of feeding tests conducted at different stations emmer has been found nearly, if not quite, equal to barley and oats for sheep and cattle.

In deciding the value of emmer not only its comparative feeding value but its comparative productiveness and certainty in western dry-farmed areas must be taken into account.

Since the emmer kernel does not become separated from the chaff in thrashing, emmer is more comparable to oats and barley than to wheat as a feeding grain.

The preparation of the land, the seeding, and subsequent management of the winter crop are practically the same as required for rye and winter wheat.

Emmer is really a subspecies of wheat and can be readily crossed with wheat by artificial means. It is being used in this way for the purpose of adding rust to wheat hybrids.

Almost Lost His Life.

S. A. Stid, of Mason, Mich., will never forget his terrible exposure to a merciless storm. "It gave me a dreadful cold," he writes, "that caused severe pains in my chest, so it was hard for me to breathe. A neighbor gave me several doses of Dr. King's New Discovery which brought great relief. The doctor said I was on the verge of pneumonia, but to continue with the Discovery. I did so and two bottles completely cured me." Use only this quick, safe, reliable medicine for coughs, colds or any throat or lung trouble. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by Cassles Drug Co.

Sale Was Good.

H. J. Ringler reports that the stock at his sale last week sold very high and that he was entirely pleased with the results. Three spans of mules sold for the following prices: \$420, \$375 and \$300. One team of horses sold at \$275. The cow he sold went at \$69. All of the farm machinery brought a good price.

Normal Notes.

The Cousins and Palo Duro societies will hold their annual debate Saturday night at the auditorium.

The Sesame and Cousins Literary societies met Saturday afternoon and rendered a program beneficial to all members.

The Barrett Browning and Palo Duro Literary societies met Saturday afternoon at their usual time.

The name for the Annual has been decided on, "The Mirage."

The Freshman class had an entertainment at the Normal Saturday evening, enjoyed by all.

Miss Perkins of the Junior class is very ill.

Attention! The Morey Stock Company will be at the Opera House next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, opening Monday night in "My Dixie Girl." This play will please you. It is full of comedy, and is enlivened with a number of up to date specialties. Popular prices, 15, 25 and 35 cents.

POULTRY AND EGGS

I wish to announce to the people of Randall county that I want to buy every chicken, turkey, duck and goose you have for sale. I am going into the live poultry shipping business and can give you absolutely the highest market price for your poultry and eggs. The prices quoted below are good for this week. Watch my quotations weekly as they will be the highest market price.

Hens	-	-	-	6 cents
Friers	-	-	-	8 cents
Turkeys	-	-	-	10 cents
Ducks	-	-	-	9 cents
Geese	-	-	-	8 cents
Eggs	-	-	-	25 cents

BRING ME YOUR POULTRY AND EGGS.

W. E. LAIR

Successor to Stewart & Ballard

YOUR BUSINESS

No One Knows Your Business So Well As You Do Yourself.

DON'T permit yourself to be inveigled into investing in "get rich quick" propositions, organized solely for the purpose of "getting you poor quick."

YOU go wrong in seeking high rates of interest on your money, but you cannot go far wrong in calling on "The Old Reliable" when you are in need of funds or when you have funds for deposit.

A Careful, Conservative, Legitimate Banking Business Conducted.

Capital	-	\$100,000.00
Surplus and Profits	-	\$ 47,000.00

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF CANYON

MORE LIGHT

Do you want more light? Then use the Mazda lamp. A forty-eight candle power Mazda burns no more current than a sixteen candle power carbon lamp and will give a much better light. They will burn anywhere. The price is only \$1.10.

Canyon Power Company Office in First National Bank

Subscribe for the "Newsy" News.

The Randall County News.

C. W. Warwick, Managing Editor.

Entered at postoffice at Canyon, Texas, as second class matter. Office of publication, West Houston street.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Table with subscription rates: One year, in county \$1.50; Six months .75; Three months .40; Two months .30; One month .25.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The News will place the names of candidates for the following offices at the rates given below. This carries your name up to the primaries and should you be the successful nominee your name will appear in the proper column up to the general election:

Table with political announcement rates: Congress \$20.00; State 15.00; District 12.50; County 10.00; Commissioners 7.50; Justice of Peace 5.00.

For County Clerk.

I hereby announce my candidacy for the office of District and County Clerk, subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

W. E. LAIR.

I hereby announce my candidacy for re-election to the office of District and County Clerk, subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

MARVIN P. GARNER.

For Sheriff and Tax Collector.

I hereby announce my candidacy for the office of sheriff and tax collector, subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

WORTH A. JENNINGS.

For Treasurer.

I hereby announce my candidacy for re-election to the office of County Treasurer subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

P. H. YOUNG.

The News is, as every other newspaper office in the United States, daily showered with literature from candidates of president, congress, etc. We have one rule—money talks. We are not here to run a paper for the good of the politician, and when the campaign is over to be wholly forgotten. We are here to run a newspaper for the benefit of Canyon and Randall county and if the candidates wish to use our columns for advertising purposes, they must pay for it as does the merchant. We are guilty of running plate matter a few times for candidates, but never again. The candidates for office at home must pay for their advertising and so must the other candidates.

South Dakota will have a ballot 10 inches wide and five feet long. It will have reading matter on it equal to four pages of solid type of the News. There are 20,000 words printed and for the average reader would require two hours to go through the matter. There are only six laws on this ballot, while in an Oregon election last year there were thirty-two laws on the ballot. These states have the referendum clause. How would you like to spend two hours or more reading a ballot before voting? The referendum is always accompanied by such long, tedious ballots.

Emmer is a new crop to most of the farmers of Randall county but it is a crop that ought to be investigated and a small acreage devoted to each farmer to the crop. From the experiments tried in the Panhandle it seems to be a good producing crop and one that brings a good price on the market. The farmers of our county will do well to investigate emmer. It seems to be so much surer a crop than oats.

C. L. Seagraves, Colonization Agent for the Santa Fe, says that a large number of people will come to the Panhandle this year. Those who come and see are convinced that there is no

place like the Panhandle and those who have stayed here for a short time are so convinced of this fact that they would not think of leaving. Come to the Panhandle.

Randall county dirt is the best investment you can possibly find. No country can boast of deeper and richer soil; no country can boast of a better climate; no country can boast of a better water and none has more or purer water. Investigate this section of the country before investing your money. You will be largely paid for your trouble.

Champ Clark is out with a statement that he is a candidate for the presidential nomination on the democratic ticket and states that he stands wholly on his own record. Mr. Clark is a strong man and will draw a larger support than is accorded him at this time.

No, we do not believe that Roosevelt will have to come back "to save the country." We do not believe the country is any where near "lost" and if it were there is doubt in our mind whether Roosevelt would be able to "save" it.

It is very easy for the Ft. Worth Record to condemn and criticize everything which does not taste of Bailey, Colquitt and anti pro.

Woodrow Wilson is truly a man of letters.

THE PARAGRAPHER.

The greatest man is common enough.

Canyon should be better advertised.

Yesterday the bill collector had another day.

February has 29 days. Here's where the leap year comes in.

Some men do not need the signs of spring to make them lazy.

As a man grows older he can't see much to winter but colds and coal bills.

The man who buys an article with tobacco tags usually pays very dear for it.

It is well to have a few living men on your hero list. Dead ones do not appreciate your worship.

Raise a few chickens, a pig or so, keep the garden clean and the high cost of living will not bother you much.

The business man who has had very much dealing with a mail order printing concern and then

THIS STORE WON'T GUARANTEE CALOMEL

But We Have a Liver Medicine That We Do Guarantee With Money-Back Offer.

The next time you think you need a dose of calomel, don't take it. Even if you have taken it often before, this might be the very dose that would salivate you. Its use is sometimes followed by dangerous after-effects. If your are constipated or bilious or if your liver has gotten lazy and inactive two or three doses of Dodson's Liver-Tone pleasant tasted vegetable liquid, will "make you feel like new."

We would not recommend Dodson's Liver-Tone in place of calomel if we were not willing to fully guarantee it. So anybody who buys a bottle of Dodson's Liver-Tone at City Pharmacy drug store and does not find it a perfect substitute for calomel may come into the store any day and get his or her money back.

It has absolutely no bad after-effects and is harmless for children as well as for grown-ups.

NEWSPAPER READING MAKES FOR PROGRESS

JONAS JACKSON reads the newspapers. Artemas Stubbs does not. From this mere statement can you not form mental photographs of Jonas and Artemas?

WHICH WOULD YOU PICK FOR A WINNER?

If you were an employer, which would you hire? If a voter, which would you vote for?

TO SAY THAT A MAN READS THE NEWSPAPERS IS A RECOMMENDATION.

It means that he is up to date; that he keeps in touch with what the world is thinking, saying and doing; that he has ideas, even if acquired ones; that he has at least a certain sort of culture and education; that he is alert and informed—in a word, that he keeps up with the procession.

The intelligence of a community may be judged from the amount of newspaper reading it does. America reads more newspapers than any other nation.

Who can measure the influence for progress that has been exerted by the American press? TAKE YOUR HOME PAPER.

tries the home printer thinks what a fool he was for not spending his money at home all the time.

Plant more shad trees. Add some fruit trees. Make Canyon one of the shadiest and prettiest towns on the Plains.

Leap year has been with us for one month now, and there seems to have been no bad (or good) effects in Canyon.

Champ Clark is willing to run for president on his past record. Too many men are afraid of their past record to even mention that they have one.

Thos. A. Edison says within a short time he will be able to furnish newly weds concrete furniture for their houses for \$250 that they could not buy at furniture stores for \$500. Nevertheless we are glad we didn't wait for his project. He might fail.

Yes, it's too late to tell you to pay your poll tax now. We promise to say nothing more about it for another year. Those who paid their poll tax before yesterday will get a vote. Those who didn't are no better off than a Chinaman—they are disfranchised for this year.

"The people, the people, the people," was the subject of a long harangue delivered to the News editor a short time ago by a certain candidate. If he had said: "My pocketbook, my pocketbook, my pocketbook," we would have much more readily believed that he was sincere in his dispensation of warm air.

We believe that the citizens of Randall county are interested in having the best possible newspaper published at their county seat. The News has always lived up to a high standard which was set years ago and each issue we are trying to make the paper better in order that it may represent to the outside world the true possibilities of our section of the Panhandle. Yet our efforts will be in vain if we do not have the support of every citizen. How help the News, you ask? First, by reporting every item of interest which comes to your attention. Second, by being a paid in advance subscriber. You can do both. Will you?

The Best Of All

Now is the best opportunity to buy winter goods at the lowest possible prices. We are making these prices in all winter goods in order to make room for our spring stock already arriving, also to give our customers the benefit of the best prices we have offered in any previous sale. Below we quote a few of the many bargains we have to offer:

- Over seven hundred pairs of shoes in men's, women and children at a saving of twenty per cent discount. All men's and boys suits at twenty-five per cent discount. All men's and boys overcoats at twenty-five per cent discount. All men's, boys and childrens hats at twenty-five per cent discount. All men's women's and children's underwear at twenty per cent off. All ladies tailored suits at one-half the regular price. All ladies and children's coats at one-half the regular price. All ladies skirts at one-half the regular price. All woolen dress goods at twenty per cent discount. All silks fancy and plain at twenty per cent discount. All table linens and napkins at twenty per cent discount.

New Arrivals Spring 1912

In match lace sets, match embroidery sets, Red Seal gingham, fifty patterns of white goods in Linweave. Ladies slippers in all the new styles in white duck, white canvas, velvet, in all the new colonial styles in buttons, pumps, bows and buckles. Come in to see us, we are sure you will find something you want at these prices.

The Canyon City Supply Co. DRY-GOODS, CLOTHING & GROCERIES CANYON, TEXAS

He Won't Limp Now.

No more limping for Tom Moore of Cochran, Ga. "I had a bad sore on my instep that nothing seemed to help till I used Bucklen's Arnica Salve," he writes, "but this wonderful healer soon cured me." Heals old, running sores, ulcers, boils, burns, cuts, bruises, eczema or piles. Try it. Only 25 cents at Cassles Drug Co.

The News has a number of extra fine blotters on hands which they will be glad to give to their customers.

See the new stock of Ladies' Muslin Underwear at the Leader

Plumbing Guaranteed

Now is the time to do that plumbing work you have been putting off so long. The city is demanding better sanitary conditions and there is no better way to accomplish it than by having each home equipped with modern plumbing. All work guaranteed.

PAT THOMPSON

Take the News and keep posted.

STOP

Don't be satisfied with anything but the best, and do not allow substitution. We believe that substitution is no less than robbery in a mild form and would rather not fill a prescription than to fill it with cheap drugs. Come in and let a registered pharmacist fill your prescriptions.



Cassles Drug Company The Leading Druggists East Side of the Square

Dr. Price's CREAM BAKING POWDER

Made from pure, grape
Cream of Tartar

Best for good food and
good health

No alum

Social and Personal Notes

See the Leader's Clothing Ad. Something doing all the time. 1

The Eastern Star is planning to hold a Joint Sociable during this month.

A skin game and you hold the knife. See the Leader Special. 1

W. T. Moreland has been absent from the Supply this week on account of illness.

Just received a nice line of Valentines at Cassles Drug Co. 1

Miss Norma Blackburn, of Amarillo, spent Sunday at the parental home in this city.

New goods arriving at Turk & Armstrong Dry Goods Co. 45t2

Thomas Furniture Co. has leased the Thompson brick on the south side and are moving their ware house goods into it. Come to Canyon to live.

DECIDE YOURSELF.

The Opportunity is Here. Backed by Canyon Testimony.

Don't take our word for it. Don't depend on a stranger's statement.

Read Canyon endorsement. Read the statement of Canyon citizens.

And decide for yourself. Here is one case of it:

George Reynolds, grocer, Canyon, Texas, says: "I can recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to anyone suffering from kidney complaint. I had suffered from this trouble for a long time. I had pains in my back and sides and my kidneys became weak. I got Doan's Kidney Pills and was soon cured. Another member of my family had still worse trouble and Doan's Kidney Pills quickly cured that case. I consider this preparation the best one for kidney complaint on the market."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, Sole Agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other. 43-2t

Special at The Leader For Saturday and Monday

SHOE BARGAINS

150 pairs children's shoes, (Reliable Brand), from 40c to \$1.50. Sizes up to No. 13 in children's. Down to No. 2 in infants.

It will pay you to watch this corner. Some Bargains here every week.

Abstracts & Insurance. 45tf

Flesher Bros. L. S. Maloney will leave tomorrow evening for St. Louis where he will buy the spring goods for the Supply Co.

We are making low prices on all winter goods. Turk & Armstrong Dry Goods Co. 45t2

Judge Wm. Hendrix, of Tulia, and John Hendrix, of Sayre, Okla., were business callers in the city Wednesday.

Opportunity knocks but once at your door. Read the Leader Special. 1t

J. M. McNaughton, of Happy, was in town Tuesday on business. He says things look pretty good around his town.

You trade with us, we trade with you. Bring us all your produce. The Leader. 1t

Misses Frankie Gober and May Cowling were up from Tulia Saturday and Sunday to visit at the parental homes.

I represent 15 good Fire Insurance companies. Let me write your insurance. Call on Flesher Bros. or myself. T. P. TURK. 45t2

Mrs. Sharpless and daughter, of Amarillo, visited a few days this week at the L. S. Maloney home.

We appreciate your trade and want your business this year. Turk & Armstrong Dry Goods Co. 45t2

Mrs. Watson, of Amarillo, spent Sunday in the city visiting at the parental Blackburn home with her sister, Mrs. C. P. Hutchings.

Abstracts & Insurance. 45tf

Flesher Bros. Rev. F. M. Neal has been absent from the city this week attending a meeting of the District Missionary conference of the Methodist church held at Amarillo.

A few choice Cockerels for sale, White Leghorns and White Wyandottes. H. E. Muldrow. 44t3

T. P. Turk will leave Saturday evening for Hillsboro and from there will go to St. Louis to buy goods for the Turk & Armstrong Dry Goods Co.

Pure bred Rhode Island Red Chickens and Eggs for Sale. T. S. Minter, Canyon, Texas. 45tf

Miss Lena Wade and Miss Carrie Quirk will leave Sunday for St. Louis for market. Miss Wade will buy goods for the Leader and Miss Quirk will look after her millinery goods for the coming season.

Have you seen the nice Valentines at Cassles Drug Co.? 1t

O. B. Burnett, of Memphis, was in the city Wednesday on business. Mr. Burnett is interested in introducing an improved cotton in the Panhandle.

Don't forget the price on Outing, 12 1-2c grade only 8c. The Leader. 1t

A full line of Gingham just received at the Leader. 1t

Have you seen the nice Valentines at Cassles Drug Co.? 1t

White Leghorns and White Wyandotte cockerels for sale. H. E. MULDROW. 44t3

FOR SALE—Four good mules, 3, 4 and 5 years old. J. W. Rattikin, Canyon, phone 71. 43t4

We feed our own cattle and dress our own meat. The City Meat Market. 44tf

WANTED—Party to farm on shares about 100 acres, part old land, balance sod turned, adjoining Canyon. R. C. PEACOCK, Independence, Mo. 44t3

Rev. J. M. Harder was in the city Saturday calling on friends. Mr. Harder is conducting a series of revival meetings in Amarillo which are proving very successful.

Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Park were in Amarillo Tuesday night to attend the program of the Methodist District Missionary conference.

Judge Huff, of Vernon, was in the city Tuesday looking up prospects as to entering the race for the membership of the court of civil appeals located in Amarillo.

A few nice Blankets and Comforts at a special price yet at The Leader. 1t

Opera House, Feb. 5, 6 and 7. Clean, good shows at small prices 15-25-35 cents. All new plays, eleven acting people, all special scenery, and the best of vaudeville. Monday night, "My Dixie Girl."

FOR SALE—Team good work horses cheap, on good terms. Joe Foster, at the Leader. 45tf

Geo. W. Leverton, of Hartley, was in the city this week on matters of business. Mr. Leverton owns considerable property in Canyon and was here to look after his buildings.

In W. E. Lair's ad on page three, eggs are quoted at 25c. This is a mistake. The price should be 22 1-2 cents.

President R. B. Cousins was in Amarillo yesterday to deliver an address before the District Missionary conference of the Methodist church. Mr. Cousins spoke on "The Superintendent and the Teacher."

Most likely there are babies more than a year old in this good town who have never had a photo made of them. The first pretty day take them to Lusby studio. You will always be glad you did. 45t1

The Canyon fire department met last night and a committee was appointed to see if arrangements could not be made to have an alarm placed either in the court house or in the court house yard.

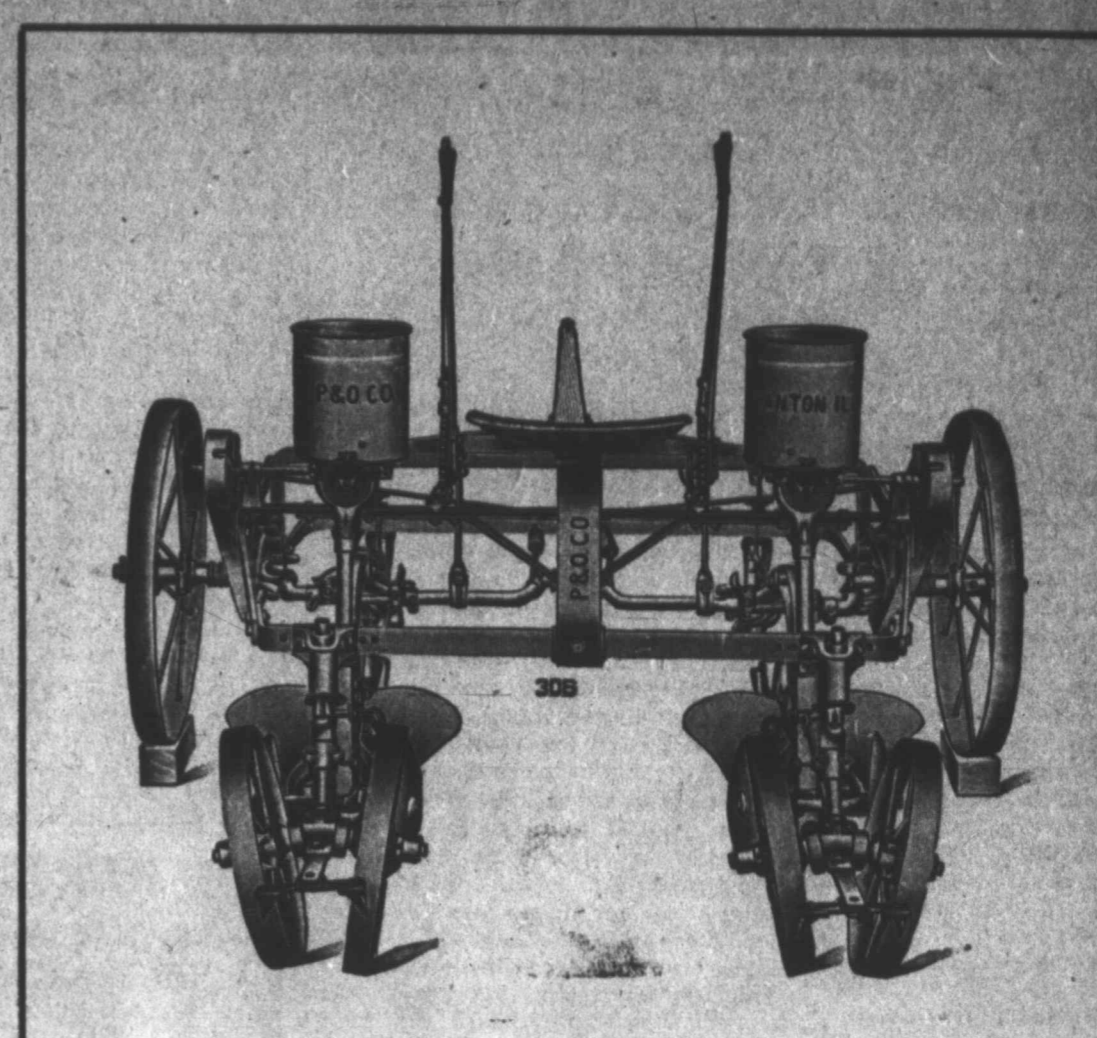
To trade Chicago Cottage Organ on good milch cow. Address P. O. box 332. 1t

It is reported that K. P. Simms, of Happy, will plant 200 acres of peanuts this year. This crop has grown so favorably with the Panhandle farmer that they are being more and more raised all over the country.

PLOWING—Gardens, Patches, etc. Phone 142. J. M. Gorman. 45t2

Henry Weber was in the News office yesterday and reports that farmers out his way are very busy getting their oats land into shape. They will start to plant oats about the fifteenth of February if the fine weather prevails.

FOR SALE—Would take some trade for 1-2 of the value of 320 acres land at \$35.00 per acre in Mdse., Hardware, Furniture, Implements. Land is 7 miles east of Canyon City, Texas, all good level land, 260 acres in cultivation; small improvements, good well and windmill. 44p2
H. A. SENN, Sholes, Nebr.



P. & O. TWO-ROW LISTER

That will work perfectly in all kinds of land, to list and re-list. Easy to handle and will do better work than any one-row lister, one man can do the work of two. It is equipped with either shovel or disc covers. Can adjust rows any width. See this lister before you buy

THOMPSON HARDWARE CO.

WANTED—25 nice fat turkeys at the Leader. 1t

Postmaster J. M. McNaughton of Happy, is on crutches as the result of a fall he received while trying to thaw out a pipe during the cold snap. Mr. McNaughton fell on his knee and badly wrenched it. He was in the city this week and was compelled to use a cane, but reports that it is improving quite rapidly.

To rent good five room house near public school and business part of town. Address Box 332.

The Leader reports that one of their customers has sold to them during the past month \$39.35 worth of butter and eggs. Of this \$36.95 was for butter and \$2.40 for eggs. This shows the great benefit the farmer derives who has a few cows and chickens. January was a bad month for chickens, but this farmer was not handicapped because he had a few good cows. Every Panhandle farmer ought to have some dairy cows and help solve the high cost of living.

TURKEYS—I have a few White Holland Gobblers and Hens for sale. Twelve (12) miles south east of Canyon on old Merry boys' place. Mrs. R. L. Greer, Box 403, Canyon, Texas. 45p2

The moving picture machine at the Normal was tried out for the first time Saturday night in the auditorium. Prof. Hill first gave a short talk on "The Causes of the War between Turkey and Italy," after which a series of motion pictures of scenes of the seat of this war, were shown. It is the desire of the faculty to be able give a good many of these illustrated lectures in the future for the benefit of the students and public in general.

Have you seen the Matchless Sanitary cleaner at the News office? Come to Canyon to live.

Blamed A Good Worker.

"I blamed my heart for severe distress in my left side for two years," writes W. Evans, Danville, Va., "but I know now it was indigestion, as Dr. King's New Life Pills completely cured me." Best for stomach, liver and kidney troubles, constipation, headache or debility. 25c at Cassles Drug Co.

This is the season of the year when mothers feel very much concerned over the frequent colds contracted by their children, and have abundant reason for it as every cold weakens the lungs, lowers the vitality and paves the way for the more serious diseases that so often follow. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is famous for its cures, and is pleasant and safe to take. For sale by all dealers.

Clean up the weeds.



EXCURSIONS

To Ft. Worth, Feb. 7th, 8th, \$13.45. Dallas, Feb. 4th, \$13.25. San Antonio, Feb. 23rd, \$22.00.

All year rates to Texas Resorts, California and other states.

For further information call at ticket office or phone No. 5.

C. C. Miller, Agt.

ANNOUNCEMENT

I have purchased the old Bates Tailor Shop and will continue to put out my first-class work as heretofore at that place. I wish to thank my customers for their past patronage and hope to obtain a generous share of their future tailor work. I am still selling the best made-to-order clothes.

Work Called for and Delivered
Cleaning and Pressing

Canyon Tailor Shop

E. W. REID, Mgr.

Phone No. 12

The Chalice of Courage

Being the Story of Certain Persons Who Drank of it and Conquered

A Romance of Colorado

By **Cyrus Townsend Brady**

Author of "The King and the Man," "The Lamb of Regeneration," "The Better Man," "Harris and the Highway," "As the Sparks Fly Upward," etc.

Illustrations by **Claworth Young**

Copyright, 1911, by W. S. Chapman

The body of the girl, utterly unprepared, was caught up in a moment and flung like a bolt from a catapult down the seething sea filled with the trunks of the trees and the debris of the mountains, tossing about humanly in the wild confusion. She struck out strongly swimming more because of the instinct of life than for any other reason. A helpless atom in the boiling flood, growing every minute greater and greater as the angry skies disgorged themselves of their pent-up torrents upon her devoted head.

CHAPTER VI.

Death, Life and the Resurrection.
The man was coming back from one of his rare visits to the settlements. Ahead of him he drove a train of burros who, well broken to their work, followed with docility the wise old leader in the advance. The burros were laden with his supplies for the approaching winter. The season was late, the mountains would soon be impassable on account of the snows, indeed he chose the late season always for his buying in order that he might not be followed, and it was his habit to buy in different places at different years that his repeated and expected presence at one spot might not arouse suspicion.

Intercourse with his fellow men was confined to this yearly visit to a settlement, and even that was of the briefest nature, confined always to the business in hand. Even when busy in the town he pitched a small tent in the open on the outskirts and dwelt apart. No men there in those days pried into the business of other men



She Screamed Aloud.

too closely. Curiosity was neither safe nor necessary. If he aroused transient interest or speculation it soon died away. He vanished into the mountains and as he came no more to that place, he was soon forgotten.

Withdrawing from his fellow men and avoiding their society, this man was never so satisfied as when alone in the silent hills. His heart and spirit rose with every step he made away from the main traveled roads or the more difficult mountain trails.

For several days he journeyed through the mountains, choosing the wildest and most inaccessible parts for his going. Amid the canons and peaks he threaded his way with unerring accuracy, ascending higher and higher until at last he reached the mountain aerie, the lonely hermitage, where he made his home. There he revealed in his isolation. What had been punishment, expiation, had at last become pleasure.

Civilization was bursting through the hills in every direction, railways were being pushed hither and thither, the precious metals were being discovered at various places and after them came hordes of men and with them—God save the mark—women; but his section of the country had hitherto been unvisited even by hunters, explorers, miners or pleasure seekers. He was glad, as he had grown to love the spot where he had made his home, and he had no wish to be forced, like little Joe, to move on.

Once a man who loved the strife, noble or ignoble, of the maddest crowd, he had grown accustomed to silence, habituated to solitude. Winter and summer alike he roamed the mountains, delving into every forest, exploring every hidden canyon, surmounting every inaccessible peak; no storm, no snow, no condition of wind or weather daunted him or stopped him. He had no human companionship by which to try his mettle, but nevertheless over the world of the material which lay about him he was a master as he was a man.

He found some occupation, too, in the following of old Adam's inheritance; during the pleasant months of summer he made such gardens as he could. His profession of mining engineer gave him other employment. Round about him lay treasures inestimable, precious metals abounded in

the hills. He had located them, tested, analyzed, estimated the wealth that was his for the taking—it was as valueless to him as the doubloons and golden guineas were to Selkirk on his island. Yet the knowledge that it was there gave him an energizing sense of potential power, unconsciously enormously flattering to his self-esteem.

Sometimes he wandered to the extreme verge of the range and on clear days saw far beneath him the smoke of great cities of the plains. He could be master among men as he was a master among mountains, if he chose. On such occasions he laughed cynically, scornfully, yet rarely did he ever give way to such emotions.

A great and terrible sorrow was upon him; cherishing a great passion he had withdrawn himself from the common lot to dwell upon it. From a perverted sense of expiation, in a madness of grief, horror and despair, he had made himself a prisoner to his ideas in the desert of the mountains. Back to his cabin he would hasten, and there surrounded by his living memories—deathless, yet of the dead!—he would recreate the past until dejection drove him abroad on the hills to meet God if not man—or woman.

Night-day, sunshine-shadow, heat-cold, storm-calm; these were his life.

Having disburdened his faithful animals of their packs and having seen them safely bestowed for the winter in the corral he had built near the base of the cliff upon which his rude home was situated, he took his rifle one morning for one of those lonely walks across the mountains from which he drew such comfort because he fancied the absence of man conduced to the nearness of God. It was a delusion as old nearly as the Christian religion. Many had made themselves hermits in the past in remorse for sin and for love toward God; this man had buried himself in the wilderness in part for the first of these causes, in other part for the love of woman. In the days of swift and sudden change he had been constant to a remembrance, and abiding in his determination for five swift moving years. The world for him had stopped its progress in one brief moment five years back—the rest was silence. What had happened since then out yonder where people were mated he did not know and he did not greatly care.

In his visits to the settlements he asked no questions, he bought no papers, he manifested no interest in the world; some things in him had died in one fell moment, and there had been, as yet, no resurrection. Yet life, hope, and ambition do not die, they are indeed eternal. Resurgam!

Life with its tremendous activities, its awful anxieties, its wearing strains, its rare triumphs, its opportunities for achievement, for service; hope with its illuminations, its encouragements, its expectations, ambition with its stimulus, its force, its power; and greatest of all, love, itself alone—all three were latent in him. In touch with a woman these had gone. Something as powerful and as human must bring them back.

It was against nature that a man dowered as he should so live to himself alone. Some voice should cry in his soul in its ceremonies of futile remorse, vain expiations and benumbing recollection; some day he should burst these grave clothes self-wound about him and be once more a man and a master among men, rather than the hermit and the recluse of the solitudes.

He did not allow these thoughts to come into his life; indeed, it is quite likely that he scarcely realized them at all yet; such possibilities did not present themselves to him. Perhaps the man was a little mad that morning, maybe he trembled on the verge of a break-upward, downward, I know not so it be away—unconsciously as he strode along the range that morning.

He had been walking for some hours, and as he grew thirsty it occurred to him to descend to the level of the brook which he heard below him and of which he sometimes caught a flashing glimpse through the trees. He scrambled down the rocks and found himself in a thick grove of pine. Making his way slowly and with great difficulty through the tangle of fallen timber which lay in every direction, the sound of a human voice, the last thing on earth to be expected in that wilderness, smote upon the fearful hollow of his ear.

Any voice or any word then and there would have surprised him, but there was a note of awful terror in this voice, a sound of frightened appeal. The desperation in the cry left him no moment for thought, the demand was for action. The cry was not addressed to him, apparently, but to God, yet it was he who answered—sent doubtless by that Over-looking Power who works in such mysterious ways His wonder to perform!

He leaped over the intervening trees to the edge of the forest where

the rapid waters ran. To the right of him rose a huge rock, or cliff, in front of him the canon bent sharply to the north, and beneath him a few rods away a speck of white gleamed

above the water of a deep and still pool that he knew.

There was a woman there! He had time for but the swiftest glance; he had surmised that the voice was not that of a man's voice instantly he heard it, and now he was sure. She stood white breast deep in the water staring ahead of her. The next second he saw what had alarmed her—a Grizzly Bear, the largest, fiercest, most forbidding specimen he had ever seen. There were a few of those monsters still left in the range; he himself had killed several.

The woman had not seen him. He was a silent man by long habit, accustomed to saying nothing, he said nothing now. But instantly aiming from the hip with a wondrous skill and a perfect mastery of the weapon, and indeed it was a short range for so huge a target, he pumped bullet after bullet from his Winchester into the evil monarch of the mountains. The first shot did for him, but making assurance double and treble sure,



He Caught a Glimpse of Her White, Desperate Face.

he fired again and again. Satisfied at last that the bear was dead, and observing that he had fallen upon the clothes of the bather, he turned, descended the stream for a few yards until he came to a place where it was easily fordable, stepped through it without a glance toward the woman shivering in the water, whose sensation so far as a mere man could, he thoroughly understood and appreciated, and whose modesty he vain would spare, having not forgotten to be a gentleman in five years of his own society—high test of quality, that.

He climbed out upon the bank, uprooted a small tree, rolled the bear clear of the heap of woman's clothing and marched straight ahead of him up the canon and around the bend.

Thereafter, being a man, he did not faint or fall, but completely unnerved he leaned against the canon wall, dropped his gun at his feet and stood there trembling mightily, sweat bedewing his forehead, and the sweat had not come from his exertions. In one moment the whole even tenor of his life was changed. The one glimpse he had got of those white shoulders, that pallid face, that golden head raised from the water, had swept him back five years. He had seen once more in the solitude a woman.

Other women he had seen at a distance and avoided in his yearly visits to the settlements. Of course, these had passed him by remotely, but here he was brought in touch intimately with humanity. He who had taken life had saved it. A woman had sent him forth; was a woman to call him back?

He cursed himself for his weakness. He shut his eyes and summoned other memories. How long he stood there he could not have told. He was fighting a battle and it seemed to him at last that he triumphed. Presently the consciousness came to him that perhaps he had no right to stand there idle; it may be that the woman needed him; perhaps she had fainted in the water; perhaps— He turned toward the bend which concealed him from her and then he stopped. Had he any right to intrude upon her privacy? He must of necessity be an unwelcome visitor to her; he had surprised her at a frightful disadvantage, he knew instinctively, although the fault was none of his, although he had saved her life thereby, that she would hold him and him alone responsible for the outrage to her modesty, and although he had seen little at first glance and had resolutely kept his eyes away, the mere consciousness of her absolute helplessness appealed to him—to what was best and noblest in him, too. He must go to her; yet stay, she might not yet be clothed, in which event— But no, she must be dressed, or dead, by this time, and in either case he would have a duty to discharge.

It devolved upon him to make sure of her safety; he was in a certain sense responsible for it, until she got back to her friends, wherever they might be; but he persuaded himself that otherwise he did not want to see her again, that he did not wish to know anything about her future; that he did not care whether it was well or ill with her; and it was only stern

Continued on page 7.

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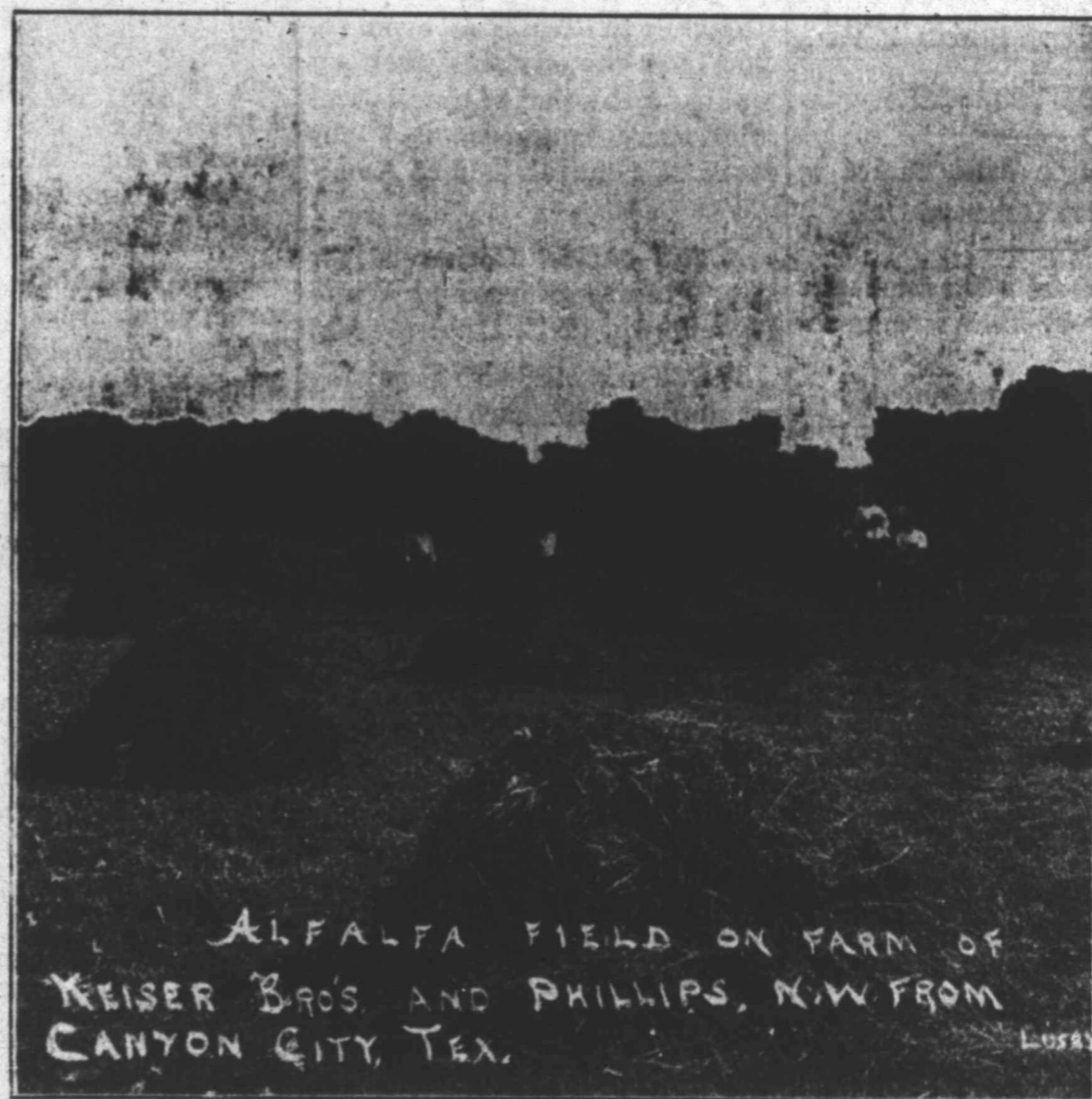
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The Chalice of Courage

Being the Story of Certain Persons Who
Died of It and Conquered

A Romance of Colorado

BY
CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

Author of "The Rise and the Fall,"
"The Island of Repose," "The
Bitter Man," "Horns and the High-
way," "As the Sparks Fly Upward,"
Illustrations by Elsworth Young

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Continued from page 6

obligation which drove him toward her—oh, fond and foolish man!

He compromised with himself at last by climbing the ridge that had shut off a view of the pool, and looking down at the place so memorable to him. He was prepared to withdraw instantly should circumstances warrant, and he was careful so to conceal himself as to give no possible opportunity for her to discover his scrutiny.

With a beating heart and eager eyes he searched the spot. There lay the bear and a little distance away prone on the grass, clothed but with-

er in her right mind or not he could not tell, lay the woman. For a moment as he bent a concentrated, eager gaze upon her he thought she might have fainted or that she might have died. In any event he reflected that she had strength and nerve and will to have dressed herself before either of these things happened. She lay motionless under his gaze for so long that he finally made up his mind that common humanity required him to go to her assistance.

He rose to his feet on the instant and saw the woman also lift herself from the grass as if moved by a similar impulse. In his intense preoccupation he had forgot to observe the signs of the times. A sense of the overcast sky came to him suddenly as it did to her, but with a difference. He knew what was about to happen. His experience told him much more as to the awful potentialities of the tempest than she could possibly imagine. She must be warned at once, she must leave the canon and get up on the higher ground without delay. His duty was plain and yet he did it not. He could not. The pressure upon him was not yet strong enough.

A half dozen times as he watched her deliberately sitting there eating, he opened his mouth to cry to her, yet he could not bring himself to it. A strange timidity oppressed him; halted him, held him back. A man cannot stay away five years from men and women and be himself with them in the twinkling of an eye. And when to that instinctive and acquired reluctance against which he struggled in vain, he added the assurance that whatever his message he would be unwelcome on account of what had gone before; he could not force himself to go to her or even to call to her, not yet. He would keep her under surveillance, however, and if the worst came he could intervene in time to rescue her. He counted without his cost, his usual judgment bewildered. So he followed her through the trees and down the bank.

Now he was so engrossed in her and so agitated that his caution slept, his experience was forgotten. The storm in his own breast was so great that it overshadowed the storm brewing above. Her way was easier than his and he had fallen some distance behind when suddenly there rushed upon him the fact that a frightful and unlooked for cloudburst was about to occur above their heads. A lightning flash and a thunder clap at last arrested his attention. Then, but not until then, he flung everything to the winds and amid the sullen and almost continuous peals of thunder he sent cry after cry toward her which were lost in the tremendous diapason of sound that echoed and re-echoed through the rifts of the mountains.

"Wait," he cried again and again. "Come up higher. Get out of the canon. You'll be drowned."

But he had waited too long. The storm had developed too rapidly; she was too far ahead of and beneath him. She heard nothing but the sound of a voice, shrill, menacing, fraught with terror for her, not a word distinguishable; scarcely to her disturbed soul even a human voice. It seemed like the wierd cry of some wild spirit of the storm. It sounded to her overwrought nerves so utterly inhuman that she only ran the faster.

The canon swayed and then doubled back, but he knew its direction. Losing sight of her for the moment he plunged straight ahead through the trees, cutting off the bend, leaping with superhuman agility and strength over rocks and logs until he reached a point where the rift narrowed between two walls and ran deeply. There and then the heavens opened and the floods came and beat into the open maw of that vast crevice and filled it in an instant.

As the deluge came roaring down, bearing onward the sweepings and scourings of the mountains, he caught a glimpse of her white desperate face rising, falling, now disappearing, now coming into view again, in the foamy midst of the torrent. He ran to the cliff bank and throwing aside his gun he scrambled down the wall to a certain shelf of the rock over which the

rising water broke thinly. Ordinarily it was twenty feet above the creek bed. Bracing himself against a jagged projection he waited praying. The canon was here so narrow that he could have leaped to the other side and yet it was too narrow for him to reach her if the water did not sweep her toward his feet. It was all done in a second. Fortunately a projection on the other side threw the force of the torrent toward him and with it came the woman.

She was almost spent. She had been struck by a log upheaved by some mighty wave, her hands were moving feebly, her eyes were closed, she was drowning, dying, but indomitably battling on. He stooped down and as a surge lifted her, he threw his arm around her waist and then he braced himself against the rock to sustain the full thrust of the mighty flood. As he seized her she gave way suddenly, as if after having done all that she could there was now nothing left but to trust herself to his hand and God's. She hung a dead weight on his arm in the ravening water which dragged and tore at her madly.

He was a man of giant strength, but the struggle bade fair to be too much even for him. It seemed as if the mountain behind him was giving way. He set his teeth, he tried desperately to hold on, he thrust out his right hand, holding her with the other one, and clawed at the dripping rock in vain. In a moment the torrent mastered him and when it did so it seized him with fury and threw him like a stone from a sling into the seething vortex of the mid-stream. But in all this he did not, or would not, release her.

Such was the swiftness of the motion with which they were swept downward that he had little need to swim, his only effort was to keep his head above water and to keep from being dashed against the logs that tumbled end over end or whirled sideways, or were jammed into clusters only to burst out on every hand. He struggled furiously to keep himself from being overwhelmed in the seething madness, and what was harder, to keep the lifeless woman in his arms from being stricken or wrenched away. He knew that below the narrows where the canon widened the water would subside, the awful fury of the rain would presently cease. If he could steer clear of the rocks in the broad he might win to land with her.

The chances against him were thousands to nothing. But what are chances in the eyes of God! The man in his solitude had not forgotten to pray, his habits stood him in good stead now. He petitioned shortly, brokenly, in brief unspoken words as he battled through the long dragging seconds.

Fighting, clinging, struggling, praying, he was swept on. Heavier and heavier the woman dragged in an unconscious heap. It would have been easier for him if he had let her go; she would never know and he could then escape. The idea never once occurred to him. He had indeed withdrawn from his kind, but when one depended upon him all the old appeal of weak humanity awoke quick response in the bosom of the strong. He would die with the stranger rather than yield her to the torrent or admit himself beaten and give up the fight. So the conscious and the unconscious struggled through the narrow of the canon.

Presently with the rush and hurl of a bullet from the mouth of a gun, they found themselves in a shallow lake through which the waters still rushed mightily, breaking over rocks, digging away shallow-rooted trees, leaping, biting, snarling, tearing at the big walls spread away on either side. He had husbanded some of his strength for this final effort, this last chance of escape. Below them at the other end of this open the walls came together again. There the descent was sharper than before and the water ran to the opening with racing speed. Once again in the torrent and they would be swept to death in spite of all.

Shifting his grasp to the woman's hair, now unbound, he held her with one hand and swam hard with the other. The current still ran swiftly but with no gigantic upheaving waves as before. It was more easy to avoid floating timber and debris, and on one



Presently She Opened Her Eyes.

side where the ground sloped somewhat gently the quick water flowed more slowly. He struck out desperately for it, forcing himself away from the main stream into the shallows and over dragging the woman. Was it hours or minutes or seconds after that he gained the bank and neared the shore at the lowest edge? He caught with his forearm, as the torrent swayed him around, a stout

young pine so deeply rooted as yet to have withstood the flood. Summoning the last reserve of strength that is bestowed upon us in our hour of need, and comes unless from God we know not whence, he drew himself in front of the pine, got his back against it and although the water thundered against him still—only by comparison could it be called quieter—and his foothold was most precarious, he reached down carefully and grasped the woman under the shoulders. His position was a cramped one, but by the power of his arms alone he lifted her up until he got his left arm about her waist again. It was a mighty feat of strength indeed.

The pine stood in the midst of the water, for even on the farther side the earth was overflowed, but the water was still. He did not know what might be there, but he had to chance it. Lifting her up he stepped out, fortunately meeting firm ground. A few paces and he reached solid rock above the flood. He raised her above his head and laid her upon the shore, then with the very last atom of all his force, physical, mental and spiritual, he drew himself up and fell panting and utterly exhausted but triumphant by her side.

The cloudburst was over, but the rain still beat down upon them, the thunder still roared above them, the lightning still flashed about them, but they were safe, alive, if the woman had not died in his arms. He had done a thing superhuman. No man knowing conditions would have believed it. He himself would have declared a thousand times its patent impossibility.

For a few seconds he strove to recover himself, then he thought of the

flask he always carried in his pocket. It was gone. His clothes were ragged and torn; they had been ruined by his battle with the waves. The girl lay where he had placed her on her back. In the pocket of her hunting shirt he noticed a little protuberance. The pocket was provided with a flap and tightly buttoned. Without hesitation he unbuttoned it. There was a flask there, a little silver mounted affair; by some miracle it had not been broken. It was half full. With nervous hands he opened it and poured some of it down her throat; then he bent over her; his soul in his glance, scarcely knowing what to do next. Presently she opened her eyes.

And there, in the rain, by that raging torrent whence he had drawn her as it were from the jaws of death by the power of his arm, in the presence of the God above them, this man and this woman looked at each other and life for both of them was no longer the same.

CHAPTER VII.

A Wild Dash for the Hills.

Old Kirky, who had been lastly mending a saddle the greater part of the morning, had eaten his dinner, smoked his pipe and was now stretched out on the grass in the warm sun taking a nap. Mrs. Maitland was drowsing over a book in the shadow of one of the big pines, when Pete, the horse wrangler, who had been wandering rather far down the canon rounding up the ever straying stock, suddenly came bursting into the camp. "Great God Almighty!" he cried, actually kicking the prostrate frontiersman as he almost stumbled over him. "Wake up, old man, an'—"

"What the—?" began Kirky fiercely, thus rudely aroused from slumber and resentful of the daring and most unusual affront to his dignity and station since all men, and especially the younger ones, held him in great honor.

"Look here," yelled Pete in growing excitement and entirely oblivious to his lese-majeste, pointing at a black cloud rolling over the top of the range. "It'll be a cloudburst sure. We'll have to git out o' here an' in a hurry too. Oh, Mrs. Maitland."

By this time Kirky was on his feet, the storm had stolen upon him sleeping and unaware. The configuration of the canon had completely hid its approach. At best the three in the camp could not have discovered it until it was high in the heavens. Now the clouds were already approaching the noonday sun. Kirky was alive to the situation at once. He had the rare ability of men of action of awakening with all his faculties at instant command. He did not have to rub his eyes and wonder where he was, and speculate as to what was to be done. The moment that his eyes, following Pete's outstretched arm, discovered the black mass of clouds he ran toward Mrs. Maitland and standing on no ceremony he shook her vigorously by the shoulder.

"We'll have to run for our lives, ma'am," he said briefly. "Pete, drive the stock up on the hills, fur as you kin, the hosses pertikler, they'll be more to us an' them burros must take keer of themselves."

Pete needed no urging. He was off like a shot in the direction of the improvised corral. He loosed the horses from their pickets and started them up the steep trail that led down from the hogback to the camp by the water's edge. He also tried to start the burros he had just rounded up in the same direction. Some of them would go and some of them would not. He had his hands full in an instant. Meanwhile Kirky did not linger by the side of Mrs. Maitland. With incredible agility for so old a man he ran over to the tent where the stores were kept and began picking out such articles of provision as he could easiest carry.

"Come over here, Mrs. Maitland," he cried. "We'll have to carry up on the hill somethin' to keep us from starvin' till we get back to town. We hadn't orter camped in this yere

pocket nowadays, but who'd ever expected anything like this now?"

"What do you fear?" asked the woman, joining him as she spoke and waiting for his directions.

"Looks to me like a cloudburst," was the answer. "Creek's pretty full now, an' if she does break everything below yere 'll go to hell on a run."

It was evidence of his perturbation and anxiety that he used such language, which, however, in the emergency did not seem unwarranted even to the refined ear of Mrs. Maitland.

"Is it possible?" she exclaimed. "Taint no possible, it's aartin. Now, ma'am," he hastily bundled up a lot of miscellaneous provisions in a small piece of canvas, tied it up and handed it to her. "That'll be for you." Immediately after he made up a much larger bundle in another tent fly, adding, "An' this is mine."

"Oh, let us hurry," cried Mrs. Maitland, as a peal of thunder, low, muttered, menacing, burst forth from the flying clouds, now obscuring the sun, and rolled over the camp.

"We've got time enough yet," answered Kirky, coolly calculating their chances. "Best git yer slicker on, you'll need it in a few minutes."

Mrs. Maitland ran to her own tent and soon came out with sou'wester and yellow oliskins completely covering her. Kirky meantime had donned his own old battered, soiled rain clothes and had grabbed up Pete's.

"I brought the children's coats along," said Mrs. Maitland, extending three others.

"Good," said Kirky. "Now we'll take our packs an'—"

"Do you think there is any danger to Robert?"

"He'll git nothin' worse 'n a wet-tin'," returned the old man confidently.

"If we'd pitched the tents up on the hog back, that's all we'd a been in for."

"I have to leave the tents and all the things," said Mrs. Maitland.

"You can stay with them," answered Kirky, dryly, "but if what I think 's goin' to happen comes off, you won't have no need of nothin' no more—Great God, here she comes."

As he spoke there was a sudden, swift downpour of rain, not in drops, but in a torrent. Catching up his own pack and motioning the woman to do likewise with her load, Kirky caught her by the hand, and half led, half dragged her up the steep trail from the brook to the ridge which bordered the side of the canon. The canon was much wider here than further up and there was much more room and much more space for the water to spread. Yet, they had to hurry for their lives as it was. They had gone up scarcely a hundred feet when the disgorge-ment of the heavens took place. The water fell with such force, directness and continuousness that it almost beat them down. It ran over the trail down the side of the mountain in sheets like water falls. It required all



"Great God!" He Cried. "Where is Enid?"

the old man's skill and address to keep himself and companion from losing their footing and falling down into the seething tumult below.

The tents went down in an instant. Where there had been a pleasant bit of meadow land was now a muddy, tossing lake of black water. Some of the horses and most of the burros which Pete had been unable to do anything with were engulfed in a moment. The two on the mountain side could see them swimming for dear life as they swept down the canon. Pete himself, with a few of the animals, was already scrambling up to safety.

Speech was impossible between the noise of the falling rain and the incessant peals of thunder, but by persistent gesture, old Kirky urged the terrified, trembling woman up the trail until they finally reached the top of the hog back, where under the poor shelter of the stunted pines they had been able to drive up. Kirky, taking a thought for the morrow, noted that there were four of them, enough to pull the wagon if they could get back to it.

After the first awful deluge of the cloudburst it moderated slightly, but the hard rain came down steadily, the wind rose as well, and in spite of their oliskins they were soon wet and cold. It was impossible to make a fire, there was no place for them to go, nothing to be done. They could only remain where they were and wait. After a half hour of exposure to the merciless fury of the storm, a thought came suddenly to Mrs. Maitland. She leaped over and caught the frontiersman by his wet sleeve. Seeing that she wished to speak to him, he bent his head toward her lips.

"Enid," she cried, pointing down the canon. She had not thought before of the position of the girl.

Kirky, who had not forgotten her, but who had instantly realized that he could do nothing for her, shook his head, lifted his eyes and solemnly pointed his finger up to the gray skies. He had said nothing to Mrs. Maitland before. What was the use of troubling her.

"God only kin help her," he cried. "She's beyond the help of man."

Ab, indeed, old trapper, whence came the confident assurance of that dogmatic statement? For as it chanced, at that very moment the woman for whose peril your heart was wrung was being lifted out of the torrent by a man's hand! And, yet, who shall say that the old hunter was not right, and that the man himself, as men of old have been, was sent from God?

"It can't be," began Mrs. Maitland in great anguish for the girl she had grown to love.

"Ef she seed the storm an' realized what it was, an' had sense enough to climb up the canon wall," answered the other, "she won't be no worse off'n we are; ef not—"

Mrs. Maitland had only to look down into the seething cauldron to understand the possibility of that "if."

"Oh," she cried, "let us pray for her that she sought the hills."

"I've been a doin' it," said the old man gruffly.

He had a deep vein of piety in him, but, like other rich ores, it had to be mined for in the depths before it was apparent.

By slow degrees the water subsided, and after a long while the rain ceased, a heavy mist lay on the mountains and the night approached without any further appearance of the veiled sun. Toward evening Robert

Maitland, with the three men and the three children, joined the wretched trio above the camp. Maitland, wild with excitement and apprehension, had pressed on ahead of the rest. It was a glad-faced man indeed who ran the last few steps of the rough way and clasped his wife in his arms, but as he did so he noticed that one was missing.

"Great God," he cried, releasing his wife, "where is Enid?"

"She went down the canon early this mornin' intendin' to stay all day," slowly and reluctantly answered old Kirky, "an'—"

He paused there, it wasn't necessary for him to say anything more.

Maitland walked to the edge of the trail and looked down into the valley. It had been swept clean of the camp. Rocks had been rolled over upon the meadow land, trunks of trees torn up by the roots had lodged against them. It was a scene of desolate and miserable confusion and disaster.

"Oh, Robert, don't you think she may be safe?" asked Mrs. Maitland.

"There's just a chance, I think, that she may have suspicioned the storm an' got out of the canon," suggested the old frontiersman.

"A slim chance," answered Maitland gloomily. "God, I wouldn't have had this happen for anything on earth."

"Nor me. I'd a heap ruther it had got me than her," said Kirky simply.

"I didn't see it coming," continued Maitland, nodding as if Kirky's statement were to be accepted as a matter of course, as indeed it was. "We were on the other slope of the mountain until it was almost overhead."

"Nuther did I. To tell the truth I was lyn' down nappin' w'en Pete, yere, who'd been down the canon rounding up some of the critters, came bustin' in on us."

"I ain't saved but four hosses," said Pete mournfully, "and there's only one burro on the hog back."

"We came back as fast as we could," said Maitland. "I pushed on ahead, George, Bradshaw and Phillips are bringing Bob and the girls. We must search the canon."

"It can't be done tonight, old man," said Kirky.

"I tell you we can't wait, Jack!"

"We've got to, I'm as willin' to lay down my life for that young gal as anybody on earth, but in this yere mist an' as black a night as it's goin' to be, we couldn't go ten rod without killin' ourselves an' we couldn't see nothin' nowadays."

"But she may be in the canon."

"Ef she's in the canon 'twon't make no difference to her w'ether we finds her tomorrer or next day or next year, Bob."

Maitland groaned in anguish. "I can't stay here inactive," he persisted stubbornly.

"It's a hard thing, but we got to wait till mornin'. Ef she got out of the canon and climbed up on the hog back she'll be all right, she'll soon find out she can't make no progress in this mist and darkness. No, old friend, we're up agin it hard. We jest got to stay the night w'ere we are an' as long as we got to wait we might as well make ourselves as comfortable as possible. For the wimmen an' children, anyway, I fetched up some ham and some canned goods and other eatin's in these yere canvas sacks. We might kindle a fire—"

had pointed out, the attempt was clearly impossible. Maitland bitterly reproached himself for having allowed the girl to go alone, and in those self-reproaches old Kirky joined.

They were too wet and cold to sleep. There was no shelter and it was not until early in the morning they succeeded in kindling a fire. Meanwhile the men talked the situation over very carefully. They were two days' journey from the wagon. It was necessary that the women and children should be taken back at once. Kirky hadn't been able to save much more than enough to eat to get them back to a ranch or settlement, and on very short rations at best. It was finally decided that George and Pete and Mrs. Maitland, the two girls and the youngster, should go back to the wagon, drive to the nearest settlement, leave the women and then return on horseback with all speed to meet Maitland and Kirky, who would meanwhile search the canon.

The two men from the east had to go back with the others, although they pleaded gallantly to be allowed to remain with the two who were to take up the hunt for Enid. Maitland might have kept them with him, but that meant retaining a larger portion of the scanty supplies that had been saved and he was compelled against his will to refuse their requests. Leaving barely enough to subsist Maitland and Kirky for three or four days, or until the return of the relief party, the groups separated at daybreak.

"Oh, Robert," pleaded his wife, as he kissed her good bye, "take care of yourself, but find Enid."

"Yes," answered her husband, "I shall, never fear, but I must find the dear girl or discover what has become of her."

There was not time for further leave taking. A few handclaps from man to man and then Robert Maitland, standing in the midst of the group, bowed his head in the sunny morning, for the sky again was clear, and poured out a brief prayer that God would prosper them, that they would find the child and that they would all be together again in health and happiness. And without another word, he and Kirky plunged down to the side of the canon, the others taking up their weary march homeward with sad hearts and in great dismay.

CHAPTER VIII.

A Telegram and a Caller.

"You say," asked Maitland, as they surveyed the canon, "that she went down the stream?"

"She said she was goin' down. I showed her how to cut across the mountains an' avoid the big bend. I've got no reason to suspicion that she didn't go w'ere she said."

"Nevertheless," said Maitland, "it is barely possible that she may have changed her mind and gone up the canon."

"Yep, the female mind does often change unexpected like," returned the other, "but w'ether she went up or down, the only place for us to look, I take it, is down, for if she's alive, if she got out of the canon and is above us, nacherly she'd follow it down yere an' we'd a seed her by this time. If she didn't git out of the canon, why, all that's left of her is bound to be down stream."

Maitland nodded. He understood. "We'd better go down, then," continued Kirky, whose reasoning was flawless except that he made no allowance for the human-divine interposition that had been Enid Maitland's salvation, "an' if we don't find no trace of her down stream, we kin come back here an' go up."

It was a hard, desperate journey the two men took. One of them followed the stream at its level, the other tramped along in the mountains high above the high water mark of the day before. If they had needed any evidence of the power of that cloudburst and storm, they found it in the canon. In some places where it was narrow and rocky the pass had been fairly scoured; at other places the whole aspect of it was changed, the place was a waiter of uprooted trees, logs jammed together in fantastic shapes; it was as if some vast ton of destruction had swept the narrow rift.

Ever as they went they called and called. The broken obstructions of the way made their progress slow. What they would have passed over ordinarily in half a day, they had not traversed by nightfall and they had seen nothing. They camped that night far down the canon and in the morning, with hearts growing heavier every hour, they resumed their search.

About noon of the second day they came to an immense log jam where the stream now broadened and made a sudden turn before it plunged over a fall of perhaps two hundred feet into the lake. It was the end of their quest. If they did not find her there, they would never do so. With still hearts and bated breath they climbed out over the log jam and scrutinized it. A brownish gray patch concealed beneath the great pines caught their eyes. They made their way to it.

"It's a b'ar, a big Grizzly," exclaimed Kirky.

(Continued Next Week)

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Burn the weeds.

Shocking Sounds

in the earth are sometimes heard before a terrible earthquake, that warn of the coming peril. Nature's warnings are kind. That dull pain or ache in the back warns you the Kidneys need attention if you would escape those dangerous maladies, Dropsy, Diabetes, or Bright's disease. Take Electric Bitters at once and see backache fly and all your best feelings return. "My son received great benefit from their use for kidney and bladder trouble," writes Peuer Bondy, South Rockwood, Mich., "It is certainly a great kidney medicine." Try it. 50 cents at Cassles Drug Co.

Do you know that more real danger lurks in a common cold than in any other of the minor ailments? The safe way is to take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, a thoroughly reliable preparation and rid yourself of the cold as quickly as possible. This remedy is for sale by all dealers.



People find sudden fortunes less often than they find four-leaf clover. Don't wait for good luck to strike you, but make your luck by regularly saving a part of your income. We are the Guaranty Fund Bank. Your deposit with us is absolutely safe.

FIRST STATE BANK

A Few Items From Happy.

Lam Scroggins and C. L. Gattin were in Canyon Monday on business.

Mrs. M. Bates moved from Happy recently to Oklahoma.

J. M. McNaughton was in Canyon Tuesday on business.

Rev. Reeves, of Ft. Worth, is holding a series of meetings at the Presbyterian church in Happy. He is the superintendent of Home Missions for the Panhandle Presbytery.

Bill Anderson has nearly completed his new barber shop between the post office and the depot.

There is no better medicine made for colds than Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It acts on nature's plan, relieves the lungs, opens the secretions, aids expectoration; and restores the system to a healthy condition. For sale by all dealers.

Hoffman Notes.

The young people of this neighborhood enjoyed a Turkey Supper at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Melroy. A general good time was had by all.

Misses Ora and Sallie Cage spent Sunday at home.

Mrs. T. F. McGee of Amarillo is visiting at the home of her son, Jeff McGee.

Mrs. L. A. Pierce and children of Canyon have been visiting at the Cage home.

Will A. Jr. and Stuart Miller spent the latter part of last week at their ranch here.

Robt. Campbell Jr. spent Friday and Saturday at the home of his sister, Mrs. Robt. Stratton.

Ceta Items.

We are glad to see such nice weather. Some of the farmers are talking about sowing oats.

Grandma Sluder is very low at this writing.

The Fairview literary had an excellent program Saturday night and also a good debate. We were glad to see so many people from Wayside and Sunnyhill.

Bro. Knight will preach at Fairview next Sunday.

Mr. Schaeffer purchased some pigs from Mr. James last week.

M. M. Wesley made a business trip to Canyon Sunday.

Wayside Items.

Good weather prevails, threshers are in full swing and making kafir and milo maize hum. A number of men and boys are making good wages working with them.

E. M. Beasley and wife accompanied by I. H. Hollabaugh made a business trip to Canyon Tues. returning the same day.

W. D. McGehee made a trip to Canyon Tuesday.

A big crowd attended Literary at Fairview Saturday night. Several from Beula came, W. D. McGehee, I. C. Baucom and Miss Garrett among the number.

Vietz Rutledge left Tuesday for his home in Denver, Colo., after a sojourn of some time in these parts.

Enoch Wilson has moved to the section occupied by Eli McDonald last year and will cultivate same this year.

Oat sowing is right at hand. Farmers are getting ground in shape for sowing. Anona.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured
by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed, you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result; and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.
We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circular, free.
F. J. CHENEY, a Co., Toledo, Ohio.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Beware of cheap imitations.

AT THE CHURCHES

METHODIST

Sabbath school at 9:45 a. m.
G. G. Foster, Superintendent.
Preaching by the pastor at 11 a. m.

Pastor, Rev. F. M. Neal.
Epworth League, 6:15 p. m.
Evening services at 7:00.

Prayer meeting, Wednesday evening at 7:30

All are invited to these services.

PRESBYTERIAN

Sunday services
10:00 a. m. Sabbath school
11:00 a. m. Public worship,
Rev. Chalmers Kilbourn,
Pastor,

6:30 p. m. Christian Endeavor.
7:30 p. m. Evening services
7:30 p. m. Wednesday evening,
Bible study and prayer meeting.
8:30 p. m. Wednesday. Song practice.

You are cordially invited to any and all of these services.

BAPTIST

Sunday services,
10:00 a. m. Sabbath School
J. C. Hunt, supt.

11:00 a. m. Preaching
E. T. Smith, Pastor
4:00 p. m., D. Y. P. U.
J. J. Taylor, Pres.

7:30 p. m. Preaching, by pastor
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.

ORDER OF CATHOLIC SERVICES.

Canyon:—Holy Mass and preaching at Mr. Wells' house on the 1st and 3rd Sundays of each month at 8:45 a. m.

Umberger:—Holy Mass on the 2nd and 4th Sundays of the month at 9:15 a. m., on the 3rd Sunday of each month at 11:00 a. m. Lecture on 3rd Sundays at 7:30 p. m.

Hereford:—Holy Mass on arrival of train, 11:19 a. m. on the 1st, 2nd, 4th Sundays of each month. Lecture, 8:00 p. m. on 1st and 4th Sundays. Services at Court House.

All the above arrangements are good only until further notice. J. A. CAMPBELL,
Missionary Priest.

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 7:30 o'clock. Everybody 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.

The C. S. reading room, free to the public will be kept open Tuesday and Friday's from 2 to 4. Authentic literature can be read or purchased if desired. All are welcomed.

For a sprain you will find Chamberlain's Liniment excellent. It allays the pain, removes the soreness, and soon restores the parts to a healthy condition. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by all dealers.

The Canyon City Abstract Company

Work Promptly Done

FLESHER BROS.
Managers

Office in Court House. Phone 210

A Sign of Need



You must admit that it is sometimes necessary to take a tonic to keep the interior department in order. For that Don't Care Feeling which comes over you, a bottle of Kilax is excellent. We not only have cures for the "don't care feeling" but for every other ailment. When you need medicine think of us.

THE CITY PHARMACY

"THE HOUSE OF PURE DRUGS"

Confectioneries

Hot Drinks

The best line of candies in the city is to be found at my place. I have the EXCLUSIVE sale of the famous Douglas Chocolates, the finest on the market. Full line of best cigars. Try my hot drinks, you will be pleased with them. They are delicious.

J. C. Black

Successor to Bishop's Place

See the News Printery

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Matchless Sanitary Cleaner is a liquid applied in vapor form by use of sprayer. Does all cleaning in a thorough and scientific and sanitary way.

Call at THE NEWS office and see this cleaner. It is just what you need. We have the exclusive agency for Canyon.