

SILOS FOR THE STOCK FARMERS

H. M. BAINER GIVES VIEWS ON THIS SUBJECT.

Silo Increases Value of the Feed to a Great Extent.—Predicts Many or the Plains.

Following is an article on the silo by H. M. Bainer, agricultural demonstrator, Santa Fe Railway system, Amarillo, Texas:

Twenty-five years ago very few farmers knew what a silo was. Today it is almost as common in well developed dairy sections and in diversified farming districts, as are barns. Thousands of dairymen and stock raisers would want to quit business if they could not have silage to feed their stock during the larger part of the year.

Well informed farmers of today know that silage will reduce the cost of livestock feeding and raising. It will produce larger quantities of milk, beef, mutton, etc., at less cost than almost any other kind of feed. Under the silage method, one acre will more than double the net returns coming from the average single acre without it.

The reading farmer knows that the silo is an air tight structure used for the preservation of green, juicy fodders and the chopped up feed, as it comes from the silo, is called "silage" or "ensilage."

By the use of the silo, the farmer is enabled to use with profit, that which without it he is losing. Authority tells us that at least 40 per cent of the feeding value of the corn crop is in the leaves and stalks and that 60 per cent is in the ear. When the stalks are left in the field nearly forty cents on the dollar goes to waste and the remaining sixty cents is stored in the crib. Shock fodder will go about one-fourth as far in feeding value as the silage coming from the same acreage.

What is true of corn is also true of kafir. The silo preserves the entire plant, and none of its feeding value is lost. Fodder left in the field until late winter or early spring months has lost a large part of its feeding value, it is dirty and worthless as compared with silage made from the same crop.

Crops that are suffering on account of dry weather can be cut, and whether any grain is on it or not. Immature crops will make fair silage but very poor fodder. Crops being damaged by hot winds can be quickly cut and stored in the silo and in this way all of the feeding value is saved. There is no blowing away of leaves, bleaching out by sun and moisture or wasting in the silo.

SILAGE CROPS.

In the North and East corn is considered as about the only silage crop, but in this section kafir is found to be its equal. Green alfalfa, cow peas and peanuts, chopped and added to the kafir, increases the feeding value of the silage very much. Any of these plants are ready to be placed in the silo just before the plant ripens or before the seed begins to get hard. Kafir is ready when the seed is in the dough stage. With any of these silage crops, the entire plant, including the seed crop, is chopped into lengths of from one-fourth inch to one inch and thrown into the silo, where it is packed by

(Continued on page 2)

WILL BUILD MORE SILOS.

C. O. Keiser will Put Up Three More, Ed. Baird and D. L. Hickcox One Each.

Interest in silo building is rapidly growing in Randall county and from all indications a large number will be up this season. At the present time C. O. Keiser is contemplating the construction of three more silos and the News learns that Ed Baird and D. L. Hickcox will construct at least one each on their farms.

Since the completion of the three silos on the C. O. Keiser ranch last fall a great deal of interest has been manifested by the farmers and from the opening of the silage a few weeks ago, a large number have visited the ranch weekly to see how the silage is fed and with what results. Mr. Keiser is now feeding the silage to a large bunch of calves.

The farmers are well impressed with the silo as a great factor in the development of the Plains and are more and more believing that the silo is the secret of successful stock farming.

President E. B. Cousins was in Floydada Thursday to deliver the principal address at the dedication of a new high school building.

NORMAL WILL HAVE PROGRAM TOMORROW

SECOND ANNIVERSARY OF STARTING THE BUILDING.

Ground was Broken on the 17th of February, 1910.—No Classes During the Day.

Tomorrow will be a holiday at the Normal college in honor of the second anniversary of the beginning of the work on the building. In honor of the occasion all classes will be suspended and the morning devoted to a program in the auditorium, in which the students and faculty ask the citizens of Canyon to join with them. The following is the program:

- Music.
- "Another Mile Stone"—Mr. Cousins.
- "A Vista"—Mr. Reid.
- Music.
- "The Senior Class Ideals"—Alva Stafford.
- "The Junior Class Ideals"—Miss McCleskey.
- "The Freshman Class Ideals"—Miss McGineley.
- Music.

At 8:30 Saturday night the faculty will hold a reception to students, the citizens of Canyon and the citizens of the Plains. All are cordially invited to both the program and the reception.

Rev. Smith Resigned.

Rev. E. T. Smith has resigned from the pastorate of the local Baptist church and is moving this week to Amarillo. After four operations on his throat the physicians declared that he must take at least one year's vacation. He is going to Amarillo and will conduct a first class poultry farm during his period of rest. Mr. Smith has been in charge of the local church for the past year and the membership is very sorry that he must give up the work.

A son was born to Prof. and Mrs. J. W. Reid Friday.

BETTER FARMING SPECIAL COMING

VISITS CANYON ON TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 9 A. M.

Will Remain in City Two Hours. Large Attendance Expected to Meet the Train.

The Better Farming Special of the Santa Fe will visit Canyon on Tuesday morning, February 27. The train will arrive in the city at 9 o'clock a. m. and will remain two hours. H. M. Bainer, agricultural demonstrator for the Santa Fe, will be in charge of the train and to the lectures is free and the farmers and all interested in agriculture are invited and urged to be present as there will be many things of interest in agricultural lines. The company urges that all school children above the sixth grade be in attendance at the lectures. Below that grade, there will be nothing of interest to the children.

Here is the announcement made by Mr. Bainer: DIVERSIFIED FARMING, THE KEY TO SUCCESS.

The Agricultural Department of the Santa Fe System realize more and more each day that the cow, hen and hog have a great work to perform in helping to develop this territory. These have been correctly named, "Mortgage Lifters."

We cannot depend upon a "one crop" method of farming, we MUST diversify. We must be able to sell something besides grain and fodder. There is no other way of securing money returns from our crops easier, quicker, or with more profits than through the sourse of dairying, poultry raising or hog raising. To adopt one or all of these necessary lines in connection with diversified farming, means plenty of food and clothes for the family, better education for the children and larger bank deposits.

THE TRAIN.

The train will be made up of five cars. Four coaches for lectures and one business car. No exhibit cars will be carried, such exhibits as are needed will be carried in lecture cars.

Diversified farming will be the general theme of the speakers. Every talk will be practical and right to the point. The best agricultural lecturers obtainable will be on this train. The main subjects to be discussed on this train will be:

1. Better Farming.
2. Profitable Hog Raising.
3. Our Farm Poultry.
4. Need for More Dairying.

Everyone visiting this train will have an opportunity to hear every talk.

The train will come rain or shine. Be there on time.

Declamatory Contest.

The oratorical association of the Normal will hold a declamatory contest at the auditorium next Thursday night, February 22. The following boys art entered for the prize, a fine gold watch:

- Guy Rogers, of Grapevine.
- W. J. Rattikin, Canyon.
- V. H. Daugherty, Roscoe.
- Walter Hardin, Allenreed.
- A. K. Floyd, McLean.

Dr. Reeves was in Plainview Sunday on professional business.

When
My Dreams Come
True

James Whitcomb Riley

HEN my dreams come true
when my dreams come true
Shall I lean from out my
casement, in the starlight
and the dew,
To listen—smile and listen to the
tinkle of the strings
Of the sweet guitar my lover's fingers
fondle, as he sings?
And as the nude moon slowly, slowly
shoulders into view,
Shall I vanish from his vision—
when my dreams come true?

WHEN my dreams come true—
shall the simple gown I wear
Be changed to softest satin,
and my maiden-braided hair
Beraveled into flossy mists of rarest,
fairest gold,
To be minted into kisses, more than
any heart can hold?—
Or "the summer of my tresses" shall
my lover liken to
"The fervor of his passion"—when
my dreams come true?

Copyright, 1908, The Bobbs-Merrill Company

BISHOP FOR RE-ELECTION.

Has Made a Good Record as District Attorney.—Will Receive the Support of Randall Co.

Henry S. Bishop, of Amarillo, has announced his candidacy for re-election as district attorney and from all indications, even if he has an opponent, will receive the solid vote of Randall county. Mr. Bishop has been district attorney for the past few years and has made good, and there seems to be no reason why he should not have a large following from all over the district.

Mr. Bishop is one of the most ardent prohibitionists on the Plains. He has worked hard for the cause and in every campaign has spent much time for the principle which he believes to be right. As district attorney, he has been loyal to his work and has given his undivided attention to the duties of his office. He has been in the office long enough to understand every need of every locality where court is held—which is one of the strongest points in his favor. He is an excellent attorney and has been largely responsible for the conviction of many criminals.

Mr. Bishop made his own way through the University of Texas, and will receive the support of every university man in the district. His record in the past, is far above the ordinary and judging from the way the man works, will be even better in the future. There is no doubt that Mr. Bishop will receive a large vote all over the district and serve again as district attorney.

Will Build Home.

W. H. Bohning will build a new home soon on his land east of the city. Mr. Bohning has been living near Talia for some, but will move to his land in Randall county. He will also put up a silo during the summer.

Sunday was an exceptionally fine day and autos were humming over the streets and country roads all day. Many machines from Amarillo were seen on the streets during all hours of the day.

EAGLE MILL IS LEASED 5 YEARS

C. N. MOORE NOW IN CHARGE OF THE PLANT.

Mr. Moore is an Experienced Miller and Contemplates Changes in the Mill.

C. N. Moore has leased the Eagle Mill from A. W. Edwards for a term of five years and has now taken the mill in charge. Mr. Moore comes here from Amarillo where he has been at the head of the mill for the past nine months. Previous to that time he was manager of a large mill at Chillicothe. He is a native of Georgia and has been in the milling business all his life.

In speaking of the mill Mr. Moore said: "The mill as a whole is the best plant I have seen in this section of the country. The machinery is good and built. I will make a number of small changes in the mill, but on the whole it will remain just as it now stands. By these small changes I will be able to put out very superior flour than any that has been ground by the mill heretofore. I have been in the Panhandle long enough to see the great opportunities here and believe that when I once get things in good running order I shall enjoy a big trade and be able to run the mill all day and night."

The Eagle mill has been running for about one year now and has enjoyed an excellent trade all over the Plains. The flour has been highly recommended by every bakery on the Plains and has been widely used by homes all over this section of the country. The machinery in the mill is the best on the market and Mr. Moore promises to put out the best flour possible to procure from any mill.

Miss Irene Franklin, mother and sister and Miss Maude Lynch, all of Amarillo, spent Friday with Miss Anna Lee Howren.

HARRY A. HOWELL DIED IN FT. WORTH

FUNERAL SERVICES HELD IN THIS CITY MONDAY.

Stricken with Meningitis Wednesday and Died Friday—Recently Moved From Canyon.

The shocking news of the death of Harry A. Howell was received in Canyon last Friday evening about six o'clock. He died in Ft. Worth that afternoon at 4 o'clock after a short illness lasting only from Wednesday night, meningitis being the cause. The body was brought to Canyon Sunday afternoon and was interred at Dreamland cemetery Monday afternoon.

The story of his sickness and death is short. He and Mrs. Howell returned to their home about 10 o'clock Wednesday night and Mr. Howell soon became ill. Nothing severe was thought to be the matter until morning, when he became worse and a physician was called. By noon he was in semi-conscious condition and the physician again called, and pronounced the case meningitis. He was at once removed to a hospital where he never regained consciousness. The physicians pronounced the case the most severe they have seen in Ft. Worth. Death came about four o'clock Friday afternoon. Neither Mrs. Howell or John were allowed in the hospital until death had occurred.

The body was brought to Canyon Sunday and the funeral services held at the cemetery Monday afternoon. The services were in charge of the Masons, Rev. F. M. Neal, of the Methodist church, spoke briefly at the grave.

Harry A. Howell, son of Dr. and Mrs. J. L. Howell, was born in Rockwell county April 10th, 1884, departing this life on February 9th, at the age of 27 years. With his parents he came to the Plains about ten years ago and settled on a ranch near Happy. Seven years ago the family moved to Canyon where Harry made fast friends of all who knew him and was honored and trusted by all.

He was married to Miss Edith Hawkins January 11, 1910. They lived happily in Canyon until December, 1911, when they moved to Ft. Worth. There death seized him and after a short but indescribable struggle with disease, his strong and vigorous body yielded up the spirit. He is survived by his wife and brother, John L.

Harry was always a good boy and growing to manhood was endowed with an upright and manly spirit. He professed religion and joined the Methodist church when a boy and lived a faithful and consistent Christian life to the day of his death.

Card of Thanks.

We wish to thank the Mason lodge of Canyon and the many friends who assisted us and extended words of comfort in our sad hour of bereavement.

Mrs. Edith Howell,
John L. Howell.

The farmers all over Randall county are trying to buy milk cows. They are beginning to realize more and more that the dairy cow is one of the best assets any man can have. A large number of fine cows have been shipped in by our leading men which will be sold to the farmers.

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

SILOS FOR THE STOCK FARMERS.

(Continued from page 1)

tramping and left to the fermentation process until ready to feed. In this green, juicy and fermented stage stock crave it, and are able to eat the entire plant, stalk, seed and leaves without any waste.

Silage enables the feeder to place all kinds of live stock under pasture conditions in winter months.

The farmers who have had the most experience with silage are the most enthusiastic advocates of the silage system, and the testimony of intelligent dairymen and stock men all over the country is strongly in favor of the silo. Said a New York farm-

A CORROBORATION.

Of Interest to Canyon Readers.

For months Canyon citizens have seen in these columns enthusiastic praise of Doan's Kidney Pills by Canyon residents. Would these prominent people recommend a remedy that had not proven reliable? Would they confirm their statements after years had elapsed if personal experience had not shown the remedy to be worthy of endorsement? No stronger proof of merit can be had than cures that have stood the test of time. The following statement should carry conviction to the mind of every Canyon reader:

C. P. Sheinutt, Canyon, Texas, says, "You are at liberty to use my statement as heretofore. Whenever I have had occasion to take this remedy, the results have been satisfactory."

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

er recently in one of our agricultural papers: "I would as soon try to farm without a barn as without a silo," and another wrote, "I wouldn't take a thousand dollars for my silo if I couldn't replace it." The well known agricultural writer, Joseph E. Wing, says, "No stock feeder who grows corn or kafir can afford to ignore the silo." "Buff Jersey" an Illinois dairy farmer and writer on agricultural topics, declares his faith in silage as follows: "I am fully satisfied that silage is a better feed, and a cheaper one, than our pastures."

Such men on the Plains as C. O. Keiser, Col. Bugbee, Keith Catto and other who own silos are very enthusiastic over the results they are securing. One year ago, there was about nine silos on the Plains; today there are at least thirty. In five years, the writer predicts there will be more than a thousand.

The best form of silo is the circular type. A square silo is not desirable as the silage does not pack well in the corners. Air gets in at the corners and spoils considerable silage.

The silo must be deep. Depth is essential in building a silo, so as to have the silaged fodder under considerable pressure which will cause it to pack well and leave as little air as possible in the interstices between the cut fodder, thus reducing the losses of food materials to a minimum. In case of deep silos the loss from spoiled silage on the top is smaller in proportion to the whole amount of silage stored. There is always so less surface in proportion to the silage stored hence a smaller loss occurs while the silage is being fed out and since the silage is more closely packed, less is admitted from the top. As the silage packs better in a deep silo than in a shallow one, the former kind

of silos will hold more silage per cubic foot than the latter. Silos built during late years have generally been over thirty feet deep, and many are forty feet deep or more.

The silo must have smooth perpendicular walls, which will allow the mass to settle without forming cavities along the walls. In a deep silo the fodder will settle several feet during the first few days after filling. Any unevenness in the wall will prevent the mass from settling uniformly, and the air spaces in the mass thus formed will cause the surrounding silage to spoil.

SIZE OF SILO TO BUILD.

As it is necessary to feed daily a layer of one and a half to two inches in thickness from the top of the silage in order to prevent it from spoiling after the silo has been opened, the size of the silo to be built should be given careful attention. The diameter of the silo should correspond to the number of animals to be fed. While the height depends upon length of time the silage will be fed during the year.

We will suppose a farmer has a herd of twenty-five cows, to which he wishes to feed silage during the winter season, say for 180 days. As a rule it will not be well to feed over forty pounds of silage daily per head. If this quantity be fed daily on an average for a season of 180 days, we have for the twenty-five cows 180,000 pounds or ninety tons. On account of the fermentation an unavoidable loss of food materials during the siloing period, amounting to, perhaps, ten per cent. We must, therefore, put more than the quantity given into the silo. If ninety tons of silage is wanted, about one hundred tons of fodder corn or kafir must be placed in the silo; we figure, therefore, that we shall need about four tons of silage per head for the winter, but perhaps, five tons per head would be a safer calculation, and provide for some increase in the size of the herd.

Corn silage will weigh from thirty pounds, or less, to toward fifty pounds per cubic foot, according to the depth of the silo from which it is taken, and the amount of moisture which it contains. We may take forty pounds as an average weight of a cubic foot of corn silage. One ton of silage will accordingly take up fifty cubic feet; and one one hundred tons, 5,000 cubic feet.

A circular silo, sixteen feet in diameter and twenty-six feet high will hold one hundred tons.

By removing a two-inch layer every day, a silo 30 feet high will furnish silage for six months. A silo 10 feet in diameter is large enough for twelve cows, and one 16 feet in diameter is large enough for 30 cows. A convenient height for a silo above the foundation is twice its diameter.

The merits of the silo will naturally force its use upon us, and from now on we must look upon it as a necessity.

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.

Fine Rain Monday.

The Plains were visited Monday night with a good rain. While the amount was not large, it was sufficient to moisten the surface and break the crust which had formed since the snow and ice have gone off. The wheat is looking fine and will grow very rapidly with a continuation of the warm weather.

Clean up the weeds.

GROCERY SPECIAL

Prices Good Only For Saturday, Monday and Tuesday

Finding that my stock is overloaded in many lines, I am going to make the citizens of Canyon and Randall county, prices on these goods for three days only, that has never been equaled. There is not an item in the list that it not strictly fresh and first-class. Look at these prices:

50 lbs. Compound	\$4.00
Swift's Prem. Hams, per lb.	.16
3 can Calif. Apricots	.50
1 case Sunny Monday Soap	3.75
1 gal. Uncle Ned Sorghum	.35
Anything in Gal. Fruit	.40
7 boxes Matches	.25
25 oz. Health Club B. Powder	.15
Evaporated Apples per lb.	.81-3
Bulk Olives, per quart	.35
10 lb. Wesson Cooking Oil	.90

Remember that these prices are good for only three days. Lay in a supply while the bargain days last.

Remember The Place

They always have it at

W. E. LAIR

Grocery Phone 80.

Market Phone 172

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.

FOR RENT—5 room house near and west of square. Phone 229. 40t

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. 45t

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.

LUMBER

Which Emphasizes Our Suprmacy

Price Will Suit

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

CANYON LUMBER CO.
Where everything is kept under sheds



Four Wheels, Chain Drive, Disc or Shovel Coverers, Tilting Hopper, Adjustable Tongue, Beam Hitch, Dust-Proof Wheel Boxes—in fact, all the good things you expect to find

Canton Four Wheel Riding Lister

An easy lift is secured by a balance spring on the lever. The bottom works on a single ball and it takes the ground the instant it is lowered. Long bearings on the axles prevent the frame from wobbling, and gives it the strength and rigidity needed for the best work.

The Canton is one of those easy running machines you sometimes hear about, but don't always see, unless it is a Canton. We want you to see this lister before you buy. It's a dandy.

Thompson Hardware Co.

OPERA HOUSE

SATURDAY, FEB. 17th

LATIMORE-LEIGH CO.
PRESENTS
MR. BERT LEIGH
IN
HAROLD McGRATH'S
DEE-LIGHTFUL COMEDY

THE MAN ON THE BOX



WITH **MISS BILLY LONG**

and a Select Cast

You Have Read the Book Now See the Play
Seats on sale at Thomas Furniture Company

S. A. Shotwell & Co.

Wholesale and Retail

Coal, Grain, Hides and Field Seeds.

Best Grades of Nigger
Head and Maitland Coal.

TERMS CASH

GEORGE WASHINGTON HAD MONEY IN THE BANK

22nd



WHY DON'T YOU START A BANK ACCOUNT YOU WILL BE BETTER SATISFIED with YOURSELF and the World.

A Bank account is a Declaration of Independence.

INTEGRITY in banking is the thing that counts. We refer those who do not know us in a business way to those who do. We are careful in extending loans, but able to fulfill our promises when we do.

Make OUR Bank YOUR Bank.
The Guaranty Fund Bank.

FIRST STATE BANK

Mothers' Club Next Monday.

Next Monday afternoon at the high school building at four o'clock, the Mothers' Club will hold their regular program. This club has been very useful to the teachers in their work in the school, and those in charge of the club are anxious to have every mother in the city at its meetings. The attendance has not been great, but the enthusiasm has been good. It is hoped that a large number will avail themselves of the opportunity to attend the meeting next Monday. The following is the program:

Piano solo, Miss Pearl Black.
Paper, "Need of Cooperation between the Home and the School," Mrs. B. A. Stafford.
Discussion of the above paper.
Duet, Misses Charlotte Ingham and Grace Winder.
Reading, Mrs. Travis Shaw.

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

B. Y. P. U. Program.

Sunday, Feb. 18th, 1912.

Subject, Hope and Faith.
Song, by Union.
Roll call, Response, Appropriate Scripture Verses.
Leader, Miss Kelly.
Scripture Reading, by Leader. (Selected)
Song, by Union, Loyalty to Christ.
Talk on Hope, Mr. Munroe.
Special Reading, Miss Redfearn.
Piano Solo, Miss Wanda McClure.
Talks on Faith, Miss Hill, Mr. Stuart.
One Sentence Testimonies, led by Miss Osce Mills.
Original Poem on Faith, Miss Louella J. Sale.

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.

Oats Makes 50 Bushels.

R. A. Campbell reports that he has some oats which made 50 bushels to the acre this year. They were in bottom land and had a very fine stand. The oats were threshed recently and this is one of the best records reported to the News this year.

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.

Burn the weeds.

CALOMEL MUST HURT YOUR LIVER.

Every Time You Take This Powerful Drug You Are in Danger. Take Dodson's Liver Tone Instead.

Calomel is made from mercury and while mercury has many uses, it is a dangerous thing to swallow. If calomel stays in the system very long it salivates. Even when it works naturally, its after-effects are often bad.

City Pharmacy has a liver medicine called Dodson's Liver Tone which is positively guaranteed to take the place of calomel. It stimulates the liver just enough to start it working, and does not make you sicker than ever as calomel often does. Dodson's Liver Tone won't force you to stop eating or working after taking it. It is as beneficial for children as for adults.

Try a bottle to-day under City Pharmacy's guarantee. You know this store is reliable.

A Summary.

Great interest is being displayed by Canyon citizens in the Sneed trial at Ft. Worth. Many people in this city are acquainted with both parties of the case. S. B. Lofton is one who knows the parties and has closely followed the case. He handed the News his summary of the case which follows:

Mrs. Lena Sneed, morally insane;

A. G. Boyce Jr., a moral bankrupt;

Old man Boyce is a good Indian;

J. B. Sneed is on trial for his life and

The Lawyers are in clover.

"Money makes the mare go, pop goes the weasles."

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.

Program Given.

The History and Practice club met with Blanche Croson Feb. 10th, and the following was the program:

Andante, Var. 1, Beethoven, Mabel Rowan.

Op. 36, No. 2, Kullak, Pearl Oldham.

Polka Rondo, Sabathal, Ruby Ballard.

History Lesson, Who are Troubadors and what they did.

Impromptu, Sartorio, Zerah McReynolds.

Op. 26, No. 2, Clementi, Jessie DeGraftenreid.

On Roller Skates, Tracy Service.

Op. 125, No. 5, Diabelli, Cecil Wagner.

Way down on the Swanee river, Francis Croson.

Traumeri and the Little Romance, Gracie Moreland.

Valse, Durand, Ola Ballard.

Listen to the Mocking Bird, Jonnie Rowan.

Narcissus, Nevin, Ruby Ballard.

Lumbago, Rheumatism and Chillblains

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.

Abstracts & Insurance. 45t
Flesher Bros.

ONION SETS—SEED POTATOES—

(Irish and Sweet)
Our stock is in—can fill your orders promptly.
Ask us about SWIET'S FERTILIZER
ROSWELL SEED CO., Roswell, N. M.

Special at The Leader SATURDAY AND MONDAY

YOUR CHOICE

Blankets and Comforts
at 1-2 price

Only one pair of blankets and one comfort to one person at this price

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

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

HAIR BRUSHES AND COMBS



We carry only the very best qualities obtainable that can be sold for the prices we quote. A hair brush is something that should last sometime and perform the service for which it is

intended. Whether the price is little or much the quality is always there. Inspect our stock of combs and brushes, compare prices and you will certainly buy here. Our perfumes too are genuine washings of flowers pomades and not to be compared with extracts made from artificial compounds. We have all the popular odors and at popular prices.

THE CITY PHARMACY

See the News Printery

FOR THE SUPERIOR KIND OF

Commercial Job Printing

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

One year, in county	\$1.50
Six months	.75
Three months	.50
Two months	.40
One month	.25

PLANT A TREE.

February 22 has been named by Governor O. B. Colquitt as Arbor Day for Texas, and asks the people to observe it. Here is a portion of his proclamation:

"The 22nd day of February of each year, the same being a legal holiday, is further set apart and designated as 'Arbor Day,' to be devoted to the planting and cultivation of forest, shade and ornamental trees, throughout the State, and to be observed for that purpose in such manner as may seem best to the people of each community."

"The planting and cultivation of trees is a matter of very great importance to the people of our State and ought to be encouraged."

"Let us plant a tree by the wayside.

Plant it with smiles and with tears,

A shade tree for some weary wanderer,

A hope for the coming years."

"Trees are going to be needed in our great and prosperous State and will be even more helpful in the coming years."

"Now, therefore, in order that all the people of the state may be prepared and act together in the planting of trees, I do hereby issue this, by proclamation, and earnestly ask and recommend that the young and old unite in observing 'Arbor Day' by planting trees, shrubs and flowers around the home, the schoolhouse, in the parks, along the highways, on the farms and ranches and wherever else they may be made to grow."

No greater service can be rendered the city, county and state by planting a tree on that day. As a moisture preserver, as a wind break, as a city beautifier, nothing can possibly be found of greater benefit than trees. Let Canyon plant trees very extensively this year.

Few people in the Panhandle realize the greatness of the West Texas State Normal college located in this city. If you had told them a few months ago that this school was the leader of all Normal schools in Texas, they would have been inclined to think you were stretching the truth. Yet here is the record made by the local Normal school, compared with the other schools. The West Texas State Normal college had the first model training school ever established and operated in the state. The local school was the first Normal to outline its work in courses rather than subjects. It was the first to have a distinctively organized faculty. These three achievements revolutionize the normal schools of the state. In other words, President Cousins and his faithful corps of professors are just opening up the possibilities of a real Normal school in Texas. Previously the Normals have simply been unorganized, disjointed grammar schools with no other aim than to give the future teacher a few set rules in book pedagogy. It remained for President Cousins to put life into this possible being; to organize equip and set in motion a school that has revolutionized the other normal schools and pulled them out of historic ruts through which they have ever run. President Cousins is a modern day educator and when his work has finally been accomplished, he will have done more for the normal schools of Texas than any man in the history of the state.

Joseph W. Folk has withdrawn from the race for nomination for president and has thrown his influence to Champ Clark. Clark seems to be gaining in favor, although he is not pushing his campaign as Wilson and Harmon.

We are forced to remark once

more that the mail order concern never spends one penny in our town. It pays no taxes here. It does not support our schools, churches or contribute to the general welfare of the community. The merchant says: "That's right, hit them a jolt between the eyes," and the first son of perdition who comes along gets an order from said merchant for all his printing. It's a poor rule that won't work both ways. We candidly ask: Does the mail order printing establishments contribute any more to our town than Shears and Sawbucks, or any other mercantile mail order concern? But you say: "I can buy a little CHEAPER there than I can of the Randall County News." That is exactly why people send away for merchandise and at the same time you raise a terrible roar because they do this and urge the newspaper to fight these concerns. Let's get together brother, the newspaper can then fight with better spirit.

The farmers of Randall county are much interested in the "better farming special" which will run over all the Santa Fe lines in the near future. The railway company is much interested in the farmer's welfare and spends a large amount of money each year in trying to increase the production of the farmer's acres. Mr. H. M. Bainer, agricultural demonstrator for the company, will be in charge of this train. The special will be larger and better than last year and every farmer in the county should be in Canyon the day it passed through. Mr. Bainer has done much for the farmers of the Panhandle through his personal work and through the influence of his letters to the press and this year hopes to be of even greater service than ever before.

Are you telling your friends what a good county we have here? Are you writing your friends to come and visit Canyon and Randall county? Do you tell them of the splendid crops raised here? Do you tell them that they have advantage of the best Normal college in Texas? If not, you are not doing your duty by the city and county. Who is to know the advantages of Randall county if YOU don't tell of them? Canyon and Randall county need advertising. Let's do our part and our population will more than double in the next year.

According to a bulletin sent out by the State University of Texas, domestic science is just being introduced in that institution. The West Texas State Normal College has operated a domestic science department for over a year. The local school leads in every educational line.

A number of Panhandle exchanges ran a two column story last week about a certain ear of corn. Did they stop to read this article and find that it was a two column free ad for a certain breakfast food manufacturing company?

Governor Colquitt has opened his campaign for second term. The race will be hard fought between him and Judge Ramsey.

The Hereford Brand was eleven years old last Thursday. The Brand is among the Panhandle's best newspapers.

Clean up and get ready for spring.

Come to Canyon to live.

THE PARAGRAPHER.

It is time to clean up. Let's get busy.

Look pleasant. You have to live with your face.

One occasionally meets a man who has more enthusiasm than sense.

It is simple to see a fortune in some simple little thing after the other fellow has thought it out.

Canyon should and will grow in 1912. Put a little more ginger in your boom and great results will follow.

Plant some shade trees this year. Nothing adds so much to the beauty of a city as good shade trees.

The ground hog has been able to come half way back, and at times it looks as if he would be fully able to "come back."

If you wish to sell goods you must let the people know where to find them. Take a good dose of advertising each week and results will follow.

Good roads leads to more trade for the merchants. Will the merchants of Canyon wake up to this truth and work for better roads in Randall county?

A certain subscriber wrote the News something like this: "You may stop my paper when the time is out. There's too much wind in it." He was a resident of Randall county too. We ask the gentleman wherein we are "windy." Does telling the truth indicate any windiness? Or was it the fact that our subscription rates are raised that he thought it convenient to stop the paper?

The News notes with pleasure that churches all over the land are buying advertising space in the newspapers. Many of the city churches have advertised their meetings regularly for years, but now the small churches are beginning a definite advertising campaign. We note last week in two of our Panhandle exchanges regular advertisements of Sunday services from churches. The News has always given our space to the churches free of charge, but we believe before many years the churches will ask for advertising space in order to more fully represent their services.

Methodist Revival Meeting.

Rev. F. M. Neal announces that arrangements have been made by the local Methodist church to have Evangelist W. M. McIntosh, D. D., of Iuka, Miss., in Canyon beginning with the third Sunday in May for a series of revival meetings. Dr. McIntosh was formerly president of the Grenada Woman's college and comes very highly recommended. He is a personal friend of Rev. Neal's and they have worked together in meetings. Dr. McIntosh will bring a special singer and choir director. A tabernacle will probably be erected. Rev. Neal says that the Methodists invite and expect the cooperation of all the Christian people of Canyon and vicinity.

Crops for 1912.

An estimate of the number of acres which will be planted in Randall county this year has been made and the results are as follow:

Maize and Kaffir	35,000 acres
Wheat	30,000 acres
Oats	15,000 acres
Millet	6,000 acres
Cane	6,000 acres
Flax	4,000 acres
Alfalfa	3,000 acres

L. S. Maloney will arrive home from St. Louis today.

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. These prices are good for CASH only. All goods charged will be at regular prices.

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

LONG TIME MONEY TO LOAN ON LAND

If you want to borrow money in sums of \$1000 or more and have good land security you can borrow it on five years time. No time for useless correspondence, but if you want money on your land or have vendor's lien notes for sale or to be extended, write to Box 8, Tulia, Texas.

We Keep You Good Looking



We don't like to mention it, but we are worried about your complexion and want you to try a box of Nyal's Peroxide face cream so that you will always be as good looking as you are now. It removes blackheads, and wrinkles and makes the old look young and the young happy. Order from us. Phone 90.

The Leading Druggists **Cassles Drug Company** East Side of the Square

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

A factor
for pure food
ante-dating all state
and national food laws

DR. PRICE'S
CREAM
BAKING POWDER

No Alum—No Phosphates

Be on your guard. Alum Powders may be known by their price—10 or 25c. a lb., or one cent an ounce.

Social and Personal Notes

Abstracts & Insurance. 45tf
Flesher Bros.

W. B. Skinner, of Dallas, attended the Howell funeral Monday.

Mrs. C. F. Rudolph is ill at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Dan K. Usery.

E. H. Ackley was a business caller in Plainview from Friday until Sunday.

For a few weeks get photos in the new folders at \$2.35 per dozen. Lusby Studio. 1t.

Monday was Lincoln's birthday. The banks and postoffice observed the holiday.

Dr. I. E. Gates delivered two fine discourses Sunday at the First Baptist Church.

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

Jas. Redfearn went to Plainview Wednesday where he was called on matters of business.

Miss Bryson is spending this week in Canadian. R. A. Stuart is taking her place in the school room.

Mrs. J. P. Winder was called to Plainview Sunday by the illness of her niece, Mrs. G. H. Hutchings.

MULES FOR SALE—70 head coming three year old mules, 50 head yearlings. Green Valley Ranch, Umbarger, Texas. 47p3

The News can fix you up some mighty fine calling cards. A lot of new type just received. We can save money on engraved cards.

Abstracts & Insurance. 45tf
Flesher Bros.

T. P. Turk will arrive home today or tomorrow from St. Louis.

Miss Mary Woosley of Floydada is visiting her son A. D. Dooley.

Will Ashby, who has been in Ochiltree, visited his wife and children last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Schultz, formerly of the Rogerson, have moved into the Jordan house.

Miss Zina Henson spent Saturday and Sunday at the parental Judge A. N. Henson home.

Rob Winehold of near Chicago was in the city last week visiting with A. N. Henson and family.

Mrs. B. Frank Buie has ordered the News sent to her mother, Mrs. F. E. Thomas at Cerulean, Ky.

Miss Holmes was operated on Monday for appendicitis. She is resting very well at the present time.

Misses Carrie Quirk and Lena Wade are expected to arrive home from St. Louis today or tomorrow.

Grady Holland, of Lubbock, was in the city over Sunday to visit at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jno. T. Holland.

A Christian Science lecture will be given in Amarillo next Monday night by William R. Rathoon, C. S. B., of Boston. A number of local people will attend.

Abstracts & Insurance. 45tf
Flesher Bros.

W. B. Skinner, of Dallas, attended the Howell funeral Monday.

Mrs. C. F. Rudolph is ill at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Dan K. Usery.

E. H. Ackley was a business caller in Plainview from Friday until Sunday.

For a few weeks get photos in the new folders at \$2.35 per dozen. Lusby Studio. 1t.

Monday was Lincoln's birthday. The banks and postoffice observed the holiday.

Dr. I. E. Gates delivered two fine discourses Sunday at the First Baptist Church.

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

Jas. Redfearn went to Plainview Wednesday where he was called on matters of business.

Miss Bryson is spending this week in Canadian. R. A. Stuart is taking her place in the school room.

Mrs. J. P. Winder was called to Plainview Sunday by the illness of her niece, Mrs. G. H. Hutchings.

MULES FOR SALE—70 head coming three year old mules, 50 head yearlings. Green Valley Ranch, Umbarger, Texas. 47p3

The News can fix you up some mighty fine calling cards. A lot of new type just received. We can save money on engraved cards.

Miss Anna Lee Howren was in Amarillo from Sunday to Tuesday on matters of business.

President I. E. Gates, of Wayland, will preach at the Baptist church again next Sunday.

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

Mrs. C. P. Hatchings was called to Plainview Sunday by the illness of Mrs. G. H. Hutchings.

Miss Stafford was ill Monday and unable to be in the school room. Miss Hibbitts taught in her place.

Mrs. T. H. Rowan went to Plainview Monday to spend several days at the home of J. M. Harder.

I have some pure bred White Holland turkeys for sale. Very finest for breeding purposes. It W. E. Lair.

Miss Belle Shotwell, who is teaching school in Amarillo, Sundayed at the parental S. A. Shotwell home.

E. H. Ackley went to Waxahatchie Monday where he will join his family. They will return to Canyon soon.

FOR SALE—160 acres about 10 miles south of Canyon, for further information write owner, G. F. MAURER, Laporte City, Iowa. 47p2

A man's character is determined by the kind of stationery he uses. The News prints only the best. Give us that next order.

If you want embossed or lithographed stationery the News can get it cheaper for you than you can buy from the mail order concerns.

Mr. and Mrs. C. R. McAfee returned yesterday from Corsicana where they have been visiting with relatives for the past two months.

The Canyon basketball team went to the Normal outside court yesterday afternoon to get some snap shots taken while the team was in action.

In the write-up last week given the News by T. F. Reid two mistakes were made. Neither Jacob Weller or Geo. A. Brandon are sixty years old as Mr. Reid thought. The mistake was wholly unintentional.

Firm Saunders has returned from Kansas City and says he will make Canyon his future home. He left here a few months ago to make his home in the city but came back saying there was no place like the Plains.

The backbone of winter is reported to be broken. In other words, the United States weather bureau has decided that the ground hog will not be able to come back. The Plains has enjoyed fine weather for the past two weeks.

That lady living on Houston street brought three of her friends with her next time she came to the studio, and two of them had photos made for those 1-2 cabinet size folders. M. S. Lusby. 1t

Mrs. G. H. Hutching has been very ill at her home in Plainview this week. A telephone message stated yesterday that she was considerably improved, which will be very welcome news to her many friends in this city.

It is estimated that at least twenty five per cent more of land will be under cultivation this year than last in Randall county. With the excellent season in the ground, the farmers are assured of an excellent crop this year.

Oats planting is going on rapidly. The farmers are going to plant at least fifty per cent more oats than ever before. Oats has always made good on the Plains, but with the excellent season in the ground this year, the yield will be exceptionally large.

Normal students know a good thing when they see it, and they tell their friends about it too. That is one reason why so many of them are having photos made on those lovely 1-2 cabinet folders at the Lusby Studio. 1t

Rev. and Mrs. M. E. Hawkins, of Canadian, were in the city this week to attend the funeral of their son-in-law, Harry A. Howell. Mrs. Howell returned to Canadian with them Monday evening where she will make her future home.

It will be of interest to our readers that the Santa Fe is advertising the possibilities of the Panhandle in one of the largest northern agricultural papers, Wallace's Farmer. It is believed that the company will advertise our section of the country more widely during this year than ever before.

S. B. Lofton brought to the News office Monday a Ponderosa lemon which Mrs. Lofton had raised in their home. The lemon grew on a pot plant and reached the usual size. There was but one on the plant and it has grown for ten months. This is probably the only lemon grown in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. E. Harding, of Chicago, were in the city Monday on matters of business. Mr. Harding is owner of the Green Valley ranch near Umbarger and says he is well impressed with the conditions he finds on the Plains this year. Mr. Harding says that he has great confidence in the Plains as a stock farming country.

The poultry business in Randall county last year amounted to practically \$15,000. It is estimated that this figure will be raised to at least \$25,000 this year with a good chance of the business going even higher. The merchants of Canyon are paying more and more attention to the poultry business and are giving the farmers good prices for their produce.

"The Man on the Box," the play made from Harold McGrath's popular novel of the same name, will be the attraction at the Opera House on Saturday night, Feb. 17, for one night. It is a bright, clever comedy, full of amusing situations. It is not all laughs, however, for there is a very pretty love story and the faintest hint of melo-drama, all combining to make a play that furnishes excellent entertainment. Seats on sale at Thomas' Store.

Land Sold for \$25.

E. G. and H. C. McCardell, of Newton, Iowa, were on the excursion last week and bought two and one-half sections of land near the city for \$25 per acre. These gentlemen will put one section under cultivation this year and contemplate moving here this year or next.

An Appeal.

Mothers, if you were asked

**WANTED
POULTRY
AND EGGS**

I want to handle all the poultry and eggs you have to spare. Highest market price quoted every day. See me before selling your poultry and eggs. :: ::

W. E. LAIR

Successor to Stewart & Ballard

what are your most precious jewels, no doubt you would answer like the Roman mother of old, "My children are my jewels." How much more precious than emeralds or diamonds or rubies, are these immortal characters put into our hands to be chisled and polished for the great King's diadem. Our schools are among the most potent refiners which we have.

How many mothers have visited the school of Canyon this year? How many know whether or not their children are in the hands of skilled workmen?

There is a Mothers' Club in our town, organized for the purpose of drawing the mothers, the children and the teachers more closely together. A true teacher is one of the noblest works of God. His or her influence is next to that of the mother in moulding the child. They need our appreciation and the inspiration of our interest. If your child or mine has an insufficient teacher we can help to strengthen both teacher and child by keeping in close touch with both—changing the poet's wording somewhat:

"Scatter ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old time is still a-flying."

In our club we discuss the problems of every day child life, and by getting the viewpoint of the fellow we each are encouraged. Incidentally we try to help equip the school in a material way. The club is helping to pay for a piano this year. Come and help us. You who have your names on the roll, let us rally

around the standard of "true motherhood" and help to make our school ideal. The club will meet next Monday afternoon at four o'clock at the public school building. All mothers who prize their "Jewels" are urged to join with us. MRS. HILL, President Mothers' Club.

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.



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.

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

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.

Ganyon Power Company
Office in First National Bank

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.

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 Queen,"
 "The Island of Regeneration,"
 "The Better Man," "Hearts and
 the Highway," "As the Sparks
 Fly Upward,"
 Illustrations by **Edworth Young**
 Copyright 1912 by W. G. Chapman

rose higher, bulked larger and hid more and more of his far-off horizon.

He felt like a knave and a traitor, as if he had been base, disloyal, false to his oath, recreant to his remembrance. Was he indeed a true man? Did he have that rugged strength, that abiding faith, that eternal consciousness, that lasting affection, beside which the rocky paths he often trod were things transient, perishable, evanescent? Was he a weakling that he fell at the first sight of another woman?

He stopped his ceaseless pace forward and backward, and stopped near that frail and futile door. She was there and there was none to prevent. His hand sought the latch.

What was he about to do? God forbid that a thought he could not freely share with humanity should enter his brain then. He held all women sacred, and so he had ever done, and this woman in her loneliness, in her helplessness, in her weakness, trebly appealed to him. But he would look upon her, he would faint see if she were there, if it were all not a dream, the creation of his disordered imagination.

Men had gone mad in hermitages in the mountains, they had been driven insane in lonely oases in vast deserts; and they had peopled their solitude with men and women. Was this some working of a disordered brain, too too much turned upon itself and with too tremendous a pressure upon it, producing an illusion? Was there in

Once long ago the gentlest and tenderest of voices called from the dark to the light, the blind. And it is given to modern science and to modern skill sometimes to emulate that godlike achievement. Perhaps the surprise, the amazement, the bewilderment, of him who having been blind doth now see, if we can imagine it not having been in the case ourselves, will be a better guide to the understanding of this man's emotion when this woman came suddenly into his lonely orbit. His eyes were opened although he would not know it. He fought down his new consciousness and would have none of it. Yet it was there. He loved her!

With what joy did Selkirk welcome the savage sharer of his solitude! Suppose she had been a woman of his own race; had she been old, withered, hideous, he must have loved her on the instant, much more if she were young and beautiful. The thing was inevitable. Such passions are born. God forbid that we should deny it. In the busy haunts of men where women are as plenty as blackberries, to use Falstaff's simile, and where a man may sometimes choose between a hundred, or a thousand, such loves are born, forever.

A voice in the night, a face in the street, a whispered word, the touch of a hand, the answering throb of another heart—and behold! two walk together where before each walked alone. Sometimes the man or the woman who is born again of love knows it not, refuses to admit it, refuses to recognize it. Some birth pain must awaken the consciousness of the new life.

If those things are true and possible under every day conditions and to ordinary men and women, how much more to this solitary. He had seen this woman, white breasted like the foam, rising as the ancient goddess from the Paphian sea. Over that recollection, as he was a gentleman and a Christian, he would fain draw a curtain, before it erect a wall. He must not dwell upon that fact, he would not linger over that moment. Yet he could not forget it.

Then he had seen her lying prone, yet unconsciously graceful in her abandonment, on the sward; he had caught a glimpse of her white face desperately upturned by the rolling water; he had looked into the unfathomable depth of her eyes at that moment when she had awakened in his arms after such a struggle as had taxed his manhood and almost broken his heart; he had carried her unconsciously, ghastly white with her pain-drawn face, stumbling desperately over the rocks in the beating rain to this, his home. There he had held that poor, bruised slender little foot in his hand, gently, skillfully treating it, when he longed to press his lips passionately upon it. Last of all he had looked into her face, warmed with the red light of the fire, searched her weary eyes almost like blue pools, in whose depths there yet lurked life and light, while her golden hair tinged crimson by the blaze lay on the white pillow—and he loved her. God pity him, fighting against fact and admission of it, yet how could he help it?

He had loved once before in his life, with the fire of youth and spring, but it was not like this. He did not recognize this new passion in any light from the past; therefore he would not admit it. Hence, he did not understand it. But he saw and admitted and understood enough to know that the past was no longer the supreme subject in his life, that the present

truth any woman there? He would raise the latch and open the door and look. Once more the hand went stealthily to the latch.

The woman slept quietly on. No thin barricade easily unlocked or easily broken protected her. Something intangible, yet stronger than the thickest, the most rigid bars of steel guarded her; something unseen, indescribable, but so unmistakable when it throbs in the breast of those who depend on it feel that their dependence is not in vain watched over her.

Cherishing no evil thought, the man had power to gratify his desire which might yet bear a sinister construction should it be observed. It was her privacy he was invading. She had trusted to him, she had said so, to his honor, and that stood her in good stead. His honor! Not in five years had he heard the word or thought the thing, but he had not forgotten it. She had not appealed to an unreal thing; upon that her trust was based. His hand left the latch, it fell gently, he drew back and turned away trembling, a conqueror who mastered himself. He was awake to the truth again.

What had he been about to do? Profane, uninvited, the sanctity of her chamber, violate the hospitality of his own house? Even with a proper motive, imperil his self-respect, shatter her trust, endanger that honor which so suddenly became a part of him on demand? She would not probably know; she could never know unless she awoke. What of that? That ancient honor of his life and race rose like a mountain whose scarped face cannot be scaled.

He fell back with a swift turn, a feeling almost womanly; and more men, perhaps, if they lived in feminine isolation, as self-centered as women are so often by necessity, would be as feminine as their sisters—influenced him, overcame him. His hand went to his hunting shirt. Nerv-



He Stared From One to the Other.

ously he tore it open; he grasped a bright object that hung against his breast. As he did so, the thought came to him that not before in five years had he been for a moment unconscious of the pressure of that locket over his heart, but now that this other had come, he had to seek for it to find it.

The man dragged it out, held it in his hand and opened it. He held it so tightly that it almost gave beneath the strong grasp of his strong hand. From a nearby box he drew another object with his other hand. He took the two to the light, the soft light of the candle upon the table, and stared from one to the other with eyes brimming.

Like crystal gazers, he saw other things than those presented to the casual vision. He heard other sounds than the beat of the rain upon the roof, the roar of the wind down the canon. A voice that he had sworn he would never forget, but which, God forgive him, had not now the clearness that it might have had yesterday, whispered awful words to him.

Anon he looked into another face, red, too, with no hue from the hearth or leaping flame, but red with the blood of ghastly wounds. He heard again that report, the roar louder and more terrible than any peal of thunder that rived the clouds above his head and made the mountains quake and tremble. He was conscious again of the awful stillness of death that pervaded. He dropped on his knees, buried his face in his hands where they rested on picture and locket on the rude table.

Ah, the past died hard, for a moment he was the lover of old—remorse, passionate exclamation, solitude—he and the dead together—the world and the living forgot! He would not be false, he would be true, there was no power in any feeble woman's tender hand to drive him off his course, to shake his purpose, to make him a new, another man. Oh, Vanitas, Vanitatum!

On the other side of the door the unconscious woman slept quietly on. The red firelight died away, the glowing coals sank into gray ash. Within the other room the cold dawn stealing through the unshaded window looked upon a field of battle—death, wounds, triumphs, defeats—portrayed upon one poor human face, upturned as sometimes victors and vanquished alike upturn stark faces from the field to the God above who may pity but who has not intervened.

So Jacob may have looked after that awful night when he wrestled until the day broke, with the angel, and would not let him go until he blessed him, walking, forever after with halting step as memorial, but with his blessing earned. Hath this man's blessing won or not? And must he pay for it if he hath achieved it?

And all the while the woman slept quietly upon the other side of that door.

CHAPTER XI.

The Log Hut in the Mountains.
 What awakened the woman she did not know; in all probability it was the bright sunlight streaming through the narrow window before her. The cabin was so placed that the sun did not strike fairly into the room until it was some hours high, consequently she had her long sleep out entirely undisturbed. The man had made no effort whatever to awaken her. Whatever tasks he had performed since day-break had been so silently accomplished that she had not been aware of them.

So soon as he could do so, he had left the cabin and was now busily engaged in his daily duties outside the cabin and beyond earshot. He knew that sleep was the very best medicine for her, and it was best that she should not be disturbed until in her own good time she awoke.

The clouds had emptied themselves during the night, and the wind had at last died away toward morning, and now there was a great calm abroad in the land. The sunlight was dazzling. Outside, where the untempered rays beat full upon the crests of the mountains, it was doubtless warm, but within the cabin it was chilly. The fire had long since burned completely away, and he had not entered the room to replenish it. Yet Enid Maitland had lain snug and warm under her blankets. She presently tested her wounded foot, by moving it gently, and discovered agreeably that it was much less painful than she had anticipated. The treatment the night before had been very successful.

She did not get up immediately, but the coldness of the room struck her so soon as she got out of bed. Upon her first awakening she was hardly conscious of her situation; her sleep had been too long and too heavy, and her awakening too gradual for any sudden appreciation of the new condition. It was not until she had stared around the walls of the rude cabin for some time, that she realized where she was and what had happened. When she did so she arose at once.

Her first impulse was to call. Never in her life had she felt such death-like stillness. Even in the camp almost always there had been a whisper of breeze through the pine trees, or the chatter of water over the rocks. But here there were no pine trees and no sound of rushing brook came to her. It was almost painful. She was keen to dress and go out of the house. She stood upon the rude puncheon floor on one foot, scarcely able yet to bear even the lightest pressure upon the other. There were her clothes on chairs and tables before the fireplace. Such had been the heat thrown out by that huge blaze that a brief inspection convinced her that everything was thoroughly dry. Dry or wet, she must needs put them on, since they were all she had. She noticed that there were no locks on the doors, and she realized that the only protection she had was the sense of decency and the honor of the man. That she had been allowed her sleep unmolested made her the more confident on that account.

She dressed hastily, although it was the work of some difficulty in view of her wounded foot, and of the stiff condition of her rough, dried apparel. Presently she was completely clothed, save for that disrobed foot. With the big clumsy bandages upon it, she could not draw her stocking over it, and even if she succeeded in that, she could in no way make shift to put on her boot.

The situation was awkward, the predicament annoying. She was wearing bloomers and a short skirt for her mountain climbing, and she did not know quite what to do. She thought of tearing up one of the rough, unbleached sheets and wrapping it around her leg, but she hesitated as to that. It was very trying. Otherwise, she would have opened the door and stepped out into the open air. Now she felt herself virtually a prisoner.

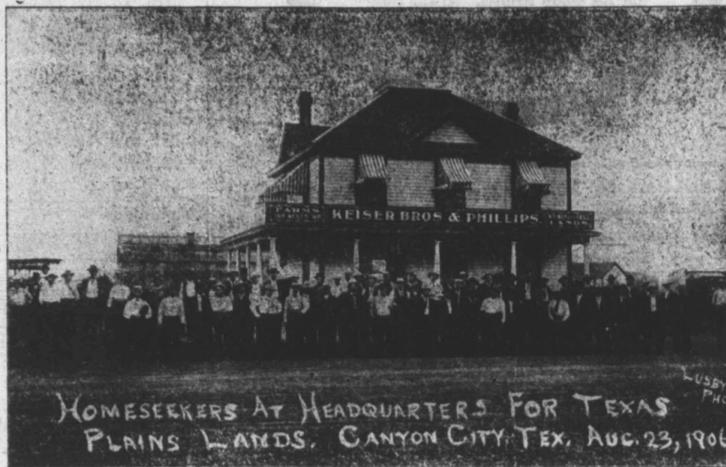
She had been thankful that no one had disturbed her, but now she wished for the man. In her helplessness she thought of his resourcefulness with eagerness. The man, however, did not appear, and there was nothing for her to do but to wait for him. Taking one

of the blankets from the bed, she sat down and drew it across her knees and took stock of the room.

The cabin was built of logs, the room was large, perhaps 12 by 20 feet, with one side completely taken up by the stone fireplace; there were two windows, one on either side of the outer door, which opened toward the southwest. The walls were unplastered save in the chinks between the rough hewn logs of which it was made. Over the fireplace and around on one side ran a rude shelf covered with

C. O. KEISER

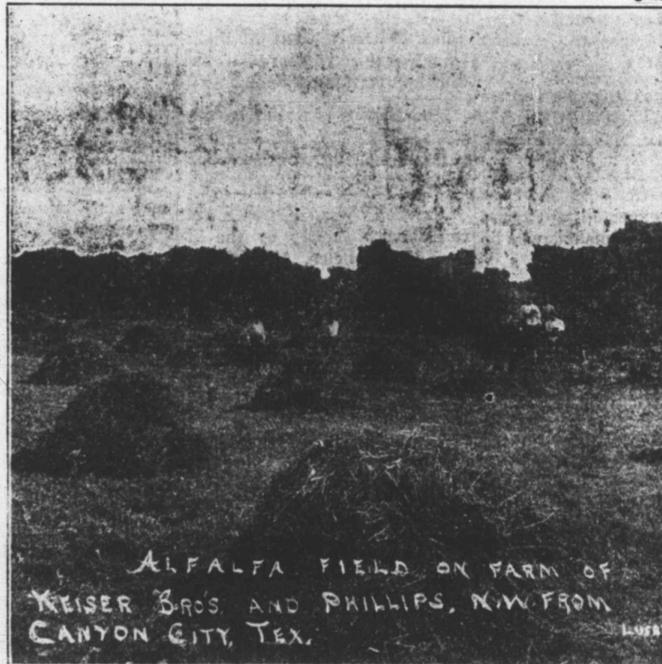
**PANHANDLE FARMS
 PERCHERON HORSES**



HOMESEEKERS AT HEADQUARTERS FOR TEXAS PLAINS LANDS, CANYON CITY, TEX., AUG. 23, 1906

OFFICES:

**KEOTA, IOWA
 CANYON, TEXAS**



I have a choice collection of farms in Randall and adjoining counties. These farms range from eighty acres up, improved and unimproved. The improved farms are rented to good northern farmers and will pay good interest on the investment. They are all within easy reach of markets and railroad, are all of the same deep and fertile soil characteristic of this section of the Panhandle, and every acre of each farm can be put into cultivation.

These lands are all clear of encumbrance and I can sell them on terms to suit the purchaser, at a low rate of interest and at a price which is bound to make him money.

For any further information desired, write either of my offices, or call on the local agent in your vicinity.

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 Ring and the Man,"
"The Island of Jezebel," "The
Boring Man," "Hears and the High
Way," "As the Sparks Fly Upward."

Illustrations by Ellsworth Young

(Copyright, 1911, by W. G. Chapman.)

Continued from page 6

books. She had no opportunity to examine them, although later she would become familiar with every one of them.

Into the walls on the other side were driven wooden pegs; from some of them hung a pair of snow shoes, a heavy Winchester rifle, fishing tackle and other necessary wilderness paraphernalia. On the puncheon floor wolf and bear skins were spread. In one corner against the wall again were piled several splendid pairs of horns from the mountain sheep.

The furniture consisted of the single bed or berth in which she had slept, built against the wall in one of the corners, a rude table on which were writing materials and some books. A row of curtained shelves, evidently made of small boxes and surmounted by a mirror, occupied another space. There were two or three chairs, the handwork of the owner, comfortable enough in spite of their rude construction. On some other pegs hung a slicker and a sou'wester, a fur overcoat, a fur cap and other rough clothes; a pair of heavy boots stood by the fireplace. On another shelf there were a number of scientific instruments, the nature of which she could not determine, although she could see that they were all in a beautiful state of preservation.

There was plenty of rude comfort in the room, which was excessively manly. In fact, there was nothing anywhere which in any way spoke of the existence of woman—except a picture in a small, rough, wooden frame which stood on the table before which she sat down. The picture was of a handsome woman—naturally Enid Maitland saw that before anything else. She would not have been a woman if that had not engaged her attention more forcibly than any other fact in the room. She picked it up and studied it long and earnestly, quite unconscious of the reason for her interest, and yet a certain uneasy feeling might have warned her of what was toward in her bosom.

This young woman had not yet had time to get her bearings. She had not been able to realize all the circumstances of her adventure. So soon as she did so she would know that into her life a man had come, and whatever the course of that life might be in the future, he would never again be out of it.

It was therefore with mingled and untranslatable emotions that she studied this picture. She marked with a certain resentment the bold beauty quite apparent, despite the dim fading outlines of a photograph never very good. So far as she could discern, the woman was dark haired and dark eyed—her direct antithesis! The casual viewer would have found little of fault in the presentation, but Enid Maitland's eyes were sharpened by what, pray? At any rate, she decided that the woman was of a rather coarse fiber, that in things finer and higher she would be found wanting. She was such a woman, so the girl reasoned acutely, as might inspire a passionate affection in a strong hearted, reckless youth, but whose charms being largely physical, would pall in longer and more intimate association; a dangerous rival in a charge, but not so formidable in a steady campaign.

These thoughts were the result of long and earnest inspection, and it was with some reluctance that the girl at last put the photograph aside and looked toward the door. She was hungry, ravenously so. She began to be a little alarmed, and had just about made up her mind to rise and stumble out as she was, when she heard steps outside and a knock on the door.

"What is it?" she asked in response. "May I come in?"

"Yes," was the quick answer. The man opened the door, left it ajar and entered the room.

"Have you been awake long?" he began abruptly.

"Not very."

"I didn't disturb you, because you needed sleep more than anything else. How do you feel?"

"Greatly refreshed, thank you."

"And hungry, I suppose?"

"Very."

"I will soon remedy that. Your foot?"

"It seems much better, but I—"

The girl hesitated, blushing. "I can't get my shoe on, and—"

"Shall I have another look at it?"

"No, I don't believe it will be necessary. If I may have some of that liniment, or whatever it was you put on it, and more of that bandage, I think I can attend to it myself, but, you see, my stockings and my boot—"

"That is the best that I can do for you," he said.

"And that will do very nicely," said the girl. "It will cover the bandage, and that is the main thing."

The man laid on the table by the side of the stocking another strip of bandage torn from the same sheet. As he did so, he noticed the picture. He caught it up quickly, a dark flush spreading over his face, and holding it in his hand, he turned abruptly away.

"I will go and cook you some breakfast while you get yourself ready. If you have not washed, you'll find a bucket of water and a basin and towel outside the door."

He went through the inner door as suddenly as he had come through the outer one. He was a man of few words, and whatever social grace he might once have possessed, and in more favorable circumstances exhibited, was not noticeable now. The tenderness with which he had caressed her the night before had also vanished.

His bearing had been cool, almost harsh and forbidding, and his manner was as grim as his appearance. The conversation had been a brief one, and her opportunity for inspection of him consequently limited. Yet she had taken him in. He was a tall, splendid man. No longer young, perhaps, but in the prime of life and vigor. His complexion was dark and burned brown by long exposure to sun and wind, winter and summer. In spite of the brown, there was a certain color, a hue of health in his cheeks. His eyes were hazel, sometimes brown, sometimes gray, and sometimes blue, she afterward learned. A short thick closely cut beard and mustache covered the lower part of his face disguised but not hiding the squareness of his jaw and the firmness of his lips.

He had worn his cap when he entered, and when he took it off she noticed that his dark hair was tinged with white. He was dressed in a leather hunting suit, somewhat the worse



He Caught It Up Quickly.

for wear, but fitting him in a way to give free play to all his muscles. His movements were swift, energetic and graceful. She did not wonder that he had so easily managed to carry her—no light weight, indeed!—over what she dimly recognized must have been a horrible trail, which, burdened as he was, would have been impossible to a man of less splendid vigor than he.

The cabin was low celled, and as she sat looking up at him, he had towered above her until he seemed to fill it. Naturally, she had scrutinized his every action, as she had hung on his every word. His swift and somewhat startled movement, his frowning as he had seized the picture on which she had gazed with such interest, aroused the liveliest surprise and curiosity in her heart.

Who was this woman? Why was he so quick to remove the picture from her gaze? Thoughts rushed tumultuously through her brain, but she realized at once that she lacked time to indulge them. She could hear him moving about in the other room. She threw aside the blanket with which she had draped herself, changed the bandage on her foot, drew on the heavy woolen stocking which, of course, was miles too big for her, but which easily took in her foot and ankle encumbered as they were by the rude, heavy but effective wrapping. Thereafter she hobbled to the door and stood for a moment almost aghast at the splendor and magnificence before her.

He had built his cabin on a level shelf of rock perhaps fifty by a hundred feet in area. It was backed up against an overtopping cliff, otherwise the rock fell away in every direction. She divined that the descent from the shelf into the pocket or valley spread before her was sheer, except off to the right, where a somewhat gentler acclivity of huge and broken boulders gave a practicable ascent—a sort of titanic stairs—to the place perched on the mountain side. The shelf was absolutely bare save for the cabin and a few huge boulders. There were a few sparse, stunted trees further up on the mountain side above; a few hundred feet beyond them, however, came the timber line, after which there was nothing but the naked rock.

Below several hundred feet lay a clear, emerald pool, whose edges were bordered by pines, where it was not dominated by high cliffs. Already the lakelet was rimmed with ice on the shaded side. This enchanting little body of water was fed by the melting snow from the crest and peaks, which in the clear, pure sunshine and rarified air of the mountains seemed to rise and confront her within a stone's throw of the place where she stood.

On one side of the pretty lake in the valley, or pocket, beneath, there was a little grassy clearing, and there the dweller in the wilderness had built a rude corral for the burros. On a rough bench by the side of the door she saw the primitive conveniences to which he had alluded. The water was delightfully soft and as it had stood exposed to the sun's direct rays for some time, although the air was exceedingly crisp and cold, it was tempered sufficiently to be merely cool and agreeable. She luxuriated in it for a few moments, and while she had her face buried in the towel,

rough, coarse, but clean, she heard a step. She looked up in time to see the man lay down upon the bench a small mirror and a clean comb. He said nothing as he did so, and she had no opportunity to thank him before he was gone. The thoughtfulness of the act affected her strangely, and she was very glad of a chance to unbraided her hair, comb it out and plait it again. She had not a hair pin left, of course, and all she could do with it was to replait it and let it hang upon her shoulders. Her coiffure would have looked very strange to civilization, but out there in the mountains, it was eminently appropriate.

Without noticing details, the man felt the general effect as she limped back into the room toward the table. Her breakfast was ready for her. It was a coarse fare, bacon, a baked potato, hard tack crisped before the fire, coffee, black and strong, with sugar, but no cream. The dishes matched the fare, too, yet she noticed that the fork was of silver, and by her plate there was a napkin, rough dried, but of fine linen. The man had just set the table when she appeared.

"I am sorry I have no cream," he said, and then, before she could make comment or reply, he turned and walked out of the room, his purpose evidently being not to embarrass her by his presence while she ate.

Enid Maitland had grown to relish the camp fare, bringing to it the appetite of good health and exertion. She had never eaten anything that tasted so good to her as that rude meal that morning, yet she would have enjoyed the brimming, smoking coffee pot on it better, she thought, if he had only shared it with her, if she had not been compelled to eat it alone. She hastened her meal on that account, determined as soon as she had finished her breakfast to seek the man and have some definite understanding with him.

And, after all, she reflected that she was better alone than in his presence, for there would come stealing into her thoughts the distressing episode of the morning before, try as she would to put it out of her mind. Well, she was a fairly sensible girl; the matter was passed, it could not be helped now, she would forget it as much as was possible. She would recur to it with mortification later on, but the present was so full of grave problems that there was not any room for the past.

CHAPTER XII.

A Tour of Inspection.

The first thing necessary, she decided, when she had satisfied her hunger and finished her meal, was to get word of her plight and her resting place to her uncle and the men of the party, and the next thing was to get away, where she would never see this man again, and perhaps be able to forget what had transpired—yet there was a strange pang of pain in her heart at that thought!

No man on earth had ever so stimulated her curiosity as this one. Who was he? Why was he there? Who was the woman whose picture he had so quickly taken from her gaze? Why had so splendid a man buried himself alone in that wilderness? These reflections were presently interrupted by the reappearance of the man himself.

"Have you finished?" he asked, unceremoniously standing in the doorway as he spoke.

"Yes, thank you, and it was very good indeed."

Dismissing this politeness with a wave of his hand, but taking no other notice, he spoke again.

"If you will tell me your name—"

"Maitland, Enid Maitland."

"Miss Maitland?"

The girl nodded.

"And where you came from, I will endeavor to find your party, and see what can be done to restore you to them."

"We were camped down that canon at a place where another brook, a large one, flows into it, several miles, I should think, below the place where—"

She was going to say "where you found me," but the thought of the way in which he had found her rushed over her again; and this time, with his glance directly upon her, although it was as cold and dispassionate and indifferent as a man's look could well be, the recollection of the meeting to which she had been about to allude rushed over her with an accompanying wave of color which heightened her beauty as it covered her with shame.

She could not realize that beneath his mask of indifference so deliberately worn, the man was as agitated as she, not so much at the remembrance of anything that had transpired, but at the sight, the splendid picture, of the woman as she stood there in the little cabin then. It seemed to him as if she gathered up, in her own person—all the radiance and light and beauty, all the purity and freshness and splendor of the morning, to shine and dazzle in his face. As she hesitated in confusion, perhaps comprehending its cause, he helped out her lame and halting sentence.

"I know the canon well," he said. "I think I know the place to which you refer. Is it just above where the river makes an enormous bend upon itself?"

"Yes, that is it. In that clearing we have been camped for two weeks. My uncle must be crazy with anxiety to know what has become of me, and—"

The man interposed. "I will go there directly," he said. "It is now half after ten. That place is about seven miles or more from here across the range, fifteen or twenty by the river. I shall be back by nightfall. The cabin is your own."

He turned away without another word.

"Wait," said the woman. "I am afraid to stay here."

She had been fearless enough before in those mountains, but her recent experience had somehow unsettled her nerves.

"There is nothing on earth to hurt you, I think," returned the man. "There isn't a human being, so far as I know, in these mountains."

"Except my uncle's party?"

He nodded.

"But there might be another—bear," she added desperately, forcing herself.

"Not likely; and they wouldn't come here if there were any. That's the first grizzly I have seen in years," he went on, unconcernedly, studiously looking away from her, not to add to her confusion at the remembrance of that awful episode which would obtrude itself on every occasion. "You can use a rifle or gun?"

She nodded. He stepped over to the wall and took down the Winchester which he handed her.

"This one is ready for service, and you will find a revolver on the shelf. There is only one possible way of access to this cabin; that's down those rock stairs. One man, one woman, a child, even, with these weapons could hold it against an army."

"Couldn't I go with you?"

"On that foot?"

Enid pressed her wounded foot upon the ground. It was not so painful when resting, but she found she could not walk a step on it without great suffering.

"I might carry you part of the way," said the man. "I carried you last night, but it would be impossible, all of it."

"Promise me that you will be back by nightfall, with Uncle Bob and—"

"I shall be back by nightfall, but I can't promise that I will bring anybody with me."

"You mean?"

"You saw what the cloudburst nearly did for you," was the quick answer. "If they did not get out of that pocket, there is nothing left of them now."

"But they must have escaped," persisted the girl, fighting down her alarm at this blunt statement of possible peril. "Besides, Uncle Robert and most of the rest were climbing one of the peaks, and—"

"They will be all right, then; but if I am to find the place and tell them your story, I must go now."

He turned, and without another word or a backward glance, scrambled down the hill. The girl limped to the brink of the cliff over which he had plunged and stared after him. She watched him as long as she could see him, until he was lost among the trees. If she had anybody else to depend upon, she would certainly have felt differently toward him; when Uncle Robert, and her aunt, and the children, and old Kirkby, and the rest surrounded her, she could hate that man in spite of all he had done for her, but now she stared after him determinedly making his way down the mountain and through the trees. It was with difficulty she could restrain herself from calling him back.

The silence was most oppressive, the loneliness was frightful. She had been alone before in those mountains, but from choice; now the fact that there was no escape from them made the sensation a very different one.

She sat down and brooded over her situation until she felt that if she did not do something and in some way divert her thoughts she would break down again. He had said that the cabin and its contents were hers. She resolved to inspect them more closely. She hobbled back into the great



She Watched Him as Long as She Could See Him.

room and looked about her again. There was nothing that demanded careful scrutiny. She wasn't quite sure whether she was within the proprieties or not, but she seized the oldest and most worn of the volumes on the shelf. It was a text book on mining and metallurgy, she observed, and opening it to the fly leaf, across the page she saw written in a firm, vigorous masculine hand a name, "Wil-

Ham Berkeley Newbold," and beneath these words, "Thayer Hall, Harvard," and a date some seven years back.

The owner of that book, whether the present possessor or not, had been a college man. Say that he had graduated at twenty-one or twenty-two, he would be twenty-eight or twenty-nine years old now, but if so, why that white hair? Perhaps, though, the book did not belong to the man of the cabin.

She turned to other books on the shelf. Many of them were technical books, which she had sufficient general culture to realize could be only available to a man highly educated,

and a special student of mines and mining—a mining engineer, she decided, with a glance at those instruments and appliances of a scientific character plainly, but of whose actual use she was ignorant.

A rapid inspection of the other books confirmed her in the conclusion that the man of the mountains was indeed the owner of the collection. There were a few well worn volumes of poetry and essays, Shakespeare, a Bible, Bacon, Marcus Aurelius, Epictetus, Keats, a small dictionary, a compendious encyclopedia, just the books, she thought, smiling at her conceit, that a man of education and culture would want to have upon a desert island where his supply of literature would be limited.

The old ones were autographed as the first book she had looked in; others, newer additions to the little library, if she could judge their condition, were unsigned.

Into the corner cupboard and the drawers, of course, she did not look. There was nothing else in the room to attract her attention, save some piles of manuscript neatly arranged on one of the shelves, each one covered with a square of board and kept in place by pieces of glistening quartz. There were four of these piles and another half the size of the first four on the table. These, of course, she did not examine, further than to note that the writing was in the same bold, free hand as the signature in the books. If she had been an expert she might have deduced much from the writing; as it was, she fancied it was strong, direct, manly.

Having completed her inspection of this room, she opened the door and went into the other. It was smaller and less inviting. It had only one window, and a door opened outside. There was a cook stove here, and shelves with cooking utensils and granite ware, and more rude box receptacles on the walls which were filled with a bountiful and well selected store of canned goods and provisions of various kinds. This was evidently the kitchen, supply room, china closet. She saw no sign of a bed in it, and wondered where and how the man had spent the night.

By rights, her mind should have been filled with her uncle and his party, and in their alarm she should have shared, but she was so extremely comfortable, except for her foot, which did not greatly trouble her so long as she kept it quiet, that she felt a certain degree of contentment, not to say happiness. The adventure was so romantic and thrilling—save for those awful moments in the pool—especially to the soul of a conventional woman who had been brought up in the most humdrum and stereotyped fashion of the earth's ways, and with never an opportunity for the development of the spirit of romance which all of us exhibited some time in our life, and which, thank God, some of us never lose, that she found herself revelling in it.

She lost herself in pleasing imaginations of tales of her adventures that she could tell when she got back to her uncle, and when she got further back to staid old Philadelphia. How shocked everybody would be with it all there! Of course, she resolved that she would never mention one episode of that terrible day, and she had somehow absolute confidence that this man, in spite of his grim, gruff taciturnity, who had shown himself so exceedingly considerate of her feelings, would never mention it either.

She had so much food for thought that not even in the late afternoon of the long day could she force her mind to the printed pages of the book she had taken at random from the shelf which lay open before her, where she sat in the sun, her head covered by an old "Stetson" that she had ventured to appropriate. She had dragged a bear skin out on the rocks in the sun and sat curled up on it half reclining against a boulder watching the trail, the Winchester by her side. She had eaten so late a breakfast that she had made a rather frugal lunch out of whatever had taken her fancy in the store room, and she was waiting most anxiously now for the return of the man.

The season was late and the sun sank behind the peaks quite early in the afternoon, and it grew dark and chill long before the shadows fell upon the dwellers of the lowlands.

Enid drew the bear skin around her and waited with an ever-growing apprehension. If she should be compelled to spend the night alone in that cabin, she felt that she could not endure it. She was never gladder of anything in her life than when she saw him suddenly break out of the woods and start up the steep trail, and for a moment her gladness was not tempered by the fact which she was presently to realize with great dismay, that as he had gone, so he now returned, alone.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Castaways of the Mountains. The man was evidently seeking her, for so soon as he caught sight of her

he broke into a run and came bounding up the steep ascent with the speed and agility of a chamois or a mountain sheep. As he approached the man rose to her feet and supported himself upon the boulder against which she had been leaning, at the same time extending her hand to greet him.

"Oh," she cried, her voice rising nervously as he drew near, "I am glad you are back, another hour loneliness and I believe I should have gone crazy."

Now whether that joy in his return was for him personally or for him abstractly, he could not tell; what she was glad that he had come back simply because he was a human being who would relieve her loneliness.

Whether she rejoiced to see him in view, was a matter not yet determined. He hoped the latter, believed the former. At any rate, caught and held her outstretched hand in the warm clasp of both his own. Burning words of greeting rushed to his lips torrentially; what he said, however, was quite commonplace, as is often the case. We thought and outward speech did not correspond.

"It's too cold for you out here, you must go into the house at once," declared masterfully, and she obeyed with unwonted meekness.

The sun had set and the night had grown suddenly chill. Still holding her hand, they started toward the cabin a few rods away. Her wounded foot was of little support to her, the excitement had unnerved her, spite of his hand she swayed; with a thought he caught her about the waist and half lifted, half led her to the door. It seemed as natural as was inevitable for him to assist her this way, and in her weakness and wilderment she suffered it without comment or resistance. Indeed, there was such strength and power in his arm, he was so secure there, that she liked it. As for him, his pulses were bounding at the contact; but for the matter ever to look at her quicken his heart beat.

Entering the main room, he led her gently to one of the chairs near the table and immediately thereafter lit the fire which he had taken precaution to lay before his departure.

It had been dark in the cabin, but fire soon filled it with glorious light. She watched him at his task and he rose from the hearth questioning him:

"Now tell me," she began, "found—"

"First your supper, and then story," he answered, turning toward the door of the other room.

"No," pleaded the girl, "can't see that nothing is of any importance to me but the story? Did you find camp?"

"I found the place where it been."

"Where it had been!"

"There wasn't a single vestige left. That whole pocket, I know well, had been swept clean by flood."

"But Kirkby, and Mrs. Maitland—"

"They weren't there."

"Did you search for them?"

"Certainly."

"But they can't have been drowned, she exclaimed piteously.

"Of course not," he began reproachfully. "Kirkby is a veteran of the mountains and—"

"But do you know him?" queried the girl in great surprise.

"I did once," said the man, "but darkly at his admission. I had seen him for five years."

So that was the measure of his lation, thought the woman, keep the slightest evidence as to her companion's history, of which, by the he meant to tell her nothing.

"Well?" she asked, breaking pause.

"Kirkby would certainly see cloud burst coming and he would the people with him in the camp, the hogback near it. It is far from the flood line; they would be quite there."

"And did you look for them then?"

"I did. The trail had been washed out, but I scrambled up and found disputed evidence that my suspicion was correct. I haven't a doubt all who were in the camp were as

"Thank God for that," said the greatly relieved and comforted reassuring words. "And Robert, land and the rest on the mountain what do you think of them?"

"I am sure that they must have escaped, too. I don't think that them have suffered more than a rough drenching in the downpour that they are all safe and perhaps their way to the settlements now

(Continued Next Week)

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:

Congress	\$20.00
State	15.00
District	12.50
County	10.00
Commissioners	7.50
Justice of Peace	5.00

For District Attorney.

I hereby announce my candidacy for re-election to the office of district attorney for the 47th Judicial District, subject to the action of the democratic primaries.

HENRY S. BISHOP.

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.

For Tax Assessor.

I hereby announce that I will be a candidate for the office of tax assessor subject to the action of the democratic primaries.

R. E. FOSTER.

I hereby announce my candidacy for re-election to the office of Tax Assessor, subject to the action of the Democratic primaries.

CYRUS EAKMAN.



I. O. O. F.

CANYON LODGE NO. 481.
Meeting every Monday night at 7:30 o'clock at I. O. O. F. hall in the Smith building. B. C. Taylor, Noble Grand. J. F. Smith, Sec. Visiting brothers cordially invited.

S. L. Ingham,
Dentist

Canyon National Bank building. All work warranted.

B. Frank Buie, Attorney,

CANYON, TEXAS
Will practice law in all Courts of Texas; examine titles; write wills, contracts, deeds and all other commercial papers; represent non-residents, executors, guardians and administrators. Give us a trial. Office room 23, First National Bank.

J. W. Crudginton, Works & Umphres
Attorneys and Counselors at Law

Are specially equipped for handling damage suits, land litigation and cases in U. S. Courts and Appellate Courts of Texas.

Postoffice Building AMARILLO, TEXAS

The Canyon City Abstract Company

Work Promptly Done

FLESHER BROS. Managers

Office in Court House. Phone 210

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 a pleasant and safe to take. For sale by all dealers.

Society Notes.

Misses Huntley and Grace Winder were hostesses Friday night to a few of their friends. Forty two was the game of the evening. Excellent refreshments were served during the course of the evening.

Dr. I. E. Gates, of Plainview, Mr. and Mrs. B. T. Johnson, Grandpa and Grandma Lester were entertained in the home of Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Lester last Sunday with a nice turkey roast.

Mrs. John Rusk entertained a few friends Wednesday at an elegant dinner, given in honor of her sister, Mrs. LaMaunn, of Sherman. Those present were: Mesdames McElroy, Johnson, Wilson.

The paper anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Thomas was fittingly celebrated on Valentine day. Six o'clock dinner was served in six courses, and enjoyed by a number of relatives and friends, who pronounced the occasion unique in surprises and delectable alike to eye and palate.

The decorations were white and red with a liberal sprinkle of valentine hearts. In the center of the table was a large cake of elegant design draped with Denison paper from beneath which radiated silken cords leading to each plate. Hidden beneath this drapery were the ladies favors consisting of pink roses made of silk.

The first installment of courses was ham sandwiches, chicken salad, cheese straws and coffee; tooth-picks and samples of pure water.

An hour was then devoted to music and pleasant conversation. Reminiscences of the Civil War by father, W. J. Thomas, proved a most interesting feature.

Here the hostess sprang a great surprise. The innerman had already been sufficiently "regaled," and imagine the surprise when all were ushered again into the elegant dining-room, where in measured order we partook of lettuce, bacon, onions, and immense slices of the cake aforesaid with orange flavor dressing, a feast fit for the gods. Gentlemen favors were the valentine heart and divided apple, a significant reminder of a very ancient circumstance that took place in a beautiful garden, but not fraught with as much danger.

Red and white heart-shaped aprons were worn by the deft waitresses whose frequent entrances and exits were not unlike the visitations of fairies dispensing viands.

A number of appropriate presents were in evidence as pledges of kind regards.

Among those present were W. J. Thomas and wife, parents of the host, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Garner, Mrs. Bertha Thomas and daughters, Margaret and Lois, Mr. Isiah Jenkins and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Garner and son, Weldon, Miss Lillian Longvine and Messrs. Jones and Taylor.

At the hour of ten the visitors took leave of host and hostess, leaving behind a heart full of good wishes. A Guest.

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.

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.

George Washington Entertainment.

The ladies of the Methodist church will give a George Washington entertainment at the opera house on Saturday night, February 24. The following is their announcement:

On Saturday evening at the stroke of eight,

We beg you'll help us celebrate.

Do come, and to give you we will try

And perhaps of our supper you'll partake.

To pay a quarter at the door,

We believe you'll wish you'd made it more.

The following program will be given with living pictures:

Washington and His Hatchet.

Humerous reading, Osce Mills.

Giving up the Navy.

Home Sweet Home, Soprano Solo.

Washington as an Officer.

Just Before the Battle Mother Tenor Solo.

"The Spirit of '76."

Yankee Doodle.

Surrender of Cornwallis.

Meditation.

Betsy Ross and the Flag.

Star Spangled Banner, Mixed Quartet.

Flag of the True.

George and Martha Washington.

America.

At the close of the program a three course supper will be served.

Admission, 25 and 15 cents.

Contest Will Close.

The business men's contest will close one week from Saturday night. The vote has been so light the past two weeks that the votes have not been counted. The lady getting the most votes since Jan. 24 will receive the cut glass water set and the lady having the largest number of votes will get the diamond ring.

Happy Items.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. McMillan, a girl.

Guy Stone left Tuesday for Seymour, Iowa.

Otis Malcolm is now plowing for H. Currie with his steam plow.

Mr. Boon has opened up the blacksmith shop at the old stand formerly occupied by "Bill" Koch.

The farmers are busy these days getting their land in shape for spring sowing.

A chicken pie dinner and oyster supper was served last Saturday at the hotel by the ladies of the Baptist church.

The Happy Grocery Co. is now located in the Long building formerly occupied by Bill Anderson.

A. A. Sones left for Sturgis, Ky., Saturday and will spend several months at home.

Bill Anderson has moved into his new barber shop next to the post office.

W. H. Hamblin shipped several cars of fat cattle Saturday from here to the Kansas City markets.

Mr. Hogge's son came in Sunday evening with his immigrant

car from East Texas, and he will move out in the Arney neighborhood and farm this year.

Aug. Raifs is putting up some new buildings on his land northwest from town. He is also going to install a pumping plant and run it with a gasoline engine.

Wayside Items.

Mrs. S. C. Sluder and two little ones came up Saturday to join her husband at the bedside of his sick mother, who has been ill for a month.

After a lingering illness, Mrs. Nancy J. Sluder, wife of I. A. Sluder, departed this life Feb. 13. She was surrounded by her entire family and quite a number of grand children and several neighbors. She was born in Stokes Co., N. C., Mar. 4, 1832, being 79 years, 11 months and 13 days. She and her husband have lived with their eldest son, W. J. Sluder, for nearly 6 years. She will be interred at Floydada, near her old home. W. J. and S. C. Sluder, her sons, carried the body through the country.

Mrs. S. C. Sluder, I. A. Sluder, Mrs. F. M. Butler and Emma Sluder left Wednesday for Happy to take the train for Floydada to be present at the funeral of Mrs. N. J. Sluder.

Weather is fine, quite cool early and late.

Rev. B. T. Sharp filled his regular appointment Sunday last at Beula.

Next 3rd Sunday is Rev. Wm. Younger's appointment at Beula. We bespeak for him a good congregation.

W. H. Hamblen shipped four car loads of fat steers the Kansas City market last Saturday. He has another car load to ship later.

Hugh Holland and Miss Ona Evans visited the Mule Shoe ranch last Saturday.

Anona.

Here is a message of hope and good cheer from Mrs. C. J. Martin, Boone Mill, Va., who is the mother of eighteen children. Mrs. Martin was cured of stomach trouble and constipation by Chamberlain's Tablets after five years of suffering, and now recommends these tablets to the public. Sold by all dealers.

Pleasantview Items.

A nice growing shower fell Monday night and it will help to start the late wheat which needed rain on the surface as the ground was cracked open very much.

Oat sowing will begin at once. Some spring wheat will be sown around here too, as the land is in fine condition from being frozen so deep the past month.

Rakeing and burning weeds is the order of the day.

Phillip Wilks has just finished hauling 10,000 bundles of kaffir corn to C. O. Keiser.

Frank Crowley has returned from Fayetteville, Ark., where he has been going to school. Glad to get back to the Plains and home.

George Frary has gone to Colorado on a prospective trip.

Did you hear I. E. Gates of Plainview at the Baptist church Sunday? If not you missed a great treat.

Tom Herriott Ed Gibson loaded a car of millet hay Saturday and Monday for the latter named for Waxahachie. Booster.

Clean Up Day Wednesday.

At the meeting of the Ladies Improvement League last Saturday afternoon, it was decided to have a clean up day on Wednesday, Feb. 21. If the weather is bad, the clean up day will be on Thursday. The ladies desire to have the assistance of all the men and ask that they meet with them at the cemetery for a thorough clean up.

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

Lakeside Ripples.

As our old reporter seems to have forgotten us, will try to write some of the latest history in this vicinity.

Threshing is a popular occupation around here this week.

Will King began sowing oats Monday. He expects to sow a lot of them.

Wheat looks fine since the warm days have come. The rain Monday night with a few more warm days will make it climb.

The Johnson school team and the Happy High School played the first baseball game of this season at Happy last Saturday. The Hig school was beaten 12 to 7 by the little Johnson team.

Emmet Belles was the star of the game; thirteen years old and about half large as the high schoolers, he pitched nine innings and did not allow a safe hit, never passed a man and made 4 of the 12 scores, 3 of which were home runs. Johns Son.

Ceta Items.

We had a nice little rain Monday night which will be a great benefit to the wheat crop.

Mr. Reiner of west of Happy was visiting with the Duff family Sunday and Monday.

A large crowd attended liter-

ary at Fairview Saturday night.

J. M. Duff, G. P. Bryan, H. E. Wesley and families enjoyed themselves at the canyon Sunday.

J. M. Duff and F. Schaeffer are threshing maize. It is turning out better than was expected.

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 expectation; and restores the system to a healthy condition. For sale by all dealers.

Commissioners' Court in Session.

The commissioners' court is in session this week examining the report of the various county officers. The following was the business transacted:

The report of H. T. Shelnutt, Justice of the Peace of Precinct No. 1, was examined and approved.

The report of Worth A. Jennings, sheriff, for the quarter was examined and approved.

The report of C. H. Still, road overseer for precinct No. 14, was examined and approved.

The report of G. S. Frary, road overseer for precinct No. 4, was examined and approved.

Matchless Sanitary Cleaner

- CLEANER
- POLISHER
- RENOVATOR
- DEODORIZER
- DUST LAYER
- DISINFECTANT
- BUG AND INSECT EXTERMINATOR

ALL IN ONE

For carpets, floors, dusting, leather furniture, pianos, woodwork, glass, marble, picture frames, bath tubs, sinks, typewriters, stoves and ranges, automobiles and carriages, moths, fleas, bed bugs and insects.

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.