

## 1914 PASSES INTO HISTORY AT MIDNIGHT

The History for 1914 will be closed at midnight tonight. A brand new volume labeled 1915 will be placed into the hands of Father Time for the recording of the good and bad deeds of men.

Nationally 1914 was a most critical time, filled with events which might have plunged our nation into a long and bloody war with Mexico. Later has followed the terrible war in Europe which has tended to paralyze business. However, within the past few weeks industries in the big cities have resumed and times look better.

So far as our immediate vicinity is concerned—speaking of the Panhandle as a whole—1914 will be recorded as the reviving point of this country in the most staple form ever enjoyed in this section. The long period of drouth was broken. However, the rainfall is not yet up to normal for this country. Good crops were raised on every hand. Wheat brought a good price on the market which has tended to place the farmer on his feet. Grass for the cattle was never better. Prices have been high on the market. The small farmer is getting dairy stuff which is always a source of ready and steady revenue. The abundant feed crop harvested this fall assures plenty of feed for both the big cattle man and the small farmer with his smaller herd.

1914 has also seen the return to the Panhandle of many hundred former residents who have tried farming in other countries and found greater backsets than in our country.

Our cartoonist portrays some of the leading events of 1914 on this page. Some lines of business may not have been so good in Canyon in 1914 as in some former years, but during the past few weeks there has been a revival which is steadily growing and with work started on the Normal building Canyon will soon be back in the harness as she was during the most prosperous years of seven and eight years ago.

Come to Canyon in 1915.

### January Seen Here.

January first will soon be here. Quite a number of subscriptions on our lists will expire on that date. It don't require a shot gun to stop the News. Your name goes off our lists automatically upon the date of expiration unless you signify a desire for a little time in which to pay for the paper. Please pay up before the first of January if you wish to continue with the News and thus avoid the inconvenience of missing an issue or two as we generally print just enough papers to go to the subscribers on our lists.

## To Patrons, Friends and Enemies

Thanking you for favors of the past, I wish you all a Happy Prosperous New Year.

S. LUSBY



## CLEANING UP WORK STARTED AT NORMAL

Work was begun in clearing the ruins of the old Normal building Tuesday morning with a small gang of men. This number was increased yesterday and as soon as a little space has been cleared in the basement a larger force will be added. Driveways are being made down into the basement and the brick, ashes, tin and piping are being hauled out. All of the half and whole bricks are saved to use in the new building while the remainder and the ashes will be put on the drives in the campus and on the city streets. The walls that are now standing will be pulled down as soon as a little clearance has been made. Work will be pushed as rapidly as the weather permits and it is estimated that forty five days will be required to finish cleaning up the ruins.

Wm. Gross, secretary of the Gross Construction Co., and B. G. Crofoot, the foreman, arrived Saturday and have rented houses preparatory to remaining in the city until the building is completed. Their families will arrive in the city during the coming week. Louie Passage, the head carpenter, arrived Monday. Mr. Gross returned to Waco Saturday but is expected back here with his family Monday.

Mr. Crofoot states that the Santa Fe will build tracks out to the building in order to do away with hauling. He stated that it would require a month to get the steel here for the building and that all of the material will be on the ground by the time all of the cleaning up work is completed.

President Cousins expects Architect Endress to arrive in the city next week to take up the designing of the heating and plumbing. Mr. Endress was employed by the board of regents only to make the plans. The state department of masonry will furnish an expert to oversee the work, but Mr. Endress will send experts here at any time asked so to do by the board of regents to inspect the work.

Favorable weather is all that is asked by the contractors.

### "The Virginian" Coming.

An attraction of unusual merit has been booked for Jan. 4 on Monday. This is "The Virginian" a romantic comedy drama by Owen Wister which was first production at the Carrick Theatre, New York by Kirks LaShelle with Dustin Farnum at the head of the cast. The quaint nature of this drama and the undoubted originality of the story won praise for it, and instant recognition. In New York and Boston it enjoyed exceptionally long runs, and on the road its reception has been more than cordial.

### Dr. Robinson Coming Sunday.

Rev. J. W. Mayne will preach at the morning service at the Methodist church and Dr. E. E. Robinson, the new presiding elder will preach Sunday night.

Mr. and Mrs. B. D. Garmon of Panhandle and Mrs. E. A. Twest of Iowa are spending the holidays at the parental J. M. Garmon home.

### Christian Church Rally.

Elder S. G. Battenfield preached Sunday at the Christian church and is making New Year's calls on all members of the church this week. He will preach at 11 and 7 next Sunday. The Bible School is rallying to the Front Rank Standard and will do something new next Sunday at 10 o'clock. Come and see.

The church will rally, re-enroll and undertake an "each one win one" campaign for the new year. Reception of new members at morning service. Special sermon at night on church federation and Christian union.

### Normal Watch Party.

The faculty of the Normal will give a watch party tonight from nine to twelve o'clock to which all students in attendance, alumni and former students, also visiting friends are cordially invited.

Miss Rambo visited in Amarillo this week.

### Johnsons Entertain.

In accordance with their annual custom Mr. and Mrs. B. T. Johnson entertained the young people of Canyon Monday night with a Christmas party regardless of the fact that melting snow made it muddy under foot, a large crowd enjoyed the contests, Christmas tree, Santa Claus and excellent chocolate and cake. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson always find some novel and pleasant way to entertain and we never tire of their delightful receptions. A Guest.

D. R. Gass of Hereford was a business caller in the city yesterday.

## A Kentucky Feudist

A TYPICAL backwoods mountaineer, but with the soul and genius of an artist, is the leading character of our new serial. He is a member of a feudist clan, taught to avenge the deaths of his ancestors. His introduction to modern civilization, his transformation to a man of law and order and his efforts toward regenerating his people are entertainingly told in

## The Call of the Cumberlands

In addition to the many stirring incidents with which the story abounds there is a capital love story that will appeal to the women. If you like a good story don't miss the first installment of

## The Call of the Cumberlands

## 10 INCH SNOW ON GROUND CHRISTMAS

The Panhandle had a white Christmas. Ten inches of wet snow was spread evenly over the ground and was a delight to old and young alike. The weather has been mild all week and the snow has melted every day so that a majority of this snow had disappeared by Tuesday.

Snow began falling early Thursday morning and continued until late that night. There was little wind and the snow made a beautiful even coverlet for the ground. This is one of the best snows seen in this country for five or six years.

### Miss Morgan Married.

Miss Ruth Morgan of the public school faculty was married Christmas at her home in Georgetown to Thos. A. Ferguson, superintendent of the schools at Roundrock. The school board is trying to locate a teacher to take her work next Tuesday.

### Christmas Trees Good.

The Christmas exercises at the churches were greatly interfered with this year by the heavy snow, but the program at all the churches were especially good and enjoyed by all the children present.

### LISTEN

You are a worthy citizen of this great, big, prosperous country that owns a third of the wealth of the world with only a sixteenth of the world's population. BUILD YOU A HOME and thereby become a still better citizen of our great country. CANYON LUMBER CO.

## A Happy New Year

May all the tears and troubles of 1914 be forgotten with the dying of the old year tonight, and may the New Year dawn bright and fair and full of prosperity—is our best wishes for all our friends and customers.

Holland Drug Company  
Make this drug store Your Drug Store during 1915

## EMMETT McGEHEE KILLED SATURDAY

Emmett McGehee of the Wayside community was found dead at 10 o'clock Saturday night near his home with a rifle wound just below the heart. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. McGehee, seventeen years of age and was a splendid young man who has a large circle of friends. His death has caused mourning in all of that section of the country.

Emmett went hunting in the afternoon. It is not known just how the accident occurred but it is presumed that he had fired and wounded a rabbit, then threw another cartridge into the chamber of his gun with the intention of firing. With the hammer back he started to run after the rabbit either for the purpose of getting a more advantageous position or thinking it would soon drop dead. Crossing an old trail he slipped and fell at the same time discharging the rifle which fired the deadly bullet into his breast. He never moved after the shot.

The funeral services were held Tuesday afternoon at Wayside. Mrs. I. C. Jenkins and Mrs. C. L. Gorden-Cummings, aunts of the deceased, attended from Canyon.

The many friends of this splendid family extend their heart felt sympathy in this hour of bereavement.

### Leader Change.

A deal was closed Monday whereby Joe Foster retires as president and general manager of the Leader, trading his half interest to T. H. Rowan for land in Cochran county. Mr. Foster has been with the firm for three and one-half years and has many friends who regret to see him leave the mercantile business. He states that he does not intend to leave the city but will devote his time to running his large farm near the city.

Tuesday afternoon a deal was closed whereby Mr. Rowan sold his interest to R. B. and Jim Redfearn. These gentlemen were associated with Mr. Foster during the past three and one-half years. They are both splendid business men and the people of Canyon are glad to see them stay with the store.

### Moving Here From Plainview.

The families of G. S. Ballard and T. H. Rowan have been in the city for several weeks and Tuesday their household goods were loaded out of Plainview and they will make their future home in the city. They left here two years ago and moved to Waco. Last year they returned to the Plains and settled in Plainview. They have now decided that Canyon is by far the best city on the Plains and are therefore returning here. Mr. Rowan will move into his own home now occupied by Jim Redfearn. Mr. Ballard will occupy the house L. T. Foster recently moved near the Stafford home.

### Fall Taxes Slow.

Poll taxes are coming in exceedingly slowly. Only nine receipts have been issued in precinct one.

### W. D. Howren ENGINEER

Land surveying, maps, field notes and blue prints. Concrete plain and reinforced. Room 26 First National Bank Bldg. Box 566. Phone No. 1. Canyon, Texas.

# GOOD JOKES



## COVERING HIS TRACKS.

"John," said the woman in a quietly earnest manner, "what time was it when you got home last night?"  
 "Eleven o'clock."  
 "That new clock you gave me for a birthday present is evidently wrong. I distinctly heard it strike two."  
 "Oh, yes, that clock has novel modern ways that are a little confusing at first. What is struck was one and one, side by side, which makes eleven, you know. It isn't worth bothering with. I'll take it right back and change it for one that strikes the plain, old-fashioned way."

## SURE.



The Artist—An artist's failures often live long after he's gone.  
 The Doctor—We've got you beaten. We bury ours.

## Fascinated.

"They had a very swell wedding, I hear."  
 "The flowers and the dresses were so magnificent that a lot of women forgot to cry."

## A Worse Loss.

"Looks like a loss of good material to see two girls kissing."  
 "How about our congressmen wasting their valuable oratory on each other?"—Kansas City Journal.

## A Popular Saying.

"Twas a pretty howdy-do,  
 Yet we didn't dread it;  
 Here's a fact we'll slip to you—  
 Angelina said it!"

## Natural Result.

"They tried the new play on the dog."  
 "With what results?"  
 "Howling success."

## Figuratively Speaking.

Hough—What will be the mathematical results of the suffrage canvass?  
 Gruff—To multiply our clubs and divide our homes.—Judge.

## Point of View.

"A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," quoted the sage.  
 "Maybe, but you can't get the bird to believe it," replied the fool.

## Queer Human Nature.

"Why are you so anxious to get back to Europe?"  
 "To fight in the army."  
 "And why did you come over here?"  
 "To avoid military duty."

## Those Girls.

"His wooing was impetuous. He threw himself at my feet."  
 "I hope you kept them under your skirt as much as possible. You wear fours."

## WHITEWASH NEEDED.



The Doctor—The human system requires a certain amount of lime, otherwise the bones don't develop properly.  
 The Joker—I guess that's how the custom of whitewashing politicians originated.

## Preparing for the Fray.

"I'm going to make a speech that will make my friends sit up."  
 "You're on the wrong track," replied the experienced campaigner. "See if you can't make one that will cause the other fellows to lie down."

## Hard to Believe.

"Just shows how a man can get absorbed in this war news."  
 "What does?"  
 "Walter Johnson lost a game the other day and I hardly gave the matter a thought."

## Uses Explained.

"What's the use of that enormous feather on your hat?" asked he.  
 "I don't know," replied she, "any more than I know the use of the little hat under the feather."

## Took an Encore.

Sire—So you have to take another examination. Didn't you pass?  
 Son—Say, I passed so well I was encored and now I have to do it all over again.—St. Paul Dispatch.

## If Her Name Shows Her Nature.

Nell—So Will is to marry Miss Crabbe. He's entirely too young for her, don't you think?  
 Bell—Oh, he'll age rapidly enough after he's married to her.

## Hates to Lose.

"She seems to have lovely table manners."  
 "At the dinner table, yes; but you ought to see how she acts at the bridge table."

## The Kind.

"I want to send some flowers to a reigning belle. What would you advise?"  
 "If she's reigning, why not send her a shower bouquet?"

## Tears Cost Nothing.

"You say he's a sentimentalist?"  
 "Yes. He's the sort of fellow who weeps over a poet's birthplace, but wouldn't subscribe a dollar toward having the roof mended."

## One Place.

"You can't do much nowadays with one dollar."  
 "That's so. Still, a dollar makes a terrific noise in a five-and-ten-cent store."

## Cheated.

"You say she got her musical education abroad?"  
 "Yes."  
 "Well! Well! Think of going that distance for what she got!"

## SAME TASTE.



He—So they are engaged, eh! Have they any tastes in common?  
 She—Oh! yes. They chew the same kind of gum.

## A Mistaken Idea.

"Women have no sense of humor."  
 "Oh, yes they have. Within the last week I've heard half a dozen of them express the opinion that you were such a funny-looking person."

## He Understood.

"The trouble with you is that you don't understand the difference between Socialists and anarchists."  
 "Oh, yes I do. Lots of Socialists are willing to work."

## Clear as a Cloudy Day.

Nagsby—What is the popular idea of the average government?  
 Waggaby—That if 20 fellows chip in a nickel apiece one of them will have a dollar.

## Typically Dutch.

"Did the gentleman from Holland put down anything for the children's fresh air fund?"  
 "Yes, a great deal. He put down a name a yard long and \$1.50."

## Most Annoying.

You ask the reason for his blues? He's bought a pair of button shoes; Each day he finds a button gone. Those blooming buttons won't stay on!

## Force of Necessity.

"If I were you, Matilda, I wouldn't take any notice of the cook, if she's angry."  
 "But I have to take notice—she's just given it."

## Brilliant Candle-Lights.

Candle lamps sufficiently brilliant for use on bicycles and motorcycles are being used in France.

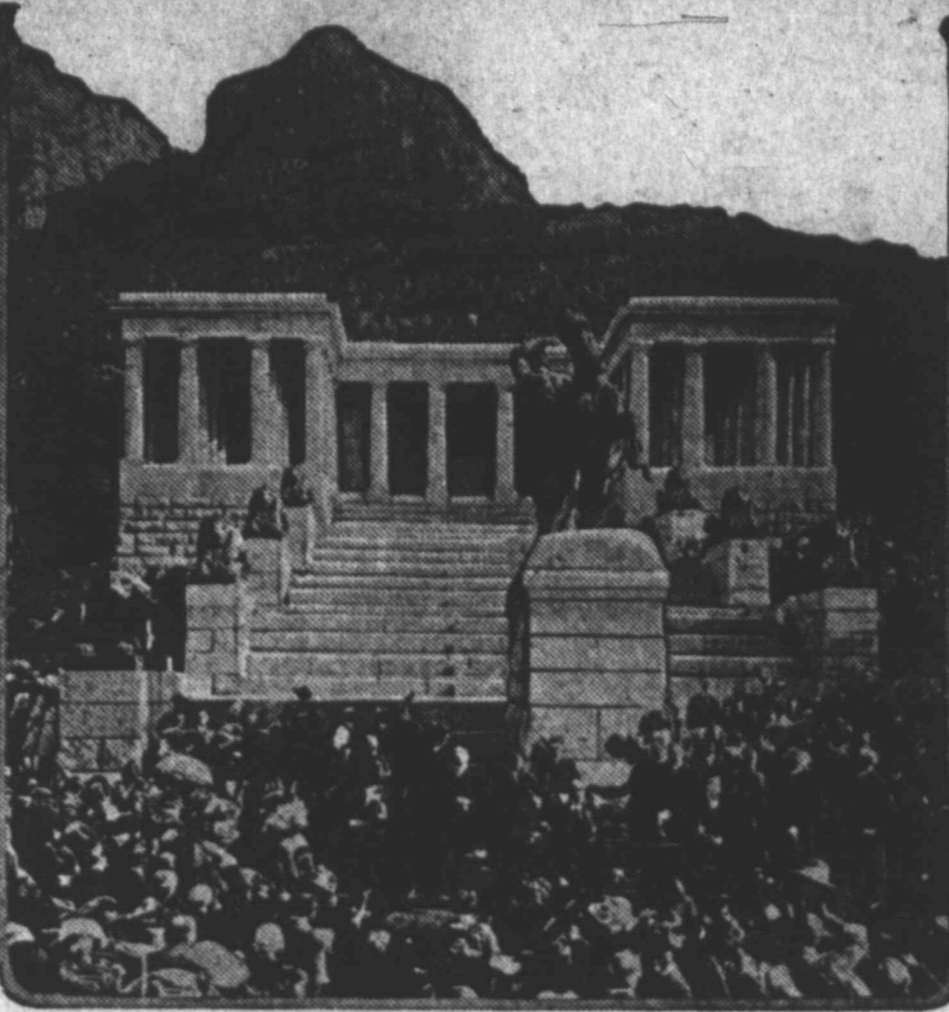
## A Week's Wash.

"Rather queer looking curtain hanging at that window across the way. It reminds me of a Japanese portiere."  
 "That isn't a curtain. Miss Hall-room has tied a string across her window and hung up her stockings to dry."

## Popular Approval.

"Of course, popular approval is essential to success," said the statesman.  
 "I don't know," replied the plain person; "a number of baseball umpires have managed to get on, pretty well without it."

# Rhodesia and her Neighbors



CECIL RHODES MONUMENT

RHODESIA preserves in its name the memory of the empire builder Cecil Rhodes, to whose courageous foresight its existence is due. Unfortunately, he was too late to secure for the territory the outlet to the seaboard without which every country is more or less of a dependency, says the Montreal Family Herald and Weekly Star.

On either side of Rhodesia, east and west, already extended two great German colonies. To the south of East German Africa and to the north of West German Africa was a Portuguese colony, so that all hope of gaining a deep water frontage for Rhodesia by natural extension was cut off.

German West Africa is not a very valuable possession, being generally rocky, sterile, unwholesome, and having no safe harbors. It possesses diamantiferous "blue clay," however, which has produced some, if so far not many, diamonds, and the rocks may contain minerals.

Both the western and eastern colonies receive subsidies from the home government. But then, the Germans are not trained in the business of managing colonies. Under British rule, the eastern colony, at any rate, would have been self-supporting from the first. It is fertile, and has wide stretches of valuable land. Cotton does well there. Sheep thrive as well as in Australia. There are no fatal pests for cattle, excepting far inland, and the trouble is not exceptionally serious.

In fact, German East Africa would become a second Argentina under really capable management.

## Fine for Stock Raising.

The recent purchase of a large tract of land in Rhodesia for the purpose of stock raising by an American syndicate has drawn the attention of the public to the possibilities that exist in South Africa for this industry.

If properly developed that country would in time become a serious competitor to the Argentine Republic, which heads the world's list today as a meat exporter.

There would be no trouble about summer feeding. There are large tracts of land on the high veldt that are unsuitable for cultivation, being stony by nature, which produce good crops of grass, five or six months of the year. On these at present are grazed a limited number of cattle, sheep and goats, which could be very largely increased in number were provision made for winter feeding by the growing of corn, or other foreign crops in northern countries.

The Boer farmer of today is slowly recovering from the enormous losses he sustained in the late war, when his sheep and goats were slaughtered by the thousand and his cattle commandeered for military purposes. But in a few years more he should have his stock replenished in the natural course of events, unless he loses more animals than usual through some of the sicknesses of the country.

## Five-Thousand-Acre Farms.

The average size of a farm runs to about five thousand acres, but when we consider that this will probably include part of a kopje or mountain, and that probably half of it is of very little value except for grazing, there is nothing wonderful about that. The only parts that are put under cultivation are the valleys and stretches by the riverside. If an ordinary farmer puts 100 acres under cultivation he is considered to be farming in a large way.

Altogether there are 439,575 square miles of land in northern and southern Rhodesia, on which there is a population of only 1,593,550, and only 25,000 of these whites.

The country has no direct outlet, its communication with the sea be-

ing through Portuguese East Africa.

Two-thirds at least of southern Rhodesia lie three thousand feet and more above sea level, about a quarter of this being over four thousand feet, the highest ground being well suited, from a climatological point of view, for European settlement.

Generally speaking, Rhodesia is not a country for the man without capital; the white population is at present inconsiderable in numbers and is, in a great measure, scattered over the country on farms and in small mining centers. There are, in consequence, no communities sufficiently large to offer regular work to more than a very limited number of artisans, or city laborers. It is generally accepted that successful farming necessitates a minimum capital of \$5,000 to \$10,000. Unimproved land sells at about \$1.75 per acre and upwards.

## Laborers Live on Farms.

The labor problem is got over by allowing a number of Kafirs to live on the farm. They have permission to cultivate a certain amount of land and to graze their cattle and goats. In return they must give the farmer a certain amount of their time for cultivating his land, and look after his cattle.

If Kafirs are scarce the farmer will probably induce some poor white families to locate on his farm, who give their labor in exchange for the privilege of living on the farm.

They build their own houses and cultivate enough land to give them a living, but very seldom grow anything to sell. The wive or wife looks after the garden and fowls, the eggs generally going to the nearest store in exchange for such necessities of life as sugar and tea.

The high veldt farmer can, by judicious burning of the grass on certain sections, keep a supply of green grass all winter, and thereby keep his cattle in good condition. Some follow another course. They hire a farm on the low veldt where the grass is better in winter, and bring the stock by slow marches from the highlands to the hired farm, grazing them by the road over which they travel. As there are practically no fences, excepting around cultivated land, there is no difficulty in feeding on the way.

The low veldt farms, excepting in the winter months, are very deadly to cattle and sheep. No farmer would think of bringing his stock down there until after the first frost. It is just as deadly a locality for white men, owing to the prevalence of malarial fever.

## Is a Tropical Country.

It must not be forgotten Rhodesia is entirely within the tropics, which extend to the twenty-third degree of latitude on either side of the Equator, and that, generally speaking, it is in this area that a uniformly high temperature prevails, the mean annual figures being at from 73 degrees to 82 degrees Fahrenheit. The average for the whole of Rhodesia is, however, considerably less than this, owing to the difference in altitude.

Fruits are abundant and a large export trade may yet be done in them, despite the fact that the country has no seaport of its own. Insect pests are troublesome, being chiefly of the scale variety.

The South American tree, the paw-paw, which has been introduced to most of the British tropical dependencies, grows well in Rhodesia, and has most probably a future before it. The property possessed by the juice of dissolving fibrin renders it a powerful digestive, and already there is a considerable demand for the extract especially in the United States of America.

The squashes which grow so abundantly in many parts of Rhodesia perform an important point in taking the place of water for drinking purposes, when the latter is not available.

# Hints to Farmers

Now is the time that you realize on your season's work.

As you sell your grain, stock or produce, place your money on open account with a reliable Bank.

Pay your bills by check which makes the best kind of a receipt, and avoid the worry and danger attending the carrying of large sums of money.

Our offices are always at the disposal of our customers and friends.

## THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF CANYON

CAPITOL, \$50,000. SURPLUS \$10,000.

# SEE THE NEWS PRINTERY

For the superior kind of

## COMMERCIAL JOB PRINTING

Randall County News

## S. A. Shotwell & Co.

Wholesale and Retail

Coal, Grain, Hides and Field Seeds

Best Grades of Nigger Head and Maitland Coal

TERMS CASH

## Plainview Nursery

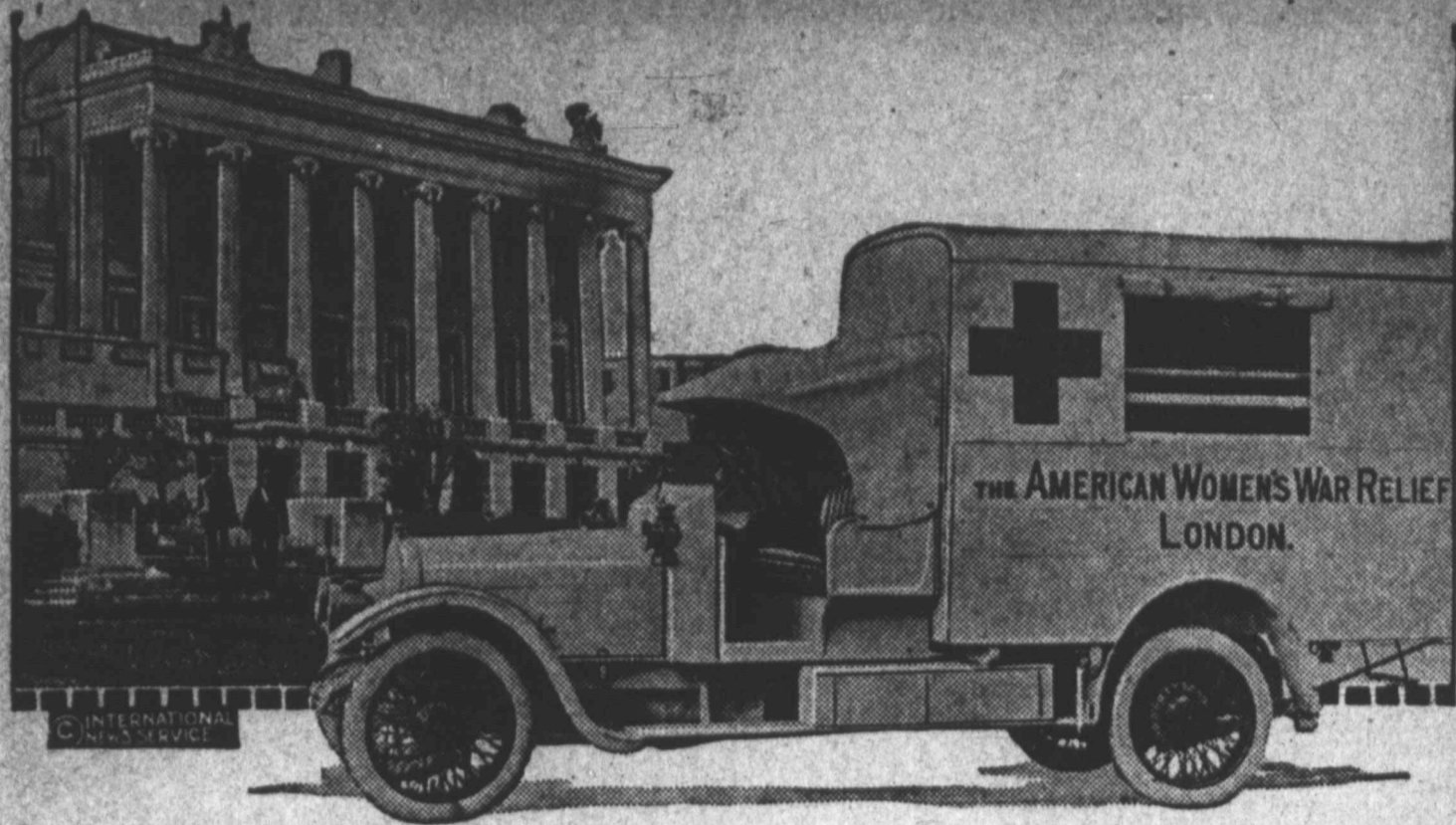
Has the largest stock of home grown trees that they have ever had. Varieties well adapted to this climate, hardy and absolutely free from disease. All kinds of garden plants.

Agents Wanted to Sell on Commission

## Plainview Nursery

PLAINVIEW TEXAS

AMERICAN HELP FOR WOUNDED BRITISH



Six motor ambulances like the one in this photograph have been given to the British war office by the American Women's War Relief fund. With their fittings they cost about \$20,000. At the left is Oldway house, the residence of Paris E. Singer in Devonshire, transformed into the American Red Cross hospital.

SEARCHING FOR HIDDEN GERMANS



British troops searching a farmhouse between Nieuport and Dixmude for German stragglers.

IN A SHATTERED CONVENT



Shrine and crucifix in the convent of the Sisters of the Poor at Nieuport, seen through the gaping wall of the convent, which was destroyed in the terrific fighting that took place there.

ARCHDUCHESS ZITA



New photograph of Archduchess Zita, wife of Archduke Carl, heir to the Austro-Hungarian throne. Before her marriage in 1911 she was a princess of Parma.

To Develop New Industry. London.—The British board of trade has issued a circular urging merchants and manufacturers to devote attention to the trade in wooden ware, which hitherto has remained almost entirely in the hands of Germans and Austrians.

BRAVE WOMEN OF EAST PRUSSIA



Undaunted by their misfortune in being driven from their homes in East Prussia by the czar's forces, these German peasant women, who are compelled to make their homes in temporary shelters thrown up in the fields, are busily engaged knitting woolen socks and mittens for their men folk, who are fighting with the kaiser's forces.

BAKING BREAD FOR INDIAN TROOPS



Baby Watched Surgeons Operate. Wilmington, Del.—Displaying a fortitude which astonished the physicians at a hospital in this city, Adeline Hall, aged three years, permitted them to sew on the severed tip of a finger of her right hand without taking an anesthetic of any kind. She also permitted the doctors to put several stitches in another finger and never so much as whimpered during the operation.

# COME TO THE PANHANDLE THIS YEAR

**M**AN has acquired a hunger for land which he can call his own. The supply is limited—the demand unlimited! Land values have risen to prohibitive prices in older settled states!

## The Panhandle is Ready for the Farmer

Here is a deep, rich soil, ready for the plow. An ample rainfall and a most healthful and splendid climate. Adequate railroad facilities by which to reach the markets of the world.

A return to normal climatic conditions, a greatly increased acreage of winter wheat, spring wheat, oats and barley, an unqualifiedly successful demonstration that Kaffir corn and Milo maize cannot be excelled as material for ensilage, the "better farming" spirit and the results of studying and developing this land assures a prosperous year.

Farms can be bought here now cheaper than they can later on, at prices which are certain of a steady advance as the summer and fall emigration stimulates the demand.

My farms are all favorably located, as regards towns and railroads and give the buyer a wide range in selection. All the improved farms are rented to good farmers and will produce a substantial revenue this year.

I am in a position to give terms to suit the purchaser.

# C. O. KEISER

Canyon, Texas


Keota, Iowa

**TO ENJOY WINTER**

Prof. Frankland demonstrates that **COD LIVER OIL** generates more body-heat than anything else.

In **SCOTT'S EMULSION** the pure oil is so prepared that the blood profits from every drop, while it fortifies throat and lungs.

If you are subject to cold hands or feet; if you shiver and catch cold easily; take **SCOTT'S EMULSION** for one month and watch its good effects. **NO ALCOHOL. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.**



The News has done its best during 1914 to serve its readers. Maybe it has failed. If so, it is an honest failure. If it has succeeded, no little credit is due to the many kind friends who have at all times stood by it and helped with kind words the attempt to produce a live and up-to-date country weekly. Here's hoping that the friends who have helped in the past will continue their support in the future and that their number may be increased a hundred fold. The News stands for Canyon and Canyon people and it wants the support of Canyon and every person in Canyon.

**The Randall County News.**  
Incorporated under the laws of Texas  
**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

Every family should invoice its household goods and clothing just the same as the merchant invoices the first of each year. When a home burns the insurance company will not make a settlement until this invoice has been furnished, showing that the house really contained as much goods as were insured. It will take only a few minutes each year to check up the goods in each room. No family can remember within a hundred dollars or more just how much furniture and clothing it possesses and should fire destroy the home it is a tedious task to remember all of the little things which were destroyed, which may not seem of great value but which must be replaced and that at a loss to the family. Put your household on a businesslike basis by taking an invoice this week just as the merchants are doing.

This falling snow makes a noise like another big wheat crop.

The reader will note that the News is running a series of ads for The Texas Company. This company is a strong believer in publicity and is carrying on one of the largest campaigns ever launched in Texas, which includes ads in the leading newspapers of practically every town in the state. The News asks that you read these ads carefully. They contain a wealth of material which you ought to know.

Hereford Brand—The Randall County News is to be congratulated upon the good work of its local cartoonist. Some of the efforts have been good and if whoever it is keeps up the lick, Knott and Hepp will soon lose their places.

The News has an engraving department of its own where these cartoons are made. The chalk plate system is used and this is perhaps the only country newspaper in Texas which has its own engraving plant and a cartoonist who would rank high in the profession no matter where he was put.

National prohibition received a jolt in congress last week and one of the Texas leading pros—Horace Vaughn—voted against it.

Goodbye 1914.  
Howdy 1915.

**SAVES DAUGHTER**

**Advice of Mother no Doubt Prevents Daughter's Untimely End.**

Ready, Ky.—"I was not able to do anything for nearly six months," writes Mrs. Laura Bratcher, of this place, "and was down in bed for three months."

I cannot tell you how I suffered with my head, and with nervousness and womanly troubles.

Our family doctor told my husband he could not do me any good, and he had to give it up. We tried another doctor, but he did not help me.

At last, my mother advised me to take Cardui, the woman's tonic. I thought it was no use for I was nearly dead and nothing seemed to do me any good. But I took eleven bottles, and now I am able to do all of my work and my own washing.

I think Cardui is the best medicine in the world. My weight has increased, and I look the picture of health."

If you suffer from any of the ailments peculiar to women, get a bottle of Cardui today. Delay is dangerous. We know it will help you, for it has helped so many thousands of other weak women in the past 50 years.

At all druggists.  
Write to: Chattanooga Medicine Co., Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions on your case and 64-page book "Home Treatment for Women," in plain wrapper. H.C. 138

Ben Smith of the Lockney Beacon, the only newspaper supporter of Gov. Ferguson in the Panhandle, will not go to Austin to take his appointment in the insurance department but has been given the job of special inspector of this department in the Panhandle.

The Canadian Record came out last week with a booster edition for its 25th. All but one and a half pages were devoted to write ups of the business and prominent men of the town. It was a good one.

The News wishes each of its readers the most prosperous New Year he has ever enjoyed.

**The Quinine That Does Not Affect The Head**  
Because of its tonic and laxative effect. LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE is better than ordinary Quinine and does not cause nervousness nor ringing in head. Remember the full name and look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. 25c.

**Notice to Creditors.**

Estate of R. E. Pickens Dec'd.  
Whereas letters testamentary upon the estate of R. E. Pickens, Dec'd, were granted to me, by the county court of Randall county Texas, on the 20th day of October 1914, all persons holding claims against said estate are required to present the same to me, duly verified, within the time prescribed by law. P. O. Canyon, Texas, this Dec. 16, 1914. D. A. Park, Executor of said estate. 3913

**How To Give Quinine To Children.**  
FEBRILINE is the trade-mark name given to an improved Quinine. It is a Tasteless Syrup, pleasant to take and does not disturb the stomach. Children take it and never know it is Quinine. Also especially adapted to adults who cannot take ordinary Quinine. Does not nauseate nor cause nervousness nor ringing in the head. Try it the next time you need Quinine for any purpose. Ask for 2-ounce original package. The name FEBRILINE is blown in bottle. 25 cents.

**Auto Taxicab.**

Auto taxicab, phone 40 for service day or night. From depot to Palace Hotel free. Anywhere in the city 25 cents. J. W. Webb. tf

**Card of Thanks.**

We wish to thank the many men who assisted in saving our furniture from the fire last week and tried so hard to save the house. We are truly grateful to each and everyone.

Joe Foster and Family.

**How's This?**

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

**Sick Two Years With Indigestion.**  
"Two years ago I was greatly benefited through using two or three bottles of Chamberlain's Tablets," says Mrs. S. A. Keller, Elida, Ohio. "After taking them I was sick for two years with indigestion." Sold by all dealers.—Advertisement.

If you've a hardware need of any kind that you might reasonably expect to get at a good hardware store at a reasonable price, come to this store with it.

**THIS STORE**

is proud of its ability to serve you with its varied and complete lines in all departments; in a manner to result in your complete satisfaction. And don't forget that every article sold here bears that unmistakable THOMPSON quality. Thanking you for all favors, we wish you a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

**Thompson Hardware Company**

**Public Sale**

Having decided to quit farming, I will sell at public auction at the Cowling farm two miles east of Canyon on **SATURDAY, JAN. 9** beginning at 12 o'clock noon the following property:

- |                            |                        |
|----------------------------|------------------------|
| 6 head of good work horses | 1 16-16 disc harrow    |
| 1 span work mules          | 1 single row binder    |
| 1 brood mare and colt      | 1 broad cast binder    |
| 3 head of milk cows        | 1 gang plow            |
| 5 brood sows               | 2 sets work harness    |
| 2 single row listers       | 1 spring wagon 1 buggy |
| 1 four section drag harrow | 2 good farm wagons     |

Other articles too numerous to mention

**TERMS:** 10 months time with approved security at 10 per cent interest. All goods to be settled for before removing. All sums under \$10--Cash.

**H. R. Blazier**

R. A. Campbell, Auct.

Wm. McCann, Clerk

**Bank Balance Inspires Confidence**

both in yourself and the people you are dealing with. You are building your future standing. If you are not financially responsible, your credit is all you have.



**Your Credit Your Asset**

Nothing will build your credit and financial standing like a bank account. We would like to have your banking business, and will treat you right.

**The First State Bank**

THE GUARANTY FUND BANK

# ANNOUNCEMENT

We wish to announce to our friends and customers that we have purchased the controlling interest in The Leader. The business will be conducted under the name of The Leader as heretofore.

We are now closed, invoicing stock and will have our doors open for the New Year business.

We will increase the stock at once, filling in the broken lines. We will run all accounts thirty days, the same as we have in the past.

We will greatly appreciate your business and will try to give you such quality and service as to merit the same.

Yours for a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

**R. B. REDFEARN**  
**J. M. REDFEARN**

A box car used by Mexicans caught fire on the Santa Fe tracks just east of the power house Tuesday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Keiser went to Keota, Iowa, Saturday on a ten days business trip.

Brightening up time! Get your paint, glass and wall paper of S. V. Wirt. Best line in the city. tf

J. W. Dison spent Christmas at Higgins.

Miss Gladys Rogers is home from Washburn for the holidays.

See Harbison for moving van, draying, baggage and house moving. Prompt and reliable service. tf

Mesdames Winkelman, Hoff and Warwick were in Amarillo Wednesday.

C. N. Harrison and Claude Newton were in Amarillo Wednesday.

Milk from Hollabaugh's Dairy is pure and sanitary. That's why our trade is growing so rapidly. tf

Miss Elizabeth Baker of Amarillo visited Sunday and Monday at the C. N. Harrison home.

Ralph Harter returned Sunday from Douglass, Ariz., where he has been working for some time. He was only ten miles from Naco where the Mexicans have been fighting and where the U. S. troops were mobilized. He heard the firing and saw Villa and his troops and several train loads of U. S. Troops.

I do all kinds of light hauling hauling on quick notice. J. A. Harbison, phone 101. tf

Fay Gober of Wichita Falls visited at home Christmas.

Miss Osie Mills of Amarillo is spending the holidays here.

**Invigorating to the Pale and Sickly**  
The Old Standard general strengthening tonic, GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC, drives out Malaria, enriches the blood, and builds up the system. A true tonic. For adults and children. 50c

Edward Shambaugh was called to his home in Clinton, Iowa, Saturday by the serious illness of his father. He has been at the Joe Gamble home for the past few months.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Vance Rusk Tuesday night of last week.

Saxon Six, \$785. Saxon run about \$465. Full electrical equipment. Write for literature. A. W. Blough, Canyon, Texas. 89p4

A bunch of boys had a battle with Roman candles on the streets Christmas night. Fatalities—none. Wounded—one boy hit in the eye, another in the ear and another burned on the arm. Mighty risky business.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Brandon of Roswell spent Christmas at the parental home.

All of my beef is young and has been fed. If you want a good roast for New Year call 23. Vetesk Market. tf

Miss Maude Stuart and sisters, Rosa and Jewel have returned to their home at Lamess to spend the holidays.

Misses Emily Garmon and Ethel Stuart have returned from their school at Harrold to spend the holidays.

Miss Maud Brandon arrived Thursday from her school work at Olton to spend the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. McIntire spent Christmas in Hereford. Mrs. McIntire remained over to visit this week.

**Sick Headache.**  
Sick headache is nearly always caused by disorders of the stomach. Correct them and the periodic attacks of sick headache will disappear. Mrs. John Bishop of Roseville, Ohio, writes: "About a year ago I was troubled with indigestion and had sick headache that lasted for two or three days at a time. I doctored and tried a number of remedies but nothing helped me until during one of those sick spells a friend advised me to take Chamberlain's Tablets. This medicine relieved me in a short time."

# To My Friends

I wish to extend to all my friends who have been patrons of The Leader most hearty thanks for your kind favors and your trade. Three and one-half years ago I became interested in the firm as president and general manager and during this time I have found many new friends whom I shall cherish so long as I live. They have been pleasant years and it is with reluctance that I sever my relations with the firm.

I have tried to give every patron his money's worth, and I believe there has never been a mercantile firm that responded more readily to errors that might slip in or one that was more willing to fulfill the demands of the public.

For the new owners, I ask a continuance of your patronage and know that they will continue the same fair treatment as you have received in the past.

**Joe Foster**

Miss Ettie Ward of Honey Grove is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. A. Harbison.

Fill your tank with gasoline at our station. All the free air you want. Canyon Machine & Auto Co. tf

Mrs. C. M. Thomas' accompanied her children to Amarillo Wednesday on their way to Goodnight where they will spend the holidays.

**Piles Cured in 6 to 14 Days**  
Your druggist will refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days. The first application gives Ease and Rest. 50c.

Miss Ara Stafford is home from Tulla for the Holidays.

Nash Hix was here from Abernathy to spend Christmas at the parental home.

**Mrs. McClain's Experience With Croup.**

"When my boy, Ray, was small he was subject to croup, and I was always alarmed at such times. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy proved far better than any other for this trouble. It always relieved him quickly. I am never without it in the house for I know it is a positive cure for croup," writes Mrs. W. R. McClain, Blairsville, Pa. For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.

# Our New Year Greeting

For one and all we wish, "that the coming year may be the best one of all the years of your life."

If you have been our customer in the past, we know that you are a satisfied one, and take this means of thanking you for your patronage. If we have not had the pleasure of your patronage, will you not give us a trial this year?


**City Pharmacy**  
THE "REXALL" STORE

# A Good Reading Lamp

will make your reading doubly enjoyable. A flexible stem lamp is very handy as the bulb can be put just where it is needed. Order one today. Only

**\$3.75**

Canyon Power Company



In 95 countries this mark is the emblem of service. In 95 countries it is registered as the mark by which the products of The Texas Company are known and recognized.

It is the mark of high quality oil, put up in superior packages and shipped with prompt and efficient service to ports in all quarters of the globe.

Based upon the five-pointed star of Texas, it stands alone in the oil business for its reputation. Built upon sound business principles and carried out with good business policy, it is bringing the buyers of oil from these countries to the State of Texas for the fulfillment of their requirements.

Millions upon millions of dollars have thus found their way from abroad in all lands to the building of Texas factories, the support of Texas industries and the payment of thousands of Texas workers.


Many thousand people depend directly upon the oil business of The Texas Company for their prosperity. Indirectly the prosperity of additional thousands of employes in scores of other industries is affected by the same condition.

All this rapid growth and success has been brought to Texas by the quality and service policy of The Texas Company. The same quality and service are at your disposal in your town.

There is a distributing station of The Texas Company near you. Our Agent will serve you.

**The Texas Company**  
**General Offices: Houston, Texas**

No. 17



# The Ambition of Mark Truitt

By HENRY RUSSELL MILLER

Author of "THE MAN HIGHER UP," "HIS RISE TO POWER," Etc.

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## CHAPTER XXIX—Continued.

Piotr did not move from his corner. "Ah!" It was almost a sob. "They're still for you against everybody, against me. It was always so. Everybody was for you. You had everything. It came easy to you. It came hard to me, so hard I could never do anything or get anything. It—"

"Yes, yes, Piotr, I know. But we're going to change that now. Come along—the rain's stopped and I must hurry." "To get back to her, I suppose?" Piotr sighed.

"I must get back to her. Come on." "I don't think I—" Piotr's words came between gasps. "Something seemed to be choking him. In a minute, I—I must get—some things."

Mark looked quickly back over his shoulder, caught by an odd change in the plaintive voice. Dusk was gathering rapidly, deepening the shadows in the shed, and he could barely see the figure fumbling about in his corner. There was a pause—Piotr's search seemed to have been successful—then a metallic click, Mark whirled sharply on him.

"Piotr—!" "Ah!" It was not a sob now, but a low guttural growl, throbbing with hate and triumph.

Piotr, too, whirled. From his corner a point of flame leaped out toward Mark, another—another—until six



From Piotr's Corner a Point of Flame Leaped Out Toward Mark.

shots had rung out. At the last Mark's head drooped forward, his body swayed slowly and fell in a crumpled heap across the doorway. . . .

When he awoke he was being dragged by his wounded shoulder in such fashion that his head scraped along the floor. He did not realize so much, merely that his pain had increased a hundredfold. He tried to cry out, but could only lie limp and silent. Then he felt a hand passing over his face and a voice that seemed very far away muttering fretfully.

"I wonder if you're dying or shamming. It would be like you to sham. I didn't mean to shoot you. I didn't want you to die until you knew the mills were gone. But I had to—when you looked at me that way, I had to."

Mark heard, but the words meant nothing to him. The voice muttered on; detached sentences came to him.

"It isn't so easy as I thought. . . . I'd better go now, while I can. . . . I'm afraid. I never drove a horse. . . . Twice, coming here, I fell. I thought I was dead, but it didn't go off—I don't know why. . . . I'd like to tell you about Kazia's doctor. I saw them one night and followed them. You wouldn't believe it of her, would you? It nearly killed me. . . . It was your fault. You ran away from her. . . . It would be easy to drive off the road and fall in the dark. . . . I'm tired, and I tremble. Seeing you makes it worse. . . . I keep wondering what they'll do to me. . . . When the mills are gone, I'm coming back to you, I guess you'll stay. . . . Maybe I'd better finish you now—you're so lucky always."

Mark felt the hand again, now at his throat, pressing hard. He tried to protest: "That is quite superfluous," but the pressure would not let him. When blackness was closing in on him once more, the grip relaxed.

But he did not quite lose consciousness this time. He heard the other move about, still muttering, then pass out. The sound of wheels and the horse's tramping through the tall weeds died away in the distance.

At first Mark lay inert. A mortal weakness held him. He could realize only the pain. He wanted nothing but to lie prone and motionless. . . . A disturbing thought began to tug at his brain. He ought not to be there. There was a thing he must do, some one he must see. What was it?

"Kazia!" The name gave him a thrilling shock that sharpened the pain but cleared his mind a little.

And the mills! The mills! Kazia and the mills! The two thoughts were inextricably mingled.

With a rush came realization of his plight. Piotr, the puny whimpering

madman who cringed before a squall, had shot him and was on his way to blow up the mills. Piotr must be forestalled. With an effort he forced his eyes open and held them so until the first dizziness passed. He raised his head; it fell back with a thud.

"I can't do it," he groaned. "But the mills—and Kazia!"

"I've got to do it. I must stop him. I must get to her."

Then began a fight to sit up, to stand, to beat off the invisible hands trying to drag him back into the blackness. How long the struggle lasted, by what degrees he progressed, he did not know; but when it was over he was leaning weakly against the door jamb. His brain was reeling, he breathed sobbingly, but by bracing himself desperately with the cane, recovered in the struggle to stand, he managed to hold what he had won.

His brain cleared again, a little steadiness came to the trembling limbs. Summoning all his will, he passed with uncertain dragging steps out of the shed. A cold damp wind breathed refreshingly upon him. He gripped his cane more tightly and started slowly down the weedy road.

He reached the foot of the hill and sank down in a little rain pool, rested pantingly and laved his hot face a few minutes, then staggered to his feet and limped on until weakness overcame him once more and he fell. . . .

More than an hour later he was still lurching along the road. Kazia and the mills! They were in danger, they were being taken from him; he must save them.

So he beat his way slowly along moonlit stretches of rough road, through darkened ravines where only instinct found a path, until at last, rounding a curve, he saw the furnace looming huge before him.

As hours passed and Mark did not return, a sense of an approaching crisis, of a danger, came to Kazia. The squall died away, full darkness fell, the train she was to have taken, with Piotr rolled to a stop at the station and out again, and still he had not returned.

The sense grew heavier, passive waiting unbearable. To escape her foreboding she went out into the night and walked about again in the place she had once thought of as a haven. But she quickly left the rambling old village, seen for the first time, yet holding so many memories of which she must not think, and went over to the new Bethel with its wide paved streets and rows of pretty little cottages. Many of the cottages were dark and untenanted as yet, but she saw them as they would be when they were the homes of a happy folk who tolled without exhaustion or fear, with kindness in their hearts one for another.

She left the cluster of homes-to-be and retraced her steps over the street that led past the mills to the bridge, started to cross. But at the entrance she stopped. Everywhere it was the same, a redolence of him. After all, to her Bethel, the haven, was just Mark Truitt.

All her fine resolutions and philosophy had become insufficient. The sight of the river, the woods in their autumnal glory, the song of the rapids had revived the scenes of her one happiness.

She did not think that there might be some to see. She was weeping, head bowed on the bridge rail.

"Oh, I shouldn't have come. I want him—him. And I have no right to have him. It would be the cruellest thing I could do to him—even if he cared. I was wrong to come."

Thus she told hope—the immortal!—it must not live. . . .

Old Simon had no skill for it and hence no part in the building of the mills. But he spent his days watching them grow. Often at night, when Bethel was sleeping, he would slip across the river to realize again that after so many years his dreams were coming magnificently true.

That night he left his seat on the stoop, where he had been wondering but patiently awaiting the absent Mark, and trudged down to the river and across the bridge. He saw the figure leaning on the rail at the farther end, but not until he was close did he see it was that of a weeping woman. He would have turned aside, but he perceived that she had heard him and lifted her head.

He stopped short, staring in astonishment at the woman, a sort that had never before come within his ken.

After a moment's hesitation he went to her.

"Is anything wrong, ma'am?" She shook her head.

"Is there anything I kin do fur ye?" Again the silent gesture.

"If there is," he persisted: "I'd like to do it fur ye."

She found her voice. "It is nothing." She tried to smile. "Sometimes women cry for nothing, about little things."

"Some women do," Simon answered gravely. "I guess ye're a stranger here, ain't ye? I'm Simon Truitt."

She started. "You're his father?" Simon noted the unconscious use of the pronoun. "Mark's, ye mean? Yes, ma'am. Did ye know him, back there in the city?"

She nodded, not trusting herself to speak, and turned her face from the moonlight. She seemed to be struggling again with a rising sob.

Simon found himself peering, closely and unintentionally, into her eyes. He stepped hastily back and heard himself speaking with a baldness he did not recognize.

"Mebby it was fur him ye were— But I hadn't oughter ask that. Mebby it's fur ye he's be'n grievin'?"

"It couldn't be that." "I've wondered. Often I've come on him when he thought he was alone, jest settin' and lookin' at nothin'—an' grievin', I know." Simon's face, too, sought the shadow. "I know."

"It might be because of me but not—not for me."

"Not because he wants ye, ye mean? But it could be that. 'Tain't likely he'd find two such women as ye, even in the city. An' 'tain't likely he'd trouble so much, if there wasn't a woman in it. I wish ye could give him what he needs."

"What he needs is to have his life made over from the beginning. He can't have that."

"If he's jest wantin' some one, there's a way he could have it."

"You don't understand," she said wearily.

"No, I don't understand. That's the trouble. I'd like to help him, to give him what he needs. But I don't know how. There's nothin' I can give him."

He turned his face away from her, looking up at the furnace, big and menacing, outlined against the sky. There was silence among the mills. From the old village behind them came faint vague sounds of life—a distant tinkle of laughter, a crying child, a neighing horse. From the new town beyond the mills came no sound but a single voice in song, a wild eery chant that had been brought from another land. The song was finished. Kazia and Simon stirred, as though they had been waiting for its close to bring their strange encounter to an end.

"What's that?" Both started. From somewhere near them had come a sudden muffled cackle of mirthless uncanny laughter.

"Sounds 's if it come from the furnace. There hadn't oughter be anybody 'round here. But I guess it's just the watchman in the power house. The still night makes it sound like that."

But even as he spoke they saw the figure of a man crawling from behind the furnace. He scrambled to his feet and began to run, with an awkward hobbling gait, up the tracks toward the bridge. The moonlight fell full on his face.

"Piotr!" As the cry, in a voice he knew, reached him, the man stopped suddenly, stared wildly about and saw the two figures advancing on him. He raised his hands in a frantic gesture.

"Kazia! Go back—go back!" She did not heed his warning. "Piotr! What are you doing?"

"Go back!" he screamed. "You'll be killed. It's dynamite!"

Instantly the others guessed what impended. Kazia heard a low moan beside her, saw Simon run, as fast as his age-stiffened limbs allowed, toward the furnace, as if he thought to avert the imminent destruction.

"You mustn't!" she cried. "Come back!"

If the old man heard, he did not obey. She fled after him, in instinctive purpose to drag him back out of danger.

They reached Piotr, passed him. He stood bewildered, glancing uncertainly toward the refuge of the woods. Then, with a low whimpering cry, he too, joined in that moonlight race. He could not have overtaken her, had she not tripped and fallen over a switch. He flung himself upon her, moaning shudderingly.

"Kazia, I didn't want to hurt you." Simon sped on.

That was what Mark Truitt, crouching where he had last fallen, saw just before the explosion came. There was a hoarse deafening roar. The great furnace seemed to reel, then toppled and fell.

They found him weakly trying to remove the debris from a place near the edge of the ruin. They drew him aside and a hundred strong hands took up his task. Soon they found the dead Piotr and under him Kazia, still breathing. It was not until daybreak that they came to Simon.

Kazia was carried to the village and laid in Doctor Hedges' own house. All through the night and in the morning, until the great surgeon from the city came, he fought off death. Then the surgeon took up the fight with a knowledge and skill the old doctor did not possess. For two days they did not sleep but watched and battled.

In the adjoining room a man, himself the object of the doctor's care, passed through his Gethsemane. The dead, his own pain and weakness, all else, were forgotten in his agony for the one who, it seemed, could not live. Sometimes he would rise from the couch where they had laid him and creep into the other room to join the watchers there until the sight of the still, bandaged form became more than he could bear. Then he would lead him back to his couch, His lips moved constantly, in what words he did not know. Their burden was the cry of all Gethsemanses.

"Let this cup pass from me." So the miracle was made perfect.

Toward the last of that watch his weakness began to overcome him. The doctors supposed he slept and said: "It is best." He did not sleep. He had lost sense of his surroundings but his brain was alive. He was fighting, struggling supremely, to hold her back from the precipice over which she was slowly falling. Once she seemed to be slipping from his grasp. He heard her piteous cry to him.

His rose with a start and tottered into her room.

"She called me," he whispered. Hedges thought it was delirium and would have led him back to his couch. But Mark resisted.

"I tell you, she called me. I must see her."

"Let him," said the surgeon. "Probably it's his last chance."

Hedges released him and Mark went over to her. He dropped to his knees by the bedside and kissed, very gently, the arm outlined under the sheet.

"Kazia," he whispered. "My wife, my love, don't leave me! Can't you hear, dear?—the miracle has come!"

He thought that she sighed, as does a tired child when it sinks to sleep, and that a little smile touched the pale lips.

The others did not see, but then they had not heard her call.

## CHAPTER XXX.

The Ultimate Purpose. It was an Indian summer day, when the sun paused to smile genially back over his shoulder at the earth he was leaving to winter's cold mercy, and a warm wind blew softly. Toward noon Kazia, leaning on the doctor and his buxom wife, was helped to the front porch, where the Matka was waiting with cushions and shawls. In a big rocking chair the convalescent was made comfortable, with cushions at head and feet and the shawls tucked carefully around her.

"You're sure you're warm enough?" queried Mrs. Hedges, with needless anxiety.

"Quite sure. You all spoil me with kindness."

Mrs. Hedges gave a last pat to the cushion behind Kazia's head. "You take a deal of spoiling, I think, dearie."

"Kazia sighed. 'I'll hate to leave you.' Tears, for some reason, were treacherously ready that morning.

"Then," drawled the doctor, "you're thinking of leaving us?"

"I must—soon." But under the doctor's twinkling gaze a girlish flush sprang into view—perhaps to keep the tears company.

"Too much color," chuckled the doctor. "Let me feel your pulse."

The crimson deepened and as instantly vanished.

"I've a cake in the oven," Mrs. Hedges suddenly remembered. "Doctor, I'll need you."

"Need me?" The doctor started. "Am I a—"

"At once, Doctor," came a stern command from the hall.

"Eh? Oh—!" A light broke in upon him and he chuckled again. "Coming, my dear, coming!"

The Matka, too, would have left her, but Kazia stayed her. "Don't go," she said in the Matka's tongue.

The old woman halted, irresolute. "He, your lover, will be coming soon." Timidly she laid a thin knotted hand on the scarf enshrouding Kazia's hair.

Kazia ignored that. "You will have to leave this place, won't you?"

The Matka nodded. "There is peace here. Even the old smile and make jests, and they grow old easily, as a child grows into youth. And my Piotr is here." Her eyes sought a distant hillside, where white stones gleamed in the sunshine.

"But we must go. I don't belong here. What would these kind people think if they knew—the voice broke a little—"what you know."

"They would think as I do. And I—I know nothing, except that you love and are loved. Such love I have never seen. It is not the love your mother and her lover had. All here know and

are glad of it. I do not think you can go and leave him unhappy." And the Matka stole away.

"It came too late."

Kazia's lips said that and the waiting tears overflowed, gliding gemlike on the fringe of closed lashes. A thousand times she had repeated the words to herself since the first hour of consciousness when she had seen him bending over her. She thought she believed it. But her fast-beating heart, as she awaited her lover's coming, sounded another answer.

The heavy throbbing ceased, began again, keeping time with a trampling of hoofs from down the street. Her closed eyes did not open even when the trampling ceased and she heard his step, punctuated by the ring of cane on gravel, until his step, too, ceased and she felt him near her, his gaze upon her. She dreaded to meet that gaze.

Slowly the reluctant lids opened. . . . and dread took wings, like a night

bird that had seen the first light. And the light in his eyes, transfiguring him for her, thrilling her with its summons, was not to be mistaken for the fire that had flamed there at other times, or for the pity of one seeing his cruelties working out.

"It is not too late," her heart was crying, and she tried in vain to stifle its song.

But he did not press her then with impetuous wooing.

"Do you realize," he said gravely, "this is the first time since the accident I've seen you alone?"

"Yes, I—," she began stammeringly. "The others have just gone in. If you call them, they will come."

"Then," he smiled reassuringly, "I will call them at once, for I have many things to show you today, and the doctor sets an absurd limit to our drive."

He rapped on the door and the doctor appeared, and behind him the Matka. Then, while the Matka piled the cushions in the seat, Mark and the doctor helped Kazia over the little walk and into the buggy.

"And mind you," the doctor adjured them, as Mark got in and the horse started, "two hours at the most—if you can keep track of the time!"

Then he gently led the Matka back into the house. For she, who had forgotten how to weep for sorrow, was weeping now for the joy awaiting Kazia.

First Mark drove, very slowly and carefully, through the old village and across the bridge until he came to its middle point. There he stopped.

The mills were no longer lifeless and silent. A row of giant stacks spouted clouds of heavy black smoke that fluttered lazily in the breeze in long wavering pennons. Through the power house windows the watchers caught a glimpse of great flywheels whirling and bright pistons plunging. From the rolling mills beyond came a low monitory rumble of engines stirring tentatively, testing their sinews as they waited to pounce upon and torture the coming steel.

And before them towered the rebuilt furnace, alive now and discordantly vocal with its first labor. Thither Mark pointed.

"Watch now! We're just in time. Our first tap!"

As he spoke, the shriek of the checked blast rose, drowning all other sounds, and the crew of men working at the furnace mouth sprang back.

Out of a circle of darting fires forth leaped a molten deadly flood. A channel in the sloping sand-bed received it and bore it swiftly, in a dozen branches, to the waiting ladles. Little gaseous flames played impishly over the golden surface. The stench of burning sulphur arose. As the cascading flood filled the ladles, drops splashed out upon the ground and burst in a thousand tiny points of light.

Almost before Kazia realized it, the flood had subsided and the full ladles were moving away.

He drove on and took the long winding road that led past Hedges' Hill—though he did not remind her of his meeting with Piotr—and after many miles circled back to the village. They talked little, and perhaps that little was hardly worthy of a record. Kazia lay back in her cushions, her eyes following his hand as he pointed out some new beauty to her.

"How could you leave it?" she murmured, as often she had exclaimed when she had heard of it from the adventuring youth.

"But if I hadn't left it, I shouldn't have found you. So—I'm glad I went."

She made no answer to that.

Farther on they came to a branch road that once he had known. He followed it a while until there came to them a delicious spring-like fragrance. He stopped the horse again.

"I thought I could find it. See!" He pointed to an old tree that stood, a mass of fresh green leaves and snowy blossoms, a little away from the roadside.

"What is it?" "A pear tree."

"But it's autumn and I thought—" She glanced up at him wonderingly.

"Every fall that tree puts out a new set of leaves and blossoms. You see, there is new life even after spring has gone."

She looked long and earnestly at the blossoming tree. "But winter will come and the blossoms will wither—fruitless."

No longer could he refuse words to his longing.

"Ah! my dear," he cried, "let us forget signs and symbols. There is such a thing as new birth. And it's always spring where there is love. You will forgive me," he laughed unsteadily, "if I talk like a very young poet, for I am very, very happy today."

A touch of the old ready color was glowing faintly in her wan cheeks.

"Have you looked enough?" he smiled. "For, if you have, we must go. It will be getting chilly soon. And besides, they are waiting for us."

"Waiting—?" "Yes. Didn't you know? Doctor Courtney is to marry us tonight."

The color vanished and she shrank back from him, lifting piteous pleading eyes to his.

"Oh, Mark, don't ask me that, I can't—I can't. Couldn't you let me have this day—"

"Did you think I'd let you go again? Did you think you could? Only one thing in the world could make me let you go—if you can say you don't love me. And you can't say that."

ever away where the past belongs. One sin is much like another. And for every scar you have I can show many. I ask you to forgive, you have forgiven much. Can't you trust me to forget a little? And, dear, all that—all the sins and shadows—were part of a man and woman we have left behind."

She seemed so weak and fragile, lying there, this wraith of the old Kazia, torn by love and fear! A sudden mist shut her from his sight. An unspeakable tenderness welled up within him, lending to his husky broken phrases a supreme eloquence she needed to hear.

"But this love—the Kazia that called it to life—are part of the new life. It began those days when we thought you couldn't live and I learned what love is and what it would mean to lose

it."

"Ah! Take Me!"



"Ah! Take Me!"

you, it will never end. Is it I you doubt? Dear, I know—I know. And I need you. Can't you understand, I need you? You won't, you can't, fall me now?"

"You don't know what you ask," she whispered. "But I can't fight against it any longer—I want you so. Only promise me—when you remember—you won't let me know."

"I promise, Kazia—!" "Ah! Take me."

A sob shook her and she swayed toward him. He caught her and drew her very gently to him. . . . After a little she smiled through her tears.

It was evening and the others had gone, leaving them alone again.

There was no light but the glow of embers on the hearth in the little cottage that was to be their home for a while. But it was enough for them, in whose hearts the unquenched torch was glowing, revealing beauties and glories they never had known. They sat very close, watching—and listening.

For the silence of the hills was ended forever. Throughout that day, as the iron they had seen flowing advanced toward its destiny, the new creature that had come into the valley had been awakening to full life. Section after section had received the life-giving power, until now all the huge mechanism was in motion, driving, whirling, pounding at top speed. The earth quivered in answer to its pulsation. Crunching metal, raging blasts, fires such as served at the creation, lifted their voices in chorus—an ode of the elements to man the master, the song of steel. A terrible song whose beauty only the understanding might discern—singing madly of power and passion and purpose, of struggle and death, of birth and life, of triumph and steadfast strength.

To the lovers, rich in the knowledge that comes only after sin and payment and release, the song came not in vain.

"Ought you to be there?" she whispered.

"Not tonight, dear."

"Could we see it from here?" He helped her to a chair by the south window and stood at her side while she saw.

The night sketched the drama of steel for her. Again the great furnace was setting free its lambent flood. Under open sheds were gleaming the sun-bright mouths of other furnaces where the iron boiled and boiled and became steel.

"Ah! Wonderment and adoration were in her cry. "And it is yours—it is you!"

"Not I, not mine! I don't know how many generations of men gave themselves that we might have that. I know it was not for me, for any man. For all who suffer and toil."

His face was set sternly toward the mills. For a long time he was silent.

"What is it?" And she broke the silence with a whisper. "What do you see out there?"

Sternness melted into tenderness. "A parable," he smiled down on her, "of our lives—of life. Desire and disillusionment, battle and toil, conquest and failure, evil and shame—the fires and pressures that burn us and shape us." His hand rested on her hair. "And the purpose in which the real life begins."

"Ah! I wouldn't have you different. But to me—to me life isn't a parable—it is you. . . . This peace, this content—I can't believe yet that they are true, that they always will be true. Ah! Teach me, teach me!"

THE END.

Winthrop's Toast.

Our Country—whether bounded by the St. John's and the Sabine, or how ever otherwise bounded or described, and be the measures more or less—still, Our Country, to be cherished in all our hearts, to be defended by all our hands.—Robert C. Winthrop, July 4, 1845.

## WHAT SWANSON DID

By J. R. STAFFORD.

(Copyright.)

Swanson was fired at the bunk-house on the section bossed by "Old McQuirk" after he had used a spike-maul handle with telling effect on the heads and bodies of the five Italians who, with him and with McQuirk, made up the section-gang. And McQuirk, who knew he would miss this solemn-eyed and big-shouldered youth from the Northland, and who loved him, too, for all he had half killed the gang, dismissed him sadly with a few well-chosen words:

"Any mon, Swanson, that has that smaal an intillit that he can take the shirt off 'is back widout havin' no button on the collar av it is a bad mon to be runnin' amuck wid the handle of a maul. An' I'm sorry to lose the like av yez, Swanson, but, faith, an' yez don't mix wid daogoes, an' daogoes is aal there is in this dommed country, so yez better go av, Swanson, an' cultivate that same intillit, an' whin yez think yez can come back an' bay a paccable mon, thin O'll give yez a tip where yez can git yez a job."

"But it won't be here, Swanson—it'll be over the Rio Grande, whin me frind Portiero Dyax, the prisidint of Mexico, is nadin' a new species of polissmen. Yez haad better clear out, now, Swanson, for O' may not hear from the prisidint for some toime."

And Swanson, who did not understand exactly what McQuirk was driving at, did know for a certainty that he was fired, and that there was no help for it, and that there would be no use of his hanging around in the hope of getting taken back again, went into the bunk-house and crammed his few belongings into the little gray cloth bag that he had brought from Sweden with him.

Also, he got the few dollars coming to him for the time since last pay-day, and bidding the section-boss' wife good-by, while great tears stood in his eyes, trudged away up the track, bent on reaching the siding 14 miles up the grade, from which the Red Horse mine got its supplies of grub and powder.

Up there Swanson reasoned that he might find work, for he had been in the mines back in the old country, and would be a miner yet only that he had grown afraid of dynamite after the missed hole went off and killed his brother at his side.

It was noon when he reached the Red Horse. Through a friendly fellow countryman who was on the night-shift he learned that there was no work to be had; every place was full, and the mine would not run much longer unless powder came. Swanson shivered at the mention of the stuff.

They talked of the Northland—the home country—and the heart of Swanson melted within him and homesickness so filled him that tears came into his eyes and sobs gripped him by the throat.

After the pang of homesickness had left him he still sat there. For in a little time, now, the east-bound freight would be along, and perhaps he would see the good-natured brakeman who always threw coal at him playfully as the train passed the section-gang.

After the freight had passed it would only be a little while until the east-bound express, drawn by two powerful locomotives, would come snorting up the heavy grade.

In due time the freight announced itself and came dragging up the steep ascent. There were no ore-cars in the train, and Swanson wondered why it was that a brakeman got off the end and ran forward to open the switch ahead of the engine. This soon became apparent to him. For as soon as the switch was opened there came the pop of an air-pipe uncoupled and the hissing of air and grinding of brakes.

Then the engine ran in on the switch, dragging eight cars. Half-way up the siding they stopped. The brakeman ran past him and chocked the trucks of the last car with bowlders, and then, climbing up, set the hand-brakes. After that there were more sounds of uncoupling, and then the engine pulled out, leaving the last car. The brakeman threw over the switch and locked it. It was Swanson's brakeman, but he was in such a hurry that he paid no attention to the Swede.

Swanson suddenly heard the sound of iron striking iron, like the ring of a spike-maul when it misses the spike and hits the rail. He turned around, and there within ten feet of him, right by the switch, with the broken lock-plate twisted around, and with a driller's sledge in his left hand, a squat and evil-looking Italian slowly urged open the switch with his right hand.

Swanson's slow wits gathered themselves as he got to his feet. He dashed at the fellow, but was met by the uplifted sledge. He stooped for a stone, but at that instant he saw the sledge descending. He sprang forward, and it was only the handle that struck him on the head. He was dazed by the shock, but beat his antagonist down with heavy blows, and knelt upon him.

Suddenly there was the sound of loosened brakes, and next the slow bump of a loaded car moving. He looked up, and there, just where the car had stood, were two men shaking their fists at him, but the car was

slowly coming down toward him. Of a sudden he realized what it all meant; these were men who had been discharged. They wanted to have the dynamite blow itself up on the track, and so get even.

He had the charity to believe that they did not think of the possible consequence to the express.

Suddenly his imagination filled with a sickening spectacle. A passenger train smashed all to bits, the smell of dynamite and fire, and of burning wood and burning flesh! Dead people everywhere along the right of way!

He struck his fallen foe a sharp blow across the head with the sledge, and with an awful sense of fear and horror he caught the side ladder of the passing car, and with the sledge still in his hand, swung himself aboard. He hurriedly clambered up and sticking the sledge under the foot-deck tried to set the brakes as he had so often seen the brakeman do.

The wheel spun around easily, but it seemed to have nothing at the bottom of it. The car was now bumping merrily along, like an irresponsible calf broken from its yard. He ran back to the rear end, and stopped there irresolutely.

Swanson's first impulse was to leap from the car, but the ground below was flying back very fast now. He saw that he had done a very foolish thing in getting aboard.

He looked down at the flying earth beneath and at the ragged blur of rock and cacti rushing by. To leap meant certain death! To ride on meant death in the explosion that must come when the flying car should dash against the engine!

As his eye roved down the flying track and back to the car again the glint of the sun on the face of the drill-hammer arrested his attention. He looked at it. It was an ordinary eight-pound sledge, and a plan like an inspiration came to him—a plan not to save his own life, for he looked upon that as lost, but to save the train below him.

He hurried to the forward end and peered over. Like a narrow ledge, barely as wide as the sole of his heavy shoe, hung the forward brake-beam, and down to that led the iron rod of the brake-staff. He looked only for a moment, nodded his head confidently, and reaching back for the sledge, gripped it firmly and slid down the rod. His feet touched the swaying brake-beam, and he exulted in the cunning of his plan.

The wind whistled in his ears and drove his long yellow hair into his eyes. The jolting jerks seemed always about to throw him off. He waited, for it needed a curve to make his plan effective. Suddenly his eye caught the coveted curve barely a hundred yards away.

Just at the middle of the turn he thrust the maul-head down on the flying rail just forward of the wheel. There was a sudden, tremendous jerk; he had a feeling of being thrown a mile, and that was all!

Afterward, when the crew of the express came up to find out whether it was an earthquake or a volcano that had broken loose and disarranged the landscape, they found him lying in the middle of the right of way, thrown there by a strange trick of fate, while the box car, with its deadly cargo, had been hurled clear into the canyon below.

They poured water on his head and listened to his story. Then they took him with them to the end of the run.

When the superintendent heard his tale and found that it was really true he asked him what he could do to "square" the business. Swanson, whose mind was simple, and who still feared mines and dynamite, made answer:

"Ay tank Ay like to go back to Meester McQuirk. Ay 'tri: hay might haaser from his frand by dis taine."

So, he went back, and McQuirk shook him by the hand and put heart and hope into him with a few more well-chosen words:

"Swanson, yez have no more intillit than a jack-rabbit, although yez have improved it, but yez do be havin' an amazin' intilligence now, an' there's no denyin' it. O' have changed the mold of me about yez, an' me frind the prisidint of the Raypublic of Mexico will have to take a back sate ontill the prisidint of this railroad can have a thry for yez."

"Swanson, be gobs, yez can hav yer job back if yez kill aal the daogoes on the division."

### NOT WISDOM TO FOLLOW POE

Gifted Author's Course of Reading Hardly One to Commend Itself to All.

Devotees of Edgar Allen Poe revere October 7, his anniversary, and for a month or so flowers are seen growing and blooming on Fayette street, Baltimore. It was a peculiarity of Poe that when he was most melancholy he read the most lugubrious books, and being a sort of Mark Tapley, he was happiest when he was most miserable. But Poe's rule would not be a good one for the average man to adopt. Don't read Schopenhauer, Hartman Byron, nor even the misanthropic Poe himself. Read Sterne's "Tristram Shandy," Thackeray's "Newcomers," "Innocents Abroad," "Barry Lyndon, and for quiet, restful humor read any of the works of Anthony Trollope. But whatever you read, by all means adopt a reading habit the antithesis of Poe's—Philadelphia Ledger.

Where All Attend Church. The letter carriers in Portugal save themselves much walking on Sunday by delivering letters at church.

## NEWS for the YOUNG PEOPLE

### MAKING TOY STEAM ENGINE

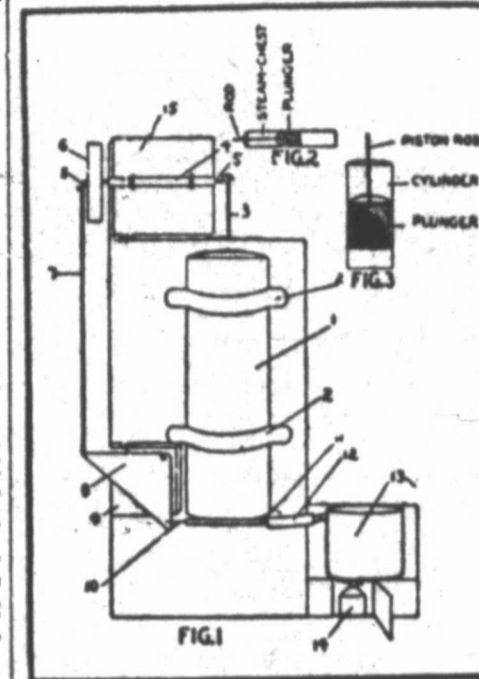
Detailed Instructions, Together With Illustration, for Construction of Interesting Plaything.

A toy steam engine can be put together by following the instructions given by John J. Rurhmyer, Jr., of Kansas, in Farm News, as follows:

The frame is a solid piece of wood, with block (15) to support the crank case (4), and block (9) to support the valve crank (8). The cylinder (1) is made of an old bicycle pump cut in half, with a small hole in the middle, and is fastened to the frame by clamps (2).

Next take the piston of the pump or some small tube (11) and punch a hole on one side the same size as in the cylinder, then solder them together. Next make the piston of the cylinder by taking a light piece of rod, having it long enough so that it will reach from the shaft (5) to the bottom of the cylinder.

Cut some threads on the piston (3), and then take a spool and wrap a string that is well saturated with oil around it as shown in Fig. 3. Make



Toy Steam Engine.

the plunger so that it will fit tightly, and yet move up and down freely. Next get a long piece of iron and make the crank shaft (5), then insert it in a small pipe of nearly the same size (4), and fasten it by clamps. Bend the shaft to the right in the shape of a crank and attach the piston rod (3) to it.

On the other end fasten the fly-wheel, which may be a pulley or sewing machine wheel. After the flywheel (6) has been attached bend the end of the shaft projecting to the shape of a crank. Have the two cranks at right angles. On this crank the rod (7) is attached which runs to the valve crank (8), which is made of a piece of sheet iron cut in a triangular shape and attached to block No. 9.

From the valve crank (8) a bicycle spoke (10) is inserted in it. Cut the nut half in two, then wrap some string which has been well saturated in oil around it, and this will serve as a plunger for the steam chest (11), Fig. 2. Next make the boiler, which may be a strup bucket or something similar and solder a pipe to it.

Connect the boiler and the steam chest by means of a rubber tube. The water in the boiler is heated by a lamp or something similar. This is how the engine is run. Turn the flywheel (6) enough so that it will force the valve crank back, causing the valve (2) to open, and the steam will rush in the cylinder, causing the piston to raise, which will turn the flywheel, which in turn will push the valve crank back and shut the valve off. The pressure of the steam will also help to open the valve.

### TAKE GOOD CARE OF VIOLIN

Instrument Should Be Placed in Wooden Case, Lined With Cloth, and Carefully Kept Dry.

Boys who possess violins will find the following tips very useful. It should be kept in a wooden case lined with cloth.

Carefully keep it from the damp. Do not keep it in a hot place, or the wood will become brittle and the strings dry.

Always place it in its case when carrying it from one place to another. Keep it in its case in summer when not in use, as dust accumulates inside and out.

Keep it perfectly clean. Carefully wipe dust or resin dust off with a soft linen cloth.

To clean it inside, take a good handful of barley, heat it, and put it inside the violin. Shake about well, when the dust will adhere to the barley and can be shaken out.

Silence is Golden. Papa—Now, Johnny, I have whipped you only for your own good. I believe I have only done my duty. Tell me truly, what do you think yourself?

Johnny—If I should tell you what I think you'd give me another whipping.

Inspires Patriotism. Summer seems to make people unusually patriotic. At least, it inspires their love of country.

### IRONING BOARD FOR MOTHER

Useful Article for Household Use May Be Constructed by Any Boy Handy With Few Tools.

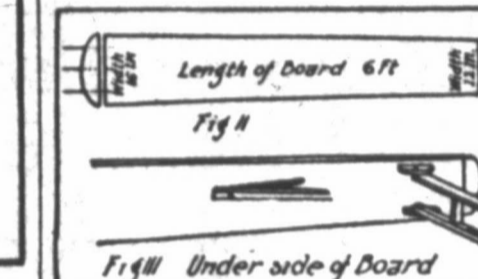
Here is a useful article a boy can make for his mother. The shape and dimensions of the board are shown in Fig. 2. As it will not usually be possible to secure a board 16 inches wide, it will be necessary to use two boards, side by side, and secured by end cleats, as suggested in Fig. 2. These cleats are fitted directly to the ends by wooden pins passed through the cleats



Ironing Board Completed.

into the ends of the boards, where they are held by glue. Make as neat a joint as possible between the two boards. If the joint can be "tongued and-grooved" it will give an excellent appearance, but if this is not possible make as good a joint as possible, and then glue the edges that are to be brought together, clamping the two boards together until the glue is firmly "set," when the end cleats can be secured in place.

Legs are now to be made and placed under one end, the other end of the ironing board being allowed to rest on the edge of the kitchen table (Fig. 1). The legs, then, should be just as high as this table. They can be cut from inch board, and should be two inches wide. They are secured to the under side of the board by the plan shown in Fig. 3, the upper ends of the legs, which should be rounded, being bolted to the two cleats that are screwed to the upper side of the board as shown in Fig. 3. The legs should spread considerably at the lower end.



Details of Making.

so as to give a broader bearing support to the end of the board. A two inch cross-piece holds the legs in place with reference to each other, while they are held in place with reference to the board by an inch-square strip that is hinged at one end, its other end having a hook that goes into a screw-eye on the cross-piece of the legs, as shown in Fig. 2. When this inch-square piece is unhooked and brought up flat against the board, the legs can also be folded up, making it convenient to set the board away in a narrow space. Use pine or white wood for the board, and plane and sand paper the surface until it is very smooth. The edges should be slightly rounded, that they may not cut any one using it.

### TOYS, SANTA AND THE KIDS

Fear That Children Will Not Be Showered With Playthings at Christmas Time is Unfounded.

Fears have been expressed in some quarters that the kiddies will not be showered with toys at Christmas if the war in Europe continues much longer. This fear is groundless. True "a great part of the world's toys are made in Germany," but about one-half the toys Santa brought the kiddies last Christmas were American-made. Those of Germany are perhaps more quaint than our own, but ours are of a higher grade and the more expensive kind. American handicraft is capable of infinite variety and can supply all of Uncle Sam's children big and little, with their needs in toys.

All the good little boys and girls will receive as wonderful and varied an assortment of toys in this year's Christmas distribution as ever, no matter if all German toymakers are in the army and the war continues for months.

Santa Claus is not discouraged, and the kiddies will not be disappointed.

A Qualitative Reason. Ebenezer, aged six, was visiting his aunt in the country. Especially for his benefit she had made some molasses candy, which, through oversight, had been allowed to become scorched. Ebenezer, after eating a few pieces ran out to play. Not long after he came back and threw himself among the pillows on the sofa.

"Won't you have some more candy, Ebber?" his aunt affectionately asked. "No, I guess not," he replied in a tone of indifference.

"Better have some," she gently persisted. "Well, it ain't good enough to make it pay fr me to gorge myself," he said.—New York Mail.

Correct. The class in history had the floor. "Can any scholar tell me where the Declaration of Independence was signed?" asked the teacher.

"At de bottom, like a letter," promptly replied one lad.—The American Boy.

Something Cracks. When eyes snap, it must be the lashes that crack.

## INSURANCE

Fire, Tornado, Hail, Automobile,  
Burglar, Plate Glass, Bonds, Life,  
Health, Accident.  
None but the best companies, represented.

J. E. Winkelman

WE PRINT EVERYTHING BUT

Greenbacks and postage stamps

SEE US ABOUT THAT NEXT ORDER

RANDALL COUNTY NEWS

## V-AVA

V-AVA cleans anything but a guilty conscience

V-AVA will not injure the finest most delicate piano or mahogany finish, and is equally practical for cleaning mission, oak and painted surfaces.

V-AVA will thoroughly clean and polish woodwork, furniture, marble, metal, etc., and will not gum or veneer but will remove the dirt and grime, leaving a high grade polish.

V-AVA is an excellent cleaner for leather and burlap, and will not collect dust as readily as other preparations applied with a cloth.

V-AVA is a thorough deodorizer, disinfectant and a bug and germ exterminator.

"BRIGHTEN UP YOUR HOME" A LITTLE V-AVA ON YOUR DUSTING CLOTH WORKS WONDERS

OUR GUARANTEE Satisfaction Guaranteed Or Your Money Back COULD WE MAKE IT STRONGER

Once you've tried V-AVA you'll wonder how you ever got along without it. Order a trial can today and your only regret will be that you did not know about it sooner.

For Sale Exclusively by Randall County News

**THE VERY BEST TIME** to take Doan's Golden Medical Discovery is now. If you feel that your blood is out of order. Don't wait until you have to cure disease; it's easier and better to prevent it.

With the first blotches or eruptions, or the dizziness, weakness, and depression that are some of the symptoms, you need this medicine. It will rouse every organ into healthy action, thoroughly cleanse and repair your system, and build up needed flesh, health, and strength. It's the only reliable blood remedy. In the most stubborn Skin or Scalp affections; in the worst forms of Scrofula; in every disease caused by a torpid liver or impure blood—it never fails to benefit or cure.

Mrs. JESSIE WELLS, 610 North Broughton St., Sherman, Texas, says:

"I have used Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and found it to be the best. I found it all right, and can recommend it highly."

Constipation causes many serious diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets for liver ill.

Miss Ida Rowan is home from Waco for her vacation. She is visiting this week in Talia and Plainview.

C. R. Flesher returned home from Rock Island where he visited his parents.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Carl Coffee Monday.

C. R. Burrow was in Hereford and Friona this week assisting invoice lumber yards.

Rev. F. M. Neal was in the city from Amarillo Tuesday.

Phone 101 for moving van, baggage and house moving. Prompt and reliable service. tf

Miss Kluge was in Amarillo Wednesday.

Miss Dehu left Wednesday for her home in Walnut Spring, the millinery season at the Supply having closed.

**"IN A BAD WAY"**

Many a Canyon Reader Will Feel Grateful for this information.

If your back gives out; Becomes lame, weak or aching;

If urinary trouble sets in, Perhaps your kidneys are "in a bad way."

Doan's Kidney Pills are for weak kidneys.

Evidence proves their merit.

C. P. Shelnett, Canyon, Texas, says: "Doan's Kidney Pills proved beneficial in our family. I can heartily recommend Doan's Kidney Pills for trouble with the kidney secretions. You are at liberty to use my statement praising Doan's Kidney Pills as heretofore. Whenever I have used Doan's Kidney Pills, the results have been satisfactory."

Price 50c, at all dealers.

Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Shelnett had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y. (Advertisement)

Joe Foster is again installed in his own home in the city, having moved in the furniture that was saved from the fire last week. John Guthrie has moved to the Coleman place west of the Wallace home.

A. N. Henson is spending the holidays in the city.

W. S. Gatewood is home for the holidays from Hereford where he has been teaching.

T. C. Thompson was in Amarillo Sunday afternoon.

David Vance Ross and Miss Lysle L. Tilton both of Dallas were married Thursday by Judge Coss at the court house.

Miss Enid Grundy left Sunday for Alenreed for teachers institute after spending Christmas at home.

Misses Annie Price and Lucile Whitlow of Talia spent Sunday in the city.

Miss Tommie Emma Foster won the of furs in the Amarillo News subscription contest, being fourth in place. She worked hard and her many friends in Canyon hoped she would win the piano.

E. H. Ellison of Hereford was a business caller in the city Monday afternoon.

R. A. Campbell has bought the Bain place in the west end and will move it to the lots east of the Wiggins home as soon as the weather permits. He will build a home on the lots in the west end next spring.

**Cures Old Sores, Other Remedies Won't Cure**  
The worst cases, no matter of how long standing, are cured by the wonderful, old reliable Dr. Foster's Antiseptic Healing Oil. It relieves Pain and Heals at the same time. 25c, 50c, \$1.00.

W. O. Hopper is here from Spring Lake to spend the holidays.

Miss Caddo Garmon who is teaching at Claude is home for the holidays.

The high school basketball team will go to Amarillo Saturday night to play the Amarillo high school team.

H. C. Brown has moved here from Miami and opened a shoe repair shop on the south side of the square. He will also run the restaurant on that side. See his ad in this issue.

T. H. Rowan left Tuesday for Kansas City on business.

Miss Mattie Sharp of Honey Grove arrived here Thursday to spend several months at the J. A. Harbison home.

Travis Shaw is moving to the Winder property and Jim Redfearn move to the Rollins house.

The funeral service of J. F. Dunaway who died last week was held Friday afternoon. He recently moved here from Canadian and bought the Dunbar property.

**CLASSIFIED ADS**

Money to loan on farms and ranches. J. H. Gouddy Exchange, Amarillo. 41p3

For Sale—50 pounds of alfalfa seed. Phone 57. tf

Wanted—Maize heads delivered at the creek pasture. C. O. Keiser. tf

For Rent—400 acre pasture with protection and running water. Also a piano to rent from 4 to 6 months. See W. E. Bates.

WANTED TO LEASE—One to four sections, for grazing. Address, M. Hess, Umbarger, Texas. 40p3

Wanted—Young cows, Address, M. Hess, Umbarger, Tex., 40p3

For Sale—Small tract of land adjoining Normal campus. W. H. Lewis. 39p3

For Sale or Trade—My house and block in the west part of town. Jim Vetsak. tf

**Chamberlain's Cough Remedy—The Mother's Favorite.**  
"I give Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to my children when they have colds or coughs," writes Mrs. Verna Shaffer, Vandergrift, Pa. "It always helps them and is far superior to any other cough medicine I have used. I advise anyone in need of such a medicine to give it a trial." For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.



**THE VIRGINIAN**

Reserved seats on sale at Holland Drug Co.

**Opera House Monday, Jan. 4**

Admission 25c, 50c and 75c



G. S. Ballard left Monday for Kansas City.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Lester have returned from Plainview.

**BUY IT TO-DAY**

300 PICTURES  
250  
300 ARTICLES  
300 PAGES

**POPULAR MECHANICS MAGAZINE**

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2 No. Madison Ave., CHICAGO

**Final Account.**

The State of Texas, to the Sheriff of Randall County—greeting:

S. B. Lofton, administrator De Bonis Non of the estate of L. C. Lair, deceased, having filed in our county his final account of the condition of the estate of said L. C. Lair, deceased, together with an application to be discharged from said administration, you are hereby commanded, that by publication of this writ for twenty days in a newspaper regularly published in the county of Randall you give due notice to all persons interested in the account for final settlement of said estate, to file their objections thereto, if any they have, on or before the January term 1915, of said court, commencing and to be holden at the courthouse of said county, in the town of Canyon on the second Monday in January, A. D. 1915, when said account and application will be considered by said court.

Given under my hand and seal of said court, at my office, in said town of Canyon this 13 day of November, A. D. 1914.

T. V. Reeves, Clerk County Court, Randall County.

A true copy, I certify: Worth A. Jennings, Sheriff, Randall County. 39p3

Miss Pearl Hensley of Spur is spending the holidays at home.

T. H. Stewart came up from Lockney Monday. He and his family will return home today.

Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Goddard of Higgins returned home today after a weeks visit at the W. C. Turner home. It was their first visit in Canyon and they were highly pleased at the looks of the town and country.

J. C. Fuson of N. M., spent Sunday and Monday at the J. B. Hensley home.

Mrs. J. Collin George of Brownsville is visiting at the R. L. Marquis home.

Miss Carl Hensley visited in Amarillo Monday and Tuesday.

Invitations are out for the marriage of a former boy, C. B. Harter, of Plainview, to Miss Letha Shopshire of the same place on Jan. 6.

Mrs. Edith Howell is visiting her sister, Mrs. D. A. Park.

**Whenever You Need a General Tonic Take Grove's**  
The Old Standard Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic is equally valuable as a General Tonic because it contains the well known tonic properties of QUININE and IRON. It acts on the Liver, Drives out Malaria, Enriches the Blood and Builds up the Whole System. 50 cents.

Joe Gamble was called to Iowa Monday by the death of Mr. Shaubaugh. He is well known here, having visited at the Gamble home on several occasions.

Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Chamberlain and children spent Christmas in Clarendon.

**BROWN'S Repair Shop**

I have just opened up an up-to-date boot and shoe shop on the south side of the square. Am prepared to do your repair work neatly and quickly. I use first class material and absolutely guarantee all my work. Your patronage solicited. Prices reasonable. Terms strictly cash.

H. C. Brown, Prop.

**The Telephone Saved a Life**

When one of our men was badly injured by the threshing machine we telephoned the doctor, who told us how to patch the man up. The doctor then started for our place in a hurry. When he arrived the man was pretty weak, and without the doctor's advice the results might have proved serious. Thanks to the telephone, the man pulled through.

Every farm should have Bell Telephone connection.

Write our nearest Manager for information.

The Southwestern Telephone & Telegraph Company