

Canyon City News.

VOL X.

CANYON CITY, RANDALL CO., TEXAS, FRIDAY, JANUARY 4, 1907.

NO. 41

ALL CLOTHING AT COST!

We have a good line of Clothing and Plenty of it and Everything Goes at COST PRICE. This includes

Overcoats, Men's, Youths', and Boys' Clothing, Overalls and Jumpers

We have Men's Suits from \$5 to \$18 and Boys' Suits from \$1.25 up. Ladies Coats, of which we have some very nice ones, are also included in this sale. We mean just exactly what we say, **ALL CLOTHING AT COST.** Nearly all of this clothing was bought considerably under the present wholesale prices and greater bargains than we are offering cannot be obtained anywhere.

SALE IS NOW ON, SIZES ARE UNBROKEN

And we invite you to come in and see the Big Bargains we now have to offer.
CALL TO-DAY AND MAKE YOUR SELECTIONS

SEYDLER MERCANTILE CO. CANYON CITY, TEXAS.

The Marathon Mystery

A Story of Manhattan

By BURTON E. STEVENSON

Author of "The Holladay Case"

Copyright, 1904, by Henry Holt and Company

thing in Lester's

EDING CHAPTERS.

newspaper reporter, is

and friend Simmonds, is

when the janitor of the

Marathon, an apartment house,

comes in with the story that a murder

has been committed. At the

Marathon, Miss Croydon, an acquaintance

of Godfrey, is found with

a pistol in her hand in a room with

a dead man. She denies being

responsible for his death and claims

that she came to his room to secure

family papers which he claimed to

possess. She alleges that the murder

was committed by a stranger who

came into the room, but states that

she fired a shot at the assailant of

the deceased. The bullet from her

pistol was found imbedded in the

wall.

Later, Jimmy, a well known crook,

is arrested for the murder, but he in-

sists on his innocence until told that

Miss Croydon will appear as a witness

against him. Then he suddenly

asks to be locked up.

Drysdale, fiancé of Miss Croydon,

calls on Godfrey, who tells him the

story of the murder. Drysdale ex-

plains that he called at the Delroy

residence on the night of the crime

and found Miss Croydon absent and

her sister, Mrs. Delroy, greatly agi-

tated. Miss Croydon returned sud-

denly and declined to explain her ab-

sence. Drysdale expresses faith in

the innocence of Miss Croydon.

At the coroner's inquest Miss Croy-

don states positively that Jimmy,

the Dude, is not the guilty man, and

he is released.

Godfrey secures the record of the

Croydon family, who formerly lived

in France, but removed to England.

Edith Croydon, eldest daughter, was

Lester, an attorney, interested in

the murderer, secures suite 14 in the

Marathon as lodgings. He searches

the rooms carefully and finds a dia-

mond.

CHAPTER VI.

FOR three days Thompson's

body lay enthroned on its

couch at the morgue, but of

the thousands of people who

filed past it not one could give a single

clue to its identity.

Public interest waned and dwindled

and passed on to other things. Even

with me, living at the very scene of

the crime, it faded in an astonishing

way; it no longer occupied my

thoughts. Over my evening pipe it was

not the details of the mystery I con-

jured up, but a vision of a dark face.

An inquiry of the janitor developed

the fact that it was my neighbors, Mr.

and Mrs. Tremaine, whom I had met

that evening as I left the elevator.

They had the apartment just across the

hall from mine, and I had thought, of

course, that I must meet them fre-

quently, but three days had passed and

I had caught not a glimpse of them;

their hours for coming and going

seemed radically different from mine.

I heard the sudden opening of a door;

a scream, shrill, full of terror.

Rarely have I been so startled as I

was by that voice. In an instant I was

in the hall. A red light streamed

through the open door of the apartment

opposite, silhouetting a woman's figure,

staring, with clasped hands.

I sprang past her, pulled down the

burning curtains and threw them into

the hall, where Higgins, who had run

up the stairs, staggered into the flames.

The room was full of smoke, but it

was evident that the fire had spread no

farther. I opened the window and the

smoke was whirled away.

"Ah, bon die!" cried Mrs. Tremaine

in a queerly broken but very charming

mixture of French and English. "What

a chance! What good fortune that you

were in your room, m'sieur?"

She had closed the window with a

nervous shiver at the cold and then

stepped back into the full light. I

fairly gasped as I looked at her

Charming she had been gowned ac-

ording to the New York fashion; now

she was radiant in a costume whose

gorgeousness seemed just the setting

her beauty needed. At the moment it

completely dazzled me, but I was able

afterward, in a calmer mood, to

analyze it: the crimson petticoat, the

embroidered chemise with its fold upon

fold of lace, showing through the silken

shoulder scarf; the necklace of gold

bends and bracelets, studs, brooches—

what not. The sight of Higgins, stam-

pling starting at this vision with open

mouth brought me to my senses.

"I am very happy to have been there,

madame," I said, and started toward

the door.

"But you will not go," she protested.

"M'sieur Tremaine will be here in a

moment. He will desire to thank you."

The words were accompanied by a

smile there was no resisting. I falter-

ed, stopped.

Higgins was still staring from the

hall. Mrs. Tremaine stepped forward

and calmly shut the door in his face.

In that instant a quick shiver ran

through me, as though I had been

suddenly imprisoned with a wild beast

—a shiver that had in it something

fearfully delightful. And let me add

here that the emotion which Cecily—

for so I came to know her—raised in

me was not in the least admiration in

the ordinary sense of the term, but

rather an overpowering fascination,

such as one sometimes feels in watch-

ing a magnificent tigress pacing back

and forth in her cage. Such, I believe,

was the feeling she inspired in most

men, even in Tremaine himself.

She smiled at me again as she swept

past me to a couch in one corner and

sank upon it.

"Sit, m'sieur," she said, and motion-

ed me to a chair close at hand. "I was

very lonesome. I was weary of talk-

ing to my own body."

I cannot reproduce the soft dialect

she spoke. Any effort to do so makes

it appear grotesque, so I shall not try.

At first it puzzled me occasionally, but

I soon came to understand her per-

fectly.

"So was I," I said, smiling at the

quaint expression. "I was growing

very sick of my own body. Have you

been in New York long?"

"Less than a month, m'sieur; and I

do not like it. It is too cold, too gray."

"Ah, you have come in a bad time,"

I said, wondering at her almost child-

ish expression of misery. "Wait until

June. Then you will see!"

"June? Ah, we shall not remain so

long—I at least! I have promised to

stay one month longer, but more than

that—impossible!"

She reached out and took up a ciga-

rette from a pile which lay on a table

beside the couch.

"It was thus the curtains caught,"

she laughed and, after a whiff or two,

flung the still blazing taper over her

shoulder. "Pouf! And they were all

in flame. A moment before I was

longing for excitement, any excite-

ment whatever, but that sudden burst

of fire frightened me. I rushed out

cried for help, and," she finished, with

a charming little gesture, "spoiled your

smoke. Try one of these."

There was no resisting her. It was

like playing with fire. I took a ciga-

rette and lighted it.

"M. Fond Corré there was much to

do," she continued with a little smile.

"Here there is nothing but to smoke

smoke!"

"Fond Corré?" I queried.

"Just beyond St. Pierre," she ex-

plained, closing her eyes with delight

at the memory. "There was our home

I can see it again in its grove of cocoa

trees running down to the gray sand,

with the waves lapping gently over it.

Tambou! How I sigh for it!" and she

stretched her arms above her head with

a gesture of infinite longing.

A key rattled in the lock, the door

opened and a man came in. It was

quite in keeping with the dream the

engaged husband with naked semiter.

Even here in New York it was hardly

the proper thing to be discovered thus,

though not till that instant had I

thought of it.

"Ah, now," I said to myself, "stilet-

tos and pistols! You're in a ticklish

place, my friend."

But before I could rise, Cecily had

sprung from the couch and thrown her

arms about his neck.

"Oh, comment on ye, doudroy?" she

asked in a voice like, well, I have never

heard anything to compare with it.

"Touit done, che et on?" he an-

swered, and kissed her. Then he per-

ceived me, seemingly for the first time,

though this I somehow doubted. "Good

evening, sir," he said, standing with

his arm still about his wife and gazing

at me with a look so sharp that I found

myself for an instant unable to meet it.

His wife uttered in his ear a sen-

tence so rapid that I was utterly un-

able to catch the words, but I suppose it

explained the reason of my presence, for

he turned to me instantly with out-

stretched hand.

"Cecily tells me that your presence

of mind prevented a general conflagra-

tion, Mr.—"

"Lester," I said. "I am your neigh-

bor across the hall."

"My name is Tremaine, and I'm ex-

ceedingly glad to meet you," he con-

tinued, with a courtesy which charmed

me from the first moment. "We must

pour a libation to honor the escape!"

Cecily, who had been hanging on his

lips, flew to the next room and was

back in a moment with decanter and

glasses—three of them—and she joined

us with an imperturbable matter of

course at which somewhat surprised

me. Only I noticed she left a little

wine in her glass, and with it she ap-



She poured the wine down its throat, *doudroy doudroy.*

proached a square cage of fine gilt

mesh hanging over the radiator in the

warmest corner of the room.

"She's a most extraordinary woman,"

Tremaine said, with a smile that seem-

ed a little forced. "She's about to do

what no other woman in the world

would dare do, and she thinks nothing

of it. Come and see."

Cecily had already reached the cage

and was bending over it, humming.

(Continued on fourth page)

Land Opportunity.

For immediate sale over 50,000 acres in the —N— ranch plains pastures. No finer agricultural land in the panhandle. Altitude 3200 feet. Rainfall abundant. Adapted to corn, wheat, oats, alfalfa, vegetables, cotton. Cotton yield one half to three fourths of bale to acre. No weevil here. Hogs thrive and are free from disease. Farms and cotton gin on the ranch property. Prospectors entertained as guests at ranch headquarters in Crosby county east of Emma.

Price \$10 per acre in tracts of 160 acres or over; \$4 cash, balance in one to six years equal payments at 8 per cent annual interest.

Agents, BASSETT LAND CO.,
Emma, Crosby Co., Texas.

M. P. BROWN,

Shoe Repairing

Promptly and

Neatly done at the

Old Meisterhan's Shop.

This office will pay 3 cents per pound for a limited quantity of clean, white cotton rags.

L. A. STROUD
Hereford, Texas

F. P. WILSON
Canyon City, Texas

STROUD & WILSON

REPRESENTING THE

Royal Insurance

CANYON CITY NEWS

Published Every Friday.

By GEO. A. BRANDON,

Entered at Postoffice at Canyon City as Second-Class Matter, Office of Publication West Evelyn Street

Papers sent out of the county promptly discontinued at expiration of time paid for.

SUBSCRIPTION.

One Year, \$1.00 Six months, .50

Gin Receipts Increase.

A Brand reporter called at the gin plant this week to make an investigation of this year's cotton receipts at this place. We found the plant in full operation, turning out the fleecy staple at the rate of a bale an hour. The volume of the cotton crop will exceed anything which has hitherto been predicted. Mr. Tucker, one of the proprietors, tells us that at present there are 150 bales in sight for this place this season, which will be no bad showing when everything which would naturally work against the crop is considered. We learn by talking with those who are growing the staple that the average this year will be right about half bale per acre, which is also a pretty good argument in favor of plains cotton. Hereford Brand

The News has, all along, contended that cotton will do reasonably well in Randall county, and as further evidence in this direction, the record made in Deaf Smith county is here quoted. It will not be denied that a half bale to the acre in Deaf Smith county means at least that much if not more on the same amount of land in Randall county and we call that a pretty fair yield anywhere.

Want Milk Cows Turned Loose.

A petition to the city council was being circulated Monday and Tuesday asking that the ordinance be so amended as to permit the running at large of milk cows to each family. When seen by The News some thirty names had been obtained.

It will run through in that spirit, but if providing for one milk cow to each family might run at large between the first day of May and the first day of November at each year, the most serious objections to such amendment would be removed.

The News has favored the ordinance as passed, but in the interest of harmony he is willing to sign the petition for the "one milk cow" to run loose during the time stated—frim May 1st to Nov. 1st only.

The letter of Hon. D. E. Decker to Senator Veale, published elsewhere, explains itself. It will be remembered that Senator Decker was a member of the Legislative committee which in 1886 white-washed Bailey and he was of the minority in going to Canada in this.

And the death of Baroness Barendt Courts, at London, England, one day last week, the world's great needy world, loses one of its greatest benefactors. Her life of 92 years on this sphere has been one continued round of great and good deeds.

The New Year's edition of the Dallas News with its many illustrated pages of Dallas enterprises adds one more eagle feather to the cap of the management of that paper. It was simply "out of sight" to use the common expression—120 pages.

The Canyon Mercantile Co. began 1907 with a fair size display and propose to keep it up throughout the year, telling News readers from week to week just what they can do for them in the way of merchandise.

The City stock law went into effect with most of the people on the first—some few, however, in the west end of town seem to have overlooked it.

Be a News subscriber.

DECKER TO VEALE.

Quanah, Texas, Dec. 28, '06. Hon. Jno. W. Veale, Amarillo, Texas.

Sir: Some days ago in reply to your letter concerning what you should do with regard to your vote as to U. S. Senator, I wrote you and said that if I was State Senator I would not vote for Senator Jos. W. Bailey, for re-election.

I desire now to supplement that letter by requesting that as soon as you take the oath of office as Senator from this district that you accept Bailey's challenge and resign your office and immediately announce for re-election.

I also desire to assure you that in my opinion Texas does not want as its U. S. Senator one who is pledged to represent public service corporations for fees. Bailey says he will do so if re-elected. I am a native Texan, and I still "love her history, her foes and memories," and I pledge you that if you do this I will meet any man at any place, who advocates Bailey for re-election at my own expense and advocate your re-election. I am at your service and I believe Texas will always love the men who have the nerve to fight for her interest, rather than for Standard Oil Trusts.

Yours Ave., D. E. DECKER

A China Wedding.

The morning of the 26th came last Wednesday with all its splendor, and it continued so all day, and if you could have been present about 10 o'clock you could have seen carriages coming from most any direction, and all of them headed toward the home of Rev. B. T. Johnson, and were you to ask them where they were going they would have responded that they were going to help celebrate the china wedding of Mr. and Mrs. B. T. Johnson, and of course each guest had a gift of china, several of them being hand painted, of which one came from Ohio. Dishes of all descriptions were placed upon the wedding table.

By 12 o'clock the guests were on their feet, and if you could have taken a peep into the kitchen you could have seen most any kind of provisions being prepared to be served.

While dinner was being prepared the guests took time about entertaining on the different musical instruments.

Just as the hour hand of the picture clock pointed to 5 o'clock dinner was called. The bride and groom having locked arms, with no less love now than twenty years ago, us into a cozy dining room, prepared by their own hands, for the reception of the guests present.

The table was decorated with flowers and plenty of something good to eat, and over the center of the table, with a blue ribbon around the handle, hung the triumphant old butcher knife which had passed through the trying hours of twenty years. This was one of the most noticeable decorations of the table.

Then the bride's cake, with the names of the bride and groom which were arranged in letters of silver decoration, presented by Mrs. A. B. Cage and daughter, was cut and the young people tried their fortunes and those that received the ring, money and darning needle gladly responded, but the one getting the button was evidently dead in love as no answer was made here.

After dinner we were entertained by good music and singing. There was a good crowd of us and all had a grand time. It was beyond doubt the greatest social event ever witnessed in that community and will be remembered with pleasure by all participating for years to come.

A GUEST.

For Sale A good second hand saddle. Apply W. E. Garner.

Railroad at Plainview.

Last Saturday the cars officially entered Plainview. The officials of the Pecos Valley, Vice-President Avery Turner, Traffic Manager D. L. Meyers and others were along.

From all accounts Plainview made a great time of it. It is said that fully five hundred gaily decorated vehicles were on hand to meet the "first train" and that in all at the great barbecue which followed some four or five thousand people were present. Plainview spread herself, so the visitors say, and feeling like she now had the world and a down hill pull, was lavish not only in the exuberance of her joy, but also of her hospitality.

From all accounts it was a great time for Plainview and The News congratulates her on the success she made of it.

OPERA HOUSE

One Night Only

Saturday, Jan. 5

The Talented Actress

MISS MARGRET MANNING

And a strong cast in the successful Comedy Drama

"The Girl From the West"

Up-to-date Specialties Between Acts.

Prices, 25, 50 and 75 cents.

CITATION.

The State of Texas, To the Sheriff or any Constable of Randall county, Greeting:

You are hereby commanded to summon W. L. Childress by making publication of this citation once in each week for four successive weeks previous to the regular day hereof, in some newspaper published in your county, if there be a newspaper published therein, but if not, then in any newspaper published in the 47th judicial district, but if there be no newspaper published in said judicial district, then in a newspaper published in the nearest district to the said 47th judicial district, to appear at the next regular term of the District Court of Randall county, to be holden at the court house thereof, in Canyon City, on the 1st Monday in February A. D. 1907, the same being the 4th day of February A. D. 1907, then and there to answer a petition filed in said court on the 2nd day of January A. D. 1907, in a suit, numbered on the docket of said court No. 224, wherein W. L. Heiler is plaintiff and W. L. Childress is defendant, and said petition alleging that heretofore, to-wit, on the 19th day of June, 1899, the plaintiff was possessed of the following described premises situated in Randall county, Texas: Block No. 19 in Lairs Addition to Canyon City, as shown by the record plat of said addition in the deed records of said county and state, Book 7, page 46 holding the same in fee simple. That afterwards, on said date, the defendant unlawfully entered upon and disposed of the plaintiff of said premises and withheld from him the possession thereof. And prays for judgment for title and possession of said land, for costs and interest.

If you fail not, but have before said court, at the next regular term hereof, this writ, with your return thereon, showing how you have executed the same.

Witness, J. A. Tate, Clerk of the District Court of Randall county. Given under my hand, and the seal of said court, at office in Canyon City, this 2nd day of January A. D. 1907. J. A. Tate, Clerk. District Court Randall Co.

News Roll of Honor.

Under this heading will be found the amounts received on subscription to the News, since last report, and names of the parties paying. This will serve as a receipt to those of our subscribers forwarding money by mail:

- N Thompson 80 50
J W Prichard 50
V A Dowlen 1 00
T H Rowan 1 00
L N Lochridge 1 00
J S Harrison 1 00
Louis Hart 25
Henry Lively 1 00
Tom Cage 50
John Cage 50
James McCormick 1 00
A S Rollins 1 00
J M Rollins 1 00
J Rusk 1 00
A H Thompson 2 60
A J Wells 1 00
J A Wallace 1 00
Miss Jessie Givens 1 00
T J Roach 25
J T Jowell 2 00

PLOW BARGAINS!



- Columbia Gangs \$50.00
Columbia Sulky, 12 inch 30.00
John Deere Sulky, 14 inch 30.00
Good-Enough Sulky, 12 to 14 inch 30.00
Tripple Disc Rock Island 65.00

These Sulkeys are New but slightly weath-erworn and are Genuine Bargains.

Our General Hardware line is complete--also Saddlery. Remember, all we ask is a chance at your trade.

JOHNSON, GARY HARDWARE CO.

Successors to Stringfellow-Hume.

WILL BUY MORE LAND

Owners of land desiring to sell it should apply to

KEISER BROS. & PHILLIPS, Canyon City, Texas.

Equip Your Home

WITH WELL MADE FURNITURE

AT REASONABLE PRICES.

Our chief thought in buying is to select goods we know to be honestly made at fair prices. We do not seek for the product of factories that make prices so low that quality must suffer accordingly. We buy standard made goods produced by factories that have reputation and are able to guarantee their product. It's economy to buy this class of furniture.

THOMAS BROS., THE QUALITY HOUSE

Watches, Clocks

AND JEWELRY

MY LINE IS OF THE BEST QUALITY AND WILL BE MAINTAINED THE YEAR ROUND. WATCH US GROW.

J. W. HOWELL, The Jeweler, At Wirt's Drug Store, North Side Square.

A. B. AXTELL & CO.

CONTRACTORS & BUILDERS.

Specialty—Cement Blocks, Concrete Tanks, Dipping Vats, and anything else in Concrete or cement Work. Plans and estimates furnished on application.

JOHN BEGRIN

CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER

ESTIMATES CHEERFULLY FURNISHED ON BRICK AND CEMENT WORK

25 YEARS EXPERIENCE IN THE BUSINESS

HOFFMAN PARAGRAPHS.

On Monday eve a Xmas tree at Day schoolhouse.

Wednesday a reception at the home of Mrs. B. T. Johnson. That night a musicale at H. S. Buchanan's; where refreshments were served.

Thursday night Mrs. A. B. Cage gave a supper to the young people in honor of her son John that was much enjoyed.

Friday Miss Winnie Hitchcock gave a dinner in honor of her schoolmates.

Friday night the young people were entertained in the home of Mrs. B. T. Johnson in honor of Miss Chalk, who spent the holidays with Bessie Johnson.

H. Hoffman spent the holidays in South Dakota with his son, Ferd.

John Cage returned to Chan-ning Sunday.

Walter and Jesse and their friend Miss G. Womble returned to at Goodnight Tuesday.

Several young people from our midst are going to Goodnight to school this term—Eriez Worley, Willie Hartman, Foust Hitchcock, Jake, Annie and Henry Hoffman. We wish them much success in school work.

We are sorry to hear of Mr. Elic Thomson's death, that occurred the 31st in Hereford. He was carried to Gainesville for burial. We extend to his wife and two sons our heartfelt sympathy in their hour of trouble.

Mrs. George Hand went east to spend the holidays.

Will and Roy Cage left Wednesday for Mexico in search of land.

C. H. Hitchcock and Jessie Pierce, went to Canyon Monday. TASSIE.

Of Interest to Mothers.

There is one subject which always interests the mothers of young children, and that is how to treat their coughs and colds, or to ward off a threatened attack of croup. For this purpose we can recommend Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It always proves beneficial. In cases of croup it should be given as soon as the croupy cough appears so as to prevent the attack. Keep it at hand ready for instant use. Many mothers do so and it saves them much uneasiness. For sale by S. V. Wirt, Druggist.

TOWN & COUNTY

PERSONAL AND OTHER MATTERS THAT CONCERN OUR CITIZENS.

Fine Candies—Best in town at Wilson's.

Invoicing has been on with most of our merchants this week.

Louis Hart has sold his "Model Restaurant" to a Mr. Miller.

Will Reed returned Tuesday from Missouri.

Miss Blanche Lester is visiting friends at Plainview.

T. J. Roach returned from his Kansas holiday trip Wednesday.

Mrs. J. H. Garrison left Wednesday for a few days' visit at Plainview.

All kinds of Racket Goods School supplies and Confectionery at Wilson's. Try us.

A. B. Axtell and wife returned Monday from their holiday visit to relatives at Waco.

J. A. Wallace and family came back this week from their visit to the old home in Erath county.

J. D. Gamble is at Mineral Wells seeking relief for his rheumatism.

Rev. J. D. Ballard left Tuesday for Oklahoma to see his mother who was reported very sick.

T. W. Barrett is expecting to move to his Cordell, Oklahoma, farm about the 15th.

W. F. Taylor, now of Cordell, Oklahoma, was in town several days this week on unfinished business.

Miss Ellen Donald and Miss Elizabeth Sweeney are back from their respective homes, where they spent the holidays.

H. A. Barry and wife who have been spending the holidays here with relatives, returned Wednesday to their home on the ranch south of Bovina.

Bud Jowell received a telegram Tuesday announcing the killing of his brother, George, at Portal, Arizona, by a man named Boswell.

Joel Preslor has received word that his daughter, Mrs. G. W. Taylor, of Jackson, Tenn., lost her house and contents by fire on Christmas eve. They had no insurance.

Many Thanks to All.

I will leave in a few days for a trip to Taylor and other places south to be absent about two weeks and before leaving desire to thank my patrons and friends for their liberal patronage during the year just gone. I assure you that I fully appreciate the same and upon my return will do my very best to merit a continuance of such favors.

Respectfully,
M. S. LUSBY.

Stranger Fell Dead.

Wednesday morning on the street in front of F. P. Wilson's Racket Store a stranger was seen to reel and fall—he was dead almost as soon as he struck the sidewalk. Heart failure was the verdict. No one seemed to know him, but from papers on his person and the marks on his clothes he was identified as J. S. Phillips, formerly of Company H 2nd U. S. Engineers and an inmate of the Nebraska Soldiers' and Sailors' Home at Millard, Neb., and out on a 60 day furlough expiring Feb. 26.

Married—Tuesday evening at the home of the bride's brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Cranford's, J. M. Redfean and Miss Neely King. These young people are well and favorably known here and all of us wish them much happiness all the way through life. At present they are rooming at Rich Redfean's.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Keiser gave a New Year's party to the young people Tuesday night. Some thirty-five were present and a jolly good time was had. Snap and several other good old fashioned games of like character were indulged in and among those taking an unusually active part in them were W. C. Baird, Dr. Black, W. S. Keiser and a few other such boys whose names The News failed to get.

I have a limited amount of home grown nursery stock that I can furnish my neighbors, cheap, including trees, shrubs, berries, etc. Phone me your wants and I will dig them for you.

A. N. HENSON.

Miss Lola and Willie Word Nash and J. P. Hicks and Robert Campbell, after spending the holidays at home, returned this week to their several colleges.

J. L. (Skinner) Crawford was married at Clinton, Mo., on Christmas to a young lady of that town and is now about Corpus Christi on a bridal tour. He met the young lady, now his wife, for the first time at the St. Louis fair. They are expected to return here about the 10th of this month when it is stated that "Skinner" will engage in the drug business at Plainview. The News extends congratulations.

A Good Starting Point.

Possibly you are now doing business at this bank. If so, very good. If not, wouldn't it be well for you to start in at the New Year?

With abundant capital, and with the best of facilities, we are prepared to give you superior service.

THE CANYON NATIONAL BANK.

Rollins & Cranford have sold their abstract business to Jas. Ury Cranford. The latter gentleman will now carry on this portion of the work himself, and Rollins & Cranford, consisting of A. S. Rollins and Walter E. Cranford, will devote themselves exclusively to the law and business within that line of practice exclusively.

In Line With the Pure Food Law.

The National Food and Drug Act which takes effect Jan. 1, 1907, does not effect Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in any manner. No special labels are required on this remedy under that Act, as it is free from opiates and narcotics of every character, making it a safe remedy for mothers to use with their children. This remedy has been in use for so many years, and its good qualities are so well known, that no one need hesitate to use it when troubled with a cough or cold. For sale by S. V. Wirt, Druggist.

J. M. Peeler, visiting his natal home in North Carolina, writes back that he much prefers his Texas home. His family are visiting relatives at Wills' Point. Mr. Peeler is expecting to return next week and perhaps this.

Over 360 pupils are now enrolled in the Canyon City school. The increase recently has compelled the employment of another teacher, Miss Dixon Lain, who was given a part of second and sixth grades Monday.

Canyon Hardware Co.

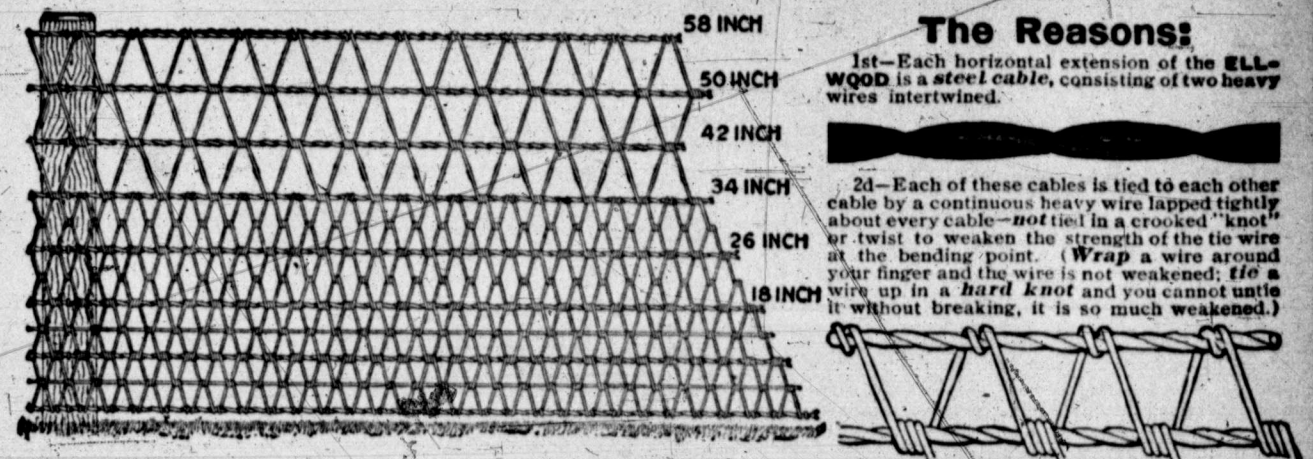
J. C. PIPKIN

R. G. OLDHAM

The Strongest Fence

Science proves that the strongest fence, because constructed throughout on scientific lines, is the

ELLWOOD FENCE
SIMPLE—SCIENTIFIC—STRONG



The Reasons:
1st—Each horizontal extension of the ELLWOOD is a steel cable, consisting of two heavy wires intertwined.

2d—Each of these cables is tied to each other cable by a continuous heavy wire lapped tightly about every cable—*not* tied in a crooked "knot" or twist to weaken the strength of the tie wire at the bending point. (Wrap a wire around your finger and the wire is not weakened; tie a wire up in a hard knot and you cannot untie it without breaking, it is so much weakened.)

THAT IS ALL THERE IS TO ELLWOOD FENCE—

Heavy steel cables lapped about and held together by steel wire, forming uniform meshes. Simple, isn't it? No chance for weakness in any part; uniformly strong. The reasons for the superiority of ELLWOOD FENCE are not hard to find. This company owns and operates its own iron mines and furnaces; its own wire mills and six large fence factories—either one of the six being larger than any other fence factory in the world. These facts should be convincing.

We have a complete stock of Shelf and Heavy Hardware, Wagons, Buggies, Windmills, etc.

Canyon Hardware Co.

A Mr. Harter of Danville, Ill., two son-in-laws and several sons, all reputed good farmers, with two immigrant cars containing among other things thirty blood sows, arrived last week and moved on the J. A. Edwards home place. This place, containing 960 acres, Mr. Harter bought from Keiser Bros. & Phillips some six weeks ago. It has two sets of improvements already on it and Mr. Harter will build two more houses immediately and these people will make it their home. From all accounts these people will thrive from the start and do much also to aid all of us in the agricultural development of the country.

The Bates Addition.

I have subdivided this addition of land into tracts of from one block, containing 3 1/8 acres, to blocks containing as much as 100 acres. All blocks except one will front the street. Some of these blocks have alfalfa land on them and living water. For further particulars call on or address W. E. BATES, Canyon City, Texas.

J. A. Edwards is having his new residence now going up in the west end fitted up for water-works. This house when completed will cost Mr. Edwards close at \$6000 and it will make one of the nicest and most comfortable homes in town.

Stock Law Notice.

All persons having stock running at large within the city limits are requested to AT ONCE put them up or they will be impounded.

BRENT TAYLOR,
City Marshal.

Local Weather Record.

During the week ending today the days have been mostly clear and cool—fine weather, all told.

Andrew Crane moved into the Lusby house this week.

T. J. Cochran and family move into their new residence this week.

Born—Wednesday to Mr. and Mrs. Jim Coffee, a boy.

J. M. Craig wants The News to come to him at Kingston, Texas for the next four weeks.

The ladies of the Book Club will meet Saturday afternoon at 3:30 with Mrs. Axtell.

Miss Lola Word entertained some of her friends Wednesday of last week with a dining.

Hosea Preslor came in last week from Jacksonville, where he has been for several months.

Dr. J. L. Howell had a successful operation performed on his neck last week and is getting along nicely.

For tablets, pencils, pens and ink and other school supplies call at S. V. Wirt's Drug Store, north side of public square.

Married—Tuesday at the residence of the bride near Umbarger, R. E. Painter and Miss Lula Williams.

Miss Emma Bowyer on Sunday returned to her home in Missouri, expecting to return here in the spring.

Miss Cora Reynolds, who has been visiting her parents during the holidays, returned this week to Denton, where she is attending school.

The young people had parties during the holidays at Dr. Black's, J. H. Garrison's, Judge Eckman's, E. S. Carter's, R. G. Oldham's, Judge Hunt's and Mrs. M. E. Jordan's.

"Will" Foster came near the "jumping off" place, so he thinks, Wednesday of last week. He was laid up in bed from the result of a strain which materially interfered with his breathing. He is up now.

Masonic Tribute.

To the Worshipful Master, Wardens and Brethren of Canyon City Lodge No. 730, A. F. & A. M.

We, your committee appointed to report of the death of our departed brother, G. W. Palmer, beg to submit the following:

George W. Palmer was born in Buncombe county, North Carolina, Feb. 20, 1829, and moved to Texas with his widowed mother before the civil war, in which he served, a member of "Bolling's" regiment, with credit.

His life was an exemplification of the virtues we teach and strive to practice as Masons.

Bro. Palmer was a member of Canyon City Lodge No. 730, A. F. & A. M., in good standing, and was called from "labor to refreshment" to meet the "Supreme Grand Master" above on Wednesday, Nov. 21, 1906, and was buried by this Fraternity with honors befitting one who had acted "upon the square."

Resolved, that in the death of Bro. Palmer his family lost a true husband, Masonry a worthy member and humanity a friend.

Be it Further Resolved, that the members of this lodge wear the usual mourning for a period of thirty days, that the jewels and furniture of the lodge be draped in the usual mourning for the same length of time, that a page of our records be set apart and dedicated to his memory, and that a copy of these resolutions be furnished his family and The Canyon City News.

Respectfully submitted,
R. A. SOWDER,
S. B. LOFTON,
GEO. A. BRANDON,
Committee.

D. A. Park returned from Corpus Christi Wednesday.

Some special bargains are offered by the Supply Co. See their ad on the fourth page.

The City Marshal says he will sure "catch up" those loose animals. So look out!

L. L. Hunt will become a Knight Templar at Fort Worth about tomorrow night.

J. M. Pyeat of Claude, is over to see how Canyon City has grown since he left.

Mrs. Tarpin of Amarillo, was a visitor with her sister, Mrs. John Crawford, the fore part of this week.

ARE YOU STILL WRITING IT 1906?

The year A. D. 1906 was a record-breaker in the history of this firm's business. In beginning, the year 1906 we determined to make it the best year in the history of our many years' business experience and after all the care and toil incident to the big volume of business which we did, we take fresh courage over our past success and face about for the new year.

The Best Ever

We begin the new year with one of the best appointed stocks of DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES ever brought to Canyon City. In taking stock the past few days we are forcibly reminded that the judgment of our buyer has been good in getting just the things the people want. Such recognized leaders as Queen Quality shoes for ladies, one of the most select Millinery departments, Kuppenheimer and Hercules Clothing, Walk Over Shoes and Stetson Hats for men and boys are preeminent in the list of the world's best goods.

Winter Wear for Everybody

Our line of winter wear has never been more complete. Especially is this true of such articles of dress as underwear, gloves and mittens, caps, shawls, fascinators, arctics and felt boots. There is absolutely no use to run the risk of exposure to the bleak winter winds which we are most certain to have for the next two months, when you are able to secure the best warmth-producing clothing ever brought to the Plains.

Watch this space next week for something Special.

THE CANYON MERCANTILE COMPANY.

THE "OUTDOOR"
Registered Hereford Herd

BULLS IN SERVICE:
Ten Strike 80160 Majestic Chief 156063
Armour Dale 156843

Stock located in Pasture 1 mile north Canyon City Depot—Texas

STOCK FOR SALE
Apply to JOHN HUTSON, Canyon, Texas.

CHRISTMAS HAS PASSED

And now is the time to clean up all the odds and ends of the fall stock. Our custom in the future will be as it has been in the past, not to cut the price on one article and make it up on another. When a merchant makes a special price on one thing, no matter what that price may be or how it may relate to the original cost of the article, he binds himself to take all of the losses connected with its selling and he who attempts to "make up" the loss through some other deal deserves the fate which generally overtakes him—*failing business*. We are making

Special Prices

For the next two weeks on

Men's and Boys' Clothing, also Ladies' and Children's Cloaks.

Below are a few of them—

One lot Boys' Clothing.....	25 per cent off
One lot Children's Clothing.....	25 per cent off
Men's Suits, worth \$22 50, at.....	\$18 00
Men's Suits, worth \$20 00, at.....	16 00
Men's Suits, worth \$16 50, at.....	13 50
Men's Suits, worth \$12 50, at.....	9 75
Men's Suits, worth \$8 50, at.....	6 75
Men's Overcoats, good value at \$12 50, at.....	9 75
Men's Overcoats, good value at \$6 00, at.....	4-25

We have a few LADIES' CLOAKS left that we will close out AT 25 PER CENT DISCOUNT.

CHILDREN'S CLOAKS AT 25 PER CENT DISCOUNT. These are good values at the original price, but we don't want to carry them over, so give you the benefit.

With best wishes for a happy and prosperous New Year, we are

Canyon City Supply Co.
(INCORPORATED)

tempted to give some idea, although I realize how cold and inadequate it is. As I began to know her better I came to wonder more and more at her complexity, her simplicity, her swift change of mood, her utter ignorance of social convention. Another thing I saw, and that was her absolute worship of Tremaine.

As for Tremaine, I hesitate to say how utterly I fell under his spell. Yet this was not in the least to be wondered at. My life had been on the whole so narrow and his had been so broad; my experience of the world had been cast in the usual grooves, while his had so evidently overlapped them, had struck out a path for itself into all sorts of unexpected phases.

I have said that his life had been cast in many curious places. Martinique was only the last of these, the most recent, and I gathered that the business which brought him to New York was the forming of a syndicate to build a railroad through the island. Through is the right word, for it was evident that, owing to the island's peculiar formation, there would have to be much tunneling. But he waved all such practical difficulties aside and discoursed of the great future before such a road with an enthusiasm that was absolutely convincing.

I had just come in from dinner one evening and was settling down to a repast of "L'Affaire Lerouge," when there came a knock at the door and Tremaine entered. He was in evening dress and was seemingly much perturbed.

"My dear Lester," he began abruptly, in that quick, nervous way of his, "I'm in the deuce of a box, and I'm going to ask you to help me out. I promised Cecily to take her tonight to see the extravaganza at the New York, and have the seats here, but at the last moment I find I can't get away. I've a business engagement that I can't afford to break, but Cecily will never forgive me if I disappoint her. Have you anything on for tonight?"

"No," I answered, looking at him in some astonishment, for it was evident what was coming.

"Then perhaps you wouldn't mind taking Cecily? It would be a tremendous favor."

"Not at all," I assured him, "but—it isn't quite convenient?" he finished as I hesitated. "Surely we don't need to stand on ceremony, and Cecily doesn't care a hang for convention. It's a great favor to both of us. She'll cry her eyes out if she has to stay at home, and I simply can't take her."

"Very well," I said, "I'll be glad to take her," and thanking me again he hurried away.

I was dressed and waiting for me when I knocked at her door, and she caught me by both hands as I entered.

"This is good of you!" she cried. "Doudoux has been so busy for many days that we have gone nowhere, but he promised me tonight. Oh, I should not have stayed at home! I should have gone alone! I care not for the eyes of the men!"

"Oh, I shan't let you go alone!" I protested, and watched her, fascinated.

glanced up, too, and caught Jim Godfrey's astonished eyes fixed on mine. He bowed and passed on.

"Who is that gentleman?" demanded Cecily eagerly, leaning across the table toward me. "You know him?"

"Oh, quite well," I answered, more and more surprised. "His name is Godfrey."

"Godfrey," she repeated slowly after me, as though fixing it indelibly in her memory. "And what is his business?"

"He's a reporter by trade; he gathers news for a paper," I added, seeing that she did not wholly understand.

"Oh," she said, and breathed a deep sigh of relief, "I see." Then as she met my glance she added: "I fancied that I had met him somewhere; I was mistaken. In New York I have met no one except you, m'sieur."

But I scarcely heard her; my eyes had dropped to a pin at her throat. As she leaned forward I could see it very clearly—an opal surrounded by a blazing ring of diamonds. I looked at it mechanically, then with a sudden, intense interest, for one link of that brilliant ring was missing; one of the diamonds had fallen out.

CHAPTER VIII.

I WAS scarcely surprised when Godfrey's card was brought in to me at the office next morning. Both Mr. Graham and Mr. Royce happened to be out at the time, so that I had the inner room to myself, and I directed that Godfrey be shown in at once.

"I was expecting you," I said, rising to shake hands with him. "That stare of yours last night warned me that you'd be around to demand an explanation."

"Demand is hardly the word," he corrected as he sat down. "Beseech would be nearer it. I confess I was never more surprised in my life than when I saw you sitting there calmly chatting away with Mrs. Tremaine."

"Then you have met her? She thought she was mistaken?"

"You mean she knew me?" he asked quickly.

"She asked who you were; she fancied she'd met you somewhere."

Godfrey laughed a little dry laugh. "She has," he said, "but it's strange she remembers it, for I'll swear she never looked at me, or perhaps," he added, knitting his brows, "she has some special reason to remember. I happened to be in the hall of the Marathon apartment house talking with Higgins, the janitor, when she and her husband came in from dinner the night that man Thompson was killed there. Perhaps you remember about it?"

I nodded, smiling.

"Yes, I remember."

Something in my face caught his attention.

"You mean you know something about it?" he asked quickly. But a movement of feet across the floor outside interrupted him. "We can't talk here," he said. "Will you be at home tonight?"

"Yes."

"Then I'll look you up," and he turned to go.

"Wait a minute," I said. "I'm not with Mrs. Fitch any more."

"Aren't you?"

"No, I'm quartered at the Marathon."

"At the Marathon?"

"Yes. Suit fourteen. Higgins will show you up."

He stared at me an instant with starting eyes. Then the door opened and Mr. Royce came in, followed by two clerks.

"I'll look for you this evening," I added, hugely enjoying his stupefaction.

He nodded mechanically and turned away, walking like a man in a dream.

"Well," began Godfrey as he settled back in his chair and looked around the room, "this is about the last place on earth I'd have expected to find you."

"And yet it's not so wonderful," I pointed out. "I had to change my lodgings and found that these would suit."

"It's in your blood," he went on, smiling. "It has been ever since that affair of Miss Holladay. You'll never get it out. But I'm glad you're here. I've an idea that we're just on the threshold of a very remarkable mystery, and you can help a lot."

"Then the murder wasn't the end?"

"No; I fancy it was only the beginning. Now tell me how you happened to be with Mrs. Tremaine last night."

"Tremaine had an important business engagement," I said, "which he couldn't break. He'd promised to take her to the theater and had secured seats. Rather than disappoint her he asked me to take his place."

"And she didn't object?"

"She made the best of it, I guess."

"She seemed to be getting a good deal of fun out of it."

"She was. She's the most unconventional creature I ever met. She'd interest you, Godfrey."

"I don't doubt it in the least. But Tremaine interests me, too. You don't happen to know what his business engagement was?" and he looked at me with a queer smile.

"No. I suppose that it had something to do with his railroad."

"His railroad?"

I related briefly the project in which Tremaine was engaged.

"Well, perhaps it was connected with that," Godfrey said when I had finished, "but indirectly—very indirectly. He spent the evening in Dickie Delroy's box at the opera."

"It was my turn to stare."

"Godfrey," I said suddenly, "there are two points I'd like to submit to you—both rather important ones, I fancy. But first I want you to tell me the story of the crime, just as it occurred. I suspect there were some details that didn't get into the Record. Start a story first."

THE FIRST NAT'L. BANK

CAPITAL & SURPLUS, \$124,000.
SHARE-HOLDERS LIABILITY, 100,000.
\$224,000.

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CANYON, TEXAS.

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The chief function of a bank is to receive deposits and to loan money. These things we are prepared to do in a manner acceptable to our patrons.

R. W. O'KEEFE, President. I. L. HUNT, Cashier.
J. M. BLACK, Vice President. R. H. WRIGHT, Ass't Cash.

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(Successors to Burton-Lingo Co.)

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L. G. CONNER,

FARMS, RANCH LAND, CITY PROPERTY, STEERS & STOCK CATTLE.

Loans on Real Estate—Abstracter and Notary in Office.

Canyon City—the place for a great city. Abundance of running water; natural drainage; located on the Santa Fe, now being made the trans-continental line from Chicago to California. The Santa Fe (Gulf line), is now building South from Canyon City. Randall, is the best county in the Panhandle. The general price of land is from \$7 to \$10 per acre. Property in town a specialty. Don't fail to see me.

He took a cigar and struck a match. "There were," he assented, with a smile, "a number of details that didn't get before the public. Most of them have an unfortunate tendency to implicate Miss Crofton."

He got up and walked across the room and placed his finger over a little hole in the woodwork of the bedroom door.

"There's where the bullet from her revolver struck," he said. "There's no doubt about that. It was taken out and found to fit. I'd give a good deal to know who it was she fired at and why she fired. I tell you, Lester, the more one thinks about that affair the more incomprehensible it becomes, there are so many questions which seem unanswerable. Who was Thompson? How did he get in condition to receive her? Was the murderer a friend of Thompson's? If not, how did he get into the rooms? Above all, why, after he had knocked Thompson down, should he stand over him and shoot him through the heart? That savors more of a wild beast than of a human being."

He paused a moment in a sort of helpless perplexity, then sat down abruptly and turned to me.

"What were your points?" he asked.

"The first," I said, looking at him, "will I fear, help to tip the scale against Miss Crofton. She came here the morning after the inquest and tried to rent this apartment."

He stared at me, astounded, his cigar in the air, while I repeated the story Higgins had told me. When I had finished, he sat gazing into vacancy, his lips compressed.

"I see it puzzles you," I said at last, enjoying his perplexity. "I confess I couldn't make anything out of it."

"Puzzles me," he repeated, getting up again and walking nervously about the room. "Why, it's the most astounding thing I ever heard. It's the most unexplainable feature of this whole unexplainable case. I should think she'd never want to enter these rooms again. But perhaps Higgins was mistaken," he added, stopping short.

"That might be," I admitted, "though he swears he wasn't."

"Well, let's pass over it for a moment. What's the second point? Is it another staggerer?"

"Not a staggerer, but another twist to the puzzle, I imagine. Did Thompson have any jewelry on him?"

"Jewelry? Not a bit. He was practically in rags."

"Where was his body lying?"

"Right here," and he indicated the spot with his foot.

"And right there," I said, "two days later I found this, pressed into the carpet," and I took a little paper packet from my pocketbook.

He opened it carefully and looked at what lay inside. Then he whistled softly.

"A diamond, by all that's wonderful!"

"Tell me what it came out of," I said.

"One of a group, I should say, or perhaps a border around a larger central stone."

"Precisely," I nodded. "And last night I happened to notice that Mrs. Tremaine wore a pin with just such an arrangement of stones. One of the small diamonds in it was missing."

Godfrey wrapped up the crystal and handed it to me with an exceedingly thoughtful air.

"That's a mighty pretty bit of evidence," he said at last, "though, of course, it may be only a coincidence. Taken by itself it isn't worth a cent; in connection with other evidence it would be worth a great deal."

"And there isn't any other?"

"Just one little bit. You say Tremaine comes from Martinique. Well, among Thompson's clothes I found a peculiar nut, called a snake nut, which grows only in the West Indies. When you add to this that Thompson's clothing was all such as is worn in the tropics, the presumption is pretty strong that he lived for awhile somewhere in Tremaine's neighborhood."

I nodded; then my face fell.

"After all," I pointed out, "all that amounts to nothing. Both Tremaine and his wife can prove an alibi. They weren't in the building when the crime was committed. You yourself saw them coming back."

"Well, we'll puzzle it out in time. If I only had a chance to study Tremaine, to hear him talk, to watch him without being seen. That would be worth more to me than all this theorizing. Then I'd have my feet on solid ground; I could—sh!—who's that?"

A door opened and a step crossed the hall. There came a tap at my door.

Godfrey shot me one electric glance, then, lightly as a panther, he seized coat and hat and disappeared into the bedroom, leaving the door slightly ajar.

(To be Continued.)

Agreeably Surprised.

Many sufferers from rheumatism have been agreeably surprised at the prompt relief afforded by applying Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It makes sleep and rest possible. For sale by S. V. Wirt, Druggist.

Be a News subscriber.

The Marathon Mystery

A Story of Manhattan

By BURTON E. STEVENSON
Author of "The Holiday Case"

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[CONTINUED.]

a weird little refrain that rose and fell and turned upon itself, reminding me faintly of the negro spirituals I had once heard at a camp meeting in the Jersey woods. After a moment I saw a movement within the cage and a head erected itself, a broad, triangular head, deep orange barred with black, with eyes like coals of fire. It swayed to and fro, and to and fro, as Cecily fitted words to the refrain—*queer, chopped off, croole words*.

"Oh, ou fojoll, ou! Oh, thou art pretty, pretty, Fe-Fe! Pa ka fai mo! pe! I do not fear her, not at all! Is she not pretty?"

Gradually we had drawn nearer. Tremaine and I, and I felt myself yielding to the fascination of the song, even as the serpent did. It was not very large, nor seemingly very formidable, so I did not even think of fear when Cecily opened the little door of the cage and drew it forth—She held it between thumb and finger just behind the head and by a slight pressure she forced its jaws apart. Then she poured the wine down its throat, drop by drop. Finally she returned it to its cage and shut the door.

When it was over and she was lying again on the couch, panting with a kind of fearful exhaustion, I turned to Tremaine, who was mopping his forehead feverishly.

"I've got a kind of superstitious horror of that snake," he said apologetically, as he met my eyes. "I've seen a lot of them, but none ever affected me just as this one does."

"What is it?" I asked, astonished by his pallor, by the trembling of his hand as he put away his handkerchief and reached for a cigarette. He lighted it before he answered, inviting me by a gesture to help myself.

"It's a fer-de-lance," he said at last. "One of the deadliest serpents in the world, and this particular variety is said to be especially deadly, a sort of erume de la-erume, as it were. Its bite kills a man in three minutes if it happens to strike an artery. It does more than that. It turns him to a swollen, rotten piece of carrion. I've seen it. And he leaned back to blow a ring toward the ceiling.

I sat, petrified, with my cigarette halfway to my mouth.

CHAPTER VII.

MY acquaintance with the Tremaines in the weeks that followed grew by imperceptible degrees into an intimacy which was one of the most pleasant of my life. Of Cecily I have already re-



"Who is that gentleman?" demanded Cecily.

as she put on a little bonnet and gave her hair two or three final pats before the mirror.

She was in the highest spirits, singing to herself—really, I told myself, only a child—and at last she swung around and dropped me a courtesy.

"How is that, che?" she cried, smiling up at me. "Does that please you?" "Charming!" I cried, gasping a little, with a feeling of giddiness, as I looked down into her eyes.

Our cab swung around into Broadway, ablaze with light, and Cecily forgot me in the excitement of watching the changing crowd, the brilliant shop fronts.

"Here we are," I said as the cab drew up at the curb, and sprang out and helped her down.

We went up to the promenade after the first act and ate an ice together. The place was crowded, and Cecily soon became the center of attraction. Men strolled past merely to look at her, and from more than one woman I caught a flash of eye that said unutterable things. The advent of a new, incomparable siren could not pass unchallenged. At them all Cecily glanced from time to time with admirable nonchalance. One would have sworn she had been reared in New York. She chattered gaily, eating her ice, sipping her wine, looking at me with eyes that glowed like stars. Then suddenly she looked up, her face changed, I

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