

THE RANDALL COUNTY NEWS.

Vol. XIII.

CANYON, RANDALL COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1909.

No. 39

Naval Stores Important in Industrial History.

"The naval stores industry is one of the oldest industries in the United States, deriving its name from the fact that in the early days pitch from pine trees was commonly used to make wooden vessels water-tight," says R. G. Kellogg, of the United States Forest Service. "The term has persisted till this day, though the products long ago found other and more important uses."

"The turpentine of pine timber began in New England with the 'pitch,' or yellow pine, of that region, but it was in North Carolina that the first extensive development of the naval stores industry occurred. The records show that from 1768 to 1770 the average export of naval stores to England included 88,111 barrels of crude turpentine, 20,646 barrels of pitch, 88,866 barrels of tar. Most of the crude was shipped to England for distillation through the ports of Wilmington and Newbern."

"The supplanting of the iron retort by the copper still in 1884 greatly increased the output of volatile oil and gave much impetus to the industry. However, previous to 1844 not over one-half of the production of North Carolina was distilled at home. Then, because of the poor market for rosin, the stills were transferred from the ports to the woods and a heavy onslaught upon longleaf forests of the South began."

"North Carolina reached its maximum in naval stores production in 1879-80, with an exportation of 6,279,250 gallons of turpentine, and 663,967 barrels of rosin. A comparison of this great exportation with a total production in North Carolina in 1908 of 732,300 gallons of turpentine 131,900 barrels of rosin tells the story of the longleaf pine in that State. South Carolina attained its maximum output of naval stores in 1882, only two years after that of North Carolina. The invasion of new forests of virgin timber brought Georgia to the front a few years later, but recently that State has been surpassed by Florida, which now is producing nearly one-half of the total value of the yearly output of the naval stores industry. After following the longleaf pine forests to their southern limits, turpentine swung to the westward across Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas, the latter State having become a considerable producer only within the last seven years."

"Until recently naval stores were entirely produced by one of the crudest and most destructive systems of forest exploitation ever devised. Great damage by fire and storm has always followed the turpentine box. Thousand of acres of splendid longleaf pine forests have been abandoned and destroyed after three or four years of turpentine, and the valuable timber which they contained not utilized. The earlier operations of the turpentiner were comparable in their destructiveness only to those which swept the buffalo from the western plains. The buffalo was killed for his hide and horns; the longleaf pine for a gallon or two of turpentine and a few pounds of rosin."

"The destructiveness of the box system at last became so apparent and widespread that to perpetuate their industry, the operators were forced to turn to other methods. Various substitutes were proposed and experimental work of the Forest Service in methods of conservative operation dates from 1901, when Dr. Herty undertook the studies, with whose splendid results you have long been familiar."

"The efforts of Dr. Herty and

other experimenters have demonstrated conclusively that improved methods in which a cup is used to catch the crude turpentine and the box done away with, result in the production of a larger quantity of turpentine and rosin, higher grades of the latter, longer life to the timber, and greatly lessened damage from fire and wind. The introduction of these methods is the first step in conservative turpentine."

"Because of the increased initial cost of the equipment, such methods have not appealed to the smaller operators who have little capital, and whose operations extend over only two or three years in a given locality. They are unquestionably profitable to the larger operators and especially to those who, working upon their own timber, have the most inducement to handle it carefully. Only within the last five years have these improved methods been introduced upon a commercial scale."

"Yet the fact that already one-seventh of the entire output of naval stores is by these methods and that in the newer fields and most up-to-date operations they are used most largely demonstrates that they have passed far beyond the experimental stage."

The Order of the Bath.

The last Knight of the Bath made according to the ancient forms were at the coronation of Charles II., when various rites and ceremonies, one of which was bathing, were imposed.

According to Froissart, the court barber prepared a bath, and the candidate for membership in the order, having been addressed by his esquires, was thereupon placed in the bath, his clothes and collars being the perquisites of the barber. He was then removed from the water to the words, "May this be an honorable bath to you" and was placed in a plain bed quite wet and naked to dry. As soon as he was quite dry he was removed from the bed, dressed in new and rich apparel and conducted by his sponsors to the chapel, where he offers a taper to the honor of God and a penny piece to the honor of the king. Then he went to the monarch and, kneeling before him, received from the royal sword a tap on the shoulder, the king exclaiming, "Arise, Sir —," and then embraced him, saying, "Be thou a good knight, and true." London Strand Magazine.

Reorganization of an Old Abstract Company.

The Rollins and Cranford Abstract Company has changed hands and will be reorganized into a chartered company and for which an application has been made to commence business by January 1st 1910, under the title of Canyon Abstract Company. The firm of Scott & Flesher will assume the management of the new corporation who are old experienced abstractors. It will be remembered that this is one of the oldest set of abstract books in Randall County which means much to those who have to rely on titles to realty.

The News is in receipt of a Corna Copia filled with choice candy as a token of esteem and Christmas present from the public school children of Umberger. The News wishes to thank those children for their kindness and will inform them that they have made the News office force merry also as they all had some of the candy and pronounced it fine. We all take this means of "Wishing you all a Merry Christmas."

Lost in the Canyon.

While out surveying near the county line between Armstrong and Randall counties, Albert Foster was overtaken by dark and was compelled to spend Thursday night of last week in the canyon. This particular place is located about 25 miles east of Canyon City and not so very far from Wayside. The party of surveyors was under the direction of G. G. Foster who sent Albert back to the south side of the canyon to flag from a high hill. He reached this point about 11 o'clock and, after doing the necessary work, thought that he could reach the next high hill by one o'clock. As everyone knows, it is very hard to judge distances in the canyon so it was about 4 o'clock before young Foster could reach this second point.

As it happened he carried the "grub" and, having driven a stake on this last hill, Albert set out across the canyon to his fellow surveyors. The sides are very steep for several miles along the canyon at this place and, by the time he reached the bottom, it grew dark and he lost his bearings. The weather was very cold and a few flakes of snow were falling but the young fellow kept his wits and selected a deep ditch in which to spend the night. Without overcoat, matches, over-shoes or gloves, this cold wintry night was spent in this place nature had provided for him. If he had attempted to wander about he might have fallen off a bluff and be killed but to keep warm he stamped his feet and beat himself.

In the morning, the boy found himself completely lost so he took a course toward the south to the soap-works. After walking several miles probably in a circle, he found a road which he knew lead away from the canyon. Following this road, he arrived at a house about 4 o'clock Friday afternoon. The snow was falling very fast and he could hardly walk when he reached the house and had difficulty in telling the people that he was lost.

Saturday morning he was taken to Washburne and came to his home in Canyon City that morning. His feet were a little frost bitten but otherwise he is none the worse after his uncomfortable night in the canyon and the long walk the next day. A good many of his friends in Canyon were quite uneasy for fear that he had fallen off a bluff, breaking a leg or arm and froze to death. Several parties were sent out in search of him but he arrived at home before even the first report of the searching parties.

Red Cross Stamps.

Red Cross stamps have been placed on sale in Canyon City. The promoters of the sale of the stamps urge the people to buy and use them on their Christmas packages. This is a splendid cause. Every cent received from the sale of the stamps goes to aid in the battle being waged against the white plague. Every cent you pay for such stamps adds a little to the strength of the forces waging the fight against tuberculosis—one of the deadliest enemies of the human race. Tuberculosis costs this nation millions of dollars annually. That loss can be greatly avoided. It costs some money to fight the plague successfully, but every cent expended judiciously in the fight means the ultimate saving of many dollars. It means more than that—it means the elimination of much sorrow and poverty and pain. It is worth while to make the fight on the plague. Buy and use the Red Cross stamps.

Encouraging Growth of Dairy Interests.

Judging by the number of creameries that have been established in Texas during the last year, and by the number being established, this State bids fair to become in the not distant future a great dairy State. Recently creameries have been built at several different places, and in different sections, which indicates not only that the people are beginning to realize the benefits and profits of this industry, but it also shows the peculiar adaptation of Texas lands, crops and climate to the conduct of this industry, since the cities in which creameries are being built are in some cases hundreds of miles apart.

As an example, creameries have recently been built at Dalhart and one or two other North-west Texas towns, while Mount Pleasant, Titus county, and other East Texas cities are soon to possess these helpful enterprises. Titus county, it will be recalled, was one of the many counties having exhibits at the State Fair at Dallas, and carried away its full share of blue ribbons. A report from Mount Pleasant to The News says it has been decided to form a stock company and put in a first class creamery there.

So far as The News is informed, the forty-odd Texas creameries already established are paying well, which is the greatest item of encouragement for the establishment of others.

In time past it was contended by some that the dairy industry could not be made a success in Texas; that it was not adapted to the business. Among other things it was stated that the climatic conditions rendered the making of butter and cheese practically out of the question. This contention has been proven not well founded, both by the success of the Government's creamery near Denison and by those enterprising citizens who built the pioneer creameries and made the business a success. The News has contended for years that these enterprises could be made successful in this State, and has pointed out from time to time the advantages we possess for carrying on the dairy industry over those of other States. Among these are the great production of feed crops, and the mild climate, which gives green grass almost all the year 'round—in some localities the entire year. This contention has been proven to be well founded by the fact, as above stated, that the dairies already being operated are proving profitable, going so far as to compete successfully in the Northern markets with dairies located in what are known as, "the great dairy States." This looks somewhat like "carrying coals to Newcastle," but such is the fact, nevertheless.

It is not too much to believe that in the comparatively near future Texas will be classed among the "great dairy States."—Dallas News.

Miss Mabel Rowan Entertains.

Last Monday night at the home of Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Rowan in the western portion of the city, Miss Mabel Rowan entertained a few of her young friends. The evening was spent in playing old familiar games and celebrating the holidays with shooting fireworks. The weather was cold and disagreeable and only the following were present, Misses Wina Brown, Oce Mills, Mabel Rowan and Edith Peterson; Messrs. Roy Moreland, Guy Ballard, Earnest Reed, Bob Donald and Jess Pipkin.

Be a News subscriber.

Hotel "Baltimore" is the name to be given the new hostelry that is expected to be in running order before the first of the year, under the management of Hall and Newberry who are going to make this an up-to-date hotel in every particular, as they are sparing no expense to furnish their 30 rooms with best and latest furnishings, these rooms will be warm, well ventilated, and plenty of light, cheerful as they have a frontage on two of the principal streets of the city, one of them facing the court house.

The dining room service will be of the best, as great preparation has been made to have it in first class order, the management are catering to the best patrons, both as to the home resident and traveling public and are going to make it an "Ideal" place to stop. The News wishes them success.

The Power of a Dollar.

A dollar buys ten good cigars, it buys a round of drinks, And when a man is spending one that way he never thinks. A dollar much, "Oho," he cries, "let all now merry be, This is the time for mirth and fun, the time for revelry, This is the Christmas season, and we'll let the welkin ring!" But somewhere is an orphan cold, who will not get a thing. A dollar slips away from us, a dollar's seldom missed, My lady smiles through losing one or two or three at whist, A dollar goes for chocolate creams, for ribbons for her hair, For trifling gauds to deck herself, but then she doesn't care; We must be gay at Christmas time, must be of cheerful mind, But somewhere is an orphan sad, whom Santa will not find. Oho, a dollar is not much, I grant you that, but still, An orphan's tattered stocking, I will buy enough to fill; 'Twill cheer come youthful heart and bring a smile to youthful lips, 'Twill purchase happiness for babes whom now grim sorrow grips, It won't buy many good cigars or drinks or ribbons gay, But for an orphan it will buy a Merry Christmas Day. —Detroit Free Press.

Lewis Smith of Hereford, Texas, called at the News office Saturday, he is one of the business men of that growing little city. He made an inspection of the Randall County court house and gave it as his opinion that it was a great credit to the county to have such a convenient up-to-date county seat.

H. A. Campbell of Amarillo was in Canyon City Tuesday looking after business pertaining to the water works and sewerage. He informed the News that work would commence just as soon as weather conditions will permit.

S. A. Hagerty of Tipton, Iowa, left on the Tuesday train for Kansas to visit friends. It will be remembered that he has been visiting his old friend Henry Shineberger the past two weeks.

Rubin Bates and wife, accompanied by their younger brothers Bristo and Arch, left on Monday afternoon for Tiabon, N. M., to reside on their claim near that place.

Mr. T. B. Reid and wife left last Tuesday afternoon for a two week's visit with relatives and friends at Ft. Worth and Dallas also points in Oklahoma.

Tom P. Slater of Floydada was in Canyon Saturday.

Work of the Randall County Teacher's Institute.

The County Teacher's Institute for the instructors of the schools of Canyon City and Randall county convened on Saturday morning of last week in the city public school house, but for convenience and partly on account of the inclement weather and better heating facilities, it was decided, to hold the afternoon and all other sessions in the county court room at the court house. There being about thirty teachers present in attendance.

Judge A. N. Henson called the session to order at 10 o'clock, A. M. Saturday.

Opening exercises: Address of welcome, by Dr. T. M. Wilson.

Response, by Prof. J. H. Crowley. The Institute was organized with the following officers: Judge A. N. Henson, President; Prof. J. L. Redus, Vice-President; Miss L. Lancaster, Secretary.

The remainder of the prearranged program was carried out without change. Owing to the inclement weather the first day attendance was small and several of those who were on the program for the first day were not present.

When asked concerning the probability of Southern farm lands being made as profitable as the lands of the North which are valued at \$150 per acre, Secretary Wilson said:

Why, of course. What's the hinderance? But the Southern farmer must quit sending his cotton seed meal over the world to enrich other lands. He must use this rich fertilizer himself. The South has produced this year the heaviest corn crop it has ever grown. This increase is due to the demonstration work of this department. Our campaign of education is finally producing results. The next step will be for the farmer of the South to grow his own hogs and make his own meat from his own corn.

The farming industry in the South is picking up. Right now more progress is being made in the South in improving farming conditions than in any other section of the country.

Anybody who says the farm lands of the South are played out does not know what he is talking about. The run down farming lands can be brought back to their original state and made as fertile as ever. There has already been a wonderful improvement in the condition of some Southern lands. First it will be necessary to rotate crops and make pastures. Eliminate the cattle tick and feed the cotton seed meal of the South to the cattle, and the Southern farmer will grow twice or three times as much cotton to the acre as he does now. And this ratio of increased progressiveness will apply to all crops. The Southern farmer does not fully appreciate the situation, and he will not until he finally begins to double and treble his present crops on the same acreage.

Grady Holland returned last Monday from Ft. Worth where he has been attending a medical college and will remain in Canyon with his home folks during the holidays. Grady says that the country around Ft. Worth had a good snow last week and that it was colder in central Texas than in the Panhandle although the thermometer has never been as low as it has in this country.

Mrs. H. J. Kaun of Chicago, Ill., is visiting her parents who reside near Canyon City, she expects to stay about two weeks.

Your Supplies

are matters that interest you very much just at this time. We are in a position to offer you some exceedingly low prices in the lines of goods which we handle. Our expenses at Umbarger are small and we can therefore sell on a closer margin than other people.

Dry Goods

Particular attention is called to the prices on our dry goods, shoes, hats and all kinds of wearing apparel. They are well worth investigating.

Groceries

Our good stock of things to eat, bought at the right time and at low prices, gives us an opportunity to save you money which you musn't miss.

Hardware

If you are in need of anything in this line let us show you our line and name the price. You will buy.

It is our intention to keep what you need and sell it at a low price. Come to see us.

**Paul M. Will
Umbarger, Texas.**

CANYON PAINT CO.

Agents for the famous Sherwin-Williams paints. Large stock on hand now.

BEST GRADES OF WALL PAPER.

We also are contractors for all kinds of painting, paperhanging and decorating.

Signs and carriage painting given special attention.

**WEATHERED BROS.,
Proprietors,
SOUTH SIDE SQUARE**

GOOD MEATS

We have removed our meat market to the Thompson building, first door east of First National Bank and we are now prepared to furnish the very best of meats to the eating public.

WE KNOW WHAT

the people want and will have just the right kind of meat at all times. We are experienced butchers and know the business which is a great item in this line.

GIVE US A TRIAL

Dawson Bros.

Phone 172.

**R. A. CAMPBELL
Live Stock and General
Auctioneer**

I have had 20 years experience in crying sales. If you wish to sell your LIVE STOCK, farm machinery, household and kitchen furniture or farm property no matter where located.

All work guaranteed to give satisfaction and terms are reasonable. For dates call on Travis Shaw or phone 34 at the First National Bank, Canyon, Texas.

Geo. A. Faber of Wichita was doing business in Canyon Monday.

The Teachers Entertained.

Tuesday night, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Holland opened the door of their hospitable home to the teachers of the city and county who were here in attendance upon the Institute.

Upon arriving, the guests were presented with cards and pencils and told to get the autographs of those present. Various games were played which called forth some very amusing extemporaneous speeches. Refreshments of fruit were served.

Those present were, Misses Emma Neil, May Cleveland, Mattie Holland, Minnie Frary, Letitia Lancaster, Emma Bryson, Minta Gilliam, Ora Cage, Anita Garrett, Emma Brandon, Hortense Russell, Daisy Bell, Maud Brandon, and Zona Hill; Messrs. Tom Stewart, Montie Ross, C. E. Coss, J. J. Hutchison, W. J. Flesher, J. W. Randall, and Pat Thompson.

Judge Gough Speaks to Teachers.

On Tuesday afternoon Judge L. Gough of Hereford delivered an address before the teachers' institute, his subject being "Agriculture as taught in Public Schools." His theme was ably discussed and presented in an interesting, thoughtful and intelligent manner. While the representative of the News failed to hear all of the address, but the statements of Mr. Gough concerning the possibilities of Panhandle soils are true in every respect as has been shown in some community of practically every county in Texas where may usually be found a few farmers whose time and attention have been devoted to a study of soil conditions, seed selection, scientific cultivation and other fundamental requirements of intensive farming.

These experiments have shown conclusively, as has been attested by reports appearing in Agricultural college bulletins from time to time, that intensive farming methods will increase the production of practically every Texas crop to almost if not quite double its present standard.

Such progress as is being made in the state of Texas and other near by states is, as is generally known, a matter of but a few years. Heretofore extensive farming has necessitated expense accounts of such magnitude that profit, except during years of extremely favorable seasons, has been practically impossible. The farmer of this section of the state has attempted the cultivation of immense acreage to the detriment of the soil.

However, the movement toward a greater diversity of crops has gradually led up to the light of day, and the ranch and plantation are now giving away in every portion of the State to the small farm which is yielding, under better cultivation and diversity of crops, greater financial returns.

The peculiar properties of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy have been thoroughly tested during epidemics of influenza, and when it was taken in time we have not heard of a single case of pneumonia. Sold by the City Pharmacy.

W. T. Moreland has bought for Mrs. Fannie E. Hunt of Agency, Mo., from Dr. Black, the lot on the West side adjoining the City Pharmacy on the north, and has made arrangements to erect upon it a one-story brick, 30 by 90 feet.

The editor of the News wishes to announce that on account of the lateness in receiving the items from the reporter of the Teacher's Institute we thought it best to delay publication until next issue of the News when we will try and give a more comprehensive report.

Be a News subscriber.

Miss Sadie Montgomery came in yesterday from Amarillo.

Miss Jessie Smith returned yesterday from a visit to friends at Amarillo.

Miss Letitia Lancaster, teacher at Umbarger, will spend the holidays here.

Rev. J. J. Hutchison spent Thursday in Amarillo on business of importance.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Foster are the proud parents of a big boy baby, born Monday night.

Sterling Coffee and wife went to Hereford Thursday to spend the holidays with relatives.

T. F. Reid has purchased from W. T. Moreland the two-story brick on the East side known as the Peeler building.

Misses Grace Winkleman, Lola Word, and Frankie Gober returned yesterday from school at Waxahachie.

John Howell, wife and son, Jack, of Lake Arthur, N. M., arrived in Canyon Thursday to spend Christmas with friends.

Mr. Brewer, manager of the Thomas Bros. Furniture Store, left yesterday for Dallas to spend Christmas with his family.

Mrs. Montgomery and daughters, Sadie and Alma, and son, Shofner, left today to spend Christmas with relatives near Happy.

Misses Daisy Bell and Hortense Russell who have been here the past week attending the Institute, returned Thursday to their homes in Amarillo.

Miss Ida Harris, one of the county's teachers, left yesterday for her home near Clayton, N. M. She will not resume her school duties until in February.

Miss Minta Gilliam, one of our City teachers, left yesterday for her home near Portales to spend the holidays. The other teachers will spend the time here.

Miss Ora Cage of Vega, who is a teacher and who attended the teachers institute this week, made the News office a call Wednesday.

Miss Lancaster, who acted as secretary of the teachers institute held in this city and one of the progressive teachers in the Umbarger schools, was in town nearly the whole week attending the institute.

Hugh Holland of Happy, son of our citizen T. J., has returned from the hospital at Dallas where he underwent an operation for appendicitis which proved a success. His many friends wish him a speedy recovery.

The News is glad to note that the merchants of Canyon are about all closed out on a great many of their Christmas goods and judging from what was in sight some days ago they did a thriving business, all of which is gratifying.

W. C. Johnson who is attending school at Waco and who was elected president of the Y. P. C. W., was also selected as one of the five delegates to attend the National convention which meets in Rochester, N. Y., soon. He will go with the Texas state delegation of some two hundred members in special cars.

Many persons find themselves affected with a persistent cough after an attack of influenza. As this cough can be promptly cured by the use of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, it should not be allowed to run on until it becomes troublesome. Sold by City Pharmacy.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Keiser on Wednesday evening entertained a party of friends at a turkey dinner in honor of their son, C. D. Keiser. After the dinner, the evening was spent in playing progressive "42." All those who were present expressed themselves as having a delightful time.

A. S. Rollins has gone to Greenville to be gone till after the holidays.

Wm. McGehee of Lockey was a business caller in Canyon City Saturday.

M. V. Kelley of Des Moines, Iowa, was doing business in Canyon Saturday.

J. A. Stetzmilller of Garner was a business caller in Canyon City Saturday.

J. P. Anderson of Henry, Ill., has moved to Canyon and expects to make this his home.

C. B. Dooten and L. B. Neal of Roswell, N. M., were stopping at the Victoria Monday.

Miss Mattie Thompson left last Wednesday afternoon to spend the holidays with her home folks in Alvarado.

The teachers who are attending the institute were given a reception at the home of J. T. Holland's on Tuesday evening.

Miss Ora E. Cage of Vega was a caller at the News office last Wednesday. She was in town attending the teachers' institute.

The News can furnish extra copies of the "Christmas" edition if orders are placed at once as we have only a limited number of copies.

Charles Burrows left this week for Henrietta to join his family who left some days ago, and they will all stay until after the holidays.

George A. Brewer, manager of the Thomas Bros. Furniture Company, has gone to his old home in Dallas to spend Xmas and New Years with relatives.

Dr. Griffin left on Thursday evening's train for Galveston to join his family in Christmas festivities at his parents home in Galveston. He expects to visit in other places before returning to Canyon.

A GOOD SUPPLY

Of carefully manufactured and well graded stock of

LONG LEAF YELLOW PINE

is constantly carried in our sheds. If you desire high grade, we are the people you are looking for.

GANYON LUMBER CO.

FOR SALE

Some choice red cedar fence posts. Large and home made.

KEISER BROS. & PHILLIPS.

Notice to Consumers of the Canyon Ice & Light Company.

The rules of this company are that all bills for service rendered are due and payable on the first day of the month and if not paid on or before the tenth of each month the service will be discontinued without further notice. This notice is being published and a similar notice will be mailed out with the bills this month for the purpose of notifying each and every customer now on the books that in the future this rule will be strictly enforced. There will be no collectors sent to the resident districts. The

customer may mail in check or call at the company's office and settle their account. Frank A. White, Receiver of Canyon Ice & Light Company. 39 St

Choked to Death

is commonly said of babies who have died of the croup. How unnecessary this is. No child ever had the croup without having a cold or cough at the start. If you will stop the first symptom of the cough with Ballard's Horehound Syrup there is no danger whatever of croup. Sold by A. H. Thompson, the Leading Druggist.

Watch for
THE LEADER'S
Ad.
Next Week.

Pleasantview Items.

Who was it that made the statement that it did not get cold in this part of Texas? Our answer will be, "ask the wind that blows."

With snow laying upon the ground and the cold atmosphere freezing, gives your correspondent a gentle reminder of atmospheric conditions in my old native state of Missouri, when it used to freeze knobs on the pump spout.

Very small percentage of breaking was done since the last cold snap dropped in on us.

The "native" dislike to get away from the fire. The thermometer at J. H. Crowley's, registered four degrees below zero on Sunday morning and was the coldest known by the oldest settlers. It was a record breaker for the State.

The school was dismissed for the week on account of the Professor attending Teachers Institute at Canyon City.

On last Saturday evening there was a surprise party given at the Roe Wakefield home in honor of Mable who was "sweet" 15. Cake, candy, nuts and ice cream were served and all those present reported having an enjoyable time.

Mr. Wagoner will soon move his steam plow to the farm of Tom Slack and is expected to commence to do some breaking for him soon.

On Tuesday of this week Ethel Crowley and Mable Wakefield represented the Pleasantview school at the Teacher's Institute in Canyon City.

Ruth Schramm is reported on the sick list this week.

Louis S. Emery and Edna Schramm, children of the chart class, were demonstrators at the Teacher's Institute Tuesday. They did well we are told.

The birds in this section are

destroying quantities of grain that is left standing in the fields.

Long before the News will reach us in Pleasantview, the people of this locality will have enjoyed their Christmas presents as all are expecting to have a good time at the school house where it is expected to have a tree.

This locality we think is entitled to some road repairs. At or near Mr. Emery's is in almost impassable condition and ought to be leveled off and some needed repairs done.

This unseasonable weather will make great demands for feed and those farmers who are short had better make a move to procure a supply.

Mr. Editor of the News allow us Pleasantview people to thank you for the handsome "Christmas Edition" as we think it got up in an elegant manner, and showed that it took lots of time and labor to produce so much good historical facts that should be remembered.

The neighborhood joins us in "Wishing the Editor a Merry Christmas and all the Panhandle Success."

BOOSTER.

Umbarger Notes.

Getting time for Santa Claus. Have you been good?

Henry Beckman and wife and Antone Beckman and wife spent Monday in Canyon.

Frank Wuster and John Connor were in Canyon Wednesday.

Umbarger school dismissed Friday for the holidays, school to reopen on Tuesday January 4th.

Little Miss Marie Beckman has had the honor of having her name on the Roll of honor for twenty days. In order to do this a pupil must have perfect conduct and excellent school

work.

At the Umbarger School Friday, though the world was snowy outside, was a happy scene. The pupils getting ready little gifts for each other. Having no tree, a white curtain was tightly stretched from a wire and made fast to the floor and the gifts were hung on this. Corna Copias filled with home-made candy and nuts also appeared.

Santa Claus then came in and after the children had sung a sweet little Christmas song he passed around nuts, candy, and fruit.

The remainder of the afternoon was spent in interesting games after which with many happy good wishes for a Merry Christmas the children went merrily home.

MIRAGE.

Neighboring Notes of the Southwest.

Mr. H. Burtz and family spent Saturday and Sunday with Mr. Keiser and family of Canyon City.

Miss Fannie Johnson did shopping in Canyon Saturday.

Mr. Hill returned from Kansas City Saturday where he has been marketing four carloads of fine cattle.

Mr. L. Salzman is slowly recovering after being sick for several weeks.

Miss Ida Harris is taking two week's vacation from her school duties during holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. J. Leavitt did shopping in Canyon Thursday.

Nothing much going on in this part of the country since the snow fell and cold weather came on.

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all the readers of the Randall County News.

A NEIGHBOR.

Subscribe for the News.

Wayside, News

We have been having cold weather for some days. The thermometer registered 10 degrees below zero Saturday night and 11 below Sunday night. Some of us think it is the coldest weather we have ever seen.

Mr. and Mrs. Richards closed school Thursday to attend the Institute at Claude but on account of the snow and extreme cold weather failed to get off till Monday morning. They are expected to spend the holidays with relatives and friends in Denton.

There were no services at Beula Sunday on account of inclement weather.

W. H. Hamblen had a 40 ton car of coal to come into Happy last Friday. Quite a number have sampled and found it good.

Cranford Evans and E. M. Beasley engaged in a fruitless wolf chase last Saturday.

Oscar and Edward Thomas, brothers of Mrs. W. D. McGehee, came in Tuesday to visit at Wayside for a while.

Curtis and Rubie McGehee are expected home this week from Clarendon College.

TEDDIE.

Ralph Items.

It begins to look as if we would have good sleighing for Christmas. What do you think of that for Texas?

Mrs. Lottie Edwards and son Charlie came in from N. M. to spend the holidays with friends and relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Roles and Mr. and Mrs. Clay Ross were in Canyon last Tuesday buying their Christmas goods and looking after other business interests.

Mrs. J. D. Knicely was in Can-

yon Tuesday buying Christmas presents for her young folks.

All indications point toward a good time for the Ralph youngsters as there are several parties reported for next week.

If the school board could have visited the school, as the writer did, during the snow storm on last Friday, we believe they would have gotten busy and put in about two dozen window panes that is very much needed. The panes are here and why not put them in? They are liable to get broken laying around.

Mr. and Mrs. Clay Ross left Thursday for Fort Worth, Dallas and other Eastern cities to spend Christmas with friends and relatives.

GUESS WHO.

What to Read.

"Tell me what a man reads and I will tell you what he is," said a wise writer; for little by little the things that we read become our thoughts, and make the very texture of the mind.

During the last few months the attention of the American people has been aroused to the consideration of pure and impure foods. This agitation has done good, for with the abundance of good food there is little excuse for using any food which is harmful. The time has come when the American family must give better attention than in the past to another matter—the choice between good and bad reading. We have read enough about wickedness in both public and private life; too many stories of criminal transactions; too much about the evil and not enough about the good in life.

Let us have the bright and clean side of our American life only. Let us read stories of heroes who are both brave and noble, and not vulgar and confessed criminals. The mission of the press is to help the reader

not drag him down; to suggest high, not low ideals.

At this season the average American family selects periodicals for the next year. Let the choice be only for clean, wholesome, patriotic periodicals. Send for the Prospectus of the 1910 Volume of The Youth's Companion and see what an amount of the best reading selected from the world's abundance of every sort can be had for only \$1.75—52 splendid issues.

Every new subscriber receives in addition to the 52 issues for 1910, all the issues for the remaining weeks of 1909, and the "Venetian" Calendar, lithographed in thirteen colors and gold.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Companion Building, Boston, Mass.

New subscriptions received at this office.

Don't be Hopeless

about yourself when you're crippled with rheumatism or stiff joints—of course you've tried lots of things and they failed. Try Ballard's Snow Liniment—it will drive away all aches, pains and stiffness and leave you as well as you ever were. For sale by A. H. Thompson, the Leading Druggist.

Mrs. F. M. Wilson left Thursday afternoon for Redlands, Cal. She expects to remain in California the most of the winter visiting friends.

If you are suffering from biliousness, constipation, indigestion, chronic headache, invest one cent in a postal card, send to Chamberlain Medicine Co., Des Moines, Iowa, with your name and address plainly on the back, and they will forward you a free sample of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. Sold by City Pharmacy.

LAIR-COWLING LAND CO.

Sell city property and farming lands at owners price on small commissions. No speculations with us. If you want to buy, try us. If you want to sell, list with us. :- :- :- :-

Lair-Cowling Land Co.

The Randall County News

By Chas. K. Needham
L. S. Christman, Managing Editor

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

Subscription Rates.
One year, in county.....\$1.00
One year, outside of county.....1.25
Six months......75
Two months......25

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

Contributors Notice.

The editor of this paper is anxious to receive, from time to time, communications from its readers, but we request that all such communications be clearly stated for publication, and that we may know the source from which the article comes.

Any erroneous reflection upon the character, standing or reputation of any person, firm or corporation which may appear in the columns of The News will be gladly corrected upon its being brought to the attention of the publisher.

Railway Time Table.

MAIN LINE, WEST BOUND.

No. 37 to Clovis.....3:30 p. m.
No. 113 to Carlsbad.....10:15 a. m.
No. 73 Local Freight.....9:00 a. m.

MAIN LINE, EAST BOUND.

No. 28 from Clovis.....10:00 a. m.
No. 114 to Kansas City.....6:35 p. m.
No. 74 Local Freight.....2:40 p. m.

PLAINVIEW BRANCH, NORTH B'ND
No. 26 to Amarillo.....2:50 p. m.
No. 94 Local Freight.....6:00 p. m.

PLAINVIEW BRANCH, SO. BOUND.
No. 27 to Plainview.....10:20 a. m.
No. 95 Local Freight.....8:10 a. m.

Trains No. 37 on the Main Line leaving Canyon City at 2:50 p. m. is made up here, and Train No. 28 on the Main Line arriving from Clovis at 10 a. m. stop at this place.

Local freights and trains No. 37 and 35 don't run on Sunday.

THE TOWN THAT PUSH BUILT

VIII.—The Up to Date Jeweler



THIS is the jeweler who needed Some boots and shoes and wisely heeded What he was told by the shoe man's ad. And went and bought the best he had And paid with the hardware merchant's bill Which came from the furniture dealer's till, Where it went when the clothing dealer bought From the dry goods man, which the butcher got From the grocer who had settlement made With the money the honest workman paid.

P.S.—The local dealer who's up to snuff Will always advertise his stuff.

TEXAS AND SOUTH MAKING GREAT STRIDES.

Texas and the Southwest is making more families happy and prosperous and contented than any other section of America. We base our opinion on the statement made and issued shortly after the adjournment of the National Farmers' Congress when Secretary Wilson of the Department of Agriculture then declared that in no portion of the country is such great progress being made in agricultural advancement as has resulted from the efforts of that department during the last year in Texas and the South. In comparison with other sections, Mr. Wilson freely asserts that the leadership in all lines of agriculture has been assumed by the southern states and adds, by way of advice to the farmers of the Northern and Eastern states, that the timely acquisition of property in this country will produce greater returns financially than can be hoped for in any other section of the Union.

Men are farming lands in the West which has to be dynamited to break the soil. It looks to us that a man can better own twenty acres in Iowa and farm it for all there is in it than own ten times as much in some lonesome country where he has to break up his soil with dynamite and gets a crop about once in four years.

The above quoted extract is clipped from the Iowa State Register and Farmer. We have been over thousands of miles of territory in the West and Southwest and have yet failed to see any country or place where men were farming lands by the methods indicated in the above named article. It is a proverbial fact that the land of the West and Southwest are the easiest farmed of any lands in the United States. It is also a fact and is being demonstrated every day right in this Pandale country of Texas, and Randall county, that a man with three good horses can break two hundred acres of raw land and get it into a crop in one year. He can do this besides attending to the other farm work. In any ordinary year he will get enough produce from this land to almost pay for the land.

We do not censure harshly the Iowa banker nor blame the Iowa newspaper for fighting us settlers of a newer country when they learn or see there best young farmers and thoughtful renters leaving their native state and make the State of Texas the state of their adoption. They must remember, too, that it is history repeating itself. But let them be fair and honest in their criticism, especially of a country which possibly they never saw. All that will be ask of them is to tell the truth about us. There are men right here in Randall county who are worth fifty thousand dollars made in the past ten years by stock raising and farming. They came here without a cent. We have a number of old Iowa citizens living in Randall county and one man who informs the News and he resides in our community (Canyon City), that this year with a steam outfit, besides breaking four hundred acres which he did not put into crop, but he has broken and put into crop eleven hundred acres of raw land. And he did not use "Dynamite" either as motive power.

Urge your husband to move to the Panhandle of Texas, Randall County and Canyon City. Tell him that they have good schools, churches and no saloons. Tell him too that they have good soil, splended water and in plenty. Tell him that you deserve an easier life and a future which will be free from hardship. It isn't a wilderness but a beautiful land with a climate so delightful that it is a summer resort and winter resort all in one and all the time. There are no oppressive periods of unbearable heat; no long stretches of cold and sleet. This is the garden spot and the garden plot of the continent—where men grow stronger and live longer and women keep younger and healthier, where boys and girls grow up full of energy and vigor.

Emery Renfrew of Hereford was a News office caller on Saturday.

Atty. F. M. Ryburn of Amarillo was a business caller in Canyon City Tuesday.

C. B. Hudson of Tulia was a business caller in Canyon Tuesday.

H. Adams of Melrose was a business caller in Canyon Tuesday.

J. C. McCune of Tulia was transacting business in Canyon City Monday.

H. B. Guker of Lubbock was in Canyon Monday attending to matters of business.

For your bakery goods phone No. 206. Panhandle Bakery. 391f

MODERN CHAIRS.

Evolution of Our Seats With Arms and High Backs.

Chairs with high backs and arms, after coming into general use with the renaissance, began to be ornamented with an amount of carving and gilding that has hardly since been equaled, which came naturally from the artistic tastes of the period. Their size, form and the amount of decoration lavished on them indicated the rank, fortune, authority or social position of their possessors. Bishops and abbots had seats corresponding with their dignity, while those below them sat on stools or benches. Only the king and queen and persons of high rank could be seated on chairs with arms and backs in the time of Catherine de Medici, and her sons, courtiers and favorites sat about them on stools called tabourets.

This manner of expressing difference of rank prevailed under Louis XIV, and his successors down to the French revolution. To the chairs elaborately carved succeeded the armchair, so called in these times, which, with unimportant variations, is much the same as in the reign of Louis XIV. Specimens of the stools used by the favorites and ladies of honor of the king and queen may still be seen in the royal palaces of France. They were changed into the modern parlor chair by simply adding a back, which has hardly made them more comfortable. —Westminster Gazette.

A KINGLY PICTURE.

Slovenly Figure Cut by Charles XII. of Sweden.

Distance lends enchantment to the imagination as well as to the actual vision. This is a fortunate circumstance, for the real truth about some of the heroes of history might to a person today bring disenchantment and even disgust. Charles XII. of Sweden may claim the world's admiration as a military genius, but from Mr. Morjill's description of the monarch, given in the "Story of Poland," that gentleman would be anything but an agreeable addition to society.

"He wears a black crape cravat, but the cape of the coat is always buttoned so closely that one cannot see it. His shirt and wristbands are always dirty. He wears no ruffles nor gloves, and his hands are commonly the same color as his wristbands, so you can hardly distinguish them. His hair is light brown, very short and never combed but with the fingers.

"He begins dinner with a big piece of bread and butter, having stuck his napkin under his chin. Between every two bits of meat he eats bread which he butters with his thumb. He is never more than a quarter of an hour at his meals, eats like a horse and never speaks a word."

A kingly picture, indeed, savoring of romance and knightly fashion!

An Independent Element.

Carbon is an elementary substance widely diffused throughout nature. It occurs uncombined in two distinct forms or allotropic conditions—viz. graphite or blacklead and the diamond, which is pure crystallized carbon. It is, however, more commonly found in combination with other elementary substances than in the free state. United with oxygen, it occurs as carbonic acid gas (CO₂) and exists in the atmosphere, in natural waters, in limestone, dolomite and ironstone. In combination with hydrogen it forms the extensive series of chemical compounds known as hydrocarbons. It is also an important constituent of wood, starch, sugar, gum, oil, bone and flesh. No other element is so characteristic of the plant and animal world as carbon. In 1788 Lavoisier showed it to be an independent element. He furthermore proved the diamond to be the purest form of carbon and by combustion converted it into carbonic acid gas. —New York American.

Not the Usual Romance.

Recently one of our most fastidious young men bought a pair of overalls and found in them the name of the sewing girl who made them.

He very promptly wrote her a letter with all the effusiveness necessary in such a case and in due time received a reply, which, however, was void of the romance usual in such cases. Here it is: "I am a working girl. It is true, but I make a good living, and I do not care to support a husband, as I would do if I married some silly noodle who gets mashed on a girl he never saw. Permit me to say that I do not know how my cap got in that pair of overalls and that when I do marry, if ever, it will be some fellow who can afford something better than a forty-seven cent pair of breeches." —Muscatoh Recorder.

Improvement.

Bacon—How is your wife?
Egbert—Improving, thank you.
"Why, I didn't know she'd been ill!"
"She hasn't, but she bought a bonnet today for \$4. She used to buy the sixteen dollar kind, you know." —Yonkers Statesman.

Blunt.

"I should like to go to my mother-in-law's funeral this afternoon, sir," said the bookkeeper to the "old man."
"So should I," replied the proprietor as he turned to his desk again. —London Tit-Bits.

Nautical.

"Cap, how many knots an hour can you make with this vessel?"
"Can't make any just now; we're tied up." —Baltimore American.

What is not necessary is dear at a penny. —Danish Proverb.

The Man Behind the Peg.

Have you ever read a poem sweetly told in words of fun Of deeds so great and daring of the man behind the gun? But his worst excitements over and they've settled up the row, There's another wanting honors—he's the man behind the plow. They are stories oft repeated and they are getting slow; Then we're asked to pause a moment for the man behind the hoe. But at present there are many scattered thickly o'er the land, Toiling faithful without honors with their husking peg in hand. Breakfast early in the morning, most of times by candle light; There's a hustle through the daytime and a supper late at night; That's the story oft repeated at the husking time of year, Then we look and find a brightness on that husking peg so dear. Tar hath scented up the kitchen, frosty air makes cheeks so red; Ragged clothing is in order and we're eating mush for bread; There's beauty in the sunshine, there's freshness in the air, And when the wagons rattle, why what can a body care? But there's two sides to a story, throw some bouquets large and grand To the open-hearted fellow with his husking peg in hand; (Millions now depend upon him) where the sun so brightly gleams, And he'll hold them ere they vanish like some sweet forgotten dream. —Gazette.

Be a News subscriber.

**AT AUCTION
December 30th.**

My steam plow outfit complete in good condition. Also the largest combination sale ever held in the county. B. R. Watchbaugh, of Weldon, Iowa, auctioneer. Free barbecue dinner. Town lot free. One and two years time. Now is your opportunity to buy a steam plow on easy terms at Tulia, Texas.

J. D. Rice, Owner.

OUR LEADER:

THE FAMOUS

Nigger Head Maitland Coal.

Globe Cattle Dip

Cottonseed Products,
Grain, Hay, Etc.

Crowdus Bros. & Hume Co.

Conner Addition

I am platting an addition to Canyon City and it will be ready for the market in a short time. The tract will embrace all of

MY 453 ACRE TRACT

except the 40 acre tract out of same donated to the West Texas State Normal. The Connor addition adjoins the college campus, one half mile east of the court house and business portion of town and will be the largest addition ever added to Canyon City. It will make some of the most desirable residence property in the city and I propose to put the lots on the market so that everyone may secure a desirable location.

Don't Fail to Take Advantage

of this opportunity to get in on the ground floor and secure valuable property which will be bound to increase in value. Nothing else like it will ever be offered in Canyon City again.

L. G. CONNER

Take the "Newsy" News and Keep Posted.

JOHN BEGRIN Contractor and Builder

Estimates Cheerfully Furnished
on Brick and Cement Work.

25 YEARS EXPERIENCE IN THE BUSINESS.

The Canyon National Bank

Canyon, Texas.

CAPITAL \$50,000.00

SURPLUS \$20,000.00

We expect business because we work to get it and work to keep it by doing our best to please.

NO DISTINCTION

Is made in the treatment of customers, small depositors receiving the same courteous consideration of our officers and employes as those having larger accounts.

LAND BARGAINS

BEING an "Old Timer" here I am well posted on values and know bargains when I see them. I am in a position to show you the best FARMS, RANCHES and CITY PROPERTY at the LOWEST PRICES

L. G. CONNER

Real Estate Loans, Live Stock, Rentals
Office Building, North Side of Square, Canyon City, Texas

The "OUTDOOR" Herd

OF REGISTERED
HEREFORD CATTLE

BULLS IN SERVICE

Strike Twenty No. 183,865 (Anxiety-Hesoid)
Winsome Prince No. 172,425 (Rose Stock-Post Obit) Imp.
Armour Dale No. 156,843 (Anxiety-Dale)

FOR SALE

One car load two and three year old bulls.
One car load yearling bulls.
Ten head two year old heifers with suitable bull.
Ten head yearling heifers with suitable bull.
One hundred head cows with calves on foot.

—ADDRESS—

John Hutson, Canyon City, Texas

If you want to make a train or go to any part of the city, phone No. 79

BRENT C. TAYLOR

Owner of the New Opera Coach
Reasonable Prices.

INDIAN MOTOCYCLES

The only one that gets there and back again.
C. D. SEARS, Agt. Canyon, Texas

A Circumvented Lawyer

He Was Induced to Pay Full Price For What He Wanted.

By ELLA B. TUCKER.

Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.

"Oh, dear," said Ella Kane impatiently. "I wish the postman would come! I'm worried."

"What about?" asked her mother. "I'm afraid we're not going to get the loan."

There was a whistle far down the street. Ella pricked up her ears. As it came nearer she grew more and more excited. When Mrs. Kane heard the postman at the next house she went to the door to open it before he should ring. The postman came up the steps and handed in a letter.

"It's from Archie, mother," and Ella snatched the letter before it reached her mother's hand from the postman. "Now we'll see what he has to say about the loan. But of course, it'll be all right," and she dropped upon a window seat and opened the envelope with happy eyes.

"Of course," agreed Mrs. Kane. "Archie is like your own brother."

"N-no, not quite," demurred Ella. Then her face sank lower over the envelope, coloring furiously. Mrs. Kane looked at her sympathetically.

A few moments, then the color fled suddenly and the happy eyes grew dark.

"Oh, mother!" she gasped. "Archie—Mr. Booth, I mean— But read the letter."

"What is the matter, dear?" anxiously. "Has Archie—"

"Mr. Booth is a mercenary wretch!" vehemently. "But read the letter."

Mrs. Kane unfolded the letter with trembling fingers. "Whatever it is, Ella," she ventured, "you mustn't judge Archie too hastily. He is a good boy, and you have known him a long time." Then she read: "Dear Ella—Can't let you have the money. It would be a mistake. And there's another thing. Be sure to demand papers to show every transaction you have with that tricky lawyer. I know his reputation and the value of proof with such a man. You write that you owe him \$3,000 and that unless it is paid within one month he will foreclose the mortgage on your home. I don't quite understand. You say you have only received \$1,200 and that he was to let you have the rest when you needed it to meet the note your father indorsed. If he hasn't paid it yet why should he foreclose on the full amount? There must be sharp practice somewhere. Will be down just as soon as I can get away from here and fix the matter up."

"I don't see anything in that to worry about," said Mrs. Kane perplexedly. "Archie is coming down and will make it all right. He's such a resourceful boy."

Ella threw out her hand wearily. "Oh, it isn't that, mother," she said. "Mr. Booth will be down and make things all right, of course. He's intensely business, and he understands perfectly well that we were silly enough to take Lawyer Pill's word instead of his paper and so have lost the \$1,800. Mr. Booth will come all right, probably on the day of the sale, pay off the mortgage and then hand you the release, with a bow. He knows the place is good for the money."

"Ella!"

"Oh, I don't quite mean that, of course. Mr. Booth doesn't care so much for the money, but he's a man and must do things in a man's way, with himself as the central figure."

"What is it you want, Ella?" asked her mother, beginning to lose patience. "You're to marry Archie, and you've professed to love him more than all the world, and you concede he'll come and pay off this mortgage, and we both know he can't have saved up very much in just the two years he's been from college and his mining studies, even if he is an expert and getting famous. It seems to me he's acting nobly. What is the matter?"

"Why didn't he send me a check when I asked for it and offered security?" flashed Ella suddenly. "I know he has the money, for he'd just written about receiving \$3,000 as a fee for expert work in one of the big mines, and he knew that I desired nothing so much in the world just then as to pay that horrid Pill and order him to never set foot on our land or on our side of the road again. Ugh! When I went to him that day and asked for our money and he stared at me with his little cold eyes and said he had no money of ours and for me to produce a paper to prove my words!—Mother, Archie ought not to have hesitated one minute. Strict business should be for business men, not for us. It isn't his paying the money. I wanted to do it myself, with my own hands, and then say a few words to Mr. Pill and after that lose sight of him forever. Heigho! After all, Arch—Mr. Booth is—is only a man!"

Two days later as they were standing on the veranda Lawyer Pill himself surprised them by hurrying up the path. He seemed agitated.

"Good morning! Good morning!" he cried affably. "It's—it's a fine day, isn't it? I hope you are both well?"

"Yes," rather coldly, "we are very well, thank you."

"I am glad to hear it—sincerely glad. Good health is the greatest of all blessings. And now to business. I am sorry there has been a— a misunderstanding between us. It was owing to

a bit of memorandum unfortunately mislaid and forgotten and now found. It is all right about the money. You can have it at any time, and I have ordered a stay of proceedings in the other matter. There will be no further trouble."

"Explain yourself, please, Mr. Pill. I don't understand at all."

"Why, I am the quickest man in the world to rectify an error, and the mistake was mine. And now I am anxious to prove it in a substantial way. You still own that pasture lot?"

"The five acres of rocky land over on the back road—yes."

"Will you sell it now?"

A prompt yes was on Mrs. Kane's lips. Ella saw it and raised her hand warningly. Her father had once offered the lot for \$100, and at their last interview Mr. Pill had laughed derisively and refused to consider it at any price. There was evidently something in the background.

"What will you give for it?" she asked cautiously.

"Well—er—say \$1,000. The error was mine, and I wish to do something handsome to compensate you for the annoyance."

Apparently he had expected them to snap up his offer, but after the first incredulous stare Ella's face grew scornful. Even her mother looked suspicious.

"There is something behind this, Mr. Pill," said Ella coldly. "What is it? You are not throwing away money?"

The man seemed disappointed. "There is nothing at all, I assure you, except that—that—well, an old neighbor of yours was down yesterday afternoon and acted very mysteriously. He had some specimens which he showed to a few people in the postoffice, but slipped into his pocket when he saw me coming. I suspect he was trying to raise capital."

"Well?"

"I made inquiries, of course, secretly. That's business," his eyes shifting a little, "and I've kept him under watch all the time. The specimens came from your old pasture. The chances are there's nothing in it, but I am always ready to invest money in long risks. Will you sell?"

"For a thousand, no."

"Two thousand?" eagerly.

"No."

"Three?"

At an imperative sign from Ella, Mrs. Kane again shook her head.

"I don't believe the lot is worth one-tenth that money," she answered, "but I am not quite ready to sell yet, Mr. Pill."

Lawyer Pill shuffled his feet a few moments, then turned away.

"It's all I'll give," he said sourly, "and you are making the mistake of your lives."

The next morning before they had finished breakfast he was again at the door, visibly excited.

"That Archie Booth has been sending specimens away to an assay office," he began hurriedly. "Has he been here?"

"No."

"Well, he's up to some sharp practice, mark my words on that. If he'd meant fair he would have come straight to you and talked the thing over. I've had him watched all the time, and everything he's done has been sly and full of mystery. If it were any other man I wouldn't turn my head, but Archie Booth is an expert and don't dodge about like this for nothing. I'll take chances and give you \$10,000 for the lot."

They both gasped; then Ella shook her head.

"Twenty thousand?"

The gate clicked, and a boy ran up the path with a note. Lawyer Pill watched Ella anxiously while she read it.

"From Booth?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Make an offer?"

"No."

"Well, he will be here soon and try to wheedle you out of the land. I know these mysterious fellows. I prefer to be open and pay full value. I'll give you \$30,000 for the five acres."

Ella looked at her mother and nodded slightly.

"Yes, we will accept it," said Mrs. Kane, "but I warn you the place isn't worth a thousand."

"I'll risk that," with alacrity. "Now, let us step inside and fix up the papers at once, and I will make you out a check."

As he went buoyantly down the path a half hour later Mrs. Kane turned to Ella.

"What was that note?" she asked.

Ella opened it and read:

"Run Lawyer Pill up to twenty-five thousand or so, then sell. I don't think I'd better call now, for people around here—and especially Pill—don't know that I'm a friend of the family. I'll be down again in a few days and make a long visit. There is a ledge of pretty good building granite on the land, and if Pill will wait a little for a demand and will put some money in to develop it and manage the thing shrewdly, as he knows how, I think perhaps he can get his money back. Anyhow, I understand he got a lot of money out of your father a long time ago by sharp practice, and this will sort of square things up."

"The dear boy!" murmured Ella as she refolded the note and slipped it into her dress.

When Archie came he received quite a different reception from that which he would have received after the receipt of his first letter. He was delighted with the success his friends had had in getting rid of property that turned out in the end to be of very little value. Ella confessed with contrition that she had thought very hard of him that he had failed to comply with her request and acknowledged that she had done him a great injustice. She repaid him for what he had done for her mother and her by setting a day for the wedding.

Big Contest for PIANO

As it stands on count of Dec 2nd.

Canyon High School	- - -	11,340
Nina School	- - -	11,210
Ladies Club	- - -	8,380

Please cast in your votes as this contest closes Dec. 25th when the piano will be awarded to the one receiving highest number of votes.

You have no idea how much we appreciate your trade, and we will be in line with largest and best stock of Holiday goods ever brought to Canyon. Every 10c purchase in this line entitles you to one vote on piano. Every \$1.00 in Jewelry counts 100 votes.

Thompson Drug Company

East Side Square Phone 90

When the forests are all out and the mines are but empty holes,

Panhandle Farm Lands

will be giving up their bounty and increasing in value forever.

Not long since this paragraph appeared in a certain paper: "What better inducements can be offered the emigrants than good lands hereabouts at \$2.00 per acre and a good healthy climate for all products raised."

It seems almost impossible to believe that land today is worth from \$150 to \$300 per acre should have gone beginning then at \$2.00. This contrast in prices, however, is valuable as 10 years hence other paragraphs will be reminding their readers of the wonderful opportunities they overlooked in not buying Randall County land when it was so cheap in 1909-10. Progress does not end with this generation, and while lands may seem high now they will continue to go higher. MORAL IS

BUY RANDALL COUNTY LAND NOW.

In the country of good crops, cheap and productive lands. Among a moral, healthy, prosperous and contented people. Where all the essentials are combined, soil, water, climate and prices. Write us and we will tell you, come to see us and we will show you.

SMITH & MONROE

Canyon City, Texas

Farms, Ranches and Canyon City Property.

Happy's New Store

We beg to announce that on Sept. 15, we opened an entirely new stock of general merchandise in our own building which we recently erected. We are opening this business for the reason that the country is developing so rapidly that the business has become a necessity to accommodate the trade now coming to Happy. In order to keep this trade we must offer the best in our stock of

Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Gent's Furnishings, Hardware, Implements and all kinds of Good Groceries.

We invite the inspection of the buying public and when you are in Happy make your self happy in our store—we want to meet everyone who trades in our town. We think we can interest you with our goods and prices.

Plains Supply Co.

Happy, Texas.

MONEY LOANED

ON REAL ESTATE

LONG TIME, EASY PAYMENTS, RELIABLE REPRESENTATIVES WANTED.

The Jackson Loan & Trust Company

Ft. Worth, Texas and Jackson, Mississippi.

John Whitson's Ambition

He Found a Work For Which He Was Fitted.

By FRANK H. SWEET.

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John Whitson gave up his ambition at eighteen, leaving college and taking up the reins which his father had dropped. It was not to be temporary, he understood, but a complete renunciation of all his plans—of his life as he had hoped to make it. There were six children and a rascally farm and a mother whose waning strength should be nourished rather than drawn upon. It was the only way better to sacrifice his ambition than that they should be forced upon charity. In his own plans it would be years before he could educate himself and make a living.

So the books were laid aside, and he forced his energy to a study of the farm and its possibilities. His father had been content with the old methods and had fallen behind. He must push on into the new, not only for the necessary livelihood, but for the growing needs of his brothers and sisters and their education. A city was but a few miles away, and gradually he fertilized the barren fields to renewed productivity in such vegetables as the markets called for.

He was shy by nature, a scholar whose world was in retirement with his books, but now he forced himself upon a peddler's cart and sold vegetables and fruit from house to house, bargaining for the needs at home. He counted his earnings like a miser and planned for their shrewd expenditure, and he lost sleep in the study of converting soil and sunshine and labor into hard, necessary dollars.

But with it all the road was difficult and sometimes almost beyond his power of endurance. Ten years and he still wore the coat he had worn back from college, now frayed and patched; the mortgage on the farm remained the same, and he still went from house to house selling vegetables, not yet able to hire a boy to do the marketing. But, on the other hand, the brothers and sisters were all he could have wished. The oldest boy was working his way through an agricultural college, with an ambition for a higher education beyond; the next was in a technical school at Philadelphia studying to be a civil engineer. One girl was at the state normal, another learning to be a nurse, while the two youngest were still too young to have thought much about their future. During vacations they came home and helped him, and from time to time all of them had entreated to be allowed to do their share in the support. But here he was firm. They should have what he had missed, he declared, and it was too late for him to go back and take up life as he had left it.

So the years went on, and he toiled early and late and planned and bargained and improved, but for all that he was not a farmer and never could be, for it was his will in the work, not his heart. He never went to a house to ask trade but what he shrank back as from a blow, and long after his hands had grown hard and knobby his thoughts would wander surreptitiously to the books he had laid aside.

Perhaps it was his recognized distaste for the work that made him do it so thoroughly and conscientiously. There was not a farm in the country round that was better managed or that produced more for its size. John Whitson was a crank, the neighbors said, which meant that he was always on the lookout for weak, sensitive places in fence or field, as in himself, that could be strengthened by timely renewal or patching or toning up. If there was any duty he was apt to seek first and do most thoroughly.

By the time the younger children were ready for the final studies which were to fit them for their chosen callings the college graduate and the civil engineer were at work and sending their mites to the home fund. And with the coming of these mites came John's first opportunity to turn his attention to the mortgage.

Of late years he had not permitted himself to regard the future as a personal problem. It was too far away. But with the lessening of the mortgage and the near establishment of the last of the children his own future was again drawing marvelously near. What should he do with it? How unite it with the books which had practically been laid aside for twenty years? He had no taste for farming, but he understood it and could wrest from even his few acres a comfortable living. Could he do as much with his books and dreams, of which he had made no test?

But even in his thoughts he did not hesitate. The books and dreams were his, and, burden or banner, it was right that he should take them into his future when the future should be clear. He would lift the mortgage first and would train a boy to a competent management of the place and would put aside enough for household needs. Then he would be free to go. There would be no further necessity for his presence here. His mother was old, of course, and needing care, but Jane, the normal graduate, was at home from teaching now and would remain with her. They could get along just as well without him. His duty was elsewhere, with his true vocation.

So he turned over each work as he

could to the boy he was training and spent part of each day with his books. It would be three or four years, perhaps as many as five or six, before he could finish paying off the mortgage and getting things in the condition he wished to leave them. But in the meantime he would be preparing himself as thoroughly as possible for this second coming of his ambition.

But as these new years flew swiftly by, bringing him nearer and nearer to his future, the ambition began to separate itself somewhat from that of his youth. He studied himself for this work as he had for the farming and found there weak places that would need patching or perhaps obliterating altogether. Things that were an advantage then were no longer his, and even the maturity that made him stronger was in a way detrimental.

He did not spare his weakness nor magnify his strength. In those days he had dreamed of the work he would do in the pulpit, going to it fresh and strong, firm in his convictions and thoroughly equipped in his studies. Now the equipment would be scant, the freshness gone, and, though the convictions would remain and perhaps the strength, the world had passed him by, and he could not push to the front with the new generation.

But if he could not attain to the cultured eastern church and large congregation of his dreams there was still outside work in the far west which he could do in the isolated towns and among the camps of the miners and Indians. He would go there. It was not always the work one liked that was best, but rather the work where laborers were few. And in the west perhaps earnestness would be accepted in place of the culture to which he had not attained.

So he worked and studied and dreamed and counted the money that was bearing him on, and at length, when the time drew near, he began to study the conditions of his body, as he had tried to those of his mind and faith, for the years that had bridged the chasm of his duty had sapped his strength, and out there on the frontier he would need sturdy health as well as sturdy faith.

One day Jane discovered that his bed had not been slept in the night, before, and she wondered, but said nothing. But when the next day and the next went by and still the bed remained untouched her wonder became investigation, and the investigation soon brought a twinkle of comprehension to her keen gray eyes. The fifth evening she listened until she heard him tiptoeing upstairs, then followed softly. He went directly to a bare room in an unused portion of the house, where she heard him raise a window. Moving noiselessly down the hall, she waited a few moments outside the door and then went in. He was lying upon the floor in his clothes, with his head near the open window. A flood of moonlight was streaming in. Jane crossed quickly to his side.

"John," she said severely as she bent over him, "what does this mean?"

He started a little uneasily and opened his eyes, but almost instantly his face grew tranquil.

"I am fitting myself for my work, Jane," he said quietly. "I did not wish you and mother to know for fear you might be worried."

"Fitting yourself for a death of cold, more likely," she retorted. "For a practical farmer you are the most impractical man I ever saw, John." She closed the window with a bang and continued: "Now, I want a good long talk with you. I've wanted it ever since you've had this notion of the west in your head. I suppose this sleeping up here is the hardening process that is fitting you for life in the camps and on the ranches."

"Why, yes," he acknowledged a little doubtfully. "You know I have never slept outside of a nice bed in all my life, Jane, and—and it seemed a duty to prepare myself for roughing it."

"Look here, John Whitson," she began. Then her voice softened suddenly. "You mean all right, Brother John, but you can't do it. You would die from exposure out there inside of a month. Besides, you are not fitted for that kind of work. I know what you'd like to have been and what you have been, but you're mistaken in thinking any part of your life lost. It has been full—just as full perhaps as you thought you could have done as you wished. The Lord does not waste his workmen, John."

Her hand was resting upon his shoulder now, and her voice had grown tender and thoughtful.

"You want to do all you can with the rest of your life," she went on, "but it seems to me you can do more here. You understand this people better than you do that. I was through some of the worst streets of the city yesterday, and I heard little children swearing at each other in the gutters, and I heard of sick men and women stifling in close rooms, with no one to minister to them. I would like to do something, myself, John, and I can help you here, but not out there. We have a nice farm and a big house that we cannot half fill and, now that the children are provided for, have more than we can use. Why not bring little children out here, where you can teach them to be good farmers and I good housekeepers? And we can fill up the empty rooms of the house with tired and sick ones who could not otherwise get country air and food. It seems to me we could do the Lord's work well here, John."

And John Whitson, after a long silence, rose slowly and held out his hand as a token of compact. But the new light which came into his eyes was not of resignation to some new duty; rather was it a recognition of stronger work for which he was fitted. "You are right, Jane," he said simply. "The Lord's work is here."

Week of Prayer.

Commencing January 8, 1910, a union prayer meeting service will be held each evening of the week at 7:30 P. M.

Jan. 3. Place, at the Baptist church. Subject—"That the Church be Delivered from Worldliness and Filled with the Spirit." Leader—Rev. Harder.

Jan. 4. Place, at the Presbyterian church. Subject—"That the Church may realize her Obligation to do Personal Work for the Salvation of Men." Leader—Rev. Groves.

Jan. 5. Place, at the Christian church. Subject—"That the Church may be Endowed with a deeper Sense of their Obligation to Send the Gospel to the Heathen." Leader—Rev. Hutchison.

Jan. 6. Place, at the Methodist church. Subject—"That the Church may Meet its Obligations to Evangelize the Foreign Emigrants to our Country." Leader—Rev. Hawkins.

Jan. 7. Place, at the Baptist church. Subject—"That the Church may more Cordially Cooperate in Religious Work." Leader—Rev. Hawthorne.

Jan. 8. Place, at the Presbyterian church. Subject—"That the World may Accept the Bible as a Guide in Religious, Social, and Business Life." Leader—Rev. Wallace.

Remember the proverb that, "A good beginning is half ending," and let us start the New Year right.

The First Wire Nail.

Although the wire nail is a small thing, it would be a big thing to do without. Probably no one could estimate the millions or billions or trillions—whatever the number may be—that are used in a single year. Yet the first wire nails in the United States were made no longer ago than 1872. The first machine for their manufacture was brought over from Dusseldorf and set up in Covington, Ky. Later this single machine was multiplied by four and a company was organized. In 1884 the manufacture of wire nails was begun in Beaver Falls, Pa., and the product was already beginning to grow in popularity and usefulness. Just a year later a strike temporarily shut off the manufacture of cut nails, and the wire nail was in such demand that the manufacturers were swamped. From that time dates the supremacy of the wire nail.—Chicago Post.

The First Fireless Cooker.

Soon after the battle of White Plains, N. Y., while the American forces were drifting toward North Castle, the lone occupant of a house, one of the Pierce families, on the Bedford road at Pleasantville, N. Y., looking out of the window, descried a posse of Hessian soldiery coming up the pike. Having just placed a number of loaves of bread in the old Dutch oven, she betthought herself that it would be well to secrete them until the soldier band passed. She at once removed the loaves, which had already become heated, and ran up in the attic and placed them between two feather beds. The soldiers arrived in due time and soon appropriated everything removable. After their departure the housewife remembered the bread, ran up the stairs, and lo, the bread was done to the "queen's taste."—Magazine of American History.

Figure It Out.

A beggar boy asked an old gentleman in the street for sixpence.

"What will you do with it if I give you one?" asked the old gentleman.

"Turn it into ninepence quick," replied the boy.

"How?"

"Give me the sixpence and I'll soon show you."

The boy got the money, darted off to a baker's shop and bought a three penny loaf, with which he returned to the old gentleman and handed him back three pennies.

"How's this? You said you would make the sixpence into ninepence."

"So I have. The baker's got threepence, you've got threepence, and I've got a threepenny loaf. That's ninepence."—Pearson's Weekly.

Late Hour Explained.

"What kept you until this late hour?" asked the husband of his suffragette wife.

"Well, my dear," she answered meekly, "you see it took us an hour to greet one another, the meeting lasted thirty minutes, and the rest of the time was spent in saying goodby."—Detroit Free Press.

When Women Run Us.

Friend—So your detective force is a failure? Chief Emma—Yes, we can't find any one who is willing to be a plain clothes woman.—Puck.

Had Had His.

Stout Chief—Why didn't you torture the baldhead? Plute Chief—What was the use? He had been married for twenty years.—Buffalo Express.



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It's a matter of confidence that's easily demonstrated, that

On policies issued here insurance claims are Paid promptly.

We might write a book and not say more.

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Non-resident interest attended to, pay taxes and collect rentals. Good farms for rent or sale in different parts of the county. Make your wants known. Come around and let us talk it over fully.

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TAILOR MADE CLOTHING

We take orders for the famous Fred Kauffman Tailoring Co's. Clothing. They make good clothing and at moderate prices.

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French Dry Cleaning

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American Steel & Wire Co.

A sound, substantial, enduring fence, built on the elastic, hinged-joint principle—the most scientific, practical and perfect fence principle known. It yields to great and sudden pressure but returns again to the original shape.

Thoroughly galvanized and protected against weather.

We have this American Steel Wire in all sizes, 20 to 49 inches in height in hog, poultry and rabbit fence, both light and heavy.

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Watchmaker, Jeweler.
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Physician and Surgeon
 Office in Wallace Building on East side of square. Calls answered day or night. Office Phone No. 90. Residence Phone No. 24.

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 Court practice solicited. Will attend to cases in all courts of the state. Examination of land titles a specialty. Notary in office. Office in Smith building. Phone 32.

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 Complete Abstract of All Randall County Property
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A sprained ankle will usually disable the injured person for three or four weeks. This is due to lack of proper treatment. When Chamberlain's Liniment is applied a cure may be effected in three or four days. This liniment is one of the best and most remarkable preparations in use. Sold by City Pharmacy.

At Our Churches

METHODIST
 Sabbath school at 9:45 a. m.
 G. G. Foster, Superintendent.
 Preaching by the pastor at 11 a. m.
 Pastor, Rev. Hawkins
 Epworth League, 6:00 p. m.
 Evening services at 7:00.
 Prayer meeting, Wednesday evening at 7:00
 All are invited to these services.

PRESBYTERIAN
 Sunday services
 9:30 a. m. Sunday school
 11:00 a. m. Public worship.
 Rev. J. S. Groves, pastor
 6:00 p. m. Christian Endeavor.
 7:00 p. m. Evening services
 7:00 p. m. Wednesday evening, Bible study and prayer meeting.
 You are cordially invited to any and all of these services.

BAPTIST
 Sunday services,
 9:30 a. m. Sabbath School
 J. C. Hunt, supt.
 11:00 a. m. Preaching
 J. M. Harder, Pastor
 6:00 p. m. Union Endeavor
 Will Hudnall, leader
 7:00 p. m. Preaching, by pastor
 J. M. Harder.
 7:00 p. m. Wednesday evening Prayer meeting.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH
 Sunday services
 10:00 a. m. Bible school
 11:00 a. m. Public worship.
 J. J. Hutchison, Pastor
 6:00 p. m. Christian Endeavor.
 7:00 p. m. Public worship
 7:40 p. m. Wednesday prayer meeting.
 7:40 p. m. Friday training for service.

It's a Crime

to neglect your health. The worst neglect that you can be guilty of is to allow constipation biliousness or any liver or bowel trouble to continue. It is poisoning your entire system and may lead to a serious chronic disease. Take Ballard's Horebine and get absolutely well. The sure cure for any and all troubles of the stomach, liver and bowels. Sold by A. H. Thompson, Leading Druggist.

The News is a live, local paper devoted to Canyon City and Randall county. Do you read it? It is worth all it costs and more.

The Correct Time

to stop a cough or cold is just as soon as it starts—then there will be no danger of pneumonia or consumption. Just a few doses of Ballard's Horehound Syrup taken at the start will stop the cough. If it has been running on for sometime the treatment will be longer, but the cure is sure. Sold by A. H. Thompson, Leading Druggist.

Notice of Sheriff's Sale.

The State of Texas, County of Randall. By virtue of an order of sale, issued out of the Honorable District Court of Dallam County, on the 11th day of Nov. A. D. 1909, by the Clerk thereof, in the case of Row Hardware Co., a Corporation versus C. C. Baker, E. C. Reed, O. O. Allen and A. C. Allen, and Reed Allen Realty Company, No. 399, and to me, as Sheriff, directed and delivered, I will proceed to sell for cash, within the hours prescribed by law for Sheriff's Sales, on the First Tuesday in January, A. D. 1910 it being the 6th day of said month, before the Court House door of said Randall County, in the town of Canyon, the following described property, to-wit: One 16 inch John Deere walking plow, Two 60 tooth drag harrows, One No. 2 John Deere two row riding planter, One two row John Deere riding cultivator levied on as the property of C. C. Baker to satisfy a judgment amounting to \$490 in favor of Rowe Hardware Co. and costs of suit. Given under my hand, this 7th day of Dec. A. D. 1909.
 R. H. Sanford, Sheriff. 37-38

Miss L. Lancaster of Umbarger, was a caller at the News office Thursday.

TWO UGLY ANIMALS.

These Big Pigs, the Rhinoceros and the Hippopotamus.

THEY ARE HARD TO CAPTURE.

Getting Away With One of the Colossal Brutes Makes the Work of Trapping the Big Felines Seem Like Child's Play—Methods of the Hunters.

Trapping the big felines is child's play compared with the work of capturing these lumbering, colossal animals of the "big pig" family, the rhinoceros and the hippopotamus.

Too stupid to tame or to break to a halter and too heavy to transport through hundreds of miles of wilderness, it would take a man half a lifetime to bring one of these five to six thousand pound creatures out of a jungle into civilization. Therefore the expert's only chance is to find a cow with a calf and to capture the young one.

Compared with the alert, grim exterior of the felines, there is little in the appearance of a phlegmatic, ponderous pig like a rhinoceros to indicate its real ferociousness. There is hardly a wild animal in existence which is more dangerous than this rascal of all our menagerie captives. A awkward as the great creature appears when at rest, once aroused it dashes through the densest thicket with the irresistible speed of an express train.

To catch a rhinoceros the trapper proceeds with preparations such as would an explorer bound for a two or three year expedition in the interior of an unexplored continent, for the difficulty confronting him is the threefold one of first penetrating a thousand or more miles into the interior; second, of finding not only a rhinoceros, but a rhinoceros cow with a calf old enough to capture, and, lastly, of transporting his prize across hills and mountains and plains, over rivers and ravines, across swamps and through forests to civilization.

Skirting swamps and rivers, the men are ever on the lookout for the deep, round spools, like a pie plate driven into the mud, for in this wet ground the rhinoceros loves to wallow. Frequently five or six months elapse before the tracks of a cow and a calf are picked up.

Noiseless and from well to leeward, the trapper and his men gradually steal nearer until the cow and the calf are inclosed in a circle. From ahead, out of the maze of cane and creeper, sounds the uneasy stamping of the cow. With a half snort, half grunt, in an instant the rhinoceros is all attention. Head raised and nostrils sniffling, she searches the air steadily. At sight of one of the savages the cow dashes with the speed of a race horse at the man, charging the human decoy, and at that instant the trapper's rifle is heard, and her furious charge is over, provided the bullet reaches the heart by striking just behind the left foreleg—the only vulnerable point in the inch thick armor with which the beast is clad.

Now and then it happens that the trapper fails to kill in time—his gun may miss fire, intervening trees may interfere or the marksman may miss his aim. Then the life of the decoy depends upon his own agility. To run to one side before the rhinoceros is almost on top of him would be fatal, for the swift brute would overtake him with a few bounds. His only hope is to wait until the deadly horn is almost at his feet and then, with the swiftness of a mongoose dodging the aim of a cobra, to leap to one side while the ponderous creature, unable to turn short in time, dashes onward under its own impetus. Twice, three times, a clever native hunter will dodge in this way, giving the trapper ample time to bring down the rhinoceros.

Then comes the tracking of the frightened calf, which runs led at the first sign of trouble, and soon it is pushed, prodded and shoved up a bridge of log skids into a cage of the bullock cart.

But even more dangerous is the trapping of the hippopotamus, for, although in itself the "rhino" is a more savage antagonist than the "river horse," the trapper hunts the former on land and brings down at a safe distance, whereas in the case of the hippopotamus he must fight in the same primitive fashion that savages have used for ages. Hand to maw, as it were, he must engage this two ton monster while standing in the bow of a frail canoe, for the hippopotamus, as its name, the "river horse," means, is a land and water animal and must be harpooned and brought ashore before it expires, otherwise it would sink at once to the bottom of the river, the coveted calf escaping among the other hippopotamuses instead of following the stricken cow to shore, so that the youngster may be caught.—A. W. Rolker in St. Nicholas.

The Blue Danube.

The Danube still retains its ancient splendors. The Rhine is the river of vine clad, snubly hills, ruined castles on rugged crags, mediaeval history and modern glory in war and in peace, a river bright as the warble of a bird in the wood. The Danube hills carry immense, almost untouched, forests, higher and grander than the heights of the Rhine. In the midst of this rich, deep green verdure lonely white mountains break in on the eye. There are many wayside chapels, too, on the banks. In solemn, awesome, majestic beauty the Danube far excels the cherry, pretty Rhine, and it must be called a pity that so few American travelers take a tour on this indescribably "arb river."—Omaha Bee.

BUSINESS LOCALS

Go to Dooly & Jones for Bargains in second-hand goods.

NOTICE—No camping, hunting or fishing allowed on the following sections on the Terra Blanco and Palo Duro creeks: Sections No. 11, blk K, 14, Deaf Smith county; 108, 117, 140 and 141, blk K, 14; Nos. 11, 12, 13, 20, 21, 23, blk. 1, all in Randall county, Texas. Any parties found trespassing will be prosecuted. Signed, John Hutson, owner and agent, Canyon City, Texas. 12tf

If you want plowing of any kind done, see H. W. Bogenreif, at this office.

FOR SALE—Alfalfa seed. See L. G. Conner at his office. 21tf

FOR RENT—New twenty-four room apartment lodging house near the Cafe and depot, Canyon City, Texas. A snap for easy money.—Sewer, Water Works, New Depot, Normal College and more soon to begin work. 31tf Jasper N. Haney, Phone 3

FOR SALE—Town lots, and acre land near Canyon City. Inquire of owner. I. L. VanSant. 33tf

EXCHANGE—Send your farm, city property, merchandise and anything you have for exchange. We will put you in touch with 500 property owners direct. Western Exchange, Room 16 American Express Bldg., Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. 34tf

FOR SALE—Full-blood Poland China Boar. G. S. Frary, Happy Texas. 34-5tf

ROOMS TO RENT—I have three desirable rooms to rent, inquire of Aug Kaiser. 34tf

You should protect your property against fire and we will appreciate your business in this line. Smith and Monroe. 35tf

DOOLEY & JONES want to buy all your secondhand stuff. All kinds of secondhand bought; so sell your old furniture and buy new. It can be sold to Dooley & Jones who are now located on Evelyn St., south of Rodgerson Hotel. 34tf

For live stock insurance see Smith and Monroe. 35tf

WELLS DRILLED—For any depth, prices low and terms easy. Wells drilled anywhere in town at 35 cents per foot. All work guaranteed. Edward Hyatt, Canyon, Texas. 35tf

Wanted—A lady roomer with or without board. Inquire of R. T. Collins at the old Garner house.

Let Smith and Monroe write your fire insurance. 35tf

Go to Dooly & Jones for first class second hand goods.

We are now ready to consider your applications for loans on patented land or to purchase first mortgage land notes. See or write Dec. 2. L. G. Conner.

Want to trade you some city property for horses or mules. Smith and Monroe 35tf

FOR SALE—Furniture for a four room house, including a piano. Inquire of Mrs. A. H. Jett.

Keiser Bros. & Phillips have some choice Red Cedar Posts for sale. Inquire at their office.

FOR SALE—320 acres of fine land four miles south of Canyon City at \$22.00 per acre. Easy terms. Address G. A. Hansen, Anthon, Iowa. 37tf

FOR SALE—Some choice city property or will trade for good teams, harness and farm implements. 38tf

FOR SALE—One Jersey cow about 5 years old; a rubber tire, canopy top surrey, new; one single buggy; two sets single harness, one of which is new. See E. S. Fairbanks.

Bibles in choice bindings and other books for your Christmas gifts. Call at W. H. Younger's, 3rd door west of School House.

FARM FOR RENT—A section close to Canyon. About 350 acres in cultivation, 120 acres in pasture. Good buildings, well and windmill. See Keiser Bros. & Phillips.

We have some choice residence lots to trade for good teams and harness. Smith and Monroe 38tf

FOR SALE—Kaffir corn heads for seed purposes, well matured and cured 1908 crop. John Ruff, 7 miles west of Happy, Texas. 39-41

WANTED—To buy work mares and farm machinery. J. P. Anderson.

The greatest danger from influenza is of its resulting in pneumonia. This can be obviated by using Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, as it not only cures influenza, but counteracts any tendency of the disease towards pneumonia. Sold by City Pharmacy.

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Do not take it for "granted." Demand an Abstract before you pay out your money. Trades are tied up every day for want of sufficient record title. Our business is Abstracting. Careful and prompt attention to all such matters.

NORTHWESTERN TITLE COMPANY
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is usually hard to get but we are plentifully supplied with the best lumber that is now cut and we bought it in time to get the low prices which we offer to you.

Another feature of the matter is that every customer is a satisfied customer just because we have the lowest price and deal fairly in everything. Let us figure on your building material anyhow. No harm done if we can't sell the goods to you.

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 INCORPORATED. **Company** W. H. HICKS, Mgr.
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 Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
Coal, Grain, Hay, Field Seeds
 We Sell the Best Quality at Lowest Prices.

Genuine "Nigger Head" Maitland
COAL

We Pay the Highest Prices for Grain and Hay.
 Strictly a Home Concern.
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thing to consider in depositing money in a bank is security. The capital and surplus are the depositors protection fund. The

NATIONAL

government superintends and examines this bank. Our stockholders and directors are responsible, well-to-do business men. This

BANK

has been established over 10 years, during which time it has served the banking public faithfully and built up a large and prosperous business. The best service possible is none too good for our country customers and the people of

CANYON

Take The News and Keep Posted

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JOHNNIE

A Story of a City Girl in the Country.

By LEE C. HARBY

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She came from New York, and she had been told that she would die of ennui at the farm. But she did not mind, because she loved the friends who lived there, and, besides, she was weak and ailing and needed the warm, sweet out of doors of the south to help her bear the trial of invalidism and to reconcile her to the use of her abhorred crutches.

In the country around were many farmers native to the soil—honest, democratic, illiterate. Not a man of them but considered himself just as good as any one else in the whole world. They cared little for money, recognized no difference in classes, knew nothing of culture and but little of refinement. They were stalwart and brave and held as an article of faith that all women were to be protected and cared for.

Johnnie was a farmer's son and added to his inborn and inherited traits a certain individual coxcombry of dress, evinced in his corduroy trousers, his short box coat of tan cloth, worn over a full, unstarched white shirt belted in about his trim waist; his gauntleted red tan gloves and a partridge feather stuck through the band of his soft felt hat. This costume he donned when going to "the borough," as they called the little town near by, but when coming to the farm, where he "helped" to cut hay, dig sweet potatoes and do other such things, he wore any old clothes, with neither collar nor tie—indeed, he was often lacking in these essentials of civilization even when clad in his very best.

Johnnie was present when the girl first arrived, and his heart had swelled with pity for the helplessness that was so apparent. She was dainty and fair, and he thought her far more beautiful than any one he had ever seen before. Her friend, with all her womanly attractions, suffered, in his opinion, by the contrast, and this he did not hesitate to express frankly, saying:

"Miss Daisy, you're mighty pretty, but you can't hold a candle to that little girl from New York."

It was all a source of constant fun to the house family, but they were careful not to say or do anything that would wound the man by hurting his

self love. Instead they treated him according to his own standard, which only made his admiration more apparent and outspoken.

When the girl was taken so ill her admirer was "retched indeed. He could not see her, but every morning he came and interviewed her friends and with bold awkwardness would send a message of hope for her recovery. Generally he brought a bird for her breakfast, saying with his inimitable drawl:

"I come to bring this for the little girl, an' I trus' she is gettin' well."

It was not long before the glorious southern winter brought color to the pale cheeks, rounded their outlines and imparted strength to the weakened frame, for she would sit for hours out in the sunshine, stretched off in a roomy steamer chair. Meanwhile Johnnie passed back and forth attending to his duties or stopped and talked in his long, slow way, trying to find out what other service he might be able to render her. One day he told her in his quaint phraseology:

"I sho' am proud you be gettin' better, for sometimes I thought you was a-dyin', but next time you would look up and laugh—just as happy. I was pitiful in my heart of you."

The girl grew well rapidly, and the family rejoiced. Johnnie was gayly sympathetic and still brought her squirrels and birds so the strength of the game food should build her up. The fields were full of birds, and his capacious pockets served as game bags. Often drawing one from their depths, he would present it to her, saying, with a broad smile:

"I bring you a turckledove," and then laugh aloud with delight when he saw her interest and pleasure.

Johnnie's sister was to be married, and all at the farm were invited. The girl and her friend and the friend's mother went, amused and pleased in anticipation of the novel experience. Johnnie met them, radiant in holiday attire, and presented them duly to his whole family, laying the hospitalities of their home at the feet of the visitors.

Around the girl the admiration of the entire assemblage centered. She eclipsed in interest the attendants, the groom, the bride herself. The father declared her to be "the purtiest girl I ever seed," while the mother, sisters and various women who were present gazed at her in dumb admiration. Not so the little nine-year-old brother—cute, curly haired and unafraid. Accustomed to frankly speak his mind, he planted himself firmly in front of her, his hands upon his hips, and gravely announced:

"You sho'ly is purty—the purtiest lady that's ever been an' come about here."

The girl used her camera and perpetuated the wedding scene, receiving ecstatic thanks from her admirer and all who belonged to him. Indeed, the

rough farmhouse well deserved being photographed, for it had been turned, within and without, into a bower of rustic beauty in honor of the occasion.

It was wreathed with graceful gray moss and garlanded with evergreens, and the glowing crimson berries of holly and bramble vine mixed with the snowy waxen clusters of the native mistletoe. It evinced taste and an innate sense of the beautiful and artistic quite unlooked for among this class, but the great, wide chimney, with its roaring light wood fire, threw its dancing golden radiance over decorations as beautiful as any bride could desire.

To the girl fresh from a great city and its conventions everything was new, interesting, charming, and Johnnie's sister sang his praises right earnestly:

"Johnnie's always thinkin' after mammy an' me. He's sho'ly a good boy. He never drinks nothin', an' he don't smoke, an' he don't chew none, an' he never goes out nowhere 'less we says we don't want him at home. Johnnie 'll do mos' any kin' of work so it helps 'long mammy an' me, an' I always says that when a boy is good to his own people he'll sho'ly be good to his wife."

The friend heard the conversation, understood and smiled. Johnnie was unsmooth and ignorant, but he was sufficiently the lover to endeavor to turn everything to his advantage.

Meanwhile a comfortable residence upon another holding was being erected for the family at the farm, and into this they, with their guest, soon moved. She could walk a little now without her crutches, and Johnnie came and planted trees and shrubbery while she looked on and directed. Every one teased the girl about the countryman's devotion, but she smiled on him kindly and made him happy by her interest in his simple talk, while almost imperceptibly some of his rough edges were smoothed away.

Soon came the spring and the wild flowers and the joyous gathering of luscious berries, and then in the height of all this beauty the girl had to return to her city home. Johnnie grieved. He soon ceased coming to the new farm, and it was not long before his odd ways and his frankly expressed admiration for their erstwhile guest became only an amusing memory.

Three years passed, and the girl in her northern home knew many changes from health to sickness, but at length the Divine Love listened to her prayers and healed her, and in the fullness of her joy and in her pride of new found strength and ability she came again for a little visit to her southern friends.

Johnnie heard of her arrival and beamed with happiness. His heart had remained true to its idol, and he hastened to renew his allegiance. The girl, though, changed, she shy of him now—she seemed shy of him now—

"Little girl," he said, "I sho' am glad in my heart to see you and proud all through to watch you walk so nimble."

She smiled at the phrasing, but felt that it would never do to trifle with a true affection, no matter how lowly the station of the man by whom it was honestly offered. So she drew somewhat aloof in her manner, but he grew only the more devoted. He was her humble slave. He tried to fulfill her wishes before she could utter them. He would walk miles to do her errands or bring her bundles. His constant services spoke more than words, but he often assured her that:

"You be the pleasesingest girl that ever come out of New York."

It was difficult for him to realize that she really needed no assistance now. He was ready to lend his strong arms to carry her over every rough place that met her feet, reminding her that:

"The last time I never could permit you to walk there—no, never, never!"

It was very touching sometimes and very amusing always. And the little girl and her friend were full of youth's high spirits, fun and laughter. So the weeks went by—all too rapidly—and at last the end came.

The day before the departure of the girl Johnnie had labored hard and seemed to find constant movement and work necessary for ease of mind. He had strapped the trunk and locked her valise and in his rough way had done everything of which he could think which might add to her comfort.

The girl was very shy when with him and tried to keep her friend ever present, feeling that some confession of affection impended and being very sorry and pitiful for the pain she might be obliged to inflict. At last by some inadvertent chance they were left alone together.

Johnnie stopped in drawing the case over her umbrella and, looking at her, asked earnestly:

"Does your heart hurt you about going, little girl?"

"I am sorry to leave my friends, Johnnie."

The nature of the man showed itself equal to the occasion, hurt as he was, and his face was a quiver with feeling. He thought only of her, and with that innate chivalry which will always try to spare a woman pain he said:

"Never mind, little girl; never mind. I can bear it, but if I die tonight or if I live a thousand years I always will love you, little girl."

"Chief," said the prisoners is quippy," said the jailer. "One had a quip toward writin' and she was always swipin' ink out of the schoolroom."

"She swiped ink in her thimble. She'd fill the thimble up to the brim and then stand it carefully in her hair. Mighty good balancin' was required on the way back to her cell. Still, what if she did spill a drop or two on her scalp? A female convict ain't on view like a society woman, is she?"

"Of course as soon as we got on to the thimble game we put a stop to it. That didn't put a stop to the ink stealin', though. I says to her one day on the way back from the schoolroom:

"Well, Russell, no more poetry writin' with ink what don't belong to ye, hey?"

"She just smiled and mumbled something."

"Speak up," says I. "Do ye miss yer ink—yes or no?"

"Bub-uh-uh," says she, tryin' to brush past me. But I grabbed her arm. I noticed a thin black thread of sump'n tricklin' from her lips. Yes, sir! Would ye believe it? She was stealin' the people's ink now in her mouth!"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Poor Billiards.

"One summer in the country," said a well known amateur billiardist, "another man and I were overtaken by a storm and had to go into a tavern for shelter. The rain fell steadily. We had three or four long hours before us. Time began to hang heavily on our hands."

"Landlord," said I, "do you happen to have a billiard table?"

"Sure," said the landlord. "Sure. Just step this way, gent."

"He proudly threw open the door of a dark, stuffy room. We saw an antiquated table with a patched cloth, and in the corner was a rack of crooked cues."

"Any balls?" said I.

To Be Sharp.

The Aryan root "ak" meant "to be sharp," and the idea of sharpness has followed it at least through 10,000 years into all of the family of languages of that tongue. It is quite likely that the property of sharpness was conceived of by these ancestors from handling shells, the first knives that man knew. That cutting edge was referred to by "ak" long before the most primitive people had learned to put an edge on flint. When these Aryans wanted to express the idea of sharpness of mind they used the same word. This root went into the Greek, where it became "akros," meaning pointed. In Sanskrit it is "akre," meaning the same thing. In the Latin we find "acrimonia," signifying sharpness, from which our "acrid" comes. The Latin also has "acer," meaning sharp, and "acus," a needle. In the Anglo-Saxon it became "eag," an edge. So the idea of sharpness runs all the way through, and we have it in our "acid," "acute," "edge" and "ax" as well as in "acrid" and "acumen."—Argonaut.

The Alexandrian Library.

Omar, a fanatical caliph who overran Egypt about the middle of the seventh century, proclaimed that, since the Koran contained everything that human beings ought to read, no other books had any right to exist, so he condemned to destruction the immense library at Alexandria founded by the Ptolemies and constantly enlarged by their successors until the advent of the Saracens. How enormous it was can be imagined from the fact that for six months the manuscripts supplied the fuel of 4,000 public baths. It was the most terrible blow ever inflicted upon literature.

She Was the Boiler.

Topnoody made up his mind that he was not going to be ruled any longer by his wife, so when he went home at noon he called out imperiously:

"Mrs. Topnoody, Mrs. Topnoody!"

Mrs. Topnoody came out of the kitchen, a dish rag tied round her head and a rolling pin in her hand.

"Well, sir," she said, "what'll you have?"

Topnoody staggered, but braced up.

"Jane, I want you to understand that I, and she looked dangerous—"I am the boiler that will blow up and throw the engineer over into the next county. Do you hear the steam escaping, William?"

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