

Canyon City News.

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The Marathon Mystery

A Story of Manhattan

By BURTON E. STEVENSON

Author of "The Holiday Case"

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SYNOPSIS PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Godfrey, a newspaper reporter, is talking with his friend Simmonds, a detective, when the janitor of the Marathon, an apartment house, comes in with the story that a murder has been committed. At the Marathon, Miss Croydon, an acquaintance of Godfrey, is found with a pistol in her hand in a room with a dead man. She denies being responsible for his death and claims that she came to his room to secure family papers which he claimed to possess. She alleges that the murder was committed by a stranger who came into the room, but states that she fired a shot at the assailant of the deceased. The bullet from her pistol was found imbedded in the wall.

Later, Jimmy, a well known crook, is arrested for the murder, but he insists on his innocence until told that Miss Croydon will appear as a witness against him. Then he suddenly asks to be locked up.

Drysdale, fiancé of Miss Croydon, calls on Godfrey, who tells him the story of the murder. Drysdale explains that he called at the Delroy residence on the night of the crime and found Miss Croydon absent and her sister, Mrs. Delroy, greatly agitated. Miss Croydon returned suddenly and declined to explain her absence. Drysdale expresses faith in the innocence of Miss Croydon.

At the coroner's inquest Miss Croydon states positively that Jimmy, the Duke, is not the guilty man, and he is released.

Godfrey secures the record of the Croydon family, who formerly lived in France, but removed to England. Edith Croydon, eldest daughter, was educated in France; left school suddenly on account of ill health; subsequently married Richard Delroy of New York. Croydon and wife died in England, leaving fortune to daughter Grace.

Lester, an attorney, interested in the murderer, secures suite 14 in the Marathon as lodgings. He searches the rooms carefully and finds a diamond.

Tremaine, a promoter of a railway in Martinique, and his wife, Cecily, are lodgers at the Marathon. Lester meets them and suspects that they were acquaintances of Thompson, the murdered man. Godfrey observes Tremaine making a search for something in Lester's rooms.

The mate of a Martinique steamer recognizes a picture of the murdered man as that of a common sailor who came to New York on his vessel.

Tremaine is invited to a house party of the Delroys and attempts to make love to Miss Croydon. Drysdale overhears a part of his conversation and a quarrel between the two men follows. The gems of Mrs. Delroy's pearl necklace are found to have lost their brilliance and a search to restore their lustre is decided on.

Graham, a gardener of Delroy's, and his son are set to guard the necklace which is suspended from a pier. Later, Graham is discovered dead, his skull crushed from a blow, and the necklace gone.

A button from Drysdale's raincoat is clasped in the fingers of the dead man, and other circumstances point to Drysdale as the murderer. He is arrested and refuses to talk about Graham's death. Lester finds that the diamond discovered in suite 14 is not the one missing from Cecily's brooch. He finds the clippings, hidden by Miss Croydon when Thompson was murdered at the Marathon.

Godfrey studies them and evolves a theory that they form an account of the misdoings of Tremaine and Thompson, who had been partners in crime and who were ex-convicts. Tremaine, he believes, married Mrs. Delroy in France, and finally came to New York to extort money from her; Miss Croydon met Tremaine at the Marathon to discuss his demands; Thompson interfered and Tremaine killed him.

Cecily sails for Martinique, bidding Tremaine an affectionate farewell at the dock.

Godfrey and Lester visit Delroy's house and and Godfrey makes some discoveries.

CHAPTER XXVII.

WAS conscious, in a dim way, that the end was at hand, that we were about to penetrate the mystery. Indeed, I already had a vague inkling of the truth—too vague to be put into words, too obscure to be discerned clearly. I was trembling with eagerness. I endeavored to string upon a common thread the bits of evidence which had seemed to Godfrey so important—the bottle, the scratches on the wall, the coat rack, the broken cane, the note; but for the life of me I could see no connection between them. Yet I knew there must be or Godfrey would not now be walking up and down the room with a face so beaming, so triumphant. "Miss Croydon will see you at once,"

sir," announced Thomas from the threshold, and we followed him to the farther end of the corridor, where he tapped at a door. A voice bade us enter.

She was standing by a window, looking out across the waters of the bay, and she did not turn for an instant—not, indeed, until Godfrey had closed the door carefully behind him. I have seen few women more regal, more magnificent, yet there was about her—in her face, in the droop of her figure—such an air of utter misery, of exquisite suffering, that, after the first moment, one forgot to admire her in the desire to be of service.

"You wished to see me?" she asked, in a low voice.

"Yes, Miss Croydon," replied Godfrey, more gently perhaps than he had intended to speak. "This is Mr. Lester," he added, "who has been engaged to defend Mr. Drysdale."

She acknowledged the introduction with the faintest of bows.

"I hope Mr. Lester will be successful," she said, in the coldest of tones. One would have thought her a mere chance acquaintance of my client.

I saw Godfrey looking at her with searching eyes, and his face hardened.

"We mean to be successful," he said curtly. "You may as well ask us to sit down, Miss Croydon, because our business here will take some time, and I am sure it will tire you to stand."

"Really," she began; then her eyes met his, burning with meaning. "Oh, very well," she said faintly and sank into the chair nearest her.

"Now, Miss Croydon," Godfrey continued in the same coldly imperative tone, "I intend to speak to you bluntly and directly. We have beaten about the bush too long already. I see that you are not inclined to deal frankly with us. You have not been frank with us from the first. You have sought to blind us, to throw us off the track. Therefore I shall tell you what we already know in order that you may realize how useless it is for you to try to hold us off. We're going to see that the guilty man is punished, not for this crime alone, but also for that other one at the Marathon, of which you were the only witness. You shall not be permitted to keep him from justice a day longer. In the first place, we know that this man Tremaine inveigled your sister into a schoolgirl elopement and marriage; she was rescued from him; she thought him dead; she married Delroy; came to New York; Tremaine followed her and attempted the extortion of blackmail; you met him at the Marathon; while you were talking Thompson interfered and Tremaine killed him, escaping before the officers arrived. You did not know Thompson, but you saw Simmonds and me take out his pocketbook. You heard me read a line or two from one of a packet of clippings we found there, and while we were in the bedroom you took those clippings from the body and hid them under the edge of the carpet."

She breathed a long sigh and sat erect again.

"Ah," she said, with a little smile, "I was beginning to fear you, all that seemed so supernatural. But now I see where your information came from."

"It is correct, then?" asked Godfrey.

"Yes," she answered. "Yes."

Godfrey leaned back in his chair, with a long sigh of relief. He had won the battle.

"Miss Croydon," he said, "I'm going to reward you for your frankness by telling you something which I had intended to keep secret awhile longer, just to punish you. Your sister never was the wife of Tremaine and has nothing whatever to fear from him. He has no hold on her at all. She has never been anybody's wife but Mr. Delroy's."

She was staring at him with widely opened eyes, her hands clasped above her heart.

"Oh, if it were really so!" she cried. "If it were really so!"

"It is so," repeated Godfrey, and took a little yellow envelope from his pocket. "Read this." And he unfolded a sheet of paper and held it toward her.

She took it with trembling hand and read the message written upon it, but seemingly without understanding it.

"It is a cable," he explained, "from the Record's correspondent at Dieppe. Your pardon, Lester," he added, with a fleeting smile; "I forgot to show

CANYON CITY NEWS

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SUBSCRIPTION.

One Year.....\$1.00
Six months......50

DAILY PANHANDLE IN ERROR.

The Canyon City News, published at Canyon City, is one of the objectors to the straightening of the track of the Santa Fe from Panhandle to this city. Canyon City is not affected in any way by the proposed straightening of the tracks, but by opposing the straightening, Canyon City hopes to be the proper place on the line for the shops of the Santa Fe. Because of this forlorn hope, Canyon has sent her best citizenship to Austin to fight the proposed change which the railroad and Amarillo have asked the Legislature to make. Daily Panhandle.

The Daily Panhandle has ever been fair in its editorial columns and the misleading statements above regarding the position of the Canyon City people is rather. The News is inclined to think, more from ignorance of the facts in the case than from purely selfish or otherwise improper motives. A general newspaper with a broad field of operation before it, such as the Daily Panhandle enjoys, cannot afford to wilfully pervert the truth nor can it remain long in error and still retain the support of an honest and fair minded public such as patronize our esteemed Amarillo contemporary.

The Daily Panhandle should know, whether it does or not, that Canyon City is NOT opposed to straightening the Santa Fe tracks, but is now and ever has been decidedly in FAVOR OF STRAIGHTENING THEM. We desire to make this future transcontinental line—the Santa Fe—four miles shorter than Amarillo would have it, had she her way, as the Bowman bill provides for. And for the successful contradiction of this fact, notwithstanding the dogmatic assertions of the Daily Panhandle as above set forth, The News offers to any one the round sum of \$1,000 spot cash.

For the further enlightenment of the Daily Panhandle The News will here recite a little history: Seven years or more back the Santa Fe adopted as the proper route a line from Panhandle straight through to Canyon City, and then after purchasing the road now proposed by Amarillo to be taken up, from Washburn to Canyon City became the Santa Fe plan. In pursuance of this design the Santa Fe had the line surveyed from Washburn here and issued orders for the gap to be filled. Then Amarillo stepped in and by payment of a large cash bonus and other considerations diverted the Santa Fe, to the great damage of Canyon City and the entire system west of here, over the Denver tracks, to her own confines. She, Amarillo, also secured about the same time, the Pecos Valley shops for five years. This lease, for what else could it have been, expired some two years ago and since then Canyon City has asked only simple justice—her original understanding with the Santa Fe—her right, along with the people of other towns west, to go straight to Kansas City without circling by Amarillo and paying extra toll to say nothing of the delay experienced for the very doubtful pleasure of seeing that town.

The original Santa Fe plan—from Washburn to Canyon City—would straighten the line several miles, while the pending Amarillo proposition would crook it several miles, and this fact everybody seems to know except the Daily Panhandle. Nobody in this wide world traveling North

or going Southwest, outside of Amarillo citizens, wants this extra four miles and why, in the name of common justice, should the general public be taxed for Amarillo's benefit?

Now, as to the Santa Fe joining with Amarillo in asking for this legislation, The News has it from headquarters and within the last few days that, "it is a matter of indifference with the railroad company" whether or no the Legislature passes this bill.

In further discussing this matter dear Panhandle leave the shop question out, and also, if you will, both Amarillo and Canyon City. In fact strip the question of all its bearings save that of straightening a great line of railroad in which ALL the people are concerned. You must admit, if honest you can't help it, that the Washburn cut-off, as contended for by Canyon City, is largely in the interest of the general public who, as all intelligent folks know, must "pay the freight."

The Daily Panhandle, as its name implies, is a newspaper and not an Amarillo organ, and if in error, and it surely is upon this question, The News takes it for granted that it will get right and stay that way.

Struck Salt Water.

The water supply problem at Amarillo has ever been a serious one and when the water company recently made arrangements for a deep well much was expected of it. Imagine the disappointment when at a depth of some seven hundred feet salt water was struck and the well, from which so much was expected, had to be abandoned.

This salt water strike is a serious set-back for Amarillo because the underground supply now being drawn upon, that above this salt water, is entirely inadequate for her present needs. Water Amarillo must have, even to maintain her present size, and as the bowels of the earth seem closed against her in this respect, like Galveston, Temple and many other towns she must, perforce look elsewhere.

Galveston draws her supply from near Alvin, distance some twenty miles, and Temple from the town of Belton, and why not Amarillo get her supply from the Palo Duro at Canyon City?

The wide-awake, pushing business man of this age is an advertiser and this whether wholesaler, jobber or retailer. He knows he has the goods and is not afraid of the limelight of publicity. On the whole he is progressive, keeping abreast of all the good things in his particular line of trade and therefore, as a rule, is the best and safest man for the public to deal with. He is like unto the "city on a hill" whereas the none advertiser, his would-be competitor, is illustrated by the man who hides his light, if he has any, under a bushel measure.

About the beginning of the year the Santa Fe people informed the newspapers that because of "the Hepburn act, etc., they would discontinue issuing transportation for advertising." Wonder how they construe it so as to permit them to continue the free pass to district, county and city officials?

A learned and eminent Italian scientist predicts that toward the latter end of this month our earth will come in contact with the tail of the newly discovered comet and that ignition may occur and animal life perish. Considering all things the newspaper people will be about as ready for the general wreck as most anybody.

Representative Bowman has introduced a bill in the House looking to the establishment of a National Park below town on the Paloduro canyon.

DON'T KNOCK.

You can't saw wood with a hammer, my son.
Nor polish a marble with knuckles; You'll not long deceive with great clamor, my son.
Nor profit by throwing of rocks. You never can rise to the heights of success.
By pulling down others who've gained it.
By steadily working through storm and through stress—
They've buckled to work, not disdained it.

You can't saw wood with a hammer, my son.
Nor polish a diamond with bricks; The world soon tires of a mere glamor, my son.
And punctures the sharpest of tricks.
You never can rise by mere envy or hate.
Or growling at those who've succeeded.
By honestly toiling both early and late—
'Tis workers, not shirkers, that's needed.

You can't saw wood with a hammer, my son.
Nor fasten bridge timbers with tacks; The world soon shuns a wind-jammer, my son.
You can't build to last with mere wax.
To win you must hustle with might and with main.
And give recompense for your wages.
For those who strive hardest deserve greatest gain—
True worth is the best of all gages.

You can't saw wood with a hammer, my son.
Nor write for the future in sand; The world asks more than mere clamor, my son—
It's work of the brain and the hand.
So labor away with a whistle and laugh.
And scatter good cheer as you labor.
Don't worry—the world soon wins out on chaff—
It's the wheat that you sell to your neighbor.

—Will A. Maupin.

Ownership of the Ox.

The head of the amalgamated trust having been elected to the United States Senate and fairly onto the Senatorial ropes, returned home to look after some private business affairs. While sitting in his office he was informed that a delegation from the employees wished to see him. He gave instructions that the delegation be admitted.

"Well, what can I do for you?" he asked.

"We have come to ask for an increase of wages," said the spokesman. "The cost of living has increased 35 per cent and we find ourselves unable to provide for our families with our present wage."

"This is unreasonable, gentlemen. We are already paying all we can afford. I must refuse your demand."

"Then, sir, we will have to strike. We can endure this situation no longer."

"Strike! Why this is an outrage, right in our busy season. It will spell ruin for the company!"



FIVE CENTS PER LINE
WILL BE CHARGED FOR
CARDS OF THANKS;
OBITUARIES;
TRIBUTES OF RESPECT;
POETRY, AND CHURCH FESTIVALS
AND ENTERTAINMENTS WHERE AD-
MISSION FEE IS CHARGED. ONE
PRICE TO ALL. TO ASCERTAIN COST
COUNT 5 WORDS TO THE LINE. ORDI-
NARY CHURCH NOTICES FREE.

TOWN & COUNTY

PERSONAL AND OTHER MATTERS
THAT CONCERN OUR CITIZENS.

Fine Candies—Best in town at
Wilson's.

Will take four boarders—John
Hibdon, at News office.

J. C. Hunt went North this
week on a land deal.

Mrs. D. A. Park returned
home last Friday.

Born—Tuesday to Mr. and Mrs.
J. E. Coleman, a girl.

The grip is still holding on to
several of our people.

Tree planting has become gen-
eral all over town.

The prospectors coming in last
week numbered about 25 in all.

Little Edith Buie has been
quite sick for several days.

Work on the Prichard concrete
building is being pushed now.

"School notes" were too late
for this issue.

Boarders Wanted—Mrs. Lois
Cummings.

W. C. Kenyon and family left
on Monday for a visit to relatives
at the old home in Illinois.

Howard Stevenson bought the
2-room house advertised by J. E.
Coleman last week.

A. S. Rollins moved on Satur-
day into the house recently vac-
ated by Mr. Hatchell.

J. M. Cooper has rented the
Geo. C. Long residence and
moved in there on Thursday of
this week.

G. R. Stratton moved out of
town Monday going on the J. A.
Edwards ranch some fifteen
miles south.

All kinds of Racket Goods
School supplies and Confection-
ery at Wilson's. Try us.

For Sale—Either separately or
all together, three quarter sec-
tions south of town.

JOHN KNIGHT.

For Sale—Two hundred bushels
good red seed oats at 50 cents per
bushel. Call at farm two miles
south of New Happy.

K. F. McRAE.

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Notice Change of Business.

Notice is hereby given that the
firm of Gober, Hume & Kenyon
has sold out its entire business
in Canyon City, taking effect
February 20, 1907, to H. E. Hume.
All monies due said Gober,
Hume & Kenyon will be receipt-
ed for at the old office and the
retiring firm earnestly request
that all parties indebted to it will
please call at their earliest con-
venience and settle.

The business will hereafter be
conducted at the old stand by Mr.
Hume, under efficient manage-
ment, and a share of the public
patronage will be appreciated.

Respectfully,
GOBER, HUME & KENYON.
H. E. HUME.

Assignee's Notice of Appointment.

The creditors of D. N. Red-
burn & Co. of Canyon, Randall
county, Texas, will take notice
that the undersigned has been
named and appointed as assignee
of the estate of D. N. Redburn &
Co. in the deed of assignment
for the benefit of creditors, exe-
cuted by the said D. N. Redburn
& Co. on the 8th day of January,
1907; that he has accepted said
trust in the manner prescribed
by law.

S. B. LOFTON.

Rheumatic Pains Relieved.

B. F. Crocker, Esq., now 84
years of age, and for twenty
years justice of the peace at Mar-
tinsburg, Iowa, says: "I am ter-
ribly afflicted with sciatic rheu-
matism in my left arm and right
hip. I have used three bottles
of Chamberlain's Pain Balm and
it did me lots of good." For sale
by S. V. Wirt.

This office is doing another
blue ink job for L. G. Conner
this week. Just why a genial,
hopeful man like L. G. always is
should be such an admirer of
blue ink is far beyond the ken
of The News man. He is a good
customer, however, and a pleas-
ant man to deal with and, we
won't fall out with him no mat-
ter what color he wants.

Herman H. Thoren, of Western
Union College, Lamars, Iowa,
was in town Tuesday. Mr. Tho-
ren desires a warmer and more
congenial climate and is on the
Plains with a view to the estab-
lishment of a college similar to
the one he has in Iowa. He ex-
pressed himself as being pleased
with the situation here and said
that he might cast his lot with us.

Why do we pay rent or live on
the street corners? Why not
buy a home and "live under your
own vine and fig tree?" I have
places to sell of all kinds, colors,
shapes, sizes, and terms from
\$25 up. If you want to buy or
sell it will pay you to see us. We
are a live wire and full of busi-
ness. Phone 76.

J. E. COLEMAN.

Reuben Glue.

Reuben Glue, the Sensational
Comedy Drama which was play-
ed at the opera house Thursday
evening, was a "rip-snorter"
their specialties were excellent
and as a laugh producer the play
can't be beat.—Fort Collins.

A telegram to The News from
Hon. J. R. Bowman Tuesday an-
nounced the fact that he had suc-
ceeded in getting a favorable re-
port on the House bill looking to
the establishment of a National
Park on the Palo Duro canyon in
this and Armstrong counties.

Mr. Bowman is proving his ca-
pacity as an energetic worker
for us as well as against us.

B. D. Garmon says he will re-
sume his work as cashier at the
depot the last of this week. He
has been having a lay-off with
measles.

H. James of Ceta, in town Sat-
urday, said that small grain was
doing nicely and plowing going
right along in his neighborhood.

Canyon Hardware Co.

R. G. OLDHAM

HOGS! HOGS! HOGS!

Is the rebounding echo crying out from every market, and is now
ringing in the ears of every successful

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

D. M. STEWART,Physician and Surgeon,
Office—Thompson Drug Store.

Calls promptly answered night or day

GEO. J. PARSONS, M. D.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

OFFICE—THOMPSON DRUG STORE.

DR. S. L. INGHAM

-DENTIST-

Canyon National Bank Building

ALL WORK WARRANTED.

Rollins & Cranford

LAWYERS.

CIVIL PRACTICE SOLICITED.

JASPER N. HANEY

-LAWYER-

Have had years of experience in Texas Courts and will practice in all the higher courts of the Panhandle. Land titles examined.

Office West Side of Square.

R. A. SOWDER,

LAWYER.

PRACTICE IN ALL COURTS. Abstracts of Canyon City and Randall County.

CANYON, TEXAS.

B. FRANK BUIE

LAWYER

CANYON CITY, TEXAS. Will practice in all the State Courts Examining Titles to Texas Land and Purchasers who desire such work. Non-resident land owners represented in general. Contracts of all kinds carefully prepared. Your patronage solicited.

Rollins-Cranford Abstract Co.

Abstracts of Title to Randall County Land and Canyon City. Lists accurately gotten out and business in this line solicited.

JAS. URY CRANFORD, MGR.

Fire Insurance!

STROUD & WILSON

Only the best Old Line Companies represented. For rates and other particulars see F. P. WILSON.

The Marathon Mystery

A Story of Manhattan

By BURTONE STEVENSON

Author of "The Holiday Case"

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[CONTINUED.]

Then that fateful look flashed into Tremaine's face for a second time; he switched out a revolver; I dimly understood what was coming—added: "I had my own revolver in my hand, and I fired at him, but my shot went wild, while his—"

She stopped and buried her face in her hands, overcome for the moment by the terrible spectacle her words had evoked.

She controlled herself by an effort, took down her hands—

"He put his pistol away and stepped over very close to me."

"Miss Croydon," he said rapidly, "it will be well for you to say you did not know me. I have committed no crime; he was the aggressor, what I did was done in self defense. One thing more—your sister has nothing to fear from me; I shall never bother her again; I promise you that."

"He was gone in an instant, and then the janitor came and you and the detectives."

Godfrey nodded thoughtfully. "That supplies the motive, Lester," he said. "I have felt that my explanation of the crime was not quite adequate. But it was not only desire for revenge that urged Tremaine on; it was also the knowledge that Thompson knew of his first marriage and threatened with it word to wreck his plans a second time."

"Yes," Lester agreed and sat silent, pondering the story.

"Why did you take the clippings, Miss Croydon?" asked Godfrey after a moment.

"From what you read of them I suspected how vitally they concerned the sister. That was a secret, I felt,

which must be kept at any hazard. It was done without consideration, on the spur of the moment, or I should never have had the courage to do it at all."

"And why did you hide them under the carpet?" She laughed outright. The load was lifted. She was fast becoming her usual self.

"I had a wild idea that you were going to search me. I saw that loose place in the carpet the instant I arose with the clippings in my hand. Once I had put them there I had no chance at all to get them again."

Godfrey nodded.

"You tried to tell them the day after the inquest, didn't you?"

"Yes; but the janitor was so afraid of me that he wouldn't even let me go upstairs."

"And there weren't any papers?"

"No; that was a lie. I saw I must invent one—that I must offer some explanation of my presence there."

"Did Tremaine keep his promise?"

"Not to bother my sister? Yes; he mentioned it again only to assure me that the past was dead—that he would never revive it."

"But how could you admit his presence here?"

"How could we prevent it? It was Mr. Delroy who brought him. We weren't strong enough to tell him the whole story."

"You mean you told him part of it?"

"There has been a virtual separation ever since Mr. Tremaine appeared."

Godfrey passed reflectively.

"Why were you so agitated," he continued finally, "when you were asked to identify Jimmy the Dude at the inquest?"

"Because I did identify him."

"You did?"

"Yes—as the man I had seen talking to the janitor in the lower hall. Let me explain, Mr. Godfrey. When I was asked suddenly for a description of the murderer, I was taken aback; I endeavored to think, to collect myself—and I remembered the man I had passed in the hall, without stopping to consider—wishing only to disarm suspicion. I described him roughly as I remembered him. When I was confronted with him at the inquest next day, I instantly realized what I had done. I had implicated an innocent man—and it turned me a little faint for a moment."

"Had you ever met him?"

"Met him?" she repeated in surprise. "Why, no."

"But he seemed to know you?"

"Oh—and she laughed again—"I had a letter from him next day, a letter filled with gratitude, touching even. It seems that my sister and I had helped his family—a mother and sister—without knowing it while he was away."

"At Sing Sing, he's the most expert burglar in New York, but he's got his good points too. Witness his taking Thompson home that night."

"Yes; he wanted to do anything he could to help me; I intend to look up Jimmy."

"Do. If you can reform him the New York police force will be mighty grateful."