

THE RANDALL COUNTY NEWS

VOL. XVII.

CANYON, RANDALL COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, MARCH 27, 1913.

No. 1

JUDGE J. C. HUNT DIES AT AUSTIN

WAS STATE REPRESENTATIVE OF
THE 123rd DISTRICT.

One of the Best Known Men in Ran-
dall County.—Funeral at his. Old
Home at Paris, Texas.

Judge J. C. Hunt, of this city, died Saturday afternoon at 4 o'clock at his rooms in Austin where he has been confined for the past five weeks. Spinal meningitis was the cause of his death, and he is the fourth member of the house to die of this disease.

Judge Hunt was one of the most distinguished men of Randall county. He came to Canyon 13 years ago from Paris and has always been prominent in every progressive movement in this city and county. He enjoyed an extensive law practice and was very successful in this profession. He entered politics in 1910 being elected to the office of state representative for the short term of a few weeks and for the regular term. In 1912 he was re-elected from the 123rd district but was just getting started in the work of the session when the dreaded disease overcame him. He was a candidate for speaker at the organization of the legislature this spring.

He has held out wonderfully against the disease and during the past two weeks word came that he was improving and that there was hope of his recovery. His friends in Canyon and all over the district rejoiced at these encouraging reports. The change came during the latter part of the week. Saturday morning a telephone message stated that he had but a few minutes to live. At 4 o'clock the end came. Since his attack five weeks ago Mr. Hunt recovered consciousness but a few times and was never in his right mind for long periods. Mrs. Hunt and little son and daughter, Mrs. Cranford, were at his bedside during those long weeks of suffering.

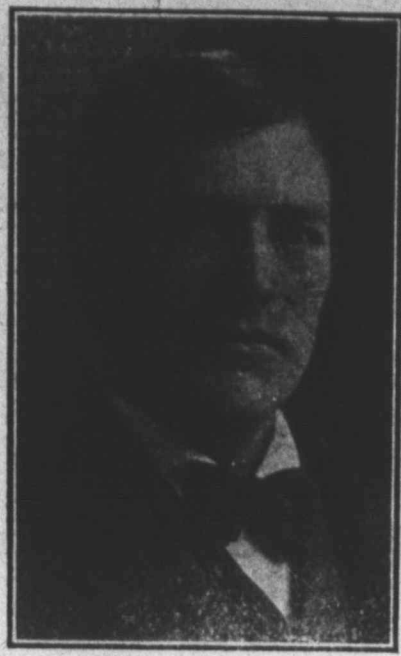
Mr. Hunt was born in Kentucky fifty-five years ago. He came to Texas in 1880 and located at Paris, Lamar county. He was admitted to the bar in 1893 and was elected county judge of Lamar county in 1894, serving two terms. He came to Randall county in 1900 where he has since resided.

Mr. Hunt was a member of the Baptist church and one of the most consistent and conscientious workers the local membership has ever had. He took active part in all exercises and under his administration as Sunday school superintendent the school has prospered very materially.

Judge Hunt will be greatly missed in this city. He had a kind smile for every person and was always cheerful. The sympathy of the entire county goes out to his wife, son and daughter in this hour of trial.

The funeral services were held at the old home of Mr. Hunt at Paris, Texas, Monday afternoon at 1:30 o'clock, conducted by Rev. W. B. Kendall, pastor of Paris Baptist church and assisted by Rev. Holmes Nichols, pastor of the local Baptist church.

Representatives R. L. Templeton, Patrick Henry, C. Herbert Walker, G. J. Cox and D. W. Dickson accompanied the body from Austin to Paris and attended the funeral services.



HON. J. C. HUNT

Miller Reports Progress.

Will A. Miller, of Amarillo, was in the city Monday in interest of the well which he proposes to put down on his land northwest of the city. Mr. Miller says that he has leases on about 11,000 acres and has set out to get 20,000 acres before the well is started. The well will be put down primarily for the purpose of getting oil or gas, and Mr. Miller says that he is confident that some valuable minerals will be found. The Amarillo Chamber of Commerce is back of the movement and is trying to raise by subscription enough money to sink the hole. Plans have been submitted to several well men and bids have been received ranging from \$18,000 to \$25,000.

Society Notes.

The Merry Maids and Matrons were delightfully entertained Thursday afternoon by Mrs. J. R. Cullum. The afternoon was spent at forty-two. The decorations were in the spirit of Easter time and were delightfully arranged. After a number of pleasant games refreshments of creamed chicken, bread and butter sandwiches, cheese balls and Russian tea. The guests of the club were Mesdames McAfee, Terrill, Winkelman, Griffin, Hanna, J. S. Christian, J. B. Gamble, Arnold, T. C. Thompson and Miss Donald.

Weber Baby Dies.

The infant of Mr. and Mrs. Ed Weber died at the J. H. Weber home, Tuesday morning at 11 o'clock. It lacked one day of being two weeks old. The funeral services were held Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock at the home conducted by B. T. Johnson. The body was laid to rest in the Dreamland cemetery. The parents are heart broken over the loss of their infant child.

M. P. Garner received word Monday that his cousin's wife, Mrs. Edgar A. Rippley, had died at Oklahoma City. Mr. Rippley visited in the city last year and preached at the Methodist church. He is the head of the English department of the University of Oklahoma.

If you haven't visited The Leader Gro. Dept., make them a call. They will show you the neatest, cleanest and most up-to-date grocery stock to be found in West Texas.

M. P. Stone, of Silverton, will arrive in the city the latter part of the week with his family. He has rented the Reid house north of the lumber yard. Mr. Stone has two daughters in the Normal and is moving here on account of the school facilities.

New Cyco bicycle at Thompson Hardware Co. No better on the market. See it before buying.

CITY ELECTION NEXT TUESDAY

DR. F. M. WILSON HEADS TICKET
FOR MAYOR.

Only Contest is in Marshal Race—
Thomas, Black, Foster and
Kleinschmidt for Aldermen.

The city election will be held next Tuesday but so far the interest manifested has been very small. A good ticket will be presented to the voters with but one contest.

Dr. F. M. Wilson has consented to accept the office of mayor and will have no opponent. Dr. Wilson has been a faithful worker in every popular movement and will make the city a good official.

Dave Thomas is nominated for alderman from the first ward. Mr. Thomas has been on the council for a long time and is one of the most willing and energetic workers. He has had charge of the street work and always sees that the streets are kept in good condition.

In the second ward, Dr. J. M. Black is nominated to succeed himself. Dr. Black is another faithful member who has had long experience on the city council and is a faithful public worker. I. L. Hunt resigned before leaving the city and for his place R. E. Foster has been nominated. Mr. Foster is a young business man and will look after the interests of the city in a thorough business like manner.

In the third ward J. B. Kleinschmidt has been nominated. Mr. Kleinschmidt will be a new man on the council, but a better choice could not have been made. He will look after the interests of the people in the same manner as he conducts his own affairs.

The office of city treasurer has been abolished by ordinance, consequently there is no candidate.

There are two good men in the city marshal's race, J. H. Jowell and C. H. Stratton. Mr. Jowell has held the office for a number of years and has proven to be an excellent official. Mr. Stratton is a young business man of much experience and should be elected will make a good official.

Rev. Haynes Will Marry.

Rev. A. B. Haynes, of the Presbyterian church, will be married next Sunday in Quanah to Miss Bertie Horn. The wedding will be a very quiet affair and attended by the immediate relatives. Miss Horn is one of the most prominent young ladies of Quanah and will be welcomed to Canyon by the entire citizenship.

Oratorical Contest Saturday.

The oratorical contest for the Panhandle district will be held Saturday night at Amarillo. R. Guy Rogers, of Grapevine will represent the Normal college. The schools of the six districts of the state will compete and during the month of May the winners in each district will meet in Austin for the final state contest.

Our stock is fresh in every Dept. With fresh new summer goods we want you to see them. Visit our store. Canyon Supply Co.

T. A. FOSTER DIES AFTER LONG ILLNESS

RESIDENT OF RANDALL COUNTY
FOR 21 YEARS.

One of the Best Known Citizens of the
County—Has Been Ill for
More Than year.

T. A. Foster, Uncle Tom, as he was more familiarly known to practically every resident of Canyon, passed away Tuesday evening at 6:45, after a long illness of more than a year. For more than six months it has been known there was no hopes of recovery and several times it was thought that he could not live much longer.

Uncle Tom was born in South Carolina Oct. 12, 1831. When a boy his parents moved to North Carolina. He was married December 23, 1851, to Miss Susan L. Paine. Eight children were born to this union, all of whom together with their mother are living. From North Carolina the family moved to Red River county, Texas, in 1870, to Delta county in 1874, to Hunt county in 1877 and to Randall county in 1891 where most of the family now resides. Mr. and Mrs. Foster have 39 grandchildren and 18 great-grandchildren.

Mr. Foster was a Confederate soldier, a member of the 64th N. C. regiment under General Frazier. He joined the army August 5, 1862 and returned to his home in June 1865. He was captured at Cumberland Gap and was a prisoner for 21 months during his services he was appointed sergeant and forage master.

Mr. Foster professed faith in Christ in 1850 and united with the Methodist Episcopal church of which he has been a consistent member to the day of his death.

Mr. Foster was a good man. He was a good husband and father and a friend to every man. The people of Canyon will greatly miss him.

The funeral services were held today at 1 o'clock at the Methodist church conducted by Rev. F. M. Neal. The services were attended by all the members of the family, Mrs. T. A. Foster and eight children, Stark, of Wilbarger county, Jim, R. E., Will, Joe and George, of Haskell Mrs. Marth Jack, of Haskell, and Mrs. Mary Bradley, of Quanah.

The following were the pall bearers: T. F. Read, W. F. Heller, J. M. Vansant, N. Thompson, T. D. Coffee and J. C. Pipkin, all of whom were old Confederate soldiers.

Amarillo Defeats Normal.

The local baseball season opened last Saturday afternoon, the initial game being between the Amarillo high school and the Normal teams on the Normal grounds. A stiff, cool breeze was blowing from the southeast and hindered a great deal in fielding the ball, however both pitching staffs did excellent work.

The game was called at the end of 8 innings, in order to give the visitors time to catch the train home. The final score stood 9 to 4 in favor of the visitors. This is the first time in the history of Canyon baseball that any team representing Amarillo has defeated a Canyon team.

The mainspring of the locals was Reynolds at the bat and the

pitching of Black in the field. The contest was an even draw up to the fifth inning when a series of errors on the part of the locals gave the visitors 3 runs. Bunching their hits the Normal scored twice in the 6th, started by Reynolds who got 2 singles, a walk and one 3 bagger during the game. The rest of the contest was featured by errors by both teams. Score by innings:

Normal	0	0	0	1	2	1	0	4
Amarillo	0	0	0	3	1	0	6	9

For Amarillo Crotty struck out 12, allowed 9 hits, walked 3. For Canyon Black struck out 13, allowed 6 hits, walked 2.

More Credits to Public Schools.

Dr. Henderson, state inspector of high schools for the state university, was in the city last week and gave credits to the Canyon high school in U. S. History and Civics and conditional credits in Physical Geography, the condition to be removed when the school presents to Dr. Henderson note books showing acceptable work done. Dr. Henderson expressed surprise and delight at the wonderful progress made in the school since he visited here two years ago. With the new credits, the public school has almost complete affiliation with the state university.

Two Good Chickens Missing.

H. E. Muldrow received his prize winning chickens from Ft. Worth this week but his prize winning pullet and another good one were missing from the coops. The express company received but ten chickens so they were evidently stolen before the coops left the show room. The loss is quite large of Mr. Muldrow as this pullet had won him a large number blue ribbons.

Snow Tuesday Night.

A three inch snow fell Tuesday night in Randall County. Wednesday was quite cool but considerable snow melted. The snow will not make a great deal of moisture.

J. W. Cheney, business manager of the Daily Panhandle, and John S. Harper, former editor of that paper, passed through the city Monday morning on their way out to look at some land near Umbarger for which Mr. Harper recently traded, and which he is going to improve. These gentlemen made the News office a pleasant call and said that it is about the best country print shop they have ever seen. Mr. Cheney is a new man with the Panhandle and is making the paper better. Harper—The Only—got out a dandy paper while he was at the helm, but the call of nature—his trading nature—was too strong and back to it he went.

A ranchman came to town this week in an auto to do a little grocery trading and dropped in to The Leader Grocery Dept. and found the amount of money he intended spending would buy more than he could carry in his machine. He had to go back and get his farm wagon.

J. L. Prichard brought the News man a duck Saturday morning that he had killed the night before by moonlight. In fact he got three that night on the water. He says that his youngest boy killed 15 the other day out of one bunch. Thanks J. L. for the duck.

Randall county leads all.

WANT FARMERS IN STATE CONTEST

ONLY 10 FROM RANDALL COUNTY
SO FAR ENTERED.

Texas Industrial Congress will Give
\$10,000 in Prizes to the
Texas Farmers.

The Texas Industrial congress wants more Randall county farmers in the agricultural contest which they conduct. So far there are less than 10 in this contest and there should be at least 50. Here is the letter that the Congress sent to the News this week:

Randall County has less than 10 entries in the \$10,000 prize contest of the Texas Industrial Congress for the best agricultural crop yields produced in the state this year.

These contests during the past two years have been of incalculable benefit to Texas and its agricultural interests. 17 counties in 1911 and 55 in 1912 received prizes, and we hope to see a much larger number represented by prize winning contestants in 1913.

Applications to enter this contest will not be received if mailed after April 1st, and as the time for entering is now very short we sincerely trust that you will make an effort to have your county properly represented.

It is a splendid advertisement for any county to have as many contestants as possible as information concerning the Congress is given publicity throughout the Union and in the course of the year we have hundreds of inquiries for information, as to what sections of the state afford the greatest agricultural opportunities.

We want your county to be enrolled in this campaign for agricultural betterment and trust that you will make an earnest effort to induce a number of your farmers—men, women, boys and girls—to send us their applications at once.

Prizes are offered for corn, cotton, kafir corn and milo maize—for irrigated crops and for unirrigated crops, so that every section of the state has an opportunity to enter the competition.

Contestants are at no expense. The crops they produce are theirs to dispose of as they see fit, advice and instruction thru agricultural bulletins issued by the Congress are free to all contestants. There are no charges of any kind.

Under these circumstances we believe that the farmers of your county are neglecting an unusual opportunity to better themselves and at the same time to advertise their section, if they do not manifest an interest in this work.

Thanking you for your cooperation in our effort "For a Greater Texas, Smaller Farms and Better Farming," we remain, Very truly yours,

Texas Industrial Congress.

Clovis Here April 4.

The Clovis baseball team will be here Friday April 4 to play the Normal. Clovis is reported to have a good team this year.

We guarantee every sack of White Crest flour we sell. Try a sack. Canyon Supply Co. It



MONEY TO LOAN

ON WELL
SECURED
CATTLE
PAPER
AT

The First State Bank

A Guaranty Fund Bank

Canyon Lumber Co.

Everything in the way of
building material.....

The House Of High Quality.

See the News Printery

FOR THE SUPERIOR KIND OF

Commercial Job Printing

HOUSEHOLD DEPARTMENT.

(Edited by Mrs. C. W. Warwick.)

c—cup
Ts—Tablespoonful
ts—teaspoonful

SAVORY CABBAGE LEAVES Contributed.

Select large, firm cabbage leaves and in the center of each put a Ts of minced beef with a little ham. Mix well, flavor with onion or celery, salt and pepper.

Fold the leaves around the mixture and skewer with tooth-picks. Lay the leaves side by side in baking pan and pour around them a little extract of beef dissolved in hot water. Cover and bake 20 minutes. With a cake turner remove each leaf to a hot platter and keep hot while adding a little strained tomato juice to liquor in pan. Thicken with browned flour. Season to taste and pour over the leaves in the dish.

DATE CAKES

2 c rolled oats
2 1-2 c flour well sifted
1 c brown sugar creamed with 1-2 c lard
1-2 c butter
1-2 ts soda dissolved in 1-2 c sour milk

Roll out on a well-floured board and cut with biscuit cutter. Filling—1 pound dates, 1 c brown sugar and 1 c hot water. Let dates cook slowly to prevent burning and cool before using.

CREAM PUFFS

Boil together 1 c water and 1-2 c lard and while hot add 1 c flour and a pinch of salt. Beat vigorously until the mixture rolls from the side of the dish then add 4 eggs—one at a time—beating two minutes after adding each egg. Bake 30 minutes in a moderate oven. When cool, split and fill with whipped cream or custard.

Prof. Patty Saturday Night.

Prof. Patty will give his wonderful entertainment at the Normal auditorium Saturday night. The entertainment comprises a lecture and experiments with Radium, Liquid Air and Wireless Telegraphy. These three subjects are receiving great attention in the scientific work of today and every man, woman and child should know something about them. Prof. Patty will tell you about these subjects in simple language and show you some of their wonders in experiments. The entertainment starts promptly at 8 o'clock as there are many experiments to perform. 16

Microbes in Your Scalp

Authorities say that a microbe causes baldness. If you are losing hair try our remedy at our risk.

Professor Unna, of Germany, and Dr. Sabouraud, the great French Dermatologist, claim that a microbe causes baldness and their theory has been verified by eminent scientists. This microbe destroys the hair follicles, in time causing the scalp pores to close and the scalp to become shiny. Then, it is believed nothing will revive the growth. If treated before this occurs, baldness may be overcome.

We know of nothing that has given such universal satisfaction in treating the scalp and hair as Rexall "93" Hair Tonic. It has been designed after long study to overcome the cause of falling hair as discovered by Prof. Unna, Dr. Sabouraud and other scalp and hair specialists, and we believe it will do more than anything else can to remove dandruff and stop falling hair; and if any human agency can promote a new growth of hair it will do that, too.

We want you to make us prove it. We will pay for a month's treatment of Rexall "93" Hair Tonic used during a trial, if you will use it according to directions, and are not thoroughly satisfied. When we will do this, you surely should not hesitate to at least try it.

Start the treatment today. Your mere request will get your money back if you want it. Two sizes: 50c and \$1.00.

You can buy Rexall "93" Hair Tonic in this community only at our store:

CITY PHARMACY

Canyon The Rexall Store Texas
There is a Rexall Store in nearly every town and city in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. There is a different Rexall Remedy for nearly every ordinary human illness, especially designed for the particular ill for which it is recommended.
The Rexall Stores are America's Greatest Drug Stores

Phone any news you know to 41.

RECOGNIZED LEADER AMONG TYPEWRITERS

Leadership means superiority of product---a superiority which produces leadership is proved by leadership.

It means more than this. It means everything associated with the word FIRST.

The Remington Typewriter is first in history, first in prestige, first in quality, first in recent improvements, first in size and completeness of organization, first in distribution, and first in service to the customer.

The word FIRST in every department of leadership applies only to the

Remington

Write for Catalogue.

Remington Typewriter Salesrooms
DALLAS, - - - TEXAS

The First National Bank of Canyon

Capital : : \$100,000

Surplus and Profits : \$ 50,000

APPRECIATION

This Bank values the business it receives from its customers and takes every opportunity of telling them so. Our customers on the other hand appreciate the fact that the service extended to them is coupled with security. Any business arrangement to be permanent must be mutually satisfactory and profitable. Therefore, in the selection of your bank have permanency in view and establish yourself for your present and future well-being with a good sound bank.

ECZEMA

CAN BE CURED

I Will Prove It to You Free

You who are suffering the tortures of Eczema, Itch, Salt Rheum or other skin diseases—you whose days are miserable, whose nights are made sleepless by the terrible itching, burning pains, let me send you a trial of a month's treatment which has cured hundreds, which I believe will cure you. I will send it free, postage paid, without any obligation on your part. Just fill the coupon below and mail it to me, or write me, giving your name, age and address. I will send the treatment free of cost to you.

J. C. HUTZELL, D. D.

J. C. HUTZELL, 112 West Main St., Fort Wayne, Ind.

Please send without cost or obligation to me your Free Proof Treatment.

Name.....Age.....
 Post Office.....
 State.....Street and No.....

NEW GOODS

New goods are arriving daily at the Normal Grocery Company. We have absolutely the freshest stock of groceries in the city and are adding the best that market affords. If you have not visited our store this week, come today. We want to show you our stock of goods. It is to your interest to trade at the best store in town and that means our store.

You have never been able to buy better meats than we are offering you today.

Normal Grocery Company

W. E. LAIR, Manager

Your Home Should Not Be Without

Randall County News	-	\$1.50 a year
Holland's Magazine	-	\$1.00 a year
Farm and Ranch	-	\$1.00 a year

All Three a Year
To You For Only \$2.25

THE RANDALL COUNTY NEWS gives you all the local news and items of interest. HOLLAND'S MAGAZINE fills a place in the southwestern home. FARM AND RANCH is necessary to every Banker, Merchant and Farmer. : : :

You Ought to Have These Three
Order Today.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE NEWS

Happy Items.

Bill Anderson and Otis Malcolm made a business trip to Plainview Thursday.

Mrs. Myna C. Malcolm was a business caller in Canyon the later part of the week.

J. H. Vanderslice made a business trip to Plainview Friday.

L. M. Scoggins left Friday for Ft. Worth to spend a few days with relatives and look after some business.

Mrs. Jennie Harrison returned to Amarillo Saturday after several days visit with relatives west of town.

Dave Garrison was a Plainview visitor last week.

Miss Julia Mulkey was down from Canyon over Sunday visiting with home folks.

The box social given at the Woodman hall by the Junior class of the Union S. S. was a splendid success. About eighty boxes were sold netting about forty dollars. The proceeds go to the S. S. library.

Miss Carrie Ponder was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. F. Q. McElroy Friday night.

Joe Garrison was in Canyon on business Friday.

Zenith L. Riley was down from Amarillo Monday on business.

W. S. Cook is not so well at this writing.

J. R. King, of Iowa visited with his brother W. T. King Northeast of town last week.

The red and blue contest at the Union S. S. closed last Sunday, resulting in a tie. Each side will banquet the other some time in the near future. The Sunday School is much increased in attendance and interest since this contest was started a month ago.

Curtis McGehee, of Wayside transacted business in Happy the first of the week.

Payne Bras, of Wayside hauled wire and cotton seed meal from Happy Monday.

Mrs. M. E. Maxwell has resigned her position at the bank.

Some one poisoned a number of dogs last Sunday night. Among them were some valuable ones and the owners are up in the air about it.

Some one shot through W. T. Miller's house last Saturday night. It was a stray shot and no harm was done except the glass being broken out of the front door and the family pretty badly scared for a few minutes.

J. O. Bradenbaugh made a business trip to Tulia Monday.

Miss Storms came down from Canyon Saturday and visited with Carrie Ponder over Sunday.

The little baby of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Sims is reported very sick.

J. H. Vanderslice left Tuesday for Coleman, Texas on business. Mrs. Vanderslice will visit relatives at Lockney during her husband's absence.

Miss Martha Kuehn is down from Amarillo visiting with her mother and brother, W. W. Kuehn.

Mrs. L. M. Scoggins spent Tuesday with Mrs. Beulah McMillen.

Jessie Christian came down from Canyon Tuesday on business.

The Mother's Favorite.

A cough medicine for children should be harmless. It should be pleasant to take. It should be effective. Chamberlain's Remedy is all of this and is the mother's favorite every where. For sale by ALL DEALERS.

(Advertisement)

Calomel is bad.

But Simmon's Liver Purifier is delightfully pleasant and its action is thorough. Constipation yields; biliousness goes. A trial convinces. (In Yellow Tin Boxes Only.) Tried once used always.

(Advertisement)

V-A-V-A cleans everything but a guilty conscience.

Birthday Offer

In honor of the 17th birthday of the Randall County News, we offer the special subscription rate for one week only to new subscribers only, from now until January 1, 1914 for only

Seventy-Five Cents

The regular subscription rate of the News is \$1.50 per year. Send the News to the folks back home for this period of time. Remember, this offer is good only for new subscribers.

Randall County News

EMERSON IMPLEMENTS

are the most satisfying and up-to-date line on the market. We carry a complete assortment in stock at all times. Come in and let us show you why it will pay you to buy an Emerson.

You get lighter draft, longer life, more satisfactory work and have less repairs than with any other machinery.

On display at our store.

P. J. GREEN Hardware Co.

WEST SIDE SQUARE

CANYON, TEXAS

The Randall County News.

C. W. Warwick, Managing Editor.

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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

TO THE NEWSPAPER FRATERNITY

The citizens of Canyon will entertain the Panhandle Press association on Saturday, April 12. Each newspaper man and woman in the entire Plains country is expected to be in Canyon on that day to assist in making the program the most interesting of any ever given in Texas.

An Illinois man was in the city this week and remarked that this was the fourth trip he had made to Canyon. He said that he had heard that a great many people had left during the past year, but on riding pretty well over the county he found that there were many more people than when he was here two years ago. Yes a few have left but the most of them have come back and say there is nothing like the Panhandle. Those who have lived here for a year couldn't be tied away. The Plains offer wonderful opportunities for the farmer and we want more families to move to Randall county this year.

Spring is here, or ought to be pretty soon, and most people will engage in a clean-up crusade. It's a good idea, we hope you get the germ and clean up the town good before the Panhandle Teachers, and the Panhandle Press associations meet here, but be careful about fires. Burn the trash by all means, but don't go away and leave fires. Canyon has been very fortunate during the past few years in having practically no fires, and caution should be observed at the spring cleaning-up time.

A non-resident land owner was in the News office this week and asked if the wind blew much here. He wasn't here a week ago today. Yes, the wind blows, but the wind don't blow down houses and kill several scores of people every time it gets on a tantum. The Panhandle wind is a very domesticated wind. It blows for the fun of blowing, but doesn't insist on destroying property or lives. Come to Canyon to live.

Three big coming events—Panhandle Teachers' association April 4 and 5, Panhandle Press association April 12, and Methodist District Conference May 9. Let Canyon have on her best clothes during those days.

Causes Much Disease

Advice about Stomach Trouble and how to relieve them.

Don't neglect indigestion, for it may lead to all sorts of ills and complications. An eminent physician once said that ninety-five per cent of all ills have their origin in a disordered stomach.

Our experience with Rexall Dyspepsia Tablets leads us to believe them to be one of the most dependable remedies known for indigestion and chronic dyspepsia. Their ingredients are soothing to the inflamed membranes of the stomach. Rich in Pepsin and Bismuth, two of the greatest digestive aids known to medicine, the relief they afford is very prompt. Used persistently and regularly for a short time, they tend to relieve pains caused by stomach disorders.

Rexall Dyspepsia Tablets help insure healthy appetite, aid digestion, and promote nutrition. As evidence of our faith in them, we ask you to try them at our risk. If they do not give entire satisfaction, we will return the money you paid us without question or formality. Three sizes, 25 cents, 50 cents and \$1.00.

You can buy Rexall Dyspepsia Tablets in this community only at our store:

CITY PHARMACY

Canyon, The Randall County News, Texas

There is a Rexall Store in nearly every town and city in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. There is a different Rexall remedy for nearly every ordinary human ills—each especially designed for the particular ills for which it is recommended.

The Rexall Stores are America's Greatest Drug Stores

UNFAIR TO

THE DRUGGIST

The Old Joke about "Something just as Good," Doesn't Apply to This Drug Store.

You have probably heard dozens of times the old story that a drug store was a place to "get something just as good." There is at least one druggist in the world that you can't say this about.

It is certain that an inferior article will never be substituted for a guaranteed one by City Pharmacy drug store. Take for instance a safe, reliable remedy for constipation and liver trouble like Dodson's Liver Tone. This harmless vegetable liquid has proved so satisfactory a liver stimulant and reliver of biliousness, and to entirely take the place of calomel without any danger or restriction of habits or diet, that there are dozens of preparations springing up with imitations of its claims.

But Dodson's Liver Tone is guaranteed to do all that is claimed for it, and if you are not satisfied with it, City Pharmacy will hand your money back with a smile. Any person going to this store for a bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone will be sure of getting a large bottle of this genuine remedy in exchange for his half dollar.

(Advertisement)

Randall county poultry made a long hit and scored a home run at the Ft. Worth show last week. More prizes went to a Canyon exhibitor of White Leghorns than was won by other scores of exhibitors in this class. Canyon poultry is classy. There is money in poultry and the back yard of every Canyon home should be filled with chickens.

The Randall County News is seventeen years old today. Quite a bright young lad and large for our age, aren't we?

Wanted—A president for Mexico. Funeral expenses insured. —Randall County News, Canyon.

Wanted—An ambassador to England. Return ticket guaranteed. —Ft. Worth Star Telegram.

The News has a birthday today. Gifts are in order.

March has been living up to its good (?) name.

MAKING RUGS IN THE ORIENT

Women in the East Do the Weaving and Methods and Patterns Are Traditional

For ages reaching back into the mists of antiquity, weaving has been the work of women, though the modern factory of the west has brought about changes in this respect. "In the unchanging east weaving is, with few exceptions, women's work. In the interior of Asiatic Turkey and in Persia the patriarchal system still exists and the sons bring their wives home to live. I have known as many as 35 persons to live in one dwelling," writes Mrs. Eliza Dunn in her new book, "Rugs in Their Native Land." "The mother-in-law is queen of the household and every morning assigns to each woman and girl her task for the day." Methods of working as well as patterns are traditional, according to the same author, and designs are peculiar to special families or tribes and become so familiar that the older workers produce them from memory.

The art of tying in the yarn has to be learned very slowly. The younger children are allowed to tie in only one solid color on the plain background, but when a girl becomes fairly expert she is allowed to make a whole rug, and traces of individuality may be looked for in her weaving. The two classes of rug, Turkish and Persian, are distinguished by the kind of knot in which they are tied, the Ghiordes, or Turkish, the Senna, or Persian, knot.

The number of knots to the square inch is one of the tests of value of a modern rug, and the fact that more can be tied to the square inch in a Persian than in a Turkish rug accounts for the greater fineness and consequently greater costliness of the former.

Phone any news you know to 41.

Crop Improvement

Treat your soil the same as you would a valuable animal—soil has life and limitations.

RATS DESTROY SEED CORN.

Twenty Million Dollar Annual Grain Loss Caused by Rodents—Great Loss Partially Prevented by Concrete Corn Cribbs.

[National Crop Improvement Service.] The department of agriculture, at Washington, has frequently called attention to the tremendous annual loss to the American farmers caused by rats. This amounts to over \$20,000,000 each year. The corn belt farmer has learned to his sorrow that rats love grain. Anything that reduces the number of rats is a great economic gain to the community.

According to Uncle Sam's experts, rats kill poultry in broad daylight, and have been known to kill lambs and pigs, when they were only a few days old. The average house cat is no protection, and is almost as destructive to poultry and to wild birds, which are the farmers' friends, as are the rats. One family of rats in a few nights will eat, waste and pollute several bushels of grain when it is stored in the ordinary wooden bin or crib. They eat through the floor and sides of the bin, which not only allows a waste of the grain by leakage, but permits moisture to enter which adds to the loss.

For a number of years farmers have tried out various devices. Poison and traps have been used with some little success. Though poisons have been somewhat successful, they are much more successful in killing birds, poultry and domestic animals, the dog being especially likely to be poisoned.

Japs Show the Way.

The Japanese found shortly after their late unpleasantness with Russia that they were threatened with the "plague" and other highly contagious diseases which are carried by rats. They started in and killed them by the millions and, after reducing the number, figured out scientific methods to prevent the rats from obtaining food. They started to build concrete floors for all the buildings which contained rice and other food products until, at the present time, according to the Tokyo papers, there is practically no warehouse, grain elevator or any other structure intended for the storage of food products, which has not the floor and at least the first three or four feet above the ground built of concrete.

Apparently, however, the Japanese have not yet awakened to one of our most useful structures, the concrete silo. In a recent edition, however, of the American Guernsey Breeders Journal it was stated that a Japanese graduate from one of our agricultural colleges is taking a number of pure bred dairy cows, and is going to build a number of reinforced concrete silos in the northern part of Japan, and run a model dairy farm according to American methods.

Fireproof as Well as Rat Proof.

The prevention of waste by rats has almost overshadowed the more important fact that concrete structures are absolutely fireproof.

The fire protection in Japan is better in proportion to the area covered than that of the corn belt farmer, who generally has a house, barns, etc., in the center of a large area, the average farm in Illinois being 123 acres.

If American farmers would follow the example of the careful Japs in the use of concrete and build their own corn cribs, etc., of this material, they would quickly discover that they had obtained a permanent structure at a moderate first cost. There is nothing to rot or decay in a concrete corn crib. Rats cannot eat holes through the floors and sides and it is absolutely fireproof. It can easily be kept in a clean and sanitary condition. There are no heavy yearly expenses for repairs or paint.

Advantages of Concrete.

A concrete corn crib, like any other concrete structure, rapidly pays for its first cost. This is especially true when the farmer does the work during the winter. Feeding floors, fence posts, sidewalks and other conveniences of concrete, can also easily be built during the winter at a small cost. Plans can be obtained free from practically all agricultural colleges or any of the large cement companies, showing how such structures should be constructed.

The shape of a concrete corn crib is not material, but the farmers should plan their crib for the greatest economy of space and convenience in filling, depending upon the method used by each individual farmer. A concrete floor five inches thick for a corn crib can be built at an approximate cost of ten cents per square foot. This gives a general idea of the cost of the whole structure, which may also be built of concrete blocks, provided that the floor and at least two feet of the walls are built of solid concrete. The cost would vary somewhat in different localities, depending upon the nearness of sand and gravel. Unlike many other materials, especially lumber, which now must be hauled long distances from Canada, the northwest or the far south, and excessive freight charges paid, in a concrete structure, Portland cement is the only material which need be transported any distance. Almost every farmer can obtain sand and gravel near his own property.

Leader Grocery Dept.

Market Report for Week Ending, April 3rd, 1913

Sugar	-	\$5.25 per cwt.
Cabbage	-	2.00 per cwt.
Potatoes	-	\$1.25 per cwt.
Onions	-	\$2.50 per cwt.
Good Corn	-	.90 cts doz.
Ex Stand Tomatoes	-	4.35 per doz.
Ex Stand Peas	-	1.45 per doz.
Highest P.H.W. flour	-	3.25 per cwt.
Belle of Wichita	-	3.50 psr cwt.

No change in markets this this week to make mention of. Country produce has been more active and recent cold wave has caused shortage in eggs. Prices on country produce are as follows:

Fat hens	-	9 cts	Best country butter	25 cts
Frying chicks	11 cts	Eggs, per doz.	12 1-2 cts	

THE LEADER

CLASSIFIED ADS

Ads in this column are 1 cent per word for first insertion and 1-2 cent per word for succeeding issues. No ad taken for less than 15 cents.

PLOWING—I am prepared to do good work, and anybody that wants steam plowing done address J. P. Sims, Happy, Texas. 50p4

For Sale—Fresh Jersey cow, will give 5 gallons milk a day. E. M. Cornwell, Canyon, Texas. 52p3

For Sale—Good Jersey cow. Jas. Vetesk. 52tf

For Sale—Fishel's White Plymouth Rock eggs. Fifteen for \$1.00. Three settings for \$2.50. Added fresh stock to flock in Jan. 1913. Mrs. Ida Sluder, Ceta, Texas. 52p4

For Sale—Pen of three pullets and cockerel, thoroughbred Light Brahmas will sell them cheap. Herbert Miller. 51tf

For Sale—Two tennis rackets, practically new. Call at News office. tf

For Sale—Young grade Jersey milk cows. Well broke. J. L. Prichard. 50t4

For Sale—First class Big German millet seed, clean of weeds. Call at Elevator or J. L. Prichard. 50t4

For sale—Two horses, one milk cow. I. L. Vansant. tf

Nice rooms for light house-keeping near Normal. Mrs. C. M. Thomas. 39tf

For Sale—Some fine dahlia bulbs. A. N. Henson. 1t

For Sale—My residence in Canyon, or would trade for good vendor lien notes. Address, I. L. Hunt, Lubbock, Texas. 1t5

For Sale—Two incubators at once. Phone Wilson Ranch. Elmer Wilson. 50p3

Wanted—Empty lard buckets. City Meat Market. tf

Wanted—To buy a number of good brood sows. L. T. Lester. 51tf

Uriah Jones, Hezekiah Brown and John Peter Smith all say that Hunt's Lightning Oil stops Neuralgia, Rheumatism and other pains. Just try a 50c bottle or 25c bottle from your druggist.

(Advertisement)

V-AVA is guaranteed not to injure the finest varnish you may have on your furniture.

Get some V-AVA at the News office.

PLAINVIEW NURSERY

Has a full line of home grown native trees propagated from the best selected varieties that have fruited on the Plains. Perfectly hardy and free from disease. We grow all kinds of fruits, shade, ornamental trees, evergreens, Privet hedge, flowering shrubs and bulbs, berries, grapes, rhubarb, asparagus. Also a full line of garden plants, tomatoes, cabbage, pepper, celery, etc. We solicit investigation. We are always glad to have anyone visit our nursery.

PLAINVIEW NURSERY

L. N. DALMONT, Prop.

KODAK FINISHING AND PHOTO SUPPLIES

THE JORDON COMPANY, Austin Texas

Mail Orders a Specialty.

We develop films the same day received, and mail the pictures the next day.

Our work is done by experts and we know we can please you. Enlargements made from Kodak films.

Write us for price list

THE JORDAN COMPANY

AUSTIN, TEXAS

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And to prevent you from getting sick you will find many essentials in the way of pure drugs, toilet articles, necessities, conveniences and comforts for the sick room at

OUR MODERN DRUG STORE

You can be sure when you make your purchases here that you are getting the very best of everything. You can absolutely depend on the purity of our drugs and the good quality of the articles you get here. That means a good deal in time of sickness.

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Don't wait until you have had a fire before insuring. Only the very best companies are represented through our agency. Here they are.

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American Central	North River
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Detroit Fire and Marine	North British and Mercantile
Firemen's Fund	Providence of Washington
German American	Phoenix of Hartford
Hartford	Phoenix of Brooklyn
Home	Queen
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Read the ads in this issue.

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First Consideration
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Is Electric Light. It is the safest, the cheapest and the best. No danger of explosions. No danger of fire if properly installed and used. You get more light for your money than any other can give. Don't live in the Dark Ages! Let us furnish you with the Twentieth Century Light.

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Wholesale and Retail
Coal, Grain, Hides and Field Seeds.

Best Grades of Nigger
Head and Maitland Coal.

TERMS CASH

Subscribe for the "Newsy" News.

Wayside Items.

Mar. 21 marked the close of a very successful term of a 7 months school at Wayside taught by Osce Lou Mills. She has made us a most excellent teacher and we trust will favor us with her services for our next school. Acting upon her suggestion and with her help a number of Black Locust trees were set out on the play ground around the school house on the last day. Judge Mobley of Claude came over to visit the school who also helped, together with some of the patrons and larger boys of the school.

Oscar P. Thomas and Miss Mattie McGehee with Miss Mills made a trip to Canyon last Monday.

Mrs. Faulkner, of Plainview preached Sunday A. M. at Wayside, S. S. at the usual hour; owing to the severity of the wind the Easter program was not rendered.

The picnic Saturday in Happy canyons were a very enjoyable affair. A fair-sized crowd out. The children had a nice time hunting Easter eggs.

Sunny Hill Items.

Some of the Normal students spent Saturday night and Sunday at the home of J. B. Knox. Miss Florence Trowbridge spent the last of the week with home folks.

The pie and pound supper given at the home of G. P. Lewis Saturday night was very greatly enjoyed by all present.

Mrs. J. B. Knox gave an Easter egg hunt at her home Sunday afternoon which was well attended and every one reports a nice time.

Mr. Prewitt attended the picnic at Bulah last Saturday.

T. S. Trowbridge has put in a phone and J. B. Knox has connected his phone line with the Currie line.

Public Auction

On April 5, 1913, I will sell at public auction at P. & N. T. depot car Colorado lump coal in car V R R 7923 to the highest bidder. R. McGee 50t4

Notice Of City Election.

In compliance with an order of the City Council of Canyon City, Texas. There will be held an election held at the Mayor's Office in Canyon, Texas, on the First Tuesday in April the same being the 1st day of said month for the purpose of electing the following officers, to-wit:

Mayor, Marshal, Tax Assessor and Collector, one Alderman for Wards No. One and Three and Two Alderman for Ward No. Two to fill the places of J. D. Gamble, J. H. Jowell, J. M. Black Davie Thomas and W. T. Moreland whose term of Office expires at that time and I. L. Hunt resigned. Said election to be held as near as practicable with the Election Laws of the State of Texas.

J. D. Gamble Mayor.
Attest: C. R. Flesher. Secretary. 50t4

Hunt's Cure rapidly destroys Itch, Ringworms, Itching Piles, Eczema, Tetter and like troubles Under its influence the diseased cuticle scales off leaving a smooth white, healthy skin in its place. A wonderful remedy and only 50c a box.
(Advertisement)

How Foolish.

To suffer from Skin Diseases (Itch, Eczema, Ringworm, etc. when one 50c box of "Hunt's Cure" is positively guaranteed to cure or your money promptly refunded. Every retail druggist in the state stands behind this guarantee. Ask your druggist and see the guarantee with each box. You don't risk anything in giving it a trial.
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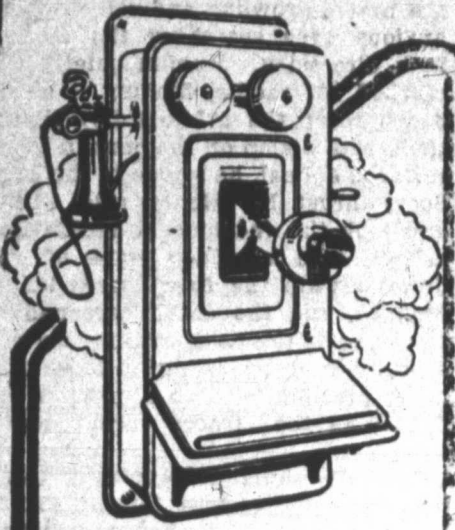
Canyon, Texas
Keota, Iowa



Canyon Tannery

Moved from east side to Thompson building on south side. We are prepared to do all kinds of tanning with hair on or off. We invite investigation.

Canyon Tannery



THE MODERN WEATHER PROPHET

Recollect last spring when that late frost struck your orchards and produce? You'd have given a mint to have had fair warning.

A Rural Bell Telephone will summon help when frosts threaten, besides being profitable in countless other ways. Our nearest Manager will cheerfully furnish information or write to.

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Special attention will be given to District Court practice along the Santa Fe R. R., from Canyon on the north to Post City and Lamesa on the south, including the intervening towns of Tulia, Plainview, Floydada, Lubbock and Tahoka. The same careful attention will be given to the interest of his clients whether living inside or outside of Texas.

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Work Promptly Done

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SWEET CLOVER

A GREAT FORAGE PLANT FOR THE PLAINS. Similar to hardy dry-land alfalfa, only yields more hay and pasturage and grows better under arid conditions. Price of seed and circular how to grow it, on request.

Bokhara Seed Farms, Falmouth, Ky. J.F.B.

MOLLY McDONALD A TALE OF THE FRONTIER



By RANDALL PARRISH Author of "Keith of the Border," "My Lady of Doubt," "My Lady of the South," etc. etc.

Illustrations by V.L. Barnes

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CHAPTER I.

An Unpleasant Situation.

When, late in May, 1865, Major Daniel McDonald, Sixth Infantry, was first assigned to command the new three company post established southwest of Fort Dodge, designed to protect the newly discovered Cimarron trail leading to Santa Fe across the desert, and, purely by courtesy, officially termed Fort Devere, he naturally considered it perfectly safe to invite his only daughter to join him there for her summer vacation. Indeed, at that time, there was apparently no valid reason why he should deny himself this pleasure. Except for certain vague rumors regarding uneasiness among the Sioux warriors north of the Platte, the various tribes of the plains were causing no unusual trouble to military authorities, although, of course, there was no time in the history of that country utterly devoid of peril from young raiders, usually aided and abetted by outcast whites. However, the Santa Fe route, by this date, had become a well-traveled trail, protected by scattered posts along its entire route, frequently patrolled by troops, and merely considered dangerous for small parties, south of the Cimarron, where roving Comanches in bad humor might be encountered.

Fully assured as to this by officers met at Fort Ripley, McDonald, who had never before served west of the Mississippi, wrote his daughter a long letter, describing in careful detail the route, set an exact date for her departure, and then, satisfied all was well arranged, set forth with his small command on the long march overland. He had not seen his daughter for over two years, as during her vacation time (she was attending Sunnyside school, on the Hudson), she made her home with an aunt in Connecticut. This year the aunt was in Europe, not expecting to return until fall, and the father had hopefully counted on having the girl with him once again in Kentucky. Then came his sudden, unexpected transfer west, and the final decision to have her join him there. Why not? If she remained the same high-spirited army girl, she would thoroughly enjoy the unusual experience of a few months of real frontier life, and the only hardship involved would be the long stage ride from Ripley. This, however, was altogether a prairie travel, monotonous enough surely, but without special danger, and he could doubtless arrange to meet her himself at Kansas City, or send one of his officers for that purpose.

This was the situation in May, but by the middle of June conditions had greatly changed throughout all the broad plains country. The spirit of savage war had spread rapidly from the Platte to the Rio Pecos, and scarcely a wild tribe remained unaffected. Arapahoe, Cheyenne, Pawnee, Comanche, and Apache alike espoused the cause of the Sioux, and their young warriors, breaking away from the control of older chiefs, became ugly and warlike. Devere, isolated as it was from the main route of travel (the Santa Fe stages still following the more northern trail), heard merely rumors of the prevailing condition through tarrying hunters, and possibly an occasional army courier, yet soon realized the gravity of the situation because of the almost total cessation of travel by way of the Cimarron and the growing insolence of the surrounding Comanches. Details from the small garrison were under urgent orders from headquarters at Fort Wallace, kept constantly scouting as far south as the fork of the Red river, and then west to the mountains. Squads from the single cavalry company guarded the few caravans venturing still to cross the Cimarron desert, or bore dispatches to Fort Dodge. Thus the few soldiers remaining on duty at the home station became slowly aware that this outpost of savagery was no longer a mere tribal affair. Outrages were reported from the Solomon, the Republican, the Arkansas valleys. A settlement was raided on Smoky Fork; stages were attacked near the Caches, and one burned; a wagon train was ambushed in the Raton pass, and only escaped after desperate fighting. Altogether the situation appeared extremely serious and summer promised war in earnest.

McDonald was rather slow to appreciate the real facts. His knowledge of Indian tactics was exceedingly small, and the utter isolation of his post kept him ignorant. At first he was convinced that it was merely a local disturbance and would end as suddenly as begun. Then, when realization finally came, it was already too late to stop the girl. She would be already on her long journey. What could he do? What immediate steps could he hope to take for her protection? Ordinarily he would not have hesitated, but now a decision was not so easily made. Of his command scarcely thirty men remained at Devere, a mere infantry guard, together with a small squad of cavalry-

men, retained for courier service. His only remaining commissioned officer at the post was the partially disabled cavalry captain, acting temporarily as adjutant, because incapacitated for taking the field. He had waited until the last possible moment, trusting that a shift in conditions might bring back some available officer. Now he had to choose between his duty as commander and as father. Further delay was impossible.

Devere was a fort merely by courtesy. In reality it consisted only of a small stockade hastily built of cottonwood timber, surrounding in partial protection a half dozen shacks, and one fairly decent log house. The situation was upon a slight elevation overlooking the ford, some low bluffs, bare of timber but green with June grass to the northward, while in every other direction extended an interminable sand-desert, ever shifting beneath wind blasts, presenting as desolate a scene as eye could witness. The yellow flood of the river, still swollen by melting mountain snow, was a hundred feet from the stockade gate, and on its bank stood the log cavalry stables. Below, a scant half mile away, were the only trees visible, a scraggly grove of cottonwoods, while down the face of the bluff and across the flat ran the slender ribbon of trail. Monotonous, unchanging, it was a desolate picture to watch day after day in the hot summer.

In the gloom following an early supper the two officers sat together in the single room of the cabin, a candle sputtering on the table behind them, smoking silently or moodily discussing the situation. McDonald was florid and heavily built, his gray mustache hanging heavily over a firm mouth, while the Captain was of another type, tall, with dark eyes and hair. The latter by chance opened the important topic.

"By the way, major," he said carelessly, "I guess it is just as well you stopped your daughter from coming out to this hole. Lord, but it would be an awful place for a woman."

"But I didn't," returned the other moodily. "I put it off too long."

"Put it off? Good heavens, man, didn't you write when you spoke about doing so? Do you actually mean the girl is coming—here?"

McDonald groaned. "That is exactly what I mean, Travers. Damme, I haven't thought of anything else for a week. Oh, I know now I was an old fool even to conceive of such a trip, but when I wrote her I had no conception of what it was going to be like out here. There was not a rumor of Indian trouble a month ago, and when the tribes did break out it was too late for me to get word back east. The fact is, I am in the devil of a fix—without even an officer whom I can send to meet her, or turn her back. If I should go myself it would mean a court-martial."

Travers stared into the darkness through the open door, sucking at his pipe.

"By George, you are in a pickle," he acknowledged slowly. "I supposed she had been headed off long ago. Haven't heard you mention the mat-



"Damme, I Haven't Thought of Anything Else for a Week."

ter since we first got here. Where do you suppose the lass is by now?"

"Near as I can tell she would leave Ripley the 15th."

"Humph! Then starting tonight, a good rider might intercept her at Fort Dodge. She would be in no danger traveling alone for that distance. The regular stages are running yet, I suppose?"

"Yes, so far as I know."

"Under guard?"

"Only from the Caches to Fort Union; there has been no trouble along the lower Arkansas yet. The troops from Dodge are scouting the country north, and we are supposed to keep things clear of hostiles down this way."

"Supposed to—yes; but we can't patrol five hundred miles of desert with a hundred men, most of them boys. The devil can break through any time they get ready."

"We know that. At this minute there isn't a mile of safe country between Dodge and Union. If she was my daughter—"

"You'd do what?" broke in McDonald, jumping to his feet. "I'd give my life to know what to do!"

"Why, I'd send somebody to meet her—to turn her back if that was possible. Peyton would look after her here at Ripley until you could arrange."

"That's easy enough to say, Travers, but tell me who is there to send? Do you chance to know an enlisted man out yonder who would do—whom you would trust to take care of a young girl alone?"

The captain bent his head on one hand, silent for some minutes.

"They are a tough lot, major; that's a fact, when you stop to call the roll. Those recruits we got at Leavenworth were mostly rough-necks—seven of them in the guard-house tonight. Our best men are all out," with a wave of his hand to the south. "It's only the rif-raff we've got left, at Devere."

"You can't go?"

The captain rubbed his lame leg regretfully. "No; I'd risk it if I could only ride, but I couldn't sit a saddle."

"And my duty is here; it would cost me my commission."

There was a long thoughtful silence, both men moodily staring out through the door. Away in the darkness unseen sentinels called the hour. Then Travers dropped one hand on the other's knee.

"Dan," he said swiftly, "how about that fellow who came in with dispatches from Union just before dark? He looked like a real man."

"I didn't see him. I was down river with the wood-cutters all day."

Travers got up and paced the floor. "I remember now. What do you say? Let's have him in, anyhow. They never would have trusted him for that ride if he hadn't been the right sort."

He strode over to the door, without waiting an answer. "Here, Carter," he called, "do you know where that cavalryman is who rode in from Fort Union this afternoon?"

A face appeared in the glow of light, and a gloved hand rose to salute.

"He's asleep in 'B's' shack, sir," the orderly replied. "Said he'd been on the trail two nights and a day."

"Reckon he had, and some riding at that. Roust him out, will you? Tell him the major wants to see him here at once."

The man wheeled as if on a pivot, and disappeared.

"If Carter could only ride," began McDonald, but Travers interrupted impatiently.

"If! But we all know he can't. Worst I ever saw, must have originally been a sailor." He slowly refilled his pipe. "Now, see here, Dan, it's your daughter that's to be looked after, and therefore I want you to size this man up for yourself. I don't pretend to know anything about him, only he looks like a soldier, and they must think well of him at Union."

McDonald nodded, but without enthusiasm; then dropped his head into his hands. In the silence a coyote howled mournfully not far away; then a shadow appeared on the log step, the light of the candle flashing on a row of buttons.

"This is the man, sir," said the orderly, and stood aside to permit the other to enter.

CHAPTER II.

"Brick" Hamlin.

The two officers looked up with some eagerness, McDonald straightening in his chair, and returning the cavalryman's salute instinctively, his eyes expressing surprise. He was a straight-limbed fellow, slenderly built, and appearing taller than he really was by reason of his erect, soldierly carriage; thin of waist, broad of chest, dressed in rough service uniform, without jacket, just as he had rolled out of the saddle, rough shirt open at the throat, patched, discolored trousers, with broad yellow stripes down the seam, stuck into service riding boots, a revolver dangling at his left hip, and a soft hat, faded sadly, crushed in one hand.

The major saw all this, yet it was at the man's uncovered face he gazed most intently. He looked upon a countenance browned by sun and alkali, intelligent, sober, heavily browsed, with eyes of dark gray rather deeply set; firm lips, a chin somewhat prominent, and a broad forehead, the light colored hair above closely trimmed; the cheeks were darkened by two days' growth of beard. McDonald unclosed, then clenched his hand.

"You are from Fort Union, Captain Travers tells me?"

"Yes, sir," the reply slow, deliberate, as though the speaker had no desire to waste words. "I brought dispatches; they were delivered to Captain Travers."

"Yes, I know; but I may require you for other service. What were your orders?"

"To return at convenience."

"Good. I know Hawley, and do not think he would object. What is your regiment?"

"Seventh cavalry."

"Oh, yes, just organized; before that?"

"The Third."

"I see you are a non-com—corporal?"

"Sergeant, sir, since my transfer."

"Second enlistment?"

"No, first in the regulars—the Seventh was picked from other commands."

"I understand. You say first in the

regulars. Does that mean you saw volunteer service?"

"Three years, sir."

"Ah! his eyes brightening instantly. "Then how does it happen you failed to try for a commission after the war? You appear to be intelligent, educated?"

The sergeant smiled. "Unfortunately my previous service had been performed in the wrong uniform, sir," he said quietly. "I was in a Texas regiment."

There was a moment's silence, during which Travers smoked, and the major seemed to hesitate. Finally the latter asked:

"What is your name, sergeant?"

"Hamlin, sir."

The pipe came out of Travers' mouth, and he half arose to his feet. "By the gods!" he exclaimed. "That's it! Now I've got you placed—you're you're 'Brick' Hamlin!"

The man unconsciously put one hand to his hair, his eyes laughing. "Some of the boys call me that—yes," he confessed apologetically.

Travers was on his feet now, gesticulating with his pipe.

"Damn! I knew I'd seen your face somewhere. It was two years ago at Washita. Say, Dan, this is the right man for you; better than any fledgling



He Was a Straight Limbed Fellow, Etc.

West Pointer. Why, he is the same lad who brought in Dugan—you heard about that!"

The major shook his head. "No! Oh, of course not. Nothing that goes on out here ever drifts east of the Missouri. Lord! We might as well be serving a foreign country. Well, listen: I was at Washita then, and had the story first hand. Dugan was a lieutenant in 'D' Troop, out with his first independent command scouting along the Canadian. He knew as much about Indians as a cow

boy of music. One morning the young idiot left camp with only one trooper along—Hamlin here—and he was a 'rookie,' to follow up what looked like a fresh trail. Two hours later they rode slap into a war party, and the fracas was on. Dugan got a ball through the body at the first fire that paralyzed him. He was conscious, but couldn't move. The rest was up to Hamlin. You ought to have heard Dugan tell it when he got so he could speak. Hamlin dragged the boy down into a buffalo wallow, shot both horses, and got behind them. It was all done in the jerk of a lamb's tail. They had two Henry rifles, and the 'rookie' kept them both hot. He got some of the bucks, too, but of course, we never knew how many. There were twenty in the party, and they charged twice, riding their ponies almost to the edge of the wallow, but Hamlin had fourteen shots without reloading, and they couldn't quite make it. Dugan said there were nine dead ponies within a radius of thirty feet. Anyhow it was five hours before 'D' troop came up, and that's what they found when they got there—Dugan laid out, as good as dead, and Hamlin shot twice, and only ten cartridges left. Hell," he added disgustedly, "and you never even heard of it east of the Missouri!"

There was a flush of color on the sergeant's cheeks, but he never moved.

"There was nothing else to do but what I did," he explained simply. "Any of the fellows would have done the same if they had been up against it the way I was. May I ask, his eyes first upon one and then the other inquiringly, "what it was you wanted of me?"

McDonald drew a long breath. "Certainly, sergeant, sit down—yes, take that chair."

He described the situation in a few words, and the trooper listened quietly until he was done. Travers interrupted once, his voice emerging from a cloud of smoke. As the major concluded, Hamlin asked a question or two gravely.

"How old is your daughter, sir?"

"In her twentieth year."

"Have you a picture of the young lady?"

The major crossed over to his fatigue coat hanging on the wall, and extracted a small photograph from an inside pocket.

"This was taken a year ago," he explained, "and was considered a good likeness then."

Hamlin took the card in his hands, studied the face a moment, and then placed it upon the table.

"You figure she ought to leave Ripley on the 15th," he said slowly. "Then I shall need to start at once to make Dodge in time."

"You mean to go then? Of course, you realize I have no authority to order you on such private service."

"That's true. I'm a volunteer, but

(Continued on page 8)

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Estray Notice:

Estrayed before H. T. Shelmutt, J. P., Precinct No. 1, by J. P. Hileman, living about 15 miles South West of Canyon, Randall County, Texas, the following described animal, to-wit:

One bay mare about 14½ hands high about 14 years old branded Z on left shoulder, scar on nose, and one bay colt about 7 months old.

The owner or owners of said animal are requested to claim, prove pay charges on said animal and take it away, or it will be dealt with as the law directs.

Given under my hand and seal of office, this 17th day of March, A. D. 1913.

M. P. Garner, County Clerk, Randall County, Texas. 5213

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POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENT

I announce my candidacy for re-election as City Marshal and Tax Collector, for the city election April 1, 1913.

J. H. JOWELL

I announce my candidacy for election as City Marshal and Tax Collector, for the city election on April 1, 1913.

C. H. STRATTON.

Call the News office if you have visitors. It takes the combined efforts of a community to make a newspaper.

Molly McDonald

A TALE OF THE FRONTIER

By RANDALL PARRISH
Author of "Keith of the Border," "My Lady of Doubt," "My Lady of the North," etc.

Illustrations by V. L. BARNES

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Continued from page 7

"I'll ask you for a written order just the same in case my troop commander should ever object, and I'll need a fresh horse; I rode mine pretty hard coming up here."

"You shall have the pick of the stables, sergeant," interjected the cavalry captain, knocking the ashes from his pipe. "Anything else? Have you had rest enough?"

"Four hours," and the sergeant stood up again. "All I require will be two days' rations, and a few more revolver cartridges. The sooner I'm off the better."

It heard Travers' attempt at conversation as the two stumbled together down the dark hill, he paid small attention. At the stables, aided by a smoky lantern, he picked out a tough-looking buckskin mustang, with an evil eye, and, using his own saddle and bridle, he finally led the half-broken animal outside.

"That buckskin's the devil's own," protested Travers, careful to keep to one side.

"I'll take it out of him before morning," was the reply. "Come on, boy! easy now—easy! How about the rations, captain?"

"Carter will have them for you at the gate of the stockade. Do you know the trail?"

"Well enough to follow—yes." McDonald was waiting with Carter, and the dim gleam of the lantern revealed his face.

"Remember, sergeant, you are to make her turn back if you can. Tell her I wish her to do so—yes, this letter will explain everything, but she is a pretty high-spirited girl, and may take the bit in her teeth—imagine she'd rather be here with me, and all that. If she does I suppose you'll have to let her have her own way—the Lord knows her mother always did. Anyhow you'll stay with her till she's safe."

"I sure will," returned the sergeant, gathering up his reins. "Good-by to you." "Good-by and good luck," and McDonald put out his hand, which the other took hesitatingly. The next instant he was in the saddle, and with a wild leap the startled mustang rounded the edge of the bluff, flying into the night.

All had occurred so quickly that Hamlin's mind had not yet fully adjusted itself to all the details. He was naturally a man of few words, deciding on a course of action quietly, yet not apt to deviate from any conclusion finally reached. But he had been hurried, pressed into this adventure, and now welcomed an opportunity to think it all out coolly. At first, for a half mile or more, the plunging buckskin kept him busy, bucking viciously, rearing, leaping madly from side to side, practicing every known equine trick to dislodge the grim rider in the saddle. The man fought out the battle silently, immovable as a rock, and apparently as indifferent. Twice his spurs brought blood, and once he struck the rearing head with clenched fist. The light of the stars revealed the faint lines of the trail, and he was content to permit the maddened brute to race forward, until finally mastered, the animal settled down into a swift gallop, but with ears laid back in ugly defiance. The rider's gray eyes smiled pleasantly as he settled more comfortably into the saddle, peering out from beneath the stiff brim of his scouting hat; then they hardened, and the man swore softly under his breath.

The peculiar nature of this mission which he had taken upon himself had been recalled. He was always doing something like that—permitting himself to become involved in the affairs of others. Now why should he be here, riding alone through the dark to prevent this unknown girl from reaching Devere? She was nothing to him—even that glimpse of her pictured face had not impressed him greatly; rather interesting, to be sure, but nothing extraordinary; besides he was not a woman's man, and, through years of isolation, he had grown to avoid contact with the sex—and he was under no possible obligation to either McDonald or Travers. Yet here he was, fully committed, drawn into the vortex, by a hasty ill-considered decision. He was tired still from his swift journey across the desert from Fort Union, and now faced another three days' ride. Then what? A headstrong girl to be convinced of danger, and controlled. The longer he thought about it all, the more intensely disagreeable the task appeared, yet the clearer did he appreciate its necessity. He chafed at the knowledge that it had become his work—that he had permitted himself to be ensnared—yet he dug his spurs

into the mustang and rode steadily, grimly, forward.

The real truth was that Hamlin comprehended much more fully than did the men at Devere the danger menacing travelers along the main trail to Santa Fe. News reached Fort Union much quicker than it did that isolated post up on the Cimarron. He knew of the fight in Raton Pass, and that two stages within ten days had been attacked, one several miles east of Bent's Fort. This must mean that a desperate party of raiders had succeeded in slipping past those scattered army details scouting into the northwest. Whether or not these warriors were in any considerable force he could not determine—the reports of their depredations were but rumors at Union when he left—yet, whether in large body or small, they would have a clear run in the Arkansas Valley before any troops could be gathered together to drive them out. Perhaps even now, the stages had been withdrawn, communication with Santa Fe abandoned. This had been spoke of as possible at Union the night he left, for it was well

known that there was no cavalry force left at Dodge which could be utilized as guards. The wide map of the surrounding region spread out before him in memory; he felt its brooding desolation, its awful loneliness. Nevertheless he must go on—perhaps at the stage station near the ford of the Arkansas he could learn the truth. So he bent lower over the buckskin's neck and rode straight through the black, silent night.

It was a waterless desert stretching between the Cimarron and the Arkansas, consisting of almost a dead level of alkali and sand, although toward the northern extremity the sand had been driven by the ceaseless wind into grotesque hummocks. The trail, cut deep by traders' wagons earlier in the spring, was still easily traceable for a greater part of the distance, and Hamlin as yet felt no need of caution—this was a country the Indians would avoid, the only danger being from some raiding party from the south. At early dawn he came trotting down into the Arkansas valley, and gazed across at the greenness of the opposite bank. There, plainly in view, were the deep cuts of the main trail running close in against the bluff. His tired eyes caught no symbol of life either up or down the stream, except a thin spiral of blue smoke that slowly wound its way upward. An instant he stared, believing it to be the fire of some emigrant's camp; then realized that he looked upon the smoldering debris of the stage station.

CHAPTER III.

The News At Ripley.

Miss Molly McDonald had departed for the west—carefully treasuring her father's detailed letter of instruction—filled with interest and enthusiasm. She was an army girl, full of confidence in herself and delighted at the prospect of an unusual summer. Moreover, her natural spirit of adventure had been considerably stimulated by the envious comments of her schoolmates, who apparently believed her wondrously daring to venture such a trip, the apprehensive advice of her teachers, and much reading, not very judiciously chosen, relative to pioneer life on the plains. The possible hardships of the long journey alone did not appall her in the least. She had made similar trips before and had always found pleasant and attention-companionship. Being a wholesome, pleasant-faced girl, with eyes decidedly beautiful, and an attractive personality, the making of new friendships was never difficult. Of course, the stage ride would be an entirely fresh and precarious experience, but then her father would doubtless meet her before that, or send some officer to act as escort. Altogether the prospect appeared most delightful and alluring.

The illness of the principal of Sunnycrest had resulted in the closing of the school some few days earlier than had been anticipated, and it was so lonely there after the others had departed that Miss Molly hastened her packing and promptly joined the exodus. Why not? She could wait the proper date at Kansas City or Fort Ripley just as well, enjoying herself meanwhile amid a new environment, and no doubt she would encounter some of her father's army friends who would help entertain her pleasantly. Miss McDonald was somewhat impulsive, and her interest once aroused, impatient of restraint.

As a result of this earlier departure she reached Ripley some two days in advance of the prearranged schedule, and in spite of her young strength and enthusiasm, most thoroughly tired out by the strain of continuous travel. Her one remaining desire upon arrival was for a bed, and actuated by this necessity, when she learned that the army post was fully two miles from the town, she accepted proffered guidance to the famous Gilsey House, and promptly fell asleep. The light of a new day gave her a first glimpse of the surrounding dreariness as she stood looking out through the grimy glass of her single window, depressed and heartick. The low, rolling hills, bare and desolate, stretched to the horizon, the grass already burned brown by the sun. The town itself consisted of but one short, crooked street, flanked by rough, ramshackle frame structures, two-thirds of these apparently sawed between, and huge piles of tin cans and other rubbish stored away behind. The street was rutted and dusty, and the ceaseless wind whirled the dirt about in continuous, suffocating clouds. The hotel itself, a little, squat, two-story affair



Nevertheless He Must Go On.

groaned to the blast, threatening to collapse. Nothing moved except a wagon down the long ribbon of road, and a dog digging for a bone behind a nearby tent. It was so squalid and ugly she turned away in speechless disgust.

The interior, however, offered even smaller comfort. A rude bedstead, one leg considerably short and propped up by a half brick, stood against the board wall; a single wooden chair was opposite, and a fly-specked mirror hung over a tin basin and pitcher. The floor sagged fearfully and the side walls lacked several inches of reaching the ceiling. Even in the dim candle light of the evening before, the bed coverings had looked so forbidding that Molly had compromised, lying down, half-dressed on the outside; now, in the garish glare of returning day they appeared positively filthy. And this was the best to be had; she realized that, her courage failing at the thought of remaining alone amid such surroundings. As she washed, using a towel of her own after a single glance at the hotel article, and did up her rebellious hair, she came to a prompt decision. She would go directly on—would take the first stage. Perhaps her father, or whom-ever he sent, would be met with along the route. The coaches had regular meeting stations, so there was small danger of their missing each other. Even if she was compelled to wait over at Fort Dodge, the environment there could certainly be no more disagreeable than this.

The question of possible danger was dismissed almost without serious thought. She had seen no papers since leaving St. Louis, and the news before that contained nothing more definite than rumors of uneasiness among the Plains Indians. Army officers interviewed rather made light of the affair, as being merely the regular outbreak of young warriors, easily suppressed. On the train she had met with no one who treated the situation as really serious, and, if it was, then surely her father would send some message of restraint. Satisfied upon this point, and fully determined upon departing at the earliest opportunity, she ventured down the narrow, creaking stairs in search of breakfast.

The dining-room was discovered at the foot of the steps, a square box of a place, the two narrow windows looking forth on the desolate prairie. There were three tables, but only one was in use, and, with no waiter to guide her, the girl advanced hesitatingly and took a seat opposite the two men already present. They glanced up, curiously interested, staring at her a moment, and then resumed their interrupted meal. Miss McDonald's critical eyes surveyed the unsavory-looking food, her lips slightly curved, and then glanced inquiringly toward the men. The one directly opposite was large and burly, with iron-gray hair and beard, about sixty years of age, but with red cheeks and bright eyes, and a face expressive of hearty good nature. His clothing was roughly serviceable, but he looked clean and wholesome. The other was an army lieutenant, but Molly promptly neglected her first inclination to address him, as she noted his red, inflamed face and dissipated appearance. As she nibbled, half-heartedly, at the miserable food brought by a slovenly waiter, the two men exchanged barely a dozen words, the lieutenant growling out monosyllabic answers, finally pushing back his chair, and striding out. Again the girl glanced across at the older man, mustering courage to address him. At the same moment he looked up, with eyes full of good humor and kindly interest.

"Looks rather tough, I reckon, miss," waving a big hand over the table. "But you'll have ter git used to it in this kentry." "Oh, I do not believe I ever could," disconsolately. "I can scarcely choke down a mouthful." "So I was noticin'; from the East, I reckon?" "Yes; I—I came last night, and—really I am afraid I am actually homesick already. It—it is even more—more primitive than I supposed. Do—do you live here—at Ripley?" "Good Lord, no!" heartily, "though I reckon yer might not think my home was much better. I'm the post-trader down at Fort Marcy, jist out o' Santa Fe. I'll be blame glad ter git back thar too, I'm tellin' yer."

"That—that is what I wished to ask you about," she stammered. "The Santa Fe stage; when does it leave here? and—where do I arrange for passage?"

He dropped knife and fork, staring at her across the table. "Good Lord, miss," he exclaimed swiftly. "Do yer mean to say yer'e goin' to make that trip alone?"

"Oh, not to Santa Fe; only as far as the stage station at the Arkansas crossing," she exclaimed hastily. "I am going to join my father; he—he commands a post on the Cimarron—Major McDonald."

"Well, I'll be damned," said the man slowly, so surprised that he forgot himself. "Babes in the wilderness; what, in Heaven's name, ever induced yer dad to let yer come on such a fool trip? Isn't thar no one to meet yer here, or at Dodge?"

"I—I don't know," she confessed. "Father was going to come, or else send one of his officers, but I have seen no one. I am here two days earlier than was expected, and—and I haven't heard from my father since last month. See, this is his last letter; won't you read it, please, and tell me what I ought to do?"

The man took the letter, and read the three pages carefully, and then turned back to note the date, before handing the sheets across the table.

"The Major sure made his instructions plain enough," he said slowly. "And yer haven't heard from him since, or seen any one he sent to meet yer?"

The girl shook her head slowly. "Well, that ain't to be wondered at, either," he went on. "Things has changed some out yere since that letter was wrote. I reckon yer know we're havin' a bit o' Injun trouble, an' yer dad is shore to be pretty busy out thar on the Cimarron."

"I—I do not think I do. I have seen no papers since leaving St. Louis. Is the situation really serious? Is it unsafe for me to go farther?"

The man rubbed his chin, as though undecided what was best to say. But the girl's face was full of character, and he answered frankly.

"It's serious 'nough, I reckon, an' I certainly wish I was safe through to Fort Marcy, but I don't know no reason now why you couldn't finish up your trip all right. I was out to the fort last evenin' gettin' the latest news, an' thar hasn't been no trouble to speak of east of old Bent's Fort. Between thar and Union, thar's a bunch o' Mesquite Apaches raisin' thunder. One lot got as far as the Caches, an' burned a wagon train, but were run



"The Major Sure Made His Instructions Plain Enough," He Said.

back into the mount'ns. Troops are out along both sides the Valley, an' thar ain't been no stage held up, nor station attacked along the Arkansas. I reckon yer pa'll have an escort waitin' at the crossin'."

"Of course he will; what I am most afraid of is that I might miss him or his messenger on the route."

"Not likely; there's only two stages a week each way, an' they have regular meeting points."

She sat quiet, eyes lowered to the table, thinking. She liked the man, and trusted him; he seemed kindly deferential. Finally she looked up.

"When do you go?"

"Today. I was goin' to wait 'bout yere a week longer, but am gittin' skeered they might git runnin' their coaches. To tell the truth, miss, it looks some to me like thar was a big Injun war comin', and I'd like ter git home whar I belong afore it breaks loose."

"Will—will you take me with you?" He moistened his lips, his hands clasping and unclasping on the table.

"Sure, if yer bound ter go. I'll do the best I kin fer yer, an' I reckon ther sooner yer start the better chance yer'll have o' gittin' through safe." He hesitated. "If we should git bad news at Dodge, is there anybody thar, at the fort, you could stop with?"

"Colonel Carver."

"He's not thar now; been transferred to Wallace, but, I reckon, any o' those army people would look after yer. Yer've really made up yer mind to try it, then?"

"Yes, yes; I positively cannot stay here. I shall go as far as Dodge at least. If—if we are going to travel together, I ought to know your name."

"Sure yer had," with a laugh. "I forgot all 'bout that—it's Moylan, miss; William Moylan; 'Sutler Bill' they call me mostly, west o' the river. Let's go out an' see 'bout that stage."

As he rounded the table, Molly rose to her feet, and held out her hand. "I am so glad I spoke to you, Mr. Moylan," she said simply. "I am not at all afraid now. If you will wait until I get my hat, I'll be down in a minute."

"Sutler Bill" stood in the narrow hall watching her run swiftly upstairs, twirling his hat in his hands, his good-natured face flushed. Once he glanced in the direction of the bar-room, wiping his lips with his cuff, and his feet shuffled. But he resisted the temptation, and was still there when Miss McDonald came down.

CHAPTER IV.

The Attack.

Slightly more than sixty miles, as the route ran, stretched between old Fort Dodge and the ford crossing the Arkansas leading down to the Cimarron; another sixty miles distant, across a desert of alkali and sand, lay Devere. The main Santa Fe trail, broad and deeply rutted by the innumerable wheels of early spring caravans, followed the general course of the river, occasionally touching the higher level plains, but mostly keeping close beneath the protection of the northern bluffs, or else skirting the edge of the water. Night or day the route was easily followed, and, in other years, the traveler was seldom for long out of sight of toiling wagons. Now scarcely a wheel turned in all that lonely distance.

The west-bound stage left the station at Deer Creek at four o'clock in the afternoon with no intimation of danger ahead. Its occupants had eaten dinner in company with those of the east-bound coach, eighteen miles down the river at Canon Bluff, and the in-coming driver had reported an open road, and no unusual trouble. No Indian signs had been observed, not

even signal fires during the night, and the conductor, who had come straight from Santa Fe, reported that troops from Fort Union had driven the only known bunch of raiders back from the neighborhood of the trail, and had them already safely corralled in the mountains. This report, seemingly authentic and official, served to relax the nerves, and the west-bound driver sang to himself as he guided the four horses forward, while the conductor, a sawed-off gub planted between his knees, nodded drowsily. Inside there were but three passengers, jerking back and forth, as the wheels struck the deep ruts of the trail, occasionally exchanging a word or two, but usually staring gloomily forth at the monotonous scene. Miss McDonald and Moylan occupied the back seat, some baggage wedged tightly between to keep them more secure on the slippery cushion, while facing them, and clinging to his support with both hands, was a pock-marked Mexican, with rather villainous face and ornate dress, and excessively polite manners. He had joined the little party at Dodge, smiling happily at sight of Miss Molly's face when she unveiled, although his small knowledge of English prevented any extended effort at conversation. Moylan, however, after careful scrutiny, engaged him shortly in Spanish, and later explained to the girl, in low tones, that the man was a Santa Fe gambler known as Gonzales, with a reputation to be hinted at but not openly discussed.

They were some six miles to the west of Deer Creek, the horses still moving with spirit, the driver's foot on the brake, when the stage took a sudden plunge down a sloping bank where the valley perceptibly narrowed. To the left, beyond a flat expanse of brown, sun-scorched grass, flowed the widely-spreading waters of the Arkansas, barely covering the treacherous sandy bottom, and from the other side came the more distant gleam of alkali plains; to the right arose the bluffs, here both steep and rugged, completely shutting off the view, barren of vegetation except for a few scattered patches of grass. Suddenly a man rode out of a rift in the bank, directly in front, and held up his hand. Surprised, startled, the driver instantaneously clamped on his brake, and brought his horses to a quick stop; the conductor, nearly flung from his seat, yanked his gun forward.

"None of that now," called out the man in saddle quickly, both hands uplifted to show their emptiness. "This is no hold-up. I've got news."

He spurred his pony forward slowly, the animal seemingly barely able to move, and swung out of the saddle beside the front wheel, staggering a bit as though his limbs were cramped as his feet felt the ground.

"I'm from Fort Union," he said. "Seventh Cavalry, sent through by way of Cimarron Springs. There is hell to pay west of here; the stations at Arkansas Crossing and Low Water were burned last night."

"The devil you say," burst out the driver hoarsely, his startled eyes sweeping the horizon. "Injuns?"

"Sure, plenty of signs, but I haven't seen any bucks myself. As soon as I discovered what had happened at the Crossing I struck out on to the plateau, and came around that way to warn those fellows at Low Water. But when I got sight of that station from off the bluffs yonder it had been wiped out. Then I thought about this stage going west today, and came on to meet you. Must have ridden a hundred an' twenty miles since yesterday; the mustang is all in."

Moylan stuck his head out the nearest window.

"Look like they had much of a fight at the Crossing?" he asked.

"Not much; more like a night raid; two whites killed, and scalped. The third man either was taken away, or his body got burnt in the building. Horses all gone."

"What tribe?"

"Arapahoes, from the way they scalped; that's what made it so serious—those Northern Indians have broken loose there is going to be war this time for sure."

The men on the box looked at each other questioningly.

"I don't see no use tryin' to go on, Jake, do you?" asked the driver soberly. "Even if we do git through, thar ain't no horses to be had."

The other shook his head, rubbing his gun-stock.

"Most likely those same red devils are layin' for us now somewhar between yere an' Low Water; whar the trail runs in between them two big

rocks, most probable," he concluded. "Not havin' no har to lose, I'm far goin' back."

With an oath of relief, the driver released his brake and skilfully swung the leaders around, the coach groaning as it took the sharp turn. The man on the ground caught a swiftly passing glimpse of the young woman's face within, and strode hurriedly forward as the coach started.

"Hold on there, pardner," he commanded sternly. "This poor brone won't travel another mile. There's plenty of room for me inside, and I'll turn the tired devil loose. Hold on, I say!"

The driver once again slapped on the brake, growling and reluctant, his anxious eyes searching the trail in both directions. Hamlin quietly unclimbed his saddle, flinging it to the coach roof; the bridle followed, and then, with a slap on the haunch of the released animal, he strode to the stage door, thrust his Henry rifle within, and took the vacant seat beside Gonzales. With a sudden crack of the driver's whip the four horses leaped forward, and the coach careened on the slope of the trail, causing the passengers to clutch wildly to keep from being precipitated into a mass on the floor. As the traces straightened,

miss Molly, clinging desperately to a strap, caught her first fair glance at the newcomer. His hat was tilted back, the light revealing lines of weariness and a coating of the gray, powdery dust of the alkali desert, but beneath it appeared the brown, sun-scorched skin, while the gray eyes looking straight at her, were resolute and smiling. His rough shirt, open at the throat, might have been the product of any sutler's counter; he wore no jacket, and the broad yellow stripe down the leg of the faded blue trousers alone proclaimed him a soldier. He smiled across at her, and she lowered her eyes, while his glance wandered on toward the others.

"Don't seem to be very crowded to-day," he began, genially addressing Moylan. "Not an extremely popular route at present, I reckon. Mining, pardner?"

"No; post-trader at Fort Marcy."

"Oh, that's it," his eyebrows lifting slightly. "This Indian business is a bad job for you then." His eyes fell on his seatmate. "Well, if this ain't little Gonzales! You've got a good ways from home."

"Si, senor!" returned the Mexican brokenly. "I tink I not remem."

"No, I reckon not. I'm not one of your class; cards and I never did agree. I shot up your game once down at Union; night Hassinger was killed. Remember now, don't you?"

"Si, senor," spreading his hands. "It was mos' unfortunate."

"Would have been more so, if the boys had got hold of you—Saint Anne! but that fellow on the box is driving some."

The thud of the horses' feet under the lash, coupled with the reckless urging of the coach, ended all further attempt at conversation, and the four passengers held on grimly, and stared out of the windows, as if expecting every instant that some accident would hurl them headlong. The frightened driver was apparently sparing neither whip nor tongue, the galloping teams jerking the stage after them in a mad race up the trail. Hamlin thrust his head out of the nearest window, but a sudden lurch whirled him back, the coach taking a sharp curve on two wheels, and coming down level once again with a bump which brought the whole four together. The little Mexican started to scream out a Spanish oath, but Hamlin gripped his throat before it was half uttered, while Moylan pressed the girl back into her seat, bracing himself to hold her firm.

"What the devil—" he began angrily, and then the careening coach stopped as suddenly as though it had struck the bank, again tearing loose their handhold on the seats and flinging them headlong. They heard the jangling clump of the brakes, the fanning of oaths, the crunch of feet as men leaped from the top to the ground; then, all at once, the stage lurched forward, swerving sharply to the left, and struck out across the flat directly toward the bluff.

Hamlin struggled to the nearest window, and, grasping the sill to hold himself upright, leaned out. He caught a momentary glimpse of two men riding swiftly up the trail; the box above was empty, the wheelers alone remained in harness, and they were running uncontrolled.

"By God!" he muttered. "Those two damn cowards have cut loose and left us!"

(Continued Next Week)

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