THE RANDALL COUNTY NEWS

VOL. XVII. CANYON, RANDALL COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1913. No. 25

GEORGE C. LONG TAKES OWN LIFE

THIRD MEMBER OF LONG EAMILY TO DIE BY BULLET.

Lived at Cordell, Okla.—Resided in Randall County From 1891 Until 1907.

Stricken by the grief over the murder of his son Henry and the suicidal of his son Charles, George C. Long took his own life Friday morning at the family home in Cordell, Okla. For fourteen years Mr. Long was a resident of Randall county and was highly respected by all who knew him. He came to the county in 1891 and moved to the present home near Cordell in 1907. His life has always been exemplary and there is no man who has ever known him personally that questioned a motive in his life.

Last Friday morning he arose as usual and went to feed the stock. Mrs. Long presently went out to milk the cows and while so engaged, Mr. Long returned to the house, took a small 32 pistol and went to a chicken house in the nearby orchard where he fired the fatal shot into the left side of his brain.

The funeral services were held Sunday at the Baptist church of which he was a member and was the largest funeral ever held in the city. Mr. Long made friends wherever he made his home.

For the third time within three years the members of the family were called together to morn over the dead body of one who had fallen by the bullet. January 17, 1910, Henry (Bunk) Long was murdered at Emma. April 30, this year, Charles Long took his own life near Happy. Overcome with grief the father took his own life Sept. 5.

A note was left by Mr. Long which read: May the Lord and my family forgive me. I've carried this load as long as I can.

The wife and mother with one son and six daughters remain to weap over the dead.

TRAINING SCHOOL ENROLLMENT 126

PRACTICALLY ALL GRADES REPORTED TO BE FULL.

Training School of the Normal Will Have Very Successful and Profitable Year.

The training school in the Normal started Tuesday with an enrollment of 126 children from the city. This number is practically the same enrollment as the school has had since it was opened. Practically all the grades have as many enrolled as as the Normal authorities wish.

Miss Lamb, director of the training school, is planning on a very successful year's work.

The following are the teachers in this department:

Miss Anna Hibbets, first and second grades.

Miss Burtie Harrison, third and fourth grades.

Miss Virgie Thompson, fifth, sixth and seventh grades.

W. H. Blaine, Jr. fifth, sixth and seventh.

Mrs. Elmer Prichard left Thursday for Arkansas where she will visit relatives for a month.

SUNDAY SCHOOL ORGANIZATION.

County Officers Elected to Make House to House Visit of the Entire County for S. S. Work.

On Friday afternoon at the Sunday school convention, Randall county was organized with the following officers:

Dr. F. M. Wilson, president.

J. P. Winder and M. S. Lusby vice presidents.

C. R. Burrow, secretary-treasurer.

Departmental superintendents—Mrs. C. R. Burrow, elementry; Mrs. J. A. Grundy, secondary; Mrs. C. T. Word, adult; G. G. Foster, teacher training.

D. A. Park, records.

Miss Ellen Donald, music.

Miss Jessie DeGraffenreid, daily Bible readings.

W. J. Flesher, visitation.

C. W. Warwick, publicity.

The organization plans to make a complete house to house visitation the latter part of September, taking the religious census of each person in the counties. After the visitation each school will follow up by calling on each person and enlist them for Sunday school membership.

Smith Building Traded.

J. F. Smith has traded his large brick building on the southwest corner of the square and his residence in the west part of town for a large ranch near Mobeetie in Wheeler county. On the ranch there is considerable crop together with cattle, horses and hogs. Mr. Smith is packing his goods getting ready to move to his land.

John T. Wiley, the new owner of the Smith property here, will arrive very soon with his family in order to look after his newly acquired property.

The people of Canyon are very sorry to see Mr. Smith and his excellent family leave, but extend a cordial welcome to Mr. Wiley and his family.

Caldwell Home Burned.

The home of J. F. Caldwell on the Bob Foster farm west of town was burned at one o'clock Sunday morning. Little or nothing was saved from the flames and the family barely escaped with their lives. There was no insurance on either house or furniture. The people of the city have given the family about $300 in money and considerable clothing to assist them in getting a new start. Mrs. Caldwell is in the Amarillo hospital and is in very bad condition.

NORMAL OPENS 300 ATTENDANCE

INCREASE OF 79 OVER FIRST WEEK OF LAST YEAR.

Several More in City Who Have Not Enrolled—Prospects Good for at Least 100 More.

The enrollment at the Normal reached the 300 mark Wednesday noon and there are considerable number in the city who did not get registered yesterday. This number is 79 more than the number on the end of first week last year, and is 127 more than had registered at this time two years ago. Considering the fact that 100 students came in the second week last week last year, it may safely be estimated that by next Wednesday the enrollment will reach the 400 mark.

The work has hardly stated in the school but by the first of next week all the classes will be well organized and started on the year's work.

The faculty feels pleased with the number of students now in attendance and believe that this will be a very successful year of school.

Miss Whitman Here Sunday.

Miss Nell Whitman, the story teller with the Sunday School Touring party remained in the city over Sunday visiting at the C. R. McAfee home. At the morning service of the Methodist church she told the story of the second part of Joseph's life and at the evening service she told the story of the Other Wise Man. Miss Whitman is one of the greatest Bible story tellers in the state. Her home is in Waco. She is the daughter of a Baptist preacher and is giving her life and talent to Christian work. Her stories were very pleasing to the people of the city and all trust that she will return to Canyon before many more months.

Mrs. R. B. Bailey of Missouri who has been visiting at the parental T. C. Simms home for the past seven months returned to her home Saturday.

W. T. Gilliam and Miss Pearl returned Thursday for Ganada after a three months visit in the city.

CONVENTION ONE OF THE VERY BEST

SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK IS GREATLY STRENGTHENED IN CITY.

Committee Thank People of the City for Assistance Given in Taking Care of the Delegates.

The Panhandle Sunday school convention closed Friday night after one of the most interesting and successful three day conventions ever held in this section of the state. The interest throughout was good and the benefit derived by the delegates and people of the city was inestimable. The cause of Sunday school work was greatly strengthen in the city and throughout the entire Panhandle country.

One of the most enjoyable lectures of the convention was given Thursday night by John M. Adams on the boy problem. Mr. Adams knows the boy better than the boy knows himself. His talk was full of humor, but packed with common sense and helpful suggestions. He has dealt with boys all his life, being superintendent of several Sunday schools and otherwise affiliated with boy life and boy problems.

The local committee in charge of the convention report that they had funds to meet all their obligations and wish to thank the people of the city for so kindly assisting in the work of caring for the delegates and visitors at the convention.

Terrell Editor Here.

H. Galbraith, editor and publisher of the Daily Terrell Transcript, was in the city Saturday. He was with two drummers who are touring the Plains country in an auto. Mr. Galbraith is taking a months vacation in order to recover from a long illness. He says that this part of the state certainly looks good to him. It is his first trip here and he is greatly enjoying the hospitality of the western country. He says that he has visited every newspaper office on the way and is certainly surprised at the splendid offices every where. The News plant he pronounced to be one of the best he ever saw in this sized town.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Prichard were Amarillo callers Thursday.

HALF INCH RAIN.

General Rain Falls Over Randall County During Last Night—Many Good Local Rains.

A general rain fell over Randall county last night beginning at seven o'clock and continuing until midnight. This is the first general rain that has fallen for nearly two months. The rain last night fell very slowly so that every drop went into the ground.

Heavy local rains have fallen over different sections of the country during the past week, but the area covered was usually very small. It is reported that nearly two inches have fallen in some small areas.

The rains will not be able to help the early crops much but the late crops will be greatly benefited. Many farmers had given up hopes of raising a feed crop this year on account of the prolonged drouth but many believe that these rains will make a pretty fair late crop barring an early frost.

Book Club Meeting.

The Woman's Book Club held its first meeting at the home of Mrs. B. A. Stafford yesterday afternoon. In the absence of the president, Miss Lola Word, the vice president, Mrs. Stafford gave the President's Greeting. The following was the remainder of the program:

Roll Call—Current events.

Suggestions for the year's work—Mrs. F. P. Guenther.

Vacation notes—Club.

After the program punch was served by the hostess.

Marshal Giving Warning.

The city of Canyon has an ordinance forbidding horses to be left standing untied on the streets. Some of our people are becoming negligent and must pay a fine if they do not discontinue this practice.

There is also an ordinance forbidding any person to keep more than one hog within the city limits. This ordinance will also be enforced without fear or favor.

Please take notice and govern yourselves accordingly as the city does not wish to cause you any trouble, but the ordinance must and will be enforced.

1t J. H. JOWELL, Marshal.

J. G. Rice of Washburn has moved to the Howell residence on West Houston street.

DISTRICT COURT ALMOST FINISHED

GRAND JURY RETURNS SEVEN INDICTMENTS FRIDAY EVENING.

All of Business Will be Finished this Week — Two Jury Cases Tried this Week.

The final business of the district court is scheduled to de finished today or tomorrow. While there has been little noise made this term, a large many cases have been disposed of and the docket as it now stands has less cases than for some years.

The grand jury returned seven indictments Friday afternoon. A full report of the grand jury is found on another page of this issue.

The following was the business of the week:

First National bank of Canyon vs J. E. Puryear, judgment for plaintiff of $3,745.56 with 8 per cent interest and foreclosure on section 547, block D, Yoakum county.

Report of S. B. Lofton, receiver of P. J. Green Hwd. Co., approved.

Simmons Hwd. Co. vs P. J. Green Hwd. Co., the receiver, S. B. Lofton was ordered to dispose of the stock by Feb. 1, 1914.

John S. Stewart vs F. W. Kemp et al, judgment for plaintiff.

C. O. Keiser vs A. L. Hemphill and L. M. Hemphill, B. Frank Buie was appointed to defend this suit on behalf of the said L. M. Hemphill, a minor.

Otis Malcolm vs P. H. Wykel and W. H. Hicks, motion to dismiss P. H. Wykel from case was approved.

John Summerfield vs Eli Dunlap, judgment for plaintiff for $809.

First National bank of Canyon vs William Harvey, cause withdrawn.

L. T. Lester vs W. W. Gatewood et al, motion for new trial overruled and notice of appeal given.

PUBLIC SCHOOL OPENED MONDAY

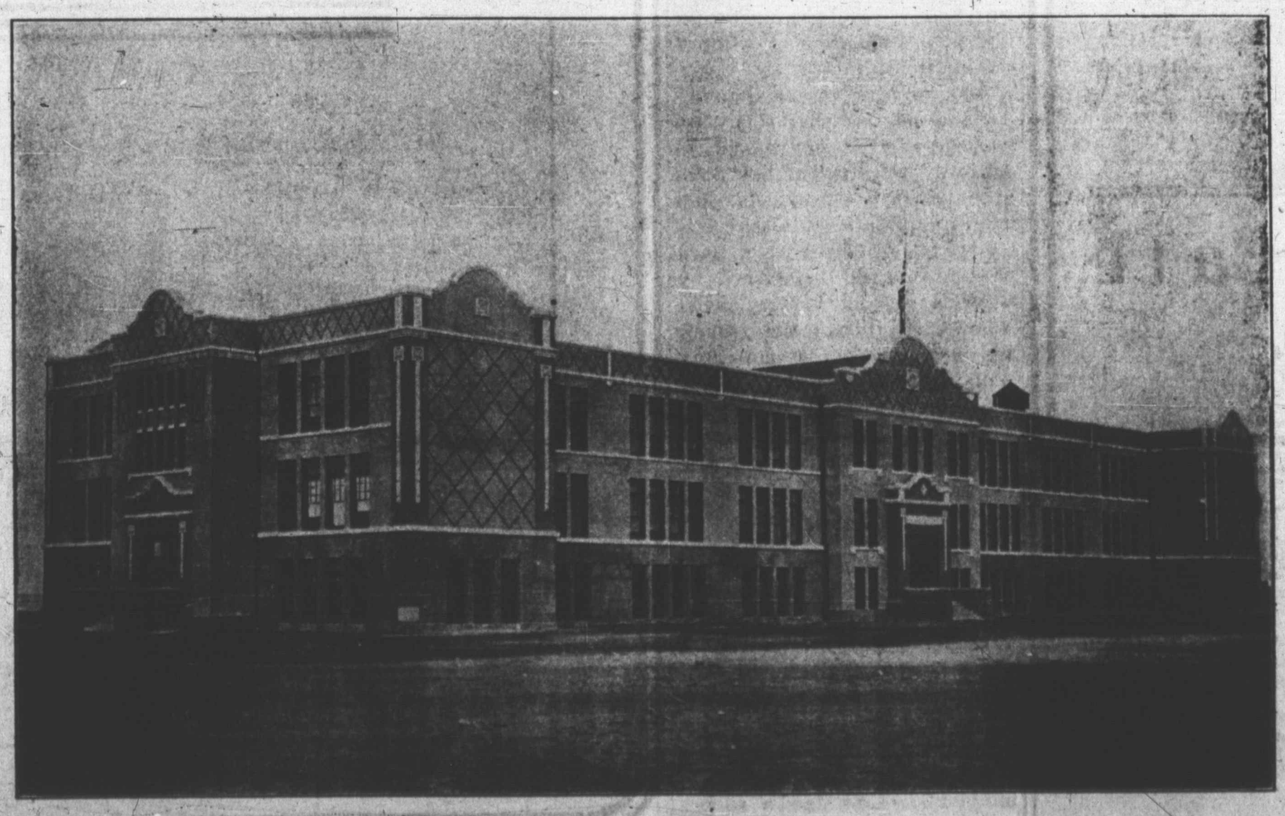
ENROLLMENT LARGE FIRST DAY AND IS INCREASING.

Entire Change of School Books this Year in Schools—Supt. King Pleased With Work.

Supt. E. F. King reports that the public schools opened Monday morning with a much larger attendance than was anticipated and this number is being increased daily by the late beginners. All the teachers arrived in the city from the summer vacation the latter part of the week and all are very optimistic for an exceptionally successful year's work.

The attendance the first day was 202. Mr. King says that some of the rooms are very crowded, but that all are being cared for nicely.

The entire list of school books used in the public schools was changed this year and consequently each pupil starts the year with a new set. No work was attempted in the schools Monday as the day was devoted to making out lists of books each pupil would need this year.



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Around the door that is guarded by a good savings account.

Poverty is an ever present spectre, haunting the by-ways of life. Prepare today to repulse him with his most potent enemy--a good savings account. Let us start YOU. No amount too small to start an account at this Bank, and once an account is started, you will be surprised to see it grow.

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Has the best stock of home grown trees they have ever had. Propigated from trees that have been tested and do the best, are hardy and absolutely free from disease. We have no connection with any other nursery.

L. N. Dalmont, Manager. N. J. Secrest, General Agent
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If you want trees that will give satisfaction and good results send in order or see salesman.

Adapt Farming to Conditions

The following is a paper read before the farmers Institute in Amarillo by W. D. McGehee of Wayside, which the organization asked that it be published in all Panhandle papers:

There is no panacea for drouth on the plains or elsewhere. I am persuaded, however, that a more thorough knowledge of this country, a more thoughtful effort to adapt our farming to the conditions we have to meet will result in raising two bushels of maize, kaffir, where we now raise one. Our great altitude and the direction of the prevailing winds force upon the farmer on the plains a problem which few if any of them ever met elsewhere. Evaporation takes place so rapidly here we are forced to make the conservation of moisture a matter of fine importance. I wish, therefore, to call attention to a few things that 17 years of farming on the plains has taught me. Perhaps, the point most over looked and probably one less considered than it should be is the matter of late planting. I think I am safe in saying that crops which mature during the long hot days of July and August require at least a third more moisture than if the same crop was maturing and therefore making its greatest demand for moisture during September and October when the days are shorter and cooler, and when the nights are longer.

The greatest advantage of late planting, however, is found in the fact that late planting allows us by a proper system of culture to more effectually relieve the rainfall on the one hand, and on the other, it enables us to get the soil in thorough tilth before planting. To illustrate, allow me to say that I have on my farm, steel-tooth harrows sufficient to harrow a hundred acres a day. By thus promptly harrowing and cross harrowing after each rain, I not only conserve the maximum amount of moisture, but in the quickest and most effectual way I destroy all weeds and grass. When the land has been planted in row crops (and I am speaking particularly of maize and kaffir) it requires so long to get over the field with a cultivator that a large amount of the moisture is lost.

Another great advantage of having the main portion of the crops planted late, say from the first of June to middle of July, is the fact that where the land has been placed in good condition and kept so retaining not only the moisture from the winter snows but from the rainfall of early spring and summer rains, the ground may be planted at any time with the assurance of a good stand and a rapid growth. This plan will usually result in storing sufficient moisture to keep the crop growing nicely for a month or so without any additional rain.

Another advantage, and an important one, is that this late planting will not get too tall to cultivate until the long hot days of the season are over. It often happens that after the maize is too tall to cultivate that a hard packing rain will be followed by a few days of hot drying winds which suffice to bake the ground and rob the crop of moisture. While I admit that the seasons are often ample to early planting I desire in this paper to stress the fact that late planting is preferable for the larger portion of the crop. Were it not for the fact it would make this paper longer than the occasion will warrant I would like to give you some experiments I have made during the last few years. I would like to tell you how I raised 60 bushels of maize last year when much on adjoining farms and on my own farm was not worth cutting. I would like to tell you how I retained a sufficient amount of moisture from the winter snows to make a bumper crop with only a very light rainfall in the summer.

After 17 years farming in this country I feel sure we are just beginning to realize its wonderful possibilities. As you know it has been but a short while since this country began to settle. A neighbor of mine tells me that one of his youngest boys was the first white child born in Amarillo. We have indeed a new country, a country we have just begun to develop.

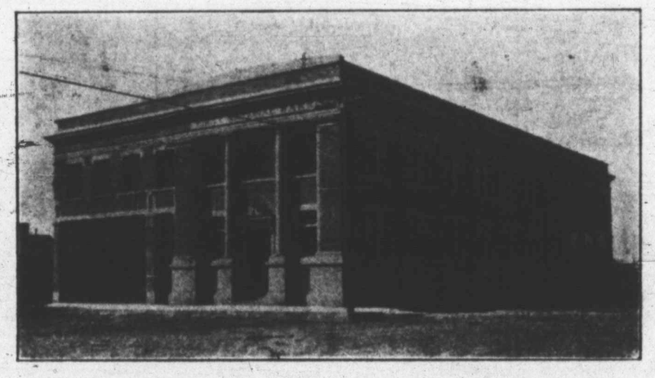
Before closing I want to say a word for the Amarillo state fair. It will be a great advantage to all this country. We need an opportunity to meet each other, to learn what is being done, and to co-operate in developing this great country. We have a citizenship which no doubt will compare favorably with any in the nation. They have came from the East and from the West, from the North and from the South. Men whose boyhood was spent along the banks of the Ohio, the Wabash and the Illinois, have met in friendly rivalry those who gambolled in boyish mirth on the banks of the Savannah, the Chatakoochee and the Alabama. Young men are here who have lately turned their backs to their loved homes on the banks of the Kentucky, the Chamberland and the Tennessee, and are now offering their heart and their hands to maids who yet have fond recollections of beautiful scenes and happy hours spent along the Platte, the Kansas and the Missouri. This new citizenship not yet acquainted with the Plains. The people of the Plains need a place to meet and plan for the future. We have great problems to solve. We have great citizens to solve them. A fertile soil, a healthy climate, a citizenship picked from a most daring and enterprising of the nation who will dare say what awaits this great country. I doubt not that here on the Plains of Texas will be brought to flowers and to fruits the highest civilization of America.

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

Come to Canyon to live.

Caught a Bad Cold.

"Last winter my son caught a very bad cold and the way he caughed was something dreadful," writes Mrs. Sarah E. Duncan, of Tipton, Iowa. "We thought sure he was going into consumption. We bought just one bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and that one bottle stopped his cough and cured his cold completely." For sale by all dealers.
(Advertisement)



TRY IT SIX MONTHS

Do battle with every impulse to spend and put the result of each victory into a "First National" account.

Determine now to try it for six months.

In that time you will have found the saving proposition less difficult than you supposed and more encouraging than you had ever dreamed.

The First National Bank of Canyon

Capital : : $100,000
Surplus and Profits : $ 30,000

HELPLESS AS BABY

Down in Mind Unable to Work, and What Helped Her.

Summit Point, W. Va.—Mrs. Anna Belle Emey, of this place, says: "I suffered for 15 years with an awful pain in my right side, caused from womanly trouble, and doctored lots for it, but without success. I suffered so very much, that I became down in mind, and as helpless as a baby. I was in the worst kind of shape. Was unable to do any work.

I began taking Cardui, the woman's tonic, and got relief from the very first dose. By the time I had taken 12 bottles, my health was completely restored. I am now 48 years years old, but feel as good as I did when only 16.

Cardui certainly saved me from losing my mind, and I feel it my duty to speak in its favor. I wish I had some power over poor, suffering women, and could make them know the good it would do them."

If you suffer from any of the ailments peculiar to women, it will certainly be worth your while to give Cardui a trial. It has been helping weak women for more than 50 years, and will help you, too.

Try Cardui. Your druggist sells it.

Write to: Chattanooga Medicine Co., Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga, Tenn., for *Special Instructions* on your case and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," in plain wrapper. N.C. 121

Where There's a Farm There Should be a Bell Telephone

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He, too, appreciates that convenience ministers to health, happiness, progress and wealth.

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With other neighbors he starts a Rural Telephone line. Enough said.

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Will practice in all the courts of Texas.
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Despondency.

Is often caused by indigestion and constipation, and quickly disappears when Chamberlain's Tablets are taken. For sale by all dealers.
(Advertisement)

SHAFT TO MAINE'S DEAD

Mast of Ill-Fated Battleship Will Be Principal Feature of Arlington Monument.

Unless something unexpected intervenes, a handsome monument in memory of the dead of the battleship Maine will be erected in the Arlington national cemetery before the close of the coming summer, in execution of the act of congress to that effect. There is about $50,000 available for the purpose, and the committee of fine arts has approved two designs for the memorial.

In accordance with the provisions of the act of congress, the mainmast of the Maine will form the principal feature of the memorial. That mast was taken from the sunken hull in the harbor of Havana about a year ago and brought to the Washington navy yard on the transport Leonidas. Since then it has been denuded of the searchlight platform and the boomstep and covered with red lead. It now consists of a hollow tube about sixty feet in length surmounted with an armored fighting top. It will form a column rising from a foundation of granite and concrete with ornamental surroundings.

The sum of $300 was allotted for the transportation of the mast from the local navy yard to its chosen site in the Arlington cemetery. A contract for its removal was made with the understanding that the work should be done with as little delay as possible. The mast, in its present condition, weighs 22,660 pounds, or about twenty long tons. Because of its length and peculiar construction its successful transfer involves several problems for the contractors. Their plans involve the use of a specially constructed truck in two or more sections with from twenty to thirty draft horses for the motive power. Two routes are under consideration, one being over the Aqueduct bridge and up the Military road to the west gate of the cemetery, and the other over the Highway bridge, along the Columbia pike to the southeastern entrance to the cemetery.

The latter route probably will involve the removal of a small section of the cemetery wall near the gateway, as in that case the passage would have to be at an angle with the gate. It is favored over the other route because it is much shorter and the grades are easier.

WHERE LEE WENT TO SCHOOL

It Was in Alexandria, Va., in a Tall, Old Brick House, Painted Gray.

Walking along under the shadow of the walls of Christ church in Alexandria you will see near by an old brick house, tall, broad and gray-painted. It was the Hallowell school. On one side it has been encroached on by new houses that cover the olden playground and the site of a structure which was a tobacco warehouse before it became one of the Hallowell school buildings. A guide will point out that house as a place where Robert E. Lee attended school, and the guide is right. Robert E. Lee studied mathematics there in preparation for West Point. The children of Nellie Curtis, ward of George Washington, conned text books and recited lessons there. A great many children have studied in the old oak-panneled rooms.

This school house is not alone deserving of good thoughts because of these persons who received instruction there, but also on account of him who gave instruction there. The teacher was Benjamin Hallowell, a sincere scholar, a man of lofty character, author of various books on mathematics and astronomy, a distinguished member of the Society of Friends and a man whose worth and talents made considerable impress on the society of his time.

Hallowell was born in 1799 in Cheltenham township, Montgomery county, Pa. He learned the trade of carpentry and cabinet making under a kinsman, Nathan Lukens of Horsham, Pa. He preferred book lore to manual labor, and finally obtained a position as a teacher in a school at Fair Hill in the Friends district around Sandy Spring, Montgomery county, Md. Later he taught in a school at West Town near Burlington, N. J., and in 1824, after vicissitudes of which he told in an autobiography written for his children, he opened on his account a school in Alexandria. The house he first rented in Alexandria was next door to the home of the widow of Gen. Harry Lee, the mother of Robert E. Lee, and Mr. Hallowell has narrated numerous incidents relating to that lady and of the call which Lafayette made upon her when he visited Alexandria.

Beyond Belief.

Half a century ago a medical student lodging in London so ingratiated himself in the eyes of his landlady that on his departure for Tasmania to practice she asked him to accept a souvenir of his London home, and he took a picture which had been in his sitting room.

This picture remained in his house for upward of forty years without attracting any particular notice, but then its hour struck, for a visitor detected merit in it and advised the owner to forward a description of it to London. He did so, and the picture, which turned out to be a Romney, fetched 3,500 guineas.

The best of the story is that the Tasmanian editor who printed an account of the matter gave the price as 350 guineas, saying that he did so because he did not believe that any picture could be worth the larger sum.—London Sphere.

Many people at seventy attribute their good health to SCOTT'S EMULSION because its concentrated nourishment creates permanent body-power, and because it is devoid of drugs or stimulants.
Scott & Bowne, Bloomfield, N. J. 13-22

Resolutions.

We, the undersigned committee on resolutions, do resolve:

First—That the people of Canyon be extended our hearty thanks for so hospitably opening their homes to the teachers of the institute.

Second—To the Normal faculty for the very valuable aid they have given the teachers in their interesting talks.

Third—To Miss Kline for the splendid music which she gave the teachers at various times during the week.

Fourth—That our sincerest thanks be extended to Miss Mary E. Gearing of Austin for the interest which she has aroused among the teachers in regard to the University, especially its Extension Department.

Fifth—To Judge Coss, Prof. D. A. Shirley, and to the other officers of the institute for the splendid and efficient manner in which they have presided.

Sixth—We also wish to extend an expression of our sincerest gratitude and appreciation to the former State Superintendent, F. M. Bralley for his efficient service for the cause of education of the state; and to offer our co-operation and hearty support to the new Superintendent, Mr. Doughty.

Seventh—We also wish to recommend the following: (1) That the County Judge of Randall County invite several adjoining counties to attend the institute in this place next year, because we believe a more successful institute can be held in thinly settled districts in this manner.

(2) That the institute work be divided into several departments for the coming year, to best suit the need of the teachers attending.

(3) That a committee be appointed by the County judge to secure railroad rates for the visiting teachers.

Committee—Lin Fertsch, Palmer Co., F. A. Morgan, Oldham Co., Mrs. G. P. Garrison, Deaf Smith Co., Mrs. Jessie Currie, Randall Co., L. C. Crowley, Randall Co.

For Weakness and Loss of Appetite
The Old Standard general strengthening tonic, GROVE'S TASTELESS chill TONIC, drives out Malaria and builds up the system. A true tonic and sure Appetizer. For adults and children. 50c.
(Advertisement)

Praise Food Committee.

Editor News—All honor and praise to the ladies who make the weekly inspections during the clean-up campaign. We appreciate so much their efforts and the time they so willingly give in this work that is a benefit to all.

If we get the prize this year it will on account largely of this splendid committee of ladies.

I met some friends about two miles from town a few days ago. It was a bunch of weeds in the lane, it would be dangerous for them to come within the city limits.

We are getting so many compliments from our neighbors living in the country, they say the town looks just splendid, never saw anything like it.

Let's put on a little more polish and then keep it there.

Canyonite.

Mrs. A. B. Ellis has moved from Tahoka to this city so that her three daughters may attend the Normal.

To Cure a Cold in One Day
Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine. It stops the Cough and Headache and works off the Cold. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature on each box. 25c
(Advertisement)

Advertised Goods.

(By W. Holt Harris, Chairman Mercantile Committee C. S. Association.)

Goods that are advertised are usually priced to give the merchant the percentage of profit that he deserves and also suit the customers pocketbook.

Unadvertised good, while of the same quality, have to be sold at a much larger price in order to overcome the higher cost of doing business.

When a merchant sells fewer goods he must make more profit on each sale and as a consequence, the buyer is sometimes charged an unfair price.

Advertised merchandise offers the merchant his best opportunity to make money and the customers also profits by lower prices and has the satisfaction of generally obtaining better quality.

To Prevent Blood Poisoning
apply at once the wonderful old reliable DR. PORTER'S ANTISEPTIC HEALING OIL, a surgical dressing that relieves pain and heals at the same time. Not a liniment. 25c. 50c. $1.00
(Advertisement)

Mother of Eighteen Children.

"I am the mother of eighteen children and have the honor of doing more work than any young woman in my town," writes Mrs. C. J. Martin, Boone Mill, Va. "I suffered for five years with stomach trouble and could not eat as much as a biscuit without suffering. I have taken three bottles of Chamberlain's Tablets and am now a well woman and weigh 180 pounds. I can eat anything I want to, and as much as I want and feel better than I have at any time in ten years. I refer to anyone in Boone Mill or vicinity and they will vouch for what I say." Chamberlain's Tablets are for sale by all dealers.
(Advertisement)

Col. Traylor Moves Here.

Col. Champ Traylor has moved to the city from Plemons in order to take advantage of the excellent schools. Col. Traylor is one of the old timers of the Plains country, coming out to the Plemons country in a very early day when life was very rough. He tells great and interesting tales of his early experience on the Plains. Col. Traylor is an authority on early church history and at the Methodist district conference held in this city last fall was asked to write a series of articles on this early history for the Texas Christian Advocate. The people of the city welcome Col. Traylor and his estimable family.

Mrs. E. H. Wray has returned from Chicago where she spent the summer in the university.

HELPFUL WORDS.

From a Canyon Citizen.

Is your back lame and painful?

Does it ache especially after exertion?

Is there a soreness in the kidney region?

These symptoms suggest weak kidneys.

If so, there is danger in delay.

Weak kidneys get fast weaker.

Give your trouble prompt attention.

Doan's Kidney Pills are for weak kidneys.

Your neighbors use and recommend them.

Read this Canyon testimony.

R. T. Holton, Canyon, Texas, says: "I still use Doan's Kidney Pills when I need a kidney remedy. They always do me a great deal of good. I am pleased to endorse them."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for United States.

Remember the name—Doans—and take no other.
(Advertisement)

of Health Club Baking Powder will do all that you could expect *any* baking powder to do—no matter *what* its price.

For Pies, Biscuits, Cakes, Waffles or Muffins—for any kind of home baking in fact—you'll find Health Club to be the strongest, purest and most economical Baking Powder obtainable at *any price.*

Order a trial can today for tomorrow's baking—then judge.

Sold in 10c, 15c & 25c Cans By all Good Grocers

Grand Jury Report.

The following is the report of the grand jury which adjourned Friday afternoon:

Canyon, Texas, Sept. 5, 1913, Hon. J. N. Browning, district judge. We, the Grand Jury having concluded our labors at the September term 1913 of the district court of Randall county, request to be finally discharged for the term and submit this report:

We have diligently inquired into the infractions of the criminal laws in the county and have returned seven indictments, two for felony and five for misdemeanors.

We recommend and request that the local committee having same in charge report and publish a full statement of the funds donated by the people of Randall county for the location of the West Texas State Normal College at Canyon giving the names of the donors and the amounts donated by each and the amount collected from each donor and in detail what has been done with such donations. This matter has never been attended to and the people of the county demand and are entitled to such information as herein requested.

The high school and normal buildings are in excellent condition and the management of each we wish to congratulate.

The court house we find in good condition with the exception of some slight repairs.

The clock in the county court house dome is exposed to dust, snow and sleet and we urgently recommend to the commissioners court that it be better enclosed.

Thanking the court and officers for courtesies we submit this report.

J. A. WILSON,
Foreman of Grand Jury.

J. J. Greenwade of Clarendon has moved to the city to take advantage of the excellent schools.

WHENEVER YOU NEED A GENERAL TONIC - TAKE GROVE'S

The Old Standard Grove's Tasteless chill Tonic is Equally Valuable as a General Tonic because it Acts on the Liver, Drives Out Malaria, Enriches the Blood and Builds up the Whole System. For Grown People and Children.

You know what you are taking when you take Grove's Tasteless chill Tonic as the formula is printed on every label showing that it contains the well known tonic properties of QUININE and IRON. It is as strong as the strongest bitter tonic and is in Tasteless Form. It has no equal for Malaria, Chills and Fever, Weakness, general debility and loss of appetite. Gives life and vigor to Nursing Mothers and Pale, Sickly Children. Removes Biliousness without purging. Relieves nervous depression and low spirits. Arouses the liver to action and purifies the blood. A True Tonic and Sure Appetizer. A Complete Strengthener. No family should be without it. Guaranteed by your Druggist. We mean it. 50c.

Vote Here

Buy your school supplies of the Holland Drug Co., get votes with every Blue Jay Tablet. Our stock of school supplies is complete. A manicure set will be given to some girl and a watch to some boy.

Holland Drug Company
"The Living and Leading Druggists"
Phone 90 Phone 90

The Randall County News.

Incorporated under the laws of Texas

C. W. Warwick, Managing Editor.

C. O. Keiser ..... President
Oscar Hunt ..... Vice President
C. W. Warwick ..... Sec'y-Treasurer
Directors: C. O. Keiser, Oscar Hunt, C. W. Warwick, J. E. Winkelman.

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

Why not a genuine clean up day for the cemetery? There have been attempted clean up days in the past for the cemetery but there was little response from the citizenship in general. The News is informed that several graves in the cemetery are in very bad condition. Canyon is almost a clean city. Canyon people should not overlook our City of the Dead. No greater respect can be shown to the good men and women and the bright boys and girls who have lived and labored in Canyon than by keeping the cemetery in a perfect condition.

Hints to Advertisers

By HOLLAND.

THE man who prepares copy for a printer, whether it is a reading notice or an advertisement, should remember a few essentials. Typewriter copy is better than that made with a pen or pencil. But if you must use a pencil write as plainly as possible. Do not crowd your words together. Leave plenty of space at the top and bottom of the page and between lines. Paper is cheaper than a man's time deciphering illegible writing. WRITE ONLY ON ONE SIDE OF THE PAPER, and if you use more than one sheet number the pages. Remember that some man must read what you are writing and that he does not know what you mean to say and must be guided by what you do say. Write your copy as plainly as you would like to have the other man write it if you had to put it in type. Designate the lines that you want displayed and do not expect extra large type in a small space.

The editor of this paper knows something about advertising and a good deal about the typographical art. He will be glad to have you consult him about preparing your copy. The advice he offers will be free and honest. And you don't need to follow it unless it seems sound to you.

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.

For Sale—Two 2 year old mules, five 1 year old mules, ten mule colts. These mules are mostly from heavy Percheron mares. Will price them right. R. G. Bader, Umbarger, Texas. 24tf

Sewing Wanted By Parcel Post—I am prepared to do dress making by measure and I will appreciate your patronage. House dress $1.00. Street dress $1.25 to $1.75. Waist 30c. Guarantee fit if you send correct measure. I pay return postage. Mrs. Pearl Abbott, Canyon, Tex. Route 1, Box 39. 25p3

Wanted—Two gentlemen table boarders. J. J. Greenwade. First house north of Canyon Lumber Co. 25p2

Wanted— Few more girl boarders, one block from campus, Bybee place. S. B. McClure. pl

House for Rent—7 room house all furnished, for rent to right party at right price. Phone Joe Foster. tf

For Sale—My fine home in the N. W. part of town at a sacrafice. C. I. Wagner. ~~22-3~~tp

For Sale—My fine home in N. W. part of town at a sacrifice. C. I. Wagner. 24p4

For Sale—Two folding beds and davenport. First house east Methodist church. Mrs. G. L. Abbott. 24p3

For Sale—Hard coal stove, almost new. Enquire of News office. tf

For Sale—My entire household goods, consisting of all necessities for six room house. If taken at once the price is $175.00 cash. See Bob Donald for further information.
tf Jno. Geo. Miller.

Wanted — Four students to board and room. Girls preferred, $17.00 per month. Mrs. C. I. Wagner. 24p3

TO TRADE—For good herd sheep, all or any part of 50 good brood mares, all bred to jacks, and 2 young jacks also have a lot of good young horses and fillies and mules will trade, sell for cash or upon time with good paper. Address at once, Box 805, Plainview, Texas. 24p4

For Sale or Rent—Thirteen room lodging house near the depot. Good established transient trade. Will sell for one third cash or will give twelve month lease. Furnished. Mrs. M. S. Gatewood. tf

For Sale—Well pump, cylinder and sixty feet of piping and rod. Price $15.00. Mrs. M. S. Gatewood. tf

For Sale—Jersey cow to be fresh soon. J. P. Anderson. tf

For Sale—Eighty acres 1 mile south of Canyon high school, 20 in alfalfa, 20 more can be planted in alfalfa. Price $95.00 per acre. Write for terms. H. V. Mattson, Jefferson, Iowa. 22p6

Lost—New black pocketbook last Thursday containing memorandum. Also considerable money. Leave at News office for reward. 1t

For Sale—Refrigerator used one season at a bargain. Call today. J. Frank Smith. 1t

Captain Howren was in Bovina Thursday and Friday on business.

Mrs. B. T. Johnson left Thursday for Shamrock to conduct a B. W. M. W. meeting.

Miss Kermickle of Amarillo was a guest at the B. T. Johnson home this week.

Trade at the Normal Grocery. 1t

Frank Smith left Thursday for Shamrock on a two days business trip.

Miss Ruth Towery of Plainview is visiting Miss Thelma McGee.

Tom Cochran returned Thursday from Floydada after a weeks business trip.

Buy your GROCERIES at the SUPPLY CO., the cleanest and and freshest stock in town. 1t

Jessie Hicks and Miss Addie visited relatives in Plainview last week.

J. W. Cowart will move his Candy Kitchen back to the old post office building on Houston street Friday.

Kodak films developed free. Harris Studio 509 1-2 Polk St. Amarillo Texas. tf

Miss Annie Laurie Buie is quite ill at her home on East Houston.

Mrs. W. A. Askew and daughter, Mary Louise of Amarillo were week end guests at the Judge Buie home.

$100 Reward, $100

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio.
Sold by all Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.
(Advertisement)

To the Professors and Students of the West Texas State Normal and Canyon High School

We welcome you to our city and invite you to make our store your headquarters for your needs in Dry Goods and Groceries. We carry the largest and most up-to-date stock of Dry Goods. Everything from head to foot can be found in our store. In fact we believe we have the most up-to-date stock of dry goods and fancy groceries on the Plains.

We invite your inspection in regard to quality and price.

We guarantee every item to be as represented by us.

We gladly cash your checks.

We will help you find boarding places and render you all the assistance we can.

Remember that your credit is good with us.

Thanking you in advance for your patronage, we are

Your Friends,

Joe and Jim--THE LEADER

Wayside Items.

Rain has fallen in different localities, we hope for a general rain soon, would do lots of good even yet.

Little Geo. son of Verner and Hassie Gilham was seriously hurt Saturday by a horse running with him, dislocating his shoulder and wrist.

S. S. at the usual hour at Wayside Sunday led by H. H. Gilham Interesting talks by the delegates sent to the convention at Canyon were much enjoyed by the school. It was decided by the S. S. to curtain off the different classes except the Bible class. The Ladies Aid was requested to attend to this work.

Rev. Lowery Bagwell of Plainview preached morning and evening at Wayside Sunday, we extend a welcome to come again.

B. C. Willis and family left Monday for Estelline, Texas. They may go to Davidson, Okla., latter.

W. R. Franklin left Saturday to visit the parental home near Curlew.

Jno. Gilham carried his son, Mack to Canyon Saturday to enter the Normal.

Anona.

START YOUR LIVER DON'T STOP WORK

Dodson's Liver Tone Acts Mildly, but Surely. Livens Up the Liver and You Stay on Your Feet.

It is the experience of calomel users that if they take enough of the drugs to have the desired effect, it seriously interferes with their work the day after. But this is the least important item, for calomel is often a dangerous drug and acts on the system violently.

Don't take chances with calomel. Get a bottle of the pleasant, safe and perfectly harmless Dodson's Liver Tone, guaranteed to take the place of calomel. Instead of making you feel worse the next day it makes you feel better—and you actually are better, for no remedy in the whole world livens up the liver, regulates the bowels and really rejuvenates the system any better than this dose.

You are the sole judge of its merits. The City Pharmacy is fully authorized to hand you back your money without question if it fails to please you—and relieve you.

Remember, if you get constipated and bilious, what you need is Dodson's Liver Tone. A large bottle and a good guarantee for 50 cents from the City Pharmacy.

(Advertisement)

Diarrhoea Quickly Cured.

"I was taken by diarrhoea and Mr. Yorks, the merchant here, persuaded me to try a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. After taking one dose of it I was cured. It also cured others that I gave it to," writes M. E. Gebhart, Oriole, Pa. That is not at all unusual. An ordinary attack of diarrhoea can almost invariably be cured by one or two doses of this remedy. For sale by all dealers.

(Advertisement)

Umbarger Notes.

Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Lichtwald are nicely setteled in their new house recently moved from Hereford.

Mr. Brodie had hard luck last week. One morning when he went out to do the morning chores, he found that one of his fine thorough bred Jersey calves had in some way broken his neck. Mr. Brodie has some very fine Jersey stock.

School opens this week with Miss Mary Dale of Canyon as teacher.

Lester Simms laid the chimney in the Lichwald home last week.

Mesdames Outz and Jackson and children returned to their homes in Missouri after spending the summer at the parental Simms home.

Grandpa and Frank Simms and Geo. Frank drove across country to Plainview to investigate the irrigating wells.

Tom Meyers drove to Canyon on business Saturday.

The farmers of this section are baling their straw for winter feed.

The farmers in this section of the country should get together and organize a farmer's telephone line. There is no improvement on the farm that saves more time and money than the telephone. Get busy ye farmers.

Ceta Items.

School began Monday with Miss Lillie Leonard as teacher.

Earl Wesley and Miss Lizzie Evans were married Wednesday. A fruit supper and party was given in the evening. A large crowd enjoyed themselves.

A few of the young ladies from this community and Wayside went on a fishing trip north of Amarillo last week.

Wm. James and Miss Ethel Helems were married Thursday at Canyon. A wedding supper was given Friday night.

Geo. Schaeffer has been cutting maize on the Davis place which he bought.

Miss Hudspeth returned Friday from California where she has been spending the summer.

Miss Denman returned Thursday from an extended summer's vacation trip to Galveston, New York and Chicago.

We are still making the lowest prices in the grocery line. Call on us. Normal Grocery. 1t

W. J. Flesher and S. B. Loften went to Dallas Sunday to transact business in the district court regarding the Green Hwd. Co.

Miss Ritchie returned Saturday from her summer vacation spent in Chicago and Mineral Wells.

The fourth quarterly conference of the Methodist church will be held Sunday and Monday Sept. 20 and 21. Rev. O. P. Kiker will preach at the church on Sunday.

BUTTONS Covered from scraps of your material in twenty-five difierent fizes including Ivory rims in all colors. 25p4 J. H. Shill, Amarillo, Tex.

Santa Fe EXCURSIONS

Meeting Northwest Texas Press association, Memphis, Sept. 19-20. Tickets on sale Sept. 17-18, round trip. $4.60, limit Sept. 23.

One way Second Class Colonist excursion fares to California and the Northwest will be in effect Sept. 25 to Oct. 10, at approximately $30.00.

Merchants Meeting, Dallas, Sept. 14 to 23. One and one-third fare for round trip. Certificate plan.

Merchant Meeting, Ft. Worth, Sept. 13 to 22. One and one-third fare for round trip. Certificate plan.

R. McGee, Agt.

Millinery

I wish to announce to the Randall county public that I have opened for the seventh season with a very large complete line of millinery. I can save you meney with my low priced, high quality goods. The 3rd door north of the Railroad on Main Street.

Mrs. N. C. Vogele

HEREFORD, TEXAS

"Le Mirage" Published for 1913

Editorial Staff of "Le Mirage"

Assistant Editors.

"Le Mirage" Publishsd.

"Le Mirage" for 1913, the annual publication of the students of the Normal was received from the publishers last week and the final copies distributed by Prof. J. W. Reid. The book is a very fine piece of work and the members of the college who have worked so hard for the success of the publication deserve great credit. The following is the editorial staff:

Editor in Chief—R. Guy Rogers.

Business Manager—Ewell D. Condron.

Joke Editor—Horace I. Hudson.

Senior Representative—Emma McClesky.

Junior Representative—Esther Scarborough Harris.

Freshman Representative—Maude Locke.

Sub-Freshman Representative—Winnie Jennings.

Art Editor—Miles Ackerman.

Summer school Representative—Mae Pickerill.

The following are the staff assistants—Sallie Long, R. A. DeFee, William H. Younger Jr., Carrie Parsell, Andrew Floyd, Ben A. Terrill, Roy Vaughn, Cecile Reid, A. B. McAfee, Sidney Reid, Grace Webster, Ben Donald, Mate Hunt, Lelia Nisbett.

LOCAL NEWS.

Try some fresh bread at The Leader next time. 1t

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Kleinschmidt left Tuesday for Bensenville, Ill., where they will spend two months with relatives.

Miss Evelyn Davidson of Belen, N. M., visited Sunday at the Mrs. J. W. Rose home.

Buy a BENJAMIN suit from the Supply Co. 1t

W. H. Pyeatt and family have moved to Canyon to take advantage of the Normal.

Mrs. E. A. Teed of Ft. Summer, N. M. returned home Tuesday after a four weeks visit at the parental Gorman home.

Don't overlook that celery at D. N. Redburn's. 5 cents per bunch. 1t

W. E. Henderson of Tahoka has moved to the city to take advantage of the schools. He lives in the Leverton property on Canyon street.

Mrs. McIntire returned Sunday from a weeks visit in Hereford.

Trade with the CANYON SUPPLY CO. They sell everything. 1t

Miss Jessie Smith left Tuesday for Kid Key where she will attend school.

Mesdames J. B. Gamble and J. M. Arnold were Amarillo callers Tuesday.

Mrs. D. C. Terrell of Decatur who has been visiting her daughter Mrs. A. B. McAfee for the past week returned Tuesday.

Your business will be promptly attended to if you phone 27. Normal Grocery. 1t

J. M. Burkhalter of Happy was a business caller in the city Friday.

Mrs. Geo. Master of Panhandle has moved into the Abbott house, coming here to enjoy the privileges of the splendid schools.

S. V. Wirt carries a full line of paints, oils, glass and wall paper. tf

Wm. Spence of Tulia visited at the McIntire and Anthony homes.

John Houser of Stratford visited Sunday at the W. B. Campbell home on his way to Kress to visit his father.

Mrs. M. Morton has moved to Canyon from Lamesa and is living in the Terrill house on Chestnut street.

J. B. Knox has moved from his farm near Happy to the J. L. Prichard house east of the Baptist church.

L. A. Shearer and E. M. Bryan of Montezuma, Iowa, were in the city Thursday looking after land near Happy. Both of these gentlemen were well pleased with Randall county and say that they see a great future for the country. They have recently traded for land here.

Lyle Holland was in Kaffir this week on business.

For Rent—Two front rooms furnished or unfurnished, reasonable. Mrs. M. E. McNeill, at the Cowling house. 24p2

For Sale—One complete set 25 vol. Encyclopedia Brittanica, two roll top office desks and office chairs, one "Southwest" 10 hole drill with seeder attachments, one double cutaway disc harrow, one McCormick row binder(good as new) one Emerson gang plow. These tools are good and will be priced right. 320 rods 26 inch American Field Fence at 20 cents per rod. Mrs. Mary E. McNeil. 24p2

Plain, rye, cream and graham bread at The Leader. 1t

J. M. Craig has moved from his farm near Ralph to the J. P. Anderson property on Chestnut street.

Henry Hall of Eldora, Iowa, was in the city this week looking after his interests in the city.

Good local showers fell south and west of the city Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

Our hats are ready for your inspection. Visit our MILLINERY department. Canyon Supply Co. 1t

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Foster of near Happy are the parents of a son born Thursday.

Mrs. D. K. Usery left Thursday for Stratford where she will visit her parents for a month.

C. R. McAfee is puting curbing along the front of his residence on Evelyn street.

Miss Ruth Montier has been elected to a teaching position in the Burkner Orphans home in Dallas.

A good horse and buggy to sell at a bargain. Terms to suit purchaser if sold within ten days. C. R. Flesher. 1t

Mrs. C. E. Apthing has moved to Canyon from Claude and taken charge of the Schulenburg house near the Normal.

Miss Ruth Stafford left Sunday for her school in Memphis.

Captain Howren left Monday for Dalhart on a weeks business trip.

Lavert Avent returned Sunday from Hamilton after a three weeks visit.

Mrs. J. K. Boring returned from Abernathy Monday after a three weeks visit with friends and relatives.

Come along with your produce. Still in the market. 1t D. N. Redburn.

Mr. and Mrs. Groendycke of Amarillo visited from Friday until Sunday at the J. E. Winkelman home.

Mrs. D. A. Park is spending the week at Canadian with her parents.

Miss Ruth Stafford returned Sunday from Chicago where she has been attending the University.

Miss May Harmeir of Amarillo visited Miss Weltha Johnson in the city Sunday. She was accompanied back by Miss Johnson who will teach near Amarillo.

Miss Alice Muldrow of Dallas visited friends and relotives in Canyon Thursday and Friday on her way home from Oregon.

Get your groceries at the best place in town—The Normal Grocery. 1t

Miss Hattie Lee Rape left Friday for Bushland near which town she will teach school.

Mr. and Mrs. Judd Asper and family left Saturday for Augsta, Wis., where they will make their future home.

Miss Drucila Knight left Saturday for Wildorado near which town she will teach this coming year.

We have secured the agency for the NO NAME hat, made by the Stetson factory. They cost no more than the ordinary kind. 1t Canyon Supply Co.

Misses Thompson, Harden and Dennis were Amarillo callers Saturday.

Miss Tennessee Malone was an Amarillo caller Saturday.

Miss Irene and Sue Redfearn of Plainview came in Saturday to attend the Normal.

L. A. Pierce and his two boys were Amarillo callers Thursday.

Miss Nannie Johnson accompanied her sister Mrs. J. C. Compton to her home in Portales Sunday and will make a two weeks visit.

Normal Students

Special invitation is extended to students to visit our store. Make headquarters with us while up town. Let us cash your checks. And above all, spend your money with us. We carry the largest stock of Dry Goods, Clothing, Millinery, Staple and Fancy Groceries in town, and have never been undersold.

TRADE WITH US. WE WANT YOUR BUSINESS.

The Canyon City Supply Co.
DRY-GOODS, CLOTHING & GROCERIES
CANYON, TEXAS

A BARGAIN—For sale, good horse and buggy. Terms to suit purchaser if sold within ten days. C. R. Flesher. 1t

Mrs. C. B. Stephens of Benonine has movdd to this city to take advantage of the excellent schools. She lives in the John Rowan house.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Stephson left Friday for Cordell, Okla.

Welton Winn lost a fine $100 yearling Polled Hereford bull Monday by lightning.

New goods received every day. Phone your grocery order to the Normal grocery. 1t

Mrs. C. C. Doniphan visited in Canyon Saturday on the way to her home in Lubbock. She was just returning from a months visit in Missouri.

Fresh Bread daily from Amarillo. The Leader. 1t

C. O. Keiser shipped a car load of cows and one of calves to the Kansas City market Saturday.

Al Stafford left Tuesday for Ft. Worth and Mineola where he will visit friends and relatives before going to Houston where he will attend the Rice Institute

Thompson Hardware Co.

Dealers in

Shelf and Heavy Hardware, Implements, Vehicles, Windmills, Harness and Saddles.

RED CEDAR POSTS

Just received another car of nice, straight Red Cedar Posts.

Also large shipment of Mountain Cedar Posts.

Citizens Lumber Co.

C. N. HARRISON & CO.

All Kinds of INSURANCE

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

Amazon	New York Underwriters
American Central	North River
Continental	National Union
Commercial Union	Northern Assurance
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
Insurance Co. of North America	Royal
Liverpool, London & Globe	Springfield
Mechanics and Traders	St. Paul Fire and Marine
	Westchester

J. E. Winkelman

TO THE STUDENT

If you are not doing good work find the cause. One of the most frequent causes of dullness is school work or other mental labor is eye strain. If your nerves give you trouble it is probably due to unconscious eye strain. Your eyes may be under strain without you realizing the fact. What is a good light for others may not be sufficient for you. Some people require twice as much light as others for comfortable study. If you are not doing good work try a better light. Do not use a hot oil lamp near your head. Get a cool electric. -:- -:-

Canyon Power Company

Office in First National Bank

S. A. Shotwell & Co.

Wholesale and Retail

Coal, Grain, Hides and Field Seeds.

Best Grades of Nigger Head and Maitland Coal.

TERMS CASH

See the News Printery

FOR THE SUPERIOR KIND OF

Commercial Job Printing

WRONG CUE.

One of the new members of congress is a very young man who, when he was making his campaign, had a great eye for publicity. As he was appealing particularly to the labor element, he sent out a story telling how he liked to work on iron. Later, in order to make good on the story, he had a small blacksmith shop built near his stable.

One day a delegation of labor men called on him and he boasted about his enthusiasm for making shoes for his own horses out of straight bars of iron. He took the delegation to the shop.

"Jack," he called out, when within a few yards of the shop, "where are some of those iron bars I use for making horseshoes?"

"They're all in here," Jack called back. "I ain't had time to straighten 'em out since you hammered 'em up for that delegation yesterday."—Popular Magazine.

His Willing Tribute.

"Judge, we are getting up a little book, to be made up, for the most part, of voluntary testimonials from distinguished citizens who honor us by carrying their life insurance in our company. We shall be very glad to have one from you. Would you mind telling me in a few words how you came to insure with us?"

"Not at all, sir. Your agent was hounding me nearly to death. For six weeks he had made my life a burden. I gave him my application for life insurance just to get rid of him."

SEEING DOUBLE.

Mrs. Collier Down (at 3 a. m.)—You're a sight. If you could see yourself as others see you!

Mr. Collier Down (intoxicated)—Shay, if you could—hic—see yourself as I see you—hic—you'd think you were—hic—the two-headed woman—hic—in the museum.

Annual Appeal.

O people of the city,
List to the Health Board's cry:
Solar plexus the mosquito,
And swat the festive fly!

Sized Him Up.

Bookseller (having taken an order for note paper)—Have you read "Pebbles," sir? Had a wonderful sale.

The Author of "Pebbles"—Has it? I think I could write as good a book myself.

Bookseller (always prepared to agree with a customer)—Do you? Well, I really believe our boy could, sir.—Punch.

Could Spot Him.

Yeast—So clear is the mountain atmosphere at Quito, under the equator in Eucador, that persons dressed in white have been distinguished 17 miles away.

Crimsonback—That's no place for a man to owe his tailor money.

Hard on Them.

Little Boy—Father, what is an Anglo-maniac?

Father—An anglo-maniac is an American eating sour grapes abroad, preferably in Great Britain.—Judge.

His Other Name Hi.

Griggs—I wonder if Roller is living within his income?

Briggs—Within it? Why, he's living so far beyond it that they may be said to be really living apart.

LAST CRY.

Wifey—I got another new hat today.

Hubby—My dear, that is the last straw.

Wifey—I know it—just from Paris.

Spaghetti.

Heinrich's pa was digging worms,
To go and fish alretty,
When Heinrich said: "Gee pa, I didn't
Know you dug spaghetti."

Had Been "Stung."

Marks (with Newspaper)—Here's a man who says that borrowing is a disease. Do you believe it?

Parks—Yes; and that lending is insanity.

Improved and Unimproved Farms

PRICES REASONABLE

Terms to Suit Purchaser

Location and Quality of Farms Cannot be Excelled

C. O. KEISER

Canyon, Texas

Keota, Iowa

THE PRODIGAL JUDGE

By VAUGHAN KESTER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY D. MELVILL

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"Here!" said the judge, with an eloquent gesture, resting his hand on his heart.

"If you let whisky alone, I'll believe you; otherwise what I have said must stand."

The door opened, and the sheriff slouched into the room. He was chewing a long wheat straw, and his whole appearance was one of troubled weakness.

"Morning," he said briefly.

"Sit down, sheriff," and the judge indicated a meek seat for the official in a distant corner. "Have you learned anything?" he asked.

The sheriff shook his head.

"What you turning all these neighbors out of doors for?" he questioned.

"We don't want people tracking in and out the house, sheriff. Important evidence may be destroyed. I propose examining the slaves first—does that meet with your approval?"

"Oh, I've talked with them; they don't know nothing," said the sheriff.

"No one don't know nothing."

"Please God, we may yet put our fingers on some villain who does," said the judge.

Outside it was noised about that Judge Price had taken matters in hand—he was the old fellow who had been warned to keep his mouth shut, and who had never stopped talking since. A crowd collected beyond the library windows and feasted its eyes on the back of this hero's bald head.

One by one the house servants were ushered into the judge's presence. First he interrogated little Steve, who had gone to Miss Betty's door that morning to rouse her, as was his custom. Next he examined Betty's maid; then the cook, and various house servants, who had nothing especial to tell, but told it at considerable length; and lastly big Steve.

"Stop a bit," the judge suddenly interrupted the butler in the midst of his narrative. "Does the overseer always come up to the house the first thing in the morning?"

"Why, not exactly, sah, but he come up this mo'ning, sah. He was talking to me at the back of the house, when the women run out with the word that Missy was done gone away."

"He joined in the search?"

"Yes, sah."

"When was Miss Malroy seen last?" asked the judge.

"She and the young gemman you fotched heah were seen in the gyarden along about sundown. I seen them myself."

"They had had supper?"

"Yes, sah."

"Who sleeps here?"

"Just little Steve and three of the women; they sleeps at the back of the house, sah."

"No sounds were heard during the night?"

"No, sah."

"I'll see the overseer—what's his name?—Hicks? Suppose you go for him!" said the judge, addressing the sheriff.

The sheriff was gone from the room only a few moments, and returned with the information that Hicks was down at the bayou, which was to be dragged.

"Why?" inquired the judge.

"Hicks says Miss Malroy's been acting mighty queer ever since Charley Norton was shot—distracted like! He says he noticed it, and that Tom Ware noticed it."

"How does he explain the boy's disappearance?"

"He reckons she throwed herself in, and the boy tried to drag her out, like he naturally would, and got drawed in."

"Humph! I'll trouble Mr. Hicks to step here," said the judge quietly.

"There's Mr. Carrington and a couple of strangers outside who've been asking about Miss Malroy and the boy; seems like the strangers knowed her and him back yonder in No'th Carolina," said the sheriff as he turned away.

"I'll see them." The sheriff went from the room and the judge dismissed the servants.

"Well, what do you think, Price?" asked Mahaffy anxiously when they were alone.

"Rubbish! Take my word for it, Solomon, this blow is leveled at me. I have been too forward in my attempts to suppress the carnival of crime that is raging through west Tennessee. You'll observe that Miss Malroy disappeared at a moment when the public is disposed to think she has retained me as her legal adviser; probably she will be set at liberty when she agrees to drop the matter of Norton's murder. As for the boy, they'll use him to compel my silence and inaction." The judge took a long breath. "Yet there remains one point where the boy is concerned that completely baffles me. If we knew just a little more of his antecedents it might cause me to make a startling and radical move."

Mahaffy was clearly not impressed by the vague generalities in which the judge was dealing.

"There you go, Price, as usual, trying to convince yourself that you are the center of everything!" he said, in a tone of much exasperation. "Let's get down to business! What does this man Hicks mean by hinting at suicide? You saw Miss Malroy yesterday?"

"You have put your finger on a point of some significance," said the judge. "She bore evidence of the shock and loss she had sustained; aside from that she was quite as she has always been."

"Well, what do you want to see Hicks for? What do you expect to learn from him?"

"Hicks Says Miss Malroy's Been Acting Queer Since Charley Norton Was Shot."

"I don't like his insistence on the idea that Miss Malroy is mentally unbalanced. It's a question of some delicacy—the law, sir, fully recognizes that. It seems to me he is overanxious to account for her disappearance in a manner that can compromise no one."

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Judge Finds Allies.

They were interrupted by the opening of the door, and big Steve admitted Carrington and the two men of whom the sheriff had spoken.

"A shocking condition of affairs, Mr. Carrington!" said the judge by way of greeting.

"Yes," said Carrington shortly.

"You left these parts some time ago, I believe?" continued the judge.

"The day before Norton was shot. I had started home for Kentucky. I heard of his death when I reached Randolph on the second bluff," explained Carrington, from whose cheeks the weather-beaten bloom had faded. He rested his hand on the edge of the desk and turned to the men who had followed him into the room. "This is the gentleman you wish to see," he said, and stepped to one of the windows; it overlooked the terraces where he had said good-by to Betty scarcely a week before.

The two men had paused by the door. They now advanced. One was gaunt and haggard, his face disfigured by a great red scar; the other was a shock-headed individual who moved with a shambling gait. Both carried rifles and both were dressed in coarse homespun.

"Morning, sir," said the man with the scar. "Yancy's my name, and this gentleman 'lows he'd rather be known now as Mr. Cavendish."

The judge started to his feet.

"Bob Yancy?" he cried.

"Yes, sir, that's me." The judge passed nimbly around the desk and shook the Scratch Hiller warmly by the hand. "Where's my nevvy, sir?—what's all this about him and Miss Betty?" Yancy's soft drawl was suddenly eager.

"Please God we'll recover him soon!" said the judge.

By the window Carrington moved impatiently. No harm could come to the boy, but Betty—a shudder went through him.

"They've stolen him." Yancy spoke with conviction. "I reckon they've started back to No'th Carolina with him—only that don't explain what's come of Miss Betty, does it?" and he dropped rather helplessly into a chair.

"Bob are just getting off a sick bed. He's been powerful porely in consequence of having his head laid open and then being throwed into the Elk river, where I fished him out," explained Cavendish, who still continued to regard the judge with unmixed astonishment, first cocking his shaggy head on one side and then on the other, his bleached eyes narrowed to a slit. Now and then he favored the austere Mahaffy with a fleeting glance. He seemed intuitively to understand the comradeship of their degradation.

"Mr. Cavendish fetched me here on his raft. We tied up to the sho' this morning. It was there we met Mr. Carrington—I'd knowed him slightly back yonder in No'th Carolina," continued Yancy. "He said I'd find Hannibal with you. I was counting a heap on seeing my nevvy."

Carrington, no longer able to control himself, swung about on his heel.

"What's been done?" he asked, with fierce repression. "What's going to be done? Don't you know that every second is precious?"

"I am about to conclude my investigations, sir," said the judge with dignity.

Carrington stepped to the door. After all, what was there to expect of these men? Whatever their interest, it was plainly centered in the boy. He passed out into the hall.

As the door closed on him the judge turned again to the Scratch Hiller.

"Mr. Yancy, Mr. Mahaffy and I hold your nephew in the tenderest regard; he has been our constant companion ever since you were lost to him. In this crisis you may rely upon us; we are committed to his recovery, no matter what it involves." The judge's tone was one of unalterable resolution.

"I reckon you-all have been mighty good and kind to him," said Yancy huskily.

"We have endeavored to be, Mr. Yancy—indeed I had formed the resolution legally to adopt him should you not come to claim him. I should have given him my name, and made him my heir. His education has already begun under my supervision," and the judge, remembering the high use to which he had dedicated one of Pegloe's trade labels, fairly glowed with philanthropic fervor.

"Think of that!" murmured Yancy softly. He was deeply moved. So was Mr. Cavendish, who was gifted with a wealth of ready sympathy. He thrust out a hardened hand to the judge.

"Shake!" he said. "You're a heap better than you look." A thin ripple of laughter escaped Mahaffy, but the judge accepted Chills and Fever's proffered hand. He understood that here was a simple genuine soul.

"Price, isn't it important for us to know why Mr. Yancy thinks the boy has been taken back to North Carolina?" said Mahaffy.

"Just what kin is Hannibal to you, Mr. Yancy?" asked the judge resuming his seat.

"Strictly speaking, he ain't none. That he come to live with me is all owing to Mr. Crenshaw, who's a good man when left to himself, but he's got a wife, so a body may say he never is left to himself," began Yancy; and then briefly he told the story of the woman and the child much as he had told it to Bladen at the Barony the day of General Quintard's funeral.

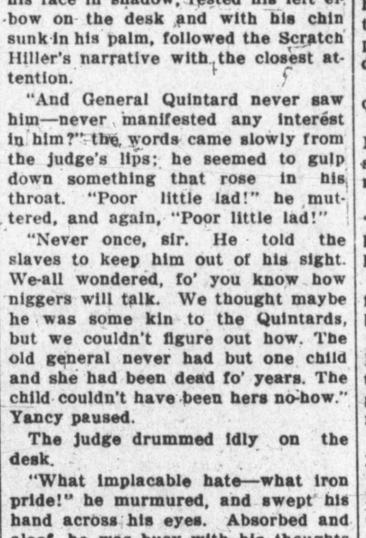
The judge, his back to the light and his face in shadow, rested his left elbow on the desk and with his chin sunk in his palm, followed the Scratch Hiller's narrative with the closest attention.

"And General Quintard never saw him—never manifested any interest in him?" the words came slowly from the judge's lips; he seemed to gulp down something that rose in his throat. "Poor little lad!" he muttered, and again, "Poor little lad!"

"Never once, sir. He told the slaves to keep him out of his sight. We-all wondered, fo' you know how niggers will talk. We thought maybe he was some kin to the Quintards, but we couldn't figure out how. The old general never had but one child and she had been dead fo' years. The child couldn't have been hers no-how." Yancy paused.

The judge drummed idly on the desk.

"What implacable hate—what iron pride!" he murmured, and swept his hand across his eyes. Absorbed and aloof, he was busy with his thoughts that spanned the waste of years—years that seemed to glide before him in review, each bitter with its hideous memories of shame and defeat. Then from the smoke of these lost battles emerged the lonely figure of the child as he had seen him that June night.



"Poor Little Lad!" He Muttered.

His ponderous arm stiffened where it rested on the desk, he straightened up in his chair and his face assumed its customary expression of battered dignity, while a smile at once wistful and tender hovered about his lips.

"One other question," he said. "Until this man Murrell appeared you had no trouble with Bladen? He was content that you should keep the child—your right to Hannibal was never challenged?"

"Never, sir. All my troubles began about that time."

"Murrell belongs in these parts," said the judge.

"I'd admire fo' to meet him," said Yancy quietly.

The judge grinned.

"I place my professional services at your disposal," he said. "Yours is a clear case of felonious assault."

"No, it ain't, sir—I look at it this-a-ways; it's a clear case of my giving him the damndest sort of a body beating!"

"Sir," said the judge, "I'll hold your hat while you are about it!"

Hicks had taken his time in responding to the judge's summons, but now his step sounded in the hall and throwing open the door he entered the room. Whether consciously or not he had acquired something of that surly, forbidding manner which was characteristic of his employer. A curt nod of the head was his only greeting.

"Will you sit down?" asked the judge. Hicks signified by another movement of the head that he would not. "This is a very dreadful business!" began the judge softly.

"Ain't it?" agreed Hicks. "What you got to say to me?" he added petulantly.

"Have you started to drag the bayou?" asked the judge. Hicks nodded. "That was your idea?" suggested the judge.

"No, it wa'n't," objected Hicks quickly. "But I said she had been actin' like she was plumb distracted ever since Charley Norton got shot—"

"How?" inquired the judge, arching his eyebrows. Hicks was plainly disturbed by the question.

"Sort of out of her head. Mr. Ware seen it, too—"

"He spoke of it?"

"Yes, sir; him and me discussed it together."

The judge regarded Hicks long and intently and in silence. His magnificent mind was at work. If Betty had been distraught he had not observed any sign of it the previous day. If Ware were better informed as to her true mental state why had he chosen this time to go to Memphis?

"I suppose Mr. Ware asked you to keep an eye on Miss Malroy while he was away from home?" said the judge. Hicks, suspicious of the drift of his questioning, made no answer. "I suppose you told the house servants to keep her under observation?" continued the judge.

"I don't talk to no niggers," replied Hicks, "except to give 'em my orders."

"Well, did you give them that order?"

"No, I didn't."

The sudden and hurried entrance of big Steve brought the judge's examination of Mr. Hicks to a standstill.

"Mas'r, you know dat 'ar coachman George—the big black fellow dat took you into town las' evenin'? I jes' been down at Shanty Hill whar Milly, his wife, is carryin' on something scandalous 'cause George ain't never come home!" Steve was laboring under intense excitement, but he ignored the presence of the overseer and addressed himself to Slocum Price.

"Well, what of that?" cried Hicks quickly.

"Thar warn't no George, mind you, Mas'r, but dar was his team in de stable this mo'ning and lookin' mighty nigh done up with hard driving."

"Yes," interrupted Hicks uneasily; "put a pair of lines in a nigger's hands and he'll run any team off its legs!"

"An' the kerriage all scratched up from bein' thrashed through the bushes," added Steve.

"There's a nigger for you!" said Hicks. "She took the rascal out of the field, dressed him like he was a gentleman and pampered him up, and now first chance he gets he runs off!"

"Ah!" said the judge softly. "Then you knew this?"

"Of course I knew—wa'n't it my business to know? I reckon he was off skylarking, and when he'd seen the mess he'd made, the trifling fool took to the woods. Well, he catches it when I lay hands on him!"

"Do you know when and under what circumstances the team was stabled, Mr. Hicks?" inquired the judge.

"No, I don't, but I reckon it must have been long after dark," said Hicks unwillingly. "I seen to the feeding just after sundown like I always do, then I went to supper," Hicks vouchsafed to explain.

"And no one saw or heard the team drive in?"

"Not as I know of," said Hicks.

"Mas'r Ca'ington's done gone off to get a pack of dawgs—he 'lows hit's might' important to find what's come of George," said Steve.

Hicks started violently at this piece of news.

"I reckon he'll have to travel a right smart distance to find a pack of dogs," he muttered. "I don't know of none this side of Colonel Bates' down below Girard."

The judge was lost in thought. He permitted an interval of silence to elapse in which Hicks' glance slid round in a furtive circle.

"When did Mr. Ware set out for Memphis?" asked the judge at length.

"Early yesterday. He goes there pretty often on business."

"You talked with Mr. Ware before he left?" Hicks shook his head. "Did he speak of Miss Malroy?" Hicks shook his head. "Did you see her during the afternoon?"

"No—maybe you think these niggers ain't enough to keep a man stirring?" said Hicks uneasily and with a scowl. The judge noticed both the uneasiness and the scowl.

"I should imagine they would absorb every moment of your time, Mr. Hicks," he agreed affably.

(Continued on page 8)

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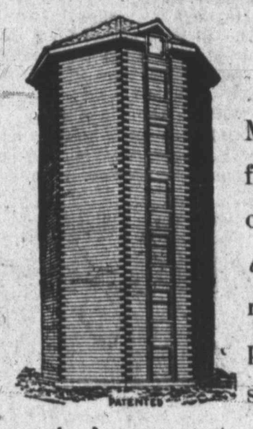

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The Prodigal Judge

(Continued from page 7)

"A man's got to be a hog for work to hold a job like mine," said Hicks sourly.

"But it came to your notice that Miss Malroy has been in a disturbed mental state ever since Mr. Norton's murder? I am interested in this point, Mr. Hicks, because your experience is so entirely at variance with my own. It was my privilege to see and speak with her yesterday afternoon; I was profoundly impressed by her naturalness and composure." The judge smiled, then he leaned forward across the desk. "What were you doing up here early this morning—hasn't a hog for work like you got any business of his own at that hour?" The judge's tone was suddenly offensive.

"Look here, what right have you got to try and pump me?" cried Hicks.

For no discernible reason Mr. Cavendish spat on his palms.

"Mr. Hicks," said the judge, urbane and gracious, "I believe in frankness."

"Sure," agreed Hicks, mollified by the judge's altered tone.

"Therefore I do not hesitate to say that I consider you a damned scoundrel!" concluded the judge.

Mr. Cavendish, accepting the judge's ultimatum as something which must debar Hicks from all further consideration, and being, as he was, exceedingly active and energetic by nature, if one passed over the various forms of gainful industry, uttered a loud whoop and threw himself on the overseer. There was a brief struggle and Hicks went down with the Earl of Lambeth astride of him; then from his boot leg that knightly soul flashed a horn-handled tickler of formidable dimensions.

The judge, Yancy and Mahaffy, sprang from their chairs. Mr. Mahaffy was plainly shocked at the spectacle of Mr. Cavendish's lawless violence. Yancy was disturbed, too, but not by the moral aspects of the case; he was doubtful as to how his friend's act would appeal to the judge. He need not have been distressed on that score, since the judge's one idea was to profit by it. With his hands on his knees he was now bending above the two men.

"What do you want to know, judge?" cried Cavendish, panting from his exertions. "I'll learn this parrot to talk up!"

"Hicks," said the judge, "it is in your power to tell us a few things we are here to find out." Hicks looked up into the judge's face and closed his lips grimly. "Mr. Cavendish, kindly let him have the point of that large knife where he'll feel it most!" ordered the judge.

"Talk quick!" said Cavendish, with a ferocious scowl. "Talk—or what's to hinder me slicing open your wooz-en?" and he pressed the blade of his knife against the overseer's throat.

"I don't know anything about Miss Betty," said Hicks in a sullen whisper.

"Maybe you don't, but what do you know about the boy?" Hicks was silent, but he was grateful for the judge's question. From Tom Ware he had learned of Fentress' interest in the boy. Why should he shelter the colonel at risk of himself? "If you please, Mr. Cavendish!" said the judge, nodding toward the knife.

"You didn't ask me about him," said Hicks quickly.

"I do now," said the judge.

"He was here yesterday."

"Mr. Cavendish—" again the judge glanced toward the knife.

"Wait!" cried Hicks. "You go to Colonel Fentress."

"Let him up, Mr. Cavendish; that's all we want to know," said the judge.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Colonel Fentress.

The judge had not forgotten his ghost, the ghost he had seen in Mr. Saul's office that day he went to the court house on business for Charley Norton. Working or idling—principally the latter—drunk or sober—principally the former—the ghost, otherwise Colonel Fentress, had preserved a place in his thoughts, and now as he moved stolidly up the drive toward Fentress' big white house on the hill with Mahaffy, Cavendish and Yancy trailing in his wake, memories of what had once been living and vital crowded in upon him. Some sense of the wreck that littered the long years, and the shame of the open shame that had swept away pride and self-respect, came back to him out of the past.

He only paused when he stood on the portico before Fentress' open door. He glanced about him at the wide fields, bounded by the distant timber lands that hid gloomy bottoms, at the great log barns in the hollow to his right; at the huddle of white-washed cabins beyond; then with his big fist he reached in and pounded on the door. The blows echoed loudly through the silent house, and an instant later Fentress' tall, spare figure was seen advancing from the far end of the hall.

"Who is it?" he asked.

"Judge Price—Colonel Fentress," said the judge.

"Judge Price," uncertainly, and still advancing.

"I had flattered myself that you must have heard of me," said the judge.

"I think I have," said Fentress.

"He thinks he has!" muttered the judge under his breath.

"Will you come in?" it was more a question than an invitation.

"If you are at liberty." The colonel bowed. "Allow me," the judge continued. "Colonel Fentress—Mr. Mahaffy, Mr. Yancy and Mr. Cavendish." Again the colonel bowed.

"Will you step into the library?"

"Very good," and the judge followed the colonel briskly down the hall.

When they entered the library Fentress turned and took stock of his guests. Mahaffy he had seen before; Yancy and Cavendish were of course strangers to him, but their appearance explained them; last of all his glance shifted to the judge. He had heard something of those activities by means of which Slocum Price had striven to distinguish himself, and he had a certain curiosity respecting the man. It was immediately satisfied. The judge had reached a degree of shabbiness seldom equaled, and but for his mellow, effulgent personality might well have passed for a common vagabond; and if his dress advertised the state of his finances, his face explained his habits. No misconception was possible about either.

"May I offer you a glass of liquor?" asked Fentress, breaking the silence. He stepped to the walnut center-table

"I Had Flattered Myself That You Must Have Heard of Me," Said the Judge.

where there was a decanter and glasses. By a gesture the judge declined the invitation. Whereat the colonel looked surprised, but not so surprised as Mahaffy. There was another silence.

"I don't think we ever met before?" observed Fentress. There was something in the fixed stare his visitor was bending upon him that he found disquieting, just why, he could not have told.

But that fixed stare of the judge's continued. No, the man had not changed—he had grown older certainly, but age had not come ungracefully; he became the glossy broadcloth and spotless linen he wore. Here was a man who could command the good things of life, using them with a rational temperance. The room itself was in harmony with his character; it was plain but rich in its appointments, at once his library and his office, while the well-filled cases ranged about the walls showed his tastes to be in the main scholarly and intellectual.

"How long have you lived here?" asked the judge abruptly. Fentress seemed to hesitate; but the judge's glance, compelling and insistent, demanded an answer.

"Ten years."

"You have known many men of all classes as a lawyer and a planter?" said the judge. Fentress inclined his head. The judge took a step nearer him. "People have a great trick of coming and going in these western states—all sorts of damned riffraff drift in and out of these new lands." A deadly earnestness lifted the judge's words above mere rudeness. Fentress, cold and distant, made no reply. "For the past twenty years I have been looking for a man by the name of Gatewood—David Gatewood." Disciplined as he was, the colonel started violently. "Ever heard of him, Fentress?" demanded the judge with a savage scowl.

"What's all this to me?" The words came with a gasp from Fentress' twitching lips. The judge looked at him moody and frowning.

"I have reason to think this man Gatewood came to west Tennessee," he said.

"If so, I have never heard of him."

"Perhaps not under that name—at any rate, you are going to hear of him now. This man Gatewood, who between ourselves was a damned scoundrel"—the colonel winced—"this man Gatewood had a friend who threw money and business in his way—a planter he was, same as Gatewood. A sort of partnership existed between the pair. It proved an expensive enterprise for Gatewood's friend, since he came to trust the damned scoundrel more and more as time passed—even large sums of his money were in Gatewood's hands—" Fentress' countenance was like stone, as expressionless and as rigid.

By the door stood Mahaffy with Yancy and Cavendish; they understood that what was obscure and meaningless to them held a tragic significance to these two men. The judge's heavy face, ordinarily battered and debauched, but infinitely good-natured, bore now the markings of deep passion, and the voice that rumbled forth from his capacious chest came to their ears like distant thunder.

"This friend of Gatewood's had a wife—" The judge's voice broke, emotion shook him like a leaf; he was tearing open his wounds. He reached over and poured himself a drink, sucking it down with greedy lips. "There was a wife—" he whirled about on his heel and faced Fentress again. "There was a wife, Fentress—" he fixed Fentress with his blazing eyes. "A wife and child. Well, one day Gatewood and the wife were missing. Under the circumstances Gatewood's friend was well rid of the pair—he should have been grateful, but he wasn't, for his wife took his child, a daughter; and Gatewood a trifle of thirty thousand dollars his friend had intrusted to him!"

There was another silence.

"At a later day I met this man who had been betrayed by his wife and robbed by his friend. He had fallen out of the race—drink had done for him—there was just one thing he seemed to care about, and that was the fate of his child, but maybe he was only curious there. He wondered if she had lived, and married—" Once more the judge paused.

"What's all this to me?" asked Fentress.

"Are you sure it's nothing to you?" demanded the judge hoarsely. "Understand this, Fentress, Gatewood's treachery brought ruin to at least two lives. It caused the woman's father to hide his face from the world; it wasn't enough for him that his friends believed his daughter dead; he knew differently, and the shame of that knowledge ate into his soul. It cost the husband his place in the world, too—in the end it made of him a vagabond and a penniless wanderer."

"This is nothing to me," said Fentress.

"Wait!" cried the judge. "About six years ago the woman was seen at her father's home in North Carolina. I reckon Gatewood had cast her off. She didn't go back empty-handed. She had run away from her husband with a child—a girl; after a lapse of twenty years she returned to her father with a boy of two or three. There are two questions that must be answered when I find Gatewood: what became of the woman, and what became of the child; are they living or dead; did the daughter grow up and marry and have a son? When I get my answer it will be time enough to think of Gatewood's punishment!" The judge leaned forward across the table, bringing his face close to Fentress' face. "Look at me—do you know me now?"

But Fentress' expression never altered. The judge fell back a step.

"Fentress, I want the boy," he said quietly.

"What boy?"

"My grandson!"

"You are mad! What do I know of him—or you?" Fentress was gaining courage from the sound of his own voice.

"You know who he is and where he is. Your business relations with this man Ware have put you on the track of the Quintard lands in this state. You intend to use the boy to gather them in."

"You're mad!" repeated Fentress.

"Unless you bring him to me inside of twenty-four hours I'll smash you!" roared the judge. "Your name isn't Fentress, it's Gatewood; you've stolen the name of Fentress, just as you have stolen other things. What's come of Turberville's money? Damn your soul! I want my grandson! I'll pull you down and leave you stripped and bare! I'll tell the world the false friend you've been—the thief you are! I'll strip you and turn you out of these doors as naked as when you entered the world!" The judge seemed to tower above Fentress; the man had shot up out of his deep debasement. "Choose! Choose!" he thundered, his shaggy brows bent in a menacing frown.

"I know nothing about the boy," said Fentress slowly.

"By God, you lie!" stormed the judge.

"I know nothing about the boy," and Fentress took a step toward the door.

"Stay where you are!" commanded the judge. "If you attempt to leave this room to call your niggers I'll kill you on its threshold!"

But Yancy and Cavendish had stepped to the door with an intention that was evident, and Fentress' thin face cast itself in haggard lines. He was feeling the judge's terrible capacity, his unexpected ability to deal with a supreme situation. Even Mahaffy gazed at his friend in wonder. He had only seen him spend himself on trifles, with no further object than

He Tossed the Glass and Contents in Fentress' Face.

the next meal or the next drink; he had believed that as he knew him so he had always been, lax and loose of tongue and deed, a noisy tavern hero, but now he saw that he was filling what must have been the measure of his manhood.

"I tell you I had no hand in carrying off the boy," said Fentress with a sardonic smile.

"I look to you to return him. Stir yourself, Gatewood, or by God, I'll hold so fierce a reckoning with you—"

The sentence remained unfinished, for Fentress felt his overwrought nerves snap, and, giving way to a sudden blind fury, struck at the judge.

"We are too old for rough and tumble," said the judge, who had displayed astonishing agility in avoiding the blow. "Furthermore we were once gentlemen. At present I am what I am, while you are a hound and a blackguard! We'll settle this as becomes our breeding." He poured himself a second glass of liquor from Fentress' decanter. "I wonder if it is possible to insult you," and he tossed glass and contents in Fentress' face. The colonel's thin features were convulsed. The judge watched him with a scornful curling of the lips. "I am treating you better than you deserve," he taunted.

"Tomorrow morning at sun-up at Boggs' race-track!" cried Fentress. The judge bowed with splendid courtesy.

"Nothing could please me half so well," he declared. He turned to the others. "Gentlemen, this is a private matter. When I have met Colonel Fentress I shall make a public announcement of why this appeared necessary to me; until then I trust this matter will not be given publicity. May I ask your silence?" He bowed again, and abruptly passed from the room.

His three friends followed in his steps, leaving Fentress standing by the table, the ghost of a smile on his thin lips.

As if the very place were evil, the judge hurried down the drive toward the road. At the gate he paused and turned on his companions, but his features wore a look of dignity that forbade comment or question. He held out his hand to Yancy.

"Sir," he said, "if I could command the riches of the Indies, it would tax my resources to meet the fractional part of my obligations to you."

"Think of that!" said Yancy, as much overwhelmed by the judge's manner as by his words.

"His Uncle Bob shall keep his place in my grandson's life! We'll watch him grow into manhood together." The judge was visibly affected. A smile of deep content parted Mr. Yancy's lips as his muscular fingers closed about the judge's hand with crushing force.

"Whoop!" cried Cavendish, delighted at this recognition of Yancy's love for the boy, and he gleefully smote the austere Mahaffy on the shoulder. But Mahaffy was dumb in the presence of the decencies; he quite lacked an interpreter. The judge looked back at the house.

"Mine!" he muttered. "The clothes he stands in—the food he eats—mine! Mine!"

CHAPTER XXV.

The Bubble Bursts.

At about the same hour that the judge was hurling threats and insults at Colonel Fentress, three men were waiting ten miles away at the head of the bayou which served to isolate Hicks' cabin. Now no one of these three had ever heard of Judge Slocum Price; the breath of his fame had never blown, however gently, in their direction, yet they were preparing to thrust opportunity upon him. To this end they were lounging about the opening in the woods where the horses belonging to Ware and Murrell were tied.

At length the dip of oars became audible in the silence and one of the trio stole down the path, a matter of fifty yards, to a point that overlooked the bayou. He was gone but a moment.

"It's Murrell all right!" he said in an eager whisper. "Him and another fellow—the Hicks girl is rowing them." He glanced from one to the other of his companions, who seemed to take firmer hold of themselves under his eye. "It'll be all right," he protested lightly. "He's as good as ours. Wait till I give you the word." And he led the way into an adjacent thicket.

(Continued next week)

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Millinery Opening

We wish to announce that we will have our Millinery Opening Wednesday, Sept. 17th, and invite all the ladies in Canyon and Randall county to attend. We will have on display the most beautiful line of millinery that has ever been shown in Canyon. : : : :

Don't Forget The Date

Wednesday, Sept. 17th.

The Canyon City Supply Co.
DRY-GOODS, CLOTHING & GROCERIES
CANYON, TEXAS

W. S. Melroy left Wednesday for Ohio on a business trip.

Mr. and Mr. J. E. Gilbert of Carter, Okla., visited at the home of her father, W. H. Howard Tuesday and Wednesday.

Mrs. S. A. Shotwell left Wednesday for Amarillo where she will spend a few days with her daughters.

Mrs. L. T. Lester was called to Portales Wednesday on account of the illness of her mother.

E. H. Wray is visiting in the city this week and will leave today for Dallas where he has accepted a position as teacher of English in the Dallas high school. Mr. Wray has been spending the past few months in Chicago.

W. E. Hiezer of Washburn arrived in the city this week with his household goods and is living in the J. D. Key residence. Mr. Hiezer is the man who is contemplatine building a green house in Canyon.

Chas. Berry of Childress was in the city the first of the week having accompanied his daughter who will attend the Normal. Mr. Berry will probably move here within a few weeks.

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