

THE RANDALL COUNTY NEWS.

Vol. XIII.

CANYON, RANDALL COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, JANUARY 14, 1910.

No. 42

MR. COUSINS SOON TO MOVE HERE.

With Interesting Letters in Regard to Normal Building Which we Publish.

In answer to numerous inquiries as to when the former Superintendent of Public Instruction, R. B. Cousins, would take up his residence in Canyon City and, as President, when would matters pertaining to the Normal commence, the News prints the following taken from the Austin Statesman:

Professor R. B. Cousins, former state superintendent of public instruction, now principal of the new West Texas normal, says he will leave for Canyon City as soon as the contract for the construction of the building has been let, which is January 20. In the meantime he is now considering the long list of applicants for positions on the faculty of the new institution. He has a large list from which to make a selection. He said he would prepare a list of those eligible for positions and submit them for the action of the state board of education in the matter. It is the aim of Professor Cousins to secure the best possible material for this institution, as he proposes to conduct it along the most approved lines educationally.

On last Saturday the local Normal trustees received from the architects, Field & Company, a prospectus of the West Texas State Normal building and the same can be seen in the window of the Thompson Drug store. It no doubt surpasses anything that the most of us ever dreamed of, the building itself will be architecturally a model and all modern conveniences will be shown in the construction of it.

Judging from the best information obtainable, the good people of Canyon City are going to get their "money's worth."

We print below a letter from President Cousins relative to this matter.

"I sent you on yesterday a picture of the normal college building. Feeling satisfied that the good people of Canyon City are anxious to see some material evidence of progress, I did not wait to have photographs made of the building. I received the impression from you or Mr. Terrell that your commercial club expected to have a photograph and cuts made as soon as possible. I think that this is a good idea. If you have photographs made, send me two or three to be used by the newspapers in this section of the state. Some of them have asked me for a photograph from which they can have cuts made.

It seems that we are making haste very slowly, but when we think of the greatness of the undertaking and the irreparable loss that would be sustained if a mistake were made, we can afford to proceed with the greatest care. I believe we have been fortunate in the selection of an architect who is entirely capable of taking care of the phases of the work which fall under his jurisdiction. We have called to our assistance the best intelligence available here in working out the details of the building. I am greatly pleased with results so far obtained.

At a meeting of the board on the first Monday of this month it was decided to give the bidders plenty of time to make all figures that they wished to make on the building. You can readily see that there are a great many departments to be figured out. The building will be reinforced concrete in the foundation and through the first story. Above this it will be built of common brick, faced with glazed brick. It will be trimmed with gray stone. Almost all the lower story will contain concrete floors.

It will be heated by steam, employing the most improved system. The building will be wired and piped throughout for the use of electricity and gas in lighting and heating. The contract will provide for the building of desks with all appliances necessary in the science department. The library and reading rooms will be specially provided for and equipped. I am giving you these details in order that you may see that the plant will be somewhat intricate, and, therefore will require a considerable amount of labor in making accurate calculations covering every feature of the work in such a way as to reduce mistakes to a minimum. You may be sure that the matter is having sleepless attention at this end of the line. Indications point to the fact that we shall have the best equipped normal school in the state, if not in the South.

With best wishes and kindest regards, I am,

Yours sincerely,
R. B. COUSINS.

The News received the following letter and it will explain more fully the picture that is on exhibition in the Thompson Drug store window, besides giving more specifically some of the plans of the West Texas Normal.

"Under another cover I am sending you a picture of the new normal school building as it will appear when finished. The contractors have promised to send you blue prints giving details of plans and specifications. As I wired you on yesterday, bids will be opened on January 20th inst., and the contract will be let immediately. I have done my best to push the matter as rapidly as possible, and confess that I chafe a little at the slowness with which matters proceed.

"I feel quite sure that we have made no mistake so far and that we shall have the best college in Texas for the money that will be invested in it. I have given the matter closest study for the last two or three months, and I feel sure that our building will be a model of convenience in every part and that it embodies every principle of correct school architecture that has been developed in modern times.

"The landscape man is working a sketch of the grounds, which will indicate the position of buildings which we hope to have there within the next few years.

"I am glad to say that I hear generous predictions concerning our attendance and work for the next few years. I am greatly pleased by the expressions which I hear in the way of predictions concerning the great things we should do with the school at Canyon City. I am at work now on a multitude of details which must be worked out before the beginning of September. I am exceedingly anxious to get on the ground with the builders."

Your friend,
R. B. COUSINS.

Meyers-Bishop.

The marriage of Miss Angie E. Meyers to W. S. Bishop, both of Canyon City, took place Sunday morning, Jan. 9, at the St. James hotel of which the bride's father is proprietor. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Groves, of the Presbyterian church, in the presence of a few intimate friends.

The best wishes of the News are with this estimable couple.

Dr. and Mrs. D. M. Stewart attended a banquet given by the medical men at Hereford Tuesday evening returning Wednesday morning. They report a very good time.

WILLIAMS CASE COMES TO THIS COUNTY.

Was Transferred from Randall and will be Given Hearing During Present Term of District Court.

The case of the State of Texas vs. John Williams is the first on call in the Forty-seventh District Court at the present term and will come up for hearing at the present term January 31, being transferred to Amarillo from Canyon City, where a trial a few weeks ago resulted in hung jury. This case is one of the most interesting in the criminal division of the court's work in the Forty-seventh District, the defendant standing charged with the killing of John R. Armstrong, foreman for the XIT ranch at Bovina November 17, 1908.

The killing occurred at a time when the station at Bovina was crowded with stockmen of more or less importance from various parts of the country, heavy shipments at that time being made. The death of Armstrong created a sensation and led to the arrest of both John and "Doby" Williams, charges against the latter at Canyon City during the early part of December.

The Williams brothers were taken to Farwell from Bovina and there incarcerated, pending examining trial. Later they were removed to Hereford for safe keeping and after the case was transferred upon motion of the state's attorney to Randall county where hearing was secured.—Daily Panhandle.

R. H. Sanford for Sheriff.

In the last election there was one of the hottest contests ever held in the Panhandle, the race being that for sheriff of Randall county. After the contest was over, it was found that R. H. Sanford had secured the nomination and afterwards was duly elected, and that by a handsome plurality, thus testifying, in a material way, to the popularity of this man.

The News is authorized to offer the name of R. H. Sanford to the voters of Randall county for re-election to the office of



sheriff and tax collector. We think him eligible. He has been in the county six years and in the city of Canyon five and has a wide and favorable acquaintance with the people and their needs as viewed from the point of sheriff. He is straightforward, honest and believes in saying and doing what he thinks is right at all times and under all circumstances. We conscientiously believe he is fully qualified to fill the office he seeks with credit to himself and to his constituents.

On Friday of next week, the 21st of January at 7:30 p. m., the ladies of the Presbyterian Church will hold a social at the Canyon Cafe with Mrs. Geo. Ditto. They will serve refreshments, mush and milk, coffee and doughnuts, wafers and chocolate and the young ladies will serve home made candies. Everybody invited so come and have a good time.

Marvin P. Garner, for Clerk.

Randall County, without boasting, has had some very popular officers and will state that the present incumbent in the County Clerk's office, Marvin P. Garner who wishes the News to make the announcement that he is candidate for re-election to the office of District and County Clerk of Randall County, is as popular as any of them have ever succeeded in being. Mr. Garner has served



the county in this capacity for one term and his record as a citizen and officer is well known to all of the voters.

In his official capacity he has been faithful and diligent in discharging the duties of the office of district and county clerk, devoting his entire time and attention to the work to be done which gives him a well systematized office. The News has no doubt but that he will continue so to do.

Bids on West Texas Normal Wanted.

The Daily Panhandle received today from F. M. Bralley, Secretary of the State Board of Education, an advertisement for bids looking to the erection at Canyon City of the West Texas Normal College. Bids will be received until 10 o'clock in the forenoon of January 29, at which time they will be opened and if satisfactory offers are at hand, contract will be awarded.

While Canyon City is the point of exact location, the entire Panhandle country is deeply interested in the school, and will give an ample patronage. It is the hope of both the State and of Canyon City to have the buildings in shape to accommodate the school in time for the fall term.—Daily Panhandle.

Bank Officers and Directors Elected.

At the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Canyon National Bank held at their banking rooms on January 11th the following officers were elected: J. M. Black, president; R. H. Wright, vice-president and I. L. Hunt, cashier. The directors are, J. M. Black, R. W. O'Keefe, R. H. Wright, W. C. Baird and I. L. Hunt.

At the stockholder's meeting of the First National Bank, the following elections were made for the ensuing year: L. T. Lester, president; L. C. Lair, vice-president; D. A. Park, cashier and Travis Shaw, assistant cashier. The directors are, L. T. Lester, L. C. Lair, L. E. Cowling R. G. Oldham and D. A. Park.

Court News.

Commissioners' court was in special session last Saturday and among other things the court, at the request of the citizens, changed the west line of school district No. 7.

This district will petition the County Judge to order an election to vote bonds for the purpose of building and equipping a good school building.

Be a News subscriber.

Marriage of Two Prominent Young People.

At the Methodist parsonage on Tuesday afternoon, Miss Edith Hawkins and Mr. Harry Howell were united in the holy bonds of matrimony by the bride's father, Rev. M. E. Hawkins, the ceremony being impressively performed in the presence of only the members of the two families and a few friends. The wedding party left at once for the Palo Duro club grounds where a sumptuous wedding dinner was awaiting them.

The bride is one of our young ladies to whom the well-worn and much-abused phrase, "beautiful and accomplished" can be truthfully applied, she being fair to look upon, beautiful in character and her mind having had the training to properly fit her to intelligently and gracefully fill the position of household queen.

Of Mr. Howell many, truthfully, nice things are said he, having been among us, living an exemplary life, since childhood. He inherited a handsome sum from the estate of his father, who died some two years ago, but not content with the success of another by which he profited, he took advantage of his opportunities, educationally, and fitted himself for business and is now employed in the First National bank.

The best wishes of the News attend them.

Purchases Section of Land.

C. O. Beatty of Greenfield, Ohio, was a caller at the News office on Tuesday and informed the reporter that he had plined his faith in the Randall County soil productiveness by purchasing 840 acres near Canyon. It evidently looked good to him as it does to hundreds of others who have visited this section of the Panhandle. That's how land values jump in this locality. There never was such soil, crops and possibilities out-grow any other part of America. There's still plenty of room for you and the land is waiting for you to come and improve it as well as yourself. All it needs is a settler to develop its value many times beyond the purchase price.

This is a country of open seasons and the people are busy all of the time. The climate never reaches great extremes of heat or cold for long periods of time. You can raise good crops with less effort and market them at a less expense than in any other farming section in the United States. No sooner have you had one crop harvested than the ground is ready to begin another and where every acre counts for two of a section where bad weather forces the fields to lie idle half the time. Many a young man, who has settled in this locality, has located upon a farm only to find that his barnyard was his residential section before his first gray hairs came. If you want to farm or to go into business, your chances for prosperity are equal in this great Randall County.

Baptists Aid Gives Tea.

Last Tuesday afternoon and night, the Ladies Aid Society of the Baptist Church gave a tea at the home of Mrs. B. T. Johnson. It was to have been given at Mrs. A. H. Thompson's home but on account of very sudden sickness in that family, the place was changed late Monday afternoon.

Owing to the threaten condition of the weather only a few attended but these expressed themselves as having had a good time with plenty to eat.

J. A. James and son of Happy were in Canyon Monday.

BIG, NEW DEPOT FOR CANYON CITY.

Railroad Commission Passed Favorably on Petition for New Station.—Work will Begin as Soon as Possible.

At the last regular meeting of the Commercial Club, Judge J. C. Hunt was selected as a member of the Club to go to Austin and present this city's case before the Railroad Commissioners of Texas in the matter of a new depot which has been pending for some time. Mr. Hunt left last Saturday afternoon and on Tuesday of this week, the Commercial Club received a telegram which reads, "We have order for new commodious depot. J. C. Hunt"

The new station will be very large and built on the latest patterns. Plans will be drawn and completed within the next thirty days after that time thirty days will be given as a limit to begin the work of construction. But in the meantime it is a question between the State Railroad Commission and the Railroad Company as to where the building will be located.

It shows very shortsightedness on the part of any railway company to let matters come to such a pass when they are compelled to do things which are of more vital importance to the interests of the company than it is to the ordinary citizen. It is much better to have the goodwill of a community, place or citizens than have to be compelled by legal measures to preform a duty toward the comfort and convenience of the traveling public.

The officials who have such matters in charge, should use business tact and make their depots commodious so that the traveling public when waiting for their belated trains, have some place to wait that is comfortable and warm. Nothing gets a railroad company in disrepute as quickly as the neglect of their depot facilities especial as to the accommodations given their patrons. The company looses out invariably every time and many times causes the people to look the matter of building or inviting other lines to their locality. Compelling people and corporations is not the best way to do or have things done as both parties are apt to show a revengful spirit and then the object sought for is lost.

W. J. Flesher for County Attorney.

Mr. Flesher, who is the junior member of the law firm of Scott & Flesher of this city and also assistant county attorney, has, since making his home in Canyon City, made numerous friends. He is a University graduate, bravely making his own way through school, and stands high



in his profession being among the leading attorneys of Randall county.

We are authorized to announce Mr. Flesher for the office of County Attorney, which office he is especially qualified, both by training and education, to fill and will, if elected, no doubt acquit himself with credit.

Your Supplies

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

Dry Goods

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

Groceries

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

Hardware

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

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

Paul M. Will
Umbarger, Texas.

CANYON PAINT CO.

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

BEST GRADES OF WALL PAPER.

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

Signs and carriage painting given special attention.

WEATHERED BROS.,
Proprietors.

SOUTH SIDE SQUARE

GOOD MEATS

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

WE KNOW WHAT

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

GIVE US A TRIAL

Dawson Bros.

Phone 172.

R. A. CAMPBELL

Live Stock and General

Auctioneer

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

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

Speaking of laying up something for a rainy day, Noah laid an ark.

ODD ELECTIONS

The Signs Are In Washington, the Elections Elsewhere.

"Of course we don't have any elections of our own," said a man from Washington, "but we have election intimations. If I may call them that, which can't be duplicated anywhere else in the country."

"You see, when we Washingtonians want to vote we've got to do it somewhere else, and as most of us have a lingering fondness for the franchise we are pretty likely to hang on to a residence somewhere outside the District."

"We especially like to do it because it makes us feel as if we had some sort of weapon to flourish before the observing eyes of the politicians who may have something to say about our hold on our jobs, and when the time comes to go home to vote we visibly swell with importance."

"Naturally a national election is the one that catches us all at once, and it is the one that the intimations I spoke of do most abound. The papers are full of advertisements of loans for election expenses. Department clerks can be accommodated with sums covering their railway fare, new clothes for the trip and a substantial margin over and above necessary items. The interest is a bit high, but a clerk who is pining to go back home to plurge a bit is willing to mortgage his resources for the pleasure."

"These offers of loans fill columns of the daily papers. Alongside of them are other advertisements, all turning on the one theme, the election. 'Buy yourself a new suit to go home and vote in!' The grammar is a bit off, but the prices are asserted to be all right."

"In the shop windows there are dozens of election placards: 'Just the hat to wear when you go home to vote,' 'Specials in suit cases for the election,' 'Take a souvenir hatpin to your best girl when you go home to vote,' 'Swell suit for the election, only \$1 a week,' and in a shoe store window, 'Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching—home to vote; wear —'s shoes and you won't get sore feet.' 'The railways offer special rates to voters, and so it goes. You won't find anything like it in any other town.'—New York Sun.

EASILY MANAGED.

The Clever Scheme, Evolved by the Clock Winder.

The contract for keeping the church and town hall clocks in order was given to a new man. Unfortunately from the start he experienced a difficulty in getting the clocks to strike at the same time. At last the district council requested an interview with the watchmaker.

"You are not so successful with the clocks as your predecessor," he was told. "It is very misleading to have one clock striking three or four minutes after the other. Before you took them in hand we could hardly tell the two were striking. Surely you are as competent?"

"Every workman has his own methods, gentlemen," replied the watchmaker, "and mine ain't the same as H's were."

"I'm decidedly of the opinion that it would be for the general good if they were," remarked one of the councilors. "Very well, sir, in future they shall be," came the reply. "I happened to write to him last week about the trouble I had with the clocks, and—perhaps," he added as he produced a letter and handed it to the chairman, "you'd like to see what he said."

"Dear sir," ran the letter—"about them clocks. When you get to know what a cantankerous lot of busybodies the council consists of you'll do the same as I did for fifteen years—forget to wind up the striker of the town hall clock, and the blooming jackasses won't be able to tell that both clocks ain't striking together!"—London Tit-Bits.

Curious Laws In India.

Some of the old laws of Nepal, India, were curious. Killing cows ranked with murder as a capital offense, for instance. Every girl at birth was married with great ceremony to a betel fruit, which was then cast into a sacred stream. As the fate of the fruit was uncertain, the girl was supposed never to become a widow. To obtain divorce from a husband a wife had only to place a betel nut under his pillow and depart. In Nepal the day is considered to begin when it is light enough to count the tiles on the roof or distinguish the hairs on a man's hand against the sky.

Ancient Sacrifices.

Many Roman and Greek epicures were very fond of dog flesh. Before Christianity was established, among the Danes on every ninth year ninety-nine dogs were sacrificed. In Sweden each ninth day ninety-nine dogs were destroyed. But later on dogs were not thought good enough, and every ninth year ninety-nine human beings were immolated, the sons of the reigning tyrant among the rest, in order that the life of the monarch might be prolonged.

A Far Sighted Man.

"Women vote! Never, sir, with my consent!" "Why not?" "What! And have my wife losing thirty dollar hats to other women on the election!"—Boston Transcript.

Particular.

"He's a very particular man." "Yes. If the doctor told him that he was going to die he would want to telephone ahead for a good room."—New York Press.

F. P. Luke went to Amarillo Wednesday.

R. G. Hubbard of Plainview spent Sunday in Canyon.

Will H. Longley of McLean, Texas, was in Canyon Sunday.

A. T. Franklin of Tulsa was stopping at the Victoria Sunday.

Gus Voigt of Denver, Colorado, was a business caller in Canyon Monday.

Miss Dolly Coleman left Wednesday to visit relatives in Chickasha, Oklahoma.

Mr. Tipton left Tuesday afternoon for a visit to his old home in Freemont, Nebraska.

Miss Earline Garrison accompanied by Master James Hawley spent Thursday in Amarillo.

C. E. Fraker of Adrian, Mich., was in town Saturday looking after some business matters.

Sam Laman of Hamilton, Tex., is on an extended visit with his sister, Mrs. Dooley, of this place.

The Merry Matrons were delightfully, they say, entertained by Mrs. Ed Pipkin Thursday afternoon.

F. P. Wilson of Hereford made a short visit with Canyon friends Monday while on his way to Happy.

Mrs. D. M. Coffee of Tulsa, who has been visiting Canyon relatives for some time, returned home Tuesday.

Mr. Jones of the firm of Dooley and Jones left for Roswell, N. M., expecting to remain there and start in business.

Mrs. V. Edna Henson went to Amarillo Saturday returning Sunday, being the guest of Judge and Mrs. Penry while there.

Wm. McLain was called to the bedside of his father in Umbarger last Monday. He has the pneumonia but he is reported some better today.

Mrs. Sarah Cox, formerly of this place, with her son-in-law and his wife returned from Amarillo and will make their home in Canyon City again.

T. B. Slaughter of Skidmore, Mo. arrived in Canyon last week and is looking after his farm near here. He reports some very cold weather up north.

Miss Fay Brooks, who lived here in the early history of Canyon City, visited here last week among many friends returning to Clovis, her present home, Monday.

The First National Bank expects to move into their elegant new bank building, located on the north west corner of the square, about next week. The failure on getting the fixtures has delayed the moving.

The Thompson Hardware Company stockholders held their annual meeting on last Monday. After hearing the report of the officers for the past year, which was satisfactory, they re-elected all of the old officers for the ensuing year.

The News has had numerous requests to publish an address that Dr. F. M. Wilson delivered before the Teacher's Institute some time ago, and, complying with these, in our next issue we publish "School Hygiene and Efficiency" by Dr. F. M. Wilson.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is a very valuable medicine for throat and lung troubles, quickly relieves and cures painful breathing and a dangerously sounding cough which indicates congested lungs. Sold by City Pharmacy.

E. H. Griggs returned Wednesday from Genoa, Illinois where he spent the Christmas holidays. He says he thinks of spending next Christmas where the climate isn't so severe, that after living here he can not appreciate the fact of the thermometer sliding down to 22 below zero and the snow being 18 inches deep.

Miss Kate Garner visited friends here Sunday.

Rev. Hutchison made a short trip to Hereford this week.

C. P. Money has purchased the Ewell Brown house and lot.

T. S. Weiser of St. Louis was a business caller the first of the week.

Mrs. A. E. Carter went to Amarillo Wednesday to visit her children.

Eugene Long and sister, Minnie, of Silverton visited friends in Canyon last week.

A party autoed out to Keiser Bros. & Phillips ranch and partook of a turkey dinner.

Mrs. Comer Thomas and her two little girls spent Sunday in Amarillo, returning Monday.

Dr. Griffin and A. H. Thompson are confined to their homes with light attacks of measles.

Miss Carrie Quirk left Sunday for her home in Gainesville. It is her intention to return.

Mrs. R. S. Kirk and daughter arrived Saturday from Tulsa for a visit at the home of Rev. Groves.

Dr. I. E. Smith of Weatherford, Texas, arrived in Canyon last Saturday and will remain about a week.

Rev. J. M. Harder left the first of the week for Plainview to attend the Baptist District Ministerial Convention.

Mrs. J. M. Hobson accompanied her mother, Mrs. Brooks, to her home in Amarillo. She will remain for a few day's visit.

J. C. Hunt returned Thursday morning from his trip to Austin, where he has been working in behalf of the new depot for Canyon.

H. T. Shelnutt and daughter, Miss Pearl, who have been in Hico several weeks for the benefit of Mr. Shelnutt's health, have returned home.

Everett Peeler returned last Tuesday from Cordell and other points in Oklahoma where he has been spending the holidays visiting friends and relatives.

Miss Ada Baird returned Wednesday from a two day's stay at Plainview. Miss Mae O'Keefe, who accompanied her, remains indefinitely.

L. A. Pierce and family have moved to town and are occupying what is known as the Dr. Latham house situated one block west of the public school building on Evelyn Street.

Mrs. Chestnut of Clovis, N. M. and daughter, Mrs. Chas. Cos of Dimmitt, left for their old home in Missouri after a short visit with Canyon relatives. Mr. Cos remained in Canyon for a longer visit with his sister, Mrs. M. F. Slover.

Act II of King Lear was studied, in part, by the Book Club Wednesday afternoon the lesson being followed by an excellent paper entitled "Shakespeare's Humor" by Mrs. I. C. Jenkins. The membership number limit of forty has been reached.

R. B. Redfearn and wife returned Thursday from their three week's visit with their son who resides at Plainview. Besides having a pleasant visit, Mr. Redfearn also reports that there has been numerous new buildings erected in that progressive city since his previous visit some six months ago.

John Beggin received a telegram Monday from Fort Worth announcing the sudden death from pneumonia of his son-in-law, Frank Loskowski, whose home was in that city. Mr. Beggin left on the evening train for Ft. Worth. It will be remembered that at one time Mr. Loskowski lived in Canyon. He was a mechanic and contractor, and helped to build one of the largest brick blocks in the city. The News extends sympathy to the bereaved family.

R. G. Gibson of St. Jo, Mo., was in Canyon Sunday.

Hugh Saul of Ceta was in Canyon Thursday on business.

Mound City paints may cost a trifle more; but—S. V. Wirt

Misses Gibson and Mabray were shopping in Amarillo Wednesday.

Lee Vansant went to Amarillo Saturday on business to be gone several days.

Mrs. Bertie B. Jones went to Hereford last Tuesday to be gone a week or more.

Prof. Jones left this week for Alton, New Mexico to be gone three or four weeks.

Miss Ada Hawkins went to Amarillo Saturday to visit friends and take in the opera.

F. A. White of Amarillo was a Sunday caller in Canyon and is looking after the electric light plant here.

Doctor Boone of the Boone Institute, Portales, was here this week on business pertaining to his profession.

L. A. Price has moved to Canyon a week or so ago. He moved in order that he might get the benefits of the city schools.

Mrs. Maggie Shane and children, who have been visiting at the home of Bert Shane, left Thursday for their home at Hereford.

Guy Hoover and wife left Sunday afternoon for their old home at Des Moines, Iowa. Mr. Hoover expects to open a garage at that place.

Miss Blanche Lester left Tuesday evening to resume her school work at Washington, D. C. She will be joined in Kansas City by a party of school friends.

B. F. Gaines left Wednesday evening for Amarillo to meet an old time friend and visit a day or two also while there will look after some business matters.

I. L. Hunt, who a few months ago moved to Lubbock, has been elected cashier of the Canyon National bank and intends removing here with his family immediately. We welcome them.

W. W. Trimble who has been visiting his folks in Portales, N. M. for a month past returned to Canyon the first of the week. He reports that Randall county looks good to him, conditions here being better than any place he visited.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is not a common, every-day cough mixture. It is a meritorious remedy for all the troublesome and dangerous complications resulting from cold in the head, throat, chest or lungs. Sold by City Pharmacy.

Miss Vera Eaves, who formally held a position in the composing department of the News, stopped over a little while in Canyon Monday on her way to Lubbock from Amarillo, where she has accepted a position with the Enterprise, a new paper in that city.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy never disappoints those who use it for obstinate coughs, colds and irritations of the throat and lungs. It stands unrivalled as a remedy for all throat and lung diseases. Sold by City Pharmacy.

Will Build Big Dam.

Keokuk, Iowa, Jan. 9.—It was announced here yesterday that a syndicate of New York and Boston capitalists have undertaken to finance the erection of the second largest dam in the world which will span the Mississippi river at this point. Contracts have been taken by three St. Louis concerns to furnish power from the dam to nearby cities and the work of building the dam is to begin immediately under the supervision of the War Department. The estimated cost of the dam is \$15,000,000.—Dallas News.

A Textile Man Visits Us.

A correspondent to the Textile Local writes as follows:

Leaving Texline on the night train, we passed the first part of our journey without being able to look on the the most beautiful section of the Panhandle country. The Ft. Worth & Denver being several hours late, we spent the time in Amarillo viewing the city and noting the growth and progress made within the past year. Improvements and new industries could be seen on every hand; a number of brick business houses going up, and throngs of people coming daily. The dawn of a new era for this section of the state has so far advanced that is no longer an uncertainty. The day when people did not appreciate the plains country has gone into history. Her fame has gone abroad and her success is a certainty.

Leaving Amarillo on the first Santa Fe train, our next stop was at Canyon City where we parted with our genial companion, George Dunham, who was met by his brother and carried away to his home to enjoy a visit with his parents.

Canyon City is an up-to-date and wide-awake little city, growing rapidly. The large West Texas State Normal, which is soon to be commenced, will add much to this hustling little city, and will be of great benefit to the entire plains country. The fertility of the soil and the abundance of pure, wholesome water make this locality unsurpassed. We can truthfully say, verily, the Panhandle of Texas has undergone a wonderful change in the past few years. The cow-boy who once roamed the prairies is a thing of the past, the lariat and roundup are no more. In their places we find beautiful wheat fields and broad acres in high state of cultivation. During the entire history of the Plains country, there never has been the amount of activity in every line that there is at the present time. What the future will bring forth only Time will tell.

The "Jolly 33" Meet.

Dr. Ingham and wife on Thursday evening entertained at their home on Chestnut Ave. for six o'clock dinner the "Jolly 33." The dinner was fine, turkey was in evidence together with all the good things that go with a choice dinner. The evening was made pleasant with instrumental music and games of 42 and all had a delightful time.

Notice to Consumers of the Canyon Ice & Light Company.

The rules of this company are that all bills for service rendered are due and payable on the first day of the month and if not paid on or before the tenth of each month the service will be discontinued without further notice. This notice is being published and a similar notice will be mailed out with the bills this month for the purpose of notifying each and every customer now on the books that in the future this rule will be strictly enforced. There will be no collectors sent to the resident districts. The customer may mail in check or call at the company's office and settle their account. Frank A. White, Receiver of Canyon Ice & Light Company. 39 St.

Caught in the Rain

then a cold and a cough—let it run on—get pneumonia or consumption that's all. No matter how you get your cough don't neglect it—take Ballard's Horehound Syrup and you'll be over it in no time. The sure cure for coughs, colds, bronchitis and all pulmonary diseases in young and old. Sold by A. H. Thompson, the Leading Druggist.

Be a News subscriber.

No 'Count Wash

A Lazy Dorky Who Is Spoiled Into Hoarding Taters.

By FRANK H. SWEET.

Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.

"Wash no 'count! Don't say dat, sah." Uncle Mose was wont to plead. "He's jes' projectin'. Boys will project, yo' know, sah. Day's fo' all de wot lak calves an' colts an' kittens. When dey's young dey kicks up dere heels; den dey stables down an' chews dere cuds an' pulls dere loads an' hatches dere mice jes' lak 'sponsible 'rings mos'. Wash he ain't nary bad spot in him, sah. He don't tink; dat's all. When his heels git plumb steady on de groun' he'll pull his load shore 'nough. Yo'll see, sah."

But in spite of the sanguine expectations of Uncle Mose, who was not Wash's uncle at all, but his grandfather, the boy continued to "project." He was now fourteen, and his chief labor seemed to consist in devising ways of eluding chores and school and just punishments. His habitual movements were skulking, and, though his eyes danced fearfully and his mouth broadened into almost perpetual merriment, he sought rather the solitary paths of the pine woods and Suwanee banks than the more populous lanes and roads of his native Ellaville. There he was apt to be reminded of unfulfilled contracts, stolen melons, decorated doors and fences and of many other matters which he preferred to let sink into forgetfulness. Of his own family Uncle Mose was the only one with whom he condescended to fraternize, and this concession was due as much to the fact that the old man excelled him in his own chosen pursuits of trapping and fishing as to his being openly sympathetic.

There were few spots inside a radius of ten miles with which Uncle Mose was not familiar, and this familiarity was especially comprehensive in regard to the fishing holes of the Suwanee. Fifty years before he had been a slave boy on a neighboring plantation, stealing off to the river on every possible occasion, and this love for the sport had been the one great pleasure of his life, interrupted only through the score of years which followed his emancipation, during which time he was working hard to provide himself with a home and to fit his children for a future which should be worthy of them as free citizens.

But as they grew up and branched out for themselves he returned more and more to the pleasure of his childhood until now there was scarcely an afternoon which was not spent in part upon the Suwanee banks. And with accumulating years and stiffening joints his early wanderings up and down the river had narrowed down to a bank beneath a wide spreading moss grown tree, from which he could cast a line into water which experience had taught him was congenial to fish. Here after the sun had begun to throw shadows to the east he could generally be found either alone or in company with Wash.

His son Link was of a different nature. He was hardworking, shrewd, more tolerant of faults than of frivolity or carelessness, able to read a little and subscribing for several political papers, narrow in his politics and party and voting at every opportunity and on every possible pretext. He was an example of strong, ambitious manhood weighted down by a lack of knowledge. Between him and Wash there could be only misunderstanding—apprehension and avoidance on the one side, disappointment and upbraiding on the other. But before an open break came there were rumors of war, its declaration, a call for troops, and then before the family realized what was happening Link had volunteered and been accepted, the first to join the immunes from his county.

The day after he left Uncle Mose did not even look toward the river. Wash skulked down and fished under the big tree for awhile, then wandered off into the woods to look at his traps. The next day he went to the big tree again, but apparently did not like fishing alone, for he soon hid his pole and once more wandered off into the woods. And the third day and the fourth were the same, but after eating dinner on the fifth, instead of hurrying out to dig bait, as usual, he looked wistfully and irresolutely at Uncle Mose and when the old man rose and went out followed him to the truck patch behind the cabin.

"Ain't yo' gwine fishin' no mo', gran'paw?" he asked disconsolately.

Uncle Mose leaned upon his hoe handle and looked at him benignantly. "Not till yo' pap gets back, honey." he answered. "Dat's heaps o' wuk roun' dis place now. Yo' pap been do hit maw'n's an' arter he done git from wuk at de sawmill nights, an' 'cep'n' I tuk his place hit'll shore fall on yo' mammy. An' she hab mo' how den she ought. No, po, honey, yo'll hatter look out fo' de fish an' let de ole man ben' his back ober de taters an' inyun an' tings."

The boy dug his heels into the sand. "I reckon yo' ain't car' fo' fishin' no how, gran'paw," he said irritably. "If yo' did yo'd be de wuk some way."

Uncle Mose shook the blade of his hoe among the weeds at his feet.

"I's been fishin' off an' on mo'n fifty

years," he said defensively. "an' yo' ain't nary ten. But means I car' fo' hit five times mo'n yo'. But we was'n leasy wuk fo' good times, honey. I mout fix de truck patch wuk, lak yo' say, but dat's odder t'ings. I aim to be'p' yo' mammy 'bout her chickens an' washin' an' housewuk. She ain't strong lak she mout be."

Wash dug his heels deeper into the sand and sniffed. As he heard it a sudden hardness came into the old man's eyes.

"An' dar's anudder t'ing," he continued, leaning again upon his hoe handle and looking straight at Wash. "I aim to chop an' pile up a heap o' nice wood fo' yo' mammy. She hab to go out un'er de trees mos' every day to pick up bits o' stick an' bark an' chips to kin'le her fire, case dey ain't no tin' roun' de wood pile 'cep't big sticks which yo' pap bring an' which ain't chop up. I aim to cut hit all an' pile 'em up fo' yo' mammy. No, honey, I can't go fishin' nohow. Yo' mus' do de fishin' yo'self now."

Wash dropped his gaze to the ground, an unusual thing for him; but, then, the woodcutting was one of the chores he so studiously shirked.

"It's gwine wuk hard w'en I's bigger," he muttered deprecatingly. "My mammy say boys mus' make mos' o' dere playtime. W'en I's a man I's gwine wuk hard lak my pap, an'—an' be a soper," for in spite of their antagonism, Wash regarded his father as embodying all that was manly and heroic.

"Yo'll nebber be lak yo' pap," Uncle Mose said. "He study an' wuk hard w'en he's a boy. Yo' mo' lak ole ragged Jake." Then his gaze dropped in sudden abashed consciousness of having upbraided his favorite, and if the boy had waited a moment longer he would have heard the most abject apology and a contrite "Don't yo' min' honey; hit's jes' de ole man a talkin'. Yo's a good boy, a sho' nough good boy."

But Wash did not hear. He was speeding toward the woods with dim eyes and heaving breast. He like disreputable Jake, the scuff of the entire community. If his father or any of those who were accustomed to upbraid him had said the words he would not have remembered them a minute after they were spoken, but Uncle Mose, who had never scolded him in all his life before and from whom a harsh word could not be wrung except by direful provocation.

The words were true. He knew it even while combating them in impotent anger and wrath. And they stung and lashed him to the big tree, to his traps, to a spot in a dense thicket where he lay for a full hour picking vindictively at the leaves and finally to his bed in the loft. He not to be like his father when every boy said he was growing up big and strong and would some time be his very image. And this was his last thought when, far in the night, he fell asleep with two big tears still undried on his black cheeks.

The next morning Uncle Mose's first thought was of reconciliation with Wash. But the boy was not in his bed nor in the kitchen below, and only when he went to the door and heard a faint click-clicking from the truck patch did he understand that Wash was digging bait for an unusually early start. Shuffling in the direction of the sound, the old man stopped at the corner of the cow shed in sudden incredulous amazement, for there was the boy, not digging bait, as he had supposed, but hoeing potatoes.

Wash looked up with an odd smile on his good natured face.

"Yo' better go be'p' mammy wid her chickens, gran'paw," he commented, not even pausing to rest on his hoe handle as he spoke, but working vigorously on. "I finish dese taters."

Then, as the old man opened his mouth without seeming able to make a sound, the boy continued:

"I tink 'bout what yo' say, gran'paw, an' I's gwine be lak pap, an' I ain't gwine be lak ole Jake. An' I reckon yo' right 'bout mammy. I ain't nebber notis befo', but dis maw'nin' I 'low she do look porely. W'en dese taters is done I's gwine chop dat wood an' do lots odder t'ings. Now yo' better go 'long, gran'paw, case I's in a hurry."

This was the beginning of a big reformation in Wash—a reformation brought about by the force of example. And this is the origin of all reformations. Great military leaders have not said "Go," but "Follow me." The Christian martyrs supported the infant religion by an example that was effective not only 2,000 years ago, but is a shining light to millions of Christians to the present day.

And so it is in our everyday life. Uncle Mose, it is true, spoke to the boy about what he was doing, but only to explain why he did it, that he might make the lesson of his own industry the more effective.

A week later there was not a weed left in the truck patch, not a stick of wood that was uncut and not a chore about the place that was in urgent need of being done.

Uncle Mose was acquiring a chronic habit of rubbing his hands, mammy was smiling to herself almost continually, and Wash grinned even while his hands were being blistered by the unaccustomed tools.

And then one day, at mammy's instigation, Uncle Mose and Wash made a compact. It was to spend every Saturday afternoon under the big tree on the Suwanee.

And what Saturdays they were! Wash has learned that pleasure is mainly a contrast with work. One cannot enjoy rest without being tired. One cannot enjoy idleness without having been busy. So Wash, after a hard week's work, knew the pleasure of idleness.

KILLED THE

Methods of a Mongoose in Attacking the Big Snake.

I had the good fortune to witness a fight between a four foot cobra de capello and a mongoose.

On first catching sight of the cobra, rikki tik tas Ruddyard Kipling calls the Indian mongoose quietly smelled its tail and then hung around awaiting events with curiosity, but he had not long to wait, for the cobra spread its hood, hissed out its death sentence and prepared to dart from its coil at its natural and hated enemy.

Now commenced a most interesting and deadly battle of feint and counter feint by the mongoose and strike and lightning-like recovery by his adversary, who was also on the defensive, all the time watching for the opportunity to get in his properly aimed bite.

Time after time rikki tik aquirmed slowly up to within reach of those terrible fangs, belly on ground, with every gray hair of his body erect with anger and excitement, his eyes glaring from his head, which, by the way, he invariably held sideways during this approach and attack, but the moment the cobra struck in a dash back sprang master mongoose, and, although often it appeared as if impossible that he could have escaped the dreaded fangs, he would be again wearing the cobra out and pressing his advantage inch by inch. At last, with a growl and sharp rikki cry, the plucky little beast flew in, avoided the strike and seized the snake behind the head, never for a moment getting under his mouth, but right at the nape of the neck and head, which he crunched with a loud cracking sound despite the struggle and twisting and turning of the cobra. Again and again rikki returned to the now writhing reptile and bit its head and body until it lay dying.

Finally he ate three or four inches of his mortal foe, but carefully avoided eating the fangs and poison glands, which I picked up by a stick and found them broken, but with the venom sacs attached. Contrary to popular belief, I am of opinion the mongoose is not immune from snake poison, else why should he so particularly and carefully avoid being bitten? It is only by his marvelous activity that he escapes the spring and darting strike of his deadly enemy, the cobra de capello.—Ceylon Times.

DESTROYED BY CHEMICALS.

Weapons Used by Assassins Against Royal Personages.

Very few people are aware that as soon as the trial of an assassin of royalty is concluded the weapon with which he accomplished his crime is carefully destroyed so that no trace of it remains.

The reason of this is twofold—first of all, the possibility exists that at some time or other the weapons used in a royal tragedy may be exhibited to the public in some museum or show, and, second, there is a strange superstitious dread existing among reigning houses that the existence of the innocent but unhalloved weapons by which rulers have been dispatched to eternity is fraught with peril to their descendants.

The method of destroying these weapons is a curious one. The wooden portions, such as the stocks of pistols or the handles of poignards, are burned, and the metal portions are eaten away in a bath of nitric acid.

This has been the custom ever since the attempted assassination of Queen Isabella of Spain in 1852 by Merius. Prior to that date the metal work of firearms or knives was ground or filed away, but the blade of the dagger with which Merius sought to execute his dastardly crime proved to be of such exquisite temper and hardness that it resisted both file and grindstone.

This became known to the populace, and the superstitious Spaniards believed that Merius had invested his weapon with magical qualities. To divert them from this absurd belief the authorities had the weapon destroyed by immersing it in chemicals, a rule that has been followed ever since.

High Class Suicide.

In China suicide has been a fine art for several centuries. If a mandarin is guilty of misconduct he is requested to put himself out of the land of the living. There is a distinction, too, in the manner in which the oriental may die. If he is of exalted rank and entitled to wear the peacock feather he is privileged to choke himself to death with gold leaf. This is regarded as a distinguished manner of ending life. If the mandarin is only of the rank that is entitled to wear the red button he must be content with strangling himself with a silken cord. Such are the distinctions of caste.

Financial Information.

"So you at last yielded to that man's importunities and gave him some tips on the market?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Dustin Stax.

"What happened?"

"Well, they turned out so badly that I'm mighty glad I didn't invest any money on 'em myself."—Washington Star.

Consoling.

"That was tough meat you gave me last night," said the customer.

"Oh, run along!" said the dealer.

"You will forget it by the time you pay for it."—Buffalo Express.

Fame.

Little Willie—What is fame, pa?

Pa—Fame, my son, is a ladder with grease on each rung.—Chicago News.

The Abyssinian wife is the head of the house.

CEYLON MENUS.

The Way Natives Wrestle With the English Language.

A writer in the Epicure tells of several menus with which he was confronted when traveling in Ceylon. The menu, he says, is an indispensable adjunct to a respectable luncheon or dinner table in Ceylon. As a rule, the head servant writes it out and from his elementary knowledge of English as "she is wrote" springs a host of quaint blunders. At the same time his fertile oriental brain is ever apt to add footnotes, which are perhaps his happiest achievement.

At one lunch there figured among the dishes "roast beef," but it caused the hostess some consternation when she discovered the additional legend in very small letters, "roast beef, smelling a little," the parenthetical note being meant to intimate that the dish was accompanied by a sauce of savory odors.

On another occasion there appeared this following acknowledgment of deficiency: "Steak and kidney pie; no kidney."

It was altogether delightful, continues the writer, to find at one dinner our old friend Welsh rabbit appearing as "Welsh rubbish." The same genius translated haricot, mutton into "hurrygod mutton." Our own boy, he adds, on the occasion of a hastily improvised dinner, was unable to accomplish a dessert. Consequently he put the word "plates" at the end of the menu.

A COSTLY TRIFLE.

It Brought Bankruptcy to an English Iron King.

It was a common penny postage stamp that brought Hobart, the great British "iron king," to his ruin. At the time of the Whitworth period, when there was a big crisis in the iron trade, he had agents in all parts of the world who kept him posted. Sometimes they telegraphed news to him in cipher, but those in England were nearly always instructed to write. At that period his principal agent, who was also his chief partner, was in Sheffield and wrote him from there warning him to sell out all iron interests for the time on account of the Whitworth crisis.

Hobart had frequent fits of irritability, and he had been receiving a lot of unstamped letters of no importance on which he had to pay double postage. One morning in anger he gave orders that such letters were to be returned to the postman. The very first unstamped letter received after this was from his partner. It was rejected as soon as it arrived.

Consequently, knowing nothing of the existence of the letter or the all important private news it contained, Hobart pledged himself next day for more iron deals than even his mighty credit was good for. The great drop in prices came two days later, and Hobart, once a millionaire, was involved in a hopeless bankruptcy from which he never recovered.—London Telegraph.

Pillsbury's Wonderful Memory.

Harry N. Pillsbury, the chess player, offered one day in South Bethlehem, Pa., to memorize thirty words, no matter how hard they might be, the selections to be read to him only once.

Professor Merriman of Lehigh university and Dr. Threlkeld-Edwards of Bethlehem picked out most of the following words: Antiplogistine, peristomum, takadiastase, plasmon, ambrosia, Threlkeld, streptococcus, staphylococcus, micrococcus, plasmodium, Mississippi, Freilheit, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, athletics, no war, Eichenberg, American, Russia, philosopher, Piet-Potgieters-Rost, Salmagundi, Omsillecoots, Bangamavato, Schlochter's Nek, Manzinyama, theosophy, catechism, Madjesoomlopa.

Mr. Pillsbury immediately repeated these words in the order given and in the reverse order.

A Cockney.

Minshen, a dictionary maker of London, in 1647 issued a work which gave the following amusing account of the origin of the word "cockney": "A cockney, or cocky, applied only to one born within the sound of the Bow bells—that is, within the city of London—whiche terme came first out of the following tale:

"A citizen's sonne, riding with his father out of London into the country and being a novice and merely ignorant of how corne and catel do increase, asked when he heard a horse neigh what the horse dide. His father answered, 'The horse dothe neigh.' Riding further, he heard a cock crow and said, 'Dothe tue cock neigh too?' And therfore cockney, or cockneigh, by inversion thus: Incoctus—I. e., raw or unripe in country-mens affaires."

Italian Brigandage in 1848.

One summer evening in the crowded theater an impatient house demanded the drawing of the curtain preliminary to the first act. When at last it was upraised Il Passatore and his armed band occupied the stage, with muskets aimed at the affrighted audience. The chief stated that he should levy a tax per head, which he then and there collected. The gang made off with their booty unmolested.—Lady Prestaruch's "Essays."

Depressed.

"I am afraid Bliggins has met with reverses."

"What makes you think so?"

"He goes about with a gloomy look, saying there is no such a thing as disinterested friendship. That is almost a sure sign that a man has been trying to borrow money."—Exchange.

There are more than 600 proverbs in the English language which relate to dogs.

Wall Paper and Paints

We carry the largest and fullest line of paints, oils and varnishes in Canyon. Call around and see our beautiful patterns in wall paper.

Hitchcock, Brock & Company
South Side Square.

19 YEARS

A Resident of Canyon City and Randall County, Texas.

Real Estate, Loans and Life Insurance. Choice residence property in southwest part of town, close to Public school and all the churches. A few five to eight acre blocks (1-2 mile south of town) extends into valley for alfalfa. Also 320 acres two miles south of town, cut in tracts to suit purchaser, prices and terms reasonable.

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

JOHN KNIGHT

PUBLIC SALE!

I will sell at what is known as the Mayo Farm, 9 miles northeast of Hap-py, one and a half miles west of Ceta and 15 miles southeast of Canyon on

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 19th,

Commencing at 11 o'clock sharp, the following property:

5 head of horses and mules as follows:— One span of large dark mules about 4 years old. One span of bay horses, weight about 1200 and 8 and 10 years old, good workers. One saddle horse, bay, weight 900, 4 years old. One Number 1-milk cow. Four pigs, 6 months old. Twenty Plymouth Rock chickens.

Farm Implements: One Emerson gang plow with sod attachments. One Emerson corn planter. One John Deere cultivator. One walking New Departure cultivator. One 3 section harrow. Three sets leather work harness. One set single buggy harness. One saddle. One lumber wagon (old.) One single seat buggy.

Household and Kitchen Furniture: One cook stove. One new heating stove. Two iron beds. One baby bed. One folding sanitary cot. One kitchen cabinet. One side board and one dresser. One washstand. One sewing machine. One telephone. Other articles too numerous to mention.

Terms of Sale: On all sums of \$10.00 and over, a credit of nine months time will be given without interest, purchaser giving notes with approved security. If not paid at maturity, notes to draw 7 per cent if not paid at maturity. Six per cent discount for cash on sums over \$10.00 and on all sums less than \$10.00, cash.

C. F. Lundgren

A. A. McNeil

Auctioneer

See the News Printery

FOR THE SUPERIOR KIND OF

Commercial Job Printing

The Randall County News

By Chas. K. Needham

L. B. Christman, Managing Editor

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

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One year, in county.....\$1.00
One year, outside of county.....1.25
Six months......75
Three months......50

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

Contributors Notice.

The editor of this paper is anxious to receive from time to time, communications from its readers, but we request that all such communications be signed, not for publication, but that we may know the source from which the article comes.

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

Railway Time Table.

MAIN LINE, WEST BOUND.

No. 37 to Clovis.....3:55 p. m.
No. 113 to Carlsbad.....10:40 a. m.
No. 73 Local Freight.....10:55 a. m.

MAIN LINE, EAST BOUND.

No. 38 from Clovis.....10:08 a. m.
No. 114 to Kansas City.....4:08 p. m.
No. 74 Local Freight.....3:55 p. m.

PLAINVIEW BRANCH, NORTH B'ND

No. 86 to Amarillo.....3:50 p. m.

No. 94 Local Freight.....4:30 p. m.

PLAINVIEW BRANCH, SO. BOUND.

No. 87 to Plainview.....11:15 a. m.

No. 95 Local Freight.....7:15 a. m.

Trains No. 37 on the Main line leaving Canyon City at 2:50 p. m. is made up here, and Train No. 38, on the Main line arriving from Clovis at 10 a. m., is made up at this place.

Local freights and trains Nos. 37 and 38 don't run on Sunday.

Announcements.

We are authorized to announce the following persons as candidates for the respective offices, subject to the action of the voters at the Democratic Primary to be held on July 25th, 1910.

FOR SHERIFF AND TAX COLLECTOR,

R. H. SANFORD.

FOR COUNTY AND DISTRICT CLERK,

M. P. GARNER.

FOR COUNTY ATTORNEY,

W. J. FLEISHER.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE.

Little drops of water poured into milk,

Gives the milkman's daughters lovely gowns of silk.

Pouring into sugar, little grains of sand,

Makes the grocer's assets swell to beat the band.

Little bowls of custard, humble though they seem,

Help enrich the fellow, selling pure icecream.

Little rocks and boulders added, little chunks of slate,

Make the coal man's fortune something fierce and great.

Little ads, well written, printed nice and neat,

Give the jolly merchants homes one Easy Street.

RECLAIMING WASTE LANDS IN EUROPE.

Europe is conquering the waste land problem by planting trees. Every year thousands of acres of land are being reclaimed in this way by the leading countries and put in a condition preparatory to a profitable timber harvest in the years to come.

Not only many previously forested areas which have been cut over have been planted up, but a number of the countries are also devoting their energies to establishing a forest cover on dunes and other waste lands, and in fact, on all land which is more valuable for producing timber than for other purposes.

France has been one of the foremost European countries in reforestation, especially in the mountains, where planting has been a powerful factor in controlling torrents and regulating streamflow. The State each year buys uncultivated lands in the mountain regions, and up to January, 1907, it had acquired 508,000 acres in this way. Communes, associations and private individuals are also assisted in reforestation work by grants of money and by supplies of plants and seeds. Altogether 249,000 acres have been planted through

this public assistance. Complete exemption from taxation for a long period of years is granted in the case of plantations made on the tops and slopes of mountains. A reduction of three-fourths for all land planted or sown, whatever its situation, is also made.

One of the most striking examples of the results of planting waste lands is furnished by the reforestation of the "Karst" in Austria. The Karst was a stretch of barren limestone lands comprising some 600,000 acres in the hilly country along the Austrian shores of the Adriatic Sea. For centuries it had furnished the ship timber and other wood supplies of Venice, but excessive cutting, together with burning and pasturing, had left it a waste almost beyond recovery. In 1865, the government began to offer help to land owners who would undertake forest planting there. Taxes were remitted for periods of years, technical advice was given, and plant material as well as money were supplied.

At present over 400,000 acres, or two-thirds of the Karst are under forest, partly as a result of planting, at a cost of eight or ten dollars an acre, and partly as a result of protection which made natural recuperation possible. In 1884, Austria also passed a reforestation law to control torrents. This law carries an annual appropriation of \$100,000, and extensive planting work has been successfully carried out under it.

Germany as a whole does not have so much waste land which it is necessary to plant. The Germans have been practicing forestry for so long a time that the greater part of the available land is already covered with forests. Some work, however, is done along this line. During the six years from 1901 to 1906, about 300,000 acres of land suitable for forestry were acquired in Prussia, although a part of this was already wooded. All possible assistance is also given to communes and private owners in planting work, and in 1906, \$110,000 was appropriated for this purpose. Baden endeavors to encourage forest planting by providing that all private waste lands, pastures, fields, and uplands planted with timber, remain free from taxation for a period of twenty years from the beginning of the first year of planting.

In Denmark no fixed appropriation is made for acquiring waste lands, but in the last twenty-five years, over 43,000 acres have been purchased, and recently the annual cost for planting has amounted to over \$15,000. Tree planting on the dunes along the coast of Jutland for the purpose of protection from drifting sand is continuously going on. In addition to the work which the State is doing, annual grants are made to the Danish Heath Society, the special object of which is to encourage tree planting in Jutland. That the work pays is shown by the fact that during the last ten years the average annual profit from all State forest lands has been nearly \$100,000.

Other European countries are constantly doing similar planting work. Switzerland, for example, creates protection forests wherever possible by planting and whenever forests are converted into farming and pasture lands an equal area may be ordered reforested. The great Empire of Russia likewise spends large sums annually in planting. Belgium and little Holland are also active in making their waste lands productive through forest planting.

Putting every acre of land to its best use is the idea about which the whole policy of the conservation of national resources revolves, and in the future the planting up of waste

tracts in the United States is sure to be carried on extensively by private owners as well as in the National Forests and on State lands.

THE NEW YEAR AND WHAT IT SAW.

The remark that a twelve-month is an "arbitrary period" during which things do not necessarily begin or end, is stale and overfamiliar, though certain "superior" philosophers continue to make it.

The year is an arbitrary period and so is the decade or the century, but any period would be "arbitrary" and there is certainly no good reason for changing those humanity has evolved in the course of its evolution. The year is a very short period, yet many momentous events happen within it and, while some years are more exciting, more memorable, more marvelous than others, no year is too mean or poor in achievements and occurrences to claim considerable space in our annals.

Nineteen hundred nine was a year of centuries and as such, conducive to reflection, to introspection, to comparisons with the past. It is good to revert to first principles, to profit by the lessons of history, to study past struggles and activities for guidance in the present. But there is such a thing as too much preoccupation with the past, and the year scarcely permitted that. It gave us plenty of food for thought and occasions for action on its own account. It made heavy demands on our sympathies, intelligence and energies.

The year saw the counter-revolutions in Turkey and Persia, also, fortunately, their failure and the re-establishment of the freer constitutional order. It witnessed the black war clouds in the near East and in Europe at large in connection with the Austrian coup in the Balkans. It witnessed the fall of a clever, resourceful German chancellor and a vigorous, masterful French premier. It saw the growth of the great budget fight in Great Britain. It witnessed an amazing "scare" of an entire nation and an imaginary Anglo-German crisis. But, thanks to the growing moderation of statesmen and the pressing needs for social and industrial reform, peace was preserved throughout the world in spite of many dark portents and dangerous complications.

In the United States, the year closed is chiefly notable for a change of administration, protracted congressional session for the revision of the tariff, the continuance of a national campaign for conservation, equal opportunity, and the curbing of injurious combinations, the purification of public life, the elimination of graft and spoils. It is also notable for increased commercial activity and the re-employment of much idle capital and labor. To science and to applied science, the United States has contributed not a little. It is sufficient to allude to Peary (not Cook) and the Wrights altogether. The year has been a busy and a strenuous one. It had its tragedies and disasters, its scandals and farces, but it also had its joys, its constructive deeds, its noble and creditable successes.

May the new year be happier for all the nations of the world—even more progressive and fruitful, not only materially but morally and spiritually.

The Canyon City Club on Tuesday held their annual election of directors. After hearing the reports of the old officers and disposing of some minor business matters, the following directors were elected for the ensuing term, Dr. Ingham, Geo. A. Brandon, Sam Lofton, P. H. Young, Bob Foster, Oscar Hunt and Dr. Stewart.

SHOE SIZES.

How the Standard of Measurement Was Established.

It is most difficult for many persons to remember the sizes of their different articles of wearing apparel. Collars, shirts and gloves are easy enough, because in the case of these it is a matter of actual inches. But the hat and shoe numbers are what puzzle most people, to say nothing of the mystery why a No. 11 stocking goes with a No. 8 shoe.

This last puzzle is, however, easily explained. Stockings have always been measured by the inch from heel to toe, but the numbering of shoes was fixed a long time ago by a Frenchman.

The Frenchman permanently fixed the numbers of shoes for all Europe and America. He arbitrarily decided that no human foot could possibly be smaller than three and seven-eighths inches. So, calling this point zero, he allowed one-third of an inch to a size and accordingly built up his scale. It follows therefrom that a man cannot find out the number of his own shoe unless he be an expert arithmetician. Even then he is likely to go wrong, because all the shoe experts allow for the weight of the individual and the build of his foot before they try to determine what size shoe he ought to wear.

As far as women's shoes are concerned the problem is still more difficult, because many of the manufacturers instead of keeping to the regular scale have marked down their numbers one or two sizes in order to capture easily flattered customers. For this reason most dealers ask out of town customers to send an old shoe with their orders.

The system of measuring hats is much simpler. Any man can tell what size he wears simply by adding the width and length of the inner brim and then dividing by two. Orders can also be sent to the shopkeeper by stating the circumference of the head.—Boston Globe.

BURNED PAPER MONEY.

Source of Great Profit, to the Government and Banks.

At the redemption windows of the treasury and of the subtreasuries of the country any silver coin that has not been mutilated willfully and which still is recognizable as from the mints of the United States will be redeemed at face value, this in spite of the fact that the silver in the worn coin may not be worth half its face value. As to gold coin, the government stands only a small portion of the loss from abrasion; but, according to weight, these worn gold coins always are redeemable.

In the case of the paper currency two-fifths of a note must be presented if it shall be redeemed or a new note issued, and, no matter what the evidence may be as to total destruction of this paper currency, the government regards it as the holder's individual loss with which it is no further concerned. Fire may melt \$1,000 worth of silver coins and it is worth its metal value. It may melt \$1,000 in gold coins and the mint will pay \$1,000 in new twenty-dollar gold pieces for the mass. But the ashes of \$1,000 in paper currency is without value.

In the thousands of fires over the country every year involving office buildings, factories, business houses and family residences an untold total of legal tender notes of all kinds are destroyed. Every piece of such paper lost is loss to the holder and gain to the government or to a national bank. It is a promissory note hopelessly lost to the holder. It is even more, for in many cases an individual man might redeem his debt obligation if he were assured by the holder of it that the piece of paper to which he had signed his name had been destroyed by accident and by no chance could turn up again against him.—Chicago Tribune.

Pope as a Witness.

Pope, like Garrick, made but a poor figure in the witness box. He was called to appear in defense of Bishop Atterbury when that prelate was tried for high treason in the house of lords in 1723. "I never could speak in public," he told Spence afterward, "and I don't believe that if it was a set thing I could give an account of any story to twelve friends together, though I could tell it to any three of them with a great deal of pleasure. When I was to appear for the bishop of Rochester in his trial, though I had but ten words to say and that on a plain point (how the bishop spent his time when I was with him at Bromley, I made two or three blunders in it and that notwithstanding the first row of lords (which was all I could see) were mostly of my acquaintance."—London Standard.

The Lost Company.

"Hungry, I suppose," said the sharp faced woman as she opened the door just a little bit.

"Wry, no," answered the ragged wayfarer. "I've clean forgot how to be hungry. But I'm out and out lonely."

"Lonely?"

"Yes. You see, I hain't had nothing to eat for so long that I've got so thin I can't cast no shadow, and you ain't so idee what company a man's shadow is to him while he is travelin' along the road."

Considerate.

Muggins is not handsome, and he knows it. When his first baby was born he asked, "Does it look like me?" Of course they replied in the affirmative.

"Well," said he, with a sigh, "break it to my wife gently."—London Tit-Bits.

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Grandpa's Bear

The Bear Tread Him Inside the Trunk Instead of Outside.

By ELEANOR S. GARDNER.

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"Grandpa Colonel, tell us a story." "Well, well. Suppose I tell you about a bear.

"Sixty or more years ago, in the days when California was only poor, faroff Mexican California and nothing more and I was a very young officer in Uncle Sam's little army, I once found myself stationed at a certain inland town. It was a collection of adobe or mud huts, deserved the name, situated about sixty miles distant from the then scarcely larger village of Yerba Buena, the now mighty city of San Francisco.

"We were doing garrison duty, a single company under old Captain Jack B., an easy going commander, who gave us little to do and plenty of time to do it in.

"So, as the hours hung somewhat heavily upon our hands, Captain Jack and I—the only officers at the post—took to hunting and shooting, with now and then a little fishing by way of change to vary the monotony of our soldier life. Countless flocks of wild geese, brant and lesser waterfowl came by thousands to banquet upon the wild oat fields and make their reedy homes among the wide marshes which separate the firmer land about Sonoma from the spreading bays that terminate in the Golden Gate.

"We had geese for dinner, brant for breakfast and cold duck for supper and lunch till old Jack declared his belief that he should quack if we ate any more such fare.

"One morning I had been very successful at duck shooting, and when I tired of the sport I proceeded to shoulder my piece and secure my game for the homeward tramp of three or four miles.

"As I lost sight of the shooting grounds and began to enter the live oak groves scattered here and there along the higher ridges bordering the marshy edges of the bay I found myself suddenly enveloped in one of those dense mists which sweep up at certain seasons from the sea, like the ocean vapors of a Newport summer afternoon.

"As I had no special path and was traveling only by familiar landmarks, now rendered indistinct by the hoary haze, I was obliged to move more slowly and soon felt satisfied that I had missed my way.

"Reaching at length a space open upon three sides, the fourth being thinly wooded, but without a particle of undergrowth, I paused for a moment to survey, so far as my limited horizon would permit, a tract of country which was new to me. Moreover, I hoped to hear the sound of running water, which, as I knew the general direction of the streams, would serve to guide me in taking what sailors call a fresh departure.

"While listening intently I heard from the wooded side of my narrow, visible world a sort of pounding, as if some man with large boots and no corns had found his feet unpleasantly cold and was endeavoring to warm them by stamping in a manner which betokened an utter disregard for shoe leather.

"Then came a wheeze like that of a gruff giant troubled with the asthma and finally a mixed compound of crunching and mumbling, as if a huge hog were eating hard corn. My attention now being thoroughly aroused by so remarkable a combination of sounds, I peered into the gloom until I fancied I could perceive the vague, misty form of some creature stirring up the fog within twenty feet of the spot on which I had halted.

"It is—no, it can't be—yes, but it is a grizzly! Don't I wish I was at home! That's what I thought. You see, I hadn't come bear hunting. I was duck shooting and had no conveniences for carrying home a bear even if I should kill one, and the more I looked at Mr. Grizzly the better satisfied I was that he had every convenience for killing and carrying me.

"All I had ever heard or read of his ugly, hateful ways seemed to rush into my mind.

"If I had been examined on this subject in natural history just then I should have gone up to the head of my class immediately.

"We stood looking at each other. It was evidently a surprise on both sides. I stared very hard at the bear with wide open eyes, while the bear stared very hard at me with wide open mouth.

"I think the bear got over his astonishment first, and, what is worst, I could see he wasn't at all alarmed. He stopped eating, gave a sniff and a sort of interrogatory 'Who are you?' grunt and then took a step toward me.

"As I am of a retiring disposition and have never been willing to intrude myself into company where I have not been invited, I felt some delicacy in continuing to be a witness of his repast and was accordingly withdrawing in as unostentatious a way as good manners would permit, when it seemed to occur to him that he owed it to good fellowship to cultivate my acquaintance.

"Declining that honor, I dropped into a backward walk, keeping my eyes, after the manner of royal presentations, toward this monarch of the

western wilds, when, to my horror, he favored me with a grin—such a grin!—and it was followed by a snap and a growl.

"As he quickened his steps toward me I unconsciously hastened my own, when, taking a long stride backward, I found myself suddenly prostrate in a sort of dry ditch or slough, where I lay for a moment half stunned in company with my dead birds and duck gun.

"As I recovered myself I could hear my grunting and grumbling friend, doubtless not a little astonished at this sudden disappearance, go tramping up and down in the vain attempt to nose me out in the fog.

"I had now time to think and, as a merchant might say, 'take stock' of my position and prospects. On the one side I was chased by a bear—a hungry bear, a cross bear, a bear disturbed at his breakfast of sweet acorns. I had lost my way. I had only a ducking gun, which, however formidable to wild geese, was a mere plaything when brought to bear upon the thick, tough hide of an acorn fattened grizzly, whose gross weight might be somewhere in the neighborhood of 900 pounds. As for my hunting knife, I had left it at home. What wonder if, as an Irishman might say, I wished that I had left myself there before I started?

"Against all this I had the consolatory assurance that the grizzly bear never climbs, which, as the trees were all on the side of the bear, did not add much to my sense of security. But my principal hope lay in the fact that I was just then hidden by the gully, the depth of which varied from eight to twelve feet, with precipitous sides and a dry bed, which probably led down to some neighboring stream of water.

"Now, thought I, I have only to crawl along this ditch, reach the stream, cross it and bid goodbye to grizzly."

"I had just picked myself up and was proceeding to carry out my plan of escape when I heard a crackling and breaking of the underbrush which fringed the ditch and by which I was partly screened from view. This was speedily followed by an angry growl as the treacherous earth gave way and let Mr. Bear with no gentle tumble directly down into the very gully into which I had fallen.

"Fortunately for me, bruin had not only a greater fall, but tumbled into the ditch at a point somewhat distant from my hiding place, and the little ferret eyes did not at once perceive me. An unlucky stumble, however, which I owed to a twisted root, betrayed me, and he turned and gave chase.

"They have a very expressive phrase in California when a person is desired to leave suddenly. It consists of but two words, 'You git!' My dears, when that bear tumbled into my gully 'I got,' and when he took up the chase I continued 'to git' in a style which astonished even myself.

"When I first saw him fall I certainly hoped that he had broken his nose at least or even dislocated his great ugly neck, but that hope vanished in a moment.

"He was evidently not a whit the worse for his somersault.

"It was no longer a matter of ceremony. I sped over the ground like a hunted deer, while my stout friend came lumbering and puffing on behind, like a portly old gentleman who fears he may be too late for the evening train. I was expecting every moment to feel the blow of his heavy paw, when, turning an angle of the gully, I perceived, with no little dismay, that the ditch in front of me was blocked by an immense fallen tree. The smaller end of the broken trunk, being toward me, showed an opening wide enough to admit my then somewhat more than usually slender form.

"There was little time for hesitation. I could hear the bear's heavy tramp behind me. A moment more and I had plunged into the opening and drew my gun after me, just as my fat friend rounded the turn of the slough in hot pursuit. Running blindly on, he endeavored to force himself after me, giving the log a shock which made me tremble for the security of my new tenement.

"One or two furious plunges tended to convince him that I could enter where his huge frame could not, for he seemed to reflect and finally introduced a paw, from whose farreaching grab I retired into the inner recesses of my chamber.

"Finding that his attempts in this way were equally futile, I began to feel a little more at ease, and when bruin again poked in his great paw in an inquiring sort of way I managed to push a dead duck out to him with the butt of my gun by way of a peace offering. I was willing just then to have peace at any price short of surrender.

"But Sir Bear had no thought of such a compromise. He tore away and made the feathers fly with his cruel teeth and claws in a style which gave me a pretty lively notion of what I might expect were I to trust myself within his grasp.

"I had begun to think seriously of giving my pursuer the benefit of a charge of duck shot in the hope of putting out one or both of his ugly little eyes and making him give up the hunt when, my eyes becoming accustomed to the darkness, I discovered a faint indication of light behind me. I crawled toward it and dropped out backward.

"The creek was below me, and I dropped into it in a moment and pushed, apparently unheeded, to the opposite bank, whence prudence, coupled with some doubts as to the possibility of discharging a wet gun, induced me to leave Urs Major to his log boring while I made the best of my way back to camp."

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His Home-coming

How He Found His Grandmother and What He Did For Her.

By FRANK H. SWEET.

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It was the hour of noon. A tall, slender-faced man sat on the barnyard wall, gazing over his rocky fields with slow, speculative eyes. He had finished his dinner and was now waiting for the help.

Every few minutes he glanced impatiently toward the door of the long back kitchen.

At last he muttered something under his breath and slid heavily from the wall. At the same moment he saw a boy approaching.

"Does Mrs. Carter live here?" the boy asked briskly as he paused in front of the man.

"She stays here just now," was the answer. "I guess you'll find her in the house."

The boy walked on past the barnyard and up the clam shelled lined path to the front door of the old farmhouse.

"Is Mrs. Carter in?" he asked of the little old woman who opened the door.

"Round in the kitchen, eatin' her dinner," was the mumbled answer.

"Men folks eat fast here. Who be ye?" But the boy had already left the step and was on his way round to the kitchen.

The door was partly open, and he could see a long table, around which were seated a dozen or more old women and children. He knocked gently and repeated his question.

A sweet faced old woman rose and came to the door.

"I am Mrs. Carter," she said pleasantly. "What do you wish?"

But the boy could not answer. He felt all those curious eyes upon him, and there was a lump in his throat and a terror of something he could not understand.

"I wish to see you," he stammered at length.

"Very well. Suppose we go into the sitting room. We can talk better there."

He followed her through the long kitchen into a big square room that was scantily furnished. The old woman motioned him to a chair by the window where the light rested full upon his face.

"Now," she began, then stopped, and a strange look came into her eyes.

"Who are you?" she asked in a troubled voice. "I am getting old and do not remember as I used to. But I have seen you somewhere."

He rose from the chair.

"No, you have never seen me before," he replied, "but folks used to say that I looked like father. I am John Carter. Why don't you welcome me, grandmother?"

She trembled and gazed at him eagerly.

"John's boy—come home!" she said vaguely. Then a flush came into her faded cheeks and a glad light into her eyes. "And has—has John come?" she asked.

"My father died last fall," the boy's voice was very calm, but in it was a depth of pain which he strove vainly to conceal. "His last wish was for me to come home. He said there had been some misunderstanding between him and Uncle Richard, but that his death would make it all right and that I would be welcome. Is Uncle Richard here?"

"Richard died many years ago. He told me the whole story and wanted John's forgiveness. Poor Richard! Poor John!"

In the dim old eyes was a freshening of the old pain, and the boy saw it, and his own face grew wistful and sympathetic.

"Dear grandmother," he said softly. The old woman smiled and tried to rouse herself.

"You and I are all there is left," she said. "We will not speak of the quarrel any more. They have made it up before this." Then she took his strong young hand between her two wrinkled ones and stroked it tenderly.

"How did you find me, Jacky?" she asked, using the pet name she had given his father many years before.

"A man on the road told me that you lived in the big house by the pond. It was easy to find."

"And did you come all the way from Mexico alone?"

"Yes; I am used to traveling. I did not mind it much, except for its being lonely. I missed father. We were almost always together."

The brave eyes held back their tears, but she could feel his hand tremble in her grasp.

A cheap clock on the shelf began to strike shrilly, but after two or three spasmodic efforts it began to quaver and finally stopped altogether.

The old woman smiled.

"It is old and decrepit, just like everything else about the place," she remarked sadly.

John looked at her inquiringly.

"What does it all mean?" he asked. "Things do not seem as—as I expected. Father told me about Mapewood and the long avenue and fine old trees. I looked for them when I was coming up the lane and thought maybe they had been cut down. I fancied I should know the place, but it all seems so strange." Then something in her face made him ask suddenly, "Is it Mapewood?"

"Mapewood—this? Oh, John, John,

don't you know—haven't you heard?" All the color was gone from her cheeks now, and her face was white and pitiful. "Did you come all the way from Mexico to find such a welcome as this? How thankful I am that your father did not know!"

"But what is it, grandmother? You must tell me everything. You and I are all there is left, and you must let me help you. What is it about Mapewood?"

"It was sold long ago. Your Uncle Richard owed money and let the dear old place go. It took everything. Poor Richard!"

The boy's own face had grown colorless now; a terrible suspicion was in his mind.

"What place is this?" he asked fearfully.

"The poorhouse. Oh, Jacky, Jacky!"

But with that heartbroken cry in his ears the boy forgot everything else—all his hopes and expectations and longings.

"Never mind, grandmother," he said lovingly. "You have me, and I am almost a man. I will soon make another home for you."

"Poor Jacky boy! You are young yet and do not know how hard the world is. And it is more for you than myself I care."

"I am seventeen," he answered sturdily as he drew his strong young figure to its full height. "I went with father to his work in the mountains every day, and he said I was the strongest boy of my age he ever saw. I shall soon make a nice home for you."

"Never mind its being nice, Jacky. A bovel or woodshed—anything to get away from here. And it will not cost so much to live. You have no idea how little we can get along with—we two."

Her eyes were shining now, and the color was coming back into her cheeks. "I—I was afraid that I should have to live here always."

When the rest of the women began to file in from the kitchen the two were standing by the window, talking earnestly.

John picked up his hat.

"I'll come and see you as often as I can, grandmother," he said as he moved toward the door. "And it will not be long before I have a home for you."

As he went down the lane he could not help contrasting his prospects with those of the boy who had passed there a short half hour before.

He thought of the long talks that he and his father had had about his future—the studies and college life and the work to be done afterward.

Neither of them had ever dreamed of the possibility of his relatives being unable to provide for him. And here he was penniless and his supposed wealthy grandmother in the poorhouse.

He almost felt glad that his father was dead and could not know.

At the head of the lane he paused and glanced back at the rambling farmhouse and its outbuildings.

"Poor grandmother," he said aloud. "I must not keep her waiting very long."

Although it was still March, the sun was hot and the snow nearly gone. Here and there in the fields he could see farmers beginning their spring work—picking up stones and mending the walls and fences.

After awhile he went across to one of the groups and asked for work. But he was too late. The farmer had already hired all the help he wanted. A little farther on he tried again. At last he found a man who said he was just the sort of boy he had been looking for.

One day in the latter part of April a farm wagon drove up to the poorhouse, and a boy sprang lightly to the ground.

Sitting on the stone wall was the same man he had met before. Slouching across the barnyard were several of the dilatory hands.

"I've come for Mrs. Carter," said the boy respectfully.

The man took a straw from his mouth.

"Well, I don't mind," he answered gruffly. "D'ye think you can support her?"

"Yes."

"Where ye goin'?"

"I'm working on the Taylor farm, and we're going to have the little house in the lower pasture."

"That's contemptuously. Why, nobody's lived in it for years! 'Tain't fit to live in."

"I've fixed up a couple of rooms so they'll go very well," replied the boy quietly, "and Mr. Taylor says he will have it repaired before another winter. He isn't going to charge us any rent until he has it fixed."

"Shouldn't think he would. What does he pay you?"

"Three dollars a week and lets me have a big garden where I raise all the vegetables I want."

"H'm! Well, that's pretty fair wages for a boy. If ye're clost I guess ye can rub along. An' I calc'late the old lady will be mighty glad to git away."

He watched the boy as he went across the yard and into the house. Then he hurried his tardy workmen into the field.

When the old farm wagon rattled down the lane he was mending a gap in his line wall, but he found time to straighten up and gaze at them as they rode away.

The boy was clad in rough jacket and blue overalls that showed many stains of the brown earth he was becoming familiar with. The old lady had a fine shawl of some ancient pattern around her shoulders.

The man gazed after the wagon until it had disappeared from sight.

"It beats all natur' how some folks is contented," he soliloquized as he turned away. "Them two's as pleased as though they was in a carriage instead of Taylor's old rattle-de-bang wagon!"

Rather Venomous.

A tenderfoot who visited the Yosemite in the old days thus related his experience: The stage driver found out that he was seriously afraid of snakes and immediately proceeded to make his hair stand on end.

"Venomous reptiles? You bet. I don't know what reptiles is, but them snakes you can just bet your life is venomous. Why, one day I was comin' down here drivin' a wagon when I catches sight of a snake in the brush all ready for a spring. My horses starts an' I whips 'em up fast to clear the snake, don't you see, afore he could spring. He makes one clear spring, the snake does, an' he misses the horses."

"That was lucky. But you—you—"

"Lucky? You bet your life it was lucky. He missed the horses, the snake did, but he struck his fangs clean through the wagon."

"You don't say!"

"I do say, and maybe you don't believe it, but it's a fact. He stuck his fangs clean through that wagon, an' that wagon is swelled up so bad that we had to leave it by the wayside and take the horses home."

Now They Never Speak.

A coolness growing out of the following conversation has sprung up between Jones and Smith:

"I had a splendid time last night," said Jones. "I spent the evening at a little social gathering at the Goodman mansion."

"Are the Goodmans nice people?" queried Smith.

"Well, I should say so. They are very aristocratic. To get into their circle one must have either a great deal of money or a great deal of genius."

"You don't tell me so! And you say you were there?"

"Yes."

"You were invited, were you?"

"Of course."

"And to be invited a man has to have plenty of money or a great deal of genius?"

"Precisely."

"Well, Jones, I am very glad to hear you have become rich all of a sudden. Lend me \$5."—London Answers.

Antiquity of the Water Pump.

The water pump of today is but an improvement on a Grecian invention which first came into use during the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphos and Emergites, 283 to 221 B. C. The name, which is very similar in all languages, is derived from the Greek word pempe, to send or throw. The most ancient description we have of a water pump is by Hero of Alexandria. There is no authentic account of the general use of the pump in Germany previous to the beginning of the sixteenth century. At about that time the endless chain and bucket works for raising water from mines began to be replaced by pumps. In the seventeenth century rotating pumps, like the Appenham engine, with two pistons, and the Prince Rupert, with one, were first used. Pumps with plunger pistons were invented by Morland, an Englishman, in 1674 and the double acting pump by De la Hire, the French academician.

Retribution.

"Stand up, prisoner," orders the stern judge.

The trembling culprit, who has been found guilty by a jury of his delighted peers, stands.

"Prisoner at the bar," solemnly declares the judge, "you have been convicted of building house after house containing one of these confounded little boxes called 'reception rooms,' in which there is neither room to receive nor hooks to make it a wardrobe. The sentence of the court is that for the next ten years you shall be confined in one of these alleged reception rooms of your own construction and design!"

Immediately the lawyers for the defendant begin work upon an appeal on the ground that a cruel and unusual punishment has been decreed.—Life.

A Big Help.

The lecturer raised his voice with emphatic confidence. "I venture to assert," he said, "that there isn't a man in this audience who has ever done anything to prevent the destruction of our forests."

A modest looking man in the back of the hall stood up.

"I—er—I've shot woodpeckers," he said.—Everybody's.

Make Some One Happy.

Charles Kingsley thus counseled a friend: "Make it a rule and pray to God to help you to keep it, never, if possible, to lie down at night without being able to say, 'I have made one human being at least a little wiser, a little happier or a little better this day.' You will find it easier than you think and pleasanter."

Ladylike.

A little girl on a train was chewing gum. Not only that, but she insisted on pulling it out in long strings and letting it fall back into her mouth again.

"Mabel," said her mother, in a horrified whisper, "don't do that. Chew your gum like a little lady."—Everybody's.

Webster Made Nest Retort.

As judge made law is now so much discussed, we may recall one of the neatest answers in history, as far, at least, as our own reading goes: Judge (interrupting Webster's argument)—That is not law.

Webster—It was law until your honor spoke.—Collier's Weekly.

Intercollegiate.

"Not that I love Smith less, but that I love Bryn Mawr," said the junior as he invited a Philadelphia girl to the prom.—Amherst Four Leaf Clover.

Some Historical Events of 1909.

Jan. 1 Elections in France for Deputies result in victories for the government and the Radicals.

Jan. 4 U. S. Supreme Court refuses to grant the government's petition for review of the Standard Oil \$29,000,000 fine case.

Jan. 4 The Yaqui Indians sign a treaty with the Mexican government thus ending a thirty-five year war.

Jan 7 In the Night Riders trials at Union City, Tenn., six of the Reelfoot Lake band are convicted of murder in the first degree and two of murder in the second degree.

Jan 20 Gen. Gomez is officially proclaimed President-elect of Cuba.

Jan 20 Tennessee legislature passes state-wide prohibition bill over Gov. Patterson's veto.

Jan 25 Elihu Root resigns as Secretary of State and Robert Bacon is nominated his successor.

Feb 8 Governor Haskell of Oklahoma is indicted for conspiracy to defraud the government in connection with the scheduling of Muskogee town-site lots.

Mar 4 President Taft and vice-president Sherman are inaugurated in Washington.

Mar 23 Ex-president Roosevelt sails from New York for Africa.

Mar 31 The Georgia convict lease system comes to an end.

Apr 13 The Turkish garrison in Constantinople mutinies and forces the government to dismiss the grand vizier, the minister of war and the president of the chambers.

Apr 18 The ceremonies of the beatification of Joan of Arc are held at St. Peter's, Rome.

Apr 19 The Russo-Bulgarian settlement is signed at St. Petersburg, simultaneously with signing of the Turco-Bulgarian agreement at Constantinople, Bulgaria paying \$16,400,000 for its independence.

Apr 23 Governor Wilson of Kentucky pardons ex-Governor Taylor and five others indicted in connection with the murder of William Goebel in 1900.

May 6 Representatives of the U. S. and Canada meet at St. John's, N. B. to decide matters in dispute concerning the use of the St. John river, forming part of the national boundary.

June 1 Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition at Seattle, Wash. is formally opened.

June 22 The Cape Cod Canal is formally begun.

July 8 The U. S. Senate passes the tariff bill by vote of 45 to 34.

July 12 the National House of Representatives, by a vote of 317 to 14, adopts the Senate joint resolution for the submission of an income tax constitutional amendment to the state legislatures.

Aug 1 Acapulco, Mexico destroyed by series of 73 earthquake shocks.

Sep 1 Dr. Frederick A. Cook announces that he reached the North Pole on April 21, 1908.

Sep 6 Commander Peary sends dispatch from Labrador stating that he reached the North Pole on April 6, 1909.

Sep 15 President Taft begins his journey of 13,000 miles through the west and south.

Oct 6 Abbott L. Lowell inaugurated president of Harvard university.

Oct 12 Chas. R. Crane, appointed minister to China, resigns upon the demand of secretary Knox.

Nov 5 Will of John Stewart

Kennedy of New York bequeaths \$30,000,000 to public institutions.

Nov 18 Three hundred miners killed by explosion in coal mine at Cherry, Ill.

Nov 18 The reported shooting of two Americans by order of the Nicaraguan government causes the United States government to recognize belligerency of revolutionists.

Nov 29 Alabama rejected a prohibition amendment to the state constitution by a large majority.

Dec 21 Copenhagen—Universalty declared Dr. Cook's proofs of his claims insufficient.—Ex.

Big Auto Explodes.

Amarillo, Tex., Jan. 9.—Joe Smpers narrowly escaped instant death this evening when a 75 horse-power automobile which he was driving was destroyed through an explosion of the big gasoline tank. He was driving in the interest of a large land concern with a large party of prospectors when back fire ignited the gasoline. The visitors hastily alighted from the trap, but Smpers was detained at the steering wheel an instant and was partially covered with the blazing oil. Only presence of mind saved his life. The car was the property of Chas. Martin and valued at \$5,000.

Have you a weak throat? If so, you cannot be too careful. You cannot begin treating too early. Each cold makes you more liable to another and the last is always the harder to cure. If you take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy at the outset you will be saved much trouble. Sold by City Pharmacy.

Be a News subscriber.

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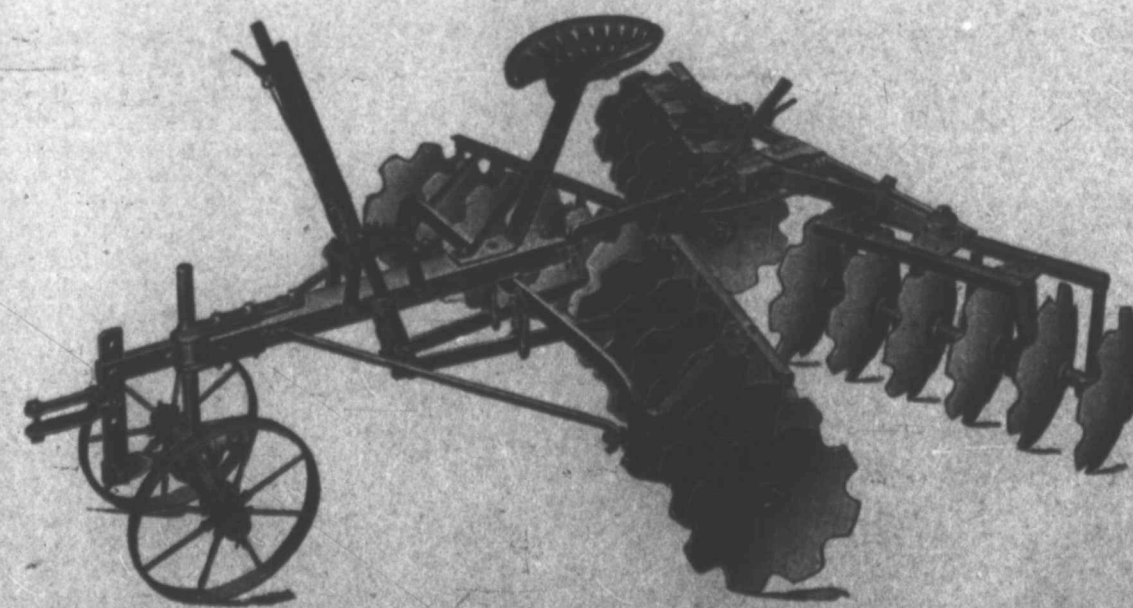
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THE PANHANDLE OF TEXAS

The Best Country on the Face of the Earth.

IT CANNOT be surpassed as a place for home builders. Your home can be made as beautiful as you choose to make it. You have at your command a climate in which the most beautiful and the most delicate flowers thrive and flourish. You have here a soil which responds to cultivation with ever-increasing rewards. Your choice in the matter of fruit and shade trees need only be limited to the space you have to give them, as every variety adapted to a mild, temperate zone is a success here. Apples, peaches, cherries, grapes and all the small fruits produce in great profusion, the apples especially being of the finest quality. Vegetables unnumbered are a source of pleasure and profit.

Diversified farming and stock raising go hand in hand. Here you have the soil, the climate and the rainfall to enable you to conduct this successfully and profitably. The winter is mild and full of sunshine. You do not have to feed out and burn up your profits through a long period of snow, ice and frost. Wheat and oats and other small grains, corn, Kaffir corn, milo maize and alfalfa are not experiments, but facts, and here the "facts," are produced in increasing quantities every season. Horses, cattle and hogs are thrifty and healthy. An inexhaustible supply of pure, sparkling water lies within easy reach.

Your children can have ample facilities for education. The permanent school fund of Texas is greater than that of any other state in the Union. We have direct communication with the best markets of the South and Middle West. We own all the lands which we offer for sale; they are selected by the resident member of this firm, who has had a long acquaintance with the Panhandle. They are all within easy reach of the market and railroad, and nearly every acre can be put into cultivation. Land bought at the present prices is sure to be a profitable investment, growing more and more valuable with the continued and steady development of the country which is now taking place. Our wheat is going into the winter in splendid shape and promises a fine yield.

We will be glad to show you our lands any day you come to see us, and feel sure that we can show you something with which you will be pleased.

Keiser Brothers & Phillips

Canyon City, Texas.

Keota, Iowa.

Redkey, Indiana.

The News from Wayside.

By "Teddie"

Rev. Sharp delivered a good sermon at Beulah Sunday morning.

Miss Inis Hamblen of Rome, Texas is visiting her brother, W. H. Hamblen.

Mr. and Mrs. Hamblen entertained Sunday, in honor of their sister, Miss Inis, the following young people; Curtis and Ruby McGehee, Will Franklin, Fannie Sluder and Enoch Wilson.

Frank Walters was the guest of Jim Sluder Saturday night.

Mrs. Hollabough and daughters, Grace and Bee, called on Grandma Sluder Saturday.

Walter Helms and Charlie Butler were happy callers last Friday.

A large crowd gathered at the home of J. T. McGehee Jan. 8th to celebrate the birthdays of Macie McGehee, twelve, and her cousin, Birdie Lou Lane, five years of age. A fine dinner was served and all spent an enjoyable time.

Mrs. J. T. McGehee is on the sick list this week.

Umbarger Notes.

(Delayed)

Well, the holidays are over, but let us continue the happy spirit throughout the year.

The young people report a most delightful evenings spent at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. Easter's on New Year's.

A most enjoyable dance was given at the Beckman home during the holidays.

Rev. Riendorff has returned from Mineral Wells much improved in health.

Mr. Dotz, while working on a windmill last week, happened to

the painful accident of having his hand badly crushed.

R. H. H. Woods and family spent some time recently in Wildorado.

Miss Sallie Cage has accepted a position in the Vega school. She is a teacher of rare ability and Vega is to be congratulated upon securing her services.

Miss Bernice Williams was the guest of the Misses Conrad last week.

Mrs. Daugherty spent the holidays with relatives in Ft. Worth returning Saturday.

Eugene Easter was in Umbarger Wednesday.

Mr. Lear, from Missouri, who has been here for the past two weeks visiting his brother left for his home Tuesday.

Wm. Breckenrige and family of Newton, Iowa have moved on the Moonéy farm near here.

Umbarger school re-opened Tuesday morning with an enrollment of forty-one.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Hunt are rejoicing over the arrival of a daughter.

Mrs. Cobbs, and baby, of Oklahoma is the guest of Mrs. Frank Duncan.

The Umbarger News.

Warmer weather again and the farmers are busy in their fields.

Henry Beckman paid Canyon a visit Tuesday.

H. Engbers made a business trip to the county capital Saturday.

Services by Rev. Bier of Amarillo were held in the Catholic church Sunday.

Mrs. J. Beckman was a Canyon visitor Friday.

E. Rehker of Arcadia, Iowa,

who was here last week looking after his interests, left Tuesday for his home.

P. Friemel and wife were Canyon visitors Wednesday.

The McDade brothers are drilling a well on J. B. Greenfield's farm south of Umbarger.

Clark Dowlen spent last Sunday in Canyon.

Gene Easter narrowly escaped serious injury Saturday while breaking a wild horse. The bit broke, frightening the horse which threw him and stepped on his chest.

A. W. Woods of Wildorado spent Wednesday with his brother here, R. H. H. Woods.

A car of lumber was received Wednesday by the local lumber yard.

T. B. Slaughter received a car of shelled corn Tuesday.

After services at the Catholic church Sunday, Williamina Clara, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernst Friemel, was christened.

Chas. Slaughter was an Umbarger visitor Wednesday.

Mirage.

Mayor says Sewer Work will Begin Jan. 20.

Actual work on the water and sewer installation will begin on the 20th day of January unless it is snowing on that date and the work will be crowded to its completion. Many people fail to recognize providential and inevitable delays at this season of the year but the chances are that such will not be ready for it when the good work begins. Look up statistics and when the work is completed, you will find that from the time the matter was first decided upon to the day of completion, we will have broken the speed limit for quick work.

J. N. H.

Potter County Taxes Unusually Heavy.

Frank E. Buckingham, deputy tax collector for Potter county, states that during the month of December 5,297.52 were collected in state and county taxes. The total collection of taxes for the Amarillo independent school district was \$2,365.58.

Both items exceed any previous showing of the office during the closing month of the calendar year. Mr. Buckingham is authority for the statement that the payment during the present month in both departments of his office will be heavy. The school board designated Mr. Buckingham as collector of the district tax, and he is having excellent success.—Daily Panhandle.

While the above does look large, possibly, to the Potter county officials, we can state that during the same period of time, the Tax Collector of Randall county collected \$12,405.97 and we thought so little about the matter that we did not consider it worth while to mention until the above item appeared in the Daily Panhandle of Jan. 7th.

Important City Street Tax or Work Notice.

All male persons between the ages of 21 and 45 years in Canyon City, not exempt by law, must pay to the City (Marshall) three dollars on or before the first day of February, 1910.

Those so subject, who fail to pay on or before above date, will be required to pay five dollars or work five days upon the streets.

I will find places to work and begin citing delinquents when and where to meet for such or five dollar payments immediately after the 1st of February. If you prefer the lighter penalty, I will receipt you for it at any time or place I meet you prior to the date above named. I have no discretion in the matter.

J. H. JOWELL,
CITY MARSHAL.

From a Subscriber.

One of the Randall County News' subscribers writes: "Enclosed find check for which send me the 'News.' My wife thinks she can not get along without your paper and her son, 'John,' is down with the same complaint, but think he will convalesce as soon as we get the 'News.'"

"I have had a little sport this winter hunting. Three of our party went out to seek some game and we killed five deer some armadillos etc. Wife and I have just returned from a second hunting trip in which we captured a fine buck. Being an amateur hunter, I naturally feel good to be able to return home every trip with a buck."

"Hoping that Canyon is on a boom, I am yours respectfully, Subscriber."

Notice.

All owners of blocks and lots in the sewer district must, within ten days, remove all obstructions from the alleys where the sewer pipe is to be laid. If alleys are not shown on the map or have not been opened and the owners of such blocks maintain obstructions where the alley ought to be, the sewer main will be deflected to the next block thus skipping the block so obstructed. The ditching machine will require the space of the whole alley and the sewer mains cannot bend or crook around in a block to save a rookery or scrub tree.

JASPER N. HANEY,
Mayor.

The new home of H. H. Castles is nearing completion and will soon be ready for occupancy. The dwelling is a modern four room bungalow and will add a great deal to the looks of Chestnut Street.



A Copy of the Abstract

we make of the title of any property you may consider purchasing can be relied upon absolutely.

No Flaw in the Title

too obscure for us to discover, no lein too old, too recent to escape our notice. Don't buy any property whatever until you have had us make an abstract of title. After that you'll be acting with your eyes open.

C. N. Harrison & Co.

Notice of Bids for Septic Tanks.

Bids will be received at the Victoria Hotel until 5 p. m., Tuesday, January 18th, for the excavation only for septic tanks and storage reservoir for sewer and water works at Canyon City, Texas. Plans may be seen at City Hall, Canyon City, Texas, by applying to the Mayor. Address all bids to H. A. Campbell, Victoria Hotel, Canyon City, Texas. The usual rights reserved.

For your bakery goods phone No. 303. Panhandle Bakery, 89th