

THE STAYER.

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER DEVOTED TO STOCK-FARMING.

Vol. 5.

Canyon City, Texas, Thursday, October 24, 1901.

No. 30

CANYON GRAIN AND COAL CO.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

GRAIN AND COAL

All Kinds of Field Seeds.

The Largest and Best Wagon Yard and Sheds on the Plains.

Your Business Solicited.

Kansas City Stock Yards.
October 19, 1901

With the main show tent set, making a display of canvas 300 feet long and 125 feet wide, loads of hay, straw, sawdust etc., moving around and an army of attendants busy at their several tasks, the great American Royal cattle show and sale is rapidly taking on the appearance of an up-to-date three ring performance affair. General Manager, Chas. R. Thomas, says he has never known such an active interest to be taken in any former event and from the advance hotel reservations the week of the 21st to the 26th, during which the American Royal cattle show and sale will be in progress throughout the days at the stock yards and the annual horse show will occupy the Convention Hall in the evenings, will be one of many visitors and much interest to both residents and strangers. Many of the show cattle came in during the past week and are comfortably quartered in the fine stock barn and from the showing already made all doubt of the success of the event has disappeared if any ever existed.

The cattle trade during the past week has been of such evenness that business has been transacted on an active but undemonstrative basis with prices quoted strong but no higher. Corn cattle were in just about the proper proportion to satisfy the demands and the top price for the week was 6.40. Fed westerns were topped by a train of 1431 pounds Colorado's at 6.20 and fat grass bees received their share of attention at a range of 3.25 to 4.75. Cow prices did not change materially during the week and all good grades found ready sales at the prevailing prices of the week before.

Desirable stockers and feeders were short of the requirements of the market and sold strong from the first. Common kinds were neglected after the first two days and closed very dull. The top price for heavy feeders was 4.25 and most sales of the week were consummated at a range of 3.00 to 4.40. The country demand is active and commission merchants are advising customers to market their offerings while the weather continues dry and prices attractive.

Receipts in the Southern yards amounted to 11,000 cattle and 1000 calves. Trade was active and prices showed no fluctuations. Steers ranged from 2.25 to 3.60 for the kinds offered which were from very common to only fair in quality. Cows were also a little out of style and realized prices ranging from 1.60 for the poorest to 2.85 to fair cows and heifers mixed.

Reduced hog receipts stimulated prices and the local market continued higher than at eastern points thus precluding any attempt at a shipping trade. Pigs advanced 15 to 25¢ and hogs 10 to 15¢ during the week and closing quotations were at 6.50 to 6.80 for heavy hogs; 6.10 to 6.50 for mixed packing and medium lots; 5.70 to 6.30 for light weights, and 5.00 to 5.60 for desirable pigs.

Sheep values continued to advance during the past week and choice native wethers sold up to 5.00 for the first time in many weeks. There seems to be a feeling that mutton values will continue active and the trade shows encouraging vitality. Qualities were against the acquiring of showy prices for Westerns but good Utah wethers sold up to 3.40 and mixed ewes and wethers at 3.30. Choice western lambs realized 4.50 to 4.75 and prime wethers would have brought 3.60. The ewe trade was largely at 2.75 to 3.25 though natives

past week were:
Cattle.....66,000
Hogs.....39,000
Sheep.....22,500
For the preceding week:
Cattle.....52,700
Hogs.....41,500
Sheep.....23,700
Corresponding week last year:
Cattle.....60,700
Hogs.....51,500
Sheep.....39,300

Public Sale OF PURE BRED HEREFORD BULLS.

I will sell, to the highest bidder, at public outcry 30 head of pure bred Hereford bulls, last Spring's calves, at Tullia, Friday November 8, 1901. The sires and dams of these bulls will be on exhibition at the sale that you may know what you are getting. Time will be given to reliable parties. Col. R. A. Campbell, Auctioneer.
33 Bob Bishop.

Running Water Notes.

The recent cool weather has caused some of us to put up our heating stove.

Messrs. Walling, Hayden Hall, Henry Anderson and John Cowart, of Lockney, were in Running Water this week.

Mr. John Cowart has sold his place of one-half section of land in Floyd county for \$1600 and bought a section about sixteen miles west of here over in Lamb county.

Dr. Norris, a dentist from Randall county, was in our village two days this week.

Several from this neighborhood went to Plainview last Monday to attend county court.

Lester, the little three year old boy of Mr. Jim Hooper, who lives in the Center Plains settlement, died last Tuesday of membranous croup. We extend

Dr. W. D. PATTON,

Dr. J. ED. CRAWFORD.

CANYON DRUG CO.

DEALERS IN

Drugs, Patent Medicines,

Druggist Sundries, Toilet Articles, in fact,
Everything usually kept in a first class

DRUG STORE.

our sympathy to the bereaved family and other relatives.

Services at the school house last Sunday at eleven o'clock was very well attended. Rev. Mr. Cook, of Wright, was present. The sermon was delivered by Rev. Lewis Ray. The sing-

ing class met in the afternoon, with quite a number of young people present. All had an enjoyable time, making melody unto the Lord.

Miss Pearl Matlock has been quite sick this week, but is now improving. J. S. D.

When you wake up with a bad taste in your mouth, go at once to J. N. Hadley, the leading druggist and get a free sample of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. One or two doses will make you well. They also cure biliousness, sick headache and constipation.

Fanchon Notes.

Quite a dearth of news this week.

Saving feed engrosses the attention and energies of every one to the exclusion of everything else.

Mr. Shaffer, from Hillsboro, is visiting his brother-in-law—our popular merchant—Mr. Jeff Key, and expects to buy him a home and settle in our midst. Welcome, Mr. Shaffer, as we have plenty of room for such enterprising and energetic men.

Mr. S. M. Clary and Mr. John Cunningham left our community last week and are now domiciled at Portales, New Mexico and are well pleased with that country.

Mr. Cobbs, who we understand is from Navarro county, has bought two sections of patented land in the Rowan neighborhood (Fairview school house) and is now improving it very extensively and permanently.

Mr. S. E. Brooks has just returned from the Kansas City market where he shipped a lot of fat cattle last week. Mr. Jas. Cox and Mr. Jeff Evans also shipped at the same time but as yet we have not learned anything of the result of the sales.

Mr. J. L. Lemon and family, of Tullia, spent Sunday with Dr. Clark.

Quite a goodly number of the young people from Union Hill attended church at Salem last Sunday.

Mr. Henry Burnham made a flying visit to Canyon City last week.

Health of the community is good and stock in fine condition for the winter.

Old Spike.

GOOD ADVICE

The most miserable beings in the world are those suffering from dyspepsia and liver complaint. More than seventy-five per cent. of the people in the United States are afflicted with these two diseases and their effects: such as sour stomach, sick headache, habitual constiveness, palpitation of the heart, heartburn, waterbrash, gnawing and burning pains at the pit of the stomach, yellow skin, coated tongue and disagreeable taste in the mouth, coming up of food after eating, low spirits, etc. Go to your druggist, J. N. Hadley, and get a bottle of August Flower for 75¢. Two doses will relieve you. Try it.

QUALITY IS ECONOMY

It is no longer a disputed fact that the BEST is the CHEAPEST.

The question that confronts the people is NOT
"Shall we BUY the best?" But it IS
"Where can we GET the best?"

It is a well recognized fact that the following goods are the best of their sort made:

McCormack's Reapers, Mowers and Corn Harvesters.

John Deere's and Parlin & Orendorff Co's. Disk & Drag

Harrows, Sulky and Walking Plows, Cultivators, etc.

Bain, Mitchell, Old Hickory and Leudinghouse Wagons.

BUGGIES, Parlin & Orendorff Co.

WIND MILLS, Eclipse and Star.

Cook Stoves, Buck's and Great Western.

Range, the Majestic.

Heaters, Silver Oak.

The GENUINE Marcy Pump Cylinder. (We also carry the imitation)

We are the only house that handles the above in this territory.

We carry Waukegan and Baker Perfect Barb wire.

The quality of our stock of general hardware is
in keeping with the above. We carry the best
that money will buy because our patrons want it.

Our piping is all reamed out
and ready for use. Our wind
mills are put up by manu-
facturers who take pride in
doing good work.

Our stock of China and
Glass Ware is all right.
Try our Steel Enameled
Ware. It is pretty and dur-
able. You will be pleased.

Two Cars of new Stoves for the Fall Trade.

STRINGFELLOW-HUME HARDWARE COMPANY

THE STAYER.

Entered at the post office at Canyon, Texas, as second class matter.

Official organ of Camp Stonewall Jackson, U. C. V.

Publisher.....R. W. Morgan.
Editor.....Mrs. R. W. Morgan.

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

FOR GOVERNOR
Sergeant Sam W. T. Lanham

TO CORRESPONDENTS

We are anxious to have correspondence from each school community in the country tributary to Canyon City.

Rains, conditions of crops and grass, sales of stock when the price, condition and age of stock, and names of parties to the transactions are given are of interest to stockmen.

Births, deaths, marriages, persons moving into the community, residents going out, etc. are matters of local interest.

Religious, educational and social matters indicate to the world the attention given to such things.

Strictly avoid mentioning little troubles or other matters that will be unpleasant to any one.

Correspondents will kindly furnish us the name and post office of the school teacher in your neighborhood.

As matters of importance come in late we would urge correspondents to have communications to reach us as early as Tuesday morning to be certain of publication that week. If they are later we will do our best to put them in.

Range cattle are in a No. 1 condition.

Mr. C. W. Word and little sons, of Happy, were in the city of Fanchon Friday.

Miss Josie O'Fiel was a pleasant caller at the home of Miss Mary Evans, Tuesday evening.

Through a broad sense of equity and appreciation, allow us to assert, that we deem the above named young ladies, our most popular and accomplished.

Mrs. J. S. Cox and daughter, Miss Essie, were shopping in Tullia, Monday.

A party of Haps and Fans attended Christian Church services at Salem, Sunday. As an observer, we caught one evincive idea, that is, that the young people in this part of the world are certainly making "the sparks fly." Don't know whether

there are going to be any weddings or not.

We were very sad on being told that one of Fan's young ladies, viz: Miss Alma Clary was on the point of leaving the Plains, for New Mexico, and were just in the act of producing our handkerchiefs for the absorption of the briny tears which we were wont to shed on hearing of the departure of a friend, when we were most unexpectedly surprised by the thrilling news that one, Mr. Julius Pietzsch, (peach) had persuaded her to remain on the Plains. We are aware of the fact, that Mexico was an excellent fruit country, but glory in Miss Alma's decision, and agree that Mexico would not provide a "Peach" the year round.

Last Friday while on our way to Canyon City, we met Mr. Joe Evans hauling in a fine lot of sweet potatoes which were in themselves manifest specimens of Mr. Evans' success, as a farmer.

Messrs. C. T. DeGraffenried, Jim Cox, Jeff Evans, Wm. Ward, Sam Cox and Henry Armstrong shipped out a train of fine fat cows. These gentlemen are some of our most prominent and enterprising citizens. We are very glad to note such progress "in our beloved Estacado."

Mr. Jim Cox will stop enroute home and visit his daughter, Mrs. W. A. Brooks, of Niotage, Kansas.

Mrs. Jim Cox and children

Hap-Fan-Sal Gleanings.

My foot in the stirrup,
My hand on the rein,
I cross the deep canyons,
I sweep o'er the Plains.

But here I have arrived at the Stayer's office. You all recognize me. I'm a cowboy.

Now, you all wonder what Hap-Fan-Sal means? Simply Happy, Fanchon and Salem.

Hello! to one and all of my country cousins, glad to see you all. X. T. Z. you are doubly welcome.

People in this part of the country are in unusually gay spirits, from the fact, they are prospering.

Saturday night we were the proud recipients of a nice, warm rain which was very much needed to keep wheat growing, and now the wheat fields are perfectly lovely.

Despite the drouth of the early summer, people of this section will have an abundance of feed to provide a subsistence for their herds through the ensuing winter.

Most of our farmers are about through putting up their feed, and now, they may be seen sitting around with broad smiles on their honest countenances, thinking how they have duped old Jack Frost.

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LONG LEAF YELLOW PINE LUMBER,

THE BEST TO BE HAD FOR STRENGTH.

Mouldings, Doors, Windows, Lime, Cement, Paints, Oil, Building Paper, Etc. Courteous treatment and good material for all.

Canyon Lumber Co.

were the guests of Mrs. Joe Evans, Sunday.

Hark! Did I not hear that ravenous office cat creeping along the corridors?

Come Cousins, three cheers for the "banner newspaper of the West" Vive le Stayer and its entire corps of officers!

"I spring to the saddle, I seize the strong rein—
Now we're off like the deer when the hounds early bay,
Awakes the wild echoes, away and away."

I am a—Cowboy.

CHAMBERLAIN'S COUGH REMEDY SAVED HIS BOY'S LIFE.

"I believe I saved my (nine year old) boy's life this winter with Chamberlain's Cough Remedy," says A. M. Hoppe, Rio Creek, Wis. "He was so choked up with croup that he could not speak. I gave it to him freely until he vomited and in a short time he was all right." For sale by J. N. Hadley, the Leading Druggist.

Mr. M. C. Chamlee, the jeweler, fixed our watch and it is running all right. He can do the same for yours if it need it. Call on him at the Canyon Drug Company's store.

Home Comfort coffee is the best. Wandsley & Hicks.

Mr. J. M. Vansant is now in the real estate business and solicits the patronage of the public. Give him a trial and be pleased at the results.

J. R. Harter is always at his shop ready to do your blacksmithing in a first class manner at reasonable prices.

Black Langshan Chickens, one mile west of depot.
L. M. Whitman.
Canyon City, Texas

Last week witnessed a change in the business personnel of one of Canyon City's most progressive firms. Mr. John A. Wallace sold his interest in the firm of Wallace & Hicks to Mr. Wandsley. Mr. Wallace has made a host of friends who will regret to learn that he contemplates

Still they come! Three families moved in yesterday; two of them to Plainview and one to Wright. Another family will soon move in here.

Yes, we do stand by the Panhandle, 'tis the garden spot of Texas, for if we don't have plenty, it is our own fault for the soil will produce anything that is put in the ground. There is no starvation staring Plain's people in the face. Say to that fellow who is complaining about washing dishes and cooking for a lot of hands get him a wife and she will help him bear his

burden, but be sure and not come to Wright to get her.

Mr. Rock, of Kansas City is here going to buy cattle.

Mr. Faulkner shipped out another lot of cattle last week.

The easiest way to get rid of those grass burs is to turn the land they grow on out in pasture. They are certainly a pest.

Mr. Jessie Standafer and his daughter, Miss Nannie, from Lynn county, were visiting Wright last week.

There was singing last Sunday evening at Wright. Miss Pearl Dickenson acted as organist.

No weddings, no sickness, everybody lively and stirring. School is doing finely.

Bro. Frank Moore organized a church at Liberty, six miles south of Wright, last Sunday. Crickett.

"Badger State" is the best cheese produced. New make on sale at Smith, Walker, & Co. if

If we have a few more such Falls as this one has been we will have the greatest wheat growing country anywhere. Many stock farmers have planted wheat, rye and oats this fall and will plant more another year.

When you wake up with a bad taste in your mouth, go at once to J. N. Hadley, the leading druggist and get a free sample of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. One or two doses will make you well. They also cure biliousness, sick headache and constipation.

The Best Stationery at the Canyon City Pharmacy.

Mr. Walter Lair is teaching school at Choice Avenue.

There is no better value found than our \$1.00 pants. See them. Smith, Walker & Co.

Mrs. Edna Henson returned home yesterday morning after a pleasant visit of about two months, at St. Joseph, Mo. with friends.

Nice line of Paint Brushes now at the Canyon City Pharmacy.

A Card of Thanks.

We desire to express our thanks to the many friends who so kindly assisted us in caring for and nursing our little daughter Mabel through her long and dangerous illness. By the combined efforts of patient nursing and our eminent and attentive physician, Dr. D. M. Stewart, we are happy to state that she has almost entirely recovered.

B. D. and Mrs. L. E. McLarry

For Sale.

Black Langshan Chickens, one mile west of depot.
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moving into the country where he will engage in stock farming. In Mr. Wallace, Canyon City loses an upright and fearless citizen, whose voice and influence have always been used in behalf of law and order. The Stayer believes Mr. Wallace to be, that noblest work of God, "an honest man" and as such we have been proud to call him a friend. We wish him and his good wife and family all the prosperity and happiness they merit and hope their new home will be all they hope for.

We call your attention to the card of Dr. Geo. J. Parsons in this issue. The Doctor is a regular graduate of medicine and surgery, and has had several years successful practice on the Plains. He has all of the necessary surgical instruments with which to mend any of your broken bones or remove any part of your anatomy you may decide to dispense with, he also has the skill to use them. Office at the Canyon City Pharmacy.

Thousands of the most stubborn and distressing cases of piles have been cured by Tabler's Buckeye pile ointment. It never fails to cure. Price, 50¢ in bottles, tubes 75¢ at Hadley's.

Little Armine Park has been very ill for over a week. She is reported better.

Your Prescriptions Carefully Compounded, Day or Night at Canyon City Pharmacy.

WE ARE HERE

to sell the best goods at reasonable prices. We want a share of your patronage and by courteous treatment and honest dealing we hope to hold your trade. Our stock of

GROCERIES, COUNTRY PRODUCE, CONFECTIONS, FRUITS AND VEGETABLES is the freshest to be found on the market.

WANDSLEY & HICKS.

SMITH, WALKER

Stores AMARILLO, CANYON

We are offering some splendid values in Fall Clothing and Gents' Furnishings. Our line of Shirts, both dress and woolen, is Complete. Our Dry Goods department, in every particular is full. We will give you reliable goods at reasonable prices.

OFFER TO THE PUBLIC

SCHOOL OF THE PLAINS

\$1.25. In order to further the school in family visits on the Plains and show to each we outside world what progress young America is making in the wild west, we will give to the school making the highest "general average in their studies and deportment" for six months, or the full term of school if the term does not last six months, Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, late edition, with stand to hold it.

To the pupil in each school making the highest "general average in all studies and deportment" an appropriate premium to be determined later.

The principal of each school competing must send to THE STAYER for publication, a monthly report giving the names of the pupils, the department and general average.

A report for the month of October will be included.

The contest will be limited to communities where THE STAYER circulates.

Mr. and Mrs. Bule's little baby daughter has been quite sick the past week.

We have just opened

THE BEST

Line Of

CLOTHING

Ever Offered In

CANYON CITY.

SMITH, WALKER & CO

LOCAL MARKET REPORT

For the week ending Thursday October 24.

Flour.....\$2.00 to 2.25
Sugar.....5.90
Salt, No. 1.....1.15
Lard per lb.....12¢@13¢
Bacon strips, smoked,
per lb.....13¢@13¢
dry salt.....12¢

Rice per lb.....08¢
Tomatoes per case.....\$2.50@2.85
Corn per case.....2.25

DRIED FRUIT,
Peaches, per lb.....8¢@10¢
Apples.....10¢
Prunes, dark.....8¢
Apricots.....12¢
Pears.....11¢
Raisin, 3-c.....8¢
Molasses per gal.....40¢@60¢
Potatoes new.....2¢
Coffee, Arbuckles, per lb.....12¢
Java.....20¢
chickens per doz.....\$2.00@2.50

eggs.....16¢
Butter per lb.....16¢@20¢
Corn meal.....1.90
Onions.....2¢@3¢
Cabbage.....4¢@5¢
Peas, blackeye.....2¢
Mexican beans.....3¢
Coal Oil, per ten gal.
case, Eupion.....\$2.75
Brilliant.....2.45
Baker perfect paint.....\$3.75
Baker galvanized.....\$4.05
Nails......04
staples, base......04
Coal per ton.....\$5.50@6.50
Corn, per cwt.....1.50
Bran.....1.20
Oats.....1.75
Chops.....\$1.60@1.65
Millet seed per bu.....1.00
Alfalfa hay.....10.00
Prairie hay.....10.00

Our typo says he wishes "Jasper" would agree to go into the newspaper business right. He wants a double partnership.

A FIENDISH ATTACK

An attack was lately made on C. F. Collier of Cherokee, Iowa, that nearly proved fatal. It came through his kidneys. His back got so lame he could not stoop without great pain, nor sit in a chair except propped by cushions. No remedy helped him until he tried Electric Bitters which effected such a wonderful change that he writes he feels like a new man. This marvelous medicine cures backache and kidney trouble, purifies the blood and builds up your health. Only 50¢ at Hadley's.

The publisher promised to publish this week a part of the law relating to gaming tables but he has been too busy at other things that would not permit delay, to prepare the copy. It will come within a week or so.

U. S. GOBER

DEALER IN

coal, Grain and Field Seed of All Kinds.

The Cleanest and Best Wagon Yard and Camp Houses on the Plains. Your patronage solicited

Give us a call when you come to Canyon City.

Mr. Chamlee, the jeweler, is ready to do your repairing in a first class manner. He is here to stay and if he don't make your watch or clock run you can take it back until he does get it right.

BEVERLY BRIEFS.

BEVERLY OCTOBER, 17TH.

Beverly school opened Monday with Miss Nellie Grayson as teacher.

The most of the farmers have their feed cut but not quite all hauled up yet.

We are very sorry that Bro. Wagner couldn't fill his appointment on last Sunday. We have not learned the reason why he could not come but suppose sickness kept him away. It was his last time to preach for us. He has been a faithful servant for two years and we regret very much to have to give him up.

Mrs. Lemmons spent last Saturday night with her daughter, at Wayside.

Mrs. Ida Ballinger visited Fanchon a few days ago being the guest of Dr. Clark and family.

We are proud to know that Miss Leo Knight, who has been down for four weeks past, with slow fever, is much improved and can now sit up.

We are very sorry to hear of Miss Maggie Frazier's illness.

Mr. Chamlee, the jeweler, is ready to do your repairing in a first class manner. He is here to stay and if he don't make your watch or clock run you can take it back until he does get it right.

Little Pearl Gates has returned from Wayside and is now going to school.

We learn that Mr. Ballard is going to move close to Fairview. We regret very much to lose our good neighbor.

We have a new way of "sparkling" in this country; the boy on horse back and the girl a foot. We saw a couple going in that style last Sunday. Now then, girls, if boys couldn't go with me in the right way, they shouldn't go at all.

Mrs. Jackson and Miss Yula Spent Thursday with mother Hastings.

There are a great many people getting wood out of the canyon now. They are preparing for winter.

Jasper.

STEPPED INTO LIVE COALS

"When a child I burned my foot frightfully," writes W. H. Ends, of Jonesville, Va., "which caused horrible leg sores for 30 years, but Bucklen's Arnica salve wholly cured me after everything else failed." Infallible for burns, scalds, cuts, sores, bruises, and piles. Sold by Hadley at 25¢.

Grand Jury Report.

To Hon. H. H. Wallace, Judge of the 4th Judicial District of the State of Texas: We, the grand jury, empanelled

BRENT C. TAYLOR, COAL, GRAIN AND LIVERY BUSINESS.

The best Teams, Rigs, Livery Barn and Wagon Yard in West Texas. Coal, Grain and all sorts of Field seeds as cheap as the same quality can be had from any one. The best and nicest bus in the country to meet all trains. Fair and Courteous treatment to all. Business South of the square

CANYON CITY, TEXAS

WHAT'S YOUR FACE WORTH?

Sometimes a fortune, but never, if you have a sallow complexion, a jaundiced look, moth patches and blotches on the skin, all signs of liver trouble. But Dr. King's New Life pills give clear skin, rosy cheeks, rich complexion. Only 25¢ at Hadley's

Hon. S. H. Madden, of Amarillo is attending court.

White's cream vermifuge is a highly valuable preparation, capable, from the promptitude of its action, of clearing the system in a few hours of every worm. Price 25¢ at Hadley's

Weekly Stock Train.

NOTICE TO SHIPPERS.

Amarillo, Texas, August 29, 1901.—We have arranged to start a Weekly Stock Train for Kansas City, beginning on next Sunday night, September 1st, 1901. It is expected that this train will leave:

Carlsbad	12:30 A. M. Monday
Roswell	4:00 " "
Portales	8:30 " "
Boylan	10:30 " "
Hereford	12:30 P. M. " "
Canyon City	2:00 " "
Amarillo	4:00 " "
Washburn	4:30 " "
Panhandle	5:35 " "
Miami	7:35 " "
Canadian	8:35 " "
Higgins	9:50 " "
Gage	10:45 " "
Woodward	11:35 " "

Where it will connect with a train on the Atchison line that it is hoped will put cattle into Kansas City for Wednesday's market, BUT IT MUST BE UNDERSTOOD THAT WE DO NOT GUARANTEE TO MAKE THIS MARKET, AS WE ARE LIABLE TO BE DELAYED IN GATHERING SHIPMENTS ALL ALONG THE LINE, AS THIS TRAIN CONTemplates, and may have to unload for feed and rest, in order to comply with the law. We have selected Wednesday's market for the reason that we are assured that the market on the following day, Thursday, is equally good, and our patrons are therefore protected as far as we can protect them against loss on account of possible delay as above suggested.

We will still continue to handle train load shipments, with proper notice, on any day of the week as suits shippers. This weekly stock train is simply intended to take care of shipments that would otherwise have to be handled by way freight trains and necessarily suffer considerable delay. Don A. Sweet, Traffic Manager.

learn particulars as to numbers or prices. Cattle all go into the winter in splendid condition and the range could hardly be better at this time of the year.—Clarendon, Banner-Stockman.

A guaranteed "All Wool Filling" pants for \$1.25 at Smith, Walker & Co.

Jewelry in all the latest styles and beautiful fancies at Hadley's.

The Baptist State Missionary, Rev Chandler, has been holding revival services here since last Thursday night. We are informed he is having very gratifying success. About \$125.00 was collected last Sunday for home missions. The Baptist brethren were loth to let the brother leave them. The revival closed last night.

Wandsley & Hicks handle the old reliable Meyers flour, Albattross and Supreme. Every sack guaranteed.

Mr. John Donaldson and daughter have been visiting Mr. W. A. Donaldson's family.

For absolutely pure mixed paint sold under an iron-clad guarantee, go to M. T. JONES LUMBER COMPANY. They also carry Doors, Windows, Mouldings, Cypress Shingles, Lead, Oil, Varnishes, Brushes, Glass, Putty, Etc., Etc., and you may rest assured that their prices are all right.

Persons desiring fruit or ornamental trees, flowers, shrubs, or other nursery stock will do well to see S. H. Baker, of Wright, Texas. He is representing the celebrated Stark Bros., of Louisiana, Missouri.

OSCAR HUNT

Now carries the largest and most complete line of

FURNITURE,

CARPETS, RUGS, SHADES, CLOCKS, PICTURE FRAMES, METAL BEDS, BABY CARRIAGES, GO CARTS, ETC.

in all the latest designs. No order too small, none too great to be filled from the stock at once.

JOBGING TRADE A SPECIALTY.

OSCAR HUNT.

CANYON CITY, TEXAS.

The Hadley Drug Company is the latest, Prof. A. H. Thompson having bought an interest in the drug business heretofore conducted by Joe N. Hadley. The style of the firm has changed. They will continue to do business on the very popular lines so long followed by Mr. Hadley; that is, to sell only the purest and best drugs and keep the most thoroughly up-to-date drug store in the Panhandle. Mr. Thompson will be pleased to meet his old friends and the general public.

Dizziness, loss of appetite, flatulency and nausea are all connected with dyspepsia or indigestion. Herbine will give prompt relief. Price 50¢ at Hadley's

Prof. A. H. Thompson this week sold his furniture business to Oscar Hunt who still continues to do business at the same old stand with the largest stock of furniture in western Texas.

When you need drugs of any kind go to Hadley's. He is the man who carries the largest and best selected stock in West Texas. He buys for cash in large quantities consequently can afford to sell cheap.

TEXAS HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

OFFICIALLY RECOGNIZES THE SHIRT WAIST.

The one thing that is sure to stir up The American Public is any radical departure from custom—anything that is not in style and lacks Dame Fashion's approval, no matter how sensible and full of service the new idea is—vile the shirtwaist man, for instance. In time, however, the merits of any worthy innovation impress themselves, and the distracted theory becomes fact—as in the case of the shirt waist, adopted at Austin, August 6th, by official vote, as the proper thing.

"THE DENVER ROAD" was the first to break away from the electroplating method of display advertising, giving the people something to read, with frequent changes, and it worked well. This year in the interest of our "constant readers" we have put in a little time courting the Muse, also the Amuse, and—Has it worked? Well, the shirtwaist man realized that he had been flugged and backed into a blind siding when he heard the talk. The "TALK" was what we were after—we thought the people a trifle slow in coming to a full understanding of what we were offering them for their money.

Within the last three years "THE DENVER ROAD" has made several quite radical departures in the matter of regular, daily equipment and service, viz: Pullmans with comfortable large dressing-rooms for ladies, Cafe Cars, meals a la carte. Day Coaches—the most modern variety—a handsome, box-vestibuled train, run thru without change. These trains, as well as our individual advertising—both strictly "Poetry of Motion"—have attracted considerable attention, and we are doing a good business, which is a compliment to the intelligence of the people who are our guests.

W. F. STERLY, A. G. P. A. A. GLISSON, G. A. P. D. CHAS. L. HULL, T. P. A. Fort Worth, Texas.

P. S.—Unless you go via "THE DENVER ROAD," you'll not get quite all you should for your money. Two things to remember: "Only One Road!" and "No Apology Necessary!"

and COMPANY,

and HEREFORD, TEXAS,

We now have in seasonable groceries, Apples (eating and cooking), Sweet Turnips, New Cheese, September catch Mackerel. Give us your orders for any thing in our line. We appreciate your patronage and will give you goods of the kind and price that please.

We hope she will be much better soon.

Mother Derr is spending a week with her daughter, Mrs. Doty.

Mr. Pietzsch and Mr. Bob Stevenson spent a few days in Canyon City this week.

Mr. James and family from Colorado are visiting Mr. Walker. Mr James was out here a few years ago. He is a brother to Mrs. Walker.

We are proud to know that Mr. Henry Hastings is much improved and is now able to be at work again.

Messrs. Brooks Bros. and Julius Pietzsch are shipping cattle this week.

Mr. Lige Campbell, one of the Tule hands, is over on this side of the Canyon this week. He looks very sad since his girl left.

There are a good many yearlings and calves for sale in this part of the country. Some good buyer could do well here.

Mrs. Lindaman spent Wednesday with Mrs. Jackson.

Mr. John Lemmons made a

See Our

FALL

Shirt Waists

Before Buying.

SMITH, WALKER & CO

at the October term of the district court of Randall county, beg to submit this our final report.

We find that some very grave crimes have been committed in our county within the past few months and we regret that we are unable to obtain sufficient testimony to justify us in returning any true bills.

We find that the county attorney and justice of the peace have been very diligent in suppressing minor offences and enforcing the law against offenders.

We have made an examination of the county jail and would recommend that some glass be put in the windows and that the windows be protected with wire screen.

The ceiling of the court house needs repairing and believe that it would be economy on the part of the commissioners' court to have a new roof put on the court house.

We have made a partial examination of the county treasurer's books and the finance ledger of the county clerk and the various reports of the officers, and have found, with the exceptions of a few unintentional discrepancies on the finance ledger which can easily be corrected, that they have been kept in a most excellent manner.

Thanking the court and officers for courtesies extended, we would respectfully ask to be discharged.

W. A. Donaldson, Foreman grand jury Randall county, Texas

Nature can only feel the flame of life with the food eaten which is digested. Herbine will re-invigorate a weak stomach, and so improve digestion as to insure the natural bloom of health. Price 50¢ at Hadley's

Judge Wallace left yesterday morning for Amarillo, expecting to return to-day.

The most stubborn cases of bronchitis succumb to Ballard's honey-syrup. Price 25¢ and 50¢ at Hadley's

For all fresh cuts or wounds, in either the human subject or in animals, as a dressing, Ballard's Snow Liniment is excellent; while for sores on working horses, especially if slow to heal, or suppurating, its healing qualities are unequalled. Price 25¢ and 50¢ at Hadley's.

Stock Notes.

Ten cars of Shoenail cattle were shipped from Estelline to St. Joe Tuesday.

J. Wright Moore sold to Jack Hall 300 3-year-old steers at p. t. Mr. Moore left yesterday for his home in Scurry county.

R. E. Simmons, of Dozier, last week bought of R. C. Graves, 50 head of dry cows at \$21. Mr. Simmons will ship tomorrow two cars of fat cows to Kansas City market.

Morris Rosenfield this week sold his one and one-quarter section ranch 10 miles north of town to M. M. Redwine, of Haskell county, at \$3.50 per acre. No cattle were included in the sale. Mr. Redwine will take possession by November 10th, and has gone to remove his family here. He also expects to locate some relations in Donley county soon.

There is not much doing in cattle circles these days. All the cowmen are busy getting ready for the winter, buying or putting up feed and shaping up winter pasture, and very little if any trading is going on. Frank Collison is buying yearlings and a few twos in the JA country we hear, but could not

This is how some of our friends looked after they were made full fledged Hoo Hoos:

M. NEWMAN,



GRAND JABBERWOCK.

WEARY WILLIE HUNT.



I AM IT

CHAS. R. BURROW.



This is worse than a love letter.

Grand Concatenation.

Last Saturday Amarillians were treated to a rare show, nothing less than a Hoo-Hoo parade. The order of march was as follows:

Formed line of march in front of Amarillo Hotel at nine minutes after nine.

The Amarillo band.

The supreme nine clad in flowing black robes with white circle on breast with a black cat in the circle.

Thirteen innocent kittens clad in white mother Hubbard's with black circle on breast.

This joyous concatenation proceeded down Main street to the corner of Smith, Walker & Co's building, thence east by the Amargillo Lumber Co's, thence north to Red Men's Hall where they entered and the mysterious rites of initiation were performed on the thirteen neophytes. Then the fun began and we are sure waxed fast and furious until after the ninth hour of the nineteenth night.

The following Hoo-Hoos were present:

Senior Grand Snark of the Universe, W. H. Norris, Houston. Grand Senior Snark, B. F. Orr, Dallas. Senior Hoo-Hoo, W. D. Mitchell, Houston. Junior Hoo-Hoo, W. H. Norris, Houston. Bojwan, Mr. Curtis, Jonesboro, Ark. Scribe-noter, W. H. Norris, Houston. Jabberwock, M. Newman, Canyon City. Custodian, J. B. Rector, Amarillo, Aracnoper Gurdon, W. H. Norris, Houston.

The following kittens were initiated:

Chas. R. Burrow, and Homer Vivian, Canyon City; W. P. Pitts, Portales; J. C. Newman and Frank Dyer, Hereford; C. M. Hardin, Frank Hardin, R. D. Gambill and W. S. Triggs, Amarillo; W. W. Hunt, Dalhart; W. L. Foxworth, Stratford; B. F. Tepe, Canadian; Frank C. Cochran, Wichita, Kansas.

The Sturgis Wager

A DETECTIVE STORY
BY
EDGAR MORETTE

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CHAPTER I. THE CABMAN'S FARE.

It was bitterly cold. The keen December wind swept down the crowded thoroughfare, nipping the noses and ears of the gay pedestrians, comfortably muffled in their warm wraps.

Broadway was thronged with the usual holiday shoppers and pleasure-seekers. Cabs with their jaded steeds driven by weather-beaten jehus, and private carriages behind well-groomed horses handled by liveried coachmen, deftly made their way through the crowds and deposited their fares at the entrances of the brightly-lighted theaters or fashionable restaurants. A wizened hag, seated on the curbstone at the corner, seemed to shrink into herself with the cold as she rubbed the peak of her tiny barrel-organ and ground out a dismal and scarcely audible cacophony, while an anxious-eyed newsboy, not yet in his teens, shivered on the opposite side of the way, as, with tremulous lips, he solicited a purchaser for his unsold stock. One could hardly be expected to open a warm overcoat on such a cold night, for the sake of throwing a cent to an old beggar woman, or of buying a newspaper from a ragged urchin. Even the gayly decorated shop windows failed to arrest the idle passerby; for it required perpetual motion to keep the blood in circulation.

The giant policeman on the crossing, representing the majesty of the law, swayed the crowd of vehicles and pedestrians with the authoritative gestures of his ponderous hands, and gallantly escorted bands of timid women through the inextricable maze.

And withal, the cable cars, with their discordant clangor, rumbled rapidly to and fro, like noisy shuttles, shooting the wool of the many-headed fabric, which is the life of a great city.

Presently from one of the side streets there came a cab, which started leisurely to cross Broadway. The big policeman, with his eyes fixed upon an approaching car, held up a warning hand, to which the driver seemed to pay no attention, for the reins remained slack and the listless horse continued to move slowly across the avenue.

Several people turned to look with mild curiosity at the bold cabman who dared thus to disregard the authority of blue cloth and brass buttons. Their surprise turned quickly to amazement and dismay when their eyes rested upon him; for his head had fallen forward upon his chest and his limp body swayed upon the box with every motion of the cab. He seemed unconscious of his surroundings, like one drunk or in a stupor.

At his side sat a young man closely muffled in his overcoat, and with a seal-skin cap pulled well down over his ears. His face was deathly pale. Those who caught sight of his features saw that his bloodless lips were firmly set, and that his eyes glittered with a feverish light. He carried one hand in the lapel of his coat. With the other he shook the inert form of the unconscious cabman, in an effort to arouse him to a sense of the impending danger.

The situation flashed upon the gripman on the car. Instantly he threw his weight upon the brake-wheel, at the same time loudly sounding his gong. The policeman, too, understood in a twinkling what was about to happen, and rushed for the horse's head. But it was too late. The cab was fairly across the track when the car, with slackened speed, crashed into it.

Just before the collision, the young man in the seal-skin cap sprang from the box to the street. He landed upon his feet; but, losing his balance, he fell forward upon his left arm, which still remained in the lapel of his coat. He must have hurt himself; for those standing near him heard him groan, but the center of interest was elsewhere, and no one paid much attention to the young man, who, arising quickly, disappeared in the crowd.

The cab, after tottering for an instant on two wheels, fell over upon its side, with a loud noise of splintering wood and breaking glass. The driver rolled off the box in a heap. At the same time, the panic-stricken passengers on the car rushed madly for the doors, fighting like wild beasts in their haste to reach a place of safety.

After the first frenzied moment, it became evident that, although badly shaken up, the passengers had received no injuries, except such bruises as they had inflicted upon each other in their mad struggle to escape. By this time a crowd had collected about the overturned cab, and several more policemen had come to the assistance of the first one, who was now seated serenely upon the head of the cab-horse, a precaution seemingly unnecessary, for the poor beast, though uninjured, appeared to be quite satisfied to rest where he lay until he should be forced once more to resume the grind of his unhappy existence.

The cabman had been rudely shaken by his fall. He had lain as though unconscious for the space of a few seconds; then, with assistance, he had managed to struggle to his feet. He stood now as though dazed by the shock, trying to understand what had happened.

"Are you hurt?" inquired one of the policemen.

The man, mumbling an unintelligible reply, raised his hand to a scalp wound from which the blood was flowing freely.

At that moment two men forced their way through the crowd which a circle of policemen had some difficulty in keeping at a distance from the wounded cabman. One was a middle-aged individual, who gave his name as Dr. Thurston and offered his services as a physician; the other was a young man with keen gray eyes, who said nothing, but exhibited a reporter's badge.

The physician at once turned his attention to the cabman; felt him, thumped him, pinched him; smelt his breath; and then delivered his verdict:

"No bones broken. The slight scalp wound doesn't amount to anything. The man has been drinking heavily. He is simply drunk."

The horse had by this time been unharnessed and the cab had been lifted upon its wheels again.

The reporter stood by a silent and apparently listless spectator of the scene.

Dr. Thurston turned to him: "Come along, Sturgis; neither you nor I are needed here; and if we don't hurry, Sprague's dinner will have to wait for us. It is a quarter to eight now."

The reporter seemed about to follow his friend, but he stood for an instant irresolute.

"I say, doctor," he inquired at last, "are you sure the man is drunk?"

"He has certainly been drinking heavily. Why?"

"Because it seems to me—Hello, we cannot go yet; the passenger is more badly hurt than the driver."

"The passenger?" queried the physician, turning in surprise to the policeman.

"What passenger?" asked the policeman, looking at the cabman. "Have you a passenger inside, young feller?"

"Naw," replied the cabman, who seemed to be partially sobered by the shock and loss of blood. "Naw, I ain't got no fare, barzin' the man wot was on the box."

The reporter observed the man closely as he spoke, and then, pointing to the step of the cab, which was plainly visible in the glare of a neighboring electric lamp:

"I mean the passenger whose blood is trickling there," he said, quietly.

Every eye was turned in the direction of his outstretched hand. A few drips of a thick dark liquid had oozed from under the door, and was dripping upon the iron step. The cab door was closed and the curtain was drawn down over the sash, the glass of which had been shattered by the fall.

One of the policemen tried to open the door. It stuck in the jamb. Then

"I MEAN THE PASSENGER WHOSE BLOOD IS TRICKLING THERE."

se exerted upon it the whole of his brute strength; and, of a sudden, it yielded. As it flew open the body of a man tumbled from the inside of the cab, and before anyone could catch it tumbled in a heap upon the pavement.

A low cry of horror escaped from the crowd.

The cabman's passenger was a man past middle age, neatly but plainly dressed.

As Dr. Thurston and a policeman bent over the prostrate form, the reporter shot a keen glance in the direction of the cabman, who stood staring at the body with a look of ghastly terror in his bulging eyes.

Presently the physician started to his feet with a low exclamation of surprise.

"Is he dead, doctor?" asked the policeman.

"He has been dead for some time," replied the physician, impressively; "the body is almost cold."

"Been dead for some time?" echoed the policeman.

"Yes; this man was shot. See there!"

As he spoke he pointed to a red streak which, starting from the left side of the dead man's coat, extended downward and marked the course of the tiny stream in which the life blood had flowed to a little pool on the floor of the cab.

"Shot!" exclaimed the policeman, who turned immediately to one of his brother officers. "Keep your eyes on the cabman, Jim. We'll have to take him in. And look out for the other man, quick!"

Then, addressing the cabman, upon each of whose shoulders a policeman's hand was immediately placed, he asked, roughly:

"Who is this man?"

The cabman was completely sober now. He stood, pale and trembling, between his two captors, as he replied solemnly:

"Before God, I don't know, boss. I never saw him before."

The policeman looked at the man in blank amazement for an instant. Then he turned away contemptuously.

"All right, young feller," he said, "you don't have to confess to me. But I guess you'll have a chance to tell that story to a judge and jury."

Then he proceeded to examine the dead man's pockets. They were empty. "Looks like robbery," he murmured. "What is it, Jim? Haven't you got the other man?"

Jim had not found the other man; for the pale young fellow in the seal-skin cap had disappeared.

The reporter was stooping over the body, while Dr. Thurston cut through the clothing and laid bare a small, round wound.

"Here is another bullet wound," said Sturgis, turning over the body slightly, and pointing out a second round hole in the back of the dead man.

He seemed to take great interest in this discovery. He whipped out a steel tape and rapidly but carefully took a number of measurements, as if to locate the positions of the two wounds. Then he stepped into the cab; and, striking match after match, he spent several minutes apparently in eager search for something which he could not find.

"That is strange," he muttered to himself, as he came out at last.

"What is it?" inquired Thurston, who alone caught the words.

But the reporter either did not hear or did not care to answer. He at once renewed his search on the brilliantly-lighted pavement in the immediate vicinity of the cab; examining every stone, investigating every joint and every rut, prodding with his cane every lump of frozen mud, turning every stray scrap of paper.

"Well, doctor," he said, "when at length he rejoined his companion, 'if you have done all that you can we may as well go. It is one of the prettiest problems I have met; but there is nothing more for me to learn here for the present. By the way, as I was saying when interrupted, myself a little while ago, are you sure the cabman is drunk? I wish you would take another good look at him. The question may be more important than it seemed at first.'"

A few minutes later the physician and the reporter were hurrying along to make up for the time they had lost; the cab and the cabman had disappeared in the custody of the police, and the cabman's gruesome fate was jolting through Twenty-sixth street, in the direction of a small building which stands near the East river, and in which the stranded waits of the new world metropolis can find rest at last, upon a stone slab, in the beginning of their eternal sleep.

Broadway had resumed its holiday aspect; the wizened hag at the corner still patiently ground out her plaintive discords; the fearful newsboy, with his slowly diminishing armful of newspapers, continued to shiver in the cold wind, as he offered his stock to the hurrying pedestrians; the big policeman again piloted his fair charges through the mass of moving vehicles, and the changing cable cars started once more on their rumbling course, as if the snapping of a thread in the fabric of a city's life were a thing of constant occurrence and of no moment.

A few tiny dark red stains upon the pavement were all that remained to tell the story of the scene which had so recently been enacted in the busy thoroughfare. Presently even these were obliterated by the random stroke of a horse's hoof.

The ripple had disappeared from the surface. The stream of life was flowing steadily, once more through the arteries of the metropolis.

CHAPTER II. THE WAGER.

"What I mean to assert," said Ralph Sturgis, with quiet conviction, "is that every crime in its own historian; that all its minutest details are written in circumstantial evidence as completely as an eyewitness could see them—aye, more fully and more truly than they could be described by the criminal himself."

The reporter was a man of about 30, whose regular features bore the unmistakable stamp of intelligence and refinement. In repose, they wore an habitual expression of introspective concentration, which might have led a careless observer to class Ralph Sturgis in the category of aimless dreamers. But a single flash of the piercing gray eyes generally sufficed to dispel any such impression; and told of keen perception and underlying power. The mouth was firm and kind; the bearing that of a gentleman and a man of education.

"But," objected the host, "you surely do not mean to express a belief in the infallibility of circumstantial evidence?"

"Why not?"

"Because you must know as well as anyone how misleading uncorroborated circumstantial evidence is. I do not for-

get what remarkable results you have often accomplished for the Daily Tropic in detecting and following up clues to which the official detectives were blind. But, frankly, were not your conclusions usually the result of lucky guesses, which would have remained comparatively useless as evidence had they not been subsequently proved correct by direct testimony?"

"Let me reply to your question by another, Sprague," answered Sturgis. "When you draw a check, does the paying teller at the bank require the testimony of witnesses to your signature before admitting its genuineness?"

"No; of course not."

"Precisely. He probably knows the signature of Harvey M. Sprague, the depositor, better than he does the face of Sprague, the artist. And yet the evidence here is purely circumstantial. I know of at least one recent instance in which the officials of a New York bank placed their implicit reliance upon circumstantial evidence of this sort, in spite of the direct testimony of the depositor, who was willing to acknowledge the genuineness of a check to which his name had been forged."

"I suppose you refer to the Forsyth case," said Sprague; "but you must remember that Col. Forsyth was actuated by the desire to shield the forger, who was his own scapegrace son."

"That is just the point," replied Sturgis; "another witness will be biased by his interests or prejudices, blinded by jealousy, love or hatred, or handicapped by overzealousness, stupidity, lack of memory, or what not. Circumstantial evidence is always impartial, truthful, absolute. When the geologist reads the history of the earth, as it is written in its crust; when a Kepler or a Newton formulates the immutable laws of the universe, as they are recorded in the motions of the heavenly bodies, they draw their conclusions from evidence which is entirely circumstantial."

"Yes; but you forget that science has often been mistaken in its conclusions," interrupted Sprague, "so that it has constantly been necessary to alter theories to fit newly acquired or better understood facts."

"Granted," rejoined Sturgis, "but that is because the interpreters of the evidence are fallible; not because the evidence itself is incomplete. The same cause will always produce the same effect; the same chain of events will invariably terminate in one and the same catastrophe. The apparent deviations from this law are due to unrecognized differences in the producing causes, to additional or missing links in the chain of evidence. Therefore I hold that a criminal, however clever he may be, leaves behind him a complete trace of his every act, from which his crime may be reconstructed with absolute certainty by a competent detective."

"In short, 'Murder will out!' said a man who had been a silent listener to the conversation up to this point. He spoke with a quiet smile, which barely escaped being a polite sneer.

Sturgis' keen eyes met his interlocutor's as he replied gravely:

"I should hardly care to make so sweeping an affirmation, Dr. Murdock. I have merely stated that the history of every crime is indelibly written in tangible evidence. The writing is on the wall, but of course a blind man cannot see it, nor can an illiterate man understand it. Every event, however trivial, owes its occurrence to a natural cause, and leaves its indelible impress upon nature. The Indian on the trail reads with an experienced eye the story of his enemy's passage, as it has been recorded in trodden turf and broken twigs; while the bloodhound follows, with unerring judgment, a still surer though less tangible trail. The latter's quarry has left behind, at every step, an invisible, imponderable, and yet unmistakable part of itself. Perhaps my meaning can be made clear by an illustration. When a photographer in his dark room takes an exposed plate from his camera, it is apparently a blank; but in reality there is upon this plate the minutely detailed history of an event, which, in proper hands, can be brought before the least competent of observers as irrefutable evidence. Here, the actinic rays of the sunlight are the authors of the evidence; but every natural force, in one way or another, conspires with the detective to run the criminal to earth."

"Unless," suggested Murdock, "the ability happens to be on the side of the quarry; in which case, the conspiracy of nature's forces turns against the hunter."

"Ah!" retorted the reporter, "the game is not an equal one. The dice are loaded. For while on the one hand the detective, if he falls into an error, has a lifetime in which to correct it, any mistake on the part of the criminal is fatal. And who is infallible?"

"Not the detective, at any rate," answered Murdock, with suave irony. "If I have always seemed to me that the halo which has been conferred upon him, chiefly through the efforts of imaginative writers of sensational fiction, is entirely undeserved. In the first place, most of the crimes of which we hear are committed either by men of a low order of intelligence or else by madmen. In which latter category I include all criminals acting under the impulse of any of the passions—hatred, love, jealousy, anger. And then, while the detective takes good care that his successes shall be proclaimed from the housetops, he is equally careful to smother all accounts, or to suppress every detail, of his failures, whenever there is any possibility of so doing. You can cite, I know, plenty of cases in which, even after the lapse of years, the crime has been discovered and the criminal has been confronted with his guilt, but—"

M. T. JONES LUMBER CO.

DEALERS IN

Long Leaf Yellow Pine Lumber,

DOORS
WINDOWS
MOULDINGS

BEAD
VARNISHES
CYPRESS SHINGLES

GLASS
OIL
BRUSHES

Absolutely Pure Lincoln Mixed Paint
Sold under an Iron Clad Guarantee.

M. NEWMAN, MANAGER,

CANYON CITY, TEXAS

Appreciation.

My thought has been very much occupied lately in thinking of that beautiful word—appreciation. In almost all denominations of Christians, we find that the thought of prayer is mostly looking for God to do something good,—asking Him to do something good and looking for Him to do more and more good. Christian Science tells us that God has already done all good, infinite good, and that we are right in the midst of infinite good, and I have been asking myself: "Well, then, if this be true, what is it that is wanted? Is it more good?" Surely not. It is simply more appreciation of the good. If a man wishes to enjoy a beautiful gallery of paintings, it is not only necessary for him to find the beautiful gallery of paintings, but he must educate himself to the point where he can appreciate the artistic beauty that is around him, or else it is absolutely nothing to him. If one wishes to hear a famous musician, he must have cultivated himself to the point of appreciation, or he will hear nothing-but sound.

And so it seems to me that we are like the musician who seeks music with no appreciation of it, or the one who seeks the gallery with no artistic appreciation. We are in the midst of good, but do not know how to understand it or appreciate or apply it. We do not feel it because there is a lack in ourselves of appreciation. And I would like to suggest to every one that each one may receive the same benefit, and to that end he should ask himself sincerely from the bottom of his heart, "Am I trying daily to appreciate the good that I already have? Do I, as a child, take what is done for me by my parents as a matter of course and always look for more, or am I trying to find within myself an appreciation for what is done? Do I as a parent expect the good done by my child and not appreciate it? Do I take the actions of love from day to day as a matter of course, or do I appreciate and cultivate appreciation for every bit of good that I already have?"

Without this, I believe we shall never find any more good until we learn to appreciate what we have. George MacDon-

ald says, "The very kingdom of heaven may lie at a man's feet, and if he is not able to step down and look at it, it might as well never be there."—S., in Christian Science Sentinel.

Any of Ramon's Remedies can now be had at the Canyon City Pharmacy.

All stock men report cattle going into the winter in fine shape.

A LITTLE BOY CURED

OF COLIC AFTER A PHYSICIAN'S TREATMENT HAD FAILED.

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