

THE STAYER.

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER DEVOTED TO STOCK-FARMING.

Vol. 5.

Canyon City, Texas, Thursday, November 28, 1901.

No. 35

SMITH, WALKER & CO'S. DRY GOODS AT COST.

WE ARE THE PEOPLE WHO MAKE THESE PRICES. OTHERS MAY TRY TO MEET THEM.

Positively we will sell ANY ARTICLE in our entire DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT at ACTUAL COST. Smith, Walker & Company have a Plains wide reputation for handling only first class goods and we are now offering in every particular as desirable stock as is shown by any firm in the Panhandle. For dates of sale and a few specimen prices see our ad on another page.

Ceta Notes.

CETA, NOVEMBER 14TH.
(Delayed from last week)

As there is no reporter of happenings at Fairview I will make a dive, by permission.

Fine rains and fine weather still prevail.

Wheat and rye are looking fine.

Many farmers are preparing to break more land.

J. T. Wesley will enlarge his farm 140 acres.

It appears that the settlers are convinced the Plains country is a fine farming country.

Land is advancing in price.

Several new families have settled in our neighborhood.

They are all well pleased with the country.

Protracted singing and writing school is now in full bloom at Fairview. Mr. Chambers, of South, Texas is our teacher.

Mr. Dobbs, a close neighbor to J. A. Curry has completed his large barn

Mr. L. Rusk and family are back in our corner prospecting for a home.

We liked the sentiment expressed in The Stayer by a cousin in regard to speaking evil of our neighbors. All of those, one and a half times around—I'll tell you but don't you tell any one—should be driven to the cap rock, for being babblers. Kind words and noble deeds, yes, even kind looks are encouraging. Dear cousins, if the past is forever gone, and the future is not ours, then what have we to build to.

Saw-dust.

A Violent Attack of Croup Cured.

"Last winter an infant child of mine had croup in a violent form," says Elder John W. Rogers, a Christian Evangelist, of Filley, Mo. "I gave her a few doses of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and in a short time all danger was past and the child recovered." This remedy not only cures croup, but when given as soon as the first symptoms appear, will prevent the attack. It contains no opium or other harmful substance and may be given as confidently to a baby as to an adult. For sale by the Hadley Drug Company, the Leading Druggists.

The national Live Stock Exposition.

Chicago, Nov. 30th to Dec. 7th

For above occasion, tickets will be sold from Canyon City to Chicago and return at rate of \$30.65 plus 50 cents for execution of round trip portion at Chicago. Selling dates November 30th and Dec. 1st. Final limit for return Dec. 11th.

J. A. Wansley & Co. handle the old reliable Meyers flour, Albacross and Supreme. Every sack guaranteed.

DON'T BE FOOLED.

WE ARE NOT running a so called clearing sale AT COST BUT WILL MEET ANY PRICES

made by any so called sale and we "go 'em a 'leetle' better" on many goods. Nor is our house the

Dumping Ground For The Hard Stock

accumulated by other houses to run off at 20 to 25 per cent. below cost. If you want Good, Clean, Seasonable goods at prices that will satisfy you give us a chance to show you our goods and prices, and if they are not right don't buy.

FOR CASH

We will sell you:

| | | | | | |
|---|---------------------------------|----------------------------------|---------------------|-----|--------|
| All Dress Prints per yard..... | .04 | Men's Shoes..... | Former price \$1.50 | Now | \$1.15 |
| A Good yard wide Brown Domestic..... | .04½ | Men's Shoes..... | " | " | 2.90 |
| Chambray..... | .08½ | Hamilton Brown's Shop Boots..... | " | " | 4.45 |
| Feather Tick..... | .11 | Men's Hats..... | " | " | 1.10 |
| Fancy Outings..... | .08 | Men's Hats..... | " | " | 1.70 |
| Knight's Cambric..... | .08 | Men's Hats..... | " | " | 2.20 |
| Lonsdale yard wide Bleached domestic..... | .08 | Stetson Hats..... | " | " | 4.25 |
| Men's Suits..... | Former price \$12.00 to \$12.50 | Stetson Hats..... | " | " | 3.85 |
| Men's Suits..... | 10.00 | Stetson Hats..... | " | " | 3.10 |

The above prices are only indicators of the prices that apply all the way through our stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, CLOTHING, BOOTS, SHOES, ETC.

Our

STOCK OF GROCERIES

Is full and Complete at right prices.

No Goods will be Charged at cut prices. No trading Stamps allowed

This Sale holds Good until Dec. 25th,

Yours for Trade

CANYON MERCANTILE COMPANY

Canyon City, Texas, Nov. 18th, 1901.

BEVERLY BRIEFS.

BEVERLY, NOVEMBER, 14TH.
Delayed from last week.

Weather wet and cold. It has been raining two days and it is very muddy and disagreeable. The rain is good on wheat but hard on cattle and feed that is down on the ground and not yet stacked.

Some of our people have been very busy putting out fruit trees bought from Dockery Brothers nursery.

Mrs. C. Adair arrived at the Tule ranch this evening, also the JA cowboys. They will commence work in the morning.

They will have big roundups this time as they are going to gather everything. They will soon be through with their work on this side of the canyon.

Mr. Kent made a flying trip to Paloduro last Sunday.

Mr. Lindeman and Otto Pietasch spent a few days in Canyon City this week.

Mrs. Marvin McGehee, of Wayside, spent last Saturday night with her parents, W. H. Lemmons and wife.

Mr. Luther Hastings was in this part of the country Monday.

Mr. Walker is working for the JA Company this week.

Mr. Holder, with his well machine, arrived at Mr. Lindeman's this evening. He is going to have a new well put down and thus the Plains improve.

Miss Ethel Hailey has returned to Mr. Birch's, her old home. She has come to stay.

Mrs. Bonds and children moved back to their old home last Monday.

Little Annie Jackson has two pet antelopes, two cats one pet coon and about eight or ten dolls. How many more little girls on the Plains have that many pets?

The coon plays with her from morning till night and never tires. The antelopes watch for her coming from school every evening and run down the road and meet her so they have a big play back to the house. Who can beat that for pets.

I wonder how X. T. Z. likes the picture of his new dish washer?—If I were him I would not pitch another bit of hay or wash another dish until I found that girl.

Miss Minnie Brooks is all smiles this week. Her best fellow was up a few days ago.

Jasper.

Notice to Contractors.

The Commissioner's court of Randall county, Texas, will convene Saturday, November the 30th, 1901 to consider sealed bids to put a shingle roof on the Court house. Plans and specifications are now in the County Judge's office for inspection. The Commissioner's court reserves the right to reject any and all bids. Sealed bids may be handed or sent to the clerk any time before that time.

THE STAYER.

Entered at the post office at Canyon, Texas, as second class mail 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

Midway Park Items.

Just think, here it is the last of the week and not a line or a thought for The Stayer cousins and we have been on the jump all the week, a little here and there and not half done with the promised duties of the week, but we must fulfill our promise to do good in ways of promptness if it's only a little at a time. A short letter is better than no letter at all. Doing good should be the motto of every cousin along the line from one end of the Panhandle to the other. We are taught that the butter-nut tree impoverishes the earth upon which it feeds but the olive tree enriches the soil. So there are natures as unlike in effect as these. Some cold, selfish, absorbing which chill and and impoverish every one with whom they come in contact. Others radiate affluent souls who enrich by their very presence whose smiles are full of blessings. The latter represents our cousins doing good one by one and joining The Stayer's band as we march along to higher and more noble flights. One of the old philosophers once bid his scholars to consider what was the best thing to possess. One came and said that there was nothing better than a good eye, which, is in their language a liberal and contented disposition. Another said a good companion is the best thing in the world. A third said, a good neighbor was the best thing he could desire and the fourth preferred a man that could foresee things to come; but at last came one and said, a good heart was better than them all. True, said the master, thou hast comprehended in two words, all the rest have said for he that hath a good heart will be both contented and a good companion and a good neighbor. Every one of our Cousins should ever consider that it is best for them to have a good heart, having this will prompt us not only to do good but be on hand with our budget of news items. Dr. Johnson once said, he who waits to do a great deal of good at once will never do any. Good is done by degrees and railroads are built by the shovelful of dirt one shovelful at a time; thus drops make the ocean. Hence we should be willing to do a little good at a time and never wait to do a great deal of good at once. There is pleasure in contemplating good, there is greater pleasure in receiving good, but the greatest pleasure of all is in doing good. Napoleon once entered a cathedral and saw twelve silver statues. What are these Emporer?

The twelve Apostles, was the answer. Well, said he, take them down melt them and coin them into money and let them go about doing good as their master did. But for fear some of you might become weary I will rush on and tell you we have music in abundance in our neighborhood this week. Butch, Cartwright, Parks, Kilburn and Chancellor separated their calves from the cows last Saturday and we are all chuck full of such musics and wishing for a let up or some anodyne to produce sleep in the calf or ourselves, either one will be a relief. This about winds up the excitement in our neighborhood except a little

Clearing Sale

FOR 30 DAYS

We will sell **FOR CASH** our entire stock of **DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, HATS, CAPS BOOTS, SHOES & CLOTHING,**

(In fact **EVERYTHING** in our **DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT**),

AT COST.

Some articles will be sold 20 to 25 per cent below cost.

| | | | | | |
|----------------------------|--------------|------------|------------------------|----------------|-----------|
| Woolen Dress Goods | Formerly .80 | Now \$0.42 | Men's Suits | Formerly 15.00 | Now 11.06 |
| Fancy Outings | .15 | .11 | Men's Suits | 6.50 | 4.27 |
| Thirty-six inch Percales | .12 | .08 | Boys' Suits | 5.00 | 3.88 |
| Seasonable Gingham | .10 | .07 | Boys' Suits | 3.50 | 2.53 |
| Feather Bed Ticking | .15 | .11 | Dress Overcoats | 12.50 | 9.46 |
| Good 36-in. Brown Domestic | .05 | .04 | Duck Overcoats | 3.50 | 2.64 |
| " " Bleached | .08 | .07 | Sheep Lined Duck Coats | 4.00 | 3.03 |
| Fannellette Wrappers | 2.00 | 1.52 | Buck Gloves | 1.50 | 1.11 |
| " " " | 1.35 | 1.01 | Gent's Dress Shirts | 1.25 | .78 |
| Ladies' Jackets | 5.00 | 2.53 | Gent's Woolen Shirts | 1.50 | .90 |
| " " " | 3.50 | 1.90 | Gent's Shoes | 3.50 | 2.53 |
| Ladies' Fleece Vests | .60 | .40 | Gent's Boots | 5.00 | 3.94 |
| " " " Union Suits | 1.00 | .69 | Gent's Boots | 3.50 | 2.53 |
| Misses | .35 | .23 | Stetson Hats | 5.00 | 3.90 |
| Ladies' Fine Shoes | 3.00 | 2.27 | Gent's Hats | 3.00 | 2.25 |
| Childrens' School Shoes | 1.50 | 1.13 | Gent's Hats | 1.50 | 1.13 |

We have many such bargains but space forbids further enumeration. Look out for the "red ink" tickets they are special bargains.

Our Stock in all Lines is Complete and now is the time to lay in your Winter Supplies at a Great Saving. Come early and get the benefit of a full stock and complete sizes. Everyone who knows Smith, Walker & Co. can vouch for the genuineness of this sale.

ALL GOODS CHARGED WILL BE AT REGULAR PRICES

SMITH, WALKER & CO.

CANYON, TEXAS, NOV. 18TH, 1901.

skip and a hop which comes off periodically at L. Y. Burch's when they succeed in getting sufficiency of timber to carry on all parts, which takes territory extending from Castro county on one side to Moore county on the other. Amarillo is in the swim for local option and the election to come off Dec. 5th. We trust she will come off successful in the election and turn the seven saloons into good legitimate business houses and then employ Attorney Morgan of Canyon City to go up and see after the blind tigers that usually follow. In fact, it would be nice for Amarillo to pattern after Canyon City if they wish a nice tidy town. I must close without an answer to several of the Cousins on matters in regard to myself but will do so later on I trust, especially with the one who wished me such ill luck as to get married.

Yours,
X. T. Z.
International Stock Food guaranteed to make hens lay, at Canyon Drug Company's.

Try Harter's blacksmith for steel toed horse shoes \$1.75

Mr. S. H. Baker, of Wright, Texas, is representing the celebrated Stark Brothers nursery of Louisiana, Mo. This nursery is an old and reliable concern. We do not have to take any body's word for that for the United States Agricultural department give their methods of cultivating orchards etc. as models. See the photographs taken of their Colorado orchard and the one across the road from t in the Agricultural Report over ten years ago and be convinced that they understand their business. Mr. Baker's eleven years life on the Plains and long experience in growing and selling trees enable him to give very valuable information as to what varieties are best adapted to this country. If you want nursery stock write him at Wright, Texas, and he will call and see you.

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

The Hadley Drug Company have recently overhauled their store and find they have a large stock of fancy and plain stationery which they want to sell right away. Call and get bargains while this lot lasts.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Brown, of Lockney, have moved up here to live.

For Sale.
Extra good residence in "West Canyon." Several others close in, also unimproved residence lots in different portions of town. B. Frank Buie.

Mr. J. P. Bels, of Itasca, Texas, a brother-in-law to Mr. Dave Auld, is now in town prospecting. We would be pleased to have him locate here.

Harter and Sparks are rushed with work these days but never too busy to do their work right. When in need of any kind of blacksmithing or woodwork call at the shop next door to Canyon Mercantile Company.

Fanchon Notes.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Stayer— As Old Spike has been resting up for the past week, he wishes to present himself again as a member of your reportorial staff to chronicle the happenings on the Plains of Jericho and from Dan to Bersheba and, firstly, born to Mr. and Mrs. Murry Evans on the 16th of this month, a fine girl; secondly, born to Mr. and Mrs. Clair Gilbert on the same day, a fine girl and thirdly and lastly born unto Mr. and Mrs. Marvin McGehee, of Wayside a fine girl on the 20th and will say in conclusion that Dr. Clark reports above named gentlemen past the danger point and convalescing, and ladies ditto.

Your quill driver will also chronicle another singing here at our good neighbor's Mr. Jim Cox on yesterday evening (Sunday) where all reported a hog killing time, only there were so many in attendance that some of them failed to find places to hitch their teams, and; the boys were too bashful to bitch up to

the girls but many of them looked love struck and just like they wished that they could bitch up a little closer.

Quite a number of home seekers from a distance are prospecting out in this wilderness of sin, and low (?) land of sorrow and, many are the new residences that can be seen dotting our beautiful Plains.

Mr. Stanley Key has just completed a residence in our little city causing us to assume city airs.

The ladies of Fanchon are planning a box supper some time in the near future for the purpose of raising funds to assist us in building a much needed school house, and we predict success in the undertaking as they have the necessary push and vim, and, are deservedly popular with all, and being engaged in such a praiseworthy undertaking your scribe feels that success is already assured.

Mr. Shaffer's new residence is progressing satisfactorily and he expects to move in soon.

Health of this wilderness good.

No deaths since last writing and nobody run-away with anybody's wife or if so this scribe knoweth it not.

Old Spike.

Home Comfort coffee is the est. J. A. Wansley & Co. if

Mr. H. E. Hume sent to this office a turnip that weighed over four pounds and it was only one of many in his garden. How is that for Plains' turnips.

Jumped on a Ten Penny Nail.

The little daughter of Mr. J. N. Powell jumped on an inverted rake made of ten penny nails, and thrust one nail entirely through her foot and a second one half way through. Chamberlain's Pain Balm was promptly applied and five minutes later the pain had disappeared and no more suffering was experienced. In three days the child was wearing her shoe as usual and with absolutely no discomfort. Mr. Powell is a well known merchant of Forkland, Va. Pain Balm is an antiseptic and heals such injuries without maturation and in one-third the time required by usual treatment. For sale by the Hadley Drug Company, the Leading Druggists.

LOCAL MARKET REPORT

For the week ending Thursday November 28.

| | |
|-----------------------|----------------|
| Flour | \$2.00 to 2.25 |
| Sugar | 5.75 |
| Salt, No. 1 | 1.15 |
| Lard per lb | 12@13 |
| Bacon strips, smoked, | |
| per lb | 12@12 1/2 |
| " dry salt | 12 |
| Rice per lb | 08 1/2 |
| Tomatoes per case | \$2.50@2.65 |
| Corn per case | 2.10@2.25 |

DRIED FRUIT.

| | |
|----------------------------|-------------|
| Peaches, new crop per lb | 10 |
| Apples, " | 10 |
| Prunes, dark, | 8 1/2 |
| Apricots | 12 1/2 |
| Pears | 11 |
| Raisin, 3-c | 8 1/2 |
| Molasses per gal. | 40@41 |
| Potatoes new | 2@2 1/4 |
| Coffee, Arabuckles, per lb | 24 |
| Java, | 20 |
| chickens per doz. | \$2.00@2.50 |
| eggs, | 20 |
| Butter per lb | 20@20 |
| Corn meal | 1.90 |
| Onions | 3@3 1/2 |
| Cabbage | 3@4 |
| Peas, blackeye | 2 1/2 |
| 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 | \$6.00@7.00 |
| Corn, per cwt. | 1.50 |
| Bran | 1.20 |
| Oats | 1.75 |
| Chops | 1.60 |
| Millet seed per bu. | 1.00 |
| Alfalfa hay | 10.00 |
| Prairie hay | 10.00 |

THE NAME NO LONGER CONJURES

Nor THEY don't Control all the GOOD goods.

We meet their prices and "go 'em a 'leetle' better.

CANYON MERCANTILE CO.

U. S. GOBER

DEALER IN

Coal, Grain and Field Seeds 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.

CANYON LUMBER CO.

DEALERS IN

LONG LEAF YELLOW PINE LUMBER

OUR SPECIALTIES ARE

Upper Grades of Flooring, Ceiling, Drop Siding, Beveled Siding, Finishing, Etc.

Redwood Shingles, Doors, Windows, Lime, Cement, Etc.

Send to us for Prices Before Buying.

CANYON CITY, TEXAS.



To Solicit Your Trade.

CANYON DRUG COMPANY

Carries in stock a Full and Complete Line of Pure, Fresh Drugs and Druggists Sundries

PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, BRUSHES, ETC.

Give us a trial order and be convinced.

We are the only people in the drug business.

Nothing will please wife or mother like a fine piece of furniture or a handsome picture for Christmas. Oscar Hunt has them both.

Mrs. J. N. Hadley and little Miss Mary returned home Monday after a visit to Gainesville and other points.

Amarillo, Canyon City and Hereford are all suffering from a coal famine. There is none for sale in either place except in small lots, but it is believed the situation will soon be relieved.

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.

Go to the Canyon City Pharmacy for fine Cigars.

A Liberal Offer.

The undersigned will give a free sample of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets to any one wanting a reliable remedy for disorders of the stomach, biliousness or constipation. This is a new remedy and a good one. Hadley Drug Company, the Leading Druggists.

M. C. Chamlee, the Jeweler, will soon have on hand a stock of watches. Call and get his prices when you want a watch or clock.

Last Friday night Arthur Talley, of Hale county, and some other man were drunk and taking in the town. J. P. Crawford put them out of the pool hall and closed up early to get rid of them. The restaurant was closed early for the same reason. One of the drunk men broke out a window glass at the new barber shop. All day Saturday Arthur was drunk, cursed a few persons and late in the evening was arrested and gave security.

Monday, Justice Henson got jurisdiction of the gentleman, by proxy, and placed his fine at ten dollars which with the trimmings made between \$17 or \$18. This is the first time any one has been drunk in Canyon City for some time.

For Trade.

A nice paying drug store in this town to trade for Panhandle land. Address: Smith's Palace Drug Store, Iowa Park, Tex. 36

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

A GOOD THING

German syrup is the special prescription of Dr. A. Boschee, a celebrated German physician, and is acknowledged to be one of the most fortunate discoveries in medicine. It quickly cures coughs, colds and all lung troubles of the severest nature, removing as it does, the cause of the affection and leaving the parts in a strong and healthy condition. It is not an experimental medicine, but has stood the test of years, giving satisfaction in every case, which its increasing sale every season confirms. Two million bottles sold annually. Boschee's German syrup was introduced in the United States in 1885, and is now sold in every town and village in the civilized world. Three doses will relieve any ordinary cough. For sale by Hadley, the leading druggist.

No Sucker.

"Those strings" said the first fish, "hanging down in the water with worms on the end of them mean danger." "How do you know?" asked the other. "O! I can read between the lines." Philadelphia Press.

GREAT LUCK OF AN EDITOR.

"For two years all efforts to cure eczema in the palm of my hands failed" writes Editor H. N. Lester of Syracuse Kan., "then I was wholly cured by Bucklen's Arnica Salve." It's the world's best for eruptions, sores and all skin diseases. Only 25¢ at Hadley Drug Co.

Doing Her Best.

He—I do wish you would hurry a little with your dressing, for we are very late. She—Hurry! Why, I've been hurrying as hard as I can for the last two and a half hours.—Tit-Bits.

For all fresh cuts or wounds, either on the human subject or on animals, Ballard's Snow Liniment is excellent; while for corn husker's sprained wrists barbed-wire cuts and sores on working horses, it cannot be too highly commended. Price, 25¢ and 50¢ at Hadley Drug Company's.

Unnecessary.

Miss Beecroft—Did Charlie Squeezicks let you steer the boat? Miss Titherington—Oh, it was unnecessary; he could steer it with one hand.—Brooklyn Eagle.

There is probably no disease more distressing and annoying than piles. Tablers Cures Pile Ointment is daily curing cases of years standing of itching and bleeding piles. The cure begins on the first application, a little perseverance makes the cure complete. Price, 50¢ in bottles, 75¢ in tubes at Hadley Drug Co's.

The Hadley Drug Company have just received a lot of Parke Davis & Company's blackleg vaccine and syringes for applying it. Stock men are invited to call and examine them.

Try Secretary Gage cigar at Canyon Drug Company's.

Notes From Wright.

(Delayed from last week.) Cool and pleasant but terrible muddy. Poor freighters; they are having a hard time. Oh, we do need a railroad. The road all in lanes and no grass scarcely and the mud axle deep in some places. It is awful. If the people don't want a railroad why don't they grade the dirt roads so that they will be passable.

Mr. Terry moved in near Wright, Saturday 16th. His teams were fatigued pulling through the mud. He is from Clay County.

Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Faulkner went to Plainview to-day.

Grandpa Cook passed through Wright, Monday.

Mr. Denson is through hauling in his feed. His rye and oats are looking fine.

J. W. Skipworth is gathering up cattle. He aims to ship out a lot the last of this week. His father, F. T. Skipworth has lost several calves with blackleg.

Health is good in this part of the country.

No deaths, births or marriages. School is progressing finely and the children seem to be learning fast. It don't make any difference about the mud, all are eager to go.

There was no singing Sunday. Roads were too bad.

Well, Christmas will soon be here. Who expects Santa Claus? Who is going to have turkey? Thanksgiving-day-turkeys are plentiful and cheap. Some one might kill a turkey and invite their neighbors in. We think it would be right for every body to meet at their respective places of worship and have services of some kind to thank the Ruler and Creator of every good-gift, who has blessed His people out here on these Staked Plains really more than they deserve. He has blessed them both spiritually and temporarily, sent sunshine and rain and we raised fine crops in abundance.

Mr. Charlie Dorsey, of Plainview, is in Wright at this writing.

Success to The Stayer and cousins.

The Best Stationery at the Canyon City Pharmacy.

Many people are suffering fearfully from indigestion or dyspepsia when one single bottle of Herbine would bring about a prompt and permanent cure. A few doses will do more for a weak stomach than a prolonged course of any other medicine. Price 50¢ at Hadley Drug Company's.

New Passenger Schedule.

DIRECT CONNECTION IN BOTH DIRECTIONS BETWEEN CANYON CITY AND KANSAS CITY. THROUGH SLEEPERS BETWEEN CARLSBAD AND WICHITA.

Beginning Sunday, November 3rd, the Pecos System will put in effect a new schedule of passenger service, the changes being of special advantage to patrons of the line. Train No. 202 for the north will leave Canyon City at 6:08 p. m., arriving at Amarillo at 6:55 p. m., where direct connections will be made with the Southern Kansas of Texas train for Kansas City, arriving at Kansas City on the evening of the second day.

A special feature of the new schedule will be through sleepers in each direction between Carlsbad and Wichita, Kansas making close connections with the Santa Fe Kansas City sleepers. Train No. 201 from the north will reach Canyon City at 10:05 a. m., leaving Amarillo at 9:25 a. m.

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.

BRENT C. TAYLOR, GOAL, 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

All members of Canyon City Lodge 481 I. O. O. F. are requested to meet at their hall at 9:00 a. m. on Thanksgiving day Nov. 28th.

M. Newman, Secy.

Mr. and Mrs. Price Dockery have an eight pound son born Nov. 20th. He is the only man child in town we are sure. Mother and babe doing well.

Disqualified.

Mabel—There is the telephone call, Amy. I wish you'd answer it. Amy—Why don't you answer it yourself?

Mabel—Well, you see, I've been eating onions.—Harlem Life.

SPREADS LIKE WILDFIRE.

When things are "the best" they become "the best selling." Abraham Hare, a leading druggist, of Belleville, O., writes: "Electric Bitters are the best selling bitters I have handled in 20 years." You know why? Most diseases begin in disorder of stomach, liver, kidneys, bowels, blood and nerves. Electric Bitters tones up the stomach, regulates liver, kidneys and bowels, purifies the blood, strengthens the nerves, hence cures multitudes of maladies. It builds up the entire system. Puts new life and vigor into any weak, sickly, run-down man or woman. Price 50¢. Sold by Hadley Drug Co.

Looking Backward.

Mrs. Nagg—We were wedded in June, the marriage month. Mr. Nagg—Yes. I fell in love in March, the mad month, and proposed in April, the fool month.—Town Topics.

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

ASTOUNDING DISCOVERY.

From Coopersville, Mich., comes word of a wonderful discovery of a pleasant tasting liquid that when used before retiring by any one troubled with a bad cough always ensures a good night's rest. "It will soon cure the cough too," writes Mrs. S. Himmelburger, "for three generations our family have used Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption and never found it's equal for coughs and colds." It's an unrivaled life-saver when used for desperate lung diseases. Guaranteed bottles 50¢ and \$1.00 at Hadley Drug Co's.

Until a suitable place can be secured, Christian Science services will be held in the parlor of the Stayer office every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. All are invited.

Never try to coax a cold or cough, use the remedy that unfailingly conquers both. BALLARD'S HOREHOUND SYRUP is the great specific for all throat and lung troubles. Price 25¢ and 50¢ at Hadley Drug Company'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 " " |
| Bovina | 10:30 " " |
| Hereford | 12:30 P. M. " |
| Canyon City | 2:00 " " |
| Amarillo | 4:00 " " |
| Washburn | 6:30 " " |
| Panhandle | 8:30 " " |
| Miami | 10:30 " " |
| Canadian | 12:30 " " |
| Higgins | 2:00 " " |
| Gage | 4:00 " " |
| Woodward | 6:00 " " |

Where it will connect with a train on the Atchison line that 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 shipper. 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.

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CANYON CITY, TEXAS



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dropped the letter and its envelope into her lap and resumed the pose. Sprague tried to renew the conversation where it had been interrupted; but his efforts were in vain. Both he and Agnes were preoccupied during the balance of the sitting.

When at last the time came for Miss Murdock to leave, Sprague arose and went to the door, looking down the street. He saw a man standing around to Exchange place and glanced at the clock. Dunlap walked to the door and opened it. The man who had been waiting for the reporter entered. He was a young man, about five feet eight inches tall, with fiery red hair, who affects somewhat loud clothes.

"Why, that is Thomas Chatham. You know him, then?"

"I? No; I never heard of him before."

"Then, how on earth do you know him?"

"He has been here recently."

"Yes; I told you he had been here last week; but—"

"No; I mean he was here yesterday afternoon," interrupted the reporter.

"Not to my knowledge," said Dunlap, incredulously.

"I thought as much," Sturgis replied, quietly; "but he was here for all that."

The banker looked perplexed.

"Now, another thing," continued Sturgis. "I notice in the bookkeepers' department an announcement to the effect that on January 2—that is to say, to-morrow—a new system of bookkeeping will be adopted. Would this be such as to bring to light any irregularities that might exist in the books?"

"Yes; it involves the transfer of each bookkeeper every month to a different set of books. But I fail to see the drift of your questions."

"You will see it presently. Have you examined the safes this morning?"

"Yes; one of the first things I did, after you allowed me to move at all, was to examine the cash safe."

"Ah, yes; the cash safe. And you found its contents intact?"

"Perfectly," said the banker, triumphantly.

"But there is also a safe in the bookkeepers' department."

"It contains nothing but the books, which of course would have no value to anyone but ourselves."

"You have not examined this safe?"

"Why, no; I—"

"If you have no objection, I should like to see the interior of that safe. I suppose, of course, you know the combination of that as well as that of the cash safe?"

"Oh, yes; the combinations are changed every Saturday, and of course I am always informed of the new combination."

"Then may I examine the bookkeepers' safe?"

"I see no objection to your doing so, if you like."

Dunlap seemed surprised at the reporter's request; but he rose and proceeded to the bookkeepers' department. Sturgis followed an instant later.

When the reporter came within sight of the safe, Dunlap was closely inspecting the lock. Presently he uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"What is it?" asked Sturgis.

"I don't understand it," said Dunlap. "I cannot open the safe. The lock seems all right; but—"

"Perhaps the combination has been changed."

"Apparently it has," admitted the banker; "but how came it to be changed on a week day, and without my knowledge?"

"That is rather significant, isn't it?" suggested the reporter.

"Significant? What do you mean?" exclaimed Dunlap, excitedly.

"I mean that Arbogast was a defaulter. What his system of defraud-

over the curb, Dunlap advanced to obtain a front view of him and recognized Sturgis. The reporter had not noticed his approach; he held a magnifying glass in his hand and seemed deeply interested in a minute examination of the smooth-worn curb.

"Good morning, Mr. Sturgis," said the banker, "have you lost something?"

The reporter looked up quietly.

"No, Mr. Dunlap; I have found something—something which may possibly prove to be a hyphen."

"A what?" asked the banker, perplexed.

"A hyphen connecting two parts of a very pretty puzzle."

Dunlap stared curiously at the curb.

"I can see nothing there," said he.

Sturgis handed him the magnifying glass.

"Now look again."

He pointed out a particular portion of the curb. Dunlap looked in the direction indicated.

"I see what looks like dried mud, dust particles, and a little dark spot or stain."

"Yes," said Sturgis, "that dark spot is the hyphen. There were probably



others like it on the sidewalk yesterday afternoon, but they have been obliterated by the pedestrians. Here, however, are some that have remained."

As he spoke, he led Dunlap to the Exchange place entrance of the bank, and pointed out a number of similar spots on the stone steps.

"Fortunately," he said, "as if speaking to himself, 'fortunately the detectives entered through the front door last night so that they did not interfere with this portion of the trail.'"

"But what are these spots?" asked the banker.

"They are blood-stains," replied the reporter. "I have every reason to believe them to be human blood. But that question I can settle positively as soon as we are in the bank, for I have brought a powerful microscope. Let us enter now, if you like; I have seen all there is to be seen outside. By the way, do you know this key?"

He held up a large steel key of complicated structure.

"Why," exclaimed Dunlap, surprised "that looks like the key to the Exchange place door. Where did you find it?"

"In the gutter, near the sewer opening at the corner."

"But how did it get there?" asked Dunlap, anxiously.

"Perhaps I shall be able to answer that question presently," said Sturgis. "Shall we go in now? No, not that way. Let us enter by the Wall street side, if you please."

A couple of minutes later the outer door of the Knickerbocker bank was unlocked.

"Excuse me if I pass in first," said Sturgis, entering. "I wish to see something here."

He bent low over the tiled entrance with the magnifying glass in his hand. "It is too bad," he muttered to himself presently. "They have trodden all over the trail here. Ah! what is this?"

"What?" inquired Dunlap.

The reporter vouchsafed no reply to this question, but asked another.

"Is Thursday a general cleaning day at the bank?"

"Yes," answered the banker. "Every evening, after the closing hour, the floors are swept, of course and the desks are dusted; but Monday and Thursdays are reserved for washing the windows, scrubbing the floors, and so forth."

"Then it is lucky that yesterday was Thursday," observed Sturgis. "Will you please hand me the key to this gate, and that to the inner door."

Upon entering the bank Sturgis requested his companion to seat himself on a particular chair, which he designated. He then began a critical examination of the premises. Inch by inch he scrutinized the walls, the floor and even the ceiling; sometimes with the naked eye, sometimes through the magnifying glass. He also constantly brought into play a tape measure; and several times he called upon Dunlap for assistance, when the distances to be measured were longer than his reach.

The Wall street entrance of the Knickerbocker bank led directly into the space to which the public was admitted. This space was partitioned off as usual from the bookkeepers' and cashier's departments. At the farther end a door led to a reception room communicating with the president's office. This office itself opened into the cashier's department on one side, and on the other into a small room occupied by the president's secretary and typewriter, and into the vestibule of the Exchange place entrance to the bank. On the right of the vestibule was a large room in which the bank employees kept their street clothing, and to which they could retire when they were off duty. A door from the clerks' room led into the cashier's department, while another one opened into the private secretary's room.

After he had finished his inspection of the space open to the public, Sturgis, followed by Dunlap, passed into the president's reception room, and thence in turn into the other rooms, and finally into the cashier's and bookkeepers' departments.

Several times he stopped, retraced his footsteps to some particular point, and then began his search anew. At times he crawled about on his hands and knees; at others he climbed upon the furniture, the better to examine some spot upon the wall. In the president's office he stopped to pick up a great number of tiny scraps of paper which lay in and around the waste basket. These he carefully placed in an envelope, which he laid upon the president's table.

On one side of the room there stood a magnificent old-fashioned carved mantelpiece. The artistic beauty of the structure did not seem to strike Sturgis, but he appeared to derive a great deal of satisfaction from an inspection of the large tiled hearth. Presently, removing his coat and his cuffs, he plunged his hand into the grimy chimney and removed a handful of soot, which he examined carefully and then threw away. He repeated the operation again and again, until at last, with evident satisfaction, he picked out a small object, which he deposited in an envelope. Then, after washing his hands in the clerks' room, he passed into the cashier's department. In a corner stood the telephone closet, the door of which was open. The receiver of the instrument was down. The reporter took it up and gazed at it long and earnestly.

Sturgis' examination of the bank must have lasted over two hours. At first Richard Dunlap looked on with a mild curiosity, in which amusement struggled with good-natured skepticism. But as time wore on the banker began to show signs of impatience, and when at last Sturgis returned to the private office and carefully deposited upon a sheet of white paper a miscellaneous assortment of tiny scraps and shreds, the banker could scarcely conceal his dissatisfaction.

"Well, Mr. Sturgis," he said, "I hope you have nearly completed your investigation; for my leisure is not so abundant that I can afford to waste it like this."

"I need one more witness at least," replied the reporter, "and I am afraid I shall have to ask you to help me obtain it."

"But," he quickly added, as he noted Dunlap's impatient gesture, "I think I can promise you that the time you are regretting has not been wasted."

The financier did not seem convinced by this assertion; but he nevertheless consented with an unwilling grace to assist the reporter to the best of his ability.

"Well, then," said Sturgis, "tell me, first of all, whether you keep firearms in the bank."

"Yes," replied Dunlap; "the cashier has a small revolver which he keeps in his desk as a means of defense in case of a sudden attack by a bank thief."

"Have you the key to the desk?"

"Yes," replied the banker.

"Will you kindly see if the revolver you mention is in its place?"

"It ought to be," said Dunlap, picking out the key on a bunch which he took from his pocket, and walking towards the cashier's department with Sturgis at his heels.

"Yes, here it is in its accustomed place."

He handed it to the reporter, who examined it attentively.

"Exactly," said Sturgis, with satisfaction; "this is what I was looking for."

"What do you mean?" asked Dunlap.

"I mean that this is the revolver which was fired twice last night in the Knickerbocker bank. See for yourself; two of the cartridges are empty, and the weapon has not been cleaned since these shots were fired."

"But who can have fired the pistol, and at whom was it fired, and why?"

"Hold on! hold on!" exclaimed Sturgis, smiling; "one thing at a time. We shall perhaps come to that soon. For the present, if you will come back to your private office, I shall endeavor to piece together the scraps of evidence which I have been able to collect. There, sit down in your own armchair, if you will, while I fit these bits of paper together; and in less than ten minutes I shall probably be ready to proceed with my story."

Dunlap was still nervous and impatient; but all trace of amusement and skepticism had vanished from his face, as he took the proffered armchair and watched Sturgis patiently piece together the tiny fragments of paper he had so carefully gathered. When this work was accomplished, the reporter went to the typewriter and wrote a few lines on a sheet of paper. He next proceeded to examine under the microscope the minute fragments and particles which he had collected in his search.

When he had finished this operation, he leaned back in his chair and looked up into space for what seemed to Dunlap an interminable length of time. Then at last he glanced at the banker, who could hardly contain his growing impatience.

"I am ready to go on now," said Sturgis, reaching for a sheet of paper upon which he began to draw with ruler and pencil.

"At last!" sighed the banker.

"Yes; but my first, as the charades says is a question."

"Another?" gasped Dunlap; "when is my turn to come?"

"Just a few more," replied Sturgis; "and then your turn will come for good."

"Well, out with your questions then, if you must," said Dunlap, seating himself resignedly in his chair.

CHAPTER X.

PIECING THE EVIDENCE.

Sturgis was still busy with his diagram. He spoke without looking up from his work.

"Who besides yourself has a key to the drawer in which this revolver is kept?"

"The cashier has one and the head bookkeeper has another."

"You mean the bookkeeper who sits at the desk at the extreme right in the bookkeepers' department?"

"Yes," replied Dunlap; "that is Mr. Arbogast's desk. Do you know him?"

"No. What did you say the gentleman's name is?" The reporter looked up and prepared to make a note of it.

"John W. Arbogast."

"A man something over 50 years of age, quite bald, with a fringe of gray hair; wears a heavy mustache and side whiskers; and had on yesterday afternoon, when you last saw him, a pepper-and-salt business suit," said Sturgis, writing down the name in his notebook.

Dunlap stared at the reporter in amazement. Sturgis smiled slightly.

"I met the gentleman yesterday afternoon," he explained.

"Oh, that accounts for it!" exclaimed the banker. "I see—but—but, then, how comes it that you did not know his name?"

"He did not tell me his name," said Sturgis, gravely, "and I did not know until just now that he was employed in the Knickerbocker bank. How long has he been with you?"

"Nearly 20 years; but only for the last five years as head bookkeeper."

"I suppose you have every confidence in his honesty?" asked the reporter, looking critically at the diagram before him.

"Of course. Such a position is not given to a man unless his record is excellent."

"And yet," observed the reporter, reflectively, "opportunity sometimes makes the thief."

"True; but the duty of a bank president is to reduce such opportunities to a minimum," said Dunlap, somewhat pompously.

"Quite so," assented Sturgis, "and this you accomplish by—"

"By having the books examined periodically," answered the banker, rubbing his hands together with calm satisfaction.

"I see," said the reporter, who had now finished his sketch. "Do the employees of the bank know when an examination of this kind is to be made?"

"They do not even know that such examinations are made. No one but the accountant and myself are in the secret; for the overhauling of the books is done entirely at night, after the bank is closed."

"Have the books been recently examined?" asked Sturgis, carelessly.

"Yes; only last week."

"Well?"

"They were found to be all right, as usual."

"May I ask by whom?"

"By Murray & Scott, the expert accountants."

"Was the examination conducted by Mr. Murray or by Mr. Scott?"

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"Yes," said Sturgis, who was apparently wool-gathering.

A silence of several minutes followed, during which the reporter thoughtfully inspected his collection of microscopic odds and ends, while Dunlap beat the devil's tattoo upon the desk.

Presently the reporter spoke again:

"Do you know a young man, about five feet eight inches tall, with fiery red hair, who affects somewhat loud clothes?"

"Why, that is Thomas Chatham. You know him, then?"

"I? No; I never heard of him before."

"Then, how on earth do you know him?"

"He has been here recently."

"Yes; I told you he had been here last week; but—"

"No; I mean he was here yesterday afternoon," interrupted the reporter.

"Not to my knowledge," said Dunlap, incredulously.

"I thought as much," Sturgis replied, quietly; "but he was here for all that."

The banker looked perplexed.

"Now, another thing," continued Sturgis. "I notice in the bookkeepers' department an announcement to the effect that on January 2—that is to say, to-morrow—a new system of bookkeeping will be adopted. Would this be such as to bring to light any irregularities that might exist in the books?"

"Yes; it involves the transfer of each bookkeeper every month to a different set of books. But I fail to see the drift of your questions."

"You will see it presently. Have you examined the safes this morning?"

"Yes; one of the first things I did, after you allowed me to move at all, was to examine the cash safe."

"Ah, yes; the cash safe. And you found its contents intact?"

"Perfectly," said the banker, triumphantly.

"But there is also a safe in the bookkeepers' department."

"It contains nothing but the books, which of course would have no value to anyone but ourselves."

"You have not examined this safe?"

"Why, no; I—"

"If you have no objection, I should like to see the interior of that safe. I suppose, of course, you know the combination of that as well as that of the cash safe?"

"Oh, yes; the combinations are changed every Saturday, and of course I am always informed of the new combination."

"Then may I examine the bookkeepers' safe?"

"I see no objection to your doing so, if you like."

Dunlap seemed surprised at the reporter's request; but he rose and proceeded to the bookkeepers' department. Sturgis followed an instant later.

When the reporter came within sight of the safe, Dunlap was closely inspecting the lock. Presently he uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"What is it?" asked Sturgis.

"I don't understand it," said Dunlap. "I cannot open the safe. The lock seems all right; but—"

"Perhaps the combination has been changed."

"Apparently it has," admitted the banker; "but how came it to be changed on a week day, and without my knowledge?"

"That is rather significant, isn't it?" suggested the reporter.

"Significant? What do you mean?" exclaimed Dunlap, excitedly.

"I mean that Arbogast was a defaulter. What his system of defraud-

ng the bank was I do not yet know; but an examination of the books will no doubt reveal this; and I should advise you, Mr. Dunlap, to lose no time in having it made."

"But," argued Dunlap, anxiously, "I tell you the books were examined last week."

"Yes; by Arbogast's accomplice."

"What, Chatham his accomplice?" exclaimed Dunlap, faintly.

"Chatham was in the plot beyond a doubt," answered Sturgis. "So long as no one had access to the books except his accomplice Chatham, of course Arbogast felt secure. But when, yesterday, the announcement was made that after the beginning of the new year his books would pass to the custody of another man, he saw that the game was up."

The men had returned to the president's office.

"Those are his very words," continued the reporter; "those he telegraphed to Chatham yesterday, as you will see if you hold before that mirror this sheet of blotting paper which I found on Arbogast's desk."

Dunlap, with an unsteady hand, took the blotting paper; and, holding it before the glass, studied the reflection intently.

"What do you make out?" asked Sturgis.

"Nothing whatever," replied the banker, promptly.

"What?" exclaimed the reporter; "do you mean to say that you do not distinguish any marks on the blotting paper?"

"I mean to say that I do not see anything to which I can attach any semblance of a meaning. The blotting paper has been used, and, of course, there are ink marks upon it; but, as far as I can see, these are wholly disconnected. They are entirely void of sense to my eyes, at any rate."

"Examine the blotter again carefully in this direction," said Sturgis, drawing an imaginary line upon the mirror, "and pay no attention to any other marks which seem to cross these lines. Now do you see anything?"

The banker examined the image in the mirror for some time before replying.

"If I allow my imagination to enter into play, I can complete several isolated letters."

"Will you dictate these while I note them here. Be careful to distinguish between capital and lower-case letters. Also separate the lines, and state whether letters come close together or are separated by a space."

"Very well," agreed Dunlap, who then proceeded to read off the letters he saw in the reflection of the blotter in the mirror.

When he had finished, Sturgis handed him the paper, upon which were

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