

Canyon City News.

VOL VII.

CANYON CITY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, DECEMBER, 4, 1903.

NO. 38.

Difficulties In Soul Winning.

At the B. Y. P. U. rally at Hereford, Nov. 21, it was unanimously voted that the paper written by Mrs. A. H. Thompson, which, in the absence of the author was read by Mrs. Edna Brandon, be published in all the Panhandle papers. The paper as read follows:

For God so loved the world that he gave His only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in Him might not perish but have everlasting life."

A lack of this great love in the heart of man is our first and greatest difficulty and one which makes soul winning a failure. Without this love for souls, our efforts will be mechanical and powerless.

We may have the courage to approach men and know what to say to them, but unless we are prompted by an intense love for their souls there will be no force in what we say and we will not be able to reach the heart. But if we, like Paul, have great heaviness of heart because of the sins of men, there will be an earnestness in our tone and manner that will impress even the most careless.

If we have a deep and personal love for souls many opportunities will arise in which we may speak to the lost. If we are deficient in this love let us go to God humbly confessing our need and with faith in His promises, expect Him to supply our need.

Christ had this intense love for souls, and intimate and constant companionship with Him will impart to our lives this grace which was so prominent in His.

Every christian must surely have some idea of duty to lost souls, but a failure to realize the responsibility of their duty, often results in a failure to perform the greatest mission ever committed to man.

If we will dwell long enough on the peril and wretchedness of a man out of Christ, and the worth of his soul in the sight of God, our desire to lead him to Christ will be greatly intensified.

We should be so thankful that we have passed from this ruined and unhappy condition, that we, like Andrew of old, would hasten to find Simon and tell him plainly and simply, that "we have found the Messiah."

The bible is the instrument God uses to convict of sin, to reveal Christ and regenerate men. Therefore the solid soul winner must oft be found meditating upon its promises and learning its truths.

Without a thorough knowledge of God's word, how can we expect to meet the many emergencies that will naturally arise in this work? We must be able to show men their need of a Saviour, to show them that Jesus is the Saviour they need, and how to make this Saviour their own.

On the other hand we may be familiar with the word of God, and yet be indiscreet in the time and application of its truths. God alone knows the one to whom He intends us to speak. He does not intend that we speak to everyone we meet, and in so doing we lose valuable time that might have been spent helping those whom God wants us to help. Many irreligious people have been driven further away from Christ by having been accosted in too public a manner upon this most delicate of all subjects. And in speaking, we had better remain silent unless we have asked God to give us the message. A lack of the power of the Holy Spirit often, yes always causes a failure in this work.

"Not by might nor by power, but by spirit saith the Lord of Hosts."

After pleading in vain with a lost man we are often, to our shame,

made to realize that we have been trying within ourselves to convert him, and not until we are painfully conscious of this fact, and breathe a truly humble prayer to God for the power of His Holy Spirit to gather up the rays of sunlight that cluster about His promises and center them in the heart of the lost man, have our difficulties been removed.

If there is one fact above another that should be impressed upon the heart and mind of the young christian of today, it is the necessity of more prayer. In this busy march to eternity there are so many things to crowd our minds and hearts, we must pray much to keep in harmony with God.

When we have through God's grace overcome our own difficulties in soul winning we have not yet finished our work. We have the carnal mind which is enmity against God, to deal with and to be carnally minded is death. The love of sin and worldly ambitions has so deep a hold on the heart of the unregenerated that to lead them to Christ, they must be made to feel that they lose nothing but gain all. That the old life has no charm half so sweet as the new, that "it shall profit them nothing though they gain the whole world and lose their own souls."

The thoughtless, inconsistent christian is hardly aware of the harm he is doing. "We are living Epistles of Christ, read and known of men." If our lives are not in keeping with His, we are mere stumbling blocks. We shall all meet some day in a greater Rally than this. And when the light of eternity has fallen upon us, how beautiful will appear the life of the soul winner, as he sits at the Saviour's feet, humbly waiting to receive a crown of reward.

Let us as young people, in high living and noble thinking, press onward, striving daily to add souls to our Master's kingdom.

Helpful Reading. Some newspapers print matter to fill up space. Much of this is really harmful reading. It is the aim of **The Semi-Weekly News** to give helpful reading. Thousands will testify to its helpfulness to them. Ask your neighbor.

The Farmers' Department has helped many. It is not the theory of farming written by college professors and others up North on conditions that don't fit Texas. It is the actual experiences of farmers here at home who have turned over the soil.

Special Offer If you are not taking **The Stayer** you should. It is helpful to the best interests of your town and county. For \$1.75, cash in advance, we will mail you **The Stayer** and **The Galveston or Dallas Semi-Weekly News** for 12 months. The News stops when your time is out.

Tree Planting in Western Texas.

The land in this country, having an underflow within fifteen feet from the surface, and, no rock intervening between the water supply and the surface soil, is well adapted to the growth of both forest and fruit trees.

Before planting an orchard on the plains a wind break of forest trees should be provided on the south and west sides of the orchard site. Trees of all kinds must be protected from live stock and must be well cultivated in order to succeed in this country. Prairie grass is the worst enemy a tree can have, unless it be a Texas steer. The land to be devoted to tree culture should be broken out and should be so thoroughly tilled that the grasses will be eradicated before the trees are planted.

A very important consideration in tree planting is to plant at the right time of the year.

For the arid plains, early spring is best, because the trees are thus exposed to the drying winds the shortest possible time. In this latitude, however, it is best to order the trees for fall delivery, as spring shipments are likely to arrive too late for successful planting. Trees delivered in the fall should reach the purchaser without being frozen in transit. As soon as they arrive they should be taken to the farm and should be immediately "heeled in." The correct "heeling in" of trees in this country requires that the bundles be cut apart and the trees buried in moist soil until, at least, two-thirds of the stem is covered. Dig a trench running east and west, throwing the fresh soil out on its south side. If your trees were somewhat dry when received, as they are likely to be, a puddle of thin mud should have been previously made in a hole in the ground and the bundles should have stood with their roots in this puddle for several hours prior to the "heeling in" process. Take out a bundle at a time from the puddle, cut the strings from around the bundle and scatter the trees along in the trench, leaning their tops over on the ridge of fresh earth on the south side of the trench. From the north side of the first trench, spade up the fresh soil and cover the roots and two-thirds of the stems and tops of the trees with this fresh soil. Tramp the soil about the roots, and, if the weather is dry, run in enough water to saturate the soil around the roots. The removal of the soil to cover the first row of trees, leaves a trench for a second row. Put in another row of trees and cover these with soil in the same way, repeating the operation until all your trees have been bedded out for the winter. The soil should be examined from time to time, during the winter, to see if it is becoming dry. If it shows a tendency to become dry, turn in two or three barrels of water to each hundred trees, and soak the ground thoroughly in which the trees are buried. This kind of irrigation is much more easily performed than the watering of each single tree if planted out in the field. The great advantage of having your trees on hand, "heeled in," is that you are ready to plant them out promptly in the early spring and are not dependent upon uncertainties and caprices of transportation companies.

People make a mistake by purchasing the largest sizes of trees rather than the medium sizes. Black locust seedlings ten to fifteen inches tall are much preferable to trees three feet tall. The small sized trees cost much less than the larger, are much more easily planted and are very much more certain to live.

The most valuable forest tree for this region is the black, or yellow locust. Seedlings of this species may be purchased from reliable nurseries at from \$2 to \$3 per thousand.

The farmers in the vicinity of Canyon City should order trees at once from one reliable nursery and the stock should be delivered before cold freezing weather sets in. If shipped from a long distance each man's order should be well packed, with the roots of the trees in moist moss, and should be boxed separately. Trees poorly packed and dried out are worse than worthless.

GEORGE L. CLOTHIER, Field Ass't., U. S. Bureau of Forestry.

ANY WAY
YOU FIGURE IT
WE CAN SAVE
YOU MONEY!

Our stock of furniture is a winner. We are constantly adding to the quality without increase in the price. We are constantly subtracting from the cost in many grades without reduction in quality. Multiply your wishes as you will, you'll be surprised how well our stock keeps within the reach of your pocketbook. Divide your expenditures between parlor and bedroom as you wish, our stock still meets your needs. If you want Furniture—a little different and better than the ordinary—let us show you ours.

Thomas Brothers

M. F. SLOVER,
LIVERY FEED AND SALE STABLE.
Bus meets all trains. Best teams and rigs always on hand
DRUMMER'S RIGS A SPECIALTY.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK,
(Successor to Stockmens National Bank.)

CAPITAL \$50,000.
SHAREHOLDERS LIABILITY 50,000.
SURPLUS 25,000.
UNDIVIDED PROFITS 8,000.

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We invite you to open an account with us. We guarantee as liberal accommodations as are warranted by the account and prudent banking.

A BOOM

does not, ultimately, bring about the best results to a community. **THE PAN-HANDLE** is NOT on a boom, but is enjoying the most rapid growth of any section in Texas.

WHY?

Because only recently have the public at large realized the opportunities which this northwest section of Texas offers. The large ranches are being divided into **SMALL STOCK FARMS.**

Wheat, Corn, Cotton, Melons and all kinds of feed stuffs are being raised in abundance, surpassing the expectations of the most sanguine. A country abounding in such resources (tried and proven), together with the

LOW PRICE

of lands, cannot help enjoying a most rapid growth, and that is what is happening in the Pan-Handle.

"The Denver Road"

has on sale daily a low rate home-seekers ticket, which allows you stop-overs at nearly all points; thus giving you chance to investigate the various sections of the Pan-Handle. Write

A. A. GLISSON,
General Passenger Agent, Fort Worth, Texas,
For pamphlets and full information.

SOMETHING ATTRACTIVE.

You can always depend on something well worth while when you come here. We furnish the things you like to carry away with you. The price is right; the goods are pleasing; our methods are attractive. Come and get the most attractive things you ever bought for the price.

CANYON DRUG COMPANY.

TAKE THE NEWS.

Now Is The Time To Prepare For Winter!!

And for the next few days we are offering exceptionally good values in Ladies' Capes, Coats and everything else in proportion

Ladies' Capes, - worth \$4.00, at \$3.25. Ladies' Capes, worth \$2.50, at \$2.00.

Ladies Box Coats, worth \$8.00, at \$7.00. Ladies Box Coats " \$6.00, at \$5.00.

Ladies' Box Coats, Worth \$5.00, at \$4.25.

Don't Wait Until The Stock Is Picked Over
But Come at Once. Yours to Please,

PATTILLO & GAMBLE.

CANYON CITY NEWS. (THE STAYER.)

GEO. A. BRANDON, Prop.
WALTER R. BRANDON, Editor.

A Weekly newspaper devoted to the interests of Randall county and published at office on West Evelyn St. Canyon City, every Friday.

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

SUBSCRIPTION.

One Year, \$1.00
Six months,50

The man who can hold his cattle over until another season and doesn't will want someone to kick him before twelve more moons have passed over his head.

Through the kindness of Congressman Stephens the News is receiving a copy of the daily Congressional Record. It will be filed for the benefit of News patrons desiring to consult it.

The News has a buyer for from 100 acres to a section of land. Must be well situated and priced right.

Your Photo on your business card or soliciting card if going to be a candidate. The News office can do it right and at little extra cost. Call and see us.

By a decision of the Criminal Court of Appeals, rendered last week, C. O. D. shipments of liquor into local option districts are no longer evidence of sale at place of delivering; the statute so holding being declared unconstitutional.

The money powers of the east got after the commission man; the commission man got after the southwestern banker; the southwestern banker to protect himself gets after the cowman to whom he has made advances; the cowman seeing no escape throws his herds irrespective of quality upon a sagging market; result—a tremendous over supply of average and inferior stuff and in consequence prices at zero.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy Cures Colds on Nature's Plan.

The most successful medicines are those that aid nature. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy acts on this plan. It aids expectoration, relieves the lungs, opens the secretions and aids nature in restoring the system to a healthy condition. It not only relieves, it cures the cold effectually and permanently, and is unquestionably the most successful medicine in use for this purpose. It is pleasant to take and contains no opium or other harmful drug. For sale by Thompson Drug Co.

Come out Monday night and attend the Board of Trade meeting.

STOCK PASS DECISION.

Taking effect Dec. 10, the following regulations will govern the issuance of free transportation to shippers of stock by Texas railways, to-wit:

"Men in charge of shipments of live stock, in car loads, when belonging to one consigner, shall be passed as follows:

"1. Pass one man in charge of one or two cars of live stock, including horses and mules; no return pass.

"2. Pass one man each way in charge of two to five cars of live stock, all kinds.

"3. Pass three men each way in charge of thirteen or more cars of live stock, all kinds, which shall be the maximum number of men that will be passed with any shipment from one shipper in the same train.

"5. The railway company at point of origin may, for the purpose of preventing the abuse of the privileges herein provided for, require of shipper, or his agent, a sworn statement to the effect that he or his principal is the real owner of the shipment offered and that the number of men for which free passage is asked are actually needed in order to properly care for the same.

"6. Return transportation for men in charge of live stock shipment shall be good only for continuous passage without lay-over from the destination of the shipment to the shipping points, and shall be limited to fifteen days from date of shipment from original shipping point.

"7. Each railroad company shall use proper methods to secure the identification of parties entitled to free transportation under this section."

A SATISFACTORY ASSESSMENT

"New Zealand farmers are given the privilege of placing their own valuation on their farms for the purpose of taxation, which some would regard as a snap were this privilege not coupled with the right reserved by the government to buy the man's land any time within twelve months of the time of making the assessment at 10 per cent above the valuation placed upon the land. This plan, it is said, secures a very satisfactory assessment."—Farm & Ranch.

The purpose of the New Zealand government in making this law was to cut down the speculator and incidentally reduce the acreage held by the big ranchers in the arable districts. The option of the government to purchase extends only to the excess of acres over the homestead. This law has not only been found to work well in getting at the true value of the land for tax purposes but it has converted the agricultural districts of New Zealand from vast estates where stock roamed at will to a country of prosperous

homes surrounded by all the blessings and comforts of our present civilization.

It has, indeed, secured "a very satisfactory assessment" with excellent results in New Zealand and beyond reasonable doubt would produce the same effects in Texas but there is a vast amount of property other than lands which should also bear its proportion of the necessary burdens of government. But, as said in New Zealand, land being the basis of all wealth the beginning to get right should perhaps start there.

NEW CATTLE MARKETS.

The entrance of "the man with the hoe" and the sheep owner into the northwestern ranges and the closing up of the profitable fields in "the territory" has caused progressive cattlemen to turn their eyes in other directions seeking other markets for the products of the ranch and stock farm.

For those this side of "the line" new fields of great promise are being opened up in the corn states. Not only the states this side of the great "father of waters" but those beyond; Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and others are awakening to the fact that there is money, good money, in the Texas bred calf and yearling and the feeders of those states are ready to pay living prices for the right kind of stuff. What they want is well bred calves or yearlings that have been kept in thriving condition from birth—no runts nor stunts need apply. Even this season, with the bottom knocked out of cow prices almost everywhere, these well bred and well fed calves and yearling scions of our Plains raised beef breeds have found a ready market at a good figure. There is money in this market now and it is barely opened up—it will get better and if you have the stuff wanted you may rest assured of turning loose at a good profit.

For those "below the line" a new and promising market is opened. Beginning with the new year a regular line of steamships is to be established between Galveston and Capetown, South Africa, for the purpose not only of stockpiling up the vast ranges of that country but of supplying beef on the hoof for the interior towns. The demand from this quarter will be more general—taking all classes. This country will feel the good effects of this movement chiefly from decreased competition from "below the line."

Taken altogether those Panhandle cowmen who travel along the lines indicated—raising blooded stock and giving them proper attention—have nothing to fear from future prices—the outlook is good.

W. F. Heller is having put up, close to his present residence, a new frame house.

THE first issue of the **ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH**—25 years ago, Dec. 13, 1878, was four pages, 32 columns. It contained no illustrations and sold for 5 CENTS.

ON SUNDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1903, the St. Louis Post-Dispatch will celebrate its twenty-fifth birthday by the issue of a paper exceeding 124 pages and nearly 1000 COLUMNS. Every page will be profusely illustrated. There will be 18 pages printed in **COLORS**, including a two-page airship view of the World's Fair. Each copy will weigh over 2 pounds and will cost the publishers 12 cents, but the price to readers will be, as usual, 5 CENTS.

THERE will be signed articles, written especially for this number by Mark Twain, Mrs. Jefferson Davis, Mrs. John A. Logan, Hoke Smith, Gen. Frederick D. Grant, Admiral Dewey, an original poem on the silver jubilee of the Post-Dispatch by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and hundreds of interesting features by great writers, famous statesmen and clergymen of renown. **IT WILL BE THE GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT IN JOURNALISM EVER ATTEMPTED SOUTH OR WEST OF NEW YORK.** The edition is limited, the demand will far exceed the supply. Order NOW from your newsdealer.

Out Sunday, Dec. 13

BURTON-LINGO CO.,

Dealers In
Fence Stays,
Lumber, Post, Doors,
Lath, Sash, Shingles,
Building Blocks and Mouldings.

L. G. CONNER, LAND, LIVE STOCK AND CANYON CITY PROPERTY.

Thousands of acres of fine Grazing and Agricultural lands at from \$1 to \$5 an acre, owing to location and improvements.

Notary Public, Abstracters in office opposite Northeast corner of Square. Inquiry Solicited.

Canyon City, Texas.

A PANHANDLE BOOK

The Southern Kansas Ry. Co. of Texas has printed a little book descriptive of the Panhandle of Texas and setting forth its advantages to the homeseeker. This book is intended to be used in the work of developing and settling the country and we are pleased to offer it to our friends for this purpose. Anyone interested is requested to send us names and addresses of friends in other states to whom they would like this book sent. We shall be pleased also to send out these books to lists of prospective patrons sent us by real estate agents in the Panhandle. If you want a copy send me your name and address.

DON A. SWEET,
Traffic Manager, Amarillo, Texas.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE NEWS.

Come and see what Redfearn & Co. will do for CASH.

What do our lady readers think of that magazine proposition—The Cosmopolitan, The Twentieth Century and the Canyon City News, all three for \$2.10.

There is no need to worry about where to buy your Christmas goods for W. F. KING has already solved the problem by laying in a stock that is sure to please.

A representative of the Clarendon Panhandle Nursery was in town Friday and Saturday delivering trees. This firm handles home-grown trees, fruit, shade and forest, also flowering shrubs and evergreens. Judge C. T. Word was the heaviest purchaser, taking about \$40 worth. This nursery is doing a good business. The trees delivered here were of good size and healthy and are bound to give satisfaction.

SEE! SEE!!

W. H. Portwood will be at the Thompson Drug Store ready to do all kinds of repair work in the line of clocks, watches and jewelry on the 5th inst. He will guarantee your work so bring it along and give him a trial. It

Low Rates For Holidays.

The Texas & Pacific Railway Company, as heretofore, affords the people of Texas and Louisiana an opportunity to visit the old home during the Christmas Holidays at cheap rates. For full information, ask any Ticket Agent, or write E. P. Turner, General Passenger Ag't Dallas, Texas.

THE HONEST FARMER.

How peaceful is the farmer's life, without perplexities or care, removed from bartering and strife, blessed with the digestion of a bear, he and his children and his wife breathe every moment fresh laid air.

While he is slumbering his crops grow like a dudes expense account. From nature's tank the water drops in just the requisite amount, and that's the reason why he chops out worry and at woe can flout.

He rises at the peep of day, soon as the sun begins to blink, and bales a ton of new mown hay almost before the cat can wink, as gracefully and quite as gay as fairies in a skating rink.

Though horny are his ample hands, his heart is tender as a steak cut from a yearling. German bands no sweeter melody can make than when he in the gloaming stands and bids his hired men awake.

Then when he pails the gentle cow his wife prepares an ample meal, which he surrounds; then to the plow he gayly trips on toe and heel, light hearted as the laws allow, contented as the icemen feel.

Misfortune cannot keep him down, though it comes tapping at his gate and wears a Henry Irving frown, for he toils early, long and late; while others loaf about the town he pays his mortgage while you wait.

When it is raining on the farm he flits off to the village store, where dry goods statesmen with alarm view silver, tariff, peace and war and with a simple rustic charm save their beloved land once more.

O farmer, with your-level head, your whiskered chin and twinkling eye, without you how could we be fed? We suffer when your crop is shy. 'Tis you that keeps the world in bread, though it must rustle for its pie.—Ex.

W. H. Portwood, a young man from Amarillo, will open up a jewelry repair shop, tomorrow, at the Thompson Drug Store. Mr. Portwood is a pleasing young gentleman on first acquaintance, (is a single man) and we see no reason why he should not succeed in his undertaking.

Relative Values.

Fortune Teller—"A light man will court you. He is poor but honest."

Fair client—"Can't you make it a dark man with money?"

"Fortune Teller—"Yes but that will cost you 50 cents more."

Commissioners' Court

Convened in special session Dec. 1, holding two days. The following is the substance of the work done:

Commissioner Trigg was instructed to purchase half a car of three inch bridge flooring for the use of the county.

Commissioner Service was instructed to have the water pipes in the court house yard fixed to prevent freezing.

J. T. Money was allowed \$2.50, being excess of school taxes collected from him.

H. S. Duke was allowed \$2.61, also excess tax collected.

On examination of the bridge constructed over Tierra Blanca creek by W. D. Kirkland, the court decided that the same was not exactly in accord with the specifications and assessing such failure at the sum of \$75 and the contractor agreeing thereto, the bridge was received and the balance, \$875, was ordered paid.

\$200 was ordered transferred from the court house and jail to the road and bridge fund.

On application of Mrs. Matry, her son Dan, who is about 27 years old and decided by the court to be physically and mentally unable to provide for himself, was adopted as a county charge and W. J. Redfearn and I. C. Jenkin were appointed to provide him with present necessary clothing and in addition an allowance of \$5 per month for his maintenance.

ACCOUNTS ALLOWED.

Peter Davidson, work on vault,.....	\$ 3.00
M. F. Slover hauling court to inspect bridge,.....	1.50
Canyon City News printing quarterly report,.....	3.00
Tunnell & Farmer, plans for bridge and inspection,.....	12.50
County Judge and Commissioners per diem for two days, each,.....	30.00

D. W. Wallace and family, of McGregor, old friends and neighbors of the estimable Money families, arrived here this week and will make this immediate section their permanent home. A friend of Mr. Wallace informed the News that he was no relation of "Big Foot" Wallace, but that he had a reasonably fair "understanding." We gladly welcome Mr. Wallace and his family in our midst.

S. H. Heyser, Geo. Reynolds, Berne Wilson and Jimmie Redfearn were out on an extended hunt in Lamb county last week. They told it a little scary at first, but we finally got their casualty list down to something like 60 prairie chickens and 75 quail. However, they are going to give the News man his share of the game from the bagging of the next hunt.

According to the Advocate, Amarillo has recently buried its promising daily, The Morning Post. "It was and is not." Alas! for the city of "blasted hopes."

In next week's issue of the News there will be a statement from the local board of trustees in regard to the Baptist college situation.

National Live Stock Association, Portland, Oregon,—via "The Denver Road"—January 12, 15. Rate: One lowest first class one way fare. Final return limit Jan. 31, 1904.

Messrs. Gordon, Pash and Horton passed through town Tuesday en route to Tulia going to the railway meeting to be held there at night. President J. N. Donohoo accompanied them.

Subscribe for the News NOW.

S. H. Heyser is out this week on the canyon with George L. Clothier, field assistant U. S. Bureau of Forestry and D. J. Driggs, an employe of the U. S. Department of Agriculture. They will likely be down there all the week gathering data for a report of this wonder on the great treeless plains.

A considerable bugaboo has arisen in the southeastern part of the county about a proposition to take out the excess of acreage in some sections located in this county and transfer it to Armstrong county. In other words it is proposed to begin at a point in Randall county and running east confine the surveys in this county to course and distance alone. When it is known that there is an excess in all these surveys the consequence would of course follow that such excess would be moved east. This cannot lawfully be done. In a future issue the News will discuss this proposition under the lights given by the supreme court.

The members of the local order of the Eastern Star are urgently requested to attend a meeting of importance which is to convene in Canyon City Lodge room, Dec. 11th, at 2 p. m. Matters that require the attendance of all the members are to come before the order.

MRS. L. T. LESTER.

BATEN "GETS THERE."

The Baptist executive board at its Dalhart meeting last Saturday elected, by a vote of five to three, a board of trustees for the Canadian

Baptist College. The five affirmative votes were W. L. Skinner, A. E. Baten, Bennett Hatcher, W. B. Slaughter and F. Hoffman; those voting in the negative being J. D. Ballard, J. F. Elder and W. H. Younger.

This action puts Canadian College in a position to do business as a Baptist institution, at least until the Association meets next summer and so once more Dr. Baten "gets there."

The News desires the outside world to know that Canyon City is a much better town for business than its one newspaper, the News, would indicate. We have big stocks of wagons and buggies, farm implements, windmills and piping, hardware, wire, coal and grain and almost everything else kept in a good town. All these things are here and they sell too, right along. A few days ago our solicitor started out to try to get an Ad with one of our business men when he, the business man, stated that he had all the trade he could handle and didn't want any more, and asked the question, why advertise under such conditions? The News man "kerflummuxed." This may explain why the advertising columns of the News fails to correctly index the business of the town.

A Final Effort.

In the Tulia Standard of last week the executive committee consisting of T. W. Tomlinson et al. gave notice that at a meeting to be held at Tulia, Tuesday of this week, Major Gordon would address the natives and that a "final effort" would be made for the A. P. & S. R. R. for Tulia. The concluding part of the call reads as follows:

"If you are interested in the building of a road through Tulia, now is the time to act. We are reliably informed that a strong financial influence is now being brought to bear upon the promoters of this road to build the line through the west part of the county so as to reach the main bodies of the Long S and Spade pastures, and it behooves us to be up and doing if we expect to get this road through Tulia and the center of the county."

G. C. Long returned Wednesday from his trip to Kansas City.

H. James, former proprietor of the James Hotel, moved to his ranch, one mile north of the Ceta school, Saturday. Mr. James was popular as a hotel man and successful, a staunch friend of the News from the beginning and it together with many other friends of the family regret his departure from town. Success to you Bro. James in your country life.

Another Railroad.

Saturday, the charter of another Plain's railway was filed at Austin—The Texas, New Mexico and Western Railway company. With headquarters in Dallas it will be headed for Roswell, N. M., passing through the following counties:

Dallas, Tarrant, Denton, Parker, Wise, Jack, Young, Archer, Throckmorton, Baylor, Haskell, Knox, Stonewall, King, Kent, Dickens, Garza, Crosby, Linn, Lubbock, Terry, Hockley, Yoakum and Cochran.

Incorporators: E. P. Spears, Chas. Steinman, C. C. Slaughter, J. N. Wharton, J. B. Lucas, J. G. Hunter, M. M. Crane, J. A. Wilhite of Dallas, M. J. Healy Fort Worth, and Will A. Miller of Decatur, Texas.

A dispatch from Austin to the Ft. Worth Record giving the names of the above incorporators says:

"Mr. E. P. Spears, who will be at the head of the new road, was here looking after the filing of the charter. He said that actual construction of the line would be inaugurated within sixty days as the right of way of the entire route had been secured, besides bonuses to the amount of half a million dollars had been clinched."

Dr. and Mrs. S. B. Tadlock entertained a few of their young friends with "Flinch," on Monday night.

CARD OF THANKS.

To the Ladies of the Methodist Church and all others contributing, I hereby express my heartfelt thanks for the very beautiful new dress, made and given me by them, and do most earnestly pray blessings a hundred fold upon them every one.

Your very grateful sister,
Mrs. J. ABBIE STEPHENS.

To My Friends and Patrons.

Having transferred my interest in the firm of Redfearn & Co. to J. M. Redfearn, I wish to thank them for their past patronage and speak in behalf of the firm a continuance of same.

Respectfully,
R. B. REDFEARN.

News Roll of Honor.

Under this heading will be found the amounts received on subscription to the News during the past week, and names of the parties paying. This will serve as a receipt to those of our subscribers forwarding the money by mail.

J. L. Perdue, \$1.00.
H. James, \$1.00.
A. M. Smith, \$1.00.

L. T. Lester returned yesterday from Floydada, where he has been for the past few days looking after his banking interests there. He says that the stage on which he was a passenger yesterday contained also a gentleman who had been in attendance at the railroad meeting at Tulia on the night of the 2, and that said gentleman informed him that nothing definite concerning the venture could be ascertained at this early date.

SCHOOL NOTES.

Minutes of the Randall Co. Teacher's Institute.

The Randall Co. Teacher's Institute met in the County Superintendent's office, Canyon, Texas, on Nov. 28, 1903 at 10:30 a. m., the County Supt., A. N. Henson, presiding.

The secretary's chair being vacant, by removal, the presiding officer called for nominations to fill the same. Mrs. A. Ernberger and Miss Eppie Earhart were proposed and the latter elected.

Roll call was omitted because of the absence of many of the teachers.

The following program was disposed of:

1. Address, A. N. Henson.
2. "Importance of review work in school;" discussed generally.

It was decided to begin the night session at 7 instead of 8 o'clock.

There being no more business the meeting adjourned till 1:30 p. m.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The meeting convened in the District Court room and the house was called to order by the chairman.

The regular program was taken up and disposed of as follows:

1. "Necessity for improvement in methods and management and how to reach it." Paper read by Prof. J. W. Lackey, followed by general discussion.

2. "Importance of reading and how and when to lay the foundation for good reading."—Papers by Miss Harris and Mrs. Lackey; general discussion.

3. "How and when to teach the alphabet;" paper by Miss Redfearn. Discussion.

- Number 4 was omitted because of the absence of Messrs. Mosley and Sowder.

5. "How and when to help the student in the preparation of his lesson."—Paper by Prof. B. F. Hodges, followed by discussion.

6. "Employing and interesting pupils, vs. Corporeal punishment;"—paper by Miss Earhart, followed by discussion.

We then called the roll; those present were: A. N. Henson, Miss Harris, Mrs. Ernberger, Miss Redfearn, Prof. and Mrs. J. W. Lackey, Prof. Hodges, Miss Emma Brandon.

The meeting adjourned to meet again at 7 o'clock.

NIGHT SESSION.

1. "Greeting Song" by choir.
2. "Advantages of State adoption of Text Books and is a 5-year adoption long enough."—Messrs. B. Frank Buie and W. R. Brandon.

3. Song, Mrs. Lackey's class.
4. "Educational Co-operation," Mr. A. S. Rollins, Revs. Sherman and Stephens.

5. "Good Night," by choir.

The meeting adjourned subject to the Superintendent's call.

A. N. Henson, chairman, Eppie Earhart, Sec'y.

Great Magazine Offer.

The Cosmopolitan—known throughout the world—and The Twentieth Century Home Magazine, equally as good, with the Canyon City News—all three, one year for \$2.10.

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Before my vision dances
A form of grace divine,
Whose loveliness enhances
The rapture that is mine;
The fairest of all fancies,
Love's dearest gift and best!
Give me but this
One dream of bliss!
The world may have the rest.

Like melody her voice is;
Her face like morning fair,
And all my heart rejoices
Because her love is there;
What dream of dreams so choice is—
So strangely sweet and true?
Give me but this
One dream of bliss:
Sweetheart, the dream of you.
—Frank Dempster Sherman, in *Atlanta*.

Our Little Sister.

By Walter Hoar.

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The sun was sending long lines of yellow light through the western windows of the pleasant school room. Forty pairs of little hands were busy putting books and slates away for the day, and forty pairs of little feet shuffled restlessly in their eagerness to be free.

Miss Boyd gave a tired sigh as the last small kindergartner was out of sight. Had to-day, she wondered, been more than usually full of bruised heads and cut fingers demanding her attention, hair-ribbons and apron-strings to be tied, and small outbreaks of mischief to be checked? She rested her head on her desk. Patter, patter, came the sound of bare feet down the hallway; the door was timidly opened. Was it a lost cap or book, she wondered; but there was no impatience in the thought. Her soul was full to overflowing with a boundless love for all child life, and though her body might sometimes weary of the constant demands upon it, her heart remained strong and rested. She turned to little German Freddy with the smile which the smallest kindergartner said made you "feel so comfy," and there was no trace of fatigue in the bright voice as she said: "Well, little one, what is it?"

"Our little sister," stammered Freddy, "she wants to see you."
Miss Boyd laid her hand upon the boy's shaggy hair. "Tell me about your little sister," she said. "Oh, she's just our little sister," replied Freddy, "and she's sick all the time. Her bed is by the window, and when you go by she all the time says 'I want to see the good teacher.'"
"Very well, Freddy, I will come to-morrow. Will that do?"
Freddy shifted his weight to the other foot. "When I came to school to-day she said, 'Maybe the good teacher will come home with you to-night, Freddy.'"
And "the good teacher" went, for it was not a little child who wanted her?

In her work among the children she had entered many strange homes and brushed against all kinds and conditions of humanity, but notwithstanding her experience, the first sight of little sister almost startled her.

The few sunbeams which found their way through the narrow window seemed to loiter gladly in the red-wood of the child's hair, which lay in rich profusion on the pillow and framed a face of surpassing loveliness. As Miss Boyd leaned over the sleeping child—this sweet, tender flower breathing out its delicate life amid the foulness of a tenement house—as she noticed the transparent whiteness of the little face in vivid contrast to the brilliant red of the lips, she wondered what the eyes would reveal. As if an answer to her silent question, the little one stirred, and slowly the white lids were lifted. The tears came into Miss Boyd's own as they met them.

In the sleeping child nothing, save, perhaps, the wonderful whiteness of the face, seemed to indicate suffering. The story was all in the eyes. Brown they were, without one gleam or sparkle which belongs to the eyes of childhood. Eyes which had stored up all the pain and suffering of long days and "nights devoid of ease," eyes which, in a man or woman, make the



"Well, little one, what is it?" heart ache, but once seen in a little child haunt forever.
Miss Boyd leaned over and kissed the white forehead. "I have come, little sister," she said.
The child smiled faintly. "Ah, it is the good teacher," she said. "I knew you would come," and then her eyes wandered hungrily to some sweet wood violets which Miss Boyd wore. Taking them from her belt, the teacher said with a simple smile, "Would you like them? My boys and girls bring me some every day, and I should like to share with you." The glad light which flashed into the child's eyes showed that they could speak a language other than pain. "I cannot hold them," she said; "please put them on my pillow," and then for the first

time Miss Boyd noticed that the small hands were shrunken and misshapen and lay on the bed as if lifeless. "The child looked at them with a sad little smile. 'Mutter says they will not always be so,' she said. 'Some day I shall go to God's country and He will touch my poor hands and make them all well. Then I can gather violets for myself—when I'm in God's country.'"

Many a day after this found Miss Boyd by the bedside of the little sufferer, and the violets always came with her. There was only one thing the little one loved better than the violets, and that was her father's violin.

He was a stolid old German with sleepy blue eyes—sleepy except when he was bending over little sister or his beloved violin. Then he seemed transformed, and a world of love and tenderness shone in his face. "Play about the country, vater," little sister would say when her pain was very great, and Miss Boyd would close her eyes and listen to brooks babbling through green meadows, the glad voices of birds and the low crooning of summer winds. She could almost smell the violets and see the blue of June skies as the man breathed the country into his violin. And gradually



The little one stirred and slowly the white lids lifted.

all the lines of pain on the child's face would disappear and only the sad eyes told the story of anguish.

"It is always so," said her mother. "The vater's violin can soothe her better than anything else. But it will not be long ere the great Vater takes her in His arms and soothes her forever." A week had passed and Miss Boyd had not called at the house, when one day Freddy said, "Miss Boyd, our little sister's going to die, and mother wants you to come to-night if you can." Miss Boyd found a wonderful change in the little child. The look of pain and suffering had gone from the eyes, and in its place was a light which only the whispers of messengers from God's country could have brought.

"She does not suffer," said the mother. "The doctor says she will go to-night and we wanted you."

And so the mother and father and the "good teacher" sat by the bedside watching and waiting while little sister passed into the silent land. Only the tick-tock of the clock and the shortened breathing of the child broke the stillness of the room.

Suddenly she half raised herself. "The country," she said, and tremblingly the vater took his violin—but alas! the babbling of the brook had the sound of tears running through it; the songs of the birds were hushed and sad; the low crooning of the winds was changed to sobs and moans. All the anguish of the father's breaking heart was voiced in his violin. The music edged with a crash, and, leaning over the little misshapen hands, the strong man wept.

"Never mind, vater," whispered the child, "the good God will not let you forget the gladness—some day you will play it again," and with a little sigh she slipped from the arms of the weeping earthly father into the arms of the Heavenly Father—into God's country.

"Our little sister is all well now," said Freddy to his schoolmates the next week. "Mutter says she runs in the meadows and gathers violets for herself now—away up there in God's country."

The gladness has not yet come back to the vater's violin. Sometimes, though, there is a little thrill of joy, like a laughing spirit struggling to be free, and the mutter will say, with tears in her eyes, "Ach! the gladness—some day he will play it again."

Very Effective.

There is an elderly man in the city who, like many others, is so good-natured that it requires considerable effort to bring him to the point of doing anything for his own house. There are a number of things that he always has on the program to do, but never quite gets to the point of doing. The family decided this summer that several of the window screens had so many holes in them that they must be replaced, but the weeks have gone by, and the old screens still do service. The mistress of the house was heard remonstrating with her husband one day this week.

"John," she said, "what's the use of those screens, any way? There might just as well be none at all, there are so many holes in them."
"No," said John, plausibly, "those screens are all right. There are so many holes that it confuses the flies. I've seen flies that couldn't tell whether they were in or out, they became so confused with that screen."
—Lowell Courier.

An August Day.

Flood-tide on the topmost hills,
Flood-tide in the valley path,
Flood-tide where the summer wills,
And August her pleasure hath.

Oh, many a fathom deep,
And leagues to the east and west,
The glens and the meadows sleep
'Neath oceans of dreamless rest.

And under their waves abide
The cares that we put away;
Ah, measure who can hide the tide
Where slumbers an August day!
—Frank Walcott Trutt, in *New Orleans Times-Democrat*.

"Dad."

By R. R. Racine.

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Dad sat in the doorway of his shanty smoking his pipe and gazing in a ruminative fashion across the arid, dusty, Australian plain.
This gold field was not a particularly pleasant view at any time. In fact it was hideous. It could have given the San Joaquin Valley of California, of early days, a handicap and won out easily.

Last Chance was down on its luck. Everyone said there was dust in the ravine, but whether they believed it or not was a question. At least Dad had plenty of metal—a portion of which he was not slow to give to those in need, if he considered them worthy. But to all inquiries as to how he got it, his invariable reply was, "I have a claim, boys, similar to yours," and that was all any of them found out, with the exception of a couple of envious, inquisitive diggers, who had learned that Dad worked his claim only two days in the week. They undertook to track him, but when they had proceeded about half a mile, a bullet made its trade mark in one of their hats, and they at once had urgent business at Long Jim's tent, where the proprietor was always ready to drown their cares in his peculiar brand of whisky.

As the sun was going down to stake up for the next day's scorch, a solitary man came slowly across the plain. Dad puffed away at his pipe, after casting a keen glance at the Danes, which were his sole companions. The man walked up with a lagging gait and threw himself down on a box by the side of the cabin door.

"Well, Dad," he said, mopping the perspiration from his face, "heard any more news about the rangers?"
"Yes, I understand they intend to call on me," replied Dad, sending a cloud of smoke into the sultry air.
"The devil! Seems as if they will never give us any peace, don't they?"
"Yes, it seems that way," Dad said, listless, as he refilled his pipe.
"Who was telling you?"
"That little slip of paper on the door there."

Long Jim hastily stepped to the door and read the following words written in a neat hand:
"Dad—We are going to take you and your sack. A word to the wise you know. Yours in haste,
"Queen of the Bushrangers."

"Well, I'll be hanged, if that ain't nerve! She must feel very confident. Ain't you afraid they will get you, Dad?"
Dad leaned his chin on his hand and looked absently across the plain. "I don't know," he replied at last, "I suppose they will some day."

"That's what most of them at the camp says," remarked Jim, as he resumed his seat. "Seems to me there won't be any of us left if we ain't careful. Two more ready for the undertaker this morning and four more about ready to pass in their checks. Guess we'll wait and bury them all at the same time. But the rangers lost a few, too. Seems as though they wanted 'your scalp worse than any one's. Guess it's because those irons of yours throw lead about twice as far as any other guns in the country. Now, Dad, you know I am a friend of yours, although you don't patronize



Sat in the doorway of his shanty gazing across the arid, Australian plain.

my tent or approve of my business. But on the square, I would like to know why your irons shoot so far?" Dad smiled absently as he answered, "It's the way I handle them, as I have told the boys dozens of times."
"It's something you put in the powder, Dad, you can't fool me. For some of the boys stole a rifle from you, you remember, and the cartridges in it would shoot twice as far as the ones they had."

"Come in and have supper Jim," said Dad, as he arose, and proceeded to make a fire in the little sheet iron stove. "Tige, take a round." One of

the great Danes yawned, shook himself, and disappeared.

"Well, I don't care if I do, Dad, being as I don't get around this way often."

As Dad was putting the meal on the table, Tige came bounding in through the open door. At the same moment the screech of an owl was plainly heard. Dad dropped his pipe and rushed to the door, revolver in hand. Suddenly, he heard to the right of him, the repeated cry of the owl. It was an imitation. He turned to reach for his rifle. As he did so, Long Jim hurled himself upon the man, whose hospitality he had accepted, like a thunderbolt and struck him twice with the butt end of a revolver. A blind rage possessed Dad. He grasped Jim by the throat and, as he tightened his hold, he was almost deafened by a report and simultaneously felt a sharp pain in his arm. The next instant Dad floored his antagonist and threw his weapon twenty feet away. He felt a hand upon his arm and a small voice said in his ear, "No, No! don't Tim, don't. He isn't worth it." Dad held his antagonist down and knocked his head on the ground, without taking heed to the small sacred voice by his side. "You sneak, vagabond, viper; I know you at last. Not content with wrecking my life, you must mound me all over the face of the globe, Jim Woodbrook; I shall



Stood gazing at the little stranger, have to kill you," he said in a voice terrible, in its unnatural calmness. "Woodbrook, I shall have to kill you," he repeated. His face was white, his lips set, and the grey eyes seemed to flash fire.

"No, Tom, please don't," implored the voice, and the pressure on his arm increased.
Dad turned his head and glanced at the speaker for an instant, the sight of whom seemed almost to overcome him. He trembled in every limb and shook as if with the palsy. Long Jim took advantage of the opportunity, Dad seemed to forget his presence. He stood gazing at the little stranger attired in a buckskin suit, with sombrero and high boots, while long hair waved over the shoulders. Blood was issuing from the stranger's side, and a faint smile lit up the pale countenance.

Dad did not realize his peril until he felt the muzzle of a rifle pressed against his temple. Before he could turn he heard the angry growl of Tige and the thud of a body falling to the ground. When he did turn he saw Jim lying upon his back, with the great Dane standing over him.

"Hattie, for God's sake, how did you ever come here, and in that garb?" he exclaimed turning to the figure in the buckskin suit.
"Don't, Jim, don't be harsh. I am dying. The bullet that Jim intended to end your life has cut the brittle thread of mine, and I am not sorry, Tom, if you will only forgive me. I know I do not deserve your forgiveness, but it will make death easier. Will you forgive me, Tom?"
"Yes, Hattie. How did you come here?"

"It is a long story, part of which you know too well. After you discovered Jim with his arm around me that day, I was almost heartbroken at your leaving without even a word. But Jim at last persuaded me that I would make him a better wife than I could you, and that you never deserved a wife anyway. He gambled away the money you left me and then compelled me to go to Australia with him, where he came in touch with the bushrangers. In the course of time I was put in command of the gang, and Jim went from camp to camp setting up his tent, distributing whisky and spotting those who had the dust, then we would swoop down upon the victims and relieve them of their metal. I grew tired of Jim, and my love went out for you, Tom, but I did not know where you were. My only desire was to make a fortune and return to California to live independent the rest of my days. I would not have recognized that Dad of Last Chance was my Tom, if I had not seen you in that garb. I am failing fast, Tom. Promise me you will not stain your hands with that man's blood. Have no fear of the rangers. I have ordered them to their pious homes. Tom, say you forgive me." As the speech ended the figure swayed; but Dad caught her in his arms and pressed her to his bosom.
"Yes, Hattie, I forgive you. My poor Hattie."

A faint smile crossed her face and she closed her eyes in the last long sleep.

"Tige, stand back. Jim Woodbrook, I give you until six o'clock to-morrow to leave Last Chance; if in the morning I find you in the camp, you are a dead man," said Dad, as he tenderly carried the mortal remains of his wife into the cabin.

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LOST A DOG.—In Canyon City about a week ago a medium size black cur and shepherd dog. Has one or two white feet and some white on breast. If you know of his whereabouts kindly inform the owner, J. L. Perdue, or leave word at News office.