

Canyon City News.

VOL VIII.

CANYON CITY, RANDALL CO., TEXAS, FRIDAY, JANUARY 6, 1905.

NO. 43.

The Blazed Trail

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE.

Copyright, 1905, by Stewart Edward White.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Phil."

"Phil what?"

Silence.

"How did you get hurt?"

No reply.

"Were you playing your fiddle in one of those houses?"

The cripple nodded slowly.

"Are you hungry?" asked Thorpe with a sudden thoughtfulness.

"Yes," replied the cripple, with a lightning gleam in his wolf eyes.

Thorpe rang the bell. To the boy who answered it he said:

"Bring me half a dozen beef sand-wiches and a glass of milk, and be quick about it."

"Do you play the fiddle much?" continued Thorpe.

The cripple nodded again.

"Let's hear what you can do."

"They cut my strings," cried Phil with a passionate wail.

The cry came from the heart, and Thorpe was touched by it. The price of strings was evidently a big sum.

"I'll get you more in the morning," said he. "Would you like to leave Canyon City?"

"Yes," cried the boy, with passion.

"You would have to work. You would have to be there boy in a lumber camp and play fiddle for the men when they wanted you to."

"I'll do it," said the cripple.

"All right; then I'll take you," replied Thorpe.

The cripple said nothing nor moved a muscle of his face, but the gleam of the wolf faded to give place to the soft, affectionate glow seen in the eyes of a setter dog. Thorpe was startled at the change.

A knock announced the sandwiches and milk. The cripple fell upon them with both hands in a sudden ecstasy of hunger. When he had finished, he looked again at Thorpe, and this time there were tears in his eyes.

A little later Thorpe interviewed the proprietor of the hotel.

"I wish you'd give this boy a good cheap room and charge his keep to me," said he. "He's going north with me."

Thorpe lay awake for some time after retiring. He dreamed a share of his thought. In an hour or so he dozed. He dreamed that the cripple had grown to enormous proportions and was overshadowing his life. A slight noise outside his bedroom door brought him to his feet.

He opened the door and found that in the stillness of the night the poor deformed creature had taken the blankets from his bed and had spread them across the doorstep of the man who had befriended him.

CHAPTER XVI.

THREE weeks later the steam barge Pole Star sailed down the reach of Saginaw bay.

Thorpe had received letters from Carpenter advising him of a credit to him at a Marquette bank and enclosing a draft sufficient for current expenses. The Shearer had helped make out the list of necessities. In time everything was loaded, the gang plank hauled in, and the little band of argonauts set their faces toward the point where the Big Dipper swings.

The weather was beautiful. Each morning the sun rose out of the frosty blue lake water and set in a sea of deep purple. The moon once again at the full, drew broad paths across the pathless waste. From the southeast blew daily the lake trades, to die at sunset and then to return in the soft still nights from the west.

The ten horses in the hold touched their hay and oats so peacefully as though at home in their own stables. Jackson Humes had helped select them from the stock of firms changing locality or going out of business. His judgment in such matters was infallible, but he had resolutely refused to take the position of barn boss which Thorpe offered him.

"No," said he, "she's too far north. I'm getting' old, and the rheumatism ain't what you might call afraid of me. Up there it's colder than hades on a stoker's holiday."

So Shearer had picked out a barn boss of his own. This man was important, for the horses are the mainstay of logging operations. He had selected also a blacksmith, a cook, four teamsters, half a dozen cant hook men and as many handy with ax or saw.

"The blacksmith is also a good wood butcher (carpenter)," explained Shearer. "Four teams is all we ought to keep going at a clip. If we need a few axmen we can pick 'em up at Marquette. I think this gang'll stick. I picked 'em."

There was not a young man in the lot. They were most of them in the prime of middle life, between thirty and forty, rugged in appearance, "cocky" in manner, with the swagger and the oaf of so many buccaners, hard as nails. Altogether Thorpe

COAL! COAL! COAL!

WE ARE EXCLUSIVE AGENTS FOR

The Genuine

"Niggerhead" Maitland Lump Coal

AND

Victor Lump Coal

And when we say we will give you the Genuine Maitland Coal WE MEAN IT, and will not substitute some other grade of coal. Don't be fooled in taking something that is claimed to be just as good, but come and get the Genuine Maitland and Victor Coal.

We also carry a large stock of Grain and Field Seeds of all kinds, also the genuine Piedmont Smithing Coal.

We pay the highest CASH Prices for Hides. Good Wagon Yards and courteous treatment to all.

COME AND SEE US WHEN IN TOWN.

GOBER, HUME & KENYON,

By W. C. KENYON, Manager.

thought them about as rough a set of customers as he had ever seen. Throughout the day they played cards on deck and spat tobacco juice abroad and swore incessantly. Toward him, self and Shearer their manner was an odd mixture of independent equality and a slight deference. It was as much as to say, "You're the boss, but I'm as good a man as you any day."

Constituting the elite of the profession, as they did, Thorpe might have wondered at their consenting to work for an obscure little camp belonging to a greenhorn. Loyalty to and pride in the firm for which he works are strong characteristics of the lumber jack. For this reason he feels that he owes it to his reputation to ally himself only with men of creditable size and ability. The small camps are for the young stars. Occasionally you will see two or three of the veterans in such a camp, but it is generally a case of looking something better.

The truth is Shearer had managed to inspire in the minds of his cronies an idea that they were about to participate in a fight. He retold Thorpe's story artistically. The men agreed that the "young fellow had sand enough for a lake front." After that there needed but a little skillful maneuvering to inspire them with the idea that it would be a great thing to take a hand, to "make a camp" in spite of the big concern up river.

Shearer knew that this attitude was tentative. Everything depended on how well Thorpe lived up to his reputation at the outset. But Jim himself believed in Thorpe blindly. So he had no fears.

A little incident at the beginning of the voyage did much to reassure him.

Thorpe had given orders that no whisky was to be brought aboard. Soon after leaving dock he saw one of the teamsters drinking from a pint flask. Without a word he stepped briskly forward, snatched the bottle from the man's lips and threw it overboard. Then he turned sharp on his heel and walked away without troubling himself as to how the fellow was going to take it.

The occurrence pleased the men, for it showed them they had made no mistake. But it meant little else. The chief danger really was lest they become too settled in the protective attitude. As they took it, they were about, good naturedly, to help along a worthy greenhorn. This they considered exceedingly generous on their part, and in their own minds they were inclined to look on Thorpe much as a grown man would look on a child.

Fine weather followed them up the long blue reach of Lake Huron, into the noble breadth of the Detroit passage, past the opening through the Thousand Islands of the Georgian bay, into the St. Mary's river. They were locked through after some delay on account of the grain barges from Duluth and at last turned their prow westward in the Big Sea water, beyond which lay Hiawatha's Pemmican, the Land of the Huronites.

Next morning, by daybreak, every man was at work. The batches were



The men were at their work.

full speed astern.

"Captain Morse," cried Dyer, stepping forward, "my orders are that you are to land here nothing but M. & D. merchandise."

"I have a right to land," answered Thorpe. "The shore belongs to me."

"This dock doesn't," retorted the other sharply, "and you can't set foot on her."

"You have no legal status. You had no business building in the first place," began Thorpe, and then stopped with a choke of anger at the futility of arguing legality in such a case.

The men had gathered interestedly in the waist of the ship, cool, impartial, severely critical. The vessel swung her bow in toward the dock. Thorpe ran swiftly forward and during the instant of rubbing contact leaped.

He alighted squarely upon his feet. Without an instant's hesitation he rushed on Dyer and with one full, clean blow stretched him stunned on the dock. For a moment there was a pause of astonishment. Then the woodsmen closed upon him.

During that instant Thorpe had become possessed of a weapon. It came hurtling through the air from above to fall at his feet. Shearer, with the cool calculation of the pioneer, had seen that it would be impossible to follow his chief and so had done the next best thing, thrown him a heavy iron belaying pin.

Thorpe hit with all his strength and quickness. He was conscious once of being on the point of defeat. Then he had cleared a little space for himself. Then the men were on him again more savagely than ever. One fellow even succeeded in biting him a glancing blow on the shoulder.

Then came a sudden crash. Thorpe was nearly thrown from his feet. The next instant a score of yelling men leaped behind and all around him. There ensued a moment's scuffle, the sound of dull blows, and the dock was clear of all but Dyer and three others who were, like himself, unconscious. The captain, yielding to the excitement, had run his prow plump against the wharf.

Some of the crew received the mooring lines. All was ready for disembarkation.

Bryan Moloney, a strapping Irish-American of the big boned, red checked type, threw some water over the four stunned combatants. Slowly they came to life. They were promptly yanked to their feet by the irate river men, who commenced at once to bestow sundry vigorous kicks and shakings by way of punishment. Thorpe interposed.

"Quit it," he commanded. "Let them go."

The men grumbled. One or two were inclined to be openly rebellious.

"If I hear another peep out of you," said Thorpe to these latter, "you can climb right aboard and take the return trip." He looked them in the eye until they muttered and then went on: "Now, we've got to get unloaded and

our goods ashore before those fellows report to camp. Get right moving and hustle!"

So Dyer and his men picked themselves out of the trouble sullenly and departed. The ex-scaler had nothing to say as long as he was within reach, but when he had gained the shore he turned.

"You won't think this is so funny when you get in the law courts!" he shouted.

Thorpe made no reply.

With thirty men at the job it does not take a great while to move a small cargo thirty or forty feet. By 3 o'clock the Pole Star was ready to continue her journey. Thorpe climbed aboard, leaving Shearer in charge.

"Keep the men at it, Tim," said he. "Put up the walls of the warehouse good and strong and move the stuff in. If you get through before I return you might take a scout up the river and fix on a camp site. I'll bring back the lumber for roofs, floors and trimmings with me and will try to pick up a few axmen for swamping. Those fellows won't bother us any more for the present, I think. But it pays to be on deck. So long."

When Thorpe returned to the bay he found the warehouse complete. Shearer and Andrews, the surveyor, were scouting up the river.

"No trouble from above, boys?" asked Thorpe.

"Nary trouble," they replied.

The warehouse was secured by padlocks, the wagon loaded with the tent and the necessities of life and work. Early in the morning the procession—laughing, joking, skylarking—took its way up the river trail. Late that evening, tired, but still inclined to mischief, they came to the first dam, where Shearer and Andrews met them.

"How do you like it, Tim?" asked Thorpe that evening.

"She's all right," replied the river man, with emphasis, which for him was putting it strong.

At noon the following day the party arrived at the second dam. Here Shearer had decided to build the permanent camp. Injun Charley was constructing one of his endless series of birch bark canoes. Later he would paddle the whole string to Marquette, where he would sell them to a hardware dealer for \$2.50 apiece.

Injun Charley looked up and grunted as Thorpe approached.

"How are you, Charles?" greeted Thorpe reticently.

"You gettin' pine? Good!" replied Charley in the same tone.

CHAPTER XVII.

TWO months passed away. Winter set in. The camp was built and inhabited. Routine had established itself, and all was going well.

The first move of the M. & D. company had been one of conciliation. Thorpe was approached by the walking boss of the camps up river. The man did not pretend any hypocritical friend-

(continued on 4th page.)

CANYON CITY NEWS.

By **GEO. A. BRANDON,**

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 NEWS THANKFUL.

With this, the first issue of the New Year, The News thanks the people of Canyon City and Randall county for the loyal support they have given it and hopes by its future conduct to deserve a continuation of this kindness.

The News is thankful to its correspondents and other friends who from time to time have rendered special services connected with its local columns. Without their help so opportunely given it would have been short indeed.

The News is thankful to the business firms of the town for their liberal advertising patronage, and for their commercial work. Lacking their assistance, almost without exception cheerfully given, it could hardly have flourished at all.

The News is thankful to each one of its growing list of subscribers. It appreciates their interest in its welfare and their help, always essential, in the building up of a progressive, clean, wholesome county newspaper.

The News has no faults to find; no kicks to make; it could ask no better treatment than it has received at the hands of the people of both town and county. With the New Year The News hopes to continue along the lines laid down at the beginning of its existence, growing more and more useful to its constituents as its age advances.

JUST JOGGING ALONG.

The News lays no claim to being published at the point on the map "where the Lord stood when he finished the earth." Neither does it pretend to have a mission to fill co-extensive with the great Texas Panhandle. Nor does it contend that it is "the mustard" on commercial lines. But, while not going out from a "The Queen City of the Plains" The News can yet lay claim to being under the benign influence of its wings, and protected thus it will try to jog along as it began—a modest, truthful representative of Randall county, its people and its resources.

Jogging along this way The News will deal with those questions which most concern our material welfare; the improvement of our homes; of our methods of tickling the soil; of our stock interests and of all other things which tend to build up communities, morally, socially and financially. In doing this, The News, fully recognizing its small capacity and therefore its weakness, will confine itself to Randall county, and its county site, Canyon City, one of the best situated, most healthy, prettiest and clearly progressive towns on the Plains.

So upon this its first issue for the New Year 1905, The News is simply "just jogging along"—a local paper for Randall county and Canyon City—first, last and all the time between.

COMING CATTLE SHORTAGE.

The News at various and sundry times during the present year has called the attention of its readers to the way our Western ranges were being depleted of the cattle and what the result

would be.

Speaking on this line Avery Turner, vice-president of the Pecos Valley lines, in an interview had recently with the Fort Worth Record, says:

"I believe that the stock raisers of Texas have sold themselves into a hard place. The shortage of breeding animals will be keenly felt in a short while from now. In fact, this shortage is already being felt. The cattlemen have rushed their she stuff to market in such quantities that the market has been demoralized. The awakening is at hand. There is practically no steer cattle left on the plains and the shortage of she stuff means that the present diminished supply of steers will not be replenished until more breeding cattle are obtained. I can see no relief for these conditions for three or four years."

"This 'awakening' that Mr. Turner talks about is sure to bring increased demand and this will be followed, as it always is, by better prices. In fact, another era of rising prices—living prices—for cattle is already at the door.

This day of better prices that The News firmly believes has even now dawned is going to put some of the profits of the cattle business where they should of right belong—in the pockets of the producer.

Callahan & Crawford have sold the Tuha Standard to Messrs. Newsom & Johnson, who will continue the paper. The News regrets the passage of Callahan & Crawford from the "Press gang" but wishes them success in any other avocation in which they may engage. The Standard is a good prospective proposition and if the new men grasp the situation and hold on they will win out.

HOEFMAN PARAGRAPHS.

Weather has been fine and stock are doing well.

We are glad to have Rev. Roberson back in this field again. He filled his regular appointment last Sunday and preached a very able and appropriate New Year sermon.

Walter Johnson left Saturday for Goodnight to attend school.

T. R. Atkins passed through our vicinity last week en route to Canyon.

Miss Annie McClain left Sunday evening for Canyon, where she will enter school.

John Cage and Emma Hoffman left Monday for Amarillo to enter school.

Jimmie McClain of Waco, visited his parents Christmas and returned Saturday to his school duties.

F. Lany and wife of Boyd, Texas, spent the holidays with Mrs. Lany's mother, Mrs. Frazier.

Will Cage of Channing is visiting his parents.

John Deerberry and family and Joe Smith and family left Tuesday for their old home at Boyd, Texas, where they expect to reside in the future.

Nettie Hitchcock is visiting in Amarillo this week.

J. R. Skidmore and wife of Umbarger, attended the Xmas tree at Womble.

As this is a New Year, let's turn-over a new leaf, and have a correspondent from every locality in Randall county. By so doing we can help our editor to make our county paper more interesting. I close, wishing a Happy New Year to all.

TASSIE.

If it's candy you want see Wilson or the best kind. 19 tf

The protracted meeting at the M. E. church will begin Sunday night next. Everybody invited.

Burton-Lingo Co-Lumber

1905

CANYON CITY NEWS

FOR

1905

Subscribe for it and also send it to a relative or friend "Back Yonder."

\$1 PER YEAR.

Which are You?

There are two kinds of people on earth today,
Just two kinds of people, no more I say.
Not the sinner and saint, for 'tis well understood
The good are half bad and the bad are half good.
Not the rich and the poor for to count a man's wealth
You must first know the state of his conscience and health.
Not the humble and proud, for in life's little span
Who puts on vain airs is not counted a man.
Not the happy and sad, for the swift-flying years
Bring each man his laughter and each man his tears.
No; the two kinds of people on earth I mean
Are the people who lift and the people who lean.
Wherever you go you will find the world's masses
Are always divided in just these two classes.
And, oddly enough, you will find, too, I ween,
There is only one lifter to twenty who lean.
In which class are you? Are you easing the load
Of overtaxed lifters who toil down the road?
Or are you a leaner, who lets others bear
Your portion of labor and worry and care?

Beats McGonigal.

In the presence of nearly 2,000 people J. E. Carroll of Oklahoma today wrested from his old enemy, Clay McGonigal, the title of world's champion, in the closing hours of the three days' roping contest between these two men at the San Antonio baseball park. Carroll went into today's contest with a lead of 1:31 4-5 on the eighteen steers already roped. His time on ten steers today was 5:43 1-5. McGonigal's time was 7:03 4-5. McGonigal lost the contest and the title on his third steer, which he took 2 minutes and 10 seconds to throw and tie. He broke two ropes on this animal and had to gallop back to the pen for a third. Had he gotten his third steer in average time for the day he would have won out easily, as he was in fine form. The best time was 22 seconds, made by McGonigal on his eighth steer.—Ft. Worth Record.

Burton-Lingo Co-Lumber

THE FIRST NAT'L BANK

(Successor to Stockmens National Bank.)

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$85,000.00

OFFICERS.

L. T. LESTER PRESIDENT. D. A. PARK CASHIER.
JOHN HUTSON VICE-PRES. TRAVIS SHAW ASS'T. Cas.

DIRECTORS.

L. T. LESTER, J. L. HOWELL,
J. N. DONOHOO, F. M. LESTER.

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

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.

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 money by mail.

T H Rowan.....\$1.00
A S Rollins..... .50
W E McSpadden..... .50
H M Bridges..... .50
W R Bridges..... .50
C M Houser..... 1.00

Walter R. Brandon of this office is not going to leave just now—he still has charge of our Job department and will be pleased to attend to your wants in this line.

The News is always glad to get items of local interest. Have you sold out? Have you relatives or friends visiting you? Do you know of strangers in the country seeking to purchase property? If any of these things or anything else call in and tell us. The News at all times has a cordial welcome for all its friends. Come in!

A man told us the other day that we didn't publish all the things that happen. We should say we don't. In the first place, we have others depending on us for a living. If we publish all that happens we would soon be

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

D. M. STEWART,
Physician and Surgeon,

Office with Thompson Drug Co. Calls promptly answered night or day

with the angels. In order to please people we must print only the nice things about them and leave the rest for the gossipers. Yes, it's a fact, we don't print all the news. If we did, wouldn't it make spicy reading? But this would be for one week only. The next week you would read our obituary and there would be a strange face in heaven, and you would be short an editor—Big Springs Herald.

I am anxious to learn of the whereabouts of my daughter, Mrs. Sallie Young, wife of George Washington Young, who left the vicinity of Bonham, Texas, and moved to some part of Western Texas about thirteen years ago. I am an aged widow in poor circumstances, and I would earnestly appreciate it if editors who see this notice will print it in their papers and help me to find my daughter. MRS. ELIZABETH ALBRIGHT, R. F. D. No. 4, Honey Grove, Texas.

County Court next week.

Local.

Burton-Lingo Co-Lumber

Rather dull now after the stir preceding Christmas.

J. H. Wills, of Amarillo, was in town Monday on business.

C. N. Harrison is to return today from his Chicago trip.

Travis Shaw returned home Sunday from a short visit to his old home at Taylor.

As one of the January changes Mr. J. A. Williams goes out of the Canyon Mercantile Co.

Misses Jewel and Mabel Smith of Clarendon, visited friends in town during the holidays.

Miss Amy McLarry spent the holidays in Jack county with relatives and friends.

A. M. Smith of the meat market, moved into his new residence Saturday.

There is talk of several new houses going up.

The Holiness meeting closed Sunday night.

R. A. Sowder Esq., returned Tuesday from a court trip to Lubbock. No law in it, however.

Burton-Lingo Co-Lumber

G. G. Foster and family spent the holidays with relatives in Hunt county.

Misses Carrie and Anna Jordan spent Sunday and Monday with friends in Hereford.

Mrs. Heald of McClain, Wheeler Co., spent the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Cox.

L. G. Conner, J. H. Dunbar and Maj. Gordon were out Tuesday looking over the brick dirt fields—something's going to happen.

Henry Bradford has sold his interest in the firm of Wright, Gamble & Co., to his co-partners, Messrs. Wright & Gamble.

A deal is said to be on foot whereby R. G. Oldham & Co. will consolidate with the Canyon Mercantile.

Saturday, W. F. Heller received a two bushel sack of walnuts from Missouri, all of which he will immediately plant.

Oscar Hunt, now of Madisonville, Tenn., dropped down here Sunday. He is here on business and may in the near future again call Canyon City his home.

Hon. Judge Wm. G. Ewing, of Chicago, will lecture in Canyon City, Jan. 19, (Thursday), on Christian Science. Admission free to all. Everybody welcome.

Tuesday, fifteen persons rode on the Pecos Valley on three tickets—three grown people and twelve children said to be under age. All the strange things don't happen in other parts of the world.

Frank Smith of the eastern portion of the county returned Sunday from a visit to his parents at Dallas.

Wilson carries a nice line of Tablets, Pencils, Pens, Ink, etc. for the School children.

Burton-Lingo Co-Lumber

For Sale Cheap.

A second-hand two-horse grain crusher in good condition—been used one season. Apply to R. A. Campbell.

Miss Minnie Donohoo returned to her school at Sherman, Sunday evening.

Smiley Wilson, of Lubbock, visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Wilson, a few days during the holidays.

The best Bakers' light bread at Wilson's. Fresh and good. 19 ct

Mrs. T. F. Gilleland and daughter, Mrs. Chas. Thomas, put in the holidays among relatives and friends at Bartlett and other points in old Williamson county.

Monday evening, the surveying outfit material used this summer and fall in the laying off of our new railroad, was ostensibly shipped to Amarillo for storage. Its most probable destination, however is Coleman City.

STRINGFELLOW-HUME HDW. CO.

Ready For Winter And Spring Business

We have anticipated the varied wants of our many customers in the way of Winter & Spring supplies and are ready to serve you in the best possible manner when you happen to be in need of

Hardware, Implements, and all kinds of Farming machinery, Wagons, Buggies, Harness and Saddles. Eclipse wood and Steel Star Windmills, Pipe, Casing and Cylinders, Barb Wire and Nails.

In fact everything that is kept in a first-class hardware store. Best line of Queensware and Glassware ever brought to Canyon.

IN SHELF HARDWARE

Our stock is complete and we can supply your wants at a saving to you. Call for what you want in this line—we have it. We can't enumerate the whole line, but suffice to say we are setting the pace for the great Plains country, especially in Price and Quality. What you need to do is to come into our place and let us convince you.

Stringfellow-Hume Hardware Co.

STRINGFELLOW-HUME HDW. CO.

SCHOOL NOTES.

School opened Monday with a full attendance. Sixteen new pupils were added to the enrollment. Several of these are boarding students. Still there is room for more.

The most of the pupils enrolled are regular in attendance. A few miss too many recitations. Some think a few lessons missed will make but little difference. This is a mistake. And with but few exceptions, it tells on the students progress and on his examinations. Going to school should be considered a business, and not a pass time. A student should not neglect his lessons any more than a clerk does his store, or a cashier his bank. How would we expect a merchant to succeed, if he would close his store when a friend came to visit him, or be tardy or irregular about opening. He would not succeed. No more can a student succeed unless he is faithful in his work, punctual at his classes, and regular in his attendance.

Citizens and patrons are invited to visit the school whenever they wish. Many have not been through our new building since it has been finished and furnished. Visitors are welcome any time.

Several months ago, I asked Congressman Stephens for any books that he might have at his disposal for our school library. He very kindly responded recently by sending eight volumes. For a student, these books contain much valuable information. They contain good cuts and are substantially bound.

A. Erasberger, Supt.

NOTICE.

All persons who are indebted to the Canyon Mercantile Co., are urgently requested to come forward and settle their accounts on or before the 10th day of this month. All accounts not arranged for by that time will be placed in the hands of an attorney for collection.

Canyon Mercantile Co.

Mrs. J. H. Whitworth was in town Saturday and Sunday the guest of The News force. She is expecting her husband, J. H., who the past year has been in the employ of a Lampasas Mercantile firm, in this week, perhaps to stay. They have rented the Hand farm and residence for this year and will also improve their own section.

Coffee Bros. are building a three room residence for Rev. T. F. Robeson on his lot in the West end. Rev. Robeson will be a close neighbor of The News family and we are glad to have him so.

Bro. Shafer of the Plainview Herald, was in town Monday.

Holton Happenings.

It may be that there are some people in Randall county who do not know that we exist, but if it is the will of our worthy Editor, "Uncle Dan" will tell them that we do.

Christmas has come and gone and our young folks, and some of the older ones too, have had a very pleasant time. There have been several social gatherings in our midst during the holidays. The homes that contributed to the merriment of the young folks were Mr. G. F. Ames, Uncle Geo. Caylor, Mrs. Whitworth and Mr. Lochbridge. All that were in attendance at those places had a jolly good time, and were truly glad that they were living. Old folks, young folks and middle aged, all took part in the plays and became young alike.

On Christmas-eve night we had a Xmas tree and oyster supper at Mr. Caylor's that was an enjoyable affair. Santa Claus came to see all, and the children think him the grandest old fellow that has ever visited the Plains.

The best treat I have had for some time was the good fortune to be at a big turkey dinner New Years day at Mr. Caylor's, given in honor of their daughters' birthday. All present enjoyed themselves, and when taking their leave wished the old folks and the young many happy returns of the day.

Everybody in this part is jam up with their work. Feed all stacked and cattle in the stalk fields. Old hide comes up and looks at the big stacks of feed in the lot and then looks at the boss and wishes for a 10-inch snow.

Robert and Ruford Steen have returned from a weeks' outing at Canyon City and Amarillo.

Mrs. Gilleland is visiting relatives in Bell county.

I. W. McClure and W. H. Black are preparing for a trip to the Canyon this week. In case they get lost and never return, they bequeath all their belongings, except what they have with them, to their widows—their best friends.

UNCLE DAN.

(Glad to hear from you Uncle Dan—come often.—Ed.)

The building committee selected by the Baptist church to build a pastor's home, has purchased the N. W. quarter of the same block on which the Baptist church stands and work was commenced Monday on the house. The structure is to be frame, with four 14x16 ft. rooms with an 8 ft. hall, and porches, and will cost the church \$640 when completed. The lots were secured at a cost of \$120.

T. H. ROWAN, LIVERY FEED AND SALE STABLE

Bus meets all trains. Best teams and rigs always on hand

DRUMMER'S RIGS A SPECIALTY.

-1905-

Circumstances considered, something outside of the usual way, was brought to light Sunday morning, in the announcement of the marriage, some two weeks ago at Panhandle, of two of our prominent young people—John Howell and Miss Rose Bratton. Neither had been missed from home and each of them up to the time the marriage was made known Sunday, were residing with their parents who, it is stated, were as much in the dark as was the public. The News says unusual, because no objections were made to the match, which by the way, was not at all a surprise, barring the manner of it; for it has been talked of for sometime as one of the very certain things to come to pass during the holidays. While their many friends, including The News, feel a little huffy over the trick, all hands wish them a full measure of earth's best and purest happiness. Call round and explain John, and—subscribe for The News.

Rev. Stephens pulled off his coat and helped on the Robeson house Friday.—Bro. Stephens works single or double or 'any old way.'

One of the most enjoyable country celebrations of Christmas was at the residence of C. N. Caler. A Christmas tree for the neighborhood and then a bountiful oyster supper and strawberries, cream and cake by mine host, C. N. Caler, made the occasion one long to be remembered.

We wish you a Happy and Prosperous New Year, and hope to contribute to your prosperity during the year 1905 by supplying your lumber requirements.

CANYON LBR. CO.

John Howell has rented and will move into one of the Sam Heyser residences.

Port Arthur is now flying the Japanese flag. It surrendered this week. Hurrah for Japan!

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Bridges and Wm. Black and wife returned Saturday from their visit to Clinton, Okla. He says they had a family reunion there with a Christmas tree of their own and all members present but one; an enjoyable affair and one that will not soon be forgotten. Mr. Bridges is very favorably impressed with the country about Clinton.

At the beginning of a New Year, you will find it difficult to remember the above figures, and perhaps all too frequently will be inclined to make use of last year's figures. Even so it is where business relations have been established. Years must change—but relations will exist. We trust that you, one of our customers, will always find it a source of pleasure to address us as often as you are in the market for building material. Equipped as we are with a complete assortment, we feel that we are in a position to meet the demands of our numerous customers.

To our many customers—and to the public in general—we extend our best wishes for a Happy and prosperous New Year.

CANYON LUMBER CO.

GROCERIES AT COST.

Best Grade Cal. Can Goods.

Per Doz.
Cal. Swiss White Cherries, \$2 00
Cal. Swiss Black Cherries 2 00
Cal. Swiss Muscat Grape 1 50
Cal. Lemon-Ging Peach 1 90
Cal. Plums..... 1 50
Best Corn..... 1 00
Best Tomatoes..... 1 00
Pine Apple..... 1 20
Pie Apple..... .85
Ribbon cane Syrup .50 per gal.
1 gal preserves..... .75
1 gal. jug Ketchup..... .65
Kitchen Queen High-Grade
1 lb can Baking Powder..... 16¢
30 lbs Cracked Rice..... \$1 00
24 lbs Full head Rice..... 1 00
All Can Goods will go at cost until January 25th.

This sale will continue until January 25th both in dry goods and groceries and no goods will be charged for a longer period of time. Please remember this.

CANYON MER. CO.

Mr. Gorley of Jacksonville, Texas, is visiting in town.

Sheriff Inman of Deaf Smith county, came in Wednesday evening bringing a prisoner to place with this county for safe keeping until Hereford gets her new jail ready. Geo. Herol, the prisoner hails from Burnet county and is charged with forgery.

CITY MEAT MARKET.

Beef by hind quarter, 6 cents
" " fore " 4 cents
Beef, yearling or calf
hind quarter 7 cents
fore quarter 5 cents
Pork, half or whole hog 7 cts.
Delivered at your house.
Fresh Lard, cans at 14 cts
Fresh Lard, 50 lbs or over at 12 1/2 cts

(Continued from 1st page)

ship for the younger firm. His proposition was entirely one of mutual advantage. The company had gone to considerable expense in constructing the pier of stone cribs. It would be impossible for the steamer to land at any other point. Thorpe had undisputed possession of the shore, but the company could as indisputably remove the dock. Let it stay where it was. Both companies could then use it for their mutual convenience. To this Thorpe agreed.

The actual logging was opening up well. Both Shearer and Thorpe agreed that it would not do to be too ambitious the first year. They set about clearing their banking ground about half a mile below the first dam, and during the six weeks before snowfall cut three short roads of half a mile each. Approximately 2,000,000 feet would be put in from these roads, which could be extended in years to come, while another million could be trayed directly to the landing from its immediate vicinity.

"Next year," said Tim, "we'll get in 20,000,000. That railroad'll get along a ways by then, and men'll be more plenty."

Through the lengthening evenings they sat crouched on wooden boxes either side of the stove, conversing rarely, gazing at one spot with a steady persistency which was only an outward indication of the persistency with which their minds held to the work in hand. Tim, the older at the business, showed this trait more strongly than Thorpe. The old man thought of nothing but logging. Nothing was too small to escape his deliberate scrutiny. Nothing was so perfect a state that it did not bear one more inspection. He played the logging as a chess player his game.

In the men's camp the crew lounged, smoked, danced or played cards. In those days no one thought of forbidding gambling. One evening Thorpe who had been too busy to remember Phil's violin, strolled over and looked through the window. A dance was in progress. The men were waiting, whirling solemnly round and round, gripping firmly each other's loose sleeves just above the elbow. At every third step of the waltz they stamped one foot.

Perched on a cracker box sat Phil. His head was thrust forward almost aggressively over his instrument, and his eyes glared at the dancing men with the old wolflike gleam. As he played he drew the bow across with a swift jerk, thrust it back with another, threw his shoulders from one side to the other in abrupt time to the music. And the music! Thorpe unconsciously shuddered, then sighed in pity. It was atrocious; it was not even in tune. The performer seemed to grind it out with a fierce delight, in which appeared little of the aesthetic pleasure of the artist. Thorpe was at a loss to define it.

"Poor Phil," he said to himself. "He has the musical soul without even the wisest ear."

Next day, while passing out of the cook camp, he addressed one of the men.

"Well, Billy," he inquired, "how do you like your fiddler?"

"All right," replied Billy, with emphasis. "She's not some go to her."

The work proceeded finely, and yet the young lumberman had sense enough to know that while a crew such as this is supremely effective it requires careful handling to keep it good humored and willing. He knew every man by his first name and each day made it a point to talk with him for a moment or so. The subject was invariably some phase of the work. Thorpe never permitted himself the familiarity of introducing any other topic.

He never replied directly to an objection or a request, but listened to it non-committally and later, without explanation or reasoning, acted as his judgment dictated. Even Shearer, with whom he was in most intimate contact, respected this trait in him. Gradually he came to feel that he was making a way with his men. It was a status not assured as yet nor ever very firm, but a status for all that.

Then one day one of the best men, a teamster, came in to make some objection to the cooking. As a matter of fact, the cooking was perfectly good, but the lumber jack is a great hand to growl, and he usually begins with his food.

Thorpe listened to his vague objections in silence.

"All right," he remarked stily.

Next day he touched the man on the shoulder just as he was starting to work.

"Step into the office and get your time," said he.

"What's the matter?" asked the man.

"I don't need you any longer."

The two entered the little office. Thorpe looked through the ledger and van book and finally handed the man his slip.

"I'll have no growlers in this camp," said Thorpe, with decision.

"By thunder," cried the man, "you—"

"You get out of here!" cried Thorpe, with a concentrated blaze of energetic passion that made the fellow step back.

"I ain't goin' to get on the wrong side of the law by foolin' with this office," cried the other at the door, "but if I had you outside for a minute—"

"Leave this office!" shouted Thorpe.

"S'pose you make me!" challenged the man insolently.

In a moment the defiance had come, endangering the careful structure Thorpe had reared with such pains. The young man was suddenly angry in exactly the same blind, unreasoning manner as when he had leaped single handed to tackle Dyer's crew.

Without a word he sprang across the street, seized a two bladed ax from the

The Place To Buy the best Coal



The Genuine Maitland, The Genuine McAlester, Rugby, "Niggerhead" and Piedmont Smithing Coal.

Now is the time to get your winter's supply of coal while the weather is good. Why not now? Our prices are right.

Our stock of Corn, Oats, Bran, Corn chops and Hay is fresh and good. Don't forget that our stock of Shelf Hardware, Queensware, Glassware, Implements, Wagons, Buggies, Harness, Saddles, Windmills, Piping, Casing, Cylinders, all kinds of Water Supplies, Wire and Nails is second to none on the Plains in point of quality, cheapness and quantity.



Give us a chance to save you money on such articles.

We pay the highest market price to hides.

CANYON CITY HARDWARE AND GRAIN COMPANY.

pile behind the door, swung it around his head and cast it full at the now frightened teamster. The latter dodged and the swirling steel buried itself in the snow bank beyond. Without an instant's hesitation Thorpe reached back for another. The man took to his heels.

"I don't want to see you around here again!" shouted Thorpe after him.

Then in a moment he returned to the office and sat down, overcome with confusion.

"It might have been murder," he told himself, awe-stricken.

But, as it happened, nothing could have turned out better.

Thorpe had instinctively seized the only method by which these strong men could be impressed. Now the entire crew looked with vast admiration on their boss as a man who intended to buy his own way no matter what difficulties or consequences might tend to deter him. And that is the kind of man they liked.

Injun Charley, silent and unimpassioned as ever, had constructed a log shack near a little creek in the hard wood. There he attended diligently to the business of trapping. Thorpe rarely found time to visit him, but he often glided into the office, smoked a pipeful of the white man's tobacco in friendly fashion by the stove and glided out again without having spoken a dozen words.

Wallace made one visit before the big snows came, and was charmed. He ate with gusto of the "salt horse," baked beans, stewed peaches, ginger pie and cakes. He tramped around gayly in his moccasins on the tawny snowshoes he promptly purchased of Injun Charley. There was nothing new to report in regard to financial matters. The loan had been negotiated easily on the basis of a mortgage guaranteed by Carpenter's personal signature. Nothing had been heard from Morrison & Daly.

By the end of the winter some 4,000,000 feet of logs were piled in the bed or upon the banks of the stream. To understand what that means you must imagine a pile of solid timber a mile in length. This tremendous mass lay directly in the course of the stream.

When the winter broke up it had to be separated and floated piecemeal down the current. The process is an interesting and dangerous one and one of great delicacy. It requires for its successful completion picked men of skill and demands as toll its yearly quota of crippled and dead. While on the drive men work fourteen hours a day up to their waists in water filled with floating ice.

On the Ossawinimakee, as has been stated, three dams had been erected to simplify the process of driving. When the logs were in right distribution the gates were raised, and the proper head of water floated them down.

Now, the river being navigable, Thorpe was possessed of certain rights on it. Technically he was entitled to a normal head of water whenever he needed it, or a special head, according to agreement with the parties owning the dam. Early in the drive he found that Morrison & Daly intended to cause him trouble. It began in a narrows of the river between high, rocky banks. Thorpe's drive was floating through close packed. The situation was the flash. Men with spiked boots ran here and there from one bobbing log to another, pushing with their pelves, hurrying one log, retarding another, working like beavers to keep the whole mass straight. The entire surface of the water was practically covered with the floating timbers.

In a moment, as though by magic, the loose wooden carpet ground together. A log in advance up-ended, another thrust under it. The whole mass ground together, stopped and began rapidly to pile up. The men escaped to the shore in a marvellous manner of their own.

Tim Shearer found that the gate at the dam above had been closed. The man in charge had simply obeyed orders. He supposed M. & D. wished to back up the water for their own logs.

Tim indulged in some picturesque language.

"You ain't got no right to close off more'n enough to leave us the natural flow unless by agreement," he concluded, and opened the gates.

Then it was a question of breaking the jam. This had to be done by pulling out or chopping through certain "key" logs which locked the whole mass. Men stood under the face of imminent ruin over them a frowning sheer wall of bristling logs, behind which pressed the weight of the rising waters—and lashed and tugged calmly until the mass began to stir. Then they escaped. A moment later, with a roar, the jam vomited down on the spot where they had stood. It was dangerous work. Just one half day later it had to be done again and for the same reason.

This time Thorpe went back with Shearer. No one was at the dam, but the gates were closed. The two opened them again.

That very evening a man rode up on horseback inquiring for Mr. Thorpe.

"I'm he," said the young fellow.

The man thereupon dismounted and served a paper. It proved to be an injunction issued by Judge Sherman enjoining Thorpe against interfering with the property of Morrison & Daly—to wit, certain dams erected at designated points on the Ossawinimakee. There had not elapsed sufficient time since the commission of the offense for the other firm to secure the issuance of this interesting document, so it was at once evident that the whole affair had been prearranged. After serving the injunction the official rode away.

"Of all the consummate gall!" exploded Thorpe. "Trying to enjoin me from touching a dam when they're refusing me the natural flow! They must have bribed the fool Judge. Why, his injunction isn't worth the powder to blow it up."

"Then you're all right, ain't you?" inquired Tim.

"It'll be the middle of summer before we get a hearing in court," said he.



"I'm he," said the young fellow.

"Oh, they're a cute layout! They expect to hang me up until it's too late to do anything with the season's cut."

He arose and began to pace back and forth.

"Tim," said he, "is there a man in the crew who's afraid of nothing and will obey orders?"

"A dozen," replied Tim promptly.

"Who's the best?"

"Scotty Parsons."

"Ask him to step here."

In a moment the man entered the office.

"Scotty," said Thorpe, "I want you to understand that I stand responsible for whatever I order you to do."

"All right, sir," replied the man.

"In the morning," said Thorpe, "you take two men and build some sort of a shack right over the sluice gate of that second dam. I want you to live there day and night. Never leave it, not even for a minute. The cookey will bring you grub. Take this Winchester. If any of the men from up river try to go out on the dam, you warn them off. If they persist, you shoot near them. If they keep coming, you shoot at them. Understand?"

"You bet!" answered Scotty, with enthusiasm.

"All right," concluded Thorpe.

Next day Scotty established himself, as had been agreed. He did not need to shoot anybody. Daly himself came down to investigate the state of affairs. He attempted to parley, but Scotty would have none of it.

"Get out!" was his first and last word.

At the mouth of the river booms of logs chained together at the ends had been prepared. Into the inclosure the drive was floated and stopped. Then a raft was formed by passing new manila ropes over the logs, to each one of which the line was fastened by a hardwood forked pin driven astride of it. A tug dragged the raft to Marquette.

Now Thorpe was summoned legally on two counts. First, Judge Sherman cited him for contempt of court; second, Morrison & Daly sued him for alleged damages in obstructing their drive for holding open the dam sluice beyond the legal head of water.

[To Be Continued.]

Get Your Trees From the Hereford Nursery.

Over 100 varieties growing here; 100,000 trees in stock, all of which are Plains' grown. Have had 14 years experience in Texas. Write me for catalogue. Visitors welcome.

L. P. LANDRUM, Proprietor, Hereford, Texas.

SLOVER & MAY, THE BLACKSMITHS.

We do all kinds of repairing; Farming Implements, wagons; buggies and guns made like new. First-class material, good workmanship. Give us a trial HORSE SHOEING A SPECIALTY

J. R. HARTER,

PIIONEER BLACKSMITH

Dating from January 1st we cut prices for spot cash on all blacksmith work. Only the very best of material used. Come in and see us, we will treat you right.

Old papers for sale, 20 cents per hundred. At this office.



"COMING AND GOING"

During the year 1904, the Pecos Valley Lines and Southern Kansas Railway of Texas have been making Railroad History in the Southwest.

COMING:

We have brought to the Panhandle of Texas and Pecos Valley more than our share of the great army of homeseekers now attracted to this part of the world where there still remains opportunity to acquire cheap and productive lands.

GOING:

We have maintained the record of the "Cattle Trail Route" in handling the one great export of this region. Requests for information should be addressed to

A. L. CONRAD Traffic Manager, Amarillo, Texas.

THE NEWS \$1.00 PER YEAR.